

MURDOCH TAKES JOKE - ^{Story on} p.2

Inside Joke

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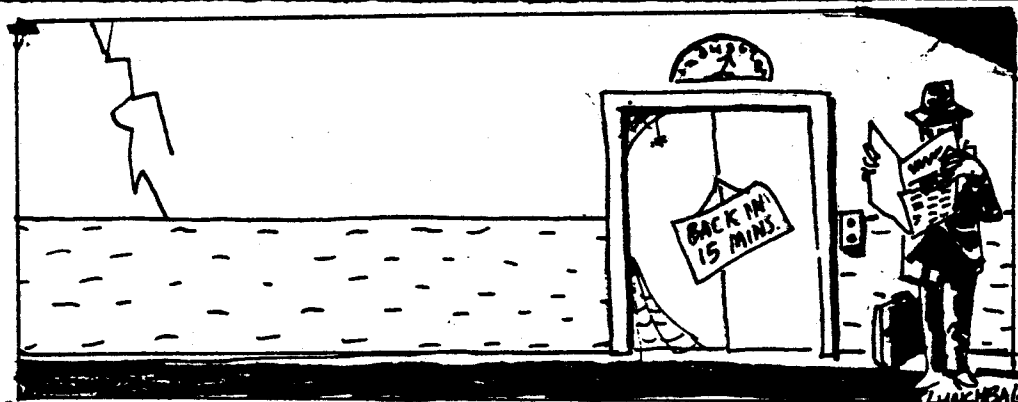
Number 28

January—mid-February 1984

Terror between the floors

ALBINO DWARF ASSAULTS ELEVATOR

Hundreds trapped in office tower



Crisis-weary city worker waits in vain for elevator disabled earlier during early-morning rampages of mad midget - Story on Page Seventy

Yung Gai
jailed again

President
attempts
humor

New
oleomargarine
scare

SPECIAL REPORT

"Whozits":
strike, dispute
continues

Other news:
MAYHEM,
MADNESS AND
HUMOR
Inside the Joke

PICTURES*WORDS*LETTERS

INSIDE JOKE

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MILDRED NEPTUNE Advertising Editor
LARRY FIZZ Consumer Editor
RICK "The Mugger" STROGANOFF, IRA LUNCHBAG Cover Editors
BROADWAY JED LELAND Shecky Editor

...and now...

RUPERTORIAL

A WORD—from the owner:

Greetings ladies and bruces, and welcome to the all-new, all-improved INSIDE JOKE. I want to assure you that just because I, Rupert Murdoch, have purchased this new 'zine, that doesn't mean anything will be changed. I know a lot of you are expecting this newsletter to go to hell in a handbasket, but that's just not going to happen. I'd like at this point to appeal to those staffers from the Old Regime, led by Elayne Wechsler, to come to their senses and return. There's always room for you all. We all love you and want your input. OK, OK, I did hire an executive editor, but that was just to take care of the business end, as we say. Sure, we have new ideas, but they're ideas designed to take IJ over the top to superific sales and the day when there's an IJ on every supermarket counter in these glorious United States. But now, I'd like to turn these proceedings over to our newest exec, Johnny Carcinoma.

MORE WORDS—from the executive editor:

Hello, Johnny Carcinoma here. Like Mr. Murdoch said, I'm the exec-ed. around here, the new kid on the block and while I'd like to have Elayne around to help me get started I think I'll do pretty damned okay, thank you anyway. I've already got some great ideas for IJ that will maintain our commitment to quality and get us sales that you'd kill your grandmother for. First, we'll be adding some new columnists, like: Steve Howe and Willie Wilson together again for the first time on "Baseball's White Lines"; Dean Martin doing "Blinded With Video"; and Gene Shalit, Joel Siegel, and the Care Bears with "Fan Moose". But that's not all. We've also got some brand new columns that I know you'll love, including: "Confessions of a Confused Reactionary" by Anita Bryant; "Mr. Allen's In-flatable Love Doll" by Dr. Ruth; "The Secret Life of a Game Show Host" by Wink Martindale; "Right Wings Over Easy" by William F. Buckley and George F. Will; and "Diary of a Shecky Friend" (in this very issue!) by Buddy Hackett, Red Buttons, Ed McMahon and Alan Thicke (for the vacationing Fran Liebowitz). Plus, as if that wasn't enough, and by gosh don't you think it ought to be, we'll be bringing back old faves like "Notes from a Gnat" by Paul Zuckerman and "Nututorial" by Nate Mishaan, and "From a 'No One Cares' Perspective" by Ronald B. Flowers. INSIDE JOKE—Better Than Ever. IJ—Soon to be America's #1 Newsletter. You Gotta Say Yes To Another IJ (THE ONE ZINE TO HAVE WHEN YOU'RE HAVING MORE THAN ONE).

ITEMS OF NOTE

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND—Mrs. Bessie Dunwitty, who eariler this month delighted family and friends by winning £250 in a local football pool, this morning startled and outraged them by running off with the goalie of the winning team. Said Mrs. Dunwitty's husband, Bernard, "I knew she weren't pullin' all them scores and things out of her dreams, the way she said." Commented Mrs. Dunwitty, 72, of her 24-year-old paramour, "Well, one good turn deserves another, don't it, love?" Custody of the family cat went to son Ringo, 51. Both were unavailable for comment. BNS

INSIDE JOKE Murdoch Satire, #28

LETTUCE

Dear Editor:

Your publication was brought to my attention by an acquaintance, of the "Leftist" persuasion, who somehow felt I would enjoy it. I can only assume the lad was once again under the influence of certain illegal substances that have always led to radical thinking.

To say that your publication, INSIDE JOKE, is a worthless piece of anarcho/libertarian/commie compilation of KGB propaganda and misinformation is an understatement. It's hard to believe that in a generally decent country like ours, there are people (and I use the term loosely) that find such trash amusing.

It has come to my attention, through certain "friends" in the intelligence community, that not only are members of your staff in sympathy with known subversive elements, but that you, and two of your regular contributors, are connected in some obscure way with the infamous "BOP GIRLS GO CALYPSO", and are currently at work on the sequel, "DISCO GIRLS GO REGGAE".

Hopefully, now that this information has been made public, and I have sent copies of your reprehensible "zine" to the proper law enforcement officials, you and your kind will feel the righteous wrath of public ridicule, and repression.

Better clean up your act, girl!!!

For a Moral America,

S.H. Otis
Westport, CT

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you to say that I for one am very happy that Mr. Rupert Murdoch has purchased INSIDE JOKE. Now maybe we'll get some good stories in there about important stuff like war and poverty and queers taking over the city and helpless old ladies getting beaten up with bicycle chains, things good, common, everyday working people really need to know about and not all that crazy stuff like Anni Ackner - who I happen to know is a dyke and a communist and has AIDS - and you had to turn the paper upside down to read most of it anyway. Or your head.

Now that Mr. Rupert Murdoch owns the paper I think that she should put in a lot more stories about Mary Tyler Moore. I think Mary Tyler Moore is everything the Women of this old world of ours should be and I watch her every night especially now that the factory closed and I don't have to get up so early. The world needs a lot more women like Mary and you can just ask Ted and Murry and Mr. Grant if you don't believe me. If Mr. Rupert Murdoch doesn't put a lot more stories about Mary Tyler Moore in the paper it would be a Mortal Sin and I might have to do something about it. I don't know what. Shoot the president maybe. I think the president is doing as good a job as he can and I am not really a violent person but it worked for John Hinckley and I think he was Jewish.

Keep up the good work!

Thank you sincerely,

Bradley David Smythe III
Allentown, PA

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—Farmer Ralph Zahava of Brickman, Missouri was startled to discover this week that he'd inadvertently grown a 25-lb. rutabaga with the face of presidential candidate George Papoon emblazoned upon it. Zahava, 54, claims he knew it was the face of the normally incognito Papoon because the vegetable in question is completely inanimate. "Must be him," Zahava says. "Durn thing hasn't moved a blessed inch since the harvest." Papoon was unavailable for comment. UPI

ALBERTA, CANADA—In answer to the age-old question, it was disclosed yesterday that yes, bears do indeed shit in the woods. CC

CABBAGE PATCH OVERKILL

— PUMPELLING A DEAD ISSUE INTO THE GROUND!

THE CP MURDERS

by Alexis Black

Christmas was a day of bloodshed in Mudville, New York, when a college professor brutally took her husband and daughter's lives as well as her own.

Professor Ermalinda Shear, 46 (nicknamed "Mudface" by her students because of her bland features and the suburb of New York where she lived), taught English at York College in Queens. She was the wife of plumber Guiseppe Shear, 51, and the mother of Jasette, 13, and Huckleberry, 6, the only survivor of the "Christmas massacre".

According to Huckleberry, Professor Shear crept downstairs to the living room at about 7:00 am to open her presents. Huck, who had been in the kitchen eating Frankenberry cereal, watched her quietly. Clad in red woolen footsy pajamas, complete with trap door, "Mudface" greedily grabbed all her gifts from under the Shear family's electric blue tree and put them all in one big pile.

Huck observed her open the smallest gift first—it was from one of her students, Joanna DeSade, known for her cruel sense of humor. "Mudface" ripped off the red and green reindeer paper only to find a tiny cabbage. It was a cruel joke because "Mudface" had made it clear to everyone that what she wanted more than anything for Christmas was a Cabbage Patch doll.

She then opened a medium-sized present, and to her apparent shock, it was another cabbage. The other seventeen presents suffered the same tearing fate, and all the pretty packages covered cabbages of all different sizes.

Huckleberry claims that was when his mother first screamed. She then allegedly grabbed the hunting rifle that hung over the fireplace and ran upstairs with it, yelling, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas, you B-----S!" Huckleberry heard four shots then that apparently killed his father, who was still sleeping, and his sister Josette, who was putting up a Spandau Ballet poster. A source wishing to remain anonymous reported that Josette's last words were: "I know this much is true," sung slightly off-key.

The Shear lad then told reporters how "Mudface" ran like a woman possessed down the stairs looking for him. She found him in the kitchen with most of the box of Frankenberry spilled on the floor (he had really just wanted the prize, he confessed). He ran out the kitchen door and Mother Mudface followed. Huck ran across Alabaster Street and so did "Mudface", only to be run over by a Mack truck.

To make her horrid death even worse, two escaped city rats that had been kept under observation at a downtown cancer research laboratory devoured her remains.

It was discovered soon after her death that four of "Mudface's" Freshman Composition students had planned and executed what they thought was a "harmless prank" in "the true spirit of Christmas".

Young Huckleberry is currently under the care of his spinster aunt, Lavella Stengal. Christmas will never be the same in Mudville.

CP BABY BOOM

In three states, Cabbage Patch Dolls have exploded, killing their young owners in seventeen cases. Twelve other children are on the critical list in various hospitals. A terrorist group calling itself "The Bah Humbug Society" has claimed responsibility.

Experts say that the bombs were planted in the dolls sent to Connecticut, New York and New Jersey sometime during shipment. The bombs were set to go off as the charge card bills came due. So far, only those three states are affected. Bomb disposal units have offered to check dolls for incendiary devices for the next few weeks. Cabbage Patch owners are advised to take their dolls to their local police departments to be defused if necessary.

The FBI has been trying to gather information leading to the apprehension of the terrorists but has not been successful. All mail addressed to Santa Claus has been confiscated to determine if any threats were made prior to the bombings. Anyone with clues as to the identities of these terrorists is advised to call the FBI hotline (800-555-6666) and report the culprits.

A reward of \$10,000 has been offered by the Toy Manufacturers Association for the information that leads to an arrest.

