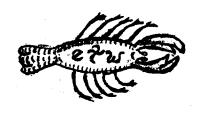


ELAYNE WECHSLER 418 EAST 3rd AVENUE ROSELLE, NEW JERSEY 07203





VOLUME II, Issue 2 <u>\*</u>

Price" - 2-stamped SASE

VIRGO, 1981

## Live, in Person(a)

Things have not been all right with me this past month.

Always having been subject to paranoia, I finally succumbed to the torrent of negative emotions which had threatened to bury me alive in my own fear and desires. Both the fear and the desires became so strong that they dominated my rational side. I could not make logical decisions. I could not get involved with other people's problems. I could not even reach out to others in a "normal", surface-type manner. I went as far as to commit one of modern society's most heinous crimes -- I actually kept my telephone disconnected for an entire weekend, hoping to break away from human contact if only for two days. More or less a mild form of metaphoric suicide--"well, will anyone care that they can't reach me, will they be worried, will they care..."; suicide in which it was possible to see the results of one's self-imposed isolation.

I won't go into more details about my state of mind, nor will I attempt to speculate on what has snapped me out of it (although I'm not quite sure I am "snapped out" yet). I was originally going to reserve this cover/editorial for just  $\overline{th}$ at. After all, my front page has always been the forum for serious stuff, and the rest of the newsletter can then be "un-heavy".

But no.

A few reasons (and thank goodness my rational side is working again). I believe in the concept of a persona, of a being one can transform into when in a creative state. Depending on the particular author, a persona can be extremely close to the author's actual "personality", or she/he can be completely opposite, or somewhere in-between, as is the case with most. The vast majority of writers I admire tend toward one or the other extreme; my absolute favorite writers are those who confuse the hell out of their readers as to whether or not they are in person or persona. But how well can most of us do that, huh? So there must be some separation of person and persona, of your "real life" (and whose is really a picnic?) and your creative life (which I consider my real life--ah, here we go into existential thinking again...). And if your real life situations tend to block out the energies which go into vitalizing your creativity, it's even more imperative that they separate.

Also: many of you I really don't know, and may not wish to know in an intimate "I'lltell-you-all-my-problems-and-be-extremely-neurotic" sense. I do want to get to know you in a creative sense, however; that's much more fun than neurosis anyway, unless you're Stanley Siegel, Woody Allen or such. And the creative input I have been getting from old and new subscribers alike has been tremendous and very energizing. In that kind of situation, where one is receiving such positive feedback, what place has personal paranoia? What right has it to interfere? What backs it up creatively? If these are answered in the negative, an editor's "real life" is not her/his newsletter's business. To borrow from a friend's publication, I truly believe that IJ is alive, that it is becoming an entity, a vital thing, in and of itself. It is evolving, and in a positive direction.

So I don't want to even think about bringing an alien presence into it.

Lastly: it's just plain more fun to be creative than needlessly, unimaginatively

neurotic and paranoid.

I combined August and September this ish because as many of you know I'm going to England next month (the 3rd week in September). October will be our ANNIVERSARY ISSUE-more on that inside. Until then--well, what should be our front page motto this time? Ah, one that I've been using a lot this past month in my "real life"--KEEP 'EM GUESSING...

See you in the funny papers, pur

## UPCOMING EVENTS:

SEPTEMBER 11 - It's off to England!

SEPTEMBER 20 - Back so soon?

SEPTEMBER 23 - DAVID BURD (26)

SEPTEMBER 25 - HILARY LEIGHTER (25)

SEPTEMBER 30 - SUE KAUFMANN (17)

OCTOBER 1 - Apartments, anyone?

OCTOBER 5 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO NEXT ISSUE OF IJ (ANNIVER-

SARY ISSUE) -- NONE LATER!!

OCTOBER 9-11 - New England Beatle Con (see "Fanclub Noose")

OCTOBER 12 - SCOTT GORDON (35)

OCTOBER 13 - CHRIS ESTEY (16)

OCTOBER 18 - my brother JAY WECHSLER (19)

OCTOBER 19 - FLOYD VIVINO (30)

(If you have any events--birthdays, cons, other strangeness--you'd like to put in the upcoming column, please let me know... deadline for next issue is posted above)

\* creativity (or at least the nearest to

\* it that we can manage at this stage of \*

\* our infancy) is produced and created

by Elayne Wechsler. We're mature here. \*

\* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF......Elayne Wechsler \*

ASSISTANT......Margaret and Tracy \*

STAFF WRITERS.....Sue Kaufmann \*

Margaret Kuczynski \*

(Maria and Jerry Sue Rosner \* were late this month)

were rate this month, Steven Scharff \*

\* STAFF ARTIST......Alec Billyou \*

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS: Janet Brown,

Philip Bramson, Aubrey E. Drummond,

Chris Estey, Bill-Dale Marcinko,

Tracy Prieto, David Rosenfeld

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Rev. KIP M. GHESIN, Pres.

PRINTED BY COUNSEL PRESS INC., NYC,

under bribery of pretzels etc. to Mike \*



#### acknowleditorialetc.

First the good news. I'd like to welcome our two new staff members (and one more possibility), Steven Scharff and Alec Billyou. Steven, who has done sporadic reviouse here and there for IJ in the past, has actually asked to take on the "burden" of becoming a full-time IJ staff writer (wow, no pay, even!). The name he has chosen for his column, for no apparent reason, is Media Viewpoint (ah, whatever happened to stuff like "Medium Banal?"). I highly recommend Steven's LAB RAT FUNNIES, which should rank up there with the cleverest of hand-made comix...Alec, a subscriber I also received, believe it or not, from the advert in the (Uncle Floyd Show) Gazette, is a strange artist, to say the least, and has the kind of style I would probably have if I could draw (and "Whozits" is a pretty good indication of my drawing non-talents) -- sort of an equivalent of my own frenzied writing. So I love it, natch. And Alec, should he "choose to accept this assignment", is our first official "staff artist". With Chris Estey, one hopes, coming in at second?

In any case, this ought to make for some interesting staff party! No definite plans as yet, but I'd like the party to include everyone who has written for me since Volume I, Issue 7 or so...in any case, I really should wait till Chris gets out here next year...

Now for the bad news. Well, not bad for me, really. I'm very happy with all the marvelous and creative stuff I've been getting from youse, but the result of that is that the issues of IJ are now your standard 20 pages, that being the norm instead of the exception. Now I kick in for printing (\$30 plus monthly), but the (uppa) US Post Office won't let me put just one stamp on the envelope anymore. So starting with the next issue (WHICH WILL, BY THE WAY, BE OUR "ANNIVERSARY" ISSUE), I will have to charge 2 stamps (actually it's 35¢, so 2 stamps is close enough) per issue with your SASE. So far, I haven't had to actually charge for the issues, but my job situation is uncertain and who knows what may happen next? Isn't this exciting?...voluntary \$\$ contributions will be accepted with much gratitude and love, as I am acknowledging right now, thanks to those who obliged to help out with this issue...

Lastly, WELCOME to new subscribers-bear with us, it takes a little time to understand inside jokes...

# Selected Shorts 🖾

BACK ISSUES

One of the most worthwhile hours I spent at the Monkees convention a couple weeks ago was when I got to watch the videocassete of MICHAEL NESMITH IN ELEPHANT PARTS. This is essentially an hour-long concept videotape-sort of a NETWORK 90 combined with a few original songs, none done any too seriously. It is the most tongue-in-cheek creation I've ever witnessed, and I've become increasingly harder to please as I've grown more cynical and demanding in comedy-watching. For a more complete review of Elephant Parts, one must read the September, 1981 issue of Video Review magazine, the aforementioned review being written by Ed Levine (who gives it, unhesitatingly, 4 stars). If you'd like a copy of said review without spending the \$1.75, I'll Xerox it for you. If you already know what I'm talking about, and are planning to get or already have a VCR machine, Elephant Parts can be ordered from Pacific Arts for \$59.95 (it's worth it). Write to Pacific Arts at



Nesmith claims <u>Elephant Parts</u> is the shape of things to come. All I can say is, I hope so.

On Friday, July 31, 1981, an ordinary commuter train became interesting. At least for me. I deliberately try to ignore most of the people on the  $\operatorname{good}$   $\operatorname{old}$ 5:20 South Amboy local out of Penn (the number 3627, for those who like numbers). Middle-class 9-5 shit life is not my thing, inevitable though it may seem. there are glimmers every now and then. Two fascinating people, both of whom were conductors on the aforementioned train, happened to be married  $\underline{\text{and}}$  happened to be retiring on that Friday together. Yes, we did make the filler spot on the 11:00 news. It was kinda neat having a camera spotlight blinding me again. Anyway, the retired conductors (or is it "trainmen", "crew people", ...), Harold and Betty Kendler, are pretty cool, especially Betty, who could chat up a storm, and the train is now made infinitely more boring by their absence. But for one shining moment, the upper brass condescended to act like normal people and there was free booze on the train...

