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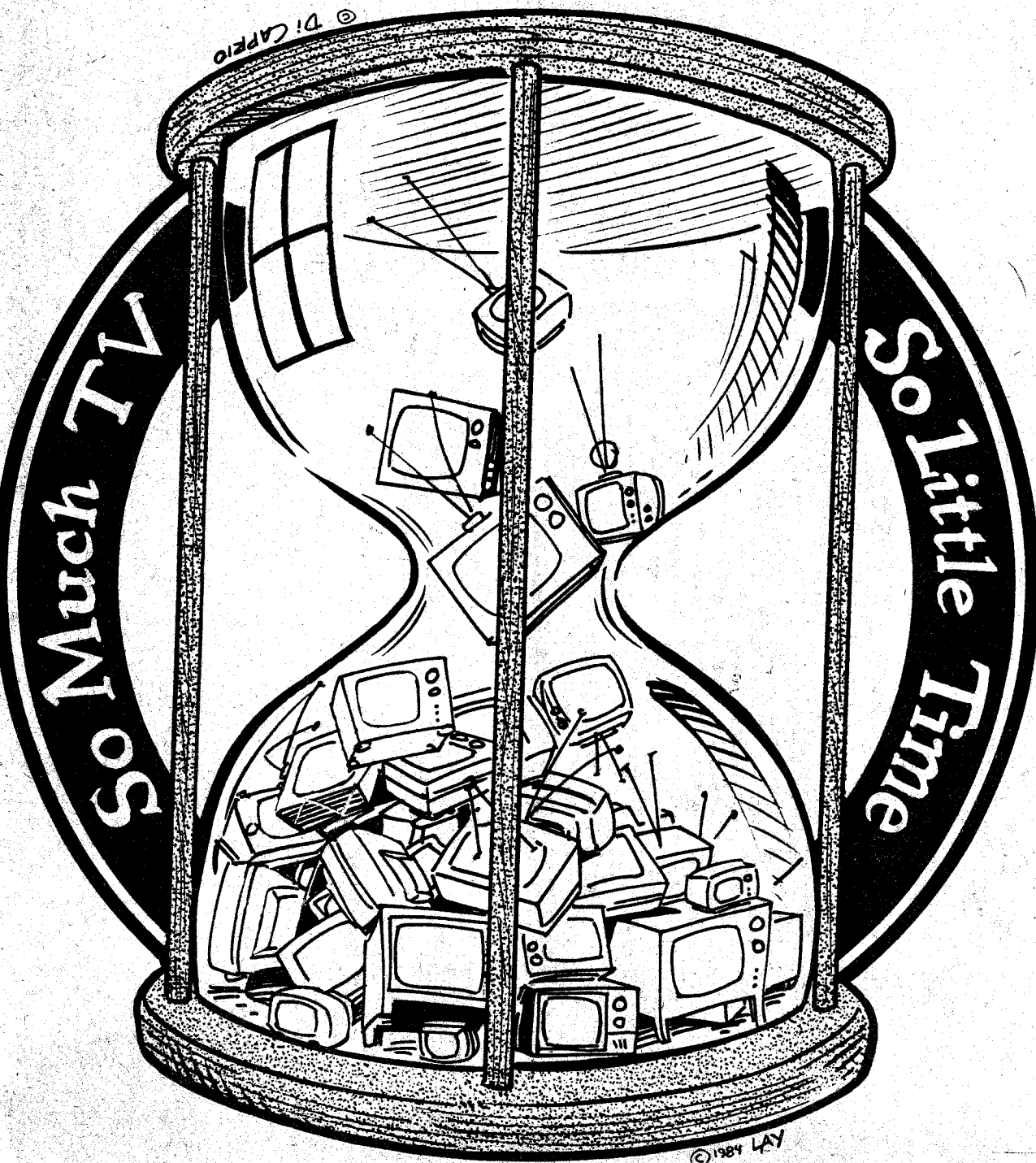
uber's voice

\$1.25

Number 7

THE COUCH POTATO NEWSLETTER

MCMLXXXIV



SURVEY NO 5 RESULTS

In our never-ending quest to try to find the pulse of our membership, the responses to another questionnaire have been compiled. We got lots of smart answers to this last one, a sampling of which are presented below. These questions were carefully designed to reveal the true nature of the respondents and thereby convince the rest of our readers that they are not alone.

1. When watching my favorite sitcoms I always make sure to have plenty of _____ on hand.

ANSWERS:

Cheetos and beer, Gilbeys gin and pot, Vanilla Wafers, No Doz, Whip and Chill, popcorn and cookie dough, Yellow Zonkers and Gatorade, smokes and koolaid, one-liners, peanut butter.

2. If my house/apartment were burning down I'd of course save my TV first, then I'd save my _____.

ANSWERS:

TV Guide, VCR, camera—then husband, children, purse, George Fenneman autograph.

3. My favorite three years of TV programming are _____.

ANSWERS:

A lot of members felt this question was irrelevant, but the three highest ranking years proved to be 1961, 1963, 1964.

4. If I do anything at all during commercials I usually _____.

ANSWERS:

Get more beer, get rid of beer, channel hop, torture the cat, remove wax from ears, watch for subliminal messages, think how wonderful the products are, refer to the TV Guide.

5.

Respondents unanimously confronted the lack of a question #5 by not answering it.

6. As a very young viewer my favorite kid show was _____.

ANSWERS:

Soupy Sales, Howdy Doody, Crusader Rabbit, Watch Mr. Wizard, The Little Rascals, Rocky and Bullwinkle, Beany and Cecil, Andy's Gang, The Buster

Brown Show, Ding Dong School, Captain Kangaroo. Regional favorites: The Bozo Show (L.A. and Chicago), Rocketship 7 (Buffalo, NY), Major Astro (Kansas), Sheriff John's Lunch Brigade (L.A.), Capt. Jack McCarthy (NYC), Webster Webfoot (L.A.)

7. What annoys me the most is when people insist on _____ while I'm viewing.

ANSWERS:

Phoning me; asking: "What happened while I was gone?"; expelling gas; gossiping about TV personalities; arousing me; dropping cotton balls; blocking my view.

8. My all-time favorite game show is _____.

ANSWERS in order of popularity:

Jeopardy, Hollywood Squares (old series), Newlywed Game, Name That Tune, The Gong Show, G.E. College Bowl, Queen for a Day, Let's Make a Deal, The Dating Game, Truth or Consequences.

9. My all-time favorite detective/cop show is _____.

ANSWERS in order of popularity:

Dragnet, The Untouchables, Barney Miller, Hill St. Blues, The Rockford Files, Police Squad, M Squad, Car 54 Where Are You?, Columbo.

10. My all-time favorite variety show is _____.

ANSWERS in order of popularity:

The Ed Sullivan Show, The Smothers Brothers Show, The Gong Show, Your Show of Shows, The Sonny and Cher Show, Lawrence Welk Show, Saturday Night Live, The Flip Wilson Show.

11. I wish my local station would rerun _____.

ANSWERS in order of popularity:

Amos 'n' Andy, The Prisoner, Shindig, Star Trek, Fernwood 2-nite, Topper, My Favorite Martian, Dobie Gillis.

12. During my childhood viewing days my parents would never allow me to watch _____.

ANSWERS:

After 10 p.m., murder mysteries, horror movies, test patterns, them having sex, more than two hours per day, while doing homework or practicing the piano.

13. When I get hungry I usually pop _____ into the toaster oven.

(An appalling number of members claimed not to own a toaster oven—others answered.)

Anything topped with mild cheddar, Pizza Rolls, Pop Tarts, unwrapped Twinkies, hot dog burritos, anything with a shelf life of 2 to 3 years, tuna melts, bagels, frozen waffles.

14. By the year 2000 television will probably _____.

ANSWERS:

Be on the other side of our eyeballs; have more channels than circuits; be 3-D with the use of holography; be poster size, an inch thick and hang on the wall; talk to us and pay our bills; be the only reason for living; become a viable substitute for all forms of human activity including sex, eating, defecating, sleeping, and thinking; depend more heavily on '60s sitcom reruns than ever; be the same, hopefully.

15. When I really want to lose myself I watch _____.

ANSWERS:

Soap operas, Dance Fever, Love Boat reruns, Dr. Who, scrambled pay TV channels, cheap Japanese movies, any TV movie or series with Carl Betz, Aerobicize on Showtime.

16. The one show that has influenced my lifestyle the most is _____.

ANSWERS:

Green Acres, Gilligan's Island, Bilko, Soul Train, Fractured Fairy Tales, Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood, Dobie Gillis.

17. My pet _____ likes to watch _____.

ANSWERS:

Dog — toy commercials; Guinea pig — "Speed Racer;" Rock — Rev. Ike; Bird — The movie "The Birds;" Cat — wild life programs, A-Team, Soul Train.

18. When I'm not viewing from a couch I usually plant myself in a _____.

ANSWERS:

Bed, recliner, pile of pillows, bathtub, female's lap, flower pot, deep pile shag rug.

19. If I could watch TV shows from another country I'd probably like to see something from _____.

ANSWERS:

Japan, England, Australia, USSR, Spain, Sweden, Italy, Red China, France, Iran, Iowa, Egypt.

20. The thing that bothers me the most about people that never watch TV is _____.

ANSWERS:

their inability to communicate about anything important; their lack of knowledge of game show hosts; their fake intellectual snobbery; they sound as self righteous as born-again Christians, ex-heroin addicts, ex-smokers, and members of A.A.; their unsupported rationale about the evils of video; they have little hairs growing out of their ears.

21. _____ can never be _____.

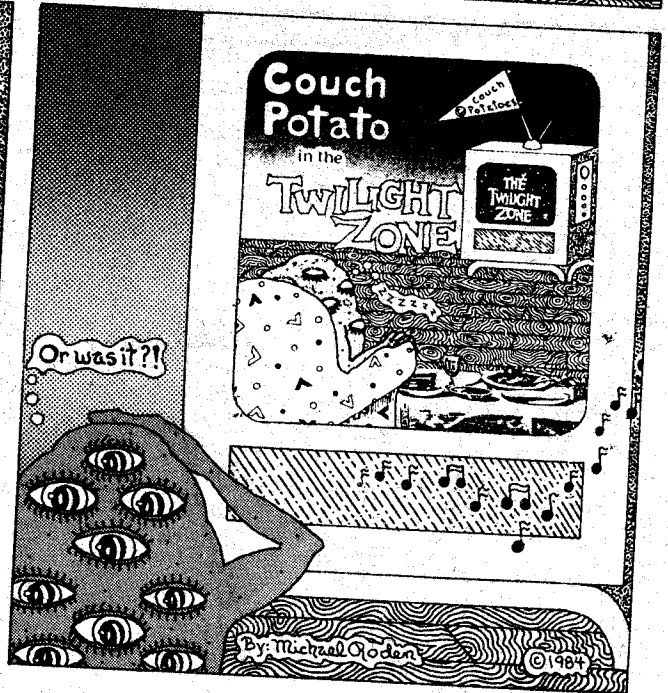
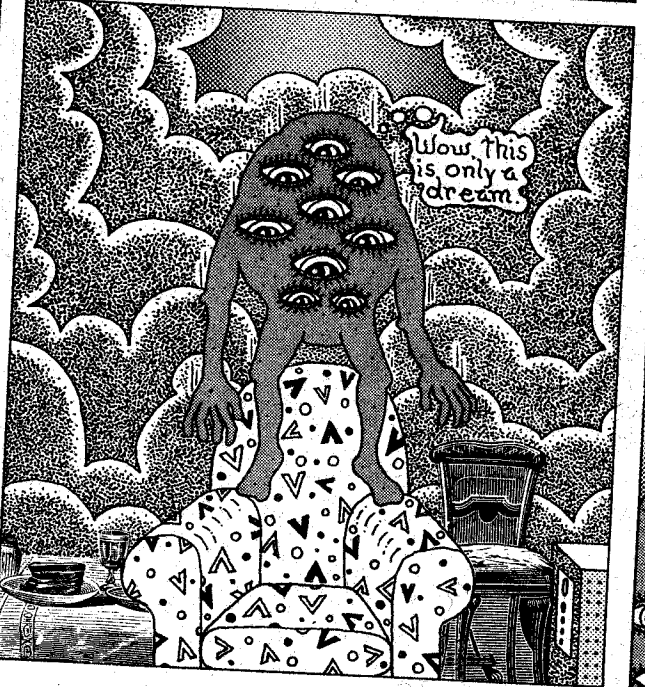
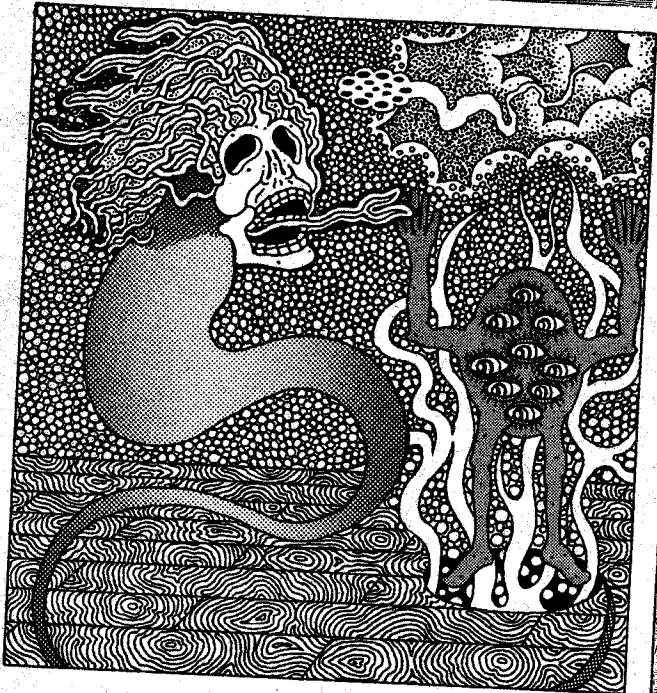
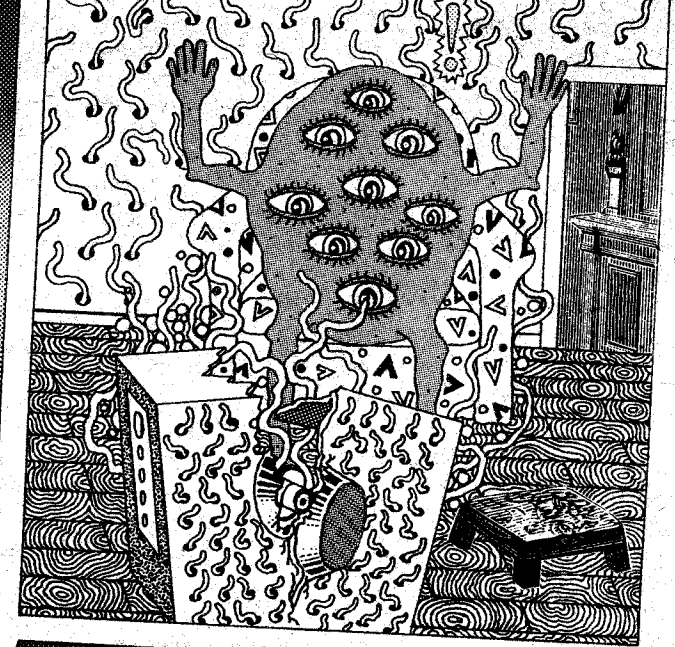
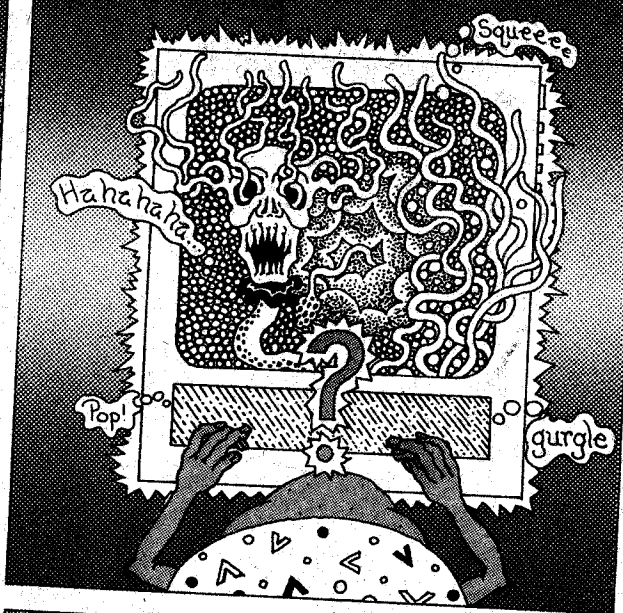
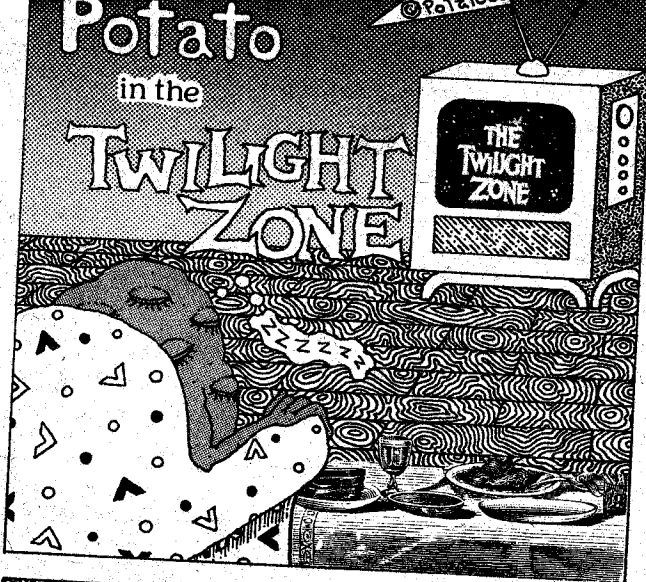
ANSWERS:

