

AN IMPORTANT MAGAZINE FOR THE INTELLIGENT
INFLUENTIAL, ARTICULATE CITIZEN... YOU!
- from A. Crawford
collage

JOKE

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"

"BEST FOR LOVE" issue
"...pretty dear dat your
coffee don't got
BEST APPEAL!"
at for
Erstatz Bros.
Coffee

NUMBER 7

COST: 40¢ SASE

FEBRUARY 1982

'Any Time You're Feeling Lonely....'

"Now class," she said, glancing furtively sideways to make sure no one was coming into the room unexpectedly, seeking to ruin her plans to play with these kids' minds for the next half hour or so, as was her right as teacher and role-model, "who knows what today is?"

"The day after yesterday!" called out one wiseass sniffer.

She recorded the name and outburst for future manipulation purposes, made damn sure she kept her face placid as if ignoring, and restated, "Come on now, surely somebody must know. Think very hard now," almost wincing at the saccharin in her tone.

"I know, I know!" one groveler shouted. Without waiting for Annie to call on her, she continued breathlessly, "I know, Miss T., it's Sunday, February 14th, Valentine's Day, right?" Beaming and smug, she plopped back down on the pew.

"Oh Miss Thyme, could you tell us a Valentine's Day story, please?" chorused about five pious little youngsters.

The moment she'd prepared for. She'd already excluded the two versions the children would no doubt hear, the religious sort they'd had to sit through that morning and the ol' reliable "Mr. V.D." one they'd pick up later on in high school. She had a better one in mind.

"Well, of course I will," she smiled, leaning back in her chair and opening her notes. Please, please don't let the pastor spoil this for me by traipsing in now. I must give them proper nightmares! "Once upon a time, as most stories begin, the months of the year were real, just as real and alive as you and me." Ah, this was gonna be good. The innocent eyes were already widening. "And just like people, they all had their own personalities, everyone knows what a 'personality' is, right?" not stopping for questions. "Oh, there were May and June, very warm and sunny people—" (My sister's name is June!) cried out one boy in the back—"and October, all spooky and mysterious, and March, kinda wet and sniffly, but most of the months were okay." She let just the right amount of John Houseman imitation into her voice. "All except ONE. That one was February."

A pudgy kid raised her hand. "'N I know why too, 'cause they only gave it 28 days and I already heard that story, an' it's stupid," she droned.

Oh, they're primed, they're ready. "Well, this isn't that story, Virginia, so why don't you just keep quiet like the good boys and girls, okay? Anyway, February was not a very popular month, nobody really liked him a lot, because he was always talking about how he was in love. But the other months were smarter. They knew that February couldn't be in love, because there's no such thing, as everybody knows." That did it—half the class was alert and raising their hands in protest—"But Miss T., how come you said there's no love?" She replied, "Oh, that's just a story grown-ups make, but when you're big enough, you'll find out the truth. Just like Superman or Santa Claus." There, that should do it. A little seemingly-nothing aside, planted in the middle of total kid consciousness, festering over the years, oh it would be glorious, thank you Lord for putting me in a position of admiration and trust, let's just end the story conventionally now, "So they all decided to punish February by giving him Valentine's Day when it would be too cold for anyone to care about love anyway, and when the people who thought they were in love would just be keeping warm—" RRRRING. "Oh, well, there's the bell. Have a wonderful week, children. See you in the funny papers."

ew

EVENTS BELATED

FEBRUARY 9 - JERRY BECK (27)

UPCOMING

- MARCH 3 - Disney Night, Maltin's class
 MARCH 5 - Gala Collage-Type Benefit for NICE Magazine, with NICE people!, 8pm, Club 57 (57 St. Marks Place), NYC, \$6 admission and free issue of NICE #4—I may be more involved with this than I know... SURPRISES GUARANTEED! For more info call Bardor Publications at (212) 260-8126
 MARCH 5-7 - WIS CON, sponsored by the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction (SF³), Inn on the Park, 22 S. Carroll St., Madison, WI 53703 - write for info
 MARCH 10 - MGM Night, Maltin's class
 MARCH 10 - Scheduled END OF THE WORLD, as we know it
 MARCH 13 - JOE BALITZKI (24)
 MARCH 13 - L. Ron Hubbard, b. 1911
 MARCH 15 - JIM RYAN (?)
 MARCH 17 - St. Patty's - drink a lot
 MARCH 17 - Behind the Scenes of Animation, Maltin's class
 MARCH 18 - Mary James buys dog, 1978
 MARCH 24 - MOM
 MARCH 24 - Sex, Violence and Racism Night, Maltin's class
 MARCH 25 - DAVID PALTER (30)
 MARCH 27-28 - CREATION CONVENTION, New York Sheraton, 7th and 56th, \$6 per day
 MARCH 28 - brother GENE (23)
 MARCH 31 - Request Night, Maltin's class

 * This INSIDE JOKE is put on by Elayne Wechsler. In this *
 * Reagonesque nightmare, do all writes revert to righters? *
 * EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler *
 * PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....Margaret Kuczynski *
 * STAFF WRITERS *
 * CLAY GEERDES SUE KAUFMANN MARGARET KUCZYNSKI *
 * MALLORY MANN NATE MISHAAN STEVEN SCHARFF *
 * and "Introducing" KERRY WENDELL THORNLEY *
 * (last) Record Reviews: CHRIS ESTEY *
 * Movie/Television Reviews: BILL-DALE MARCINKO *
 * Book Reviews: JILL ZIMMERMAN *
 * "Baboon Dooley" strips by JOHN CRAWFORD *
 * Masthead for #7 by DAVID BURD *
 * OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH *
 * HARRY ANDRUSCHAK STEVE FIORILLA GERRY REITH *
 * BOB BLACK MACEDONIO M. GARCIA ANDIS ROBEZNIKS *
 * PHILIP BRAMSON VERNON GRANT ROLDO *
 * JERRY COLLINS TOM HAERTEL NORMAN SAVILLE *
 * BOB DEAN RALPH J. HOBBS DAYTON SHAPIRO *
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 * CHRIS DOWNEY MORGAN LA FEY RONALD WEISS *
 * and of course Rev. DOUG *
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 * Rev. KIP M. GHESIN, President *
 * Printed by Mikey & Bobby at COUNSEL PRESS INC., NYC. *
 * "The Future Is Fun The Future Is Fair *
 * YOU May Already Have Won, YOU MAY ALREADY BE THERE!" *
 * (this issue will NOT "blow up real good") *

If you can read this,
 you'd be done by now.

acknowleditorialetc.

Okay, I take back what I said last month. Sometimes artists do have a problem with spatial conception. And as lucky as I've been with the ability to use the reduction machines (and again, NO GUARANTY that luck will continue, so writers, please continue trying to limit verbosity), I somehow feel that (unlike typed words) artwork loses something special in the translation. So artists, please try to scale down contribs a bit. Logos I don't care, because I always shrink them (logo contest, by the way, still in effect through April). Mastheads I'd prefer standard size, for top of front page, but I've been putting lotsa them to the machines too. As I've said many times before, it's extraordinarily uplifting and psyching to see so much zeal in connection with IJ, but necessity dictates restraint (of course you all know that aside from this THERE ARE NO RULES, THERE NEVER HAVE BEEN...).

EVERYBODY should be tuning in to DAVID LETTERMAN by now. No holds barred comedy. Monday through Thursday, NBC, right after Carson. WORTH BEING BUG-EYED THE NEXT MORNING TO SEE. He has had 4 SCTV people on in the space of one week (Candy & Flaherty 2/4, Moranis & Thomas 2/10). YES, AH HA, THERE IS A CONSPIRACY. A select few people ALL WATCH the SAME SHOWS, CONSISTENTLY, and will forever have INSIDE JOKES about it. It's glorious—who could want more?

Thanks again to my friend who wishes to remain anonymous for his \$ donation. * Bought half my stamps. [in her best Woody Allen:] By the way, you folks think I should maybe, uh, start charging for this? I, I mean [hand gestures], it has gotten better, at least I, I feel it's gotten more, well you know, more indicative of things, you know what I'm trying to say, I mean it's, it's hard to explain off the top of my head, but like, like whaddaya think, huh, you think it's a worthwhile thing, you think it's worth like 50 cents and two stamps or maybe, maybe just a flat dollar an issue or something, I can't really decide, I, I have trouble with this kind of monumental decision, you know I, I—okay enough. Let me know if you'd be willing to pay a flat buck a month for this garbage, and if not, what and why. This is the official pre-questionnaire #3.

Speaking from subs, thanks again to Billy Dearest for his voluntary publicity/solicity. For those of his friends who have sent me two bucks for the next 5 issues, I work strictly month-to-month (see letters column), so if you want to consider the \$2 a donation I'd be grateful; if not, send me stamps & I'll refund your \$ (ooh, that hurt). And it is intended that IJ won't suffer any from the time and creative effort Bill and I will be putting into THESE ARE NOT ACTORS! (see "Fan Noose"). It'll feel good to get back into tv. Perhaps we'll get it out about the same time as David Burd's Cakespies, sure to be a hit in hipper circles...

For anyone who's been wanting to find out about the "real" me, if you did not see Vonnegut's "Who Am I This Time?" on American Playhouse recently, you will never understand.

Well, this month: It looks like, as of this typing, I'll actually be able to fit a page of "Voice of Your Choice" in! This will continue, provided Bill-Dale DOES NOT GET the 3 pages he is still requesting (it is hoped that mature people will ignore his plea within his column to subtly take over the running of INSIDE JOKE). This is important. A reluctant farewell to Kinetic Kris, Record Reviewer, though no doubt S.T. will return in another, perhaps more bizarre form. And welcome with honor to my newest staff writer, Kerry Wendell Thornley, on of the few folks in my life who can truly awe me continuously. More on Kerry's work in "Fan Noose". Also joining us as a regular comic-strip columnist-type is John Crawford, with his creation BABOON DOOLEY. What kind of creature Dooley is, I haven't quite figured out yet.

If you don't see your stuff in this issue (especially those who sent in many poems), not to worry. It will all wind up in here eventually. Maybe even in the May NON-ISSUE (more on that as time progresses). And more creativity and \$ donations are FOREVER welcome, to my current address:

ELAYNE WECHSLER
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*also belated thanks to Greg Wadsworth
 for his \$...

SELECTED SHORTS



Here are the lists, for what they're worth, of the cartoons shown on the first two nights of this semester of "Of Mice and Magic", Leonard Maltin's class on animation at the New School of Social Research in NYC. For those who live near the area, it's worth checking out (dates of most other classes are listed on page 2 in "Events"). For those who don't, I hope these titles bring back some nice memories:

February 10 - TEX AVERY NIGHT

- 1) "The Shooting of Dan McGoo" (takeoff of "The Shooting of Dan McGee"), featuring the Claude Smith-designed and Preston Blair-animated knockout LULU (MGM, 1945)
- 2) "The Penguin Parade" (Warner Bros., 1938)
- 3) "Porky's Duck Hunt", featuring an early Porky and the debut of Daffy Duck; also with a Joe Penner ("Wanna buy a duck?") takeoff (Warner Bros., 1937)
- 4) "Of Fox and Hounds", superb sendup of "Of Mice & Men", featuring George and Willoughby ("Which way did he go, George, which way did he go?") (Warner Bros., 1941)
- 5) "One Ham's Family", takeoff on "One Man's Family" using a storyline that could be a possible sequel to The Three Little Pigs; featuring the voices of Andy Devine and soundalikes of Great Gildersleeve and Red Skelton's "Mean Widdow Kid". Has the best gag I've seen in ages; the boy pig wishes to annoy the theater audience watching the cartoon, so he takes out a blackboard and proceeds to squeak chalk along it. (MGM, 1943)
- 6) "What Price Fleadom" (MGM, 1947)
- 7) "I'm Cold", featuring Chilly Willy (Lantz, 1954)
- 8) "The Crazy Mixed Up Pup" (Lantz, 1955)

February 17 - FLEISCHER NIGHT

- 1) "Perpetual Motion", an Out-Of-The-Inkwell cartoon with Koko the Clown (1920?)
- 2) "The Clown's Little Brother", O.O.T.I. (1920?)
- 3) "Down Among the Sugar Cane", a 'Bouncing Ball' cartoon with a live Lillian Roth (1932)
- 4) "Betty Boop's Museum", score by Rogers & Hart (1932)
- 5) "Betty Boop's Life Guard", with my favorite all-time line, "I'll be all right, Freddie—I have my horsie!" (1934)
- 6) "The Dance Contest", with Popeye (1934)
- 7) "Olive's Sweepstake Ticket", with Popeye (1941)
- 8) "The Cobweb Hotel", a Color Classic (1936)
- 9) "The Magnetic Telescope", with Superman (1942)

The "students" at the Avery night, or at least a large majority of them, were the type who just had to have their turn to "show off for teacher" and become quite obnoxious. The ones at Fleischer were, interestingly enough, more subdued. Reports on further Maltin classes next month...

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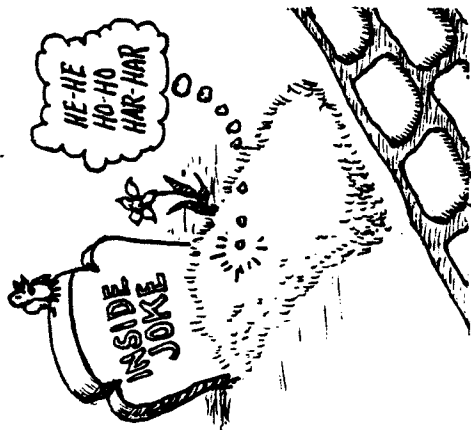
The following words and names are the concepts chosen by the answers of Questionnaire #2 as the things to which they most object: Moral Majority (4 votes); fan/fannish (3); trendiness (2); reality (2); work; intolerance; censorship; "fine" art; closed-mindedness; violence; Fred the Furrier; mongoose; clichés; thought; classification, "commercial" art; normalcy; hunting; bassoon; fashion; good taste; sweat; pain as normalcy; fanaticisms; "can't"; appropriate; "bummer"; Reagonomics; relocation; beliefs; "humanist"; bad drivers; school; Charles Grodin; "hangup"; "poetry"; yogurt; words; concepts; objections; preppie; mandate; cute; "gay"; Jews for Jesus; kinetics; poverty; racism; waste; religion; Rod McKuen; red lights; "nice kid"; Republican Party or Reagan; and mediocrity. I didn't have to answer the questionnaire, of course, but I guess mine would be: "right & wrong"; "must"; and "creative spite".

As the weather (slightly) warms, I tramp down once again to the ol' Saturday night haunts in the small NJ shore town of Keansburg, USA. Here I, along with a select group of creatures of intelligence or habit (usually Jilly and a few others), change Mr. Lincoln for 20 glorious 5-players-for-a-quarter (yep, you read right, 5) chances at challenging computer stimulation...Video playing's always been a very childlike, fun experience for me, ever since I was fascinated back in college by Pong. I still love to "watch the pretty lights" and listen to those almost-human-robotic sounds of the machines. But, these games are now big biz, and that means merchandising. Including, of course, books—some good, some not. Two are reviewed here: **HOW TO MASTER THE VIDEO GAMES**, by Tom Hirschfeld, \$2.95, Bantam Books. Despite the title, this isn't really a how-to. It's more of an explanatory guide to better-known games on the market. Included, besides the obvious Pac-Man and Space Invaders, are Gorf, Asteroids, Targ, Sky Raiders, Missile Command and more. Each game described presents a labelled diagram of the playing board and interprets controls, scoring, dangers, and general observations and strategies one can use in that game. For example, Crazy Climber, which consists of four buildings in total, contains a different sequence of obstacles on each building. Strategies include "From the 17th floor upward, you must dodge girders as soon as they appear" and "Disregard [the computerized signal] 'Go for it!'. Climb only when the time is right." If you happen to fancy one of the thirty games analyzed herein, or any of their derivative counterparts (i.e., Make Trax or Pirahna in the Pac-Man case), this book is invaluable. If your video penchant lies elsewhere, well, cross your fingers there's a Volume II... **MASTERING PAC-MAN**, by Ken Uston, \$1.95, Signet. Don't read this if you want to keep playing Pac-Man for pure fun. It will destroy the enjoyment. Uston, the world's foremost blackjack player whose autobiography *The Big Player* is being "made into a major motion picture" (so they say), goes about his "patterns, tips and strategies" very methodically and mathematically, with step-by-step arrow-ridden diagrams destined to turn this unbelievably trendy video game into a science. Yes, once this book's circulation increases, it will be "Pac-Man 101". For those who, like me, feel a bit gypped by the loss of magic this guide will inevitably produce, 'tis best to read only those chapters dealing with general tips and "improvising". Uston covers most types of Pac-Man machines (although he's apparently never heard of the 5-for-25¢ ones at Keansburg), and certain lookalikes like Puc-One, Eat-and-Run, and Mazeman, although the book mentions nothing of Ms. Pac-Man (enuf to make feminists ill—"she" wears a bow and travels around a pink maze, which is probably why she's called "Ms. Pac-Man" instead of "Pac-Woman") or more intricate derivatives like Make Trax, Pirahna, Mouse Trap or Round-Up. Uston's book is very thorough on its subject, though, and will kill the imagination needed to enjoy the game as surely as the *How To Solve the Rubik's Cube* book did for that. Get Hirschfeld's book.

