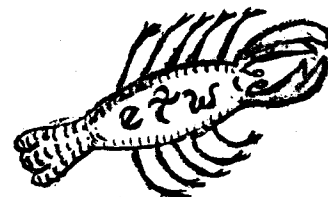


NOTE NEW
COST (SORRY
'BOUT THAT)

JOKE INSIDE

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"



VOLUME II, ISSUE 3

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

40¢ SASE

OCTOBER, 1981

Mail Menopause

I am getting a barrage of mail. A shoebox full at least, when I returned from overseas. It's a wonder that it has not gotten harder to keep knowledge of IJ's very existence from the searing eyes of my father (but then that's another story).

Never before has my mail been a source of such extreme frustration and enthusiasm.

I am quite, as mother would say, "whelmed."

This is not meant to be self-deprecating. I did my Woody Allen shtick last time. But I don't like to let things go unnoticed. And what I have noticed is quality. A kind of frenetic vitality that I can only dream of. Writing so sharp and so strong it stuns me. From long-time friends like Bill-Dale. From staff writers like the 2 Sues. From friends like Chris Estey, Clay Geerdes, David Palter, even Wm. B. Skipperway, I could go on and on. Even my staff assistant, Margaret Kuczynski, who, for all intents and purposes, is more like assistant editor. Doing things with a pen I could never do when I was that young in the world. Her own newsletter, Fine Print. It took me 22 years. The mail I get from editors and writers and artists of mini comix, including staff writer Steven Scharff. Wit and talent heretofore deemed impossible to achieve from the viewpoint of someone whose claim to fame is a song about a clown.

INSIDE JOKE is a fledgling in every sense of the word. As Kip has said, "It's a bratty infant, and no, they're not cute. Well, they try to be, but then they piss on your arm and gurgle like aliens and you just hafta drop 'em." IJ has gone, to carry the metaphor, through its 9-month gestation period, in the kindly protective womb of UFS, and with Volume II, it emerged rather shakily into the real world. A world populated by adults who thought, "gee, how cute, a baby!" Wonderful. But true. And the point is brought home more and more vividly every time I open a letter that leaves me saying "wow".

It's a great source of inspiration, though. It makes me want to try that much harder. Without goals, one becomes aimless and bland. When I was 16, I had a 23-year-old penpal who even had a pen name, Cindy Grant. I'm certain Cindy must've been the first or second woman I ever consciously idolized. God, I wanted to write like her! Her songs and stories held so much meaning...I wish I still had her letters. It would be interesting to compare the kind of writer I held her to be with the kind of writer I've become. And I'm so incredibly psyched. I'm learning so damn much it's seeping through, I'm sure. No way I imagined this a year ago when I set out to pay back a kind friend and his local TV show with the only gift I felt had meaning. No way I saw this kind of light at the end of my tunnels of depression when I felt like cashing it all in on IJ. And for each letter saying, "I think you're tasteless, crude and not very funny" (and please "Bob" there should be as few in the future as there have been up to now), I get two or three with helpful, thoughtful comments and contributions. And people who sort of look to me like I looked to Cindy, which is a strange switch. But I love it. I'm not giving up, I'm not succumbing to 9-5, I'm writing. And improving. More and more with each issue, I hope. Do tell me. Do fill in the =gak= questionnaire on back. I still like to think of IJ as a group experience (beyond monogamous writing?). Your comedy and creativity too. For those to whom this is a first issue, welcome and good luck. The rest of you, be forewarned. Kip may just take this over. In any case, we've come a year, so think of all the cliches with which anniversaries traditionally associate themselves and put them all in the appropriate places. And keep that wonderful mail coming (see page 2).

Here's to ya, Cindy.

See you in the funny papers,

ew

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT MARGARET KUCZYNSKI IS NOW PRODUCING HER OWN NEWSLETTER/PERZINE AS WELL. IT IS CALLED FINE PRINT, AND IS. CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOME. SEND HER A SASE. HER ADDRESS IS 825 DE WITT STREET, LINDEN, NEW JERSEY 07036.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

NOVEMBER 10 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO
NOVEMBER INSIDE JOKE

NOVEMBER 20-22 - 1981 World SubGenius Convention, Dallas (uh huh, 11/22, huh?); if interested, contact Rev. Doug at P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, Texas 75214

NOVEMBER 23 - UFS Stage Show, Ritz Theater, Elizabeth, NJ, 8pm or so

NOVEMBER 27 - MARGARET KUCZYNSKI, 17

NOVEMBER 27-29 - Creation Convention, N.Y. Statler (across from Penn Station), for info and prices call (212) 594-7850, be there aloha...

DECEMBER 2 - ME, 24 (still alive)

DECEMBER 2 - IJ PARTY (combined birthday/housewarming), my place if I have one, call me for information and confirmation

DECEMBER 7 - MARCI MANN, 15

(If you have an event, convention, birthday, anything you want publicized here, let me know before the deadline for publication in the next issue...)

* INSIDE JOKE is produced, created and *
* typed by Elayne Wechsler, who loves to *
* try out her new Prestige Elite, see? *
* Contributions, monetary and otherwise, *
* are always welcome, but we edit w/care. *
* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler *
* PRODUCTION ASSTS.....Margaret Kuczynski *
* Laura Schneider *
* STAFF WRITERS: Margaret Kuczynski *
* Nate Mishaan *
* Sue Rosner *
* Steven Scharff *
* CAST OF CONTRIBUTORS FOR THIS MONTH: *
* Bob Black; Lisa Bottini; Phil Bramson; *
* Chris Estey; Clay Geerdes; Mary Jessup; *
* Morgan La Fey; Bill-Dale Marcinko; Wm. *
* B. Skipperway & friends; Mike Sloan *
* LOBSTER LOGO BY ELLEN JOY *
* c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises *
* Kip M. Ghesin, President *
* PRINTED BY COUNSEL PRESS, INC., NYC *
* "Let's give it to Mikey—he won't read *
* it, he'll print anything! Hey Mikey!" *
* MOTTO THIS MONTH: "NEVER DARE A MORON!" *
* (Rick Friedman) *

acknowleditorialetc.

Listen, sorry it's so late this month, but what with the holidays and then the inability to type anything up because my boss was out for two weeks and I was put on double-time work, and England and all that...well, one gets the idea.

England was great. Absolutely super. Full report next issue, or this one would never get out in October. However, look for little tidbits from overseas scattered throughout this ish...

FIRST AND OF FOREMOST IMPORTANCE: I'm going to have to raise subscription rates again. Blame it on our wonderful post office. As you can figure out, I've not gotten enough mail subscribers to qualify for bulk-rate, although that should change within the next six months, I hope. So please, if you're not sending me a zine of your own or something, please try to send me a SASE or at least the stamps. Subscriptions as of November 1st will be 40¢ per issue. Staff writers, and obviously people I see in person, need not give me these stamps, but donations never hurt, and I'm not proud, I'll take money. If you're a mini editor with a conscience, and you know that you only spend the regular 20¢ for the mini and a letter or contribution, I'd like a SASE but I'm not going to require it (yet) because I appreciate the fact that you're not charging me to receive your talent.

Also: I don't know what my financial situation will be next month. I plan to be at a new address (which will mean a PO box somewhere in Elizabeth), but this will be on my own. Rent and all that. So donations are, as always, appreciated. Counsel Press been very very good to me, I get lotsa copies of IJ for cheapo and little favors and all that, but I cannot guarantee that situation will remain stable. It's, quite frankly, gotten up to about \$50 a month just for printing. How I'm to manage that with rent, food, clothing, and the rest of the stuff people in the real world concern themselves with, is anybody's guess. So it goes.

I may start charging for the paper, which I sincerely don't want to do yet. I may also start pay adverts, which I also don't want to do yet. Still to come department.

Till then, send your 40¢ SASE to:
ELAYNE WECHSLER or KIP M. GHESIN
418 East Third Avenue
Roselle, New Jersey 07203

Selected Shorts



MINI MADNESS

A few things worth catching on local NY/NJ television:

Galaxy Express 999 is a Japanese-made cartoon in Japanese. Made probably by the same company who gave us Speed Racer and Battle of the Planets, it features a mysterious blond woman and her companion, a kid (?) named Tetsuro who wants to be bio-nic. The Galaxy Express is basically a train which travels cross-planet, apparently in search of final destinations for these people. That's what I've figured out so far. Like its sister series, it bears repeated watching. Ignore the frequent misspellings in the subtitles and rejoice in the fact that the moving lips actually match the spoken words better. Thanks to Dave Rosenfeld for tuning me in to this. Sunday nights, 9pm, Ch. 47 (WNJU).

Entertainment is about just that. Its subject is show biz, and it treats it like news. No Tom Bosley hoopla, no Rona Barrett exploitation. Just news. Haven't been into it long enough to know everyone's names, but they do good. Weeknights, 7:30pm, Ch. 9 (WOR).

Hope you're all catching the indescribable Kenny Everett Show, a British (Thames Television) import on weekly after Saturday Night Posthumous. Very very. Bit sexist, but it's amazing what the dancers "Hot Gossip" can get away with now, isn't it? No Solid Gold Dancers here, bub...

And let's cross our fingers, as this "new season" at the networks starts, that Jonathan Winters will make a difference to his biggest fan, that "Bosom Buddies" will continue to occasionally surprise and delight, that "Mr. Merlin" won't turn out a disappointment, and that "Sidney Shorr" will help. And, yes Bill, that Stanley gets back on the air.

P.S. on T.V.: Watch for Foola-produced TV version of "9 To 5" and Zucker-produced "Police Squad" which is supposed to do for cops what "Airplane" did for... And REFOICE! "Not The 9 O'Clock News", the British import which makes SCTV look like "Three's Company", is due on PBS (locally, WNET, Sunday nights at 10, come January...!)

COMIC ARTISTS WANTED:

Needed are artists for the following four-panel strips:

MELLOW MAN (Californian superhero)

FUNNY ANIMAL MAN

GROWN MAN (& sidekick LITTLE BOY)

KIP M. GHESIN, ALTER EGO (see me about this one; others are freeform)

(So as not to infringe on Clay Geerdes' territory [and he really is the expert on this—Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707], I won't review any below, except to say CAD sent me a whole bunch of minis, about 10, for which I'm very appreciative and loved 'em all...in fact, loved every one of these ...felt I should plug the nice people who have been sending me "one of theirs"....)

AND/OR COMICS

(by) Clark Alan Dissmeyer
1109 East A
McCook, NE 69001

PAN(ELULAR) MOD(ULATIONALISM)

(by) Pete Silvia
P.O. Box 962
Newark, NJ 07101

TWENTY-FIVE CENT COMICS -N- STORIES

(by) Dan W. Taylor
1833 Guntle Road
New Lebanon, OH 45345

HOMAGE TO THE NOSE

(by) Rick Wayne
22262 Chatsford
Southfield, MI 48034

MR. WHIPPLE

(by) Harry Onickel
1966 Croft
Birmingham, MI 48008

MODERN ECONOMICS

(by) John Cosgrove
498 Cheltenham Road
Elk Grove, IL 60007

TALES TOO TOUGH FOR TV

(by) Jamie Alder (& others)
9970 Liberty Road
Chelsea, MI 48118

INSTANT COMICS 'N DRAWINGS

(by) George Erling
357 Newark Pompton Turnpike
Pompton Plains, NJ 07444

(and of course our own staff writer with) EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FUNNY ANIMALS BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHY TO ASK

(by) Steven Scharff
516 Buchanan Street
Hillside, NJ 07205

(Now, from what I understand, each of these costs a minimum of 25¢, max about a buck, depending on cost of putting it out. I'd send a SASE for info....)

