



MACEDONIO M. GARCIA '82

Issue: Number 6

COST: 40¢ SASE

JANUARY, 1982

"I Think It's Time For The Touch"

"So I've come to believe love has no viable meaning any more, at least for me."

"Mind if I smoke?" and he lit up a cigarette. On his scratch pad were dirty pictures of the last three or so patients, a feeble effort at keeping himself from dropping off.

"I was out with this guy the other night. It was real nice, we went for an ice cream and drove around the park, right? And then, we got into some really serious conversation. Now, ordinarily, I don't like heavy talking, right, because it inevitably leads to somebody getting hurt or something you didn't mean to say slipping out or something. So okay, we're in his car, and it starts getting rather physical, but that's okay, because I have kind of a crush on him, but then it starts getting emotional too, and I can't really handle that kind of thing, 'cause I know he's not interested in a commitment. So I start crying, only he can't see. And what bothers me is that I know that he didn't hurt me at all! Like, it was my own expectations? Some revelation, huh?"

"Go on," he said, now thumbing through The Bob Newhart Book of Psychiatric Clichés.

"Well, uh, like I always thought I'd crumble when a situation like that arose, you know, where I really liked someone who was so totally inaccessible it wasn't funny. But like, I know that I'm the only one who can hurt me, no one else!! So I fucked up that night, I really hurt myself, and then there was this other friend later on, he was talking about this group that he joined, some kind of frat or something?"

"Mm." I wonder how she'd look horny? he thought.

"So I came to another conclusion, the same night! It was so fantastic, I was really discovering a lot about myself. I've always had trouble fitting in, you know?"

"Yes?" Wonder how I'd fit her in. No, no, bad pun, tsk tsk, heh heh heh.

"And I figured out that it's because groups aren't really viable either, y'know? I mean, I've gravitated towards groups all my life, right? And you know what groups are?"

"No, what do you think they are?" Brother.

"They're an affirmation of one's self worth! I mean, like you need proof from others that you exist, you know? And the only proof, the only real truth, is that we're all alone. All of us. So the only thing that really matters, in the end, is whether or not we please ourselves. So I told him that I believe less in a group than I do in the idea of a network, right? Like, a network being a number of people with whom one is in contact, but not all from the same geographical area, or the same interests, right? So I also said that everyone's trying to escape from the awful truth, and—"

"Awful truth?" I must ask her about her salary when this session is over.

"Yeah, the truth about existence, that we're all alone always. So I said that different people have different ways of escaping, like some do drugs, and some have a suicide kick, and some get into cults, or into religion like this guy, and that my way of coping is to make fun of it all, right? And that I'd probably go psychotic or something if I were to try to deal with the truth by facing it and not being scared, so what I do is I don't take it seriously. So like, I put out this newsletter and all, and I try to love my friends and be real with them and all, but I can't take anything seriously. And even in my newsletter, I'm torn between writing real good fiction, and doing a kind of Woody Allen self-deprecation shit on the front page."

"Uh huh." Again with the 'torn-between'? he thought, being Jewish.

"And like, then there's my parents. And that junk floating around in my head, that I wish I could trust everyone I know to tell them all, to reveal who I am to them..."

"Sorry, time's up. See you in the funny papers."

ew

EVENTS

BE LATED

DECEMBER 29 - MACEDONIO M. GARCIA (29)
(Also, corrections: BOB BLACK was 31;
STEVEN SCHARFF was 20)

UPCOMING

JANUARY 25 - PAUL DIAL (18?)
FEBRUARY 10 - DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS TO
FEBRUARY INSIDE JOKE!!!
FEBRUARY 10 - Leonard Maltin's Animation
Class begins, New School of Social Re-
search, NYC—TEX AVERY NITE (ew for info)
FEBRUARY 13 - PETER TORK (38)
FEBRUARY 15 - SUSAN B. ANTHONY's birthday
FEBRUARY 17 - FLEISCHER NITE, New School
FEBRUARY 18 - First Cow Flown in Airplane,
1930
FEBRUARY 20 - TAMAR ROTHENBERG (18)
FEBRUARY 25 - ZEPPO MARX b. 1901
FEBRUARY 25 - GEORGE HARRISON (39)
EVERY DAY IS "BOB'S BIRTHDAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

* INSIDE JOKE is produced, reduced and created by Elayne *
* Wechsler, who just wants a room of one's (her) own, but *
* at least got the space to be tv maven. *
* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....ELAYNE WECHSLER *
* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....MARGARET KUCZYNSKI *
*
* STAFF WRITERS *
* CLAY GEERDES SUE KAUFMANN MALLORY MANN *
* NATE MISHAAN JILL ZIMMERMAN *
* ON RECORDS: CHRIS ESTEY ON BOOKS: STEVE FIORILLA & ew *
* ON MOVIES: BILL-DALE MARCINKO ON TV (!): ew *
* OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH *
* HARRY ANDRUSCHAK SUSAN HILT ROLDO *
* BOB BLACK RALPH J. HOBBS DAVE ROSENFELD *
* PHILIP BRAMSON OLIVIA JASEN NORMAN SAVILLE *
* DAVID BURD DAVID JESSUP JOEL SMITH *
* C.K. DERUGERIS JOHNNY MAX DAYTON SHAPIRO *
* VERNON GRANT JESSE ROBISON PEGGY TULLY *
* AND REV. DOUG and the SUB GENIUS FOUNDATION *
* QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "One does not write for an audience, *
* of course, but, this late in my career, I have come to *
* think of writing much more as a conversation than a dis- *
* course. To succeed as a writer depends greatly upon the *
* intelligence of the reader"—John Cheever *
* PRINTED BY COUNSEL PRESS INC., NYC *
* thanks Bobby and especially Mikey *
* c. 1982 Pen-Elayne Enterprises, Inc., *
* Kip M. Ghasin, President *

NEXT ISSUE:

"LICENSE TO MANIPULATE"

INSIDE JOKE's latest addition, our
very own advice column, headed by the
award-winning editor of SCHLEPPER (who
prefers to remain anonymous). Please send
any written-down problems to "License", c/o
IT, by the tenth of next month!!

FLASH... MORANIS & THOMAS ON INTERVIEW SHOW, CNN STATION,
1/18... I HAVE A LICENSE TO KILL FOR TRANSCRIPTIONS OF
THAT SHOW...

THIS NEWSLETTER HAS NOT BEEN
PROOFREAD FOR TYPOS - APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE...

acknowleditorialetc.

Sorry about all the small type. It gets very annoying & difficult when I have to shrink so much—I have LIMITED use of the office machines, but it's become increasingly necessary to sneak in more & more. This is because I must, for financial reasons, keep IJ to 22 pages or less, or charge 3 stamps per and probably lose subscribers & interest & perspective all at once. So I'm going to politely request (something I never envisioned myself even having to do) that creative contributors give others a fair shake and try at least to limit themselves to a page a month, two at most. Especially staff writers, who have space every month anyway (this month Margaret Kuczynski, Sue Rosner and Steven Scharff are on hiatus, and Mallory Mann, "the little brown shiksa", adds her name to the staff writer list). I have not had too much of a problem fitting art in, since artists seem to have much better comprehension of spatial limitation than writers. So, as much as I think most of you are wonderful and intelligent and I love reading your stuff, try to keep it at one elite-typed page or so, ok...

Anyway, I'm unwillingly postponing "Voice of Your Choice" yet another month—maybe my 2 pages can get some room in February. Other great fiction and poetry thish, tho. Jill breaks from books ("what format?") so Steve Fiorilla and I each get our say. I finally got most of my tv shit together, I think. Harry Andruschak has Part II, and former Ithaca College Serling archivist Dave Jessup highlights one of my tv picks, Darkroom. Logo contest (see IJ #5) going well, too, as you'll see from entries scattered throughout. Macedonio, who did this month's masthead (some improvement, huh—now y'all know why I wanted others to do my "dirty work"), is very alone in the pokey and would enjoy correspondence—he's #268314 at Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, TX 77583. Next month's masthead will be courtesy of David Burd, formerly of The Uncle Floyd Show (aren't we all). Look for Dave's photo piece in the current (February) ish of National Lampoon (p. 97—"True Fat").

This month's special appreciation goest to sw's Clay Geerdes, Steven Scharff and especially Bill-Dale Marcinko for their recruitment. WTG guys. Billy Dearest, unbeknownst to my anti-hype task force, inserted a marvelously blown-up ad in THE BUYER'S GUIDE TO COMIC FANDOM (anyone have an extra? I was sent one copy of the ad & lost it). Anyway, substantial returns on this investment (member FDIC), so mucho merci.

Gracious gratitude to Rev. Chris Moran and Billy again (he loves it when I keep printing his name) for their \$\$ donations. Almost enough to cover postage—so far I'm still laying out \$40 a month for production, which loss I can deal with FOR THE TIME BEING, but I ain't too proud to take dough...

Like the calendar says, stuff due by the tenth, to the address (and, incidentally, name) below.

NOTES: TOM POOLERY, playing at the Top of the Village Gate, got crummy reviews so I'll save the exorbitant \$14 and listen to Lehrer's records...I have seen "obstreperous" in print again (synchronicity) in the 1/9-15 TV GUIDE in Robert MacKenzie's review column...Speaking of that name, the famed SCTV "star" characters Bob & Doug appeared on Bob Coburn's syndicated (toll-free) call-in show ROCK LINE (local outlet WPLJ-FM) Monday night the 18th (interesting show: adverts by Gallagher!?). Rick & Dave never broke character for a second—in the words of Lola Heatherton, they were so in persona, "it's scaaaary!" Besides supplying info about subjects like their rumored movie in the works ("our lawyer is going to buy a camera"), they offered free copies of their Great White North album (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) to correct respondents of their super-hard quiz: "How many beers in a 6-pack?" If you think you might know the answer, send your postcards in by the 30th to ROCK LINE at P.O. Box 5, Tarzana, CA 91336...Also on the subject of SCTV, I'm looking to either join or co-produce an SCTV "fan club" (very loose description)—takers?...ELEPHANT PARTS, Michael Nesmith's incredibly funny video album, has, believe it or not, been nominated for a Grammy. Figuring the Grammy folks, don't be too hopeful. It's up against Blondie.

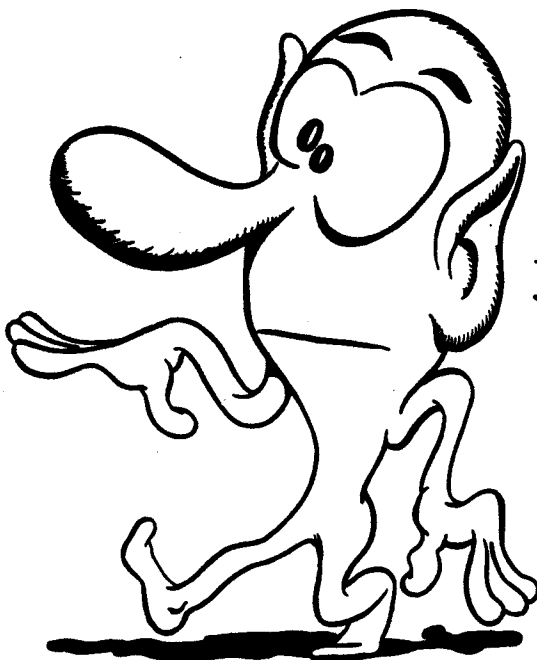
Hey! Found Bill Dale's ad - here 'tis:

➔ GET "INSIDE JOKE" (if you dare!)
a fanzine devoted to comedy & creativity! Humor, satire, Sub-Genius, songs, gut-splitting personal revelations, comedy on tv, in books, in films. A film review column by Bill-Dale Marcinko of AFTA; a New-Wave record review column by Chris Estey, and much more in 20+ pages. Send 2 first class stamps to Elayne Wechsler, 418 E. 3rd Av., Roselle, NJ 07203. NOW!

That address, once again, is

ELAYNE WECHSLER
418 East 3rd Avenue
Roselle, NJ 07203

SELECTED SHORTS



drawing by David Bunde

**Beware
The Church
of the SubGenius!**

Intense pamphlet... adults only.

Makes the weirdest cults look tame.

The SubGenius Foundation
Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

Questionnaire Results

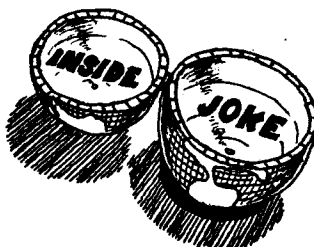
32 answers from about 150 sent out—wait, where's my Pac-Man Calculator?—that's a 21% return rate. Semi-success!! Relevant results—no fewer than 10 Slack-tites (will "Bob" forgive me for that awful pun?). A full 22 frequent their homes the most, proving conclusively that IJ reaches mainly paranoid, rejected introverts. ("Others' Homes" came in 2nd at 9; "meeting" and "bars" both got 5; there were 3 churchgoers; 3 folks like bookstores, record stores, etc.; 2 frequent cons; 2 answered "Twilight Zone"; others prefer bathrooms, McDonalds, Middle Earth, the Village, Amsterdam/Frankfurt, school, and "any place that will have me".) As for where IJ is read, the expected answer, "the bathroom", received 6 (as Sue Kaufmann says, it's "great for excrem-ditation"); 5 said "in bed", which must make their sex lives either interesting or devastating; 2 each read it on the subway, on a couch, or all over. Hm. Other offers—in between textbooks; "in the privacy of my head"; in the Twilight Zone; seamy bathhouse in Pasco; cell; home/Railway/Albany/dining room (separate stories); well-lit room; desk; car at stoplights; movie auditoriums before films; between the walls; on an airplane to Dallas; and my favorite, "y' mean I was supposed to read it?" As far as classification, 11 people actually believed what they were told, that IJ is "a newsletter of comedy and creativity". Influence of the printed word... This was not a test! 2 called it a fanzine, one each a perzine, funzine, slackzine, grayzine and benzine. 2 termed it "therapeuticzine" and "group therapy." Two called it "a small press run publication" and "newsletter of private cultures", one saw it as "potential", one as "inspiration", and lastly, one as "an avocado". Objectionable concepts will be published next month. Most-liked features: okay, here again, folks probably wrote what they wanted me to hear (WRONG WRONG WRONG), so I'm not counting those who voted for my shit. Except "Whozits", which garnered 2. Everyone else likes something different, but the "winner" was Clay's 1968 essay, with 3. Least-liked? Uh, praise in public, scold in private, the person/people have been told. 2 voted against Fan Moose, 2 against poetry, 2 against fiction... nothing will change here. Lastly, I believe we've already started to implement some "future feature" suggestions, like more reviews, fiction, art and of course SLACK. To answer others: An essay in defense of cannibalism HAS BEEN DONE (J. Swift's A MODEST PROPOSAL); Debby in Utah may very well have news of Osmond Fan Conventions; I don't know any experts on good wine to offer reviews; I can't afford local (NY) theater tickets for reviews but I'll try; and I will definitely consider interviews and biographies—takers? Lastly, if you never got a chance to see the questionnaire and would like to answer it, just ask. And bear in mind that many of these responses are given "creatively" so I don't take any of it too seriously. Except the birthdays.

LEISURE: How to make play work.
Your place or Mein Kampf? It's better to be ludic than quailidic.
Play for keeps! Misbehaviorists, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

MORALISM: Service to causes...
The I's have it!
causes servitude. The I's have it!
Marxist-Sinnerists, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

Fan Moose

HAS DIOGYNES TRIUMPHED? Brian Earl Brown, in his WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG (#20), writes of IJ, "A newsletter of comedy and creativity." it says. I looked and couldn't find either." To be fair, he reviewed ish #2. Brian's subjectivity also didn't care for Arthur Hlavaty nor Harry J.N. Andruschak, but he gave Andre Barker-Bridget and Chris Estey kudos on their zines. WOFAN is a good information zine, if you overlook the subjectivity (and after all, that's what zines are about, eh?); I hope to make several contacts thru it... More unfortunate news: Paul Wesolowsky, "founder, publisher and editor-in-chief" of THE FREEDONIA GAZETTE, the newsletter devoted to the Marx Brothers, informs me that the publication, being "a top-notch offset-printed 20-page [so what am I, chopped liver?] magazine on book-weight paper w/ photographic reproduction of exceptional merit [okay, ya got me there]" and, no less, "a not-for-profit organization"—is "quasi-professional enough that we can't trade issues" w/ us peons. Subscription arrangements are inflexible as well. After looking at the first issue I received, I think it's a shame TFG's standards are so rigid. It is, in format, a nice-looking semi-pro zine, but no more so, certainly, than Charles Rosenay's!!! GOOD DAY SUNSHINE, Bill-Dale's AFTA, or Rich Geis' SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, all of which are not above trading. TFG definitely fills a need in Marxmaniacs, especially Grouchophiles, and has quite competent interviews and historical revelations, but \$3 flat per with no considerations may turn a lot of potential subscribers away (especially given Wesolowsky's offer on page 2 for a \$45 "lifetime subscription"—now there's "confidence"!). The strangest thing is that, for such Marx Bros. devotees, the zine is somewhat lacking in humor. Mostly straight reporting. Ah, but it has photographic reproduction of exceptional merit, so that must make up for creative content. For info, write Paul at 25 Oxbow Lane, Guilford, CT 06437... Speaking, as we were before, of Arthur Hlavaty, DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #20 recently arrived. Arthur's one of those sweet, sensible people whom I have on my "must meet someday" list, and his genzine (uh, right—"fanzine" appears to be associated mostly with sf, whereas "genzine" or "perzine" suggest a personal or general interest publication) is intelligent rational and thought-provoking as always. If you liked Hagbard, you'll love Arthur. All hail Discordial! SASE to 819 Markham Ave., Durham, SC 27701... Another Erisian, Kerry Thornley, is the mastermind behind the CHURCH OF THE ANARCHIST AVATAR. As important as the SubGenius. Send \$1 immediately to him at Box 18441, Tampa, FL 33679... and Yay Roldo! From the land of the Great White North comes yet another illuminated one, with his Free Kluck Productions' STRANGE TIME TALES (this is a mini). It's worth every one of its 75 pennies. Write to Roldo at 1232 Downing Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2R7 CANADA... At last I have excerpts from the continuing adventures of that stick-figured wonder CYNICALMAN, thanks to the on-target mind of Matt Feazell, head of Not Available Comics. I'm sure they are available, though—SASE for info to Matt at 2886 James Ave. S., #202, Minneapolis (what is it about that city?), MN 55408... Vernon Grant, whose inventive IJ logos are scattered throughout, sent along the first issue of THE LOVE RANGERS, and it's everything Steven Scharff said it was (IJ #4) and more. Crisp artwork and an exciting story. Numbers 2 and 3 are, mournfully, out of print for the time being, but when Vernon gets enough orders, he'll reprint. \$6 for the three issues—131 Putnam Ave., Cambridge, MA 02139... The find of the month actually comes from NYU. It should be their official comedy/literary magazine. IJ subscriber Richard J.T. Brown is head honcho, and the address is Room 403-404, Student Activities Annex, 21 Washington Place, New York, N.Y. 10003 (mailbox #80). The name? THE PLAGUE. More truly a zine of comedy and creativity than any I've ever seen. My favorite parts are the poems, with college exam-type questions afterward. Example: "2. How does 'The Reason' relate to little-league football? 3. Could you discern from this poem that the author spent several years in a federal maximum security prison?" The questions are, naturally, totally irrelevant. THE PLAGUE—everybody should be so lucky to catch it.