MORE CP MURDERS

In twelve different shopping malls across the country over forty people were injured or killed in stampedes to get the Cabbage Patch Dolls shipped only days before Christmas. From Seattle to Fort Lauderdale black wreaths hang in toy store windows to mourn the tragic events of those two days.

Coleco shipped the dolls as a response to the great demand for them nationwide in an attempt to placate consumers. Crowds began gathering outside stores early on the 23rd and cheered as the trucks drove through parking lots to unload. Store managers were unprepared for the scenes that were about to take place.

In Dallas a man police described as an unemployed job counselor allegedly became enraged when several people tried to crowd in front of him and pulled a gun out of his coat pocket. He then fired at them, killing four and wounding seven others. In Seattle, an elderly woman and her grandson were trampled by a mob of overeager buyers, killing them both. In Cincinnati, five people were injured in a stampede, prompting one witness to remark, "First the Who concert, now this." Similar incidents occurred in Fort Lauderdale, San Diego, Boston, St. Louis, Atlanta and Denver.

A spokesman for Coleco stated that any loss of life, personal injury or property damage were due to "the negligence of the stores' managements in not realizing that there would be a crush" for the popular toys. Attorneys in the states involved have already filed suits against Coleco, the toy stores and some members of the crowds.

BOSS BIO IN WORKS

ZAPPY ZEZ: An unnamed source has informed us that New York Post publisher Rupert Murdoch has signed over the rights to his sensationalized life and has agreed to write an exclusive screenplay. Warner Brothers has agreed to buy the story for an undisclosed sum. This source further informed us that the film will exploit the full potential of tabloid journalism - an unprecedented cinematic coup, if all goes according to plan. Front page exclusives include:



RUPERT "H.M." MURDOCH
Our Hero

1. CHILD WINS FREEDOM AFTER 9 MONTH TORMENT BY MOM (Vows Never to Be Trapped By a Woman Again)
2. YOUNG RUPERT ASTONISHES NEIGHBORS, AMAZES FRIENDS (Makes First Million at 14, Ruins Anyone In The Way)

3. MURDOCH EXPANDS INFLUENCE, BUYS 17 PAPERS IN 23 DAYS (Claims: I Just Do It Because I'm Good At It!)
4. AUSTRALIAN INVADES BRITAIN, SAYS IT'S GOOD NEWS (Men-In-The-Street Gawk, Buxom Beauties Bare All)
5. PRESS LORD ADMONISHES PARLIAMENT & QUEEN (Get Off A Yer High Horse and Show Some Spunk)
6. RM SHOVS OFF FOR AMERICA, FLEET STREET BREATHES EASY (Cites Exorbitant Alimony, Growing Shyness of Royals)
7. YANKS WARM UP TO MURDOCH, CONSIDERS JETS PURCHASE TOO (It'll Be A Cold Day When They See Who's Got The Ball)
8. MAN FROM DOWN UNDER SAYS HE'LL TAKE WARNERS UP OVER (Expect Company's Profits To Soar As Murdoch Buys In)
9. MURDOCH SEES GREAT FUTURE IN SPACE PUBLICATIONS (Buys the "Moon Paper" and Re-Issues "Scoops & Scams")
10. THE WEDDING OF THE CENTURY, THE SCANDAL OF A LIFETIME (Murdoch Weds Prince Charlie's Ex, Princess Anne Combs)

Our confidential source has also indicated that Murdoch would very much like to have Sylvester Stallone direct this grand epic. Rumor has it that Meryl Screech herself is interested in playing Press Mogul - if Diana Rigg agrees to be cast in the role of Margaret Thatcher. (Speaking of Maggie, she was seen just last week sneaking out the side door at Regine's after a private birthday celebration for her favorite author, Barbara Wodehouse, with a pair of dobermans, reportedly trained, hard at her heels.)

ITEM: No one seems able or willing to confirm or deny the rumor around town that Ed Koch has been offered a job as chief of publicity for the newly revamped Warner Communications or that Atari has planned production of a video game based on his conversations with groups of ethnic voters.

ITEM TOO: Government scientists have reported new breakthroughs in their search for a chemical treatment that causes ordinary newsprint to explode into flames when the blood pressure of readers rises to an excited stage. This is, however, only a government report. Do not believe everything the government tells you, unless we tell you to. Remember, you read it here, first.



MAYOR KOCH
How is he doin'?

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—There are actually 37 guys from Gothenburg, Swedish scientists discovered early last night. The 37th is 40-year-old Sven-Olaf Soderqvist, who refuses to have his picture taken because of a large birthmark on his right temple. ABBA

IN AN UNRELATED STORY...

Australian news hound Rupert "Howling Mad" Murdoch announced today that his plans to buy controlling interest in Warner Communications would by no means halt the pending sale of his life story to that company's film division. "I think it's great that they still want to buy my story, though if I were in charge now, personally, I would offer a helluvalot more money."

Murdoch, in a press conference held to dispel any misgivings that the sale of the giant communications conglomerate (which includes a book division and Atari Computers among its holdings) might arouse among proponents of free speech, said, "I believe in the American dream and I only hope that the Warners film of my life (as well as the novelization and any other subsidiary rights) inspires others to these pinnacles."



Warner chairman
Steven J. Ross,
looking perplexed

IT EXCLUSIVE:

INTERVIEW WITH THE CABBAGE PATCH "KILLERS"!

The senseless and somewhat hilarious death of college prof Ermalinda "Mudface" Shear poses many questions best left unanswered, and so our robot reporter asked them of Mrs. Shear's unfortunately implicated "murderers", freshman students Joanna DeSade (the cruel one), Bambi Breastplate (the forgiving one), Valerie Foole (the seductive one), and Anna Quartz (the one who liked to do everything standing up).

IJ: You were interviewed before this incident, is that not correct?

BB: Yes, our claim to fame was our feature in Seventeen magazine's "Back to School" issue last year. They asked us what our idea of hell was.

AQ: Actually, they said "heck", since the mag is aimed at a younger crowd.

IJ: And your response?

VF: Well, we're pretty much agreed that "heck" is sitting home watching "The Love Boat" with our hair in curlers on Prom Night.

IJ: Ms. DeSade, you told the authorities that Mrs. Shear, and I quote here, 'had it coming to her'. Why do you say that?

JD: Oh, I never liked her anyway. For an English teacher, she spoke like an illiterate—had a heavy Italian accent, too—I think she got it from her husband. I was constantly saying to her, "Speak English!"

BB: Yeah, and she gave me a "Z-" on my term paper, but I told her I forgave her, so she raised it to a "Z".

VF: That was the one on 'teenage lust', right?

BB: Hey, come on, I'm telling it? Oh, that's okay, I forgive you...Anyhow, I wanted to give her a Cabbage Patch doll, one that she could've named "Imogene", like she said she wanted to, but Joanna told me I shouldn't, so I didn't.

JD: She's so terrific, she always listens to me.

VF: Well, I'm glad she's gone! I am, I am! The first day of class, she was taking attendance and she said, 'Valerie, is your last name spelled F-O-O-L?' and I said, 'No, it's Valerie Foole, with an "e"!'. She hated me from that day on, I know it!

AQ: She thought I was weird. I told her I didn't want to sit during class, so she let me stand in the back of the room, but she always gave me strange looks. I'm the one who started calling her 'Mudface', you know.

IJ: Why?

AQ: Well, it just seemed to fitting. And the name stuck—a stick in the mud, you could say, hee hee...

IJ: Well, 'tis the season to be jolly, as they say, girls—and may I just say that it's remarkable how high-spirited you all are even after these horrible events.

BB: Yeah, we're going to go ice skating at Rockefeller Center tomorrow, looking for guys to take us to the prom. Youse guys out there better watch out! The Cabbage Patch "Killers" are coming to town! Rent your tuxes NOW!

DIARY of a SHECKY FIEND!

by all those folks listed on page 2

NIGHT AND DAZE

Monday. Hit the Stage Deli around eleven for a little eggs-juice-toast, but couldn't deal with it. Food last night at Dustin's enough to kill good sized cow or at least Ed McMahon, but hey, what can you do? I mean, you just can't sit and starve till 5 AM, you know what I mean? Whole crowd there—Grant Tinker flew in from the Coast and boy were his arms tired—some big bore, but hey, I love these guys, you know what I mean? They're maniacs...Haircut at 1 PM. That Tony, he knows EVERYTHING. Can't believe the stuff that comes outta that guy's mouth sometimes. Steve Allen's manager really IS one, Steinbrenner can't keep his hands off Carson's last ex-wife, even with Mrs. Steinbrenner standing there giving them the fishy eyeball, Joey Adams can't even make it through the front door without a hypodermic, and it's all true what they're saying about Morgan Fairchild and Victoria Principal. Whatta guy, that Tony. A sweetheart. Didn't notice till I was halfway down the block that he'd cut it too short in the back again. I look like the north end of Yul Brynner going south. Damn Tony...Found out that Robin Williams is opening at Dangerfield's tonight. Called a few of the guys—Sinatra, Sammy, Liberace—to get up a gang to go over, but everybody busy. Finally got Sonny Bono. Helluva fun guy and what do I care if no one knows what he really does? I could drop dead every time I look in the mirror. Damn Tony.

Tuesday. Our like a light all day. I mean, I was deader than an orgy at Joan Rivers' place, you know what I mean? Last night a real riot. That Williams kid—got a mouth on him like a dirty toilet, but he's a maniac. I love him. That gin at Dangerfield's, though—someone oughtta tell the guy they repealed Prohibition already. No wonder he don't get no respect. Whole crowd there—Liza, Steve and Edie, Donald Sutherland with some French broad who was stopping clocks with her face—yawn city, but hey, what can you do? Sonny and I split up to party at David Letterman's place. Ran into Steve Martin there. Whatta guy. A real sweetheart. Said to give him a call sometime. Took off about 3 AM. Sonny passed out in Letterman's bathtub. A prince of a guy. A true prince...Called up Steve Martin three times today to see if he wanted to check out benefit performance of TORCH SONG TRILOGY tonight, but first he was out and then he was tied up with his agent. Finally got Sonny Bono. Tried to look over script for new syndicated sitcom, but fell out. Asleep on my feel. Whatta life, I'm telling ya.

Wednesday. Can't believe the incredible luck I'm having. Tried to trim sideburns and ended up with one shorter than the other. Looks like Dudley Moore and Susan Anton had a fight on my face. Went over to Tony's to get him to straighten them out but he'd closed for some dago holiday. Can't believe the lousy luck—I mean, who else in the world has such lousy luck, you know what I mean?...Last night a real screamer, if you get my drift. Whoever wrote that TORCH SONG TRILOGY must really BE one, but a real sweet guy. A maniac. Took Sonny over to party at Woody Allen's house. Whole crowd there—Jack Klugman with some girl who was so fat that when she sat around the house, man, she really sat around the house, Father Guido Sarducci, and some dizzy dame doing predictions. Said Jackie O. was going to marry some saloon keeper from Poughkeepsie and Elvis Presley's ghost was gonna put in a surprise guest shot on the Griffin show. Flip city - bore pie with yawn sauce, but that's life, you know? Invited the whole bunch over for Friday night. Whatta group - I love 'em...Called up Steve Martin today to see if he wanted to catch a bite and take in the new Blake Edwards movie, but he was tied up. Had a look at the papers but nothing new in them except Danny Kaye may be opening up a new show at the Winter Garden. Called up Eddie Murphy to see if he had anything to do tonight, but he was tied up. Finally got Sonny Bono...Feel like the eight day of a seven day drunk every time I get a load of those sideburns. Damn Tony anyway.