Fan Noose

GOOD NEWS, "ZIPPY" FANS! Bill Griffith's new paperback, "Zippy Stories", 160 pages worth, is available from AND/OR PRESS, Box 2246, Berkeley, CA 94702 for \$7.95 plus \$1.00 for misc.-type postage. Bill also informs me that "YOW" and "ZIP-PY 3" comix can be ordered from LAST GASP at 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110. Send \$1 for their catalog. Unfortunately, Bill, I find I have no spot illos or at least none I can reprint without permission from your publishers as well. In any case, thanks to staff writer Steven Scharff for the preliminary paperwork that led to all this...In the "specific tastes" department, Harry Andrushak's INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS is excellent for apa (uh, is that "amateur press association"?) fans—\$2 to P.O. Box 606, La Canada—Flintridge, CA 91001; the biweekly PONG, by Ted White and Dan Stefan, is very "inside fandom" oriented—everybody seems to know everybody else, and it all seems rather cliquish but the writing's good—send SASE to Ted at 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046; David Heath, Jr.'s NO SEX is terrific science fiction/fantasy stuff (comix, stories, reviews, etc.) and I hope to contribute to it soon. Send \$1.50 plus postage to David at C.S.C. 4-37 Armor, Fort Knox, KY 40121...As the founder of the Rutgers Science Fiction Association, I have great appreciation and admiration for things like ChatSFic NEWS, the official magazine of the Chattanooga (Tennessee) Science Fiction Club. Run, until further notice (they have a revolving editor policy), by Andre Barker-Bridget, the newsletter features monthly meeting minutes, news on conventions locally and nationally, happenings among members, personal viewpoint articles—so wonderfully homey I wish I lived in Chattanooga. Andre may also start a perzine of her own soon—for info on ChatSFic News, write her at 44 Collegetown Estates, Cleveland, TN 37311... Two wonderful brain-food surprises have been sent my way, c/o the wonderful S-T, since last time: Arthur Hlavaty's DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP writes the way I like to talk (and you know what that kind of thing implies!). It's intellectually edifying and quite stimulating all-round. Love the discussion topics too—like Dick Cavett in written form. Write to Arthur at 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801...And THE LAST INTERNATIONAL which is headed by Bob Black does not lack for slack (ok, I'll stop). Beyond worth.

MATZ'S MAXIM:

A conclusion is the place where you get tired of thinking.

Groucho Marxism (see p.4-2)! "Bob" is probably looking at it and smiling (which He always does anyway, so...). Write to Mr. Black, please, at 55 Sutter St., #487, San Francisco, CA 94104...Lastly, a zine to catch all zines. Carol Pape is right about now putting out THE BLURB ZINE, which will exist for the purpose, basically, of plugging your stuff. It'll be around 15 pages at first, sure to expand. Says Carol, "The Blurb is an ad-zine dedicated to putting you in touch with current fandom. No more writing to addresses years old and getting no response. We Blurb all sorts of zines from Star Trek to Dracula to Rocky Horror and anything else we find. We also have misc. Tids-n-Bits plus some comix. Contributions welcome." Pre-order is a SASE plus \$1.00 for this issue #2, and SASE plus \$2.25 for #3, due out in late January. Postcards will do instead of SASE—that's just so Carol can get in touch with you in the case of a price hike or other disaster (no enclosures, says she, just a "HELP, I NEED MORE \$" note like the ones I guess parents get from college kids). Carol's very dedicated and hard-working, and the Blurb is bound for success. Get in on it. Oh, right, ads are free, from what I understand. Ask Carol—5B University Apts., Clemson, CS 29631.

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**exercises
in fiction
(1,2)**

by Chris Estey

"Sun rises, sun falls
I'm here, awaiting your call
You take my freedom, jerk my tears
You take my love & time takes my years

Put up with your drinkin', 'n' alibies
I take your stinkin' drunken lies
You put it in me, not I'm takin' it out
The case is filled now, but don't ya pout..."

**"THE
INSIDE
JOKE"**

Frank Walters wipes a film of grimy sweat from his forehead with one hand, and pours a shotglass of whiskey with the other. His club tonight is hot and humid, the air inside it thick with sweat, greasy alcohol, stale tobacco, and the suffocated voice of a singer trying to overcome a cheap sound system. But the shaded, canvas-clad guitar-wielding frame of the performer reveals her to be no less than a professional; her chocolate face flinches little, even when the wad of bodies surrounding the foot of her stage is at its most obstreperous. She is seasoned to the chaotic voodoo which curses inter-city nightspots.

Frank Walters is seasoned in handling performers. He owns and manages The West Side Club... where he is now, sitting in a corner booth with a man named Phil Robinson, the performer's manager.

"You bastard!!" says Robinson, running nervous fingers through his pepper-grey toupe. "You have no right whatsoever to fuck up this deal now. She's performing, goddammit... if you wanted to re-negotiate our contract, you should've notified me sooner." He inhales a mouthful of particularly cheesy gin. "SHE WILL NOT ACCEPT ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY LOWER THAN WHAT IT STATES ON THIS CONTRACT." He slaps five sprawled fingers overdramatically across the sheet of paper on the table between Walters and himself. "Since she's already begun her set, there's no use backing out now...or trying to hit a clause in order to rip her off."

Walters looks attentively and almost compassionately down at the sheet before him. He says, in an apologetic whisper, "I'm not trying to rip her off. But the quotes we were trading are so unclear. Why, look at how this is phrased..."

"Wait til sun rises, tomorrow morn
When you'll be thinkin' you're safe from harm
With her and you, and you in her
Tell me bout it now, if you're not sure

'Cause you're gonna get yours
You're going to get yours now, love
By morning, you'll be praying to
To your holy Mama in heaven above...

Frank Walters feels the bone-dry wheels of anxiety grinding within him, and reaches for the half-full whiskey bottle to his right, hoping its contents will drown the noise out, if not rust the gears completely. Phil Robinson has been reciting his managerial rhetoric for a half an hour now. He too feels a thirst and finishes off the liquor that had been in his glass since first entering Walters' establishment. Walters notices his companion's glass is suddenly empty, politely stands and reaches for another bottle resting on the bar, and offers Robinson a refill.

A woman is standing ten feet from the lefthand side of the table, facing Phil Robinson. He does not notice her, though, for she is purposefully concealed by a shadow from a speaker hung on the wall she is leaning against. Her name is Patricia Nelson.

At about the same time Frank Walters blocked Nelson's view of Robinson, she had pulled the trigger of a small pistol she had been aiming directly at Robinson's face.

A sound resembling a fierce steel handclap echoed throughout the club. Immediately the gunshot is smothered by the verbal hysteria generated over it by the more observant customers.

Frank Walters grips his fleshy throat, kneading his double chin between white clenched knuckles. His eyes grow large and seem to *POP* in their sockets, yet not fall out as Robinson imagines they would when Walters faces him before slumping onto the table.

(continued next page)

2./"The Inside Joke" by Chris Estey

Robinson shrieks, and quickly stands up. He scans the room with his eyes to find some reasonable order of events, and his eyes focus on and recognize Patricia Nelson.

She shrieks herself, upon realizing that she had shot the wrong man. Her fingers excitedly grip the revolver, raising it again, and firing shakily at Robinson, who is now barreling toward her. Robinson flinches: Something pierces into and explodes within his left side. He screams her name savagely, and resumes his lunge. She is frozen. He grabs the gun forcefully away from her, and, firmly grasping its barrel, raises it above her head. He brings the revolver down violently across her cheek; the skin crackles and divides, letting out inky dark blood. She lets out a squeal from deep within her chest. He strikes her again, this time against her temple. A grisly sound of splintering bone fills the ears of the crowd that had gathered around the events. Pus seeps out of the gash above her eye and cheek, running down her ear. Her eyes fill up with milky tears, her lips release a hissing sound.

"They're gonna be watchin'
Lookin' down on you
But I'll be the one lookin' farthest
You'll be tiny when I'm through

You think I'm just someone to take
You're vermin I can tell that look on your face
Thinks you got me now, thank you got me good
Puttin' you down just as someone should...

The events are fully perceived by all in the club. Some, without hesitation, exit. Most gawk and stand limp in awe, throwing out horrified curses. Many gather around the two bodies sprawled out across the floor and table. Some gag when the mirrored ball descended from the ceiling turns and the dim light from the bar reflects the images of Patricia Nelson's transmuted face. The attention of all but one in the club are turned away from the performer, who is still singing without hesitation up on the stage.

"If they talk of love, I'll tell 'em why
Why love tonight had to die
I'll tell 'em where you will most surely lie
Lyin' there, there, there, under sky

'Cause you're going to get yours
You're gonna get yours, now, baby
By evening you'll be a Saint
And the good Lord will watch you daily...

Phil Robinson has staggered away from the activity, and is now holding his left side, as if he were to remove his hand his entrails would slither out. Skinking blood spatters at his feet, flowing like a miniature red river from his stomach and mouth. He stumbles to his knees right in front of the stage. The performer's fingers slip down to a deep and forgotten chord which weighs thick in Robinson's ears.

"Scars of yesterday are with me now
Scars of yesterday stay with me somehow
But wait until the sun drops...
The night echoes my pain, pain that can never stop."

The performer stops playing, and speaks: "You bastard. You sold me out. This is just my way of turning tables. I've known about her for a long time. Nelson...shit, it's only been recently that I've cared about you havin' her behind my back. When you started failing me, I knew I had to do something."

Robinson sobs. He says something about a hospital and how much he's hurting, but the bloody phlegm in his mouth meshes the words into one long mumble. "So I called her. For good, for real. She bought my inside joke. She didn't take her finding out about me nearly as well as when I found out about her. She bought what I told her...that you were through with her. Lord, was she pissed! A lady can get real jealous, Philip."

A final groan and then Robinson's bowels let out. She loads her guitar into its case, and starts for the door. Robinson watches through a thickening puddle of acidic ebony as she struts away.

"Real jealous."

DID I KNOW 1968 PERSONALLY?

by Clay Geerdes



(These ramblings are excerpted from two letters I recently received from Clay. Everything is copyrighted, of course...comments may be sent to him at Box 7081, Berkeley [where else?], CA 94707)

"Did I know 1968 personally? Sure. I stood around in front of the Dropstore Cafe on Haight Street and watched the games, Big Hell's Angel bikers in leather and tattoos getting high with Pigpen and Jerry Garcia, Hibiscus and Tajara and Sandy and all the Mid-western emigrees who became the Cockettes and spread all that madness across the stage of the Palace Theater during Steve Arnold's Nocturnal Dream Shows, the hundreds of itinerant teenyboppers who escaped their Hillsborough homes and parked their jags and Mercedes in the hills so no one would know they were not authentic 'street people', then sitting stoned in crash pads in cockroachy basements, wondering why liberation was thought to mean skimpy mini-dresses and no panties and fucking strangers who sang second-hand folk songs off-key and left them with a smile as they hung out backstage--I remember the groupies and the roadies and the bi-focal tourists with their instamatics and the kid who mooned the Gray Line tours from the window of the I-Thou Coffeehouse and the girls who giggled at the gross cartoons in the East Village Other in that dim back room in the Psychedelic Shop and Janis buying an old pair of Jackie Kennedy's sunglasses for \$90 bucks in a boutique run by a woman who would later dump on her in a sleazy novel--GOING DOWN ON JANIS. There were assholes on the scene even during the Summer of Love, all those facile smiles, the flower stuck in your face, the candy laced with acid to give you a sudden rush, one you wouldn't understand until years later. I remember my friend Michael's wedding reception where I ate a piece of cake and started melting away and hallucinating on California Street in the fucking traffic and Shirley, my wife, wondering what was wrong with me, and my saying, I had to get home, had to get home, because it was some bad street shit and not a mellow trip at all and I didn't know who had laced that cake and never found out, didn't even tell Michael about it.