© William S. GALT 1982



SWM sks SWF 4 CRNG RELAT. ~

Ag/Rel/Nat Not Imp

or....If You Can Read This, You Can Answer A Personal Ad and Have Some Truly Unique Experiences

--by Jill Zimmerman

As you all know, from the October issue, that incorrigible prankster, Kip M. Ghesin, has blasted his ray-gun into the underground meat market. I refer not to the butcher shop in Macy's Cellar, but rather to that much-maligned, much misunderstood manifestation of the meeting game--the personal ad.

What level of humanity utilizes self-advertisement in order to make social contacts? Is it, as Kip has stated, merely the "lonely and desperate"? Or strange, kinky people looking for threesomes, foursomes and funsomes? Granted, certain publications (most notably the Village Voice) have a disproportionately large number of experimenters. I do not claim to judge the methods people utilize in order to gain gratification. However, the more unusual advertisements have dominated the image of the personal ad, so the very idea conjures up images of wild-eyed crazies, one step removed from the seething fleshpots of Times Square (now there's a homily worthy of Jerry Falwell).

Contrary to popular belief, most people who utilize personal ads, either as advertisers or respondents, are educated, well-read, articulate people. It takes far more intelligence and self-awareness to describe one's own traits and needs coherently in a 10-100 word ad, than to slide next to a tasty morsel in the local beer 'em, bang 'em and boot 'em joint and say "Hey, baby, ya wanna dance?" They know who they are (they've been through est, TM, and various New-Age therapies, they should know!), and they know what they want. In fact, many have it down to a science. Some write merely the sketchiest of ads, like "Attr. SWM sks SWF 4 dates in N.Y.C. Non-smoker." These fellows don't hit you with the checklist until the phone call. That's when you'll get the third degree. You'll be asked, How tall are you? How much do you weigh? I once had one of these guys tell me that my weight on a large bone structure would be ok, but if I had small bones, he wouldn't be able to handle it, since it would mean I was too fat for his exacting tastes! You'll compare interests, job types and levels, cultural interests, goals, etc. You'll feel like you're on a job interview, in which your qualifications are being compared to a meticulously detailed checklist. Of course, only the actual meeting will determine the true level of your acceptability, so fear not--you'll receive the verdict much sooner than on a job interview.

The other manifestation of the I-know-what-I'm-looking-for-and-I-won't-settle-for-less personality is the 1,000 word ad. This individual loves adjectives. His/her ad will read something like this:

"Beautiful, sensual, brilliant, kind, sensitive, tall, slim, athletic, ambitious, loving SWF. I know who I am and I know what I want from life. If you are SWM, tall, handsome, well-dressed, strong, masculine, sensitive, successful, poised, intelligent, and loving, you're part of what I want."

Here you have a better idea of how closely you qualify. But a caveat--if you strike out on even one of the categories mentioned, don't bother to answer the ad.

Here, then is the quandry of the personal advertiser. He/she is discriminating and selective--so much so that he/she has checklisted most of the available population out of the running. Unlike the bar-goer, who can always say that he is there "to get out of the house", or "because I like the music", the personal advertiser is blatantly looking for companionship--whether for an affair, dates, friendship, or a relationship. Yet, by making himself so obviously available, he is taking a greater risk of being disappointed. Because of the stigma attached to the personal ad, the advertiser must make himself appear to me so above the mainstream that he is unable to meet others through conventional means--he must find a way to meet the "upper crust" of humanity into which category he includes himself. The selectiveness is often self-defeating, for he makes himself more and less accessible at the same time.

THE LIBERAL: Whenever anybody mentions revolvers, he reaches for his culture. Progress? The future is passe. Why let culture take its course? *Misanthropologists*, 55 Sutter, #487, S.F., CA 94104.

So, here we have this educated, attractive, articulate, self-aware individual, who knows what he wants, and is willing to take a risk to find it. He should have everything going for him, right? Wrong! His expectations are unrealistic, his priorities are in the wrong areas, and he/she is doomed to be disappointed. That sweet, dependable, romantic guy is just a bit too short. That beautiful, long-legged beauty opens her mouth and dust comes out. He isn't sufficiently educated. Her hair's going gray. He doesn't enunciate clearly. She hasn't read a book in three years. He's losing his hair. She doesn't have multiple orgasms. He doesn't bring roses. She only wants to go dancing. Perfection is missing, and true happiness is unattainable until that perfect individual is found. Hence, this perfectionist leaves hordes of perfectly nice, normal people strewn in his/her wake, while searching for that elusive quality called "perfection."

So why do it? Because it can be fun. You'll meet many people that you might not ordinarily meet. New areas of the country may be opened up to you. You might meet an entire network of pen-pals. If nothing else, you'll be busy and have some experiences to tell your grandchildren about, after the story of the Inside Joke /974 - 2 and Counting Party has been told. Just keep laughing, and you'll do fine.

Some publications which carry personal advertising:

THE VILLAGE VOICE -- famous for years for attracting strange people. Predominantly Manhattan-Brooklyn-Queens orientation. N.J. is G.U. (geographically undesirable). Expect lots of artsy types, est-grads, and pseudo-sophistication. Kinky stuff available here.

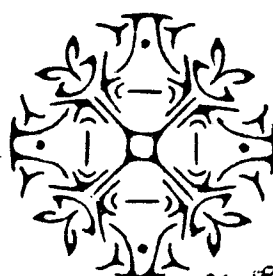
METROPOLITAN ALMANAC (available at selected newsstands in N.Y.C. and by subscription, \$13/yr.) Slightly older people, more conventional, highly cultural orientation. Bonus--lots of info on cultural activities in the city.

INTRO -- slick, shiny-paper magazine, from "gak" California. If you're looking for someone who has a house in Malibu, here's where to look. This rag hasn't caught on here too much as yet, but watch out! Unintentionally funny articles on the "singles" lifestyle, like how to have an elegant dinner party serving Stouffer's entrees.

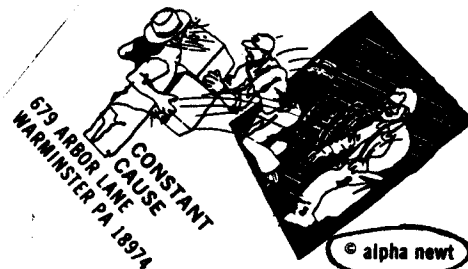
NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS--where the pompous literati meet new faces. These folks want to discuss Sartre and John Irving during their multiple orgasms.

CONTACT HIGH -- you know about this one from Kip. **STRANGE** people. Opportunities for some good networking (nationwide circulation), organic lifestyles, people from exotic locales to provide you with a place to relocate to.

So, if you're hopelessly other-directed, and like to get lots of mail and strange phone calls, try it. Look what it did for Kip. Gave her many pages of writing she didn't have to bug her staff writers for!!!



Jill



...or not TV

by Elayne Wechsler

Have I managed to do it? My God, it changes so fast! Just bear in mind that much of this, even though I'm finishing it about 1/15, may be out of date by the time you read it. And **Pancock Showcases** is just beginning, and we've yet to see the debuts of David Letterman and Billy Crystal (all of these shows are on NBC/11), and...

First off, for local viewers, I feel obligated to present the current schedules for some of my favorite NY-area-shown programs:

LOCAL PBS:
Natlines at the Bijou—When popcorn was still a nickel, and soda pop only a dime, this old movie house was the hub of activity on a Saturday afternoon, says host Scott Devany. The best parts are the previews, opening cartoons (usually Flies-a-scher) and shorts, so see the first half hour or so.

Channel 13 (WNET)—12 midnight or 12:30am Saturday
Channel 21 (WLIW)—4pm Sunday
Channel 31 (WNYC)—1pm Saturday; 9:30pm Tuesday
Channel 50 (WJH)—4:30pm Saturday

Sneak Previews—reviewed below.

Channel 13—8:30pm Thursday; 10:30 or 11pm Saturday
Channel 21—6pm Saturday; 3:30pm Sunday; 9pm Thursday
Dick Cavett—America's favorite (?) preppie. How many out there also imitate his style unconsciously?
Channel 13—6pm and 11pm weekdays; 11 or 11:30pm Saturday
To the Manor Born—reviewed below.

Channel 13—10:30pm Sunday; 11 or 11:30pm Saturday

Creativity with Bill Moyers—reviewed below.

Channel 13—9pm Friday; 5pm Sunday
Channel 21—10pm Monday; 6pm Thursday
Channel 31—4pm Thursday

The Jack Benny Show—"Yessssss!" A genuine golden oldie.

Channel 50—7:30pm Sunday

Doctor in the House—Mekka House Calls look as bad as it is.

Channel 21—9:30pm Wednesday

Also good bets: **American Playhouse** runs Tuesday nights at 8pm on Ch. 13—the first episode was John Cheever's "The Shady Hill Kidnapping" with brilliant mock commercials starring Calista Flockhart ("Are your loved ones disappearing because of excessive radiation?"); and everyone seems to be looking forward to Evelyn Waugh's **Brideshead Revisited**.

LOCAL STATIONS:

Doctor Who—Still running and popular as ever in Britain, even with a new main actor there.

Channel 9 (WOR)—10-11am (2 episodes) Saturday

Bullwinkle—Jay Ward didn't need to draw well.

Channel 4 (WNBC)—12:30pm Saturday

Tales of the Unexpected—Ronald Dahl wrote them—John "Smith Barney" Houseman introduces each in his most sinister voice.

Channel 9—8:30pm Saturday

Star Trek—Trekkies rejoice. It's back to 6 times a week. If I don't watch it for awhile then return, it's much more enjoyable.

Channel 11 (WPXI)—6pm Saturday; 12:30am Tues. - Fri.

Twilight Zone—ST means they cut ZZ, match. Justice!

Channel 11—1:30pm Saturday

Entertainment This Week/Tonight—Although I partially agree with Billy that this is more hype than news, it's low-key hype, which isn't too bad for me. Still can't take a gal named Dixie seriously, tho.

WTV—Channel 9—7:30pm Sunday

ET—Channel 9—7:30pm weekdays

Galaxy Express 999—reviewed in LJ #3.

Channel 7 (WJWJ)—9pm Sunday

Morecambe & Wise—a slight step up from Benny Hill.

Channel 9—11pm Sunday

Evening at the Improv—Booray! A gem, when the comics are on. But TURN OFF THE SOUND during those horrid links!!

Channel 9—11:30pm Sunday

Saturday Night Dissected—An hour of "the best of."

Channel 11—11:30pm weekdays

Ozma: The New Frontier—Video version of the magazine.

Channel 7 (WABC)—7:30pm Tuesday

Now for the national-type network and PBS programs:

SATURDAY

NBC, 8pm or so—**One of the Boys**, starring Mickey Rooney and probably no one else important. I'm not going to watch this, at it's opposite the bizzarously wonderful **Open All Night** (see below), but any of you are free to review.

ABC, 8-8:30pm—**Open All Night**—There's something strange about these characters that doesn't quite fit the sitcom mold. My favorite is Terry, played by Sam Whipple. A tough daff. More than a little California satire. Haven't watched it long enough to figure it out. Catchy theme!

NBC, 11:30-1—**Saturday Night Live**—Who's on this besides Joe Piscopo and Eddie Murphy? Ah yes, Robin Duke (almost as interesting looking as Andrea Martin, this gal), Christine Ebersoll, uh, uh...The new SNL players will never have half the chance for real recognition and fame as the originals did. What a shame. They and the show are making as many new and bold strides as ever. Few are noticing, yet, because they want the old folks back. The point of SNL when it first started was that it wasn't going to cater to people's desire for established comedy. By today's standards, the original SNL is established comedy. Do not underestimate these "kids" at all. My favorite moment so far was, oddly enough, as serious one—Christine singing a heart-rending tune called "Single Bars and Single Women."

NBC, 1am-1:30am—**The Kenny Everett Show**—I'm allowed one idiosyncrasy, right? Can't help it—I'm hooked on "Captain Krumpholtz". Yes, it's dumb, but I get my jollies on those erotic dancers. Look, it used to be **Love Boat**...step up?

SUNDAY

PBS, 10-11—Uh, yes, this changes so fast I can't really keep track. Used to be Python, then **Fasti Towers** and **Good Neighbors** (the latter was a marvelous low-key comedy; I adore Felicity Kendal, and she, Richard Briers, Paul Eddington, and especially Penelope Keith as Margo were all wonderful). Now they've got a new show with Penelope Keith following Clouse's faultless family. In **To the Manor Born**, Keith employs her low-key upper-class sarcasm (David Ogden Stiers must have studied with her) as Audrey Hepburn-Hamilton, a widow forced by financial straits to abandon her manor to the likes of Richard DeVere (Peter Bowles) a common (not even native-born!) agricultural millionaire. Although the plot is drawing out, it looks to be a rouser.

MONDAY

CBS, 8-8:30pm—**Mr. Merlin**—Kinda fun kiddie show, if you overlook the thoroughly objectionable Elaine Joyce, whose IQ seems slightly lower than Bo's, and Clark Brandon, who belongs in the Fran Taranton "Watch Me, I'm Acting" Hall of Fame. Bernard Hughes is a frequent joy, and the spfx are reminiscent sometimes of **Time Bandits**. Good writers could do a lot with this.

CBS, 8:30-9—**Private Benjamin**—I can live with this latest lead-in to **M*A*S*H**, mostly because of the always humorous Eileen Brennan, the best carry-over from the movie.

CBS, 9-9:30pm—**M*A*S*H**—Now in its final year, so they say, this program will undoubtedly close its run at the highest point of popularity for any departing show ever. Still phenomenal and crisp. I look forward to new episodes and reruns alike. Cable late as watch it 5 times on Mondays.

TUESDAY

PBS, 8-9—Is there life on Earth after **Cosmo**? Not really. David Attenborough is just not as interesting as Carl Sagan. His topic is interesting, but not so much in an entertaining way as in an (ugh) educational way. Attenborough is funny sometimes, briefly, like when he emerges from underwater in a scuba suit (you just don't expect it) or talks in whispers like a Honey Python documentary takeoff. Those times are few.

WEDNESDAY

ABC, 8-9—**The Greatest American Hero**—Thank God they took **Mr. Merlin** out of comparison range (although it didn't hurt). Laying aside the fact that I could gawk at Bill Katt indefinitely, Bob Culp and Comdie Sallica play well off him and separately. Although the songs they decided to shove in during the plot (usually when Ralph "He-Must-Call-Him-H"-Because-Reagan's-Attempted-Assassination-Was-Memmed-Minckley" is flying) are trite and bubbly, they can be ignored pretty easily. **CAH** recaptures a lot of my personal childhood fantasies, and probably others' as well.

CBS, 8:30-9—**The Two of Us**—I'm failing more and more to see it. I like Mini Kennedy a lot, and I think Peter Cook's a genius, but the show's another sitcom to me. It's not really that funny. I guess we have no one on whom to blame that but the writers. Would that they could match the actors' wits.

THURSDAY

NBC, 8-9—**Fame**—For months, everyone I knew kept asking me if I'd seen the movie. When I finally did, I knew why. And the good news is, the show's just as good, if not better. **Energy City**. I say "better" on a hopeful note because I can hardly wait for further character development. These kids are interesting, worth getting into, unlike stock figures like those on **Wolfsong**, **Kotter** or **Happy Days**. One very good line I heard was, "I'm pressed anger fantasies engender guilt feelings." Even better than the writing, though, is the dancing, choreographed by Broadway star and **Fame** cast member Debbie Allen (the best thing about the remake of **West Side Story**). And the songs are terrific, too. Booray!

PBS, 8-8:30pm—**Sneak Previews**—Watch as Roger Ebert and Gene Siskel (or as Bill calls them, "the dorks from Chicago") battle it out to see who can employ the most colorful adjectives synonymous with "lousy" or "great," both to the movies they view and to each other. Actually, lately Siskel and Ebert have been agreeing quite often (the differences in their reviews lie more in how they disagree in their agreement), so maybe that says something about movies becoming more predictable, more defined, more extreme, whatever. "Dog of the Week" is the best feature, other than the clips.

ABC, 9-10—**Barnes Miller** and **Toni** are well-established, well-acted and well known enough for us not to recap. Some good shows stay that way (sorry, "Mork").

NBC, 10-11—**Hill Street Blues**—for those into soap operas with a little more than organ music. Can't get a good enough grip on the characters yet, but if you're planning to start viewing this intelligent and popular program, give it at least a month.