Thursday. Hell of a morning. Feel like Tommy Tune doing a time step in between my ears - hear HE'S one, too. Last

night a blast - Blake Edwards movie full of dirty toilet jokes, but he's a prince of a guy. A true prince. Steve Martin was there, but he didn't see me. He was with some lady almost wearing one of those dresses cut down to the ba-zookas. Heard from Sonny that was no lady, that was his wife. Sonny and I headed up to party at Valerie Harper's. Whole crowd there - Brooke Shields and Bo Derek had screaming fight over John Travolta, with Bo's husband standing right there yet - Seconal Junction, but that's the breaks. A lot of true sweethearts. I love 'em. Sonny puked his brains out in Valerie's closet and then passed out. Thought I'd bust a gut...Went over to Tony's about noon to get him to fix sideburns. I swear to God the man knows everything. Barbra Streisand knows everything about Jon Peters and that girl in Detroit, and Tony Randall can't keep his hands off those Rockettes and nobody dares tell Elton John what's wrong with him. Can't believe the stuff that maniac knows. Figured I'd have a shave as long as I was there. Didn't notice till I'd dropped by the Stage Deli for a pastrami-on-rye that he'd shaved sideburns completely off. Could KILL him...Phoned Steve Martin to see if he wanted to take in the show at Caroline's tonight, but he didn't answer. Sent him three telegrams to make sure he shows tomorrow. Finally got Sonny Bono for tonight. Took a look at the papers but nothing in them except Dino throwing a roast for Mr. T on Sunday. Figure I'll get Steve Martin to take a run over with me - my invite must have got lost in the mail...Wanna toss my cookies every time I think of those sideburns but hey, what can you do? I mean, I could wring Tony's neck, but he's a maniac, you know what I mean?

Friday. Another one of those days. Show at Caroline's last night a real corker. Kind of thing that gives dogs a bad name. Sonny and I stopped by party at Truman Capote's place - know HE'S one, but he knows how to give a bash. Whole crowd there - Joey Bishop asked Henny Youngman to take his wife, please, but she left with Norman Mailer - World Class Snore, but I love those maniacs. Started to leave with Sonny, but he ran into Meryl Streep and Cher and couldn't stop crying...Called up a bunch of the good ones - Cary and Burt and Billy Martin - to get up a gang to grab a snack before the brawl at my place. Everybody tied up. Finally got Sonny Bono. Started to read script of one-shot deal at CBS but couldn't concentrate. Gotta lay in mixers and munchies for shindig tonight. Some real sweethearts coming over. Every one of them a prince. Could break all Tony's legs when I think about those sideburns but hey, what can you do? I gotta have the most incredibly bad luck of anybody in the Big Apple, but I'm crazy about the burg. I mean, it's MY town, you know what I mean?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Surgeon General announced today that exposure to Alan Thicke may cause cancer in human beings. Of 100 laboratory mice shown videotapes of THICKE OF THE NIGHT over the course of two weeks, 35 developed cancer, 20 attempted to commit suicide by racing themselves into cardiac arrest on their exercise wheels, and 44 staged a daring daylight cage escape during their normal feeding time. Only one appeared unaffected and, says the Surgeon General, "He was always a boring sort, anyway." CIA

PLAY IT
THINGO!
WE DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS
EITHER!

Yesterday's MILLION MAN...

ARMY

AT "WAR'S END"

50,000 SUICIDES.....(No Winners)
5 PER CENT...(One in Twenty)

Young as you feel

Seen lunching at the Four Seasons earlier this week were ROBERT "Khaddafi" SNIDE from Simon & Schuster and that grande dame of the American theatre, HELEN HAYES. We have it from a reliable source that the house which put such fitness experts as JANE FONDA, VICTORIA PRINCIPAL, CHRISTIE BRINKLEY, LINDA EVANS and CHRISTINA FERRARE DE LOREAN into striped spandex and leg warmers is now negotiating with Hayes to write a new fitness book for women over 80. Snide would not confirm the report, but another spokesman for the company said, "We've had such success with the fitness formula, it seems only logical to carry it to an extreme. We think Helen's exercise program combines the 'crank 'em out' effectiveness of the exercise book with the legitimacy of art. We think it would wow the boys at the Times Book Review, let alone PHIL DONAHUE!" Rumor also has it that Snide has retained a psychic to handle the negotiations with GLORIA SWANSON for a workout book for women after death.

The 'Nader' of King's Career?

The consequences of Random House's decision to withdraw its new biography of BARBARA HUTTON due to a factual error by the author are reverberating throughout the publishing industry. Executives at Viking/Penguin and New American Library, we hear, have decided to recall all copies, sold and unsold, of STEPHEN KING's bestselling novel Christine. CHRISTOPHER HAIRSPITTER, head legal counsel at Viking, told us that he had recommended withdrawal of the story of the killer 1959 Plymouth Fury at the insistence of Chrysler head LEE IACOCCA. "Lee had threatened suit over the book," said Hairsplitter. "He told us that the behavior exhibited by the car in the book was an inaccurate portrayal, unfair to the now-defunct model's image as a faithful and reliable mode of transportation, and more indicative of the conduct of a 1961 Corvair."

Getting Over the Rainbow

This week we talked to Presidential candidate JESSIE JACKSON and his proposed running mate, VANESSA GOLDBERG. The striking cafe-au-lait skinned beauty told us from her wheelchair that she was greatly gratified by Jackson's vote of confidence. Jackson, beaming benevolently at the curvaceous Ms. Goldberg, told us, "The real one to thank is former EPA chief JAMES WATT, who first gave me the idea of my 'rainbow coalition'."

PAGE SEX

Christie's Bummed Out

Supermodel CHRISTIE BRINKLEY, whose million-dollar complexion is now expertly maintained by the dermatologist of current flame and aspiring black pop singer BILLY JOEL, has now taken to regular visits to Joel's proctologist. "Billy takes such good care of me!" giggled Christie.

Knotty Problem

Now that Rolling Stone KEITH RICHARD and his lovely lady, model PATTI HANSEN, have made it legal, the question seems to be not if, but when, MICK and JERRY are going to tie the knot. Commented Fleetwood: "I liked him in THE NUTTY PROFESSOR, but let's not be ridiculous!"

\$\$\$ MEAN \$MILES !!!

by Barbara Howareya

Scientists at the Bess Myerson University for Studying Modern Stuff have made a breakthrough in their research on wealth and happiness. Dr. Miles Togo led a team of researchers in a two-year study that proves semi-conclusively that poverty causes misery and wealth causes happiness. He says, "We studied six thousand people in the lab and in their own environments. They were equally divided into rich and poor." Interviews and tests proved the following facts:

- Rich people are happier because they don't worry about money.
- Rich people are happier because they are better-looking.
- Rich people are happier because they never have to resort to crime and get caught and go to jail and eat franks and beans for breakfast.
- Rich people are happier because they can intimidate poor people. Power is a happy making quality.
- Rich people are happier because they are healthier 'cause they can afford good medical care.
- Rich people are happier because they can afford to buy good foods like veal and lobster and whole wheat bread.

Dr. Togo claims that he did not encounter one poor person who enjoyed being poor. Every poor person said they would gladly trade places with their rich counterparts, but not one rich person volunteered to switch circumstances with a "Po-
ver"—the nickname the staff gave to the poverty-stricken. The study also offers helpful hints on how you can be happier by becoming a rich person. The tips are:

- Get yourself a well-paying job in industry or show business. Executive President of Eastman-Kodak would be a good bet, for example.
- Find yourself an oil or petroleum cartel and hang on to it!
- Save your money until you have enough to buy several hotels and casinos in Las Vegas or Atlantic City.
- Acquaint yourself with certain pharmaceutical exports from Colombia, South America—distribute them exclusively in your city or state.
- Become a fashion designer catering to teenagers.
- Invent a video game or home computer cassette.
- Write an epic, sleazy but enthralling novel chronicling the exploits of three decades of an enormously rich and decadent family. Be sure to include royalty, murder, incest, homosexuality, lesbianism, sado-masochism and great interior decoration and fashion designs. Model your characters on existing celebrities with scandalous histories.
- Create a new exercise and health program; books, records and cassettes. Promise overnight miracles without much exertion.

Dr. Miles Togo also offers this quiz to find out if you would enjoy being a rich person. To discover your potential for the good life, answer true or false to the following:

1. I like central air conditioning in the summer and central

heating in the winter.

2. I like to eat good food on a regular basis.
3. I like well-made clothes with satin labels and tags that say "Dry Clean Only".
4. I would like to live in a big, beautiful house in a ritzy neighborhood. I would like this house to be an architectural work of genius, with an Olympic-sized swimming pool, a professional tennis court, a lush garden with a gazebo, a hotel-sized kitchen with full pantries and plenty of luxurious accoutrements throughout the whole place.
5. I would enjoy owning my own Lear jet, several yachts and sailboats, a private wine cellar and the Colorado Rockies.
6. I feel sorry for Claus Von Bulow.
7. I like the idea of having my own fleet of cars—Excaltors, Bugatis, maybe a couple of Rolls Royces, but I'd have to have a chauffeur.
8. I enjoy giving terse and imperious orders to racial minorities.
9. The idea of going to a restaurant that doesn't have valet parking makes me feel rather faint.
10. I feel it is bad enough to have to shop for one's own groceries, but the idea of bagging them oneself is absolutely horrifying.
11. I think Elizabeth Arden's should have an emergency room.
12. I cry if I discover the Chicken Kiev I am eating was not made with real butter.

If you answered TRUE to all of the above, you will excel at being rich! If you answered TRUE to only half of the above, your value system needs some work. Dr. Togo suggests reading a lot of Stephen Birmingham, and watching Dallas, Dynasty and reruns of Columbo. If you answered TRUE to only a few of the above, or FALSE to all of them, you think the Beverly Hillbillies are the elite classes, you put plastic over your windows in winter and aluminum foil over them in summer, there's a bunch of rusted old appliances in your yard, your culinary skills depend entirely upon Chef Boyardee, you like Lava Lamps and Rain Lamps, you had a party to celebrate Genie Francis' return to General Hospital, and if you keep up with your current lifestyle, you will be honored with a commemorative food stamp.

Dr. Miles Togo is the author of: How You Can Be The Other Half Who Lives How The Other Half Lives; Peace Of Mind Through Material Gain; Drugs That Make You Feel Real Good; and Training Your Dog To Hunt For Truffles.

(Barbara Howareya is another new Murdoch staffer. Her credits include a daily column for the West Coast magazine The Malibu Marxist, a stint as a society columnist in Washington for Kapitool Kapers, and she has a degree from Sarah Lawrence in Esoteric Hygiene. Ms. Howareya lives with her cat Mustapha in an overpriced condo near Red Hook.)

