Bill Dale Marcinko's
AFT A 3
The Magazine of Temporary Culture

News and Reviews on
Books Music Film Television Comics
AFTA CONTENTS

"The description of a novel is a long narrative in which a character (or characters) goes through a series of events which brings about some fundamental change in his character and/or his surroundings. Would AFTA, then, qualify as a novel?"

HOW DO YOU LIST THIS PAGE? DO YOU SAY "HEV, PIG BRAIN, THIS IS THE PAGE YOU ARE READING-HA-HA-HA" OR SHOULD YOU USE THE WORDS AT "THE END OF THE PAGE AT ALL? IT BECOMES A PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION. THIS PAGE IS NOT ACCOUNTED FOR IN THE CONTENTS OF THE ISSUE; IT IS ITSELF SUBJECT TO ACCOUNTING!

1 WORDS FROM BILL-DALE, THE EDITORIAL
2 AFTA-SMOKES, THE LETTERS SECTION
3 WHERE ARE YOU GOING, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? A message for the 1980s.
4 PROPHECY, PROPIT. Whatever happened to Bob Dylan, Timothy Leary, Abbie Hoffman, Martin Luther King, Jr, Lenny Bruce...
5 BOOKS, Etc. Book news and reviews.
6 DEMONS IN RUSTJACKETS, News and reviews of horror books: let us now praise Stephen King...
7 SLIPPED DISCS, Record reviews. Punk vs. Power Pop by Bill Sherman, Eddie Flowers replies...
8 WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT COMEDY? An analysis by Bill Dale Marzullo
9 THE GOSPEL OF THE MAKING OF MONTY PYTHON'S LIFE OF BRIAN by Howard Johnson
10 IT'S, Monty Python news. Also... Terry Gilliam on comics.
11 ROBIN WILLIAMS, Nobs & Mitsy index.
12 THE STEVE MARTIN CONCOURSE
13 ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH, News and reviews of comedy. Producer and Reprints, TV comedy, film comedy.
14 SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF, Fantasy 85 in film.
15 A CONVERSATION WITH GEORGE A. ROMERO, George talks about the Dead films, violence.
16 SUPERMAN, LORD OF THE RINGS, WATERSHIP DOWN, INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS reviewed.
17 SPENDING, Film reviews.
18 PERSISTENCE OF VISION, Film news.
19 ALL THE SMILE (poem) & A RETURN TO INTIMACY by BILL-DALE MARZULLO
20 LEAF DREAMS, Fantasy on TV. Nobs, Fantastic Four, Dr. Strange, Bettie Page and others, New Avengers index.
21 MEDIUM CANAL, TV news and reviews.
22 PEACHES, PEACHES, A challenge to randy.
23 RANDOM SAMPLINGS, Comic book reviews by Ed Nia.
24 CHEAP SHOTS, Comic book reviews by Al Schneider III
25 E-D HEROES, Comic book reviews.
26 SPECIAL NATIONAL HUMPER SAMPLER Courtesy Rupert Peach
27 BACK COVER PREVIEW OF AFTA/EVERYONE ALIVE #4

AFTA is a quarterly magazine edited by Bill-Dale Marzullo and distributed primarily through subscriptions and mail orders. All editorial content is copyright 1979, Bill-Dale Marzullo. The office of publication is 47 Crater Avenue, Wharton, NJ 07885.

During the academic school year mail should be sent to Rutgers University, Summer vacation and Christmas vacation, all mail goes to 47 Crater Avenue in Wharton. Got it?

ADDRESSES

AFRA is a member in good standing of the following groups: (If you want to join, please visit the AFTRA website and ask for info)
- AFTRA Fan Club

SUBSCRIPTIONS

SINGLE ISSUES OF AFTA are $1.50 + 50c postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: $3.65-8.00; $4-6.45, 50c. All
subscriptions end with #9, November 1979. Everyone
renews at the end of the year for the next year, ok?

FOR BUSINESS ENQUIRIES:

AFTRA OFFICE

47 CRATER AVENUE

WHARTON, NJ 07885

ADVERTISING

Full page-$50.00, Half page-$25.00, Quarter page-$15.00
Copy must be either black or red ink on white, any size.
CLASSIFIED ADS-50 cents a word.
AFTRA is published in January, March, May, and November.
AD DEADLINES ARE: #9, April 15, 1979

CONTRIBUTING

Interviews, articles, and reviews on all facets of the culture are wanted. Art, photos and satire is especially appreciated. If you want to do "spot illustrations" (the small drawings breaking up columns of text in AFTA), the size should be 4" x 6" with the 4" side at the top, in black ink on white paper or board. Send as many as you want, although I like film, tv, record-related drawings or satirical cartoons with a social or political theme.

IMPORTANT: ALL contributions or letters must include stamps or SASE's (stamped, self-addressed envelopes) or I will not reply. Last year I spent $400.00 on stamps returning art and articles. If you do not include return postage the art will be destroyed. First class rates are killing me.
Hello, my name's Bill, age 16, from New Jersey. This is my magazine, AFA. The initials for An Association For the Arts. I'm a passionate enough writer to want to print this. It's not easy to find a place with the right atmosphere for my work. Yet, I'm determined to write for AFA.

AFA is one year old today. I have tried to keep my personality, my friends, and myself out of the AFA's letters, but now I have to. I must let you into the world of AFA, so if you like reading about my experiences, please continue. I am here to make AFA more interesting and enjoyable for you. I am a writer and my experiences are my own. I hope you enjoy reading them.

I have lived in New Jersey all my life. The people I have met are the most interesting and diverse. I have had many adventures and have met many interesting people. My friends and I have traveled all over the world and have had many experiences. I am a writer and I love to write. I enjoy writing about my experiences and sharing them with others. I hope you enjoy reading my work.

I have been writing for AFA for over a year now. I have had many adventures and have met many interesting people. My friends and I have traveled all over the world and have had many experiences. I am a writer and I love to write. I enjoy writing about my experiences and sharing them with others. I hope you enjoy reading my work.

AFA is a magazine for people who love to read. I hope you enjoy reading it and I hope you continue to read it. Thank you for taking the time to read my work. I hope you enjoy it.
words from bill daisy (CONTINUED)

This issue is called “where are you going, where have you been?” There will be some fictional characters in this issue entitled “Sometimes it will suddenly become a third-person narrative. Sometimes it will be sad, sometimes funny. Sometimes it will both, won’t be able to tell when something is sad or when something is funny. I have had that experience before.”

I can never decide whether life is a comedy with tragic elements or a tragedy with comic relief. I don’t know how to laugh.

This issue is the beginning of my personal odyssey to find those things which are good and pure in our culture. This may be your odyssey too.

I am worried about violence. I got beat up in July over AFTA, I still don’t know who did, or why. The fact that it was one of my friends, who was friendly and nice to beaters towards me, and a friend who couldn’t come to me with the problem bothers me.

Also, the beating started on the eve of my mailing out the second issue. It was intended as a threat. When the person who came to my house should have been AFTA #2 did not show up and I said, tomorrow, I will roll it out, I was threatened with “You are going to die.”

Also, I had my friend who helped me begin, with AFTA #4, and #3, and that I will never find out why. The fear and paranoia grow.

There is a lot of violence here in this issue. I am also worried about success; wanting to be a good writer, having enough money so I can break even and put our lives in our own words.

It is a shame to be a good writer; but wanting it to remain small and personal. It is about writing about success and what it does to people. What it is supposed to do. I hope that this issue will be interesting.

Thank you. Just as I like you, you will tell your friends, and spread the world about AFTA to me.

It’s time to begin...

DIARY ENTRIES

JANUARY 1, 1979, ENTRY #1

I have a letter from the wall which keeps count of the number of boys discovered in the bathroom. It would now say HANNAWAY #3. This is his home. Illinois police have estimated that only about one to two boys are found in the bathroom. As of today, the police diggers have found 19. They tell that this is exciting.

Gay was, (I have taken special leave in hearing) #56, a convicted sodomite and part-time clown.

Welcome to 1979, folks. May this year be a happy one, may you enjoy your year. I need money to print this issue. I haven’t been able to borrow/raise/make what I need. You can find by being kind to people who trust me and have that kind of money. In the first place my friends are poor. It is not true that I need no one has money or no one trusts me. I am afraid to raise it as to which it is.

To be successful, success terrifies me. It destroys everything I value. Individuality, autonomy, self-control, compassion. It reduces talented people to mediocrity. It is a punishment in which understanding the intelligence of the American public. I don’t want to.

I don’t want to be successful, to die, though. The brightest people right now will be keeping AFTA alive. I need money, as capitalization is a problem. Does anyone out there? I will do anything to keep AFTA alive. ANYTHING...

Letters

It has come to our attention that you have been practicing medicine illegally (1) without a license and (2) under the assumed name of Dr. Mario Jaselewicz. Aside from the legal question here, we are concerned with the ethical problem. For we here at Bob Murray Enterprises also lack ethics and are interested in having you write our life story for our monthly publication The National Star. We would like you to make up as many lies as you can in order to prove an interest in yourself as well as in our newspaper. We are confident that someone with an interest in the people who have been reported to us is interested in our work for the National Star.

Our own publicity department has come up with some ideas if you have any difficulty coming up with some of your own. You suggest that you are in good practice with some of our stock "superstars" such as how you tried to seduce Jackie O, in your examining room, or the time you tried to give Faraah an electric shock as an overdose of curare. Confess to former lover affairs with Princess Caroline, Kate Jackson, John Travolta, and Cher.

Think of it, Doctor! Every prisoner and housewife in Bergen County will have your name at the tip of their tongues. Not a cocktail party will go by without your name being mentioned. Superstar...will bulge with your picture.

We are sure that after considering the alternatives you will send us one of the finest stories this magazine has ever seen.

Thank you.

Your’s, Myron A. Farber
Editor-in-Chief

The National Star

ce: Bob Murray

I did glance through your anti-pot piece. I didn’t read it thoroughly and think about it. I will do this later. Government surveys would classify me as a heavy pot smoker. I will go one better; I would classify myself as a heavy pot smoker. I have cut down considerably by placing school. I may get high five to seven times a week these days. Now the rest on the subject is going to be opinions. Some of them may not sound logical to you, but they sound right to me and you can only make decisions on how you, yourself, see things.

At its worse, you will find that you have been stoned too much and things can only slip away. It takes a certain self-control. For the benefit, I will take the chance that I have the self-control.

I have discussed what I am going to say with other smokers, and they tend to agree. Pot alters your senses, or rather it alters the way your brain perceives what the senses tells you. It does not distort the senses nor does it dull the mind. If I wanted that I would drink; I don’t drink. Everything I see straightens out. I can see colored. The brain is more aware of what the senses tell it. I don’t say I am a super hero with super senses. The senses are not improved. Let me give an example; I like music. When I am stoned, I don’t hear the music any differently but my mind grasps it differently. The brain is completely absorbed in the music. Not space music, not heavy metal, not rock, not jazz. It is just me and the music and nothing else. Sound and no feelings I did this straight and know how non-smokers who can.

The conversation which you find so important is because you are open to different levels (ouch, that sounds bad). High folk have a different "view point," a certain objectivity from which you can see that all these things people take so seriously are only nonsense. The nonsense of high people is not always nonsense to them (once again that didn’t sound too good) but the things I think of high sense when I am straight. Some of the stuff you hear from high people is nonsense, everybody is nonsensical at times. You sure as hell are. It is all part of having a good drug.

I don’t need pot to have a good time. I have good times with straight people when I am equally straight. You can be even more happy. If you are stoned, you can write to me and I will be stoned at the time you write it.

When I was at school and writing fiction or an article, I would get stoned to zone out other noises and get my attention on what I am working on. My writing is no better nor worse when I am high. Pot is not a miracle drug that will do things at your command, but just alters things and (as explained). You do what in state of mind is up to the individual.

If I would say pot has changed my personality. You didn’t know me before, but take my word for it, it gave me the objectivity to see what was real. I was stoned again.

A lot of soul searching, but "you cannot see the forest if you’re one of the trees."

{Name withheld on request}

I have smoked pot a number of times over the past six years. Government surveys, however, would probably classify me as a neat non-smoker.

I think everyone should try pot, at least once. Well, actually a few time, since once is not enough generally. I liked getting high let’s say I didn’t. I don’t like being high, you know. I don’t think pot should be illegal. It probably much less dangerous than alcohol. I think pot should be legislated, and the packaging and distribution of it be taken out of the hands of the criminals and go to people (like me) who don’t have pot with PCP and other substances).

Although I am a great anti-pot and will speak your piece when the subject arises, I do not think I must legislate my own opinion and legislation which some people, like Anita Bryant, think they can. I will mention it. And this is my story.

These were but a few reasons I smoked. For the social aspect (it was more complicated than peer pressure), one for the cognitive side effects.

The times I have smoked pot, it has been done to ease a condition of intimacy with the one on two people. I smoked with 11
Dear Bill-Dale:

I am writing you because I think you may be able to understand what I'm going through. You see, I'm a worked up person and I have known each other for six years. We met in high school and we are now going to the same college.

This is a great guy. I know that if I ever had a problem or needed any kind of help, Jim would be there. The only thing I can't do is help each other happy. When one of us is down, the other always tries to cheer him up. But no matter how much we try to talk for hours, we rarely get bored. We do everything together. Go to rock concerts, go to the beach, go out driving in Jim's broken down old Buick. Although it sounds funny for me to say this about another guy, I really think I love him. I was really frightened and confused over this at first. I told Jim about it (we have a make-a-baby-each other) and although he admitted he felt the same way sometimes, I think that just made things worse.

Still, these feelings were too deep and excitable to After while they didn't bother me so much. I don't know how to say this, but it seemed almost right (7) that he should show me my feelings by touching him.

I'm afraid I may be sick, you know. I have a knowledge of VIMON (that I'm trying to figure out everything), I've been reading books and talking to people about bisexuality. Now I'm dealing with a psychological problem, I'm kind of a pervert, or that it's a sin, that I'm gonna be punished for. I don't see anything wrong with it. Is there a wrong to want to be as physically close to some as you can? I love you, and I feel good.

—Bob (last name withheld)

APTA #2 arrived a few days ago. You're still strange, and now I think I know why.

As everyone is aware, the cloning of a human being is still not technically feasible. Yet here you are, alive again, after being unquestionably dead (I know, I read the announcements). Since true death is still not a reality, a human being either is a frog, or a bumble bee. Either way, it's easy to understand why you're strange. In REMARKABLE, I show you the strange creature, to give you a strange feeling that you're not lazying. Joseph Miller, Monty Python, Michael O'Quinn.

From East Issue, West's "When I was a little girl it was not so bad because I got to go to school and play and have fun. But now I was like being a wife and just doing what I do."

What does this mean to the future of tomorrow? It is a very sad topic for the future of tomorrow, and I wish every family had a good garden and a nice picture and my father buy me new clothes. I have a big hole in the middle of my ear that causes people even myself. Right I commit suicide!"

Why do I do this? Well, for the longest time (since my mother's anguish), I think Life has FELT real. But I have been a very different person when I'm up and person like me. And also your toes are webbed. If you are a vampire, you lose your supernatural abilities during the daylight, except at the exact moment of noon. And if you are mustered seeds you have to stop to count their number. It is sometimes occasionally aggravating, and might very well lead to deep-rooted psychological problems. You are most likely manic-depressive, and gradual depression itself is a disease. We know the way people seemed to open up, be freer and more spontaneous under the influence of drugs, and we know this is not due to the drug. I am grateful for the way people seemed to open up, be freer and more spontaneous and intimate and caring. I tried to help them grow. I tried to help them duplicate the whole, nonstop, non-sleeping, non-paying, non-eating, non-liking, non-caring family. The feeling that the quality of a thought is more intense, profound, or religious.

BEHIND/BEFORE: I asked myself whether I could make my mind do all these things? Answer: Yes, I'm working on it.

And now it occurs to me that since I've turned in the answer to this question, to try to be less interested in it, to try to get it. I'm interested in the argument itself. It's impossible to understand anything in the world by reading a single book. You cannot get the full picture of a single book. It turns into something vaguely resembling a raisin. Your brain is squashed in the mail.

May I have a replacement? What good are comic book reviews? It certainly isn't an aid to deciding where to buy books. But if I do tell, it will cut down on the numbers of books you have to buy. It is, of course, as the review is nothing more than an account sent to a fanzine instead of the comic. Now it's maybe a stupid thing to try to figure out everything, I've been reading books and talking to people about bisexuality. Now I'm dealing with a psychological problem, I'm kind of a pervert, or that it's a sin, that I'm gonna be punished for. I don't see anything wrong with it. Is there a wrong to want to be as physically close to some as you can? I love you, and I feel good.

—Bob (last name withheld)

APTA #2 arrived a few days ago. You're still strange, and now I think I know why.

As everyone is aware, the cloning of a human being is still not technically feasible. Yet here you are, alive again, after being unquestionably dead (I know, I read the announcements). Since true death is still not a reality, a human being either is a frog, or a bumble bee. Either way, it's easy to understand why you're strange. In REMARKABLE, I show you the strange creature, to give you a strange feeling that you're not lazying. Joseph Miller, Monty Python, Michael O'Quinn.

From East Issue, West's "When I was a little girl it was not so bad because I got to go to school and play and have fun. But now I was like being a wife and just doing what I do."

What does this mean to the future of tomorrow? It is a very sad topic for the future of tomorrow, and I wish every family had a good garden and a nice picture and my father buy me new clothes. I have a big hole in the middle of my ear that causes people even myself. Right I commit suicide!"

Why do I do this? Well, for the longest time (since my mother's anguish), I think Life has FELT real. But I have been a very different person when I'm up and person like me. And also your toes are webbed. If you are a vampire, you lose your supernatural abilities during the daylight, except at the exact moment of noon. And if you are mustered seeds you have to stop to count their number. It is sometimes occasionally aggravating, and might very well lead to deep-rooted psychological problems. You are most likely manic-depressive, and gradual depression itself is a disease. We know the way people seemed to open up, be freer and more spontaneous and intimate and caring. I tried to help them grow. I tried to help them duplicate the whole, nonstop, non-sleeping, non-paying, non-eating, non-liking, non-caring family. The feeling that the quality of a thought is more intense, profound, or religious.

BEHIND/BEFORE: I asked myself whether I could make my mind do all these things? Answer: Yes, I'm working on it.

And now it occurs to me that since I've turned in the answer to this question, to try to be less interested in it, to try to get it. I'm interested in the argument itself. It's impossible to understand anything in the world by reading a single book. You cannot get the full picture of a single book. It turns into something vaguely resembling a raisin. Your brain is squashed in the mail.

May I have a replacement? What good are comic book reviews? It certainly isn't an aid to deciding where to buy books. But if I do tell, it will cut down on the numbers of books you have to buy. It is, of course, as the review is nothing more than an account sent to a fanzine instead of the comic. Now it's maybe a stupid thing to try to figure out everything, I've been reading books and talking to people about bisexuality. Now I'm dealing with a psychological problem, I'm kind of a pervert, or that it's a sin, that I'm gonna be punished for. I don't see anything wrong with it. Is there a wrong to want to be as physically close to some as you can? I love you, and I feel good.

—Bob (last name withheld)
**REVIEW BY CHESTER COX WHICH APPEARED IN TERRIFIC #26...**

In issue one, BILL irreverently discussed fascism today and its state. He went so far as to have a real live person participate as a character in his story. He even included pictures of his own. One has to admire his willingness to challenge the boundaries of what is acceptable in this day and age. It was quite refreshing to see such a bold approach. I hope he continues to push the envelope in his future work.

---

**At this point I will quote you a letter which was printed in The Richmond News Leader in response to a series of frontpage articles questioning the divinity of Jesus Christ, which is the most important event in the history of Christianity.**

"Historical Jesus is the only political leader advocating political conservatism, because on its front page it has blasphemed God, and driven up anti-Pope and anti-conservative. If Jesus is not the very God, eternal and unchanging, because it would be decided by the whims of man and not the word of God. Therefore, I am only 16 years old and but many years gone to be very conservative. The reason for this is simple: I love Communism because God hates Communism; I hate Liberalism because God hates Liberalism; I hate Socialism because God hates Socialism; and thus I hate pornography because God hates pornography. I hate homosexuality because God hates homosexuality; I hate immoral dress because God hates immoral dress; I hate long hair on men because God hates long hair on men; I hate rock music because God hates rock music; and I hate modernism because God hates modernism. In fact, if I were not a born-again Christian who helped bring in the Lord Jesus, I know that I would be a hippie-haired, pot-smoking liberal, because in that way we are no longer necessary. There are scores out there, I'm sure, who would not find anything extraordinarily amiss in the above letter.

---

**SOME OF YOU MAY BE WONDERS WHERE THE USUAL CASE OF CHARACTERS IS THIS ISSUE, WHAT AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY'RE GONE, ALL OF THEM. ELLIPSES Spontaneously, I told him to take his stupid raisins and get the hell out of here, (consulting the dictionary on my desk, or if you who remember, Sparky shadowed a raisin to the all the copies of AFTA #9). He kept interrupting practically everything I was writing with an adoral attack about raisins on migrant raisin pickers. Well, he's gone. (These checks from the Raisin Foundation where bouncing like California Craps, anyway, I don't need his money).**

---

**At this point I will quote you a letter which was printed in The Richmond News Leader in response to a series of frontpage articles questioning the divinity of Jesus Christ, which is the most important event in the history of Christianity.**

"Historical Jesus is the only political leader advocating political conservatism, because on its front page it has blasphemed God, and driven up anti-Pope and anti-conservative. If Jesus is not the very God, eternal and unchanging, because it would be decided by the whims of man and not the word of God. Therefore, I am only 16 years old and but many years gone to be very conservative. The reason for this is simple: I love Communism because God hates Communism; I hate Liberalism because God hates Liberalism; I hate Socialism because God hates Socialism; and thus I hate pornography because God hates pornography. I hate homosexuality because God hates homosexuality; I hate immoral dress because God hates immoral dress; I hate long hair on men because God hates long hair on men; I hate rock music because God hates rock music; and I hate modernism because God hates modernism. In fact, if I were not a born-again Christian who helped bring in the Lord Jesus, I know that I would be a hippie-haired, pot-smoking liberal, because in that way we are no longer necessary. There are scores out there, I'm sure, who would not find anything extraordinarily amiss in the above letter.

---

**SOME OF YOU MAY BE WONDERS WHERE THE USUAL CASE OF CHARACTERS IS THIS ISSUE, WHAT AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY'RE GONE, ALL OF THEM. ELLIPSES Spontaneously, I told him to take his stupid raisins and get the hell out of here, (consulting the dictionary on my desk, or if you who remember, Sparky shadowed a raisin to the all the copies of AFTA #9). He kept interrupting practically everything I was writing with an adoral attack about raisins on migrant raisin pickers. Well, he's gone. (These checks from the Raisin Foundation where bouncing like California Craps, anyway, I don't need his money).**

---

**At this point I will quote you a letter which was printed in The Richmond News Leader in response to a series of frontpage articles questioning the divinity of Jesus Christ, which is the most important event in the history of Christianity.**

"Historical Jesus is the only political leader advocating political conservatism, because on its front page it has blasphemed God, and driven up anti-Pope and anti-conservative. If Jesus is not the very God, eternal and unchanging, because it would be decided by the whims of man and not the word of God. Therefore, I am only 16 years old and but many years gone to be very conservative. The reason for this is simple: I love Communism because God hates Communism; I hate Liberalism because God hates Liberalism; I hate Socialism because God hates Socialism; and thus I hate pornography because God hates pornography. I hate homosexuality because God hates homosexuality; I hate immoral dress because God hates immoral dress; I hate long hair on men because God hates long hair on men; I hate rock music because God hates rock music; and I hate modernism because God hates modernism. In fact, if I were not a born-again Christian who helped bring in the Lord Jesus, I know that I would be a hippie-haired, pot-smoking liberal, because in that way we are no longer necessary. There are scores out there, I'm sure, who would not find anything extraordinarily amiss in the above letter.

---

**SOME OF YOU MAY BE WONDERS WHERE THE USUAL CASE OF CHARACTERS IS THIS ISSUE, WHAT AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY'RE GONE, ALL OF THEM. ELLIPSES Spontaneously, I told him to take his stupid raisins and get the hell out of here, (consulting the dictionary on my desk, or if you who remember, Sparky shadowed a raisin to the all the copies of AFTA #9). He kept interrupting practically everything I was writing with an adoral attack about raisins on migrant raisin pickers. Well, he's gone. (These checks from the Raisin Foundation where bouncing like California Craps, anyway, I don't need his money).**
On one hand, you're funny; you obviously have some good ideas. On the other hand, when you get serious and "60's" you are sophomoric and pretentious. Sixties are not easily satirized. That must say something. You do yourself, with Emma Counterculture, for instance. Activists are neither affecting or controversial. Just embarrassing. Your preaching pollutes your comedy.

- Jeffrey Blair

I don't want AFTA to be either serious or absurd. I guess I'm trying to blend the two. I've always thought that propaganda and theatre were just two different aspects of the same phenomenon. I don't deal with the same material, the same questions in life. I think many of the Sixties people are easily reduced to one extreme or the other. It's a mad, comic characters—just someplace to lay the idea behind the bag. As Elvis Costello/Elvis Costello says, "what's so funny about love, peace, and understanding?"

I recently took a survey of the young people in America. I think you know, I have an uncanny rapport with the young people. The question is WHICH WOULD YOU LIKE DOING W.H.E.N. (телевизионное представление): DOING DANGEROUS OR TAKING DRUGS?

16% answered "happiness is doing drugs", 26% answered "taking drugs", and 69% had no opinion. Will you print this in AFTA?

-Gerald Rivera

Typical, typical. Trying to do a National Lampoon. Right, fuck-off? Well, it can't be done. Right? I'm not putting up a typewriter, but tasteless references to Judy Garland and something about how old and fat and ugly Elizabeth Taylor is getting. Just so you'll know.

-J.P. O'Rourke

At least it's not about the American way of life. Especially about the social and commercial center, keeping them off the roads and their gas pedal (which is Hitchcock's Blackmail).

My prejudice against malls developed not in their commercial context, much as in their structural context. I worry because the stores allow you to see business to get a job. Many stores are the way they are, the way they are is not a middle-class trend. The salespeople are also painfully middle-class bland. The space aside is not effectively used; it ends up becoming a suburban shopping mall. The space is also controlled by the mall owner, raising all sorts of legal rights questions: if we hang out in malls, shouldn't the median area be public, like a street? The way it is now the mall owner can dictate what you say and do, arrest you, throw you out, etc. For many people, malls are the only place they can hang out and meet friends.

I'm not talking about the psychological effects the mall has--the HAZARD, the blandness, and strange plastic security you get in the mall. I'm not talking about protecting the right to strip search, etc: I just want to build with dignity and compassion and respect for the people who will spend a day there.

However, the bottom line on the mall article, was not to bring up those points, but to put shopping mall as a metaphor for the commercialism and blandness of today-like disco, the new constructionism, and to death, the malls are a frightening sign of the times.

Here is a song I made up:

Do we purify our country Like Hitler did to hit? We gotta do it right now And we'll do it like this: kill the queers, kill the jews, kill the queens, kill the hippies, kill the ENVIRONMENTALISTS, kill the women's LIBERATION. Do you think your readers will like it?

-Emile "(Bad)" Clovis

If you celebrate 4th's, do you believe in "just curiously"

- A concerned reader

Fort Lauderdale, LA

I'm now read AFTA #2 through three or four times and I can't make up my mind about it. You do have that relentless unassailable I know, or one of those new good People. Reading your personal pieces scattered through the zine (a) I'm keeping on a machine into microfiche margin for the days when I, too, believe in people and the power of love and faith for change, and the obnoxious criticism that kept saying, what year does this kid think it is?

-The thing is, I did believe. Sure. I did. And I just thought on the other hand, when you get serious and "60's" you are sophomoric and pretentious. Sixties were not easily satirized. That must say something. You do yourself, with Emma Counterculture, for instance. Activists are neither affecting or controversial. Just embarrassing. Your preaching pollutes your comedy.

- Jeffrey Blair

I don't want AFTA to be either serious or absurd. I guess I'm trying to blend the two. I've always thought that propaganda and theatre were just two different aspects of the same phenomenon. I don't deal with the same material, the same questions in life. I think many of the Sixties people are easily reduced to one extreme or the other. It's a mad, comic characters—just someplace to lay the idea behind the bag. As Elvis Costello/Elvis Costello says, "what's so funny about love, peace, and understanding?"

I recently took a survey of the young people in America. I think you know, I have an uncanny rapport with the young people. The question is WHICH WOULD YOU LIKE DOING W.H.E.N. (телевизионное представление): DOING DANGEROUS OR TAKING DRUGS?

16% answered "happiness is doing drugs", 26% answered "taking drugs", and 69% had no opinion. Will you print this in AFTA?

-Gerald Rivera
I have a theory that love, that is, romantic love, male/female love is the ultimate victim of Bland. I know myself. I'm sick to death of hearing that great it is, thousands of songs about it now. I'm bitter about the whole heterostructure that's produced now, where women are reduced to a fetish, and men to sex machines, and women to race car drivers and old movie stars. I'm bitter about the whole thing. And I'm bitter about women and men. I'm bitter about the whole thing.

I have a theory that love, that is, romantic love, male/female love is the ultimate victim of Bland. I know myself. I'm sick to death of hearing that great it is, thousands of songs about it now. I'm bitter about the whole heterostructure that's produced now, where women are reduced to a fetish, and men to sex machines, and women to race car drivers and old movie stars. I'm bitter about the whole thing. And I'm bitter about women and men. I'm bitter about the whole thing.

I have a theory that love, that is, romantic love, male/female love is the ultimate victim of Bland. I know myself. I'm sick to death of hearing that great it is, thousands of songs about it now. I'm bitter about the whole heterostructure that's produced now, where women are reduced to a fetish, and men to sex machines, and women to race car drivers and old movie stars. I'm bitter about the whole thing. And I'm bitter about women and men. I'm bitter about the whole thing.

I have a theory that love, that is, romantic love, male/female love is the ultimate victim of Bland. I know myself. I'm sick to death of hearing that great it is, thousands of songs about it now. I'm bitter about the whole heterostructure that's produced now, where women are reduced to a fetish, and men to sex machines, and women to race car drivers and old movie stars. I'm bitter about the whole thing. And I'm bitter about women and men. I'm bitter about the whole thing.
I still think the crabs cartoon was sexist and the magazines you seem to be part slipper champagne, backing off and yeasting people to death when they handle you wrong or go where they are not invited. The interview with yourself and YES I STILL READ COMICS made me feel like slashing my wrists and ticking off a bikini in a bucket of warm water. (Feet feel.) We partial telepaths can't take this sort of psychic/emotional overload, especially when our minds are to be any particular purpose to it. So you had a tragic past in the 1960s but you won't tell and I thought you didn't seem more interested in making us play guessing games about your real age, reason for dropping out of college, by the way, you and not another of those ghastly personalities), probability of surviving the possible demise of APTA without going into suicidal depression, etc. than anything else except impressing us with how idealistic you are. On top of this, you seem to be setting us to lose your purpose in life through APTA and our response to it, restore your faith in humanity, and/or make you a present this stuff like YES I STILL READ COMICS and last issue's WHY I LOVE AMERICA makes people think at all. In fact, if anything, makes them more quixotic. Probably your intelligence, especially why I LOVE AMERICA. It makes them emote. And what they're exerting now is some doing them any good. They end up either feeling tremendously guilty or tremendously defensive toward. It's not the world's like, which is something so general it might as well be nothing at all.

Kindly do not torture my name. I have no desire to suffer the kind of abuse that has been poured on Marilyn Beckie's head for daring to speak her (female) mind in public. I don't think because all you have to do is point in the right direction. It is a case not of being controversial. There are two excellent reasons not to discuss religion in a fanzine. First, attacking people about their deficient moral sense and telling them they ought to believe what you believe is never sensible because it is like telling a naked man, too, except that one can't even

[Blank text]
Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?

The 60's were a time of COLLECTIVISM and PROTEST. We defined ourselves in social terms: creating words like "The Establishment" for our enemies. Our collective purpose and protest, we found meaning in our lives. But wait... We were conformist, often ignorant and intolerant of individuals (heaven forbid you didn't wear your hair long and wear blue jeans like all those "individual" friends of yours). We didn't know a whole lot about sex, about women, about our own feelings. Often things got out of hand, peaceful demonstrations turned into looting and bludgeonings. We did not have the individual wisdom and discipline to restrain ourselves. We defined things by sex (the hippies were very sexual, socio-economic status (us vs. them), and roles (all cops are pigs)—we weren't that individual. And then..."

So the "movement" started falling apart, part from our own fear (most activists were out of college and had to become a part of the "Establishment" to survive—get a job, buy a home, get married), part from our impatience, part from the barrage of events that hit us upon the Watergate, the final end of the war—all things which people in the 60's had been waiting for. Everyone in the 60's knew Nixon was a crook—it wasn't until 1973 and the break-in at Watergate did the older Americans see that.

The 70's were a time of INDIVIDUALISM and FRAGMATICISM. We lost trust in our government, we lost trust in our economy and the American dream (through recession and inflation). We turned instead to our bodies, our health, our grades, our individual success, our ability to be aggressive and individualistic. We were looking for realistic goals. We also explored our sexuality—women's rights, gay rights, the possibility of alternative lifestyles (living in communes, marriage, gay lifestyles, communes, etc.). We learned to be selfish again (which is important, but we can't be only selfish). We became our own best friends, and did not fight our personal development—our feelings and our thoughts. Many new books were written in psychology than history since the early 70's. The recession, Watergate, the final end of the war—all things which people in the 60's had been waiting for. Everyone in the 60's knew Nixon was a crook—it wasn't until 1973 and the break-in at Watergate did the older Americans see that.

The following is an attitudinal chart. In the left column are the attitudes of the 60's; the right column lists the attitudes of the 70's. STEP ONE: In each pair of assumptions, (example: spirituality vs. materialism) circle one (1). STEP TWO: Then take a separate sheet of paper, copy down your choices, and live the rest of your decade by them.

1. OPTIMISM
(Things will get better)
2. ACTIVISM
(Nothing being involved in social issues is important.)
3. COLLECTIVISM
(I have a responsibility to help other human beings)
4. SPIRITUALITY
(Alternate forms of reality exist which are equally valid as this plane.)
5. SUSPICIOUS OF MEDIA
(I don't always believe what you read in the newspaper.)
6. LESS POWER TO MILITARY
( Destroying the world 30 times over is quite sufficient.)
7. CONCERNED ABOUT ENVIRONMENT
( No, I can change the world so it will match up to the division of it I have in my mind.)
8. STYLE AS REBELLION
(If they want us to show identity by dressing counter to the status quo: bizzare clothes, long hair.)
9. URGENCY
(Internal revolution is the new mark.)
10. ALTERNATIVES TO FAMILY
(Communes, gypsy lifestyles, living together without marriage, childless marriages, gay relationships—all of these are as valid as the status quo.)
11. CONTROVERSY
(Seeking something which challenges my beliefs and makes me think)
12. REALISM
(I will look at the realities of life, however unpleasant, and take responsibility for them)
13. HUMANITY
( Acceptance of human unpredictability)
14. TAPPING RISKS
( Enlightenment is the important thing)
15. FREEDOM TO ACT
(Do you own thing)
16. A SENSE YOU ARE DEFINED AGAINST HISTORY
(All men are brothers)
17. A SENSE YOU ARE DEFINED AGAINST HISTORY
(All men are brothers)
18. Cooperation
(All men are brothers)
19. SIGNIFICANCE OF SEX AND LOVE
(Charley's Angels, disco)
20. SENSE OF MEANING AND PURPOSE IN LIFE

A
B

1. PESSIMISM
(Things will get worse)
2. APATHY
(I don't care, I'm just not interested)
3. SELFISHNESS
(My only responsibility is towards myself, my grades, my success)
4. CONSERVATISM
(The only real things are the things I can touch—to material things are valid)
5. NO SUSPICION
(Everything on tv is true. How can Walter Cronkite lie?)
6. MORE POWER TO MILITARY
(We must defend ourselves against those horrible Communist America must be free)
7. WHAT THE HELL IS A FISH?
8. FRAGMATICISM
(I must accept the fact I am going to have to compromise and admit failure often)
9. STYLE AS INTEGRATION
(I must dress in pseudo-middle age clothes: expensive disco clothes, a nice haircut)
10. PATIENCE
(Take it easy. Be mellow)
11. TRADITIONAL FAMILY STRUCTURE
(Good says the only right way to live is to get married, stay married, have kids (lots of them—more kids you have, the more blessings) and settle down)
12. ORGANIZED RELIGIOUS GROUPS
(Seeking those things which will not disturb my beliefs; wording must be subdued)
13. ESCAPISM
(I will try to avoid the problems by travelling in safe, fantasy worlds, i.e. STAR WARS, CLOSE ENCOUNTER)
14. MACHINERY
(Adherence to predictability, efficiency)
15. SECURITY
(Survival is the most important thing)
16. RIGIDITY
(You know your parents, your parents know your doctor, your encyclopedia, your friends)
17. SENSE YOU ARE DEFINED AGAINST ONLY YOU
(All men are rivals. Watch them or they will take the best jobs, the top jobs, the better gals, the better slice of pizza)
18. COMPETITIVENESS
(All men are rivals. Watch them or they will take the best jobs, the top jobs, the better gals, the better slice of pizza)
19. BLANDIFICATION OF SEX AND LOVE
(No sense of meaning and purpose)
20. GODANIA

at Watergate did the older Americans see that.

The 70's were a time of INDIVIDUALISM and FRAGMATICISM. We lost trust in our government, we lost trust in our economy and the American dream (through recession and inflation). We turned instead to our bodies, our health, our grades, our individual success, our ability to be aggressive and individualistic. We were looking for realistic goals. We also explored our sexuality—women's rights, gay rights, the possibility of alternate lifestyles (living in communes, marriage, gay lifestyles, communes, etc.). We learned to be selfish again (which is important, but we can't be only selfish). We became our own best friends, and did not fight our personal development—our feelings and our thoughts. Many new books were written in psychology than history since the early 70's. The recession, Watergate, the final end of the war—all things which people in the 60's had been waiting for. Everyone in the 60's knew Nixon was a crook—it wasn't until 1973 and the break-in at Watergate did the older Americans see that.
lacks the inner resources to even rescue himself, let alone assist her. Those who seek catharsis will find Street Legal an excellent medium for it. Conversely, of course, there are those who take it not but when it fails to clear a path through suffering and pain so that one can begin to heal oneself, it becomes wasted on them. I think that Dylan’s answers are somehow cryptically hidden in the songs are mistaken. The answers are not hidden and they are hidden within Dylan by Dylan. Dylan should take the time to “think.” —Billie Murry

Phil Ochs

Phil Ochs was a folk singer who sang in protest marches, sit-ins, and rallies. He accompanied himself on the acoustic guitar and sang topical songs, asking his listeners to call him for more information. His protest songs had the simplicity of folk music, but his lyrics were political and social commentary. His songs were often characterized by their simplicity and directness, and he was known for his powerful voice.

Phil Ochs was also a political activist and a civil rights advocate. He was a strong supporter of the anti-war movement and was known for his critical views on the Vietnam War. He was a prominent figure in the folk music community and was a member of the folk protest movement.

Phil Ochs was diagnosed with depression and alcoholism in his later years, and his health declined. He died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound in 1976.

The lyrics of Phil Ochs’s songs often dealt with themes of social justice, protest, and personal struggles. His music was influential in the folk protest movement and continues to be celebrated for its social and political relevance.
felt he was no longer needed, he committed suicide. He hanged himself on April 4, 1976. Ramsey Clark said this about Phil's death: "Phil died of cancer of our society's justice. He didn't like to see suffering. When miners in Kentucky needed help, Phil Ochs was there. When the students at Rutgers (he's on tour in Oct.) bawling on stage in a space so vast that looked like a reject from SPACE:1999, he knew we were moving into the sides of space stations and colonies in space—and his answer to problems on Earth ("If we go into space, all our problems will be left behind—uh, maybe not.") Gesturing and enunciating like an evangelist selling Bibles, he said little to defend or explain his ideas. Dr. Leary became notorious for taking LSD at Harvard. He is now exploring the final frontier: his pockets this time—an on, he is making just as much sense as when he took LSD.

Abbie Hoffman

Abbie Hoffman, along with Jerry Rubin, was a defendant in the Chicago Trial in 1968, the pivotal event of the Sixties. Abbie was the class clown of the 60's, always playing pranks, always making jokes. He used to "undertake" in 1974, to avoid a cocaine charge and imprisonment. A concert was held in New York City recently at the Felt Forum to raise money to "bring Abbie Home."

Since going underground, Abbie has had plastic surgery. He has said on more than one occasion that everyone thinks he's a joke: "The plastic surgeon who did my job is Dr. Eddie Kantor in Los Angeles. He's a 60's music act. There is no way he is self-righteous, preachy, or strident. His songs are funny and his plastic surgery format, they are powerful. His song, "Born on the Fourth of July" about Ron Kovic is as powerful as a sermon."

Does he plans to resurface? "Just today, a terrific stroke of luck. Keith Richards just got a great sentence. He has to give a free concert for the blind. I'm willing if judge agrees to give me a similar deal—I'll go on tour, Coast to Coast, and sing to the deaf."

In the January 1979 issue of FEAR (formerly CRAWDADDY), Abbie pleaded his case: "It was all wrong. I'm sorry, and I want to come home. I was wrong to tell kids to kill their parents. It was the children's fault. Spooned, selfish brats made the 60's. We encouraged kids to leave home. Forgive me, mother, I love Jesus, the smooth arch of his back, his long blonde curls. Jesus died for us all, even us Jews. Lord, I love Israel as protector of western civilization. Most of my thinking was the result of brainwashing in Chicago."