"In 1968, I was Professor Geerdes, listening to the tears of the pampered middle class, the anguish of children whose parents didn't understand them, didn't know how it was that they had to participate in cocktail parties in empty suburban houses, uppers and downers and cheap wine and Colt 45 and skinny dipping late at night--what did their parents know about the pressures, about the need for that prescription for THE PILL, about the secret flights to Juarez for those vacuum jobs, and the loneliness of losing both lover and baby at 18 and having to fake it with everyone--oh, we just flew down to Mexico for a little vacation, had to get away from classes and exams and papers for awhile, y'know? I heard about the military fathers who didn't communicate, they commanded. My daughter this and that. No way she's going to Berkeley and be taught by those commies and left-wing fanatics. The FBI was writing them letters and telling them this prof was and this wasn't and who was all right and where to avoid and generally manipulating and wheeling and realing. Fucking liars, all. By 1970, I was sick of baby sitting the future computer programmers and establishment labor force and I dropped out of all of it to freelance, to do my own, taking camera and typewriter, going to war.

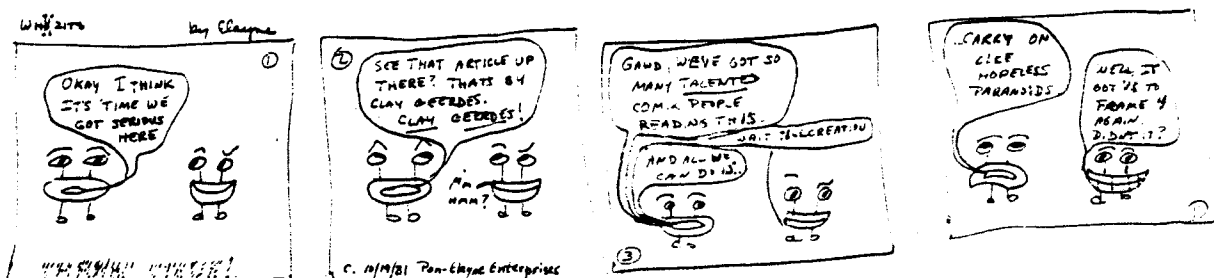
"...In the spring of 1967, I was baptized in the fountain outside the old one-story commons building on the campus of Fresno State College by a gang of jazz musicians, happers, part-time go-go dancers and serious Camus freaks. Since all were good-natured folks, many of them members of our Magic Theater Company, they allowed me to remove my wallet before the immersion so I wouldn't have to lay all my money out to dry, and, to be truthful, I did not get wet all over, mostly my shoes and cords (I wore cord coats and paisley shirts in those days, not to mention shortish hair and hush puppies--a real fashion plate). Naturally, part of the crowd that dunked me like a donut stood around looking a little sheepish, wondering in their hearts of hearts if I was going to take horrible revenge on them in some as yet undetermined manner--I was known to be a subtle avenger, having left a bag of rotting something in the office of the head of the Drama Department early one morning because the asshole wouldn't let me use the little theater for my production of Albee's Sandbox (in which I played Daddy in a blue searsucker coat); the administration of the college was set up to say No to any reasonable requests for facilities, so I learned early to do what I wanted to do and ask for permission after it was over. After all, Most of the time I only needed an empty dance studio or a room to

"go directly to next page"

2./ "Did I know 1968 personally?" by Clay Geerdes

meet in. They always wanted to know what it all meant and you couldn't tell them because they were the kind of people who didn't understand your answers. Some of my students were filmmakers (me, too), so we were always looking for places to shoot footage. One afternoon found us in an automobile junkyard at the edge of Fresno (city of malls West), a group of rather ordinary people by today's punk standards, but rather weird for then; we were shooting sight gags and nonsense sequences and having a good time when Clark Kent and Lois Lane showed up from the Daily Collegian to get the scoop. Well, a straighter pair you never saw, right out of central casting, her with her heels (in a junkyard) and her poised steno pad and him in his pressed polyesters and sport coat (in 100° heat); both of them goggle eyed and full of pre-programmed journalism (the 5 W's and how they grew). Since I was the Prof and known on campus, they zeroed in on me and wanted to know what it was all about and I said they ought to ask the director and pointed to Bill who was helping Rene get out of the truck of a long dead Dodge. He was ready for the undynamic duo and passed them along to George who passed them along to someone else until they finally tumbled to the put on and split to give me the business in next day's thinskin issue--college papers are only good for one thing and we already have Charmin so where does that leave them? So what were we doing? Just having a good time. No deep philosophical significance. No turgid inner meanings, subliminal symbolism, blah blah. I saved those raps for my sophomore students who needed that sort of intellectualism to justify their second year in the academy, to make them obtuse to their bewildered parents, idols to their lesser hip friends--the learning, needless to say, takes place outside the college superstructure, not inside where it's mostly conditioning, brainwash, petit bourgeois rules and regulations, an extension of the Medieval Church. We were into Happenings, Environments, Found Art, Funk, Experimental films (home movies justified), body-painting, modern dance, all kinds of combinations from simple collagerie to machinage. We partied frequently at Bills, walked along the canals, violated all the rules of decorum, knew one another in various ways, read the weekly ug papers in class, read and discussed Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Burroughs, Camus, Sartre, Mailer, Dhuna Barnes, Anais Nin, Henry Miller, Leroy Jones, Ralph Ellison, Richard Wright, and numerous other no-no writers (indeed, one of the older women in the English Department picked up a male student who had dropped my 1-A and she told me he told her he had quit my class because I was teaching a lot of "nigger literature". tsk! tsk! He's no doubt working for some solid firm in a financial canyon somewhere now, buried where he belongs, safely away from thinking people.

"...How little it all mattered in the end. A few suicides. A lot of friends in jail or mental institutions or working 9-5s, lost looks in front of the coffee machine, bites out of styrofoam cups, the paranoia of the seventies creeping in, fanned by CIA, FBI, general assholism, Reaganism, the decline of the West, flotsam into the White House and the other holy places, the military state, fascism, the end of even a semblance of human feeling, of caring, loving, being with others, smiles on the street, segregation of the sexes, women in private clubs talking to one another about man, the enemy, women with guns in THE WOMEN'S ROOM, women this and women that, entire neighborhoods in San Francisco infoltrated and homosexualized, the older residents walking the streets with glassy eyes, men kissing men in doorways, young girls with purple hair and razorblades hanging from their ears, blasting, raging, anarchic music deafening all who passed the Mabuhay, the Palms, Berkeley Square (once a club where one heard progressive jazz and drank beer). By the mid-seventies it was short hair and punk and new wave and imitated fifties attitudes, black leather jackets and tough talk and the neo-fascists were beating up hippies in the clubs as their fifties ancestors used to get off on "beatin' up queers" who made the mistake of walking too near those souped-up pick-up trucks and street rods.



EXPOSÉ by "Maggie K."

by Margaret Kuczynski

Doggie correctional homes have in past years been for the very rich only. Recently, these homes for wayward dogs have been exposed to the middle class American. Although too many of you readers may not know, you can send disobedient dogs away. I feel it my duty to inform you on two interesting stories of dogs sent away.

Now, the rich spoil dogs, as they often do children. Sometimes these canines get out of hand and too difficult to handle. The major problems are: use of foul language; drug and alcohol abuse; sex at very early ages; but the most common problem is runaways.

I spoke with Mr. Correction, the founder of Doggie Correctionals of USA. Mr. Correction had this to say: "These dogs are basically nice, good kids who fell into the wrong crowd. Some were neglected by their very, very busy parents. I take them, teach them a trade and help them start a new life. I've seen this work for many of them. Our most famous dogs to date were Rassie and Venji.

"Rassie was a very cheap young pup. She had no female friends--therefore, she knew only the local studs. She was a rough, emotional case. Rassie realized she was wrong all along. Unfortunately, no one saw her rebellion as a cry for attention till she got so bad that they sent her here. Those days are far behind her now. I'm really very proud of her stardom.

"Venji was a heavy drinker. He once got drunk at a family wedding and seduced his cousins, all seven of them. Venji was more of a mental and emotional case. All I can say is here's one dog who has come a long way."

So, if you've got a problem dog, look in the Yellow Pages for Doggie Correctionals of USA. Give Mr. Correction a call; he's the guy who wants to help keep your dog off the streets!

TAKE ONE

by Sue Rosner

Y'know, Wechsler, you're not the only one that can make fun of street evangelists, or as I've come to call them, "religion pushers". Imagine! Soon you'll be able to walk in Bryant Park and hear, "smoke, smoke! Jesus Joints! Loose Jesus Joints!" (Hey, if they could have Jesus Jeans a few years back, why not Jesus Joints?).

Anyway, let's talk about my favorite group, those guys from the Ansara (as in Michael Ansara, Barbara Eden's ex, for those with score cards) community. If you're a frequent subway rider (my sincere sympathy if you are), you know them as the guys in the white robes. Pretty impractical garb if you ask me; the subway's filthy! Can you picture those poor kiddies at the school having to wash the robes after their teachers have spent a long, hard day panhandling on the IRT? Besides, it's really tacky to wear white after Labor Day. There must be an unwritten law that any group riding the subway must wear ridiculous clothing. Look at the Guardian Angels--the beads dangling from their red berets have GOT TO GO!! C'mon guys, go to Oleg Cassini and ask him, he'll tell you the same thing--buy some decent clothing!

These subway religion pushers/panhandlers are more refined than most. At least they apologize for being a pain in the ass. Have you ever listened to their rap? These guys have got it down perfect!! Know why? They're all former disc jockeys and used car salesmen.

These guys are no idiots either. They extend an invitation to visit their school "located in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn." They know nobody's coming out there unless they have a tank.

In conclusion, let me borrow a phrase from my robed friends...thank you for reading and have a safe and pleasant afternoon.

MORE WRITING
ON THE WALL:
(same wall)
R.E.M. SLEEP
THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE

You know who you are.
The SubGenius Foundation
P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, Texas 75214



INNER PEACE NOW

HE HAS INNER VISION



MEDIA VIEWPOINT

First things first.

by Steven Scharff

Second, don't let my "car bumper" cartoon influence you on my drawing style. That was just a mindless scrawl on one of my letters to Elayne.

Third, my second mini, "EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FUNNY ANIMALS, BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHY TO ASK", is still on the drawing board as of this writing and will be in print by the time this issue of IJ sees print. Maybe even sooner. (ED. NOTE: Yeah, it's out, and it's great—see "MINI MADNESS" column)

Fourth, I'm retiring my "Mr. Yuk" logo and will be using my "UPC" signature that I use to sign my artwork from now on. The "Mr. Yuk" logo on a good review could be confuse and pose a problem.

See?

Fifth, I hope Alec Billyou (ED. NOTE AGAIN: Where are you, Alec?) has fun being the staff cartoonist of IJ. Keep the Tylenol on your drawing table, Alec.

Sixth, the condensed title on page 6 of the last issue was of Elayne's doing. Yes, I'm doing this for "ego-boo" (You look it up!), but not solely for it.

Seventh, here's what my drawing style is like:

Eighth, what the hell are those grotesque things on the bottom of pages 7 and 15 in the last issue?

Ninth, the "Whozits" are too-dimensional.

Tenth, the Rocky Horro sequel is to be released either this or next year. Is there a God?

I'm looking forward to the Romero/King team-up on "The Stand."

Eleventh, "LAB RAT FUNNIES" is still available. 50¢ and a stamp. Add 25¢ for a hand-colored and signed cover. 516 Buchanan St., Hillside, New Jersey, 07205.