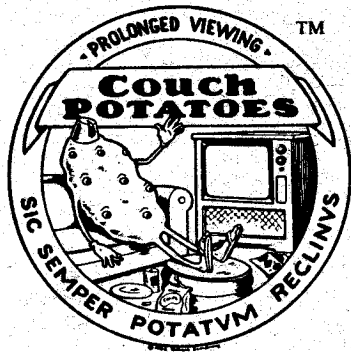
Life can never be as good as television; TV can never be replaced; Popular shows can never be banal; TV can never be properly watched at a wild party; The moon and solar system can never be colonized unless television replaces schools; Walt Disney can never be brought back to life in a microwave; Skip Stevenson (Real People) can never be as funny as Arnold the Pig; Anne Murray can never be Jan Murray; Classic sitcoms can never be rerun too often.

22. The only time I feel guilty about watching too much TV is when I _____.

(A large percentage of members claimed they never feel guilty about this, others answered:)

miss three days of work; choose to stay home and watch Love Connection rather than attend a relative's funeral; start glowing in the dark; wet the couch; wake up Tuesday morning to find I'm still digesting Saturday night's snacks; miss getting laid; discover my video tan has become a video burn.





ON CATHODE SLACK

I don't quite know how to thank you for the great work you've done in your TV outreach. Between your new C.P. HANDBOOK and the latest *Voice*, well, I was **SAVED**. (Of course, I was originally "saved" by a great new religion some years ago, but then I became an *employee* of the Church and it lost all its beneficial spiritual effects for me. So it doesn't count.)

You see, I recently quit smoking. Quit smoking about two packs of Marlboros a day. If you're a smoker you'll know what I mean. It's like having your TV in the shop for weeks. You get crazy, miserable, physically ill, in short **VERY** unstable. You feel all hollowed-out and empty. You need something that packs about the same wallop as all that nicotine.

TV was the obvious choice for me (being a Minister, I cannot use substitute drugs, though being also a Doctor, I CAN administer them). But my half-assed approach to viewing would have defeated the purpose completely. I just wouldn't have had the **ALL-OUT, SHIRT RIPPING, "TAKE ME I'M YOURS"** devotion I'd've needed.

Praise "Philo" your publications came in the nick of time. They gave me the boost—the encouragement—the role models and recipes—the simple instructions I needed to make **VIEWING** every bit the religious, addictive, health-enslaving habit that smoking had been. By following your Handbook instructions to the letter, I have escaped the free thought that would surely have

JUNK MOVIE JUNKIE

Although no PBS junkie, just a buff of horror, science-fiction and fantasy movies who watches late TV to catch the above flicks, I am no true-blue Couch Potato either. Still, I received a copy of *The Tuber's Voice* from a personal correspondent. I wish to add to the data on Colonel Bleep. The series also played on *Jingles in Boothland*, a Canadian program televised in Detroit.

By the way, over half of the shelved movies pumped directly to late-night TV, as attested to by one of your writers, *did* have a limited "drive-in" release in "a few" regions of the country. Many of them went by alternate titles when playing on the big screen. Very few of them received any publicity, so the notion that they were released directly to the tube is a common error even among trivia students. I take it, of course, that the writer is referring to such pictures as *The Alien Zone*, (known at Detroit theatres as *House of the Dead*), *Track of the Moon Beast*, *Planet of the Dinosaurs*, *Enter the Devil*, *Grave of the Vampire*, *Shock Waves*, *Satan's Cheerleaders*, *The Day Time Ended*, *Kiss of the Tarantula*, *King of Kong Island*, *Warlock Moon*, *Jennifer the Snake Goddess*, *Mission: Mars*, *Beast of Morocco*, *Tourist Trap*, *Shriek of the Mutilated*, *Night Creatures*, *Something Creeping in the Dark*, *Invasion from Inner Earth*, *Project: U.F.O.*, *Legacy of Terror*, *Doomsday Machine*, *Death Dream* and *A Touch of Satan*. Most, but not *all* of these were bad. Some were just very cheaply made.

DAVE SZUREK
Detroit, MI



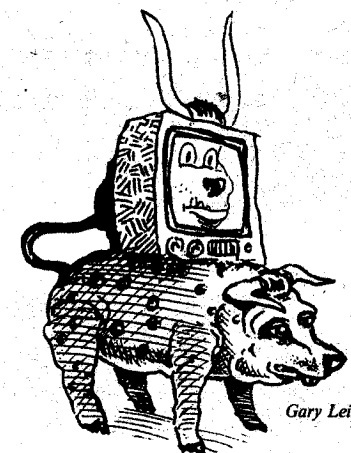
PBS PANNED

Have you noticed how PBS has been presenting more & more programs that are "popular culture." Especially things that the dull drones in charge of PBS would've looked down their noses at when the stuff was "current." It seems like every other week they're having one salute or another to something that was considered "junk" in the Fabulous '50s or the Swingin' '60s. They had their annual pledge drive recently here in N.Y. & for this week they programmed all "Rock 'n' Roll" shows because, I reckon, they reckon (what with MTV and all) that there's "gold in them thar hills." They presented, *Beatles at Shea Stadium* (cool), A "Phil Spector Show" (lame, done by Brits, no focus, no nothin'—lot's of footage of L.A. traffic & rollerskaters[?] circa 1983 [?]) and an "Everly Bros. Show" (good old clips, sad ta see 'em today, they should've stayed off of drugz). Before, during and after they would beg for your money and would use all of their usual heavy handed attempts to play on "liberal guilt." Only it didn't work on the R 'n' R crowd. They kept showing dozens of phone answerers sitting there hands folded, smiling as *no* phones rang. Just silence. Personally I hate these bastards. If they can't make it in the real world it's

FULL FIGURE ELVIS

Elvis was shown full figure (from the waist down) in two of his three appearances on the Ed Sullivan show.

KEVIN P. COFFEY
San Francisco, CA



OFFICIAL EPISTLE

Reference is made to your recent letter concerning the nationally respected television standard known as *The Real McCoys*, which ran on the ABC television network from October, 1957 to September of 1963.

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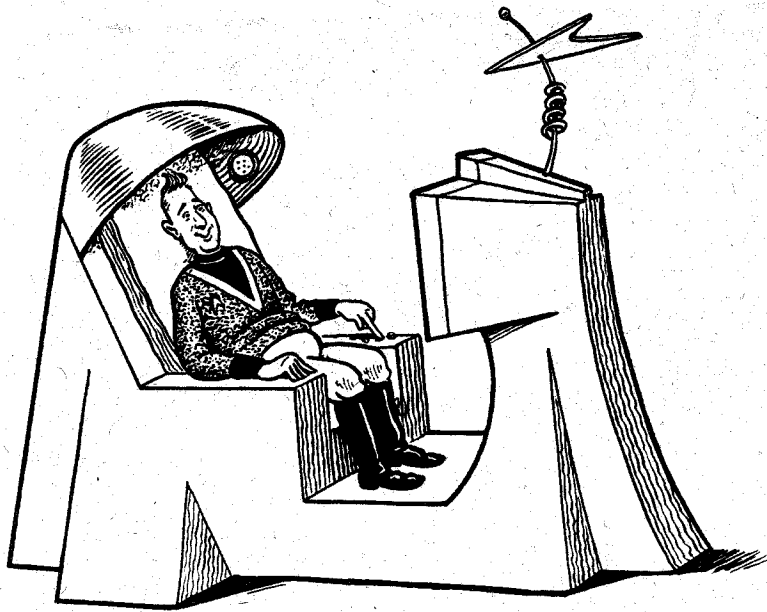
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NEW IDEAS IN CUSTOM TV SETS

©1984 Robert Armstrong

The Couch Potato Center for Better Living has come up with these unique concepts in stylized televisions to enhance and reflect the personal tastes and needs of the individual viewer. Still in the design stages, these sets have yet to undergo extensive testing for functionality and marketing potential.

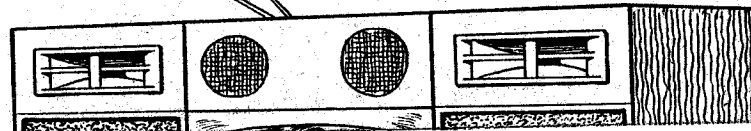
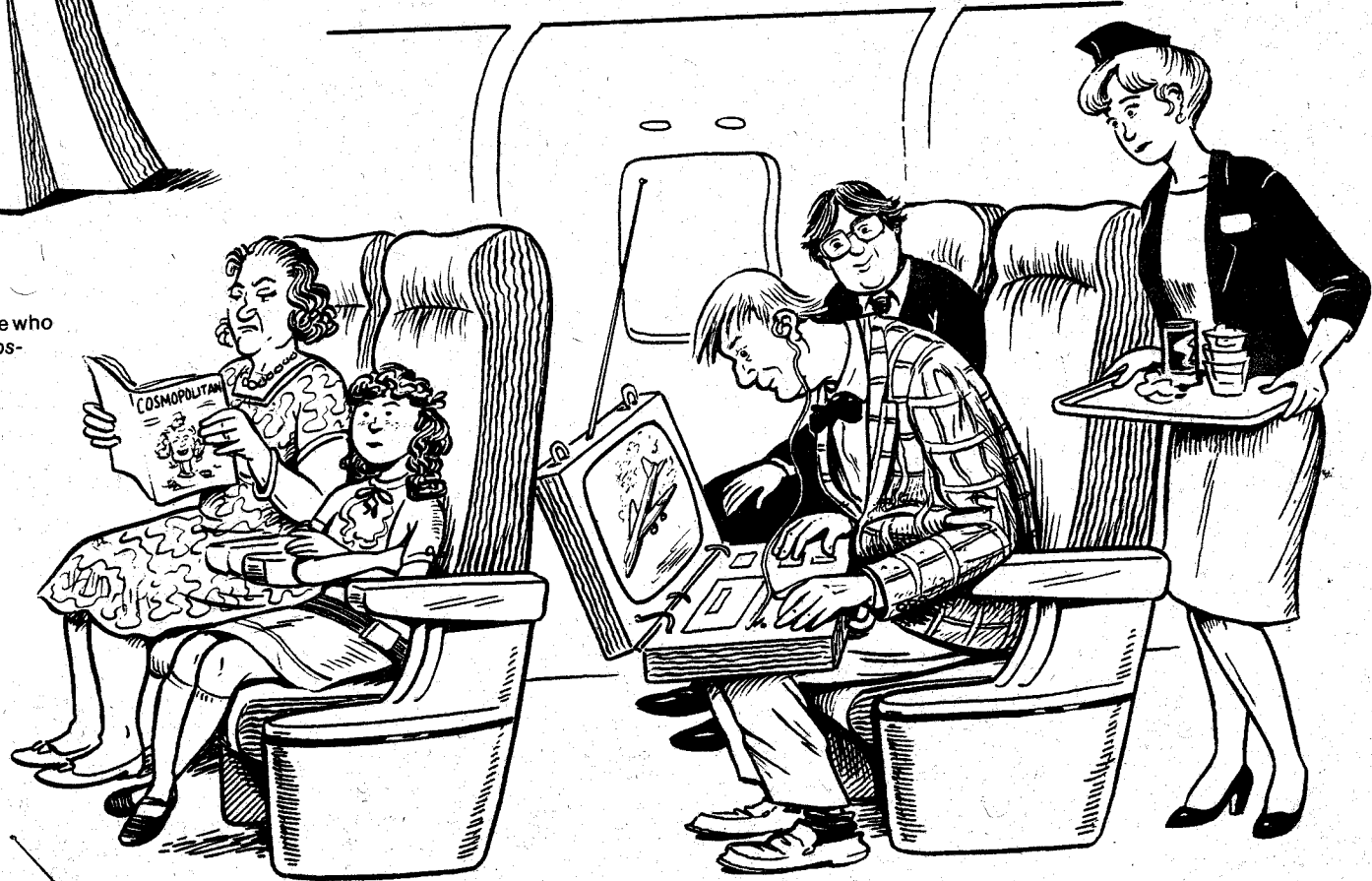


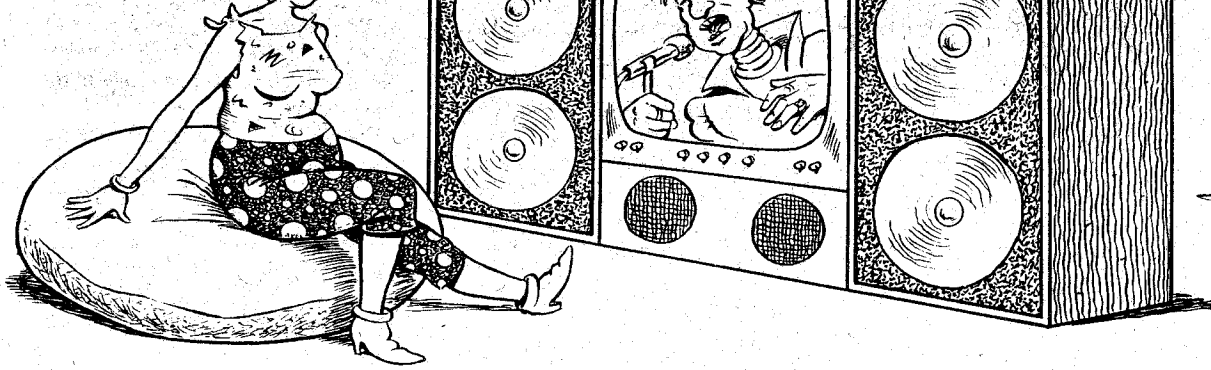
THE FURURISTOCRAT

This totally modular viewing unit is designed for those who prefer reruns of *Star Trek*, *Battleship Galactica*, *Cosmos* and old *Space Patrol* kinescopes. Its sleek, advanced styling, complete with audio canopy and fingertip controls would certainly send any devoted videonaut into orbit.