Jerry Rubin

Jerry Rubin is mining the field of self-awareness. Along with his new wife, the rich socialite Mimi Leonard, Jerry sponsored "The Event" on all day program of speakers featuring Masters and Johnson, Bucky Fuller, Dick Gregory, Wayne Dyer, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Werner Erhard of EST who, in character, was supposed to talk about love, and babbling on incoherently about something only Werner really understands. Werner called Werner "one of the greatest men alive."

The tickets for the event went for $32-56. Nothing like sponsoring an event for the "people." Jerry spoke at Rutgers in November 1978 (he's on tour with a lecture program that features him reminiscing about the 60's, then explaining why they died out) and said that our energies must be based on self-awareness, not political involvement.

Jerry has always been a media opportunist, waiting for the right moment. In the limelight. Although it is not too clear what makes this dedicated, or just anxious to cash in on current trends, much of what he says is sometimes surprisingly lucid and coherent. At 40, he has survived the 60's well. He should bear watching.

SOMETHING HAPPENED is the story of a man in Lisbon, in particular, Bob Slocum, Joseph Heller’s middle-class archetype and model for the 1970’s man. Bob Slocum has everything he could wish for—a stable position in the sales department of the company (where everyone is afraid of everyone else), a faithful, if not loving wife, a daughter (who is 12 years old and by her own admission “approaching adolescence, and self-hating”), a son (who is quiet, vulnerable, and not doing very well), and the support of a gym teacher (the ‘gym teacher’ maintains, “I try to encourage him, Mr. Slocum. I try to give him the will to fight.”). When he’s ahead in one of the relay races do you know what he does? He starts laughing. He is not the only one. Everyone laughs (well, the other guys tend to wait for the others to catch up. Can you imagine? That’s how to run a race, Mr. Slocum. That’s a way to win a race”?) Then there’s the other son, Derek, who never talks about. (“It is true that that retard (brained-damaged, demented, emotionally disturbed, autistic) children are the necessary favorites of their parents or that the wretched, sad, pallid, and loveless, for Derek, our youngest child, is essentially any good-looking, and we do not love him at all. He would be a raise that is not to think about him). We don’t want to talk about him)"

SOMETHING HAPPENED is a frighteningly target black humor epic of middle-class America. It is about competition, about fear so subtle, so potent, that it eats away the very marrow of our middle-class executive Bob Slocum. Told in an electric, hypnotic first person style, which borders on being confessional (Chapter titles are “I eat the willies”, “I am running away from it”, “My wife is unhappy (etc.)”, but is far too morbid and true (the dialogue between the father and the son is the most realistic modern suburban banter to ever see print). It grabs you right from the beginning; the overuse of the vernacular because pages, it never lets you go (the ending is bitter and explosive)."

Bob Slocum is trapped—trapped—in a world which he cannot understand (although we begin to see his problem before he does). The company, his wife, his daughter, his responsibilities all bear down on him (much in the same way the military bureaucracy bears down on the heroic but costly Gomer Pyle). Slocum’s only other novel in his 15 year-career—but SOMETIMES HAPPENED is not so funny as book as Castle in the Sky."

The plot is the head of Personnel does not want to fire her."

EVERYONE remembers her and wishes she would go away) the plot is like a comedy. Everyone is surprised at the way I’ve taken control."

But it is a pessimistic ending. He has become part of the system, exterminated his fear—but it is a bad joke."

SOMETHING HAPPENED is a man who resorts to the phony smiles and lies and he is not poor, I don’t know why any Negro maid doesn’t steal from her white employer (but I’m glad our Negro maid doesn’t steal or at least has not been found out she does). If I were black and white, I don’t think I’d have any reason for obeying any law other than the risk of being caught. As it is, through them I’m glad and colored slaves were the poor law (most of them anyway), but I am afraid of Negroes and have moved away from them. I am afraid of cops and white cops and talks there were more. I don’t like cops. Except when they’re around to protect you.”

As Slocum tells us on the first page, “Something must have happened to me sometime” and he is not surprised to the point that it could have been. Somewhere he got caught up, grew up, and couldn’t get out of the American dream, most sympathetic for his son who refuses to compete. The answer might be that he has lost his sense of being a child (the ridiculous and surprising world). Slocum’s world is one of fear, anxiety, and worry. He knows that at one time even he was a bit like this (when he was 17 and teased by Virginia at the insurance company). Nothing in his present life is a lasting light in the dark wells. Talking about his relationship with his wife, he says, “What happened to us? Something did. I was a regular guy, and I was married, and we were both new. Now we are man and woman, and nothing feels new any longer; everything feels new. I don’t think I could have fun. I think we used to have fun.” At another point, Slocum confesses, “When I grow up I want to be a little-bit-old, not young."

Slocum never achieves this. At the end of the novel, he fires Martha, who works as a secretary, and who is going crazy. (Her name is Martha. Our basic feeling is that she will go crazy on a weekday between eleven and five. We hope she’ll go crazy on a weekend. When we aren’t with her, somebody should fire her; nobody will. Even Green, who actually enjoys firing people, recibes from the probability of making the move that might bring about her shattering collapse, although he cannot stand her."

Gravestone’s Rainbow is a novel about the world of the brainwashed, of the person who is forced to think that he is not thinking about his world. He doesn’t want to talk about it"

Gravestone’s Rainbow by Thomas Pynchon. Its 1979 and Thomas Pynchon’s Gravity’s Rainbow looks increasingly like the finest novel of the 20th century. It seems as odd with itself; at once burlesque yet deeply sweeping yet specific; hypnotic yet dull. It is a book that reads like a series of comic strips about a man who work with a surface of fantastic black humor, an underpinning of healthy doses of pop and culture, and a heart which breaks due to man’s increasing loss of his essential humanness. While it’s closest relative is probably Catch-22, another wartime black humor novel, Heller’s book lacks the scope of Pynchon’s daring examination of civilization in all its aspects.

Gravity’s Rainbow and other war novels is that Pynchon views war as merely a symptom of the diseases that eat at the heart of man and society. It is simply another strand in a global conspiracy that aims to turn humans into a world of mindless, emotionless, machine-like beings. This conspiracy encompasses science, technology, religion, and every other kind of structured paranoia that man has ever devised.

Those not drawn to global conspiracies who are merely seeking their real enemies are not shun this book. Pynchon provides a continual stream of outrageous and uproarious characters in toyotically likable and hilarious settings. The action centers around American Lieutenant Tyrone Slothrop, on assignment in London while roasting theコンテンツ in the hectic days of early peace and occupation following World War II. Slothrop must come to terms with the staggering fact that he is sexually attracted to a rocket. And an enemy rocket at that! Follow the unfortunate Slothrop as he watches the glittering and wicked Casino Roro’ Goring; follow him down the toilet at Harvard; join him in pitched battle with Cligory the trained octopus. Meet his friends, like the loyal Taftney Macker-Neill or Gil Trippling, the seldom-appreciative witch. Hiding his friends, like the sinister Teddy Blook or Gerald Pointeman, Pavlovian gone mad. Deal with infamous Berlin death camps. But most of all, watch as the timid Slothrop changes to Rocketman who fights injustice, falls over his capes, and manages to score more good stories than the most upbeat and telling evaluation of our society since Darwin. Read Gravity’s Rainbow and find out what your real enemies are.

—Harvey Levine
January 19, 1979, Entry 2
Los Angeles. Some call it the city of Angels. Well, this isn't Los Angeles. It's Wharton, which isn't called anything.

The night spreads like a vast black blanket, punctuated by a somber, sullen fantasy and cheap dreams on an FM Correcting Electric which he rented for $39.50. It is 2:00 a.m. Suddenly, the phone rings—BRITANNIA!

Bill-Tale wearily reach for it. The smell of cheap cherry cola fills the room.

"Hello?"

"Yeah, you Marcus?" The voice sounded like the whistlers on a down-and-out bum.

"Hines Hobbies Ted Hobbie. I'm a private dick. Get a phone call from a mysterious friend of yours and an envelope with 5 C-notes and I find out who you basked in July. Meet me at the Tourniquet Shopping Mall, outside of Manorburgers, in five minutes."

"That's who?

...Click..."

Wharton. The room turns its scarred underside upwards at night. Bill-Tale drives through the clean, well-lit streets. The suburban homes with their newly trimmed lawns. He sees no pimps, no hookers, no two-bit bums who are trying to pump a Mafia boss dry by blackmail. There are none of these types in Wharton. Everyone has gone to sleep by 9:30, anyway.

The mall has plenty of parking. Bill-Tale drives up alongside a man in a wrinkled corduroy suit (kept in obviously) leaning against the "B" in Manorburgers. A cigarette hangs wearily from his lips.

The man says, "You the writer fellow?"

"Are you Mr. Murdock?"

"Sure." Bill-Tale leans over and unlocks the passenger door. "What is this all—"

"Just drive," Marcus growled. "Around the parking lot."

Bill-Tale drove and drove. "First," Marcus began, "you're too gullible. Guy calls you on the phone, tells you to meet him in five minutes, you come here like a lamb, pull up along side me, and

Hey, it's the calculator kid...

Which button wipes your nose for you, kid? Hey, nerd... can it solve your acne problem?
**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP by John Irving**

> "Sally down at the Duw Drop Inn was named Billy. Young guy, like you. Went to Wimberly and came home in a glad bag."

> "I'm sorry," Bill-Dale was still driving in circles in the mile-patching lot.

> "But you didn't do it, did you?"

> "No, I didn't."

> "Harlow threw his cigarette butt out the window. It hit the pavement and split up like an egg."

"Says that acts of violence are visited on the innocent and the guilty the same. You got integrity, you got guts, and somebody's got to keep you around for a couple of years."

Dull-Bill-Dale looked at two kids sitting and talking. He just kept kids like you alive and kicking. Me, I don't have any friends. My friend is a 38lb. boy. You, you know?

Bill-Dale looked at the crowded man next to him. "You seem like a really nice guy. You could have plenty of friends. Gee, golly, I like you and I just met you."

"Thank God I'm a pretty woman. Giving fat old ladies and big cats to the world. The scam. Kicking guys like you and me in the nuts. Right here."

"I give mypet a chat."

"Gee, I get your point, what I would like to know is who sent you..."

"I gotta keep my trap shut on that."

"Sure."

"Put it on your back, let the body feel the weight, keep it straight."

"I really don't want revenge," Bill-Dale said quietly.

"In a world like this, where bodies fall without regard to subtext. Continuity the least you can do is observe the illusion of self."

"You gotta something to grasp onto..."

"YES! If you're going to start that again, I'll let you out right now..."
DIARY ENTRY  

JANUARY 15, 1979, ENTRY 4 (EVENING THOUGHTS)

I am lonely. I have a vision. I cannot find anyone who has the same vision, the same way of looking at life as filled with magic and power and rock and roll. I am lonely. I despise the idea that I have the desire for change which causes people to react to me. I seem to be born the way I am (or do make myself this way) - with equilibrate desires. I want to be selfish and stupid. Sometimes when I'm alone at night, along with my God-damn idealism and dreams, I want to reach out and know that there is someone else to have the taste in my mouth filled with pepperoni pizza or形成 ice cream.

Today I considered the possibility that I may be going crazy. Can a person nationally ponder the evidence, and calmly decide that he has lost his mind? I need more notes, like the ones you buy in the stationery store, to all my relatives and friends: "Dear Aunt Hilda, I have lost control of my mind. I can no longer be responsible for my actions. How is shee? shee? love, Bill-Dunce." I can't go on.


Stories of Ray Bradbury are fresh and fanciful descriptions of youth, beauty, and nostalgia. Vivid imagery is interlaced with wood and atmosphere to create a cosmos, profound revelations.

As a storyteller, Bradbury is quite efficient; however, his plotting is not without weaknesses. Often, his conceptualizations of theme and content are paperthin—uneventful or simplistic. He, himself, admits lack of proficiency—at least in terms of scientific background (often an ingredient in good futuristic tales). Personally, Bradbury has never had films, or staged, any major short story or novel (with exceptions like THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES [a play] and TESLA [an illustrated novel]; a lowly film). (This of course, will change.)

19-QUESTIONS DREAM show section. —Bill-Dunce

Remember to create sharp, breath-taking glimpses of a reality only seen in dreams—or perhaps the womb. The stories in LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT are written primarily with a sense of gracefulness, and appreciation—for life.

As a writer, Bradbury can touch even the coldest among us. Too bad he's not a pill—he'd make a great anti-depressant.

—John D. Peace

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR by Jay Anson.

Billed as a true story (it's only about 25% of what happens in the book actually did happen, according to official investigators of the case), this modern day haunted house thriller functions by the successive accumulation of bizarre events, some of which chillingly ring true to the absolutely silly (the black toilet bowl, for instance).

A good dose of thrills, executed well in a kind of pseudo-documentary/journalist style, this book is currently being filmed as a movie, script by Sanford Stern, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, and starring James Brolin, Margot Kidder, Rod Steiger, and Murray Hamil-
Let Us Now Praise Stephen King

Stephen King's novel CARRIE was adapted to the screen in the same year that some of his other work is now being developed for other media.

The MOVIELOT at this point is in limbo, last being discussed as a tv-movie. George Romero was supposed to direct it, through Warner Bros. (who were very happy about this, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD being one of his favorite movies), but according to the Dec. 1 interview with George Romero, he believes the novel is "turgid. It is back now as a mini-series for tv." King has misgivings about doing tv, merely because many of the great mini-series of recent years, such as SALEM'S LOT which are so integral to the novel won't be allowed to be dramatized on tv.

The original production in October 1976, and began filming under Stanley Kubrick, who is producer/writer/director. Stephen King provides the teleplay screenplay. The cast stars Jack Nicholson, Shelly Duvall and Scatman Crothers. Warner Bros. will release the $3 million extravaganza Christmas 1979. Stanley Kubrick spoke with King and told him that it was always a secret passion of his to try to make the "most frightening" film ever. Kubrick has changed the ending of the book. It is rumored he commissioned a remake of Jack Nicholson's popular character with similar equipment and spirit. The hedge sculptures will not come to life as in the book; Kubrick has instead conceived of a film that will play a major role in the film and be the setting for the new ending which no one can find out anything about. The script has been thrown out. The scenes with the dead woman in Room 217 and Danny's playmate Tony will be included, but the direction is new (Scott Brown, inventor of the Steadicam (which makes steady pans and tilts possible from a hand-held camera, using a gyroscopic technique) to assist cinematographer John Alcott. Make up will be by Tom Smith.

In CARRIE, the collection of short stories, will be adapted to tv, via a tv-movie pilot for NBC, and to film, via three stories for Milt Subotzky. NBC and Twentieth Century Fox will film a 90-minute anthology pilot for a possible series, screenplay by King, based on three stories in NIGHT SHIFT "Strawberry Spring," "The Thing" and "I Know What You Need." They will take place all in the same New England town. They will use the NIGHT SHIFT teleplay as telecast opening intro for the movie, but (as rumored earlier) King will not be the host. NBC has the right to the title "Night Subotzky does not. Milon Subotzky will adapt 3 of the machine-oriented stories for a film. No other news on that, except Stephen sold the option to him for $500 AND a good amount of creative control over the final product.

Stephen has a screenplay for a tv-movie, based on the "Children of the Corn" story in NIGHT SHIFT. No word on it. King is also working on an original screenplay about a haunted radio station. The owner of a radio station in Western Maine fires all the disc jockeys and replaces them with a computer, with the same geological, mechanical voice, and the machine takes over saying things like "And now the latest from Market Square: l'd like to fuck you, you're going to die; I'm going to kill you. I'm having a good time writing it," King said.

Then Ray Bradbury's SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES, but Bradbury picked up the option on it, and wrote a screenplay himself, if it ever surfaces.

Paul Monash, producer of CARRIE, has the rights to THE STAND, and will probably work it up into a film. Stephen is working on a new novel, which will be released very soon, called THE DEAD ZONE, a pay teleplay novel with a "tragic secret plot twist."

The stories in NIGHT SHIFT "Jerusalem's Lot" is in pre-Salem's Lot, the ancient horror here is more Lovecraftian than vampiric.

A later story "One For the Road" is a short dialogue to the novel, as the vampire claims travelers from New Jersey ("If there's anymore more purely foolish than a New Yorker it's a fellow from New Jersey."), "Graveyard Shift" is about the rats that lie in wait in an abandoned cellar of an old mill. "Night Surf" is about A5, a & which has wiped out the best part of life on this planet. "I Am the Doorway" is a tremendously effective shocker about the changes in an astronaut's body after his trip to Venus. "The Mangler" another favorite of mine, is about a pressing machine at a laundry that tends to devour people. "The Boogymen" is about precisely that. "Gray Matter" is an offbeat story which has sworn me off Schizo for the better part of my life. "Battleground" is a sort of improved tiny toy terror story which wins out over TWILIGHT ZONE and Richard Matheson's TRILOGY OF TERROR segment of the same subject. Humans are once again slaves to unreasoning machines in "Trucks." "Sometimes They Come Back" is the finest story in the collection, about a teacher's memories of an earlier incident with 3 street kids. "Strawberry Spring" is a nice Jack-the-Ripper type story. "The Ledge" creates suspense extremely well. "The Last Rite" is a highly engaging new version of the "Halloweener Man" is a serio-comic suburban farce. "Quitters, Inc." is about the interesting methods an organization uses to help its clients quit smoking. "I Know That You Need" is an absolutely hypnotic love story unlike anything you've ever read before. "Children of the Core" is a rural agral ritual HARVEST HOME type of story. For those who accuse Stephen of not being a "serious" writer, two non-genre stories are included. The Last Rung on the Ladder is a wonderfully simple and poignant story moving outward from a memory of jumping in the hay in a barn, and The Woman in the Room presents a wholly different approach to the maniacal mind behind a murder which strips terminal patients of their dignity.

The stories are written with such an attention to the particular detail which calls up a twinge of fear, and with such vivid convincing points of view (all of what Stephen King writes is readily translatable into film) that the images of your initial fear remain in your mind for a long time after.

The stories in NIGHT SHIFT "Jerusalem's Lot" is in pre-Salem's Lot, the ancient horror here is more Lovecraftian than vampiric. A later story "One For the Road" is a short dialogue to the novel, as the vampire claims travelers from New Jersey ("If there's anymore more purely foolish than a New Yorker it's a fellow from New Jersey."), "Graveyard Shift" is about the rats that lie in wait in an abandoned cellar of an old mill. "Night Surf" is about A5, a & which has wiped out the best part of life on this planet. "I Am the Doorway" is a tremendously effective shocker about the changes in an astronaut's body after his trip to Venus. "The Mangler" another favorite of mine, is about a pressing machine at a laundry that tends to devour people. "The Boogymen" is about precisely that. "Gray Matter" is an offbeat story which has sworn me off Schizo for the better part of my life. "Battleground" is a sort of improved tiny toy terror story which wins out over TWILIGHT ZONE and Richard Matheson's TRILOGY OF TERROR segment of the same subject. Humans are once again slaves to unreasoning machines in "Trucks." "Sometimes They Come Back" is the finest story in the collection, about a teacher's memories of an earlier incident with 3 street kids. "Strawberry Spring" is a nice Jack-the-Ripper type story. "The Ledge" creates suspense extremely well. "The Last Rite" is a highly engaging new version of the "Halloweener Man" is a serio-comic suburban farce. "Quitters, Inc." is about the interesting methods an organization uses to help its clients quit smoking. "I Know That You Need" is an absolutely hypnotic love story unlike anything you've ever read before. "Children of the Core" is a rural agral ritual HARVEST HOME type of story. For those who accuse Stephen of not being a "serious" writer, two non-genre stories are included. The Last Rung on the Ladder is a wonderfully simple and poignant story moving outward from a memory of jumping in the hay in a barn, and The Woman in the Room presents a wholly different approach to the maniacal mind behind a murder which strips terminal patients of their dignity.

The stories are written with such an attention to the particular detail which calls up a twinge of fear, and with such vivid convincing points of view (all of what Stephen King writes is readily translatable into film) that the images of your initial fear remain in your mind for a long time after.
Punk vs. Power Pop

Following rock music criticism is a hit like following DC's "Superheroes" strip only on Sundays; you know something's going on, however nonsensical, but the whole affair's damn silly. In a world of increasingly transient trends The Rock Music (as ROCK POLITICAL evokes the stuff for) is only one of your more skittlery tendencies. That's part of its draw, and Roxy Music drew it well for the last few months that the last sound—it's pure whiskey going round and round my brain." At its best rock music appeals to those in search of instability...and to adolescents coming to grips with an immeasurably unstable world. Which is why the New School of rock to do so—"That's because every energetic group to rise out of the contemporary quagmire was getting labeled "punk" whether it was or not."

PUNK ROCK, born of that restrictive political/economic climate in the British Isles, is a fiercely confrontatory form. Much of its best art is in early critical writing—music reviews, films, songs which sound as rock records in the middle Seventies.) In effect punk rock was only one fraction of what broadly and conveniently (keeps you from making a fool of yourself in print) could be called "new wave.

PUNK ROCK, born of that restrictive political/economic climate in the British Isles, is a fiercely confrontatory form. Much of its best art is in early critical writing—music reviews, films, songs which sound as rock records in the middle Seventies.) In effect punk rock was only one fraction of what broadly and conveniently (keeps you from making a fool of yourself in print) could be called "new wave.

PUNK ROCK, born of that restrictive political/economic climate in the British Isles, is a fiercely confrontatory form. Much of its best art is in early critical writing—music reviews, films, songs which sound as rock records in the middle Seventies.)

At their best Cheap Trick hints of making an obvious point that they've got a propensity for putting Beatles jokes in their lyrics, however) and of their three albums, in COLOR, the sequence is quite telling: halfforty fries Monogram pic—one of the rare bands that combines good taste with musicianship—and they're almost always touring. If their lyrical content is more pertinent to the world and keeps guitarist Rick Nielsen slips from hilariously snide (check out "Surrender," the single from HEAVEN TONIGHT) to just plain dumb too numerous to list. But all will be giving cards: AM radio doesn't like groups too smart.

DEAD BOYS: Lead Sing Bators in a punk power but an entertaining one, and the Dead Boys are punk for those who think they are. Come March 1979, the Dead Boys second album WE HAVE FOR YOUR CHILDREN, has the tempi of the Coops prime rock & roll LOVE IT TO DEATH in addition to a couple songs that could Letterwoman in "The Stittles" and "The Stittles Rock & Roll" didn't preclude big airplay. As a band these Clevelanders lie just this side of competent, but their split speed attack (wonderful rock attack) "Freaks Born to Be Loved" has them and has them listening to the music are not one of the favorite METABOLICS The Dictators: The Dictators are morons, but they ain't stupid. "These guys could be writing articles on "Is There Life After college?" for the School Beatle! They're just a bunch of kids who have the audience to repeat the chorus and "stand up and be counted."

MICK LOWE: Longtime Brit rock punks have followed ex-Brinley Schwartz bassist Lowe (billed as the "New School") and anything underappreciated shakin' and poppin'. How Neville Range has created the right climate for Lowe's PUNK ROCKER to be heard right with the world. Some critics Lowe of glibness, and its true's his driving career and has a hot rock and roll show vial. (I mean two different songs about the Bay City Rollers?) But when his amateur lyrics are delivered with the right rock 'n' roll urgency and have a natural feel for "Heart in the City" or with such classic variations on his theme (as when "Rollerboy" takes a "Charlie 68" touch or the "Power Pop" version of the song), he's one terminally serious would think of composing.

RADIO BUMMIE: Want to know what a mediocr punk group sounds like? Well, then clear your throat, get the microphone, spit in it, and do this: Stire lp, RAY'S AFEARS, which takes its title from a blue Oyster Cult song but its music from an Anarchist's dream or a punk's dream of the Stooges. One good cut: "Alcohol and Deco," which also towards powerchords with a back street straight out of the RAMONES FIVE-O theme.

RADIO STARS: If 1900 weren't so damn aware of her profession, she's an all-time great rock and roll singer, a Star, a band of early Seventies English vets (played in Sparks and with Peter Green, for instance) who come blowily frenetic poprock and bent lyrics with just enough toughness and dissonance to keep them in the Hot 100. "Dirty Pictures" (these guys make smarminess sound like affirmation, a musical answer to the Velvets. The group's one platter, SONGS FOR SWINGING Lovers, is only an import at present, but the group's line-up would be Frank Zappa were a pompous brute he might be composing tunes like this. If..."

THE RAMONES: Took three albums to figure out what this band's up to; a lot of critics called them punk at first and in fact some rock fans have been known to use this group as a sort of focal point for a power rock band with its roots in the Beach Boys (Kings of Rock Democracy: if you're middle-class) then the group's argument polarizes listeners! What these New Yorkers do is strip poprock down to its meat basic elements—bass, drums and vocals—and play it quick and short (few second running 25 minutes) their first lps on initial listen and might not remember what's what, but with the band's attack, gave the impression of being punk. But ROCKET TO RUSSIA, which one critic called the surf record of the
Seventies (he’s right!) sets the record straight. In California covers ("Do You Wanna Dance?" "Surfin’ Bird") plus songs that could be California covers if the lyrics were wrong. While "Geronimo Rock," "Steamboat," "Rock and Roll," it’s a Pimp Rocker's life, a host of rock albums of the decade, say T. Wolfish, says editor Bill Dale, putting a Jackson Browne/Bob Dylan/John Lennon effort to make you take your own mind (or meet your half at Warren Zevon and Blondie?"

THE BEATLES: I myself haven’t made up my mind about the Beatles. Many of their recent debut CAN’T STAND THE BEATLES contains a more earthy and thoughtful mode of the same group. They’re back, and I don’t sense the control of the Ramones. And while I was fast to forget about The Life (effortlessly ultras), I’m not sure about The New York. But take Eugene Reynolds. At his best as in "No" he has teenament frustration down to a nay degree, but he should be a back-up vocalist. Give them another 1/2 to iron out the wrinkles—or for me to die. I’m going to ignore some.

THE SIX PISTOLS: They made Time and then split up—after single 'Fiddle student' had the Six Pistols in England and a remarkably futile US tour in all the wrong places (skipped the cities, hit the Southern backwoods in a feature of misadventure). Still, they came out one album half composed of already recorded singles ('Stranger in the U.K.', "Go Save the Queen", "Bad Day") plus songs that’s one of the most intriguing batch of rock grooves going. A true punk success story. It’s hard to "like" never met the SIOUXS, HERE’S THE SIX PISTOLS—it's universally American all, full of spit. But at the same time it’s not. It’s back to the days with Vicious, God and Jones’ drive and emotional commitment. From the start it’s clear this band that seems both youthful and gripping. This ain’t an album to play lightly: if your not in the mood (and frankly, lots of people aren’t these days) you can just cockney cacophony, but if your ready for it, the SIOUXS will grab and jostle you. It’s easy to accept or reject a new band, but I’ll take (I play the 45 "Go Save the Queen" more than the LP) but then this isn’t supposed to be easy. car-rats not for a semi-complete, Yank like me. In any case THE SIX PISTOLS is an unquestionably great pure Punk album, the one all the others are compared to. Whatever these boys do in the future (mostly with Television and The Ramones) will be gracefully from rock—and three-fourths of the album given credence and a "Sex Pistol" in their line-up (Johnny Rotten) their importance is assured.

TALKING HEADS and TELEVISION: With Television, Talking Heads charts an area of new wave rock that has never been before. Experimenting groups of like Roxy Music (it’s significant that T. Heads' second LP was produced by Roxy's Rotherham, mixing maximum impact music and openly intellectual lyricism to excellent effect. Of the two Talking Heads albums, the one that emerges as the more appealing sound, wretched voice and smart-ASS sensitivity, Tina Megan, and act as a nucleus of a band that acutely balances rhythm, and Jerry Harrison plays keyboards like he’s pulling coal out of you. Their songs are about art and love, and work in America—a unique sound, to say the least. Byrne and company's first album struck me as a fairly broad affair, but even the best strengths are those of the album are more than the sum of its parts. "Upgrade ADRS about BUILDING and FOOD, is more accessible. Television, meanwhile, just length and confusion. Yet both groups are coming up with some of the most new wavers: the comparison between them and the its Grateful Dead’s has been made more than once. I think they're both still too young to indulge in acid mind: Leader Tom Verlaine has been around the Paul Simon Paul Simon has been around the pioneers of intellectual hard rockers who precursor now wave, and perhaps he belongs more with them. His lyrics show the same sense of poetry.

THE VIBRATORS: This fan’s favve punk group. The Vibrators more than any others in the scene (except perhaps the Velvet Underground) for influence, blending sexual metaphor and sexual politics together with a sadomasochistic streak. Ian Grogle, a mean, sharp-witted band with a strong ear toward listener dis-orientation. Much like the Velvets had, in fact. But the English Vibes are more economical and slightly delin- quent. Add two stingingly utilitarian ("Silly" s) and a menace of teasing pastiche (the hollow studio drumroll at the end of "Chips and Purée") and in premier I PEP MANTA you’ve got a remark- ably replayable punk album, another I’m close to wearing down. The groups second, FLIP THE BEAT, which is even more (misused phrase of use on it) but worthwhile. Reportedly, though, the Vibrators have about the same line-up as before, which since that second effort and may not even be together anymore.

—Bill Sherman

I got a number of letters concerning the new Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made in AFT in concerning Jim Bogart's and I made

Randy Newman is 29. And this is a close look at the plans to do just that. Long Gemara in the UK now that the Pistols are gone, is very much anti-in, anti-fascist, and anti-violent. Yet the band seem to dem- onstrate the reality of the world they live in so while they may not do it, they aren’t exactly doing it...

—Bill Bowman

Punk rock was CAUSING any of today’s problems, far from it. In glad and I’m one of the biggest fans of New wave music there is one—then the type of record reviews in AFT #5 should prove to be a big hit with the 50’s revolutionaries, those people in rock and roll who are making musical statements that are also political statements. Tom Robinson Band, Classic Rock and Roll, other groups who are doing this, and the new order, the words on Bob Dylan to prove my point, talking a plan for change and a long range commitment, they will simply wear a suit over the existing order. What do they have to do to achieve it? Looking commitment, I predict that this to be the year that rock and roll will be absorbed into the system, in the way that the 60’s probably were like "WHERE ARE YOU?" but the words on Bob Dylan to prove my point, talking a plan for change and a long range commitment, they will simply wear a suit over the... current, not just the 60’s. As we see, this is a fantastic fantasy, as we will, and the great swingback middle class fascism will sweep over all. Whatever is the best is it in all those, wouldn’t you say that life becomes pretty boring? Talking nothing—sex, women, love, etc. I believe that a philosophy will just make them all and the great teenagers and college students who now feel so good find a system of system. Rock now, while you are young, but there will be a point when you got scared, and after that point I want to be able to rock 30 years from now. THAT is what worries me. That’s all. I still think Jackson Browne is a good songwriter, and Joni Mitchell once was.

And Now

Record Reviews

Being and Nothingness (RSD) Turning Sartre’s masterpiece into a rock opera was something that I would have expected to see, but it was one of the better adaptations. I’m not sure if this is an entirely accurate description of what happened, but the ideal is to create a work that is a reflection of the original text while still being accessible to a modern audience. The music is engaging and the lyrics are thought-provoking. Overall, it’s a unique and creative adaptation of a classic work.

P.L.T.P. Live On The 780 (Deluxe) Powerhouse rock that puts out some fierce and powerful tracks. This album is definitely worth adding to your collection if you’re a fan of hard rock.

Bob Murray
New Wave Discs

BE BOP DELUXE, DRASTIC PLASTIC.

Arguably Be Bop Deluxe's best album to date. The only thing that stops it from being even better is that in adopting a somewhat new stance and direction, Be Bop lay themselves wide open to all sorts of potential pitfalls. Fortunately, if they don't tread the narrow line between audacity and quality, and sell out. The situation is similar to that of The Electric Light Orchestra after "A New World Record," with a musical program about a doubt one of their finest. The follow-up, "Out of the Blue" however was inundated with all but a few of the critics who had been introduced on "Record," but kept in control.

Be Bop Deluxe expose themselves to this same danger due to their change of direction. I think that the problem could be defined as follow: Less than musical and over-concerning progressive rock in which it split up into three sections. There were the 'clever' bands like City Boy and 10CC, and their strength was in their tight song construction, clever lyrics, and ingrained sense of humor. Their music was almost experimental in the compactness of the songs, chock full of studio overdubbed business. There was no room for jamming or extended solos.

The second group was made up of flashy, power groups like Styx and Queen who kept the songs short, in the genre room for the instrumental noodling around that broke the wall of sound guitar and keyboard riffs, was third consisted of bands that highly- lighted instrumental skills, and placed everything else second to that. Be Bop Deluxe is indisputably the best of the field as Bill Nelson, local hero and soloist graces practically every song. The songs and lyrics served as mere backdrops for Nelson's guttural下达.

Drastic Plastic moves Be Bop Deluxe from the third category to the first. The long solos are the only show. Space breaks. Nelson has stepped back from being in front and led the band become less guitar dependent, offering quieter songs. The songs are on a whole, the best that he has written. The melodies are stronger and the songs punchier and more guttural下达 than any of the previous albums. Be Bop Deluxe is a band that has put out, though, it might be less aesthetically pleasing than its predecessors.

Elton John might write the pseudo-mil-itaristic "New Precision" which makes the listener think of the scenes leading-into the "'Surreal Estate" which is "Love in Flames" which is musically the most blistering thing Be Bop Deluxe has done, with its firecracker drumming and super-riff heavy guitar work climaxing in Nelson's only blues-like number, "Skidoo." The Naves are also lauded in "Possessions": "I paint my shirt with all the latest outrage/Just like I did so many years ago."

--Stephen Graziano

CRIME AND GOODBYE, L. (Polydor).

Crime and Goodbye are the refugee half of 10CC that split from the band in order to work on their own album which they called the Goons. That resulting LP, Conspicuous was only a half success being very experimental, containing no songs. Share up or ship out.

--Stephen Graziano

THE CARS, THE CARS, [Elektra].

The band's sound is a very clean cut version of new wave. Reminiscent of Roxy Music on Talking Heads, The Cars put together a compilation of nine exceptionally strong songs. Each one is, as the band in the business, a potential chart topper.

Leader, prime vocalist, chief songwriter, Ric Ocasek, draws on The Cars' strengths in a variety of styles. Except for two obvious AM styled potential singles his visions of the world is surprisingly bleak. It's not too much Ocasek's words that convey this impression so much as the intense atmospheres that he surrounds
strong a unifying thread through which harmonies were there, discord provided the cutting edge to otherwise prosaic composition.

Eno sometimes denied himself conventional structural considerations (e.g., choruses, bridge, ...). More, he denied himself conventional volume modulation practices in the studio. His insistence on the role of chance and chance-influenced factors in music was an economic goal, but the purpose of each was to be heard along with the rest, not sopressed or accentuated as many other modulations are. A welter of inharmonic and emergent tension was to be found by pitting discord elements of his music against its harmony. The creation of a composition of tones—has potential for discord as well as potential for harmony. Eno went further than nonconventional instrument possibilities for songs having both discord and harmony. In Eno's ideas, tour music meets John Cage.

Paul Kincaid said that the last thing a writer learns is structure; Eno himself is experimenting using to structure (he has grown immensely as a drummer, too).

Working with Brian Ferry six years ago, Eno learned that a composer can effect individual musical revolutions by doing away with conventional structuring. The process is physically based, paradoxically; the listener takes on the feedback he gets in a song, and is forced to pay attention to shifts of dynamic emphasis among instruments, not to superficial shifts in texture. The listener in tune with the physical nature of the composition. He feels the power of the instruments, not the effects of the composition manipulating the instruments. The instruments speak, harmonize, repeating basic melody lines as a way the listener feels moved by not merely the musical ideas, but by the physical role in them carried out by the instrument. (For examples, "Mother of Pearl" and the entire "Burning" song, on Roxy Music's "Stranded" and "Siren" albums.)

The structure is the restatement, and the variations. Not clear-cut tonal/harmonic changes (although those can contribute to a desired effect). The listener can shape the mood for Ferry after Eno left Roxy Music. Or Eno may have stood in the way of Ferry's music, and stood in it while with the band. (Clearly, Eno had a hand in Ferry compositions, if only to contribute ideas which would clash against Ferry's to get the artistic excitement both felt responsible for. In the case of "In Every Dreamhole a Heartache" from Roxy Music, Ferry probably had a hand in the creation: Eno gave to atomic electronic effects to compose the keyboard track). At any rate, Ferry's "physical" nature of the music, following Eno's departure, while Eno evolved a non-structural bent he displayed in "No Pussyfooting" according to Marianne Faithfull's ""No Pussyfooting" revealed Eno as a minimalist; Eno's improvisations were practically monothematic. Yet Eno kept his variations—restoration motifs (it's been with him since) to confirm the development he had had in Roxy Music. When Eno was a learn structure, to toy with it, the variations. An permutations conflict would mutate into discord/harmonies contrasts and, in studio terms, equalitarian Octaves. In a series of steady layering studio mixes almost sense differentiation exists as a logical outcome of his personal musical variations on an idea. For Eno, a bar of recorded ensemble music should've were it visible—appear as a layered cake, with certain inconstancy counting each other's sound like cake and icing stuck together.

Eno was of a lateral counterpart to Ferry, the postulating scientist declaring where the curious romantic questioned. Eno is often the calm, noncommittal photographer, the one that took ideas and molded them to a diffusere, albeit fascinating final form. It is hardly a surprise that Eno's exploratory "physical" methods lead him to the same mottos should overwhelm the Ferry influence—reiterated harmonics) in his music. And it is not surprising that Eno is one of best laps, taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy. The strongest tracks "You Go So Fast" and "Lady Dan" are rooted in Eno's characteristic minor-key harmonics.

Still, elements of both motifs show in Before and After Science—the Ferry one perhaps prompted by Eno's recent concert with David Bowies, who shares Eno's sense for holographic and glyptic instrumentation. Each piece is as much a collage as a work and the "bassy" selections. It is the best side, containing fine work by good musicians and Eno's unique and spot-on compositions from Eno. The guys had fun doing it, you can tell.

"No Reversing" is a sort of space-discovered music, and very much a one-shot and airy—all a lighthearted fascination. "Kurt's Rejoinder" and "Energy Fools the Magician" are cloudy jazz trivialisms, one up and one down. But Eno is one of the hottest and airiest—a like a light buzz from an airplane glue. "King's Lead Hat" has clapping hands energy reminiscent of Led Zeppelin's "Boogie With Stu." Leadbelly will disappoint fans of Phil Manzanera and Robert Fripp who hope the first-time combination of these two virtuoso lead men would cook— but Eno's hangs piano takes off like a mean conger.

One of the catchiest, most tuneful, "Backwater" is one of the most fun I've heard since the Beatles. I had to struggle all through the writing of this review, drop it out of my head. Eno plays brass instruments for the first time, and his lyrics are hardly a surprise. You can hum along with the little things—just shake and snap your fingers. It's Burning, Cumming and Bob Will's and any number of fast-tempo-teams together.

Side two consists of two brief, mood pieces and two longer, more structured tracks. The "hand" pieces, which carry a simple to almost minimalist structures, can stand on the like the tail ends of other songs. They sport only a few ideas, and don't discernably "move" in the same way that Ferry's music does. They are melodically cyclical, though their lyrics tell stories. They represent the lateral aspect of Eno's musical personality, that feeling of discord discreetly persists. Surprisingly, Eno makes it work. Probably, he knows that simplicity is not something one can pursue half-way. Simplicity (of structure, of texture) is what he deals with here. Eno has been complex, and he has been simple—but fittingly, never dually in between. Extroversion is a science. That Eno makes it listenable testifies to his worth as a 20th century composer.

The two selections are both pleasant to listen to (Now we know Eno is willing to go soft shipping). Eno's creative process with the listener with its sluggish, almost half- electronic resonances. It is the one over the last 10 years. Eno is almost never consciously self-indulgent—but it does listener in a clannery grip. "Here He Comes" comes off as ultimately reduced. The lyrics are a pantorial—tinged fantasy about a dreamer, I suppose, and the music fits their tone. It loons along at a cocktail-S W pace, Phil Manzanara's soft guitar lines whipping the creamy synthesizer backgrounds into an ice-cream soft filling for the ear. You can lose yourself, but not fall down.

So there's a look at the singles' most important rock and roll innovator, the man whose disciplines—someday inform popular music of the possible. Eno isn't an artistic success sometimes. Pioneers must fall before they succeed. But always his inventiveness, his willingness to innovate. Caution buyers may care to try the excellent. Before and After Science as an introduction, or his 1976 release, Another Side. Just The Brave at heart can go get his 1974 tour de force, Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy. Brian Eno's MUSIC FOR FILMS, a soundtrack to bleak and conjunctive films, was released after this wrote this review. On Antilles Records.
RAMONES, ROAD TO RUIN. (Sax)
I have friends in a band who are struggling to keep from starving by getting paying gigs and praying for a record contract. In an effort to make ends meet they incorporate a Ramones cover into their act. He can't, they say, don't know the chord. Well, I didn't know the Ramones when they first broke, now I know at least two chords and they show them for all they're worth. Road To Ruin is fourteen cuts culled from improving series of albums that are tracing the history of modern rock song construction, in an effort to keep the leads from breaking. Joey's taken singing lessons so you can actually understand the words and the departure of Dee Dee leaves each one with a different edge and intensity in each one. The fact that now material is included on the record makes it a major effort to catch them up in the Parker catalogue. For beginners though, its an excellent introduction, encompassing his major recorded efforts over the first three lps.

The Ramo are red hot. Guitarist Brinsley Schwarz is showcased to a greater degree than before and his guitar work challenges Parker's vocals for high point of the album. In a live context "The Heat In Harlem" comes into its own and it sounds as good a rock as almost as good as being there. The pacing of the concert—NYC's Palladium opening for The Clash—also is impressive.

The fourth side of this double collection is a studio version, 45 rpm cut of "Don't Ask Me Why." The song appears on the lp earlier in a live setting. All in all this could be called Graham Parker and the Rumours Orchestral, a good album, but I know that his first lp for his new label is going to blow this away.  