I realize that I've been neglecting my chores as Lobster Lady (and with good reason—it's not an incredibly flattering epithet) lately. But someone's gotta do it. I'm trying at present to put together a report on *LOBSTERS IN CINEMA*, including Waters' films, old Betty Boop cartoons, and outtakes from Mel Brooks' *HISTORY OF THE WORLD* which were probably funnier than the "movie" which remained. So like if anyone, y'know, comes across some interesting **FACTS ABOUT LOBSTERS** in the movies, please let me know, ok?

Feeling Baboonish?
Establish contacts
you will later
deny under oath
in a court of
law, write:

J. (RAWFORD)
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VERNON GRANT

ramblings

by Morgan La Fey

After much thought, I've decided to call this bullshit I jot down almost every month "Ramblings", 'cause that's what they basically are.

February is such a cute month. On the 14th we're all supposed to give cute cards to our sweethearts and get them from our many loves. All real cute. Of course, for all of us who are not involved (as much as we'd like to be) with anyone, it isn't a bundle of laughs. We who don't get a firm handshake, much less a kiss, I'm not saying I'm one of them, but up 'till recently I was. But the grass is always greener. When I didn't have a steady, I was envious of those who did. Now that I have one, I see that love (or a reasonable facsimile) is a pain, and more trouble than it's worth. Just give me one night stands and (Bob has shown me the light) frenzied fornication. Opposing viewpoints may be stuffed. If you think I'm wrong, just wait'n'see for yourself.

But here's thanks and good wishes for all my friends/loves/pains in my ass: Terri, Nick, Zodiac, Beebs and a Beebe on the way, Chrissie & Morz (Oh Yeah!), my cosmic pal Lynn, and those who are too numerous to list.

(Thank goodness! No, I don't know who these folks are either.)



PRINCESS TONE
OF
"THE MICE PEOPLE"
THE LOVE RANGERS

INSIDE IJ STAFF WRITERS



It's high time I give my staff writers proper plugs: Departing staffer Chris Estey is always coming up with new projects. His NOT MELLOW and NOT ALIVE (back issues still available, I think) got raves nationwide in the punk and anarchist presses, and he's now working with amateur press associations (apa's) submitting projects like TERMINAL HYPERTENSIVE ENNUI, a state in which he apparently finds himself often. 600 S. Kent St., G#45, Kennewick, WA 99336 ...Clay Geerdes publishes his one-pager COMIX WORLD bi-weekly (trade or \$11 for 48 issues), COMIX WAVE mini compilations about quarterly (\$1.50 per), and has been known to lend a hand to mini-c artists looking for a break. If you're a lover of undergrounds (ug's), get into Clay's WORLD. Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707...Sue Kaufmann has her hands full with contribs to THE LAST INTERNATIONAL and her SubGenius offshoot, ZAY—we're in the process of talking her into publishing rants and such, but we need YOUR HELP! 456 Fairway Drive, Union, NJ 07083...Margaret Kuczynski has been putting out her own bundle of energy, FINE LINE (the former title was FINE PRINT, but since Joel Smith of Fresno has a longer-running rag by the same name, hence the change), every other month. Excellent pub—includes also contribs by Clay, Sue K and Chris. SASE to Marg's correct address, 825 DeWitt Street, Linden, NJ 07036...As I write, Mallory "LBS" Mann has just received a new sorter, sorta. Don't ask—this is the age of efficiency, and we're right now trying to figure out how Slot A fits into Flap B...Bill-Dale Marcinko's still soliciting for AFTA, and has now mailed out an update of his SELL OUT #3 (all free to IJ subscribers) with a hefty plug for INSIDE JOKE. Billy and I are also beginning our next project for KTP, which we're hoping to pass off to cable and get real famous real soon. I'm told that in THESE ARE NOT ACTORS!, I'm playing a "random element". Further details when shooting starts. 153 George St., #1, New Brunswick, NJ 08901...Nate Mishan is also busy w/ video projects, more to come as he recups. P.O. Box 305, New City, NY 10956-0305...Sue Rosner, despite writer's block, has been keeping semi-busy at NBS ("Nothing But Shit"), the only radio station in Manhattan that doesn't broadcast (?). The disco deejays who tape there tend to urge their audience to "listen and enjoy". Sue gets paid for the first. 2106 Wallace Avenue, Bronx, NY 10462...Steven Scharff has two mini-comix out (50c each; 75c if you want autographed covers in color)—LAB RAT FUNNIES and EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FUNNY ANIMALS BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHY TO ASK. As of this printing, he's working on a third. See the back for examples of Steve's art. 516 Buchanan Street, Hillside, NJ 07205...Kerry Thornley, as I mentioned last month, heads THE CHURCH OF THE ANARCHIST AVATAR. Many of you know that Kerry and Rick Moranis are my current shordurpersavs. The Church publishes rants (15 at last count; \$1; ask for them all) and newsletters like the phenomenal SPARE CHANGE! (\$1; quarterly), THE PARANOID FLASH ILLUMINATOR (SASE) and THE PROMISE' LAND TIMES (sporadically; \$5; this is a wall poster newspaper—you get two extra copies per mailing). Kerry is not "sub" enough to be a SubG, in my opinion. He's a genius period. FLY-BY-NIGHT PRESS, Box 18441, Tampa, FL 33679...Jill Zimmerman's got many of us dreamers beat. She's now an editorial assistant at Simon & Schuster in NYC, where book reports take on more weight than the ol' elementary school kind. Please, no manuscript drafts—she hasn't been there all that long...

Fan Noose

In addition to IJ, FINE PRINT and COMIX WORLD writings, Clay also "sponsors" minis from time to time. There's one out now by Macedonio M. Garcia (IJ masthead master Macedonio was inadvertently left out of last month's editorial box). TALES FROM THE INSIDE #2 is neither cute nor pleasant, but it makes brutal points about prison life (at least, what I can gather of it from convict correspondents). Ask Clay or Macedonio (Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, TX 77583) for copies ...Roldo of Winnipeg has been glutting me lately, and I love it. Do get his Free Kluck Productions' mini SNAPSHOTS (for a SASE) and SNAFU comix (\$1.50 per, adults only), which derive their title "based on [Hagbard] Celine's observation that communication is only possible between equals, so we are deliberately obscure and enigmatic". "We" includes Roldo and Bobby, Basil Hatto, Frank McTruck and Jack D. Zastre. Thank Grid someone else understands. 1232 Downing St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3E 2R7, CANADA...Another worth-it semi-pro zine, PAST TIMES, is slick and entertaining; a good comics (not ug's—traditionals) opinion zine. My favorites were the intro and a speculative article by former TREK mag editor on why Superman has advanced powers. Only 60¢ from Kenneth R. Donnell, 2912 Magnum Road, Suite 300, Houston, TX 77092...Ace Backwards' ASS BACKWARDS COMIX is wonderful. Feminist pornographer Ace "believes in degrading both sexes EQUALLY!" Fortunately, ABC is more than "Sexley's Believe It Or Nuts". It's got great parodies of Dick Cavett, Dagwood Bumstead, rock stars and San Fran life. \$1.50 to Ace at Greyhound Hotel #53, 420 Third Street, Eureka, CA 95501... Being a hippie is once again becoming worthwhile and fun, as The Establishment (hip term: "Reasonism") becomes scarier than ever and punks have the same animosity towards us that 60's greasers did. TELE TIMES, the thickest mag I've seen since AFTA #2, may be incredibly oversexed and seamy, but that seems to be the state of the counterculture around the Berkeley area. Cost is \$2; editor is Bruce N. Duncan, at Berkeley Inn Hotel, Room 414, 2501 Haste Street, Berkeley, CA 94704...Gerry Reith heads the WORD OF TRUTH MINISTRIES, and boy can they spread it. \$1 for 20 eye-opening leaflets and maybe some issues of their newsletter THE CAGEY BEE. Box 381, Sheridan, WY 82801...Something extremely NICE has come my way. Bardor Publications' NICE #4 is out soon, and they've put out great works of collage and poesy like IT'S ONLY MONEY AND PROP. For more information, write to Theo Dorian at Bardor, 194 Bleecker Street, No. 3D, New York, NY 10012...Prime high-school punk—get in on the ground floor. Carly Somerville needs contribs and ideas for her CHURCH OF THE LATTER-DAY PUNKS. Write her, do, at 611 Lawrence Ave., Westfield, NJ 07090...Thanks to Susan Shore for her catalogs of hard-to-find and unusual discs. Write and ask about THE RECORD ROUNDUP. That's ROUND-UP RECORDS, Box 147, East Cambridge, MA 02141...Vernon Grant's LOVE RANGERS #2 gets even more complex and fascinating than #1. He's working on #4 now. 131 Putnam Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02139...An apazine dedicated to Lovecraftian and Tolkeinesque-type fantasy, IBID, is available from Mr. Ben P. Indick at 428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666. Highly personal, and the art's great. Ask Ben for further info.

NEXT MONTH—
EVEN MORE
SLAPSTICK



Kerry Wendell Thornley's *Meditations of a*
Manchurian Candidate

Last night Albert E. Jenner, Jr. came to me in a dream.

Sounding a bit like Jesus, as they say in the song, he said to me: "My job is not to punish, but simply to assay the damage."

Back in my Edgar Cayce days, Jesus used to appear to me in dreams. That was before a television sports announcer, using a code consisting of page numbers from the Illuminatus! Trilogy, told me that I was not divinely inspired — that I am only a humanoid robot who receives nocturnal messages that seem like visions from mind control laboratories.

Although I'd already begun to suspect as much, that news was quite traumatic. Not only way it a blow to my ego, not to mention my sense of identity, but it also did not leave me very optimistic about the future of the society I live in.

Since that evening in 1978, neither Jesus nor the Buddha has had a word to say to me. I miss them. My opportunities for spiritual name-dropping have diminished drastically. Most people don't even know who Albert E. Jenner, Jr. is. I only met him once in person myself. When the Warren Commission interviewed me about my Marine Corps association with Lee Harvey Oswald, Jenner was the lawyer who took my deposition. If he is remembered at all by the public at large it is as Richard M. Nixon's defense counsel in the Watergate impeachment proceedings.

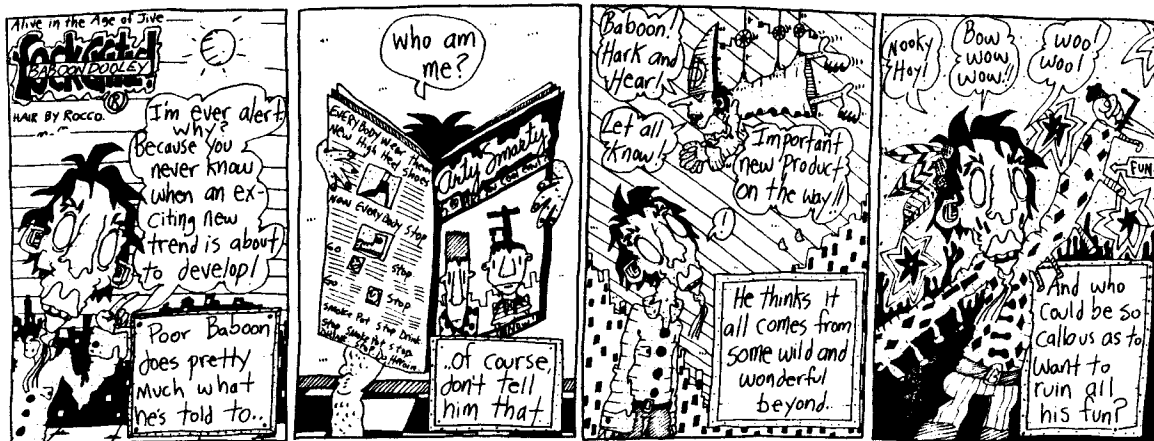
As a Warren Commission counsel he is one of the unsung heroes who encoded factual information into the Warren Report and the Twenty-six Volumes of testimony -- using page numbers from Quotations from Chairman Mao Tsetung for exhibit numbers, etc., to indicate pertinent data the powers that be of that day wanted ignored.

What, if anything, he did to Nixon I have not yet discovered.

Jenner is not the only person who appears to me in dreams these days. Sometimes I converse with Tracy Barnes, chief of the attempts to assassinate Castro that were undertaken by the Central Intelligence Agency at one point in our nation's illustrious history. (In the movie Hopscotch, the character known as Meyerson appears to have been based on Tracy Barnes.) Once I was blessed with an appearance of E. Howard Hunt. Another time Henry Kissinger lectured me about the advantages of nuclear energy and proposed a strategy of arming San Francisco hippies for an assault on the Establishment.

Nor am I the only person blessed with such visitations. Timothy Leary receives his Starseed Signals. Robert Anton Wilson enjoys astral messages from Aleister Crowley. Leary believes in alien intelligence, Wilson subscribes to Magick and I am a conspiracy paranoid. As a Discordian I learned that the Law of Fives "becomes more and more manifest the harder we look." Yet the Goddess Eris Discordia never has come to me in a dream or a vision, in spite of my many lies to the contrary.

Then again, maybe She likes to appear in drag.



"Here's a lesson in Advanced Etiquette:

If your woman leaves you for another woman,
should you hold the door open for both of them?" - Gallagher



NOTHING IN GENERAL

by Sue Kaufmann

Greetings, Kip.

Like how's it goin'? I've been real mellow lately and really, nothing's been going on. So like I figured I'd just write something.

Just to let everybody know, my last column was real successful. People are coming to my house in droves to use the bathroom. I'm thinking about opening a chain of Porta-Prayer units for highways without facilities, like the ones in Oregon. But I'm waiting for good karma. Like lately my biorhythm has been real low and I can't handle anymore than getting up in the morning.

Like the other night I went rollerskating and man, I couldn't handle it! Paranoid city! It was like every time I tried to speed up, I fell. Real low energy time, man. It's like my analyst was telling me—that I can't handle situations where a whole lot of people are watching me and I don't know what I'm doing. So I got rid of the skates and went back to my place.

Man, I got myself into a positive mantra in the hot tub and got into some heavy yoga. Ravi Shankar, man, good stuff. So like I was really mellowed when my neighbor Ariane came in. Man, she was bummed. Bad vibes really hit me from all around her space. So like she was telling me that her Organic Health class broke up right before they were gonna learn bean sprouts. Real bummer, isn't it? Really, cos her instructor was real cosmic, too.

So like, Kip, this is really getting heavy for me. So peace to you and No Nukes.

—Sue

SIGNIFICANT DATES IN SPACE HISTORY

by Harry J.N. Andruschak

#3 - The New York Times v. "Science"

Funny how some otherwise sensible people go ape-shit when a fundamental of Science conflicts with their personal prejudice.

The classic case, of course, is the conflict between Galileo and the Church. Galileo saw truth, the Church took it on trust. And besides, they were afraid that somehow the idea that the Earth moved around the sun might cause them great harm... they would lose some political power and the god-given right to boss people around. What is the use of being a Man of God if you can't kick ass?

1980 and 1981 have seen a slightly revised re-run...this time it is extreme protestants fighting Evolution. Note how almost all other Churches have kept out or supported Evolution...they learned the lesson after Galileo.

