

# JOKE INSIDE

BRAIN GROWTH  
through radical insanity.

Insane Manifesto for  
Correct Human Behavior!

"A NEWSLETTER OF COMEDY AND CREATIVITY"

ISSUE NUMBER 8

COST: 40¢ SASE (SEE PAGE 3)

MARCH 1982

## "...of a Different Color..."

"Ya-HOOEY!" shrieked the puffy-cheeked boozier with a Southern drawl. "Let's celebrate, yaHOO, no work, ya—hey, where 'n hell are my pretzels? Hey bartender, gimme some pretzels here!" He slapped his hand down, hard, on the stool next to him—"OW! Think I got me a splinter 'n there, shit, ain't nobody make stools liken they useta. Hey Joe," he called to the bartender (he called all bartenders "Joe"), "turn up the sound on that there parade, will ya? We all gotta CELE-brate, whoo-pie-tie-one-on! Ya-HOO!" He slurped on his fourth beer, and belched twice in rapid succession.

She sat at the only table that appeared clean, and that was because she'd just wiped it off herself. She had no work today, either. The town was too concerned with getting blasted. Today, her name was Kitty O'Hara. O, apostrophe, Hara. She'd toyed with McHeinz, but decided to corrupt the totality of the name and just maintain the basic initial. Today, everyone was Irish. Wear green. Every last git among them, wear green. Green and drink. Doesn't anybody know about the other side...

The parade flashed on the bar's projector screen. The puffy man and two or three other instant drinking buddies banged their steins on the tabletop loudly and started again to whoop. "Sure seems a shame," one of them muttered, "what with us gettin' offa work 'n all, seems a damn shame..."

"All RIGHT, already, WHAT seems a shame?" bellowed the spitting image of Custer.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, seems a damn shame, like I says, ain't no football this time o' the year, y'hea?" 'Y'hea?', near as Kitty could make out, was another near-Texan variation of 'you know?' or 'right?' or 'am I correct in presuming this, gentlemen?' She leaned forward (making sure her elbow rested on a non-sticky section of the table) and waited for someone else to say something about the day. They'd covered parade and football—only one more topic left for these men.

"Yep, sure wish I were Irish, that's fer shur," a relatively young fellow was telling his oblivious date. "Hot damn, they can hold their likker better!"

Oh, two untouched subjects left. Kitty had forgotten about social stereotyping.

"God Bless The Irish!" cried on sot at bar's end, obviously capitalizing every word. God Bless 'Em, Every One!"

Sheesh...well, this one might, just might, have something unique to contribute. Kitty was familiar with the revelations that states of intoxication occasionally produce.

"God, I love the Irish!" he went on, everybody listening but nobody paying attention. "Such a wonderful HAPPY people! God, with'n their i'll lepre-sy and—"

"Leprechauns," someone called out in correction. Kitty bit her tongue sharply and sipped at her Irish whiskey.

"Yeah, them too, heh heh, yep, them little lepre-things, and the fairies—Hey, anyone know what you call an Irish fairy who—wait a minute, how does that go again?" He sunk back in his ale. ("Yeah," said the mutterer, "I saw a couple Irish fairy-types back awhile ago. Beat 'em up real good too.")

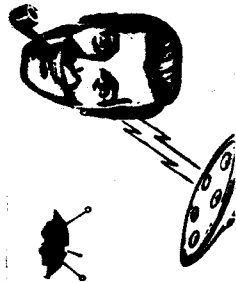
The bartender, trying to sharpen the picture, flicked channels to compare. He fiddled around with the color on the news, where a pretty Jane Fonda clone drawled, "And so it seems, from either point of view in Northern Ireland, that both sides feel that they're absolutely in the right, that neither is prepared to compromise or acquiese, as that would, to them, mean the loss of something precious, and that through all of this, the innocent are still dying in staggering numbers. What we, as a free na—"

"Hey, what 'n hell's that doin' on the tv? We were watchin' the parade!" "Yeah, get that crap offa screen!" "Whaddaya wanna do, Joe, lose customers?" "Yeah, come on, we just came in for a nice drink or two, who needs the—"

"Oh, gee, sorry fellas," 'Joe' said, switching back to the parade, "There, how's the color now?"

"Green, real green," said Puff-Face, as a downhearted Kitty slapped two bucks on the counter and walked out.

"Hey, bonnie lassie," called out the corner sot, "how come yer all dressed in orange, huh? Don't you know what day this is—Hey, where ya goin'? Ah well," back to his brew, "see ya in the funny papers, y'hea?"



SUPPORT the  
Send money.  
LASER PROJECT



PULL THE PLUG on radio evangelists. Less aural sects, more oral sex! Renters, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

TO BE SCHOOLED is to be ruled. Indulge in the pleasures of pedantic—don't deny yourself the delights of didactic! Instead of terminating prejudiced teachers, why not terminate teachers "with prejudice"? Those who can, do; those who can't, teach—and those who don't want to, fight back! Better Brenda than Herbert Spencer! Pedagogicides, 55 Sutter #487, S.F., CA 94104.

# EVENTS

## BE LATED

MARCH 12 - MARK DEITZ (25)  
MARCH 16 - COLLIN KELLOGG (?)

## UPCOMING

APRIL 2 - Captain Video folds, 1955  
APRIL 12 - DAVID CASSIDY (32)  
APRIL 13 - MIKE SPOONER (?)  
APRIL 18 - MARY JAMES (17)  
APRIL 20 - HAROLD LLOYD, b. 1894  
APRIL 23 - DEBBY FUCHS (25)  
APRIL 23 - CATHY KORZ (24)

## COMING NEXT ISSUE:

FIRE SIGNAL #1 - Brush up on your Firesign Theater records, first quiz is next month!

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* INSIDE JOKE is put on each month by Elayne Wechsler. So \*  
\* I may make typos, but can any of us really justify our \*  
\* right margins? \*  
\* EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Elayne Wechsler \*  
\* PRODUCTION ASSISTANT.....Margaret Kuczynski \*  
\* \*  
\* STAFF WRITERS \*  
\* CHRIS ESTEY CLAY GEERDES SUE KAUFMANN \*  
\* GERRY REITH STEVEN SCHARFF KERRY THORNLEY \*  
\* JILL ZIMMERMAN PAUL ZUCKERMAN \*  
\* \*  
\* BOOK REVIEWS: STEVE FIORILLA; STEVEN BENNETT \*  
\* "Baboon Dooley" strips by JOHN CRAWFORD \*  
\* Masthead for Issue #8 by JEANNE GOMOLL \*  
\* \*  
\* OTHER CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH: \*  
\* HARRY ANDRUSCHAK VERNON GRANT ROLDO \*  
\* BOB BLACK JOHN HUDAK NORMAN SAVILLE \*  
\* PHILIP BRAMSON OLIVIA JASEN DAYTON SHAPIRO \*  
\* DAVID BURD DAVID JESSUP BILL SHUT \*  
\* C.K. DeRUGERIS CAROL LAY Rev. DOUG SMITH \*  
\* SAMAR De SOLSONA BILL-DALE MARCINKO JAMIE STRUBLE \*  
\* PEGGY TULLY RONALD WEISS STEPHEN WOLF \*  
\* (yeah, I know, screwed up alphabetical order there a bit) \*  
\* c. 1982 Pen-Elayne Enterprises, KIP M. GHESIN, Pres. \*  
\* PRINTED BY MIKEY & BOBBY AT COUNSEL PRESS INC., NYC. \*  
\* "It's Better to Limp All the Way to Heaven Than Not to \*  
\* Get There At All"—sign on Baptist Church, 3/6/82 \*  
\* \*\*\*\*\*

## YOW! Are We In the 1980's Yet?

a "take off!" by Elayne Wechsler  
written in 10 minutes on 2/25/82

In the 1st year of the seventies,  
My true love gave to me  
A "good buddy" on the CB.  
(Now that you know the song, you can fill  
in the extraneous words yourselves...)  
(2nd year) 2 days of est, and a....  
(3rd year) 3 Mile Island, 2....  
(4th year) 4 John Denver hits, 3...  
(5th year) 5 NORMAN LEAR SPINOFFS\* 4...  
(6th year) 6 bags of peanuts, 5...  
(7th year) 7 pairs of joggers, 6...  
(8th year) 8 nostalgic punks, 7...  
(9th year) 9 L.A. parodies, 8...  
(10th year) 10 Izod gators, 9...  
(11th year) 11 games of Pac-Man, 10...  
(last verse is freeform, so I chose—)  
(12th year) 12 INSIDE JOKES, 11...  
\*If you're hip, substitute "Tandem" for  
"Norman Lear"—it plays better.

MAN BITES GOD! Water Madness: a  
sacramental illness. See the Polish  
Pope turn wine into water! Be  
catholic, not Catholic. Primates, 55  
Sutter, #487, S.F., CA 94104.

# acknowleditorialetc.

By way of explanation, again: Everyone sees something different in INSIDE JOKE. This is part of whatever appeal IJ may have. The Enigma Effect. Personal friends of mine think it's "cute" or silly and glance at it briefly to see if there's anything easy to comprehend that might interest them. Contact High people keep looking for hints of the "real" me, and often demand long handwritten letters from me in addition to the zine's 24 or so pages. SF aficionados complain there's not enough sf; comix artists want more comix art or fanzine news; fiction fans keep asking for further stories; poets think poetry is the proper direction for me to take; British readers don't see as much British humour as they'd like. All predictable, but not terribly swaying. Some folks make IJ their own; some believe it's all mine, over which to wield ultimate authoritarian control. Quite a few suggest more slickness, i.e. "cleaner" lines or typesetting—others believe even reduction of copy is too much to take. And then there are those who don't know what to make of it all. Bravo for you.

The major change this month is that a man who still insists to me "Never let friends write for you" has left IJ's writing staff. Bill-Dale Marcinko's writing and reviews may leave a hard-to-fill gap, but B-D must get on with projects like THESE ARE NOT ACTORS! (from which I understand I have been removed), his band The Realists, and possible positions on the recommendation of (yes, the) Michael O'Donoghue. I've still a backlog of Marcinko songs yet to grace these pages, tho, and Billy remains to be of tremendous publicity value. Sorry to disappoint thrill seekers and lovers of conflict, but little friendship has been lost. Just two quality pages.

I got lazy this month, so "Voice of Your Choice" once again becomes bi-monthly...Joining our staff this month are two new contributors—Paul Zuckerman, with his "Notes from a Nut", has managed to eke out Jill alphabetically, and Gerry Reith, with two (unrelated) pieces, trying to, as he puts it, "live up to my name"...More good news: Although Chris Estey has left record reviews, he remains on staff w/ "Estey's Compost Heap", a mini-"Not Mellow" in each issue... Sue Rosner, Margaret Kuczynski, Nate Mishan and Mallory "LBS" Mann have all missed the deadline—come on, staffers, gimme breaks, by now you all know it's the 10th, so do it, or tell me by then you won't, else forget...Also, extenuating circumstances have Jilly departing from book reviews this month (she'll return in April with—well, you'll see), handing the job for March to Steven Bennett, probably the biggest fan of low-brow comedy going, and Steve Fiorilla once more. By the way, this is as good a time as any to remind folks of the opinions, writing, reviews, etc. expressed by the writers in IJ are not necessarily mine (although for the record I'm in total agreement w/ Jill and with Fiorilla's last review though not his first—Corben, Steve? "Beautiful women" again? Yawn. Will comic artists/fans never grow up.). I just don't believe in creative censorship, preferring to trust fate & intuition.

Okay, as I will be going to California for a much-needed BREAK in May, I'd like to ask enthusiasts to refrain from sending me anything after next issue (April I still want stuff for, natch; please submit all by April 10). The exception to this would be staff writers, whom I'd always like to write each month. May's IJ will therefore be called the MAY NON-ISSUE, and will contain the writings and art I have backlogged since Grid knows when. This way I can still publish even with a week away. I hope.

And I've started a new column this issue called "Funny You Should Mention It," because I'm always picking up little comedy-related tidbits which don't get nearly enough publicity. Public service sort of thing, y'unnerstan'.

This will blow you away: Comfort & Club, lying in bed in a dark room, ELP's Brain Salad Surgery on the stereo. Oh, I guess most of you went through that phase already. So I'm latent.

Thanks for their generous donations to Judy Lennon, Jim Huff and all the folks who liked the idea of sending a buck (I'm still undecided—see next page). I will probably be moving VERY soon, but for now this address is good (remember, April 10 is the deadline):

418 East Third Avenue, Roselle, NJ 07203

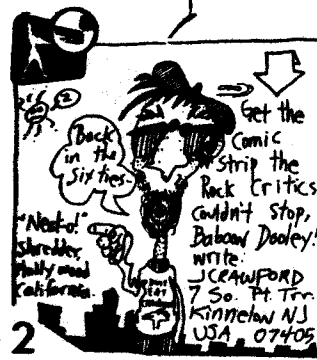
Any questions? Class dismissed.

TRY  
NEW &  
IMPROVED  
IT - o b

FOR  
THE  
SMILE  
THAT  
FORGETS

FAILING MARX: Maoists: Marxist Moonies. Trotskyism: Stalinism's loyal opposition. Leftism: Too many causes, not enough effects. Why not go so far left you've left the left behind? The left is gauche, make your own revolution! Nothing-Leftists, 55 Sutter, #487, S.F., CA 94104.