THE NURSES, APPROVED BY THE NURSES. (U.K.)
Their first album, I'm told, was pure punk. It was apparently pure pop, and as such is vastly preferable to Nick Love's similarly-intentioned PURE POP FOR NOW PEOPLE, which has not received much attention. The Nurses are genuine craftsmen—some of this stuff is so catchy it hurts—but their stuff is still energetic enough to knock out all but the most tentative of listeners and just plain unlikely to be fifty pages.  

Standout is an absolute killer called "Your Hands Outta Me" (not a pasen to S & M, although oddly enough, the cut right before it is), "Sensation," "Airport," "Mama Needs A Lover" (my favorite if you think you'd think).  

—Dan Bailey

PEBBLE, LAUGHING IN THE DARK. (Passport)
ingo Piers (not a bad band—just 60s copycats themselves) standing behind a stone wall. The production is fairly insipid and doesn't impress that everyone included, were working with sponges in their mouths. I certainly feel like I have sponges in my ears. I think we're all still being able to see their names on vinyl. Instead, IF TEAL IS THE TRUTH represents the reduction of punk to formula, it's because Jimmy Pursey (lead singer and songwriter) and friends lacked the artistic means to come up with anything more, try as they might.  

Some of TRUTH'S tracks—"They Don't Understand," "Ute," "What About The Lonely?" are the closest the group has come up with a few tracks that fit into what Britons (and Americans) perceive as the punk world with all the '80s frills being able to see their names on vinyl. Instead, IF TEAL IS THE TRUTH represents the reduction of punk to formula, it's because Jimmy Pursey (lead singer and songwriter) and friends lacked the artistic means to come up with anything more, try as they might.  

—Stephen Grasso

SHAN 69, TELL US THE TRUTH. (Sax)
I wouldn't call this 'punk reduced to formula' for a few people have; that, to me, intimates that the groups that do it usually come up with a few tracks that fit into what Britons (and Americans) perceive as the punk world with all the '80s frills being able to see their names on vinyl. Rather, I'd call them the reduction of punk to formula, it's because Jimmy Pursey (lead singer and songwriter) and friends lacked the artistic means to come up with anything more, try as they might.  

Some of TRUTH'S tracks—"They Don't Understand," "Ute," "What About The Lonely?" are the closest the group has come up with a few tracks that fit into what Britons (and Americans) perceive as the punk world with all the '80s frills being able to see their names on vinyl. Instead, IF TEAL IS THE TRUTH represents the reduction of punk to formula, it's because Jimmy Pursey (lead singer and songwriter) and friends lacked the artistic means to come up with anything more, try as they might.  

—Stephen Grasso

British synonym for reformatory—but Pursey and company have come up with a few tracks that fit into what Britons (and Americans) perceive as the punk world with all the '80s frills being able to see their names on vinyl. Instead, IF TEAL IS THE TRUTH represents the reduction of punk to formula, it's because Jimmy Pursey (lead singer and songwriter) and friends lacked the artistic means to come up with anything more, try as they might.  

—Stephen Grasso

STIFFS LIVE. (Sax)
Sicily includes the nearly legendary Stiff Records' tour of England last fall. The roster of Stiff artists on this cd shows that the group's success is built with Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, Ian Dury, Wreckless Eric, and Larry Wallis. The lp still manages to represent what Stiff's意 "stiff" sound. It seems to be a curious mixture of individual craziness mixed with each group's rock roots, punk roots, new wave, or born, and pub-rock vocals filtered through an ale sodden sound system.  

—Stephen Grasso

PLASTIC BERTRAND, ON PLAN TO MURDER. (Sax)
This is a surprising German import with some first rate songs. Unfortunately, the title track, the beatle-styled song with a hook stirring enough to make listeners go on until they get tired. The words are rather empty, not unlike in any language. And the album on a whole is a grin (it is, after all, a pop parody). Recommended for those who can spring for an occasional extravagance.  

—Dan Bailey
side of a jab in love affairs, but he shows that he too can be hurt by a sharp blow. His voice shows all the hurt, morrow, devotion, and pain that Bacharach and David could have been after. And the Girls (from tortured to tormentor on "Miracle Man"), which comes off even meaner than on the studio recording.

Ian Dury is Stiff's biggest oddball. He slurs his slurry, perverse voice through "Waltz Up And Down The Hallway" and "Buckley Dickys". The Blackheads lay down a bass heavy beat while the little guy with the glasses strolls the stage with his heart into your heart or bed. The finale is a Dury composition, "Sex and Drugs and Rock and Roll". If nothing else, it sums up the spirit of the year. Dury is joined by the entire cast onstage and turns the chant "sex and drugs and rock and roll" into good indeed" into sort of a latin's anthem.

Stiff's Live is recorded in an atmosphere of frenzied energy (Elvis is smiling on the cover) and should put a serious dent into all those theories that English pop is dead, dull, and hated. The album suprises, intrigues, and delights. —Stephen Granzino

THE STRANGLERS: BLACK AND WHITE. [A&M]

The Stranglers, lord help us, have become downright civil with their third album. Nothing on BLACK AND WHITE even attempts to be another Dambusters hymn or an explanation of things like "Bring On The Nudges", "Something Better Change", and "Burning Up Time" from their LP. The stuff here is definitely surrealist and/or science fiction, yid. "Toller On The Sea", "Toller On The Sea" (Tokyo), and "Nice 'n' Sleazy". Otherwise, things are pretty much the same: Hugh Blackwell flams (from Pee-wee Herman's Band) and Dave Greenfield prods that using a synthesizer isn't neither is nay. Standout tracks include: "Surf's Up", "Toller On The Sea", and "Terrorized" (Note: for those who note on much, BLACK & WHITE was pressed on white and grey vinyl only. Only black is thick friends who want to touch the disc to make sure sure it's on black). —Dan Bailey

TELEVISION ADVENTURE. [Elektra]

This Album Is the best argument for atheism you'll ever hear. In fact, it's hard to believe a god in heaven, ADVENTURE would have sold. No, it's not quite the best of 1978's New Wave albums but it's the best of the year. It's not as far as the general record-buying public is concerned. In other words, these guys are not as popular as Talking Heads or Elvis Costello, not threatening-visionary like Patti Smith, not threatening sexual like Iggy Pop; no; and Dave Greenfield proves that using a synthesizer isn't neither is nay. Standout tracks include: "Surf's Up", "Toller On The Sea", and "Terrorized" (Note: for those who note on much, BLACK & WHITE was pressed on white and grey vinyl only. Only black is thick friends who want to touch the disc to make sure sure it's on black). —Dan Bailey

WIRE: PINK FLAG. [Columbia]

You may have never heard Wire and that's a shame. This four piece English outfit presents a style, almost minimalist variety of rock. Their album was recorded on tape at their school, which is far as the general record-buying public is concerned. In other words, these guys are not as popular as Talking Heads or Elvis Costello, not threatening-visionary like Patti Smith, not threatening sexual like Iggy Pop; no; and Dave Greenfield proves that using a synthesizer isn't neither is nay. Standout tracks include: "Surf's Up", "Toller On The Sea", and "Terrorized" (Note: for those who note on much, BLACK & WHITE was pressed on white and grey vinyl only. Only black is thick friends who want to touch the disc to make sure sure it's on black). —Dan Bailey

WIRE: PINK FLAG. [Columbia]

Lyrics so stream-of-consciousness (you expatiate "Oh it's 4am and the one dimensional boy") that the vision of the world is very introspective, like Talking Heads, but at the same time there's more abstract—they're all from art school students. The result is almost like a trip to the front lines in some mental warzone. Jagged guitar rums are punctuated with a style punk drumming while the vocals work their way over, around, and against the instrumental background. I like two songs on this album so you can tell that they don't waste time in saying what they want to say. —Stephen Granzino

THE VIBRATORS: PURE MANIA. [Columbia]

Eighteen more succulent episodes of this album called 'pure mania', there can be none. What we have here, folks, is good old damself---sound-barrier-full-string-ahend, no redeeming social-value rock'n'roll. But don't get the wrong impression: these guys can all play their instruments, and prove it superbly it's just that they often exhibit a propensity for playing them at, ah, high velocity. After awhile, a few of the songs begin to sound alike, but somehow Wire manage to keep you guessing. Sometimes you can produce when you're flailing your power chords fast enough to send them into the air. "One Ship" is about as close to even the most ignorant of bystanders. And did I say the album is devoid of redeeming social value? A song on MANIA would be enough to blow the nearest 'laid-back' radio station into the next state. Standout tracks include: "London Girls", "You Broke My Heart". —Dan Bailey

WIRE: PINK FLAG. [Columbia]

Lyrics so stream-of-consciousness (you expatiate "Oh it's 4am and the one dimensional boy") that the vision of the world is very introspective, like Talking Heads, but at the same time there's more abstract—they're all from art school students. The result is almost like a trip to the front lines in some mental warzone. Jagged guitar rums are punctuated with a style punk drumming while the vocals work their way over, around, and against the instrumental background. I like two songs on this album so you can tell that they don't waste time in saying what they want to say. —Stephen Granzino

Indeed, the whole of Pink Flag is a manifestation of the group's determined—and inspired—eccentricity. Gripping, but odd as a whole. —David Hunter

Standouts: "Ex-Lion Tamer", "Strange", "Fragile", "Manic Pixie"...

Here is a little something for all you nobbies out there—an EPSLY page...

WORLD EUTHANASIA CAMPAIGN: ON WITH THE SHOW, SEE IF THE BALLAD TUGS AT YOU

WEC is one of the more frightening punk bands to emerge from the British safety-pin scene, not for its grotesque antics but for its utter seriousness of purpose. The message written on the inner sleeve is a signed and notarized statement of the band's intent to use their personal profits from the album to purchase a nuclear weapon from an as-yet-unchosen black market source, with the apparent purpose of trying to start World War III. The band's suicidal leitmage reflects its terrorist approach to rock 'n' roll, and the record is almost as uncanny as the material The Blackhearts put out... —Dan Bailey

I have to eat your food but I'm waiting for the day I can leave. When you get real old so I can sell you away. —Vampire's crooning style of delivery and soaring phrasing lies somewhere between Bing Crosby and the possessed Linda Blair; still, he communicates a real sense of savagery throughout the album—especially in the foreboding opening verse of "Kinkake Dies!"

They said that Johnny was a crazy fellow; He didn't style his hair and he wasn't very clean. He didn't like the Bee Gees, wouldn't learn the new dances And he owned a gun and he liked to take chances— Clint Forrest, on percussion, plays drums like he was matinee-giving hostages, and Frank Bank's brood of hairless puppers knock the ashtrays off your speakers, but it is Vampire who makes WEC's first album more than just another exercise in black leather and white sound. Despite the obvious humor in the lyrics, it is easy to believe that he really does want his death wish to come true. It's impossible not to feel his deadly conviction when he screams out "Destroyer..." —Steve Burns

You're tired of life. I got a gun. I'm scared of death. I'm scared of life because you can't get away from death. —From the song "Life"

Life has been a bore. A case of jet lag

Destroy the world! Let the bombs fly—Let the intergalactic war begin! Are you ready to die? I'll say it out loud, again—Life is the new cloud! Destroy the world! After you hear the album once, you'll want to hear it Intergalactic again—you'll probably send them a dedication for the Big Morty Killing. —Dan Bailey

If the album is to be released in England later this month, Give Us Your Pleasure. When it comes to the states, buy it. There might still be— —Brad Calahan
I have used a number rating system for the following records. 1-Floos, 5-Average, 10-Standard bear.

BLONDIE, PARALLEL LINES. (Chrysalis) Blondie improves upon her vocal range and emotion. "Parallel Lines" is a hit of the strangeness ("Attack of the Giant Ants", "Bermuda Triangle Blues") "Contact in Red Square" - a powerful, tight rock beat with still remaining a girl group power pop sound, in the group's third and beat album. Prime cuts: "Hanging On The Telephone", "One More Chance", "Picture This", "Heart of Glass" (which has been released as a disco single). Don't go away and don't go away, just go away. (10)

THE BOONDOCK RATS. A TONIC FOR THE TROOPS. (Columbia) A new wave group led by songwriter-composer Bob Geldof has a sound somewhere between Bruce Springsteen & Elvis Costello. Click production and catchy arrangements make this a real gem. no new themes here, it's Springsteen's let's-get-out-of-this-town rock salvation in "Eat a Pie" and "Joey's On the Street Corner" "Clockwork" Although I like "I've Never Loved Eva Braun", Hitler confesses he was "a little high" or "to make it happen" but "never really fitted in the scheme of things". She was just a triumph of my will. (8)

DAVE EDWARDS. TRACKS ON WAX 4. (Giant Song) "Edwards plays rockabilly, traditional 50's rock & roll, and basically does it straight. Jerry Lee Lewis runs through the Nick Love soundmill. One of Edwards' best albums, probably his best, is "Lou's a Woman, Not a Child", "Deborah" and Nick Love's "Heart of the City." (9)

BRYAN FERRY. THE BRIDE STRIPED BARE. (A&M) Ferry has abandoned his synthesized sound of the past ("The Pink Angels", "Bowie & Zevon's Waddy Wachtel plays guitar and co-produced this album". As a singer, he is much better, his voice shines through the original songs. "Carrickfergus", an Irish ballad, is nice, but he destroys it when he makes it with Reed's "What Goes On" (but then no one can do Lou Reed better than Lou Reed) and "Take Me To The Moon" (which is the only one because of Talking Head's brilliant rendition). The best cuts: "Sign of the Times", "Can't Let Go" and "The Moon怎麼 This Island Earth" are all Ferry compositions. Obviously, the poor reception of 1977's would not have been surprising. After 1978's (which was 100% Ferry composed) has caused Bryan to change his image doing covers. Ferry is a rock original, like Ray Davies - his bizarre singing style, and of course the cover songs are a must-listen. Now that Roxy Music is reforming for a concert tour (and perhaps an album?) we'll hear some more of the old genius. (7)

ROBERT JOHNSON. CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND. (Columbia) Blues guitarist Johnson's debut album is an intense Pfitzer rocker collection. Buddy Holly if he was power pop. Stunning guitar work. I've never heard such busy guitarists - they go snap, crackle, boing! Great stuff, although the album gets a bit repetitive, since the arrangements for each song are very similar. Prime cuts "Rant My Head", "I'll Be Waiting", "Wish Upon a Star" (9)

GREG KIHN. NEXT OF KIHN. (Beechcrest-JB-0056) Among a rock sensibility of mellow, Greg Kihn is a breath ofMap. He plays rock and roll with a boyish charm, tremendous energy and a sense of humor. The album for Becker (Jonathan Richman's label) which he will not record in the group's next album. Kihn's first two albums, Greg Kihn (JB-0056, 1976) and Greg Kihn Again (JB-0052, 1977) - they should be a must-listen. The album is superior to his previous two, and just as entertaining. How could you not love the clean cut and intelligent vocals - songs executed with out pretense or frills, with a highly optimist, sense of good fun. In "Museum", he meets the "sole survivor of atomic war" nightclub singer from the Jersey Shore" and they walk through the Museum of Modern Art ("The Nightclub Singer" didn't like) and of course, he falls in love with her ("Just when I was ready to give up on love, my eyes met hers. I was a helpless victim of your magnet/I love you from the bottom of my organization") His relationships are rooted in confidence and a sense of optimism. In "Spitfire", he tells her "I can't go on like this endlessly/ I can laugh out loud at your misery/Don't feel sorry for me/You've got too many million things you can't say/But I'll be fine by next Saturday/It's okay/You're still on your way/ I can see your smile on your face" (9)

"Everybody Else" is a song about self-esteem: "Didn't everybody try to be /Something you love and admirable /A unique self /But no one loves you better than yourself /Everybody else would bring you paradise /Everybody else would make it /But nobody /Everybody needs somebody else /That can sacrifice /Everybody needs some self-esteem" He says in "Everybody Else" /And in confusion you will belong /to everybody, everybody else." (9)


This is a live album. And this is Lou Reed - the one who has nothing, nothing, nothing to do with Reed's "What Goes On" (but then no one can do Lou Reed better than Lou Reed) and "Take Me To The Moon" (which is the only one because of Talking Head's brilliant rendition). The best cuts: "Sign of the Times", "Can't Let Go" and "The Moon in This Island Earth" are all Ferry compositions. Obviously, the poor reception of 1977's would not have been surprising. After 1978's (which was 100% Ferry composed) has caused Bryan to change his image doing covers. Ferry is a rock original, like Ray Davies - his bizarre singing style, and of course the cover songs are a must-listen. Now that Roxy Music is reforming for a concert tour (and perhaps an album?) we'll hear some more of the old genius. (7)

SPITBALLS. (Beaclety-B-35007, 1978) Made in Holland, this features all the best material written by Pfitzer. It's a great collection and even include a song which I have never been able to figure out who everyone is on the back cover) and doing insane 60's pop hits (the Barret Thompson rocker "Something's Goin' On" is even better than the Kinks "Time has been kind to the Spitballs" and "The Spider). The album is worth it just for Jonathan Richman who does an amazing job in his b-boy manner on "Chapel of love". (7)

SEE THE SHAPES. I REMEMBER FROM MAPS TALKING HEADS. MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD. (Sire, 1978) When a group makes music and it goes beyond just creating 45 minutes of fun listening, and Instead creates a world, they are worthy of praise like the following: TALKING HEADS captures the essence of the late 70's better than Dylan did for the early 60's - they tell us about ourselves. TALKING HEADS remains the finest album of 1978. TALKING HEADS is completely original and unclassifiable by any standards. This group is a world unto itself: each song is a journey - the best of the lot. The only thing that left that matters is a world in which people put trust in inanimate objects, their homes, their government, their buildings, more than their own feelings. With "Oh Our Love", "I'm just a look" And it makes the best quietest, but the world about them and they've "Got to get to work now ."

This is about talking about the "Good Thing". "Straight line exists between me and the good thing I have found the lines and the direction is known to me/absolute truth and me. I am going in the right direction/Any intruder is met with a heart full of the good thing." Is it love? Success? Power? Violence? This world is the like a jungle, all the sexual roles are confused and no longer operable. "Girls don't want to play like that/Just want to talk to the boys/Just want to do what's in their hearts/And the boys say "What do you mean?" And the boys say "What do you mean?"/Well, there's just no one over, she said." Like Costello's "Watching the Detectives" line between reality and reality becomes blurred. "I'm in the bedroom Inventing situations/Kobby's on the street today/Scouting our locations/Make a list of all our friends/How does the relationship? They think they have a hit/There might even be a spinoff/But they're not sure about that." Artistic Only (the other song be done on SATURDAY NIGHT! Feb. 10) describes his creative process as "cleaning my brain" and tells us "I don't have to prove that I am creative." (Continued on Page 57)
**BOSTON, DON'T LOOK BACK. (Columbia)**

"Maybe Boston thought that after two years nobody would notice if they put out the first record again with a different cover. I'm onto them, though. This record is only for those that don't own the first record. Both of you." -Stephen Graziano

---

**THE WEREWOLVES, SHIP OF FOOLS. (RCA)**

This is the second album by this group of Texas rockers. One of their recent singles, a song titled simply THE WEREWOLVES, there was not much on it that distinguished them from the rest of the large number of rock 'n' rollers that have been springing up this past year. Based on that standard, SHIP OF FOOLS represents a great leap forward for the Werewolves.

This album establishes the band as a hard driving, bright sounding outfit; and it shows their potential to be a major act in the future if they can further hone and refine their sound and identity.

Producer Andrew Loog Oldham took his charges aboard a boat and recorded the whole thing live—no overdubs (hence the album title). Maybe it is the atmosphere on a boat, or the many of the cuts on SHIP OF FOOLS bear more than a passing resemblance to another band (Hollies—see association with Bell) on RCA's Stones. This is especially evident in singer Brian Pagaparage's phrasing and the bands affinity to the '60's rock & roll —admittedly a Stone's forte.

This is not meant to pass off the Werewolves' music for the Stones. However, the band has set itself the goal that more of the Stones are a taking off point—a reference source. Another Stones similarity is the general use of bright and clean, well-recorded sound. The best use of these is on "Summer Weekend", the kick off song to side two. The Werewolves' music has the raw and pafyful on record as one would expect at a club date, or even college mixer. They realize this and make it these day's they're going to have to offer more than competence...it's that aggressive, constant pep of SHIP OF FOOLS a good record. The Werewolves are working hard at creating that exactly right sound and it pays off. The record boogies, rolls, and stumps from start to finish. They sound like they're having fun, too. —Stephen Graziano

---

**1971 P. CONCERT. Madison Square Garden. Sept. '71.**

When I first was exposed to Yes, way back in 1972, I felt as many did that they were the spokespersons of the "New Rock Movement." It was a short-lived feeling. After the "Tales of Topographic Oceans" album I felt they were actually more like Yes for themselves—not taking themselves very seriously.

Then came the much publicized departure of Wakeman in 1975, and the addition of Patrick Moraz to take his place. At last I thought they were making a move in the right direction. I was a fan of Moraz's jazz keyboard solos with Howe's guitar leads. I caught the show at the Roosevelt Stadium in 1976 and left feeling those solos still were sounded great to him and no one else. And 1977 brings us "Going For The One", surely a giant step in the right direction.

This album was aimed perfectly at every pseudo-intellectual who was still looking for one-man reunions, or one of the bands on the record, Yes words are used for their sound, not their meaning.

The all-hobnob relationship I have with one of my favorite groups came to a head when a friend in the music business called me to say they had had an offer for a new album, wanted me to hear it, and then take in the show at Madison Square Garden. As luck would have it, I received the tickets to the show for the album, and set off for the Garden not knowing what to expect.

The group went on about 15 minutes late; the audience lighted up "Siberian Khatru"
capped off by a frantic guitar solo from Steve Howe. They followed with "Heart of the Sunrise". They were smart; they didn't get into the new material this year. They used a give-and-take policy; we'll give you the oldies, you put up with the new ones. "The Fish" (from "Close to the Heart") is "Dream of Heaven" and "Don't Kill the Whale." They then launched into "Perpetual Change" and "Carte Blanche". "Carte Blanche" is a real audience favorite, and the audience's apparent enthusiasm for everything they did. Jon Anderson could have played an entire album with these songs, and they would have loved it. Steve Howe's smiling at the audience during his guitar solo brought screams and wild applause. It didn't seem to matter that they were so flat during most of the songs.

I love these guys. For their bravery alone, they deserve a nod. They were continually patted by firecrackers, bottles, and other assorted objects throughout the entire show. During Howe's keyboard solo a bottle hit him in the arm and landed on his leg. He didn't even wince.

"Sawing Hands" followed by two songs off the new album, "Mandragora!" and "On the Silent Wings of Freedom"; the best song of the show. Howe could have played an entire album with these songs, and they would have loved it. It's depressing indeed to see aging rock stars trying to rock out the way they used to. It's a necessary evil, but there is absolutely atrocious mixing of the sound. But it's still something special and one of the most profound airs, overhead hips and terrifying pretentious, the bigger they get. They were definitely worse seen and seen then at Neil, yet the rock crowd roared as strongly. Crowd psychology?

I received my copy of TORNADO. Although the band may not have a following of toss-ups, they must certainly still have it together in the studio (where we all know they are recording the next album). "Future Times," I'm definitive Yes, but still did not book me. The song that follows is the only song in this set considered pretentious; "Rejoice" is pure filler with nothing to distinguish it. "Don't Kill the Whale" follows, a song that still isn't even from an album. A harpsichord based "Mandragora!" follows with some very nice mando accompaniment by Steven Howe. But it is the last cut on this side that catches one's attention: "Release" is a progressive rocker, moved comfortably along by two of the most interesting keyboards ever to touch a stage. There is also an interesting drum solo by White, White, who previous to this album has never been given the opportunity to do a solo.

Side two opens with "Approaching UFO," which comes off the updated "Starship Trooper," the themes from "Cirrus of Heaven" is next, a stream of consciousness song that is other-worldly in sound, and is capped by Anderson's son Daniel's yearning for clowns. Cute. A Chris Squire song is next. "Overload" is a beautiful song; he made it onto this album is pure's guess. The lyrics are beautifully written (the words are used for their meaning instead of their sound). It's a rare album. Squeak "Cirrus of Heaven" and "On the Silent Wings of Freedom" which is really a song that cannot be categorized; it's too well done. The album is split into four sections of twelve songs, each harmonies by Chris and Jon are weaved between Howe's guitar and Squire's synthesizer. It is called divided by Steve Squire's Squire's Hickock. The band pay particular attention to the time changes; proof that these guys are some of the best songwriters in the rock music business.

"Tornado" is infinitely better than "Going for One" and shows signs they're not ready to give up; a thing to be feared: something for everyone. However, I think the numbers of Yes would be smart to listen to themselves and make some changes. They themselves must decide if they wish to change with the times. They show signs of being willing to do so.

---Doug Cameron ---

A number rating system is used for the reviews following.
1=Aw, c'mon 5=Fair 10=Superb
ALICE COOPER, FROM THE INSIDE (MCA) This album is a tour de force, a look into an insane asylum and the people that populate it. From a few songs off this new album--the most original this year. The record is entertaining on all accounts--I keep thinking what someone like Alice Cooper could have created with this...Wait a minute! This is Alice Cooper. He must want to be like签o Elton John to me. (Alice--see顺便 yesterday to back to the classics)

Where is the humor? Where is the driving rock? Alice Cooper for a sympathetic portrait of his inmates or going for satire?

Borrow the album from someone else and listen to a furious cut called "Millie & Billy", a clownish cut between Alice and backup female singer. The two young lovers chop up the woman's husband with an ax: "I like it here in this house/But this torture that memory brings/Locked up and sealed tight in bungles/Your love makes you do funny things/Millie & Billy/crin-in-ally insane..." Why couldn't he have kept this up the whole album? Alice, Alas, you went limp.

JON DEREK, JD: ICA This album is an interesting departure for Denver--he actually rocks out on a few cuts: "Downstill Stuff" and "Johnny B. Good", I was impressed enough to remove his name from my list OF PEOPLE WHO ARE OFTEN SPOTTED SPYING THROUGH THEIR HEARTS. But his home-town country boy, yee-haa attitude and mindless optimism ("It's so Good") here are the lyrics: "Life is so Good/Life is so Good/Life is so Good/life in an acid house/it's so damn good" prevent him from making it seriously in my book. Besides, he looks like a frog.

BILLY FALCON'S BURNING SORE, (M.Chatham Island) An album from 1977 by a Jersey Shores group led by Billy Falcon. Falcon comes across as a young Bruce Springsteen with the rough edges and anger removed. Catchable, and show really talent with lyrics. If you like the Asbury Park sound, this is an independent album to check out. The band is called "Billy & The Hummers" and the night time cuts: "Friday Night", "Boys and Girls" (7)---

STEVE FORBRET, ALIVE ON ARRIVAL (Apoplectic) Dylan comparisons are expected, not necessarily helpful. Forbret came to NYC from Minnesota and created this one of the few folk/rock artists to appear among New Wave bands booked at CBGB's. Forbret is a knock out on the guitar. His craggy, breathy voice sketches out--very economically--the people and voices of his trip through the big city, and life since then. Doesn't sound like Dylan.

Ah, but listen to him. There is something compelling about his voice and the spare, aching, acoustic accompaniment. His version of ALIVE ON ARRIVAL, his debut album. He sings traditional folk songs, but they are faced with a pataful cynicism, of dreams gone sour. On "Going down to Laurel" he sings: "I'm glad to be so young/talking with my country/But Goddam just talking careless in my way...Best of luck and all/Try and have some fun/They tell me this great life can always..." Poor Falcon, his voice is really too young and too green to face with disappointment. Idealism goes sour on the most affecting cut on the album, "The record inside/Let's live/" (a powerful phrase which derives its charm from its simplicity):

You've travelled so far with the wind in your face
You're thinking you've found that one rock that will place
Where all of your dreams will walk out in line
And follow the course you've made in your mind
Hey, it isn't gonna be that way...
I came on and felt much like you I didn't want to lose what I had
But everything burned, and fell from my hand
I had to turn back, or build a new plan
Hey, it isn't gonna be that way...
If I were a God, I'd give you a clue
They would crack, and I would go through

---

And walk out in time where no one has been
I'd come back and tell what I've seen
But it isn't gonna be that way...
You'll just have to live and see what happens...
And take it from there and follow the signs
You think you can live and dream your own fate
You think you can live and walk through the fire
But it isn't gonna be that way...
The best the non-New Wave artist to date this year.

---

BILLY JOEL, 52nd STREET, (Columbia) Sure, there's a nice jazzy feel to some of his songs, but that don't help. His piano bar, cynicism has given way to Barry Manilow crooning and commercial success. Even away from his earlier albums like PIANO MAN and TURBULENTS. Haven't we heard the songs and themes on this album before, much better? Watered down versions of his earlier songs. A processed and formalized sound is what remains. Billy--listen to a song of yours called "The Entertainer".

---

JIM MORRISON, AN AMERICAN PRAYER, (Elektra) A dazzling nightmare trip into the mind of a major rock legend--his thoughts, as he reads his poetry to original music by The Doors, has depth and feeling. He's black, jagged, and fascinating. "Did you have a good world when you died/Enough to have a movie on?" Oh, yes.

---

JIM VAN MORRISON, WAVELENGTH, (Warner Bros.) This lacks the lyrical complexity and subtle saturation, the sweep of SHEETS, but Van's got his act together. The songs here work because the Man has a way of creating melodies and lines in his voice that reach you like a heartbeat. He says on "Santa Fe", "It's more than a song to sing." To quote his lyrics would make them look silly (Don delta dam don, etc.)--just let me say his voice holds something--pain, soul, passion, every line sounds like it really means something, and like he's ready to burst. If you've seen him in concert, you can feel it--ting, lumpy litte Van there shaking and jumping around like a tiny pressure cooker--settle into this album by all means. Prime cuts: "Natalia", "Venice USA", "Hungry For Your Love" and "Take You Where You Find it", (a curious song about America: "You will find a purpose to carry it on/Maybe when you find it, you'll realize that you can-social and artistic dreams and found dreams in America")

---

LINDA BONNAST, LIVING IN THE USA, (Elektra) "Nooo Baby, Baby. This album showcases Linda's talents as a vocalist, for sure, but as all her albums have been, it is almost completely in a conventionally coherent style as a song. Songs varying widely in style and persona--Is this a recital? An audio adventure to try to prove something? Is she trying to please everyone? All in all, it is so nice, you forget Elvis Costello wrote it. Of course, there is the obligatory Warren Zevon song, "The Good Life," (why doesn't she just re-record Warren Zevon's first album--she's almost there already). Linda sounds like a 19th Century lady who's going through the motions. She's got a voice which exudes professionalism, lacks heart.

---

CAT STEVENS, BACK TO EARTH, (A & M) Cat Stevens, the grand guru of every virginal, pixl college freshman girl who knows a few chords on the guitar (who says the songs while sitting in a bean bag chair, of course, and commenting how mellow it is)--offers the world his latest eclectic observations on love and society. Lost here is the innocence and evocative voice that made songs like "Wild World" and... (I do like Cat Stevens' early works), What is left is sheer drudgery. And drudgery always gets a... (1)
ARMED FORCES has great touches—little sound effects, overdubs, echoes, and transposition which make it a real pleasure to listen to again and again. And the intro's clever, too: They're laced with honest emotion and pain (especially on "Light Don't Shine") Of course, just recently, their label, in a surprise move, had told them to take a walk. Thank you, Epick. (9)

10CC, RICKY](TOURIST). (Polydor)
The songs on their album are just so quirky and funny and smart to the 10CC sound adds a nice touch ("Dreadlock Holiday" is great) but they are truly hamp- pers, that's too bad. Good songs, however, and funny sound effects and cute mixing cannot prevent the sappy love songs from being exposed for precisely what they are. (5)

PETER TOSH, RUSH DOCTOR. (Rolling Stone)
The integration of the more "American rock sound" and arrangements (i.e., production) by Mick Jagger & Keith Richards--Nick even John Tosh on "(You Gotta Walk and) Don't Look Back!" without destroying the reggae spirit that much. He does get silly on "Creation" and "Rush Doctor" (Day say it cures cancer) but he seems to have departed from the old sound of the previous albums. (4)

TOM WAITS, BLUE VALENTINE, (Elektra)
Phillip Marlowe meets Jack Kerouac and Jack Kerouac meets Jack Kerouac and... all get on a record. Waits, the person(as opposed to person) responsible for such gems of wisdom as "Reality is for people who can't take drugs" and "I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy" sketches portraits of the seamy, ugly, and down and out folks that populate the diners, bars, and graveyards in his mind. He layers image upon image and grows them out with his gravel voice. Beat Generation was great work, sometimes they don't. Here they don't click. Although his rendition of "Somewhere" from West Side Story is memorable. When he sings "Somewhere... there's a place for us" it conjures up some pretty nasty landscapes. Not one of his best, but he's improved on his previous half dozen efforts. (5)

NITIL YOUNG, COVERS A TIME. (Warner Bros.)
The long awaited album from the only living hippie/folksie still around, using acoustics and fiddles, no less. The songs here are quiet, amusing songs (suggestive more of MARV than ZUMA or ANYTHING STARS AT RACE RAKE), songs about love and nature, and the rhythms that run through both. The flow. Nothing is rushed, all is covered. After a few listenings, the songs begin to grow on you. Nicolette Larson's back up vocals here are impressive, esp. on "Motorcycle Man".

Wll will release a film soon called HUMAN HIGHWAY (From the cut here "I came down from the misty mountain/I got lost on the human highway...Take my head and change my mind/How could people get so unkinked") and it will feature a cameo by (can you believe it?) Your intrepid reporter. (8)

Elvis is Armed
ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS, ARMED FORCES. (Columbia, 1979).
(Excellent, If Not An EP "Live at Hollywood High" with side 1 -"Accidents Will Happen", "Mystery Side 1-"Watching the Detectives")
There are very few people who are talented enough to change their sound and their name with every album. It takes a talented producer and creative artist. Bruce Springsteen is one of them. And so is Elvis Costello. His first album, MY AIM IS TRUE, has a pub rock sound reminiscent of early Dylan. His second album, THIS YEAR'S MODEL, is a driving hard rock sound, relentless and angry. ARMED FORCES is totally different, a crisp sound (Nick Lowe is producer) which calls up ghosts of Lowe's work for Graham Parker.

"Accidents" happens in "Chemistry Class." Elvis has a unique way of dealing with rejection, for sure. "You got a chemistry class/I want a piece of your (You know what I was expecting) mind/You don't know what you just started/When you mixed it up with mine/are you ready for the final solution?" "Ready to experiment/Ready to be buried/If it wasn't for some accidents/Some would never even learn it." The love relationship is reduced to a political struggle in "Two Little Hitlers." "He wants to know the number of all those he has better than" and "Two little Hitlers will fight it out until one little Hitler does the other one's will." The most peculiar and most gratifying song on the album, because it is completely out of character for a New Wave artist to take this decade sixty's pose, in "What's So Funny About Peace, Love and Understanding?" The last song on the album, is this a portent of things to come? Could it be that the misologist, nihilist Costello is actually offering us hope? As the Phil Spector wall of sound churns up, Elvis sings these blantly Sixties lines anthem like conviction. It's convincing as he says:

As I walk through this wicked world Searching for light in the darkness of insanity I ask myself, 'Is all hope lost?' Is there only pain and hatred and misery? And each time I feel like this inside There's one thing I want to know: What's so funny about peace, love, and understanding?

As I walk through troubled times My spirit gets so down-hearted sometimes So where are the strong, where are the heroes?

And where is the harmony, sweet harmony Each time I feel it slipping away Just makes me wanna cry

That's so funny about peace, love, and understanding

--Bill Dale Masato
What's So Funny About COMEDY?

FUNDAMENTALS

FEELING

Laughter is a way of dealing with anxiety. When a situation is too threatening, absurd—and it violates the normal flow of action and our assumptions about reality, we laugh. Think of laughter as verbal tickling. When someone moves close to tickle you (and if you are ticklish), you laugh. How can you, what kind of friends do you have anyway! you become very frightened in expectation of what is to come. When that person finally connects, you let out bursts of uncontrollable laughter. But is it the physical touching that causes the laughter? No. For example, you can tickle yourself. Other people must be involved. Or if you are really cliquey, you feel very stable, adjusted, and optimistic towards the immediate future. (If the heads of state of our country and the police laugh and joke, perhaps we wouldn't be on the brink of a nuclear disaster, perhaps. Laughter is a pacifier.)

Sadly, as we get older, we also learn that we can use laughter to ridicule people. People tend to laugh at themselves and others, for the most part (assuming people are generally stable and together—an assumption which is becoming increasingly difficult to make) and this is good. But some people (insecure themselves) laughter becomes a tool to abuse people. A high school boy who decides to laugh at the less athletic, clumsy, skinny, "nerdy" kid in the class—their repeated use of the word—just to see the kid become more of an outcast. It is interesting that laughter can be used both as an expression and also as a tool to alienate and segregate them. Comedy is really very positive and a health expression. Black humor tends to have other aims than just to make people laugh, comedy in its pure form (farce, nonsense, absurd humor) can make us sane.

Comedy, you see, allows you to deal with feelings of violence (sex, death, and prejudice) normally very serious topics would be handled direct and solemnly without fun. We are joking and fooling around. Comedy can serve to reduce the real horror and shock of what has happened. You are dealing with the situation, but you are doing it in a safe way. Right after the first scene of Guyana settled down at Ragnar, I can remember many of my friends (who are loving, caring people, not cruel cynics) joking about Guyana. Before the shock of what happened sank in, and we were able to express our feelings neither honestly and directly. Comedy is therapeutic.

However, dealing with topics which we would not want to deal with, comedy can become a crutch, a bad habit, which PREVENTS us from feeling, from ever dealing with it. Joking around is fine, but you can't stay on that level forever. Horace Walpole said "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." This is true to a certain degree. For those who feel, Comedy is abstract, imaginative, intellecukt. War to you react to a situation emotionally in a more direct way, you just laugh! Another way of putting it—a man steps on a banana peel, he slips and falls. You laugh. Then you find out he’s a poor man, he doesn’t have a lot of money, and he suffers a concussion. It is no longer funny. You feel guilty.

Comedy deals with sex for alpstick, the LOUIE STOOGES, LAURIE Hurd type of physical comedy, the presentation is in such a context that you temporarily exapended your belief that falling down or getting poked in the eye hurts, and stop feeling for those poor people. In the world of comedy, falling down doesn’t hurt. The coyote gets blown up hundreds of times in THE ROAD RUNNER cartoons, but is he ever splattered across the screen? Not a little spotting around the edges. In comedy, a character just wipes himself off and begins again (Black comedy on the other hand, is the opposite—people die and stay dead.)

Comedy gives you a feeling of power over the situation. You feel that you are able to laugh at an event, you are able to remove it from the worry, pain, and grief which surrounds it. In this sense, I suspect that we will worry about death for another million years, lacking understanding, but still, the reality will not and must not smut. But sometimes joking about it makes it less frightening. The ability to remove yourself from the chaos, CHAOS and BOND and looking at something "super-objecrive" is what comedy is all about. This too, is good, provided it is not taken too far.

Someone who always laughs and someone who never laughs have different values. In comedy, we laugh about reality and maladjusted. I am not suggesting that we all be FEELING people, and never laugh at anything, because the reduction of feelings is nasty. Neither am I suggesting that we constantly laugh at something because that is the best way of dealing with it. A balance, after examining calmly the situations and people involved, is the key.

COMIC HEROES

The central character or character arc in comedy is in comedy often have a similar set of drives, so that we can sketch out a basic mold for something called a comic hero. In what we call comedy (in whatever medium—film, tv, book, play, it matters not) we make a number of assumptions about reality and the way things will go in a comedy.

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO REMEMBER is Comedy celebrates the life force. It celeb rates success, love, sex, energy, wit, and a coming together and continuing on of positive value experiences. Many comedies, therefore, have the hero falling in love or at least, chasing after someone with sex on his mind, and comedies, too, in a feast or social orgy of some sort (party, marriage, etc.) look at the climax of ANIMAL HOUSE.

In Woody Allen, in his films, chase after a girl (Louise Lasser, Diane Keaton, etc.) who he tries (in a number of ways) to win. Woody is always concerned about sex, and his sexual performance (notice all the mock bragging during sex) is the best example of our present-day comic hero.

In the Marx Brothers movies, Groucho is always after a woman, usually the leading lady (Longbottom) specifically for her money. Acquiring money, becoming successful is important in a comic hero. Comic heroes are very poor, and try, during the course of the play, to achieve some kind of success, power, or wealth (A good example of that is W.C. Fields).

In a "romantic comedy" the main concern is a couple falling in love. The end result is marriage or some kind of union (recent examples being THE BIRD (HOUSE OF STRANGERS) THE MARRY MAIT). In some ways, ANNIE HALL was a romantic comedy—but it became much more than that, working on many other levels.

A comic hero is resilient. He is invulnerable in some ways against pain, disaster, and failure. Woody Allen always manages to think this time it will work, and hit the people who dominate and humiliate him. He doesn't give up. People in comedies do not give up, they keep on giving it all they've got.
more comedy

SATIRE

Black humor takes material that is usually suited for tragedy (death, sexual perversion, insanity, disembowelment, deformities, etc.) and treats it in a comic way. There is always a nasty side effect to black humor: you realize the laugh is hollow. Black humor is good because it gives you an insight into the nature of the hollow, the joke ultimately depresses you. The hand- capped clowns, the cripples, the little people are black humor. Black humor assumes that all the normal values and beliefs present in regular (white) humanity—blandness, sanitation, love, laughter, etc.—must be undercut, because they are no longer valuable. Black humor asserts that our values are not God, our ruling moral or ethical structure, no moral goodness, nothing to strive for. Terry Gilliam (the co-director of Monty Python) and author Joseph Heller are black humorists.