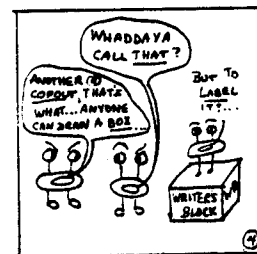
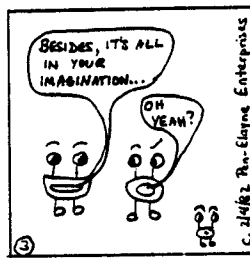
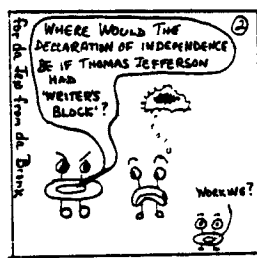
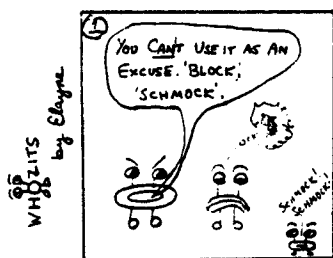
But in Rocketry the classic example was a response to a 1919 article written by Robert Goddard. It was published by the Smithsonian Institute under the title of "A Method Of Reaching Extreme Altitudes." It proposed liquid propelled rockets to explore beyond what airplanes and balloons could reach. It ended with the suggestion that a payload might be crash-landed on the moon.

The newspapers took this up with ridicule and slander. Goddard was dubbed "The Moon Man" and insulted in several other ways. The significant date this time around is 12 January, 1920, when The New York Times ran an article castigating Goddard and his paper.

No way could a rocket operate in a vacuum. Period. The article went on from there, getting more and more insulting in a way that Pegler would have envied.

20 July, 1969. This is what the TIMES wrote. Exact quote...

"It is now definitely established that a rocket can function in a vaccum. The TIMES regrets error." And man walked on the moon.



WHAT IS
A
'MORNING-
AFTER'
FAN CLUB?

NATOTORIAL

by Nate Mishaan

Heartburn is not from the heart, this Natutorial is.....

Okay, I admit it. The written word, or utilizing this form of self expression, is somewhat new to me. Radio, film, photography, and Video production are my usual forms of self-expression and my way of paying bills.....

I dunno what I am doing on this planet, I loathe self-indulgence, yet lately I've become SI.

No that's not page 1 of IJ talking, it's me, 'tis I. NATE MISHAAN. Yeah, Allright, I'm a hypocrit. I admit it. As a matter of fact, my first TV production was entitled SELF INDULGENCE, THE SHOW FOR EGOTISTS (It was parody) and I am taking on the appearance of one of the characters. I've never thought of myself as self indulgent, but then again when I weighed 200 pounds, I never thought of myself as being fat. Self Indulgence both intrigues and nauseates me. What is eslf indulgence? What follows is what I hope to be an operational definition, solely to attempt to approximate an understanding of my perspective, and possibly an opportunity to spot this in ourselves and attempt to repent for our sins. What follows are the dynamics of SELF-INDULGENCE:

- A) the practice of discussing things that solely appeal to oneself and definitely not to others;
- B) not allowing oneself to accomodate and/or assimilate the feelings, perspectives, attitudes, or beliefs of others into one's frame of reference;
- C) doing things solely to enhance one's own existence, self-concept, ego;
- D) being egotistical, self centered, pompous, overbearing, SELF-ISH, shallow;
- E) using hair coloring by L'Oreal, because you deserve it;
- F) Proclaiming oneself as an authority, while dismissing input from others because they're not authorities;
- G) Dominating a conversation or not allowing others to speak;
- H) Judging the behavior of others and attempting to modify same.

You see, I've never seen myself as being s.i. because I'm not: Cher Bono, Brooke Shields (and her sister, Blue), Jaclyn Smith, Harris on BARNEY MILLER, Monte Rock III, Billy Joel, Jerry Lewis, Helen Hayes, Uncle Floyd (lately), Tony Orlando, Jane Fonda, Joan Baez (in the 70's), people who only know one pronoun, I, John Houseman, and Jack Klugman in this season's QUINCY. But it is possible to be s.i. without being famous or rich. So there, SO WHAT IF I AM???

So what? Now that's a typical self indulgent person's defensive reply. Do you suspect that you too may be coming Self Indulgent? Search your soul with these questions:

- 1) Are your friends starting to avoid you and your breath isn't bad?
- 2) Do you find yourself constantly getting into arguments about nothing, or stupid, petty things with friends, lovers, etc.?
- 3) Are you finding that being perfect is either starting to become boring and/or a tremendous burden?
- 4) Do you find yourself always having to prove that you're right?
- 5) You can't accept ANY criticism?

If you answered yes to any of the above, you are either self indulgent or are becoming so. If you answered no to all or any of the above you are either lying, prone to cheating on your diet, or not self indulgent.

Self indulgence, like self praise, is short term gratification which, like masturbation, is not as gratifying than the praise of others or the feeling of pleasure another's caress can be. (ED: HOLD IT, HOLD IT, that's it, I'm taking over here. WHO THE HELL SAYS SO? Uh uh, no more subjective truths from you Mishaan, shape up. That's all.) Self indulgence is nowhere, man. Please listen, you don't know what you're missing, OOPS AGAIN, sorry it was a great one for a song, I couldn't resist.

Why have I, me, NATE MISHAAN, become self indulgent? Well, at the risk of sounding like I am rationalizing my behavior, lately, since my accident, all I have been feeling is self pity and physical pain as well as worrying whether or not I'll ever walk again, or continue an acting career that could be limited if I limped. I've had entirely too much time to pause and reflect which can be detrimental. I've been probably lower than

("Holy shit, man, you mean you gotta type more of this self-abuse on the next page?")

"go directly to next page"

(MORE NATOTORIAL...does it ever end???)

I have ever been before and feel that it ain't healthy to be low, therefore, I shall strive not to ever end up down in this valley and pledge not to be self indulgent in the future (ED: Sorry, me again. STARTING WHEN, NATE?). I think we can all benefit from a bit more humility in our daily lives.....

Last month I said that I was going to give advice. I lied, actually I felt that getting all this off my chest was a bit more important. Next month I'll attempt to do what I said that I'd do this month. Until then, here's some free advice based on my personal experiences (for whatever it may be worth):

1) Never do your own brake, transmission, electrical, and/or carburetor rebuilding on your own or someone else's car unless you can get an expert to supervise your first attempts;

2) Never reproduce photos in a magazine unless they are screened with an appropriate halftone screen otherwise they'll come out technically (and possibly aesthetically) shitty (ELAYNE, NAH, NAH, NAH, NAH, NAH);

3) If a friend invites you over some night to discuss possible ways of making more money in your spare time, don't go. Chances are he/she is trying to get you into AMWAY or Mary Kay;

4) Don't be afraid to be serious;

5) Buy a Pentax ME Or MV if you want the best 35mm camera for under \$300.00;

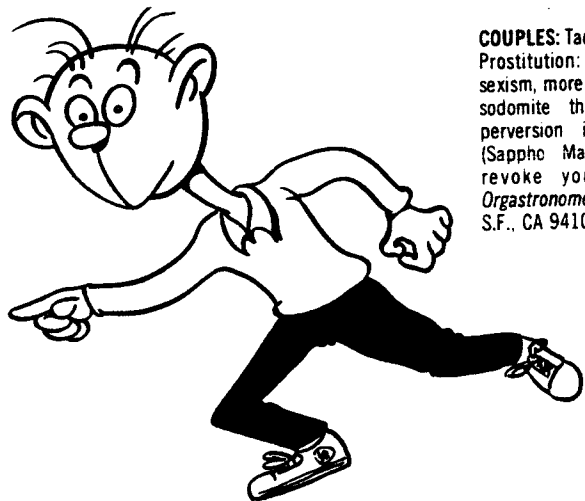
6) Put egg shells in your coffee maker basket to avoid getting bitter coffee.

Hope you enjoyed this month's NATOTORIAL. I need your help in the assembling of my new attempt at quality syndicated radio programming. Please tell me what your favorite pop songs from the sixties were. You don't have to be over 11 years old to have favorites from that era. All input would be appreciated. Gotta run (ha ha ha) Bye!

EXPOSÉ by "Maggie K." by Margaret Kuczynski

Mickey Mouse was actually a rat. Yep, that's right, folks—Mickey, that beloved mouse, was actually a rat. Evidence has surfaced in films—clues that were overlooked. Mickey was made to appear the clean-cut, american mouse, while in fact, Mickey was a poor rat from the slums of New York. Mickey stole from those around him who were equally as poor, robbed candy from babies and mugged little old ladies. He ran a gang, the Ratkateers, a group of kids who followed him and obeyed his every command.

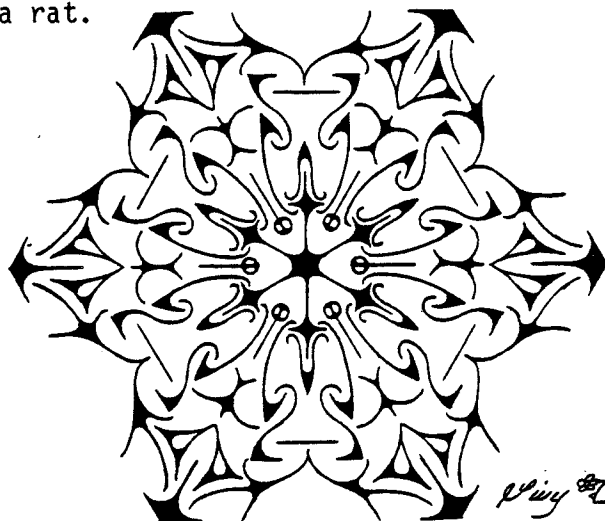
Mickey, about this time, began pushing drugs. He was also doing movie work at this time. His drugs (yes, he was taking them himself as well) began to affect his work. He had memory lapses and could only film three hours a day. Not to mention what happened with "Fantasia". Mickey began to sell stamps with LSD on the adhesive side. The kids were unsuspecting—they loved Mickey and saw him as a hero. One day, during a film session, Mickey had a terrible seizure; he couldn't stop shaking. Walt Dizzy found out this time (Minnie, Donald and Daisy had hidden everything from him), and Mickey was fired from Dizzy Motion Picture Studios. He had lost his credibility, which drove him further into the world of drugs. Minnie, Donald and Daisy spoke to Walt and they kept Mickey's all-american reputation up. They did not want people to know the darkness and terror of Mickey's life. He was the all-american hero of millions of kids all over the world. So, you see, Mickey was truly a rat.



INSIDE
JOKE

COUPLES: Tactical nuclear families.
Prostitution: buysexuality. Less
sexism, more sex! It's better to be a
sodomite than an asshole. "A
perversion is only a version"
(Sappho Marx). Don't let them
revoke your licentiousness.
Orgastronomes, 55 Sutter, #487,
S.F., CA 94104.

QUICKLY!
Read
this
ten
different
ways



A DIFFERENT WINDOW

AMERICAN SPLENDOR #6

by Steven Scharff

Warmth, humor and true human feelings.

Harvey Pekar, whose writing credits include COMIX BOOK #4, SNARF #6, BIZARRE SEX #4 and FLAMED OUT FUNNIES #1, has his own series of underground comix in print. His unique writing style places him in a different class than other comix writers.

Pekar (whose stories are illustrated in #6 by Gerry Shamray, Gary Dumm, Gred Budgett & Michael Gilbert) lets us in on his thoughts, beliefs and problems in a semi-narrative style so clear, one can almost hear his voice. Highlighted by an occasional panel of himself talking, this commentary style of writing, something I have never seen before in a comic book, gives an aura of dramatic intensity.

In issue 6 (the first issue I have come across), Pekar's stories include: "Ripoff Chick", Pekar's experience with loneliness and the wrong companion; "Cold World", a look at a friend's financial problems (illustrated with silhouettes); "Working Man's Nightmare", a surrealist portrayal of a bad dream in which Harvey is uncertain of what he does for a living; "Read This", a lesson on the value of friendship; "Once Again to Oregon", in which we learn that every person's life is a potential autobiography; and "Talk Show", about a friend who pissed on a statue of robber baron Mark Hanna.

Pekar doesn't use himself as a main character as an ego trip. In fact, he mostly points out his faults (something most of us are afraid to do privately). Instead of soap opera schlock, Pekar uses actual situations to illustrate the "human comedy" in all its drama.

The artwork is as grey as the mood of the "stories", but just as full of life. AMERICAN SPLENDOR is excellent reading. And I do mean reading.

Issues 2 through 5 are available from Harvey Pekar for \$2.50 in comic stores, but for mail, add 50¢ each. Address orders to Mr. Pekar at Box 18471, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118...

Tales of the Seepy Eye (CPI)

by the Little Brown Shiksa

SHADES OF "BRIDESHEAD"

C'mon now, quit shovin' ~~3~~ ^{sch} deadlines make this woman delirious! I told 'er that creativity could not be rushed. Sometimes she is really the limit.

To be quite candid about my relationship with our ersatz Editor would produce reverberations of untold proportions, suffice it to say that I don't make waves.

Has anybody been watching "Brideshead Revisited" lately? Previous visions of Oxford gave me the willies, but with Charles and Sebastian make it so much more to my liking-plovers' eggs, mercury dippings, tarts, champagne and Lord Olivier (swoon, swoon), et. al. Curious thing though, being a child of the 60's I tend to want to see more sleaze 'er I mean more intimate confrontations between the two. I simply loooooove romances in the Evelyn Waugh tradition. Elayne has been unyielding in her contempt for this lovely drama. The epithets she has flung! I cannot bring myself to repeat. Accolades bestowed on this televised marvel make no difference to her. She reads the most obscure absolutely unheard of critic from west hell somewhere and finds his comments more to her liking. I can't fathom her. I thought that I might bring some interesting tidbits from our conversations--but seeing as how she and I can't hold an objective dialogue with her about The Most Authentic, Artistic, Glamorous, TRULY SUPERB STAR STUDDER, BEAUTIFULLY PRESENTED VISUAL DELIGHT IN EONS. Then I know you can't be interested in the truly mundane conversations that we indulge in at the office. **NEXT: MUNDANE CONVERSATIONS**

(WRONG, WRONG WRONG! I do NOT have

contempt for "Brideshead"! The gal's LYING; trying to pick another fight again, huh?)

exercises in fiction (1,2)

One of the more interesting "exercises" I've tried in writing throughout the years is to open a dictionary at random (I know there's got to be a technical term for this), point a finger at a given word with one's eyes closed, and force one-self to write a short story around that word. This is what happened when a friend took that advice...

Definition of march-past found in The Merriam-Webster Dictionary, copyright 1974 G&C Merriam Co.

March-past n: a marching by esp. of troops in review.

"Atten' hut!" The drill sergeants eye the line; polished. The two soldiers right of center face north, the two left of center face south. "Forward march!" The line pivots on the central soldier, the soldiers march in a circle. "Halt! You will march forwards when commanded to do so...Forward march!" bark the sergeants. The two soldiers right of center march north. The two left of center march south. The central soldier is left marching in place. "You, soldier, we said 'forward march'!" The sergeants step up to the soldier, who persists in marching in place, glaring. "Forward march, soldier," they growl. "I can't, sirs!" the soldier blurts, eyes riveted straight ahead. The sergeants stare the soldier square in the eyes, noses a hair's breadth apart. "You will," they mutter. The soldier fires twice; the sergeants drop.

From the north two soldiers march south. From the south two soldiers march north. A line of five is formed marching in place. The two end soldiers separate from the line; in unison, "Atten' hut!" The new drill sergeants eye the line; polished. The soldier right of center faces south, left of center faces north. "Forward march!" The line pivots on the central soldier, the soldiers march in a circle. "Halt! You will march forwards when commanded to do so...Forward march!" bark the sergeants. The soldier right of center marches south. The soldier left of center marches north. The central soldier is left marching in place. "You, soldier, we said 'forward march'!" The sergeants step up to the soldier, who persists in marching in place, glaring. "Forward march, soldier," they growl. "I can't, sirs!" the soldier blurts, eyes riveted straight ahead. The sergeants stare the soldier square in the eyes, noses a hair's breadth apart. "You will," they mutter. The soldier fires twice; the sergeants drop.