THE JET SET

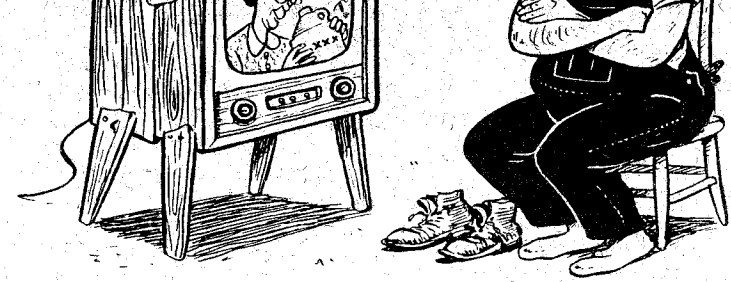
You wouldn't have to feel reluctant about flying again if you owned this complete portaview system. You could leave home without fear of missing an all-important program. The 14" color screen and compact VCR fit neatly into a handsome attache case. Its powerful antenna will be able to pick up various stations as you fly into different regions.





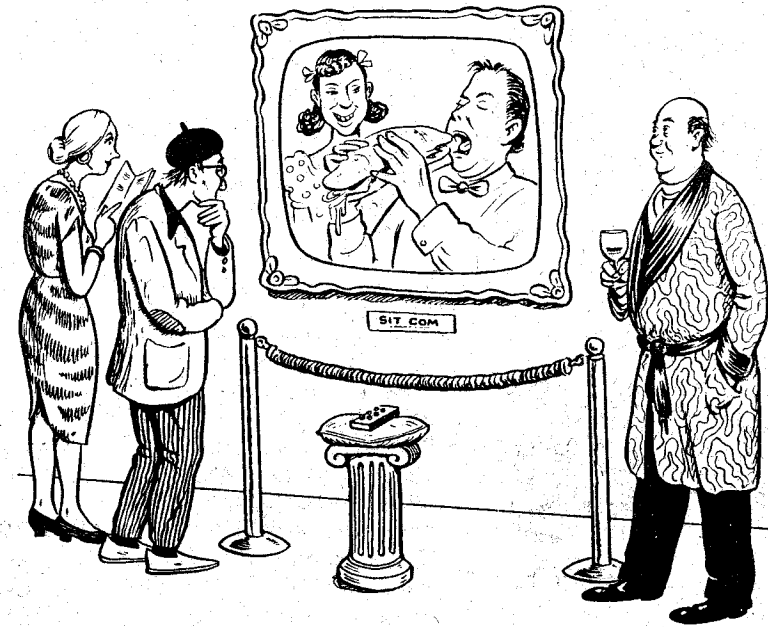
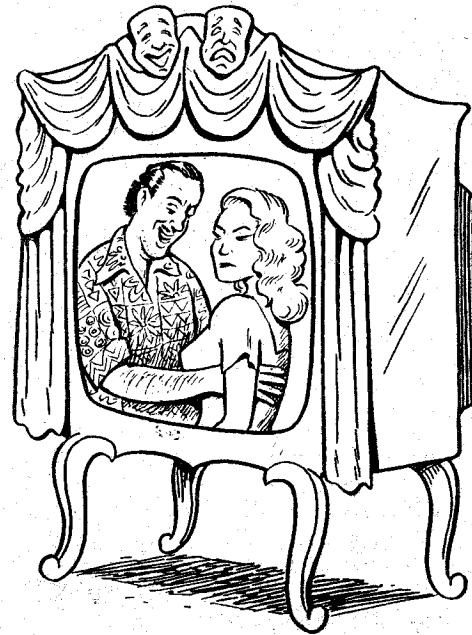
THE BLASTER

Like to watch MTV or old reruns of *The Monkees* turned up real loud? If so, this particular design incorporates some hefty speakers that really pack a wallop. You'd be able to appreciate your favorite musical programming at entirely new levels. The semi-portability of the Blaster would allow the viewer to wheel it down the street for station break-dancing.



RURALITE

If *Green Acres*, *The Real McCoys*, *Hee Haw* and *The Beverly Hillbillies* is your idea of really fine programming, and you want a TV set that reflects your tastes and enhances your decor, then here's the one for you. The cabinet, crafted from high grade simulated barn wood, will reek of old-time rustic charm.



THE CINEMADDICT

Imagine yourself spending days, even weeks on end, basking before your very own silver screen, as you sit front row in a custom theatre seat. Designed with the fan of old movies in mind, this unit combines the elegance of the movie palaces of yesteryear with the comfort and privacy of your own home.

CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE

This wall-mounted unit is designed for those who feel that television is truly high art and want to display it appropriately in their homes. A wide selection of frames would be available to accentuate a variety of decors.

A Glimpse Into the Stupefying World of GREEK TV

By T.S. Child

If you're like most Americans, you've probably never seen a television program produced anywhere except America, England, or Japan. Maybe once or twice you've seen some Swedish or Brazilian commercials presented as comic relief during a Merv Griffin Show. But the truth is, foreign television never makes it to America. Its a whole other world we've never experienced. What is foreign TV like? Is it fantastic? Is it boring? Do "they" even have TV? Has anyone in all of China ever seen even a single episode of *My Mother the Car* or *Rat Patrol*? How could a nation possibly function without TV? Is it possible to be a Couch Potato any where else but the United States?

Well yes, it is. People in the rest of the world *do have TVs*, and although some foreign programming is purchased from the United States (by now it's common knowledge that *Kojack* is the #1 show in Eastern Europe), other countries do make shows of their own. During a recent jaunt to Europe, I had the unforgettable experience of being in a situation where I was *compelled* to watch Greek television for 13 hours straight. In just one night I learned that foreign television is just as amazing, entertaining, educational, refreshing and hypnotic as American television.

If you ever looked closely at the world map behind Walter Cronkite's head you probably know that Greece is a country with a whole lot of islands. The main way of getting around the country is by boat. My companion and I were taking one of these boats from Patras to Heraklion. Don't worry about where they are—just keep in mind that it's about a 13 hour boat ride. 13 hours on a Greek boat means 13 hours of

something in Greek. He smiled. The girls all kissed him. Then the screen flashed something like HELLAS ENCYKLOPAEDIA and showed 24 volumes of the book. It really was an encyclopedia ad. In a disco with bubbles. Then came a dish detergent ad. Then a baby bottle nipple sterilizing ad. Then a hair dye ad. Then a detergent ad. (Remember—everything is in Greek, but you don't need to know the words to understand what ads are about). Then a diaper ad in which the baby really did pee in the diaper. Then a repeat of the earlier detergent ad. Then an air freshener ad which featured large nets dropping on people at a party. Then a repeat of the disco encyclopedia ad. Then the same diaper ad. At first I was shocked that they would show the same ads twice within 3 minutes, but now I realize that this is very effective because to this day I have never forgotten those ads. I later found out that Greek television only has about 20 ads, so they are forced to show the same ones over and over.

Finally the next show came on. It was, in short, an adolescent basketball quiz show. There were two teams. One team consisted of about eight or nine 15- and 16-year-old girls in matching miniskirts sitting at desks, one 16-year-old girl standing next to a scoreboard with a basketball hoop attached to her head, and a miniskirted 30-year-old "coach" who held, and occasionally dribbled, a basketball. The opposing team was similarly aged and situated, but they



The next show was a soccer game. Thessaloniki vs. Somebody. Not knowing how to change channels (and not wanting to offend any Greek soccer fans in the room with me) I went into the next room to see what they had on. It was the oddest show I had ever seen. I didn't realize what it was until the next day. First there was a split screen, each side showing a man with a felt pen in his hand hunched over an overhead projection device. Then they cut to a 20 second clip of some penguins diving off an iceberg into the water. Then back to the men. One was busily writing a word in Greek. The other was tensely staring at the screen; then he too wrote a Greek

word. The next 50 minutes were spent watching a British comedy/variety show (kind of a cross between *The* intersection and the chair was on the other, so occasionally people felt they had the right to pass between me and the set, a sin which I consider to be unpardonable at home. Also, I was quite near the ship's engine, and that meant turning the volume way up due to the endless NNNNNNNN sound the machinery produced. This was not pleasing to my sleeping neighbors who every now and then woke to yell at me in Greek to turn the volume down. I ignored them. They were too tired to argue.

The next 50 minutes were spent watching a British comedy/variety show (kind of a cross between *The*

enthusiastic—in fact most of them were glassy-eyed and had their jaws hanging open. People were draped over chairs, pillows, tables, stools and each other. Everyone there was male. No one said a word. They all just sat there, mesmerized by the TV. Those who nodded off were dragged out of the way to make more lounging room. I realized that this was where I belonged. I found a chair, leaned back, put my feet up on a stool and settled in for a long stay. These people were, in my opinion, honorary Couch Potatoes. I felt at home.

What came on next was a full-length, uncut version of Von Ryan's Express, starring Old Blue Eyes. This time there were subtitles. I had seen Von Ryan's Express on TV before in America, but it was nothing like this. In the U.S., as you all know, movies are cut and edited to death to accommodate ads and obscenity laws. But in Greece they cut nothing out. (I learned this from the quiz shows) since there are no ads during shows, and there was no reason to alter the English soundtrack to get rid of the nasty words because no one in Greece understands English. So I was treated to the unexpurgated two-hour version. You know the plot.

The only break in the movie was the news, which came on half-way through. There is very little news in Greece. They covered the world scene in less than 2 minutes. Then about 3 minutes for national news. But it didn't end there; for some reason they felt it necessary to fill up the rest of the half-hour with "human interest" stories. So we saw a 7 minute bit about Greek Girlscouts, then something about a fashion show in Athens, then some children interview-

avoid getting sick: stand on the front deck in the freezing sea-spray the entire trip (this way you are too cold to throw up); take a couple of handfuls of pills before getting on and sleep the entire time; or watch TV. On a boat? Well, these are big boats—kind of like The Love Boat, but for poor people. Everything is uncomfortable, but one of the few comforts they provide is television. In fact, strangely enough, there are televisions *all over* the boat. At least this boat. Practically every room (and that's a lot of rooms) had a TV. Having taken boats many times before, my companion and I knew what gastric torments were to accompany the next 13 hours of pitching and rolling and heaving and swaying and uuuuhhhhhh. . . . So we were prepared. She went the pill route & was asleep soon after we left port. I planned to use my previously successful ploy, the standing on the freezing deck routine.

Imagine my dread when I found I was unable to find the front deck on that infernal maze-like boat! It was too late for pills. I had to stay inside, and that meant being in a room with a television. I had nothing to read (not that I would read even if I did have a book), no one spoke English, and I knew that closing my eyes or staring off into space would hasten and magnify the inevitable stomach disorders. So, TV. Which is, of course, what I really wanted to do anyway.

I started my viewing marathon in the chair-filled room where my companion had zonked out. The first ten minutes I saw was solid ads (foreigners love to group their ads into gigantic clumps between shows). The first one showed some college-types dancing around a chintzy-looking disco that not only had one of those reflecto-mirror balls spinning around but that was also filled with bubbles. The only boy danced over towards the camera. He was carrying a large book. He set it down on the table. The girls danced around it. He picked it up and said

we boys in gym class. The boy was a teammate with a hoop on his head. Weirdly though, their coach was also a woman. The game-show host (heavily rouged and obviously wearing a wig) had incomprehensible (i.e. Greek) conversations with every single contestant, and then apparently explained the rules to each coach for ten minutes. By now 35 minutes of the 50 minute show was over. Yet I was on the edge of my seat the whole time, frantically wondering what could possibly happen in this crazy show. The action finally started. The host asked a question. One of the girls buzzed a buzzer. She answered. Wrong. The host looked at the boys; did they have an answer? A full 45 seconds of uncomfortable silence. All the boys blushed. No answer. Then the scores appeared on the board: Girls 0 Boys -5! Gee, I thought, this is real game show action—tension, embarrassment, flaunted stupidity, and even negative scores! The next question came. Again, the girls answered first. Again wrong. One of the boys tried. Wrong. Another boy tried. Wrong. 20 seconds of silence. Then a girl bashed down her buzzer, and said something like "Ma" or "Bla." Correct! Girls 10 Boys -5. What kind of questions could they be asking that stumped practically everybody yet had one syllable answers? This went on for ten more minutes and then they ran out of time. Final score: Girls 35 Boys 0. The people with the hoops on their heads and the coaches had no function at all in the game. They just stood there the whole time. I still don't know what the game had to do with basketball.

More ads. The baby pee diaper ad. A milk ad. An outtake of the first detergent ad (same ad, but a different version). A pantyhose ad, which featured the same actress as the diaper ad. In fact, come to think of it, she was also in the net-dropping air freshener ad. As I watched the same ads over and over I slowly realized that in the whole Greek advertising industry there are only about 10 actresses and they are in all the ads, so you see them all the time.