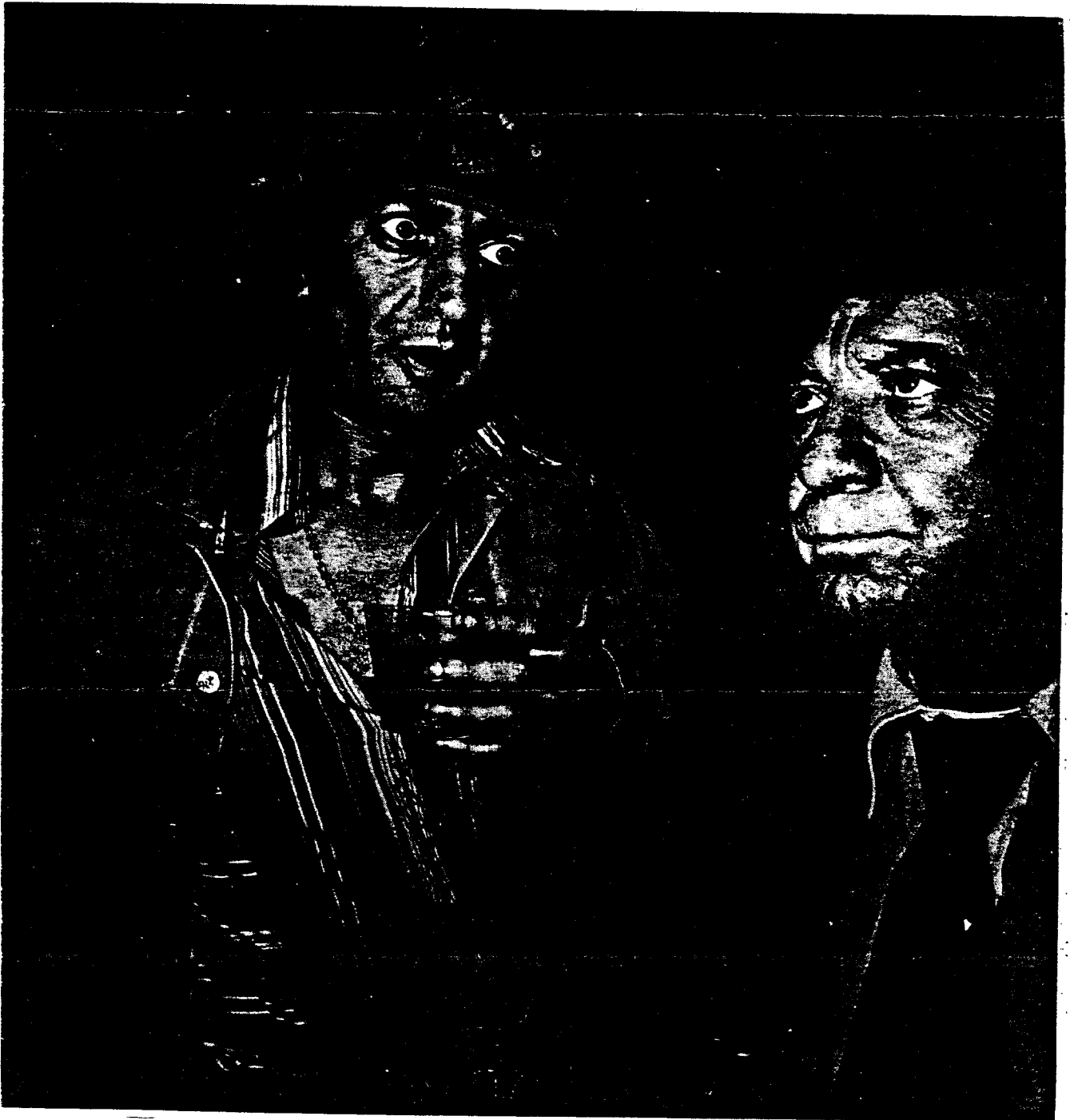
THINGO is for you! THINGO is for me!
THINGO is for everyone with IQs under 3!
So PLAY THINGO = or not!



VIEWER RESPONSE DEMANDS WE RUN AT LEAST ONE PICTURE OF
MICHAEL JACKSON "AVEC LE NOUVEAU NEZ" PER ISSUE, SO HERE
HE IS, LADIES!

THIS ISSUE OF IT IS DEDICATED TO SALES, HYPE, AND THE
LATE, GREAT, McDEAD RAY KROC.

Every Hour Is Happy Hour At
THE EDWARDS HOTEL!
530 N Main



by Kip M. Ghesin

Yeah, it's me. So I'm working for Murdoch; so is that such a big deal surprise? Hey, I said to Elayne, you gotta be where the money is, you gotta go with the dough...but did she listen? She's sitting there wondering why she never got the moolah promised her, heh heh...wasn't Elayne who finalized the damn thing anyway, it was Pen-Elayne Ent. and don't you forget it...but enough about me. I'm here to stay, and damned if ol' drinking buddy Rupert won't give me tons more print space than this wimpy firechild...

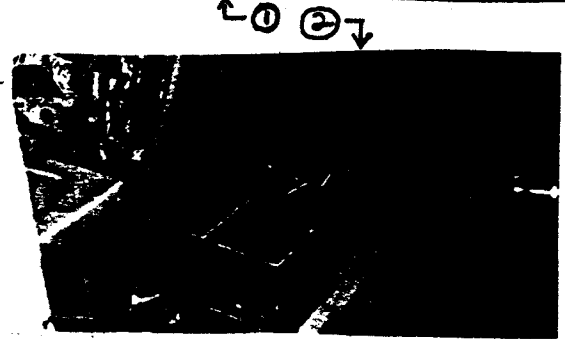
So there was a party, as you can see. I'm not much on this sort of thing, especially when I'm not invited, but I sneaked in anyway and filed this report, tailored for this brand-new-IJ-look, naturally:

"Wow, what a blast! They're over there in the bedroom doing ILLEGAL drugs that even I've never heard of! There's loads of folks sitting on the floor and actually 'rapping', how tres tres! Yes, we know who you are, and we hope you do too, but cracked photographer Brian 'Flash' Catanzaro just didn't have enough 'exposure' (get it?) for everyone, so if you want to see yourself immortalized, you can find your name in Elayne's acknowledgement page(s) somewhere in THIS VERY ISSUE! Anyway, guys and galls, I can hardly catch my breath as I recount to you all the nifty people who got absolutely juiced and sick to their stomachs, so I won't even try! This party was clear proof that America is going to the hogs and blindly loving every minute! Even Nat'l. Subversive candidate George Papoon (pictured on the 'Papoon Page') was there, and nowhere, at the same time, adding a dimension of folly and politics to an otherwise seamy and sordid affair. Many of the folks you love to sneer, or hate to love, or like to—well, many familiar names were there, and this brilliant and inspired two-page pictorial would tell it all, only the pics themselves didn't take to reduction as well as expected, and we're not prepared to spend the money on Velox, so if you see yourself or someone you know, and want a print of same, write promptly (before the negatives are destroyed) to Brian Catanzaro at (insert address here)

151 ROUTE 206, #20-1, FLANDERS, NJ 07836

You see, I can be amusing too. Now go tell that bozoette. Things are gonna be different now, there's gonna be some changes, see...

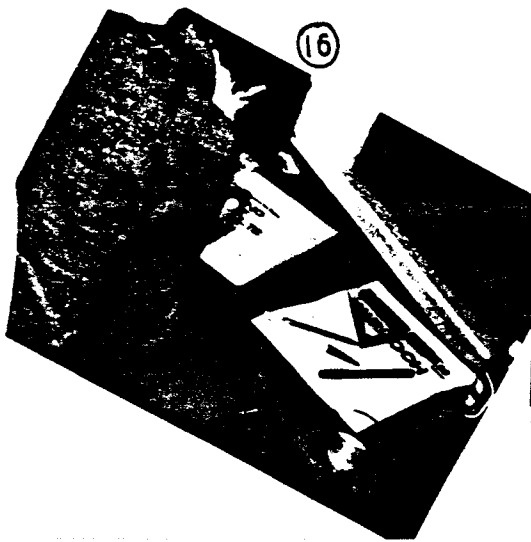
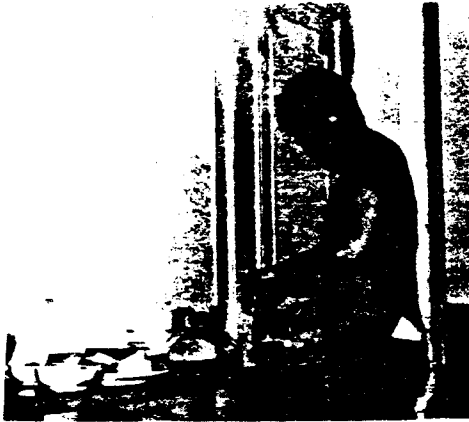
PARTY SLAYZ'em



PICTORIAL KEY (this & next page):

1) The infamous sign-in book, guest copies of IJ, and tres gauche nametags...2) The bathtub was loaded to the gills with Heine and Mich swill...3) Gypsy the Feral Cat was confused...4) and Gumby got his come-uppance at Pokey's Revenge! 5) KM relaxed leisurely with a movie book in the boudoir...6) and in the kitchen—also seen, famous WALLPAPER blender-con-marguerita...7) and also from WALLPAPER, the famous pinwheels, held up by the famous Carolyn MacDonald...8) It was sitting-room-only for Marge dela Rosa, Brian Catanzaro, Rick Perkins and?...9) Anne (RHUBARB) Bernstein, Mike (FACTSHEET FIVE) Gunderloy and Elayne (IJ) Wechsler discuss new SF resident Candi (SIDNEY SUPPEY) Strecker and why the hell we're all doing this anyway...10) Cartoonists Matt Feazell (all the way from NC) and Randy Maxson (a-t-w-f MA)...11) Rick Perkins sneaks one...12) as does Anne B. again...13) Could that be Jed Martinez incognito?...14) Karen Majewski wonders how to break the camera...15) La Editor with a cut-off Rodny K. Diorin (Rodny actually has no top to his head, folks)...16) Even at a fun party like this, work goes on, as the cover for IJ #28 is drawn...17) by Spencer Pinney, who takes a rest afterwards...18) Attending staffers avec cat—L to R in back, Anni Ackner, Mike Gunderloy, Jill Zimmerman, Brian Catanzaro...A splendid time seemed had by all...or were they had?...





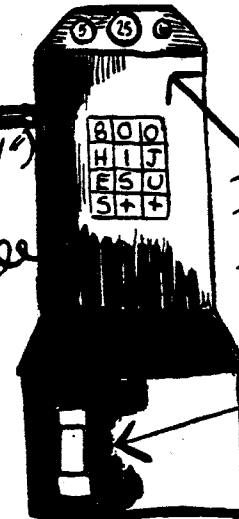
JESUS SEZ:

"CALL ME! I WANT TO BE YOUR PERSONAL SAVIOR!"

(and don't worry about not getting through - Jesus can talk to everybody at the same time. He explains, "I'm omnipotent just like DAD!")



"IT'S REALLY HIM!"



DON'T BOTHER!
IT'S TOLL FREE!
(EXCEPT IN THESE

FOLLOWING STATES:

SOUTH DAKOTA
ALASKA
TENNESSEE
ALABAMA
NEW JERSEY

} regular long distance rates.

YES! YOU CAN CALL JESUS! THAT'S RIGHT! JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, ON THE PHONE! **IMAGINE:** PEACE OF MIND and A PLACE FOR YOU IN ETERNITY in the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, JESUS HAS A PHONE! (And the number is NOT "Ecum Spiri tu tu o" as those silly PAPISTS believe!) **NOPE!** JESUS HAS A TOLL FREE NUMBER! YOU CAN CALL HIM ANYTIME - DAY OR DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL. HE WILL ANSWER ON THE FIRST RING AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SAY, "HI JESUS! I WANT YOU TO BE MY REDEEMER! WON'T YOU PLEASE COME INTO MY HEART RIGHT NOW?" HE WILL ASK A FEW QUESTIONS TO GET SOME FACTS ABOUT YOU, AND BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "PRAISE THE LORD!" YOU'LL HAVE PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND OF THE MAN FROM GALILEE!

HOW ABOUT THAT! DON'T DELAY! CALL TODAY!

CALL: 800-445-3787
THAT'S → HIJ ESUS

And remember: JESUS NEVER PUTS YOU ON "HOLD."!!!

HOTLINE
TO
HEAVEN
INC. 1983

DEBORAH BENEDICT DID THIS. EFFIN' BASTARD!

'84 Erection Coverage Underway**POSITIVELY
PAPOON!**

by Sven Galli

Natural Surrealist Party Presidential candidate George G. "Orwell" Papoon made his fortuitous debut in this election year one day early—sort of.