Well, as far as back issues and future issues:

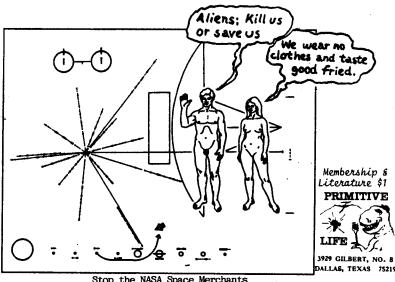
All back issues are a buck, to make it easier for everyone to remember. There were eight issues in Volume I, the earliest having the most to do with <u>Uncle Floyd</u>, so if you've never seen the show, it may not be worth it. As IJ progressed, it involved itself more with comedy in general. I'm especially proud of issues seven and eight of Volume I, and of course last month's issue, Volume II No. 1.

Like I said up front, this is a combined issue. September's going to be a hectic month for me, and there's no way possible I could fit production of IJ into it. I venture to say that even October's issue may be a little late, but I hope not. That issue, by the way, will be our ANNIVERSARY ISSUE (hmm, should everything be in caps next month? naw, too tacky...), and will feature the "IJ Questionnaire #2", so if there'e anything special you want to submit for IJ's anniversary, please.

I'm playing around with several ideas at the moment, not the least of which will be actual paid ads. I've been putting them in for free till now, because IJ didn't have so large a readership to warrant charging. But I'm happy to see the subscribership growing, so that may be happening next issue or the one after.

Oh yes. Subscriptions are a self-ad-dressed, stamped (2 18¢ or one 35¢ stamp) No. 10 ("legal size") envelope per issue (plus money, for back issues), to the address on front...

#### Unforgiveable Stupidity



Stop the NASA Space Merchants
From Giving Away Earth's Co-ordinates!
JOIN PRIMITIVE LIFE

# FIGHT BACK!

Well, as for Jews For Jesus--some rather interesting and unexpected response. First, the kind of thing I had been prepared for: Sue Kaufmann of Union, NJ writes, "I've been working on a solution for your 'Jews for Jesus' dilemma--how about something along the lines of 'yes, I was confused once, too...' and maybe give them a coupon for Hebrew National hot dogs. But think about it--if someone told you he/she is the messiah, would you believe him/her? Or would you ask them where their hospital is?...Another cure for the JJ's--give 'em a subway token and tell them to go up to Ocean Ave. in Brooklyn on Friday night--Oy vay, Murray, another one..."

But I had forgotten that most other people don't carry their personal vendettas on their sleeve (a theory I had hoped to test among my JACY subscribers, from whom I have as yet had no response). Marci Mann writes, "I see nothing wrong with 'Jews for Jesus'. While in New York City, I was approached by one of these people, and all he did was offer a pamphlet. I took it, read it, and I agree it's a bunch of bullshit. But, they aren't hurting anyone or forcing people to come on to their 'belief'. They weren't pushy and didn't ask for money. Live and let live, Elayne. To each his own. Although I have no objection as to what they are doing, how can someone be Jewish and for Jesus at the same time? Figure that one out, folks." Exactly my point from last time. don't find JJ's offensive as people, Marci, it's their paradoxical inane beliefs that bother the hell out of me... And Bill-Dale Marcinko had this to say: "I may be a minority, but I find the Jews for Jesus the least offensive of all fanatics, and even have quite a collection of the various types of JJ pamphlets (I usually thank them when they hand them to me, and say something to the effect of, 'Yes I like Jesus and yes I like Jews and I'm glad to see you've gotten together'). The pamphlets always have nice cartoony type designs and interesting hand lettering (sort of standard ptined handwriting, kind of artistic) and nice pictures of Missiles and the end of the world (at least during the last 6 months)--But then I don't work in New York City every day. When I did, I was annoyed by everyone (Anyone who works there, and is even relatively normal, cannot help but get annoyed after about a week at these morons). It is interesting, however, that the whole issue has become very obvious in INSIDE JOKE (almost an obsession)..." Well, Dr. Marcinko, I think you're absolutely right. So much for JJ's. Well now, is there anyone or any type which bugs you folks? Let me know, and we'll see what our famous "rebuttal slips" can do...right now I'm working on a second business card, to be handed out to those dumb lambs who constantly fall victim to the street hustlers...

## MIDTOWN NY Street Vendors UPDATE

As the sequel isn't usually as good as the original, I wasn't going to do an update at first. But since last month, I've talked to others and have gotten around more myself of late, so I do have some additions and good news.

The good news first: You can still get 60¢ hotdogs, 50¢ sodas, and (God love 'em) dollar shishkebobs on 5th Avenue between anywhere from 43rd on up at least to 50th. I guess that's because publishers pay shit, and the workers can't afford better. I didn't get a chance to check out non-edible merchandise, but logic dictates that that is probably cheaper too. Fifth Ave., remember...

Whilst leafing through some <u>OMNI</u> back issues purchased for a steal at Englishtown (yes, I <u>must</u> do a column on that in the future), I came across two issues which dealt in great detail with Rubik's Cubes. For the definitive last (actually, first) words on these phenomena which have moved too swiftly into mass market appeal for me to bother with in IJ anymore, read <u>OMNI</u> September and October 1980, "Games" section.

Lastly, my dream hasn't quite come true yet, but the next best thing to a Pizzaburger vendor just opened for business at the corner of Madison and 41st, just one block away! PIERRE'S FALAFELS, ah yes, one gets nostalgic for the Middle East...only \$1.50 per, and that's a decent bargain. Well, if you've never had them, I can't explain...

You Have Been PROGRAMMED But you can peel away the layers of crap

that hide sanity in the late 20th Century.

Be fooled by false appearances no longer! Wise up!
Your soul raised hell in past lives. Let it keep doing
so and stay sane in an insane world — or vice versa.
The Ancient Truths are lies now. The New Age
isn't all it was cracked up to be, is it?

LEARN WHY.

Direct your abnormality, increase intelligence, develop your SLACK. Mastery through madness; answers the most embarrassing questions! TV and society have squelched human imagination.

Release it and go... rogue.

You have never seen anything like The Church
of the SubGenius. Never.

Details \$1.
The SubGenius Foundation
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

## MEDIA VIEWPOINT by Steven Scharff

(With this column, we officially welcome Steven as our sixth staff writer—this should make our upcoming staff writer party quite good, as the number of people to attend keeps growing—never did believe that "too many cooks" spoil a newsletter, especially when I like what they do...Steven plugs his LAB RAT FUNNIES within—get it, it's great [I know, such a weak word, but I tend to reserve adjectives like "interesting" and "fascinating"]...)

First, let me thank Elayne Wechsler for letting me have my own column. I've been ITCHING to do something like this for several years now, and finally I have the opportunity to be a "columnist".

Second, if you sent your SASE and letter to COMIX WORLD, don't be surprized if you get it returned to you. A typo gave the wrong box number in last month's issue of IJ in the

"Revioose" column. The correct address is:

COMIX WORLD - c/o Clay Geerdes; Box 7081 (not "7801"), Berkeley, CA 94707
By the way, in my last column, I spoke of comix being made of "...folded 8½ x 11 sheets
from an instant copy printer...". I have one in print. LAB RAT FUNNIES is available from
me for 50¢ and a stamp. Add an extra 25¢ for a hand-colored and autographed front cover.
I personally collated, numbered, folded and stapled all 200 copies of the print run (174
copies, at this writing, still remain). For the price of two (or three, depending on your
choice) games of PAC-MAN (Somebody get me a sledgehammer!) and a postage stamp, you can
have a collector's item that you can read again and again.

Just send the stamp and 2 or 3 quarters to me at 516 Buchanan Street, Hillside, NJ 07205. Now if any of you want to make your own comix, drop me a line with your order, because

I'm considering to write a column on just such a topic.

Now to change to subject, I was down at Seaside Heights on the 27th of July and saw

Blotto live at the Chatterbox bar.

The opening house band, Strutter, deserves credit in this column. They played for two hours with only one break. Normally, a house band just fills up time. This one filled up the dance floor. Putting their own flair to current New Wave tunes and dance-rock standards, this band truly deserves all the success and recognition that is rightfully theirs.

Finally at lam, Blotto came on-stage. This quintet (minus their keyboardist, Chevrolet Blotto) kept the audience in motion, and laughter, for over an hour (too short for such a good band). They opened with a new song ( $\underline{\text{Too Much Fun}}$ ) and kept the show in motion. Their songs from their new 45 on Blotto records ( $\underline{\text{Second Feature}}$  and  $\underline{\text{B-Side}}$ ) were most enjoyable.