FRIDAY

ABC, 8:30-9—**Bosom Buddies**—Why do I love this show so much? Is it because one of the characters is named Kip? Because this is where Taina Hopkins went after **Dam**? Because Amy (Wendie Jo Sperber) is gorgeous without being physically perfect, and the "sex bomb" Sunny (Donna Dixon) is intelligent and beautiful? Because the theme song (Milly Joel's "My Life") is not by Mike Post? Because it attracts people like Susan Elliott (late of shows like "America Tonight"—she plays the consummate California airhead) to do cameos? Perhaps it's the not-so-subtle homoeroticism and playful, childlike innuendo that runs through-out. Maybe it's the fast of taking a weak old premise ("Some Like It Hot") and turning it into quality rather than stupidity.

Actually, I know why—Ever notice in 99% of today's sitcoms, even the worthwhile ones, how much the jokes are forced? They couldn't be more blatantly obvious if they looked out and winked at the studio audience. The comedy in **Bosom Buddies** is pure situation. Circumstantial humor, ensemble work, playing off one another (Tom Banks' Kip Wilson and Peter Scolari's Henry Desmond never slow down)—whatever you want to call it, the formula's caught on well enough to "save the show" from Neilson flops by proving that everyone who isn't a "chosen family" is a fan of the program! But this show is not for LCD tastes, make no mistake. Between this and SCTV, I can assure you that the hip people make every effort to stay home Friday nights. I'm convinced that the studio sets don't even get half the jokes on any given episode. For instance, topics satirized on the show of 12/11 (which has a kinda neat theme of childlike play vs. the adult "real world") included teenage clichés, American "patriotism", Russian women, homoeroticism (always), **Leave It To Beaver**, Devo, Senior Wences (using balloons), suburbia, banal commercials, Nikes, SNL catch-phrases, and adolescence. Two memorable lines, too, regarding the subject—Kip to Henry, both times: "The Hupperts may be 'childish', but Jim Henson can afford his own planes" and "If you 'grow up', we all kinds have to. You wanna shoulder that kind of guilt?" It's all in the delivery—you gotta be there. Only one credited actor, Holland Taylor (she plays a more-or-less stock character, the whip but tolerant boss, Ruth Dunbar, at the ad agency where Kip and Henry work), seems not to fit, but even that is okay for contrast purposes. Although of late the show's been getting didactic towards the end (somewhat like the Partridge Family gone warped), it's mostly fast, spontaneous and terrific.

THE ELEPHANT

MANfever rages this month—HBO & WHT have the movie; ABC the play; Leonard Nimoy "searched"; and SCTV satirized...

PBS, 9-9:30pm—**Creativity with Bill Moyers**—Total agreement with Billy on this. Moyers is intelligent, concise and thankfully quotable. His series intro was wonderful, as are his metaphors. Interesting theories—Moyers sees creativity as, among other things, "a signification of worth", "the ability to see divergent ideas and bring them together", and to challenge assumptions, a sign of a "strong self image" and a belief among the creative "that they can change their circumstances". He searches for universal "basic truths" in creative people, and the potential for creativity in us all. "Life itself," Moyers states, "is artistic expression" where the creative are concerned. But he doesn't just talk, he lets us experience creativity through glimpses into select lives not too far, he says, from yours or mine. The only thing that bothers me here is that this program, like so many, is aimed at an intellectual, liberal wing and sponsored by an oil company.

ABC, 9-10—**Doghouse**—James Coburn has neither the pizzaz nor the implicit twinkling of Rod Taylor (in fact, to expound a bit on what Billy said, I can't yet figure out exactly what his persona is supposed to be—amusingly detached or pleasantly conversational. This is because, of course, Coburn has no idea either.), and I think these vignettes lack **TV**'s sense of humor and absurdity (but derivative? No, disagreement on that), but they are well-written and powerful. I'm still waiting for something by Kit Reed.

For more details, see Dave Jessup's article. ABC, 12-1:20pm—**Friday**—Depends on what you compare it to. Stacked against **Diff'rent Strokes** or **Uncle Floyd**, it's great. It pales, though, when put in the same category as SNL or SCTV, which it must be. After all, it started as ABC's California-version answer to SNL. At that time, if you recall, the latter was not doing so well, and **Friday** took off. But I don't know what it is about this program—it seems to never reach the heights it promises (ASIDE: You'll notice I watch it anyway, for the first half hour.) Perhaps it's the West Coast "laid-back" attitude. The show is, for the most part, inconsistent—brilliant satires interspersed with tripe so bad it wouldn't make a good sketch on **The Three Stooges** (which, by the way, they also parody). Most players are quite good, though unlike SNL or SCTV, there are no female standouts here—especially not "everyone's darling", Melodie Chartoff. The girl (yes, girl) gets on my nerves. She's always a bit too parky to carry off subtle jokes so she makes everything overdone. The other players have established, as well, some incredibly funny running characters (Bruce Mahler's chicken-puppeteer, and Mark Blankfield's pharmacist and Pastor James Babbitt). The best skits are those with an unmistakably Californian overtone, notably the Reagan ones. The character of Nancy Reagan seems made for Chartoff—it requires so little acting—and John Korte gets better and better. Right on the mark—wish more of the show were. Holds its own.

NBC(1), 12:30-2am—**Second City Television** (SCTV)—Much of this review will sound redundant when read in addition to Billy's. Well, read this first, then. I wrote it first. Here 'tis: O'night, kiddies. It's grown-up time. Cast: John Candy, Joe Flaherty, Eugene Levy, Andrea Martin, Rick Moranis (hoorah), Catherine O'Hara, and Dave Thomas ("as the Beaver" or doesn't anyone remember that anymore?). So good it goes beyond funny. A good third of the comedy still goes over my head, and I thought I was doing pretty well. Too hip for hip. Parodies Pappy Longstocking, American Sportsman, Dick Cavett, The Godfather, Viking movies, vivid nightclub performers, Game Shalt, Neil Simon (superb sketch—"Neil Simon's Nutcracker Suite"—Thomas as Simon; Martin as Marsha Mason; Levy as Judd Hirsch; Moranis as a PERFECT Richard Dreyfuss; O'Hara as Maggie Smith; Candy as James Coco; Flaherty as Alan Alda; Thomas again as Michael Caine...priceless in the midst of maudlin James specials), Bob Hope, programs of the 50's and 60's (everyone remembers the **Leave It To Beaver** reunion show and **Mary Griffith**), "sunrise" shows, teenage rock shows, talk shows, Russian tv, Canadian tv, British tv, cable tv and tv in general. Everyone doing this show is astoundingly talented, so you can't really say "this person's better than this", but my personal favorites are Moranis (a much more interesting impressionist than Rich Little—every one from Mary Griffin to Woody Allen) and Martin (who has the best and funniest characters!—Perini Scliaros and Edith Prickley knock me out—but I wonder how little money she must make to stoop so low as the now-running "Bounce" commercial). The ideal show for those who mourn the breakup of Pirene. I saved the best for last, see?

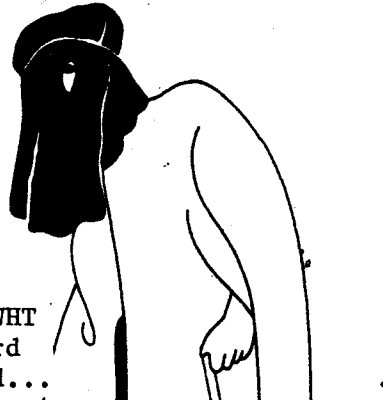
MISCELLANEOUS

Footnotes: *All times listed are evenings (pm) except where otherwise indicated, etc etc

**For PBS programs, consult local listings. Here in NY, these listings apply to WNET, Channel 13

I must list one last program, now on the rerun circuit in this area (WNET-TV, Channel 68). At 6:30pm weekdays, I can finally shut off syndicated shit like **Happy Days** (kill that studio audience!) and **Samford & Son** and turn on to—ready?—**GREEN ACRES**! Now, I know what you're going to say. Wrong.

My brother Jay got me to watch this again, under protest. It's incredible. So funny I couldn't believe they were getting away with this fifteen years ago. Jokes about sodomy?? It's very fast-moving, and the plots themselves are meaningless, so just try to catch the dialogue. Nope. I didn't hear any of that when the show first aired. My god. The only thing wrong with it is that incessant laugh track.



Tales of the Seepy Eye (CPI)

by the "Little Brown Shiksa"

PART II: REVENGE OF THE LITTLE BROWN SHISKA (Ta daaaaa!)

Ever amuse of confound yourself with the the thought of what Elayne is like in an office setting? Well, now for the amazingly low, low price of \$1.98---What? Oh, aw o.k. Nobody told me we were a non-profit outfit. Alright, already, if divulge I must.

Elayne is a motley assortment of ah, of ah, let's put it this way kids, she's venomous. There's no end to the ruthlessness of this gal. I tell you, I thank God for those moments of peace when she has let her mind wander on thoughts of upcoming issues of IJ. Vitriolic remarks abound such as, "Where are my brass knuckles?" Directed at innocent attorneys who have not signed their certifications of record. Many a weary messenger has been sent crying in the streets, the result of not having groveled wretchedly enough. She's a virago, this seemingly quiet woman from New Jersey. I approach her desk with such trepidation that I contemplate abstaining from her Pringles potato chips altogether spineless wimp that I am.

I hope that you will not judge her too seriously gang. She comes from a fine family. Genetics will perhaps control this for others; however, there is no hope for m'buddy. >Sigh< I resign myself to my fate and you to yours.

(ED: I kid you not, folks, she really talks like this...)

NEXT ISSUE: Mal & Elayne (Enuff to make ya puke!)

NOTHING IN GENERAL

by Sue Kaufmann

Dear Kip,

I send tidings of great joy. I have seen "Bob"!

How, you ask, did it happen? Well, it was this way.

I was in the bathroom, deeply into excremeditation, reading a Life magazine from September 13, 1968, when who should appear in a cigar advertisement but J.R. "Bob" Dobbs! His hair appeared to have been blow-dried (he'd obviously gone from flat to fluffy), and he stood in a football huddle. Suddenly he materialized before me.

Naturally I was stunned—why would "Bob" appear to me, a mere Dobbs Youth? I'm not even a Reverend! I asked "Bob" why he came, and he replied, "to deliver the message of Zay."

"Zay?" I asked. "What's Zay?"

"Bob" then preached the origin of Zay, the newest sect of the SubGenius. He also proclaimed the Primary Doctrine of Zay: Government does not exist. "Bob" once felt that CIA agents were watching him. He investigated to find out why he was being followed, and when he got to Washington, officials said he was paranoid, that these CIA agents following him were figments of his imagination. Since these agents are government employees, and the agents do not exist, "Bob" theorized that government does not exist.

"Bob" also left behind the Rules of Zay on a towel next to the sink. They are as follows:

1. Beware of rich men bearing reptiles.
2. Always express complete thoughts when writing sentences (note: Was "Bob" an English major?).
3. Be paranoid—then you feel important.
4. Don't put it in your mouth if you don't know where it's been.
5. Good things come to those who wait—better things come to those who give in.
6. There are no accidents.
7. This is the real thing—don't accept cheap imitations!


"But why me?" I asked. "Why did you choose me to deliver your message?"

"'Cause you need an article idea for INSIDE JOKE," he answered.

As usual, "Bob" knew all! And I'm elated I was chosen to preach Zay! I'd seen the light of "Bob" for sure! My bathroom will become the mecca of Zays and polygamists without a cause! All we need now is the Osmonds...



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.


The SubGenius Foundation
P.O. Box 140306
Dallas, Texas 75214

RADICAL INSANITY.

NATOTORIAL

by Nate Mishaan

(ED: He's not bitter...sheesh, some people can't take a little criticism...)

I kept my promise, you keep your distance.....

Hum dum se dum...I went to a Garden party...Oh Hi...shucks ya' caught me with my pants down and I don't have a topic. I could go "Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo", drink Molson's and talk about back bacon or chain saws but that wouldn't be too original. I shant attack blandness because blandness is highly subjective as well as all matters of taste, besides "Bette Davis Eyes" is off the charts. I can't talk about the commercialization of Christmas, which everyone knows is unoriginal and adolescent and I am original and non-adolescent, however I must confess I do have a few pimples on my forehead.

You know it really sucks being human. I sure wish I could be the god of pontification, aesthetics, and criticism of attempts at self expression. Ah fuck it!!! There must be a few 12 year olds who appreciate my wry, adolescent, unoriginal wit. Maybe I can write for Uncle Floyd, no 12 is a bit too old for the show's audience's grasp. Don't get me wrong, I enjoy what I'm doing here so I'll do my thing and so what if some asshole(s) doesn't or can't relate to what I attempt to express. Shit, I still don't have a topic! I haven't seen Chevy Chase's new movie, I don't care to discuss the lack of honesty politicians often exhibit and nobody wants to hear about my recent operation and 15 day vacation at Mother Cabrini's Medical Center. Rather than discuss it, I'll send you a photo of my scar for \$1.00 and a SASE. Seriously, I take nice pictures and I think it would make a nice gift especially if you wanna 'scar but don't smoke. I apologize, that was too Floydian and unoriginal and oh golly I'll read all about it next month. Do me a favor, don't tell U No Who, maybe I won't.

I'm sure glad that the Coalition for Taste is defunct. It was going so well, the response was terrific, but knowing now that taste is subjective, well, I just can't go on. I can't dictate what's in good taste. I bit off more than I can chew, I took the blows and did it MY WAY. Oops, I gotta go out and buy myself some black velvet paintings of lighthouses, the newest STARS ON 45 record of the FOUR SEASONS, and a fake fireplace.

All seriousness aside. I would like to thank all of the fine people who have sent me their good wishes, prayers, love and concern while I was being held captive on an Orthopedic floor. I'd also like to thank most of last month's contributors to IJ for bringing me some pleasure with their material during my little crisis. It's great to read IJ in a hospital under the influence of demerol. From now on I'll check in every-time Elayne sends me it so that I can really appreciate the experience of getting it!

Since I'm disabled, and bored, next month I will answer letters from those who seek answers. I will handle any topic except those relating to literature, exposition, and syntax. I welcome all questions about Pentax and Kotex. Send 'em to me, NATE MISHAAN, at POB 305, NEW CITY, NY 10956-0305.

(ED: "By gum, Madge, I dare say that's the best thing the boy's written so far, hmm? I mean, it's got everything—and so self-indulgent!" "Yep, Frank, he's startin' to fit in well with the other writers, I dare say...")



Steve Looks at Books

review by Steve Picorilla

THE DINOSAURS by William Stout. Edited by Byron Preiss. Narrated by William Service. A Byron Press Book. Bantam Books. \$12.95. Soft-bound.

Editor Preiss, best known for his pulp-like FICTION ILLUSTRATED digests of the middle seventies and WEIRD HEROES illustrated paperbacks, has produced his slickest book yet. THE DINOSAURS, a colorful romp through prehistory, is sure to be a big seller for the holidays and beyond. Printed on semi-glossy stock with an embossed cover, artist and dinosaur enthusiast William Stout went wild with every 'dino-dream' he could visualize and then some. On first look one would think Stout had photos smuggled back from The Lost World to draw from. The real truth of the matter is that Conan Doyle said, "no way," so Stout had to rely entirely on his own pure genius. Not everyone knows of Stout's work but he's no newcomer to the art-world. His dinosaur illustrations have appeared in other books on the subject, a limited portfolio and at various exhibitions around California. As a fantasy illustrator, Stout has done preproduction artwork for BUCK ROGERS and the upcoming CONAN film, movie posters for films such as WIZARDS and the Italian animated film ALLEGRO NON TROPPO and comic book and underground work. THE DINOSAURS contains the largest collection of Stout's work to date and should most certainly bring him the recognition he deserves. William Service's text is as realistic as the art and Biblical-like in its intensity. A magnificent addition to anybody's library.

DARK FORCES the horror story anthology edited by Kirby McCauley has just arrived in paperback (Bantam Books, \$3.50). Pleasant news for those who couldn't afford the arm and a leg needed to buy the hardcover edition priced at a whopping \$16.95. A highlight of DF is Stephen King's The Mist. Described as something akin to letting a bunch of B-Flick monsters run wild in the aisles of a supermarket. Other short story writers include Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, T.E.D. Klein (Editor of Rod Serling's THE TWILIGHT ZONE magazine) and PLAYBOY cartoonist Gahan Wilson.

1981 was a good year for the beat generation that leaked out of the fifties and sixties. BABY DRIVER by Jan Kerouac (Jack Kerouac's daughter) is an account of her wandering misadventures and brief recollections of her father whom she met only twice in her life. BABY DRIVER is available from St. Martins Press for \$11.95. Sources suggest we visit the library on this one.

THE HOLY GOOF * A Biography of Neal Cassady * by William Plummer is a more ambitious work. Neal was Jack Kerouac's buddy and the real-life counterpart of the character Dean Moriarty in Kerouac's hip classic, ON THE ROAD. THE HOLY GOOF * A Biography of Neal Cassady is published by Prentice-Hall and sells for \$9.95 in hardcover.

WITH WILLIAM BURROUGHS * A Report from the Bunker * by Victor Bockris, published earlier in '81 is an engrossing study of another 'beat' alumnus and Kerouac acquaintance. Should still be on the shelves under bio's. From Seaver Books. \$7.95. Softbound. Take a look then hit the road and howl!

Mawr Büks

further reviews by ew

SONG OF SORCERY by Elizabeth Scarborough, \$2.25, Bantam Books. An easy-reading mishmash of whimsical creatures and adventures starring hearthcraft-witch Maggie Brown, who finds solutions to magical predicaments through a combination of practical intelligence and good timing. Although the tale becomes amusingly predictable and almost too simple towards the end, it doesn't matter that much. Scarborough's light, humorous writing style makes for pleasant escapist fantasy.

VERY INTERESTING...BUT STUPID! by Nigel Rees. Hilary sent me this unique reference book "of catchphrases from the world of entertainment" from the UK, where Rees is known for amusing compilations of this sort (he seems especially knowledgeable on graffiti). It's heavily English comedy like Goon Show and Python rhetoric, but also has stuff from American "Classics" like Laugh-In and Mork & Mindy (!). This is just the thing I need for correspondence sign-offs ("Have a gorilla!"; "I've been spunned!"; "I'm sorry; I'll read that again"), and it should improve my British comedy vocabulary immensely—quick, hunt out the old albums... sorry, no references from Firesign (nor SCTV, eh?)...