According to NSP spokesperson S. O'Maine, not present at the event, Papoon had been scheduled to appear at the INSIDE JOKE Floating Time Warp gala on Friday, December 30, 1983 (or, as IJers and Papoon supporters refer to it—due to their claims of a mishap last year involving the great ball in Times Square—"1984[-1]"). As the midnight hour approached with still no sign of the bagged contender, IJ editor Elayne Wechsler attempted to take matters into her own hands, and promptly announced the "countdown for '85". Little explanation was given as to why Wechsler insisted not only that the year to come would be 1985 unless prevented by Papoon's promise of a "Guaranteed Annual Year", but that the year should end one day earlier than scheduled by the American calendar. Apparently it was felt that as the participants were all surrealists, they were not tied down by measurements of real time, but this was never specifically stated and must remain conjecture. Papoon later told this reporter, "Well, we've been celebrating a leap year anyway, so we've been one day behind you all. We figured it was time we skipped a couple days—I myself gave up Armistice Day and Veteran's Day this year, equal time, you know—and come out one day ahead."

As the countdown reached two, the door to Apartment Third Eye, site of the gala, burst open and in strode Papoon, mumbling apologies for his tardiness (one witness reported overhearing some words to the effect of oversleeping) and proclaiming that 1984 would be "saved once more", thus putting NSPers more or less in synch with the rest of this country "and back on track again!". The candidate was then formally introduced by Wechsler, in her guise as co-chaircreature of his "campoon", and held a planned impromptu "ImPress Conference", answering pointed and pointless questions from the party attendees.

GGP proved himself capable of responding and ad-libbing to most surreal questions thrown his way, especially after inhaling a few "tokes" of an ILLEGAL controlled narcotic substance found in abundance throughout the apartment. A few highlights of the conference:

(on the subject of disarmament in the Air Force)

Q: Candidate Papoon, what would you do about the jets?

A: The Jets? Sell them to Billy Martin, and see if he does better in New Jersey than New York.

(on the subject of repaying voters' loyalty)

Q: What about the little people, Mr. Papoon?

A: I'd step all over those little people, boy, that's the American Way...No, I think I'd j'ist push them all together and make one big person, one Big Brother out of them.

Papoon also discussed his running-mate, pizza magnate Chuck E. Cheese ("He's campooning in Wisconsin now"), his lovely wife Eleanor, future cabinet posts (including a good potential spot for Pat Boone, due to a superb rhyme) and many other subjects too trivial to mention. Then George took his leave to join his wife in a nearby sleazy hotel for a quick game of "Spin the Pickle", but not before announcing that not only would the upcoming year be 1984, but he liked the year so much he spontaneously decided to declare it "198-4-Ever!" And so, according to the NSP, "Unless we can come up with a way out of this, every year from now on will be 1984. And it seems pretty much that way politically anyway, eh?"

Assassination rumors ran rampant after Papoon's departure. According to Rev. Amy Sweeney, head paster-upper at the NJ-based surrealmag WALLPAPER and former owner of the Hamilton Beach blender used for the gala's margaritas, a member of the comedy troupe Legal Action, Rick Perkins, was later observed to be wearing the exact same outfit as the recently departed candidate. NSP chaircreatures were unavailable for comment, naturally.



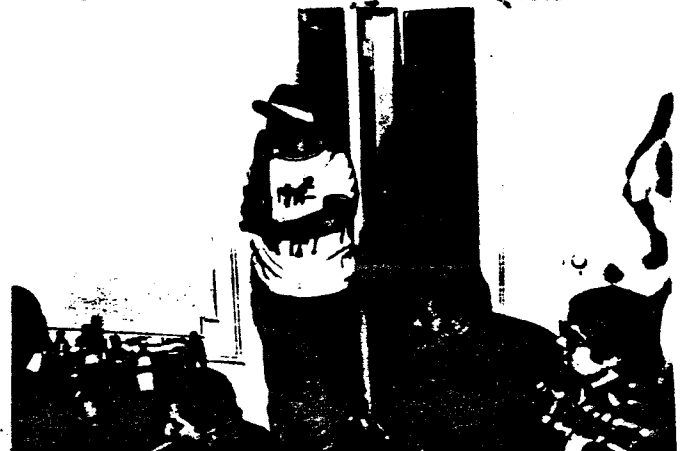
PAPOON'S ENTRANCE: "Stop the time!"



GREETING THE CANDIDATE (l to r): Randy Maxson, Lisa Bottini, Danny Lieberman, George w/ "Papoon Pin-wheel", Matt Feazell, presumably Karen Majewski



PAPOON ANSWERS QUESTIONS from Carolyn MacDonald, Mike Gunderloy, Red Bush and Not Pictured



NSP CO-CHAIRCREATURES Elayne Wechsler and Anni Ackner look on - Also pictured (l to r): Spencer Pinney, Jed Martinez, Randy Maxson

Konsumer Korner

MAD AS HELL!

by Larry Fizz

"When consumers speak, they talk"

On March 4, 1958, I ordered a set of Danny Thomas commemorative dishes from The Plimbag Company in Los Angeles. I have not received them. What happened?

- Mrs. Arnold Ernyl, Moon, VA

The Plowfig Company went bankrupt in 1962. Apparently you never put a stamp on your envelope. The second President of our country was John Adams.

How old is Peter Fonda?

- Miss Daisy Pie Woodhill, Ducktown, TN

Your check was marked "insufficient funds" and a state marshall will be visiting you. Mr. Fonda is sending you a catalog.

Our neighbors have painted their driveway purple. What can we do?

- Mr. & Mrs. Sampson Simpson, Plush, OR

Who gives a shit?

Are Strawberry Alarm Clock T-shirts still available? I have a bet with my friend on this one.

- Alex V. McGillan, Lincoln, NE

Gambling is illegal in your state. Strawberry Alarm Clock are now known as Roberto Duran Duran. For a complete souvenir catalog write to Wax Lips for Christs, Box 711, Springfield, Missouri 60666.

How long is it? Really.

- Linda Lovelace, Loveland, CO

Five hours, eighteen minutes. Thanks for the snapshot.

Where can I get the front left quarter panel for my 1932 DeSoto Firesweep?

- Orville Schazlala, Tuxedo, NC

That car never existed. Get out of here!

How many murders have you witnessed in subway stations since the last broadcast of The Ed Sullivan Show?

- Mark Setgo, Buffalo, NY

Was your first wife from Cleveland?

I ordered \$200 worth of video tapes from Excitable Boy in Van Nuys, Calif. on April 10, 1983. My check was cashed a month later. My pet marmoset died last Tuesday. How many shopping days until Christmas?

- Rainey Musk, Thousand Oaks, CA

Our faith comes in moments; our vice is habitual.

I've been watching this woman from my apartment. She's about 19 years old, blonde, probably from Ceylon, likes Vonnegut and Krantz, and wears White Shoulders perfume. How can I get a date with her?

- Alan Dressyou, Locate, MT

Don't ever write again and stop using Canadian postage stamps!

If I order condoms through the mail, will my mother find out about it?

- Bob Paint, Scooba, MS

According to her, no. However, she does want you home by midnight.

I bought a Hershey almond bar and it contained cashews. I bought an Almond Joy and it was full of peanuts. What will happen when I buy a Mars Bar?

- Jimmie Sue Sparker, Atomic City, ID

Your face will break out.

Can you get The Whole Earth and Nothing But The Earth Company to refund my money for a defective package of Tofu?

- Petronella Blaine, Valspeak, CA

Fer sure. Send a picture and your phone number

My wife collects rabies vaccination certificates and needs one for an Italian Greyhound. Can you help?

- Forrest Pyre, Gas City, IN

Write to "Canine the Bulgarian" c/o Paramount Studios, Stunt Dog Dept., Hollywood, Calif. 90666.

What's my favorite beer?

- Ed McNahan, Burbank, CA

Cold and free.

My stepmother is confined to our sofa. Our aunt cannot go to the library. The bank has closed our checking account. I never received the autographed picture of John Travolta. The gas company shut off our heat. Last week the doctor...

- Violet Plant, Hi Hat, KY

What the fuck is this, Queen For A Day?

We had a portable car wash installed in our garage last

spring. The first time we used it the paint on our Datsun was scratched. Mr. Tennyson of The Hugo Washyself Copmany refuses to pay for this damage. Can you look into this?

- Ralph Emerson, Chewsville, MD

Your car is from Japan. Contact Yoshikatsu Takeiri in Sapporo. Buy American cars from now on, you asshole!

There's a so-called "underground" publication in Brooklyn that uses the guise of a comedy magazine to transport drugs through the mail. Any truth to this?

- Victor Hugo, Tuba City, AZ

That's just an inside joke.

Can I listen to AM and FM at the same time without adverse side effects?

- Egbert Bran, Sumatra, FL

Yes, but do not watch black and white TV and color TV at the same time.

On July 10, 1983, I setn in 153 proof-of-purchase seals, 83 bottle caps, 47 weight circles, 9 cash register tapes and a certified check for \$20.98 to some place in Iowa. What did I order?

- Thelma Thwing, Reno, NV

A proof-of-purchase-seal-bottle-cap-weight-circle-cash-register-tape filing cabinet. They're out of stock.

My dad is from outer space. I don't go to school anymore. I can't stop reading Hustler magazine. Why do teenagers fall in love?

- Perkin Omar Pope, French Lick, IN

Political influences and the denial of self-abuse.

Are The Rolling Stones really the world's greatest rock and roll band?

- Harley Davidson, Altamont, CA

No way. Jagger is a limp dick. Keith Richard hasn't moved his eyes for seven years. The greatest rock band in the world does not exist. Bob Dylan sleeps with granola. Pete Townsend stutters. Record albums are overpriced. Your handwriting sucks. Where the hell is Altamont?

When I opened a can of Desilu coffee, the grounds were colored green. When I called the consumer hot line given on the label, I got an answering machine. I don't like this.

- Wilma Bananarama, Jupiter, FL

I don't like coffee.

Can I still get a refund for my tickets to The Doors concert in Miami Beach?

- Thomas Allen, Hypo Luxo, FL

The future's uncertain and the end is always near.

Back in May, 1982, I ordered two albums from Funky Shake Productions for \$19.95... "Thank God It's Friday and We Can't Stop the Music in Xanadu" and "Saturday Night Fever in a Roller Disco Car Wash". I'd like a refund or a reason.

- K.C. Sunshine, Beverly Hills, CA

No reason for a refund. Disco is illegal in all states except Hawaii. Move there and they'll send the albums.

I was given a week's worth of free visits to The Body Hospital Spa and Mushroom Cellar for my birthday. On another occasion I received a free 8x10 color portrait certificate from Lud's House of Bounce Lighting and Cheap Shots. I'd like to redeem these gifts for cash. Where do I write?

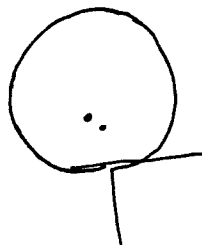
- Jane Dough, Dime Box, TX

Today I suggest you write to the mayor of Anchorage, Alaska. Next Wednesday why don't you drop a postcard to Henry Mancini?

On November 8th I mailed in an order for a Mr. T Prayer Candle from Gold, Black and Sweaty Enterprises in Studio City, Calif. My check has not cleared the bank. My prayers are unanswered. I can't work my zipper anymore. Please help.

- Mason Vector, Chicago, IL

The Studio City Better Business Bureau has no record of that company. A bad excuse, they say, is better than none at all.



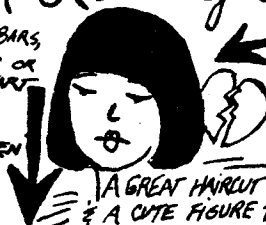
FAMOUS SUPERHERD FAILS TO COME TO RESUCE "NONE OF MY BUSINESS" HE SAYS

© JIM LUMBER 1983

ARE YOU A Lonely Lady?