The final number, "I'm Turning Into A Heavy Metal Head", brought down the house. It involved Sargent Blotto leaving the stage during the instrumental bridge, and returning

dressed like a leather-covered gestapo.

I truly enjoy Blotto and their "Ritz Brothers" style of Rock, but I fear that the success they are trying for may spoil them. Too many groups have "hit it big" and then rested on their laurels and vegitated, or burned themselves out, trying to squeeze as much creativity out of themselves as possible. Blotto is an excellent banc. I wish them success and hope that they will use it well and wisely.

The Chatterbox itself is a good place, complete with a DJ who knows his stuff, and a \$3 cover charge is acceptable, but \$1.75 for a 12-ounce bottle of beer is disgusting.

The playlist of Blotto is as follows: TOO MUCH FUN I LOVE YOU CALVIN KLEIN IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S YOUR FAMILY I

CAN'T STAND

SCREAM
(WE ARE) THE NOWTONES
SHE'S GOT A BIG BOYFRIEND

MY BABY'S THE STAR OF A DRIVER'S ED MOVIE GIMME THE GIRL GOODBYE, MISTER BOND B-SIDE I WANNA BE A LIFEGUARD (encore) YOU CAN'T FIRE ME, I QUIT I'M TURNING INTO A HEAVY METAL HEAD



#### MORE ME-VIEWPOINT

(yes, we present still another episode in the ever-exciting MEDIA VIEWPOINT!) by Steven Scharff, naturally...

"HEAVY METAL" (rated R)

A green sphere of awe-inspiring power that refers to itself as "the Sum of All Evil" is the connecting piece for seven stories and a fantastic opening sequence in the animated film, "Heavy Metal".

The young daughter of an astronaut who is confronted by the sphere.

A haggard New York cabbie of the 22nd century.

A bright young lad whose school science experiment sends him through an inter-dimensional doorway and into the body of an incredibly muscular man.

A spaceship captain sho is on trial for countless atrocities, but has put all his cards on a small wiry man who has been bribed to testify in his favor.

The world's first animated horror story, involving the living dead on board a B-17. A little robot who kidnaps a beautiful Earth girl on board a spaceship piloted by two extra-terrestrial burn-outs.

A female barbarian who is sent out to do battle against a tribe of nomads turned evil. In the most expensive feature-length animated film ever made, the folks behind the internationally-acclaimed graphic-zine "Heavy Metal" have concocted a film that proudly

carries the banner of its magazine counterpart.

Of the stories in the film, only three (and the opening sequence) are based upon stories that have appeared in the magazine. Unfortunately, they have been condensed to fit into the 35-minutes-or-so set aside for each story. These are: "Den", about the bright young boy who trips the time/space barrier; "So Beautiful and So Dangerous", salvaging only the Mickey Mouse-eared robot, Titan (voice by John Candy of Second City and Big City Comedy); and Berni Wrightson's "Captian Sternn". The opening sequence, "Soft Landing", appeared in the September 1979 issue, and "Captian Sternn" graced the June 1980 issue. The other two stories are available in reprint books.

My hopes and fears were realized as these stories made their ways across the screen. Although they were only shadows of their original print versions, they brought across

the basic plots and atmosphere each one had.

The music is performed by people as diverse as Blue Oyster Cult, Devo, Stevie Nicks and the London Philharmonic. But I must say this; if you detest rock music entirely, you may find little entertainment in this film. But if you crave anything from rewired proto-pop to neo-Wagnerian power-chord thunderheads, your day has arrived.

The storeis are mixtures of EC comic style horror, H.P. Lovecraft-ian fantasy, science fiction, sex (!), female disrobings (this flick has three of them), swords-andsorcery, humor ranging from wry to black, fantastic beasties of the imagination, Bogartstyle drama, and music that is as much of a pleasure to the ears as the animation is to the eves.

However you look at it, "Heavy Metal" is a grand achievement. In fantasy/sci-fi/ horror genres, animation excellence, rock and classical music and cinematic storytelling.

The best I can describe this film is within the neighborhood of "the 'Fantasia' of the 30th century".

Even if you think the magazine is nothing but a glossy, pornographic comic book, see the film. It may do you a world of good. SCHARE

Maybe even several worlds.









### EXPOSÉ by "Maggie K."

By Margaret Kuczynski

(I don't even ask anymore. I think some of the parodied names have to do with  $\underline{\text{The}}$  Uncle Floyd Show...)

Holy cow! The Money Store has been landing odd amounts of money to fairly famous

people (for very intriguing reasons)!

Ted Dudy borrowed \$78,250,500 to make numerous false interview albums. Ted has interviewed Glen Miller, Arthur Fiedler, Judy Garland, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and

many others. He travelled with them on the big tour of 1974.

George Stybrearer borrowed over \$2 million for health and beauty aids (they didn't even work). With all the money used for products he bought from Maybelline and the Porcelana companies, he could have bought a few good players from the Mets! (ED.: Say, Maggie, don't you mean Joe McDonut, the Mets general person?)

Shmoe Ranklin, tv personality, borrowed \$35 to hire his panel for this year's show.

Shmoe has hired a wonderful panel, all the has-beens of the days of yesteryears.

Tim Curried (of Rocks-n-Horrors fame) borrowed over \$750 for make-up alone. He borrowed also \$6,000 for negligees (for personal uses, not movies or personal appear-

ances!).

The sexually undecided Elton Commode borrowed \$2 million for a sex change operation. He/she then being <u>so</u> undecided borrowed \$2 million more for yet another operation! (He was unsatisfied with the first operation's results. He had wanted to be the next Marilyn Monroe, but turned out to look more like Hermoine Gingold.)

Pope John Paul George Ringo borrowed a sum of \$12 million to buy himself a new harem. He also used part of it to support his seven other wives and their 16 children.

Naturalist June Fondy borrowed \$75 million to build condominiums on Indian reservations. She insisted that she was not in charge, or even had anything to do with the building. She claimed that she was there for the sole purpose of protest (if so, why was she wearing a hard hat?).

Eel Illizzam, a Mets player, during the strike borrowed \$11,250. He used the money to keep up his Italian image. During the strike, he rented an Italian family to keep

him up on the ways of the "Italian Stallion" (which he's supposed to be).

Doctor Cemented, an airwaves personality, borrowed undeterminable amounts. He had to pay his performers to get records to play on his radio show. He also had to pay the station to allow him airtime. Doctor Cemented also had to pay large bills to his shrink for the period of time when he became unglued!

The Harmones, a local (now pretty famous) rock band, had borrowed \$196 for wardrobe purposes. Faded jeans with ripped knees are getting very expensive these days (isn't

everything)!!

Art Chainletter borrowed \$7,423,691,150 to write his new book, "Drugs: Harmful, Yet Fun!", and used some of the money to promote it. Art is now seen tripping out at personal appearances and dealing in drugs. Rather than giving long boring speeches on the effects of drugs, he lets people decide for themselves (pretty decent of you, Mr. Chainletter)!

Jim Hendaughter borrowed \$15,000 to buy the Muppet Gonzo braces. It seemed Gonzo could not live any longer with himself and his crooked teeth. Hendaughter also decided that the only thing that should be crooked in his operation was himself.

Gerry Hebe borrowed \$300 to market the Bozo the Clown (and cast) T-shirts. These

shirts were marketed without Bozo's consent or approval!

Our own editor has been rumoured to have on occasion borrowed for her wild and exotic trips to Englishtown. When at Englishtown, she picks the great pasta stand to eat at (the stand had nothing she ordered!) and makes friends with button vendors. She also buys pictures of that wildly sexy star, Allen Woody (look out Robert Redford!). Our editor then goes into this belly dance, the dance of the seven veils (it's too much to go into details--I'll leave it up to your imagination!).

Allen Alder borrows money for air fare to New York, then money for the subway.

(continued--gasp!--next page!)



HOUNDED by RELIGIOUS FANATICS?

Shut 'em Down \$3 Mail, Telephone Course 3929 Gilbert #8 Dallas 75219 (Big Laffs)

## further things exposed,

Once in the "wild city", he, the wonderfully caring person he is, rolls drunks, yells back at shopping bag ladies who yell at themselves, and attacks muggers before they get him. He also roams the streets during rush hour and gives rebuttal slips to Jews for Jesus, Hare Krishnas, and loudmouthed preachers (sound familiar, editor?)

Paul Simonie borrows money to hire kiddie show comedians to play bit parts in movies. He then gets his thrills by cutting out the comedian and embarrassing him (the comedian has, of course, told his viewers and friends of his part and has not been told of being edited out till last minute). Therefore, everyone (well, the immature ones, at least) of the viewers gets mad at the kiddie show host, leaving him depressed.