WASN'T THAT A PARTY...

How do you define "success"? Almost everyone at the first ever IJ party came away satisfied, purged or drained. Under the watchful eyes of "Bob" folks heard weird noises, drank, read ug's, drank, taunted Dick Clark, and even drank. I'll never look at another Heinicken the same. Mark Deitz circulated the above; Steven Scharff, in a rare silent moment, caricatured us all as "funny animals" (next issue maybe). A splendid time was NOT guaranteed for all; thus, we all enjoyed ourselves.

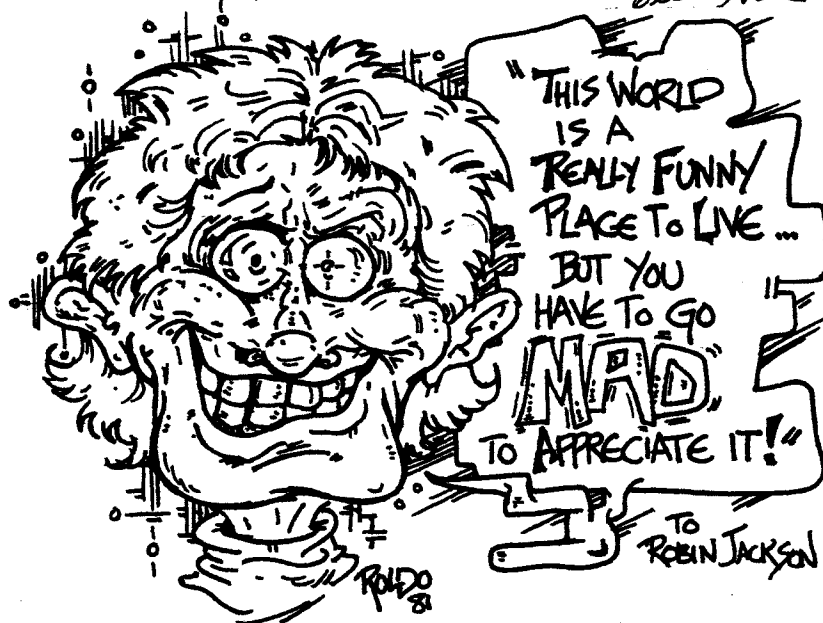
1984-MINUS-2-YEARS

AND COUNTING!

MEMORANDUM FROM:
Pen-Elayne Enterprises

Please sign in for the thought police

ALIAS	NAME
Rev. Rot' Ch...	John R. Schuff
Capt. DIE Vide.	John R. Schuff
Graduate	John R. Schuff
Space	John R. Schuff
Silly Billy	John R. Schuff
EJ	John R. Schuff
APATAY	John R. Schuff
RULES!	John R. Schuff



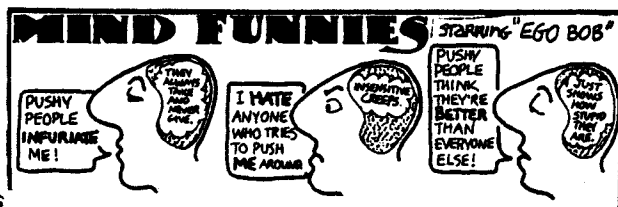
8 is this an 8 or an infinity? sign! Ah, I feel so flow... so love... so relax!

KIP M. GHESIN: *Alter Ego*

Here in the land of characters and personas, there's not much to do besides engage Kilroy in conversation, play a bit of stickball with Lewis Carroll, discuss metaphysics with Quisp & Quake. You must understand, I aspire to no standard. In the pyramid of fives, I am perfectly content being somewhere on the middle rung. The view of below is marvelous, and I wouldn't want to be up on top—it's not my idea of fun to have a pyramid point up my ass. So I make no pretensions about talent or wit. However, my alter-id (ist opposite of "alter-ego", nyeah?) has a different view. Well, of course—she lives in a "real world" of competition and clobbering. And this IJ thing seemed to be going to her head, and no amount of my taunting and ridicule could prevent it. So she got into this bit about wit being more important than love. A self-evident truth; what was she making all this fuss about it, like she was the only person to discover and understand it or something? Well, on request she wrote a long article for CONTACT HIGH (remember last column's letters?) about how wit mattered more than anything else in relationships. Even sex. She thought it a highly appropriate comment coming on the heels of my ad. She even enclosed a "Whozits", the dear little things, to go along with the article's opening line—"What this publication needs is a good comic strip." Not good enough. The article was promptly rejected by a perceptive John Fremont, an IJ subscriber to boot. Elayne got upset. Yawn. She blasted John, a "how-dare-you-cretins-refuse-to-see-the-importance-of-what-I'm-saying-and-you're-all-closed-minded-and-WRONG" note. John answered thusly: "I guess we missed each other's points. I don't want to argue humor with you (one person's wit being another's chaff), just wanted to share that I'm only interested in drawings that are geographically clean. I'm enclosing the work of Bev Tondreau by way of example. [That's below.] I don't think she's a good draw-er but her captions are easy to read and clean. (If that makes me anal-retentive or whatever, so be it, but I'm sure you too have a vision of what is appropriate for IJ and what isn't and this doesn't imply criticism at all.)"

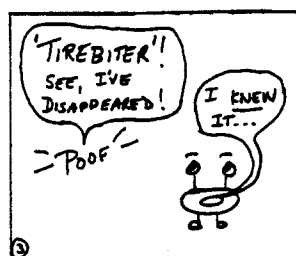
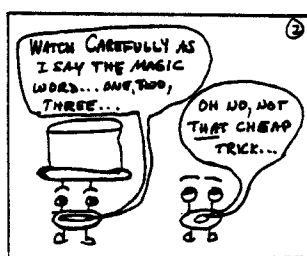
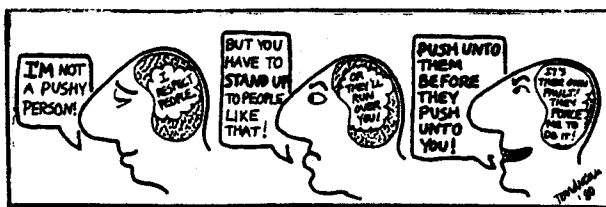
"And, no, I'm not interested in Love Boat stuff (witness Paul Krassner's article in the Dec. issue), just thematic interests. I'll consider material on all sides of subjects of interest to singles, but CH is primarily about relating and, for example, material about religion or politics would not be of interest unless there were a strong tie-in to relating.

"Finally, we all determine what's important in accordance with our individual value systems. Wit may be what you find central, compassion what I find central, but I try not to judge others by my standards. I often fail in this attempt, and then have to write letters like this one to communicate why I respond the way I do." Go, John! "Try not to judge others"—that hit her where she lived! O'course, Elayne got all up in arms and babbled something to me about "Strong tie-in to relating? Subjects of interest to singles? Don't singles believe in wit and humor, or are they all only 'hunting'? Isn't saying 'wit is more important than love' enough of a 'tie-in' to relationships? The whole concept of 'relating' is blocked by bullshit, games, no humor, too much seriousness..." Then again, Elayne doesn't play games, and the only thing her honesty and humor has gotten her is hard up. I made her write John an apology. I think Paul Krassner's a genius. And at this point, Elayne is rewriting her article, no doubt to include the word "relating/relationship" in every other sentence.



WHIZITS

by Elayne



SIGNIFICANT DATES IN SPACE HISTORY

#2 - MERCURY-REDSTONE ONE

by Harry J.N. Andruschak

When Space fans and Rocketeers get together, and the drinks start flowing, the talk will inevitably return to "The Good Old Days", which is usually before 1961. Until then the science and technology of rocketry were still being learned the hard way, and launch pads explosions and other mishaps were the order of the day.

Probably the most fun of these was MR-1, intended to be the first test of the Manned Mercury capsule and its launch rocket called the Redstone. Actually, this first test was unmanned. Safety. Also to test for safety, the "Escape Tower" was to be deliberately ignited at the time of maximum stress...to see if the system would work to save an astronaut's life.

21 November, 1960. All the World's Press and TV networks gathered to see the test. Cameras started grinding away as the countdown proceeded. There was tension in the blockhouse, but no real worry. Redstone was a reliable rocket, designed by Werner von Braun himself. The Escape Tower had been tested on previous missions with "Little Joe" rockets.

What followed was an utter triumph of Murphy's Law.

Ignition!!! Liftoff!!! Slow at first, then.....engine cutoff????

About six inches off the launch pad the engine shut down, and the rocket fell back on the pad with a crunch, wobbled, stabilized. Any other rocket would have blown up at this point. The Vanguard "Launch Vehicle" did, and so did the Air Force's "Booster" called ATLAS. But Redstone was a battlefield missile, well built to the point that other rocketeers sneered at it as "Boilerplate". So it didn't explode. Soon, some of the staff wished it had.

At the same time of engine cutoff, the Escape Tower roared into action. After all, an engine abort could kill an astronaut if the rocket exploded. Only trouble was.... the capsule was left firmly behind on top of the rocket. The tower landed 400 yards from the pad.

The cameras of the world press had over three seconds to savour this fiasco when it got worse. Out came the drogue parachute, followed by the two main parachutes. They fluttered alongside the body of the rocket and just lay there.

It later turned out the engine cutoff, the launch of the escape tower, and the deployment of the parachutes, had all come from the fact that the rocket had somehow got a signal for end of Normal Flight Sequence, which should have occurred high above the Atlantic Ocean.

Want to know what the trouble was? Mercury-Redstone took off too slowly. There was this plug in the tail of the booster that got pulled out as the rocket took off. With Redstone, and its derivatives the Jupiter A and Jupiter C and Juno I, there was no problem.

But the Mercury Redstone was larder, heavier, and ascended more slowly; at least 21 milliseconds elapsed between the time one prong came out and the second came out. This closed a relay for end launch sequence.

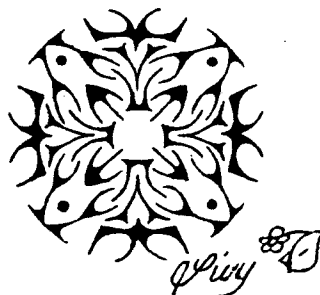
After that, of course, the plug was lengthened, and never again did this problem occur. Minor changes to the capsule's programming were also made. On 5 May 1961, FREEDOM 7 carried the first US astronaut into space. It was the marvel of its day.

20 years later, you can fit a Redstone Rocket into the cargo bay of the space shuttle orbiter. Redstone generated less than 1% of what the Orbiter generates at liftoff.

HEY KIDS!!!

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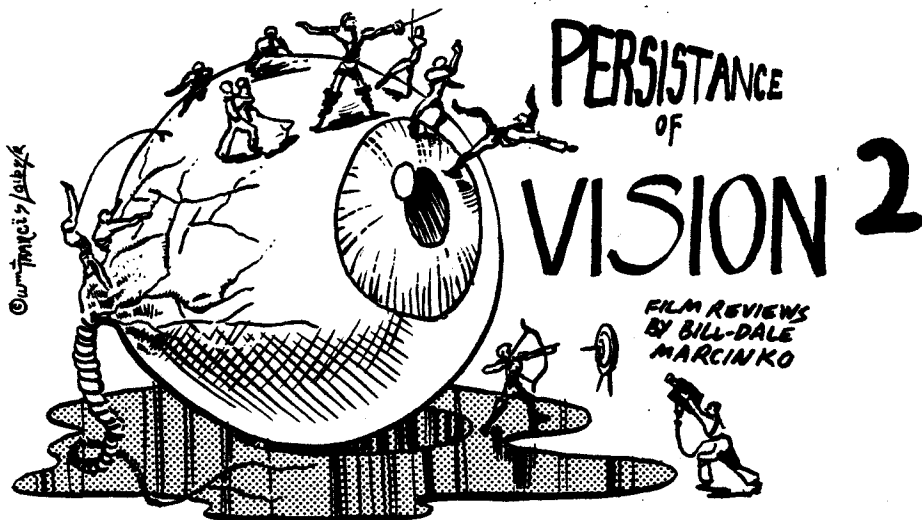
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First, many thanks for the logo above to Bill Loeb, Jr., and thanks to all of you who have ordered stuff from SELL OUT #3. There's still a lot of stuff left, and a long way to go before I have enough money to print AFTA #4. A copy of the list (16 pages for \$1.00 reg.) is free to any IJ reader who asks for it. This is the second installment of my column for Elayne Wechsler's INSIDE JOKE, and as always I welcome your comments, insults, questions, fanzines for review, and rambling letters at 153 George Street, #1, New Brunswick, NJ 08901. Let's get on with it:

This column I also begin a new categorization of my recommendations, one which I may tire of and throw out in a time. The first section is called WINNERS, and those I recommend highly you going out and see, if you have to hunt them down 100 miles away and pay \$4.50 or \$5.00 for them. The WORTH ITS should be only viewed if you can get a matinee at \$1.50 or \$2.00 (General Cinema before 6, AMC at the "twilight" hour, Leews before 2:30 pm) or get someone to pay your ticket. If you really like something about the film (like you MUST see Belushi and Ackroyd no matter what they are in), by all means go. But don't complain to me. The WASH-OUTS are utter and complete failures, and should be avoided with the same conscientiousness one has, say with the Red Death. In certain select cases (this month, HEARTBEEPS is worthy of it) the theatres should be firebombed and offensive letters written to appropriate distributors.

FIRST THE WINNERS

RAGTIME (Paramount Pictures) directed by Milos Forman.

One of the best pictures of the year and probably one of the best American films on racism in a long time. Michael Weller adapted the script from E.L. Doctorow's novel of the same name, and wisely focused not on Houdini or Lindbergh, but Coalhouse Walker, Jr. (stunningly played by Howard E. Rollins) and his conversion from quiet, loving father to political terrorist. Forman's touch as a director is so light, generous and fluid that you almost don't notice the vicious racism of the fire chief (Kenneth McMillan). This dirty undercurrent plays against the less-successful subplots and Forman's roving camera dipping and weaving through the streets of turn of the century New York and beaches of Atlantic City. Working perfectly with this sensibility is the musical score by Randy Newman, whose career has been made by making sweet, lulling songs with vicious, sarcastic lyrics. (A note for collectors and fanatics: The soundtrack album includes a number of cuts not used for the film, including a vocal by Randy Newman. It is heartily recommended, and holds up incredibly well as a separate music-experience. It's on Elektra Records) James Cagney makes a brief appearance as Rhineland Waldo (great name) and delivers the best line of the film: "Some people tell me you're slime." If only the cast of say, GHOST STORY (see below) could act with the same gusto and power Cagney does in his old age, perhaps the ageist movie industry would feature older actors in prominent roles. An end note: see if the racist Hollywood community even nominates Howard E. Rollins for an Oscar for his performance. He deserves to win.

TAPS (20th Century Fox) directed by Harold Becker.

Although many people have complained about the lack of realism in this film (why aren't there any adults at the academy when the kids take over? is it true to life that cadets could actually mobilize the grounds for as long as they do here?) it didn't bother me. TAPS is a forceful and powerful film with steam-roller

aggressive performance by Scott and steam-roller sensitive one by Timothy Hutton (who, on the strength of this role, is forgiven by this critic for his participation in the sickening WASP/Jew comedy ORDINARY PEOPLE) which obliterates the plot difficulties by its dogged (but sensitive) exploration of the military mind set. Like Walter Hill's SOUTHERN COMFORT, this film explores the mentality which made possible Vietnam and (unlike SOUTHERN) the Reagan Military Heroism which still has a grip on this country. Super on all counts.

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN (United Artists) directed by Herbert Ross

You have to applaud Ross and UA and Steve Martin for making a movie like this (and releasing it at Christmas so the teen crowd, wanting to see another Steve Martin/JERK comedy, will flock to it and be totally turned off. I watched with glee as 9-- count 'em-- 9 teens walked out of PENNIES FROM HEAVEN during my not so crowded matinee showing because the film "wasn't funny") It is totally unlike any film you've ever seen, and on concept (if not execution) the most challenging and avant-garde film the majors have released this year.

Normally I don't like Bernadette Peters (who turned in a terrific performance here) and Steve Martin (who turns in a better than I thought but still not perfect performance. Martin's personality prevents him from ever being taken TRULY seriously. He always seems like he's making fun of his character even when he's supposed to be sympathetic), but they work in this beautifully photographed and designed tableau... The story and gimmick (from the Dennis Potter BBC series) is that Martin as a mean, bitter and thoroughly unlikable bum begins to believe the upbeat Depression-Era songs about love and success, and that the movie cuts back and forth between the grimy Depression story (straight dramatic) and Martin and others lip syncing standard 30's tunes in ritzy fantasy production numbers (the feel here is somewhat surreal and odd--Ross does not direct these segments as parody, which would have been the easy out) As Martin, Bernadette Peters and others (most

notably Chris Walken as Tom, who turns in the most memorable performance -- and dance number -- of the film) slip into musical numbers and then back to the Depression drama, the effect is not either gimmicky or dull (as the Dorks From Chicago suggest in their review on the PBS comedy series SNEAK PREVIEWS) but increasingly more effective, and ultimately more depressing. The film is unbearably down from the first five minutes and gets worse and worse as it goes on. Terrific, of course.

WORTH IT

BUDDY BUDDY (United Artists Pictures) directed by Billy Wilder

If you focus on the quiet, exquisite timing of Billy Wilder or the professional and fantastic performances by Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon (certainly one of my favorite comedy pairs) you may not notice

that the script is incredibly dated (who makes jokes about hippies and sex clinics anymore?) and not all that funny, and that the ending is absolutely unsatisfying and dumb. What you can admire: the total professionalism and craft of everyone involved (including Paula Prentiss and Klaus Kinski) struggling valiantly with inferior material. What is also fun: Wilder's attempt to successfully wring out humor from the most tragic of subjects: Lemmon plays a suicidal husband jilted by his wife (Prentiss) who has taken up with the head of a sex clinic (Kinski) who interferes with hit man Matthau's assassination attempts. It's actually fun watching Matthau (all growl and harumph) trying to kill and Lemmon (all nerves and violent shifts from optimism to despair) trying to commit suicide-- It's so obvious they love working with each other so much, this film isn't half bad.