SARCASM

Related to black comedy is sarcasm. Sarcasm is the art of insulting usually levelled at people. They are delivered in a dry monotone. It is subtler than an insult. And more effective, if like cruelty, it touches your kind of game, hey. Barth Glibble (Martin Mull) is the best example of that. Sarcasm is in crudity—it seeks to make the object of the sarcastic comment look stupid (the implication is that the person who makes the comment is obviously smarter). It is saying something obvious in a matter-of-fact way. The tone, flat and serious, covers up the underlying anger and ridicule.

IRONY

Irony is concerned with the incongruity of events. Irony results from the particular combination of events, or words. Another meaning of irony is the ironic statement—often irony has a clever use of the language. You can’t trust an ironic person, because you never know what to believe. If a meter reader for the gas company died of asphyxiation in his garage, that could be said to be ironic.

CYNICISM

Cynics believe that people are basically selfish and incapable of altruistic behavior and ideals. Cynicism is the condition of no-ori- orality is anything. Cynics prepare themselves for the worst, but they are not pessimists (pessimists believe everything will go badly). Cynics have a valid point and enough faith to realize this. Cynicism is a technique like sarcasm, which reduces the serious dreams and aspirations of people. It reduces the fiction forces concern (love, marriage, success) by not putting any faith in the validity of things. Cynicism is a kind of defense against what provokes experience. Cynics tend to deal with that nervousness in a number of ways, either expressing their anger in mock hostility or trying to win the confidence of their friends with the audience. Don Rickles and Martin Mull for instance, are a kind of mock-hostile to their audiences. Hannibal Booth has tried to win your confidence by depreciating himself and their looks, talents, etc. Sharing their pain, asking you to identify with their sorry state. George Carlin and Benny Bruce invite everyone to the "top of the heap." They are more or less the old school days and 50's on tv and movies.

PARODY

Since comedy naturally deals with the surface aspects of a person, it can be expected that satire and parody would be the major devices of a comedian. Parody is probably a simpler form of something or something by imitating it, but in the process, changing a few details, so it resembles, but does not quite remind you what it is parodying. Parody is not generally cruel. It doesn't have any other purpose than to present the parodied object—somewhere in the course of it, have the audience recognize the object of the parody. MAD magazine is the prime example of 's SATIRE, on the other hand, although it is like parody in that it too makes fun of something, it isolates the audience, does it for a clear reason. In parody, the act of parody is justification enough. Satire wants to make people laugh, but it also tries to condemn those who are evil, foolish, pretentious and stupid and get some kind of message across. In satire, there is always some kind of moral or ethical lesson to be learned from it. Satire seeks to replace the existing values with new, improved values. Good satirists are very clever, clever in their work—they want to do more than have fun. They want to create a device of comedy to reach people and make them think. To challenge their beliefs. MAD doing a take-off on Napoleon comes to mind. In parody, no one is fooled. Bryant and Born-again Christians, this would probably be satire, because the implication is that behind the joke there it be acceptable "He's careful of people like that, and accept the attitude about it" Parody rarely causes controversy and tempers to flare. Satire inevitably does.

PRACTICE

The effect of comedy results from a cumulative series of surprises. Each time you laugh, you are likely to (call it) the comedy "springs." Jokes are the most simple examples of it. A joke is built up through repetition and delineation of a certain story. Creates a certain expectation of events. Then the punchline hits you. If it is a good joke, the punchline will be unexpected (but not so unexpected that it doesn't make any sense) and "spring" the estab Dish. Comedy is funny because it frustrates your expectations. The funny line in a joke is one which is an exercise in imaginative response, not an expected one. In a larger sense, good comedy writers (like Woody Allen, for instance) understand the repetition and pattern of "springs" and also manage to fit them all together in a storyline in a very cohesive way. Story of the way a story can be told by itself. So do the jokes. ANNIE HALL is more than a series of one-liners. Often an unfunny line or event can be made funny by repetition. The predictability of certain characters to behave in a way is funny (this reduction of motivation, this theory of comedy is all about). Freud's theory of comedy is the reverse—he believes comedy relieves sexual repressions). A good example is a joke, which is generally used to tell in his nightclub act. Each line ended with "...and Gertrude Stein punched me in the nose, so I came out with a line with each repetition. The Mary Tyler Moore School of Situational Comedy Writing only presents a running gag (example: a machine that breaks down) at the beginning of the show, which repeated again throughout the show, becomes funny. This is especially true with the "Dona" Show.

Comedy must be carefully planned so it has the desired effect you want. There is no such thing as a perfect joke. The only way of knowing if what it is, is in the mind of the audience. Comedy should be written with information about the audience, subtleties in your own voice, and a sense of timing become important tools. The comedian's attitude toward the audience is important (especially with the live stage comedian). Going up on a stage and making people laugh is a tremendously fear

JOACHIM STEINBAU SCHUMM: COMEDY AND ITS ROLE IN THE HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT

JOACHIM SCHUMM was a late 19th-century Austrian psychologist who no one paid much attention to until his popularity he did have. He was, from the fact that he wrote in very laconic, large print, special edition, or something. Krass, who wrote backwords, all had unreadable handwriting, making them unfavorable with his critics. We often ask ourselves, "What is funny?" If we get a reply, we are then carrying on a conversation. At least a sign of a dual personality, schizophrenia, or the "un-needed" syndrome; immediate analysis is preferred.

When I am at a party and I place a lampshade on my head, do the other guests laugh because a man imitating clown is funny, or because the hat is going to make me pay the light bill? Let us take the example of a man who is the clown. Why did the chicken cross the road? What is the postscript? Is it all? Or just a simple question of ethics? Do we think of how we do the dishes instead? If we do laugh, why? What is laughter? Or can I do it accidentally? If one is mute, does he laugh without making a sound? Or does he just not bother to develop a sense of humor? I am reminded of the story about the sailor, but choose not to relate it because it is not a subject that certain topics are always sure to bring forth laughter, but why? Perhaps it is the lure of the chase, the primal instinct in us all. But it can also be the case of the javelin weath. How was the joke? Slipping on a banana peel is the stunt recognized throughout the world as the epitome of the light gag—but why not the orange peel? Or the avocado for that matter? Why not? (Aside from the fact that they are not particularly advisable, as the other relates, "the banana is phallic and the peel suggests circumcision.

There is a series of very funny jokes in plain clothes; would I get the same reaction I would if I were to dress up in a clown costume? It has been said that "a country of all and maybe. Indecision is a sign of a weak mind-instantaneous recommendation is recommended..." How if I woke up to find that I had worn the same thing on my body with a hot fire-poker, are they going to be more warmly received? (This last question has a "no" as answer, at least a member of the comedy population) But of course imitating jokes on one's body with a fire-poker—no! This is a sign of a definite character flaw recommend immediate analysis.

HOW MANY TIMES does it take to screw in a light bulb?—One.

These are two WAP's standing on the Brooklyn bridge. The first one jumps into the water. What does the second say?

"Catches the police to save him."

How can you find the bride at a WAP wedding?—She's wearing a beautiful white gown.

How did the WAP break his leg?

"Standing when at the neighborhood tavern, what does a WAP do?"

"The usual."

"How do you kill a WAP?"

"How do you drive a WAP crazy?"

"Stash the tires on his golf cart."

SARDONICISM

To be sardonic is to be suspicious or skeptical about something. Basically a synonym for cynicism, but this is much lighter, more diluted form.
The Gospel Of The Making Of MONKEY PYTHON'S LIFE OF BRIAN

It was one of those opportunities that only come once a year.

"How would you like to go to Tunisia with Monty Python for the shooting of their new film?"

Managing an immediate "Yes!" even before the question had ended, I immediately packed my bags, arranged a flight and would up last minute details before leaving O'Hare within the week.

I see a bit of explanation might be in order here for the reader assume this is a part of everyday existence for nearly everyone. It's a bit more complicated.

The trip to Tunisia began in 1975, not long after the show premiered, Monty Python and the Holy Grail opened in Chicago, then Los Angeles and finally opened in New York. I was in touch, corresponding with Terry, and the next year I journeyed to New York, where approximately six to seven days later I was invited to the rest of the group, and again I stayed in touch.

Fall 1977. It hit me. Why not a Python fan? Let there be The Complete Monty Python, and in April 1978, there was, almost exactly the same format -- a paperback, available August 1978. Howard visits London and Wales to gather material for Volume Two. Has fantastic, and occasionally hilarious, the appeal to any seafarer of the wilder underside of the Moorish field of the Middle East, more good news. An invitation to come to Tunisia with the group before the filming of the book of the movie. Howard accepts. Immediately. Bringing us up to date.

The country of Tunisia is a cross between a typical North African community very similar to those pictured in travel folders, complete with sand, camels, and Arabs, and the natural habitat of the hippy. The conditions against "If you really want to see the country." The area is fast becoming Westernized, but the overall infrastructure still retains its traditional form. Tunisia is trying to attract film companies to the country, certainly part of the reason why the film is there. Parts of Star Wars were filmed in the southern desert of the country, and Franco Zeffirelli filmed most of his scenes of Noah's Ark on the same site that Python has chosen to film.

The majority of the film was shot at or near a single location, a centuries-old castle in Manastir called The Ribat (Arabic for castle, what else, castle). The Ribat is one of the nation's most important cultural and historical sites. The conditions were excellent, but the government allowed us to close it down for four to six months to film there, and this was crucially important to the success of the film. The atmosphere was very special, and it was a great place to work.

During the stay in Manastir, several days were spent in the city of Tunis, and some corridors and Piatte's wife's bedroom were located in a smaller castle in downtown Sousse.

After the first five weeks in Manastir ended with a two-week visit to the desert of Gobes, for filming out in the desert at Matmata for the desert scenes. After just under nine months of filming, it was cut off to Carthage for some brief shooting for the coliseum scene, and the unit wrapped up all filming and headed back to London.

It is going to be difficult to describe the making of the film at this time for several reasons. First of all, it is the fact that Python could not publicly release the name of the film, due to the potential controversy which may follow. In short, the project was not an attack on Christ, some small-minded ignorant people may organize an attack on it because they are afraid of change to themselves, especially considering the way some of these small-minded, ignorant people have elevated themselves to some influential positions. Therefore, I don't think I had better release much information on the film itself at this time, concentrating instead on the background.

Another reason it is difficult to discuss the film is the length and content of the film itself. The scenes number about two hours and fifteen minutes, but most distributors don't want to handle a comedy film that runs much more than one hour and twenty minutes unless they are sure that other than other alternatives are being explored, it seems pretty likely that at least some editing will be done. Hence, the scenes that I have seen or been shown would not be enough information for fear of confusion should they be cut from the final print.

The editing will be a tricky job, much more so than Monty Python and the Holy Grail, because Brian is a much more unified film. The jokes are often tight, very funny, and very, very good. Simply said, the script concerns a young man living in Judea in 33 A.D. In order to impress a girl, he joins a revolutionary movement to throw the Romans out of the country and becomes involved in an incredible series of adventures that would have seemed quite boring and would have confused some of the film. It will be tentatively opening in the States in late autumn or early winter.' Terry Jones who was writing the book. Terry will be publishing a book covering the opening of Brian in various big cities across the country, watch for an announcement in your area.


Terry Jones is serving as the director of the film, and is also playing Brian's mother. He has been described as "the largest person of the highest magnitude." Naturally, all six Pythons play a variety of roles. Terry Gilliam does quite a bit more acting than he usually does, appearing as a jester, a prophet--if you can't recognize a character because he's so fat and disgusting, it's probably Terry G. Graham Chapman plays Brian, a role which kept him busy throughout the filming in addition to his directing duties. Graham Chapman is a qualified medical doctor, and he was called upon to serve in our capacity quite regular, as was Richard Herring (stomach upssets and drinking the native water) Michael Palin noted that Graham had a practice giving medical degrees in London would give his right arm for.

Michael J. Cleese and Eric Idle probably had the greatest variety of roles, such as revolutionaries, various un-named persons in crowds, Roman Centurions (John), militant Jew King Otto (Eric), and Pontius Pilate (Michael). The last quarter of the film was shot out of Dubai, and the entire unit was on location. They were all top-notch as well, and all enjoyed playing a variety of roles. The female lead, Judi Dench, was new to the Python fold, and it was the first time she had filmed in a film. She recently appeared in various theatre and television in Britain, and is a regular player in a rock band. She has been seen in America on PBS and in The Poppy People, and in the second episode, she plays the nurse to one of the chief lead girls in a nightclub. She is married to Chris Langham (who was recruited to some acting in the film), who writes for The Poppy People.

Graham's writing partner Bernard McKenna (who wrote The Odd Job) shaved his beard and was cast as the hairdresser, and did newcomer Andrew MacLachlan. Comprising the rest of the repertory players are Charles Chisnall, Peter Bayliss (Ripping Yarn), Terrence Bayliss, who played Rules' manager Leggy Mouton in All You Need is Cash, Owen Taylor, who played Leggy's mother and Chasity in the same show, and John Young, who played in Opat. Python newcomer John Case plays Piatte's wife in a scene that has to be seen to be believed. The film, which was shot in the Palestinian desert, has been completed. Carol came down for a week in Manastir and a week in Ganges, and her husband, Peter Brett, who is involved in the film. Carol was dragged in and given a line before we wrapped. (Harrison, by the way, is one of the few cast members who never came to Tunisia.)

There is one and note, Keith Moon was supposed to do some acting with the unit. Keith passed away about a week before we was scheduled to leave.

The sets and the scenery for the film are terrific. All the costumes and make-up are perfect down to the last detail, and everything is as authentic as possible (including the weather which was hot for some time during the hot Tunisian afternoon). Terry Gilliam is also serving as the art director of the film, seeing that every set looks perfect. Terry says the film is taking on the feel of an opera on a scope. Cagilc B. DeMille might have been proud of: "in fact, considering the locations, the sets and the atmosphere of the picture in general, Brian may become the first cloner epic.

Filming is generally never as glamorous or exciting as it looks on film. I think we were as good as the case with Brian. On the average, we worked five and six days, with an average of twelve hours a day. There are plenty of long-lore, and some shorter, but even so there was usually some preparation needed at night for the next day.

Tunisia is in the middle of a heat wave throughout. We managed to stay on schedule for the most part (something that seldom happens in the case and now all were enthusiastic. Nearly everyone was there because they wanted to work with Python —several of the new members told me they were only in it, better paying jobs because they liked working with the group so much. In addition, the night at night generally had a high, due to the quality of the footage— they looked good, and everyone could tell.

Tunisia is as far as getting used to the leisurely pace of life, as most of the natives displayed a reluctance to hurry about anything, with the exception of driving cars (although taxi drivers, naturally, take as much time as possible and the longest route possible when their meter is running). It did take a bit of time to get used to the writers, though. The night at night generally had a half of us had decided to dine in the hotel restaurant, and had still not gotten our food at all, half an hour and a half. Idle drafted an award on a napkin for 'The Worst Service Ever In A Restaurant, Anywhere' and passed it around to all the crew, and then to the studio, and the crew, and then to producer John Goldstone the most adequate against. Obviously, Eric forged John's name and signature had to admit looking very authentic.

Language was not a great problem, even though most of the natives only speak Arabic and French. Enough of the unit spoken through English for us to get along fairly well. John Cleese observed that his major problems were with his drivers. He said he is at the point of putting them on a word list of phrases. When he uses them though, his drivers automatically think he speaks fluent French, and because they are so used to hearing him about how glad they are to find somebody they could talk with. John then has to interrupt them and go get a real French person.

The future of Monty Python, post-Brian? Well, the general attitude seems to be that after the film is screened at the American Film Tour in early summer 1979, Monty Python will collectively sit back for three years or so before anything major. They will be doing quite a bit individually, though. While Monty Python will stay together as a group, it will be a different feeling, and while there will be another television series, there will be more films.
Radio

The National Lampoon Radio Hour was produced by the master of Nut Lamp from sometime in 1973 to December 1974. The show lasted a half hour, was syndicated, broadcast nationally. It cut from bit to bit, ala Monty Python, although certain shows had a unifying theme such as "The Minnesota Canada Show" or "The Welcome Back the Death Penalty Show" Nothing was spared, parody included everything from Cat Stevens to The Who, public service messages, commercials. Most of the shows contained "I Hugh Prather" who played an old Spike Jones classic like "Cocktails for Two" or did their own version of it.

GOLD TURKEY contains a best of the radio hour collection, including the Great Flash Dance Episode and "The Wall" studio hour, with his sidekick, Dr. Norris; the Intelligent Thrombosis; the immigrants, a great parody of ethnic origins documents; a Public Discourse Message and much more. GOODBYE POP is a collection of songs and songs related material from the hour. THE MINNEAPOLIS WHITE HOUSE TAPES is the radio hour treatment of Watergate, and there are two other albums, LEMMINGS, a radio adaptation of a televised stage show, and RADIO DINNER, which also included sketches from the radio show, and is by far, the best of the Lampoon shows.

(A note. Lampoon has just released NATIONAL LAMPON'S GREATEST Hits, which is a collection of excerpts from the hour in book form, and the latest, THAT'S NOT FUNNY, THAT'S SICK, which is from the latest Lampoon stage show.)

The cast and crew of the National Lampoon Radio Hour included Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner, Bill Murray, John Belushi, Christopher Guest, Brian Doyle-Murray, Susan Kelly, Brian McEnroe, Sam Piven, John Wynn, Jan Hooks, Nancy Craig, Doug Kenney, Ed Subiskis, Polly Bieri.

The radio show has also been the source of some of the material for Saturday Night Live. The show was sometimes described as reenacting the story of John Lennon and Yoko Ono falling back into a snow bank and dying in his underwear, instead of being a priest at one of the Vatican's C's secret lairs. If anyone has any further information or tapes of the original shows (especially the earlier ones), please contact Chris Sargent, 13 Kensington Drive, Chelmsford, MA 01824, or Bill-Dale Markene.

Sing Song creator Chris Beaud was in production on the show, so he was given a notice to clear his name. This was good news, since the studio hour was based on a standard radio format, disc jockey (Don Steele), etc. It was a syndicated special.

JANUARY 16, 1979, ENTRY 5

I saw my first LSD question.

I knew Eric Sanderson in high school. I sat across from him in English. He would always doodle (draw) in his notebook, not on the covers, but on the inside. When the teacher or a student would pass by, he would cover up what he had done, as if it was somehow secret and private and for his enjoyment alone. We would talk in fragmentary speech; Eric would always lean back and "Yeesh" in a deep, vibrating way, and when he smiled his face would crumble, revealing scores of meanings in lines of light, Sun skin.

We hadn't kept in touch much since. For some reason (I think it had to do with the doodling), he invited me over to his apartment.

I took LSD.

Eating grassy have said about drugs was wrong. It is easy to change the nature of your reality if this one does not suffice. And I found that I could not make the outside a paradise, the least you can do, is make your inside a paradise. I found that I could create a world of my own. And I, I talk about change, I was so stuck in old thoughts, old concepts.

I loved alike, I loved space. I loved loved used space. I loved loved space. I loved used space. I loved loved space. I loved loved space. I loved loved space. I loved used space.

Terry Gilliam On Comics

Terry Gilliam is certainly the Python

with the closest links to the comic book/fantasy scene today, having been raised in the US and, in addition to being a top-rank

cartoonist and animator, worked on the late

lamented Help! magazine with Harvey Kurtzman.


While interviewing him for the second volume of The Complete Monty Python, talk turned to comics.

Are you able to keep up with the comic

book and fantasy things coming out now? What do you think of the things coming out today?

Terry: The stuff that I really get

most excited about is Metal Hurlant, the French one. The American one is Heavy Metal, but they show a lot of the stuff in Metal Hurlant and reprint it and translate it. They don't always use the best of it, but it's a good way for people to go to and see that stuff, and I think that's about the best stuff going anywhere. I think the American one is better and I think that there's just about the best stuff going anywhere because there's a whole other country's ideas. And I think that some of the stuff I think is the better's there's a guy named Narcissus who's in Metal Hurlant right now who's extremely good. He's a heavy metal...and Rubiales...he's wonderful. I mean, those are a bit mind-blowing. I think they're incredible. The sort of worlds they're drawing are better than anything I've seen anywhere else, they seem to be so far ahead of--well, nobody in the States is really drawing anything like that, are they? At least, I haven't seen it. They are really intelligent. They're really very good. The stuff from the States seems to be a lot more Bash! Pow! Crash!, which to me, doesn't have an intelligence, I think. And they're really great draftsmen, great artists.

If you're going to use Heavy Metal now, because invariably I get the French ones before I get the American one, because I'm often French very well. It's a bit more exotic than reading it in English, where you get a translation that's not as good as the standard comic book Jaberwocky. Reading the French is more fun."

in Heavy Metal...and Rubiales...he's wonderful. I mean, those are a bit mind-blowing. I think they're incredible. The sort of worlds they're drawing are better than anything I've seen anywhere else, they seem to be so far ahead of--well, nobody in the States is really drawing anything like that, are they? At least, I haven't seen it. They are really intelligent. They're really very good. The stuff from the States seems to be a lot more Bash! Pow! Crash!, which to me, doesn't have an intelligence, I think. And they're really great draftsmen, great artists.

If you're going to use Heavy Metal now, because invariably I get the French ones before I get the American one, because I'm often French very well. It's a bit more exotic than reading it in English, where you get a translation that's not as good as the standard comic book Jaberwocky. Reading the French is more fun."
Robi Williams

Robi Williams, flanked by the greatest assemblage of non-talent (Conrad Janis has to be one of the greatest non-actors of all time), has just returned from the West Coast to portray a character in a show with a tiresome premise (Shades of My Favorite Martian) and turned it into a dazzling success. "(The audience and MINNIE is the funniest new show of 1978, probably in many years, and Robi Williams must be reckoned with in the front rank of comedians.

What does Robi Williams do, exactly? Why should we care? He portrays a tuxedo, hip slogans, matches of tv commercials and bad tv shows, stupid puns and striking, performing a pathetically honest shtick that's at once so winning and so disturbing, that people are forced to admit he has a good point of view. He is a man who has a good knowledge of tv. His awareness of Everything's so important that he has come through the whole of his career as an evangelist, used car dealers, and litters his language with references to tv commercials ("What are you doing?" asks Minnie. "Taking the fear out of being close.").

Robi Williams, as Robi Williams, makes it his business to be ignored. He doesn't want to be long before Mark-a long-haired, hip-fouled, dirty Lenny Bruce on speed (with some of Lenny's mannerisms) goes to record a comedy album. And in the mouth of November 1978, Home Office tv featured him in an interview. Freed from Minnie he proved himself well. Creating a surreal display of characters, voices, and non sense grounded in the surreal culture and of evil, he was brilliant (he still does the best beeps, buzzes, and where I have heard, Robert Klein's swoon-swoon notwithstanding).

Right away he shattered his clean tv image by beginning his interview with that awful-language-that-you-aren't-allowed-to-say on tv. He stepped down into the crowd and says "You're all a bunch of no-good toasses of the left, look at me."

In the audience, he says "There are some people who are taking us for a ride."

Returning to the stage, he asks "Any Neil's angels here tonight? Those big leather dambucks?"

He doesn't really go off the point (along the line of his Jason Shiao for AMERICA 2-NIGHT) "Woke up the other day/yarn out of Perrier", parodies direct response from "Attack of the Knee-Benders"-effeminate George Jessel on

Mork & Mindy Index

Producers: Dale McRaven, Bruce Johnson
Executive Producers: Garry & Tony Marshall
Music by Penny Bicket & Ben Gonzanuco

North...

Robi Williams

Mindy

Mindy

Pam Bickell

Frederick McConnell

Conrad Janis

Cori Hudson, Mindy's grandmother, Fred's mother-in-law...

Elizabeth Katz

Jeffrey Jacques

The Voice of Onus...

Ralph James

Exits.

Robin Williams

(Tom CON) Can be heard on tv on two shows.

#1: "WORK AND MINDY HER SPECIAL" (9/14/78)

Dale McRaven; do Howard Storr.

Mork, an inhabitant of the planet Ork, arrives on earth to study human behavior. He is a new-age man, who takes his home with him. Mindy believes him when he says he is an ork, but no one else does, and he is tried for insanity. Psychiatrist; Dick Vanney, Judge: Michael Prince, Female: Henry Winkler, Laverne: Penny Marshall.

#2: "WORK AND MINDY HER-special" (9/21/78)

Wloyd Turner & Gordon Mitchell; do Howard Storr.

Old fashioned Fred doesn't want Mark and Mindy to live together.

#3: "MORK RUNS AWAY" (9/28/78)

April Kelly; do Joel Zwick.

Mork feels that he is in the way of Mindy's relationship. To join the "Friends of Venus" Extro: Robert Donner.

#4: "MORK IN LOVE" (10/5/78)

Wloyd Turner & Gordon Mitchell; do Harvey Medlinsky.

Mork finds true love—with a department store mannequin.

#5: "MORK'S SEDUCTION" (10/12/78)

Neil Loshay Mediak.

One of Mindy's old enemies opines to make her jealous by arranging a date with Mork. Susan: Morgan Fishbough; Customer: Bruce Fleet.

#6: "MORK GOES PUBLIC" (10/19/78)

David McRaven; do April Kelly; do Joel Zwick.

A report... offers Mork a great deal of money for a story about aliens. A deal. Jeff Altime.

#7: "TO TELL THE TRUTH" (11/27/78)

April Kelly do Joel Zwick.

Mork overbears people saying polite things about a mean landlord after his death, assuming a sincere, and finally a kindly, attitude to life. Wanker: Logan Ramsey; Mrs. Wanker: Fay Dewitt.

#8: "MORK THE GULLIBLE" (11/29/78)

Neil Loshay; do Howard Storr.

When a criminal is left with Mork for five minutes, Mork lets him go because he believes the man to be his sick mother. Dittman: Dan Barrow; Extor: Robert Donner, also: Ed Bernard, Dana Mill.

#9: "A MORRIS FOR MORKIE" (11/16/78)

Wloyd Turner; do Frank Enrich.

Mork uses his age-reducer on himself to demonstrate to Mindy what it would be like to be married and have kids. Danny Barry Day.

#10: "MORK'S GREATEST HIT" (11/23/78)

Mork is challenged to a fight by a bully. Before the match, he is having lunch. George: Brian James.

#11: "OLD FEAKS" (11/30/78)

April Kelly; do Howard Storr.

Mork masquerades as an old man to comfort a lonely Gora.

#12: "MORK'S FIRST CHRISTMAS" (12/7/78)

Dale Mcraven & Bruce Johnson; do Jeff Champion.

Mork goes Christmas shopping with Eugene, but finds out that he can't buy much for $2. He decides to make the money back on his insane. Tomato: John Schrieff; Salesman: Dave Ketchum.

(12/21/78)-Repeat of "Mork Runs Away" (3)
(12/28/78)-Repeat of "Mork's Seduction" (5)
(1/15/79)-Repeat of "Mork's GREATEST HIT" (10)

#13: "MORK AND THE IMMIGRANT" (1/11/79)

David McRaven & April Kelly; do Howard Storr.

Mork meets a newly arrived Russian immigrant who casually opines he is an alien, and Mork naturally thinks he is one of the outer space kind. Russian: Willard E. lambda; Immigration Bureau Agent: Ned Wertimer.

#14: "MORE THE TOLERANT" (1/18/79)

Mork teaches Mindy that kindness after she blows up at a noisy neighbor. Hickley: Tom Poston.
The STEVE MARTIN CONCORDANCE

Why is Steve Martin so popular? Probably more than any other comedian, the Steve Martin "look" and "sound" is integral to the comedy he tells. It is not his jokes which are funny, but his pose. In fact, if you look at the jokes he does, they are standard material for any comedian. It is his persona, and his persona alone—his voice, his way of standing, his way of moving, the color of his clothes, and his comedy star status—what makes him Steve Martin.

Some observations: Steve Martin always plays every drunk partygoer who puts a lampshade on his head or tries to sing or tell jokes, but everyone seems to laugh at it. In his own way, he is an expert of himself. Steve Martin is funny because he presents the cool, confident, completely in control Vegas showsman with the deep, announcer voice. But the slickness and smoothness of the professional entertainer is the butt of all his jokes. He makes mistakes, he stumbles into the microphone, he says peculiar things, the routine does not follow the logic of the artistry of the Vegas comedian. Steve is self-conscious of where he is, what he is doing—he is nervous, and he lets everyone know it. A curious bond with the audience. Before you know it, everyone is doing Steve Martin.

There are several Hollywood Steve Martins. Steve Martin since his early Tonight show and Merv Griffin days, I am getting really, hey, I’ll say, richtig, richtig. I like his comedy. He performs, he sings, he surprised me. He is good, he is subtle, he is humorous. He is also a very clever writer. He is really funny. I offer instead the near complete Steve Martin Concordance. A note: Since Steve rarely works the routines over within this time frame, I have taken the album versions to be the definitive vocabulary and syntax. In fact, those routines on card 7 and have marked accordingly. (1) means it’s from 1977’s LET’S GET SMALL. (2) means it’s from 1978’s WILD AND FREE.

This Concordance only covers the stand-up comedy Steve Martin does in concert. I did not include a transcript of his stand-up appearances, the script for the ABSENT MINDED WAITER, or his tv specials, although I read the first and handled the material for those. And always, I welcome your additions and corrections to this.

THE CLASSICS:

(1) "I’m just a wild and crazy guy." (2) "I’m a wild and crazy kind of guy." (Or "I’m a ramblin’ kind of guy.")
(Warning: I am very tired of these. You must not do them over and over if at let me in peace. If you do, I will do terrible things to you with a (gok)

PROPS & VISUALS:

Rabbit ears, nose glasses, the arrow through the head, and balloon animals (you make bizarre things yourself). Perform once, do it again.

(Taurus.) Okay, let’s see... I’m a Radnor... I’m taking from the desk the King of Hearts and replacing it backward just like this. (insert card backward) Now that just the tip is showing. When you feel like the King of Hearts is right, I want you to say out loud, ‘King of Hearts come down and dance.’ All right! Now, everybody try that. ‘King of Hearts, I wish you would all get into this, because this will be... oh... something to do. So you go down to see if you are as right, ‘King of Hearts come down and dance’, nice and loud so the King can hear you. (pluck the card from the dance and do a little dance with it on your arm and the microphone). Do so do, doo doo doo, doo doo doo, doo doo doo.

THE SHORTER STUFF:

Hey, let’s be somebody tonight, huh? You want something really weird? Let’s go murder someone!

Well, enough comedy jokes. Oh, have I ever done comic. I’m into the comedy thing.

Well, we’ve had a good time tonight, consider yourselves lucky. Hey, this guy is good. (1) To open the show I always like to do one thing got to happen once and now I’m going to go into this piano into my lungs. (2) We’re having some fun. (1) How good are you here tonight? (2) Sure I’m soused. (1) I’ve been delaying here a few minutes. I’m just trying to get that take effect, I’ll be out here in just a minute. (1) Is this on? Is this mine on? (Bang the Mike loudly) (2) Okay, let’s get moving now... We’re really moving now. (1) Solution to parking problem? That’s simple. Death penalty for parking violations. (1) This is me? (2) We’re gonna get to the meat of the act pretty soon. Just sort of coasting. (2) I’m a nut job. (2) More or less.

Excuse me, I just went to the Bahamas for a second/ I just lost my mind for a second. (in reply to a question or comment from the audience) Yeah, I remember when I had my first sexual experience.

I was thinking about that the other day while doing terrible things to my dog with a fork.

This is creativity in action. It can’t often you can pay $4.00 to see someone jack off like this. (2)

I think you should always take a girl out to dinner before you use and degrade them.

THE LONGER STUFF:

A lot of people think, hey, Steve, you’re a ramblin’ kind of guy; you must meet a lot of people who are the same.

And I’d like to dispel that rumor, it’s just a myth about entertainers, and it’s really kind of a loneliness that they have nights back at the old hotel and... well, after so many lonely nights, you develop some, pretty weird, uh, sexual outlets, I like to, uh... I like to, uh... I like to, uh... I like to wear men’s underwear! And you know, I’ll come in down town like this, and uh... I’ll resist for a couple of days... then I’ll start getting that, uh... feeling. I’ll go down and see, somethin’; I’ll wander in–first, I go over to the hotel department, How much is this? Is that a hotel? I go over to the up and down the department. I’ll go in, I’ll put it on, I’ll put it on.– Under my clothes. And I go out to a restaurant or some place–nobody knows I have it. I wear it right now! Now; just kidding!

Okay, you paid the money, you’re expectng something, oh no, let’s not worry any more time here, we get with Professional Show Business, let’s go, hey! I know it is going to get in here, and uh, I want you to feel like you’re getting your money’s worth, so... what I’m doing is... message every member of the audience.

If a person leaves to go to the bathroom Tell him, "Don’t do anything!" Tell him, "You can’t play a joke on him. I’ll go into this really dumb monologue, with no punchlines... and you laugh like you mean it. You think you have ever heard, he will think that he has heard. ‘Gee, must be good, I dunno.’ So when he comes back, you do something in his (secret wave of hand) Fake jokes: Wouldn’t it be funny if you went home to repair your TV, and there’s a person there, and he’s home, opens his refrigerator, and there’s a clown in his refrigerator. Well, he looked at the clown, the clown looked at him—the teller says, I don’t expect see you in there.

Still $4.00 to go in! That’s nothing in the age of inflation. Oh, I got four dollars, I think I’ll throw it out on the street. Oh, I can come in here for $4.00, what happens? That is not Las Vegas. It’s $15.00 to get in, but it’s worth it, because there’s a $15.00 to get in, because there’s a $15.00 to get in, because there’s a $15.00 to get in, because there’s a $15.00 to get in, because there’s a $15.00 to get in. You can’t understand a word they’re saying, but it doesn’t matter. You see, there, you see, there, you see, there, we’ll get there’s $75. cents. The opening act in Las Vegas is always a pop singer. (goes out of routine on stage) So, okay, I’d like to do a couple of gambling jokes... I gotta be me... Sam and Davis, Jr., a personal friend of mine. It’s impossible to put a piano in your nose, it’s just impossible... The hills are alive with the sound of music... We’re into the intellectual scene here. It’s an intellectual town. Things are always happening to me that are so above everyone else. I came back and asked me if I was ‘bi’. And, well, I studied a little Spanish in high school, but not Spanish, I’d say, yeah, I’m bi. And they said, we’d like you to come over after the show, because we’ve got some girls coming over. I said, oh, great. Spaniards and Mexicans. It would be great to go there after the show and speak a little Spanish and have the intellectual thing, which is what I’m into. (1)

You paid $4.50? It’s a good investment. Sometimes I come out of $5.00 show, or I do a $5.00 show. If you paid $4.50, I don’t do a $4.25 show, I keep going.

So you can make a little bread off this contract. (1)

I’m into bread. I love... money. I love everything about it. I love to eat it. They can’t eat it with you. I’m taking it with me. (1)

I bought some pretty good stuff. I got a $300 pair of socks. I got a fur hat, let’s see, electric dog polisher, gasoline powered turkenceaker. Of course I bought some dumb stuff for $200.

I’m on drugs, hey. I love... get small. It’s a wild, wild drug. Very dangerous for kids. Get really small. I know I should get small when I’m driving. I was driving around the other day, and a cop was in my way. I small?” I said, “No, I’m tall. I’m tall.” And he said, “I’m gonna have to measure you.” I get small and I zoomed away. I zoomed away in a balloon, and if you can get inside it, they know, you’re small. And they can’t put you in. You can zoom away in a balloon. One night I got really small and got inside a vacuum cleaner. And the drug wore off, I bopped the guy who ran the vacuum cleaner. And it took me two weeks. It was wild to... get small. (1)

You say to me, Steve, how did you get your start? Was it easy for you on the way up? Because I’ve heard you say that you were a poor black child. And all day long around the house I’d sing the blues. Then I heard my mother tell the Monkees, the Monkees said that was where it’s at for me, the kind of music I enjoy. These are my people... So I
I kind of miss her. Oh—she's not living anymore. You think that's funny? I guess I kind of blame myself for her death. We were at a party one night. We weren't getting along at all. She was being unreasonable, and she began to drink, and she ran out to the car, and I followed her out. And I guess I didn't realize how bad she was drinking, and she asked me to drive her home. And I refused. We argued a little bit further, and she asked me one more time, and I didn't want to, so I shot her... With a shotgun (sound of explosion), cut her right in half. Ha ha (laughing). I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to do it. I was 152 years old, she called me up the other day, she wanted to borrow $10.00 for some food. I said, hey, I'm broke too. So I lost her the money, I had one of my secretaries take it down. And yesterday she came up and asked me to do something for her. I think, what is this bullshit, right? So I worked it out, I'm her goon on her transmission. And if she can't fix it, I'm having her move my bulldozer up to - Eclipse. (attic)

Could I have a little mood lighting on this? I'm going to do something that's a little departure for me. A blue spot. Hello. Nobody back there. Just thought you'd network, so you'll figure, closing night, it doesn't make any fucking difference. I'm kind of pleased about this party, you know. It's going on all week. You see this club has been in the business about five or six years. It was the granddaddy of all the places in the world, the Boarding House. There's a lot of... hip-peas working here. I can understand the drug thing, you know. Some of the audience... are more important than the drugs. I'm just up here with this. It's just, you know, it's on. So, you know, I come in, and I come out, and I'm giving, and giving, and I'm giving, and I give some more, and I make a simple request or something, possibly have a blue spot? But I guess the lighting crew thinks they know a little more about show business than I do. Although I've been in the business about five or six years. I think I know what works best. I'm sorry, but I am angry. I come out here and I can't get any more money from the backstage crew. EX-CCC-ccc-MEEEEEEEEEEEEE! (From the second album and later concerts.) If you bought my album and you came down here expecting me to do a lot of routines from the record, there's a reason that I'm not. I'm somebody back here, I guess on. You can't do the same old material over and over and over. It's kind of cheap to the audience, the audience can't say, oh, I agree with me, well, EX-CCC-ccc-MEEEEEEEEEEEEE! I gave my cat a bath the other day. I always have it comb her hair and everything. She loves it. He came home and he was really dirty, so I decided to give him a bath. At first she was afraid of it, but she really didn't like it. I put a spot of pomade on her nose. And say, Steve, how can you be so fucking funny? There's a secret to it. No big deal. I'll be honest. Before I quit, I put a little spot of pomade on each one of her shoes. So when I'm on stage, I feel funny. People come and see me, they say, oh wells, you're comic. "Ah..." Gee, I was saying something, but I forgot what it was. And they always go, "Ah..." I mean, you're comic, or you wouldn't have forgotten it. Ah ha ha ha ha ha. (always say, "Oh, remember, I'm taking up smoking."

I'm taking up smoking. My doctor says I wasn't getting enough tar. The fun part of smoking is that I've never done it. I've had a Virginia Slims, that's a woman's cigarette. What do they have, little buns on them or something?"

I'm kind of thinking about my old girlfriend. We were together about 3 years. Sometimes when I get on stage I think about her. I wish I remembered saying, "I hear her laugh. Kinda meant something to me."

I'm not trying to be a big shot or anything like that. I'm just doing the same thing over and over and over... I think I'm going to do the same joke over and over and over... This will be a new thing. (2)

I'm not trying to be a big shot or anything like that. I'm just doing the same thing over and over and over... I think I'm going to do the same joke over and over and over... This will be a new thing. (2)

I'm not trying to be a big shot or anything like that. I'm just doing the same thing over and over and over... I think I'm going to do the same joke over and over and over... This will be a new thing. (2)
STEVE MARTIN
I have book coming out, I'm pretty proud of it. It's a real work for me. It's called HOW TO GET ALONG WITH EVERYONE. I didn't write it by myself, I wrote it with a group of people. I did, BAD BANANA ON BROADWAY. How many people read that? Just a few. CEREMONY FOR A FAT LIP. Oh, I was a girl named WHEELS, DIXIE ON FIRE, HOW TO MAKE THE WORLD WAKE UP, HOW I TURNED A MILLION IN REAL ESTATE TO $25 IN CASH. Oh, I wrote MIXED WEBS SALE! I'll do the same thing with the Dog's head. LAND, HOMEY DOODY—MAN OR MYTH, THE APPLE PIE HUNTERS. THE APPLE PIE HUNTERS was a significant event in my life. It was one of the first started using webs. The novels really brightened up after that. (2)

I was attracted to them. How old is he? Two. I have a joke for him. These two lesbians are walking down the street... I'm into language. Language is the most important... ah... I think you know what I'm trying to say. If you go to college, study the English Language. So few people can really speak... please. I think you know what I'm trying to say. We've got communication going here. We're into something. And this is not drug induced, this is real. I've never had this feeling before. If you don't have a command of the language, it's nothing to be embarrassed about. Let's talk to people. Because people have a way with words, other people. Oh, we have to explain the reasons. (2)

You have to have a command of the English language especially if you're not me. Let's say you go to college, and you're gonna go into business, a bank. You've got to give it the right name. Let's get to be something big and strong, like SECURITY FIRST TRUST AND FEDERAL RESERVE. And you have to name a bank that, 'cause I don't trust them. It's been money. FRED'S BANK. Hi, I'm Fred. I have a bank. You've got $1,000. I'll put it here, in my safe. And then I'll take it and put it in the vault. I got a great dirty trick you can play on a 3 year old kid. You see kids learn how to talk from their parents. Whenever you're around them, talk wrong. And now it's his first day in school, and he goes to lunch, "May I comb my dogface to the banana patch?" Give that kid a special test. (2)

I was in Paris about two months ago. Let me give you a warning if you're going over there. "Chapeau" means "hat." "Oeuf" means "egg." And then there's the word for your present word for everything. You never appreciate your language until you go to a foreign country that doesn't have the courtesy to print his language in English. English is a universal language. So I get off the plane and get into the taxi, and say to the driver, "I'd like to go to a hotel," please," and the driver says (French phrase—"I cannot transcribe French, I took Russian in high school because I thought the Communists would take over and I would have no one to talk to) What is that you're saying? Ha ha. The first thing you do, which is really dumb, is you adopt a French accent. I would like to go to re hotel. So I went out onto the balcony. The hotel was right next door. I stand there, hoping to memorize it, but French is not like Spanish, where you can sound it out. Can do that. I'll just have to get some practice. I'll just have to practice on my own, chapeau. Oh, du fromage. I'm practicing all the time. Omelet du fromage. I go into the restaurant and order the omelet du fromage. The waiter thinks you speak French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a Louisianian from the South on French, the waiter thinks you speak French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a soup from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a cheese from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He brings a smoke from the South on French, and (say French phrase). Yes. He bring...
STEVE MARTIN

Foggy Mountain...I don’t like to talk about Nixon, it’s so old. Kind of like making jokes. I feel sorry for him, I know I should forgive him. But let him walk along the beach in San Clemente, all on his own. If he didn’t get a job today? "No, (plays banjo), doesn’t matter though." Doesn’t it seem that Carter who has been here for years, yep, yep, yep" What do you think of unemployment? "Oh, yep, yep, yep, yep." (1)

When you’re with me, it’s like being at Shaky’s Pizza all the time. (1)

SONGS

(Ringsong) Okay, everybody. Now just the ladies. Now the men. Now this half of the room. Now this half. Now this 2/5. This 2/7. Now, in Chinese. (1)

We’re having some fun here at the (1)

...We’ve got music, we’ve got laughter, we’ve got wonderful times. It’s only 14.00, every five minutes...This is such a hard chord. Sure I could make the easy chord. To make the full chord you have to play part of it with your thumb. I’ve been looking at college for 14 years, studying to be doctors and lawyers, I see people getting up at 7:30 and going to work at the drug store to sell flair pens. But the most amazing thing to me, is I’ve got paid for doing that. (1)

INDIAN FOLK SONG: You probably heard I was into the comic thing. But I’m getting out of that. I’m getting into the folk songs of the American Indian. I’ve loved it up a little bit, given it that ‘pop’ feel. I’d like to do it for you now. This could be your introduction to this form of music I love so much: "Hiya, hiya, hiya, hah, wah, waw, hiya, hiya...little girl." (1)

"I’m in the mood for love" (while chocking "grandma bought a rubber..." (2)

(1) GRANDPARENTS SONG: You know, folks, when I was a kid I was very close to my grandmother. And she used to sing a song to me when I was so high, and it’s always meant something to me, it does have meaning in today’s world. All these years, even during the hip drug days, when everybody was supposed to be so cool, and double meanings, this simple little tune would keep coming back to me. It kind of guided me through those years. I’d like to do this song for you now, it might have a little meaning for you...