Professor Schlock has been known to borrow money often. Schlock, of Star Tracks, spends the money on shock treatments. The treatments are used for the murder of emo-

tions and facial muscles used for smiling or showing any expression.

Here are a few examples of the uses of the limitless amounts of money found in the Money Store. Now you know why Phil is known to comment "Holy Cow" on the commercials. (ED. AGAIN: See, we all have pent-up hostilities, not just me...)

## TAKE ONE by Sue Rosner

Okay, so you read INSIDE JOKE from cover to cover four times, but you're a comedy addict and you need a fix. Well then, try the Comic Strip at 1568 Second Avenue, NYC.

It's a little overpriced (\$5 admission, \$5.50 minimum) but it's worth it. The show

lasts about two hours and you'll be served plenty of rib-tickling comedians.

Your best bet is to go to the late show on Saturday night. Show time is midnight, and it ends whenever (about 4am). If you're aware enough to stay until the end, look around--chances are you're the only one in the place. But stay anyway because the acts are really friendly then.

If you're the shy type, DON'T SIT NEAR THE STAGE! Comedians love to pick on patrons seated near the stage. Me? I love answering the comics back; I'm a Kosher ham at heart (Speaking of food, try the popcorn -- it looks like individualized Jiffy Pop).

Some of the acts appearing at the club include Uncle Dirty, Carol Liefer (her JAP routine is a pisser) and WPIX-FM disc jockey Alan Colmes. My thanks to Alan for allowing me to get on stage and do his routine on a recent visit to the Comic Strip.

Ah yes, you read right. I braved humiliation and told jokes to a room full of strangers. (While I don't pretend to be a Joan Rivers, I was no Skip Rooney\* either).

While I can't think of a nicer way to make a living, it is not the easiest way. Making people laugh is a skill that takes years of practice. My mouse ears go off in salute of these talented young men and women.

Think you can get up on a stage and tell jokes? Why not call the club and ask about audition night. Their number is (212) 861-9386.

(\*=UFS cast member known for old hat vaudeville jokes)

ATTENTION---NOTICE TO STAFF WRITERS---CLICHE CRACKDOWN IMMINENT. IF YOU GET CAUGHT USING TRITE, SUPERFLUOUS, AND OTHERWISE MEANINGLESS EXPRESSIONS NEXT MONTH, BEWARE THE WRATH OF EDITORIAL LICENSE! --- THAT IS ALL... YOUR EDITOR-IN-CHEF

## Something on Simmons

by Tracy Prieto

For those of you who have not heard of The Richard Simmons Show, it is a health show that is a breath of fresh air as far as health shows are concerned. Simmons is as worried about your mental health as he is about your physical state. Besides showing the audience how to exercise properly, he also gives healthy recipes and does comedy skits, such as "Rev. Pound". He has no qualms about "yelling" and encouraging both his TV and home audience. The only thing you might not like, depending on your taste, is that Simmons likes to exercise to disco music. The Richard Simmons Show is a fun way to exercise and feel good about yourself...Also look for Simmons' new book Never Say Diet...

# METAPHORICALLY speaking bu Sue (or don't

by Sue (or don't Sue) Kaufmann

This month I feel that a small history lesson is in order. As baseball players and franchise owners debated the fate of free agent compensation, true baseball fans have returned to their wintertime haven - the interior stadium, or as many people call it, the hot stove league. There, such greats as Ted Williams and Ty Cobb bat against current stars like Steve Stone and Nolan Ryan. Fans recall the great playing days of old ballplayers, good and bad.

In my vacation from baseball, I have reread newspaper clippings, yearbooks, magazine articles and books about baseball. Many times I came across the name of Casey Stengel. For the benefit of those of you who are too young to have "known" Casey (as I am) or

don't follow baseball, I'd like to tell you all about him.

Charles Dillon Stengel was born in Kansas City, MO on May 30, 1890. After graduation from high school, Casey's parents wanted him to go to dental school, but he preferred to play baseball. By the time he signed with the Kankakee team, he was a flake, wearing neckties with his uniform, sliding as he ran to his outfield position, and stealing bases while there were baserunners on them. Across from the ballfield was an insane asylum. After one of Casey's antics, his manager would point to the institution and say, "It's only a matter of time, Stengel..."

Casey made it to the Dodgers in 1912, and his first major league game was a success. He had two hits on three trips to the plate and had stolen a base, but in the late innings, a pitching change was made: a left-handed hurler came to the mound. Casey was at a disadvantage because he was a left-handed hitter in a situation where it's better to be right-handed. Disadvantages never bothered Casey, though. He stepped to the other side of the plate to hit right-handed. The pitcher was amazed; he hadn't known Stengel was a switch hitter, but neither did the Dodgers. Before the game, Casey didn't know either, but the pitcher was so amazed at this turn of events (ED NOTE: Yes, Sue, it was a nice pun) that he walked Casey on four pitches!

During the next two years Casey endeared himself to Brooklyn fans with his playing skills and antics. Once the two came together when he caught a fly ball while in a manhole in left field. In 1914, however, Stengel was traded to the Pittsburgh Pirates, and the fans cheerfully knocked him on his return to Brooklyn. Not to be topped, he put a sparrow under his cap. When he was to come to bat, he tipped his cap and the bird flew away. Dodger manager Wilbert Robinson objected, but the umpire stated, "I always suspected this guy had bats in the belfry. What's wrong with lettin' him prove it?"

After "the Perfesser" was done with his playing days, he became manager of the New York Yankees, the team whose dynasty lasted from 1949-1953. Critics said Stengel was incompetent, that he was hired to entertain the fans until a suitable successor was found. But with players such as Yogi Berra, Joe DiMaggio, and Mickey Mantle, who could lose?

Then of course, Casey took on the leadership of the hapless New York Mets. The original (1962) team lost a record 120 games, but as Stengel said, "That was the most fun losing I ever had." The aging manager still made reporting and reading about the Mets a joy. His use of his own language of non-sequitorial "Stengelese" confused and amused everyone from fans at the corner bar to a Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust laws. Retiring from baseball in 1964, Stengel led a quiet life in Glendale, California until his death in 1975, after he had become a Hall of Famer and was well reknowned for his performance on the field.

For more information on Casey, I recommend Joe Reichler's article in The Game and the

Glory, published by Prentice-Hall.

TRIVIA FOR EXPERTS AND OTHER KNOW-IT-ALLS: In the old Yankee Stadium, the outfield wall was decorated by seven plaques--six Yankees and one former Cardinal. Who was the Cardinal? Answer next month...

See ya in the box scores... OY, WHAT ne GET GET HUNGRY! HEALTHY IF 454 @ 1981 A.B. INK.

#### and more... YKYATUFFW

(Sad to say, this bastion of hope for the state of New Jersey and the state of "kid-vid" comedy in general has gone back from an hour to a half-hour, to no doubt make room for something as culturally uplifting as Speed Racer. UFS is now seen 6-6:30pm on WWHT-TV, Channel 68 in Jersey, 60 in York. And Floyd and Lisa are now husband and wife--congratulations [see, Floyd, it is spelled with a "t"] to them both...)

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

...you name your dog "Clark".

- ...you brush your teeth, see the froth on your lips in the mirror, and start doing Eddie Slobbo imitations.
- ...you drive by a Chinese restaurant, and say to yourself, "What choo mean by dat, Pop?"
- ...you look through the 45 rack in a record store, searching for one with a Bioya label.

...you go into a haberdashery, looking for a psychadelic porkpie hat.

...you have your cheeks filled with food, grab a breadstick, and start imitating Don Goomba.

...you start to wonder about "Bob".

- ...you see a list of bands playing locally, and look for Fats Deacon and the Dumbwaiters.
- ...you go to New York City, see the street vendors, and wonder what Dave Burd is doing.
- ...you get your copy of INSIDE JOKE and immediately look for the article you sent last month.
- ...you never wonder about the real names of Netto, Mugsy or Baby Bonzo.

...you say to yourself, "Who the hell is 'Bob'?"

- ...you go to a department store, see some toy musical instruments, and start thinking about Crash Course in Science.
- ...you drink from a coffee cup, and try not to smile when you suddenly think of Cuppy.

...you see a Fish & Chips spot and think of Charlie.

...you see an "Incredible Hulk" comic book and think of Charlie's father.

...you accept "Bob" for what he is.

...you submit your versions of "You Know You're A True Uncle Floyd Fan When...".

(submitted by Steven Scharff, not "Bob", who has better things to do...) ...you wear your Uncle Floyd shirt in California and you don't mind the strange looks

vou get. ... someone seems interested when you explain the show and it makes your day. (submitted by Tracy Prieto)

"Im a BAD BOY"

by David Rosenfeld

(I recall somebody in the singles group of which I'm co-chairman describe Dave as a character "straight out of American Graffiti". He is sort of a Ron Howard type with glasses--very quiet and seemingly withdrawn. I used to assume people like that had nothing really worthwhile under the surface, and were probably shallow all through and just uninteresting. I'm happy Dave proves me wrong.)