Buy or die.

Twelfth, no I don't inhabit New York Comic-Cons. They're mostly Marvel and DC hype anyway. Yawn!

Go to the San Diego Cons instead!

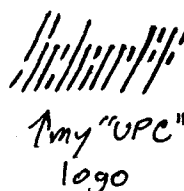
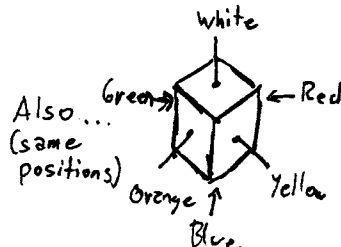
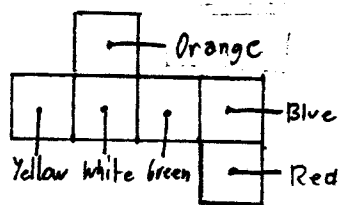
Thirteenth, I'm jobless and looking for paste-up/layout. Anything, Elayne?

Fourteenth, Estey's poem in the last ish was the greatest usage of the English language I've ever read in a poem that short. I wish I could say I know how he feels. But I can't. I was a very stupid kid.

Fifteenth, I'll have a "regular" column next month, along with a hype for my next mini. Again, buy or die.

By the way...

Rubik's Cube Solution
(Ideal Toys model) ↓



FOR PETE SILVIA

TRANSPOSERS
OF THE WORLD,
UNITE!

"Voice of your Choice"

c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises

PART II

by Elayne Wechsler

(THE STORY SO FAR: None really to speak of, just intro like this time...)

I was too busy being in love to notice exactly how this Dandy thing grew. Stefan and I had been in a lot of classes together, we sort of circulated in the same social clans, and it was inevitable that we'd someday get together in the way we did. At first, I suppose, it was more a matter of convenience than anything else. We sort of bumped into each other, like ships on a foggy night, as the saying goes. But we needed each other. We were both equally desperate— isn't that what love's all about anyway?

But I know you Dandyites—you only want to hear about him anyway. No, you don't give a hoot about those of us who prefer to lead dignified, sane lives. We normal people are too freaky for you, right? We don't have our hands reaching for the burning spotlights all the time, so there must be something wrong with us, huh? Well, "Doreen Leesa Spector, I love you" is quite enough of a thrill for me! I just hope all of you can someday discover real love, not silly infatuation. Or if you're gonna go for it, at least do it the way Carolle did.

Carolle wasn't overly involved with Dandydom in the beginning. She knew of his existence, but as he didn't pepper his language with "Boff!" or "Socko!" as did the comix, he wasn't worth a second glance at the time. Well, maybe a second. Car, I recall, did something totally uncharacteristic at the time (especially considering her intelligence).

She'd been to a fraternity bash, and, not exactly fitting into the frat life, had gravitated over to the radio blasting "The Voice of Choice" in the corner of the room (he hadn't yet added that imbecilic possessive pronoun "Your" to his calling-card). I don't quite remember what exactly she heard Dandy say on the air that night, but I do recall it moved her very deeply. It got to a part of her that nothing else had in a long time. I found it hard to swallow, since the little I'd heard about this Royce character had to do with tasteless humor, not melodramatic self-analysis. But Carolle came home with tears in her eyes, blabbering (which shocked me), "He said something to me, he revealed himself, he got through, he broke it!" I had half a mind, which I did back then, to retort, "What, was he in some time-space continuum?" But she ran up to our room and wouldn't let me in for three hours.

When the door was finally unlocked (amid threats from Papa to make Car clean out the roaches in the restaurant's kitchen), she seemed to be calmed down again. But her hand was ink-stained. And so was the desk blotter, punctured with the little blue dots her pen made when she tapped it down while in contemplation.

The letter, she told me, said in essence "Dear Dandy—I understand. Please don't feel alone. Love all ways, Carolle." Sentimental mush. But it tied in, she insisted, with the thing that had got to her that evening on the radio. Something, apparently, having to do with double identities, not knowing who one was anymore, and being incredibly lonely. Sounded to me like every mushy love song a typical DJ would play on that tin box. Although Carolle swore this Dandy fellow never did that. "He plays 'wacky' type records, like that guy in California or, or Murray the K." Murray the K! I kept my mouth shut. "He never plays romantic junk. Except that one song...my God, Doreen, he was so depressed, I just hope my message will get to him..."

Apparently it did. A reply came within the week, from a "43 Forester Road, Hendondell", a town the next county over. I didn't think that was the location of BVT, but who knew, and what did I really care anyway? Car seemed rather blase about it too, thought that since there was no name on the envelope, the contents were probably just another mini-comic or something.

"Bet it's an invitation to subscribe to a new 'zine or some—oh—oh Dory! It's from Dandy!"

The note read, "Dearest Carolle, Thank you—you may never know how much your note meant. Have you always shown such good timing?" I could've told him...Car continued reading, "I hope we can meet someday, too. You're welcome to come to the station, anytime. Just give your name to the secretary and she'll let you through. I tape weeknights, 6-10, but I'm there from 4 to midnite. See you, 'when the legend's over', Love, Danyel 'Dandy' Royce."

"'Danyel'," she said dreamily, then quickly caught herself acting maudlin, and shrugged. "Big deal, his secretary probably wrote it. Sounds like a chapter out of a Harlequin romance." But I notice she kept the letter.

In case you're all wondering, no, she didn't meet Dandy back then. We had other, more important problems that came up.

(PART III next month...)

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SUPER EGG!

by Margaret Kuczynski

Humpty received a phone call late one night; it was his grandfather. Grandpa Egghead lives in the Golden Egg Rest Home. Humpty asked, "What's wrong, Grandpa Egghead?" "I'm sorry I called so late, sonny. I think I need the help of Super Egg. You see, your brother, Deviled Egg, returned to Egglan. As soon as he rode into town, he killed Mr. Grayson, the owner of the Golden Egg Home, then took control. I'm the only one who saw the murder. I don't think he knows I was witness to it either. Please hurry, he's robbing the other eggmen and women here. Every so often, we have practice fire drills. While we are out of the building, his goons steal things of value from the rooms. They do it gradually, so no one notices. I finally pieced the clues together and solved the mystery." "I'm really glad you called. I'll see that justice is served in this case, Grandpa," Humpty said proudly and hung up the telephone.

He sprang into action. He put on his Super Egg costume and drove off in the Eggmobile. The next few hours which crept into day were tedious for Super Egg. He arrived at the Golden Egg Rest Home dressed as Grandpa Super Egg and took an apartment area.

The very next day, the fire alarm was set off. As all the elderly eggs filed out, Super Egg remained behind. He used his eggstra super senses of hearing to find the crooks. Super Egg sought the rotten eggs out, and used the element of surprise on 'em. He snuck up on the goons, and made Batman sound effects. The goons, being stupid and Batman fans, ran around looking for a television. Super Egg then used his egg lasso to tie up his unfinished business. Deviled Egg tried to eggscape, but Grandpa and the elderly eggpeople cut him off at the pass on Route One-Eggty (Holy poached eggs!). As soon as Sheriff Egg DoRight arrived and apprehended the criminals, Super Egg was gone. Left behind was the famous silver jelly bean.

Till neeggst time, stay tuned to this egg station, or it'll be eggs for you, see.....

FARMER JONES

and

EMMY

in



three minute-egg

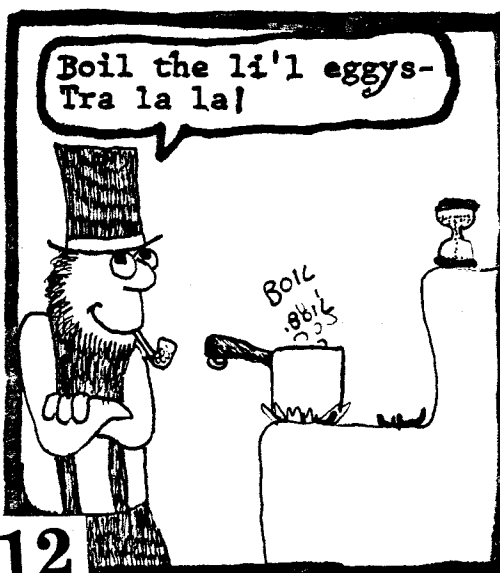
by
Wm. B. Skipperway



Hi, Emmy! Laid any eggs today?



Oboyboy! Now I can make hard boiled eggs! Hup! Ho!



Boil the li'l eggys-
Tra la la!



Hey! These eggs aren't hard boiled!



Look, you can't expect me to get hard in three minutes just after I got laid!

SONGS* POETRY:

HEARTS

by Morgan La Fey

The heart
Soon becomes a ruin
When the lovers
Longed for desperately
Are withheld

The heart
Begins to die
When every love
That is discovered
Passes by

THE LORD BOB POLKA

by Wm. B. Skipperway

My god is named Bob.
He sits and he sees.
He watches my head,
Then he watches my knees.

My god is named Bob.
He lives up above,
And if we appease him,
He treats us with love.

We always are happy
While worshipping Bob,
But if we call him "silly"
We're out of a job.

Bob has a cousin
Whose name is Old Tim.
The wombat nad lemming
Are sacred to him.*

When we all die,
We fly off to meet
The lord Bob who gives us
A dime and a sweet.**

*Clearly an unauthorized expansion of the
Bob mythos.

**Ibid.

LIKE LOVERS

by Mike Sloan

It's never easy to stand
before a crowd
and read your poems
out loud
'specially when they're
to busy
talking "to" each other.
I keep seeking
a way to let them know
words are like lovers
sometimes gentle -
sometimes mean...and
far more effective
when we omit "to"
from talk and substitute "with".

(Selected poems,
by Phil Bramson,
all untitled)

Memories so strong, the years are as days,
Living so full, the days are as years:
This is how
To cope with time.

I am the fire, and I am the wind.
Come, and let my flame warm you;
Come, and let my breeze cool you.

But do not try to hold me.
Reached for, I cannot be grasped.
I am the fire, and I am the wind.

a gift is
a puzzle
sometimes.

it might say only
I know of love
already given.

or it might be
a sweet bait
on a barbed hook,
dangled
in a stormy tomorrow.

only trust.

"Pull the wool over
your own eyes."

Send \$1.00



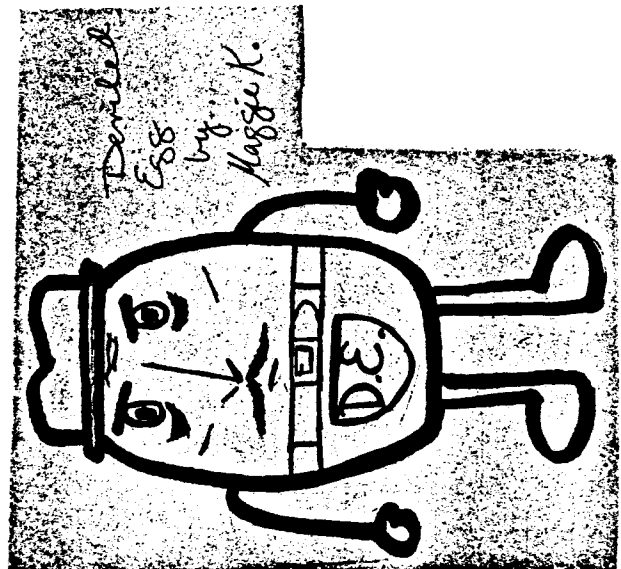
J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

P.O. 140306, Dallas, Tex. 75214.

INEXORABLY CLOSER (1981)

by Bill-Dale Marcinko

Boy meets girl, clumsy conversation
Genuine interest, playful affections
And they are drawn -- Inexorably closer
To their hearts
Inexorably closer to their lives
Inexorably closer to their time
Inexorably closer to their end
Inexorably closer to their death
Inexorably closer
Closer, closer, closer...