From the north one soldier marches south. From the south one soldier marches north. A line of three is formed marching in place. The two end soldiers separate from the central soldiers; in unison, "Atten' hut!" The new drill sergeants eye the lone soldier; polished. "Forward march!" The one soldier marches in place. "Halt! You will march forwards when commanded to do so...Forward march!" bark the sergeants. The lone soldier marches in place. "You, soldier, we said 'forward march'!" The sergeants step up to the soldier, who persists in marching in place, glaring. "Forward march, soldier," they growl. "I can't, sirs!" the soldier blurts, eyes riveted straight ahead. The sergeants stare the soldier square in the eyes, noses a hair's breadth apart. "You will," they mutter. The soldier fires twice; the sergeants drop; the soldier marches forward.

Ronald Weiss

NEXT ISSUE:

IT's own advice column, LICENSE TO MANIPULATE - keep those cards and letters coming...

Three Men in Dresden

by High Pope of the Unpredictable
Gerard Bennett Reith

When I woke up the place was on fire. I didn't know where the fuck I was. Smoke and flames everywhere.

I ran around screaming, trying to find a way out. The hallway was burning. My hair caught on fire. Somehow I made it to the cellar. I remember falling down some stairs.

An old drunk was lying in the corner.

"Help!" I shouted. "Help! Fire!" Even down here you could smell the smoke like when the wind blows around your campfire. Crackling sounds from upstairs nearly drowned out my voice.

"Huh? What?" the drunk mumbled.

"Look! I'm burned! Fire! We have to get out!" I yelled in his face, started shaking him.

"Let go!" He twisted around. "What fire. There isn't any goddamn fire." Orange firelight from the far wall lit up his face.

"Just listen! Look around! The ceiling! Gonna fall on us! Which way do we go!"

He just stared at me. "Look sonny," gruff, bleary.

"There isn't any fire. You're acting like some kind of radical. Bug off. Lemme alone. We have a motto around here. 'Radical is wrong.'" He looked at a bottle, made a face.

Drunk and stupid, I thought. The pain came back and I grabbed him. "Just tell me how to get out!"

His arm swung out and bashed me in the head. "Out! Talk sense if you're going to talk! What do you mean, out? Just go away!"

He was bigger than me so I ran.

I found another stairway and went up. Couldn't breathe to run any more. Heat made me sweat. Too thirsty.

One of the doors opened. Another guy was standing there. "Hey!" he said. "Where are you going!"

"Don't know! Help! On fire!"

"Calm down!" He was stern. "I know there's a fire. You're not burning. Just sit down."

I sat. The floor was hot. "How do we get out?" I asked. At least somebody knew what was going on. Just then something crashed nearby.

"We don't," said the guy. "We wait here for the soldiers. They're busy pouring gasoline. The worst thing we can do is panic. We have to stay put and stay calm. The authorities are taking care of everything."

"But, but," I was still breathless. "We'll...get...burned, up."

"Maybe so. A risk we have to take. No reason to worry."

More things crashing all around. It was like a movie. Then it hit me. Gasoline? "Why are they spreading gas!" I yelled.

"To put out the fire, you idiot! Why else would they do something like that! They ran out of propane!"

"But we're trapped!" I stood up.

"Shut up!" He was feeling the stress. "You're getting hysterical! I don't know! Just keep quiet!"

I couldn't stand it. I started to laugh, and cry. My hands hurt where they got burned. I hit him, then I ran off like a guy.

I don't know where I went. The fear got worse. I was alone. Once a door blew out right after I passed it. The blast knocked me over, burned my back. I was frantic. Then I got to a hall with an indoor pool. I ran straight

for it.

There were soldiers. "Stop," they yelled. I kept going. They grabbed me. The lake was crystal clear, still as stone. I screamed and bit them and tried to get loose.

"No, no! AHHHH! Help! Help! Let me go!"

They wouldn't. Everything popped. I gave up. Who cares? I started to cry. They dragged me to a small office.

Some kind of captain was there. He was on the phone. Papers all over.

"Well," he said after a while. "How are things?" He didn't look up from the paperwork.

"I hurt all over," I said. "What about the fire?"

"Oh, that. You must have come from one of the primary infiltration areas. We're safe here." He chuckled.

"The water. Why aren't you putting out the fire?"

He frowned. "They didn't tell you much, did they. When the soldiers put water on the fire it burns hotter. Besides, we're not supposed to put it out."

I stared at him.

"We have to keep it going, don't you see? That's why we're here. I coordinate the placement of the gunpowder and the hydrogen."

I couldn't resist. I was broken. "Did you start the fire?" "Well, not exactly, no." He paused to light a cigar. "The higher ups did. There was too much phlogiston."

"Oh."

"The scientists over at the planning center found out about it. Sheer chance. It's all too complex for a man like me. I'm just doing my job." He started chuckling again. "Funny about the planning center. Computer printouts keep catching on fire. They're having a devil of a time staying on top of the phlogiston calculations."

"Why don't they run then?"

"Why should they run? Fires aren't dangerous. Studies show it. A million times we'll see a fire that never even bothers us. The chances of one doing any actual harm are so low that it's absurd. Everyone blows it way out of proportion. Besides, they have to serve. We send them the money we find on the bodies. It's not as if they worked for free or anything." He frowned again.

I was tired of all this. "Can I go in the pool? Just for a while?"

"Oh, no. I couldn't allow that. What good would it do?"

"But I'm burned!"

"But you're just a single person, my boy. So what if you cooled off? That doesn't matter. You might throw the phlogiston calculations way off if you splashed some of the water out. Individuals can't be getting in the way of projects like this. Even if they wanted to they couldn't." This was deep for him.

"Can't I go to the hospital or something?"

This made him laugh. "I'm sorry. Didn't I tell you? We had to burn the hospital. During the airlift. All that phlogiston flowing around near the patients. It would have started something without warning. We're burning the whole city. If we didn't it might catch fire."

I caught a gleam in his eye. "The whole city."

"Yes, yes. I'm just one of the minor players in the grand scheme. Doing my part. Don't you realize what a responsibility this is? It's so hard to get everything burned up when the soldiers keep running off. We have so much trouble."

THE ADVENTURES OF Johnny Archeologist

by Chris Downey

Until recently historians thought they knew everything about ancient Greek civilization. But when certain artifacts were discovered tied to a middle aged Italian businessman in the East River they felt it warranted some investigation.

Almost immediately an expedition set out for Greece. They dug feverishly for several weeks until they realized they never left the airport lounge. Not discouraged, they continued the search and it soon dawned on them that they had uncovered the greatest civilization of the ancient world.

They discovered the Mezanines.

What was learned about these people could fill 100 volumes, but that would be stupid, after all who has the shelf space? Instead I will try to touch briefly on the most important points to get a taste of such a great people.

The island of Mezanine juts out of the sea like a pock-mark on the face of the Aegean. Unlike most of mainland Greece, Mezanine contains no fertile land but is made up almost entirely of good ports. Unfortunately the people had an irrational fear of the water and spent most of their lives trying to farm the rocky soil.

Mezanine government was a simple monarchy that remained in the hands of the Nick family for 150 years. Attempts at social reform were looked at with disfavor by the king and anyone who spoke out against him was taken on a tour of a nearby volcano.

The bronze age came late to Mezanine, introduced by Phoenician traders. Although it seems obvious that bronze would be useful in the making of tools and weapons, the Mezanines didn't understand this and thought that bronze was something to eat. A test of manliness common at the time was to see how much molten liquid bronze a man could drink in a minute. This practice became more difficult with the introduction of iron and coal in 372 B.C.

Probably the most famous of all Mezanines was the great scientist, philosopher, and male secretary Zaphod. Also known as the "Father of the Zip Code," Zaphod made great strides in the study of insects which he classified by their species, family, and ability to sing popular songs in Arabic. It is said that Zaphod once bred a Junebug that could play the saxophone, however this has never been proven.

Faced with the problem of housing their growing population on their small island, the Mezanines took on a brilliant military campaign against the City-state of Athens. With a large army of crack troops, they attacked Athens and suffered 20,000 casualties. Not discouraged, they regrouped, attacked again and lost 78,000 men. The third war with Athens was a turning point for the Mezanines because it was the first war where they used weapons. Previously their military plan was to run back and forth on a giant carpet and shock the enemy into surrendering.

Their lengthy military campaigns were probably due to the fact that the Mezanine women were the ugliest women in the world, and for a girl to be compared to a piece of farm equipment was considered a high compliment. Upon being introduced to a Mezanine woman a man would offer his hand and give a traditional Mezanine greeting such as "By Zeus you're ugly!" or "How long have you resembled a squid?"

This great civilization came to an early and unfortunate end in 114 B.C. when a simultaneous earthquake, tidal wave, and plague wiped out the entire population. This period is known as the "Golden Age of Mezanine", and King Nick XVI is said to have proclaimed it their most prosperous year.

A YOUNG MAN'S ROMANCE or Marx my Words by Andis Robeznieks

"So you're a tree surgeon," the young man said while wiping down the bar, "that sounds like quite an unusual profession."

The other man took a sip of his scotch and soda, "Oh it certainly is," he replied.

A gleam appeared in the bartender's eyes, he raised his eyebrows up and down and asked, "Tell me doctor, have you ever fallen out of one of your patients?"

The older man was speechless, the younger man couldn't hide his joy. He had waited half his life to use that line, ever since he heard Groucho Marx deliver it twelve years ago on a "YOU BET YOUR LIFE" rerun. Grinning, he moved down the bar to wait on a female customer who had just pulled up a stool by the bar.

She was beautiful with long wavy blonde hair, she wore fashion model clothes, and maybe a bit too much make-up.

"What'll it be, sweetheart?"

"A glass of white wine—and I'm not your sweetheart."

"Whatever you say." There was a pause in the conversation while he uncorked the bottle. "You're very pretty, you wouldn't be a model would you?"

The ice queen began to melt. She nervously pulled out a cigarette. "Why yes...yes I am."

He lit her cigarette and the same gleam as before started to show in his eyes. "Tell me, what's been your most exciting experience as a model?"

"I really don't know," she said shyly, "I'm just getting started and I guess I really haven't done anything that exciting yet."

Oooh, he winced as she delivered the straight line perfectly.

"A model with no exciting experiences; what do you model—clay?"

Oh man, oh man, oh man, ecstasy, two classic Groucho Marx gags in a row. He was so pleased with himself he couldn't stand it. He slapped the bar with his hand and whirled around where he stood.

"Are you quite through?" the young woman asked.

"Oh yeah, I'm sorry," the bartender replied, "Just a bad habit of mine."

"Oh yeah," she looked him straight in the eyes, "Well I'll tell you what."

"What?"

She raised her eyebrows up and down, "I never forget a face—but in your case I'll make an exception."

She spun the bar stool around and with drink and cigarette in hand, she walked over to a table by the bar and sat down.

"I'm in love," he said to himself while emptying an ashtray.

A voice came over the lounge PA: "Flight 16 to Philadelphia now boarding."

The tree surgeon rose from his seat, "That's my cue to leave, so I guess I'll just bough out, heh heh heh."

"Heh heh heh yourself, you old fart," the bartender muttered under his breath. Two wisecracks in a row by customers with no comeback by him. He was in a slump and he had to get out of it quick.

His silent musings were interrupted by a call of: "Bartender! A gin and tonic please."

"Yes sir, one gin and tonic coming up."

"Better make it a double. I'm gonna need it."

"Oh yeah, how come?"

"I'm working for Helm & Bond, you know—the accounting firm."

"Uh huh," he nodded his head even though he'd never heard of the company before.

"Anyway," the man continued, "I'm going to Chicago to work on the Goldblatt's bankruptcy; I hear their books are a mess."

The bartender ignored the rest of the accountant's shop talk as he looked over at the pretty young model and winked.

"Uh oh," she thought, "what's he gonna say now?"

"You know I once dated a girl whose father was an accountant."

"Oh really, tell me about her," the accountant said as the gleam returned to the young man's eyes.

"Well, she was only a book-keeper's daughter—but she really knew how to make an entry."

The girl put her forehead in her hand, and shook her head and groaned. Before the accountant could reply the loud-speaker came on again.

"Flight 12 to New York now boarding."

The model got up to leave but first she returned her wine glass to the bar. "That's my flight babe, I gotta go."

"See you around."

"Are you workin' here this weekend?"

"Well, I might be in Hollywood starring in a new movie..."

"Try to be here, I'll be flying in Saturday—and boy will my arms be tired."

He smiled. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said and kissed him on the cheek.

Then she turned and walked out.

He went and checked the work schedule for Saturday. He erased a name and wrote down his own.

THIS IS DEDICATED TO Monica Ganis, the true gem of The Billy Crystal Comedy Hour (who also appears in a strange stand-up act called "Rick & Ruby")

CHASTITY BOND—
WHERE ARE YOU WHEN WE NEED YOU?

"Voice of your Choice"

c. 1981 Pen-Elayne Enterprises
PART III
by Elayne Hechalar

THE STORY SO FAR: Character outline—Narrator, Doreen Leesa Spector Ford, in her non-fiction debut; Protagonist—Caroline Benedictina Spector, her sister; Mama and Papa (slightly Italian, the family name used to be Spectora or something way back; Mama's maiden name is Alfonso); Protagonist—male—Daniel "Dandy" Royce, so far naught but a twinkle in the story's eye, a local "hip" DJ. Caroline, an observer and distanced participant in trends and "cult followings", writes Dandy a very early personal letter and receives an equally strange response and an invitation which she never has a chance to follow up on. Doreen, out of this type of circulation by virtue of her engagement and later marriage (house, white picket fence, one and one on the way) to nuclear janitor Stefan Ford, watches, fascinated, from a disappearing distance. As we left off, the family was having its troubles...

The restaurant wasn't doing too well. Oh, the food was okay (Papa was just kidding with the bit about the cockroaches I mentioned before). The trouble was, we just weren't getting a lot of customers. That, in a college town, was not good. College kids are the most notorious eaters of any single group, and when college kids don't frequent a dive in a college town—well, you get the picture. "Papa," she begged, "just let me take a poll, find out what the students are into."

"You an' your polls, all the time polls, that's all you know is polls, polls this an' that, your mama and me waste all this money" (here it came), send you to college so you can take this garbage statistics' and "public whaddayacallit!"

"Relations", Pa, public relations'. And it works, really. I know what I'm doing, and you know that. Look, it's worth a try, we can't get too much worse... "HEY, WHADDYA TRYIN' TO DO, ANYWAY, BRING ON THE EVIL EYE, SANTA MARIA!" crossing himself and throwing his hands dramatically in the air. Papa always threw his hands up before he gave in to me or Car. Truth to tell, he was (inwardly) quite proud of his "college girls", never having made it past 10th grade himself. "Ah, but in those days, ya hadda work to live, ya never had it easy like you do now," and he would wink.

Caroline, for once, knew what she was doing with this "poll business". She usually plunged wholeheartedly into whatever she did, and with academics, that paid off. She had originally planned to major in music, but I managed to gently prod her out of that impractical route. So I was an English major. That's different. Someone had to tell this story. Anyway, she decided, with her own brand of convoluted logic, that the next best thing would be to become a rock promoter. "Face it, there's Kirschner, Weintraub, Scher and a few others who've made zillions—all of 'em guys. The trick is learning to think of it all as a business, not just entertainment. I was beginning to regret my infinite practicality—Car was getting rather dull. But at least she was making sense.

So she had her proverbial finger on the proverbial pulse. She set out to find "the ideal hangout" for a typical (boy, how she cringes at that word!) Wilkins student. Car gathered together an impromptu polling committee (easier for her than you'd suspect—she was pretty much respected in classroom circles, and had become notoriously successful in polling groups—soon all the "hum-comm" students wanted to be on one), got the necessary permission from professors in a good cross-section of disciplines, and set to work. The students were only too delighted to cooperate, afforded a choice of spending 50 minutes either note-taking or questionnaire answering. And most were familiar with Car's technique. They weren't filling out dull or useless forms here. This was important, this was food here. "That's another trick," Car would explain, "making everyone feel they're needed. You may be dealing with a huge mass of people, but the audience—uh, the respondents—must all be treated as individuals." Which is why her questionnaires, in the end, had mass appeal, and very few joke answers.