When in the past I've seen Frank Langella in a black cape or Malcolm McDowell in false eyelashes, I've wished that I too could commit acts of cruelty and violence without a pang of guilt. Well, having faced the truth (a nasty habit), I have added one more item in my list of regrets: I have no talent for evil.

But being of those compulsive people who really can't stand the thought of being mediocre, I decided to strive in the other direction. Playing the saint, though, can be as uncomfortable as being a bastard. The urge to verbally cut someone up, laugh in his/her face, or simply stick a knife in her/his back can be overwhelming. Driving home at rush hour is especially difficult. I daydream of running a lumbering senior citizen off the road, lobbing a hand grenade into the car of the speed demon who never signals, or--Good help me--sideswiping a Ford full of nuns. Yet I expect I will continue in my quest. Even if I get tired of satisfying my ego there is the Hereafter to consider. Some people say Hell is a swinging place, but I have the bad feeling it resembles industrial New Jersey.

## exercises in fiction (1,2) "Voice of your Choice" PART I WITH

c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises

written by Elayne Wechsler

First the Spike Jones music came on. And the intro voice-over was the same day after day, a spaced-out reject from Crazy Eddie commercials who constantly emphasized the wrong

syllables. "And now, girls and boys, and Voice of Your Choice, Dandy Royce!"

A pathetic rhyme at best, I always thought. But that's also when I thought "Dandy" Royce was just another sophomoric dope (ah, are you Dandyites turning away so soon? You are reading this for a purpose, remember?) on whom time had played a cruel trick when it took away vaudeville and placed him on the airwaves instead, hell-bent on of-

fending or titillating most of the local populace.

But Carolle was glued. She sat steadfast and rigid as the manaical (but professional, controlled) voice welcomed as new listeners "the exchange students from Alpha Centauri, who would just like to assure the parents of their counterparts from Earth that the incedent upon takeoff, code name "zapping them to a frazzle", was purely accidental and steps have been taken..."; or when it professed to "have finally broken enemy defense signals, with a little help from my 2-year-old niece's Crackerjack De-Tec-To Kit; she's now being held for questioning by government authorities and the family misses her very much, she sends us Xmas cards..."; or when it transmitted such double-entendre messages as "my girlfriend the engineer just sits there--my mike's all hot, and she hasn't even got her turntable going yet." Not gems. But Carolle drank it in.

The whole Dandy cult, of which you, my readers, are no doubt a part, really didn't take off until my senior year, when Car was a freshie. You know, those things come and go in college, and with such speed that you can sort of dodge one after another without ever dealing with any at all, sort of like feelings. But Car loved to get involved with those things. Junior high, it was some teen idol, a rock star whose name I can't even recall, not that I'd try very hard. High school, it was comic books. Oh, excuse me--"comix". Most dangerously crazy people I've ever met, comic fans. Half of them want to brainwash the world, the other half want to destroy it. And college, it was

"Dandydom".

"'Dandy-dumb', I call it," I'd say as we'd ride home on the bus. Car, who'd heard that enough times, used to shrug her shoulders and mumble something about how I'd never truly understand about "comradery" and "oneness" and that garbage.

Stef's the only comradery I've ever needed, the only friend I've ever wanted to have.

He's my "oneness"--one kid and one on the way should prove that just fine.

But Car liked to keep her head in the clouds, gazing at her little castles in the air. She insisted that she gained from it, although how she could possibly benefit from her sparse associations with dispassionate immature groupies was beyond me. I guess she sort of kept above it. She's had this unique (read "spookie"?) quality, ever since we were kids, of empathizing completely with the object of her affection. Like, almost being able to read their minds. It makes fandom easier for her, to be sure. Now,  $\underline{I}$ have that with Stef, but that began only after we knew we were in love. Car does it with people she's never met. Like the rock star; she used to tell us what he'd say in interviews before they ever came out, how he felt--even when he married, she knew. wept before it got to the press. It's weird, but I've grown used to it. And it helped, I must admit, when Dandydom became commonplace and Mr. Royce entered into the consciousness of thousands of others. Carolle couldn't see "stardom"; she saw a person.

I don't know which led to which, whether her natural talent for empathy made listening to Dandy "fun", or whether she had already fallen into the cult before second-guessing him. It's a chicken-and-egg thing, really. Fact is, both things happened. So Car was glued to the radio, reciting punch lines even before Dandy seemed to think them up!

"Someday I'll have the courage to walk right in BVT and demand to see him, in person." "Aa, I don't think so. You always fare better from a distance." Which was true, as Car's romantic life had never been a bed of roses. "Besides, it'd probably take the magic away for ya, acting as if you were a simple hanger-on-er. That's never been your style, even at comi-cons." And if there was any place where one had free reign, it was at a comix convention.

I was going to continue, but Car interrupted, "Besides, the form letter he sent me said the station can't let people in." Thus was our first conversation about a possible face-to-face interlude laid to rest.

(PART I next issue...)

## ReButt

(I'm not in the habit of interrupting, but some letters cry for it. Time for creative parenthetical editorializing...)

Dear Elayne,

Please don't take offense of what I have to say ("oh yeah?" I won't if you won't). But I want to tell you myself without you hearing it second hand...(it gets better)

The July issue of IJ I found very offensive to me (Ta dum! There it is--the first of many astute subjective comments--I'm thrilled at all this output of constructive anger) and anyone who is faithful ("faithful"? like a dog?) to The Uncle Floyd Show (now hold on thar! Wrongo, sweets! Can't opine on what others may be feeling, especially if you're so negative to begin with). I realize (do you?) that as editor, you have the right to expand IJ's horizons (and the horizons of those who read it?) and that Floyd's show doesn't interest you anymore (fallacy #2; obviously this person didn't read my front page last month); but please Elayne don't spoil it for us (huh? How am I "spoiling" anything? No knives are held against anybody's back to read this rag; besides, "ftitctaj", right?) who enjoy the show and use it (does it use you?) for an "escape" from the daily grind of work. I like comedy (also a matter of opinion), especially slapstick, burlesque (ah, the dirty stuff, huh? But no, wait, the plot thickens) and off-the-wall humor that Floyd Vivino and cast has to offer (no comments on cliches).

I am not into off-color jokes (Yeah? Then why in hell are you into Uncle Floyd? Wake up--half that show consists of teenage punk-type "let's snicker in the boys' room" humor--hey, if you're going to defend it, as you have the right to, see all of it--I personally find many parts of UFS more offensive and insulting to comedy fans than IJ will ever be--I'm not a teenage boy, though) and material that some of your writers contribute. I enjoy your essays (you must be joking! Yes, this letter cannot be real... I don't offend you?), your cartoon (jesus, comic strip, not cartoon!), Margaret K's Expose and Maria's "Fu Man Chu column (Column A? Sorry). I am offended at the columns by Morgen Le Fey and by especially Jim-Dale (of "Barnum"? Don't you mean Bill-Dale, which if you do, I'd watch out for the "STARK FIST" etc.) who in opinion belongs in the gutter with the likes of Lenny Bruce (gee, Billy, you must be proud, I never get compared to the great Lenny Bruce, one of the true heroes in my life...how's the view from the gutter? Everything looking up?).

Your writers' attacks on the UFS show (what attacks?) were uncalled for (I dunno, I think some things, as I said above, cry for it). I found the remarks concerning Scott Gordon (Morgan Le Fey's column) (you twit, that wasn't "Scott Gordon", that was "Scott Gordons", a tag Morgen put on a stereotype of a person, not a real person—well, what use explaining to someone who didn't get the joke? Hence the name of the rag, guys).

I still want to receive IJ (after this? Well, where's your SASE?) and I hope to write more stories if you want them (actually, all joking aside, I do want your stories, I enjoyed "Nixon in NJ").

Both Pat and I have you to thank for introducing us to the show back in December (oh no, I was the one who closed your minds?). We have got fully involved with personal appearances, stage shows, pictures on the wall and my contributions to the Gazette (readers, bear in mind the person writing this letter is 32 years old). You have left the ranks of Floydom (no, unless it's begun to be called "Floydum", then I split!) and we have just begun to fully enjoy the show.