20 QUESTIONS

Radio 1 Top 20

ROCK QUIZ #1 AND #2 by Steven Scharff

(Two for the price of one—Put on yer thinkin' caps, punks!)

- 1) In what year did "Rock Around the Clock" become #1?
- 2) On what label did Devo release their first single?
- 3) With what song did the Clash open up each of their shows on their first US tour?
- 4) Talking Heads was the first new wave group on the top 40 charts. What was their first big hit?
- 5) What band has former Sex Pistol John Lydon (aka Johnny Rotten) as a member?
- 6) From what country does the studio band "Stars On" originate?
- 7) What record label releases Dr. Demento's compilation album?
- 8) What were the two labels who dropped the Sex Pistols?
- 9) On what label did the Plasmatics release their first EP?
- 10) What punk band is often referred to by the press as "the DKs"?
- 11) On which label did Elvis Costello get his first release?
- 12) What is Elvis Costello's real name?
- 13) What is the only Beatles album released on the United Artists label?
- 14) Who was the original drummer for the Beatles (before Ringo Starr)?
- 15) Who was the original drummer for the Clash (before Nicky "Topper" Headon)?
- 16) What was the title of the EP included in the first pressings of Elvis Costello's album "Armed Forces"?
- 17) In what language did the Beatles release a special pressing of the songs "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" and "She Loves You"?
- 18) What soloist has three untitled albums to his credit?
- 19) What group and soloist have appeared in Marvel comic books?
- 20) On what label does the group Devo release their British pressings?

BONUS QUESTION: What animation studio created the graphics for the Beatles' animated feature "Yellow Submarine"?

(Answers found elsewhere in this very rag)

NEXT ISSUE:

- KIP M. GHESIN, ALTER EGO, Featuring "The Letters From CONTACT HIGH"
- BOWTIES AND OTHER SEX OBJECTS by Morgan La Fey
- More Weirdness for those who liked A DOG NAMED SEX
- Movie Revioose - TIME BANDITS and more!
- WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING? - Stephen King Retrospect, by Jill Zimmerman

PLUS THE USUAL COMIX, STORIES, LUNACY, ETC.

(One of the pleasures in England was listening to the radio. Yep. They actually play music there instead of most of the AM pap we get. Well, some of theirs is pap too, but not nearly as much. I was thrilled. And so, for your viewing pleasure...)

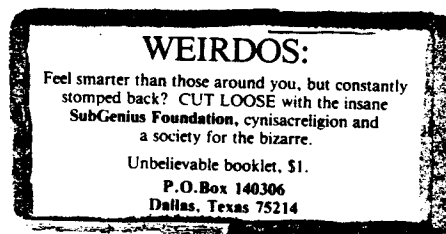
WEEK OF 20 SEPTEMBER		
#	SONG/ARTIST	PREVIOUS WEEK
20	- "One of Those Nights"/Bucks Fizz	(-)
19	- "So This is Romance"/Linx	(-)
18	- "Abacab"/Genesis	(13)
17	- "You'll Never Know"/Hi Gloss	(-)
16	- "She's Got Claws"/Gary Numan	(10)
15	- "The Thin Wall"/Ultravox	(14)
14	- "Everybody Salsa"/Modern Romance	(12)
13	- "Endless Love"/Diana Ross	(-)
12	- "One in Ten"/UB40	(9)
11	- "Slowhand"/Pointer Sisters	(16)
10	- "Love Action"/The Human League	(6)
9	- "Start Me Up"/The Rolling Stones	(7)
8	- "Pretend"/Alvin Stardust	(-)
7	- "Hold On Tight"/ELO	(5)
6	- "Japanese Boy"/Aneka	(3)
*5	- "Wired for Sound"/Cliff Richard	(4)
4	- "Hands Up"/Ottawan	(11)
3	- "Souvenir"/Orchestral Maneuvers...	(8)
2	- "Tainted Love"/Soft Cell	(1)
#1	- "Prince Charming"/Adam & the Ants	(2)

*I must admit, as calculated AM as this one may be, I absolutely adore it and hope it comes out as a single in the States soon; great tribute to the Sony Walkman...

SONGS "KNOCKED OFF" FROM PREVIOUS WEEK:

- "We've Got the Chemistry Right"/The Nolans (20)
- "Girls on Film"/Duran Duran (19)
- "Rainy Night in Georgia"/Randy Crawford (18)
- "Caribbean Disco Show"/Lobo (17)
- "Hooked on Classics"/Royal Philharmonic (15)

BUT the BEST thing about BRITISH RADIO is that they DON'T CATEGORIZE or CLASSIFY, they just PLAY MUSIC and ACT MATURE and all that.



SAYS YOU (Letters)

(Kip's been getting stranger letters than me, lately, mostly care of CONTACT HIGH. Next month, in his column "Kip M. Ghesin—Alter Ego", Kip will reprint his ad in CH, a brief explanation of what CH is all about, and some of the better responses s/he has gotten, most without actual names. Reality goes beyond imagination once more...)

Dear Elayne,

I have something to say to the readers of INSIDE JOKE.

A. INSIDE JOKE LIVES!

B. To understand some of the humor in this "rag" you must follow these ways:

1. Slice your friend's nose with a carving knife.
2. Put your sister's hand into a fan (in motion).
3. Run over joggers (preferably with a bus).
4. Start a grease fire in your kitchen and let it spread.
5. Give ringworm to all your friends during the holiday seasons.
6. Inject your pet rabbit with heroin and watch it space out.
7. Read this letter and actually do some of these things!

Till next time,

Hunting begins at home, so happy hunting!

MARGARET KUCZYNSKI, LINDEN, NJ

Dear Elayne,

Standing ovations for INSIDE JOKE. It may seem corny, but it keeps growing and expanding in its creativity. It's gone from being mostly "Floyd" into being all comedy of all kinds which is really nice because who knows when my next issue of COMEDY magazine will be delivered?

I especially enjoyed the comix and innumerable slack in ads for SubGenius. As I said, the comix are great but if you ask me (which you won't) the EGG on page 20 looks more like a potatoe. Till next time,

LISA BOTTINI, BRONX, NY

P.S. Tom Fitzsimmons was also on One Day At A Time (episode "Julie Needs An Appendectomy"). Another "AAARGH" for your collection.

Elayne;

Sorry it's taken so long to respond, and only polite to answer the kind thoughts of both you and Bill-Dale for bringing me INSIDE JOKE. Being merely a person from Ohio, I'm not overly familiar with Uncle Floyd (I know him only by reputation), so a lot of INSIDE JOKE didn't even meet me half way.

Actually I like the idea of INSIDE JOKE, of covering certain aspects of popular culture, the kind not written about: Abbott & Costello, The Three Stooges, The Ritz Brothers, the Bowery Boys, and of course obscure and bad movies: The Bed-Sitting Room, Bedazzled, The Magic Christian, etc.

I wouldn't mind writing on those subjects, accept [sic] I really don't have the bulk research to do it. I guess I'd just like to get in contact with other poor souls who've had their values forever warped by low brow and very strange entertainment.

I like to think of myself as a fairly serious writer and student of literature, but my heart and soul will always belong to Bugs Bunny and Abbott & Costello. And I'm sure there are more of the walking wounded out there.

If you know any, or are one, let me know. We can swap memories and trivia.

Good luck and pass my love along to Bill-Dale.

STEVEN ALAN BENNETT, YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO

(Steven and others have made valid points about not being able to get a bit of the humor concerning UFS. On the one hand, I'm still a big Floyd fan, as I believe I've stated countless times [why doesn't anyone believe me?], and will continue to follow and cover the show. Conversely, these people make sense, which is why from Volume II onward this rag expanded to cover comedy and creativity in general [my initial aim all along]. Still, anyone not familiar with Floyd who wishes it explained, let me know. Maybe I'll have Margaret write something. Or, you can always write to Floyd. The address for his newsletter, the Gazette [which always plugs IJ], is P.O. Box 791, Paramus, NJ 07456. Oh, and any comedy-type fans wishing to write to Steven, his address is Antioch Student Mailroom, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.)

(continued next column)

Dear Elayne,

After reading IJ last month, I've decided that Bill-Dale and whoever else felt that METaphorically Speaking doesn't fit into the (dare I say it?) format of the second volume were right. Not that I ordinarily succumb to the wishes of assholes who don't like what I do (sorry, I had to vent a little hostility); usually I fight back by strengthening my position, but in this case, a valid point was made.

But on the subject of opposition (wrong word? Stop dealing with semantics!) there is one thing I want to say. Just because you (generally, not specifically) don't find an interest in something, you find a fault with it, politically, ideologically (I just sprained my tongue) or otherwise, doesn't necessarily make it wrong. Baseball, I admit, is a needless game to some, but to others it provides enjoyment or employment, without getting into the high salaries or big business facet of the sport, whether someone sees athletes as heroes or not is their own business. In my opinion, heroes are found everywhere. A true hero, I feel, is a person who seeks a goal and works his hardest to get it. I can think of a number of sports figures who fit my description, but at the same time I can think of artists, musicians, writers (the most underrated heroes), statespeople and other individuals. It all depends on your point of view.

Bill-Dale was right in telling you to be wary of all the writings people will send you. A lot of people just want to see their name in print, to see their own little opinion in a place where people s/he doesn't even know will read it and know his. I'm sure there are other reasons, but I think that was mine. Perhaps what you have to do is set your goal (which you have, it seems) and then accept only what fits your goal (the direction you want IJ to take).

I guess what I'm leading to is a resignation from IJ staff. Maybe not a resignation, but a request for a sabbatical, until I figure out what I'll write about. I've been writing up some of my own material in a journal fashion, and maybe I'll be able to write something like that in a column for you. No more writing on just one topic for me. I'm more than "the Met fan", more than someone who watches Floyd (I'm by no means a "Floydie" who spends all possible time and money on personal appearances, shows, etc.). I don't always listen to Beatles music. There may be some people I'm friendly with who know me through one of my minor "obsessions", but I take pride in knowing I can talk to them about other stuff, too.

Lastly, Elayne, I'd like to thank you for making me think. My thought process really began with Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman (Walt, not Slim) and the other Concord ductes, and it continues/will continue with IJ. I write some stupid trash now, but it's improving. Just think—I'm only 16—there may be real potential. God knows I'm trying.

Love, SUE KAUFMANN, UNION, NJ

(Sue's letter went on to say things like "I'm convinced—I WANT SLACK—I'm writing to the SubGenius. I hope I get the info BEFORE THE END" and "Smile once in the morning and get it done with" in the margins. Sue and I have talked since this letter was written, and she will return next month with new stuff. Not sports. As for my other former staff writers, Maria, Jerry, and artist Alec, God knows...)

Dear Elayne,

Thanks for sending me the copy of IJ. I enjoyed it very much. I guess what is best about it is the off the wall quality that provides for surprises. I don't know whether to call it a fanzine or a small press zine. Usually the line is much better divided than this.

I've wanted to get more small press zines. It took me a week (a little more, actually) to finally read INSIDE JOKE all the way through. My husband, Hank, kept carrying it to work with him on the chance that he might catch a spare moment to read it and then I'd carry it home again in the evening. It spent so much time going back and forth that I thought I'd never get to read through. But at last I have.

The most unexpected piece in the issue was my favorite and that was Sue's article on Casey Stengel. (ED. NOTE: See, Sue?) He's almost a myth figure, like Babe Ruth and even Davy Crockett. I've wondered if there might be some connection between Stengel and the poem "Casey at the Bat", even if the only connection was a deliberate name choice and nothing more.