Car's also among the best at interpreting results. I think she does it intuitively. Like she does most other things. She'll just throw out the irrelevant, never thinking twice about its possible miniscule value. She never bothers with total trivia in her work—that way, she gets things done (why can't she learn that in her life?). She never asks the same question twice—at least, she appears not to, but she will dwell on a subject if she feels it's important, and scatter at least five or six seemingly unrelated questions on that subject throughout the form. Consequently, much of her form on "hangouts" had to do with musical atmosphere. Papa had a jukebox, one of those 50's style types with lots of Jack Jones records, in Le Bisto, and a space which used to be a dance floor before they put the salad wagons there. But Car was thinking ahead—the building next door was up for sale (Papa's establishment was the latest in the line of businesses going under the length of the block), and she knew some engineering majors...

Her conclusions were revealed at Sunday dinner. "It seems," she noted, referring now and then to her neat pile of 3x5's, "that the thing to do would be to convert the place into a 'club'."

"WHAT?" Papa threw his hands up; a good sign. "Pa, we've got enough money. We really wouldn't have to invest that much. We've already got food and a liquor license. The only thing we don't have is entertainment, or an atmosphere conducive to same."

"Listen to the hot shot 'promoter', Maggie, always the 'promoter', always with the 'entertainment'!"

Ma sat there for a minute, in semi-reverie, saying nothing, her head resting pensively on her hands. Ma's definitely intellectual, without being brainy. I think it rests in instinct. She has this habit of folding her fingers, not really her whole hands, and strokes her chin with her thumbs with her elbows firmly on the table. Sometimes she strokes her chin with her left index finger. It makes her look feminine and decisive at the same time. I've always thought of Ma as wise, more than anything else. She has a way of weighing things, or looking like she constantly weighs them...

Ma spoke. "What kind of club, Caroline? Now, I know your findings are probably correct, but you've got to be absolutely sure what you're doing. We can't play with that much more money. What exactly is your plan?"

I love Ma. So pragmatic. I bought the place next door for a pitifully small sum (the owner's son used to be on the make for me, but that's a different story, so I won't bore you Dandys with it), and the civ-angs at the college had a field day. The adjoining wall was knocked down, and a stage was erected. Then the real wheel-dealing started. It was Car's idea, to defer some of the cost and to win extensive publicity, to advertise the renovation as a university-wide/community-wide project. Papa provided refreshments to all who helped—it's amazing how generous people become with as simple an incentive as food. The stereo wholesalers got really involved—in exchange for a promise of a share of future profits (that was another good thing about Car's reliability—there were bound to be future profits); they installed a speaker system as good as anything this side of a New York nightclub. Neighborhood kids did a superb (if a bit overdone) paint job on the interior, and made a beautiful sign for the outside, not even neon.

Oh, the sign, that's right. The name was changed ("to protect the soon-to-be-not-so-innocent," Car joked incomprehensibly). Face it, "Le Bisto" was kind of silly. It was a contest—Car's one of the best ways to draw people into the spirit of it, my sister surmised. "NAME THE LATEST AND GREATEST CLUB IN TOWN!" (Then, in smaller lettering) YES, "LE BISTRO" IS CHANGING—IN RESPONSE TO OVERHELMING DEMAND, WE'RE GOING "CLUB"! OH, WE'LL STILL HAVE THE SAME GREAT FOOD—AND PEOPLE—THAT GAVE US OUR REPUTATION AS ONE OF THE FINEST RESTAURANTS IN THE STATE, BUT OUR LOOK AND ATMOSPHERE ARE (big letters again) ALL NEW! (small again) NOW YOU CAN HAVE THE HONOR OF SEEING YOUR CHOICE FOR A NAME ON THE MARQUEE UP FRONT! SEND ENTRIES TO: She could sure type "em.

The name chosen was "DRESS JEANS", or "DJ's" for short. And Dandy had nothing to do with it, so humpf.

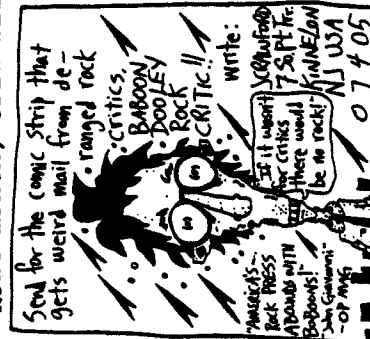
The name fit well. The place was to be neat but casual, fancy but down-to-earth. Rock tablids throughout the state donated space at dirt-cheap prices (I think somebody was pressuring them) in which we invited "all up-and-coming musicians and other novelty acts" to come try their luck at our "grand opening" bash, which was scheduled to last about a month. He knew the word had gotten around, and the Wilkins students were all fired up, so we figured it local acts could realize this grand opening month as the excellent publicity it was, we'd have a great rep in no time.

Actually, Car figured this. She'd completely dominated the entire renovation/publicity drive, and it's due to her that the thing went over so well. Don't think she didn't get leverage—she used various aspects of the undertaking for at least two class projects. But this became her baby, and she planned it day and night, scratching in her worn notepad every single detail that could possibly need taking care of, running up an exorbitant phone bill ("but making contacts, don't forget"—I heard the word "contacts" in my sleep), and just generally getting underfoot. For a 20-year-old kid, the gal was awfully clumsy. Graduate of the Chevy Chase School of Grace and Style, remember him? It got worse as she became more absorbed in her work and more absent-minded. I never saw a grown woman in polite company with more black-and-blue marks and knee scrapes! But she survived.

It's amazing how necessity dictates rapid learning. I became a booking agent overnight. Well, if you must know, assistant booking agent. Since we couldn't yet afford to pay any acts (yes, we were somewhat in debt even with all the kindnesses done us, and it would take a lot of luck to break even in time to stay alive), we had an understanding with each performer that all they and their roadies would get was a free meal. Again, the simple incentive of food...

DJ's was a hit. The way we'd reorganized it, there was no competition—nothing like it for miles. But then, that's suburbia anyway. By the end of the month, we were showing a fair profit, "on the map" and ready for the pros.

(I hope to be ready for more prose with the further recounting of the "Voice of Your Choice", Dandy Royce, and his compatriots Scathing Expose of the Cult Business! next month, Grid willing...)



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MAKING FILM REVIEWS -Bill-Dale Marcinko

*Tell all the truth but tell it slant
Success in circuit lies
Too bright for our infirm delight
The truth's superb surprise
As lightning to the children eased
With explanation kind
The truth must dazzle gradually
Or every man be blind--*
--Emily Dickinson

I was prepared to absolutely hate MAKING LOVE. What I had heard about it suggest my worst fears would be realized: That it would end up being a gay Ordinary People or Kramer vs. Kramer (two films which I truly loathed): The stories of rich, 30-ish marrieds having "feelings" and confronting a crisis while classical music played eternally in the background.

ever-annoying Richard Freedman of the NEWARK STAR-LEDGER, whose ability to totally misread a film is indicative of local newspaper critics, with their capsule reviews sandwiched between ads for Foodtown and Shop-Rite) Contrary to their reaction, I found MAKING LOVE, like that final bowl of porridge Goldilocks samples, "just right." In fact, much more than that: I cried for fifteen minutes afterwards (I rarely cry at films, and even less in real life. The Great Santini and Resurrection were the last films I remember crying at).

The story here is very simple. Zack (Michael Ontkean) and Claire (Kate Jackson) have been married 8 years, quite happily, and they are planning to buy a house. Eventually Zack, who visits gay bars but wimps out at the

"other man", therefore I identify very heavily with the Ontkean character. In my relationship with the man (who was also involved in another triangle with his girlfriend) I more often than not played the brooding, arrogant, lonely writer Hamlin plays here. (I also, if you care about these things, loved the man, and fought those feelings at every turn, and eventually told him to leave me alone) For me, everything about the dialogue and action seems uncannily accurate and exceedingly well-played. A few scenes had me gasp in recognition (the seduction scene between Hamlin and Ontkean is absolutely priceless, as they spar back and forth verbally to force the other to admit he's gay. In fact, almost any scene between Ontkean and Hamlin sparkles, Hamlin tough and aloof (but you can see the cracks forming) and Ontkean sensitive, silent, and hopelessly in love. And although the film does resemble a melodramatic, almost soap opera short-hand, there are no false notes anywhere in the film. It's power rests, too, in its silence and carefulness.

MAKING LOVE is never offensive, shocking, or assaulting on the audience. Arthur Hiller (an underrated director, one of the non-auteurs of Hollywood, like Robert ("Summer of '42" "The Other") Mulligan, Dan ("Resurrection") Petrie, or Lewis John ("Great Santini") Carlini, who are recognized only by the respectful way they don't meddle with the script, and not distract us with camera pyrotechnics (I shudder to think of the mess this film would be if Coppola or Scorsese directed it. Take a look at Coppola's mess ONE FROM THE HEART and compare it to this, those of you who think Coppola is God)

Hiller plays this nonchalant (vs. Friedkin's sensational direction in BOYS IN THE BAND or CRUISING) and so absolutely straight forward that it seems-- into the film-- that homosexuality is the most natural thing in the world. The scene in which Hamlin and Ontkean first kiss is typical of Hiller's non-intrusive approach. The camera is mounted at a medium shot as Ontkean and Hamlin stand in a hallway, facing each other. As they kiss, Hiller doesn't zoom in, cut away or cut to a close-up. He holds the camera where it is, as if we were a casual guest, sitting in the living room, watching this ordinary and perfectly normal thing take place. In fact, I would argue very strongly that homosexuality is not at all the subject of this film even. From the beginning, the film is a meditation on fidelity and commitment. Ontkean can't understand why Hamlin won't commit himself emotionally to a man. We don't understand it either. Hamlin is definitely a little neurotic, afraid of having Ontkean love him. (He blanches noticeably when Ontkean says, in bed, "I love you.") We're sympathetic to Hamlin, too. Ontkean's instant romanticism does look a bit foolish, and his insistence that Hamlin be faithful to him borders on a kind of emotional fascism. The whole film is like this: Our sympathies are drawn and pulled by the characters. In the end, no one is a victim or villain. The film does not take a position on monogamy either. The by-far most fascinating character (Hamlin) is the most promiscuous.

Comments (1) The best thing about the film is Hiller's use of Jackson & Hamlin addressing the audience directly (the Ontkean character never speaks to



TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX Presents
A PRODUCTION OF THE INDIEPROD COMPANY AN ARTHUR HILLER FILM

MAKING LOVE

MICHAEL ONTKEAN • KATE JACKSON • HARRY HAMLIN

An ad you will never see: This is the "gay" version of the ad. The "straight" version has Hamlin and Ontkean MUCH farther apart, and Kate Jackson doesn't look as confused and betrayed as she does here.

The few reviews I read of this made me wary. I read two from gay magazines which said the film didn't go far enough and was "too clean" (presumably the reviewers preferred the dank sets of Cruising or were disappointed the two male leads didn't piss on each other as an expression of their love (ala Taxi Zum Klo) The two reviews in the straight media said it was boring and dull, an odd perception to say the least (one from the whining, pretentious and homophobic Andrew Sarris of the VOICE, who dismissed MAKING LOVE in two paragraphs, after assuring us at the beginning of the review that he most assuredly was not gay himself; the other from the

last minute, bumps into Bart (Harry Hamlin), a writer, and their next meeting, they make love. Zack tells Claire this, and they break up. But Zack, a monogamous/homebody type, can't continue seeing Bart either, whose preferences tend more to, as he calls it, "variety."

I will confess before I go on that (either to flaunt my credentials or explain my personal reaction to the film) I was engaged to be married to a woman who looked a lot like Kate Jackson, throaty voice and tight lips and all, who I've always had a crush on since the Dark Shadows days) and eventually told this woman about the

us. He is at the center of the love triangle, and our window through which we enter into the other characters) This technique (ala Warren Beatty's use of it in REDS) has a way of introducing, like in the Greek tragedies, and commenting on the action. These head on close ups are also pretty emotionally wrenching in themselves, as Zack and Claire try to piece together the story after the fact as we are seeing it for the first time. (2) Watch how Hiller shoots everything against a pure white background (the walls of Jackson/Ontkean's house are white, the backdrop of the "witness" shots is white. Vs. Warren Beatty's black and red motif in REDS) Perhaps the preoccupation with white is a metaphoric cleansing of Hollywood's misportrayal of gays over the years (see Vito Russo's THE CELLULOID CLOSET for more info on this) (3) See the way Ontkean and Hamlin goof around like little kids (or Hamlin's playing with Ontkean's stethoscope when they first meet) and how Ontkean and Jackson rarely do. (4) See Hamlin, who gives the best performance in the film, struggle desperately against loving Ontkean (Ontkean's the first man that he's ever felt attached to) and try to convince himself, by bragging to us when he addresses the camera, that Ontkean was just another fuck. (5) Experience the saddest, most disturbing coda to a recent film. In the last scene, it's revealed that both Ontkean and Jackson have "remarried" and are "happy" (but they don't look it: They look old, secure, tired) It's "everyone lives happily ever after" function undercuts itself, and more than anything made me wish Jackson had stayed with Ontkean somehow, or Ontkean had stayed with Hamlin. I also thought of the first time I loved a woman and a man and how every relationship after that lost so much playfulness and innocence (Is that why I was crying?)

The film has, to use the line from the tasteful and dignified ad campaign (bravo, 20th Century Fox) a "bold, but gentle" quality to it. (Sounds like a detergent) It dazzles gradually, as the truth should, and it's the kind of film that the gay journalists will think is conciliatory, but a film that is so powerful because it doesn't preach and yell. Far more than films like *Taxi Zum Klo*, MAKING LOVE can be a political instrument for gay rights because it shows that the main issue in homosexuality is not sex, but the character of the relationship (and where it is located along the scale of total monogamy to total promiscuity)

This was my first, last, and most major discovery about my homosexuality, and the thing which will make this a perfectly enjoyable film for straights and the most effective tract gay people currently have at their disposal. I urge everyone to see it and to take as many of your friends as you can. It is a superb surprise if there ever was one.

Next time: (Catching up on all the films I've missed this time) The disappointing ABSENCE OF MALICE, FOUR FRIENDS, CHARIOTS OF FIRE, the disastrous ONE FROM THE HEART, and the damned DEATH WISH II (with sensitive direction by gool ol' Michael Winner)...Also, CANNERY ROW, THE BORDER, HOUSE OF WAX re-release in 3-D, SHOOT THE MOON, the Academy Awards, more on the new SCTV, more on SNL (I mention that Dolly Parton has recorded Michael O'Donahue's song

"Single Bars and Single Women" from SNL (Ebersole sang it on the show); certainly the oddest combination of talents in history), the update on BRIDESHEAD after Sebastian, more kind words on David Letterman, movies on pay-cable, a review of "Airplane" creator's POLICE SQUAD show (premiering March 4, 6 shows preempting MORK on Thursdays at 8:00, ch. 7), and my own tv escapades (THESE ARE NOT ACTORS!!) -- Those of you who like this column, demand Elaine give me 3 pages rather than 2 next time. Also, I'm campaigning to be the new music critic now that Chris Estey has left (if you can stand my shameless praise of Elvis Costello, The Clash, Joy Division, and Pete Shelley, that is) so put in a nice word for me.