If you want to, please use this letter (boy, have I used this letter!) for "Letters to the Editor". Maybe there is someone else that feels about The Uncle Floyd Show as Pat and I do (Gawd, I hope not! You seem to have totally closed yourself off to any and every thing else in the world! You have narrowed your lives tremendously, you have become much less interesting, and it truly scares me to believe that UFS may have perpetuated it. I like Floyd a lot, and I like a couple of the cast members. But there has to be something wrong with folks who can't see beyond their own mushy brains--no, I wasn't referring to the cast, or even the viewers, just some "fanatics" -- what was that about the "Dirty Thirty", Floyd?). (How was it? Fun to read? I'm not as

(How was it? Fun to read? I'm not as creative as I should be at 9am, but I tried. And I still like UFS, by the way)

# SAYS YOU (Letters)

Dear Editor (Elayne),

I really enjoyed the July issue of "IJ". The short story "Expose" by Margaret Kuczynski ("Maggie K.") was rather funny, I thought. "The New Wave top 20" was very informing, since I don't have time to listen to the radio often. I'd have to say "A Dog Named Sex" has to be one of the funniest things I've ever read!

But Elayne, I see nothing wrong with "Jews for Jesus"...(this portion of the letter is contained in the FIGHT BACK

column)...

Again, I say how much I enjoy "Inside Joke", but 20 pages <u>again?!?</u> Slow down before you wear yourself out!

Yours in Floydianism, MARCÍ MANN GLEN RIDGE, NJ

(ED: Marci, the 20 pages will probably be the norm now, but thank goodness I'm not doing <u>all</u> the writing anymore!)

Dear Elayne,

Thanks for the issue of "Inside Joke". It looks to me more like a mass of confusion and rather silly self-indulgence than anything else so I won't subscribe. If you are ever putting out a publication with a serious purpose of aiding in the enlightenment of individuals and the betterment of the human condition in general, let me know and I will subscribe.

Love, JANAK FAYETTEVILLE, AR

(ED: Janak -- not a chance!)

Elayne:

Your introduction was very good. Very Vonnegut (nothing like the best models) and very schizo (Robin Williams like would it be spoken, I suspect). Goodness knows how the Floyd viewers will react, but those that truly like will only truly love it, and those that said they liked it but really didn't will turn against you. A nice departure. Fuck them if they can't take a joke.

However, saying you have accepted any material sent you may get you in trouble. When I first said that (I say that no longer), I got swamped with a pile of shit. Even now, I get shit from people who see AFTA's listing in WRITERS MARKET (aren't these people supposed to be serious when they read WRITERS MARKET?). So it goes. (continued top of next column)

I do, however, definitely concur with the "network" "extended family" idea--although my intentions with AFTA are now other things too, that was/is the motivation behind what drove me to continue AFTA. (And still go on). My other major intention was to confuse reality and illusion so deeply in reader's minds that they would either go nuts or begin using their imaginations (rather than just their minds). You do that well, too. Again, I'm interested in how readers will react. Will they be confused and ignore you? (She is crazy) Will they be angry, feeling somehow insulted? (Most people as a whole do not have nearly enough SLACK to be able to take insults, and judge them accordingly. I love to be insulted as long as it is in GRAND and EXTREME terms, petty insults are what infuriates me. Nit-picking.)

I do like the idea of Volume II of IN-SIDE JOKE revelling in apathy (although paranoia can be interesting, also, as Church of the SubGenius creator Doug St. Clair Smith can attest: Although he does such a GLEEFUL form of paranoia, it goes beyond the merely personal paranoia. Surreavolution for all, as he would say)

I do like your line, "now that the assholes are gone" Creative spite, there.

If Penn Station has got "barely breathable staleness" then you have not experienced the daily dose of the noxous Port Authority. One need never get lost in New York once one remembers the smell of Port Authority. The nose knows where to go.

I love Sue Rosner's TAKE ONE? Could INSIDE JOKE turn into a chick New York

mag? Yes.

I assume you did the movie reviews (who else would make Ernest Borgnine and Bubo jokes?) which are competent all around--The whole of your writing in this issue, in fact, has a kind of schizo energy and compactness which THANK GOD replaces the cloying, condescending tone you used to affect when you were writing to the "viewers". Hopefully you'll get good reviews and a wider audience. With excellent movie reviews like that, you can't miss.

Personally I do not care whether the whole concept of baseball (with all political and economic intrigue) would vanish from the face of the earth. Not only are sports athletes not HEROES (For hero, shouldn't we idolize someone like Harry Chapin, Pete Seeger, or Jonas Salk?) but

(continued on next page)

(yeah, still the same letter)
the whole concept of paying people to knock
a ball into the air with a stick and catch
it with a piece of cowhide seems silly to
me (Would aliens from distant planets ever
understand?)

A Dog Named Sex is unfunny. But not severly so. 11-year old type puns.

I do like the response to the Moral Majority button: "Neither, what?" Of course, it only bides well for proof that the END IS NEAR.

My favorite PROOF THAT THE END IS NEAR, however, was when Bob Eubanks asked a contestant what the name of their favorite restaurant was, and the wife responded: "Pizza Hut."

Sorry I missed getting the last Bob rave to you--but The new STARK FIST OF REMOVAL arrived in my mailbox, and was so floored by "Bob's" predictions (year by year predictions until 1998 when the "fightin' Jesus" returns to Earth and things get even "more" interesting) and stunned into silence. I will, however, send you a newsletter of the NJ's SubGenius branch (I am planning an EXORCISM Party soon to invite all potential church members to) and if you wish, write a condensed version or even a new-never before revealed bunch of religious dogma from me (and "BOB"--his John Lennon conspiracy theory is amazing)

That is all,

BILL-DALE MARCINKO
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ

(And that was just excerpts! While I'm on the subject of letters, I'd like to do a bit of egocentric name-dropping and thank for their positive comments and encouraging interest Doug St. Clair Smith, Clay Geerdes [I hope to reprint Clay's letter next issue], Chris Estey, Pete Silvia, and Jerry Beck... not the time and room needed to devote as much as is appropriate to these people...)



- CARTOONS P - COMICS P - TRASH LITERATURE P

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## Fanchib Noose

I've found that the best way to get involved with a particular kind of fandom is to go to a source, a person who can connect with most of the other creative people in the same field of interest. Three sources-well no, four--this month.

I've been touting the Monkees, getting psyched for the con on August 15-16. That was considerable fun (Hi Cathy!), and LOIS GIBSON and MAGGIE McMANUS are to be thanked abundantly. I've plugged Lois and her club before, and it's fitting that I plug Maggie's. This red-haired Irish cutie runs the MONKEE BUSINESS FANZINE, billed as "An all-Monkee magazine since 1977". It's registered with the National Association of Fan Clubs, and is quite competent. Subscription rates are \$4.50/year--Maggie's address is 2770 South Broad Street, Trenton, NJ 08610 ...While at the con, I briefly met up with a Beatles maven and enthusiastic entrepreneur (buttons, mags, shirts, records galore and ways toward other expensive "collectors' items") by the handle of CHARLES F. ROSENAY!!! Emphasis his. The man's copyright includes three exclamation points at all times. Charles!!! (emphasis his again-good, you're paying attention), who runs an outfit he calls Liverpool Productions and sings in a group called Glass Onion (get the picture yet?), produces the Annual New England Beatles Convention (the next to be held at Ocean Beach Park in New London, CT on the weekend of October 9-11) and co-produces the Boston Beatles Convention. His fan club is called GOOD DAY SUNSHINE, and costs \$5 plus fifteen (18¢) stamps per year. Newsletters very slick. I'm not sure how much of it is Stan Lee-type exploitation and how much is honest, heartfelt fandom (this Charles!!! seems to have himself quite a lucrative business) but Beatles fans can check it out for themselves. Charles!!! lives at 397 Edgewood Avenue, New Haven, CT 06511... Newave (formerly called "underground") comix fans, need I say more than CLAY GEERDES? Address in Steven Scharff's column...And if you're a fan of the "networks" idea and just plain into relationships sans bullshit. CONTACT HIGH is the place to find wit, intelligence, and maybe even articles by yours truly. Circulation mgr. SALLY LATIMER and publisher/editor JOHN FREMONT both seem to dig IJ more or less; all-round good folks. A well worth \$15 a year--Contact High is at P.O. Box 500, Mendocino, CA 95460...watch for major article on it here next month... TOM FITZSIMMONS on "Facts of Life"...aaargh...

### SONGS\* POETRY:

ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT... To Danny, for what might have been by Sue Kaufmann

A few words A picture And the memory of your voice Will linger In the lonely moments It will return to me And bring me through the long night Alone.

### VIENNA WAITS

Akin to the Grim Reaper, yet apart from him Lives Vienna Like the predestination we hear so much of Vienna waits for each of us; For a stumble or a fall, or a giving up. Intangible and undefined, Vienna is close but far away, accessible but unreachable,

a peace of mind bred from resignation to what has already happened. Each of us will meet Vienna, now or later Because Vienna waits.

#### UNTITLED by Sue K.

It's been said you shouldn't dwell on the past and what you haven't done because dwelling on what might have happened

is just as bad as trying to predict the

before it happens.