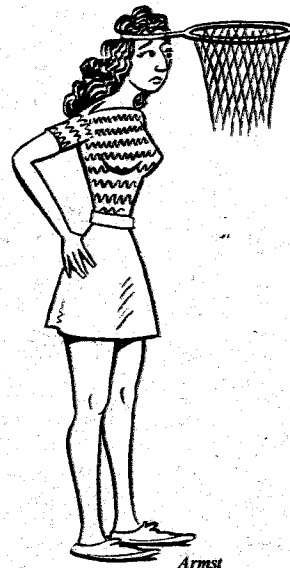
of a man mowing a lawn, followed immediately by a clip of a paper factory. Then back to the men. Both were baffled (I was too). Then there was a "Beep" and the camera moved back to show an MC sitting behind the men who laughingly said something to each one of them. The men wiped off their words. Then a clip of some jet fighters launching off an aircraft carrier. The men wrote words. One wiped out his word and wrote a different one. Then a clip of a Klu Klux Klan rally. More words. Harold Lloyd. Words. A paint-shaking machine. Words. Rice patties. No words. Beep. Laplanders chasing a reindeer. And so on and so on. I didn't dare blink for the whole show. I was mesmerized. The film clips were fascinating enough, but the real challenge was figuring out what was going on. Supremely entertaining. I guessed that it was some kind of crossword puzzle contest with visual clues. Then again, maybe it wasn't.

This is real game show action — tension, embarrassment, flaunted stupidity . . .

After this show I decided to move again because the chairs were uncomfortable and could not be properly reclined-in. I wandered around the boat looking for a couch, but someone was sleeping on every available horizontal space. I finally stopped when I found a chair perched in front of an unwatched set. A TV all my own! Another reason I stopped was that walking around the heaving ship made one physically ill without a TV to soothe one's mind and body. After only 30 seconds of viewing, the queasiness was gone. Unfortunately, this TV was on one side of a hallway

which was stripped of its soundtrack and dubbed in Greek. It was tremendous fun trying to read lips and guess what the jokes were; surprisingly, I achieved about a 33% comprehension rate (the British love sight gags and tit jokes). If I had seen the show in English I probably would have hated it (even though the psychotic host did manage to squeeze in an interview with an aging Del Shannon) because a great deal of British humor goes over (or should I say under) Americans' heads. Again, the show's Greekness made it more interesting than it would have been otherwise.

After this show a crew member came over and angrily turned off the set and stared me out of my seat. Prudence being the better part and all that crap, I left and weaved my way into the bar/lounge where I discovered an honest-to-God Greek TV party in progress. The bar was closed (it was now around 1 a.m.) and everyone who had not passed out was clustered around the bar's TV. No one was very intent or



connected to a bicycle marathon. It made very little sense to me. Apparently the same person who made the crossword puzzle quiz show also did the news. Some of those film clips looked familiar. Hell—quiz show, news. . . what's the difference?

After the news it was back to The Express. I must note that they had the courtesy to rewind the film a little bit during the news so the viewers could remember at what point the movie was interrupted. A courtesy never seen on U.S. TV.

After the movie ended another soccer game came on (or was it the same one?) which quickly put everyone to sleep, including me. I never really closed my eyes and vaguely remember staring at a test pattern for many hours. When I regained consciousness we were reaching port. The TV partiers drifted away to their families and my viewing orgy was over.

Do you think it's possible to get a TV cable from Greece to California? ■

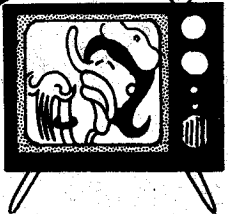
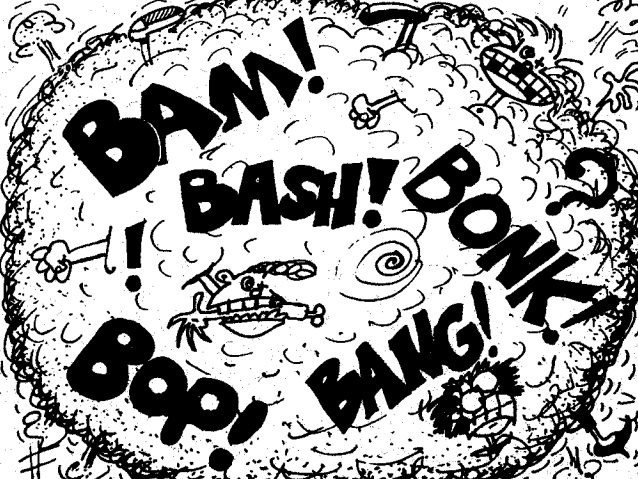
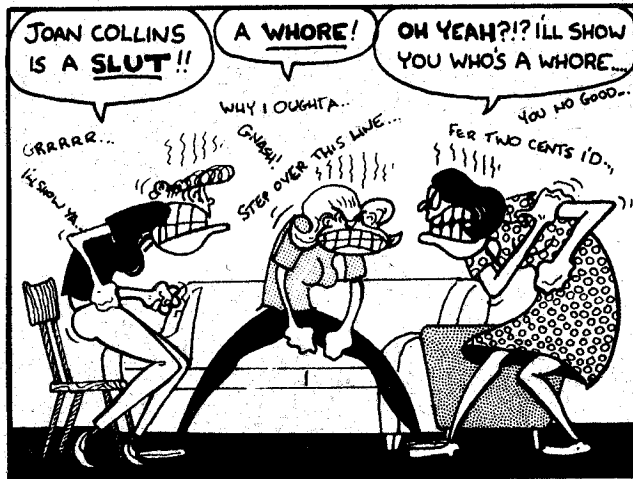
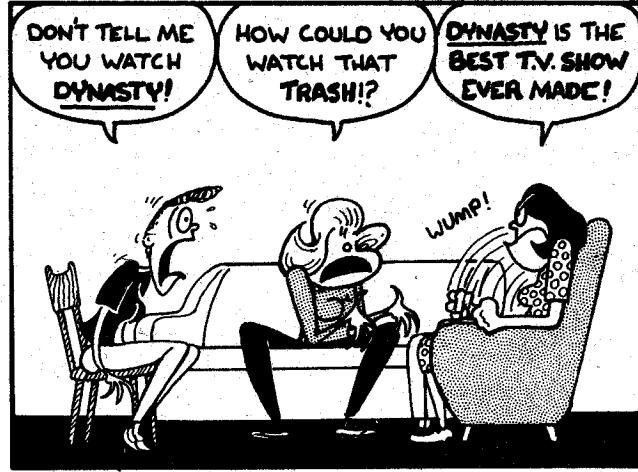
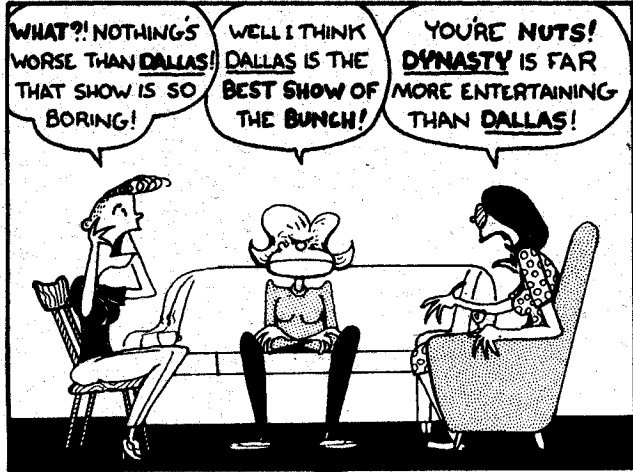
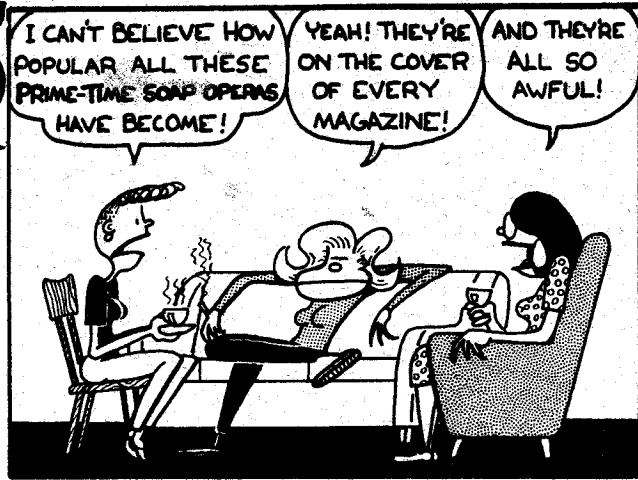
Trancendental La-Z-Boy

Finally scientific researchers are discovering the advantages of applied Couch Potatoism. Our lifestyle has been found to rival meditation as a significant means of combating physical and mental stress.

Since the coming of the Maharishis and their influence on American culture, meditation has been touted for its beneficial effects on heart rate, blood pressure, breathing rate, muscle tension, perspiration and the general reduction of stress. But psychologist David Holmes, in a recent issue of *Science*, claims that simply resting in a comfy reclining chair has the same benefits as meditating. Holmes conducted his own experiments at the University of Kansas and found no physiological difference between people who meditated and people who reclined in a La-Z-Boy chair. ■

T.V. CONDISEURS

© 1984 BY PETER BAGGE

Video Tubes

with Lash LaTube

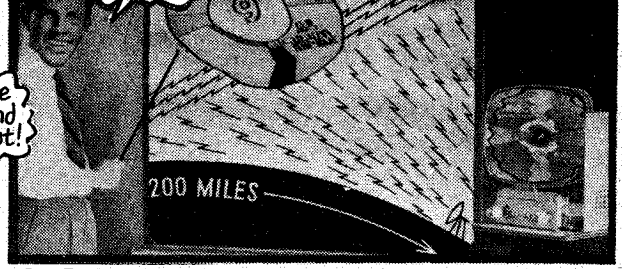
90% of America's tubes are lit 14 hours per day; multiple unit viewing is epidemic; TVs outnumber eyeballs; TV Guide outsells everything! Network news ignores the new ethic: Television is the News!



We patrol the Prime Time Prairie: Round 'em up! Move 'em out!



JOE SCHWIND '84



Dr. T. Osgood Terrific, of the Institute of Horizontal Science, has identified one of the anonymous skybuggers that spook our citizens. "It is a tramp transmission, a transient oscillation, floating aimlessly on the electronic stream."

gelatinous globule that molds itself to Anchor specifications. Knowledgeable eyes and sturdy teeth are set in the quick-hardening jelly. A hair helmet is screwed on and a suit is draped about the thing's shoulders. The Anchor will be freed to wander, nesting at odd intervals in metroplexes before moving on.



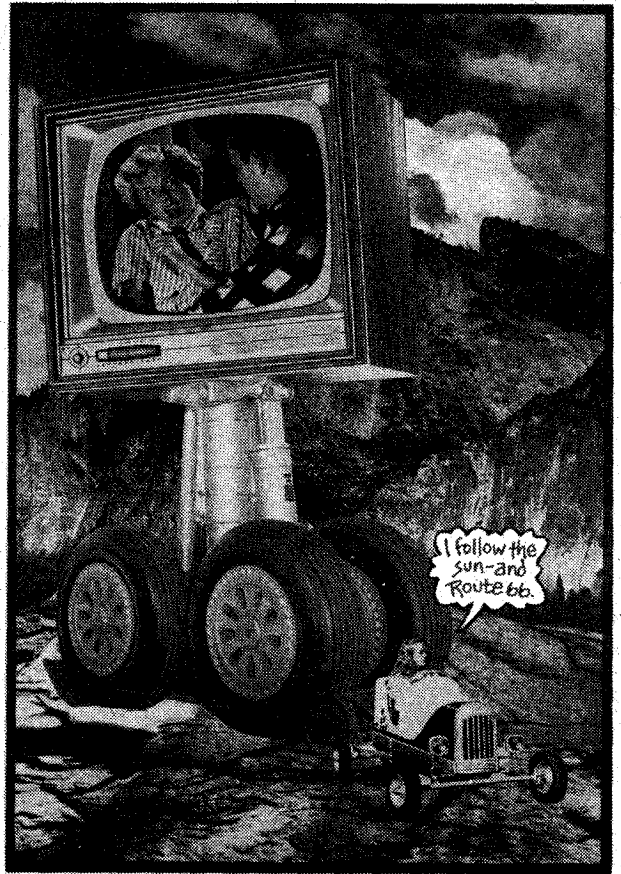
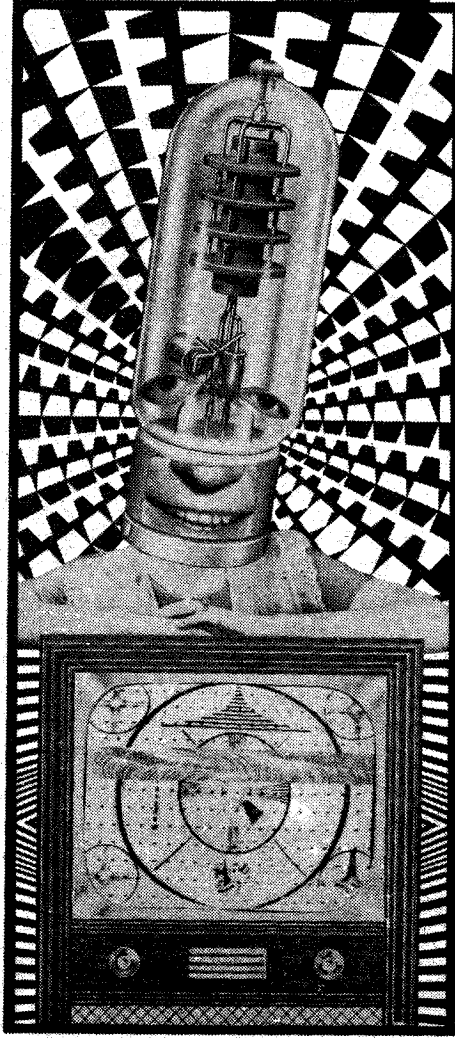
-eyebrows a tad bushier!
Take an inch offa those ears.

His voice needs authority... gravel... phlegm.

A hint of acne scars... a cold sore, maybe a sty...

Frizzle his hair and give him a voice like Bullwinkle's.

-a nose like Michael Jackson's ujeta be-



The questions are asked from sea to sea: Who is this three-alarm tomato? What does she lug behind her Bandito 98? Is her path for all or only a mobile minority? She is Vanity Longview, an American poet; she hauls a Trailtronics Recreational TeleVehicle. "The great outdoors is enhanced," says Vanity, "and the tedium of campfires avoided." Some say the RTV exceeds the bounds of the consumer's corral.



He is called Brother Norbert; his mission is to the street televisions abandoned in alleys, slouched against dumpsters and gutted for liquor cabinets in Oklahoma City. "Even an old, frightened and festering Philco deserves some dignity," says Norbert, formerly a Bandstand regular.