NEIGHBORS (Columbia Pictures)

directed by John Avildsen

The associations we take with us into the theatre Re: John Belushi and Dan Ackroyd help this film move forward, but also ultimately stifle it. You get the feeling this is an extended sketch on Saturday Night Live-- the translation of Thomas Berger's novel to the screen misses so much of the subtleties in Berger's novel (which is heartily recommended, on Dell Books, paper). The film is not conventionally funny and raucous in the way you'd expect a Belushi/Ackroyd film to be, which is a plus. Belushi turns in an incredibly restrained performance, avoiding the arrogance and egotism of his past attempts. The oddness of the film is really quite nice, with Ackroyd as Captain Vic terrorizing Belushi as a suburban relaxed Earl Keese. Nothing quite takes off, and nothing quite comes together (the ending is not quite as convincing and serious as it could have been), but individual bits are great. The best line, delivered by Ackroyd, accusing Belushi of taking the robe off of Cathy Moriarty (Capt. Vic's wife) as Belushi sinks further into quicksand, unaided by Ackroyd: "Did you take her robe off?" Belushi says, no. "Well, then did you psychically will it to fall?"

ROLLOVER (directed by Alan Pakula)

(Orion/Warner Brothers Pictures)

The third film by IPC (Indochina Pictures Corp), the Jane Fonda/Bruce Gilbert outfit responsible for socially meaningful-but still entertaining pictures (CHINA SYNDROME and 9 to 5) did this. They recruited Mr. Conspiracy film director Alan Pakula (PARALLAX VIEW, THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR). But what went wrong? The film is suspenseful in parts, genuinely frightening in others, and Hume Cronyn is deliciously evil, but overall it is somewhat confusing and silly. The complicated plot of monetary disaster was over the head of Pakula-- He never explains it with the clarity he should have. Dear Kris Kristofferson looked liked she should be riding horses back on Cimino's HEAVEN'S GATE and was in no way convincing as a Wall Street type. Fonda looks great in her expensive evening gowns, and Pakula creates a few effective scenes with

good camera movement and editing, but overall something doesn't click. The ending (it's doomsday but we can use our love to begin again) is dumb because Fonda & Kristofferson never seem to particularly like each other during the film.

GHOST STORY (directed by John Irvin) (Universal Pictures)

Irvin should have done better, considering he directed a film as exciting as DOGS OF WAR, but in the end, this film is never as coherent, frightening, or together as it should have been. Craig Wasson (also in FOUR FRIENDS) is terrific, but he can't hold together what is a very conventional story, told in an obvious and undistinguished manner. The film is marred by the presence of (in order of tedium and annoyance) John Houseman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Melvyn Douglas (what a way to go), and Fred Astaire, all of whom look so old and tired, the ghost (played with marvelous grace and eroticism by Alice Krige) looks like she has more life than they do, even in her green, dripping, decomposed moments. The one absolutely surreal and frightening make-up effect (see the latest issue of CINEFANTASTIQUE for photos) was cut from the film-- It has Alice Krige with no eyes or nose (just a smooth flesh covering) and gaping hole for a mouth. Shame, shame. By the way, anyone out there interested in fantasy films, should subscribe to the incredible magazine, CINEFANTASTIQUE (Fred Clarke, Ed, PO Box 270, Oak Park, IL 60303, 4 quarterly issues for \$14.00) the best magazine of its kind.

WASH OUTS

SHARKEY'S MACHINE (Orion/Warner Brothers Pictures) directed by Burt Reynolds

If you've been reading the papers or watch tv, you've seen how Burt Reynolds has been complaining that he's not taken seriously as a film director (Scorsese and DePalma use violence and its art, me and Clint Eastwood do and its exploitativists the way the song goes) Well, sorry, Burt, this little dimwitted thing won't help your reputation any. Reynolds does try to do something no one has ever tried before, which is to direct the scenes in either (1) gory, grotesque violence, with victims twitching endlessly before they expire and bloody wounds exposed and lovingly dwelled on by the camera (2) mocking, clever and sardonic parody. The problem with this is that sometimes scenes have both, and you just want to leave the theatre, confused as to what the point of this movie is supposed to be to begin with.

MODERN PROBLEMS (Twentieth Century Fox) directed by Ken Shapiro

I had high hopes for this one. Shapiro wrote and directed the still very funny GROOVE TUBE, which paved the way for things like SNL and AIRPLANE (and the KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE by the Abrahams bros) Unfortunately, this will put Shapiro back into whatever limbo he's been in for the last 10 years once again. Not only are all of the

jokes not at all funny, Chevy Chase becomes so vicious and mean about 2/3 through the film he kills any sympathy you may have had for him by mercilessly torturing (with his psychokinetic powers) all of the actors who turn in better performances than he does. Patti D'Urbanville looks like she'd love to leave the set, and Dabney Coleman (an incredibly underrated actor) shocks everyone by turning in an excellent performance as a hip psychologist. His minutes on the screen makes Chase's humorless violence almost bearable. A story that was told on the set of this picture: As the film will attest, Chevy Chase put on weight and lost hair. The crew used to tease him and call him "Chubby" Chase. Does that explain why this movie is not funny? Who knows? A special I-Must-Have-Gone-Out-For-Popcorn-and-Missed-A-Reel Award goes to the air controller subplot. In advertising, press releases and the like, Chevy is identified as an air controller, but in the film at most 5 minutes are devoted to the subject, and those not too successfully, either.

HEARTBEEPS (Universal Pictures)

directed by Allan Arkush.

Arkush was promising in his debut film with the Ramones ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL (although much of that could have been better) but seals his crypt forever with this clinker. It is the most excruciating LET ME OUT OF THIS DAMN THEATRE experience I've had in many years. I think it's supposed to be comedy. I saw this at a matinee show with mostly under-12 year old children, and my feelings are summarized perfectly by a 7 year old who left the theatre remarking "That was the pits" By the way, none of the kids in the theatre laughed, not even once.

The story is about robots (Andy Kaufman & Bernadette Peters) who fall in love. The make-up is neat and fun to watch for about 5 minutes (you'd be better off looking at the stills in CINEFANTASTIQUE though), but everything else about this film is extraordinarily trying. The plot has the robots falling in love, running away, and being pursued by police. Most of the discussion centers around the fact that their batteries are running low. Someone tell the people who made this film that the batteries were dead from the start. The only saving grace in the whole experience is that some smart executive, feasting his eyes on the bomb in front of him, cut about a reel out of this -- Meritfully, the film is one of the shortest in modern filmmaking and comes in at less than 75 minutes. Hooray!!

NEXT TIME: Reviews of ON BOLDEN POND, ABSENCE OF MALICE, WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?, FOUR FRIENDS, and possibly Coppola's ONE FROM THE HEART (which has a preview this week at Radio City Music Hall in NYC)

Recommended: At the Thalia in New York City, must sees: Feb. 2 a double feature of The Magic Christian (written by Terry Southern and starring John Cleese and Graham Chapman) 3:10, 6:40, 10:10, and the premiere of the only Goons film

ever made from 1952 Stand Easy at 5:00, 8:30. Also, a double feature by the classic Edward Wood Jr.: PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE (5, 8) and BRIDE OF THE MONSTER (3:10, 6:40, 10:10) on February 18. I'm taking a whole class-trip sized bunch of people with me on that Thursday night for the Wood Fest-- and I recommend these films highly to anyone interested in the classic badfilm-- Wood is the best!!

ASSORTED RECOMMENDATIONS:

(on pay cable tv): Marshall Brickman's very funny SIMON, John Huston's super WISE BLOOD, Tobe Hooper's theatrical version (with violence put back in that wasn't on tv) of SALEMS LOT, much better in its 2-hour form, the oh so radiant Ellen Burstyn RESURRECTION film, one the best films of the decade (buried by Universal, who releases films like HEARTBEATS but can't even give a warm, beautiful film like this a chance), and the classic David Cronenberg fest SCANNERS, one of the finest horror films ever. You may also catch the Smothers Brothers (in top form) hosting the Young Comedians special 6 on HBO. The comics are mostly standard stuff, but it's amusing. The best is Howie Mandel, a Robin-Williams-like bizarro that ends the program. If you have USA Network (a sports channel mostly) watch it on Thu/Fri/Sat late nights for the finest musical videos, interviews (a recent magazine show called NIGHT FLIGHT featured an interview with Bill Griffith/the creator of Zippy, and an actual appearance by Zippy), sensitive coverage of ska/reggae and black films and performers, and very strange stuff like "New Wave Theatre" hosted by a moron effeminate type named Peter Ivers who is so annoying he gives Richard Simmons a good run for his money and classic bad tv shows/movie serials like "Sky King" (my so far favorite). You have to stay up till 5:00 or 6:00 in the morning to see the strange stuff, but it's well worth an afternoon nap on Fri or Sat afternoon. HBO has something called Video Jukebox a half hour program of rock videos. The debut featured fantastic vids by the Go-Gos, J. Geils Band, Chas Jankel and Olivia Newton-John, and downers by The Police (someone force them to stop making bad videos) Ringo Starr, Meatloaf (with Cher! How embarrassing) and Eddie Rabbitt. They should show David Bowie's stuff-- he still makes the best promo videos in the industry today. Must watch: CREATIVITY with Bill Moyers. Sensitive, intelligent journalism by the most compassionate and truly empathic host around, Moyers. The debut featured a heartbreaking interview with black poet Maya Angelou, and 13 episodes are planned. (It's shown Fridays at 9:00 on NYC's Channel 13. Check listings) TO THE MANOR BORN, a veddy British offering with the fantastic Penelope Keith (Sundays at 10:30, ch. 13) HILL STREET BLUES, and of course SCTV's NETWORK 90 (the last original episode of the year, a Christmas special, featured an on-target too good to be true satire of Neil Simon with the NUTCRACKER SUITE. Andrea Martin's Marsha Mason, Eugene Levy's Judd

Hirsch (in ORDINARY PEOPLE sweater), Rick Moranis' state of the art Richard Dreyfuss, and John Candy's James Coco. It was brutal and incredibly beautiful. Also, that show had a super John Candy's DIVINE (on a Dusty Towne special), the hysterical MacKenzie (who now have an album, GREAT WHITE NORTH, which I'll review next time) discussing Bear Nog, Moranis' (the best and brightest of the SCTV bunch whose mere presence has lifted this show to classic status) Jerry Todd, the video freak, and at last-- a crane shot!! Surreal, intelligent, absolutely uncompromising comedy which looks like its done not for a stupid "hip" audience (ala FRIDAYS) but for the other performers and writers. If you want to see what it's like for a cast to work TOGETHER (unlike Doumanian's SNL) this is also the show. Not to be overlooked, though: SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE, only for the presence of writer Michael O'Donahue, who has brought back the danger SNL once had. O'Donahue was always the shows best writer (if the show symbolized irreverence) and he's back. Thank god for a non-obligatory/racist black comedian in the presence of Eddie Murphy, too. Once again, O'Donahue is having his sketches censored (the Fred Silverman Bunker sketch) and perhaps another MR. MIKE MONDO VIDEO is in store (I hope). Also watch for one of the funniest people alive, David Letterman, sardonic mocking wit and all, to take over the Tom Snyder/TOMORROW slot after Johnny Carson on NBC. If his new show is half as incisive and terrific as his 10:00 am morning shot about a year ago, my social life will cease at 12:30 EST for the duration of his run. (Review next time in this column) The show premieres February 2.

AND NOW, THE LONG-AWAITED "PLEASE MISTAH, MAKE HIM STOP" tv section:

For the performers responsible for the most hideously unbearable video moments known to man:

- (1) Mickey Rooney in the retard drama BILL. Bound to set back the cause of the mentally retarded even further, his comical stuttering and stammering could not be nullified by the ever-sexy Dennis Quaid in this painfully sensitive tv "drama"
- (2) The entire audience of FRIDAYS. Are they on drugs? Is someone threatening them? Why do they whoop and holler and whistle mindlessly at material which is not funny. They can only perpetuate the myth that people in California don't know what's funny and wander around in a quaalude/speed haze a good deal of the time.
- (3) Tony Randall on LOVE, SIDNEY. Although you'd never know Sid was gay by watching... May be the most anti-gay show ever made. Instead of a "touching" performance Randall mopes his way through a sour and depressing show which can turn any happy young faggot away from homosexuality for life.
- (4) Rona Barrett (for everything)
- (5) Rex Reed (ditto)
- (6) The entire "news"-staff of ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT. Their grating and cloying enthusiasm for the inane

gossip they report is only matched by having them sit behind desks pretending to be real journalists and serve this PEOPLE pabulum out a half hour daily.

(7) Tony Rosato, who should be prevented from his insulting Italian characters on the New Saturday Night Live. Is this the only type of character he can play? Is this why he was booted off the SCTV show after only a few months? Most likely.

(8) Right wing cop shows. (STRIKE FORCE, TODAYS FBI, et al)

(9) James Coburn. Someone tell this host of DARKROOM that it would be nice if someone gave him a personality to serve up the proficient but derivative dramas weekly.

(10) Nancy Reagan (in general) whose facial shape looks like the bony skull at Death's Door.

(11) The "comedy" links on LIVE AT THE IMPROV syndie entry.

(12) Andy Rooney (see "Nate-atorial" below), whose whining, chalk-on-the-blackboard-squeak voice is only topped by the pointless triviality of his "comic" commentaries on 60 MIN. Why doesn't Morely Safer do a segment on how Rooney was allowed to appear on an otherwise worthwhile show? Someone must be being bribed or blackmailed.

(13) Richard Simmons. Best for last, as they say. His mincing, effeminate demeanor is an insult and deterrent to even the most die-hard homosexual. His blend of utterly bad health advice, banal pop psychology, and lawsuit provoking misuse of pop songs (usually Elton John, a Simmons hero) is impossible to handle at 9:00 am EST (NY Ch. 7) -- His "comedy" sketches push the limits of human tolerance. Not for the faint at heart...

"A NATE-ATORIAL"

I was told by editor Wechsler that a certain columnist has devoted his space this month in attacking someone (I won't mention his name) who referred to the predictable blandness and Andy Rooney-ness of his columns in a LETTER TO THE EDITOR. This is certainly an improvement over the trivial ISSUES OF OUR TIME said writer has usually tackled, but it can not go without "comment:"

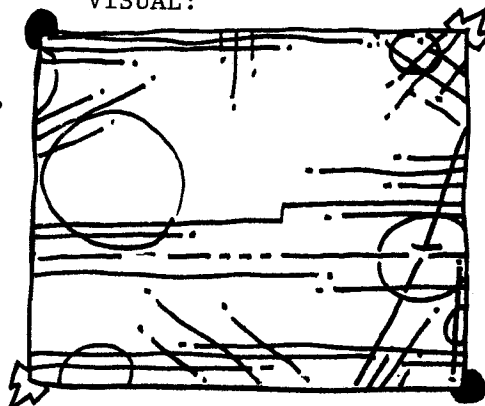
(to be read in your best Andy Rooney voice, readers):

Hiya, boys and girls. You know what bugs me? What bugs me even more than the penny in my loafers (what is it doing there?) or flip top soda cans that you have to bend back (I always break them up and can't open my Pepsi) It's people who write columns in magazines attacking people who write comments about people who write bland editorials about obvious things I wish people would just write about nice things and not make fun of other people, ok? Gosh, people like that really make me mad. Even madder than tall buildings with elevators and the way ketchup bottles are made so that the ketchup doesn't come up no matter how much you hit it and just when you think it's hopeless it comes out all at once in a big glob and ruins your hot dog.

AUDIO:

Martha & The Muffins/
"THIS IS THE ICE AGE"
This music is all wet,
so it must be the ice
age. Cool production,
disaffected vocals.
Prime is "Swimming,"
but I like "Women
Around The World At
Work" too. For the
most part, tired
trendy art-faggot
filler.

VISUAL:



AUDIO:

Dead Kennedys/
"IN GOD WE TRUST"
This is incredible.
My favorite release
yet from one of my
favorite bands. T
RUTH so savage an
animal her teeth
clenched grind
Soundtrack for
Anti-Industrial
Martyrs

VISUAL:



AUDIO:

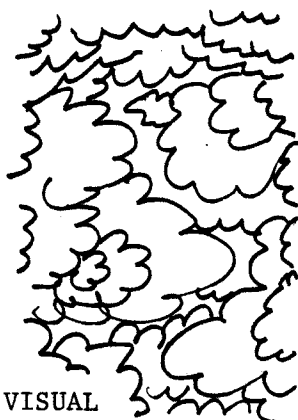
Romeo Void/
"NEVER SAY NEVER"
Never say follow-up.
Songs are overproduced
to the point of killing
the atmosphere created
by the moody lyrics.
Drop Ocasek. This is
an ep, if you care.

:TVNSIA

AUDIO:

The BLASTERS-
Good American Music. Roots. Good
energy. Only one cut really moves
me though: "I'm Shakin'", really
a hot number unequalled on the
rest of the lp. More sax!

VISUAL



SEATTLE SYNDROME Compilation: X-15/"Vaporized"- excellent lead vocals, dumb production, tense pop..The Pudz/"Take Me To Your Leader"- good sarcastic lyrics, nice satire, but dull listening..Student Nurse/"Discover Your Feet"- what a stupid statement, the energy crisis, they really believed we had one, that it just wasn't another corporate game, which it was, too clean of a melody..The Beakers/"4 Steps Toward A Cultural Revolution"- this is forgettable, all ways around..Jim Basnight/"We'll Always Be In Love"- as sappy as it sounds, throwaway pop..The Fastbacks/"Someone Else's Room"- how old are they? If they aren't teens, they should be ashamed..The Refuzors/"White Power"- Some Indecipherable Reactionary Statement Played Lamely..The Fartz/"Campain Speech"- this is much better, good stuff, forty-some seconds of blistering energy..The 88s/"Party 88"- I can dig it, I can dig it, but I can also bury it, Sensory Overload, Rockats Stray Cats I don't like cats..SIDE 2..Blackouts/"Young Man"- Makes me wonder how they ever got the rep they hold here in the Northwest. Trendy dubbing, yawn bass plucks, no thrill yawn no chill..The Macs/"I'm 37"- Humorous, Nice, Dissonant, Okay Pop..Philipo Scrooge/"Love Is A Tractor"- my sentiments exactly you bet run that by me again no wonder I didn't remember it..Savant/"Stationary Dance"- 'It's got a good beat, duh, you can dance to it, I'll give it an 86"..Body Falling Downstairs/"The Politics Of Ecstasy"- Funny, keyboards, vocal arrangements, filler..K7SS/"21.252"- hope I got that right, can't remember numbers (nor this song)

XEX:Group- You New Jersey people should be familiar with this. Not worth your time really, but at least know what's going on in your own state, for the sake of the Antivirgin. Say, those are pretty good lyrics. Feh on synthi.