#### REGULAR GUY c. 1980 Bill-Dale Marcinko (reggae beat, ok?)

We all really want to be stockbrokers Buy a home in Long Island, sell the VW van In the heart of every radical Is the purse of a middle class man

I don't want to get high, no, no, no I want to be a regular guy I don't want to be bi, no, no, no I want to be a regular guy

I don't want to be wild, no more man

I want to be a regular guy

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FORTUNE IS HIGH FORTUNE IS HIGH c. 1981 Bill-Dale Marcinko

They call me a soldier of fortune I will fight for any nation You got a war? I got the men You got a coup? I got a plan

I take my loyalties to the sky Because we live in a time When fortune is high Fortune is high Fortune is high

Remember money made in Vietnam Remember troops in Palestine Remember Ireland, and Pakistan Remember Angola, Southern Africa I was there im Nicaragua I was fighting with the junta And there looks like steady work In El Salvador and Guatamala

Salvation is approaching day by day I can see the light at the end of the barrel The answer, my friend Will come to you in the wind And the flash of the blast of a gun Blowin' 'em all away Blowin' 'em all away Blowin' 'em all away

They call me a soldier of fortune I will fight for any nation You got a war? I got the men You got a coup? I got a plan

You got the pay, you see me fly Because war's a steady occupation We live in a time When fortune is high Fortune is high Fortune is high Fortune is high

I want to drive a brand new Datsun I want to bowl on Wednesday nights I want to buy my clothes at J.C. Penney And own a Negro lawn ornament I want to get bombed on Martini lunches I want to drive to Disney World I want a job that's 9 to 5. I want to be a regular guy

I want to be a regular guy, just a regular guy, guy, regular guy (etc.)



#### .....AND MORE!



OF LITTLE CONCERN

by Phil Bramson

Unwillingly alive, begin the day anew, Gazing in the mirror At a vampire's reflection.

Within a crowd, and yet not of it, Ringed by people, yet not seen Stands with many, and is not known.

Awash on the beach, crying silent pleas: "The ocean's thunder I can give you. Hold me near, accept my gift."

They stand and go; I am left back. They have no time To stop and play with empty shells.

When all the dreams And fantasies of friendship Run their course,

I remain, to walk, As ever, Alone. "TOMORROW'S FORECAST IS FOR CONTINUED CLOUDY WITH PERIODS OF RAIN."

by Phil Bramson

Sigh.
"What's wrong?"
She's leaving, she's gone.

She must have a boyfriend.
"He's a lawyer from New York."
Damn.

Jealousy is a good general. It makes you hate an enemy You never even saw.

Sit and wait and study-fake, And find a phrase for when she's here. A second, five, to catch her ear.

Barroom sages give advice:
"It's just a crush, a growing pain.
It happens, ends, and happens again."

Still, tears for what won't be What wasn't What ain't

"TAKE ONE STEP BACK FROM THE LOOKING GLASS"

by Chris Estey

I cannot cry a normal tear emotion comes out jaggedly I cry when I think of life And i laugh about Eternity.

It was all just a pattern elements of a story, you see When events in my future are asked I can only recall the morbidity of my past.

Take one step back from the looking glass sometimes i'm so scared sometimes can't muster a glance

Look into the inward prism look at all past formations trying to break free from prisons prisons held in present sensations

Night falls in around your heart as the blades of criticism tear you apart. You anxiously await the merciful assassins touch but hope soon becomes hate and life matters all too much.

I cannot laugh a conventional laugh emotion always comes out wickedly you cannot laugh at my stories now but I'll be laughing in Eternity. HEARTLOVE, HEARTWOUND

c. 1981

WE MET IN THE MORNING LIGHT

**HEART LOVE** 

SHE WAS SO VERY PRETTY AND NICE

HEART LOVE -

SHE WAS MIND, ALL MINE

HEART LOVE

HER LOVE, MY LOVE...

**HEART LOVE** 

SHE THEN BROKE MY HEART INTO

HEART WOUND

SHE SAID "I NO LONGER WISH TO SEE YOU!"

HEART WOUND

SHE TORE MY SOUL APART

HEART WOUND

BODY WOUND, HEAD WOUND...

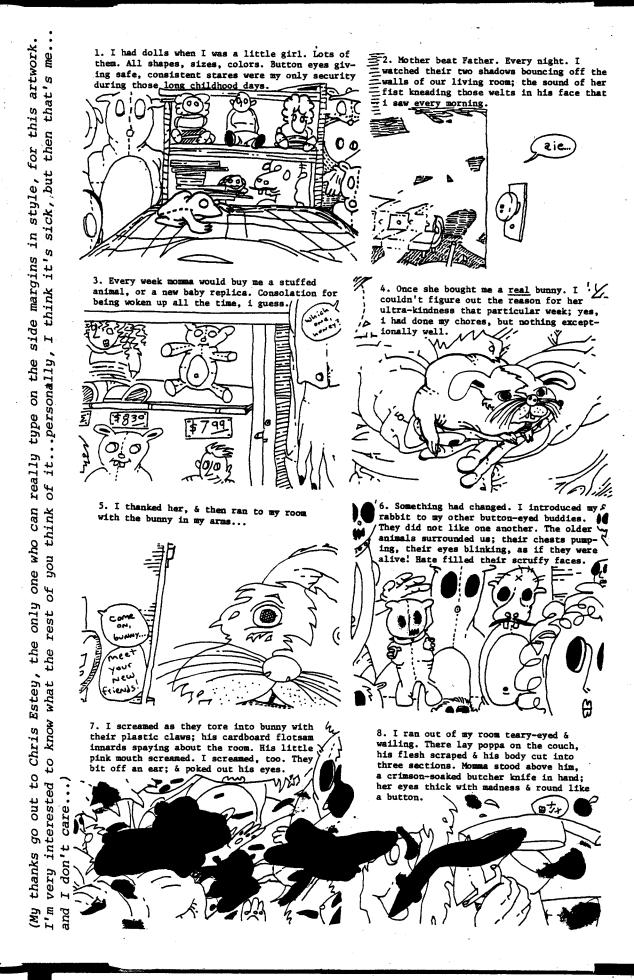
HEART WOUND.

by BREY ZUMMOND

OUOTABLES:

From a radio ad for the Broadway musical Annie, presumably aimed at parents of young children:

"If you don't take your kids to see Annie, you're a mean, rotten, dopey person, and who needs you anyway?"



# the NJ Nixons by Janet Brown

It was hot. The man leaned against the lawn mower and muttered to himself, "I sure miss having someone else do this for me. I guess I'll never get used to yard work."

"Hey Dick," yelled Paul, as he came out of his garage, "bet it was this hot back in

Washington."

The man with the lawn mower just smiled. He was used to his next door neighbor kidding him about his days as the President. Paul walked over to the fence and watched his new neighbor, Richard Nixon, former President of the United States, finish mowing his lawn.

"Dick," Paul said, "Jennie and I are going to High Point for a picnic. Would you and Pat like to come?" Dick smiled and shook his head no. "Thanks anyway, Paul, but Pat and I are going to Bergen Mall to shop. Newbury's is having a sale on seeds and I want to pick up some for my victory garden."

Paul laughed as he headed back to his garage. Nixon planting a victory garden.

That was a good one to tell the gang at the poker game.

Bergen Mall's parking lot was packed. Dick and Pat weren't used to the shopping

malls that were so plentiful in northern New Jersey.

"We'll never get parked," Pat said as they circled the lot. "Are those seeds really that important?" Dick looked at his wife. "Of course they're important! It's the middle of July and I haven't even planted my corn yet!" Pat's eyes darted back and forth looking for a parking space. She finally spotted one near the front. "Quick, Dick!" she said. "Hurry up and grab that space!" But before she had a chance to point it out, another car pulled in.

"Oh, Dick, "Pat yelled, "why didn't you move faster? Now we have to look all over!" Dick was getting mad. He wasn't used to his wife yelling at him about his driving. Maybe those seeds weren't that important. He decided to leave the mall and look for

his seeds somewhere else.

As they were leaving the parking lot, Dick spotted an old friend walking along Route 4. It was Dave Wilson, a golfing buddy from San Clemente. Dick beeped his horn and stopped the car near his friend. The two men had a brief reunion and the Nixons headed for home.

The next morning, the Nixons got a phone call from their daughter Tricia. She wanted her parents to accompany her to Franklin, NJ to take part in a "dig". Since this

was something Pat and Dick never did before, they agreed to go.

By ten that morning, all three Nixons were on their way to the pit in Franklin. On the way up, Tricia explained to her parents that the area where they were digging was inhabited by the Lene Lenape Indians and that the rock hounds were looking for any artifacts connected with the tribe. Both Pat and Dick found this information interesting and knew that this would be an exciting day.