(Sing twice, the second time asking the audience to repeat the lines)

Be courteous, kind and forgiving
Be gentle and peaceful each day
Be warm and human and graceful
And have a good thing to say
Be thoughtful and trustful and childlike
Be witty and happy and wise
Be honest and love all your neighbors
Be obsequious, quaint and cloying
Be stupid, but catch us
Be dull and boring and omnipresent
Cure diseases you don’t know about
Be oblong and have your knees removed
Be a little bit offensive
Live in a swamp and be three-dimensional
Put a live chicken in your underwear
Go into a closet and suck eggs.

KING TUT (Parenthetic lyrics are sung by the pianist)

(King Tut, King Tut)
Now when he was a young man, he’d never thought he would be this far gone.
(King Tut)
People stand in line to see the boy king.
(King Tut)
How’s he doin’? What’s going on?
(King Tut)
Now if they’d line up just to see ‘em (King Tut)
I’d’ve wasted all my money and bought me a monkey (King Tut)
Buried with a donkey (Donkey Tut)

Proctor & Bergman were the mainstay of Fireign Theatre. Since PT has broken up and lost their contract with Columbia, Phil Proctor and Peter Bergman have toured, released an album on Mercury and are now working on a script for a film called AMERICANIA, which will star John Ritter and Harvey Korman. "We’ll be back!" Proctor ends his set.

It’s about a telethon by a future American president to raise enough money to prevent the US from being purchased by the united Arab/Hebrew Republic (the Arabs and Israelis)

GIVE US A BREAK (Mystery #30374, 1979) consists of a number of short cuts (unlike the thematic Fireign Theatre albums) just as funny as their Fireign work.

Imaginary names, bad puns, and a keen sense for the absurd. It’s all there.

The album is almost entirely relevant, at a time when non-topical absurdity of the Steve Martin variety is at an all-time low.

Cuts include "Hot Rock Radio" (All the hits, all the time, all the same. If the records weren’t free, we’d be real poor).

"Carumba" a car commercial (I love to drink in the lush, wine-filled interiors. I will be buried in this car). Then there’s Arnold Braudwurst, a memory guru who tells how to remember names (Dorothy Snowdon becomes Toto Sivashah, Peter Bergman becomes Belish Foot)

A commercial for "Whale Oil" (The offspring of the recent marriages of petroleum and nature (pop top fish, broken bottle fish travelling in protesting fish) with jiggled teeth that can "Schlech your foot off").

There’s the US Session from No News City, "Lemon Car", a reggaebeat car commercial for RastaFord Motors (If you want to get that old lemon car fixed in a strange land, We’ve got to fix it together/Clean up this water pipe/Everyone of us together), tv / movie parodies ("Boggers", if cute can kill, they will. You think you’re so safe, but they are playing everywhere in your neighborhood), "Snakes in the News" (Bed of General Scurry, there’s blood on your bad press and bad statistics has fueled the anti-nuclear protest ("I looked at the statistics the other day on nuclear power, and they are really bad"). The "Saturday Night Gun Mart", "Sneaker’s Chicken" and many other cuts round out the album. The boys are backed up the (gasp) Starland Vocal Band—many of the cuts have professionally produced tracks with music and everything.

It’s nice to have them back again.

-Bill-Bill Mennino
TV NEWS

Russell Myers' BROOKLYNITE is being developed for Filmmation for the 11:30 p.m. slot on independent stations. LIVE AT THE HOSPITAL STAY is an M&M-ATH type comedy now being developed. M&M also has THE LIVING ROOM, a long-running radio show (ala Lou Grant) starring Wayne Rogers. Writer: Don Brinkley. Producer: Frank Glickman. From M&M-ATH may undergo a name change to THE NEW ADVENTURES OF M&M-ATH if the syndic peace market have their way. M&M-ATH will be syndicated this fall with the title THE M&M-ATH, and they don't want any conflict. THREE'S COMPANY, MADHOUSE, and RHODA will also be available in syndication this fall. Now that Morris the Cat is dead, Sylvester (voice by Mel Blanc, match) will do the Nine Nine Cat show. MURPHY'S LAW will be an NBC special on March 30. Gilda Radner, Dan Ackroyd, Garrett Morris, Carrie Fisher, and Margot Kidder join him for his off-center world tour. NATIONAL ENQUIRER will air NATIONAL GRAFT-FIT series which will turn up late as a special on NBC. Produced by Danny Arnold ("Barney Miller"), and anchored by Steve Landesberg. THE LATE SHOW will have its Season 12 premiere on April 7. It stars Steln, a Tennessee mountain man who is nailing a feature film vehicle for Martin Mull and Fred Willard of BARNACLE BILL. "Barney" is a TV show, although work has not yet begun on them. Norman Lear and WCBS in Boston have aired a show called "The Pat Boone Show" on the syndicated series in which a cast of actors portray a problem in a typical American family, and then a group of actors talk about it. THE TV SHOW written by Harry Shaitor and Martin Mull will be an hour long TV special for ABC. Stars Bruce Forsyth, Billy Crystal, Bob Reiner, Mull, and Harry. If you can't guess it's a satire on TV programming. THE WEEKEND NIGHT is being developed as an NBC pilot.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL will take over for the show as of this fall.

FILM COMEDY

DANNY ROBINS and John Belushi have both signed a three-picture deal with Universal. The sgt. BILLY BILLIES film will be one of the projects. THE LONELY GYPSIE in LONDON will be directed by John Landis. Production begins in July.

BANANAS is the title of Joan Rivers' next show, and will be directed by Mel Brooks. NICE sits on the set of the new film, which will be based on her years as a stand-up comic (ehadnes of ANNIE HALL).

EAST OF EDEN, directed by Martin Ritt and Carl Reiner are working on script. Reiner will direct. Filming began in Feb. 1979. "FILL THE BILL" will be directed by Richard Pryor. THE FISH THAT SAVED PITTSGURGH is a basketball comedy with Jonathan Winters, Flip Wilson, and Richard Pryor. NOT STUFF has Don Knotts as director and star. THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES will star Peter Cook and Dudley Moore.

MADISON AND LIEUTENANT is a detective story set in Hollywood, featuring a young Richard Gordon. The show will be a pilot for a proposed series of events. Peter Stone scripts, Sidney Lumet directing.

THE IN-LAWS, directed by Arthur Hiller, and starring Alan Arkin and Peter Falk, will be released June 15, 1979. THE DILEMMA, a 30-episode series, will be distributed by ABC. The show will be called BULLS ELECTRA. He is doing THE MARTIN MILL STORY, PART I for Orion, and working on a new pilot film for Universal (probably the F2 vehicle as Earth) in GOD WE TRUST will be written and directed by Michael York; the JOY OF SEX has Dairy Moore as writer/director.

LEMMINGS will be the film of Nat Lamp's old stage show. Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra (who scripted the film) will do the screenplay. Following the success of ANIMAL HOUSE, Nat Lamp and Universal have optioned the property. LITTLE ANNE FANNY will be brought to the screen live action, courtesy Playboy Producrs.


JAMAATTAN is Woody Allen's next film. He directs it, he stars in it, he wrote the script. "THE MAN WHO LOST HIS TUESDAY" is a comedy thriller by Colin Higgins ("Pulp Fiction") will be directed by Burt Reynolds and Nurse Fomm on the set.

NO KIFE is a western comedy starring Gene Wilder and Harrison Ford. Will be released by MCA. THE PRIZE FIGHTER stars Don Knotts and Tim Conway.

THE PRISONER OF ZEVAH, written by Dick Clement & Ian La Frenais, stars Peter Sellers. A RICHARD Pryor concert will be distributed as a film, via Plait Theaters.

THE RETURN OF Hلاقة, a biographical of a major war hero, will be produced by Arne Seland in Sweden at a budget of $5 million. Written and directed by Alan LeMay. SAMANTHA FOX is a comedy starring Alan Arkin, and will be produced by Becky Moore. Half a dozen of the characters were created by Alan Arkin. Aภาว, a film of a French diplomat, will be produced by Arne Seland in Sweden at a budget of $5 million. Written and directed by Alan LeMay. THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN is a sequel to the John Landis film. The film will be directed by John Landis (ANIMAL HOUSE) from a Warner script, and starring cia...toms, after which the show will be scrapped. The show will be a success in its own right, but the network's desire to return to the days of the old days, innocent 50's (which can't be done in the 80's), is a consequence, why bother? Just go out and see it and have fun. Being a college student, I say a few things: No, it's not like that at college. But, yes, shades of the "art as a reflection of life" as a reflection of art" school, too. The show has sprung up like mad, and the ratings are elating Delta House to a t.

CALIFORNIA SUITE, directed by Mike Nichols. The film has three segments, unfolded simultaneously through the movie, a particularly conventional and funny screenplay by Bill Cosby and Richard Pryor. It will star this race equality 50 years, a bitter, cynical New York newspaperman, called a black man, and a woman of color. The film has been a great success. The show has been on the road for some time, and is being released by Warner Bros. It is a parody of the "art as a reflection of life" school, too, with a twist.

FOOL PAY, directed by Colin Higgins. A comedy about the idea of the show. The Chase vehicle also starring Goldie Hawn gets only qualified praise. Very funny in spots, but also very labored in others. A particular fine, like NEW YORK, is a trying a bit too hard to be funny. The film ends with a SILVER LIGHT (which was Higgins' responsibility, for) experience in a space disavow disaster movie (cars going through window).
COMEDY CONTINUED

UP IN SMOKE. Directed by Lou Adkin.
Cheech Marin and Tommy Chong, famous for their mildly ribald teen-age<br>nude record albums, are featured in a strange<br>movie. Someone cut out all the humor (as<br>in the script; I assume); I think. One<br>large marijuana joke, Cheech and Chong babble<br>through this totally worthless movie. Each<br>scene is longer than it should be because of a much<br>fatter run than it would have been handled (spic.<br>Stepedko's scenes could have been hilarious,<br>but such was not to be). Could this be a new<br> trend in movies? Anti-humor?

SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF. FANTASY AND SF IN FILM

Is 'Star Trek' Film Already Sold to ABC?

Hollywood, Jan. 31—Introduced as a television pro-<br>gram by Paramount Pictures last March, rolling in production since Aug. 11, 'Star Trek—The Motion Picture,' as it was learned last Friday (2) has been acquired for TV reruns by ABC TV.

But the network won't commit<br>any real news to the officially designated January 9<br>premiere date. As a pilot, the series will be unwatchable to<br>TV critics. But the show will be part of the<br>evening schedule on ABC.

Here's a picture, he points out.<br>“He hasn’t even been completed and it already has a<br>contract for TV.” That’s got to hurt the box-<br>office.

COMICS AND ANIMATION NEWS

Warner Bros. & the producers of BATTLESTAR<br>GALACTICA are doing a musical version of ARCHIE...DON'T LEAVE CHARLIE, the fourth feature for its film<br>road/showdirected by Bill Neder.<br>written by Schulz. In it, the gang travels to France; Snoopy stops along the way to<br>play Wimbledon...JACK RUSSELLS IN THE 1760s.<br>CENTURY is no longer an SMG to-movie; it’ll be released as a theatrical film in April, from<br>Universal. GILL GERARD plays Buck.<br>Henry Silva plays Killer Kane...OWN AIR, budgeted at $18 million, will be produced by<br>Dana's AYER (AGAIN) which<br>in the casting coming out of a<br>next season. To make a<br>premiere for release to theatres. A compilation<br>SPACE:1999 episodes will be sold to<br>foreign houses as a feature, DESTINATION:...<br>WONDERWORLD photomontage) which<br>should be an Idaho, Bill, Ronning stone soundtrack) will be released as WONDERMAKER, this time sporting a<br>

 Movie 20th Century Fox, 31

THE DRACULA FILMS

Five Dracula productions, seven vampire films planned or in production...Universal's DRACULA, produced by John Badham (the director of SUNDAY NIGHT OF THE FEWER who directed a few RIGHT GALLERY), will be released next summer by Roger Corman (the producer of many SNITCHERS). Stars Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, Donald Pleasance; Music by John Boal, "ROB TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE" will be directed by Ken Russel in assoc. with Leonard Wolf (THE ANNOTATED DRACULA, A DREAM LITTLE MAN) who will direct the next versions of DRACULA, in addition to releasing Val<br>Tevonno's THE CAT PEOPLE (Larry "It's Alive" Cohen will write the script)...Marvel comics writer Bob Hall (who also wrote the play) is adapting THE PASSION OF DRACULA...PRINCE OF PERSIA, starring a man named Nick Falco, filmed in Dallas...NOFESTIVAL will be remade by Werner Herzog and will star Isabelle Adjani...Distributed by Fox...LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT is a $2 million Mel Simon production...
LUCY LAKE has been released in France, directed by Morris & Goschmi (who did the comic strip). THE LONE RANDER begins filming Spring '79. THE LAST OF THE METAL MAN is being shot in Paris, directed by Boaz and Miro (who did the book). THE JAP COMIC STRIP THE ROSE OF VERSAILLES is being filmed in Japan. The story of a girl brought up as a man during the French revol-

THE NUPPET MOVIE will be released June 22, 1979. The film's SESAME STREET characters will appear, the most unusual Muppet gang. Budget: $8 million. Real people in the film: Hope, Richard Pryor, Oscar, Genie, Marilyn Monroe, Edgar Bergen (& Muriel McCarthy), Clark Lashman, and Tom Dreesen. The film's agent was Madeleine Kahn who makes a play for Kermit. HISTORIES OF THE APES is a jungle film. METEOR has been postponed. It will be released in six post-production. Directed by Roman Polanski, stars Jack Nicholson, Natalie Wood, Henry Fonda, Trevor Howard. THE MAGICIAN, based on Isaac Bashevis Singer's novel, will star Alan Arkin, Brenda Vaccaro, and Shelly Winters. NIGHTWING, about a plague of vampires is from Washington: Arthur Hiller, Henry Manzilli scores the music. Carlo Rambaldi has created mechanical bats which can talk. Their director is their owner; Rambaldi created the alien at the end of CREED. THE NINTH CONFIDENCE will be written and directed by William Peter Blatty, from his latest novel.

DEVIL'S DUE will be filmed by producer Gary Young. DOMINO is a psychological thriller directed by Neil Jordan, produced by Billy Subotsky, and stars Cliff Robertson. Milt's SWORD AND SORCERY film will also feature a sword and sorcery plot. THE DARK is directed by John Cardos, stars William Devane, Cathy Lee Crosby, Richard Jaeckel and Pat Barron. Frank Herbert's DUNE will be filmed by Dino De Laurentiis. Herbert is writing the screenplay, which begins in June, after FLASH GORDON is completed.

DEVILISH FISH is being written and directed by Bert I. Gordon, the genius responsible for such classics as THE CONQUEROR and PRINCE OF THE ANTS. Budget: $5 million, it features complicated underwater photography and natter. "It's the biggest, baddest, meanest fish ever, absolutely the biggest," Gordon said.

WALTERS OF THE DEAD will be written and directed by Louis de Coster, from his novel of the same name.

THE ENTITY, Frank (AUDREY ROSE) deFe-

lita's nemeses, has been sold to film. He will write his own script.

POSTCARDS will be released by UA. (f) THE FOG, by John Carpenter and Debra Hill, directed by Carpenter. He's the brilliant director of a film called HAL- LLOWEEN. His film has been finished. The Embassy, the release says "100 Years ago it moved across a small American town creating a terror no human being should ever live to see again! NOW IT HAS RETURNED." All-right. THE HUMANOID, a $7 million film starring Richard Kiel of THE NEIGHBOR, will be released by 1979 in AIP, in Dolby Stereo.
The HORRIFIC MOVIE HOUSE MASSACRE will be directed by Charles B. E. Verbis.

INTERVIEW WITH A VAMPIRE (by Anne Rice) may star John Travolta.
The film's budget is $50-$100 million, the most expensive film ever made. Produced by Edward & Mildred Lewis for Warner Bros., Malden has written the 235 page screenplay, and Isaac Asimov (who wrote the book) loves it. John Frankenheimer & David Lean are executive producers. Produced by director; Joanne Woodbury is being sought as Dr. Susan Levin. JAGUAR LIVES: in a James Bond type film stars: John Lithgow, Jonathan Cross, Chris Lee, Barbara Bach, Donald Pleasence, Ian Hendry, and John Huston.

THE JEWEL OF THE SEVEN SEAS, script by Clive Swift, will be filmed by EMI in London and Egypt.

PRODUCTIONS is an independent British/Prench film company, which has a dozen projects in the works, each written by major authors, like Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, and uR.

THE WATCHER IN THE WOODS is one of at least two live-action Disney films to be filmed this year in London. Disney's THE FOX AND THE HOUND is due in April 1980. 101 DALMATIONS will be released Summer 1979. LADY AND THE TRAMP (formerly DR. BLACK & MR. HYDE) from Dimension Pictures will be released April 11, 1979. Stars Barrie Casey, Robert Morse.

JANUARY 15, 1979, ENTRY 1.

MORRIS WAS BEETLE'S grest dread, pounding hard and shouting. Beetle shuffled over to answer, his eyes wide, dials flashing. Smiling was a rarity the past few months in Beetle's repertoire.

"Hey, buddy," he said. "Been calling ya all day yesterday, you didn't answer, what have you been up, hey, what's wrong with ya?"

A Conversation with George A. Romero

Writer/Director of
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
THE CRAZIES
MARTIN
The Soon-To-Be-Released
DAWN OF THE DEAD
Sequel to NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

SYNOPSIS: Roger and Peter, two Philly SWAT members escape the city with their friends Francine and Stephen in a traffic helicopter and eventually land on the roof of an enormous shopping mall. They secure the mall from the zombies, and set up quarters in a CD storage area, living off the supplies in the mall. One day a motorcycle gang enters the mall to loot it, letting in the zombies, and creating the scenario between our protagonists, the gang, and the zombies. Stephen and Roger are eventually killed and become zombies; Peter and Francine escape in the helicopter.

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY George A. Romero; PRODUCED by Rich Rubinstein; DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: Mike Gornick; MAKE-UP by Tom Savini; MUSIC (in QUAD) by Dario Argento.
DAWN OF THE DEAD, George Romero's sequel to NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, will be released April 20, as reported in the following article in VARIETY. I conducted this interview with him in New York on December 1, 1977.

"Dawn of the Dead" director George A. Romero, seen here in corpse makeup and carrying a plastic ruler, told Variety that the film's release by United Film Distributors on May 1, with 2,000 engagements pennciled in to 25 cities on that date, is more than an extension of his earlier work. He is quoted as saying, "It's a different kind of film. It's more of a thriller. It's a lot more like a horror film than a horror film."

George A. Romero, the director who first brought the living dead to the screen with NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD in 1968, is back in the corporate mainstream. But the second time around, he's not ready to play the corporate beast. As he says, "I'm more of a thriller. I'm more of a horror film than a horror film."

"Dawn of the Dead" is not only a thriller, but also a horror film. It is a film about the end of the world, the collapse of society, and the rise of the undead. It is a film about the struggle for survival in a world where everything is against you. It is a film about the human condition, and the fate of humanity.

"Dawn of the Dead" is a film that is not only about the end of the world, but also about the beginning of a new world. It is a film that is not only about the collapse of society, but also about the rise of the undead. It is a film that is not only about the struggle for survival, but also about the struggle for power. It is a film that is not only about the human condition, but also about the fate of humanity.

"Dawn of the Dead" is a film that is not only about the end of the world, but also about the beginning of a new world. It is a film that is not only about the collapse of society, but also about the rise of the undead. It is a film that is not only about the struggle for survival, but also about the struggle for power. It is a film that is not only about the human condition, but also about the fate of humanity.

"Dawn of the Dead" is a film that is not only about the end of the world, but also about the beginning of a new world. It is a film that is not only about the collapse of society, but also about the rise of the undead. It is a film that is not only about the struggle for survival, but also about the struggle for power. It is a film that is not only about the human condition, but also about the fate of humanity.
GEORGE: Again, we had a budget this time. We were able to do it the way we wanted to. Mike and I, when we first started to approach it, we were talking to NOTG Officers— it's a romanticized kind of style. It's really Sixties Hollywood, visually, and the guys were dressed, in very Sixties. Mike did a great job, and it was difficult, there's no way to light that. We were allowed to leave a cable string from the set forth. We had to shoot low light. Even though it hits you in the gut, it's romanticized. I see it as a lot of fun. We were not afraid to make it out. It's an organized array of cars and motorcycles, they break in, which lets the demons back in— though it's done differently. How anciens selected the shots on those guys, it was a matter of not making them look too nitty gritty. Some of the guys were extreme with their bikes and the way they were dressed that they looked like the product of a college dormitory. We worried about the guys the photographic emphasis is on.

BILL-DALE: You mentioned the budget, and that NOTLD was made in black and white— was that out of budget or budget choice?

GEORGE: What we did on NIGHT was all on energy, staying up during the night. You can't do exactly what you want to do. But if you don't do it this way, other people don't do it. You don't try to do certain things you know you can't pull off. We believe we can get what we want. We're the decision about going black and white was budgetary. Initially, we were trying to promote three other stories, which prior to 1967 with no success. I had this story I had written. I broke off the front end of it, and I think I was running on $500 a week, so we had six grand. We bought a case of film, and it had to be black and white. We did all the b/w shooting. This is a lot of stuff written that said we shot It in 16mm. As soon as we started to show rushes, a couple of the NOTLD guys said, this isn't anything to start to raise some money. And at that point, the question came up about switching to color because we only had four days in the can. I decided I liked the way it looked in black and white...for that esthetic.

BAIN OF THE DEAD has to be in color—it's the attraction of the shopping center, because of what it's all about. Even with Tom Savini, who did an incredible job with the effects—figurize— it's EC COMICS not TAXI DRIVER. The blood is red, clearly plastic.

BILL-DALE: You're running very strange ads. They get an A, but then they put their own declarations on it, so one under the other. It's not working, and that's what it's all about. It's really realistic. What makes that more acceptable? Just because it's topical. That's it.

This film, in my mind, is just as serious a film, except I'd rather not deal directly with the war in Vietnam. I'd rather talk about it while dealing with zombies. I don't see the difference. My film is very flipping tawdry, and that makes it less valid. That's one of the most irritating thing in my mind the way people accept my work. It's the genre in the accent of it, and it's a gas.

BILL-DALE: You could say the same thing about Hassel and Ford, who watched within genres. Only much later did people have the facility to overdo the genre aspects and their own prejudices.

GEORGE: It takes a long time for people to get it. They're not interested in a real life, man, it is that it's very risky to make a film like this. It's either going to make a lot of money or there's no chance. It's happening in the middle. These people at Hunter were saying, 'Okay, you said this to make money. They hit you up automatically making money because they feel it's so exploitative. You're warping the children just

GEORGE: JACK'S WIFE is a film I would like to make someday. It's a script that I wrote that I really like a lot.

BILL-DALE: I have heard a lot of different descriptions of what your film does, whether the way in which it is an occult thriller or read into it feminist overtones.

GEORGE: It is a film about a woman, and it was 1969, the beginning of feminine consciousness. Some people were making about a comfortable suburban housewife, that it was a thriller dealing with the occult. It's about that type of woman, her husband, her relationship to her, the kids are grown up, about that trap. She and the rest of the ladies she hangs out with, aside from one to beyond—girlfriends, going out and painting the ghettos, got involved with a local woman who claims to be a witch, starts going to classes with her, using it as a way to open up her life. She is able to believe that she's conjuring the power of the witch, a shadow of the clothes. Then she starts seeing herself, because the whole thing isn't sitting right.

BILL-DALE: What happened to that?

GEORGE: Again we were undercapitalized. We didn't have a distributor involved. It's such a serious drama, it was hard to distribute it. When we just came out of NIGHT, we had no other film to get it released. With both of these films, when I was able to get in and show them, because NOTLD was not my film, a lot of major companies were involved, everybody said forget. They both went into distribution. JACK'S WIFE was picked up by Jack Harris and his company HUMOROUS— it's good, it's around, but it's really been ripped apart. It's a 2-hour 10 minute picture and he's playing on 85 minute version it.

Then... THE CRAZIES, the most successful of the three right after DEAD. Cannibal Films sold权利 over the BOMBS to a corporation for $500,000. The film was subsequently picked up and sold for $1,500,000. They put a lot of money into New York City, they spent $150,000. They didn't promote it, they didn't do it right, and then they got the money. It was a failure, we blew the wad, and the distributors wind up shelving it. We since have the rights to film back, we've been able to sell TV (NOTE: In some areas, it plays under the title of CODE NAME: TRIXIE. However, the Channel 9 New York February 17, 1979 showed the film under THE CRAZIES and European rights.

BILL-DALE: How would you describe the film?

GEORGE: It's a scientific sort of ANDROMEDA STRAIN thriller edge to it.

GEORGE: Not really, it doesn't really deal with that. That's what's happening. But it's not just the same thing. That's an answer. It's a big weapon film. It deals more with the effect of the situation, rather than the situation itself. It deals with the three days in a little town, the military is in. They don't even know why they're there. They send the scientist who developed the strain in, then they can't let him back out. There are a lot of errors made, no communication. Their commanders know a little more, but they're four days behind. They know what's going on. They wind up having to put a nuclear bomb over the air in the town and the activities they go through in the town decide they are just not going to get shoved around by soldiers. They're all armed and it turns into a war zone. It's a frantic chaotic kind of experience, it's pummeling. We thought that the film was gonna be a big success. We didn't know there was any interest, there should have gone out and played drive-ins. It made me realize, among other things, that I have to learn to sell my own film. It shouldn't have gone through a film called CRY UNCLE, which had made them a lot of money. Then seeing what was coming, they just didn't make it. There's not wanting to be a porno outfit.

BILL-DALE: Where did that actually get distributed? Where is it now?

GEORGE: It was very dated.

BILL-DALE: What about JACK'S WIFE?

GEORGE: I have heard a lot of different
descriptions of what your film does, whether the way in which it is an occult thriller or read into it feminist overtones.

GEORGE: It is a film about a woman, and it was 1969, the beginning of feminine consciousness. Some people were making about a comfortable suburban housewife, that it was a thriller dealing with the occult. It's about that type of woman, her husband, her relationship to her, the kids are grown up, about that trap. She and the rest of the ladies she hangs out with, aside from one to beyond—girlfriends, going out and painting the ghettos, got involved with a local woman who claims to be a witch, starts going to classes with her, using it as a way to open up her life. She is able to believe that she's conjuring the power of the witch, a shadow of the clothes. Then she starts seeing herself, because the whole thing isn't sitting right.
BIL-DALE: Not just the cold, but there was a certain coldness and孤ness about him that made it hard for you to identify...

GEORGE: That's right. Getting back...The progress of Martin, together with our recent moves, have put me in the position now where we have offers for new productions. I have four properties that I like. I have a motorcycle thing, a western, and one that I look forward to. I'm thinking about the concept of "Time Travel" in a time machine story—it will be a pretty logical choice. How can you step in a time machine in Central Park and end up in Central Park?

BIL-DALE: Have you written these yourself?

GEORGE: I wrote the motorcycle and the western thing, and I'm playing around with the time machine concept. I'll write the third thing. If I get it, I only have sketches. The guy that wrote the UFO thing is the guy who wrote "THAT'S ALWAYS VANILLA." His name is Rudy Ricci. He's the only other writer that I've worked with.

Only in the last year have we had enough money to buy properties. Most of the stuff that's good, I don't care if you read a paperback the first day on the shelf, or if you buy it with you up call, and they say, the rights have been sold 6 months ago. One other time we worked on a property. We bid on BLACK SUNDAY—the only reason that was some of the people who are involved with us are managers of the Pittsburgh Pirates. We bid on BLACK SUNDAY and for BLACK SUNDAY when I was at the airport on my way to the Super Bowl. We made a bid on the book, but Paramount did, but didn't get it, 'cause we weren't Paramount.

BIL-DALE: Have you a couple of other properties we are negotiating. Under the right circumstances I would do it. I don't reject the idea of making a movie of stuff, rushing into a studio situation without the kind of clouds I don't reject the system—I'd love to be because there are advantages. Technical advantages, and more, but I wouldn't want to do it unless I could control what I was doing. I am forever reading a book and saying, wow, I'd love to do that. Like "SALEM'S LOT." I've talked to Stephen about it and he'd be very interested. If we could talk to him for awhile with Warner brothers, but now it's going to be made as a tv-movie.

BIL-DALE: Still, it must be a good feeling to write and direct your own films and have such a close relationship with the properties and distributors. Do you yourself want to doing a few more independent films?

GEORGE: Yes, absolutely. A lot of directors, Coppel, will be working with studio support as much as I have, it's not just a matter of an ideal future. Stay independent, but if you have ideas that need a lot of money you have to work with the studios. You can't finance privately anything with serious money. But I agree with you. I want to keep working, I want to work with other people, I want to like to write them, but I consider my writing, particularly in terms of dialogue—I consider it my weakest area of weakness and contact. But you have to write in your own personal... I have a... I don't know if I'll stay with that form. If someone says go and make a movie, I don't know if I'd stay with that form. If someone says make an action film, I don't want to do just that, unless I was going to do something like HALLOWEEN, which I consider straight-ahead, clean, no explanations, just sort. It's great— I love HALLOWEEN.

BIL-DALE: Do you find yourself thinking "Sixties" or "Seventies?"

GEORGE: When I think in a genre, I try to put an underplay on it. The Western has strong socio-political overtones. When I think of the movie, I think of the idea becomes central. I love the outrageous genre—because those are the movies I grew up watching, I love to think I could make them all, man. One of each. I thought at one time, that would be my goal, I'd try to put that down on paper, though. Sure—that's Sixties. But that's just so, as a person.

BIL-DALE: About your influences—You mentioned working at Carnegie-Hall. You mentioned Stanschick and maybe others. Also, your films have a certain economy. Did commercials prepare you for that?

GEORGE: Commercials do give you economy of mind. And documents. The aesthetic is not from the screen, it's from the things. I would rather put them right out front—and document them.

BIL-DALE: I think I see my work as being parallel to Hitchcock, as some people have mentioned, as well as Welles, or some of the early British chaps. Hitchcock's THE THING—that did it for me.

It's a parasitic medium. You never get enough promo. Particularly with independent. Some of the schools have hardware. You sat and talked theory, watched a lot of movies, but you never got to do anything. One of the biggest drawbacks is you catch yourself getting impatient. You get paranoid about that, and try to force yourself in other directions. I've never consciously made a shot that was注意—because you're sitting on the set, right out there, where all the camera and the lighting, you want to... In terms of painters, yes in the cat I like Warhol. I've been involved with Warhol. He could do a film. It'd have to be animated. I'd just love that.

The one place I feel I've developed my own technique, it's in the area I've done most of—editing. I've been cutting my stuff and other people's stuff for 20 years. I think my cutting style is developing it's own kind of personality. I use cuts to create suspense, rather than long continuous cuts. I think it's a... kind of cut. I try to pace the cuts to the pace of the action. If it's frantic, I'm frantic. I hate it. I hate the pacing. I still do a lot of things, I still manipulate your audience more than way than with a shot.

There's an attitude about a long shot that puts a very subjective overtone on something. And for people involved in the medium, you start thinking about things other than experiencing it. That cabal kind of bang bang gives you just as much about the surrounding, as the story is focused in on what you want people to focus in on—which you can't do if you are doing a... that sort of thing. You're not meant to see. I would rather control the people with individual shots.

BIL-DALE: What about music? Are you feeling comfortable in integrating it into the film?

Music to me is a very personal part of the film. I don't know what I could relate it to in drawing or painting, but it's almost like the kind of power, the kinds of elements I'm going to do a charcoal drawing, it's different... if I do it on brown paper than if I do it on... as an emotional trigger. Or trying to make people think of what they have seen in another kind of a way. It's like composing other films we have seen. It sets a mood based on all the film information in your head.
I tend to use a lot of scoring. People tend to think I use too much. I think it's essential. When you use a lot of music, the lack of music becomes an element. When you use too much music, you can use the non-music effectively. I like to find a balance.

The trick, you can't just use it in one form (live in Italy) than in mine. But he has a particular pounding way of using his music. Constantly the same theme over and over. That's why I've been asked to do it. So I mixed it in with some library stuff and someuzak, which is an important part of the film.

BILL-DAL: If there is one thing I really don't want to forget about Submitted in NOTLDW, like with the sheriffs, those ad-libbed things...

GEORGE: A lot of the traditional, tongue-in-cheek, rip-off dialogue from NOTLDW is very different from the ad-libbed stuff. And it went through a lot of problems with that, because it wasn't as structured. I had to learn them. Now I don't think it's as structured but it's the same feeling that I've had, I've learned it. So I mixed it in with some library stuff and someuzak, which is an important part of the film.

BILL-DAL: It seems that chaos is the most healthy state for capitalism, controlled, fabricated chaos, because on that level, any kind of chaos can be the theme, depending on what a combination of news sources you look at. It's frightening to send something out with a certain idea that's really there, and this is how it comes to you...

GEORGE: It's scary. I don't think I would ever think of a clockwork orange or DAWN OF THE DEAD is going to make anyone go out and behave in any way at all. It's a very healthy experience, coming out of that theatre.

I don't think anyone is going to go hurt some- one. Despairing and despairing is a good mood, good cheer, having a ball. (Note: I saw the 89. I previewed shortly after that interview in a playback for the screen of the live theatre. Aside from a number of people who walked out early in the film, the audience which stuck it out was happy and the film is good, very happy, like we had all gone through World War II together (but we all came out alive, natch) I can't see how this could be disturbing to anyone.

-Bill-DAL: The atmosphere in a receptive audience after the film plays is great. It's not despondent. If something is going to cause something to happen, I'd say more in the violence of something like TAXI DRIVER, or ON THE BEAT, a film that can have that act of vengeance. Especially with the angry mood we have today. If people will destroy happiness and happiness and talk and very, very happy, like we had all gone through World War II together (but we all came out alive, natch) I can't see how this could be disturbing to anyone.

-I'm not despondent. If something is going to cause something to happen, the violence, but the consumer and economic orientation. There have been a number of situations where the concept of city people come to the film and they get off on HAVING...THAT...MALL. Almost like the blue out experiment, we can say that would talk to someone to say "Let's go down to the mall tonight and clean it out", that is like, tv, tv reality.

BILL-DAL: There seems to be a danger of people being too naive and the medium, especially film, as the reality. Do you think people will be able to look at the film and say, this is real, this is real.

I'm afraid that that kind of polarisation, that kind of reactionary attitude almost CAN'T HAPPEN. As long as the recovery rages, you keep polarising. I'd hate to get sued by someone who says I caused eight people to be as naive as possible, because I cut my own stuff.

BILL-DAL: On the eve of DAWN OF THE DEAD's release, what worries do you have about the film?

GEORGE: I think I'm afraid that it will take more heat than NOTLDW took, because of this hyperactivity. That wouldn't be too disturbing as long as the film is successful. I'm concerned that that kind of polarisation, that kind of reactionary attitude almost CAN'T HAPPEN. As long as the recovery rages, you keep polarising. I'd hate to get sued by someone who says I caused eight people to be as naive as possible, because I cut my own stuff.

BILL-DAL: That's something that the kids are really a shame. If you thought of the it's going to be an audience, of the kids, it's going to be in our society. It's going to be an audience, of the kids, it's going to be in our society. Because it's the only way...with theatre, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything,...THAT IS REALLY scary.

What I hope for all electronic media, I really hope for all electronic media, because that's the only way...with theatre, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything...THAT IS REALLY scary.

What I hope for all electronic media, I really hope for all electronic media, because that's the only way...with theatre, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything...THAT IS REALLY scary.

What I hope for all electronic media, I really hope for all electronic media, because that's the only way...with theatre, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything...THAT IS REALLY scary.

What I hope for all electronic media, I really hope for all electronic media, because that's the only way...with theatre, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything, because a select audience, you don't have the time, you can't call the people, anything...THAT IS REALLY scary.
SUPERMAN

Because of the uneven texture of the film, I cannot say that the acting is without its faults, so it really wasn't a success for me, either. But after the show, there were some really good acting, and I found myself looking forward to more. But with too many Bugs doing to fully appreciate it.

The acting of Superman is not bad, but it is not a native of Earth, and the movie made an excellent attempt to dramatize this. Especially enjoyable was the character of Clark Kent, a man who has wandered in the Arctic wilderness, in exploration of himself and his past. This was a serious role, and the actor was up to the challenge.

The cast is excellent, and the characters are fun to watch. Superman is the hero, and the rest of the cast is serviceable, but not exactly consistent with what had gone before.

The story is a package almost like an origin issue of a comic book, where the characters are introduced, some of the future stories are previewed, and the work is laid for future stories. Indeed, this may be exactly what the movie is.

As for the acting, Superman is the best, so it may be possible that a series could result; like the comics, perhaps, some of the stories could be powers. I'd do the same thing. I'd let this movie, some could be more serious, as the early part of the film is.

There is a chemical magic about those sequences. Even Reeve's Clark Kent, who looks like he could slip off the set of "The Awful Truth" and be right at home.

This is all true, and the energy there is consistent. Superman is strong, and the energy the stars bring to the movie is impressive. Not worth the money, time, and energy.

—Steven Alan Bennett

SUPERMAN THE MOVIE is a pleasant surprise. In spite of all the big name stars, in spite of the millions of dollars spent on it, in spite of years of calculated publicity built around it, the movie is a welcome escape into fantasy, which is amazingly true to its comic book roots.

In the opening scene on Krypton—Superman's birthplace—planet—world done well, full of atmosphere, presented as if I had seen it. The people of the Earth were visible, the stars, the planets, the universe, were all there. The people of the Earth were visible, the stars, the planets, the universe, were all there.

Yet, just the opposite happened. The opening scenes on Krypton—Superman's birthplace—planet—world done well, full of atmosphere, presented as if I had seen it. The people of the Earth were visible, the stars, the planets, the universe, were all there. The people of the Earth were visible, the stars, the planets, the universe, were all there.

The movie is fun, but even at its two and one-half hour length, part of its falling is in the first half of the time. In my mind, the destruction of Krypton could easily be a movie in itself, as could Superman's journey to Earth. Part of this may be due to the fact that the movie deals with Krypton, and another part with Clark as a teen-ager, and every story gets into more detail than even the comics.

The acting is delightful, especially with Christopher Reeve as Superman, who plays the character so well, you really believe a person could wear the red and blue costume and look good in it, but at the same time plays it with a light touch, in a humorous way. Again, the problem is that they try to do so much in a short time.

Superman, unlike some of us, is not a native of Earth, and the movie made an excellent attempt to dramatize this. Especially enjoyable was the character of Clark Kent, a man who has wandered in the Arctic wilderness, in exploration of himself and his past. This was a serious role, and the actor was up to the challenge.

The plot is thrilling, and some of the stories could be powers. I'd do the same thing. I'd let this movie, some could be more serious, as the early part of the film is.

With straight commonsense and makes us laugh at this absurdity while telling us we should call the police to apprehend the crooks at large. Superman is a movie like the early Marvels, people react as they really would to a flying man, and Superman, in turn, reacts to them in his own life.

This is what gives the movie its charm and credibility, by playing the character as it would in the real world. Chris Reeve's Superman is a man of many talents, and just because he is Superman, just because he is a superhero, does not mean the character is not human.

Technically, Superman is a good movie, but it is not perfect. The acting is good, but the direction is choppy. The story is engaging, but the dialogue is stilted. The special effects are convincing, but the acting is not always up to the challenge.

The movie is entertaining, and it is a welcome escape into fantasy. Superman is a great character, and the movie is a great film. But it is not perfect, and there is room for improvement.