MISCELLANEOUS THANKS TO KIM BOTTINI, STEPHEN CHADUT and always JILL ZIMMERMAN



Listing the cartoons shown at Leonard's animation class (New School of Social Research, NYC) is like transcribing an epic poem from Spanish to English—it loses something in the translation. Though I can't begin to describe nor reproduce Leonard's sparkling wit and informative revelations, I hope that jotting down which shorts were shown brings back a bit of nice memories to at least some:

February 24 - WARNER BROTHERS

February 24 - WARNER BROTHERS  
Opened the evening w/ "On with the show, this is it" parade

of Warner characters, then Bugs doing "Man's Best Friend"

- 1) Robert Clampett—"The Wise Quacking Duck", Daffy, and featuring a parody of Mr. Whipple from Fibber McGee, voice by Bill Thompson; also a Jerry Colonna parody (1943)
- 2) Chuck Jones—"Super Rabbit", Bugs (1943)
- 3) Frank Tashlin—"Nasty Quacks", Daffy (1945)
- 4) Fritz Freleng—"Bugs Bunny Rides Again", Bugs and Yosemite Sam (1948)
- 5) Chuck Jones—"What's Brewin', Bruin?", Three Bears; voices: Papa—Billy Bletcher (who also did Disney's Big Bad Wolf, various other villains); Mother—Bea Benaderet; Junior—Stan Freberg (1947)
- 6) Bob McKimson—"The Honey Mousers"; really good line in this, the Ralph Cramden mouse rejects the Norton mouse's offer to get food, saying he'd rather not eat a mixture of "mustard, ice cream and kreplachos" (1956)
- 7) Chuck Jones—"The Wearin' of the Grin", Porky
- 8) Tex Avery—"I Love to Singa", an absolute classic, with Owl Jolson (and Billy Bletcher's voice in places) (1936)

March 3 - DISNEY

Opened the evening w/ an old preview featuring Edgar & Candy Bergen & Dinah Shore's voice for the feature "Fun & Fancy Free" starring BONGO!

- 1) an Alice in Cartoonland—"Alice Solves the Puzzle" (1925)
- 2) Silly Symphony—"El Terrible Toreador" (1929)
- 3) Silly Symphony—"The Flying Mouse", Technicolor (1934)
- 4) "Trader Mickey", Mickey Mouse, Pluto (1932)
- 5) "On Ice", Mickey, Minnie, Goofy, Donald, Pluto (1935)
- 6) Silly Symphony, "Wynken, Blynken & Nod", classic, used a multi-plane camera (1938)
- 7) "Donald and Pluto", great slapstick (1936)
- 8) Jack Kinney, "How to Play Baseball", Goofy (1942)
- 9) "Reason and Emotion", war propaganda short (1943)

**March 10 - MGM**

Opened with teaser/trailer for Don Bluth's upcoming feature

- opened with Tessie Turner for the first time.
- "The Secret of Ninih" (MGM/UA)—thanks Jerry Beck
- 1) Hugh Harman—"The Old House" (1936)
  - 2) Rudolf Ising—"The Flying Bear", Barney Bear (1941)
  - 3) Rudolf Ising (actually, Hannah & Barbera)—"Puss Gets the Boot", formative Tom (here called "Jasper") and Jerry, features Mammy Two-Shoes character (1940)
  - 4) Tex Avery—"Lonesome Lenny" (again, Of Mice & Men parody) with Screwy Squirrel (1946)
  - 5) Hannah/Barbera—"Mouse Cleaning", Tom & Jerry (this won an Oscar) (1948)
  - 6) Tex Avery, Michael Lat—"Deputy Droopy", Droopy (1955)
  - 7) Chuck Jones—"The Cat Above and the Mouse Below", Tom and Jerry (redesigned, the 'new' 60's look) (1964)
  - 8) Hannah/Barbera—"Heavenly Puss", Tom and Jerry (1948)
- Next month—the final three classes of this semester...

Next month--the final three classes of this semester...



FIG. A - AN ENORMOUS HEAD WITH A CROSS  
EXPRESSION FELL FROM SPACE AND  
LANDED ON THE ICE, CRACKING IT.



ANSWERS TO N.Y.P.A.T. (page 15)

ANSWERS TO N.I.F.A.T. C-8

walking would have been faster than walking down the stairs.

don't do a goddamn thing; come to the final realization that you're the one who's been cheated and more comfortable.

on radio call or w/ passenger (if you're at Penn or PA, on radio call or w/ passenger (if you're at Penn or PA,

+ c (-) x c (-) or not.

ing traffic further). It's bound to be something like:

-t- around the side of the bus (thus half-

spans! ) == #0 to stop w/ whom you have -t- that

(good), hijacked or broken down; d= time of day (necessarily

the buses as they cross the red; c= o buses d= time of day (necessarily

it's. If #= o of buses; b= o cars following b= o cars following

8. I'm, m, I, I, I give you tips to compute

dresses-- good, sorry, they're showing Reds over a over now?

7. Not as many as the hair-cutting scene from Normie

escape between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

6. Do NOT "mearse through Nancy's". Cut through Gimbel's,

5. Suppression; forgetfulness; immorality.

4. Almost as many as the greatest (Square) Gang.

person giving planned Parenthood bookmarks.

p. You will be accosted by a Jew for Jesus or a strange

c. Both, or ye shall surely be lost in the shuffle.

b. They are either flying or socializing. Often both.

down town.

3. a. By the mail/or, trashcan or lamp post, western and

turning simultaneously.

2. Long enough to put another scaffolding up on the opposite

being pursued by police.

1. On clothing, infinitely small. zero if the vendor

tendency with the vendor and buy often.

zero 50/50 as you're

I'm strapped for money. There, I said it. The following categories are exempt from paying subscriptions for IJ:

1. STAFF WRITERS
2. TRADES
3. FOLKS I SEE IN PERSON, WHEN I SEE 'EM
4. LONGSTANDING (pre-IN) FRIENDS/PENPALS

If you fit one of these, I have circled the number above which applies to you. If no number is circled, and you haven't "paid", THIS IS YOUR LAST FREE RIDE. Fair's fair. Seems a damn shame not to be able to see the results of your own written and artistic contributions, but I have no choice. I can't make any more exceptions.

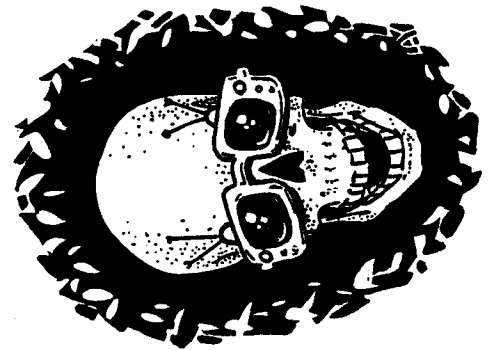
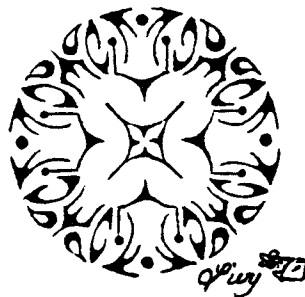
The cost for INSIDE JOKE while I'm still evaluating my options here remains (only) two first-class (40¢ for now) stamps per month. There are no advance subscriptions. If you still don't understand why, I'll be glad to tell you. Monetary donations, too, are always accepted gratefully.

# Fan Noose

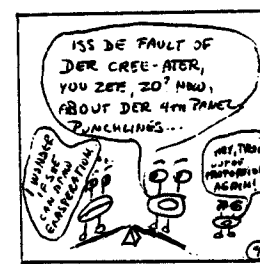
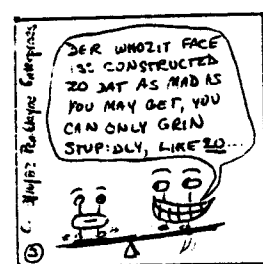
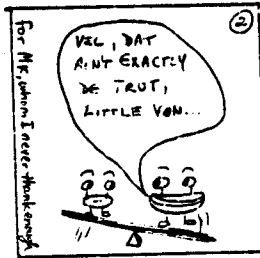
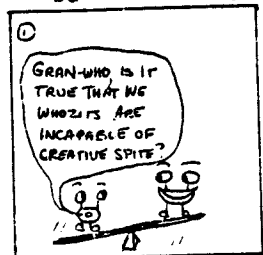
Two major amendments before we begin: New staff writer Gerry Reith, although "a member of the Inner Party" (party name "O'Brien") of the WORD OF TRUTH MINISTRIES REFORMED CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS, does not actually run Minutree. Those marvelous pamphlets are written by Richard Miller—they've almost run out, first come first serve (you can get 'em from Gerry at Box 381, Sheridan, NY 12280 for about a buck each)—says Gerry, "We are both not in any situation to continue to work right now, which means we have both been re-assigned, shifted as it were, from one bureau to another." A shame...Also, The CAGEY BEE newsletter isn't/wasn't run, though also distributed, by Gerry, it's from World Theories, P.O. Box 2267, Berkeley, CA 94702...Second amendment is that I just received Bruce N. Duncan's TELE TIMES #26, and I'm delighted to opine that all the boring, repetitive and very silly porn element has been, so to speak, x-ed out. It has literally become, at last, a "tight little mag". San Fran street life is utterly fascinating to me (as opposed to NY street life, basically bums); there's good art by friends Clark Dissmeyer and Ace Backwords; and Ace interviews comix promoter (and IJ staff writer) Clay Geerdes! \$2 to Bruce at The Berkeley Inn Hotel, Room 414, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA 94704...Jay Kennedy reports, "I'm doing a reference book on underground and privately-published alternative comix. Essentially, it is a detailed listing of all such comix. If you or your readers know of obscure ones of have done some yourselves, I'd appreciate them being passed on to me as I want this book to be as complete as possible. Where possible, I'd like to know exact dates of publication and print-run as this information usually isn't printed in the comix themselves. Any comix listed will get a fair amount of exposure since the print-run on my book will be 12,500 copies and Crown Books is distributing it to regular bookstores." Jay's address is 877 Morgate Drive, Ridgewood, NJ 07450...Anarchists artists at their best—The NICE #4 SIGHT & SOUND ISSUE must be read and heard to be believed. Theo Dorian & Bart Plantenga have put together an extravagant mixture of art, essay, poetry, collage and MUSIC in the same issue—see what ya do is ya take the 7" booklet wid da hole in da middle and fold it back and—ah, you can figger it out easily enough. Worth far more than the meager \$6 Theo and Bart are asking. "It's the new wave thing to do." Bardor Publications, 194 Bleecker St., No. 3-D, New York, NY 10012...David D. Ginsberg writes a column called FANDOMANIA! in a national pub called GOLDMINE. David's always looking for zines to review (emphasis, it seems, on music)—great publicity. Send stuff to him at Box 322, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858...One newsletter that David and many others should consider it about & around the Beatles, of all things. It's all been done, you say? Well, objectively (if one can use that word in conjunction w/ the Beatles), GOOD DAY SUNSHINE keeps coming up with more and better stuff—news on bootlegs, records/tv, conventions, other projects involving the post-Fab Four, & the newsletter's expanded enough to branch out into other semi- or non-related happenings in a world influenced but certainly not totally controlled by John, Paul, George & Ringo. God help us, they even mention Uncle Floyd. My favorite line this issue (#7) was in a review of author Mike McCartney—"Mike's brother Paul (already somewhat of a celebrity) ...I know I half-dismissed GDS awhile back as having too much pretentious hype for the tastes of anyone more mature than a 16-year-old. It's now changed for the better. Editor Charles F. Rosenney III has apparently learned that a good, slick, informative pub like GDS can sell itself. \$2 to Charles III at Liverpool Productions, 397 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, CT 06511...Charles III is also in charge of the upcoming Monkees convention in Bridgeport this August (\$12 for reservations), along with Maggie McManus. Besides Maggie's excellent Monkee zine, MONKEE BUSINESS FANZINE (quarterly, \$4.50/year, 2770 South Broad St., Trenton, NJ 08610), I can recommend two others—THE MONKEES, BOYCE & HART PHOTO FAN CLUB, run by Mrs. Catherine Greskovics (kinda steep, but I think Cathy trades—\$6.50 + 16 stamps/year, 3946 Colgate, Minnetonka, MN 55343) and LUVERS OF DAVID JONES UNITED ("LDJU"—monthly as is Cathy's, great nostalgia items, SASE for info to Diane Mona, 2226 W. Avalon Ave., Santa Ana, CA 92706). In keeping with this, I naturally missed Peter Tork again at the Bottom Line Thursday, March 11 (found out about it March 10), so if anyone caught the show, any of the above zines would really appreciate reviews...Back at the November Creation Con, I picked up a seemingly obscure funnyrag called WOOF ("By Virtue of Insanity"). It was wonderful—stuff on Woody Allen, Alien, Ziggy, politics, Vonnegut—great throw-away items like "Rumors continue to hint at romantic links between life-size cardboard cut-outs of Steve Martin and those of Tanya Tucker in record stores across the country. What do you think, readers?" Good comedy. Finally heard from co-editor John W. Hemmings who has more tricks up his sleeve (like the possibly dated but fondly remembered "Screw Iran Coloring Book"). Worth it—John's at 224 E. Mill Rd., Long Valley, NJ 07853...Only \$10 will get you membership in N.O.T.-S.A.F.E., "the world's most sarcastic organization" (the acronym stands for "National Organization Taunting Safety and Fairness Everywhere"). I won't give any clues,

except to say JOIN. Send to Dale Lowdermilk, Box 5743, Montecito, CA 93108...Those of us, like me, concerned about the plight of the Soybean Sharks, would do well to read Bernadette Bosky's NOTES FROM #1. Bernadette sent me the first issue, done eight years ago, and it hasn't lost anything with time. "The Eighteen Signs of Incipient Madness" is a must. SASE to 819 W. Markham Avenue, Durham, SC 27701...Lastly, I have been honored to almost incredulity by the secret (oops) ERISIAN LIBERATION FRONT, planning now to bring out their latest issue of AMOCK (only \$1 a copy—apparently it's \$1 because of the eye-in-pyramid design on back of that bill), replete w/ plugs for IJ, Grid knows why—anyway, the whole thing's like stepping into fiction knee-high and finding it is indeed more substantial than your reality. Send to SEMAJ the Elder, K.S.C., at the Head Temple at 1210 Brady St. #1, Davenport, IN 52803, Hail Eris!

(H)ELL. SALVADOR? Peace is too important to be left to the pacifists. Much less left to the left. Less passivism, more pacifism! Peace-mongers. 55 Sutter #487, S.F. CA 94104.



WH ZITS by Elaine



Jehovah IS an Alien and still threatens this planet!!

God has been misquoted for 5,000 years! His actual words may disturb you... Details \$1. The SubGenius Foundation Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

IF YOU WERE READING THIS IN BED, YOU'D BE ASLEEP BY NOW



by Gerry Reith

This would all be very simple were it not for the situations we find ourselves in when information flow is interrupted, when we have insufficient data. In decisions, data is weighed and value is assigned to each variable. But when the unknowns are assigned value exceeding that of the available data, decision must be postponed until either 1) more data becomes available, or 2) reevaluation is complete.