(continued on next page)

O NHEE
GHEE, THE
DOOR, YES
NO? NO!
NO! AUGH
NNNN...

"Pull the wool over
your own eyes."
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J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

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Chris tends toward an intense surrealism in his graphic story, as with much of his work. It really demands a careful interpretation since it's clearly written on levels of symbolism, deliberate levels. Perhaps as a reflection of the darker side of his own experiences. But caught as I am between projects (caught and slowly being crushed) I can't give it the full measure of attention I want to. Instead it will haunt me for awhile.

My work load will not continue more than a couple weeks at its present levels, so if there's anything I might contribute to IJ, please let me know.

Best always, JANRAE FRANK, NORFOLK, VA
(I'll say it to Jan and everyone else—sure, any contribs are welcome. Although I suppose I must retain the right to edit everything or pick & choose...)

Elayne:

This is in part a rebutt to Bill-Dale's (Forgive me, B-D!) piece of Narrishkeit in his "Letter to the Editor" last month. I disagree that "A Dog Named Sex" is unfunny!

However, I think that page 17 (ED.: For those of you, again, with scorecards, that's Chris' art) could be better used...say a JJ (Jews for Jesus) flyer. (Yes, I can be vicious too!)

With the exemption (sic) of page 17 the IJ last issn I have to say it's one of the most interesting wierd (sic) little things I've ever come across. Ranks right up there with Yoda (or down there, and if you're smart you'll sit down or the laughs'll put ya there).

Keep 'em down Elayne!

CAROL PAPE, Clemson, SC

P.S. If you ever start of "cut down of the month" section, here's my favorite" Koprophilous acrasiomycotian"
aww...come on! Look it up!

(The following letter, as usual, is a pick-n-choose excerpt)
Elayne:

As usual, your editorial is strange and irritating, schizophrenic and frighteningly funny. Are you really badly in need of help, or merely bizarre, people will ask. Should you even be doing a magazine, with bouts of paranoia and neuroticism of such severity? And UNPLUGGING YOUR PHONE FOR A WHOLE WEEKEND??? My God, how did you survive. Will your friends forgive you. (I find this moderately funny, since I am perfectly happy staying as far away from people as I possibly can, and only occasionally visiting a world even populated by people).

It is much more pleasurable to live in your imagination (and your work, your writing, your pastimes) than to live with people, who are generally predictable, boring, and stupid.

I hope you will continue to commit metaphorical suicide again and again in the future. You will soon realize the humans you call your friends up for the true assholes they are, devote yourself to a life of cantankerous seclusion, and be truly happy and sane.

But anyway, your person/persona, should I let my personal life get to me?, which is better, reality or creativity arguments which are going on inside your head makes for interesting reading. And that is all we ask for these days...

PAGE 3: (let's be organized now): Elephant Parts sounds interesting. I'd like to see it, but where will it surface? It sounds like something like Richard Lester's Beatle films, which I liked, silly that they were.

PAGE 4: It is nice to know that of all the unlikely places, 5th has 60¢ hotdogs and 50¢ sodas. I discovered them when I worked in NYC, but assumed they'd be up to 75¢ or 85¢ now. Bravo. Lunch for under \$2.00. Hooray. And good for you, that you are running "Bob" messages for SubG—Plenty of slacktime in the beforelife on its way to you!!!!

PAGE 5: MEDIA VIEWPOINT from Steve was good. Clay Geerdes should get plugged more often (that sounds obscene), but Blotto—I tired of them awhile ago. There's something too cute about them. I don't think it's the big time that has spoiled them. Probably has something to do with the fact that they were always a not very funny novelty group who got less interesting the more records they put out. But my big gripe with Steve is HEAVY METAL (PAGE 6). First, I wonder whay anyone would waste a page on such a piece of shit as HM. Second, how could anyone like a sexist, racist, intellectually offensive piece of trash like this. Thank God the music was low. But, really...I was sitting behind two 15-year-olds at the film, and they commented to each other that it was dumb. There were many audible groans in the theater from anyone over 16 (I was even moved to groan and sigh

(continued next column)

and comment, "Oh, God" loudly, and I am generally very well behaved). If the animation in this film is excellent, I'm going back to watching Bugs Bunny. It this film is a "grand achievement", I'm going back to reading books. And if this as some critics (usually Gene Shalit or Rex Reed's ghost writers, who work as a kind of negative guide to film quality) have called it "erotic" and "funny" I'm removing both my sex and laugh boxes. My biggest gripe is that none of the women's bodies in this film obey simple laws of anatomy. Have you ever seen tits do what they do in HEAVY METAL?

As usual, Maggie K's expose was moderately entertaining, and Sue Rosner's TAKE ONE moderately useful...This time around, guided by the hand of "Bob", "You Know You're A True Uncle Floyd Fan When..." was great. And "I'm a Bad Boy" had an interesting quality to it, as a result of your introduction. I keep thinking of Annie Hall's brother who wants to run his car into the headlights of the car in the other lane...Gosh, I'm really flattered that you continue to print my song lyrics, and print my letters...Wow! Stardom.

The songs/poetry section was very good this time around. Sue Kaufmann's VIENNA WAITS and ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT were excellent, as was UNTITLED is good for the odd rhythm/rhyme of the last line (and your spacing, presumably), which begins very cliched, but ends in a rather odd rhythm. (Rickie Lee Jones or Joni Mitchell singing this would be perfect).

Phil Bramson's TOMORROW'S FORECAST...is terrific too, although I didn't like OF LITTLE CONCERN. Phil knows how to turn a great phrase (study-fake) (Jealousy is a good general. It makes you hate an enemy) and turns in two really great stanzas-- The one beginning Barroom sages give advice: and the last one shows a real talent for the pacing and odd rhyming of words. Fantastic. And TAKE ONE STEP BACK FROM THE LOOKING GLASS (not to mention page 17 and the back cover) is one of the best things Chris has ever done, because it's got enough rhyme and beat (and anti-rhythms) to really make it cook, line by line. Rhyming formations with sensations doesn't work, but everything else does, especially: Night falls in around stanza...

Although Tracy Prieto's "Requiem" for Harry didn't match my feelings, at least there was something on him. Though he is doomed to be forgotten in a month or two, while Lennon's cult lives on, as does Jim Morrison's (although I did like ROLLING STONE'S cover of him: He's hot, he's sexy and he's dead)

This Alec (guy? Girl?) who does the cartoons is good. And Chris's back cover was really wonderful. If you manage to keep Chris and keep writing yourself, I'll look forward to each new issue with anxiety. (To be honest, most UFS issues left me cold. I'm really excited about IJ now)

Till next time soon,

BILL-DALE MARCINKO, NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ

I found the film HEAVY METAL a disgusting, dehumanizing, illiterate, pretentious, derivative piece of dogshit. Ugliness seems to be the central value. Women are treated like pieces of meat. In this film, they do little more than disrobe, pose, and ape the worst aspects of male barbarism (the Barbarella S & M fantasy that climaxes the film). Men seem to have come to a shitty end in this turgid insult to the art of animation.

As is common to our contemporary culture, Evil is dynamic and dramatic and superpowerful, while Good is a pale sentimental shadow. That a couple of illiterate clods could handle the controls of a complex space pod—well, Corben and Strnad always were an insult to the intellect. Corben was always overshadowed by the Marvel and DC comics he read as a kid. Superman had big muscles, so Den will have bigger muscles. The Marvel ladies have small tits, so Corben's women will have massive tits, the kind rarely seen pre-silicone. So what? It's the same macho crapola whether it's in HM or a Marvel comic. Think that's sex? Sad if you do. Sex is warmth and tenderness and companionship and a light smile and a gentle touch at the right time—not two orange hunks of meat bouncing up and down against a pastel background. What a distortion of life. What a miserable concept of the future. If the civilizations fall, how have the weapons survived? Where does that ammunition come from? Oh, it's just fantasy. Don't take it so seriously. The hell I won't. That shit is put out there as valid entertainment and it's a lot of depressing crap. You think HM compares with GULLIVER or SNOW WHITE or HOPPIDY GOES TO TOWN? HEAVY METAL is like a lot of contemporary punk music. The volume is turned up so high that the lack of content is missed. The senses and the intellect are deadened.

(continued on next page)

Sorry Steve. To me **HEAVY METAL** was worse than **THE NINE LIVES OF FRITZ THE CAT** and that has to be the alltime shittiest animated film, certainly the most morally bankrupt.

Ask yourself this question: What does it matter if Good wins out over Evil if all you remember is images of brutality and negation?

CLAY GEERDES, BERKELEY, CA

(Well, of course he won't compare to **GULLIVER** or **HOPPY**, but then I'm a Fleischer freak. As for Steve's rebutt:

"Having been weaned upon the unceasing outpouring of media-trash that was spewed from my family's television set during my youth in the 60's, and continued to do so to this day, I found **HEAVY METAL** to be an interesting change of pace.

"I'm certain that there are films of higher quality and of greater originality, but to a sexually insecure, 19 year old, white, Lutheran, suburban lad whose only contact with the higher quality of culture of the outside world has been public television, I do feel that the film, to me, was something different.

"Alright, the film was a male-dominated fantasy of DC mentality, but it is at least a change of pace from the mainstream of media.

"Maybe I should change my column's name to 'PERSONAL View-point' and state that the 'opinions expressed are not necessarily those of this magazine' ad nauseum. You're an experienced artist and writer who has seen the world and what it has to offer through the eyes of a mature individual. I have yet to 'fly the coop', and have just barely started to de-program myself from the mind-drug of plastic programming.

"I haven't seen **THE NINE LIVES OF FRITZ THE CAT** and probably won't. **GULLIVER**, **SNOW WHITE** and **HOPPY GOES TO TOWN** are high-points of the then-adolescent era of feature-length animation, but those films were geared for children, and the innocence and frustration that comes with their age. **HEAVY METAL** was a stud-trip, geared for the visual interpretations of someone else's sexual fantasies.

"The two burn-outs for spaceship pilots was, in my opinion, a welcome change and a light-hearted joke. I personally think that the whole 'Star Wars' trip sucks. I'M JUST GETTING STARTED IN THIS GENRE! Forgive me if we don't see eye-to-eye Mr. Geerdes, it wasn't the next 'War and Peace', and it already has become a 'Midnite' show pilgrimage, but the flick was, in my view, at least an acceptable attempt.

"STEVEN SCHARFF, HILLSIDE, NJ"

ANSWERS TO ROCK QUIZ

- 1) 1935.
- 2) Boo! Boy Records.
- 3) "I'm So Bored With the USA".
- 4) "Psycho Killer".
- 5) Public Image, Limited (PIL).
- 6) Holland.
- 7) Rhino Records.
- 8) A&M and EMI, in that order.
- 9) Vice Squad Records.
- 10) The Dead Kennedys.
- 11) Stiff Records.
- 12) Declan Patrick McManus.
- 13) "A Hard Day's Night" soundtrack.
- 14) Pete Best.
- 15) Tony Crimes.
- 16) "Live At the Hollywood High".
- 17) German ("Komm, gib Mir Deine Hand" and "Sie Liebt Dich").
- 18) Peter Gabriel.
- 19) Kiss and Alice Cooper.
- 20) Virgin Records.
- BONUS: TV Cartoons of England.

KINETIK KRIS KUTS VINYL (C.) Estey

Review materials supplied by Budget Tapes & Records, for printing in IJ

WALL OF VOODOO—"DARK CONTINENT" (I.R.S.)

Whilst the day is full of tension, I writhe I spit I dance to this soundtrack for Immortals...Factory thrashes intense cries from a throat strangled by the grip of industry, industry holds all and all hold industry. Give me heat, brothers, for the hands on this here clock are twisting, bending time, love is oblivious, the world's drowning, the Eternal live on. A metallic throb splits NOW.