CRACKS IN THE SIDEWALK ep- Black Flag, Minutemen, Saccharine Trust, on New Alliance. Do I really have to say anything about it? You'll know if you'll want it.

DOW JONES & THE INDUSTRIALS- Three tracks, many boring minutes.

exercises in fiction

(1,2)

WE DON'T CARE ANY MORE. Well, you don't. I care. But how much good can that do, when the rest of the country goes ahead and ignores both the meaning and the memory of great events that have made us what we are.

Two years ago there passed, without a ripple of recognition from the population at large, the fifteenth anniversary of the Age of Zip Codes. Was this really the only effort to celebrate July 1, 1976, as the critical anniversary of America's new, improved, stupider mail service? Or were there others who felt the significance of this date, aware as I did to commemorate it, only to be confounded by the masses who...who just didn't care!

I don't know. America may never know. I only know my own story.

AFTER A FEW THOUGHTS, back in 1977, I dropped everything to begin work on a modest pageant that would show my own community how the mails moved the country and zip codes moved the mails. By May of 1978 I had gathered 41 pounds of statistics. I took them to our local postmaster for help and guidance in securing federal permits from the appropriate Congressional, Judicial and Cabinet committees. Unfortunately the postmaster was away on a junket with our local Congressman.

Very well, then, I would do the next best thing. I would compile a volume of testimonials from all segments of American society, showing how zip codes enriched our lives. First I contacted a number of running postal officials. Most of them didn't reply to my letters. Those who did had no comment.

Next I turned to mail users: great corporations, small businesses, private citizens, writers who sent and received many manuscripts. There were some unimpressive replies, as you might expect when one surveys a vast audience. But the overwhelming majority answered that the improvements in our mail service had come about so smoothly that hardly anyone knew they were there.

And then, to make the benefits of our present-day service even more manifest, I struck upon the brilliant scheme of viewing those benefits through the perspective of history. Let the past speak, so we may know the future! Charged with enthusiasm (and to be honest, not altogether discouraged at the prospect of a few days among forested mountains and sparkling streams), I charged off for the village of Allenswood in north-central Pennsylvania to visit the United States Reformed Postal Workers' Facility.

TWO MEN WERE SITTING in the reading room when I entered the U.S.R.P.W.F. One of them sort of blended in with the pillows of an overstuffed easy chair. The other was juggling beer from a brown-bagged bottle. From flooded the twin spears of his wastebach. His face and neck were swathed, and his eyes glinted in the shade of a sweat-soaked station. I was about to walk into the room and introduce myself, but just then he reached for a fresh quart of beer and his eye fell on the man in the overstuffed chair. "Ray, that, partner, when'd you come Joplin' into this here corner!"

"Do you mean to ask: 'When did I arrive?'"

"That's what I ask, partner."

"I arrived this morning, at 9:39 a.m."

"Welcome to the Tee Dee Post Office Reelin' an' Reapportionation Room."

"Postal Service?"

"Now's that! You're named 'Postal Service!'"

"No, no, no. I was correcting you. You said 'Post Office.' The United States Postal Service is the name of the new, quasi-public agency that has superseded the obsolete and inefficient Post Office Department."

"Help, anyhow, what's your wonder?"

"Do you mean my name? I am Mr. Caper N. Zip."

"Good 'c' how ya. Call me Ace. I'm the last o' the Pony Express riders. Carried the fast-mail eighteen months, before Joe to Sacramento, an' then the telegraph line come th' n' an' run us outta business. Made me the postmaster o' Wyoming after that, they did, an' retained me at an even honor. I'm one-hundred-thirty-six now, an' his still fit into my first pair o' Levi's. Hear tell they retain 'em now at sixty-five.... that how old you are, partner?"

"I shall be thirty-seven on August twenty-sixth."

"The hall! Why, whatever's the wrong with you?"

"Wrong? Who said there was anything wrong? Why should anything be wrong? Nothing is wrong! I retired after my fifteen years of service were up. As is my right. Bo-

"Postal! wrong! Well, you look like somebody's cat dragged in. An' whatever's all this about retrain' after fifteen years anyhow?"

"That....is just one of the improvements that the Postal Service initiated when it took over from the obsolete and inefficient Post Office Department. Modern human ecology, you must understand, is far too enlightened to require a person to slave away the best years of his or her middle age."

"That's a middle age?"

"Middle age is....middle age! Every citizen has a constitutional right to it."

"Best years o' my life, lookin' back, was the ones in the middle, getting the fast-mail th' n' u. Talk about half-fur-leather ridin'.... Le-ryin' an' le-ryin'! Sam blazin' down on you, wild blazin' inter your face, Reddies whoplin' after...."

"And speaking of enlightened improvements, just compare our modern program of be-

neath with the old days. We get two months paid vacation a year, twenty paid holidays,

thirty sick-days, free medical and dental care, free prescriptions, eyeglasses, hearing

aids, crutches, seven years college tuition for all dependents, government-paid funerals

plus stress-free for distant relatives.... Did I tell you that the Postal Service paid to

fly my third-cousin-twice-removed to my maternal grandmother's viewing?"

Revealed

"...takin' a bull continent by the scruff an' shakin' the messiness clean outen it. Callin' 'crest country great as God, drinkin' an' pokerfagin' in them beehiveable stin' camps, ranch gals hangin' out by the relay corral...."

"But the greatest of all the improvements is certain to be the new, ultra-digital zip-code system. Why, the five-digit system allows alternate billions of hours of tedious reading on the part of Postal Service personnel. No more playing through all those obsolete city and state names, you see. With the nine-digit system we can do away with any with personal names! No more confusing Mr. Hill with Mr. Ball. No more floundering through all those delta-lambda-psi-omega's and Zjserwinski's. All the Postal Service portion of the future will have to know is the correspondent's nine-digit zip-code and nine-digit social security number."

"...section my greatest run was — James think — yep, I'd say that was the best, that was I left Sam Joe with a special letter from President Lincoln to the Governor o' California. Sam inter a cyrillic halfway 'cross Nebraska as picked up the pony an' all an' blowed me three hundred mile up the plains. Reddies came hangin' after me in Wyoming country an' I had to fight 'em off with the one hand an' 'force'— had my nose with the other. He more in the Utah Rockies, fifty-foot cliffs they was, had to make snowshoes for the pony outter powderhorn branches. Got grabbed by a grizzly just this side o' Wisconsin, ewelich turned me over" way but loose afore I finally got my stringybolt on 'a. Bandoleros come down on me gittin' th' n' the Downer Pass, must o' been a hummer, but 'a, a hummer o' anything that ain't no bigger'n a must o' no trouble. Loved inter Sacramento lookin' like the wrath o' God, I did, an' the Governor said to me, he said, 'Son, you're a Man!'"

"Would you care to see my Certificate for Meritorious Picketing that I earned during the 1970 Postal Workers' strike?"

A girl came into the U.S.R.P.W.F. She looked lost. She looked about nineteen years old. She was wearing a bluish smock and her hips and breasts looked like they were trying to fight their way free.

"Excuse me....is there someone here who could sell me a Harry S. Truman commemo-

live stamp?"

Ace came leaping up out of his rocker.

"I think I need a couple behind of this couch."

They disappeared into the cushions of a huge sofa that was turned toward the western window. Mr. Zip wobbled to his feet as the sofa began to wobble, every, shrik, bellow out

that....

"I think.... Pardon me, I believe my phylax is working...."

IT DIDN'T SEEM QUITE THE MOMENT to interview Old Ace about all the mail service improvements he must have seen during the course of his long career. Mr. Zip, however, looked like a very cooperative subject for an interview. I decided to wait in the lobby for him to come back from the lavatory. But when I saw the facility's indoor to Cart Bear-

gamy Vehicle (P.I.C.V.) rushing in his direction with packages of plasm, I figured I might as well call it a day.

HAVE I MENTIONED EVER? Well I condensed an entire nation out-of-hand as unearring, unat-

tracted! Forgive me. Because, when I returned home from Allenswood, I saw that the United States Postal Service had indeed decided to commemorate the founding of the Age of Zip Codes. And, they'd found a way of doing it that allowed every citizen to become directly involved.

Now, every one of us can celebrate fifteen years of sloppy postal service....every time we use the new, improved fifteen cent stamp.

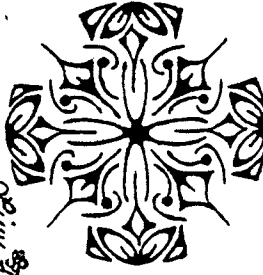
(Norman, whose first contribution this is to *IT*, does not use a zip code in his address.)

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of my

POSITIONS AVAILABLE: Prone or supine. To get on—or to get it on? To pay or to play? To get up or to get it up? To work or to shirk? Don't! downsize desire! There is no life after work. Workers Against Work, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

Good-Bye David Rappaport

by Susan Hilt

To write about it. To begin. It hurts. I hurt. I'm alone in a box, and I can't get up the sides. Even if I could, the lid is shut too tightly. Six days--that's all. I can't take it. I'll always keep count. The final words; "Congratulations", "Thanks for everything". I've gone through those last few sessions hundreds of times, obsessing as only I can over the exact tone, the subtle nuance. The words themselves lost with their repetition.

The idea, or a tangent of an idea, was that depression (loneliness) were, are, my Room 101. They are the snakes that wait under my bed at night. So I try not to reach for the telephone, the novel. I try to feel the separation, that quivering on the precipice, that vision of the void of death to come. And I fail. Because in the writing of this; the horror, and the inertia that belies that horror, dissipate and run out the end of this pen like blood from a shaving nick mixed with water from a shower head. But I try again, and I feel the fingers on my left hand playing with my hair on the back of my neck as the anxiety increases and the breathing grows shallow and foul. I strain my tear ducts. Nothing squeezes down. Maybe I'll never cry again. Something new to worry about. Thank God!

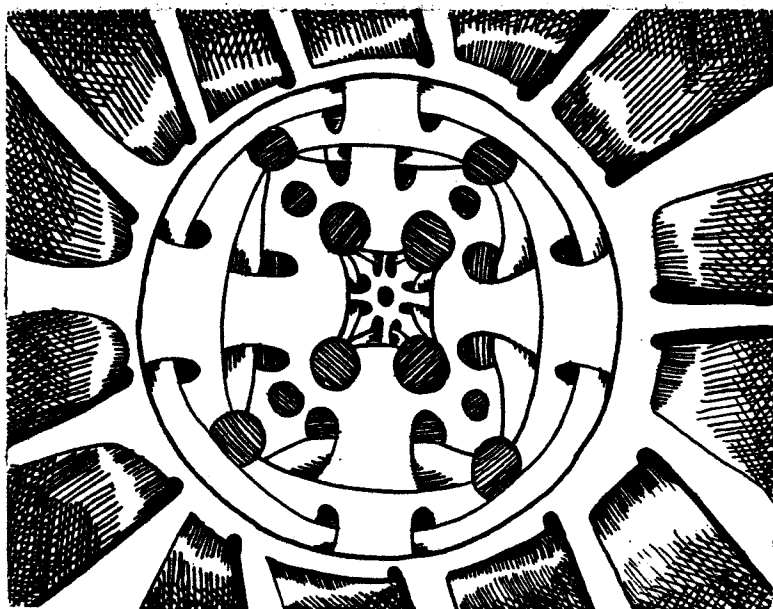
We talked about it. It made sense. I was to leave therapy in two months; and we would work step by step through termination, through my idea of pain, through someone else's idea of transference. He was to be the "good-byes" I could never say. I understood. A part of me escaped my mother's womb; a part of me still lies there. A twin, waiting to die or to live. I'm not sure it makes much difference now. I left a lover and he left me. The leaving hurt, I suffered nothing after. I examined myself waiting for the pain to begin. I held my breath as I do each month expecting a lump in my breast to sear my palms. Nothing happened. Nothing happens. Anyway, we talked, my other self and I. Nothing about this final phase frightened me more than the others had. I told him how I felt about him. I cried. I fantasized what life would be without him. After the last session, after the last word, after the first handshake; I rattled my sabre triumphantly. I had done it!

I was elated, but practical and informed. As agreed upon I met my friend for a celebration dinner, my prom, my coming out. She asked me how I felt. I paused to carefully phrase my words, to get in touch with my feelings. I did that well. I really did. I explained my sense of accomplishment, my temporary bouyancy, my knowledge that the other shoe would fall, that there would be moments--possibly many--of uncertainty, even of loneliness. But my power, my "whoness" were impenetrable. Six days ago I said these things. Six days to descend and climb the ladder.

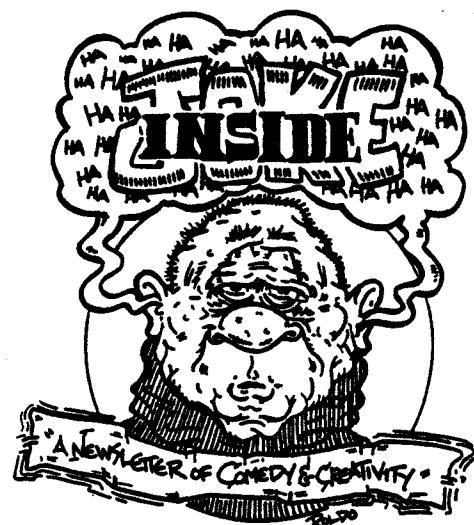
It subsides now. I am calm. I wait. It will come again.

The End

all rights c. 1981 Susan Hilt



depth 1 by Susan Hilt



SAYS YOU (Letters)

Dear Elaine,

In regards to my November *Exposé*, I must admit to all LJ readers (especially JILL) that I was wrong. Ok, I made a mistake, we all make them...although some of us hate admitting to them (especially me!). I realize that I:

1. had NO RIGHT in bringing such a matter up in a news-letter such as LJ of "comedy and creativity"
2. sounded somewhat crybabby and didn't handle it very well and
3. made Hitler's destruction crusade sound like someone had a small wart. Enough of that - the END - ok?

December's *INSIDE JOKE* was egalitarian! Now C.V.T.W.I.G.T. B.R.D. is an old standard which I'd read before and almost forgotten. Bought a laff or two to this run down soul of mine. Steven Scharff's column? Steven - where's your slack? All plugs and no column makes for dull reading more often than not (They also make Jack a dull boy). Pull it all together and let's see a really good column with plugs inserted? Ah!

Ah, Clay Geardes. I absolutely adore this person (who I only know from his writings). I found myself absorbed by the last column. Must be a personality thing, huh? (I really dunno)

Sue Rosner's kicking it out! Keep up those great lines, if they get stunned, they can't think of anything to say. When they don't have nothin' to say they usually leave you alone. Remember - when they dish out bull - don't take it - tell 'em you want steak. They won't know what to say!

"Bob" seems to be affecting (or is it effecting?) everyone these days. "Bob" sneaks into conversations, now even SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE - what next - Johnny Carson's monologue? (Ed: Not likely, however, SCTV fans will again note that for no apparent reason, one of the McKinnis brothers is named Bob.)

I agree with Bill-Dale on the Matoterial. Nate has charisma and a talent for writing. It's just that his subject matter leaves a lot to be desired. I believe that if he got a really "adult" subject, he'd do wonderfully! I, being young, know how hard it is when writing not to sound adolescent (Nate, you can pull it off, have faith in you). BUT you got my address wrong! I couldn't believe it! (Ed: AGAIN, so what's why I keep getting lost.) It's 825 Dewitt St., Linden, NJ 07036, not "385" (you twit!)

"Books I'd Wish I'd Written" seemed at first to be a disappointment. The very first thing I saw was those 3 capital letters N.O.W. and thought, "Oh no, not one of these." I read on, gleefully enough to discover not such a horror as I'd expected. It was a very, very well written review (I agree with Bill-Dale once again. Have this woman write at least 10 pages an issue!).

Chris' reviews, pleasantly enough, seemed more understandable. Lots of love, MARGARET KUCZYNSKI, LINDEN, NJ

Dear LJ:

That Nate Mishan sure is a card. He so great he's like that radio station that doesn't talk down to you. Nate's observations on Christmas were on target. His style is fresh like good sushi and great fun to read. Is Nate from Lubowitz in drag? Come on, feds up. It's great to read stuff from a guy who knows what he's talking about. I mean is in good taste. That Nate guy is worth every cent he's paid as a staff writer on LJ. OH, gotta run home and recharge my Walkman's batteries. Yours truly,

NATALIE MOSKOWITZ
LITCHFIELD VILLAGE
THIRLE, NY

Dear Elaine,

It is presumed from your editorial that you are no longer seeking entertainment through the venting of creative spite. I have reservations about your reform (as I have before, thus continuing a theme...). I question your motive in publishing Nate Mishan's rather revolting and obviously uncalled for insults. Since Nate himself concedes that you are in control of LJ and can "do what you want", I do not believe that you were compelled against your will to publish it. As you point out, we might very well be inclined to excuse Nate for his disgusting outburst, which purportedly was written under the influence of Demerol. This does not also provide you with an excuse for publishing it.

Perhaps you are hoping to elicit from me an amusing display of vicious insult in return, thus enlivening the pages of LJ with metaphorical bloodshed. Nate and I could do a performance of gladiators in the arena, verbally butchering each other for the amusement of the sadistic readers, not to mention the editor. Certainly you could not have imagined that Nate's comments were actually relevant in any way to my own previous letters, or addressed them in any meaningful way.