The the next seven hours the rock hounds looked among the ruins of an old quarry and

found many items used by the tribe.

Two weeks later, while the Nixons were setting up their table at the Route 3 Drive-In Flea Market, Pat decided to let her husband know that she was really happy with their new life in New Jersey. "Dick," said Pat as she put her arms around her husband's waist, "I am very glad we moved to New Jersey. The people here have been so nice. I feel relaxed, not pressured, that I can go about my life without anyone watching my every move." Dick hugged his wife and smiled. "I'm glad you are happy here. I too feel relaxed. We will live out our lives here. I finally feel peace at last."

(ED. NOTE: What will happen next to the Nixons? Will they turn even more robotic? Will they jump back into their "See Spot Run" book? Or, more importantly, WILL DICK EVER GET HIS GODDAMNED SEEDS?!? Well, that's life in New Jersey...)



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"

you really think."

J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

#### Rascal Revue

#### 118 · BIRTHDAY BLUES

Two Reels · Produced by Robert F. McGowan for Hal Roach · Directed by Robert F. McGowan · Photographed by Art Lloyd · Edited by Richard Currier · Released on November 12, 1932, by M-G-M · Our Gang: Dickie Moore, Matthew "Stymie" Beard, George "Spanky" McFarland, Kendall "Breezy Brisbane" McComas, Donald Haines, Jacquie Lyn, Georgie Billings, Carlena Beard; Bobbie "Cotton" Beard, Douglas Greer, Bobby Mallon, Dickie Jackson, Dorothy DeBorba, Marcia Mae Jones, Edith Fellows, and Pete the Pup·Lillian, the kids' mother, Lillian Rich; John, the inconsiderate father, Hooper Atchley; Delivery boy, Gordon Douglas; Proprietor, Harry Bernard; Part cut from the final release print: Officer, Charles McMurphy

Dickie and younger brother Spanky witness an unpleasant breakfast scene on Saturday morning. Their flinthearted father has forgotten Mother's birthday, for the second year in a row; she's hurt, and to add insult to injury, he refuses to pay for a dress she has ordered C.O.D. Mom runs to her room, crying, and Dickie determines to get enough money to buy her a gift. He and Spanky find a beautiful dress (a "late 1922 model") in a second-hand store for \$1.98, but they have no idea of how to raise such a gigantic sum. Stymie suggests that they do as his minister did at church:\* bake a cake, put prizes inside it, and sell slices by advertising surprise gifts in every piece. The kids set out to bake a giant cake, making a shambles of the kitchen and ending up with a strange-looking confection, full of "prizes" like a mousetrap, suspenders, an old shoe, and a scrub-brush, which Spanky and Jacquie dumped into the batter when no one was looking. An irate customer who paid his 10¢ complains to Stymie and starts throwing cake; a melee ensues, just as Dickie's father comes home from work. He chases the kids away and gives Dickie a terrible spanking for what he's done. Then Mom arrives home and Dick explains why he did it, giving her the birthday present. Pop has a change of heart, and next morning goes to church with his family, as Mom proudly wears the old-

\* Stymie's real-life father was and still is the minister of Los Angeles's Holiness Church.

fashioned dress her son worked so hard to buy . . . and a pair of wobbly shoes the storekeeper threw in for free.

Another of McGowan's sentimental stories from this period, "Birthday Blues" happily spends most of its time on solid gag material, leaving the maudlin moments of opening and closing scenes.

The key segment of the film is baking the cake. Dickie and Stymie try following directions, but they take everything literally. When the cookbook says "whip an egg," they assign Jacquie Lynn to whip an unsuspecting egg just as one would do a naughty pet. "Roll in flour" is a signal for Pete the Pup to gyrate on the floor amid a layer of the white stuff, while another instruction, "set on stove and stir," prompts Stymie to seat himself on the oven while mixing the batter beside him. He's got to stay there till he's "well done."

An indescribable sound effect, something like a tired foghorn, is used to represent the perpetually bulging cake that comes out of the oven like a volcano when all this handiwork is through. Stymie tries to ignore it, and frosts the gigantic cornerstone-looking dessert to serve his impatient customers inside. As he cuts the first slice, he finds some of the bonus gifts baked into the cake, including a hot-water bottle, and exclaims, "This is a surprise!"

The homemade-cake sequence has its origins in a nearly identical segment from "Ten Years Old." During this period, the depths of the Depression, in one economy-minded expedient, the Roach plant was reworking whole blocks of silent-film material intact. Charley Chase was doing it, Laurel & Hardy were doing it, but none so heavily (or successfully) as Our Gang. "Spanky" had its roots in "Uncle Tom's Uncle," "Choo-Choo!" in "A Pleasant Journey," "The Pooch" in "Love My Dog," "Hook and Ladder" in "The Fourth Alarm," "Birthday Blues" in "Ten Years Old," "Free Wheeling" in "One Wild Ride," and "A Lad an' a Lamp" in "Chicken Feed." That's seven comedies in a row representing sometimes literal remakes of Pathé shorts.

(This and all other "Rascal Revues" are taken from the definitive book on Our Gang written by Leonard Maltin and Richard W. Bann. So far, Professor Maltin, who has upon occasion received IJ, has not complained. Well, I give him credit, don't I? Anyhow, this, the "reeproww" episode, has much more written about it, but I didn't have that much space, so read about it for yourself...)



Boyhood pals (and they really were) Dickie Moore and Stymie Beard, in a scene from "Birthday Blues."



The Uncommon Denominator

### The Not Just JAZZ Philosophy:

Dedicated to the power, excitement and vision of the artist, whatever his chosen form—NJJ is his voice. Equally important, the magazine is a playground where he can be as frivolous/serious/intense/light/bold/quiescent/enthused as he wishes without concern for editorial reprisal or admonishment. We believe that this attitude provides the basis for a quality of entertainment which is uplifting, informative and pleasurable.

Sound good? Well, it looks pretty good too, folks. Elli Fordyce, who bills herself as the "Assistant to Publisher, Etc." (publisher being Randy Fordyce--spouse?), wrote me a lovely letter along with my complimentary copy. A must for New York creative people. Subscription is \$7 for eight issues per annum. Ad rates are good, too. Randy's section "On A Lighter Side," which deals with comedy, enthused me greatly. In the issue I got, it examined the Manhattan Punchline (I may as well give them a plug too, as they need volunteer help--260 West 41st Street). Anyway, get the magazine.

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P.S. Elli's a doll on the phone too--she informs me NJJ's circulation's up to 10,000 or so---do check it out...tell her IJ sent ya...

### REQUIEM

by Tracy Prieto By now I'm sure you have heard of the most unfortunate death of singer/songwriter Harry Chapin. Chapin's style was original and different from anything of his time. He never sang just words, but rather he conveyed his feelings through musical stories, stories that always had a point about our not-so-good society. Chapin did at least 150 concerts a year and more than half were benefits. He was especially interested in World Hunger. Harry gave very special concerts because he was always so personal with the audience. After concerts he would always come out to personally sell Harry Chapin paraphenalia and he would not leave until everyone got what they wanted, including an autograph or a kiss. His death is a tremendous loss to the music world and to us, his fans.

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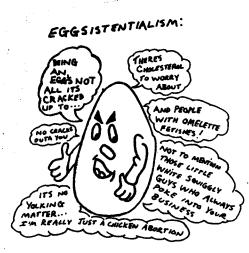








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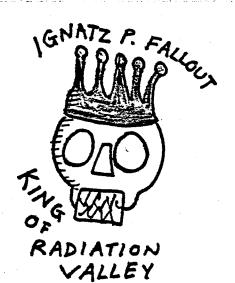


CONTACT ALIENS

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WRITING ON THE WALL (specifically, the wall on the uptown side of 39th, off Fifth Ave. east side) (it appears to be representative of

the "cycle" of life, and the two in parentheses were an afterthought of

somebody else)

PAIN **FEAR GUILT** KNOWLEDGE (WEALTH) POWER (REMEMBRANCE) DEATH





CAAS

thank all (including even EVIL OTTO; yes, you video addict, I know who you are) who sent me in lightbulb jokes. I wouldn't waste the space printing them, as it is easy enough to just make them up spontaneously (i.e., how many IJ production people does it take...two, one to screw it in and the other to keep answering Elayne's phone), but I do have a hangup about collecting them for my own personal use...it's gradually becoming cured...

I'd like to take this space to truly

QUOTABLES:

"You can weave your life so long--only so long, and then a thing in the world out of your control will tug at one vital thread and leave you patternless and subdued."--Patricia A. McKillip, sci-fi/ fantasy writer, in The Forgotten Beasts of Eld

HARE KRISHNA CAPERS:



all artwork is by

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