Those of you who have talked to me in the last month know I'm now a BRIDESHEAD REVISITED (check your PBS station for showings under "Great Performances") addict, fan, devotee, call it what you will. I usually hate MASTERPIECE THEATRE (loathed "Upstairs, Downstairs") but this is something very special. An uncharacteristic novel written by one of the best writers of our time, Evelyn Waugh, and played to the hilt by a fantastic cast, and photographed in the kind of splendor British directors generally do not prefer, it's great: nostalgic, longing, romantic, lush, sad, and very witty. The wit is due in part to Anthony Andrews, who plays Sebastian with such energy and skill, the show is going to be dealt a losing hand when he's written out (this week) The homosexual romance angle between Charles (Jeremy Irons, from FRENCH LT. WOMAN) and Sebastian is pumped up to a noticeable degree. Best moment: Charles and Sebastian are picked up by two floozies at a club ("Death's Head" and the "Consumptive" as Sebastian comments) who comment: "I thought you two were faaaaaaiirrrriieess." Charles stares bemused and confused off into space (his only emotion) and Sebastian always ready, comes back with "That is due to our age and our striking physical beauty." The general message of the first few episodes is not that one looks fondly back on the good ol' days of rich Catholic aristocracy before World War II when Britain was still innocent, but that one looks back on the good ol' days of a nice romantic gay love affair. Will 1982, with MAKING LOVE, PERSONAL BEST, the to be released PARTNERS (John Hurt as a gay cop riding around in the squad car with Ryan O'Neal) and BRIDESHEAD HOMO-GENIZED become the year of the Fag? Will homosexuals become, gasp: ACCEPTABLE? (If this happens, I shall be turning heterosexual again come early summer)...After a few false starts and occasional misfires (why was Hank Aaron on the show at ALL?) DAVID LETTERMAN has come back in full force and made staying up to 1:30 mandatory again. He's best when he's NOT interviewing guests on the ordinary TONIGHT-show type set, and doing his own weird films, showing photos of shows that "didn't make it" on NBC's schedule, or demonstrating weird products. (The highlight of the first 2 weeks was an NBC employee's "home movies", which had an appearance by none other than J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, lurking in the background in this circa 1955 film) But there were lots of great moments, Pat Paulsen attempting to levitate over a tank of water, Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas doing the McKenzie Brothers in an ad-lib

routine ("Where's the Great Lakes?") and Billy Murray's special aerobic version of "Physical". What can you say about a show that recruits, as guests, SCTV cast members, Don Herbert, Bob & Ray, Pat Paulsen, Terry Gilliam, Steve Tesich, John Houseman, and Francis Ford Coppola (who revealed the secret of Marlon Brando's acting style). The best bits: the Alan Alda Chinese food conspiracy, Mr. Wizard's experiments, a dentist reviewing dental care in REDS, and the Man-Ray films. MORE Stupid Pet Tricks!! MORE Stupid Pet Tricks!! ...Down the descending ladder of comedy is the mildly interesting BILLY CRYSTAL SHOW (Sat, 10:00 EST, ch. 4)-- The first show, with John Candy, Rick Moranis, Dave Thomas, and Robin Williams was great, but downhill into comedy purgatory it went after that. There are many bright moments, but nothing to write home about. The show got shitty ratings, and is cancelled so none of this matters anyway...In the pits was Steve Martin's TWILIGHT THEATRE. With a cast like Roddy McDowell, Michael York, Martin Mull, Bill Murray, Candy Clark, and Shelley Duvall, how could it fail? Answer: Very, very badly. It was very painful to watch tasteless, totally unfunny material being played by people who should definitely have been somewhere else (on the DAVID LETTERMAN show, or at least BILLY CRYSTAL) The best bits were the commercial TV premiere of Pee Wee Herman (who has done brilliant HBO specials)--watch the sketch deflate when Martin enters the scene, tho. a DEVO video promo, Martin's I BELIEVE promo, FUNKY HIGH SCHOOL (with Harry Anderson, the sick magician from HBO'S YOUNG COMEDIANS show, who was also on Billy Crystal's show this same night) and Rosemary Clooney's singing "Come Onna My House" surrounding by dancing punks. Also, the absolutely delightful animated video of the Tom Tom Club's GENIUS OF LOVE (one of the best singles of the year, by the way) was shown (you can also see it on Feb's VIDEO JUKEBOX on HBO), but not played the whole way through (WHY NOT?) Of course, whenever the cast did original material, it bombed. Perhaps Steve Martin can just have an all-promo video show and just run other people's stuff. I just love LIFE ON EARTH (and I don't like nature shows)--the photography is absolutely stunning, and unlike Carl Sagan, David Attenborough is smart, interesting, witty, clever, and very modest. On PBS, check listings. This week is the "frog" episode, which looks great...Have you all been watching AMERICAN PLAYHOUSE? After a wishy-washy start (Cheever's SHADY HILL KIDNAPPING) they've shown Kurt Vonnegut's fantastic "Who Am I This Time?" (I can really relate to it--story of my life) and Ray Bradbury's "Any Friend of Nicholas Nickleby is a Friend of Mine", which was even better. Do watch it, ok? Also mentioned in passing: PRAY TV was such an incredible wimp-out, why did ABC even run it in the first place. It is shocking to imagine what this could have been like if ABC wasn't so afraid of offending the Moral Majority. Shame on them-- They shouldn't even have run it at all. What was on the air was so homogenized, diluted, and conciliatory it did more to aid the tv evangelists cause than examine/criticize it...

BD

153 George Street, #1
New Brunswick, NJ 08901

The advertisements state that it's the true story of what happened by the person who lived it. But upon finishing EVERY SECRET THING, by Patricia Hearst (Doubleday, \$17.95), I was no more informed as to the "true story" than I was before, nor did I care.

What was interesting, however, was the story of the Symbionese Liberation Army itself. Looking at this group of media-man "revolutionaries" from the vantage point of the cynical 80's, one realizes just how silly and contradictory their philosophy was. Contradictions abound, which Hearst is careful to point out. Professing to be a group devoted to equality for "the people" (read: poor, black and oppressed), the SLA members showed a condescension in attitude towards these groups that is appalling, as when they berate Patty for using articulate language -- telling her that she must use the street language of the people because they don't understand such bourgeois talk. The SLA structure was blatantly sexist, despite the revolutionary rantings and ravings. Men held the high positions, with the women regarded as military and sexual chattel, existing only to take orders and to provide sexual services to the male members of the group upon demand, in the name of revolutionary comradeship.

The SLA comes across as a torrent of misplaced anger, directed at a capitalist society in which most of its members grew up. Patty Hearst insists that her involvement in the SLA was merely defensive, in order to survive; her continued involvement after the fire which killed six members of the group which had abducted her a result of her belief (instilled by the SLA members) that she had, in fact become one of them in the eyes of the F.B.I., and that she would be shot on sight if she left the protection of the SLA. She had come too far to ever go back, or so she thought. The more interesting question, and one which is not answered here, is what caused these white, middle class young people to take up with the obviously psychotic Cinque, an ex-convict, whose modus operandi was pure intimidation? What need did this fill, that they risked their lives for such a nebulous, nonspecific cause? What sense of misplaced guilt caused them to attempt so desperately to identify with the poor and oppressed, even though their backgrounds (and overt behavior) precluded and real identification? This would require a book in itself, the protagonists of which are unable to answer our questions.

As children of the age of television, the SLA members played the media expertly -- from the tapes after the kidnapping, to the photographs of "Tania" in full military regalia, to the televised holocaust which claimed their lives, the SLA cause appears to be merely a plea for attention, for recognition of their existence, and an overblown sense of drama. The entire Hearst episode has always seemed like an overly-long Kojak episode, and indeed, this was the perfect media crime.

It is said that children will continue to reach out until they reach their limits and that constructive discipline shows a child that a parent cares enough to say "NO!" -- to provide values, guidance, and a sense of security and protection from the destructive forces that exist in a child merely through ignorance of consequences. Perhaps the SLA members, never having been given any limits, kept on their self-destructive path until someone, tragically, the police and the F.B.I., finally said "NO!" in the most final way possible.

Hearst's survival appears to be a result of her adaptability, which is a mixed blessing. In the early stages of the book, we see a girl manipulated by her parents into a certain mold in childhood, then into a relationship with an equally manipulative and controlling man (Steven Weed), to her years with the SLA, who were masters of manipulation, to her current role as suburban wife and mother. One can only wonder at the relative ease with which she weathered these disparate transitions. The question is whether there is a personality who is Patty Hearst, or is she merely a product of her companions at any given time? And, is this a strength or a weakness?

EVERY SECRET THING is worthwhile reading as social commentary, and for its insights into the SLA, but sensationalism-seeking readers, expecting a personally revealing expose so common in today's autobiographies, will be disappointed. Patty Hearst chooses to remain the enigma she has been since that night in 1974.

Who says you can't go home again? In 1978, when Cameron Crowe was 21, he posed as a high school student in a California high school, to write an insider's account of what really goes on in today's institutions of learning. The result of this experiment is Crowe's first book, FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95).

The book is an entertaining, if simplistically written account of a typical year at the semi-mythical Ridgemont High (all names have been changed to protect the culprits), with characters that you've all seen, regardless of when you graduated from a similarly hallowed institution. There's Stacy Hamilton, who, at age 15, has just lost her virginity (finally!) and who can't understand why she doesn't feel any different, Linda Barrett, of the "sensational bod," who is Ridgemont's resident sex expert, to the point of giving a new female student "blow-job lessons" in lunch court (Alas, the eager pupil's braces leave permanent scars on the hapless banana which she ardently fellates in an effort to duplicate Linda's expertise). Brad Hamilton, the school's everyman, is pleased to be told he looks like a young Ronald Reagan. To Brad, a blackhead on the chin is a major catastrophe, and true nobility can be obtained through the manufacture of perfect fries at the local hash joint. There's Jeff Spicoli, to whom life's real meaning is contained inside the curl of a wave, and in two bowls of really fine grass smoked before school every day. Spicoli dreams of being Johnny Carson's favorite guest. And of course, the school's resident mentor and protege, Mike Damone, he of the famed Attitude and (mythical) success with girls, and his pitiful sidekick, Mark (The Rat) Ratner, who idolizes Damone and tries desperately to make it with Stacy Hamilton. The cast (of hundreds of extras) appears not unlike a crew of Runyonesque pee-wees.

Every reader will find something to relate to here, no matter the age, and that's where the book's entertainment value lies. It is a bit frightening, however, how worldly and jaded these kids are. They have seen everything and done everything, and have nothing to look forward to but trying to make it in the real world of the 80's. Crowe takes us only to graduation day, so we have no idea of how these kids will adjust. But meanwhile, they're living in blissful ignorance, so let them have their fun.

FAST TIMES is a brief, entertaining read, if not great literature. Keep it in the bathroom, or read it at the beach. But don't bother spending too much time with it. Read Crowe in Rolling Stone instead.

ATTENTION NEW (W)AGEISTS: A good mantra is hard to find. The Aquarian Age: the Wholocaust. Godless Communists (Latin: Sufi Sales, Dementor). 55 Sutter, #487, S.F., CA 94104.

This
is
IT-
Expect
Non-
Sequiturs



"You'd pay to know what you really think."



J.R. "BOB" DOBBS.

P.O. 140306, Dallas, Tex 75214



Science and Medicine
are FRAUDS!
Who Needs Mental Health?

You can channel "It" into higher intelligence and creativity. Abnormality provides special power...
BREAK LOOSE!
You know who you are.
\$1 for info.

Dear LJ:

I can't let this go on any further. Let me set a few things straight: I was wrong in attacking B-D. He deserves my respect because his skin ain't thin. I detect that B-D has the ability to laugh at himself on occasion and this is important especially if one A) Wants to grow artistically (and not autistically), and B) Wants to mature comedically. I hope people won't misinterpret what I am attempting to say because I have noticed this tendency for "some" people to not take things as they're to be intended, become offended, and ask not to receive LJ anymore. This is not mature. Besides, isn't LJ a humor magazine? (B-D, re 10/7)

I invite anybody reading this to call me an asshole. I can take it. If anybody wishes to tear apart a MATORTORIAL. Go ahead. MATORTORIALS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FUN. If my work is being taken too seriously, please stop reading if I don't want to think that my blandness is making lives miserable.

(HUMOR) I can't stand pop tops that break, ketchup gloves, ketchup on hot dogs and being compared to Andy Rooney. These things are annoying. How can knocking these things be immature if they affect people of all ages??

Anyway, once again, I (the charismatic one, Thanks Little Maggie, I appreciate the compliment and the candor) wish to apologize to anyone who may be offended by my perspective. It's human nature to always hurt the one you love. And I guess I'll try to be a bit less predictably bland. Any more humility and I'll throw up. Omond soldiers, send in the gladiators...Don't bother they're here.

RAYE KENNEDY
NEW CITY, NY 10916-3071

(Dear asshole, Andy Rooney is annoying, I promise, not because he knows things, but because he knows stupid things. Religion, politics, world situations, these are all things that "affect people of all ages", and it's much more fun and interesting to knock that stuff than "pop tops". Then again, I never had much stomach for Andy Rooney. And I'd take Rooney any day over...uh, over...and the "immature" David Palmer does not receive LJ anymore, so per his mature wishes, so you really did waste your breath in that last paragraph.)

(The following letter was written prior to its author receiving issue #6.)

Dear Ms. Wechsler,

I must compliment you on your excellent publication. It was certainly the most worthwhile flyer I ever picked up at a Creation Convention.

I like all your present features except maybe Kris' record reviews. I'd rather read three or four detailed reviews than 20 one-liners.

As of now you seem to be abreast of anything really funny out there except for your almost totally ignoring of SCTV. SCTV is one of those rare shows that started out brilliantly and three years later has changed into something even more brilliant. From "Dining for Dollars" with Mr. Green and "Dining with Ladies" to "Sunrise Semester" and Edith Prickley in four years. "The Great White North" is probably the funniest two minutes in a month of television (check out the album, it's terrific!).

Take off, ya Hosedhead.

CHRIS CONNEY - 7003 Groton St.
FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK 11375

(Well, that hurt. AAAAAH--out down by my own kind. And I can just imagine how most of the people who know my in person are gawking at that last letter, knowing how SCTV's been a part of my life since 1976 or so, when it was on MNR-TV here at 1:00am. But I can forgive this unforgivable behavior, since this did bring up a fact which has no uncertainty, that the show has been around for 8 years and is just now getting "trendy". Ah, but what if they accuse me of not, not being into it? Then it's back to the shadows again...)

It's time to play Elaine's favorite game, "Comment on LJ". (Ed: No, my favorite game is "Beat the Reaper"). I feel so bad for Nate everyone picking on him. I liked his Matortorial on hospital care. Especially the lines about bowel movement ("yes, they now live in Newark").

Speaking of Newark, a co-worker has done a feature on "News from New Jersey". He reports that Bruce Springsteen's bid to have "Born to Run" made the state song was turned down. However, he can find solace in knowing that "Jungleland" was made the Newark theme song.

In other Jersey news, Governor Thomas Kean has decided to rename the Byrne Arena "Kean Arena". This has met with a lot of controversy and from now on it will be referred to as "that big white building in the Meadowlands".

A trillion thanks for mentioning the Bob & Doug McKenzie album. Scott brought it in last week & I was on the floor. So what if they have a vocabulary of 6 words (ok, eh, take off, you heyl! they could become NBS slogans... I showed the review to Scott. He read it aloud in perfect McKenzie. He was going to call "Rock Line" and in a McKenzie character ask "g'day, okay, so like are 'Bob & Doug' your real names"....

You know the big pain about the rag is that the back page always falls off. Hey what a great name for a song "My Back Pages" we'll get the Byrds to sing it? Eh, what? It's been done already. Well then take off....

I like some of your new lettering. Especially the questionnaire results lettering.

I anxiously look forward to "License to Manipulate". Knowing your readers it can prove quite funny. The redeeming thing about the Post is that it has two advice columns.

Yes, the small type. Mother always told me masturbation caused blindness, not INSIDE JOKE....

The gam of the month was JILL. Zimmerman's article on personal ads. I read it. Heed it. Heed it.

Right now I'm watching "Star Trek". Where is Mr. Chekov? I used to have such a crush on him. Of course no one has heard from him since.

I'm not into Subgenius (I have enough problems just being Brown Jewgirl), but I loved Sue Kaufmann's column (must be that name that gives her creativity).

This was your best ish of LJ. I mean, I understood it & everything! I loved it & I didn't even write anything for it. Meaning that I have writer's block it may be awhile since I write anything.

Oh how the graphics on Star Trek are too funny. Ah yes is this an 8 or an infinity sign? Who can forget the famous opening of "Ben Casey"? & man & woman was it then death, child, & the famous infinity? Going back I thought it was a dumb opening for a show & Dr. Gillespie's hair HAD TO GO!!! (Take off!!!)

Bob bless you for mentioning Quisp & Quake. I haven't thought of them in years. Whatever happened to them?...

"Whoa!" was a panic. (Timber!)

This issue of LJ was special for me seeing people actually liking my writing. Especially Chris who so many of our subscribers deem a god. Being that I'm still depressed, this put me in the greatest of moods. Thanks Chris. Thanks Maggie....

I saw "Pennies From Heaven" I was laughing my head off (Sorry Bill-Dale). However there is a big error. The movie is supposed to take place in 1934. There is one scene where Bernadette Peters briefly sings "Singin' in the Rain" which was not yet even made in 1934. Maybe you'd like to point that out, then again maybe not. So I like okay.