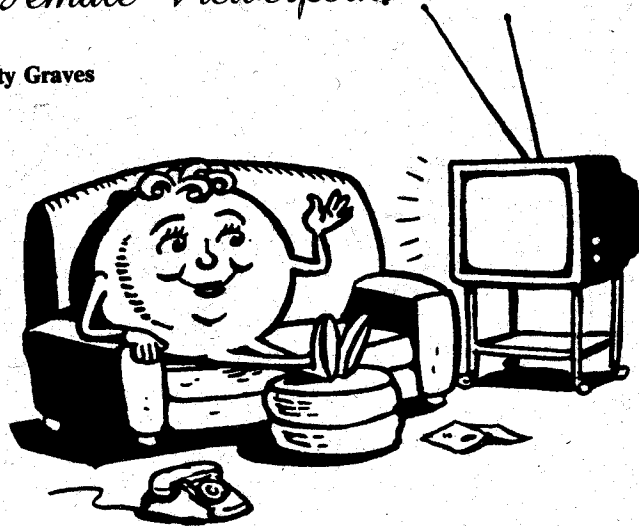
Tubes renewed, the sets are adopted by those who once protested the unsophisticated, unproductive lifestyle of fullbore viewing. Having experienced the grim alternative, they welcome the rehabilitated units with bosoms open.



FROM THE TOMATO VINE

A Female Viewpoint

By Patty Graves



In the last installment of this column I presented some suggestions for acceptable (limited) activity in which Tomatoes might want to engage while they view. I was not surprised that many women agreed that some tasks that aren't too distracting are conducive to an enhanced video experience. I particularly liked the letter I received from Lodge #39 in Eureka, California:

"I heartily agree with the premise behind [your column] in issue #6. It's tough trying to resemble all those television female role models. Personally, I don't think they have much time for viewing due to all their beauty routines, so I pity them. I also tend to think they spend a lot of time at their favorite plastic surgeons' offices, having silicone implants put in their breasts and fat deposits suctioned out and carved away from their stomachs and thighs.

"Anyway, I wanted to mention one way to view that provides me with a lovely Hollywood-style tan. Find a

place outside where you can put your television and sunbathe while you watch. An extension cord is usually essential, as is a place where the reflection from the yard onto the TV is dark, i.e. shaded, so you can see. I've spent many a summer day this way. You can spray sun-activated hair dye on your hair also. An ice chest is nice to have nearby.

"My favorite comedy—I mean soap opera, *All My Children*, is on here at 12 noon, just when the sun's tanning rays are at their peak: Woops, time for *Family Feud!*

Your fellow Tomato,
Ann Pierson"

Ann's letter opens up a whole world of outdoor viewing possibilities if you are willing to ignore the possible harmful effects of exposure to ultraviolet rays. For those who have an aversion to the unpredictable nature of the great outdoors, Ann's viewing tip can easily be adapted to the couch. A

sun lamp will help you achieve that Hollywood bronze color without subjecting you to the distractions you might encounter in the backyard, such as bugs, chirping birds, pollen, or an annoying breeze.

If you're the adventurous type though, the possibilities of a set in the yard are almost limitless. One of those electric charcoal starters can be plugged into the same extension cord as your set and eliminate much of the muss and fuss of barbecuing. Watching the evening news while you 'que up burgers and sip beer can make both the news and dinner preparation a lot cooler experience.

Having a yard that must be maintained is not really an acceptable aspect of the true Tomato/Potato lifestyle—but if you're still in that transition stage where you would like other people to think you're normal, I would suggest that a portable television can make the ultra-boring task of weed-pulling much more interesting. Your neighbors will be doubly impressed by your loving devotion to both your yard and your favorite serials.

Allowing the "electronic babysitter" to perform its function outdoors can also be beneficial. The toddler can soak up vitamin D from the sun instead of having to drink all that fortified milk. That way the child will not be too full to drink plenty of caffeinated softdrinks, which will provide the stamina necessary to assimilate all the lessons of life that can be gleaned from the tube.

The ultimate outdoor viewing fantasy would consist of a nice cool swimming pool on a very warm day. Mounted on the diving board would be a giant screen projector TV. The viewer would float around in the pool on one of those nifty aqua-loungers—the kind that has footrest, headrest, places in the arms for food and drinks, and can be reclined to just the right viewing position. Get the picture? ■

The STATION BREAK Gourmet



One night last month after one of the "Great Chefs" series of lecture/demonstrations I was chewing the fat with some of the most notable hash slingers in the Bay Area. We were gathered around a butcher's block in the pantry of a world famous East Bay *maison a manger*. The discussions ranged from behind-the-scene gross outs to the merits of California Cuisine versus Squeezene, to the usual debate on the merits of taste versus those of presentation. In all modesty I once again felt the necessity to climb on the old soap box and try to explain to the guys how irrelevant the argument seems in light of the recent revelations in Couchside Cuisine. After all, thousands of Couch Potatoes can't be wrong! Convenience, presentation, and impeccably great taste have always been synonymous with "Squeezene." It's all right at your finger tips. It's so simple and economical I guess its threatening to these men who command anywhere from twenty to forty-five dollars, plus for a plate of food. A noted French chef from Sonoma County seemed slightly steamed at this point and chimed in:

"Aldo eet es all based on ze hot doggie es eet not?"

"Far from it Rene," I replied reaching for a copy of "Larousse Gastronomique." I quickly opened the book, which is as familiar to me as the "Couch Potato Handbook," and randomly chose a recipe. To prove a point I suggested that we try my adaptation of the recipe chosen. As all the chefs were in agreement we went ahead under my guidance. The page I had randomly chosen featured both Lemon Manque and Limande Sole. In the realm of sideside sustenance we have a dish that combines both of these recipes into a fabulous delicacy we call "Hostess Fish Citron." After a quick trip to a local convenience store for some special touches not available in the kitchen, we prepared the dish and were happily enjoying the remarkable repast in a matter of minutes. Fish cooked in lemon sauce and glaze, what could be more elegant? There sat the great chefs finally in total agreement! *Le sauce s'est toute!*

HOSTESS FISH CITRON

- One package of frozen fish sticks
- Hostess individual lemon pie
- Jar of Best Foods sandwich spread or other tarter sauce
- Package of Beer Nuts

Step One: Heat a fish stick to slightly below room temperature. Do not allow

...a nice to the COUCH POTATO

Dr. Spudd cares about you. Send your TV etiquette and advice questions to him in care of this paper.

Dear Dr. Spudd:

I am a Couch Potato and amateur photographer. This isn't a contradiction because all my pictures are off my TV. I particularly like nature photos from National Geographic specials and shots of my favorite TV personalities. At first I had a problem with glare until I figured out you're not supposed to use flashcubes. Now, though, my pictures have a dark horizontal band across them. What gives?

—Accentuate the Negative

You are taking photos at too fast a speed so you're getting only a partial scan of your video picture. Use a 1/8-second exposure with a focal-plane shutter.

If you do your own developing, tape a red filter (a large sheet of red cellophane will do) over your TV screen so you can view while working in your darkroom.

* * *

Dear Dr. Spudd:

What do you think of sex on television?

—No Prude, but . . .

I prefer the couch, but the TV's okay as long as you don't bend your rabbit ears or fall off and break your knobs.

* * *

[I received both of these letters on the same day.]

Dear Dr. Spudd:

I like to watch TV with my wife and dog, Rover (not his real name). Our problem is Rover. Sorry to be indelicate, but being a doctor I'm sure you'll understand. Every night at about 9:15 Rover breaks wind rather dramatically—so dramatically it actually frightens him and he runs out of the viewing room. We run too, because there's a sickening

onslaught of bad air which lingers for up to ten minutes, even with the windows open. What can we do?

—Sickened in San Jose

Dear Dr. Spudd:

As a charter Tomato I have followed your advice from the beginning. I have always found it comforting and helpful. I hope you can solve my problem. It's my husband Dick (not his real name). During our nightly viewing with our dog Rover (his real name), Dick regularly interrupts our reverie with a serious flatulence problem which frightens our dog who runs out of the room. Worst of all, Dick blames it on Rover and refuses to admit he has a problem. This is shaking the very foundations of our marriage and, more importantly, our viewing practices. What can I do?

—Gone With the Wind

The problem is probably nutritional. Chef Aldo, our brilliant food consultant, suggests putting both dog and husband on a special low-fiber, high cholesterol diet. Write to him for recipes both dog and hubby will love.

* * *

Dear Dr. Spudd:

My girlfriend just bought new oak-replica furniture for the viewing room and now she won't let me keep a toaster oven on the new coffee table. "It doesn't match the decor!" she screams. What do I do?

—I Don't Match the Decor, Either

It is hopeless trying to argue with a woman hooked on woodgrain. It's a sickness, almost a "venerial" disease. She's right—a high gloss silver-toaster oven goes badly with wood. Possible solution: search out a woodgrained toaster oven. Or surprise her by having her wooden furniture chromed to match your oven's high-tech reflective surface.

By Dr. Davenport H. Spudd, P.B.S.

Dear Dr. Spudd:

In your excellent column (Tuber's Voice #6) there appeared a letter from one "Jacked-Up Tuber" about a TV experience at the age of six months that triggered an obsessively recurring "dream/nightmare/vision/reality." If Jacked-Up does seek help from your group video sessions, as you suggested, the following information may prove useful in your therapy program.

Jacked-Up didn't imagine the experience. It was a real TV movie made in 1953 and titled The Twonky. Hans Conried was in it. The Twonky was a television set with a hypnotic ray that went around subjugating people's minds. At the end Conried apparently triumphed over Twonky by throwing it over a cliff to its death. As the movie ended, though, little baby TV sets began crawling from the murdered parent. . .

Twonky, however, was in fact a 19" Admiral set, not an RCA as reported by Jacked-Up. This should give you some indication of how distorted his/her perceptions are and should supply you with some valuable clues in conducting therapy. I don't remember what brand the baby TVs were—probably some Japanese portable model.

Thank you for your kind and wise attention to these matters, Doctor.

—Gary Lee-Nova
Emily Carr College, Vancouver

Thank you, Professor, for the helpful information. Although the ethics of my profession forbid me from revealing specifics of any patient's therapy unless he or she falls behind in paying my fees, let me tell you that Jacked-Up is making great progress and will be back to normal, carefree viewing practices in just a few more sessions of Gilligan Therapy. ■

pie. The nose should be on the end and on the pinched seam of the pie. Make it about 3/4 by 1 inch. Next carefully insert the slightly-cooked fish stick into the pie. Try not to break the fish stick until it's in the pie.

Step Two: Next bake the pie in your toaster oven; when the glaze begins to liquify it is ready to come out. Sliver some Beer Nuts with a pair of scissors and sprinkle on the glazed pie crust and return to the oven for another few minutes until the Beer Nuts begin to toast. Remove from oven add the tartar sauce to taste and serve VOILA!

NOTE: To anglicize this dish substitute a Butterscotch for the Lemon pie.

SPECIAL THANKS: to the Couch Tomatoes of Boise Idaho for their recipe for Raisin-Crouton Minitoast!

Antenna on Industry

By John W. White

Subject

"The Original SLUSH MUG Frozen Treat Maker

Manufactured by Action Industries, Inc.; licensed by Merchandising Concepts, Inc., Los Angeles, CA. (Think they'll get our letter?)

Part One

The Promise

What Couch Potato south of the pole could resist the novelty of making refreshing slushes at home while watching *Ramar of the Jungle* or *Rat Patrol*? Right on "The Original SLUSH MUG Frozen Treat Maker" label, we read: "Changes any drink into a scrumptious, luscious frozen treat."

Endless possibilities confronted our thirsty imaginations, from Nutrasweet Kool Aid slushes to instant frozen margaritas.

It was on sale at Long's for "only" \$3.44. We could see the big blue and red plastic cups—suitable for proud display on any Couch Potato coffee table—and the inner white core, wrapped in a heavy cardboard label featuring a cute spoon-sized snowman called the "Slush Monster." Sitting in his spoon, he says:

"It's so easy! And so much fun! 1. Keep me in the freezer; 2. Pour in your favorite cold drink; 3. Stir slowly. In

minutes, I'll make a slushy mushy treat you'll love!"

Below, it says "Complete directions inside." We couldn't get inside without ripping into the package, so we obviously weren't meant to look at the directions before we bought the mug.

Part Two

The Fine Print

Fools that we were, we bought two Slush Mugs for the lodge. Back home, as soon as we ripped off the labels, we began to sense the ripoff. We read the boxed disclaimer: "There are no warranties or guarantees express or implied by the Dealers, Distributors or Manufacturer on this Action Product or the parts thereof."

Next came the instructions, introduced by the warning READ CAREFULLY.

The first paragraph was about how cold your freezer must be for properly storing the white section of the mug.

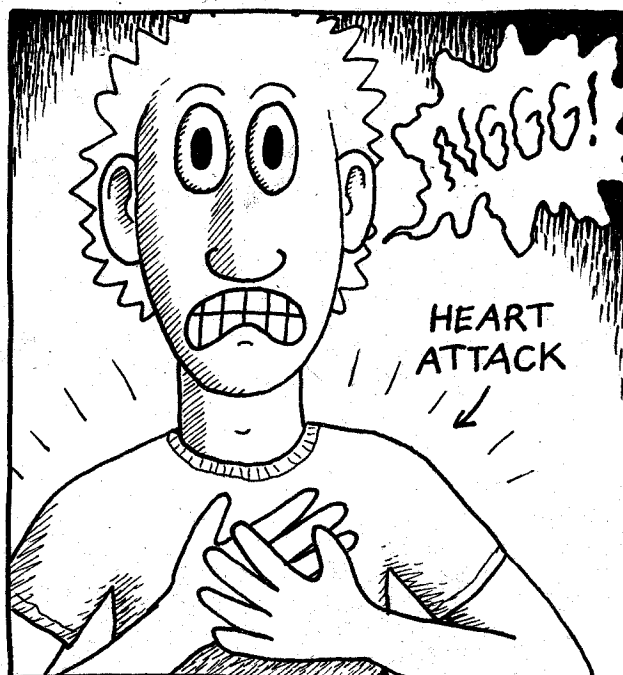
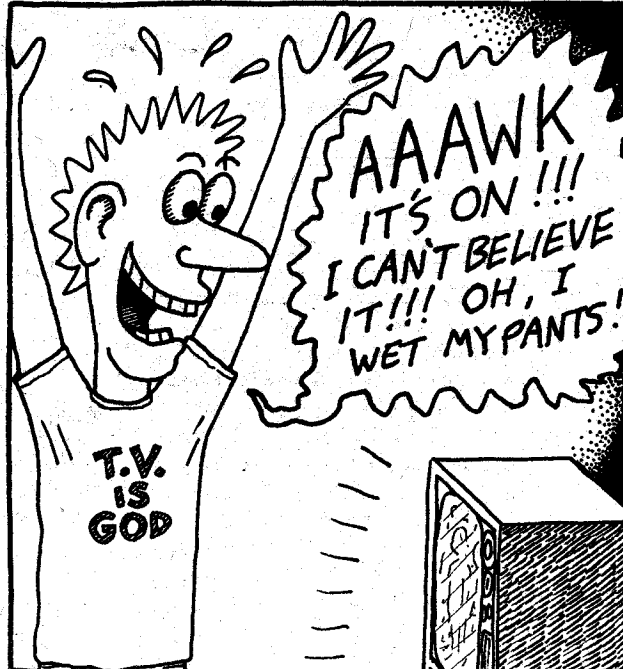
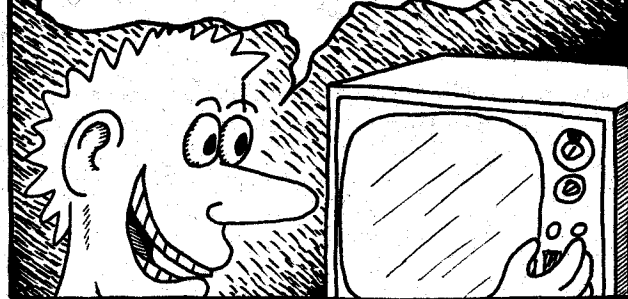
The second paragraph was about how cold your drink should be before pouring it into the frozen mug.