PRETENDERS—"PRETENDERS 11" (SIRE)

Do we need this? I mean, lowest common denominator vocals, cliché lyrics, pretentious posturing, unoriginal compositions (listen to 'Bad Boys Get Spanked', and compare with debut lp's 'The Wait' and 'Tattoo Love Boys'), and pompous production do not an acceptable lp make. Accessible, maybe, but not acceptable.

ROBERT FRIPP—"LET THE POWER FALL"

(Editions EG/Distributed by Jem)

Rock & Roll was invented to KILL this twaddle. Fripp has frapped, man, dis is pap. Only a mediocretin could approach listening to this here Bullada. From the songtitles—"1984", "1985", "1987", "1988", "1989"—to the unimaginative use of tape-loops—this album is lacking just what it should be setting out to accomplish: Alienation, cold obfuscation. The sounds are icicle explosions drawn out and placed within grooves which should never have been sewn.

CRAIG LEON—"NOMMOS" (Takoma)

Solipsistic neuroticism at its worst. Surely not intended, yet apparent, nonetheless. FUCK YOU, oh-Mr.-Producer-Of-Ramones-&-Blondie, I like this genre of cosmic Afro-funk just fine, but I don't particularly care for pretentious twits molesting those sounds for their own perverse conceptual distortions. This is undeniably listenable, but, for that matter, so is Muzak.

OINGO BOINGO—"ONLY A LAD" (A&M)

Delightful ditties about perversion, Capitalism, nasty habits, and all the other New Wave (grrr) clichés, only here handled much more conservatively, therefore much worse. 'Nasty Habits' is neat, though, and the instrumental part of this 1st release is a cool combination of Bach, 20's movie soundtracks, and heart-played electro-punk, well composed and played. But I hate "You Really Got Me" for obvious reasons, so minus ten points. And, next time, boys, leave the vocals/words out of the mix.

JOY DIVISION—"CLOSER" (Factory)

Curtis is, of course, the 80's Phil Ochs. If you're as poor as I am, and can only afford so many purchases before ya sell your sister for a few extra bucks to pay the rent so they don't come and rip your old man's pacemaker out right out of his chest and the Man sends the insurance boys from the union around to shoot your cat and you've just got to pay that white nigger that's blackmailing you you pervert, buy this lp. Angst, melancholia, and existential bubbling. Danceable, too.

THE RESTAURANT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE

by Douglas Adams

This sequel to The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy, based on the popular BBC radio programme of the same name, is one of the funniest sf/satire books I've ever read. All the characters from the first book—Arthur Dent, Ford Prefect, Trillian, Zaphod, and yes, Marvin the Paranoid Android—are back, and most "interesting" beings have been added: Max Quordlepleen, "your host" for the End of the Universe floor show; Hotblack Desiato, who's spending a year dead for tax purposes; the Captain of Ship B in the Golgafrincham Ark Fleet destined to rid its home planet of the useless third of its population (hairdressers, account execs, etc.); and—ta dum!—the Ruler of the Universe.

The book is wonderfully impossible to describe. I can't do it justice by taking out of context quotations like the Hitchhiker's Guide's definition of Infinity: "Bigger than the biggest thing ever and then some. Much bigger than that in fact, really amazingly immense, a totally stunning size, real 'wow, that's big' time. Infinity is just so big that by comparison, bigness itself looks really titchy. Gigantic multiplied by colossal multiplied by staggeringly huge is the sort of concept we're trying to get across here." Adams continues his marvelous metaphors (remember the one about things "hanging in the sky in much the same way that a brick does not"?), and...well, if and when the book is available in this country, get it. At the back of the book is an order form for albums/cassettes of the radio shows, for a comparatively paltry price. I don't know if they'll ship overseas, but you can write and find out. Write to ZARNIWOOP at MEGADODO PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 101A, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 5AX, England. Too territorial to loan this out.

THE I-HATE-PREPPIES HANDBOOK, an outrageous \$3.95, Simon & Schuster ripoff, by Ralph "who the hell is he?" Schoenstein

That gives you some idea of what I think of this. Hard on the heels of Lisa Birnbach & Co.'s Muffy Manual (plus T-shirts, plus calendars, plus kits, plus...) and the various other anti-prep devices available (buttons, shirts, etc.) to our fad-oriented populace, this book looks, to all outward appearances, like a pretty neat parody of Birnbach's original parody. Once you get
(continued next column)

("I-Hate-Preps" continued)

beyond the cover, however, the book falters (when I first spotted this, I thought, "oh God, let it not parody Birnbach too exactly", but now I wish there'd been a bit more sticking to basic takeoffs, especially in format). Schoenstein has two major flaws. One, he postulates from the beginning that nearly all non-preps worth satirizing fall into four basic categories: Jocks, Nerds, Freaks, and Greasers. Besides limiting scope, these stereotypes also limit comedic quality and quantity—after all, how many pages can you carry on one-track jokes about Freaks and pot or Greasers and cars? Therein lies the second and worse flaw—the book is so damn short it's pathetic. The actual content is pretty humorous; for instance, Schoenstein lists the "Favorite Films" for each of the four non-prep groups as:

Greasers - "Rocky"

Freaks - "Rocky Horror"

Jocks - "Knute Rockne, All-American"

Nerds - "The Story of Rocks"

and there's also some decent "let's make fun of the people doing this book too" humor, but I mean, I bought the book at Barnes & Noble at Penn Station, and had done reading it by the time the train pulled into Newark ten minutes later. I mean, come on...So don't buy it, take it out of the library or something.

THE WOUNDED LAND (Book One of the Second Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever) by Stephen R. Donaldson

Most of what people have said to me had gone sort of half-noticed this past month, as I became addicted to these chronicles of the amazing leper Thomas Covenant and his reluctant white gold magic. Time permits me not to review anything here, but I have reviewed this specific book (and recommend them all highly, natch) for other publications. Sure, I'll supply you copies of the review on request...

NOTE TO SF SHOPPERS IN NEW YORK CITY: BARNES & NOBLE WILL BE A MAJOR DISAPPOINTMENT (ESPECIALLY THE "MAIN" STORE AT 5TH AND 18TH)--THE PLACE YOU WANT TO CHECK OUT THE NEWEST AND MORE UNUSUAL TITLES IS ON THE MAIN LEVEL OF PENN STATION, WHERE THE BIG WAITING ROOM IS. FULL PRICE, BUT HOW MUCH CAN MERE PAPERBACKS COST ANYHOW? ACTUALLY, JERSEY STORES (ESP. B. DALTON) ARE MUCH BETTER FOR THAT SORT OF THING—ONE POSITIVE REASON TO GO MALL-HOPPING.

MONKEEMANICS

by Mary Jessup

(Mary was one of the few swell and interesting people I met at the Monkees convention this past August, and she seemed very enthused about IJ and the possibility of writing for it, so I figured since I wasn't going to do a retrospective...)

Remember the Monkees?(!?) Not very many people do, so I thought, until I went to the Third (yes, 3rd—can't be believed) Annual Monkees Convention on August 15 and 16 in Trenton, New Jersey, thanks to Lois Gibson and Maggie McManus. At the War Memorial Building "Monkee-Junkies" (something like "Trekkies"?) gathered from 10am to 7pm both days to see many different things.

Fans gathered at dealer tables (a fixture at all cons), mainly Saturday morning, in the downstairs area of the building. Also in part of that area, a video show was set up, delighting all fans. Included in the video show: two Uncle Floyd shows with Peter Turk; the Johnny Cash show segment with Micky, David and Mike; Casey Kasem's tribute to the Monkees; and a Love American Style episode ("Love and the Model Apartment") with David. Also—Elephant Parts, Mike Nesmith's new video album! Absolutely fantastic! (ED. NOTE: A review of Elephant Parts appeared in the last issue of IJ.)

Upstairs, fans were treated to the music of John Sheridan. John did many Monkee/Nesmith songs ("Cuddley Toy", "Sunny Girlfriend", "Circle Sky", etc.). John's sense of humor added to the day. Thanks go to him, and the same to Arlen Day. Arlan's sense of humor, added to the stories he told, made the weekend something special to all the Monkee fans.

The weekend delight was Head. The chance to see Head twice was too good to pass up. By the way, if you ever get a chance to see the movie and have never seen nor heard of it, don't expect a coherent plot and sanity. This movie is everything but coherent and sane. A great weird movie. The Monkee episodes were a joy to see (especially if you live in Elmira, NY, last turn off the end of the world, and no stations have run the shows in over four years). It's great to see "The Monkees" (pilot episode), "99 Pound Weakling", "One Man Shy", "Monstrous Monkee Mash", "Son of a Gypsy", and "Monkees Marooned" uncut (Sydication Sucks). These episodes were shown with vintage commercials too. Remember the commercials for Clairol, Bufferin, Kool-Aid, Kelloggs, etc. that they showed in those days? They were all there.

I enjoyed my first con and I met many interesting folks. See y'all next year? (According to Maggie McManus' newsletter, there will be a 4th annual con next year, probably in Connecticut, to be co-run by Maggie and Charles F. Rosenay!!!, he of the triple exclamation point...)

NATOTORIAL

A COLUMN DEDICATED TO CHRONIC COMPLAINERS

(Basically, being a staff writer only means you have to contribute something each month, preferably in column form with some kind of regular heading. Like the Post or something. Given those criteria, here's our newest staff writer...)

Okay, everybody has an ax to grind. Should I be any different? Complaining is an art and not everyone is a master of the art. Complaints are a vital vehicle of purging the soul. If you agree with any viewpoints expressed in this Natotutorial, write me or this publication in praise of my comment(s). If you disagree, complain to me or this publication. My address will be at the end of this piece.

How many of you out there in magazineland have heard clones of 1960 classic pop songs medley-ized with a disco beat in the background? The group purveying this schlock, STARS ON 45, is doing to classics what Beatlemania did to Beatle tunes. How dare they imitate the Beatles, Barry McGuire, The Mama's and Papa's, Neil Diamond and others a la disco. If the performers of these classics wanted a disco sound, they would have made the lyrics vapid and redundant, crawled into garbage cans and would never have had the honor of having their performances considered classics by future aficionados of classic pop.

It is high time that you, the record-buying public, boycott the record companies that produce this bastardization of genius. No longer will the Moral Majority be alone in their boycott of "offensive materials"; you too can try to alter a course of events. How about forming a Coalition for Taste? I'm serious about this. Think of all the record company executives who have lost their jobs due to poor sales. The remaining executives must be worrying about their security. Worrying about their futures just as you read this Natotutorial. We have power! Let's tell them that the COALITION FOR TASTE IS MONITORING THE AIRWAVES. BLAND MATERIAL WILL NOT BE TOLERATED. ANY RECORD COMPANY EXECUTIVE CONSIDERING RELEASING A SEQUEL TO BETTE DAVIS EYES OR THE THEME TO THE BRADY BUNCH WILL BE FORCED TO THINK TWICE BEFORE POLLUTING OUR SENSIBILITIES. NO LONGER WILL THESE TWITS BE WEARING SATIN JACKETS COMMEMORATING BLAND PERFORMERS. NO LONGER WILL CLASSY PACKAGING AND SLICK GRAPHICS BE SMOKESCREENS AND MASKS FOR THE MANURE THAT IS INSIDE THE PACKAGE.

GO GENTLY INTO THE MARKETPLACE. GIVE THE GIFT OF NECKTIES THIS HOLIDAY SEASON.
NEXT MONTH.....MORE PISSING AND MOANING.....