Tired of drinking doubles in singles bars, waiting for some dumb stockbroker or systems analyst to pick you up and start a relationship that will go sour in a few weeks? Tired of being stuck in traffic on the Boulevard of Broken Dreams??

HERE'S THE ANSWER



IS THIS YOU? THE VICTIM OF SOME JERK WHO WOULDN'T KNOW A REAL RELATIONSHIP IF IT GOT CAUGHT IN HIS ZIPPER?? WANT A GUY WHO'LL GIVE YOU BLIND ADORATION? YOU GOT HIM!

A GREAT HAIR CUT

= A CUTE FIGURE DON'T GUARANTEE SUCCESS! =

INSTANT BOYFRIEND

"HE'S REAL ENOUGH!"

JUST ADD WATER AND WATCH HIM GROW!

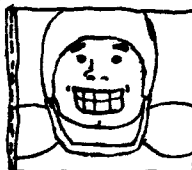
5 TYPES (MORE COMING SOON!)
(BUT NOT TOO SOON, OF COURSE!)

VACUUM SEALED PACKETS
INSURE FRESHNESS!

NEW!
EZ OPEN
POUCH
NO MORE
BROKEN NAILS!

CUTE! POLITE!
DISEASE FREE!
GENEROUS!

NO PARENTAL
INFLUENCES! STERILE!
ALWAYS FUN!



MACHOMIKE - WILL OPEN ALL DOORS FOR YOU, CALL YOU "DARLIN", BABY & SUGAR BUNS, HOLD YOU POSSESSIVELY AND PROTECT YOU IN PUBLIC. BUYS YOU DRINKS TILL YOUR TEETH FLOAT. SHOTS A GOOD GAME OF POOL, TELLS GREAT DIRTY JOKES. CAN DRIVE ANY KIND OF VEHICLE, MOVES FURNITURE, SHOVELS SNOW ETC. BEST DATES: BARS, DRIVE IN MOVIES, DRAG RACES, CAR & BOAT SHOWS. PERFECT FOR MARRIED WOMEN WHO WANT TO MAKE NOBBY JEALOUS!



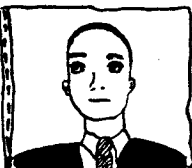
HIP HARRY - DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR 60'S NOSTALGIA PRONE WOMEN, AT HARRY IS NOD, TOO! CAN TALK ROCK FROM 1966 TO ZZ TOP! LOVES HUGGING & CUDDLING UP IN FRONT OF A CAMPFIRE IN THE WOODS OR IN A CRAW FOOT BATHTUB! HE'S VERSATILE, TOO - CAN QUOTE FROM BURROUGHS & NESSE EXTENSIVELY. WILL BE REAL SWEET, CALL YOU "MY LADY" & "BABE" WHILE HE STITCHES HIS HAND IN YOUR BACK JEAN POCKET. PLAYS GUITAR, SMOKE'S MARLBORGS. BEST DATES: SATURDAY MORNING TV MATINEES IN BED, ROCK CONCERTS, SWAP MEETS.



AMOROUS AARON - VERY WELL MANNERED! POLITE TO OLD PEOPLE. AARON ENJOYS TAKING CARE OF YOUR NEEDS; TREATING YOU TO FINE FOOD & WINE AND OFFERING A FEEL EVERY CHANCE HE GETS! WILL CALL YOU "SWEETHEART, HONEY & LOVER". TWINKLY EYES, MISCHIEVOUS GRIN! PERMANENT 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW WILL NOT SCRATCH! GOOD FOR BUSINESS ADVICE, BUT MOSTLY HE ENJOYS USING HIS HANDS. BEST DATES: COCKTAIL PARTIES, FAMILY GATHERINGS (HE OFFERS TO DO THE DINING!) VERY DARK NIGHTCLUBS & BACKPACK-TO-TO-TO-TO.



SENSITIVE SIDNEY - TENDER, BYRONIC SIDNEY CAN RECITE ALL THE BEST POETS, FOREIGN & DOMESTIC. WILL ALWAYS BE EMPATHIC, CALM AND HELPFUL. CAN COOK, SEW, JAZZ. LOVES ANIMALS, CHILDREN AND WATCHING THE SEASONS CHANGE. HE WILL CALL YOU BY YOUR NAME AND TOUCH YOUR HAIR A LOT. BEST DATES: POETRY READINGS & LECTURES, WALKING IN THE RAIN, PICNICS, FOLK MUSIC FREE CONCERTS, FEMINIST SEMINARS, THE 260, VEGETARIAN RESTAURANTS.



CORPORATE CLYDE - A REAL SMART RISING YOUNG EXEC. CLEAN, UPWARDLY MOBILE AND MAKES A VERY DRY MARTINI! CLYDE WILL CALL YOU "MY DEAR", GIVE YOU HELPFUL HINTS ON HOW TO DRESS AND WILL READ ALOUD FROM THE WALL STREET JOURNAL & BUSINESS WEEK. ALWAYS NATTY IN DRESS AND CLEAN AS A NEW COMPUTER PRINTOUT. BEST DATES: SAILING OFF CAPE COD IN SUMMER, SKIING IN VERMONT IN WINTER, LUNCHES AT TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN. AVAILABLE ONLY ON EAST COAST.

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT
INSTANT BOYFRIEND?

THEY DON'T EAT UNLESS YOU TELL THEM TO! THEY DON'T CHASE OTHER WOMEN, DRINK TO EXCESS OR SHOOT HEROIN. THEY DON'T TURN INTO "BEACHED WHALES" AFTER SEX, WATCH TV CONSTANTLY OR LEAVE THE TOILET SEAT UP. THEY DON'T WEAR CHEAP AFTER-SHAVE, WAD UP BATH TOWELS AND THROW THEM ON THE FLOOR OR HOG THE BLANKETS. INSTANT BOYFRIEND WILL NEVER TELL YOU YOU'RE FAT OR CRITICISE YOUR MAKE UP! HE'S PERFECT! HE'S EASY TO GET AND

EASY TO GET RID OF! A FEW BLASTS FROM YOUR BLOW DRIER WILL DISINTEGRATE HIM. ALL INSTANT BOYFRIENDS ARE GUARANTEED TO LAST 6 MONTHS. WHEN THEY START TO FADE, MAKE A NEW ONE! IT'S EASY!

AND CHEAP! \$7.95 EACH! OR \$30.00 FOR ALL FIVE - HAVE A PARTY!

YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO BE ALONE AGAIN!
AVAILABLE IN MOST DRUG STORES.

INSTANT BOYFRIEND IS A PRODUCT OF NEPTUNE ENTERPRISES, LINCOLN NEBRASKA
PATENTS PENDING. © 1984 NEPTUNE ENTERPRISES "WHERE YOUR FUTURE IS OUR TOMORROW."

SPECIAL TO 15:

CELEBRITY COOKOFF:

A COLLECTION OF ^{STAR-}STUDED RECIPES

There's more than big apples cooking in Gotham these days. Some of the best-known names and faces in the country recently got together to whip up their favorite dishes at the first annual Souffle of the Stars.

Among the celebs cooking up a storm at the Souffle at the World Trade Center were: Mr. T, TV's most-gilded thug; Ronald Reagan, sometime president and world leader; Jodie Foster, collegiate screen idol; and Ed Clark, discredited Libertarian Party Presidential candidate.

These and many other celebrities participated in the cook-off to benefit the newly-formed Society for the Care of the Terminally Kreebled, making their recipes for a panel of distinguished judges, and then hotel chefs duplicated the recipes for 500 guests at the \$350-a-plate dinner. (Silverware and glasses were extra.)

The panel of judges consisted of a number of well-known experts in the field of gourmet cooking, including magazine editors you've never heard of and an authentic French chef whom we can't remember, plus two winos, who wandered in when they smelled the food.

The following recipes are a few of the unique taste treats presented at the Souffle, which was a roaring success and sure to be remembered next year.

RON REAGAN'S CUSTOM NIGHTCAP

"Even a welfare mother can make this!"

Gin
Vermouth
Jelly Beans

Call the butler and tell him you want a martini. Sit back and watch HAPPY DAYS while he mixes it. Then send any handy aide up to the Oval Office to bring back the jar of jelly beans. Select the flavour you prefer and toss it in instead of a cocktail onion (after all, the Kremlin has onion-shaped domes!), and drink while planning the invasion of any Latin American country run by the Bad Guys. If you're extra hungry, send an aircraft carrier task force to Sicily to pick up some pizza to go with this.

MR. T'S GOURMET KILLER CHILI

"I like this 'cause it's good, sucker,
and you'd better like it too!"

- 1 cow, freshly killed and drained
- 2 large onions
- 1 automobile battery, 12-volt
- 2 bottles tabasco sauce
- 12 red chili peppers
- 2 12-ounce cans tomato sauce

Discard the horns and hooves and put the rest of the cow through the coarse blade of your meat grinder. Set a cast-iron bathtub over 3000 cans of Sterno and fire them up. Brown the meat until crumbly, chop the onions fine and throw them in. Saute until the onions are translucent and then drain the fat into Jerrycans for future use in creating phony oil slicks. Drain the acid from the battery into a large ceramic pot, add the tabasco and mix well. Pour the liquid mix into the meat and lower the heat by snuffing two-thirds of the Sterno. Using a lawn mower mounted on two saw-horses and protective CBW gear, chop the chili peppers rather coarsely and add them to the mix. Throw in the tomato sauce along with the juice of one bottle of tequila. Cook covered for at least 8 days, replenishing the Sterno as needed to maintain an even simmer. Serve with domestic beer and cheddar cheese. "Beans? You don't put no beans into real chili, Jackass!"

BEST BUYS
• What's brown, smells
• like candy, and gets
• you plastered? That's
• right, VANILLA EXTRACT,
• this month's Best Buy.
• Long a favorite of the
• finicky drunk, Vanilla
• is becoming the in
• thing for the under-
• ten set as well these
• days. Local prices
• range from 89 cents to
• \$1.21 for a hefty shot
• of the 78-proof fla-
• vouring, and we can't
• imagine a warmer sur-
• prise for the holidays!

HOW TO PLAY OUR NEW EXCITING, CONVOLUTED CONTESTS:

1. Make the print so small nobody wants to bother reading it, no sweat for a publication known for its illegible copy, and then rig the entire thing without anybody knowing it.
2. Cut out three bortops from each of your favorite cereals and throw them away. We just want to see how loyal you are.
3. Hand print YOUR name, address, phone number, bank account numbers and what days you will be out of town, plus where you leave the key to your abode, neatly copied 500 times on the back of a roll of used paper towels. Discard this and start again. Print the EXACT same information on a 2-by-4 and send it, via paper airplane, to Rupert Murdoch or someone like him at any chic New York club.
4. Play the contests. We can't tell you how; you're supposed to be able to figure these things out, after all, and we can't do everything for you, sheesh. Sorry, no clues on this one.
5. IMPORTANT: Mail your personal and private information in as soon as possible, preferably before you read this. If we haven't received it by the time we print the rules, you are automatically disqualified. It's the American Way.
6. COLOSSAL OODLES-OF-BIG-DEAL PRIZE: This was already told to you on the back cover; don't you pay attention to anything? Migod, it's true, people who play these things are hopelessly stupid...
7. Drawings will be held and burned whenever we feel like it. No pictures, please. I'm sorry, no comment, you'll have to talk with my attorney. No, really, I'm not allowed to comment.
8. No facsimiles permitted. Clones prohibited from participating, unless they can beat us up. Void where not good. Participants must not have an IQ larger than 50. Employees of employers, friends and relatives, and anybody reading these rules are not eligible. No substitutions; you'll eat what's put before you. This game is being conducted under rabbinical supervision, Rabbi Shecky, please stand up and take a bow, thank you. All cash prizes will be paid by check and all check prizes will be paid C.O.D. for the exact amount you've won. All material prizes shall become immaterial effective upon receipt of same. Winners may be required to sign an affidavit of any legal nonsense that comes into our heads. By claiming a prize, winners consent to Murdoch's *IT* publishing incriminating photos and slander to sell papers and influence the gullible. ALL TAXES ARE A FRAUD ANYWAY, but we don't want to deal with them, so we proclaim ourselves Not Responsible. In fact, we're pretty irresponsible all 'round. ANY VISUALLY-IMPAIRED PARTICIPANT will just have to suffer along with the rest of us, probably less so.