The third paragraph described the delicate scraping procedure that must be performed continually during the formation of the slush.

continued on page 11

THE GUY THAT LIKED T.V. TOO MUCH...

OH JOY, OH THRILL, MY FAVORITE SHOW IS COMING ON! I CAN'T WAIT, OH GOLLY OH GEE, OH MY, THIS IS SO EXCITING !!!



Video Kadeo

with Lash LaTube

Some watch television because IT IS THERE or because they enjoy a good yarn; others watch to escape verifiable reality or their own dark fantasies... Me? My viewing's a substitute for sex & food.

These viewers, the rerun wranglers, watch to perpetuate a golden age-

-a less simple time!

JOE SCHWIND '84



Midnight - or I blow Ichabod Mud to smithereens!

Allright Shark- But first, untie me.

NYET! NYET! Ivan, Liquidate them now!



Nikita Khrushchev, distressed by death's boredom, has returned to earthlife. He maintains a low profile, at ease in a modest New Jersey bungalow, viewing reruns of Saturday a.m. coldwar classics.

scrutiny," says Sister Cathode Ray, Highwoman of the Inhalers of the Oyster: The Rites of the Hairy Eye render the viewer viewed; the watcher, watched: "It is vigorous voyeurism. We shall turn Harry Reasoner inside-out."

If everyone would switch on just one little teevee, what a luminous world this would be.



that something DREADFUL was about to happen?

Tonight's little fable is about premonition. Have you ever had the feeling...

Relax, Max- you're frightening the weasels!



AMERICAN CORKSCREWS: Say a prayer for the Eleganzas, Max and Marina, who lived the highlife and cavorted on culture's edge. These Potatoes Au Gratin exposed their "domestic" weasels to bathwater, bourbon and Hitchcock: a lethal combo. It got those weasel mojos workin'.

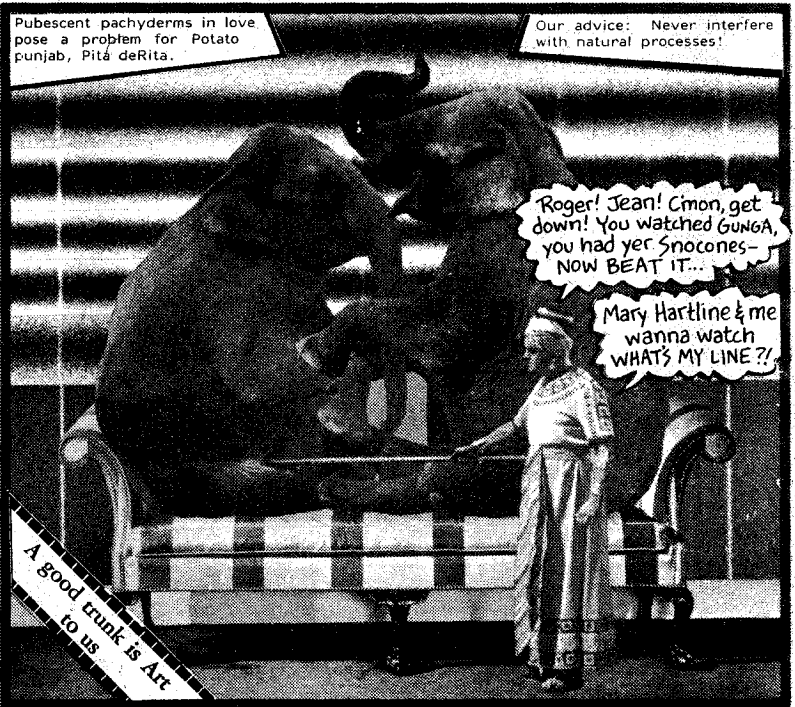


Pubescent pachyderms in love pose a problem for Potato punjab, Pitá deRita.

Our advice: Never interfere with natural processes!

Roger! Jean! Cimon, get down! You watched GUNGA, you had yer Snocones- NOW BEAT IT...

Mary Hartline & me wanna watch WHAT'S MY LINE?!



A good trunk is Art to us

The OFFICIAL COUCH POTATO POEM CONTEST

In the last issue we asked members to enter original poems in the Official Couch Potato Poem Contest. Here are some of the best entries, including the winning poem, "It's Couch Potato Time" by Daryl Scanland. Daryl will be receiving his official Couch Potato Rabbit-Ear fez as the coveted award.

Honorable Mention goes to Lee Dolezal for his entry entitled "Setting—A Cathode Ode." And we want to thank all you other members who tore your attention from the tube long enough to compose the verses you sent us.

FIRST PRIZE

IT'S COUCH POTATO TIME

There's no other feeling like it
when I leave the world at my door,
I get a snack and settle back
with my feet up off the floor.

Don't want to hear about nuclear war
or the latest increase in crime.
My needs are few, don't block my view
'cause it's Couch Potato time.

I taped a show while I was away
to be watched whenever I wish.
It weaved through the air with no one aware
and got caught in my satellite dish.

With cable TV and my Betamax
all hours are considered prime.
The fridge is stocked, the doors are locked
it's Couch Potato time.

Using a practiced flick of my fingertip
I assume my nightly command,
With movies and sports and shows of all sorts
each hour is carefully planned.

My Couch Tomato at my side
our tater tots cover the floor.
We've got the latest of Hollywood's greatest
that we rent from our video store.

I've worked my brain cells much too hard
to think of words that rhyme.
My mind's at ease, so quiet please.
It's Couch Potato time.

—Daryl Scanland

HONORABLE MENTION

SETTING A Cathode Ode

Long before you came to be,
The insults had begun.
They said you were a medium
For nothing was well-done.
"No interaction needed!
Everybody sits and gawks!"
Still, even skeptics marveled
At the furniture that talks.

They say you are redundant
And have nothing new to show.
Amazing how you've flourished
For these thirty years or so.
"There's nothing on but garbage!"
Is the hateful line they spew.
Yet even critics wonder
At the cupboard with a view.

"You're witless," cry the malcontents,
"Those sit-coms rot the head!
The laughs are pre-recorded
And the laughs are all dead!"
But "live, before an audience,"
Integrity's complete
with just a little laugh track
To assure the joke is sweet.

"And vi-o-lent," the churchmen say.
"Immoral, too, because
Your gentlemen have well-packed pants
Your ladies don't wear bras!
Your weapons blaze, your cars careen
And end in fiery wrecks!
While in and out of wedlock,
There's an awful lot of sex!"

Oh everything you are is not
For everyone, it's true.
That's why you have an "Off" control
(At least, I *think* you do.)
The world is in your fishbowl face
Each channel we select
Will make us better humans
In more ways than we suspect.

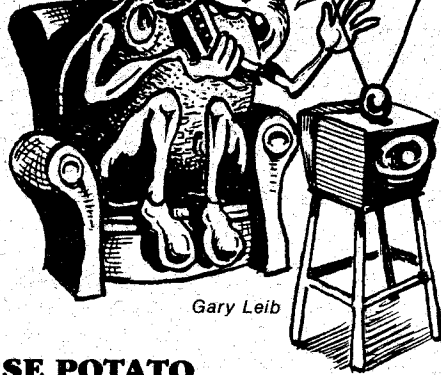
From *You Are There* to *Overnight*
From *Our Miss Brooks* to *M*A*S*H*,
Your history, your tragedy,
Your diamonds and your trash.
You put some bad ones on the air
Some good ones you withdrew.
You've never been judgmental;
It was all the same to you.

So here's to the commercials,
To the sports events and news,
To doctors, cops, and cowboys,
And the guys in Army shoes.
Here's to all those animals
And talking cars and others.
Here's to Silvers, Kovacs, Ball,
To Caesar, Lear and Smothers!*

Someday when the end is near
And Armageddon looms,
We'll watch it from our couches
In the safety of our rooms.
And just before the lights go out
McMahon will smile and say,
"The Antichrist** will be right back,
So don't you go away."

*These two lines can be modified to reflect personal preference.

**Secular alternative: holocaust



Gary Leib

PERSE POTATO

With Potato pride
And my *TV GUIDE*
I'm ready for what I crave.
From Looney Tunes to
Religious prunes
Topped off with films on New Wave.

With a chilly dog juicy
I'll dig *I Love Lucy*
While my mind like a good spud will bake.
TV villains are rotten?
Ah! Potatoes Augratin,
To me while I slop down a shake.

I'll be riding the crest
With a pattern test,
Awaiting free TV or pay.
'Cause I've been up all night
With dark beer and light
On the sacred couch where I lay.

We all know the truth
From here to Duluth,
From Bangor to Mighty Maine.
A spud is a tuber.
Lloyd Bridges a scooba.
And we all love dumb krauts and Bob Crane.

So with the toaster on oven
And "B" films on coven,
My tunic is splendid with stain.
The rabbit ear's straighter
'Cause I'm a Tater!!
And participation is what I disdain.

—Popeye Brock

I turn it on, it beams to me.
I love its gentle warming glow—
I've got a job, but I don't go...
I'd rather stay with my TV... my TV.

I stared and stared at my first set.
It may be old... I've got it yet!
My first TV... my first TV.
It felt so good, now I've got three!
My three TVs!

Small black and white... large console color... classic '58 Zenith, stacked
one on the other.

So please, feel free
Come view with me...
3 sets on, 3 shows to see.
I lounge and watch in ecstasy.

TV TV! TV TV!
From the couch the view is heavenly.

TELEFRIEND

My TV set knows just how I feel
From *Twilight zone* to *Let's Make A Deal*.
If I'm feeling down and blue
It's *Car 54, Where Are You?*
If I'm so sad I'm nearly sobbin'
I cheer up watching Batman and Robin.
When I want some violent glee
All Star Wrestling is the show for me.
If sci-fi is the thing to do
I pass the day viewing *Doctor Who*.
Sometimes I'm broke, don't have a penny;
I forget my woes when I see Jack Benny.
On those morns when I can barely see
20 Minute Workout makes a man out of me.
The Stooges are tops when I wake up early.
Shemp, Joe, Larry, Moe and Curley.
A daily dose of *Leave It To Beaver*
Keeps one trim and relieves hay fever.
"Real life" stinks, I can't relate, so
I've turned into a Couch Potato.

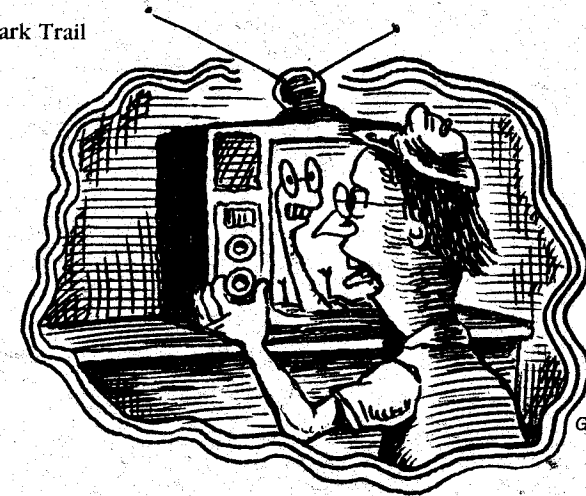
—Stately Wayne Manor
and Ernie Santilli

FLOAT TO TV-LAND

Well listen up Tubers in TV-land,
It's time to be tuning in the program,
Whether color
Black & white
3D Movies
Shining Bright,
Me & my couch are up all night.
With couch & beer & weed in hand,
It's time to float to TV Land.
We float past 3, 5, 8.
The commercials make me very irate.

—Kevin Westmeyer

—Mark Trail



Gary Leib

PRIME TIME

Tell a tale of madness,
As wretched as can be,
Of the nightly crapola
Served up on Prime Time TV.
Sing a song of sadness.
Hum a dirge of glee
That *Our Miss Brooks*
Still ain't on TV.

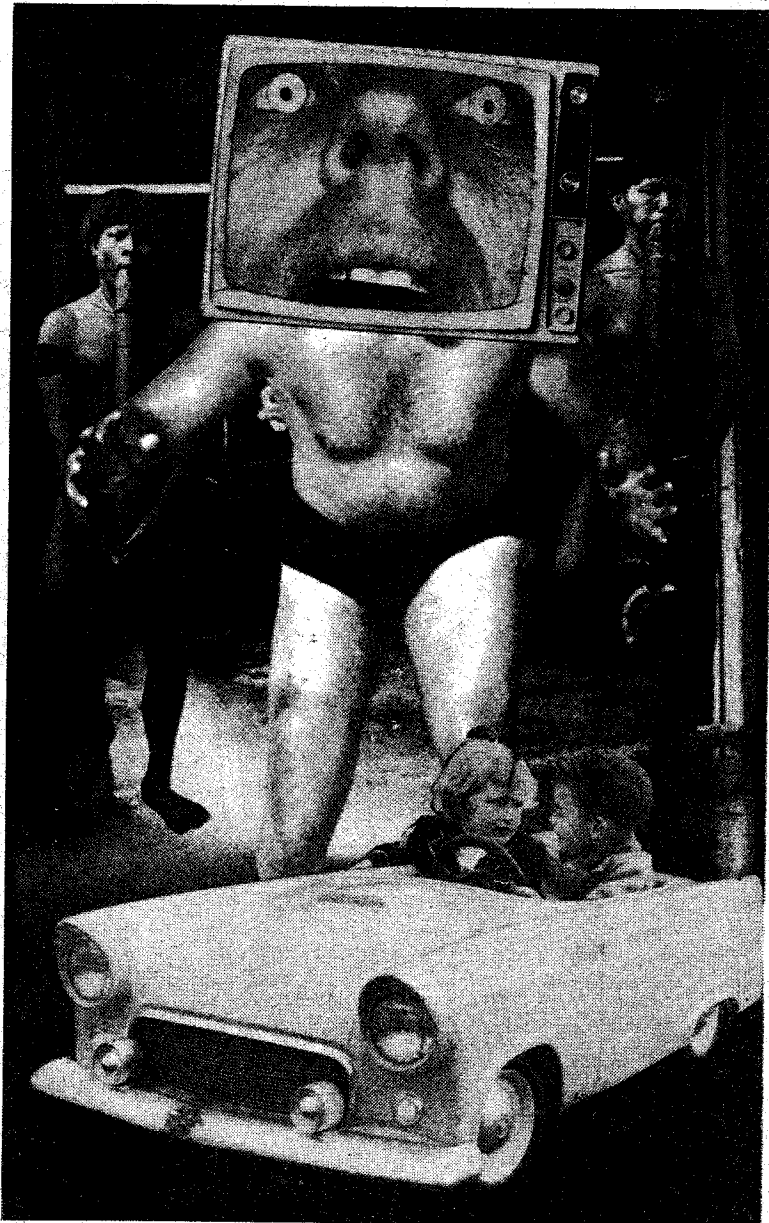
—John Hauge

SAFE ON MY COUCH

It's very simple you see
What the tube has done for me.
While safe on my couch
with foodstuffs near at hand,
I can peruse the world
there to lie
And take my stand.