Nate may well be, as you assure me, a very charming person, but at present it seems to me that it would be entirely a waste of my time to bother disputing anything with him, since he is interested in endless insult rather than reasoned discussion.

Frankly I do not enjoy finding little surprises such as Nate's attack on me, in the fanzines I receive. Nate will, in any event, get his wish that I "lay off Elaine's editing" as I will have no further comments about *INSIDE JOKE* and no longer wish to receive it.

Since your accompanying note advises me that I express myself in such a way that I may be perceived as snobbish, I will admit to that fault, along with the fact that this letter itself will undoubtedly be susceptible to accusations of snobbishness, e.g., that I now believe that I am too good for *INSIDE JOKE*. This does not really concern me. If you wish to regard me as a snob, so be it.

I am still willing to receive mail from you other than *INSIDE JOKE* (although that may be a mistake, and if it is, will soon be corrected) but I suspect that without LJ as a topic of discussion we will have little to discuss. We shall see.

DAVID PALMER
HOLLYWOOD, CA

(Nate's comments were written by him, and were facetious. I have nothing to do with others' personal opinions, and will not censor them. Besides, nobody with a sense of humor and humility would even have noticed them. Once more, an insensitive soul is cut down in the prime of its intelligence by the inability to laugh at itself. I hate to be redundant, but "fuck them if they can't take a joke".)

GONZOSGRAM, THE FIRST, BLIP BLAP ST

Click

Okay, torn from my mailbox to feed these hungry eyes, shift sham drink, I find I search I devour this is the hour I read *INSIDE JOKE* THE FIFTH, the fifth is right cos this is a drop of alcohol on paper, a party of ink, the wine of print

Click Click

starting at the end of the issue (OF COURSE): Scharff that is very nice of you to wish us well and all that I find your columns charming and hope to see more of your drawings

Speaking of drawings, my piece in the issue in question is a parody of phallicism, in case you haven't noticed and if you had you've read this already anyway

Click Click Click

I did Billy Griffith or LAST GASP pay for that ad, huh? I want to know I want to know now I'm tired of this lulu-warm capitalist bullshit Elaine and if not curse you for wasting a whole friggin' page curse you verily

Harlan Wood?

PAPE: We used to grind the bones of Dyslexics into meal for our rabbits back in the old country, an older country than you proly think...nor do I own a thesaurus Ah! Jan, a flower in a flame, as it were

Click

This Rolde character will have to die. Now. "Imitation Lou Stathis"? Are you, by chance, referring to me? Lou Stathis is exactly the butt who stole from the punks, stiffened, which just about shows how much you know in the eye of the universe (Basic Research: A Piece of Dung Titled HEAVY METAL, which only warns of mutants) Slither back to your soiled slimehole, cuntwad, I've no use for amateurs on this bus

Baby

Sue Kaufmann is my idol. When I grow up and earn my flesh, I wanna be just like her

I love ouzo, David, and really think you should too. In fact, I've arranged to have your mouth operated on so we can get smashing drunk on the stuff when I see you in May. Beware, especially if I find a Doktor in time

Click Click

JILL ZIMMERMAN: I am much too opinionated, it will be your downfall, I sympathize I empathize I realize I...understand; the cross is trembling

Actually, I enjoyed what Elaine did to the people of CONTACT HIGH. But then again I helped Nero burn down Rome. It took more than a day, and more than one, to boot

Annet MAGGIE: Well, who the hell cares what Jill Zimmerman says, anyway? That's a stupid way to judge a piece of writing, whether or not someone "cares" about it. That's shit. That's lame. That's all-too-American English Major

Click Click Click

B-D, you're wrong and Elaine is right in terms of her report on England being "biting social irony". Of course, you've yet to catch my satire either. Just as well. It's all based upon who you want to write for. Preppie teachers are not my audience. I'm annoying huh? At least I'm not a fuckin' art-faggot

who endorses the institutions and preconceptions of teaching government to piss-off some for I entwine my blinds around your spine, and you'll have to cope with my rope, no hope no hope, you'll be dead before I'm fed from the flotsam so thick within your head

Click

More B-D: Oh, fuck off about comparing anyone to anyone else. Re: "Take a clue from Geardes or Zimmerman, or read Joan Di-dio or Jan Morris..." That's typical of teachers, always having to COMPARE some fucker to another. Christ the Bob. Nothing original. Nothing appreciated for what it is, or even recognized for what it wants to be. Just LCD non-communative pandering to the masses, masses, the Mad, a society of English Majors, I can't go on, break their skulls like egg shells Crack! Crack! Crack! the yokes like blood trickle but certainly nothing is lost nothing at all

What do I really want to say, O Wise One?

Click Click

Randy Fordyce has a point about layout but it would hit home if he were talking about Mediocretinous rags like ROLLING STONE or single's magazines but we're talking about *INSIDE JOKE* which doesn't have to pandar to those who won't understand it anyway

Click Click Click

Out of the loc's and into B-D's marvelous reviews: Which are just marvelous. Not just marvelous, marvelous. I want him to keep writing these reviews for LJ, and G hope he writes less for the Toccot. Reviews are his home. And when in home, don't write asshole letters to the editor about material not intended for preppie teachers, anyhow

Click

PAGE TWO OF GONZOSGRAM, THE FIRST NOW LONG CAN THIS GO ON

Actually, I thought REDS quite muddled and erratic in its continuity. A real bore, at times. But I agree that Keaton, Beatty, and Nicholson shine. And the premise is, of course, exciting. But by the end of three-and-a-half-hours, I was experiencing Terrenal Sensory Overload.

Say, am I allowed to talk about movies here in LJ? Or will someone put the Evil Eye upon me? Now, I can't take this media-spoken coherency, back to

Click Click

Margaret Kuczynski is God I have built a 30-foot replica of her in my back yard, twixt chemicals I pray to it every night I say RELEASE ME NOW O LORD MAGGIE RELEASE ME NOW FOR THE SUN WILL BE RISING SOON AND I MUST SLITHER

BACK INSIDE THE STORAGE SHED

Jesus those are shitty reviews by ST this issue. I'm so ashamed. They're almost...almost cohesive. ICK. DESTROY YOUR COPY OF LJ THE FIFTH NOW. I CURSE IT.

Click Click Click

Jill Zimmerman's a good writer. But the SECOND STAGE is pure bullshit; a compromise, LCD thinking, and Freudian to tally ignores pre-20th century feminist history. I can't blame her. Most feminists today don't know Jackshit about the history of feminism. In fact, most Socialist-feminists don't want it revealed that feminism spawned from individualism. And so on and so forth till it rots and decays and limps and sheds (Please Keep Writing!)

Click

(By the way, except for Rev. Doug's letter, I haven't been publishing people's addresses in the LOC (letter-of-comment) column, figured that kind stuff was personal and all. But several readers have expressed interest in writing to other readers, and writers of LOCs. This leaves me with three choices—either start a pen-pal section, which adolescent as it sounds can be handled properly, or print addresses with LOCs, or both. I will try the second option for the time being. When you write, let me know if you object to having your address printed. It's quite understandable. Although I must admit I'm a bit disappointed in the growing (well, ok, not growing that much) number of people who won't have their comments printed unless they tell me it's okay to use for printing, like marking it "LOC" or something. If the comments weren't about LJ or interesting to read or something in the first place, I wouldn't print them. It annoys me these these articulate, intelligent people have qualms about standing behind what they say. What gives?)

Rev. Sue; PRAISE BOB, PRAISE BOB, O COMRADE, PRAISE HIM TIL YOUR THROAT FALLS OUT. You have the Curse welcome welcome you are Saved Saved welcome you are caught in this whirlpool of psychobabble forever and now hold your pieces

Click Click

God's writing again on page 9 you'd best read brix the lines soak it in it is Trust

Sue Rosner too. WHAT A COMBINATION! Sensory Overload on this page. Rosner is very funny and very articulate and very honest and I admire her for all of it

By the way, I ask people what their sign is. But I'm talking about whether or not they have "666" tattooed in the right place. As yet, no luck. I'm still the only one

WHOZITS is magnificent and I'm waiting for Picasso to come up from the dirt and crown you Greatest Artist in This Dimension for you truly truly are yes you are oh yes

Click Click Click

Hello, Clay. Fancy meeting you here, mate. Keep it Up—I enjoy your contributions muchly. Nate is getting better and I admire him for that. He has talent.

I see Harry Anderson mentioned on page 6. Incredible performer. Is he not?

Scharff is her charming but also rather boring. Find more to talk about. Why don't you review some records? Say—would you like to do a debate column on a current release, with me? Anyone else want to get into the ring here? I love debate-reviews. This Little Brown Shiksa Person is well worth reading. S/he will keep writing for LJ, no?

NOW YOU CAN TELL...I've read this before someplace but my memory fails me literally don't you all know this by now hmw what hmw

So Andruschak is blithering on about the space program again. I guess that's his Place in This World. Quite alright. At least he's interesting.

Click

Best thing in this issue is your editorial. (CARL ERTZ KENNEDY, NJ)

Elayne—

We are SHAMMED in a HORRIBLE way but working on THE BOOK w/ a publisher now. CON report on the way w/ yr name in it. OOPS. Anyway...Thanks for all the support—tell Sue Kaufmann that "Bob" makes HABAPOPIZULOPS or "FNOP" in his pipe—a Tibetan herb grown by monks on other monks' graves. That is partly why he's smiling

"Bob's" birthday is EVERY DAY because he's had 365 past lives, each starting on different days. So it is our duty to PARTY for him EVERY DAY.

Rev. DOUGLAS ST. CLAIR SMITH
CHURCH OF THE SUB GENIUS
P.O.B. 140304, DALLAS, TX 75214

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USA

(TO THE TUNE OF "FARNER IN THE DELL") THE INTERGALACTIC
MARCH NOTHING POEM: "O THERE IS NO TIME IN SPACE
THERE IS NO TIME IN SPACE
SO WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE
THERE IS NO TIME IN SPACE"—ROLDO 1972 (FOR RICHARD FARINA)



I taught a class in Freelance Writing one time and lost all of my students.

It was an evening course given at a small college in San Francisco. A handful of people showed up the first evening. The brave ones.

What I had not known when I made the deal to do the course was the danger involved. Not only was crime happening all the time, day and night, on and near the campus, but some idiot was going around the city shooting people at random, a guy who would be called Zebra by an image-loving media.

Most people were staying in their houses nights, not strolling around the city shopping and drinking—certainly not trying to expand their minds via evening writing courses. It was a time when folks ran from shop to car, kept the doors locked, and rarely even looked in the direction of a stranger.

So the few sitting out there facing me that evening were the brave. They were also from out of town. No one was worrying about a random bullet down in Burlingame or San Mateo. Life in those affluent Bay Area suburbs was going on as usual.

Now let me explain that there are two factors going on in this evening education game: 1) a social factor; it's entertainment and a chance to meet some other people to party with, and 2) a business factor; the student assumes the teacher can help him sell his writing. As teacher, my role is to inform and entertain, tell a few slightly sexy jokes from time to time, keep it moving, and not throw my pen, point first, at some schmuck who ought to be shoveling shit in the fields of Turlock rather than boring everyone with his nothing thoughts. As students, their role is to pay attention and see if there is something useful in what I have to say. In reality, everything is random. Older people are already defined. They know who they are and what they do. They have professions. The people I have dealt with in these writing classes are not quite satisfied. They are making money, but they have always felt they had writing talent. Someone told them they ought to do something with their writing (drawing, painting, wood sculpture, ceramics, macrame, batik). Why, that sounds like a good book, Her-moine; Hon, you ought to write that up and sell it to a publisher.

What my students wanted was magic.

But I didn't feel like magic. Fact is, I felt like dropping the course when I saw the few people. In extension, you get paid per student, and I saw myself spending the next eight weeks driving all the way from Berkeley to teach these people for nothing. The money wasn't even going to cover a month's rent. Who needed that? I wasn't teaching out of any love for it, not at that point in my life; I needed the money. Times were tough. I resented a lot, too. General resentment. I had arranged a lot of things for nothing. I felt foolish bringing speakers in to talk to four or five people. My inexperience with evening courses was showing.

I covered all of this up. Went on as I always had in the classroom. Got down to basics. Writing samples. Who had something worth developing. Who would just be around. Psyching out the various people. The asshole who wanted me to be his agent for nothing. Teachers are not agents, idiot. You want an agent, you look one up in the directory and try to make a deal. You don't take a night class and try to hustle the teacher. If you're already published, already in the business, you don't need a class like this and you shouldn't be in one. I had to put up with this joker. Now you may think it's cute for someone in a class to try to upstage the teacher, but it doesn't work. The people who are there and need what the teacher has to give are only irritated by ego-trips. Next to him was a 45-year-old woman who thought she'd like to write a gossip column. Her buddies around the office told her how witty she was and her commentary in the company newsletter always triggered some laughs so here she was. She was a nice lady. I had nothing against her. But what was I going to do with her? She didn't expect to learn anything about writing. She thought she already knew. She had no perspective on the stuff she wrote. All she had was the well-meant flattery of friends. What she wanted was for me to stroke her illusions, to be the kind old avuncular prof. Well, I could have done that for her over coffee somewhere, but I had to deal with the others and it wasn't to be easy. Like the black woman who had taken the class to find someone to write her graduate thesis

for her and help her organize her resume. And the gay writer, new to the Bay Area, who had written a novel and was looking for a publisher. Not to mention one woman I knew slightly who had come to the class just to hang around me. There were a couple of young people there, too, one I don't remember, a quiet guy who just sat and never said anything, and a woman I grew to feel sorry for—she took the course to try to find a way to make some money. I tried to teach her the game, but she couldn't handle it. Not then. I hope she has since.

What I tried to do with her was teach her the business, what kind of writing she could do and sell, what she would have to do if she wanted to be successful at it. It's a lot more than words on paper. It's selling the people on both ends. You have to sell the subject and the editor and a lot of people in between. Students would ask me questions and not believe the answers. Can't do anything about that. Let them go on wasting postage sending out fiction. I tried to tell them that most magazines are overloaded on fiction. Everyone thinks fiction is easy. The slush piles are overflowing on every desk along Madison Avenue. Nothing is ever bought out of the pile. Mags buy pop articles and photos. They buy celeb articles. They buy out of the mail what they can't get in the house. They're not going to pay a freelance for something when they have a lot of staffers sitting around on salary. To get in, you have to be doing something they can't get anywhere else. That takes creativity, brains, aggression, and speed. Everytime a story gets hot, there are hundreds of writers swarming around. Read Mailer's THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG. Best education you could have about pop writing and the way it works. Gary Gilmore was hot and everyone wanted his story. Incredible in-fighting.

The fallacy on the part of any teacher is assuming he can make a general statement to a group of people and have it mean anything. He (I, we all) does it, but it's only for himself/herself. Each person in the class has different illusions. The reality of making a living as a writer doesn't penetrate. You have to experience all the work and the rejection and the checks that never seem to show up in the mail and the work that is cut up by an editor—you can't get it in the abstract, in a class situation. All a teacher can give is technical advice. How could I share my experience with such a diverse group of people? I wanted to help some of them. I didn't even want to know a few of them. I wanted to scream at the ones who invaded the class with no intention of doing anything but promoting themselves. What were they there for? If they already knew, they didn't need a class, but there they were and I had to put up with them night after night.

My own writing career has not been orthodox. I did not write for the high school or college paper. I have not worked in offices. In the sixties, I spent most of my time in the streets. I wrote about what I saw happening. Before the underground press, there was no room for my kind of truth. When I first thought of writing, I used to think in terms of the major magazines, the symbols of success, THE NEW YORKER, HARPER'S, PLAYBOY, but I soon learned that it doesn't work that way. Major magazines are only interested in what is already there. To get that kind of story, you have to be there, too. What does this say to the beginner, the kid from Iowa, the woman from Minnesota—it says you're not a member, so forget it. When I was in grad school, I became interested in the plays of Edward Albee. I was taking a drama seminar with Herbert Blau and I told him I wanted to do my long paper on Albee. He dumped on the idea. Albee wasn't big enough. Didn't merit a paper. Says who? I argued my case. A schism developed between us and Blau voted against me a year later when I applied for a teaching assistantship in the department. I should have licked his boots. Others did, got their Tships. I was a loud mouth, but I learned more by sticking up for what I thought than I would have by becoming a groupie.

I learned a lot from my evening writing class, too. My students gradually stopped coming until one night I was there alone. It was raining. I had driven across the bridge for nothing. I sat there in that basement room. They had rejected me. I hadn't performed for them. No magic tricks. No instant success. I had brought in people to talk about publicity writing. I had brought in a successful writer who had done an expose of California massage parlors. I had given them a lot of time and at-

(continued on next page)

attention. I had tried to show them

the reality of writing for money. The illusions won as they usually do. The one student, the young woman, who had potential was afraid to confront people. She could write, but she would have to learn to approach and deal with people. That's the hard part. Often in the process of interviewing someone, you find out things you don't want to know, things that make you decide to junk the project. Got to have a thick skin in this business. I haven't got a thick enough one. I have passed on stories that would hurt friends of mine. I have junked articles when I decided I didn't want to promote the people involved, didn't want to give them any publicity. Hell, it's always far safer for a writer to stick to pounding out fiction. When you get into pop writing, dealing with reality, you get bummed out again and again. One editor won't take a piece because it might offend an advertiser. Another decides to go with photos instead of art and the artist who has worked hard on an illustration is lost as a friend. You get a nice interview with a musician but no one will run it because he isn't well known. How will he ever be well known if he doesn't get some ink? Politics comes in. Sex. You have a nice article on a woman athlete, but the mags involved won't buy from male writers. You're a woman freelancer and the male mags reject you—male backlash. A writer has to deal with all of the variables of the culture. The piece you did last year is no longer appropriate.

Why would anyone want to get into this business? Compulsion. You write because you have to write. It's the way you deal with life. Diary. Journal. Little notebooks. You don't have a choice. If you find yourself writing things out, you've been chosen.