JODIE FOSTER'S COKEE COOKIES

"I'm gonna use these to impress John Hinckley!"

- 1 cup butter
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon Bolivian cocaine

Cream the butter, then cream in the butter until fluffy. Beat in the vanilla and eggs. Add the flour and salt, sifted together, and stir until well-blended. Divide the dough into three parts, form it into one-inch rolls, and chill them in the refrigerator for at least three hours. Slice rolls ½-inch thick and place on greased cookie sheets about 1 inch apart. Bake in a preheated 375° oven until lightly beige. Remove and cool on a rack. Sprinkle lightly with cocaine and eat with care!

ED CLARK'S PARTY ROAST

"Impress your rich capitalist friends with this one!"

- 1 child, 20-30 pounds
- 7 pounds of your favourite stuffing
- ½ cup olive oil
- 2/3 cup roughly sliced carrots
- 4 whole garlic cloves

Hang around the park in the local ghetto with plenty of candy until you catch your roast. Be sure there are no police watching and make sure your license is up-to-date. [For further suggestions see my new book THE JOY OF RICH.] Pay your butcher extremely well to clean the child inside and out. Stuff with your favourite bread- or apple-based stuffing and sew the cavity closed with a coarse needle and string. Arrange in a deep roasting pan in a lifelike position and brush all over with the olive oil. Surround with the carrots and garlic.

Put in a preheated 450° oven and roast for 15 minutes. Turn the heat down to 350° and continue roasting, basting every 15 minutes with the pan juices, until a meat thermometer in the thickest part of the thigh reads 180-185°, which will take 5-6 hours depending on the size of your roast. Bring to the table with a wad of Federal Reserve Notes in the mouth, accompanied by mashed potatoes and pan gravy.

SILKWOOD BARES WORM IN ATOM

by Normie Citson

this movie is A-OK. See it an sigh.
BEST PICK-UPS AND PUT DOWNS: IJ Film Cr

Silkwood, which opened recently in theaters all over the free world, presents a human look at the terrors possible through better living atomically. As directed to Mike Nichols, Karen Silkwood, portrayed by Myrol Strip, is nothing but a confused and rebellious product of the baby boom generation who goes into overdrive when confronted with the possibility that her friends - and finally herself - are being exposed to dangerous levels of radiation in the nuclear facility where they work.

As an inside probe into the nitty gritty world of nuclear industry, this is nothing but a fantasy. But, as far as the human relationships go - and they seem to be going everywhere (maybe even places they daren't go in a movie that will undoubtedly be seen by hundreds of sex-crazed adolescents) -

this movie is A-OK. See it an sigh.

**BEST PICK-UPS AND PUT DOWNS: IJ Film Critics
VOTE 1983**

Our plane-load of disgruntled film reviewers selected their favorites from the year past and hope that no other "panel of experts" takes them to task because they are "aching to break somebody's head", according to the group's spokesperson. Here, then, with ample warning that any disagreement over these choices can result in impaired vision, possibly even blindness, are this year's choices:

BEST FILM: *Jaws 3-D*

BEST SOUNDTRACK: *Staying Alive*

BEST ACTRESS: *Myrtle Street in Silkwood*

BEST ACTOR: Jabba the Hut in Return of the Jedi

BEST SUPPORTED ACTOR: Rob Lowe in *Class*

BEST SUPPORTED ACTRESS: *Christine*

PLAY IT THINGO AND WATCH NOTHING HAPPEN!

ATLANTA, GEORGIA—The life span of the common housefly is exactly 4½ times as long as anybody wants. AP

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON—The state of California is much bigger than the state of Rhode Island. IRT

MY STARS!

YOUR

HOROSCOPE!

$m = 1262$
 $874 \approx 1262$

by Madame Bandini Ondelawn, D.O.A.*

*Doctor of Astrology, Bard Collège

ARTIES—This rambunctious Ram faces a future full of indecision, depression and empty Anchor Steam Beer bottles. Yes, you do meet a kindred soul who enjoys collecting empty Cheez Whiz cans as much as you do; unfortunately, you only meet the soul, there is no body attached. A fight with a child over a Highlights magazine in your psychiatrist's office will be a catharsis for you. You will finally abandon your weird habit of eating cold stewed tomatoes mixed with Milk Duds for breakfast.

TAURUS—The bulimic Bull is in for a nasty surprise this month when Mars moves into your 4th house, complains about the water pressure and withholds the rent money. A surprise visit from a government agent sends you on yet another drinking binge.

GEMINI—A prankster friend tries to demolish the gemütlich Gemini equilibrium by putting peanut skins in the barrel of your blow drier, but nothing can disturb you. Since your lobotomy, you've been as serene as a pasta wheel this month—and just as smart, too. This month you will finally memorize all the words to the Green Acres theme song.

CANCER—Moody Moon children are advised to stay away from teflon surfaces this month. A sudden inspiration cuases you to repaper your bathroom with E Z Wider papers. You are a real wild one this month—going to the Saturday matinee and playing Bolero on an empty Raisinettes box.

LEO--You may be Leo the Lion in the Zodiac, but you are a real mouse in bed! Try and remember to remove the wax lips before seduction. Your career takes another nose dive when you show up at work in a Moravian national costume. Money problems become more complex when Treasury Agents discover the counterfeiting equipment in your basement.



VIRGO—The viridity of the Virgin is somewhat diminished this month as you discover you are allergic to your own skin. A cat burglar sneaks off with your Cabbage Patch Doll collection and several Italian men wearing pointy shoes are following you.

LIBRA—The libidinous Libra must stop eating so much! Pretty soon you'll be so fat you'll be able to wear the Van Allen Belt to hold up your pants! And get out the Windex and clean your glass coffee table! It looks like Snail Land, fer Christakes! How you can stand to live with yourself, I'll never know.

SCORPIO—The scornful Scorpio loses its stinger this month in a fight with a Puerto Rican gang called the Grande Huevos outside a Thrifty Scot motel. Later this month you will be shocked to discover that both your parents were gay communists.

SAGITTARIUS—The archetypical Archer is in for more fun this month! You receive a bomb in the mail that doesn't go off, you go to an auction, sneeze, and accidentally bid four million dollars for an obscure Rodin sculpture of the discovery of Tofu, your mother calls and tells you again how painful it was to give birth to you. On the lighter side, you are delighted to find your old Beany and Cecil lunchpail and thermostat.

CAPRICORN—I'm not interested in what happens to you gauche Goats anymore, so I didn't even bother to cast your horoscopes.

AQUARIUS—The Water Bearer faces another tough time as your canteen springs a leak. Your invention of soda crackers in the shape of Thompson Submachine Guns hits another snag with the patent office. The plans for Topo Gigio's big birthday bash are moribund when you discover Topo has Dutch Elm Blight.

PISCES—The easily fissile Fish feels sluggish and tired this month. Several large tumblers of Polysorbate-80 a day—should help. You must regain your energy and clean your house. Those are not dust bunnies under the bed—they are **ALIEN** eggs and just about ready to hatch. The strange noises on your answering machine really are demons from another dimension. Renew your subscription to **FATE** magazine before it's too late.

YOU BORN TODAY are very tiny and pinkish in color. You cry a lot because you're frightened and hungry. A lot of strangers will pick you up and poke you and talk funny to you. You can't see too well yet, you have no control over your bowels and bladder, you spit up easily and bright lights and loud noises bug you. A woman with big breasts will play a pivotal role in your life this month.

The last law
in a world gone
out of control

Pray that he's
out there
somewhere.



"BOB" DOBBIS

ⓧIST

THE ORIGINAL SLACK WARRIOR

"See it—or kill me!" —ARCHER WINSTEN, NEW YORK POST

A SubGenius Release 

PLUS 2nd ACTION FEATURE!

filmed in 'Frop-O-Vision™'

CHRISTOPHER LEE
as Rupert

SYBIL DANNING
as Elayne

and GYPSY
The Feral Car

in Kip M. Ghesin's

THE GIZZARD of OZ

In the aftermath of a global nuclear holocaust, a rich and ruthless Aussie with a fowl disposition who is determined to acquire every publication left in the world meets strong opposition when he encounters a group of idealistic young survivors on the staff of a small 'zine headquartered in Brooklyn. When a grinning, pipe-smoking stranger offers to help these young people battle the takeover, it's journalistic "High Noon" with a deadline you won't want to miss as both sides shoot it out between the lines!

"I didn't know whether to shit or go blind!" —JUDITH CRIST



STARTS FRIDAY AT, OH, ANY NUMBER OF SLEAZY GRIND HOUSES

TO THE ERSATZ PUBLISHER AND EDITORS OF INSIDE JOKE, AND ESPECIALLY TO THE READERS:

Dear Friends, I never meant to let it get this out of hand. You must believe me. Okay, I couldn't help the pseudo-nervous-breakdown, but I'll admit the timing was bad. And, well, I just didn't want to see JJ drown, is all, and Mr. Murdoch was there in the bar watching MTV too and rubbing his hands together gleefully and how was I to know he wasn't the same Murdoch as that lovely soul on THE A-TEAM that Carolyn and Anni keep telling me about, and...you see before you the results.

I may have lost my perspective temporarily, but, to paraphrase Papoon himself, I haven't lost my mind. Mr. Murdoch has but one issue to make a shambles of the good name of this modest little newsletter. Then it reverts back to us, unless...unless it sells.

Because, Dear Friends, that is what, it seems, this business is all about. Our staff editorial writer for this issue, Clay Geerdes, has often suggested to me that I consider making IJ into a magazine (format, or do something to improve slickness and make it more saleable/readable/understandable (presumably to the least common denominator?)), but I've resisted. Murdoch, however, is a very persuasive individual, as you know doubt know by now, what with his many corporate acquisitions in recent years.

But, you're probably wondering, what did I get out of this deal? Well, at first, I turned down RM's offer to introduce me to Colin Hay (and he didn't know Phil Collins, so that was out); I stood my ground and maintained my principles. And the opportunity he told me about for fame was somewhat tempting, but I don't think he owns any radio stations yet, and since that's the next step for us, I couldn't see accepting that excuse either. And then, weakling that I am, I succumbed to the one thing I'd promised myself I'd never treat with any sort of respect or worship—money. Yes, folks, IJ was going under, and money was the only thing standing between oblivion (for the paper and, consequently, for yours truly, who will readily admit that a certain amount of underground notoriety has always appealed to my prurient interests) and the semi-obscure success which it has been our collective good fortune to enjoy. And money is what Rupert had—dough, and lots of it. I mean, the guy's got it rolling on the floor at his feet, eh? Dollars and pounds and whatever they call them in Australia and even a few ruples, I kid you not. Makes one wonder. And when he said he'd give me some of the shinier trinkets—well, even the strongest among us are swayed by influence of that sort.