—Mark Winship

By Elayne Wechsler



collage by Joe Schwind

STATE OF THE ARCHIVES

By Sam Frank

Last year when the American Film Institute launched its ambitious joint venture with RKO—The Decade of Preservation—to save a significant portion of our movie and television heritage, the TV news people, as usual, focused on the glamorous side of the project: stars, benefits, H-O-L-L-Y-W-O-O-D.

But film and TV preservation also has a pragmatic side, involving the more mundane details of acquisition, cataloging, storage, and decisions on what to make available to scholars and the public. The archives need help from the AFI-RKO project as much as anyone else.

UCLA Film and TV Archives has the largest private storehouse of movies, TV shows and radio shows in the country: 25,000 films; 20,000 TV shows and 50,000 radio shows. Most of it is out of the reach of university students, historians and media buffs because there aren't enough viewing and listening facilities or enough staff members to handle the never-ending inventory of acquisitions.

UCLA's staff is composed of 19 workers, and the viewing equipment consists of two Steenbeck flatbed projectors (one of which is located at the off-campus nitrate vault), two Movieolas, and two TV monitors—one attached to a ¾" VCR, the other to a ½" VCR. Viewing appointments are limited to three to six hours per quarter. The hours are 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. on Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays, though the schedule is subject to change every semester.

If that sounds pathetic, it is, and is partly the result of public apathy, partly an ongoing battle the archives staff has been waging with the UCLA Board of Regents for more funds, more equipment and more storage space. Archivists Dan Einstein, Eleanore Tanin, Bob

CBS, founded the Museum in 1976), 25% comes from the networks, a third comes from private sources, and only 2% comes from museum membership, which is under 3,000.

The museum is in close proximity to the networks, so that staffers, such as assistant curator Ron Simon, have greater access to programs from network vaults. When it comes to acquiring programs for study and pleasure, Simon says "First of all, we decide what we want, then we see if the originating network has the material. They have records of what material they have and we keep up with them to see what might have been found. Also, we're dealing with different inventories. The film material history of two of the networks is stored in New Jersey, while the tape material is largely stored in New York. . . .

"We also rely on private collectors, which is how we acquired part of the kinescope of *The Petrified Forest* with Humphrey Bogart. This guy bought it at an auction for a dollar and brought it to our attention and now we have it on file, though it's only the first hour of a 90-minute show. Its historical importance, of course, is that it's Bogart's only dramatic TV appearance, done live and originally in color."

The museum has another advantage over UCLA. They can make two copies of each TV show: a ¾" preservation master and a ½" exhibition copy. (UCLA can only afford to make a ¾" viewing cassette and just a small portion of their TV collection has so far been transferred.) The museum keeps its master cassettes off premises in a separate storage area, using them for duping when viewing copies start to deteriorate from use. It's the ideal archival set-up, but even the museum will eventually have problems with storage space. The TV medium has been

archives, is justly proud of her department's ability to handle so many thousands of requests despite the material handicaps. "We are pretty much able," she says, "to service everyone who comes in; we don't turn people away. Right now, there is no space problem because we store our materials in a vault on-site. In a couple of years, though, there is going to be a problem and the State Historical Society, with whom we share space, is in the process of checking out the possibilities for off-site storage."

Fleckner is concerned with the lack of sufficient staff. "There's always a problem when you're dealing with a collection that holds 12,000 titles and 2 million still photographs and you've only got one full-time person handling it all. We also have a problem with acquiring materials. We used to have a person who would go out and take field trips and talk with donors, arranging to have material brought in, but that position was cut three years ago, so it's very difficult to acquire things now. Material still comes in from established collections or from people recommended to us by other donors, but we don't get as much as we used to."

The center houses the Warner Brothers and United Artists collections, along with 2,000 16-mm episodes of 39 syndicated series produced by Ziv in the 50s and 60s, the complete run of *The Defenders* on 16-mm, the Fred Coe collection of live drama kinescopes, and the MTM Enterprises collection, including shows like *Mary Tyler Moore*, *Bob Newhart* and *Rhoda*, all on ¾" cassettes.

"Unlike the Museum of Broadcasting" says Fleckner, "we don't transfer filmed copies to tape. Researchers can view the original kinescopes on Steenbecks. We just don't have the money to do transfers unless the material received is already on cassettes, which we then

Predictable. That's the word of the year. . . —Ray Davies

Although the video of the Kinks talking about teen boys as individuals

cannot be said for the great majority of video rock fare, even nowadays after a few years in existence. The picturesongs featured on MTV and similar network and cable music-video ventures have come under close critical scrutiny for a variety of reasons, among them sexism, racism, and just plain stupidity. What all these cliches boil down to is the observation that many, if not most, rock vids are unimaginatively thought out and poorly executed. In the medium of television, that's not exactly a positive prognosis. In this segment I'd like to examine one of the more vocal complaints about video music, that of sexism.

Much of the fault of today's ultra-boring rock vids lies on market-targeting. Rock music, like sports, politics, and just about every other form of entertainment, has become big business. And the music biz, ever since the early days of Frank Sinatra, has always been geared (in terms of money-making ability) to the era's teens. Lacking financial responsibilities and ever-interested in exciting diversions (and in keeping up with their "hip" peers), they have made the perfect market for the steadily-growing new music forms. Today's generation of teens is no less a target group for the modern moguls of mass-oriented music. With MTV, the target group was determined (by whom I'm still not sure) to be adolescent and pre-adolescent males. (The presumed tastes of adolescent and pre-adolescent females—bubblegum and the like—are apparently treated less seriously by the corporate mentality interested in profit.) Some of us long past puberty may well resent this—after all, we lived through rock music (as in the 60s) the "first time around" and many of us still feel close to rock as an entertainment/artform—but we, after all, have expenses and bills and families and can't be expected to spend as much on merchandise. And business is what it's all about, for better or worse.

What's so bad about catering to teen boys? Well, for one thing, we aren't

in order to sell a product successfully. For this particular market (and, for that matter, for the older male market as well), sex sells. In teen boy terms, however, "sex" usually implies a certain setting-apart of girls/women, perceived by many (even today, when the youth are believed by some to be a bit more enlightened than in days past) to be *The Enemy*. A couple of decades of feminism do not erase thousands of years of conditioned "locker-room mentality." But this is no time for knee-jerk feminism, we're talking about music television here! How offensive could it be?

Some of the many ways women are portrayed in a too too typical rock vid: as sex incarnate, serving no purpose other than as seductresses (ZZ Top—"Gimme All Your Lovin'", Rick Ocasik—"Something To Grab For"); as fickle deceivers and teasers who deserve any punishments that noble men can think of to heap on them, including—again drawing in the seduction element—many forms of bondage (Billy Idol—"White Wedding"); as pure ornaments, accessories for the men, the real stars (Stray Cats—"Stray Cat Strut," Fastways—"Say What You Will"); even as animals, the whole bestial image also contains seductive appeal to many men/boys (Hall & Oates—"Man-eater," Duran Duran—"Hungry Like the Wolf"). Comparatively few vids portray women as just what they are—people.

Should one really take all this seriously, even if your humble commentator is One Of Them (a female-type-person)? You bet: rock vids are, as they say in *The Biz*, very hot now, and as such have great influence on the viewers. The prevalence of the above-mentioned attitudes towards females makes viewers think, "Well, it must be okay to treat girls this way, despite that crap they keep bitching at us," and the cycle continues. We may never get out of this mess! But, as any marketing expert will no doubt tell you, go with a

shows, but are strait-jacketed on following up those leads for lack of resources. In short, the UCLA Film and TV Archives are a rich repository with little means of making those riches available except through a regular series of free-to-the-public screenings on campus at Melnitz Hall.

The Museum of Broadcasting in New York is heaven on earth for media buffs and scholars. The museum is a six-story building in the heart of Manhattan with facilities that are a dream come true: 23 audio/video consoles on two floors (open to the public and museum members from noon to five Tuesday through Saturday and 9 a.m. to 11:45 a.m. on Saturday for members only); two video theatres totaling 103 seats, and a 20-seat Videotheque; plush decor, including a wooden spiral staircase; a large staff to take care of the constant flow of acquisitions, cataloguing and tape transfers of programs; and a healthy million-dollar-a-year budget to ensure year-round quality of upkeep and program availability. Forty percent of that budget comes from the Paley Foundation (William S. Paley, former president and chairman of the board of

sure thing. This kind of thinking has been around long enough not to disappear (or lose its audience appeal) overnight, so promoters are pretty much guaranteed exposure (pardon the pun) and revenue with this angle.

What should the quality-minded viewer do? Boycott? Let's not be ridiculous. Who cares what an intelligent minority thinks when the real consumers are caught by the proverbial balls? Besides, most of us vidiacs readily admit that we keep MTV on sometimes through these exploitive exploits, often because we like the songs despite the pictures and because we're all waiting for "the good ones" to come on. Ever so slowly, we are beginning to see more

exists—and who would want to anyway? Any archive has to be selective about what it agrees to take on.

At UCLA they welcome any donations, however large or small. The Museum of Broadcasting prefers to make available an overall sampling of radio and TV shows, giving students and the public a solid grasp of the broadcast media's evolution and/or regression.

Between these extremes of minimum and maximum accessibility lies the Wisconsin Center for Film and Theatre Research in Madison, founded in 1960. The center houses 3,500 feature films, 4,500 TV shows and 4,000 shorts, cartoons and TV newsreels. The staff is even more limited than at UCLA, with one full-time worker, a half-time assistant, a project assistant and a workstudy student handling an on-campus and out-of-state flow of 5,000 people a year who want access to movies and TV shows for research projects. This despite the fact that they only have four Steenbecks and two VCRs available Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; the same amount of equipment and almost the same hours as UCLA.

Maxine Fleckner, curator of these

good ones, as the demand for better quality gradually increases.

My friend, Jill, says that only when a sex-role stereotype switches genders does one see how ridiculous it all is. I don't know why no MTV rockers seem to have this sense of humor. I, for one, am rooting for the first singer or band to make a video featuring men or boys in skimpy underwear or fishnet stockings, wiggling their hips and smacking their lips in a "come-hither" fashion, who are then bound up half-naked in chains while other men standing by in cages peer seductively at the camera and . . . excuse me for a minute, won't you, I'm late for my cold shower . . .

Although the networks make more of their programs available to archives than they used to, a lot of shows are being provided by private collectors; buffs who have bought cans of discarded films at swap meets and auctions, at salvage firms and warehouses, or have simply fished them out of trashcans. One such collector, Jeff Valencia of Bellflower, California, has been doing all of these things since he was 7. At age 24, he has a vast and enviable collection of rare old movies and TV shows. For instance, he has 35-mm kines of Mike Stokey's *Armchair Detective* from KTLA in the 1940s and 50s, copies of shows with personalities like Charles Laughton and Felix DeCola, and color reference kines of King Family shows, stuff that otherwise would have been lost or destroyed by local stations in regular purges of their vaults.

KTLA, according to Valencia, went on slaughter missions on a frequent basis, destroying tens of thousands of 35-mm kinescope airchecks to make room for more shows. "They had the complete history of the station on tap," he laments, "and all they could think of doing was getting rid of it because they couldn't see any value in keeping it or giving it all to an archive."

Even worse is KTTV Channel 11, also in Los Angeles, which literally buried its history. Jim Washburn, an independent producer at Metromedia (KTTV's parent) learned as much when he was producing the station's recent 35th anniversary special.

"I hired an assistant to go through the archives for clips we could use. Several people told me that there was once a pool in Studio 6 that was used for aquatic shows and that (about 20) years ago all the remaining kinescope cans were thrown into the pool and concrete was thrown over them. I asked around and several old-timers verified this.

"Studio 6 is now used to tape *Three's*

■ *continued on page 11*



Drew Friedman

TOR/GROUCHO FOLLOWUP

It was recently brought to my attention that my tape of the Tor Johnson-Groucho Marx interview (see Tuber's Voice #6) was incomplete; that about three minutes were missing from the very beginning (right after the intros). I've recently obtained this missing footage, transcribed it, and am presenting it now for your enjoyment.

—Drew Friedman

Groucho: Welcome to *You Bet Your Life*. Say the secret word and divide 100 dollars. It's a common word, something you see every day. (To Tor) Who are you, Khrushchev?

Tor: I'm Tor Johnson.

Groucho: You Tor Johnson? Why, did you get angry at him?

Tor: No. . . ah, that's a Swedish name. Tor Johnson is a Swedish name.

Groucho: Oh, Tor Yohnson you mean, huh?

Tor: Yes sir (pause).

Groucho: I can't say Johnson. (Laughter from audience). Just for the record, what is your gross tonnage?

Tor: Ah. . . it's about 387 pound. (Audience gasps).

Groucho: Is that stripped for gym?

Tor: That's soakin' wet. . . (audience laughter).

Groucho: What are the rest of your dimensions Tor. . . Personally I'm not

stomach waistline is 54 and the chest is 62. My bicep is 22 an' the neck is 20.

Groucho: We have the same measurements. His chest and my automobile. (Audience laughter) Now lemme get this straight, you're 62-54-60?

Tor: Thas right (pause).

Groucho: I don't understand. With those measurements you oughta be twice as attractive as Jayne Mansfield. For some peculiar reason you're not. Not to me anyhow. Now you say you're Japanese, Tor?

Tor: No, om Swedish. . .

Groucho: Oh, well what part of Japan are you from?

Tor: (Angry) Stockholm!

Groucho: Stockholm is in Japan?

Tor: Stockholm is. . . is in Sweden, not in Japan. . .

Groucho: You mean. . . you said Stockholm was in Japan?

Tor: (Very angry) *you* said Stockholm was in Japan!