Would have liked to read Exercises in Fiction but the print was too tiny it really hurt my eyes.

Okay so like it's 2:20am & Mary Tyler Moore is just about over & so it this letter.

Anyway I anxiously look forward to the next LJ...

SAYS YOU (Letters)

Holy Shit! Bob & Doug are in People Magazine. I'll have to buy a copy.
Okay so g'day.

Love,

STEVE ROSSER - 2106 Wallace Avenue
BRONX, NEW YORK 10462

(The People magazine article of which Sue spoke is pretty decent (hey, it's publicity, and they did call SCTV "TV's best", which probably took a lot out of 'em), and Dave Thomas' wife is cute. 2 pages. Throw the rest of the rag out.)

Elayne:

Well, quite surprisingly, without any fanfare, you've managed to put together the best issue you've ever done. If this is any indication of 1982, it should be your year for sure--Send this one out to the press for reviews. It'll make you famous. Your introduction "I Think It's Time for the Couch" (great title) is different (in the sense it's more like a short story than an essay or editorial) and far superior to anything you've done before--really. The dialogue, and the tension (patient reveals profundities; psychologist wonders what she would "look like horny") (I've never heard that expression before, by the way. I always thought one WAS horny, rather than LOOKED horny), and the super first line "So I've come to believe love has no viable meaning anymore..." The whole piece is really structured like a pun of some sort, with the joke revealing a deeper joke which reveals another joke--Perfect editorial, considering the title of the magazine, and probably, the most honest (and certainly the most succinct) thing you wrote about yourself. Terrific! I've had the same problem with trading with FREEDOMIA GAZETTE. C'mon guys, loosen up, really now, no one is in it for the money in fandom, so let's get off our high horse, ok? ...About FREEDOMIA GAZETTE, the old axiom holds true: people who write about comedy tend to do it incredibly seriously. Oh, well....

Jill Zimmerman manages to hit head on the particular fetish of personal advisers (where discrimination becomes absurdity) and does a terrific run down (so accurate) of the various sources available. Does SCREEN magazine run personals though (I have not seen an issue in about 10 years and don't remember)? I think the 50 HQ MEMS does too (similar description, I would imagine, as for the VOICE). There's also something from Hawaii someone sent me once which advertised only for mates for imported Taiwanese/Philippine/Japanese women as wives. No information on it. Jill's great definitely up with me on my favorite essayists (Elton Wittis, Joan Didion), and her articles are super--She's got the real source of talent for a pro: An incisive and analytical eye and mind. Go--

I loved your to reviews, too--You certainly have to be given an award to sit through all this tv, for researching all those PBS programs (I add to the list my favorite show at present, BRIDGESHEAD REVISITED (which I like to call BRIDGESHEAD ON HORROR-GENIUS), which is on Mondays at 9:00pm and Sunday at 2:00pm on CH. 13 (any change to 3:00pm when the show goes to 1 hour). Sunday at 9:00pm on the NJ PBS (50/52/58), and Saturday at 9:00pm on ch. 21....)

People should give the new SNL a chance, but I doubt it will happen. Either Steve Martin's show or Network 90 (a much better show, but...) will be moved in come spring, most likely. The show was supposed to be avant-garde and continually changing, but like all "radical" things, the concept of it has now been homogenized into drack in the mainstream. How can someone call something like Fridays irreverent comedy?

Am watching THE TWO OF US more and more--Peter Cook is phenomenal, as is Mimi Kennedy, and like their cousin NORK AND MINDY, it is the classic triumph of fantastic comedians over mediocre material. Did everyone see Peter Cook & Dick Cavett recently? As usual, Cavett tried to keep pace (ala the show with Robin Williams), couldn't. Cook was his usual witty, urbane, and hysterical self....

I'm depressed that the SNL people from the Midwest are arguing about it. It was much more fun when they were sniping each other a year ago. Oh, well...I've even found myself agreeing with their Christmas list of movies. Oh, my God!

I agree that it's astounding how much either Wilson or Scialar or the writers sneak into BOSOM BUDDIES...Like Mork, it's unpredictable, and always surprising. I don't particularly like Sunny, but love Amy. Holland Taylor must go, though--She's a real lead weight.

Kip M. Davis' piece on the CONTACT HIGH rejection is good, although you must realize that Fremont has a point: relating, as it is practised in Contact High County, really does preclude wit. Wit, of course, is always harmful, vicious, vengeful, and violent, and people who are truly in love are totally humorless. He does have a point. I'd like to see the article run in LJ, though, just out of curiosity. Do you have rights (if you don't, shame on you)? And compared to MIND FUMMERS, your caution could be called clever and reasonable, if that's all that bothers John.

Norman Saville's Exercises in Fiction (a minor point here, but what he has written is an essay, not fiction. Shame on you English major Editor) has a little bit of Nate Hishman's disease, but it's interesting still.

Susan Hill's excellent GOOD BYE DAVID RAPAPORT and the letters section makes up for it. Chris Estey's letter is excellent: Definitely take him off reviewing and make him write only letters to the editor. Letters, not reviews, are his home.

Clay Geardes' piece is terrific, partially because it hits close to home. It makes my teaching preppie students who want to get a diploma so they can make lots of money real soon not as bad. How pathetic! I don't think there is any way to teach writing. You can teach grammar, mechanics, technique (to a degree), but you can't tell anyone how to "make it" or even "what to write". Clay's experience, coming out of the underground papers, is unique and probably isn't helpful for people beginning to write today. He does have a perfect grasp of the sometimes impossible experience of selling a piece to an editor. I tend to pick controversial pieces or interviews with unknown musicians or film directors as the stuff I send out for publication, and consequently get lots of rejection notices. Clay is one of the few people who can write about anything and make it enjoyable--and even though he acknowledges the difficulty of giving advice, quite worthwile (if only not getting up in arms about rejection). This is quite marvelous (intentional?) coming in the same issue as Kip's story about Elaine's overreaction to getting her first rejection notice--How ironic to see Elaine doing everything Clay, a few pages later, criticizes. Super.

With the exception of the one episode with the toy soldiers, I don't think DARKROOM is as terrific as David Jessup makes it out to be. It's not as embarrassing as Night Gallery (it doesn't have those annoying "humor" vignettes written by Jack Laird) but it lacks a lot: no characterization, no "moral" center, no attempt to set mood by directing or editing or lighting, and perhaps I'm oversensitive to the plots, but I haven't seen anything I haven't seen before. I can't do it. (The one trick TWILIGHT ZONE had to its sleeve is that it pretty much knew there's no such thing as a truly ORIGINAL horror story, so it modified them with moral underpinnings. And I like even the preachy episodes, and think King was a little rough on the show in DANSE

MACABRE.) Of course, DARKROOM is now off so all of this discussion is pointless anyway.

Of the poetry, Phil Branson's two and your own "Compromise" are standouts--The whole business of your double life with all sorts of interesting sidesteps to your personal business, although technically you should probably have two personas, one Kip M. Ghesin on one side (the uncontrollable id) and the compromising, kind, sweet woman, married, and living in the suburbs while working at Counsel Press (the Superego) with poor Elaine Wechsler stuck in the middle, hopefully struggling to break out of the final product of "Compromise" and moving toward the unrestrained Kip. The ol' angels and devils routine. Of course, being raised as a Christian and not a Jew I tend to see things not in two, but three.

Dayton Shapiro's "Police Proctologist" is great--Very rude.

Well, congratulations on your best yet, and keep them coming in 1982 (I should mention I like your shrinking of pages even more. It gives the magazine a crowded and packed look which is fun (like Sub-Dale)).

TAKE OFF!!

BILL-DALE MARCINHO
153 George Street, Apt. #1
NEW BRUNSWICK, NJ 08903

(B-D: Actually, the idea for the front page came from PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT, but you'd know that, having gone through the satire class with me way back when, when the book was on the reading list. And I would agree, when the book was on the list, it was the same category as NORK & MINDY, but I strongly doubt your assertion that in both cases the authors are triumphing over the scripts. Not really. Mediocrity threatens to all but drown them; it's even beginning to seep through in BOSOM BUDDIES, alas. Oh, and Norman Saville's story ("essays" to me are non-fiction, English major household name) was entitled "Best Room". "Exercises in Fiction (1, 2)" was just a capper heading, like "Revisions". They seem to be causing confusion, so perhaps I'll keep them. As for personas, stick to your own, "Clint Marshall".)

Dear Elayne:

Received LJ#6 last week, and decided to send along a few comments.

First off, I'm sorry that I didn't discover LJ before now. Is there any way to get some of the earlier issues? I have a feeling that certain references would make sense if I had read those other issues. Ah, well!

The enclosed SASE is for LJ#7, when that's available. I didn't notice any subscription info, so I assume that one must send a SASE for each successive issue. Am I wrong?

Now for the issue itself...

I like Pam Noone, and am planning on sending out a few SASEs in order to check some of this out. Being chiefly involved in comic fandom, I have to pay ignorance to all those publications/zines. Well, live & learn.

Jill Zimmerman: Ain't money this here boy would submit, or answer a personal ad. My lifestyle, for all its strangeness, prohibits this. I guess I just have no sense of adventure when it comes to relationships. Though an avid reader of the Voice ads, the curiosity never goes beyond fantasy.

...or not TV: Ohhh! That's a good column. Yessess! I agree with just about everything you have to say, except for Hill Street. I think this is the best network show to come along in a long time. The recent Captain Freedom plotline was especially interesting. Although I somehow knew that it could only end as it did.

I caught the first show of the new David Letterman program. I wasn't too disappointed. I had hoped that some of his old crew would be on hand, especially Rich Hall (who is being wasted on Fridays). I would also like to see Coffee Cup Theater show up. But the first show, I can't really complain. With someone as bright as Letterman, it will just take a few shows to get into the right format. Boy, who knew there were so many ways to join metal?

Next interesting piece was the book review. The Matortorial, "Little Brown Shiksa", and a few other pieces didn't really appeal to me, but maybe they'll grow on me with future installments.

Bill-Dale: Hey to go, buddy! I now remember why I enjoyed AFTA so well. I've sent him a personal letter telling him how much I enjoy his work. Hope to see a lot more of his stuff in the future.

As for the rest of the issue, I have mixed feelings. David Jessup is correct in his evaluation of Darkroom (now gone for good, I believe), a program never given a proper chance. Clay Geardes is always enjoyable, no matter what he's commenting on. He's really perceptive, and so correct in his understanding of the frustrated unpublished writer (yours truly included). I have dozens of pieces that somehow never made it further than my own typewriter, and even more that never got that far.

I'll not comment on the poetry. I have always found poems, a very personal thing (and written some myself, a few were published) and no one style appeals to everyone. There should be a place for them, though, and it's nice of you to give them a showcase.

One last thing before I close for now. Did you notice that ABS has switched Bosom Buddies again? Boy, they'll kill that show yet. It's never really given a chance, to find its viewership. Will this be the kiss of death? Stay tuned!

Keep up the good work & take care,
STEVE CHAPUT
2 Indian Hill Road
WESTPORT, CT 06880

(Comments on Steve's comments: As far as back issues of LJ go, yeah, I have some and can always make more, but except for the most recent three or four, I can't really recommend their worth. References are all inside jokes anyway, so I would be betraying the coveys, but if anyone wants back issues, let me know. I'd like to have a chance to change a book, 'cause in some cases I have to know them all over...Subscription information is always found on page 2, in the Acknowledgment. The info is times up to and including this point, issues have always cost 20¢ STAMPS PER. Any money sent above and beyond this is considered donations. I do this for two reasons: I don't want to start keeping tabs on who's paid up for what future issues, as I would have to do more there yearly or some such sub, and I WILL MAKE NO PROMISES THAT ISSUES WOULD BE AS GOOD FOR ME AS THE MONEY TO COME--I GUARANTEE NO FUTURE BUREAU FOR ME IN PUTTING THIS OUT. Therefore, we will it monthly...It seems I may have been misunderstood in my evaluation of HILL STREET BLUES. It's not that I don't like it. In fact, I recognize it as one of the top quality network shows around. I was commenting on its soap-opera nature of not being able to get into it anew mid-season because you have to be with it from the beginning to understand and know the characters (which is what a good show should be anyway, not all this time-saving omission or shall-we-say brevity, so I can't watch it. I can see you King for Coffee Cup Theater to show up on Letterman, and have no doubt but that it shall. My favorite so far, as of 2/4/82, was Pat Paulson's levitation attempts. Bill-Dale Marcinko's done me

That name once again, sakers, is HAROLD RAMIS: from "Stars" (a la MacGreedy) to STRIPES.

(continued on next page)

the kindness of reviewing *Let's Learn*, *Crystal* and *Not the 9 O'Clock News* in his column this month...Yes, it appears *ROCK FOLLIES* is slated for the Great Beyond now, but it is paired, quite appropriately, with *ROCK & RINDY*, the only other show to have that high an ad-lib percentage. And they are up against the unbelievably energetic world of *PAN* now. Is this meant to mean by "the spirit of competition"...some good can be said to have come out of it, though. One of my absolute favorites, *OPEN ALL NIGHT*, has taken over *ROCK & RINDY*'s old slot at 8:30p Friday nights. Many hip people are already staying home, and up, for *SCV* anyway, so this is a positive move, I think. And now folks will be able to compare *OMF's* treatment of California clichés to that of *Friday*, which lays far behind the former for comedy content.)

Colduary

Dear Elaine,
Wuz indeed a pleasure to reread de latest ishuv of "INSIDE JOKE". "Specially since da manush uv de *Playboy*... Gersh, yuh makin' us blush! Boring.
In any case, "INSIDE JOKE" has really become quite an interesting collection of material. I'm not just returning a compliment...or complementing a compliment, for that matter.

We'll be sure to send you the next *Playboy*, as soon as it enters reality. Must leave...I tawt I tawt a pudgy fat a cweopin' up on me.

Sincerely,
ALAN KATZ
7768 New York Avenue
SEAFORD, NEW YORK 11783

(Another *PLAYBOY* plug—to catch it, write to *RTJ* for info.)

YEENAW, Comrade!

I repeated, slacked off, and quit my job! Now working fulltime for "Bob" though STRAPPED. We're proceeding with THE BOOK. Trying to stay on top. I ACTUALLY READ your mag. I haven't been able to read much lately so I figure the most important things to keep up with are the SHMIL APPARENTLY INSIGNIFICANT ones, these containing SECRET POWER of the AGES etc. etc.

I must not have gotten your questionnaire, because I don't remember filling it out, and I ALWAYS fill out questionnaires. Listen, way prior to Subgenius I circulated an early form of the 56 questionnaire, called The Bulldada Questionnaire, around what amounted to the Firestone Theater fan club (Peopon for Pres, etc.). Got about the same return, 53% or some-thing. I was amazed, though, at how sharp and funny the answers were. Almost no "flat" ones. The same has been true on the Sub Questionnaires, which we now need a computer to properly statisticeize. Few in number (105 or so) but high in quality. "Quests" are GREAT!

Thumbing through the mag...glad you mentioned Thornley. Did you know he's one of the co-founders of Discordians? Do you get *Showtime* cable TV? WHAT'S UP AMERICA has a video report on the SubGenius sometime in Feb. You can tell Sue Kaufmann that she is RIGHTFULLY ON THE PATH O' "BOB!" When HE starts appearing to you and causing you to create entirely new schizms, you know you're in for either ASTOUNDING LUCK or BAD TROUBLE. Either way will work out in the end. It's okay.

Yes, I'm working at home. A dream realized? So far it's mostly still the endless answering of mail. Got this giant stack to get behind me. So I better hop to, NOW!

Thanks a MIL. for all the plugs!
New, DOUGLAS ST. CLAIR SMITH
NEW GENIUS FOUNDATION
P.O. BOX 140306
DALLAS, TEXAS 75214

(Questionnaire #2 is still available to anyone who wants it, just for fun. Questionnaire #3 will probably appear in the May *ROCK-ISM*, since NOTHING in that issue will be WORTH ANYTHING ANYWAY, so be prepared...)

Dear Elaine,
First page of IJ this month blew me out—excellent concept. (See, I'm hep, I got the signal...)