Communications breakdown is when you become exasperated and end up saying, "I can't explain it to you!" and you know that the other person, who has not been following, will conclude from this that whatever it was you were trying to say had no value anyway; when they say to themselves in response, "That doesn't make sense," and you realize that you have not even been able to communicate the sense of urgency that you felt about the matter, let alone the substance that elicited the urgent reactions. - mid-June '81

also by Gerry Reith

Drug Importation so that they will bust the lone entrepreneurs. This of course raises his income since the product has fixed manufacturing costs and a steady demand. Finally he probably has to pay the overhead on the incinerators so that the taxpayers don't squawk. I'll probably see the inside pretty soon, entering from the wrong door so to speak. We all have to pay for our pleasure.

I'm glad the liberals never had the guts to legalize drugs when they were in power way back when because then it never would have been profitable enough for the Fat Man to invest his money in the production and distribution networks. I swear it on a stack of needles.

# Notes from a Nut

by Paul Zuckerman

## PHANTASY #1

A new disease starts spreading across the entire world. No one knows what it is or how it started. The symptoms are always the same. First, all your hair falls out, not just from your head but everywhere. Then, all your sexual organs fall off. Finally, before dying, you suffer 24 hours of never-ending excruciating pain.

The only pattern scientists discover about the unknown bacteria is that poor, black people with low IQ's are affected first. Rich, intelligent, white-skinned types succumb later than other races & colors.

At first, hundreds die. Then thousands. The millions. No country is immune. No place on Earth is safe, no matter how remote.

Finally, scientists, after working night & day, conclude that the only cure can come from a midwestern American Jewish male, older than 25, taller than 6 ft., who has never owned a stereo or color TV, never seen "The Sound of Music" or eaten at McDonald's and, most important of all, has never smoked tobacco, drank alcohol or taken dope of any kind.

When informed of this, the people of the world heave a collective "Oy vay" and begin committing suicide in droves. They assume no such person could possibly exist anywhere, much less in America. After an intensive, unprecedented world-wide search, such a person is found. Me.

I present myself to the health authorities, they test me out and discover that an antidote can be made from my blood. When they inform the President, he decides to withhold the news of this amazing, fantastic, greatest news in human history until the peasants, bums, dregs of society and all the non-whites in Africa, Asia and South America are dead.

"Think of all the Foreign Aid we won't have to give to all those jungle bunnies, gooks and tamale eaters anymore," he is reported to have remarked to an aide. "Not to mention all those Welfare cheats, Cubans and illegals we're helping in our domestic social programs."

Within days, batches of life-saving serum made from my blood are rushed to the leaders of the free, white world, and other important people of fame & wealth, plus all INSIDE JOKE readers.

From then on, anything I want I get. If I get a hankering for ice cream, at any hour of the day, I just call Mr. Sealtest or Mr. Chapman direct. If I want to see "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre", I'm asked what brand of VCR should be delivered or would a one-night showing at Radio City Music Hall—with nobody else around—be more to my liking? Copies of my free, lifetime subscription to PLAYBOY, PENTHOUSE and HUSTLER are hand-delivered personally to me by the Center-fold of that month. If I want to see Andy Kaufman or Lily Tomlin perform live, they drop whatever they're doing and a Lear Jet winks them to my apartment. If I want sex with Bo Derek, it is patiently explained to her that she can either hop aboard the jet waiting outside or never see my blood again.

Everybody wants to please me, be my friend and love me. And give me anything I desire. And that's how I live the rest of my life.

## THE PERFECT CRIME

Do you want to commit murder and get away with it? You can. People do it all the time. There's a simple plan for either sex. No, you don't have to become a Police Officer.

If you're a man, invite the intended victim to go hunting with you. If he accepts, your worries are over. It doesn't matter if he comes dressed in a bright yellow jacket, with orange pants, red cap, blue gloves and pink shoes. After you've shot him, all you have to tell the cops later is: "I thought it was a DEER!" Works every time. Even if they should detain you for questioning, you'll be released quicker than the U.N. can pass resolutions denouncing Israel.

For a woman, getting away with murder is no less difficult but a little more time-consuming. First, you have to marry the guy. However, once that's done, your problems are solved. It doesn't matter how you kill him, all you have to do is say he was a wife-beater. You may get arrested, but I've yet to see any woman get convicted using this excuse as their Defense.

So, girls, if there's someone you really hate, ask him to marry you. Then, even if he doesn't beat you, just say he does. Punch yourself in the face a few times and tell all your friends your husband did it. Who's gonna know the truth? If you have a legitimate accident like falling down the stairs, tell all your co-workers at the office that your husband did it. What are they gonna do, call him up and ask him? They're gonna believe you. It's your word against his. And, after he's dead, who's gonna take his word?

If you don't want to marry the guy, just have an affair with him. Then run him down with your car and blame it on Premenstrual Tension. That's what Christine English, age 37, did to Barry Kitson, age 31, in London a few months ago. She got off with a year's probation. As Mr. Kitson's widow said after the verdict: "It seems wrong that women can now use this as an excuse for anything."

What's next? How about using Labor Pains as an excuse. That way, you don't have to get married or have an affair. Just have the guy's baby. After you've done him in, say it was revenge for the Labor Pains he caused you while having

his baby. If the Judge says that hardly seems justifiable for killing someone, just ask him when was the last time he got pregnant, and what does he know about the pain of labor anyway? After the laughter dies down, the embarrassed, red-faced Judge should let you off with a small fine. (Elayne here. I know I don't do this very often, but I truly have to apologize for that last vignette. As I said on p. 2, I don't edit, and these came as a set. I was offended too.)

## THE TRULY DISADVANTAGED YOUTH

You think the kids in Biafra and other less developed countries have it rough? With a lifespan of 3-4 years, dying of slow starvation? There's a group of children right here in the U.S. who have it just as bad! Who are they? Look at the rules for any Sweepstakes and you'll find them. Down at the bottom, in fine print, there's always a statement something like: Everyone in the entire Universe is eligible to participate in this Sweepstakes, except employees of the company and their "immediate families". Immediate families. That means kids! What about all the innocent kids, drinking Pepsi & Coca-Cola, getting fat and ruining their teeth, who'll never win any instant cash prizes even if their bottle cap has the right number or word on it? All because their Mom or Dad works for the company. Does anybody ever think about them? The joys of youth, the ecstasies of adolescence that they're missing and cannot share with their contemporaries and peers? And not because of anything they have done. No. It's all because of their parents! So, the next time you think life is treating you hard or that Destiny has dealt you an unfair hand because your factory went bankrupt and you got laid off, or your spouse left you, or you lost your life savings at the track, you stop a minute and think of those kids! Kids who have no chance of winning the \$500 Pepsi Challenge like the rest of us. You do that and then you'll know what true misery is. Lord, if there is a more cruel fate or worse suffering you can inflict upon innocent children, please do not ever let me find out what it is. At least not while I'm eating.

## NEEDED: RECORD SCRATCH REMOVER

Personally, I take good care of my records. But, sometimes I'll find albums at a garage sale that look like somebody ice skated over them. Why doesn't somebody invent a machine that will remove the scratches off an album or 45 rpm? A machine that will just life the scratch off the surface, like you were peeling the skin off a banana? After all, you can take everything else someplace to be repaired, fixed or restored. Why not old records? The world doesn't need things like Fabric Softeners or any more new snack foods from Nabisco. We need a device that will remove scratches from albums and 45s.

## JURY DUTY

Why can't people sign up for Jury Duty? If the Government wants to help the Unemployed and those on Welfare, they can do it without spending one penny more for special programs. Just let these people apply for Jury Duty. They've got no money and plenty of time. So, who else is more qualified for a job that doesn't pay much and lasts all day? They'd bring home a few extra dollars and have something to do all day besides abuse their families. Working people could stay working and keep the economy functioning while the jobless could take their place in the Jury Box. If people can apply for Food Stamps, why can't they be allowed to sign up for Jury Duty?

## NEW CONSPIRACY UNVEILED

What's the rarest photograph in the world? A snapshot of Richard Nixon talking to somebody without lying to them? Billy Carter appearing intelligent? The Rev. Jerry Falwell and his family watching "Deep Throat"?

Believe it or not, there's another photograph just as scarce. It's a picture of any Movie or TV star holding money in their hands!

Sound hard to believe? Ok, when was the last time you saw a photo of your favorite star holding cash in the hand? I don't mean presenting a check at a Telethon or some other fund raising event, but their own money in their own hand?

Marlon Brando makes \$3-4 million per film role, but have you ever seen him actually holding any of it in his hands? Johnny Carson owns 2 banks and his last contract for NBC was worth 65,000,000 dollars. But, have you ever seen him holding any green stuff in his mitts? Even a \$1 bill? Why not?

Is there some kind of unwritten law amongst photographers never to take such pictures? You don't believe me? Check your back issues of PEOPLE, or any other magazine or newspaper. When have you ever seen a photo of any famous actor holding cash in their hands?

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# Meditations of a Manchurian Candidate

In 1959 I was in the Marines with a man named Lee Harvey Oswald. One day he and another man in the outfit named David Bucknell and I were summoned to the administration office and then ordered to report to base security. My memory of this incident is vague. Bucknell, however, made notes immediately afterwards and a couple of years ago we met and he read them to me.

We assembled in a lecture room with a number of Marines from other units to be addressed by a man introduced only as Mr. B. "We've called you men together because we understand that to one extent or another you are all admirers of Fidel Castro. We have reason to believe that Soviet agents have infiltrated the new Cuban government. Castro has requested our help in getting rid of them. We want volunteers for this project." That was the gist of Bucknell's notes.

Since I was never overtly contacted afterwards and since we were also warned not to discuss the matter, I soon forgot about signing papers giving military intelligence a blank check to do anything they saw fit with my life.

Then, one night on the base, a funny thing happened to me as I was falling asleep. In the torpor between waking and sleeping, I heard a full-fledged Marine Corps brass band playing marching songs next to my bunk. With great effort I awoke to discover there was not so much as a radio or hi-fi playing anywhere in the vicinity. Only the sound of crickets disturbed the silence.

I had read a number of books on psychology and so I decided these experiences, soon to become common, were a not-unusual form of audio hallucination. Coincidentally or otherwise, a peculiar lump -- like a boil -- had developed on the back of my neck at the base of my skull at about the time the hallucinations began. Whether I went to sick bay about it or not I don't recall. Either way, it could have been connected with the implanting of what they call a subcutaneous brain-wave transmitter.

A few months later I read in The Stars and Stripes that Lee Oswald, after his discharge, had gone to Moscow and requested Russian citizenship. That night I had a colorful dream in which I defected to the U.S.S.R. I awoke the next morning with a great idea: I would write a novel about a Marine defecting to the Soviet Union.

Four years later I was living in the New Orleans French Quarter working on that book when Lee Harvey Oswald was arrested and accused of murdering John F. Kennedy. Synchronicity is weird like that. People who don't understand it tend to believe there are conspiracies.

## A DIFFERENT WINDOW

### CHARLES MCGUMBDNICK and the GLASSOPHOB

by Steven Scharff

The name Charles McGumbnick either stirs up conversation or creates confusion. Just who exactly was this man, and why is his life such a mystery?

McGumbnick was born in New York City in 1989. The only thing known for certain about his childhood is that when he was six, he attended a relative's wedding. At the reception, he saw his father wet his finger, and stroke it around the rim of a crystal wine glass, making an eerie sound that is often followed by requests to stop.

Young Charles was fascinated by this, and when he came back home, tried different glasses, trying to make as many different sounds as possible.

Eventually, his curiosity with sound led him to become an acoustical engineer. Yet, throughout his life, he had an undying infatuation with the tonal quality of glass.

Using primitive glass blowing equipment, Charles constructed several instruments entirely out of glass, save for any strings needed for such things as his glass guitar and violin. Exactly how he built these works of art baffles musical engineers.

The instruments that survive are a guitar, saxophone, flute, violin and a stringed instrument of unknown origin (looking something like a zitar with an octagonal body). The sounds created by these instruments have been described as both "haunting, ghostly moans" to "angelic choirs."

In 1924, classified ads written by McGumbnick ran in various newspapers and art journals in the New York area, proudly proclaiming that he would attempt to build "...a glass machine that will perfectly mimic the human voice." 1930 saw an unusual event in the basement of McGumbnick's house. Around fifty people came to see the unveiling of what McGumbnick proudly called the Glassophobe.

A mammoth and complex machine with eighty-eight glass hemispheres with a small felt covered disc inside each one, held aloft by some sort of electromagnetic cushion, with conveyor belts and universal joints travelling off in different directions. All of this was hooked up to a small ten horsepower motor and a player piano roll unit.

A switch was pushed, and the machinery was set in motion. To quote an eyewitness:

"The small motor coughed a faint cloud of exhaust, and every piece of the contraption began to move.

We had all expected to hear loud, shrieking noises, but everything moved in total silence. The paper

roll began to turn, and an unfamiliar piece of classical music emanated from the huge glass bowls. It seemed that the felt totos spun at an incredible rate of speed, brushing against the inside of the glass, causing it to vibrate.

The sound was not like a man singing. In fact, it sounded like an entire choir creating an a cappella melody. Beautiful voices, being played like a harp or an ancient diety. No words, just smooth, gentle tones. The effect was so touching that many of us

present were driven to tears."

In the only existing film of McGumbnick, he is seen re-adjusting one of the lilliputian universal joints on his creation. In a later part of the film, he activates the machine into motion. Despite the poor sound quality, the machine is heard to make the "choir-like tones" of a short piece of music that McGumbnick had written for the filming. McGumbnick never married, but lived a contented life as an acoustics engineer, designing theatres and symphony halls, up to his death in his sleep at the age of 66 in 1944.

His Glassophobe, on the other hand, was practically buried after the first showing. The film was lost for several years, and no public attention was ever given to the invention.

McGumbnick's notes survive, but it is still uncertain just exactly how the Glassophobe worked. 17 glass "bells" and some pieces of the machinery (along with several hundred piano rolls) survive, but only add to the puzzle that this simple but incredibly talented man left behind.

The life and work of Charles McGumbnick are buried under ignorance, apathy and confusion.

(This story was written while listening to "2/1" on Brian Auger's album "Music For Airports" on DBC Records.)