NATE MISHAAN, c/o Self-Indulgence, Ltd., P.O. Box 305, New City, NY 10956-0305

Fleischer Nite

It's become a yearly habit. Animation expert Leonard Maltin teaches a class at the New School of Social Research (6th Ave. and 12th St. in the City) based on just that (and titled after his book "Of Mice And Magic"). The course purports to be "A Serious Look at Funny Cartoons", but not too many show up with notebooks in hand (it's ok—most have Maltin's book). I always bring my scratch pad, though, so I've a list of what's shown...Not too many familiar faces this year. Jerry Beck, who is for all intents and purposes Maltin's co-author on the book, was there in his very subtle UA jacket, taking tickets, and I saw a couple others I recognized from Creation, but we were there for FLEISCHER.

The work of the Fleischers (Max, Dave, and a couple other brothers) is impossible to describe, except to say surrealism wasn't invented with Disney's *Fantasia*. Fleischer studios operated out of New York, and the City was weird then too. So were the cartoons. A combination of strange-looking characters, incredibly funny gags and ingenious technical innovations (including the "bouncing ball", a 3-D process, and the famous Rotoscope) made for the most unique cartoons of the day, and, in my opinion, the most enjoyable. Names like Koko the Clown and Betty Boop remain with us to this day. But enough of the lecture. Here's the list of what was shown—see how many you know:

- 1—"Koko's Conquest" w/ the Inkwell Imps (Koko and Fitz the dog) - 1929
- 2—"Koko's Hypnotism" - 1929
- 3—a bouncing ball screen song, "I Wished On the Moon", featuring (live) Abe Lyman and His Californians, and (animated) Wiffle Piffle! - 1935
- 4—"Betty Boop's Penthouse" - 1933
- 5—"Betty Boop's Bamboo Isle", featuring the Royal Simoans and some really neat Rotoscoping - 1932
- 6—A Color Classic, "The Kids in the Shoe", with the song "Mama Don't Want No Music 'Round Here" - 1935
- 7—Popeye in "What—No Spinach?" - 1936
- 8—Popeye in "The Two-Alarm Fire" - 1934
- 9—"Superman", pilot episode - 1941

To top the evening off, I returned home to find a short note from authorized Fleischer biographer Michael Dobbs (no relation to "Bob"). Michael sent me a program for a Fleischer retrospective he organized a few years back, and info about the Cabarga book on same. I'm gratefully glutted.

If you have any questions about the Fleischers, you can write to Michael Dobbs at 24 Hampden St., Indian Orchard, MA 01151, Professor Maltin at 200 West 79th St., Apt. 5L, New York, NY 10024, or the animated film quarterly ANIMANIA (to which you should subscribe if you like this sort of thing, \$2 per), c/o DAVID AND KATHY MRUZ, 3112 Holmes Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408. Oh yes, and buy Maltin's book. 10 bucks. Worth it!

Ann Rothschild, 'Betty Boop' voice

And while
were on the
subject,
this obit
appeared in
the local
Newark
Star Ledger

on 10/25/31-
wonder if
someone
consulted
Mae
Questel?

FORT MYERS, Fla. (AP) — Ann L. Rothschild, a movie actress and the original voice of Betty Boop, has died at the age of 71.

Miss Rothschild gained fame nearly 50 years ago as the voice of "Betty Boop," — a diminutive cartoon character with a kewpie-doll face who was modeled after 1920s flappers.

From 1933 to 1945, she made recordings for Betty Boop cartoons and traveled the country appearing in variety shows.

In the late 1940s, Miss Rothschild operated Betty Boop Studio in St. Petersburg, where she taught acting, singing and dancing.

In 1954, she was ordained a minister in the United Church of Christianity.

Services for Miss Rothschild, who died Thursday, are scheduled for tomorrow in Fort Myers with burial at Hawthorne, N.Y.

nastified ad...

(by Lisa Bottini)

Hi there!

Are you a girl between the ages of 13 and 20? Are you 13 and look 20? Are you 20 and look 13? Are you new in town? Feel out of place? All alone in a big cold city? Well, if any of this sounds like you, why not call the BARBIZON SCHOOL OF THE OLDEST PROFESSION? You'll learn all the "tricks of the trade"—applying makeup so that you practically glow in the dark! You'll learn about those out-of-the-way stores whose owners haven't changed their stock since 1971 so you could have the "right look"! You'll learn the ten busiest corners in all of New York! And after your training period, you'll receive this free booklet which contains "100 Sure-Fire Opening Lines". Now, you may ask, "what about tuition?" Well, we have a very easy payment plan! Your tuition is DEFERRED until you're a full time working girl, at which time we take only a small percentage of your pay for the rest of your career!

So think about us, whether you're new in town or have "been around". Remember, we're BARBIZON, we're always there, whether you like it or not.

Theses On Groucho Marxism

by Bob Black
The Last International



1

Groucho Marxism, the theory of comedic revolution is much more than a blueprint for crass struggle: like a red light in a window, it illuminates humanity's inevitable destiny, the *declassé* society. G-Marxism is the theory of *permanent revelry*. (Down boy! There, that's a good dogma.)

2

The example of the Marx Brothers themselves shows the unity of Marxist theory and practice (for instance, when Groucho insults somebody while Harpo picks his pocket). Moreover, Marxism is dialectical (isn't Chico the classic dialect comedian?). Comedians who fail to synthesize theory and practice (to say nothing of those who fail to sin at all) are un-Marxist. Subsequent comedians, failing to grasp that separation is "the discrete charm of the bourgeoisie," have iapsed into mere pratfalls on the one hand, and mere prattle on the other.

3

Because G-Marxism is practical, its achievements can never be reduced to mere humor, entertainment, or even "art." (The aesthetes, after all, are less interested in the appreciation of art than in art that appreciates.) After a genuine Marxist sees a Marx Brothers movie, he tells himself: "If you think that was funny, take a look at your life!"

4

Contemporary G-Marxists must resolutely denounce the imitative, vulgar "Marxism" of the Three Stooges, Monty Python, and Bugs Bunny. Instead of vulgar Marxism, we must return to authentic *Marxist vulgarity*. Rectumfication is likewise in order for those deluded comrades who think "the correct line" is what the cop makes them walk when he pulls them over.

5

Class-conscious Marxists (that is, Marxists who are conscious that they have no class) must spurn the anemic, trendy, narcissistic "comedy" of comedic revisionists like Woody Allen and Jules Feiffer. Already the comedic revolution has superseded mere neurosis — it's ludicrous but not ludicrous, discriminating but not discriminatory, militant but not military, and adventurous but not adventurist. Marxists realize that today you have to look into a funhouse mirror to see the way you really are.

CAPITAL

ALKY: I'm wise! I'm wise!
GROUCHO: You're wise, eh? Well, what's the capital of Nebraska? What's the capital of the Chase National Bank? Give up?

6

Although not entirely lacking in glimmers of Marxist insight, socialist (sur)realism must be distinguished from G-Marxism. It is true that Salvador Dali once gave Harpo a harp made out of barbed wire; however, there is no evidence that Harpo ever played it.

7

Above all, it is essential to renounce and revile all comedic sectarianism such as that of the equine Trots. As is well-known, Groucho repeatedly proposed sex but opposed sects. For Groucho, then, there was a difference between being a Trot and being hot to trot. Further, the Trot slogan "Wages for Horsework" smacks of reform, not revelry. Trot efforts to claim *A Day at the Races* and *Horsefeathers* for their tendency must be indignantly rejected; in truth, *National Velvet* is more their speed.

8

The burning issue confronting G-Marxists today is *the party question*, which — naive, reductionist "Marxists" to the contrary — is more than just "Why wasn't I invited?" That never stopped Groucho! Marxists need their own disciplined vanguard party, since they're rarely welcome at anybody else's.

9

Guided by the Marxist leader-dogmas of *misbehaviorism*, and *hysterical materialism*, inevitably the masses will embrace, not only G-Marxism, but also each other.

10

Groucho Marxism, then, is the *tour de farce* of comedy. As Harpo is reliably reported to have said:

"

"

In other words, comedy is riotous or it is nothing! So much to do, so many to do it to! On your Marx, get set — go!

BORED AGAIN? Why not rattle your cage? I propose a dialog of the disaffected, a conspiracy of the equals, a politics of pleasure. Ours is the *atomic power* of negative thinking and corrosive laughter. The unruly amongst the institutionalized have only themselves — and possibly each other. Let's confer. The choice is sedition or sedation. Any number can play. Write to 55 Sutter St. #487, San Francisco, California 94104.

The Spectre of Comedy IN DEFENSE OF MARXISM

TRULY, MARX HAS ALL THE ANSWERS. IF ONLY WE KNEW THE QUESTIONS!



"THE YOUNG MARX"

Marx on the Party:

A party? You call this a party? The beer is warm, the women are cold, and I'm hot under the collar!



THE OLD MARX



Marx on Wage-Slavery:

BELLBOY: We haven't been paid in two weeks and we want our wages!
GROUCHO: Wages? Do you want to be wage slaves, answer me that.
BELLBOYS: No.
GROUCHO: No, of course not. Well, what makes wage slaves? Wages! I want you to be free. Remember, there's nothing like Liberty, except *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Be free, my friends, one for all, and all for me, and me for you, and three for five, and six for a quarter..



CAUTION: NOT ALL COMEDIANS ARE MARXISTS, BUT ALL MARXISTS ARE COMEDIANS. JEER THE DOMINANT FARCE! PUT SOME PUNCH BEHIND YOUR PUNCHLINES. S/H E WHO LAUGHS BEST, LAUGHS LAST.

Smirkers of the World, Unite!

The Last International

55 SUTTER ST. #487
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94104
U.S.A.



I am a Marxist, of the Groucho sort.—
Anonymous revolutionary in Paris, 1968

III Questionnaire #2

Answer truthfully, creatively or both (blank boxes are supplied thru-
out for those who can't deal w/ categories or questionnaires). Re-
sults of this questionnaire will be used to keep tabs of birthdays,
general interests and changing opinions of the readers of INSIDE JOKE.
Also for fun.

NAME _____ BIRTHDAY _____
month / day / year

1. Are you answering this questionnaire
☐ Truthfully ☐ Creatively ☐ Both ☐ _____
2. How or from whom did you find out about IJ? _____
3. Since which issue have you been receiving IJ? _____
4. DO YOU HAVE S L A C K? ☐ You bet ☐ Sorry, no ☐ Huh?
5. Would you classify IJ as a ☐ fanzine ☐ club zine ☐ _____ zine
☐ newsletter of comedy and creativity ☐ _____
6. Where do you read IJ? _____
7. Most-liked feature of this newsletter _____
8. Least-liked " " " " _____
9. Any features you'd like to see in the future? _____
10. Places you frequent most: ☐ bars ☐ home ☐ other's homes
☐ church/temple ☐ meetings/gatherings/conventions
☐ _____
11. Do your talents include ☐ writing ☐ art ☐ _____
12. Would you put any of these talents to work for IJ if asked/coerced/
inspired/up against a wall? ☐ Well, okay, sure ☐ if the mood
strikes me ☐ you've got to be kidding
13. Are you "fannish" about anything; if so, what? _____
14. Name three words or concepts you really object to.

15. Are there any annual events besides your birthday that you'd like
advertised/commemorated in INSIDE JOKE? If so, list below.

16. COMMENTS/FREE SPACE/DOODLING/ETC.

PLEASE RETURN THIS QUESTIONNAIRE WHEN YOU SEND US YOUR SASE FOR NEXT MONTH, OR
YOUR ZINE/MINI/LETTER/WHATEVER, OR BY NOVEMBER 12, WHICHEVER COMES FIRST, PLEASE.
THANK YOU. EW/KMG