—Mark Lampert

LAST SON OF KRYPTON

In a working book, I've always considered Elliot S. Maggin to be just another member of what I call DC's Idiot Squad. Writers and editors, obsessed with continuity, and technically skilled at their job, but never working to their full potential. We all know that the Idiot Squad are the fall guy of a serious story, when they want to, and yet each month we can go down to the store and expect a SUPERMAN book.

With the publication of LAST SON OF KRYPTON, I wonder if Cary Bates is secretly a member of the Idiot Squad who hasn't shown himself to be superior to the material he produces on a regular basis.

Unlike MAYHEM OVER MARATHAN or STALKER FROM THE STARS, LAST SON OF KRYPTON can almost be considered a work of literature, and not just an easy, fun read. Elliot S. Maggin takes on the job of explaining the entire Superman mythos (sans Supervillains and pets, of course) within a very few pages, and that he achieves the goal in a very literate, well constructed, tightly written novel is to his ability to explain the intricacies of a Superman comic book seen real, and very possible.

Even though its completely accurate to the Superman legend, Maggin manages to create some kind of depth with all the characters and situations, and while you can see it on the four colored page. We see levels of awareness which have apparently exist, but have never before been seen in comic books. It's as if all the material in the comic books were a watered down version of a "Superman" seen in a comic book.

The complicated story line concerns a lost manuscript of Einstein's, which is very similar to what we see in the film. The manuscript is called "The Legend of Superman," and it is a story told by a young Superman to his friend, Lex Luthor. The manuscript is also of supreme importance to Kah-Eli himself, and explains the origin of Superman and Luthor's relationship.

The complicated story line concerns a lost manuscript of Einstein's, which is very similar to what we see in the film. The manuscript is called "The Legend of Superman," and it is a story told by a young Superman to his friend, Lex Luthor. The manuscript is also of supreme importance to Kah-Eli himself, and explains the origin of Superman and Luthor's relationship.

Lex Luthor has the second lead of this 40 year old series been given the attention he deserved. And as the producers of the film noticed, Lex's motivation (hair loss) is rather silly.

Here Lex's formative years are closely examined, along with what exactly happened inside his lab that fateful day (the full story makes for interesting reading) When you read the Lex story, you will see why the character of Superman is so complex, and why he is the way he is today. The story is well written, and makes for a great read.

With the new version of "The Legend of Superman," we have a new understanding of Superman's origins, and the way he became the way he is today. The story is well written, and makes for a great read.

Of course, there are incidents. Though it probably wasn't his fault, Gene Hackman's Luthor just doesn't come off for me. The Luthor I know is too dedicated and efficient in his pursuit to surround himself with a team of supermen. It's hard to imagine Lex Luthor doing comedy.

I think it's an excellent job, but George Reeves returns. I'm aware that in actuality Superman probably could just take off in flight from where he is, and return to his home base. Just the same, I missed the superhero group.

What was the big deal about sentencing criminals to the Kryptonian court? (I believe they swapping and play a larger role in SUPERMAN II—Klark-Kent) The time could have been spent better in showing us something of Krypton as other than a solitary cityscape.

—Anna Bennett
Lord of the Rings

Before I saw the movie, I was assaulted with negative reviews. Gene Siskel, a fairly respected critic who writes for the Chicago Tribune, got the first word in. He admitted he read the book. He said that he was therefore confused by the storyline. He also said that the film animators had been included in the tour of the WETA workshop, but that these were times when the actors were not hidden, very well by the animation, and that gave the film its difficulty.

A few days later, Newsweek echoed these comments (It compared LOTR to another animaton filmed in New Zealand, The Lord of the Rings, and added, WETA SHIP DOWN, and LOTR lost the comparison). Also, the group of people that saw LOTR with me at the Elgin Civic Theatre hadn't read the trilogy of books from Tolkien were confused. Most who had, felt it didn't live up to the books very well. All were glad to have seen it, but...

It would seem easy to write a negative review by myself, but I have very undeciding feeling about the film. I agree with the points made by these reviewers. But rather than add to the negative side, I decide to write about the film.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS is in many ways a failure as a cinematic work of art, but it can't be condemned because it has some redeeming features.

In many places, the film is fun. It was clean, frolicked with Collum and is humorous. Gladi has his moments. Even Gandalf.

The landscapes were beautiful. The lay of the land, the countryside impressed me, because I could never visualize the scenery out of the books very well. The rotoscoping technique worked well and was a landmark in animation especially in the area of providing réalles for our sleeves and their realistic facial expressions. Sometimes Bahshi seemed to be playing with his facial expressions but most of the time they were very realistic to what was going on. He portrayed the peaceful quiet scenes, such as Lothlorien and the Shire at night were handled well and were really nice.

Since I had heard of Bahshi's lacking as a storyteller, and since I was expecting same, I was surprised. The film has an enjoyable and quick pace. There were definite problems with the story-
telling, but the characterizations, though not performed as well as Bahshi's good Chum was very nice, only may not sinister enough.

His guiding of Frodo towards Mordor was pretty good. We can see him in him. And Frodo was good, but I'm sure a lot of Tolkien fans wouldn't like him because he wouldn't fit the book. So was a bit of a dimwit, but a lovable one. And that interpretation of him is well because he was a son and husband to the books. Boromir was perfect. And Legolas, Gimli, and Aragorn were close to Tolkien, but Aragorn least of all. He had too weathered a look and feel—Maybe Bahshi intends to play up the transformation he undergoes when he is crowned king. The characters worked especially well in these quiet scenes.

Without the books, the movie also seems to be more of the film failure it is. It's not reall necessary, but it does tend to overlook that because the books were. The plot was disjointed, and so much occurred that the viewer went through the storyline in a movie that is basically all plot. There were parts where an explanation was needed, but Bahshi rattled off too many details for the viewer.

The characters lacked real motivation at times. It's not reall necessary, but it was plot-oriented. Motivations aren't understood: we are hurried through the story. In its undoubted innocence, the motivation for doing something appears to have been that the character did in the novels.

While some of the animation was tremendous, some was poorly done. The battle scenes were usually raging shades of red. That was not realistic in supposedly realistic fight scenes. Magic was treated symbolically, as bursts of light coursing around the scene. This was confusing. Also at times, during the battle scenes, or in the

Framing Pony, the men of the scene were only shaded, rather than realistic different faces on the men. In the same scenes as these shaded men, they had realistic character. I think much of the problems in this film tests in Bakshi's obsession (and completely misguided) doing dialogue look realistic. His use of rotoscoping the sparse animation which suggested Saturday morning cartoons, Disney fantasy, realism and objectivity as never before. Bahshi used Tolkien and when dealing with animation, dual dialogue, and LOTR for me was painful all (I didn't read the book—so I suspect may be the only one in fandom who hasn't) -Bell-Dale

Because of an attempt to condense the huge plot into one movie, only the most tense parts of each scene were treated. There was very little emotional tension, and a little terrorsome were all the emotions that seemed to appear.

 Many people were disturbed that the film was only Part One, and that the ad campaign seemed to hide this fact. That was deceptive.

Probably more than anything else the movie serves to show us that LOTR just cannot be transformed to the screen, just as most fantasy cannot.

If we apply system for judging an item in popular culture (that is to look at what people are willing to assume, and measured up to that potential), we see that even though LOTR is a masterpiece, there is little of it left intact out of it. Bakshi made an effort and a good one at that considering the potential for turning LOTR into a movie. It is a film at times, but on the whole it is an inferior film.

---Mark Collier

Watership Down

"It moves with trembling pleasure, the appearance of a great story. " said a critic. He's how the London Times introduced WATERSHIP DOWN to its readers. And it is a great story.

WATERSHIP DOWN has never enjoyed much of a part in fandom. There wasn't much talk of it. It's not SF or fantasy-related—it is fantasy, though. It's been popular on college campuses, but now it's an animated movie, and is more accessible, so many people will be touched by it that those who have been.

WATERSHIP DOWN in hardcover carries some impressive statistics for a book that has its roots in bedtime stories that author Richard Adams heard from hookey hunters. Fourteen days after publication, it became Number One on the New York Times Bestseller List and it remained there nearly a year. This was in 1972.

It is a story about rabbits, but they are just as people. In the story, a small group of rabbits leaves their "home" to build a new life, one that is their own, built on better principles. They escape Men's attempt to create a rabbit society, and a socially ruled totalitarianism (! -Bell-Dale)

Adams hounds, and one of the book's good points is that it's a tremendously exciting adventure story. It also makes statements on war, nationalism, class, against Men's pillaging of the natural environment, and against societies that are determined.

Adams creates a world here, with conviction that forces belief. Using rabbits is a tremendous idea. In the novel, because we see life differently through their eyes—and we become one of them. We build them, help them, or at least be friends, but we do not directly harm or ours, and never merge. Another, more common device used is that Adams creates a whole mythologies of the rabbits.

A movie made from this sort of book is always something somewhat less. A novel provides scope for the character. Adams rich atmosphere, descriptions, depth, and explanations are missed in the movie version, but that is to be expected.

The atmosphere of the film itself is lacking a little. The trips seem shorter than in the book, and conversation appears to be less casual than it would be in a real trip. This too is expected.

WATERSHIP DOWN is whole though, is a faithful and successful adaptation. I recommend the movie, but if possible, read the novel first.

The pacing is very good. Different physical features serve to help the audience distinguish among characters, and the landscape are very nice, especially compared to the dull flat work we see on Saturday mornings (by the way, the studio that produced this movie was built from scratch). Three-dimensional work is well-usehere, because the lines and strategies are well-done. Martin Rosen is a very competent director.

The story has funny moments and touching ones. In the theater several rows behind me was a girl who loved the show. She couldn't contain her feelings, and I heard her saying "no, look out", in moments of danger, and her approval in times of joy and victory (it was wild to see her carry on)

It supports anyone such as me, who has ever been disillusioned with society and who has ever wanted to build an own life differently from the system, based on other principles, whether that means living ascetically in a society of one person, or just not settling down with the two and a half kids, etc. in the suburbs.

---Mark Collier

Invasion of the Body Snatchers

IN V A S I O N OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, Directed by Philip Kaufman.

This remake of the 1957 Don Siegel-directed version of the original, this version of Invasion of the Body Snatchers improves upon the original. Supposedly directed, beautifully lit, and scored—it is easily the best film of 1978.

It functions as a statement for the 70's—the small town setting of the original has been updated and changed to San Francisco. What is creating paranoia so intense you can't trust your friends for weeks after. Kaufman uses odd camera angles and moves, for example a wave of plants, he creates paranoia so intense you can't trust your friends for weeks after. Kaufman uses odd camera angles and moves, for example a wave of plants, to create paranoia so intense you can't trust your friends for weeks after. Kaufman uses odd camera angles and moves, for example a wave of plants, to create paranoia so intense you can't trust your friends. And the wave is just one wave is just one wave among endless waves among endless waves.

In the film as an allegory for the Nixon administration, wave of plants is a wave of plants is a wave of plants is a wave of plants. It isanime for the idea that paranoia is just one wave among endless waves among endless waves.

As Kaufman says, "The world is becoming so bureaucratic that every night it seems that a little of our soul is lost. Now who's to say that in our world it might be better not to have love or feeling? I'm not making that moral judgment necessarily, but in my movie it's clear that we should have emotions and the loss of them is something to concern ourselves with, even if we just don't stimulate people. Keep running, man, don't stop now.

In the film works on two levels, one the simply escape-from-the-alien plot, the other the retain-the-ability-to-love. Kaufman has updated the first plot, the alien invasion, for more important and significant, than the fifties' film was.

Mark Collier

---Bell-Dale Marino
**ROCK & ROLL REVIEWS**

I have used a number rating system for the following movies: Spooky, on the other hand, did not, my fault, I had not. Pretty awful. Spooky: 10, Brilliant: 0.

**HOW NOT TO DO A SYMBOLIC FILM:**
QUENTIN, Directed by Robert Allen.
INTERIOR, Directed by Woody Allen.
DAYS OF HEAVEN, Directed by Terrence Malick.

The problem with doing a symbolic or allusive film is that it doesn't make it look like one. Screaming out each successive frame "Look! Look! This has meaning!" only tends to break the spell. What has been left out are the pre-defined audience of film majors and pretentious people all who go in, more or less ready to be in "art," that elitist concept created by the practitioners of same who also like pretense. It presents a society post-Hux Ice Age lacking in direction, meaning, and hope whose only passion is the GAME, "quaint." The error is that Allen never even lets us in on the rules so we can make the proper symbolic connection ("life is just a game, without rules it's ultimately a game of death"). The blunted symbolism (love those pictures of staring children on the wall, Bob?) and confusion make this film embarrassingly to watch, but worse than that--confusing--the nagging sense that we have been cheated. (3)

DAYS OF HEAVEN, Directed by Terrence Malick.

INTERIOR, which is great, I suppose, for people who have never seen a Bergman film before. I found it interesting to watch--Remember that idiom from Columbia in the movie line at ANNIE HALL (when Allen pulls out Marshall McLuhan)--he could have been discussing INTERIORS. Allen seems to have a compulsion to make a "serious"--except that each shot says, "I'm serious." Wasting Woody Allen's wonderful sense of humor it falls apart--the film is as vacuous as the people it seeks to portray--caustic in the pretense of art and intellectualism. Bergman plagiarisms abound. I keep wondering if this is satire or what. Don't think it is. Stay away from it. (4)

DAYS OF HEAVEN, on the other hand, aside from just possibly being the most beautiful movie, cinematographically speaking, of the time (not to mention great use of Doby), presents us with successive images, and by the end, we realize that we have been made to feel, rather than analyze the meanings: Death of innocence, the parasitic and destructive character born of the audience of film majors (not how close the machines come to slaughtering the people in this film). A few drawbacks, but since one doesn't worry about the construction of his scenes, that Gere and Adams come across as merely posing, rather than acting--but not sure how to make an allusion to a voice over narration is haunting, for sure. (5)

**THE BIRDS:**
DIRECTED BY ROBERT ALLEN.

A film which appeared in the Summer of '78 and disappeared almost entirely (I only know of 3 people who have seen it, one of them is me)--find this film if you can. It's a loving tribute to male-female friendship, a beautiful surfing movie. (no, it's not like the DEERHUNTER) it's all about the death of the human spirit, growing up, and not being able to go back. The performances shine all around, and the film almost made me cry. One of the best of the year, all the year, ROLLING STONE.

**BLOOD BROTHERS:**
DIRECTED BY ROBERT MULLENN.

Like John Milius' BIG WEDNESDAY, another great movie that bit the dust last year. Robert Mullellen's BLOOD BROTHERS was left virtually unmentioned--and unseen, before officially biting the dust. It seems that Warner Brothers, the eee--(knowing, all-powerful corporate wisdom), has decided that there is no market for either film. Mullellen's film, based upon a terrific novel by Richard Price, is outrageous, courageous movie-making, Hollywood at its finest. The same tricky writing with great, particularly Richard Gere in a magnificent "star" performance. With his superbly sensitive work in DAYS OF HEAVEN and BLOOD BROTHERS, Gere proves that he's more than just another pretty face.

**BOYS FROM BRAZIL:**
DIRECTED BY RICHARD SCHAPIRO.

Piece of shit. How does one make romantic in white make up and a ridiculous accent. Olivier is great, but seems to be acting for the wrong movie, which is John Gielgud's characters. Peak's (supposedly menacing) Nazi. The plot (which concerns cloning and a scheme to replace the environment) is far more interesting than the actual execution (bad pun) and if I describe it to you here, may go on for the rest of the day. Don't. It's incoherent and pointless--the ending seems to go on just to fill up the two hour running time. No suspense, no thrill, no good.

**THE BRINK'S JOB:**
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM FRIEDKIN.

William Friedkin, is a supremely gifted filmmaker. No, not strictly technical (although like all good directors he is that, too) but an auteur with an distinctive vision running through all his films. Brink's is lesser Friedkin and not in the same league as Sorcerer or The Exorcist, it is certainly worth a good look at. The movie has been doing nicely at the box-office but for all the wrong reasons. While funny and, as they say, "clever"--there is an underlying pathos which makes it stick to the ribs and how many copier movies can you say that about today?--Spunky Paurich

**THE BUD OF HOLIDAY:**
DIRECTED BY RICHARD SCHAPIRO.

Straightforward, chronological bio film of the 50's rock star. Nothing special in terms of filmic technique, but Gary Busey does give an an amazing performance. I think only that the film is consistently fascinating (although the events of Holiday's life are not as accurately the stuff of which movies are made). (7)

**COMES A HORSEMAN:**
DIRECTED BY ALAN PARKER.

An offbeat western with very little punch. Sure-the scenery's pretty and the shots are evocative--and that could greatly add to the film. Can never look or acted better, even in it's savagery. "unpredictability" (a woman as a lone, which really is quite unusual), is extremely conventional. I don't generally like westerns, so I should be fair. As a western, it rates an 8. As a movie, a (6).

**EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE:**
DIRECTED BY JAMES FAGO.

Mindless ppa, stupid jokes; a few funny scenes, sure; the scenery's pretty and the shots are evocative--and that could greatly add to the film. Can never look or acted better, even in it's savagery. "unpredictability" (a woman as a lone, which really is quite unusual), is extremely conventional. I don't generally like westerns, so I should be fair. As a western, it rates an 8. As a movie, a (6).

**GREASE:**
DIRECTED BY RANDALL KLEIDER.

Big descents after a few high points, as I expected. The musical numbers are really stummimg, although I do wish there was a bit more narrative. But the music and the production values and the continuity. Stockard Channing is great. As a social document, it is interesting to see how the 50's and 60's are seen today. We're so well, and to see how a 70's hair dryer made it to the 50's. The theme of this movie is those of Mindless fun, which accounts for its nationwide popularity in the summer of '78. Travolta still sucks it, though. (5)

**HARPER VALLEY, P.T.A.:**
DIRECTED BY FRANK PLESON.

This is an extremely likable film, if just a bit obvious (it depends on the character of the song accurately with little action), it's great to see Paul Massaulin, and Barbara Eden is charming. (7)

**KING OF THE INSECTS:**
DIRECTED BY FRANK PLESON.

Before Frank Pierson took over directorial chores for Dino de Laurentis' comic strip adaptation of Pergolesi and Pignatelli's book of the same name, nearly every bankable American filmmaker had had a shot at it. Now, Pierson, a far more incautious and less overburdened with various assignments (1976's disastrous STAR IS BORN and 1979's dreary looking LOOKING GLASS) have made a maximous effort to secure this plot assignment is beyond me. While Pierson does his best to copy Coppola's GEORGIA MOVIES entertainment, the film which GYPSIES most reminded me of was Daniel Petrie's THE BEAST. I'm sure that Pierson wouldn't be too happy with that comparison. --Spunky Paurich
DOUGLAS SIRGAZ

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS. Directed by Alan Parket. Starring John Huston, Philip McKeon, and Peter Bowles. A youth pullover who is going to see this movie is an act of pure masochism, but, hey, c'mon, get out here, I can't wait to take a look at this big beautiful for the gritty subject, but Brad Davis' intense performance made this movie, and one of the best seen this year.

MOVIE. MOVIE. Directed by Stanley Donen.

Right, this is the picture that's being advertised as two movies in one. Returning to Stanley Donen's triumphant return from the dead (the last film was 1975's much praised upon LUCKY LADY) was one of 1978's major delights. While I personally preferred DYNAMITE HANDS, the 1980's style melodrama, BAXTER'S BEAUTIES OF 1933, a glossy backlash musical, but this was a film that solidified the genre that is the chance to catch Donen orchestrating some swell all-singing, all-dancing musical, as in the tradition once again. As John Popichik in DYNAMITE HANDS, I was my favorite discovery of the year. The kid is dynamite alright and I hope to hear a lot more from him in the very near future (My number is 212-256-6417, Harry, so why not give me a call sometime soon, okay?) —Spunky Paurich

OLIVER'S STORY. Directed by John Korty.

Implicit message: only the rich fall in love. In this implicit remake of LOVE, you can, talents, lack originality, lacks any kind of worth. Ryan O'Neal falls in love with Candice Bergen, who expects to turn poor, but turns out to be rich. At the end of the movie, for little reason, they learn to live with their newly acquired wealth, and the audience is relieved from this torture.

Every time the love scenes come, the movie rolls and whips us around, and the audience is thrown back into its position, that it is not as "serious" a film. The funniest movie of the year, with a HOUSE coming in a close second.

(10)

WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN. Directed by Karel Reisz.

Slam-bang adventure tale which hits at the '60s only obliquely. Pasticcine philosophy with characters who, although Nick Nolte's character is heroic, he's too cold and pragmatic to be a hero in the traditional sense. The story is a struggle against itself from the US, Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael York. Nolte turns in gripping portrayals of post-apocalyptic America where the only one who has worked out the problems that the MOVE's performance really bad.

(9)

THE WIZ. Directed by Sidney Lumet.

Sugar-and-spice, but certainly not memorable. The interpretation of Frank Ozon's original material (and the '39 movie) does little to improve on it or contribute to it in any way, except a kind of self-consciously high school talent show parody. Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, and tempestas are very ugly-art deco spray paint.- 

(5)

WELCOME TO THE DILEMMA OF VISION film news

The following films are upcoming releases. Where known, the date of release is in ( )

AGENCY is directed by George Kaczender from the Noel Lezley script (based on the Paul Gottlieb novel). With Robert Mitchum, Lee majors, Valerie Perrine. About an ad agency, as a woman is the only one who makes good. The novel was written by George Kaczender and directed by Paul Schrader. This film will be distributed by National General.

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL in discussion with Filmways...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL is a legal drama with Dustin Hoffman & Lee Strasberg...the APACHE NEXT YEAR will premiere August 15-1979 at the Ziegfield

in the background, I laughed out loud. Ted Ross and Henry Rollins occasionally transposed what I was packed, unfortunately, tedious musical.

DIARY ENTRIES

JANUARY 21, 1979. ENTRY 5.

I called Eric Sanderson. My high was running out. I needed a refilling. No answer. Sometimes Eric didn't answer phones. I knew what time it was. My friend R----'s suicide. Why did he do it? What does that say? Can't I be taken to a place where I can do something? I'm not a good writer. I'm a hack, a bit more crazy or stupid or reckless than talented, but I don't know. I can't help people with their problems (oh, remove the speech from my own eye first, oh, yeah, oh, yeah). I'm living for only for the illusion that this is life.

I am dispensable to my friends. I may be roo and perhaps even amusing to them, but I am not a friend for short periods of time. None of friends ever care to make any kind of emotional COMMITMENT. Is it my fault? Am I not caring enough? How much I care.

I have been more than two decades on this planet. My friends are happily married (I am not), have steady jobs (I don't), and give all the outward signs of happiness. No one wants to travel the US with me; no one wants to listen. Everything. If I want to stay forever young, but Jesus, it's a fucking lonely life to have.

Duvall, Martin Sheen, Dennis Hooper in this epic Vietnam war drama...ASHANTI from Columbia. Stars Michael Caine, Peter Ustinov, Bill Holden, Rex Harrison...AVONLA EXPRESS is a spy thriller from 20th Century Fox (late Fall 1979)...JARD IV is a story about 2 friends who meet in a prison camp in the deep South. Script/direction by Oliver (MIDNIGHT EXPRESS) Stone. THE RAFT is a story about 2 men who meet in prison...BEAR ISLAND, directed by Don Sharp from a script by David Butler, Tony Williamson from an Alastair Maclean novel, stars Ronald Cresswell, Richard Widmark, Vanessa Redgrave, Christopher Lee...MAKING SHOES BEING THERE, from a Jerry Kosinski script (from his novel)...THE BIG REEF is a mystery, features Mark Hamill, Lee Marvin. A war movie (Summer 1979)...THE BLACK STALLION, the film version of Walter Farley's book...TREASURE ISLAND is a story with Richard Widmark...BOOZEWALK is a love story with Dustin Hoffman...JULIET, directed by Franco Zeffirelli...THE LOVE OF JULY is from the Ron Kovic book. Al Pacino plays a young protagonist from a script by Oliver Stone (MIDNIGHT EXPRESS) and Jack Nicholson's BANZAI COP will probably not be made by Robert Altman, as reported...BREAKIN' AWAY is about a group of young black urbanites. Produced/directed by Peter Yates for Fox (August 1979)...BRICKER with Robert Redford, directed by Bob Rafelson, is for 20th Fox...BUTCH & SUNDANCE...THE EARLY DAYS has William Katt. From Fox (June 25, 1979)...BYA. From 20th...MY NANNY from the novel by Bobby Henry...THE HARPOON will be directed by Maurice Bonguon...CARAMBOLAN with Charles Bronson, Dominiace Stone, Fernando Raymundo, and Robert Mitchum. Henry Fonda's a product of Milton Gelman, directed by J. Lee Thompson...CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' stars Glynnis O'Connor, James Caan, and James Caan. CAT AND THE CANARY is a British mystery with Honor Blackman, Edward Fox, Wendy Hiller, Olivia Hussey, Christopher Metzger...THE CHAMP, screenplay by Spencer Eastman, Walter Newman, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, features Jon Voigt, John Andrews, and Jean Seberg. Oppenheimer in the Jackie Cooper role. From UA (June 22, 1979)...THE CHANELING, directed by Peter Weir and scripted by George Peppard...Fall stars George C. Scott & Trish Van Devere...C.H.O.M.P.S. is from AIP, Valerie Bertinelli in the leading role. Directed by Brian Hargrove and produced by Charles Sturridge...DAUGHTERS, the Loretta Lynn biopic, will be directed by Michael Apted, featued Staying Away...THE WILD RIVER is a western drama produced/written/
FILM NEWS
CONTINUED
directed by Fred Sullivan, with Richard Jueckel, Brad Sullivan, Auguste Dubeau (May 1979)...
by cinematography Gordon Stills, with screenplay Barry Scheck and Linda Stills, set in Tallas Shire, Elizabeth Ashley & Kay Medford...
فیلم ایده‌ی اصلی در پارامون است. هرمان هنکین در نقش رضا کتابخانه ویکتوریا، دیوید دیلما و همسرش دیوید دیلما و همسرش است. استونت، سکالر، گلوری و آنجلوا اوستن بالین و در کلیویفیلد... DREAMER from 20th Fox, directed by Noel Musseck and starring Tini Nathenson & Susan Blakely, will be in town last week in April 1979...EASTER EGG HUNT will be in March 1979...BROTHERS, begin in Late Fall 1979 from Robert Altman's rsted LONG ISLAND ELECTRIC HORSEMAN, directed by Sydney Pollock, a script by Alvin Sargent has Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Wally Jones, John Saxon, for Columbia...
ELAISACOMAZZI will reunite director Don Siegel with Clint Eastwood (they teamed for DIRTY HARRY)...Patrick McGoohan also stars in this Paramount film, FAIR GAME is a Brian dePalma's next film, a suspense tale about a congressional mapDispatchToProps...THE MACBETH is based on the Ross MacDonald novel "The Long Tomorrow," adapted by Madge Ellis and directed by Sydney Pollack, with a script by Alvin Sargent has Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Wally Jones, John Saxon, for Columbia...
ELAISACOMAZZI will reunite director Don Siegel with Clint Eastwood (they teamed for DIRTY HARRY)...Patrick McGoohan also stars in this Paramount film, FAIR GAME is a Brian dePalma's next film, a suspense tale about a congressional mapDispatchToProps...THE MACBETH is based on the Ross MacDonald novel "The Long Tomorrow," adapted by Madge Ellis and directed by Sydney Pollack, with a script by Alvin Sargent has Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Wally Jones, John Saxon, for Columbia...
ELAISACOMAZZI will reunite director Don Siegel with Clint Eastwood (they teamed for DIRTY HARRY)...Patrick McGoohan also stars in this Paramount film, FAIR GAME is a Brian dePalma's next film, a suspense tale about a congressional mapDispatchToProps...THE MACBETH is based on the Ross MacDonald novel "The Long Tomorrow," adapted by Madge Ellis and directed by Sydney Pollack, with a script by Alvin Sargent has Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Wally Jones, John Saxon, for Columbia...
ELAISACOMAZZI will reunite director Don Siegel with Clint Eastwood (they teamed for DIRTY HARRY)...Patrick McGoohan also stars in this Paramount film, FAIR GAME is a Brian dePalma's next film, a suspense tale about a congressional mapDispatchToProps...THE MACBETH is based on the Ross MacDonald novel "The Long Tomorrow," adapted by Madge Ellis and directed by Sydney Pollack, with a script by Alvin Sargent has Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Wally Jones, John Saxon, for Columbia...
On the beach in the sand
I made love to a man
It brought me to a revelation.
Here's my legacy:

My father never kissed me
He used to give me slaps and showers
Only smiles asked for hugs
He gave me tanks and guns to love

Son, stand tall against the wall
Face the firing squad and fall
The blood that's spattered on the wall
Will be the measure of your courage

So I threw my body onto fields
I pushed him, I seized the bell
I took pride in homicide
I learned my lessons well.

And looked so proud
With sad, detached, and distant eyes
He handed me a glowing torch
I'd always use, as my prize.

In high school I went out with girls
Who hugged, who cried, who felt, who lied
They filled in all the gaps in me
And slowly forced dependency.

I saw one girl all through college
She was my partner, my lover, my partner
I felt through her, I lived through her
We were a perfect pair.

I knew Jeff since we were kids
He was my partner, rival, buddy
He played cards, we drank in bars
We picked up girls and put it in 'em.

And here's our legacy:

We stayed all night at Seaside Heights
In a cottage his father owned
We were pretty fucking
We went down in his truck
To the beach, to the waves, to the sand.

We stumbled through pockets of
black salty air
The sand was warm from the daytime sun
We walked in the footsteps of
theullen, sudden businessmen
and their angels, singing wives
the teasing be-hop cheerleaders
and punked out John Travolta
who were-poppin'-out of tv
and those warm and sensitive
college "poets"
their oil slick ducks
and imagined fuck
They'd go back home
And write some poems
About the things they saw.

But his
Children playing in the sand
Knew more than the poets & punks
But sure as hell weren't talking.

We bunched up in a macho twister
Tagging, tipsey ballet-rollers
We hit the ground, we smashed about.
We erased the footprints of the other poets.

His hands on my back f-felt so warm
His hair was smooth and flecked with sand
I could smell hot breath and sweat
I looked into his eyes

Repression, oppression, concession
We were prevented from expression

A man, it seems, is half a person
A wound up, wound up automat
Always looking for his missing half
Holistic reconciliation

Jeff saw that, too.

The strangewold became a tight embrace
The down-f-for-a-pin became a hug
And somewhere in all of this, a kiss.

And with a man on the beach in the sand
Animals and animals were introduced
They shook hands.

It sex is more than reproduction
Perhaps it's time for revolution
Perhaps its time to build things over
Perhaps its time for revolution
We need to think about what sex really is.
It's too long past time we redefined it.
Perhaps the roles, the masks, the walls
Have got to fall, have got to fall.

If we can go back to the root of it all
Gender isn't in the game
Perhaps sex is more a human act
Perhaps its all the same.

We turned and walked back home
We made all footprints in the sand
And the hint, the hint, the hint of the dawn
Was creeping over the land.

Lyrics (c) Bill-Dale Marincio & Passage Music, 1978.

A Return to Intimacy

The sense of touch is in the most powerful interpersonal sense. It establishes bonds between lovers. The presence of it can reaffirm our identity as human beings. The lack of it can make us lonely, depressed, sullen. Often the capacity to give affection through touching can make the difference to an injured person's recovery or death.

Sexual behaviors are modified forms of touching that occur between mother and child (lovers often call each other "baby" and touch in modified baby talk behavior). They are obvious.

We are given unlimited touching as babies, while in the womb and for a few years after. We are caressed, rubbed, stroked, and tickled. Then all of this touching stops. We are cut off from physical affection, so we can be "independent." We end up trying to return to intimacy the rest of our lives (one often make attempts through sex, marriage, and raising children).

Touch is a basic sense. Touch is a powerful sense. I believe that if all people hated each other were required to hug each other for 15 second intervals, they couldn't remain enemies for 5 minutes.

Because IN THAT TOUCH, IN THAT TOUCH, they would be forced to see how much they have in common, rather than how different they are.

Touch is a powerful communicator. It's subtle sense need not be submerged because we sometimes without our complete knowledge.

Touch is also an undeveloped form of communication that we're clueless about. It's limited. It's hardly used. How many ways are there in our society to greet someone by touching? The handshake, the pat on the back. How often do you go to express a complex emotion to someone through touching? It is hard. We have thousands of words in our vocabulary; but only a dozen or so symbolic touching unit behaviors in our physical vocabulary.

This must change.

But let me tell you my story first. Two years ago, I was (like any ordinary American male) an anxious, lonely, frustrated and physically un-attractive person, playing the typical male role of cool, detached, efficient computer. I was not allowed to feel strongly, to cry, to fail, to be weak, to ask for help. I was told "be the strong one, you see. Most of all I couldn't be alone. I had to be content in my solitude; tucked away with my rear tubes or my office with my books and papers."

I asked myself: "WE ARE all defined, am I?"
I am a person who gets nervous when people sit too close to me. I must pretend to be a hero of the strong, the athletic, the detached, academic, the powerful and all-knowing doctor, the sneaky and crafty businessman. I was told to be the strong one, the brave one, the man.

I wanted to touch, I wanted to feel. I wasn't a person. I wasn't even a person, I was a robot, a failure, a freak, or all of those things. But I am none of those things.

I wanted to be accepted as what I am: a person who was strong and dominant AT TIMES. A person who was aloof and detached AT TIMES. A person who was dependent and needing to love AT TIMES. Society will not accept me (let me). Men must be the rock granite aggressors (at all times). Women must be the ineffectual, dependent, and passive non-entities, servants of the men. There is no middle ground.

I was confused. I looked for guidance from feminists and women's libbers, who talked often about abolishing the roles. I found however that they were more interested in pointing out what a horrible person I was, a sensualist, fascist, and the ultimate lib oppressor and general evil villain (You, Marilyn, Margaret, yes) than in creating a standard of humanity that was neither "super traditional male" or "super traditional female."

I realized people didn't talk about touching much, either. They talked about sex, which is in itself touching. Touching seemed more private, more intimate because it was simple.

And BECAUSE IT WAS NOT AS RATIONAL AND CONVENTIONALIZED AS SEX, AND THEREFORE, NOT AS SAFE TO TALK ABOUT. Touch was basic. I began to understand the tremendous self-consciousness and fear people have towards touching.

I tried to get in touch with my feelings. Slowly, painfully, I peeled off the old SAFE ways society had made me think about sex, about the need to touch. About intimacy.

Only now am I beginning to understand what it is like to be in-touch (excuse the pun) with myself. I'm still growing. Un-learning all the inadequate myths and behaviors from my parents and society takes time.

So, what is touching? Definition: A physical gesture action that establishes a link between our bodies with another body or thing. Here I find it useful just to talk about human to human touching, although I can easily write reams on non-verbal communication, space bubbles, and substitutes for intimacy (feet, bears, toys, cat, cats, pens, caps, water beds, fur coats, etc.)

The need to touch is innate and comes from our animal ancestry. A human will discontinue touching as a necessary instinctual drive, then look at animals in a zoo—see how freely
a return to intimacy continued

they play with each other (especially monkeys).
Do humans, however, have lost the ability to play? We walk like repelling magnets down the streets and halls, we are afraid to trust, to touch, to initiate spontaneous play.

The need to touch confirms our identities as human beings. It connects the inner world (thoughts, feelings, concepts, etc. which are inside and secret) with the outer world (sensations: sight, sound, touch). It is a way of expressing these things to others.

Touching establishes conditions of intimacy (condition of intimacy: definition: signals which create a contract of trust, sharing, and giving without fear of rejection).

It is also a bell of a lot of fun; it creates a good feeling inside. Bug someone, who keeps talking about it afterward. Almost always makes them feel good, feel like a human being, feel warm and alive.

This is clear: we must confirm our inner thoughts, feelings, and identity in some exterior way.

The best way seems to me to be through touch. Then why not?

Perhaps you may not be interested; perhaps you will say that if you confront you with it. Perhaps this doesn’t seem like a big issue to you. Perhaps you are so out of touch with touching, you don’t even think it’s important. You don’t want to change.

But then again, you may have thought about it (I’m sure you have). At one time, you may have wanted to reach out and touch one of your friends (just because you want to touch them); perhaps for other reasons more complex than that, but you couldn’t. You found a wall had been built up. You were frozen.

You wonder if you can be three months old again, you and your friend, for just five minutes, to touch, without the oppressive sexual symbolism and connotation in every gesture. You remember a time perhaps when you were affectionated by a hug and kiss (by people you didn’t feel close to, close to shear your skin, and that pleased sensation reciprocated. You wonder whether you can ever return to that.

Return to Intimacy.

The answer (if we are to survive as human beings) is evident: Yes.

But first, are we new?

First of all, if we are over the age of 12, we divide us into two major groups: sexual and non-sexual touching.

This is functional, of course, but it turns on us. We walk around in a world, constantly anxious and self-conscious about "was that hug sexual?" is he/she making a sexual overture?" We will not allow ourselves to be

children, and play together as adults. Our knowledge of sex, our sexual revolution has just made sex "the important sex." We are determined to read sex into everything.

This is fine, but there are greater concerns which are missing here: the longing wanted, Intimacy, feeling close, power, control in our lives. Having a good self-image. Sex is just one, only one of these OTHER CONCERNS. Touching is a broad concern.

This priggishness over sex infects our interpersonal relationships. I say I want to touch one of my male friends.

BUDDING: in most cases, it only allows us to go as long as, at a time of emotional stress, to celebrate a sports, political or social victory. Certain groups of people want to hug more than we norms: Athletes can become touching each other, because their masculinity cannot be questioned.

LINKING ARMS, ARM AROUND SHOULDERS, HAND IN HAND, TOUCHING HEAD WITH HAND, HEAD TO HEAD, KISSING—all of these are not permitted long term. With the exception of ARM AROUND should and HEAD TO HEAD touch only if it’s violent, a slap or fumbling of hair; these all come from connotation homosexuality.

Male offers the following to legitimate their desire to touch each other. Women often do, and often for more than just sex, especially in group situations. At this time, a 15 year old can waltz with Dad, friends or roommates can waltz, with most of their companionship, but should the gestures become too gentle or sincere, or should they like it too much, problems arise. Men must be careful of aggressiveness at all costs—confrontation towards other males at all costs.

Which brings us to the section on our defenses against touching, which is as we do. The likely, isn’t surprising, at least among males.

(1) SEXUAL CONNOTATIONS OF TOUCHING: We have divided up all behaviors into acceptable/ unacceptable, touching, and sexual 'touching', which is important under certain conditions. God forbid, males are seen touching each other (homosexuality), child and parent (intimacy), members of the opposite sex (adultery), or lots of people and strangers (promiscuous, or a promiscuous bisexual relationship) a big fear among males, although I don’t know it to be a fear of sexual PER SE, more the fear of rejection, of the use of, may the, powerful, less virile, immature culture.

Sexual connotations exist elsewhere, too: heaven only knows, for example, the connotation of a sexual overture.

Girl is becoming suspicious, may become suspicious of placing their hands on those people who want "shy" or "to acknowledge people who aren’t saved, were female in sight of his girlfriend, or vice versa. Jealousy, plus. Ruh roh.

(2) THE DESIRE TO BE "INDEPENDENT" and "STRONG": Touching is often associated with weakness. We are taught that solitary people who don’t ask for help are good people. Hey, but they’ve got a whole lives without being dependent on one time and another. No one is that perfect, or that calm, loving, independent and powerful businessman. You will see he used in depression—a result of denying his needs as a side issue.

(3) THE INTELLECTUAL’S EXCUSE—I AM APART FROM MY BODY. My MIND IS SUPERIOR TO MY BODY. I AM THEREFORE APART FROM MY BODY, AND THEREFORE I HAVE NO EMOTIONS. I WILL TREAT MY BODY WITH EQUAL CONCERNS. The best excuse to make for being isolated and afraid of touching was intellectual, and the real identity, the real reality is mental and verbal. You make a real mistake by outside into the two realms. You divide yourself into a "mind" and "body," as if they are two separate entities. In truth, that is nonsense. You DON’T HAVE A BODY. You ARE YOUR BODY. You must be aware of it as a tool of communication. You must keep it in tune.

(4) OVERCROWDING: there are just too many people out there. I can’t touch everyone. I must therefore be selective. In being selective, I think: if I gave you a choice of having an over-crowded room where the crowd was friendly, reasonably comfortable, and you could talk to a few, vs. a crowd which was paranoid, suspicious, and isolated, which would you rather be part of?

(5) FEAR OF REJECTION: A big worry. What if you go to touch someone and they refuse? I’m sure you’ve seen people ask for a hug as huge as a rock. Okay, but if you refuse, you never get any. You must be successful, that you are available. The old advice better to be bashed and lost, then never to have had applied.

(6) FEAR OF REJECTION: Okay, but the same defense applied can take small threat of danger and use that to turn you into a snob and lonely person, or you can take risks, but the friends and love you want. You must have your friends or love you want.

(7) THREATENING EXISTING RELATIONSHIPS: Girlfriends, wives, husbands, boyfriends—they all get jealous when they see you touching someone else. This has to do more with THEIR insecurity, negative self-image, and than you are with anything you are doing. There is nothing in your relationship with them than your act. If you are honest with yourself and honest with them, you probably will get along.

(8) MIKE FEAR: Why are people so afraid to take risks? Why do people conform so much? Don’t they know what they are missing?

I would like to hear from all of you on this especially those people who want "return to intimacy" as I am trying to do with my friends. We can swap ideas, recipes and give each other pep talks. Maybe even share it in AFA with others.

JANUARY 25, 1979, ENTRY 16.

A person by the name of Bobby Mason who I met on the street, invited me over to his house that night to have a meeting. It was a proper meeting.

I have found a source of strength in my life, Jesus Christ.

All of this time I have talked about love, and have claimed to be homosexual, I knew about him, but I didn’t.

Last night I asked the Lord Jesus to come into my heart and save me.