# REQUIEM for a HEAVYWEIGHT/ Death of a Salesman

by Jill Zimmerman

I hadn't intended my column to turn into an obituary this month. I tend to dismiss preoccupation with the deaths of famous people as just another manifestation of star-fucking—that desire to capture some of the limelight, the allure, by actually or symbolically touching the hem of their garments. Is Yoko Ono any more tragic a figure than the widow of a young policeman cut down on the street by a young thug? Of course not. But the entertainers we admire touch us in a very personal way. They give us something very special—a part of themselves that serves to brighten our lives for a short while.

John Belushi died today. John Belushi? "How?" I asked upon hearing the news. How can a personification of life and vitality die so suddenly? Like the concept of infinity, it is incomprehensible. Since IJ is defined as "a newsletter of comedy and creativity", it is only appropriate to remember and acknowledge this pioneer of post-1960's comedy.

Belushi was possessed of a tremendous comedic gift—that of appealing to both the cerebral and gut levels of humor. His verbal routines were always performed with impeccable timing. His Samurai routines conveyed so much with so few words. His slapstick was able to gratify even the staunchest 3 Stooges devotee.

The depth of Belushi's talent seemed to be limitless—as soon as we'd thought he'd reached his apex, he'd surprise us by branching off into other areas. From television comedy he progressed to comic acting, in which he was able to create an implausible persona—the cuddly, appealing, loveable slob. His Bluto in *Animal House* is crude, obnoxious, and disgusting. But is there a heart that didn't melt a bit in that scene in which he attempts to cheer up Flounder by making faces and crushing a beer can against his head? Or the scene from 1941 (an underrated, unfairly maligned picture) in which he pulls the kewpie doll out of the cockpit seat, cuddles it, and then tucks it in his jacket? You just know that beneath that crude, crass exterior beat a heart of gold. Yet he had hardly etched this persona into our consciousness when we saw yet another dimension of his talent—his musical ability. We saw him do a hilarious, yet curiously erotic rendition of "King Bee", dressed in full bee regalia. But the impact of his talent for singing the blues became apparent with the creation (with Dan Aykroyd) of the Blues Brothers, which revived such '60's greats as "Soul Man", "Expressway to Your Heart", "Rubber Biscuits" and "Gimme Some Lovin'". Beyond the obvious humor of the corporate-punk costumes lay a true feel for the blues, which manifested itself in highly energetic, powerful renditions. The Blues Brothers, otherwise an overrated film, provided an outstanding visual outlet for this manifestation of Belushi's talent. Most recently, in *Continental Divide* and *Neighbors*, Belushi had begun to try his hand at serious acting, to mostly favorable reviews, despite these films' poor reviews and box-office performance.

Our mourning for such a vast resource of talent is threefold. It is a reminder of our own mortality, as fame and fortune do not provide protection from the reality of death.

It is sorrow at the waste of such talent. But it is also a function of our own greed. Enjoyment of the work of the gifted people is like a one-night stand of wonderful sex—it was fun, you enjoyed it, and because you enjoyed it, you want more, and more... We are shocked at a life cut short. We grieve for the pleasure we have lost. To live fast, die young, and make a good-looking corpse is an oft-repeated credo. The reality is far less glamorous.

I just heard over the weekend that Murray the K died. In fact, he had died the week before, and I hadn't felt a ripple. I went to the bathroom mirror and checked my reflection carefully. What does it look like to have a part of your childhood die? I expected to see traces of aging and dissipation to have appeared instantaneously upon hearing the news—like Dorian Gray's portrait. But I looked reassuringly familiar.

It is 1964. I am nine years old. I am sitting in my parents' bedroom enjoying a special treat—my occasional 1/2 hour in front of the little tabletop AM radio, listening to the "Swingin' Soiree" on WINS as avidly as previous generations listened to "Mr. Keene—Tracer of Lost Persons". For a kid denied unlimited access to Saturday morning TV and rock 'n' roll (both designed to corrupt the minds of young children), this half hour is fraught with meaning—primarily the thrill of something vaguely, but not explicitly, forbidden. After the familiar "Ah-VEY! Ah-VEY!" and some preliminaries, Murray cues up a song entitled "I Want To Hold Your Hand", by a new group called the Beatles. I am pre-adolescent. I do not know what sex is. I only know about what to expect at puberty because my sister got a bra a few months ago, and I wondered if what had happened to her would happen to me. And yet I know that this is somehow different from any music heard on the radio before. A strange, terrifying, somehow obscene ball of excitement wells up in my stomach and rises into my throat, stopping short of a scream. Beatlemania has arrived in Mountainside, New Jersey.

Murray was the parent we all wanted—not one of the kids, but he treated us as worthwhile people. He understood that excitement we felt without being threatened by it. To adults he was a flashy, egotistical manipulator. To the kids he was that rare entity—a nonjudgmental, accepting adult.

Of course, you know how Murray the K became known as the "Fifth Beatle", that WINS went all-news in 1965, that Murray started WOR-FM, the first FM rock station, and changed rock music's orientation from the 45-rpm single to the album. But to those of us who were listening that night in 1964, struggling with various stages of adolescent trauma, Murray held our hands through all the rites of passage.

Don McLean sang that the music died in the plane crash that killed The Big Bopper, Buddy Holly, and Richie Valens. Morrison, Hendrix and Joplin are dead. Lennon is dead. Now the spiritual guru of rock music has gone. The music didn't die in that fiery 1950's holocaust. It dies, like brain cells, a little bit every day.

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THE LONELY  
Inspired this  
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HARSH TASKMASTER  
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JESUS!  
WHAT A  
STRAIGHT

PATRIARCHAL  
PRAT!

POINTLESSNESS

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EVENING, DICK  
DROPS TEN  
PINTS OF  
MACKERON  
AND...

PEAK  
EXPERIENCE

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FORMULA TO  
FIND MYSTICISM  
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I publish a small magazine called COMIX WAVE every other month. It's 16 pages, offset, and costs me a little more than I make off it. I do it for a number of reasons. It's the club magazine and provides space for COMIX WORLD artists to show their work. It's fun for all of us who participate. We bounce ideas off each other, draw, correspond, argue, and generally keep our brains working. I give the artists copies, sell a few through the mail, spread some around for promotion. Once in awhile, I go through the agony of trying to sell some to the comic stores.

It's agony, because I'm not a salesman. It's agony, because they don't buy the books out of interest of pleasure or even greed for the small profit they might make on them; they buy them because I'm a valued contact. I provide free publicity through my newsletter and comic related activities during the year. This leads to more business for the dealers and the stores, so when I come around with COMIX WAVE, they buy a few for public relations. Now that upsets me.

The art is good and the humor is funny and the mag is not highly priced at all in a day when people fork over 60¢ for 16 pages of repetitive superhero thok and thud shuffled in with another 16 pages of advertising.

"Well, it's not slick, Clay. People want that slick look." "It's not professional."

The hell it's not. What we're really talking about here is brainwash and money. The mass readership has been conditioned to pay through the nose for a lot of glossy advertising and censored art. Just because it's printed on polished vellum and costs you several bucks doesn't mean it's professional.

And why would you rather read something by someone who's doing it for the bucks rather than by someone who is doing it out of love? Just what does professionalism in art mean anyway? What's professional about formulized stories and images repeated ad infinitum? How many times can a person watch Wonder Woman/Barbarella/Vampirella do the same stunts?

I don't even like the idea of art as a profession. Everyone ought to draw and sing and dance and perform. The idea of a star is antithetical to community. We should all communicate with each other through the arts, not have them projected at us by entertainment conglomerates. I can understand Crumb's rejection of "fanboys" very well. Being around a gang of artist worshipping groupies at a Marvel con can really make you sick. But the company depends upon them. Got to get into their brains. Make them think they need another episode of Spider Man, another hit from the destructive Hulk, another whack from Thor's hammer. Got to keep beating the drum for mighty Marvel. Think about it a moment. Why are there stars? Because only a few people have talent? Hell, no. Stars make

money for the entertainment conglomerates. You build stars because the groupies will fill stadiums to watch them. People who have no identities of their own will put on symbolic identities with imprinted t-shirts and buttons and bumperstrips. In the seventies, people became walking ads for products. Hype t-shirts were everywhere. Now if you put your own name on a t-shirt and walk around in it, your friends will point at you and call you egocentric; they'll actually put you down for affirming your own identity over Mick Jagger or Elton John. No money in that. If you are who you are, the big boys don't get a dime.

Think about the collector mystique for a moment. I mean that's all you need, right?

You hype the comic. Howard the Schmuck. The first one is the ultimate collector's item. Gonna be worth a lotta bread in the deep future. Millions of chumps fork over their money and store the damned thing in their boxes. Show it to friends who missed the first one. Heh! Heh! I got NUMBER ONE so I'm better'n you. Smarter anyway. But, dig it, folks, they printed over a million or so of those fucking things! How could that mag ever be worth anything? Remember the SHAZAM hustle? You're lucky if you can give SHAZAM 1 away these days. But the kids are something else again. Here's a fresh market. They don't know the score. Every kid who gets into collecting falls for the built-in scams. COLLECTOR'S ITEM. FIRST EDITION. ORIGIN ISSUE. Christ, look at the money the dealers have squeezed out of X-MEN and most of it from the kid collectors. Speculating on comics is worse than playing the slots in Vegas. The people who really make the money are the companies. After all, they can screw the private collector just by cancelling the title. When they do that, the books are as close to worthless as you can get. Oh, keep them thirty years and you might make out, but picture yourself at that age with all those comics. I see these old men sitting behind the tables of Golden Age Batman and Superman comics at the cons and it's sad. Those ridiculous prices. The sadness of thinking all those books are going unread forever. And their owners are going to die and the books are going to be dumped on the market by their relatives to pay for the funerals.

Collecting is a disease. But the artist needs the collector. Particularly the underground artist. If he didn't sell his art to collectors, what would he do? Problem is, only the rich can afford the art, so we're back into money again.

Most of the panels I sit on at conventions degenerate into discussions of economics. Paper strikes. Printers getting too much. Distribution impossible. Blah! Blah! The comic get lost somewhere along the way and it's all boring and stuffy. The questions are worse than the ones I used to get in my freshman English classes.

The art is primary. Without it, there would be none of this other stuff. Nothing to collect.

Most collectors are closet cartoonists; indeed, many people bought their first comics to learn how to do it themselves. You need some McKay, some Herriman, some Raymond, some Crumb, so you can see what all of them did and try to do it. If you find you can do it, then what? Choices to make all along the way.

Well, a dollar will get you the latest issue of our club mag, COMIX WAVE (professional, but not slick), but do me a favor--don't collect it, just read it and pass it around.

Response to this diatribe should be sent to INSIDE JOKE, but please send me a copy, too.

- CLAY GEERDES  
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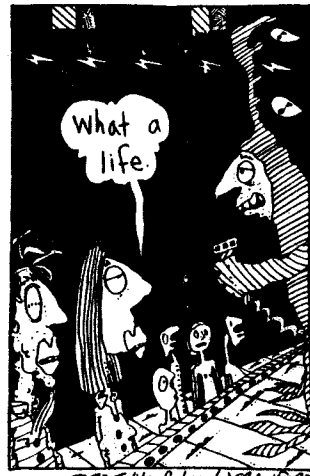
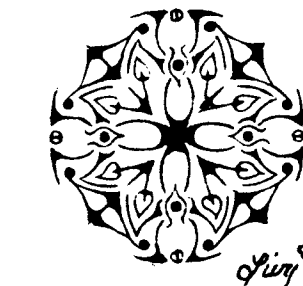
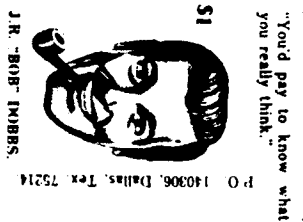
Without pamphlets, charts etc. that you'll ever see for \$1.

The SubGenius Foundation  
P.O. Box 14036  
Dallas, Texas 75214

In an insane world, a bogus religion cult based on mottos yaks and pile-driving "Blatant Humor" may be the only sane answer.



## QUESTIONS - 4 PAGES FOR 50¢



IF YOU'VE EVER WONDERED,  
THIS IS THE TIME TO

# SIGNIFICANT DATES IN NASA HISTORY

by Harry J.N. Andruschak

## #5....JPL'S FINEST HOUR

20 July 1976 saw JPL's greatest moment. At least in my opinion. No, not the landing of Viking One on Mars, although it admittedly was a hell of an achievement.

JPL was packed with visiting Scientists, Reporters, Radio crews, TV crews, and even some Science Fiction writers like Robert Heinlein. The reporters filled up von Karman Auditorium, so most of the rest watched the landing, the first photoes, and the news briefings from JPL's closed circuit TV system that was sent all over the lab. This included the two cafeterias as well as several other small conference rooms.

President Ford called, and gave us the usual congratulations and pep talk. Then he asked...."Can you see anything moving on the TV cameras?" After all, he had read in the papers about Viking's TV pictures.

But "TV" in this case was slow scan. It took 15 minutes for the two Viking cameras to take a single picture. As a joke, the landing team once took a group potrait. At no time were more than three people in front of the camera. As the camera swung past, a member would get up and leave. To his left, another would sit down and wait for the camera to point at him.

So President Ford has committed a gaffe. Two cafeterias, several rooms and von Karman Auditorium erupted in laughter and groans. All over the Lab this happened... with one exception. The Lander crew withe the Network TV cameras on them, and talking to the President, never twitched a muscle. A polite "We see nothing moving, sir" was all that was heard.

## NOTHING IN GENERAL

by Sue Kaufmann

Hi Kip.

Did you know the world was supposed to end on March 10? It's a fact. All the planets were supposed to line up and mess up the earth's gravitational pull or something like that.

A couple days before the tenth, there was an article in the paper about this event. The guy who wrote the book that told about it said that everybody misread him, that the world wasn't going to be pulled to smithereens. It was just a nasty rumor somebody made up.

I don't believe the guy. I bet he wrote the book fully expecting to see the world fall apart on March 10, 1982. When it started getting close, he said everyone misunderstood just so no one'd laugh at him if it didn't happen. Naturally, if he's right, no one will know. So they guy doesn't look stupid and gets a lot of publicity. He can't lose.

Is Billy Dearest related to Mommie Dearest?