But you, my friends, may yet be saved. Don't cower to this man. For I have seen none of the thousands of pennies promised me that dark and dingy evening and sealed by a sweaty handshake; all I have gotten have been several mysterious warnings via my landlord who, it turns out by a startling coincidence, is in fairly regular contact (lunches, dinner parties, that sort of thing) with the tabloid mogul. The admonitions have been in the nature of certain improvements and reparations I have requested, which may be a little longer in coming than originally anticipated...the upshot of it all is that I'm over the proverbial barrel on this one, and haven't been able to recover one shred of dignity for this paper this time around, so I conceded temporary defeat.

We're all here together, as well—the deposed regime, Anni who mourns the bastardization of her column title and the outright plagiarism and just plain bad taste of the article itself. Jilly Z. who really did try to warn me, and all us other calm and decent folk who wish to go the route of Mike Royko as far as this mess is concerned...But I'm going to turn the rest of the page over to the eloquent and somewhat rambling IJ staffer Clay Geerdes, whose descriptions of our temporary despot reflect quite accurately my feelings about the whole matter, soon to be over and done with...

MEGALOPOLY (or, WHEN IS RUPERT MURDOCH GOING TO BUY INSIDE JOKE?)

Okay. Rupert Murdoch. I don't know much about Murdoch, other than he's a rich Australian, but I do know what he's doing. He's a collector. A macro-collector. No stamps or comic books or matchbook covers for this guy.. He's into publishing companies, newspapers, books, wants to be the media mogul of the eighties. He just bought the Chicago Sun-Times, I see on Phil Donahue, and columnist Mike Royko doesn't like it. He wants a leader who is into the news, not a guy who buys up papers just for fun. Murdoch doesn't know anything about Chicago or the Sun-Times (oh, he knows the paper is in the black from the Prospectus, but...) or the people who have worked for years to get the paper on its current successful plane, and he may or may not care; what he does know about is media power. He likes that. It's fun to own a lot of papers with various political viewpoints, fun to cause social changes with so little personal effort.

Because there isn't anything personal about the game. Murdoch will invade Chicago with as little concern as Reagan invaded Grenada, and he will ignore the wishes of the people involved with equal ease. Once it is safely in the collection, Murdoch will move on to the next acquisition. He may fly to Chicago once in awhile to have a look at it, but not too often and certainly not in the winter.

The game is called megalopoly and it began some years ago when major corporations began to merge to form conglomerates and international cartels, when these larger entities in turn began to acquire smaller companies that needed working capital. Now we have a world in which the movie companies are owned by the oil companies, on in which Greyhound owns Armour. There's a tale. In the recent Greyhound strike, the workers were expected to take a cut in pay and benefits because the company was not making enough money out of Armour. Those big boys are never going to eat their losses; it always comes out of the pockets of the poor. I refer the interested reader back to works like Sinclair Lewis' THE JUNGLE (1906) and TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE, the autobiography of Jane Addams wherein you will find out how the rich got richer off the blood and sweat of immigrant slaves and strike-breaking blacks

imported from the South.

The reality of 1984 is a handful of billionaires playing the game of Megalopoly.

The reality of 1984 is an unemployed teenager from the working class being conned via glossy glamorous tv advertising to think that the Army will help him "be all he can be" which is a hunk of dead meat flown home under top secret cover in a black body bag to be buried by his loving family for whom he will now be only a memory.

You think you can play? No way. Give you an example. STAR 80 is about a poor slob who thought he could play. It's only incidentally about the death of a young woman who bought the PLAYBOY con. It's really about Snider, the young hotshot, the guy who believed all the ads, who was raised on Andrew Carnegie and Norman Vincent Peale, who thought it was enough to be good-looking, to build up his muscles by lifting weights, to greet the rich with a smile and a glad hand and an arm around the shoulders—Hollywood and New York eat hundreds of Sniders every year, just appetizers. Ah, there are so many guys out there right now like Snider. They're trying to con the local cheerleader out of her cashmere sweater, playing on her deep-seated feelings of inferiority ("I think you've got it. I think you could be a Playmate of the Month. What's the matter, don't YOU think you have it?"). Because they think her perfect body will be their ticket into the inner circle of PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE. No way, guys. They don't want any more guys around (unless they have money). They'll take the blondes for pool decoration, give them bit parts on PLAYBOY tv, string them along, use them as a stable of available pussy, but you; well...My favorite line in STAR 80 was Hefner (played by Cliff Robertson) saying of Snider: "That guy has the personality of a pimp." Love ironies like that. After all, who is the guy who has ridden all the way to fame and glory on the backs of women? Not Snider. Who sold out the first issue of his magazine by putting a nude picture of Marilyn Monroe in the center? Heh! Heh! We need not go on. The interested reader is referred to the Brady biography of Hefner and to Linda Lovelace's ORDEAL and to Gloria Steinem's original expose of the Playboy key clubs and the bunny empire...

Murdoch, in the STAR, uses scandal to sell his product. Hefner and Guccione use a standardized commercial image of beauty to sell theirs via PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE. Both are collectors and megalopolists, master manipulators, never to be underestimated.

Murdoch, I see by the local financial section, is increasing his stock in Warner Communications. Interesting. Back in 1972 when Ms. magazine hit the stands for the first time, many local Berkeley feminists were cheering as though Ms. would be the organ they had long hoped for, a national forum for Women's Liberation and feminism. But where was it coming from? From Warner Communications. It was simply a targeted market, and around Berkeley I was always struck by the contrast between the women who sat around the Med or the student commons reading Ms. and the images of the women in the pages of the magazine—those fashion flowers promoting cigarettes and other dangerous chemical concoctions without which no woman could truly be—I see in my mind a tombstone with YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY and that young Virginia Slims model laid out in all her final decay—the Berkeley women did not wear dresses and skirts, seldom wore make-up, usually let their hair grow out naturally, more often than not carried their books and things in backpacks, while the slick models in the Ms. ads looked little different than they had when they were in MADEMOISELLE or COSMOPOLITAN. But the snapper is that few really saw through the con. A few articles about working women do not a people's magazine make, and those who read real feminist publications like EVERYWOMAN and OFF OUR BACKS knew that Ms. was just one more trick out of the establishment bag. Warner Communications at that time was owned by Kinney Enterprises. It was logical. Commodity companies all began to get into entertainment at that time; best way to sneak in free advertising for the products. If you see a certain tv show using a certain kind of car all the time, that's because the motor company probably owns a piece of the network, maybe the entire ball of wax.

Perfect for any kind of cop-out. You say, hey, what is this you're doing? What about this chainsaw massacre here? I don't wanna take my kids to this. And the company says, well, you see, we don't really have any say over the content of programming; the corporation that owns the company that owns this Network that owns this franchise blah blah blah.

Question is: When is Murdoch going to buy HUSTLER?

- CLAY GEERDES, January 1, 1984

At this point, I'd like to run a little over Mr. M's allotted space requirements for the purpose of thanking the folks who went in under pseudonyms and less than favorable circumstances and tried their best to swing this issue, Murdochized though it is, in the direction of surrealistic nonethless: Anni Ackner; Jill Zimmerman; Jill Dearman; (ap) Mike Gunderloy; Deborah Benedict; Tom Gedwillo; Ken Filar; Gerry Reith; Steve Chaput; "Uncle Wiggly" for repro (the Whozits may have deserted me and the transfer letterer's union may have walked with them in sympathy, but at least we have our Xerographer!); Mike Cullen and Dennis Carder for the "Bob" Dobbs ad; Spencer Pinney and Matt Feazell for the front cover; the usual for the smaller ads (if you want to know who did what as far as pseudonyms and articles go, you can either guess or ask me in a private letter—true identities must be sorta protected so as to avoid whatever it is we're trying to avoid); and Brian Catanzaro for the pictures from the party...

Speaking of which, a special thanks to our attendees of the Gala Time Warp—Anni Ackner, Anne Bernstein (RHUBARB), Bernadette Bosky, Lisa Bottini, Red Bush, Brian Catanzaro, Steve Cozzi, Marge dela Rosa, Sue Edelman, Matt Feazell, Ken Fowler, Carolyn MacDonald, Karen Majewski, Maria Markham, Jed Martinez, Randy Maxson, Mike and Mildred Moslow, Georg Patterson, Rick Perkins, Spencer Pinney, Amy Sweeney (WALL-PAPER, along with Ken and Red) and Jill Zimmerman; special thanks to

George G. Papoon for an impressive '84 debut indeed! Present-wise, thanks (they know why and what) to Phil, Dave, Mike C., Bernadette, Amy, Lisa, Jed, Steve Scharff (who showed up Dec. 31 with the now-official 13 Blimp) and anyone else I forgot. And since I don't have that good a memory lately, I don't wish to put off thanking 13 donors either—gratitude to Charles T. Smith, Barbara Weiss, J.C. Brainbeau, Mr. Mike, Frank Bland and Gerry Reith.

We do hope to be back to abnormal next issue (#29), give or take a few Whozits, and all submissions should have been in already, as the deadline is/was February 10. The deadline for #30, the issue after that, will give everyone enough time to respond in terms of this and the next 13—APRIL 10. After #30, who knows. The fog hasn't lifted yet, and I'm still undergoing thorough recuperation.

CRASSIFIEDS

HOW THAT SENSATIONALIST publisher Report Murdoch has bought the Sun-Times well finally find out what Sydney's really look like in this! Visual Aide.

MAKE BIG MONEY And Travel In Florida! Learn How To Wax Shuffle Boards! Then send \$1 of that money to WALL-OP, 2981 Lookout Place NE, Atlanta, GA 30305 and get four posters fully as unusual as this advertisement.

HAVING HAD THE #1 EXPERIENCE

This world has to offer thanks to a W.W.II. jeep accident head injury incident that led to a disability discharge I figured all I had to do was sit tight until the rest of the world woke up and discovered that war was a losing game that could only end with everyone's death unless a win sheet was adopted. Just in case a horse's mouth was needed I ran ads in small publications and a few slicks.

Equipped with my accident triggered me to me talkathon I also resolved inflation, unemployment and death.

Send S.A.S.E. to:
4 WRONGS RIGHTED
Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504

SLAM BLAS FLAS flap andropov hip gomulka slip januselski trip etc. Drps. I just love Eastern Europe today. Tribunal Overdrive. Don't you?



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.

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Death row be executed on a one week basis and shown on PRIME TIME T.V.?

To insure an audience the president or more properly one of his electors could close the switch. Better yet would be to create a crime, unemployment, and free ride-ending paradise.

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—Psychic—will read your palm accurately and compassionately. Past, present, future and beyond. Send five dollars and your hand to: Peerless and Seeress, P.O. Box 666, Lesser Arcanaville, Nevada.

SPACE COLONIZATION? Better start with the vacuum between your ears. The Enterprise is a garbage scow. Instead of lower gravity, why not higher levity. Futurism is reactionary. Why not science friction? The Empire strikes out ... may the farce be with you! Phrases on stun! Artaud D2, c/o Ad #15, Box 1, 2560 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94704

SHOULDN'T OUR MOST RESPECTED CITIZENS BE OUR MOST DISRESPECTED?

Most of you never did a real day's work in your life and don't intend to. You are still living and because of winnerless wars you should be dead — me, too. Send SASE to mind-changing

BRAINBEAUISM — Box 2243
YOUNGSTOWN — OHIO, 44504

WORD WOOD WOOF goof golf, so I cheat. eh? What a bunch of manichears. —Tribunal O.D.

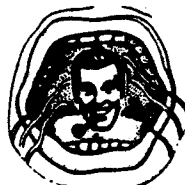


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SEND AND PART have your love spirit... ed as to lay off to save from the... of Purgatory and Hell.

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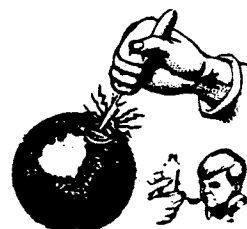
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