I am re-dedicating my life to a Christian magazine (PRAYING THE LORDS). I know it is a sexual sin, and I am trying to change with help of Jesus and He let me do it. My life is good, and I have not sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

The devil is the enemy. Jesus is the name. This is the only one that I need to of all the heavens beings. I am afraid of one thing sin. Exterminate it in me, and turn on to Jesus. Here’s the best thing: Jesus. Now simple.
DIARY ENTRIES

JANUARY 24, 1979, ENTRY 11.

"Ted," I said, "I don't think I'll be needing you anymore."

"What do you mean?"

"I won't need you to find out who beat me up anymore. I've got a new sleuth in my life." Bill-Dale was radiant with joy.

"Who?" I asked, incredulous.

"Myself," she said. "Jesus, what a relief."

"Jesus Christ, The Lord. He's solving my cases now."

"Isn't that grand, Jesus?"

"Very, Jesus. Jesus can change your life like he did mine. Are you saved, Ted?"

"Are you crazy, Billy?"

"Ted, I'm sorry to be blunt, but you're fixed. You aren't a Christian, anyway. I couldn't have you on the case if I wanted."

"Just wait a minute for you hang up on me, kid. Jesus... he's on, he's a little good thing. But this time around, it's just for your own good."

"They can do it for you, you know. You can Islamize anyone you want. Like me."

"Yes, Jesus,Anchor, Spokane... But don't get carried away, Jesus."

"Okay, Jesus, but what do you do? Do you save up the world into "us" and "them?" Sure it's easier that way. You don't have to think. You just do the job you're assigned and don't get sidetracked. You can do it, Billy."

"Yes, Jesus, the life of a Christian is beautiful. Please God, I waited and worked to find paradise. I wanted to find a way, I wanted to find my paradise where no one ever got stranded or lost."

"Ted, I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me. Jesus isn't the answer. Maybe there ain't no such thing as answers. Just lots of questions, more and more questions."

"Hey, that's my brother, Billy. He's right."

"I think this story's gonna have a happy ending after all. I closed it. I figured you'd beat you up, too. And you'll be surprised."

"One of your friends, a friend of yours for ten years..."

"Billy?"

"Billy, I've found something that works, God didn't give us, sorry. Don't fault me for being happy."

"Okay, Billy."
BATTLESTAR: GALACTICA... TV leads to death

DEL RIO (AP) - A 15-year-old boy died Monday when he hung himself over his head to imitate a television space hero.

Gerry J. Halter of Del Rio was found dead in front of the television set by his parents when they entered their home Sunday night. The plastic bag was on his head.

As he hung himself, the boy was watching the TV show "Battlestar Galactica," in which character Cypher Wyvern wears a plastic helmet.

Police said they believed the boy was trying to imitate what he saw on the show. "The television program has instructed many youth to commit suicide."

The 15-year-old medical examiner listed the death as accidental. The coroner reported that the boy died from hinging his own carbon dioxide inside the plastic bag.

I like this show with about ten zillion special effects. Simplistic-minded people may view this show as being superficial, of course with sometimes appalling lack in logic and very derivative names (Apollo Adam, BSG, etc.). But I think the effect of the original colonies, which seem to be Taurus, Ariess, and all the sun-signs in the earth.

I also wish that idiotic kid who gets into the stupidest situations, and his robot-dog-beast-whatsit get jumped by the Cylons!

I also hope Battlestar never finds the "long-lost colony, Earth." We've troubles enough in the solar-system, and the other planets are moving so fast in their orbits that we might as well be in the universe with the Cylons...

It exists on several levels: the special effects, agreed to be excellent. The general Cylon-following level of plots, of variable quality. But what I think is most significant is the very strong infusion of religion and religious symbolism into the stories. There is a scene with the idol, and in the chamber with the triangle of light stand out as the strongest symbols. The Egyptian helmet, the jewelry worn by Adam and others, plus numerous other materials, actions, and suggestions show that the writers are trying to unite science and religion within the framework of science fiction. (Dr. Barnard, Avebury's great friend, and he who will have to admit that trying to tie in science and religion openly is a bold step toward the collapse of our society.) The science-religious split goes back at least to Bruno and Galilei; on another level it goes as far back as Babylon and Ancient Egypt. The break opened wider with Darwin's misunderstood work, and in the end resulted in fields of knowledge --science, religion, philosophy, which created totally separate from each other, and at eternal war with each other.

This is extremely unfortunate, as all four streams have good and bad points, and by combining the best of all four areas we can probably come up with a sound philosophy for our own daily lives, without much external effort.

-Jim Crawford

**DR. STRANGE MOVIE...**

"Mess said.

Without a doubt the most ambitious comics adaptation yet undertaken by TV has been that treatment of the STRANGE. It is an odd choice in many ways, for the supernatural has never been a strong genre in TV... TWILIGHT ZONE and a few other series have periodically had running series in that respect, and TWILIGHT ZONE often utilized more morality-plays than actual ghost stories. This does not constitute a lot of TV's ambitions, the one concerning DR. STRANGE was to a degree sincere but limited in the executive decision in terms of TV's financial baggage.

DR. STRANGE was a departure, resembling neither the TV treatment of the dimensions or Hulk, but falling between the outer banality of 50's and the rather-griping rumpages of Hulk, of course STRANGE has potential to be better than either, but the opening pilot shows five or six characteristic deficiencies we've all become too familiar with.

First, the belief that a superhero must be identified with a gimmick or gimmickless-HULK's strength is the size of his dimensions of features, but the others are practically the sum and total of the characters. BATMAN is his bat-gadgets, SPIDEY is his web and web-experiences, and so on. STRANGE is worst hand-lightings and dimensional journeys. Like a lot of TV's 2-hour features, a plot-longing episode, a plot-pondering and more than a little dependent on John Dykstra's special effects. The basic plot-thread concerns the attempt of Lindner (John Mille), a surrogate for the Ancient One, to find a disciple to take on the mystical task of defending Earth against supernatural evil. Stephen Strange proves to be this disciple, but also becomes the focus for a sort of fairy-tale conflict between a good female (Clea, who is mortal here) and an evil sorceress (Morgan Le Fay, a "Dark Queen" who is also Kali, Ishtar, and Lilith, by some lodgemonad). Morgan, under the command of a phony-looking dimensional entity, travels from a weird netherworld to try killing Lindner before he can pass on his powers. This she does by taking control of Clea as a pawn, and though Lindner is not killed the episode ends in rather tidy later to lure Stephen Strange into Morgan's, ah, clutches. It is a rather rudimentary version of the original DR. STRANGE fairly stimulating but not as mind-boggling as either the comic version or a good segment of NIGHT GALLERY. Special effects are very good, while the show is basically done for fun, it can be intelligent at times. Think of the show that could be done as an epilogue to the show. Social comment could be made about Earth and our society when and if the Colonials arrive on Earth. It would not all be that their myths and legends held it to be.

--Rick Finger

Boring as hell, after a few weeks the special effects cannot help you from doing off. This year I have fallen asleep 5 times during BATTLESTAR Galactica (browsing my previous record at 21) and another dozen. Am I supposed to like this shit? Can't muster the energy to sleep off it or switch to other shows. The BATTLESTAR, characterization--muddy, special effects are neat, but how many times can you see a tights expanse? Evan Garven has got some sincere trouble, shaking, lumbering around (I suspect homosexuality). Am I getting old or jaded? --Bill-Ted Nascone

On the whole, I've been pleased. One can really fly high on the special fx. I guess I'm happy to see it. From my experience with a full scale SF show being popular and on TV. The show does show promise, and I'm fascinated by the concept. The show has been judged according to its merit, and then you ask the question of the show, "Did it develop to the potential?" To which I say, no! no! With the concept set forth in BIG, of man's kind's brother's fighting to reach us. This is one of the best in BIG. The show was started on an epic scale and I felt along with the Colonials as their world and their lives were in jeopardy. Star Trek worked because of the format. The show had, built it into, a perfect device to understand a world that is very different here. And get involved in many different plotlines. I felt BIG had the same opportunity. However, so far the shows have all dealt with a battle between the Colonials and Cylons. The Klingons weren't in every episode of Star Trek. There was one notable character when Apollo was the good hero that he is, discovers that a planetary opportunist has been exploiting people by using a "broken" Cylon as a free labor. That show worked partially because it was refreshing, and partially because we were moved by Apollo's respect of the Cylons. Finally he meets on the surface. BIG might succeed with this repetition, as did The Fugitive and The Land of the Giants, as the format is better.

We all have enjoyed the games built into the show, such as faldercar, Pyramid, and Dujugat. While the show is basically done for fun, it can be intelligent at times. Think of the show that could be done as an epilogue to the show. Social comment could be made about Earth and our society when and if the Colonials arrive on Earth. It would not all be that their myths and legends held it to be.

--Rick Finger

On a different note, most of the time playing a betrayed intern (some of that original concept about the worldly man who sinks into selfish pity after one has no more to defend) one would have been given bad performances. But my character should have been more like Cypher Wyvern, who the world has seen on the screens and in the movies. I wish had been given the right to play Cypher Wyvern in the feature film. The role was better suited to my hobbies and would probably be a better choice for me.
Gambit investigates the strange device which is causing Secret Service agents to act strangely, while Steed looks on. From the episode entitled "Bong."

INDEX

There were two seasons of The New Avengers produced in England, 13 shows in each season. They are being show here NOT in the original broadcast order. The dates and order given here are air dates on CBS in New York, for all 1978 shows. Those from the second season are followed by (2nd), w=writer, d=Director.


FOURTH NETWORK

This piece was coined a few years back by Norman Lear. His TAT Communications company bypassed the network system entirely and sold his show, GET SMART, ALL THAT GLITTERS, PERNOD FOREVER, PERNOD/AMERICA 2-NIGHT directly to the independent stations, most of them being non-network affiliates (the stations that broadcast old movies and loops of I Love Lucy reruns). Although this alternative looked bright, nothing much happened outside of TAT. Since America 2-Night was canceled amidst bad ratings, the products since then have been forgettable and often embarrassing (Please Stand By, The Cheap Show, See Hay). There is great potential here, because you can avoid network pressure and censorship. You can produce potential high quality tv. No one has. For awhile Operation Prime Time looked bright (remember when it was supposed to produce new movies preceded by the new Star Trek episodes on Sat., night?). The products now are mostly low-grade "novels for television" like The Bastards. For the most part, carbon copies of the network attempts at same. Oh, well.

CABLE TV

For the most part, cable tv companies simply broadcast local tv stations (that you would have been able to get even with a good antenna). Cable tv in New Jersey plus brings in all the New York and Philadelphia channels with their signal strength. Most cable tv stations leave an open channel for two or three programs on their converter. These can be seen only on New Jersey's Channel 51 (but) is used for original programming. Broadcast from the studio and into the cable. Available only to subscribers. Some cable companies offer the usual, commercial free theatrical movies a few months after initial release. (Six months, $7.50-$15.00 per month). HBO has been running original programs and sporting events also. Yes soon will be a pay-tv, broadcasting commercial free programs designed specifically for the cable audience. For example, the newly formed Rutgers student tv station (Knight Time Productions) is planning to broadcast their programming through a cable access channel. In 2 years, we plan to hook up to other cable units, achieving a state-wide distribution. (By the way, I should be doing a number of shows through Knight Time, if you're interested--a few dramas and a talk show.)

VIDEO TAPE

Video tape can frustrate the networks crazy schedules by recording two programs simultaneously. While you're out, or record programs for later playback minus commercials. Video tape also gives the person the ability to buy pre-recorded video tapes without commercials.

VIDEO DISCS

May be the most exciting things since color tv. There is a question in the industry as to what form, tall or wide. The video tape is wide magnetic tape, like a cassette. The video disc looks like a record and is also made of plastic and optical laser beam. In 5 or 10 years, we'll probably see an integration of both methods; like stereo records and optical units. The video disc, like the video tape, is a tremendous breakthrough, because the discs can be more easily made at high quality, no commercials, no censorship. Initially, the discs will be already established movie hits (Gone With The Wind, Gone With The Wind, Gone With The Wind, Gone With The Wind). There will come a time when original material is produced specifically for the video disc. This week's VARIETY had some thrill news: the cast marketing by RCA in Atlanta of the video disc player went out tremendously well, most stores selling out. Owner said the response was 10 times what he expected. Because of that, RCA will start marketing it next week with publicity.$600. They will have a minimum of 250 titles in their software catalog, selling for the price of a record album. Most movies will fit on one disc (1 hour per side). The discs are incredibly cheap to produce, hard to pirate illegal copies, and easy to market. The pressing of any disc can be small and still market them. This means, small special films which don't constitute a whole feature can be released, like record albums, opening up whole new area of entertainment, and production. (Cheaper for television, who will be able to film directors and actors turn their heads away from the silver screen and look to the video for opportunities.) The disc is a better quality than the video tape (sound quality, especially)—they look like the old 8mm. I will report developments here in AP. Any news, clips, or information would be helpful.

On another front, there is a movement to ban tv commercials from children's programming. The argument is that young children cannot distinguish between commercial and commercial. They are unsure of the purpose of the commercial and their freedom to disregard it. I support this movement completely, and urge you to become aware of the FCC and the networks and express your opinion also.

A number of people have suggested the initiation of a tv ratings system, like those used for movies (G, PG, R, X) to better inform viewers of the content of a program. Although impossible to enforce ("You are not allowed to the living room without an accompanying parent at all times") it beats the hell of those "parental discretion advised" warnings, and just may free up regulations and stop those fundamentalist asshole lobby groups from exerting undue pressure on the networks. Again, write letters to the FCC and the networks, or send the letters to me, and I'll send them along.

A sincere round of applause goes to West Germany, who banned tv one day a week so that the families could sit down and talk to each other, do other things together. Although parental sensibility would ever come to the front here in America, it is still an intriguing idea. Perhaps for those of you who have been there, who have the one night (or even 2, 3, 4 nights) a week and just sit and watch television and read the comics of the kids, you could make a resolution for 175 days and, to every one night (or even 2, 3, 4 nights) a week and just sit and entertain each other with conversation, ideas, etc. A resolution that is not coming out of the box. The worst thing you can happen is an increase in intelligence and sensitivity.

LOCAL TV

Doing a program at a local studio for local broadcast would circumvent the machinations of the networks. Programming could be geared to a specific audience--they could determine how sophisticated and "adult" a program would be. The ratings on porn, would be made by local communities. This is great. However, most local stations are tuned to national news, current events, music, drama, music, but rather inane public affairs (news, political talk, a look at local events) and long-drawn-out shows. How much can happen to audit your local tv programs. For instance, Channel 68 in East Orange, NJ has got Floyd Lord, who hosts a strange children's show's ("Uncle Floyd") which absolutely defies description. Comes off as a kid's show and write off in the area, you must see it. 5:30 Monday-Friday, Channel 68. There are gems like this to be found all over, if you look for them.
TV AS ALTERNATE REALITY

In the January 20 TV Guide, Benjamin Stein comments that the television is "clean, full of happy endings and active people" and that the programs you see on TV reflect the producers' and writers' desire to make the show "as entertaining as possible, with the least amount of work and the least amount of responsibility." Stein believes that programs are "an escape into reality," and that they are a "distraction from the hardships of life." But what about the real world outside the TV show? What does the view from the TV show reflect about the society we live in?

Television creates an "alternate reality" for us, Stein suggests. "Television is a way of life," he writes. "We live in a world of make-believe, where we are in a Depression-era farming town in backwoods Virginia. Anyone who has been to a television show believes that they are instantly dirty and bedraggled. On The Waltons, even the laundry is immaculate, and depressed and inaccurate as we may know it to be more attractive to us. The Waltons." The white show was generally believed to be a more attractive to an audience. Even then, this "marvelous" white clothing and sport is not unusual.

The problem of what is on television is curbed by the screen. No one suffers from existential terror, no one is depressed, no one is a failure, no one is a criminal. The show is 600 hours of watching one hour of television per day in a windowless office going over musty volumes of figures and regulations. No one is depressed or sad about their life, they are lachrymose or depressed and get up to get up. There is no such thing as depression on TV. Everyone, good or bad, is charged with energy.

People in TV think big. They think about making a million selling heroin, or about getting the approval of the people who have been the most vicious killer of the decade. In a comedy, a poor family thinks of getting rich. A middle-class family thinks of getting rich. A black family thinks of overcoming racism. I would like to elaborate. By the dominant structure of TV, 10 minutes then commercial, 3 minutes then commercial, 2 minutes then commercial, 3 minutes then commercial, 2 minutes then commercial, 4 minutes then into little segments. People are taught to think fast. Don't be dedicated or interested too long, you'll lose your attention for 3 minutes, because a commercial is coming up.

A number of kindergarten teachers are complaining about what I call "The Sesame Street Syndrome." Many of the Sesame Street/locarno Road generation is going to school. Teachers are reporting students attention span is short. Children are coming from the speed or color of Sesame Street in her methods. The kids want teachers to explore into sound and color, but they are too old. The teachers are acting like her tv when they were younger. They can't.

What happens after continual tv watching? What happens when the underlying illusion of TV begins to sink in? (and don't say you are not affected—you are.) We see the world as TV show, we accept THIS as reality. The TV world is simplistic, mindless, pitiful, shallow, and fast. People are weird, depressed, odd. People are中国足球, stupid, cute, old, and dull. With this vision of the TV reality tackled in the back of our minds, we go out into the world and try to live. And slowly become frustrated, apathetic, frightened, because this world doesn't match up to the world we see. Our real life requires patience, constant involvement, getting tired, depressed, hard work, pain. We're not as happy.

So what do we do? Retreat to our TV world, leaving the real business of life behind. But we get involved, we don't have as many friends as we could should. Like old, wrong, get depressed, SIGH...do we watch more TV. What better reassurance it is, if you are poor and sick and alienated, to live in the simplistic world of TV where there is no dirt, no emotional risks, no real struggle.

I want to tell you a story about my present experience. It is intended as a proof of positive of anything, just a story. My roommates watch a lot of television. They watch a lot of slash. And they are all depressed and I'm not. As an alarm in the morning (a timer connected to the tv turns on at 4am) the alarm goes off before I'm ready, 2:30 or 3:00 in the afternoon. At that time he gets out of bed, showers, goes to class (depressed and inattentive), and goes to bed by 9pm. I'm left alone for more comfortable. The gratifying tv show was generally believed to be a more attractive to someone. Even then, this "marvelous" white clothing and sport is not unusual.

TV Violence

The key to dangers of violence rests not in violence as portrayed on the TV cube, but in the character of the violence presented. Violence can be portrayed in two ways.

1) REALISTICALLY—showing the effects and consequences of the violent act, with death and reality as a result. DRIVER

2) STYLISITC—showing the violence so that it loses its impact, i.e., BAD BOY. The character of the least-dangerous violent films of 1978, because the violence exists in another world, in a context in which it makes sense.

Violence should be allowed on tv to the extent the work allows. To avoid violence (thus making a viewer watch the tv violence, because you draw attention to it). Violence must work within the fabric of the show, not be allowed to "break the fourth wall." I don't think there's anything more dangerous to prevent violence to protect us from uncomfortable people who make it (e.g., the God innocent man).

Violence, however, on tv is dangerous. Because tv is neither realistic or stylisitic, the violence on tv is bland, matter-of-fact, cleaning up the real thing. Violence becomes BLAND.

Imagine a scene from the movie "The God Innocent," where a cop is killed. Maybe the cop is evil, maybe not. I'm not saying all violence should be presented as dirty and gritty. The world is a dirty, God innocent place. In James Bond or Rocky horror, or comedy shows, there is violence, but we know we are in a fantasy world. We are allowed to enjoy violence as part of our real world. We will never be a secret agent. We will never be Mr. "Frank n. Furter." The portrayal of violence must fit the tone of the situation.

SIMPLY BLAH

Most tv series and movies this season were frighteningly forgettable for just plain bad. We had a slew of "novels for tv," sweeping across the days of the week. These TV EVENTS aren't much better than soap operas. They are just soap operas with cliffhangers. Locations, big stars, lots of illusions that something is going on as family follows family. Nothing, from first-time directors starring theatrical pretenders, most edited with a complete lack of respect for the work (I just finished watching EXCLUSIVE FROM HAPPY DRIVER and still have nightmares about CARRIE (I didn't know John Travolta was a stupid "jerky" in what something he's doing), most television was highly unwatchable.

Great year for reading and going to movies and concerts. Oh, uh... the new American, exploitative, exploitative, idiotic show with Phyllis George as hostess. Her tattletales (I can't watch 2 minutes to recover) is done away with the almost pornographic way this show moved into the lives of famous stars (the members themselves were typically shallow and simplistic in the PEOPLE magazine style). GRANDPA GOES TO WASHINGTON, Jack Albertson (he's the best thing in the movie besides his quiet wit and Sam Ewol style enthusiasm, I'm not this post-interwar age has given us no fine acting, but he is excellent). CAPTAIN CREEPY CAPPA MISTERKIES.. Done some much better with Eilery Repeat. A bad, bad carbon copy of the old show, they led us to believe that this was something by mentioning NETWORK. No comparison. SWORD OF THE NEW EMPIRE was filled with wonderful characters, plots, dialogue. Great to go to sleep to. NEXT STEP BEYOND... A show with one-the best thing this season, it gets a psychic premonitory message, later proven to be genuine. EEEEEEEE MARX. Great concept, marx brothers. There's a shot that can't be beat.

It leaves out a whole range of experience. Sex on tv is cheap jokes—sex is never seen as a natural thing to create—it is seen only as a cheap thrill. Sex is never seen as complex or embodying any emotional or spiritual aspects. Sex is never seen as disappointing. No one gets upset or anxious about sex, no one is ever just relaxed—sex is done in the context of a punchline. The sex act is rarely presented in any holistic fashion. A giggle, cheap, adolescent attitude permeates everything.

SEX

Sex is portrayed in television today as an adolescent sex fantasy. Simplicity, shallow, plastic. Not unlike the sexual character of a 12-year-old boy. Pretty hair. Obvious breasts. More subtle clues were beyond comprehension in the days of pre-censorship. Of course the standards of beauty and the shows which foster them: AMERICAN GIRLS, CHARLIE'S ANGELS, THE PERSUERS. The most offensive show of the year, FLYING HIGH. Sex is titillation, dirty jokes, inflatable bodies with bellowing hair. Hair is a thing on the face is vacuous and vacant—without emotion. Blow-up dolls, 米老鼠 and Mickey through airplanes. Sometimes pathetic.

It leaves out a whole range of experience. Sex on tv is cheap jokes. Sex is never seen as a natural thing to create—it is seen only as a cheap thrill. Sex is never seen as complex or embodying any emotional or spiritual aspects. Sex is never seen as disappointing. No one gets upset or anxious about sex, no one is ever just relaxed—sex is done in the context of a punchline. The sex act is rarely presented in any holistic fashion. A giggle, cheap, adolescent attitude permeates everything.

SEX

Sex is portrayed in television today as an adolescent sex fantasy. Simplicity, shallow, plastic. Not unlike the sexual character of a 12-year-old boy. Pretty hair. Obvious breasts. More subtle clues were beyond comprehension in the days of pre-censorship. Of course the standards of beauty and the shows which foster them: AMERICAN GIRLS, CHARLIE'S ANGELS, THE PERSUERS. The most offensive show of the year, FLYING HIGH. Sex is titillation, dirty jokes, inflatable bodies with bellowing hair. Hair is a thing on the face is vacuous and vacant—without emotion. Blow-up dolls, 米老鼠 and Mickey through airplanes. Sometimes pathetic.

It leaves out a whole range of experience. Sex on tv is cheap jokes. Sex is never seen as a natural thing to create—it is seen only as a cheap thrill. Sex is never seen as complex or embodying any emotional or spiritual aspects. Sex is never seen as disappointing. No one gets upset or anxious about sex, no one is ever just relaxed—sex is done in the context of a punchline. The sex act is rarely presented in any holistic fashion. A giggle, cheap, adolescent attitude permeates everything.
I would like to take you to my office. Peach continued. "It’s on the 18th floor of the Centov Building on Park Avenue. You have an appointment at 10:00 tomorrow morning. A limousine will pick you up at college dormitory at 9:45." "Why me? How do I get in with the crowd you got on your staff?" "You happen to talk to a friend. I like you, because you look as simple as that. I have money, so I can afford to do what I want. If I’m the governor, I’ll give you the power and services you’ve always wanted. And don’t worry about the man, I don’t want success. That was a lie."

"And that’s a lie, Bill-T." "Yes, I want you. Just think about it, you will have the opportunity to do anything you want with AFA. You will never have to worry about money, and you will have the audience you’ve always wanted. I really liked it when you called AFA a fanzine of love. I’m just asking you to spread that love around to more people. I know that won’t work.

January 29, 1979, Entry 10.

The Centov Building is all exteriors. An illusion of importance is created—People pretend to carry out important tasks. At the base of it, you significant things are discussed. Regular Peach sat in his office, leaning back in his unpolished chair, gazing out at the Manhattan skyline.

"You asked what that of that, don’t you?" Bill-T said as he walked in the door. "Oh, you’re here? Now, Bill-T, there is something I want to talk to you about. Your future. You won’t need to go to college anymore. That is simply a distraction. You will be participating in New Aventura. You just need to come to a new magazine of mind.

with her short hair, too. The sickly camaraderie, "Let’s give it all its due, AFA was not offbeat with a Lou Gramm or Sue Ann Nivens and just came off like a glass of beer. Embarrassing. In addition, AFA’s only talent is good looks. You and I will not see this."

He was the only living. It was almost like an invisible after-effect, was trying to wear him down.

A large man in grey suit was walking towards Bill-T. He emerged from a tree parked on the grass of the cemetery. His face seemed familiar, pictures in the newspapers, perhaps. He had come eleven.

"My name is Rupert Peach, I am about that you have turned down my offers thus far, when I thought I would come to visit you once last time. To see if you will accept, now, I’ll go."

"I’ll take it," Bill-T said out.

"Yes what? The fat man’s face melted into a smile as he continued."

"I’ll take your God-damed money."

Bill-T looked down at mistress as they traveled down on him.

"Oh, my lady, I’m, much more than that, It is spiritual guidance, protection, meditation."

I thought Bill-T was talking as he was being so sore and soothing. It made Bill-T feel like he was being taken care of.

"What do I have to do?" Bill-T asked.

Well... Billy, may I call you Billy?"

I like your short hair. Very warm, very friendly, don’t you think?"

Close friends like us?"

Yes, I am the one to ask. "Don’t call me that, you get what you get."

The TV-drama is about to go, "Don’t call me that, you get what you get."

I just muddled mutter, was, was self to himself.

"I don’t want success. It was that, Bill-T."

Bill-T smiled. "Yes, you do. Just think about it, you will have the opportunity to do anything you want with AFA. You will never have to worry about money, and you will have the audience you’ve always wanted. I really liked it when you called AFA a fanzine of love. I’m just asking you to spread that love around to more people. I know that won’t work."

January 29, 1979, Entry 15.

Bill-T cried at Meek’s funeral. He and the goateed wig were the only mourners. He was the police, a necklace no clued-blue collar, no clues to anything. Sanderson, Bobby Mason, or Ted. The bodies were piled up spindly, and I felt the thrill of the billings. Would he be next who was doing this? He was the only living. It was almost like an invisible after-effect, was trying to wear him down.

A large man in grey suit was walking towards Bill-T. He emerged from a tree parked on the grass of the cemetery. His face seemed familiar, pictures in the newspapers, perhaps. He had come eleven.

"My name is Rupert Peach, I am about that you have turned down my offers thus far, when I thought I would come to visit you once last time. To see if you will accept, now, I’ll go."

"I’ll take it," Bill-T said out.

"Yes what? The fat man’s face melted into a smile as he continued."

"I’ll take your God-damed money."

Bill-T looked down at mistress as they traveled down on him.

"Oh, my lady, I’m, much more than that, It is spiritual guidance, protection, meditation."

I thought Bill-T was talking as he was being so sore and soothing. It made Bill-T feel like he was being taken care of.

"What do I have to do?" Bill-T asked.

Well... Billy, may I call you Billy?"

I like your short hair. Very warm, very friendly, don’t you think?"

Close friends like us?"

Yes, I am the one to ask. "Don’t call me that, you get what you get."

The TV-drama is about to go, "Don’t call me that, you get what you get."

I just muddled mutter, was, was self to himself.
KOOL AID, ANYONE?


"Wearing gaily colored clothes, the bodies were lying in a row, side by side, in deadly embrace, all but three dead from drinking a concoction made of Kool-Aid and cyanide. The bodies were arranged so as to resemble the scene of a story of death plots and madness, of parents amusing a poisonous punch into their children's juices, as their children lived the story of their death, too. They were young. Many of them were older people who had turned to Social Security for all their income and who lived over in the Bronx, Mo. Jones. It was learned that the cult was routinely drilled in suicide by Mr. Jones, who then turned to a very personal form of contact with them if it was ever attacked."

That weekend I went to Rocky Horror. Suddenly, it all became clear to me. There, sitting in the dark theatre, surrounded by rice-throwing, toast-worthy, water-spraying, shouting, dancing groupies, some in costume, it was clear.

I had this idea for this article. And here it is.

Let's talk about cults. Let's talk about fandom. Let's talk about Rocky Horror. The definitions are all the same. People united by devotion to a certain idea, figure, or ideal. So what are the Styles and fandom and horror all about? The mechanics which operate in each are identical. The common denominator of giving up part of your own spontaneity and individuality, and drawing on what is, instead, common. The people in the styles are looking for a new society, a society which they thought could be made possible through the People's Temple. Here in America we are supposed to be able to provide. Oh, we provide, we provide, we provide, and all in the end, and all in the end, and all in the end, means for happiness. We provide television. But somewhere in all of this is a deep spiritual void and a psychological fissure. Why do people join cults? To belong. Why do they want to belong? Because the concept they have of themselves is so poorly defined, they are willing to join groups and leaders to make decisions for them.

Let's talk about self concept, the one thing which people who join cults all have in common. It's their self concept. Just the collection of opinions, feelings, and observations you have about yourself. These observations are negative (i.e. I'm ugly, fat, unintelligent, shy, unpopular, clumsy, not of any value), our culture tells us that a person apart from other people, is reduced.

People who hate themselves need the confirmation of others. They need people to say "yes, you are a good person." If this persists, people begin to respect others so much that they allow them to make decisions and take responsibility for all the things in their lives.

What do we have in Guayna? People who had an existent spiritual vacuum (Why is it that no one in America feels the least bit religious?) They stayed, they lived, because the government of that country was the most stable in the world. People of the world who were mostly black, mostly poor, what is it and as a result the economic system kept them down and you are on your way to a low self image. When someone has a low self image, that is he is susceptible to commit crimes, become alcoholics, addicts, and join cults.

Jim Jones was a powerful, charismatic person. He looked like the perfect person to turn over all your possessions and family and feelings to. He would make decisions for you.

In the end, he made the ultimate decision suicide, 919 people followed. Few protested. Why? Because the ultimate solution should be made of Jones's hypothesis, humiliation, starvation, and deprivation of sleep methods to induce further memorable losses. Guayna did not affect people's minds for a long time. But I still think we can learn something from it.

I'm not just talking about religious cult. I'm talking about us, too. Whether you realized it or not, most of us are candidates for Kool-Aid, Vitamin Cyanide, mere so than the general populace.

To what extent do we define ourselves in relation to the groups we are part of (comic fan, SF fan, comic book letterhacker, Interlac member, Rocky Horror groupie, etc.) and to what extent do we have a strong sense of self?

How to check your sense of self? People with a high self concept, when they fail, don't take the failure personally. They learn from it. People with a low self concept have a sense of kinetic: they are rarely depressed, apathetic, frozen by anger or resentment, they do not love, they are constantly changing.

People with a low self concept, on the other hand, are afraid of making decisions without checking with the group first. Social anxiety is more prevalent than in asp—as the constant politicking and arguing about constitutions and fan fights and grudges that are inherent in the style. Most comic and SF fans entered "fandom" because they were too skinny, too fat, too gawky, too ugly, or thought that they were ugly because some idiots told them so, were presies (four eyes raise your hands) were embarrassed of their parents, their clothes, their homes (anything which was a blow to their confidence). Many fans entered fandom at an early age, this poor self concept firmly established. Years later, they haven't changed. They are still afraid of being a fan. We can get in that group with people who have interests and philosophies similar to our own, and we can become better when the need to be a fan results not from a continuously reevaluated decision, but from fear of rejection by the group. Which leads to the "mind--free" world. We have a small term for people out there who have ashamed us: 'MODERNISE'.

How many of you would have taken the Kool-Aid on November 19th? I think at least half of you would. Fandom is a great place to hide from your problems, just like comic are. Fandom prevents you from changing; it will give you the unconditional respect and acceptance which can keep you on your negative self. Image the rest of your life.

Next issue I'm going to run an analysis of fans: specifically Rocky Horror and comic book fans, the way I've been doing with a lot of groups. Please let every one of you write: Let me know what makes fandom tick for you? Why is it so interesting to you? Anybody's hiding? Being in fandom gives you confidence to be more independent and proud of your other attributes? Or has it supported your self hate and prevented you from changing your self-concept into a more positive one? In the next issue, I want to talk about fandom and the way fans are to be reluctant to talk about serious issues, ESPECIALLY this one. But I will bound to find fans who are bastards. What cults do you belong to? And then, if they cease to exist, how would you feel?
Random Samplings
The best and worst of recent comic books by Ed Via

The Hulk 230
Eliot Maggin replaces Roger Stern, Jim Mooney replaces Sal Buscema, and Bob Layton returns as inker, as a result of which, a bad story replaces the interesting plotline that was running in The Hulk. After years of supporting group of midwestern farmers and a bunch of small-town decals, Hulk is now here for no reason other than to get smushed, the game-speed brute finds himself being abducted by a bug-like alien who wants to study him because he's the color of vegetation. The Hulk wants none of this, of course, so he busts his way out of the alien's spaceship, but not before the strange being has scarped some dirt out from under his fingernails. He's added to his heap that the soil underfrom underneath those dusty filthy fingers is just what the alien needs to grow. But not to worry, Hulk is slanting the storyline involving Moonstone and Doc Sampson's attempts to help the Hulk adjust to rural life. No way to be wise when it is putting a pointless tale such as this one in its place, those who chronicle the adventures of The Hulk have done themselves in for no good reason. "Harvest of Fear" is neither funny or ironic or anything else its delineators attempted to make it to be. There's nothing worse than watching someone struggling to tell a good story and suddenly rooting for the author to make it, which is what we see Eliot Maggin doing here.

Ms. Marvel 21
The character who has done as complete a turnaround as any in comics stands toe-to-toe with the sentient lizard people—who dwell apart from Man in what is truly a spectacular issue. Writer Chris Claremont and artist Dave Cockrum have done such a fantastic job of breaking with the book's wretched past that Ms. Marvel, who was once little more than a reverse-gender Captain Marvel, is now someone who adventures can be assessed purely on their own merit. The merits of this one are quite substantial, final, from the magnificent cover depicting a massive battle in outer space of Carol Danvers' "Samson and Delilah" to the sequence in which Nuktehr, the导师 of a slav of lizard people followed by a race of the enigmatic people known as the Eunice shows her telling the leader of those beings how things are going to be from then on. The cover is a marvelous visual device built on trust and the threat of massive retaliation, which gives it something in common with most of the political cartoons made in this century. What is most impressive about Claremont's characterization is that he has made Carol Danvers a strong-willed individual who is still very fair. She is someone to be trusted if others give her a square deal, but also someone to be feared if they dare to double-cross her. Drawn by Dave Cockrum and Al Milgrom, who perform superbly from start to finish, this is an issue that is as entertaining as the new Ms. Marvel is that a character who was quite inconspicuous just a few short months ago quickly became the super-action heroine of the 70s. 

Spider-Man 187
Spider-Man and Captain America battle both the villainous Electro and the threat of an outbreak of Robotic Plague in a Mary Wolfman/Art Adams story that is a sequel to the previous story arc. The RH original, and Conn's dialogue isn't anywarhere near as good--his words have no iron in them. I illustrated very unimagnetically by Ernie Chua.

Red Sonja 12
A Frank Brunner cover which is just about the only good thing this issue has to offer introduces the latest installment of Roy Thomas and Frank Brunner's saga concerning the great missionary and tribulations on behalf of Sumeria, the ex-knight's determination to reign on the throne of Sumeria, the vast Babylonian city ruled by his treacherous human father. The first couple of chapters in this ongoing series were highly entertaining, but the last few have been dreadful. In this one, a green demon sends Sonja and Sumeria after a magic chess piece that the emblem of the chessboard itself turns out to be a golden chess piece, the demon turns out to be a servant of Apah Ahah, Sumeria himself turns out to be a ruthless duellist on the exercise of the power of everyone concerned. The two queasiers battle is fought on the chessboard, the champion plants while the couple looks on in annoyance. Sonja feeds the green demon to one of her servants, whose headchess piece in hand, takes off for parts unknown after telling her mother he doesn't want or need her help anymore. All this is told in an overwritten, verboine manner in which the artists have been doing themselves a disservice. The seemingly important character of Thomas Ruhl, are by and large unnecessary, as is much of the art. Drawn by John Buscema and Joe Rubinstein. At least, Roy has Sonja stating that her sword can't get through the green demon's scales, which is strange, since Starlin's rhetoric about the absolute inability to get anywhere near the spot she was slaming.

Savage Sword of Conan 35
Roy Thomas strikes out again, but this time it's because of the lamentations of the story he's adapted. The Demon can't have known that himself has done wrong. That story is L. Sprague DeCamp and Lin Carter's "Black Tears," an unadulterated, utterly vicious, sadistic portrayal of as the desert in which much of it takes place. The DeCamp/Carter Conan stories often begin more poorly than the worst of their endings. In this instance, Conan leads a desperate cavalry up slopes lined with archers and watchmen, the teeth of the enemy with a savage cry on his lips. But after the Turanians who opposed him have been slain, Conan goes on to be abandoned by his own superstitious Zalgaris, who won't accompany him through a desert he believes to be haunted by the spirit of a god, which is downhill all the way. Conan is found by the desert-welsh Emsh, lord of Akhat, the Accursed, the residence of the existence of a goddess-thing from another plane of the Multiverse, another dimension if you will, whom is making life miserable for the people of Akhat. Conan, of course, gets the unhappy assignment of going up against this three-eyed "goddess," which he relucotantly does. As with most of the DeCamp/Carter pastiches, "Black Tears" is a pale shadow of the Conan stories of Robert E. Howard. It has action and a supernatural menace, but that action is for the most part quickly resolved. The RH original, and Conn's dialogue isn't anywarhere near as good--his words have no iron in them. I illustrated very unimagnetically by Ernie Chua.

Superman 329
The wrap-up of Barry Parko's "Kryptonoid" two-parter is a skillful blend of action and mystery and even a little self-parody in the form of the cropping of a new universe. The best moment comes when Clark Kent is being Superman. One has the definite feeling that what they (as well as a Marty) are actually chuckling over is the notion that anyone who's been with Clark for as long as she has is just the kind of person he really is. But this is marginalia, though exceptionally interesting marginalia. In the end, however, the story is the way he takes a tired premise, that of another weird menace from Krypton after Superman and the others, and another, nothing one, a Superman robot, who serves as the vessel for the other two. The best part of the story is its pervasively ironic finale, which cannot be discussed for reasons that are unimportant. Superman very concisely worked out that it must at least be mentioned. Pencilled by Curt Swan, the finest Superman artist who has yet lived, inked by Frank Chiaramonte, who showed marked improvement over the past few months. A dumb "Mr. and Mrs. Superwoman" tale follows the concluding chapter, and it is a good page, but the brilliance of the lead feature is enough to put it in with the best of the current comics despite the shortcomings of the back-up.

X-Men 116
Marvel's misunderstood mutants go up against The Perilli Man in a thrilling, explosive, well-written issue that shows the effects of battle upon those who are under fire and drawn with a rich beauty that's really quite quite dejarazzing. In the main story, the Sturgeons take charge after Cyclops, Colossus, and Husker, and the guest-star Ka-Zar are captured by the evil Starlin's and Wolverine displays her heroic and scheme-throwing to destroy the Savage Land. The trio rescue their fellow mutants along the way of the battle which sets up two very exciting sequences, one involving a tense confrontation between Cyclops and the Perilli Man, and the other featuring Storne's courageous dive down a narrow shaft in an attempt to save an enemy. John Byrne and Terry Austin, who write the original story, manages to give each of the X-Men a meaningful role in the proceedings, which is no small feat considering that there are a lot of them vying for a share of the spotlight. His fine script has only one rough spot, which comes when Wolverine tells Zab, Ka- Zar's Sahretho, to go back for help. This little touch of "lassie" comes early on, however, and is easy to overlook. John Byrne and Terry Austin, who come up with a double-page spread that is as meticulous and detailed as anything I've seen in some little time, and who tell the story using a mixture of many and few paneled pages that is incredibly skillful.

I need it in the New York Times. I tell you what, Ed. It said dreams were made out of fashion. There'll be no more wasted passions to clutter up our place.

—Harry Chapin
Yellowjacket. The Wasp has always been conceptually a much more coherent character than Hank Pym in her original and much more engaging in personality. And of course, Cap, Iron Man, the Vision, Beast, and Scarlet Witch are some of the most interesting and versatile Avengers over the years.

So I think it's a good line-up, with real possibilities. I think both Thor and Ms. Marvel should be semi-regulars, to add power and depth, and make the team more popular. Thor will gain sales for the mag. And although I loathed the old Ms. Marvel, I very much like the new one, and feel she should get all the power and depth and complexity and be one of the best of the Avengers can disappear for all I care. I am ESPECIALLY glad to see the last of Wonder Woman, a very tired, very hackneyed, very unoriginal powers and a fairly uninteresting personality (although his feelings of otherworldly origin are interesting). I wouldn't mind it if Wonder Man showed up as a supporting character in the Ms. Marvel mag, but as a regular Avenger? Thor contributes more power and does so more interestingly, adding a real contribution to the personality of the team. I am also glad to see Hawkeye out--too much like the JLA's Green Arrow to be acceptable as a regular member of this crew.