Wanna hear what they're doing at my school now? They got bouncers—two male, two female—who walk the halls demanding passes and ID. They carry walkie talkies to call in for reinforcements just in case the "offenders" get too rough to handle.

Now, my school isn't that bad; the students, that is. It's not like an inner city jail. I don't see why we have to be harassed. I know my rights. All I'll ever tell them is my name, class and student number. My ID picture looks nothing like me (praise "Bob"). Besides, every time I'm asked for ID, I tend to reach for a beer. Needless to say, they don't hand out cold ones in my school.

Some of the more ingenious students are bucking the system. They hide their ID and pass in a remote section of their wallets so it takes a half hour to find it. Other students have taken to carrying large piles of books so they can't reach into their pockets for ID. I'm bringing in my own walkie talkie to make phantom calls for help. I'll send them all to the smoking lounge and then lock them in. I'll be a heroine.

Right now I'm off to perform my heroic deed.

Sue

P.S. If the world ends on March 10, please don't print the first half of my letter. I wouldn't want to look like a fool.

This I J dedicated to comic SANDRA BERNHARDT, who does an excellent Tina Turner impression...



## Estey's Compost Heap

A mad animal Man's a mad animal I'm a thousand years old and in my time I've helped commit a million murders The earth is spread The earth is spread thick with squashed human guts We few survivors We few survivors walk over a quaking bog of corpses always under our feet every step we take rotted bones ashes matted hair under our feet every step we take broken teeth skulls split open A mad animal I'm a mad animal Prisons don't help Chains don't help I escape through all the walls through all the shit and splintered bones You'll see it all one day I'm not through yet I have plans

--Patient, from MARAT/SADE

So I'm a junkie in a suburban ghetto, and I'm feeling bad cos I'm feeling good. It's always tomorrow or next week, I've been saying this since October, but tomorrow never comes. Instead the night never ends, and I'm forced to bow to my procrastination, my whims, those evil little voices. Stress. I have so many emotional problems already, this gives me a physical hang-up to worry about. I kick it for three days and it trickles back again. Now I'm saying "March! I'll do it in March!" but March will never come if they have something to say about it. I look shitty, after all these weeks of hiding it. Blood vessels popping all over, I don't understand, in my armpits, joints, crotch, my nostrils. When I do kick it the seconds become hours and my physical difficulties increase, magnify. A junkie does not go to parties. He doesn't make jokes, and he smells real bad if he feels so guilty he doesn't want to look at himself in the mirror when he goes into the bathroom to shower, so he doesn't shower, and who wants to wash the dirt off anyway, you deserve it, motherfucker. So I'm afraid that the person I'm sleeping with will see the holes, will see the stains, will ask Why and then I'll have to slit the throat of our relationship. Junkies are fun to fuck --you can always have your way with one-- but you don't want to have their baby. Who wants to get close to a fucking vegetable? You can have your Lou Reed. You can watch your Prince Of The City. You can sit back in your middle-class angst and pray to holy hell your artist friend has a little hash, but it's as Burroughs said, Being A Junkie Is A Way Of Life; it is not recreational activity for bored preppies and neo-bohemians and fuckhappy avant-garde whores and all you mods and swingers and anglo dreads, who needs it, I don't. Being a junkie entitles you to three things: A Cop-Out; An Excuse To Act Like An Asshole; A Splendid Reason to look Really Bad. I tried physical activity to balance the strain, uh uh, didn't work, after tripping you don't feel like pumping iron with the local yokals. So I take a walk to the local high school, I pick fights, I bug librarians, I write trite little love letters to people who don't know how much I love them, I flirt with jocks, I watch the teenage girls in fashion boots and the boys with tight little asses as they read and pick their noses and attempt some facade of maturity, I snarl at them and spit on their shoes, they pretend I'm not there, but they prolly smell me. I'm three months behind on my writing projects, just as editors are getting friendly. I think about what an asshole I've been in so many fanzines, I write normal-sounding letters, I try to convince people that I'm getting back on the track of the horse, but the horse is crazy, his eyes are full of fire, his penis is a spoon, I suck the juice I fry in self-contempt, I go to bed in the earliest hour of evening, hoping that tomorrow will come and this will be over, but it never is, I wake up and I'm just as hungry for it now as I was yesterday. Friends wonder where I've been, I owe them so much, I hate conversations. So a teenage girl in the library or at a record store or bookstore or coffee shop will start up a noise, she wants to know what I'm doing, I feel like ramming her head into the ground, or some twit will walk by talking to his friends, a football jacket, I feel like thrashing him against a wall, sticking it so far inside him his tongue falls out his eyes pop and splinter out his face and his heart explodes. So I'm a junkie and you write me letters saying that I'm cool or I'm a jerk, and I thank you, but I know you don't mean what you say, cos no one means what they say, this world is full of irrelevance, why can't it all mean something, I wake up forgetting all my best plans of kicking it, but NoNoNo, illogic takes over, all the little identities shatter and become one whining mass of hunger, and I ignite I recite the excuses, til it's over and I wonder just how stupid I am. So you all have your problems, and your weaknesses, you don't need to hear about mine, right? But you don't know needles. Unless you're Here you only think you know needles, and none of you will listen to me when your best friend is shooting up and wants you to join in, cos I must've had a bad experience, and it ain't always that way, or my syringe was cruddy or some other adolescent excuse. If you've ever wanted to kill yourself slowly I got a great way to do it. Join me Here. Molten lead poured into your slit-open armpits and thighs like Damiens. Joan of Arc burning for eternity. Nails through your paws you cringe like a million other weakassed martyrs. They'll stick it in you they will, be prepared corporate niggers, cos you'll have the Revolution to pay, and it won't be in the streets, it'll be in your head. So I'm a junkie and every time I speak to a stranger I fall about myself, they snicker to their own, and their eyes show their disgust. I want to be released from this misery, yet it gives me an excuse for my inner cowardice. And you will laugh this off, but it will get to you someday, in one form or another, cos we're all junkies in our own ways. My needle is my cross.

### Lou Reed - THE BLUE MASK

Lou Reed is a favorite of mine, but his later works really don't stand up to his BERLIN or SALLY CAN'T DANCE days. This is an lp consisting of Velvet Undergroundesque dirges, yet the morbidity of the group is only hinted at here. Which is a shame; Lou is an extremely talented artist, but the posturing on the last few albums leaves a lot to be desired. Makes me wonder how much control John Cale had over the VU, because that man's solo releases really show the old punch the band had. "My House", BLUE MASK's kick-off ballad, is delicate and disturbing; the next cut ("Women") is embarrassing. From there it gets worse. Reed does Cale in the title cut, and proves just how limited he is as a performer. Reed, I mean, not Cale. Certainly not: Pick up Cale's HONI SOIT for some real dread and angst. I'm sorry, Lou, but you're getting too boring as an "average guy."

### Pink Floyd-"A COLLECTION OF GREAT DANCE SONGS"

Do I like Pink Floyd? Of course not, but I grew up on them, so occasionally I take a childlike fancy to one of their early lps. This is a nice collection of their hits, a good selection.

### Angel City - "NIGHT ATTACK"

A moderately successful follow-up to FACE TO FACE, their debut lp in the States. New Wave irritates me, the term, the recent production techniques used on all rock records these days, but Doc has a great Lydonish lead vocal, and the lyrics are smart, and the compositions are acceptable, so you can have it.

### The Human League - "DARE"

A synthi-pop band with truly awful lyrics, adequate compositions, and inane posturing. Take it or leave it. You'll prolly take it, cos they're gonna be a big-selling band. AmerIKKKans can't resist being suckers for European 'art.'

How could I have written that pompous, absurd sentence yesterday:

"I was alone but I marched like a regiment descending on a city."

I do not need to make phrases. I write to bring certain circumstances to light. Beware of literature. I must follow the pen, without looking for words.

"Once you attacked the authorities who turned the law into instruments of oppression  
Do you want someone to rule you  
to control the words you write  
and tell you  
what work you must do  
and repeat to you the new laws  
over and over  
until you can recite them  
in your sleep"

--Marquis De Sade,  
MARAT/SADE

--Sartre,  
NAUSEA

Dear Elayne;

This was only my second issue of IJ, but I find myself already strangely addicted to it. (Must be something in the ink.) IJ is one of those too few written works that make me laugh out loud, and are not appropriate reading in the diner at lunch. I already get looks from some of the truckdriver types, when I go in alone, so laughing in the corner by myself will certainly reinforce their opinion of me. What ever in hell it is anyway! Far safer to sit giggling in bed, when there's nobody around. (Which is happening more often, than I care to think about.)

Well, David Letterman seems to be getting better as time goes by. His pick of PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE, as the first segment of Nightcap Theatre, was a stroke of genius. People who haven't seen the film, will think that it's a put on, and those of us who have can look forward to our favorite scenes. Boy, that Tor is an acting fool, ain't he? Did you happen to catch the show with Andy Rooney? Christ, that guy is incredibly boring and whiny in real life, and all along I had thought it was just an act.

Thank Bob, that NBC has put Billy Crystal out of his misery. It's hard to believe that anybody, even Crystal himself, could think that guests like Robert Conrad & Shelly Duvall would be funny. The show was even worse than the unlamented version of SNL with Charles Rocket & the rest of the unforgettables. (naturally, excepting Joe & Eddie). NBC should simply give up on the 10PM timeslot on Saturday night, and turn it over to the local stations if they can't come up with better stuff than Rona Barrett, Crystal, and McLain's Law. Maybe they should experiment with stuff like independent video & films by rock groups, or give national exposure to experimental artists and animators. The hour could be filled with four or five short works a week, and possibly something would click with the public. I mean they have filled the timeslot with almost a dozen different shows in the last three or four years alone, and nothing they have tried has come off. Why not just go for broke, and pull out all the stops? Who expected the original SNL to be so big, and look at SCTV and Letterman's new show. They aren't aimed at the mass audience, but at small "hip" groups.

One last thing. Does any sane person, with taste, pay attention to the Grammy awards? And the "entertainment", Christ! Face it, the award to Lennon, was given because of guilt for passing up he & the Beatles for almost 20 years. Fuckin' John Denver! (baaaaaaarf!!)

Take care

STEVEN CHAPUT

2 Indian Hill Rd.

WESTPORT, CT 06880

(What really freaked me out about Letterman showing that particular movie is that Bill-Dale, Jim Beckerman and I had just seen it at the Thalia that same night ["Boy, dat's scarier den truth, boys and girls!"]...As guest hosts on Saturday Night Live, Conrad and Duvall both did well, for some reason. It just didn't click with Crystal. Ah well, my favorite defunct Saturday 10pm timeslot show was the one with the Smothers Brothers, Fitz & Bones. I can hear people now, "what? I don't remember that"...And the only problem with coming up with these brilliant comedy shows that make morning catatonia almost mandatory is that NBC, according to all the latest charts, is still in last place in terms of shows watched--so they say. It's great to be in a hip audience, but unfortunately, this doesn't guarantee the station the money it craves.)

Shortly before the last IJ went to press, I received the following letter, which may be of interest to many readers.

5275 Somerset Street  
Buena Park, CA 90621

26 January 1982

Dear Friend:

Tonight I listened to Ronald Reagan's State of the Union address and felt terror. I felt terror, as have countless others for the past year, of what was said and what was left unsaid. I trembled when the President of the United States spoke of dismantling the Department of Education and wept in frustration when he again failed to unequivocally commit this country to never unleash a first nuclear strike. (Even Leonid Brezhnev has done that!) An ulcer erupted as I waited for a proposal to construct a civilian space station, a distinct possibility for inclusion in the speech leaked several days earlier. In vain. Everything I heard and didn't hear confirmed my gravest misgivings about this individual who is to be worthy of our respect and support. This same individual was considered to be virtually unelectable on the basis of his extremist policies only ten years ago. Yet he was elected, on a firm base of support composed primarily of the new "radical right" and its severe revanchiste instincts. Tonight I thought of Ronald Reagan and the future of the world...and of action.

LOOK! THE LETTER COLUMN  
SAYS YOU (Letters)  
IS LEGIBLE!

The New Right is in the end out one of many special interest groups clamoring for their share of attention. The New Right may make more noise than most, but that doesn't mean they're right. Of course no one group is completely right; even fifty percent of the time is damn good. Why then is there no science fiction group batting at least that .500? Long have I ruminated on the hideous apathy that is seemingly inherent in science fiction fandom (all of its components: fans, pros, editors, academics). Irony abounds in this field which purports to expose humanity's weaknesses and follies, thereby building towards a more glorious tomorrow, whatever shape or form it may take. Yet the seers of this tomorrow refuse to become the architects. As a few voices in the vastness have pointed out, the SF field's social structure, SF fandom, is concerned far more with lime jello parties, adolescent space opera fantasies, and Hugo fanzine definitions than with helping to bring about a more humanistic future.

Is apathy truly inherent in the science fiction field? and, if it is, is it a nonexciseable feature?

Yes, I believe that a superficial apathy is "built in" to most science fiction fans, due to a variety of environmental forces at work in life's early stages. As social outcasts, most fans learn to escape the "real" world at an early age. Unfortunately, most almost never find their way back. Science, or speculative fiction, has for too long been saddled with the misnomer "escape fiction". This it should never be. SF should serve as a gauge of the present human situation and suggest possible directions for the future; we must be the ones to implement those futures by taking action, never trying to escape them.

I also believe it is possible to excise the apathy from fandom. Fandom has already attempted several times to sluggishly raise its collective head above the morass through which it has struggled for so long. Though the initial issues it confronted were so trivial as to attract derision, and rightly so, the attempts proved that fandom can act as a unified force. Recently it has acted even on a worthy issue, space, though not wholeheartedly even on this crucial topic. Yet space is by far not the only issue that fandom can debate and support, and letter writing not the only means by which we can be heard. Moreover, it is necessary for all of fandom to permanently and unwaveringly throw off the yoke of apathy that has held us in bondage for over fifty years.

From lack of action is born need and need gnaws at one until that lack is satisfied. So it has been with me. I've felt the need to do something to alleviate the problem I've set forth just now. Finally it coalesced. And the Science Fiction Action Coalition was born. The coalition I envision will be one encompassing all sectors of the science fiction community, eventually learning national boundaries behind to become a global force. The purpose of the SFAC will be to lead the fight on an infinitely varied number of issues. I hesitate to even give examples, as any effort to do so might restrict our scope. SFAC will, in time, become the architect for our dreams. I hope we are up to being SFAC's architects.