Why pick on the Elephant Man? Doesn't he have enough problems, what with the baghead and all that? Would you want Mimoy asking around and looking for you? No, you wouldn't so cut it out! What do you think of elephants? Bill-Dale Marcinko—GROW UP! Must we stoop to the levels of others? Why be adolescent and "get back" at others when you can do so much better? Please leave childishness to children (they're the experts at it) and expend your energies more constructively.

Clay Geerdes speaks the truth. I saw myself within his column. I saw what I don't want to become, and it's before I spend four years on what could have been a useless diploma. Reality. HMM. It only serves to reinforce my theory that good writers have to prostitute their talents if they want a steady writing job.

So many poems this month! Dave Rosenfeld's is insane. Nice finish there. Somehow I think that the poem could be true. Sad, isn't it. Philip Branson's poems hit me as they usually do. Yeah, that's me. What an eery feeling—someone writing my poems!

A rest home for mailmen? Gee, I thought they JUST got lost amongst the machines.

I hope you're not going to let IJ become an SCTV fanzine. It seems to be creeping in, little by little. Granted, it is a great show, but it and your admiration of it should remain a separate entity from IJ. (ED: But why?)

There is someone else who watches "Open All Night"? My favorite was when Terry ran away and got a job at the Bates Motel, where he says he "feels at home", comfortable with his friends—stuffed wolves, etc. The remainder of the episode fit right in with *Psycho*—a real joy.

Tirebiter? Where have I heard that?
So like I have to go now for my tanning session so I have to put this in the mailbox.

Take off!
SUE KAUFMAN
456 Fairway Drive
UNION, NEW JERSEY 07083

Dearest Elaine,

There's so many ways for the soul to die. The most common conception is of a person who is once full of enthusiasm, but at one point loses grip of the events, and then suffers emotional and/or physical disaffection. Some people spend so long adjusting to the rhythm of their souls, they finally achieve the goal with no life left in their existence.

Some of us create our souls from the pattern given us early on in life. These people feel no fear of "selling out". Because they never can. It is beyond them. These souls never die. They begin withering away at birth, eventually reaching the core of existence, and the aforementioned groups will just stare in awe, disgust, amusement. The minutes slowly go by, and it could very well be your celebrating your own death today.

A year, maybe?

Ten days.

From today.

Some people celebrate love by having sex. Some people celebrate life to its fullest by associating themselves completely and defiantly with death.

The most simple things said are often the most complex. The most complex things said are often the most simple.

"Everything is put in its place by its neighbor—

the serious by the comic, the noble by the popular, the intellectual by the crude, the literary by the physical; the abstraction is vivified by the stage image, the violence illuminated by the cool flow of thought." —Peter Brook, on *MAKAS/SADE*

Moralism is a funny thing. Some people pass it off quickly, not really considering the cause or effects. Some people live it, yet fail to grasp their inherent incongruity, instead positioning themselves as "critics".

And some people let the wheels of life turn, analyzing the clogging, never willing to stop the motions because they are of the energy themselves.

Soon what you know shall all lose meaning.

Soon what you know shall all gain meaning.

This is life.

I hurt the worst (best?) when I laugh. When someone makes me laugh, they do not realize how cruel they're being. Laughter lets down the pretentious walls for a momentary glimpse of humanity in its essence; yet humor is truly anti-existential, as humor can never be a "thing onto itself". And when it is, it is irony. And irony is never understood.

I will never tell you what to do. If I do, I am wrong.

Forgive me.

The reflection in the mirror can be seen to represent all that is not in the room, as well as what is.

Stop back. Stop judging.

There. I'm wrong again.

This is life.

You're welcome to print my letters in *INSIDE JOKE*. Yes, these vague and boringly enigmatic letters are available for public consumption. That would be an inside joke.

All The Love My Heart Can Give,

CHRIS RUTY
600 S. Kent St., G#45
KENNESAW, WA 99336

Elayne,
Thanks for *INSIDE JOKE* #6. Your best issue yet (also only the second issue I've read).

With two issues behind me, I can still say that I think IJ is excellent. I like your first page. You seem to be very honest and up-front, which makes the whole paper seem more believable and dedicated. I, at least for one, like your style. This is the first "fanzine" (or whatever) that I've really followed, and I enjoy it.

I noticed that you have mentioned Pac-Man a couple of times. Could it be that you play? A couple of my friends from work, and myself, go over to our local arcade on our lunch hour, and we've gotten pretty good at it. My average score is about 35,000. Our highest score yet is 54,000+. Consider this a challenge to a game, if you do play. I think Pac-Man is almost as addicting as *INSIDE JOKE*.

I like to fill out one of your questionnaires. I can see that each of my answers would agree with some of the ones you listed. For instance, I frequent my home the most, and have to admit to reading my IJ in bed (listening to my stereo and drinking a beer), and also it went when I was looking. I don't know if reading IJ in bed has made my sex life devastating, but I'm always willing to be evaluated.

As far as your TV reviews go - I like Saturday Night Live (edited reruns), The Greatest American Hero (but I collect comics, remember), Taxi (my father operates a taxi business), Bosom Buddies, and how about Speed Racer on channel 68 before WH comes on. By the way, do you have WH? I managed not to watch The Elephant Man any of the ten times it was on TV. Also, I do understand, though, that they did a very funny Pac-Man sketch, which had a big yellow round guy barge into the living room of a bunch of little red, pink, yellow and blue guys. Did Love Boat really excite you?

Take care, I must depart and do some work (for which I'm getting paid at this very moment). Hope to hear from you soon.

BOB SHUMWICK
NORTH BRUNSWICK, NJ 08902
(I grew tired of *Speed Racer* after seeing it over and over while back...No, I don't really want WH after HBO and Showtime...I play Pac-Man occasionally, but much prefer *Propper* or *Crazy Climber*.)

Dear Elaine Wechsler,

[On your publicity flyer] it said you open IJ's pages to readers and accept essays, letters, etc. Well, I'm no writer and this may never get published (*ED: WRONG!*), but I just want the world to know that I'm the biggest fan of the most underrated, overlooked and ignored show ever produced for television. Its name? *ROCK FOLLIES*. It was a 5-part British mini-series that aired on PBS, sometime in 1977, about 3 women trying to become Rock Stars. On the surface, that premise doesn't sound spectacular. However, I've never seen a better combination of wonderful dialogue, superb acting, unforgettable characters and fantastic songs in any one story before.

I've seen almost 6,000 movies and thousands more TV shows, but of all the greatest classics made, nothing can compare to *ROCK FOLLIES*.

After it aired, I thought sure there would be RF Fan Clubs, magazines, dozens of products with some sort of RF logo or insignia, a photo-book with 1,000 pictures featuring every scene and word from the script and, of course, a huge Cult following.

But nothing happened. It came and went. Who knows, maybe if it had been shown on ABC, CBS or NBC a national RF mania might have engulfed the country. But, with the smaller PBS audience, it didn't attract much attention. The 3 women didn't become overnight superstars. The show didn't win any Emmys. It passed unnoticed.

If RF were a movie that could be shown at theatres, at least it would have a slim chance of being re-discovered. But, as a TV series, you can only see it again if some TV station decides to re-broadcast it. Result? It was shown once on PBS and never again. Might as well be in a graveyard. Most people have never heard of it!

There might've been an RF revival a few years ago when Rula Lenska became an instant celebrity with her hair spray commercials. When everyone was asking "Who is Rula Lenska?" I'd already known her for 2 years! The 3 aspiring singers in *ROCK FOLLIES* were Charlotte Cornwall, Julie Covington and RULA LENSKA! In the RF series their trio was known as The Little Ladies.

But, even though Rula Lenska Fan Clubs were springing up all over, her sudden fame did not cause an equal infatuation with *ROCK FOLLIES*.

There were two *ROCK FOLLIES* albums that I know of—an English and American version, both containing the same songs. Could've bought them for \$6.49 and \$7.77 in 1977, but I don't believe in paying more than \$3 or \$4 for an album. After years of searching, I finally found the English import at a used record shop for \$2.50. Unfortunately, the songs just don't have the same intensity as in the TV show, so I don't judge the whole series by that album. Maybe the U.S. version is better. In fact, when I called my local PBS station for its record #, they not only didn't have the LP in their record library but nobody there had ever heard of *ROCK FOLLIES*! And they were the station that televised it!

So, that's where everything now stands. If *ROCK FOLLIES* were a movie, I'm positive it would have a larger Cult following than "The Rocky Horror Picture Show". Maybe some smart person who wants to become a millionaire will decide to buy or rent the series and show its 5 episodes as a single 4-hour film. If so, more people will finally be able to see what a work of genius it is. Until then, it will remain a forgotten masterpiece.

I'm interested in hearing from anybody else who feels *ROCK FOLLIES* is the greatest story ever put on Celluloid. They can write to me directly.

PAUL ZUCKERMAN
745 Westgate
ST. LOUIS, MO 63130

(After reading this letter, I can't help but wonder if Paul and I saw the same show. I watched *ROCK FOLLIES* with mild interest when it was broadcast on WHET in '77, thought it had an above-average pilot episode, nifty graphics, skimpy outfits worn by the far-from-"liberated" women singers, and quite typical and mediocre succeeding run. If I had to pick one show that came and went in the blink of an eye with little recognition, it wouldn't be RF. It would be probably Alan Alda's "HE'S THE HOT ST" or, which no one's ever heard of, either. RF was passing, in my opinion. Certainly not a "work of genius" or a "masterpiece"...but that's just me.)



MACDONALD SZ ©

Buldada the latest exploration into the world of advanced morealism, where the mind is filled with dirt and lugs which trickle like mutilated centipedes down the sides of the cranium to find shelter and rest inside the now sightless eye sockets.

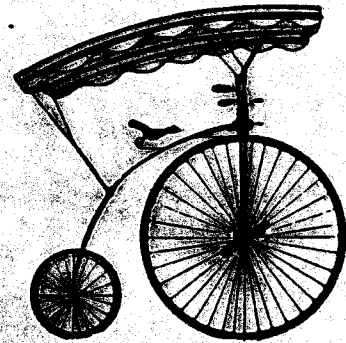
— Shredni Chisholm



2081

Can You Tell A Cutthroat From A Tracheotomist? 20 QUESTIONS

1. If a fetus is a person, why does it look like a steamed prawn?
2. Are billboards "commuter programming"?
3. Were the Pilgrims the first boat people?
4. Does the Silent Majority believe in Harpo Marxism?
5. Will banning cheap handguns produce a better class of criminal?
6. Haven't punks become boring *young farts*?
7. Do pooper-scooper ordinances mean more law, less ordure?
8. If Jesus is coming again, what was His refractory period?
9. If there's a right to property, where can I sign up for mine?
10. Why do vegetarians bite their nails?
11. Can Reagan tell the truly needy from the truly greedy?
12. Aren't bosses the *real* "Time Bandits"?
13. If God wanted us to suck cock, wouldn't He have given us lips?
14. Do whales cause cancer?
15. Is Reaganomics the science of holocaust-benefit analysis?
16. Did the Polish Pope attend the College of Cardinals on a football scholarship?
17. Why do people who say "there's no free lunch" have expense accounts?
18. If sisterhood is powerful, shouldn't feminists douche more often?
19. Why don't people take frivolity seriously?
20. Why not cut class society?



IF YOU would like to see less posers and more opposers;
recoilless from rifles than you used to;
are too poor for the ritual;
throw temper tantrics;
are more tactile than tactful;
think Christianity is the Greatest Story Ever Sold;
long for an alternative alternative;
have no patience with patients;
enjoy "6669";
oppose a first strike and propose a general strike;
you already know that

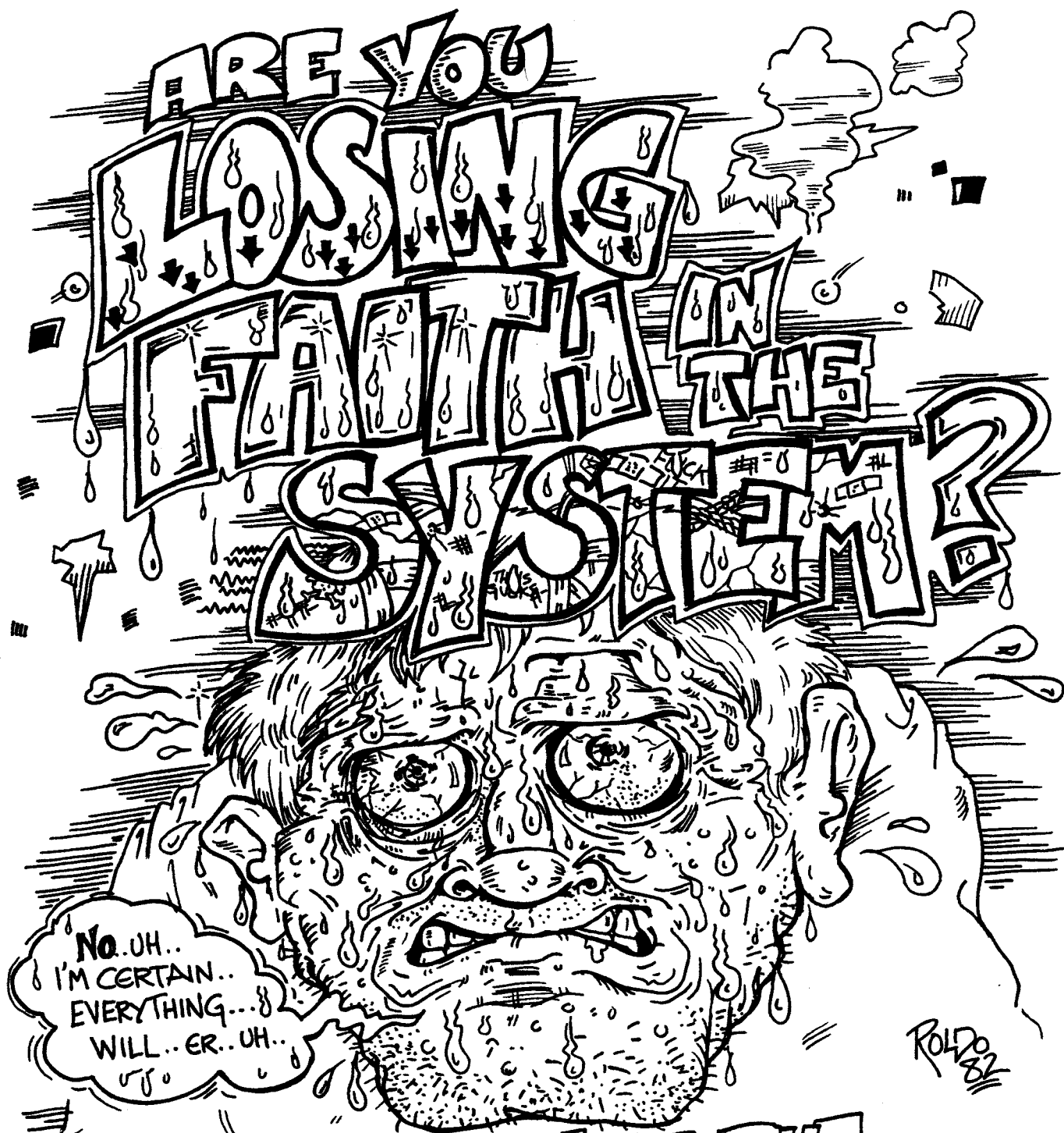
THEN



Arbeit Is Worse Than Our Bark

(ED: More idle-worship
courtesy of Bob Black)

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WELL, THAT MAY BE THE
SMARTEST MOVE THAT
YOU'LL EVER MAKE!
MAYBE NOW YOU START TO THINK FOR
YOURSELF
MAYBE EVEN GET GOOD AT IT... BIT LATE, THO'..



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BACK PAGE FILLER

BACK PAGE FILLER

ELAYNE WECHSLER'S



Mark Deitz

Yes we have weathins (weethins)



Jane Schwartz

Ron Weiss

1984-2nd
NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

WE ARE HAVING FUN ("YOW!")!



©Steven Scharff 1984



John Scharff



Gary Richardson



Mike Paris



Dave Rosenfeld



Jill Zimmerman



Steve Weiss



(drawn by Gary Richardson)



Ellen Gale



Lisa Bottini



Elayne Wechsler

Much thanks to Steven Scharff
for these caricatures of the
characters at my NYE party...

INSIDE JOKE

c/o ELAYNE WECHSLER
418 East Third Avenue
Roselle, New Jersey 07203