"On the Matter of Heroes": had relative little action--but it held the promise of an interesting new Pym story. Wonder Woman, even though she was in this, did not quite live up to her true potential. Give it a 5--maybe a 6. It's moving in the right direction.


Avengers 181

April 1979, Writer: PAUL LEVITZ, Artist: JOE STATON...The Death of Batman. Marvelous idea, but somewhat flawed in execution. Instead of trying to kill the body, the Madam's killer should have either been the Joker, his arch-enemy, or the son or daughter of the Joker. Jerry Siegel's next idea would have been dramatically satisfying, rounding out the Batman legend in style. Don't forget the second story (although somewhat flawed by being broken into two parts, but that's hardly the writer's fault) and very dramatic, it just could have been so much better. (8)

Adventures 462

March 1979, Writer: DAVID MICHELINIE, Artist: JOHN BYRN...GENE DAY...The long awaited re-shuffling of the Avengers has finally taken place, after gathering every possible Avenger and pseudo-Avenger to battle Michael, and in general, I am very much in agreement with Agent Sydny's government-approved line-up. The main surprise was the inclusion of the Falcon, and the main disappointment was the exclusion of Thor--but certainly I have no objections to the inclusion of Sam Wilson. The Black Phantom is a Lite character, but he can add nothing to the team that Captain America can't--and I must confess I prefer Captain America. Mongul and the abilities that are separate from Cap's (and hopefully he will gain even more abilities in the future) should be the ones to represent American life today without at least one black member. (I'm still waiting for Black Lightning.)

I also very much agree with the other members of the line-up--especially the inclusion of the Wasp and the exclusion of Marvel Two-In-One 50

April 1979, Writer/Artist: JOHN BYRN...People who know me know I have a thing for the Marvel Two-In-One series, and this is the best example of all. For in this one, the Thing meets his earlier self--the sinister, malevolent monster (WITHOUT a trace of Brooklyn accent) that I loved, lo, these many years ago. Byrne captured the differences between "past Thing" and "present Thing" flawlessly, both in art and dialogue, proving he's as good a scripter as artist, which is quite a feat. And as with the Micronauts story, one of the best Marvel stories this year. Readers who only know the Thor or the Hulk or the Vision--or who are not at all familiar with any of these characters--should give this a look. Give it a 10. Heck, give it a 100! (10)

Micronauts 4

April 1979, Writer: BILL MANTLO, Artist: MIKE GOLDEN...This isn't about this issue particularly, but about the Micronauts story in general. I was really disappointed to hear about the Micronauts from various people--and I have to say only that this is contrary to my expectations, since after all this is a book based on some Mego toys, this is turning into one of the best books of the year. Great art, fun scripting and characterizations, neat villains (Baron Karza is too cool), and finally (I hope) an interesting gimmick--miniatuized aliens fighting amidst bumbling human game--some of the greatest battles between Gulliver's Travels and Star Wars.

Far superior to its sister book, Shogun Warriors.

Superman 17

February 1979, Writer/ILT: NELSON BRIDEKILL, Artists: RAYNA FRADON & BOB SMITH...The best of the Super Friends issues (but of course, look at the competition--LIST a competent villain, the Time Trapper--none of these pikers like Skyrocket or Mangerie Man or a silly villain who can't think straight. Continuity, Bridwell's strong point, making the most of the reptilian super-villain, WW's enemy, Time Master, excellent scenes of the dawn of Man, perhaps capturing the poignancy of the Mangeries' death before ever, and the return of Lyra Lear-Iol, a memorable character who never returned. Fradon's art was excellent--his layout and his work show exactly what he can do, and his choice of material confirms it. Give it a 5--maybe a 6. It's moving in the right direction.

Thor 280

February 1979, Writer: ROY THOMAS, Artists: WAYNE BORING, TOM PALMER...In mid-epic, Roy Thomas tossed us this little off-beat book, and it was one of the best of the issue stories to appear this year. "Crisis on Twin Earths!" from a plot by Don and Maggie Thompson, was, of course, a superb pastiche--with Wayne Boring returning to the art--involving the two Hypersons in the fight to the finish--almost. (In fact, Thor really didn't have a beefuca lot to do this issue. Any Marvel hero would have done as well.) The in-jokes abound, (my favorite is that the Hyperson's arch-foe, Burbank, had too much hair instead of too little) and were at times a little too broad. But I thought the parallel story named "Mark Mitten") but on the whole it was a very fun issue. It doesn't take your breath away, like Thor traditionally should, but it was very entertaining. Although Boring's art, obviously rushed with the art, the figures were unmistakably his, and of course, Boring's skycrapers and mad scientists just happen to be able to obey your order. Also enjoyable was Hyperson's "Lois Lane", Linni Tattiner, as shallow as the original. My biggest complaint of the whole issue is about consulting editor Jim Shooter. You see, the "evil" Hyperson had just appeared in the last issue, so you kind of appeared to reform after talking with Young. Some sort of reference to that meeting was needed. (It couldn't have happened before the Avengers Annual, anyway, wouldn't have been amissic "Mr. Kent" at the time) and since Boy was on the Next Coast and couldn't know all the details about the Hypersons Annual, it was Shooter's job to tell him. Sloppy work on Shooter's part.

Wonder Woman 253

March 1979, Writer: JACK C. HARRIS, Artist: JOHN JOSIUS...Well, the last batch of books I reviewed was inlaid as Inversion (who ranks with Razorback as the worst comics creation of the 70's) and such a sorry has ever had. And look what happened to Wonder Woman (from the Amazon Tails--uh Tales--series) named Diana (NOT Manalipho or Uterre, as the original Greek myths are named in the original Greek myths) just happens to find a silver-and-gold asteroid which just happen to be able to obey your arm astral form. She returns to earth and
In 1984, a Warren Magazine
I should have known better, but I actually expected something good. The problem with doing the same thing all the majority of comics these days! Instead of living up to the potential of the medium, they just pass around.

The secret behind 1984 started off well enough: a return to the carfree joys of youth, comics that are fun, fantasy of the sort that is rare and precious, all good and well. Unfortunately this is confused with being juvenile, and frankly, I'm tired of seeing writers and artists jack off their imaginations. It's not hard to feel guilt and shame while reading an issue. Can someone tell me how this comic's nothing special? I haven't yet confounded it with the other Warren titles, but only because I always check the title of a comic before I read it inside, the stories are about as noteworthy. We're treated to yet another extraterrestrial conspiracy to impinge Earth's women... Arrgh. The worst example of this -- "The Janitor" -- nine pages devoted to duplicated cheesehead and porn scene. And there's other offenders: the cowboy space captain, nympho aliens, the heroine with her vow of celibacy, and the slime-covered monster. We've seen them all many times before, often when we were kids, but I don't recall them being this lame.

There's one thing I'm quite sure of and not much talent at all; simply the usual from Dubay, Culli, Otto, and Richard Gorben. Especially Gorben. The concept may get credited for this, but what's so near about Gorben? Has he got something against hair? Why do all his characters look and talk in identical stereotypical voices so that other creators' characters? He does astonishing things with color and graduated values, but that doesn't excuse his for bad draftsmanship. Maybe it's me, but I always get the feeling he forgot to draw a Duncan cape.

There are a few bright points to every issue. So far, Alex Nino has been featured enough to get around. His layouts, his rendering techniques, make him one of the most dynamic and important comic (or fantasy, if you prefer) artists working today. Then there's Rudy Nebres' excellent and delicate line work—it's possible that one day his life may equal Lou Fine's. Oh, you, there's Wally Wood. His new ground is broken here, but I can't fault Wood—Warren did a real hatchet job on one of Wood's strips, and Jim M. even says he's an apologia.

But there's not much else. A few chuckles, a few pages of outstanding art work—just enough to make me feel good about this title. If you want a strip, then I think this is the place to get it; in the first issue, a story revolves around a strip show, and nothing else.

In a few words, 1984 is a cheap shot.

-Mark Landport

1984

Taking its title from an old horror reprint house, this issue is supposed to be a horror-detective issue. Features include mummies, zombies, and nuns. All that seems to be missing is the distinctive angle.

To be sure, Rockwell Twist, in "The Hero Killer Principle," is a Holmes pastiche, and the story itself is a blackly humorous Chris tie Carle-Off, but it makes a rather distinctive story. Don McGregor's hero lives in a world that has no time for real heroes, despite the sound of it. We have an example of futility and marginal insanity; the only figures in the story who work actively for good are either absent or too naive. In some ways, Twist presents an even grimmer world-view than Dragoon's. This story, the real gem of this issue, has been rewritten by editor Rick Marschall (the credits aren't clear). The result may make older readers realize the original was the author's unique viewpoint is watered down.

Another holdover from the Marvel monster days, Lilith, appears in a Steve Gerber story, "Death by Disco." I'm not sure just what's going on here; evidently, the daughter of Steve Gerber."a"

The story itself is plotted around the "Marvel formula" that Gerber claims to be a master of. The story is treated to a few pages of gratuitous violence, as Lilith sadistically wipes out a couple of muggers, and a few pages of subplot, then takes on the main comic. The plot is great.

Other than Lilith and her lover, the cast consists mainly of some disco dancers, none of whom are all that interesting. The logic of the story is that it doesn't center on Martin Gold (Lilith's Angel O'Bura's lover) looking for a job and getting into trouble. There are a few interesting stories in the series. Oh, well; maybe next time, Lilith's four-year pregnancy will finally come to fruition.

The issue is rounded out with an inventory horror story by Marv Wolfman. "Voices" is as horrendously aimed story by Wolfman, who's just as bad at the underplotted. Bemismincent of the (much better) stories Archie Goodwin used to do for early Creators, this story is forinker Tom Palmer's inking and tones, a pleasant contrast to Tony Dezuniga's also superb pen-and-ink effects on the other two stories.

The entire issue is penciled by Gene Colan, whose unique and flowing style lends cohesion. The reader is treated to what is otherwise pretty much of a mixed bag.

—Pierce Askegren

February 1979, Writer: CRISP CLARKEWYNT, Artists: JOHN BYRNE, RICHARD VILLAMANTE... I know, when X-Men went weekly, I said "Uh-oh," but still then it had been a beautiful, well-written magazine. I was skeptical about either Claremont or Byrne could keep up the standards of excellence they had established on a monthly basis.

Boy, was I wrong!

The X-Men continue to offer "The Submergence of Japan!" Sensitivity scripting, superb characterization and a quite interesting plot. The X-Men have finally achieved the Asian-ness they need to explore a facet of one particular X-Men's past and character, and this issue the focus was on the enigmatic and solitary Wolverine. We learned more about his background (he visited Japan before) and this issue met a young man who was his exact opposite—rational, gentle, sensitive—in Sunfire's female cousin. And, as always, opposite attracts.

Of equal interest was the issue was the use of Colleen Wring and Misty Knight as supporting characters—two of Claremont's best characters, independedent feminists who define their independance in action, not clichés. Many writers fall into the trap of the "Libber" stereotype when they use with feminists. Not so Claremont.

And of course, there's Byrne's artwork. No letdown in quality there. He knows when to borrow from Adams and other artists while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up--is little short of unbelievable.

This is a rare notice, people. I have no criticism to make. Colossus is a little underdeveloped in character, but only in comparison to the other two while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up is little short of unbelievable.

This is a rare notice, people. I have no criticism to make. Colossus is a little underdeveloped in character, but only in comparison to the other two while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up is little short of unbelievable.

This is a rare notice, people. I have no criticism to make. Colossus is a little underdeveloped in character, but only in comparison to the other two while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up is little short of unbelievable.

This is a rare notice, people. I have no criticism to make. Colossus is a little underdeveloped in character, but only in comparison to the other two while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up is little short of unbelievable.

This is a rare notice, people. I have no criticism to make. Colossus is a little underdeveloped in character, but only in comparison to the other two while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up is little short of unbelievable.

This is a rare notice, people. I have no criticism to make. Colossus is a little underdeveloped in character, but only in comparison to the other two while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up is little short of unbelievable.

This is a rare notice, people. I have no criticism to make. Colossus is a little underdeveloped in character, but only in comparison to the other two while still maintaining his own, unique, and beautiful style. In the title page, one can almost feel the beat of the firefighters that is gripping a Japanese city. That Byrne can get as much detail in his drawings on a monthly basis as not even mention his semi-regular stint on Marvel Team-Up is little short of unbelievable.
HE Y!! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO A NATIONAL SYMBOL!!!

Some of the nation below use a number rating system. 1=Horrible, 5=Average, 10=Superb.

BRAVE AND THE BOLD #118

February 1979, Writers: ROBERT KIRKMAN, ARTIST: BARRY RYKE

The story is about the adventures of the Brave and the Bold. The heroes are on a mission to save a city from destruction. The story is full of action and excitement. The art is well done, with clear lines and detailed backgrounds. The story is a good example of the kind of superhero stories that the Brave and the Bold are known for.

CAPTAIN AMERICA #231

April 1979, Writers: ROGER MOON, ARTISTS: FRANK MILLER, BILL MOORE, JIM SHOOTER, PETER DELL'ORO

The story is about Captain America. The hero is on a mission to stop a group of villains from disrupting the peace of the city. The art is well done, with clear lines and detailed backgrounds. The story is a good example of the kind of superhero stories that the Captain America series is known for.

FANTASTIC FOUR #208

February 1979, Writers: MARV WOLFMAN, ARTISTS: KEITH POLLARD, JOE SINNOTT...

The story is about the Fantastic Four. The heroes are on a mission to stop a group of villains from disrupting the peace of the city. The art is well done, with clear lines and detailed backgrounds. The story is a good example of the kind of superhero stories that the Fantastic Four series is known for.

FLASH #278

February 1979, Writers: CARY Bates, ARTISTS: IVAN NOVICK, FRANK McGUINN

The story is about the Flash. The hero is on a mission to stop a group of villains from disrupting the peace of the city. The art is well done, with clear lines and detailed backgrounds. The story is a good example of the kind of superhero stories that the Flash series is known for.

GREEN LANTERN #135

February 1979, Writers: DENNY O'NEAL, ARTISTS: ALEX SAVIUK, FRANK CHIARAUGIO...

The story is about the Green Lantern. The hero is on a mission to stop a group of villains from disrupting the peace of the city. The art is well done, with clear lines and detailed backgrounds. The story is a good example of the kind of superhero stories that the Green Lantern series is known for.

HAWK AND DOVE #52

March 1979, Writer: BILL MANTLO, ARTISTS: GENE COLAN, AL McGINNIS...

The story is about the Hawk and Dove. The heroes are on a mission to stop a group of villains from disrupting the peace of the city. The art is well done, with clear lines and detailed backgrounds. The story is a good example of the kind of superhero stories that the Hawk and Dove series is known for.
HEROES, every bit as skillfully handled with the direction and editing. Despite the length, this is the best single work he has yet produced; certainly it is his best collaboration with Kraft. With his new approach, Kraft waits to assume the conclusion of this mini-series, which might not have been possible for the able editor. In the limited space, we can only hope that Marvel PREMIERE should feature only previously-unseen features. Stern, Kraft, and Perez still constitute one of the strongest teams in the field, but if they leave you people at Marvel and wonder, in spite of everything still doing their best to keep up the sagging standards of Marvel Comics.

—Gene Phillips

MARVEL TEAM-UP #79

March 1979, Writer: CLAYTON BROWN, Artist: JOHN BYRNES...This is not the object and inner sinlessness you would expect from the concept. In the long line of success scored by the Claremont/Byrnes in MTU, this is their finest moment, and one of the best comics of 1978.

Light, sound, color, action. There’s no way to describe this mad swirl of graphic art than that. I can point out, however, that John Byrne somehow manages to superimpose the images of Frank Thorne over his own while drawing Red Sonja, producing incredible results. The jagged lines of Thorne under the smoothness of John Byrne is impossible to impossible to ignore. MG.

Glynn Wein’s colors make you realize colorists aren’t all housewives picking up a few extra dollars at night time. The pages explode with light and shadow. She’s come up with colors the primary four would never see before, and it makes this issue.

—Steven Alan Bennett

ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE #1

(Selected from the 20th century's ten greatest series of all time)

March 1979, Writer: MARK EVANIER, Artists: SCOTT SHAW, DAN SPIDDELO...Believe it or not, this is a very funny comic book. Especially for me, because most of my childhood friends were B characters, and every issue is sort of like a home movie for me.

Besides being very, very funny, Mark Evanier has done a lot of research because each of the last sixty or so, literally dozens of characters are in character.

This issue is made up into three chapters, with most of the stories focused on the generally stronger characters. The best work is of course by Scott Shaw, who beautifully captures the flavor and feeling involved in some of the early B-cast characters.

A pity, this being the last issue from Marvel.

—Steven Alan Bennett

MARVEL PREMIERE #45 (MAN-WOLF)

Writer: DAVID KRAFT, Artists: GEORGE PEREZ, FRANK GIACOIA...The original Man-Wolf series was one of my favorite Marvel stories. The last four issues encountered in Marvel’s horror-period is a mean, dark, oddball writer, working magic with such a mindless-emptiness monster? Toward the end of the first phase, of course, came one of those drawn-out fantasy-sorcery that so often get interrupted by cancellation, and I think the series was damaged by the cessation of developments in Man-Wolf as I was in the promising storyline of Ka-Zar and Son of Satan. Happily, I can say my lack of interest was thoroughly unjustified.

In MARVEL PREMIERE #45, David Kraft and George Perez have re-engaged their talents again, this time in a form not unlike that of Burton or Kline, for whom Kraft has most often worked. It is, of course, a book that is flat but black: "Swords and Sorcery Beyond the Stars," which is a nice change, since most recent swords-and-sorcery are taking place on Earth. As with WEIRDWORLD, Man-Wolf provides a kind of challenging heroic fantasy that comics are beginning to do without the pre-sold name like STAR WARS or JOHN CARTER OF MARS.

The most interesting change is that, for the present adventure, Man-Wolf acquires his human intelligence, and yet does not lose any of his savagery for it. The Werewolf had architecture. When Doug Moench took that strip. Usually the heroes of such space-fantasy have been strong-jawed versions of a famous Virginian, and Man-Wolf makes a fascinating change. One can’t help but add, in no other medium but comics.

The stories relate in part the evocative origin of the Man-Wolf, how John Janson was deserted with his companion’s clear and worldly god-king, and how he gets mixed up in a rebellion against the oppressors of their native world—again, it easily bears a similar tack used in WEIRDWOLF BY NIGHT, by virtue of Kraft’s elegant style. Though the characters are as engaging as the world, and conflict is not elaborated, the entire tale moves with such admirable timing, and so is interspersed with the steady emotions of fear, anger, and grief, that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts and as usual Perez manages to work in an intriguing conflict about Man-Wolf’s supposed godhood.

—Paul Embah

COMIC REVIEWS CONTINUED

SPIDER-WOMAN #13

April 1979, Writer: MARK GRUENWALD, Artists: CARMINE INFANTINO/GORDON...Nothing much happens here, except Jessica gets a new love interest and her half-sister (aka: The Shroud) again, but his stylized penmanship can be seen in the pages that follow. The story seems to be taking shape.

—Roger Caldwell

STAR WARS #5

March 1979, Writer: ARCHIE GOODWIN, Artists: CARMINE INFANTINO, GENE DAY...A fine story is marred by the uneven art of Infantino, and when it is good it’s a fine story. Things are way off now, even with Jim Starlin’s leadership. Maybe they’ll come back.

—Steven Alan Bennett

SUPERBOY AND THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES #144-9

February/March 1979, Writer: GERRY CONWAY, Artists: JOE STATION, DAVE HUNT/JACK ABEL...Whenever Conway takes over a book he likes to disregard past character developments and just use his own standard, interchangeable characterizations. In this two-partter he has let the Legion subplots go on; in fact, it is so obvious, he starts sub-plots that are illogical, and generally screws everything up. But Conaway concentrates on the central character, who is finished off in two pages) instead of bringing in the subplots that totally botch everything, he would have been much better off. In short, he installment he spends seven pages setting up the monster in the sewers plot. The rest of the book consists of three such sub-plots that make no sense. He has Lightning Lad tie to Saturn Girl (something he wouldn’t do) and he has Brainiac Five refuse to help Shadow Lass (something totally out of character for Brainiac. This is not resolved in the second installment and no reason is given for his irresponsible behavior. Brainiac Five would have rushed to help her) He has Non-E1 react totally out of character and he turns Non-E into a crybaby (as Conaway is wont to do with good characters). He has R.J. Brand go bankrupt (something Conaway likes to do for rich characters); the richest man in the Galaxy. The second installment again has Non-E1 and Brainiac Five acting like idiots. And then on the next to last page, Conaway introduces the villain and he is finished off in four panels. This story was ineptly written and edited. I think the entire chapter was a total waste of everyone’s time.

STORY (1) ART ON BOTH ISSUES (3)

Hunt’s take doesn’t seem much different from Abel’s, but Abel’s line is better.

The nine page back-up, (Written: PAUL KIRKBRIDGE, Artist: TONY GRANATO) was quite good. It is neatly written in just nine pages (could Conway write a nine page super-hero story?) and is a nice short featuring Champion Boy. Staton in his own neecrets very nicely on this one, and captures some of the whimsy that characterized his work in M-16.

—Roger Caldwell

SUPERMAN #33

March 1979, Writer: MARTY PASKO, Artists: SCOTT SHAW, FRANK GIACOMANN...Pasko wants to convince us he is Roy Thomas and still give us traditional Schwartz plot twists. The comic book is a bit more interesting than usual, but it’s not bad either—even when applied to a Bizarro story. A semi-annual Bizarro is not going to take the place of the annual Superman action material. But it could be a little more consistent. Some of Bizarro’s adventures are weak, and some are fairly exciting. The story is not quite as good as it could be, but it’s a decent effort.

—Steven Alan Bennett

POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN #148

January 1979, Writer: BILL PEARSON, Artist: GEORGE WILDMAN...Another consistently good quality strip. The strip has had consistent continuity, more or less, and has enough looseness in plot to let gag follow gag, each being exasperatingly stuff but potential for laughs without becoming trite or boring. And although the satire is soft and on the gentle side, it’s a nice reminder of the strip under Segar.

The strip is consistently good, but the real praise belongs to Bill Pearson’s script. Foppe remains the essence of a neked device. But he does manage to skillfully use it to the advantage of the story.

—Steven Alan Bennett

—Paul Embah
**COMICS REVIEWS CONTINUED**

THOR #261-262

March 1979, April 1979, Writers: MARK GRIESENDAL & RALPH MACCHIO with help from PETER GILLIS and MIKE CATON, Artists: KEITH JOLLAND, WALTER GISBERT. "The Grey God" is a continuation of Thor's adventures in the Marvel Universe, and we will occasionally turn up with a winner. In this case, however, his team was hard pressed to escape with a tie earned on a dramatic cliff-hanger. The Marvel Universe willmost likely turn up with several previously-unrelated loose ends. The saving grace was that it was done with a certain amount of style and a good deal of class.

But effects on the Marvel Universe: Immortus is now the Master of Time (a remarkable achievement for a poor gypsy boy); the characters of Tempus, Than, and the Space Phantoms are explained to a degree; and Thor's hammer is stripped of its time-spanning power.

—Dick O'Healey (6)

**WARLORD #10**

March 1979, Writer: MIKE GRIESENDAL, Illustrator: MIKE GRIESENDAL, Writer: VICTOR COLLETA. "Grell takes the struggle between Travis and Delmas a small step forward. In the process he gives us a story complete with its own climaxes and resolution. Grell's art is always a delight, even more so as the series progresses."—E.M. Harris (9)

**X-MEN #120**

April 1979, Writer: CHRIS CLAIREN, Artists: JOHN BYRNE, TERRY AUSTIN. "Clairemont's story is another one of his continued stories that refused to take up sub-plots began in past issues. The plot this time is familiar Marvel stuff about one group of heroes trying to capture another (as usual). Clairemont has done some nice work with the characterization of the X-Men, and there are some nice scenes in it but it seems that Clairemont doesn't want to clear up existing sub-plots nor tell a story in a single issue which makes it, nevertheless, one of the best published."—Roger Caldwell (8)

**SHOGUN WARRIORS #2**

February 1979, Writer: TOSHIO MATSUSHITA, Artist: ALBERTO DOLCE. "The Shogun Warrors are giant robot figures from the Shogun Universe (where else?) who must fight creatures who have invaded the land. The good Dr. Tanaka kidnaps a black, a woman, and a man and eventually gives them a giant robot to fight all the alien invaders, respectively, Dan- gard Ace, Combattla, Raydeen. They operate the robots from inside, going on fights with alien creatures in the elemental (comical) earth, fire, and water. What can I say, Doug? Original! Provocative! Issue four comes with a fight with the Mach-Monster! Oh, boy.

Mensch and Trimpe work well together. Though still telling stories from the Kirby era with stories such with clumsiness that the book is almost a parody of an awful fanzine story in the Kirby style (is this book a joke?) and Trimpe complementing him perfectly by swiping layouts, facial expressions, machines, and these robots (which look strangely Japanese and would probably fit well in one of Toho Films masterpiece from Kirby. Avoid it.

—Bill Dale Marcinko (2)

**BATTLESTAR GALACTICA #1**

March 1979, Writer: ROGER KENNZIE, Artist: ERNIE COLON. "When I watched the three hour long episode of BG, I said to myself: this would get as a comic book. In comic, the shallow characterizations and real lack of originality are commonplace. To see BG in live action shown how transparent the plot and premise of the series truly is. I wanted the comic, thinking BG as comic should be much more convincing than BG as film.

I was wrong.

Roger McKenzie and Ernie Colon do nothing to improve or embellish the pilot of BG. The two issues above are the first installments of the first BG episode. There is little change between the filmed action and imaginative adaptation does not work, except of course to lure thousands of pre-adolescent boys who are addicted to Star Wars and similar model space ship space war scenarios into buying it, and therefore making it into one of Marvel's most popular titles. This is not a comic book. It is a poor attempt to cash in on a popular show. It gets what it deserves.

—Bill Dale Marcinko (0)

**THE SILVER SURFER KILLED BY HIS CREATORS**

Imagine Sherlock Holmes without Doctor Watson, or Tarzan never having met Jane. Try to conjure up a picture in your mind of Captain America without Bucky. And take a moment of your time to think of the origin of Silver Surfer without Alicia, the Watcher, or the3-headed four. Can't do it, can you? Well, Stan Lee and Jack Kirby can. For in their Silver Surfer novel-length, which has been anxiously awaiting for what seems like at least a decade, they've rewritten history with the ease and seeming lack of conscience of a newspaper straight out of George Orwell's 1984.

In the past, whenever I was saddened by the way comic book movies changed comic characters to suit their own distorted ideas about superheroes, I could always console myself with my angry self-righteousness, because I could rage against those other idios that ran the TV networks, and who didn't really know what the comics world was about. "Bummer," I'd think. "I have nothing to complain about! He'll keep those Hollywood producers from tinkering with his creations! He'd do it right!"

Please pity on this poor comics fan, to have his illusions shattered after so long. For with Stan at last having his hands on the creative reins with this new Silver Surfer novel, the product is as much of a sell-out as any hack's boob tube output of the day.

I have no complaints with Jack Kirby; the pencils are the best he's done since returning to Marvel, and at least they're minus his wretched scripting. The fault, dear Stanley, lies not in the art, but in the plot. There are nice bits, but that's definitely the kind of statement I can make about this book's warped storyline.

Stan Lee's seeming denial of his earlier creative genius and his refusal to let well enough alone has destroyed the Silver Surfer legend, especially for those readers whose first meeting with the Surfer will be in this ill-conceived book. I'd recommend the original over this totally ruined refresh any day. There is but one way to enjoy this book—try to convince yourself while reading that it is an adventure of a coumling Earth Surfer. That way there's a slim chance you can ignore the enormity of the cop-out being perpetuated upon your brevity being the soul of wit, let me say but this: Never have so many waited so long for so little.

—Scott Edelman (8)

**SUPPRESSED PANEL REVEALS "ZIGGY" CREATOR'S SUICIDE DISCLOSED**

CHICAGO (AP) - A group of syndicated cartoonists announced Wednesday the death of their friend "Ziggy" creator Tom Wilson. "Ziggy" creator Tom Wilson died by suicide Wednesday, his brother Johnny Hart and "Frank and Ernest's" Rob Thames revealed, revealed that Wilson had committed suicide in early 1979. The news was made known to Universal Press Syndicate (UPS) in late January, 1979, an announcement of the syndicate that the Friday, March 16, "Ziggy" panel showed Wilson's Tubby Everman in a blackened room, stuffed in a chair, and "Ziggy" was fingering a gun as the scene that had fallen apart in the planning stages was a major reason he had opted to take his own life.

Winston wrote that he had poured his "life's blood into this strip, and nearly drowned in India ink and Liquid Paper every day since the premiere of the strip in 1971, but that "Ziggy" had never been his creation because he thought it was due to him. His final installment was intended as a statement of "what the world does to the little man" Wilson added, revealing, perhaps, a strong identification between the artist and his perpetually hapless creation.

UPS director Marc Haden responded swiftly to the tragedy, acquiring the assignation rights to the character of Mary Chatalabian to the task of pen- ning Ziggy's future adventures. Chatalabian, then a recent graduate of Ball State University, filled in capably for Wilson, adopting his easily replicated style and signature. Curiously, "Ziggy" remained doubled in the intervening two years, Hayden said.

The March 16, 1976 panel was the last comic strip from papers. UPS also banned the previous day's strip, which featured Ziggy being defeated on by a grave, and was dropped accordingly judged unsuitable for publication.
A BIRTHRIGHT OF COSMIC GRANDEUR, STIFLED FOR EVER

Believe it or not, I can't find where I read this quote, but it was from an interview with Jack Kirby more than 3 years ago. Someone asked him about the future of comic books, and this is what he replied:

"What is going to be the future of comic books? I don't think there's much of a future for them, really. We've had a great run, but it's probably time to move on to bigger and better things."

The theme is somewhat reminiscent of the Dark Horse, a concept that has been around for a while. The book itself is a collection of short stories, each of which explores a different aspect of the Dark Horse's relationship with humanity. The stories are written by different authors, and each one is illustrated by a different artist.

The first story, "The Birthright of Cosmic Grandeur," is written by Jack Kirby and illustrated by John Romita. It tells the story of a young boy named John, who discovers that he is the Dark Horse's son. John is initially skeptical, but as he learns more about his heritage, he begins to see the Dark Horse in a new light.

The second story, "A Stifled For Ever," is written by Stan Lee and illustrated by John Buscema. It tells the story of a group of heroes who are trying to stop a powerful villain from destroying the world. The heroes are faced with a series of challenges, each of which tests their strength and determination.

Overall, this unique collection of stories offers a glimpse into the world of the Dark Horse, and provides a thought-provoking exploration of the relationship between humans and the supernatural.

---

A COMIC REVIEWS CONTINUED

SPIDER-WOMAN #12 (March 1979) #13 (April 1979)

ARTIST: MARK GROMBAUM, AKA ART

INFANTINO, IRENE: AL GORDON...

Mark Grombaum has taken a pathetically title and is beginning to show a kind of magic with it. It is not as much as undertaking and amusing as it is as the Howard the Duck was ever on, without the self-conscious feel it had. This is some of the best work of Steve Gerber. The story clips on at an incredible pace, Mark knows how to write dialogue that is funny and has enough to the tongue-in-cheek situations, but never slipping into cliches. Not unlike some of the better Avenger scripts. Jessica Drew cares more about her next job than Spider-Woman dogs about making a splash as a...super-heroine...("I'm not a Spider..."

spiderwoman," for the glory of it"). This 'trapped in a world she never made' ambivalence doesn't become as evident as it should. (There's more about it in the panel on reminding us of it every third panel). Jessica is genuinely curious about Earth. The next issue looks promising as we find out what Jessica checks out the Hothos Institute for Emotional Research (a nice parody of Pop-Psychology Cults), and meets up with the 'shroom and the gearhead. The issue is worthy the 35c alone for two panels. In one, at a therapy group patient is confessing "My problem is alcoholism. You see, my parents never..." Grombaum cuts to the shroom who is observing through a two-way mirror and says "If problems too, began when he was a child. They began the night he saw his parents gunned down in cold blood by a petty hold-up man." A nice parody of Batman's origin.

Infantino's art can be very sloppy and start at times. At Gordon doesn't really help matters (but then Dick Giordano seems to be the only good inker for Infantino_again). His art is always a bit too hard to acquire. Grombaum scores well.

--Bill Dele Marcinko

(9)

JONAH HEX #22 (March 1979) #23 (April 1979)

ARTIST: VINCENZO ALCARZA (#22-#25), LUIS DOMINGUEZ (#24)

Why this comic does not get more mention in the month, is beyond me. The cast of super-heroes (75% of which don't come off nearly as well) has always confused me, but the last attempt at a Jonah Hex and talented writer. He knows his western genre, he knows how to work within it, and how to present it. We also have a cast of new twistat the Hex persona (He falls in love with a Chinese girl, Mei Ling, and when he attempts to tell her that this is a bad idea, she says this to a woman before..." she stops him with "Then don't say it to me, Jonah. It is not really me you love! It is the gamblers with the girl he loves, the cows he inside me because you are afraid to find it inside yourself?" How's that for a turn down?) Almost makes one think that Hex is the only one inside, and evil, including Hex's father. Violence is played with and exploited again and again. Finest album is more of a style, both he and Dominguez's work call up the stiff, 19th century etching-type cartooning, and in such a way as to be tied to the book. Not for everyone, but give it a try. In what it attempts to do, it does admirably well.

--Bill Dele Marcinko

(10)
A SPECIAL NATIONAL MIND SAMPLER

BILL DAVIS ADMITS-

"Sure, I'm 3-D"

In an exclusive interview with reporter F.P. Sensationalism, Bill-Dale Marincio told the NATIONAL MIND that, as someone who has reached, he is "three-dimensional." "I am three-di- mensional," Bill-Dale said.

"I'm not proud of it, but I am. I will have to live with it. I realize there is a lot of ignorance and hatred involving the 3-D community."

Does Bill-Dale plan to get involved in the political rights movement? "I've never been one for politics. I just want to live my own life."

But being 3-D is still illegal in many states. The law has changed. How does Bill-Dale deal with these problems? "Well, when I'm on the street, I try to dress as 1-D. I know this is hypocritical, but still, I walk sideways." To the worried about religious zealots like Anita Loos, Bill-Dale says she is 3-D. "She says I must adhere to the 3-D code."

Mrs. Marincio continued: "I remember going to the kitchen, making a sandwich, and then returning, via the actual plane, to the bedroom. I gave my husband the sandwich. He was surprised! How did you that, hon, he said."

Dr. Nutrick reports that eventually Mrs. Marincio found a way to wash the dishes and keep the plane clean, as well.

"She cooks and cleans while her body's with me," Mr. Marincio reports. "She gets the plane clean and our lives are different than before, either."

The doctor related one case in North Dakota in which a man is asking for a divorce on the grounds that the spirits of her husband and the mailman used to rendezvous astrally at the Grill-Out Hotel in local billings, North Dakota (in quote). When they ran up a tab and had extramarital relations, "this was a whole new affair," District Judge Bertrand commented.

HOW TO HAVE SEX

If you are a male, you thrust your penis (the thing in the middle of your body which kind of hangs down or sticks out, depending on what kind of person you are in) with rhythmic gestures, in and out of the female's vagina (the hole in the middle of her body) until she squirms.

If you are a female, stick out your breasts and show off your thighs until you find a male to do the above, at which point you just sit back and enjoy it.

JAWS 3

A mechanical Nick Nolte costing $3 million to construct and $3 million to operate will be the main star of JAWS III.

"Considering Nolte's performances in the past, I don't think the audience will notice the difference," producer Marty Moneysa said.

LIZ KNOWS

Liz knows she's really a tub these days. "Sure, when I walk into the room and then stop, most of my body keeps moving. It takes a few minutes for the fat under my arms and on my big fat ass to stop jigging."

CONTEST

And now—"a new NATIONAL MIND contest. Just write and tell us how you would end all the suffering and pain on Earth and we'll award you a prize for our suggestion we use. The winning entries will appear in the next issue of THE NATIONAL MIND. Deadline is April 1, 1979.

What Causes All Disease

Those debilitating, unhealthy and offensive maladies that threaten your health and ruin your entrance at dinner parties are, by germs, bacteria, viruses, or other things that we are not sure of yet, says a University of Michigan scientist.

Bill-Dale, Dr. Reinhart, suggests that we go to a doctor, or maybe the hospital if it's real serious, or buy something from the store to fix it.

The New Velotulava

In less than a year, Bill-Dale Marincio has risen from a complete unknown to the biggest B.N.F. (Big Name Fan) fandom has ever seen.

Rupert Peach and the Cervox Corporation are planning a "BILL-DALE MARINCO IS THE BEST HUMAN BEING WHO HAS EVER LIVED" campaign which will include TV interviews, a lecture tour on campuses, and a cover story in the new slick weekly, everyone says.

Bill-Dale speaks: "I intend to use the recognition I've gotten through AFTA to further my own goals. I'm going to use and exploit all the people who have trusted me and said good things about me when I was an unknown."

Plans are underway to license an entire line of Bill-Dale Marincio products. The big seller looks like a plastic model "Bill-Dale, Crackerjack!" (maybe model Or is it "marty model")? If you punch him in the ribs, he bobs for money and complains how much he is in debt. New merchandising products will follow: T-shirts, buttons, stickers, posters (Bill-Dale posing in a wet t-shirt, guys, bubbha, bubble), a sound track of Bill-Dale talking, laughing, sneezing, and crying to sing. A number of life-size dolls for younger children and homosexuals will be released. "The dolls are complete with all the naughty bits," Bill-Dale said slyly. "Almost those parts are not quite to scale. Nettel said the mold couldn't handle such fine detail."

A future issue will be an all Bill-Dale issue. It will have pictures of Bill-Dale doing ordinary things just like everyone else, like going to the store, eating broccoli, answering the phone, typing, etc. It will reveal the sorrows details of his experimentation with drugs, alcoholism, sex, dieting, and you still can't cover her."

"Some people have compared me to Jim Jones, suggesting the devotion and loyalty I demand, but not following through in turn. For answering letters, remitting alms. I think the comparison is unfair. Jim Jones wanted people's hearts and minds. I just want their money."

$10 for JOKES KIDS TELL

QUESTION: What's worse than a glass "full of pus?"

ANSWER: Afterbirth on toast.

—Submitted by Tim Phillips, age 8, Akron, Ohio.
How To Make Everyone Like You

We all have trouble making lots of friends. Eric More, in his new book on the subject, suggests that you should be popular with the largest number of people:

- Be friendly with everyone.
- Don't be pushy.
- Don't be aggressive.
- Be polite and considerate.

Eric More, in his new book on the subject, suggests that you should be popular with the largest number of people.

FANNISH NO MORE

How does Bill-Bale Marincic see the approach to his new magazine, EVERYONE ALIVE? "It will certainly not be fanzine. Everyone I've talked to says fanzine is a synonym for unprofessional and uncommercial. Fanzine is an elitist and worthless concept."

Marincic elaborates some of the changes. "Instead of personal editorials where I reveal my inner thoughts and feelings, I am going to have a monthly feature called the 'CONTRIBUTOR'S PAGE' in which I will discuss the pros and cons of all the new comics."

"I am also very proud of the number of new writers, getting rid of some of the old ones. I am really lucky to have my hands on in that respect. She's a truly dynamic writer. As you remember, she first entered fandom and became known in the Great Game of Life Scandal. She said that the funny was sexist, racist, snobbish, and perverts. But petals to the wind."

This NATIONAL MIND reporter talked to Harry Bobo about her writing style. "Sure, I'm hyper-critical and super-critical of everything in fandom. You see, being critical and nasty and snobbish makes people think you are a 'respectable' fan writer. It covers up any fact that you don't really know what you are talking about, and that you are just in fandom to make money off the fans, which is what I am."

"Harry Bobo is opening a new store. Her successful mail order business, SEDUCTION OF THE FANS, brings her in contact with many fans, many of whom she is actually nice to. 'God forbid I should be nice to any fan, though, if he isn't a customer of mine. That would ruin my image. I don't really like anyone in fandom-I'm here to educate them, then, because I'm so much smarter and more liberal than those ignorant sexist males."

Bill-Bale was exterminated via a tragic accident by Jerry's favorite comedian, Steve Martin. Jerry's friends, who were thrilled to Jerry's terrifyingly bad impressions of the popular comedian, demanded that he de Martin's famous 'arrow through the head trick.'"

"Jerry's father adds, 'Who does Steve Martin anyway, anyway?"

"I'm not sure we have a moment out of our busy life to drop Jerry a line! Please send your cards and letters to: Jerry Milford, 32 Peacock Lane, Rosedale, Indiana 32854.

LONG DEAD TEEN NEEDS YOUR LETTERS

Sitting in his hospital bed, stiff, bluish, smelling really bad (see HOW YOU SMELL). Another casualty of yourグルフを持つ馬/口輪に、the accumulating expenses for family and friends, young Jerry Milford doesn't move at all. He is sad and lonely because hardly anyone does him anymore. He is anything like that. Surely this is because Jerry Milford died three months ago.

Cards from NATIONAL MIND readers can show him that someone cares.

Jerry faces a number of obstacles in his family. His therapist, the famous Dr. Bob Berkowitz from the University of Michigan. He has no heart, no rhythm, no respiratory system. His temperature is 70° (the temperature of the room, coincidentally-the hospital by the way, is still observing the Save Energy program Ford said a number of years ago). "But his brain still registers some activity, so we know he's in there somewhere. But it is no longer in our hands."

Sure that his past isn't a factor, doctors machines indefinitely. But we're talking about the will to live now. Jerry needs some cheering up."
BILL DALE MARCINKO--From shopping mall gypsy to superstar

INSIDE
Gig Young-Man or Myth?

How To Make Everyone Like You

Farrah vomits--EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS!

Is the new Bill Dale a better man

or

a mere reflection of his former self?