As it is now, the Science Fiction Action Coalition itself is only an ambitious plan known to very few individuals. No organization exists yet. My purpose in writing you then is to enlist your support and perhaps your help. The first thing SFAC needs is a Central Committee to decide on any further steps. I'd like it to be composed of knowledgeable individuals representing diverse fields of interest. This then is my first request. If you feel strongly about what I've said, please consider joining this crucial, vital idea. After this Committee is completed we can move on to the myriad of details necessary to organize this idea into something physically viable. There are infinite possibilities of things that would need to be done in the first year alone. There will be many roads we can take, but only one that we will, and only one that will produce the results we seek. Thus my second request. Any ideas at all that you have about SFAC or action in fandom in general will help. Please let me hear them, regardless of what they touch upon. Finally, a project of this scope needs all kinds of support. Endorsement of our goals and organization, philosophy contributions, constructive suggestions, and eventually monetary assistance: all of these will be greatly appreciated and put to good use. Please support SFAC and thereby join the science fiction community in its first united effort! However you help, whether by joining the Central Committee, or by contributing ideas or support, do so with future generations in mind. The Science Fiction Action Coalition will reach out of our ghetto and, with any luck, will have long lasting effects on the ghetto of homo sapiens. I, and all of the family, thank you. I await your word and the beginning of our great adventure. With hope

Sincerely yours,

Paul K. Abelkis

P.S. The first meeting of SFAC could take place at Chicon IV this Labor Day weekend; will you be there?

Science Fiction Action Coalition  
P.O. Box 815  
Brea, California 92621 U S A

Have you seen the price of books lately? Sweet Jesus, it's enough to give you a seizure! I cannot justify some of the staggering prices of bookstore literature (the hard-cover, David O. Selznick's Hollywood, Knopf, takes highest honors at \$85.00). Something should be done. If not, I see a gloomy future. Mass mutation will inevitably occur. People, no longer able to afford a simple book, will experience a painful and humiliating metamorphosis. Taken for granted pleasantries will vanish and conversation suddenly sound like the six-o'clock news. Everyone will sprout "Uncle Martin" antennas and carry unabridged, Bible-like TV Guides. Healthy men will awaken to find their sex organs transformed into red-hot electronic tubes. Will women be able to cope with channel selector breasts? Mating will spawn children with video-screen eyes (teenagers on drugs will have snow on their screens). Yes, a terrible glimpse of a future that cannot be allowed. Don't let this happen! Boycott overpriced books. Find alternative reading until it all blows over. The classics, for example: they're always cheap because publishers think everyone's bored with them (ah, good old *Miss Lonelyhearts/The Day of the Locust* by Nathaniel West, A New Directions Paperback, still \$1.75!). If you see something you just have to have, hold out and be patient. Haunt the bargain tables till that sucker pops up there. If there's no way you're gonna wait, shit, run out of the store with the goddamn thing and get gunned down by security robots, but don't buy at those ridiculous prices. Having had my say, I'll now look at books...

Richard Corben \* *Flights into Fantasy* \*, by Ferishd Bharucha. Thumb Tack Books. \$21.95 (my god!). Hardcover.

If you don't know of Rich Corben's work, where the hell have you been? Corben, who grabbed comic-book illustration by the crotch a few years back, is what I like to call an "imagi-man". Just a handful of comic artists like Vaughn Bode, Wally Wood and maybe Berni Wrightson deserve my title. Illustrators who have such unique style and concepts that upon sifting through the bulk of their work you can clearly see the groundplans for an entire world (life forms, landscape, language—everything). *Flights into Fantasy* is a world of cute yet ferocious monsters, beautiful women (mutant or straight), and dense jungle deserts. It's Corben's world which he started working on as a kid and, fortunately, hasn't stopped since. Ferishd Bharucha (an anagram?) is credited as writer, editor and designer of the book. The layout, though divided into chapters and subchapters, can best be appreciated as two major sections of work. The first section includes some prime examples of Corben's b/w strips, two small color sections and some great work done for fanzines. Not to be overlooked is a chapter and some color shots of Corben's sculpture work. Imagine seeing some of his *Heavy Metal* art in 3-dimension. The second section is an uninterrupted seventy-seven page explosion of Corben color followed by short chapters on technique, Corben's own opinions of his work and comments by fellow artists. More "neato" fan art graces the latter two chapters. The only bad point of this book is the exclusion of all Warren art (the work that first bought recognition to Corben from the wide audience of *Creepy*, *Eerie* and *Vampirella* readers), due to the fact that publisher James Warren retains rights to the work and most likely the original art, in which case he probably refuses all reprint requests so he can do just that in one of his titles. Though the absence of the Warren art makes this book a less than complete collection of Corben's work, anyone who attempts to top *Flights into Fantasy* will have a hard time of it.

As Richard Corben continues to build his hardcore universe of fantasy, H.P. Lovecraft has long since scripted a pretty dandy nightmare world of his own. Most horror/sci-fi/fantasy readers, at one time or another, have heard of the famous "Cthulhu Mythos" (sorry, you'll have to find out about that sixty-odd scattered collection of stories by Lovecraft, August Derleth, Robert Bloch, Brian Lumley, Robert E. Howard, etc., etc. on your own time), and the crowned status Lovecraft has achieved as being one of the greatest horror/fantasy writers to have ever jotted down a nightmare vision. Well, I've heard of this stuff and read some of it and I'm writing to tell anybody who's interested that if you missed the Ballantine paperback collection published in the early seventies and don't know a damn thing about the Arkham House hardcover editions, hey, don't fret, 'cause Ballantine has graciously printed a new paperback collection of Lovecraft's "Cthulhu" work. If you can scrape up a few bucks grab *At the Mountains of Madness* (\$2.25), *The Tomb* (\$2.25), *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward* (\$1.95), *The Lurking Fear* (\$2.25), *The Dream-quest of Unknown Kadath* (\$2.50), and *The Doom That Came to Sarnath* (\$2.50). You can spot these babies by Michael Whelan's incredible cover art. Whelan, who has tons of science fiction and fantasy book covers to his credit, gets to the heart of Lovecraft with master-strokes of mausoleum-hued creeps and slimy muckpiles of fetid bone.

Last but not least is a quick mention of Bill Griffith's *Zippy Stories* (And/Or Press, Inc., Berkeley, CA. Softbound. \$7.95). A well-printed, b/w collection of the world's most loveable pinhead.

Steve Looks  
at Books

A GENERIC, NO FRILLS PARAGRAPH!

SCIENCE FICTION

CONTAINS: GIANT MUTANT CRABS! A SCIENTIST! HIS GIRLFRIEND! THE ARMY! AND AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER!

by Steven Bennett

When the Giant, Mutant Fiddler Crabs came up Main St. of any Any Town, U.S.A., Mr. Hennessy decided to close his hardware store and go on a vacation. He went to see his sister in Uniontown. Her kids were a pain, but he managed to suck back a few beers with her husband and watch a couple of porno movies on their cable tv. When he got back, he discovered that Professor Carlin from the University, and his girlfriend, Janet, had discovered that the crabs had no immunity from napalm, and had gotten the Army to douse them with it. Although the crabs had killed dozens of people, it wasn't any one that Mr. Hennessy knew personally, so it wasn't that bad.

## Mawr Büks

by Steven Bennett

THE STOOGEE CHRONICLES Jeffrey Forrester  
(Triumvirate Productions)

I've been waiting for the ultimate, definitive THREE STOOGES book for quite some time, and unfortunately, THE STOOGEE CHRONICLES is not it. But as books on the boys are (only Moe's own MOE HOWARD AND THE THREE STOOGES being available in paperback) scarce, any new volume is readily accepted.

Forrester, however, has done some impressive research and details the convoluted history of the Stooges, from their beginning with Ted Healy. For the most part, the book is really an outline of The Stooges' careers, and I can only fault the author for almost completely skipping over their feature films, and going on and on about groups of later comedians, with and without Healy, who called themselves "The Three Stooges".

The book as subtitled "Commemorating the Golden Anniversary of America's Favorite Comedy Team", and through the text there is the feeling that Forrester sincerely believes it. There is never an attempt to justify in any way the violence or low comedy, or read into the films any intellectual subtext. Only an open and honest appreciation of Moe, Larry, Curly, Shemp, Joe Besser and Curly Joe.

Filled with stills and family photographs, THE STOOGEE CHRONICLES is a fine tribute to my childhood friends. But I'm still waiting for that definitive Three Stooge book.

SPLATTER MOVIES Jon McCarty (Fantago Enterprises)

The most interesting thing about this book is the attention it's been getting from mainstream sources, such as reviews in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW and the Washington Post BOOK WORLD. As Fantagraphics first trade paperback, perhaps I shouldn't be too hard on them, but before you pay your \$8.95, you should know the binding is pretty bad, and someone had the innovative idea of leaving one third of nearly every page blank.

Besides the gory photos (which, to the weak stomached in the audience, I didn't find too bad), there is some neat, tight prose, and a few interesting ideas. McCarty traces what's been called our typically American love for blood and guts back to the Theatre du Grand Guignol, a French theatre of the 18th century which presented simulated throat slashings and disembowlements. McCarty, who subtitled the book, "Breaking the Last Taboo", doesn't seem to find anything wrong with this rather particular art form, and accepts our fascination with bloody, bizarre death as something very human, and not just restricted to modern America.

McCarty also defends the genre from Siskel and Ebert's attacks, and manages to twist the argument to attack the fans who violently disliked Kubrick's THE SHINING. It can't be denied that the author has done his homework and gives the reader quite a bit to think about.

Considering this book could very well have been a fifteen year old reader of FANGORIA's wet dream ("blood, guts, gore and veins in the teeth"), it deserves credit for its intelligence and reason. Anyone that plans on debating the relationship between real world violence and films should read this book. Several times.

THE BIG BOOK OF B MOVIES Robin Cross (St. Martin's Press)

I'm afraid this cannot be a cool, concise, objective review of a book. It has to come out a love song for a genre of films that have all too often been humiliated by authors of serious film criticism. The only way I can fault the book is by saying that Mr. Cross has taken on too much and that the B movie needs an encyclopedia (and he's taken on Rober Corman's New World Pictures as well!). That said, I can only add that the author has compiled a treasury of my childhood memories. Lushly illustrated with over 350 stills (it says so right on the cover), you'll find all sorts of memories exploding in your brain. It's all here, from SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS to THE GREAT TEXAS DYNAMITE CHASE (A.K.A. DYNAMITE WOMEN). Buy this book. Trust a stranger.



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## Love Story #13

by David Jessup

Carol stifled a yawn while looking at the screen. Next to her sat her man of the evening, Dexter. He was slumped in his seat with a vacant look in his eyes, thinking about what the two of them would do later that night. The Road-Runner cartoon played out on the screen, and Carol stared blindly at it as the Coyote plunged over the cliff for the 67th time that evening. The bird beeped at the audience and sped away, leaving "The End" written in clouds of dust on the screen.

The theater darkened as the main feature was being prepared. Dexter saw his chance. He quietly stretched out his arm and snaked it around her shoulder.

Carol's heart sank at his touch. What am I doing here, she asked herself. Why did I go out with this creep? Mainly because I couldn't stand another night at home with the fireplace and the television.

The television was blathering to itself as the phone rang.

"Hi, Carol?"  
 "Yeah?"  
 "This is Dexter."  
 "Oh?"  
 "Y'know, I'm off work tonight, and I was wondering if you were busy?"  
 "Well...."  
 "I mean, are you doing anything tonight?"  
 "Well, I guess not."  
 "Would you like to go see a movie?"  
 "I guess so."  
 "What do you want to see?"  
 "I don't know. What's playing?"  
 "Well, there's Superman at the Strand, Close Encounters at the Bay Shore, The Betsy at the Capital One, Zombies of the Stratosphere at the Capital Two, Patterns at the Capital Three, and I Married a Teenage Vampire at the Falcon."  
 "I don't care."  
 "Well, how about Zombies?"  
 "Sounds all right. I guess."  
 "OK. Shall I drop by around 8?"  
 "Yeah."  
 "Say...How do I get to where you live?"  
 "It's 23688 Main Road. Easy enough to find."  
 "Oh, right. Uh, see you later."  
 "Yeah."  
 The phone disconnected.

Dexter drove up to Carol's house in his newly washed Ford at five before eight. He got out and caught his coat in the door. After untangling himself, he slammed the door shut and walked through the black cast-iron gate, and kept walking...up the path bordered by yellow flowers, up to the black leather-covered door.

Carol appeared to answer his knock. She wore tatty jeans, a dilapidated shirt, and last year's sneakers.

"C'mon in," she muttered.  
 "Thanks. You look...nice."  
 As Dexter passed through the portal, he took one last look at the vine-covered stone walls of the house. Then Carol led him down a hall to the living room.  
 "Be right back. I've ah...gotta get my coat."  
 "OK."

Dexter stared after Carol as she stalked out of the room. Then his gaze shifted to the walls. The paintings glowered at him when he tried to out-stare them. So did the trophies over the fireplace. Well, everyone to his own, he thought.

Carol's sister slinked by in an open bathrobe. "Why don't you...have a seat?" she breathed at him.

"I'm just waiting for Carol. She should be right back."  
 "Oh. I see."

So did he. She flowed out of the room, Dexter's eyes following like thirsty men after a mirage. She turned a corner, robe trailing behind. Dexter came to long enough to make a note to himself to ask her out next time. Carol seemed to be...sort of distant.

Carol reappeared with a dirty green jacket.

"You ready?"

"Yeah. Let's go."

They walked out to the car and silently drove to the Capital. Dexter parked in the brilliantly lit lot and the two got out. On the way to the ticket office, he took hold of her hand. She looked at him quizzically, then limply let him.

"My treat tonight."

She nodded silently, as if expecting it all along.

Vaguely disappointed, Dexter got his four dollars out and laid them on the counter. Without missing a chew of her gum, the cashier scooped the money up and punched out the two purple-and-green tickets. Dexter took them and steered Carol over to the candy counter. "Anything you'd like here?"

"Not really," she answered.