I started my own newsletter eight years ago so I would be free to write anything I wanted to write. Still feels good.

CLAY GEEDES December 15, 1981
Box 7081 Berkeley, CA 94707

ENTERING THE DARKROOM & OTHER WAYS TO BECOME HYPNOTISED BY THE GLASS TEAT

a review-cum-discussion by David Jessup

Darkroom is ABC's newest entry into the fantasy/horror field. As a new show, it's only now hitting its stride, but already there have been some memorable stories.

Darkroom has been compared to Twilight Zone and to Night Gallery, mostly by the network and the production company (Universal) in advertisements.

Twilight Zone, of course, was in a class by itself. Rod Serling was fresh from classic quality drama, and set about creating a half hour show where he could tear apart the human soul and find out what makes it tick. TZ was a series of fables; of cautionary tales ("Don't be like this, or this will happen"). When the show was at its best, it was matchless (and those who remember and remark only on the twist endings are doing a great disservice).

Night Gallery was an inferior show in every way. Serling admitted as much; though his name was linked to the title, he had no creative control and disclaimed responsibility for the results. Jack Laird was the producer responsible, and the series ended up as a silly, ghoulish mish-mash—trying to horrify, and succeeding only in being childish.

Syndication tells the story: how many stations run the attractive color series Night Gallery? Then how many run the antique black-and-white Twilight Zone? (NG runs irregularly on a PBS station in Binghamton, TZ runs twice a day in Buffalo and is running again on WPIX in New York as I write.) Finally, when Gallery's publishers sponsored a fantasy magazine last year, they did not name it Night Gallery Magazine.

This is not to say TZ didn't have its faults. Stephen King did a nice job dissecting them in his Danse Macabre. Though he approached the show from the point of view of a horror writer (and TZ was not, repeat, not a horror show), he pinned the show accurately and fairly for its faults. When Serling felt in the mood to lecture, he did so excruciatingly, with points hammered home interminably.

As Serling himself said of the series: a third of the episodes were pretty damn good, another third were competent, and the rest were dogs.

That seems about the ratio for any TV series that makes any pretense at quality storytelling in fantasy or science fiction. That a producer can get any of his "product" to be worthwhile or memorable in the "meatpacking" world of series television (where the standard operating procedure is "I don't care if it's good, I want it Thursday") is remarkable.

Turning to Darkroom (finally!), and setting it against these show from long ago... briefly, it's somewhere between the two extremes. It outpaces the episodes of Night Gallery I've been subjected to, but it has a long way to go before it gets into the realm of considering human nature on a consistent basis.

For what it is, a contemporary horror/fantasy series, it's not doing too badly so far. There have been some memorable shows in the few weeks it's run (as of January 5th).

Most notable was Robert Bloch's episode "Catnip" (based on his story of the same name, though updated). Rather neat little revenge tale, with an ending that avoided predictability by embodying the most atrocious pun I've seen on network TV for several years ("Cat got your tongue?").

more
REVIEWS

Bob & Doug McKenzie ?!

review by EW

G'day, eh? Okay, here's my review, so like I beat you to it, Bill-Dale, you Moser. Okay, this album's funny and like a real beauty, so buy it. It's even got some songs and also Geddy Lee of Rush and okay Bob & Doug talk about all kinds of things like how it feels to be a band now, eh, and pineapple donuts with black holes or something, I wasn't really listening that hard. So okay, if you don't buy it, you're a real hosehead, so take off! So buy the album, ok? And like there's even a section, eh, where you get to pretend you're a guest on the Great White North, only you're not really, cuz—okay, sorry, just get the album yourself, eh? And I'm not loaning my records out any more, right, got it?

So if you want to thank Bob & Doug or send them money like I guess you should because it probably cost a lot to hire real musicians and real engineers and all, or maybe if you want to get some more information about back bacon and where you can get it in your area, or even just to send them a couple of cold ones, right, there's this address they put on the inside jacket where you can write to them, eh? But don't just like ask anything dumb like who wears which color toques or like that. So here's the place:

ANTHEM - Bob & Doug
P.O. Box 1050 Adelaide Street Station
Toronto, Ontario M5C 1J0 CANADA

So that's my review, eh? Nice going, guys. Beauty. G'day.

Runner-up is a story about the little boy given a brigade of toy soldiers by his militaristic daddy... which soldiers of course come to life and start harassing daddy. Special effects were immaculate (considering the shoestring budget—Universal TV is always cheap: take a look at House Calls; the film barely holds together as it runs), and the story refused to descend into triteness. The concept of "little toys attacking" goes back at least to Richard Matheson short stories of the '50s, but this teleplay goes beyond gimmicks to a character study of why Daddy is militaristic and why his wife, though she is about to leave him, still loves him.

The most common fault of the weaker shows is that they don't have this subtext of character; there's merely the horror and the "twist" ending (which many times do not surprise, merely show cheap and lazy writing). Bloch's story avoided these pitfalls by twisting into the pun; the toy soldiers story avoided them by being a character study.

The show's executive producer has tried writing for the series, especially the earliest shows. Unfortunately, most of his stories are the weakest and most prone to fall to easy/lazy writing. However, he's been wise enough to commission established writers and let them do scripts.

That's very important. When you hire a writer who understands script format, can write for TV, and has been an honored story-teller for a good number of years, you are guaranteed a professional piece of work that will usually be memorable (That's what Gene Roddenberry forgot when he hired himself, Alan Dean Foster, and Harold Livingston to write the Star Trek movie. Gene was too close to the work; Alan and Harold are, frankly, hacks..).

Robert Bloch has been writing since the days of Weird Tales; he's scripted for radio (Molle Mystery Theater) and TV (Star Trek series, Thriller).

Frederic Brown had a story adapted for the series recently; his work has been used (and plagiarized) countless times.

And Harlan Ellison is breaking his vow of "never writing for TV again," and is set to script an episode based on his story "Killing Bernstein." (Irony rears its head; that story is in the same collection that contains a lengthy essay condemning TV to the inner circles of Hell. Harlan's never been the most consistent of people, though.)

So we have here a promising new show. A show standing on its own, without the need to compare itself to past efforts.

Now the bad news: of course it's in danger. Ratings are low. The show's not bland TV fare, and it's shown on Friday nights—when most everybody who'd watch the thing is getting drunk, getting laid, or getting high. So the mesmerized masses aren't watching, and those who might be perceptive enough to enjoy are otherwise occupied (There are a number of viewers like me, who don't care about getting drunk or high..). (ED: And others in the NY area catching shows like Bill Moyers' "Creativity".)

If ABC has the courage to stand by this show despite low ratings (which any new show gets unless it's tailored for mass consumption, like The Love Boat), more and more folks will get the chance to pick up on these goodies (A little promotion from ABC wouldn't hurt, either; Hill Street Blues [NBC] is a case in point..).

Darkroom is stylish, it doesn't talk down to you, it's got real talents writing, and by being an anthology series it avoids the stigma of "monster of the week" that befell The Night Stalker series of a few years ago. When the series hits its stride, it'll really be something to see—if it's allowed to hang on that long.

What more can you expect from a medium whose sole purpose is to convince you you're a smelly, worthless person unless you buy the sponsor's products?

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SEASON OF THE STORM

by Jesse Robison

I live without walls
In a world without time
In the season of wind
I swim
In the darkness
Between
Dark and night
Between

I wait
In the season of wind
In the season of storm
In a house without walls
I wait
Between
Life and life
Between
Love and strife
End and end.
Between

Not of time
But out of time
Timeless, and therefore passive
I wait
Between

The rocks in the garden
I wait
For the knock on the door
In a house without walls.
And cold the hope
And dark the thought,
In this land of desolation,
Of small consolation
For a lifetime spent
In search of light.
Between
The profit and the loss
Between
Labor and dross,
What is this final
Product?

But I would wait
An eternity
In a world without time
I would wait
Without hope
Or hope of hope
Ignoring the scope,
And know my place
As I wait

TIM, BOB and GOD

by Johnny Max

Is Tim Curry God?
Bob damn it!
Is Tim Curry Bob?
Who is Tim Curry?
Who bore Tim Curry?
If Tim Curry is God, did Mary bear him?
If Tim Curry is Bob,
Must all SubGenius' be transvestites?
If Tim Curry is God,
All religions must be transexual.
For Man is created in God's image.
Somebody, tell me, is Tim Curry
Bob or God or both or neither?

PROLOGUE by C.K. DeRugieris

Note: the Act. Breaking into it.
The scene, the mother, the child, the eyes.
the voice.
Voice: of the child. Talking words, "Mother,
is this your beer or mine." A voice.
Voice of the other: of the mother. Saying
something,
"Shut up. You're breaking
my train. Of thought." Of thoughts curious.
The scene: collecting pictures of the two.
Eyes and voice. Child. Mother. The
Act: breaking. Into.
Everything. Every
thing breaking.
Note: take note.

Between
Time
Dark
Life
And light
Between
The seasons
Of a world without time

And the storms rage
And the seasons change
And the cry on the wind
And the cry in the dark
Echo between
The chambers of my heart.
In the season of wind
In the season of storm.
(And these are all seasons)
It is not the act,
But the wait
Between
In the dark
In the night
Without sound
Without light
That carries us.

(And I am secure
In my insecurity)

And the wait calls forth,
From dark, the light,
The day from night.
And with the voice of that calling,
The loss is made good
The broken made whole.
White and dark
Light and stark,
Both sightless,
The same and familiar.
(Strange that this should affect me so!)

Between the seasons
Of wind and storm
Of cold and warm,
Between
As we wait
It is the wait
Between
It is the wait
That matters
(As memory shatters)

SONGS* POETRY:

Isn't depression hell?
When your body gets so heavy
you can barely move,
and the sun never shines,
and you love no one (and never did),
and no one loves you (and never did),
and nothing's true,
and you cry for no reason,
and you hate the noise,
and you fear the quiet,
and open windows and crowded highways
look so inviting,
and you pour out your pain
in poignant poems,
and you sift your suffering through sentences,
and others read and weep, "How true!
I've been there too!"
and they'll show you their scars
if you'll show them yours,
and your pen glows in the dark,
and your anguish flows onto paper,
and others read and cry, "That's me!
It's my life you see!"
and you find the company that misery loves,
and you join all the great artists
as the latest Voice of Neurosis.
Isn't depression fun?

by Philip Bramson

The neighbors down the street have a missile.
No one's supposed to know but everyone knows.
It's in their attic. It's blue and silver.
The other neighbors say the army put it there
so it could escape detection, but I say no.
The army moves their missiles around. If it
had been the army, they'd have put it in a
mobile home. But I know what it's for. Those
people down the street would carry a grudge
till doomsday, so let them have their way.
Tomorrow I'll return their damned lawnmower.

—DAVE ROSENFELD

11/23/81 COMPROMISE 11:20-11:50pm
Words and Music by Elayne Wechsler

I'm listening once more to bureaucracy's lie
Why should power mean wisdom—I will not comply
With pretences so shallow that scant years ago
We'd have shrugged them away like a bad tv show
But I don't understand why the folks by my side
Keep agreeing and nodding with some inner pride
Could it be they're all blind, or am I paranoid
Or perhaps they are sinking to middle class void

(but) Don'tcha know I can never compromise
When one by one, each old friend dies
Minds turn to ashes, wit to dust
Leaving only me I can trust
I won't give up, I won't be lost
The lure of "comfort" bears such cost
I must have strength to fuel the drive
If I sell out, I won't survive

Who's to say what's too loud or set limits on tone
When the voice I must listen to first is my own
And which world is more real, that with hunger
and greed

Or the universe in us we mold to our need
A conventional life is supposed to be right
I've had many acquaintances dress up in white
But this strange fear has gripped me since
heaven knows when
When the spark goes, I'll never retrieve it again

Chorus

My calendar proves that another year's gone
Have I been too preoccupied just hanging on?
If I don't make it change, it will happen to me
Will I be just like them, joy and complacency
Every once in awhile, I'll think, "that's not so bad
They're secure and they're cozy, they seem to be glad"
But then, that is the scariest dread of them all
Once you start to desire it, you enter the fall...

Chorus

"Every individual is a denature... The normal is that which nobody quite is. If you listen to seemingly dull people very closely, you'll see that they're all mad in different and interesting ways, and are merely struggling to hide it."
MASKS OF THE ILLUMINATI (Wilson)

Chorus

MEZMERICA

by Ralph J. Hobbs

The mind of America lives
In guns and bikinis galore;
While thick sweating flocks
of socialist schlocks
Her pedestalled arches suborn.

Now mind ye, o pagans,
We can't do without
A kiss 'tween her thighs in your dreams!
'Twast that 'tis how made
Commercials abound
Adorning her ankles in green.

We cherish her still,
Perhaps always will,
A lick here and there keeps us hard.
So cling to her skirt,
Continue to flirt,
And pay with that small plastic card!

WELL

by Peggy Tully

Well,
We all need the Stones quite frequently,
We all need that voice of authority
That sorry voice of
"Tell you what we'll do"
And all those other lies.
&
We all need the Beatles
At one point or another,
And oh, brother,
Don't you get bored, like me.
We all need the fifties for ideas
the sixties for nausea
the seventies for confusion
the eighties for tomorrow.

Let's all be Neal Cassady
And live for today
Die for yesterday
Rot for tomorrow's grave,
Our 6-foot "be-brave" den.

Yeah, we all need the Stones quite often,
To tell us that we're only here
To be street-fightin' men
You know the kind
The men
Who way back when
Knew time.

RIDING THE WAVES

by Chris Estey

A sea a sea of grey
An ocean of entropy
Fingers parting wet
Miles miles worlds away

A hand an arm a face a scar
A memory of a blow taken before
A chest a thigh a watery door
Knees and cries, whimpers and whines
As the body is plodding toward shore

But shore breaks apart
Under his grip as he holds onto ground
This is the way that we stay on the world
Nothing to save us from... we drown

The memory happened before
Is a clue to this riddle of time
Trapped away in the sea of grey
Aloneness a division of mind

We are alone in this
We are alone in this
We are alone in this

Hear the faint scratchings on a beach
The beach turns to glass, splinters & cracks
And down to the grey do we reach

We are alone in this
We are alone in this
We are alone in this

TECHNOLOGICAL BREAKDOWN

by Johnny Max

buttons, knobs and bells
push, pull and answer.
Take a break from technology.
Escape the madness of 9 to 5,
get away from it all.
You'll not miss it.
Technology,
stealing our jobs,
driving us crazy!
Computers for this,
Machines for that.
Experience a technological breakdown.
Escape the madness.

How I fear you.

I fear to go to you
when I am not asked.
I fear to say
what is too strong, too soon.
I fear to feel
what I cannot control, what I must control.
I fear to hope for what I so hope for.

And yet I will go
and I will say
and I will feel
and I will hope.

I will fight for your love,
and my fear be damned.

by Philip Bramson

FOR A SECOND

Here: An anti-nuke march
In Washington, D.C.
Me, in front of the Washington Monument
With a friend of mine named Allen
Who I'd wish would be my lover
Someone is talking about solar energy
And it is raining
We walk through the crowd
To take our minds off the weather
And decide to stick it out
For the whole demonstration

Two young light haired girls
Offer us turns under their umbrella
And we take them up on it
There is something between them
Something secret between them
They're from the University of Pittsburgh
The short one offers me granola
And the way they trade glances
Suggests that they are lovers
They look at us and smile
At me, then Al, then each other
Our struggle is your struggle
Your struggle is our struggle
As if to wish us luck
On a flawed planet
And to say not only OK
But that
Anything is possible
If you want it.

And for a second
It is true
And what I hope is possible
And the sun comes through
Under their umbrella

Much later
Al and I were lovers
But it wasn't worth the effort
For nothing
In the months thereafter
Compared to that one second
When my hope for the coming together
Of my own life and the planet's
Was at its perigee.

—Bill-Dale Marcinko
January 6, 1982

"THOROUGHLY DISCOURAGING"

by Bill-Dale Marcinko

The sadness of my generation
Stuck inside the old conventions
Reacting to their own reactions
Adapting to their adaptations

The song that no one ever sings
The resignation living brings

Thoroughly discouraging
It is thoroughly discouraging
Now

My friends are so much older now
Married, dead or stuck in dumb jobs
We had planned to set the world right
Never tiring in the good fight

Thoroughly discouraging
It is thoroughly discouraging
Now

Men still holding all the power
Wives at home who don't want more
Old time macho back in style
And war, war, war, war, war!

Thoroughly discouraging
Thoroughly discouraging
Now

Things are worse than I imagined
Tell me why it's so easy to hate
We are all determined by the faces
that we make
Pretty soon I will believe in Fate

A whole new politics
This is what's called for
A new sexuality
This is what's called for
A whole new morality
This is what's called for
A new way of thinking
This is what's called for

You can lead a horse to water
But you can't make him think
You can lead a horse to water
But you can't make him think

The sadness of my generation
Stuck inside the old conventions
Reacting to their own reactions
Adapting to their adaptations

The song that no one ever sings
The resignation living brings
Thoroughly discouraging (etc. etc)

HOME IN TWO PLACES

by Peggy Tully

When your home is in two places--
When your home is in two places--
Come home to the wrong wife,
Come home to the wrong dog,
Can't you find your slippers?
Sunday TV, broken zippers,
Open fridge and look for mustard,
Eating someone's TV dinners,
Waiting for the Evening Herald,
Headlines say you're getting old, man,
Home is in two places--
Home is in two places--
Next the wife says cocktail party,
You are watching olives floating,
Other places, people voting,
For the man who wants us kept
from homing in two places--
Home is in two places--
Silver keys say Chevy Nova,
Hanging curtains, aqua sofa,
Enter run-down human races,
Look for signs among the faces,
And home is in two places--
For home is in two places....



DAESIN

HE'S Dedicated his Life
To SEARCH FOR CONCEALED WEAPONS!

HE'S POLICE PROCTOLOGIST

I'M ALWAYS
STICKING MY NOSE
IN OTHER PEOPLE'S
BUSINESS!!!

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DRAWN AND WRITTEN:
DAYTON SHAPIRO