"You sure?" (He looked at all the rainbows of color shimmering behind the counter, all the luscious flavors waiting for him...)

"Yeah. I really don't want anything."

"Well, let's go in and find a seat or two."

"Right."

The theater was completely empty. They sat down in a back row as the lights dimmed and the cartoon started.

Carol snapped back to the film. Dexter's arm was still insinuating itself around her.

"Dexter, stop it."

He paid no attention to her, lost in his fantasies of what the two of them would do after the show.

(Well, let's see. We'll go to the Ground Rump, have a drink or three, and then we'll go to Stan's Point Hill and look out into the valley and see all the lights and the sewage treatment plant, and we'll get cozy and she'll say "why don't we go to my house," and we'll go to her house and she'll invite me in and we'll have some tea and she'll cuddle up against me and we'll be nice and cozy and...)

"Dexter, take your arm off me."

(and then we'll say goodnight and she'll say I hope I see you again, and I'll say yeah, I think so, I'll give you a call tomorrow...and everything'll be cool)

"Dexter, get off me."

Dexter still paid no attention. He was now studying the opening credits of the feature. Very interesting, these opening credits. Nice shade of scarlet.

Carol stood up and braced herself. Dexter, wrenched out of his reverie, watched as she glowered at him. He had a moment to think of the paintings on her walls before she reached out and grabbed his arm. As he screamed, she twisted it and finally pulled it free. She beat him with the arm until he sagged silently down into his chair.

Carol tucked the arm under her own arm and searched Dexter's pockets for the car keys. She found them, wiped them off, and strode toward the exit.

The doorman nodded coolly to her as she strolled by.

"These kids nowadays," he thought.

Carol drove home, Dexter's arm lying by her in the front seat. She parked the car, walked up the path with the flowers, and went into the living room. She pulled a ladder over, climbed up, and mounted the arm over the fireplace. Her sister came in to watch.

It looked so right there.

c. 1978, 1982 by David Jessup

IGNORE ONE WORD IN THIS MESSAGE

# Participation PUZZLE Page

Answers to Puzzle (A) next month - Puzzle (B) elsewhere...

This one's made the rounds of my family—I now bring it to you and yours. It's quite easy, alas: Each letter represents a word, which will complete the cliché denoted by a number. EXAMPLE: 100 = Y in a C

100 = Years in a Century

More contributions to this are welcome. Make them clever.

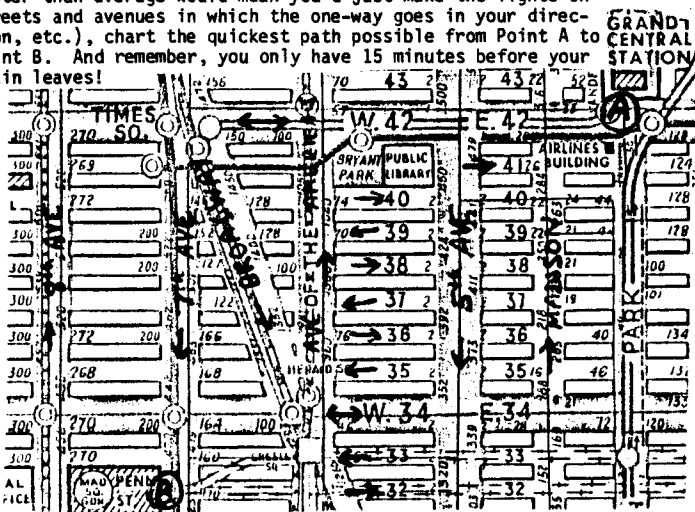
- a. 26 = L of the A  
c. 1001 = A N  
e. 54 = C in a D (with the J)  
f. 9 = P in the S S  
i. 32 = D F at which W F  
k. 90 = D in a R A  
m. 8 = S on a S S  
o. 4 = Q in a G  
q. 1 = W on a U  
s. 57 = H V  
u. 1000 = W that a P is W  
w. 28 = F in H J  
y. 40 = D & N of the G F
- b. 7 = W of the W  
d. 12 = S of the Z  
g. 88 = P K  
h. 13 = S on the A F  
j. 18 = H on the G C  
l. 200 = D for P G in M  
n. 3 = B M (S H T R)  
p. 24 = H in a D  
r. 5 = D in a Z C  
t. 11 = P on a F T  
v. 29 = D in F in a L Y  
x. 54 = S on a R C  
z. 5 = T on a F

## NEW YORK P.A.T. (PEDESTRIAN APTITUDE TEST) by elayne

Some of these questions are so inside, many NY workers won't even get them. That's okay—most of 'em probably have varying degrees of impaired mental functions in addition to apparent physical peculiarities which prevent them from, say, walking at a faster pace than snails. So open your monogrammed briefcases, warm up your musical calculators, and sharpen your No. 2 Local pencils:

- To the nearest decimal point, determine the probability of getting a refund on damaged or defective merchandise returned to a street vendor.
- On the average, how many weeks must a scaffold remain a purposeless obstruction before it is removed?
- A friend tells you to meet her at the corner of 40th & 6th. She's coming from uptown, you from the east side.
  - Where do you stand, and on which specific corner, so that you will be most easily spotted?
  - Why do you not stand on the Bryant Park corner?
  - Upon whom is it incumbent to look for the other, the waiter or the waitess?
  - Why do you not offer to meet her on 42nd?
- What percentage of people who have had constant exposure to the sterno of pretzel stands have ended up crazed and sprawled on a Penn Station walkway?
- Name three sociological or biological bases for the absence of a Track 2 on the shuttle train between Grand Central and Times Square.
- What is the easiest way to walk from 33rd and 6th to Penn Station and get jostled or bumped by the least number of people possible?
- How many consecutive times will a Penn Station frequenter see scenes from Raiders of the Lost Ark during a fifteen-minute period, over and over, on the preview screen in the main waiting room?
- What is the probability of not having your path at 34th & 7th blocked by a bus in mid-street as your light turns green?
- Name one quick way to fume about wasted money in midtown NY without setting foot in L.L.Bean or Fortunoff.

BONUS QUESTION (NO ANSWER GIVEN HERE): Below is a reproduced Hagstrom-NY map of most of the streets in the area between Point A, Grand Central Station, and Point B, Penn Station. Bearing in mind your own pedestrian speed (e.g., slightly-faster-than-average would mean you'd just make the lights on streets and avenues in which the one-way goes in your direction, etc.), chart the quickest path possible from Point A to Point B. And remember, you only have 15 minutes before your train leaves!



(Taking the shuttle & 1,2,3 is cheating and will cost you 75¢ penalty)

SITUATION ADAPTABILITY EVALUATION  
FOR MANAGEMENT PERSONNEL  
(submitted by my boss)

This test has been designed to evaluate reactions of management personnel to various situations. The situations are based on actual case studies from a well known educational institution and represent a cross section of test data correlated to evaluate both reaction time to difficult situations as well as the soundness of each decision selected.

There are 8 multiple choice questions. Read each question thoroughly. Place an "X" by the answer you feel is most correctly justified by the circumstances given. Be prepared to justify your decision.

### YOU HAVE 4 MINUTES

- You have prepared a proposal for the regional director of purchasing for your largest customer. The success of this presentation will mean increasing your sales to his company by 200%. In the middle of your proposal the customer leans over to look at your report and spits in your coffee. You:
  - Tell him you prefer your coffee black.
  - Ask to have him checked for any communicable diseases.
  - Take a leak in his "out" basket.
- You are having lunch with a prospective customer talking about what could be your biggest sale of the year. During the conversation a blonde walks into the restaurant and she is so stunning you draw your companion's attention to her and give a vivid description of what you would do if you had her alone in your motel. She walks over to the table and introduces herself as your client's daughter. Your next move is to:
  - Ask for her hand in marriage.
  - Pretend you've forgotten how to speak English.
  - Repeat the conversation to the daughter and just hope for the best.
- You are making a sales presentation to a group of corporate executives in the plush office you've ever seen. The hot enchilada casserole and egg salad sandwich you had for lunch reach, creating a severe pressure. Your sphincter loses its control and you break wind in a most convincing manner causing three water tumblers to shatter and a secretary to pass out. What should you do next:
  - Offer to come back next week when the smell has gone away.
  - Point out their chief executive and accuse him of the act.
  - Challenge anyone in the room to do better.
- You are at a business lunch when you are suddenly overcome with an uncontrollable desire to pick your nose. Remembering this is definitely a no-no, you:
  - Pretend to wave to someone across the room and with one fluid motion, bury your forefinger in your nostril right up to the 4th joint.
  - Get everyone drunk and organize a nose picking contest with a prize to the one who makes his nose bleed first.
  - Drop your napkin on the floor and when you bend over to pick it up, blow your nose on your sock.
- You've just spent the evening with a supplier who invited you to an all night boiler-maker drinking party. You get home just in time to go to work. You stagger to the men's room and spend the next half hour vomiting. As you're washing up at the sink, the sales training director walks up, blows his cigar in your face, and asks you to join him for drinks after work. You:
  - Look him straight in the eye and launch one last convulsion at the front of his Hart Shaffner and Marx suit.
  - Nail him right in the crotch, banking on the fact he'll never recognize your green face.
  - Grasp his hand and pump it till he pees in his pants.
- You are at a dinner with a customer and his wife, who looks like the regional runner-up of the Marjorie Main look-alike contest. Halfway through dinner you feel a hand on your lap. Being resourceful, you:
  - Accidentally spill hot coffee in your lap.
  - Slip a note to the waiter to have your customer paged and see if the hand goes away when he does.
  - Excuse yourself and go to the men's room. If he follows, don't come out until your shorts rot.
- You're on your way in to see your best account when your zipper breaks and you discover that you forgot to put your underpants on that morning. You decide to:
  - Call on the customer's secretary instead.
  - Explain you were just trolling for queers.
  - Buy a baggy raincoat and head for the nearest playground.
- You've just returned from a trip to Green Bay, Wisconsin in January and tell your boss that nobody but whores and football players live there. He mentions that his wife is from Green Bay. You:
  - Ask what position she played.
  - Ask if she's still working the streets.
  - Pretend you're suffering from amnesia and don't remember your name.

The above is a quality example of the type of 'humor' which circulates around most offices nowadays. Offensive, sexist, homophobic, dealing with the more raucous bodily functions of farting, vomiting, pissing, and nose-picking—and snickering out loud in a juvenile way about them—this is what today's robot executives enjoy. They are lewd, rude and not at all interesting or worthwhile. Don't fall in the trap.



# Funny You Should Mention It...

**SURREALIST RADIO**—Thanks to Saul McGundy of KURD in Seattle, wherever he may be, for sending me that precious tape with Firesign Theater's 11/7/81 appearance on "Evening at the Improv", featuring Nick Danger and the Case of the Missing...Script? I have now completed the Firesign album collection, at any rate, with my recent acquisitions of the excellent Butterfly 1977 release "Just Folks...A Firesign Chat" and the 1979 Nick Danger "Missing Shoe" disaster from Rhino Records, naturally. First quiz next month!

**POLICE SQUAD**—This premiered on ABC (the network for strange sitcoms) Thursday, 3/4 at 8pm. It has everything it promised—Abbott & Costello-like repartee, AWFUL (in the good sense) sight gags, even television parody itself (the freeze frame spoof at the end was DELICIOUS!). Who saw the sign on the door in the precinct? How about "Military Millinery"? My vote for "best line" in Episode One: Frank Drebin (Leslie Nielsen) visits the widow, investigating the murder. "We would've come earlier," says Drebin, "but he wasn't dead yet." AND, the MOST TERRIFIC PART OF ALL is that these folks have been able to surpass even SCTV in one detail—NO LAUGH TRACK! Sitcom aficionados should hail this as an astounding victory. It makes watching all but mandatory every week. Bravo to David and Jerry Zucker and Jim Abrahams (again, among the only guests on David Letterman's show to be funnier than he). **PRETENTIOUSNESS ON PARADE**—Now that the best paper in NY, the Soho News, has folded (WAAAA!), we're left with this. The Village Voice, after stating that it absolutely adored the aforementioned (see above column) David Letterman, singled his show, accusing it of such atrocities as having too much comedy stuffed into one show, and suggesting that David "mellow out". Sheesh...Ann Magnuson, late of the same Soho News, is at the moment attempting to put together an evening of comedic religion or some such—you can bet SubG will be duly represented, as I've put Ann in contact w/ Rev. Doug. The extravaganza is due to take place in early May. More to come... **SO IVAN STANG'S REALLY...** SubGenius convention reported on in the latest "edition" of Showtime's WHAT'S UP AMERICA? (as opposed to "Doc"?). Though it's good to see pr, the mediocretin ripoff of THOSE INCREDIBLE PEOPLE failed even to give the Church's address. I had a wonderful 2-hour phone chat with Rev. Doug on March 6, when he was in NY talking to publishers about "The Book". Though that may be long in coming, Doug informs me that the next Stark Fist was being assembled even as we spoke, and the long-awaited SubGenius plug zine should be coming out soon as well. And, the numbers of the clenchers and Reverends are indeed growing. Up with "Bob"! **WASN'T THAT PARTY "NICE"?**—So that's what, and where, Club 54 is. The East Village was a fitting set on March 5 for the fundraiser for the NICE "Sight & Sound" issue (see "Fan Noose"). You could tell they were all anarchists—they all dressed alike. Total thanks to Theo for being so warm...

...BUT GOODIES—I'm fattening up my collection of non-recent albums before I run out of pin money (the pins are fine too) and the one I've now fallen in latent love with is Rupert Holmes' (yes, I saw Levy's terrific impression) Partners in Crime. Incredible are "Lunch Hour", "Answering Machine", the non-comedic "The People That You Never Get to Love", and my favorite, "Near-sighted". I will be circulating Rupert Holmes lyric sheets to interested parties—"Work is the great aphrodisiac/It's that nine-to-five gets 'em in the sack"; "I stepped out to buy some dog food for the cat"; etc.

**IN A FLASH**—I finally figured out that the voice on The Electric Company's "Adventures of Letterman" (no, not David) is Joan Rivers. Takes me a little longer than others...

**GREAT PRESS**—SCTV got 8 pages, about time, in the March issue of CREEP, in a wonderfully written article by Susan Whittall (enough to get one green with envy for months on end). Also, author Cyra McFadden (yes, Serial!), while not doing the show real justice, did give it appropo raves in the 2/28-3/6 TV GUIDE in her "Late Night Comedy" comparison. She mostly restated the obvious (at least, what may be so to most of us), but I'm sure it helped novices. And there's no truth to the rumor I just started that Anthem Records is preparing to re-release "Big Jim McBob, Billy Sol Hurok, And Their Biggest Blow-Ups (Real Good)".

**HARRY ANDERSON**—on SNL again, 2/27—let's have a contest, which SNL regular should he replace? Okay, how many hands for Tony Rosato?...



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**LATE BREAKER:** Art "Skip" Rooney informs me that the show - which he is a cast member, Uncle Floyd has now been syndicated, picked up by NBC (NY outlet Channel 4), and will be aired weeknights after Letterman (+SCTV?) and Saturdays after SNL. Floyd's present "home" WWT (Ch. 68, NJ), will probably go 24-hour pay-tv...

Thanks to Michael Piro for this article

## THE MARVIN KITMAN SHOW

NEWSDAY, MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1982

### 'SCTV': too good for so late

It's too boring to watch "Saturday Night Live." I just can't take it anymore. There are too many wounds, too many disappointments, too many versions—the good, the bad and the ugly, as the different shows are classified unconsciously; or the beginning, intermediate and advanced—that I've rooted for.

I know it's hard to do sketch comedy—especially with strangers who have just met this season. There are now 10 hours a week of "hip" late-night sketch comedy in America. When you add up all the reruns of "SNL"—"Monday Night Live" on Ch. 11—that's a heck of a lot of jokes.

The latest version this season is not getting any better, I've given them every opportunity. Patience is running out. The only one emerging from the new show is Eddie Murphy. Give him his own show already.

On the other hand, I'm not getting to see as much as I would like of "SCTV." By 12:30 AM Friday (Saturday morning) I'm too tired, exhausted and bored by all the preceding garbage. "SCTV Comedy Network" is the best comedy show around.

It stars some real comedic geniuses in Rick Moranis, Dave Thomas, Andrea Martin, Joe Flaherty, Eugene Levy and John Candy. It's made in Canada, further proof that the farther away from the coke supply the better the comedy. Why does the best comedy show have to be on late at night? For young people? Do they need a laugh more than older people who poop out before 12:30? Where is it written that we have to watch the so-called comedies of prime time. Why don't they run "Facts of Life," for example, at 1 AM? That's a young person's show.

It's anti-human having all the best comedies, like "Mary Tyler Moore" at 2 AM, on so late. And not only that, it violates either directly or implicitly the Bill of Rights (the Eighth and Ninth Amendments, or maybe one of the others).

The best solution to this problem that I've heard lately comes from Diane J. Perilberg of West Hempstead: Reverse the time slots of the two shows. Put "Saturday Night Live" on at 12:30 AM Fridays, the back burner of fringe time, and put "SCTV" on at 11:30 PM Saturdays, the prime slot for hip comedy.

Perilberg, who is the leader of the official "I'm Bored as Hell, and I'm Not Gonna Take It Anymore" movement, argues: "You already can see the best of "Saturday Night Live" on Ch. 11 at 11:30 PM, Monday to Friday. How depressing it is to know that this comedy, once deemed too outrageous for prime time, can now be seen in syndication at a time usually reserved for re-runs of The Odd Couple."

Meanwhile, the genuine comedic geniuses of the "SCTV" crowd is going unnoticed," argues campaign manager Perilberg, "so that NBC may bring you uninspired singing, bad writing and third-rate guest hosts. Since we get enough of the real "Saturday Night Live" (on Ch. 11) can't we please have some real comedy on Saturdays, from 11:30 to 12?"

The crusade to slot "SCTV" in an hour where one has a fighting chance of staying awake is a good one and especially timely. This was going to be the breakout year for "SCTV." It has to be 1982. Already "SCTV" is starting to have the feel of being around forever and ever. Like Bob and Ray.

TV is instant stardom. Two good jokes or weeks of ratings and immediately you're a big TV comedian. You see nonentities like Susanne Somers getting the specials and the works. Overnight they go from nonentities to mediocrities.

And then you look at all the incredibly funny work the "SCTV" people have been doing since

1977. They bat .400 for years, and what has happened? Slowly this year they are getting occasional guest shots on NBC shows that are doomed, like Billy Crystal's, or David Letterman has one or two in for a pizza doughnut. That is not the fast express lane, believe me.

In five years, only one of them (Harold Ramis) has been seduced into being corrupted by movie money. (Dave Thomas currently has his toe in the swimming pool, though.)

"SCTV" can't last forever. NBC is doing its best to destroy it, forcing them to do a 90-minute show when their speed is 30 minutes. It's a miracle they are still funny. They have been in the closet, in the cult early-morning hours for too long. The rest of the world deserves to see them before they burn out.

"SCTV" is a unique hip comedy show. It's very clean. They don't do obscene or cheap shots. They could even be on at 8 PM. "SCTV" is the Ready for Prime Time Players we have been waiting to ride in and save us.

What we should really ask Grant Tinker of NBC to do is make "SCTV" one of those short-flight, summer TV series in prime time. That's when they get rid of all the garbage they couldn't sell, the place where Barbara Mandrell became a hit.

My prime-time scheme is probably too radical. I support Diane Perilberg's more moderate approach to making weekends fun again, and recommend that other concerned citizens sign the Perilberg petition to Grant Tinker!

TO: Grant Tinker  
NBC  
30 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, N.Y. 10020

FROM: Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Number of TV sets (or threshold of pain) \_\_\_\_\_

SUBJECT: SCTV

Dear Grant:  
I'm bored as hell, and I'm not gonna take it anymore! Chuck "Saturday Night Live" in the 12:30-2 AM Friday slot, and replace it with "SCTV."

(signed) \_\_\_\_\_/M



The "SCTV" 7, clockwise from top left: Eugene Levy, John Candy, Dave Thomas, Rick Moranis, Andrea Martin, Joe Flaherty, Catherine O'Hara.



ROMANCE: PART I

For a brief happy time I was Lancelot  
In armor unblemished  
Facing armies alone  
For the love of a lady.

For a brief happy time I was Cyrano  
Master of sword and pen, mightier than both  
Standing in the shadows; unseen, unknown  
For a chance to sing  
The praise of a lady.

For a brief happy time I was Quixote  
Seeking foes, finding none  
And so giving them life from my own heart  
Risking all against myself  
For the honor of a lady.

That time is past.

PART II

I promised that  
no matter what  
we'd still be friends.

I offered you my life  
to keep forever.  
The only thing I have,  
I wanted you to have.  
You turned it down,  
Smiling,  
Without a backward look.

I promised that  
no matter what  
we'd still be friends.

You took back  
What made life glad.  
You never said  
It was mine to keep,  
But I wanted to keep it.

I promised that  
no matter what  
we'd still be friends.

We sit here or there  
and you talk about him  
Or him, or him,  
Or him or him or him.  
And I smile  
With teeth closed tight  
Afraid to open my mouth  
And let my heart fall on the floor.  
It's been stepped on enough.

A promise is a promise.  
A promise is a promise.

Philip Bramson

OH, REPLACEABLE ME!

by Bill-Dale Marcinko (1981)

You begin with the lies that everyone uses  
I want you to know, to know I still love you  
They are comforting lies, but who wants to  
hear lies

When you're trying to scream, wide awake in  
a dream

And see that the world is black  
So you go back to sleep, let the world fly past  
Your dream is a tunnel of mirrors  
Each image much worse than the last

But you say, you say, you say, you say  
I'm in love with this guy that I met yesterday  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I know, I know  
That's the way love comes and goes  
Deep and passionate love  
Timeless and endless love  
Trivial, temporary love

Don't tell me about happiness  
How you want to be free  
Oh, oh, oh, replaceable you  
Oh, oh, oh, replaceable me

Hey, hey, hey, this ain't much fun  
Okay, okay, the, we're now out of love  
Out of love, out of love, out of love

And what can I do, I can't find something  
better

I reach out, if I can, do all those others  
Lonely young lovers  
Who are crying tonight  
Day turns to night, they're cut off from  
the light

I feel like a brother to them.

There was an old man from Entebbe  
Who went to the airport to pick up me  
When all so fast  
There was a big blast  
And my friend I would never again see.  
c. Stephen Wolf 1981

RIDING THRU SUDAN BY BICYCLE

by John Budak

stare field no move  
across Africa south  
be there by  
sand to a body  
single rising  
joyless revolution thru  
tall Bantu grass  
to join in  
only shed winds  
sexual excitement  
cool sweat slurred  
mickey mouse tire slit  
no pastry further drips

ON OUR WAY TO THE LANCASTER STOCKARDS  
ON OUR WAY TO THE CHIROFACTOR'S OFFICE  
Brahmai Brahmai Brahmai  
Booti booti booti  
A Brahmai and your Mamma  
Made you! you! you!  
by Norman Saville

BLUE & GREEN

by C.K. DeRugieris

Stolen  
The moments of brief meeting  
A quite light  
in times of despair  
Watching  
a raucous old man piss  
on God  
But you believed  
in your own silent way  
You prayed for him  
and it helped  
Flesh reeking of summer  
Hot feet and hot breath  
in search of a naked kiss  
And you find  
the clover green and sweet  
The bottle  
firm, sparkling green  
and cold.

THE SHANACHIE

by Ronald Weiss

The sh'nachie weaves a magical yarn  
while fairies dance within the barn  
A spell he knits around the tale  
to rival dreams and Irish ale  
The story threads on through the night  
all souls absorbed, amazed, afright  
At dawn the myth is spun, it's o'er  
and in his place a four-leaf clo'er.

EGO STREET

c. Stephen Wolf 1981

Ego Street  
Hamburger Road  
Neon beat  
Blue strobe.  
Scream at the midnight man  
Just a dreary dream  
In this old house  
His past wasn't what it would seem.  
Musty with mold  
Clotted and old  
He cries a soft giggle  
At the rabbit tails' wiggle.  
Slip on the suit  
An eggshell treat  
Spittle on the muzzle  
Sag in the feet.  
On an Easter bloody Sunday  
I was part of the cast  
I remember the party  
It was my very last.  
Blood-caked glass  
Funny gore  
Dammit, close the shades  
Lock the door.  
It was a surprise visit  
I arrived sort of sane  
But I got depressed  
When it began to rain.  
It's just a memory now  
But oh how majestic we still are  
in the looking glass.

Break open the shutters  
Let the dust-light stream

It's time for another visit  
Something obscene.

Doesn't anyone want to see me?  
Does anyone want to stay?

We'll gulp pink lemonade  
And you can tell me what they say.

I guess not my Nazi friend  
But I'll surprise you someday

When you least expect it  
That's when you'll pay.

THE BALLAD OF THE SUGAR BOY'S REVENGE

By Samar De Solsona

I  
On March the tenth, nineteen twenty-three  
At the corner of carrer Cadena and Sant Rafael,  
EL NOY DEL SUCRE, Salvador Segui  
Under the gaze of pistoleros, fell.

The champion of Catalan workers died  
In the dust of Barcelona's Chinatown,  
Killed by a pistol and its distant guide  
With bullets paid from beneath an archbishop's gown.

The Sugar Boy, a man near middle age  
Was thought by some to be a moderate voice  
Counseling 'cenetistas' against their rage  
As if the victims of this earth had choice

Of weapons or of attitudes or years  
Against the ones that buy and sell our tears.

II

Too quickly word passed from one to another  
Anarchists screamed NO!, or, silent, paled  
Defenseless, then, before the death of that Brother  
The Boy too free to survive in Capital's jail.

Militants in the neighborhoods met that night  
And swore that at last the pistoleros were done.  
Hands were pushed together and held tight  
Around the handle of a single mighty gun.

In Zaragoza, Bilbao and Madrid  
The architects of terror sleep with fear  
The corpulent archbishop sweats amid  
His stock of whores, supplied by a financier.

Before two days have passed the answer's ready  
From Defense Committees with trigger fingers ready.

III

At the Hunters' Club the night has just begun  
Where Barcelona's masters meet to cower  
And fifteen pairs of eyes all watch as one  
The bloated rich, drunk in their final hour.

Suddenly the panelled doors are burst  
Fifteen youthful hands with guns are there  
Anarchists shoot, choosing targets first  
And leaden vengeance rains in the parasites' lair.

The dawn comes up and Barcelona reels  
With news of this attack against the "great"  
And if injustice any worker feels  
It's 'cause these shots alone can't calm the hate.

Already THEY approach the archbishop's palace  
With a message from countless hands, factory-calloused.

IV

Archbishop Soldevila's dead, unknowing  
Even as his prostitutes entertain.  
Those men with careful guns and eyes all glowing,  
Durruti and Ascaso board the train.

It's June the Fourth, three in the afternoon  
Hardly three months since the Sugar Boy died.  
Someone watches the black limosine and the goon  
That take the archbishop on his daily ride.

The car speeds on, away from the center of town  
Toward the estate of a famous religious beauty,  
Outside the gate Ascaso crouches down  
Waiting for the moment of terrible duty.

And then they killed the archbishop, and cried for joy  
To avenge EL NOY DEL SUCRE, the Sugar Boy.

San Francisco  
March 1981

FOG c. Jamie Struble 1980

I wonder if there's other lonely people  
sitting around in the fog waiting for their  
circus to come

like me.

SHORELINES

by Peggy Tully

We both stand up  
And face the water,  
You have your coast,  
And I have mine--  
I look across  
And I can see,  
Your shadow along  
The dark shoreline.  
And it's true  
The ocean may be wide--  
Still, our shores  
Lie side by side.  
We're both asleep  
And dreaming ocean,  
I have a life  
And you have yours--  
We look across  
And we become one,  
We meet--we heal  
Each other's sores.  
And it's true  
The ocean's wide--  
But still our shores  
Lie side by side...

SONGS\*  
POETRY:

# "PUNK EYE" THE NEW WAVE man.®



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# CAKESPIES

"CAKESPIES\* is the name of a tv show project that I'm working on now w/ a few friends & a group of guys in Brooklyn. We're shooting for syndication of 13 half-hours—But don't hold your breath," David Burd informs us.

\*They're a bunch of spies who throw cakes.

## INSIDE JOKE

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