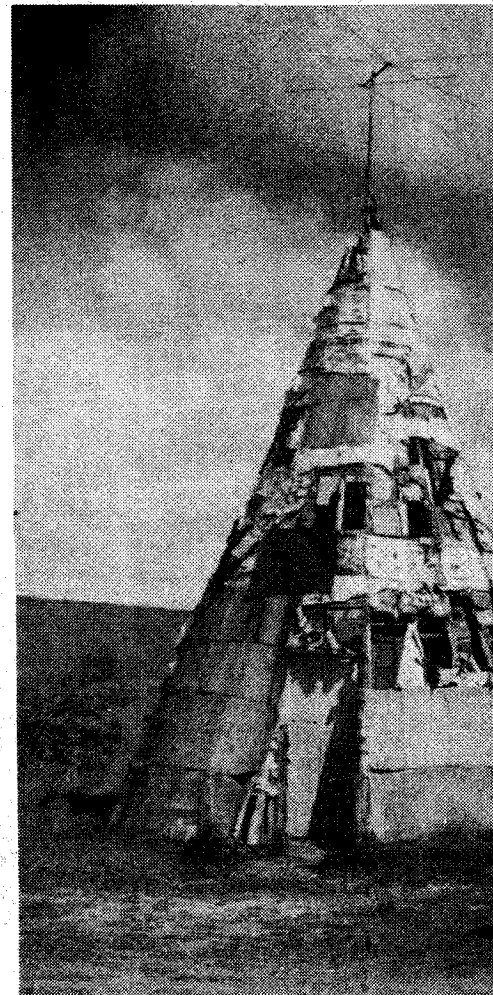
Groucho: I said Stockholm was in Japan? Really, I always thought it was in Sweden, well you learn something every day. . . except today. What kinda work do you do for a living Tor? Are you a manicurist?

Tor: Ah. . . no sir, I been wrestling for the last 25 years. . .

Groucho: Do you have some kinda unbelievable name for your wrestling

The Test-Pattern Indian

Early June marked the passing of Stanley Myiow, best remembered as the test pattern Indian. Known as Chief Eagle Tail to his Iroquois tribe of Chaughnawaga, Quebec, he was the first Native American to become involved in the television industry of the 1940s. The chief was selected to pose for the classic test pattern, familiar to so many viewers of the 1950s, while working as a broadcast technician in New York City.



An early photo of the chief's son, Herbert, who is seen here being outfitted with his father's famous test pattern war bonnet.

Chief Eagle Tail stands outside of his birch bark wigwam ca. 1955. His "tee-vee tee-pee" was the first in his tribe to boast a 40-foot antenna.



State of the Archives

continued from page 9

Company. If any of that film is still usable, it would take an act of Congress to exhume it."

Valencia has also collected scores of obscure movies, including the African *Pennywhistler Blues*, and has located major caches of films in unlikely spots. For instance, at a Canadian second-run theatre, he discovered reels of Danish hardcore porno movies from the 1910s. When he approached the AFI about rescuing the films, archivist Larry Karr turned him down, he says, because the AFI only deals with American films. So, Valencia is turning to other sources in

hope of saving these and other rarities.

The real dilemma behind a program like Decade of Preservation is to make sure the money is spread around to preserve all kinds of films and TV shows. Money is tight and all the archives are crying for what little there is. While some get what they need, too many others do not. It's an escalating fiscal competition demanding serious attention from corporations and private donors to ensure that Decade of Preservation becomes something more in the long run than glamorous lip service. ■

Addresses:

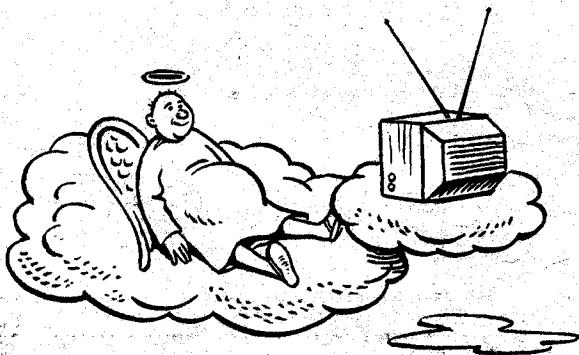
UCLA Film and TV Archives, Dept. of Theatre Arts, Los Angeles, CA 90024

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St., New York, NY 10022. Membership of \$30 per year entitles one to view 2 hrs. per day 5 days per week, sometimes more, and to glut oneself on retrospectives in their two Videotheques.

Wisconsin Center for Film & Theatre Research, University of Wisconsin, 6039 Vilas Communication Hall, Madison, WI 53706.

RERUN HEAVEN

Obituaries



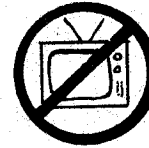
■ JACKIE COOGAN (69), 3/1, cardiac arrest. Besides playing the role of "the kid" in the 1921 Charlie Chaplin movie of the same name, Coogan is best

■ ANDY KAUFMAN (35), 5/16, lung cancer. The quirky comedian who played auto mechanic, Latke Gravas on *Taxi* also made a number of strange and

ANTI-TV FANATICS HOLD SMASH-IN



Hoping that their wanton butchering of TV sets would rally other haters of television, this Sacramento-based group found that very few people showed up to support their demonstration. The "Smash-In" was organized by reactionaries from a Sacramento, California newspaper, who urged others to "free themselves from the influence of television" by bringing their own sets to be smashed in.



One onlooker claimed in the aftermath of the devastation, "It's really disturbing - sort of reminds me of Jonestown."



Among those present to protest the contemptible actions of the group was this representative of the Couch Potato right-to-life committee who was "badly shaken" after witnessing the demolition.



"Even if the ranks of the TV abolitionists seem to be swelling, Couch Potatoes everywhere need not feel threatened by demonstrations such as this one. After all, Television is bigger than all of us and the A-Team is on our side."

Elder "Bob" Armstrong

Antenna on Industry

continued from page 6

The fourth paragraph presented a time chart showing how long it actually takes to make slushes: anywhere from 3 to 45 minutes!

The Official Couch Potato

RABBIT-EAR FEZ

Now available to members! The same

Show (1949) and played the part of Stoney Crockett on *Cowboy G-Men* (1952). He was also Sgt. Barnes on *McKeever and the Colonel* (1962-63) and Walter Renfrew on *The Partridge Family* (1970-74).

■ **SAM JAFFEE** (93). Best known on TV as Dr. David Zorba, the neuro-surgical chief on *Ben Casey* (1961-66). Jaffe also had roles on *Hitchcock Presents*, *Kojak*, *Playhouse 90*, *Streets of San Francisco*, *Hollywood Television Theatre* and *Love Boat*. His roles on film include: the high lama in "Lost Horizon" (1937) and Gunga Din in the film classic of the same name. Other films with Jaffe include: "The Asphalt Jungle," "Ben Hur" and "The Day the Earth Stood Still."

■ **BERTRAM CLASTER** (73), 3/12, Alzheimer's Disease. The television producer who started *Romper Room* in Baltimore in 1953. Some of Claster's other shows include *Bowling For Dollars*, *Pinbusters* and *Strikes and Spares*.

■ **CARL FLETCHER** (90), 4/4. The inventor of the Corny Dog, who first served his now-famous concoction at the Texas State Fair in 1938, but didn't perfect the special batter until 1942.

■ **BOB CLAMPETT** (70). Animator, writer-director. While working for Warner Bros. he co-created the cartoon characters of Tweety Bird and Sylvester the Cat and developed Porky Pig and Daffy Duck in the 1930s. His best-known TV creation was *Time for Beany*, a puppet adventure show from 1950. Clampett worked closely with the voices of Stan Freberg, Daws Butler and Jerry Colona to develop the characters Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent, Dishonest John, Beany and Captain Huffenpuff. In 1961 the show was brought back as an animated series which later ran from 1964 to '66.

Andy maintained an open challenge to any and all lady wrestlers who could pin him in a match on TV. He later went on to star in the film "My Breakfast with Blassie" with world championship wrestler, Fred Blassie.

■ **JACK BARRY** (66), 5/2, heart attack. The perennial game show personality and producer who started in TV after transferring his popular radio show *Juvenile Jury* to television. This show became one of the longest running game shows in history (1947-55, 1971). Barry later went on to host and create, along with Dan Enright, classic programs such as: *Winky Dink and You* (1953-57), *Tic Tac Dough* (1956-59), *Life Begins at Eighty* (1950-52), *Concentration* (1958) and *Jokers Wild* (1972-75). In 1956 Barry figured prominently in the big money scandal connected with his quiz show *Twenty One* after contestants admitted that the show was rigged. Other shows that Barry hosted and co-produced were: *The Joe DiMaggio Show* (1950), *Wisdom of the Ages* (1953), *Shower of Stars* (1954-55), *The Big Surprise* (1955-56), *High Low* (1957-58), *The Generation Gap* (1969), *The Reel Game* (1971), *Blank Check* (1975), *Break the Bank* (1976), *Way Out Games* (1976), and *Hollywood Connection* (1977).

■ **JOE CAREVIC** (30), 4/18. The Grand Yam of the Michigan Couch Potatoes Lodges #51 and a pioneer member of the movement. Joe worked to organize view-a-thons and other TV-related functions in the greater Birmingham area. His spot on the couch is being kept warm by Vice Yam Kip Wagner and other members of Lodge #51.

■ **INA RAY HUTTON**, 2/19, complications of diabetes. The leader of an all-girl orchestra and host of the *Ina Ray Hutton Show* (1956) which featured only female guests. ■

with this fucking piece of junk, and we've tried it six times with four different types of liquid: Sugar Free Kool Aid, Coke, chocolate milk and margarita mix with tequila.

Our refrigerator is in good condition, and a low setting on the freezer dial is sufficient to keep everything properly frozen. Everything, that is, except for those idiot Slush Mugs. So we had to turn the freezer to "COLDER," and our electric bill went up accordingly.

Intimidated by the instructions, we used only refrigerated drinks to make slushes. But even with super-cold liquids, making a slush was virtually impossible.

The intricate scraping process required superhuman timing. If we weren't there at the precise instant of molecular transition (about four tenths of a nanosecond in duration) between liquid and ice, we would miss the chance to scrape forever, because a ridge of solid ice would have formed on the inner wall of the white cup. We couldn't use an ice pick, because we'd puncture the cup and release the refrigerant solution, which is "made to deliberately taste bitter and unattractive, so you can notice it." And even if we managed to execute one successful scrape, the instructions required us to repeat it every 30 seconds for "2-3 minutes."

Part Four

Conclusion

It's easier and less time-consuming to make a station-break run for an Icee at 7-11.

Antenna On Industry urges you to **BOYCOTT THIS PRODUCT** and spread the warning to every lodge and potato patch in America. When our personal lives are touched, Couch Potatoes become self-righteous Consumer Vigilantes and take the law into our own hands! Expose this product wherever you see it offered for sale! ■

crafted antenna top piece. Comes in maroon only. Available in sizes 7, 7 1/4, and 7 1/2.

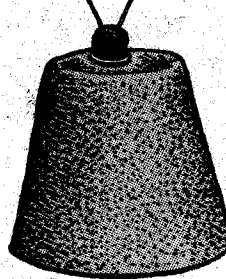
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READER ADS

THE I LOVE LUCY FAN CLUB urges all lovers of the show to write their local stations to keep *Lucy* on the air. The show is being replaced on an ever-increasing basis coast to coast. We are also campaigning to have the classic 13-episode *Lucy & Desi Comedy Hour* aired once again. For membership send an S.A.S.E. to: Ed Maffei, 1646 11th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94122 or Tom Watson c/o We Love Lucy, P.O. Box 480216, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

ANDY GRIFFITH AND THE BULLET If you're lucky enough to have *The Andy Griffith Show* rerun in your area or just want to be in touch with other fans of the series, then you may want to contact The Andy Griffith Show Rerun Watchers Club c/o Jim Clark, 1313 21st Ave. South, Suite 107-146, Nashville, TN 37212. For \$1 they'll send you their official newsletter *The Bullet*.

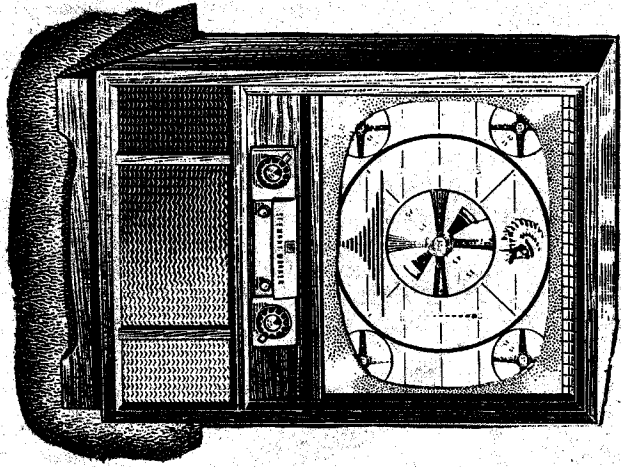
D'KNOW D'new magazine for D'now people presents fiction, humor, poetry, music reviews, original comics and graphics from the cutting edge of technology. Special introductory subscription rate: \$5 for 1 year (6 issues). Send to: D'Know, P.O. Box 1984, Bloomington, IN 47402. Enclose S.A.S.E. for free brochure!

THE ELECTION OF '84. The stirring saga of a Couch Potato's quest to put Walter Cronkite in the White House... short enough to complete during one evening's commercial breaks... required reading for all politically-minded Tubers..." Available for \$3 ppd. from Crysalis Press, P.O. Box 1330, Modesto, CA 95353.

FEAT HEADS UNITE! Little Feat Fanatic looking for like Tubers to share articles & possible concert tapes of this one of a kind band. Send S.A.S.E. to Dan Normal, 5115 Buckingham Dr., Charlotte, NC 28209.

OLD TV GUIDES. Do you know of anyone who might be interested in buying some old *TV Guides* (real ones)? I have few dating from the present back to the early '60s in various conditions. Lee A. Dolezal, 2228 South Austin Blvd., Cicero, IL 60650.

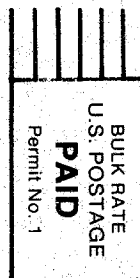
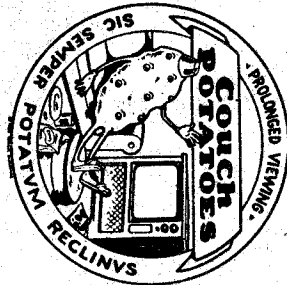
THIS SPACE COULD BE YOURS. Free. If you're a *Tuber's Voice* subscriber and would like to say something short in this unclassified section, send it to us and maybe we'll print it.



New Chapters *and Their Slogans*

- #96 Delta Koppa High (ΔKH) - Schaumburg, IL - "The fries, they be stickin' together."
- #97 Virginia Creature Watchers - Arlington, VA - "Never pass up a monster movie."
- #98 Reality's Refugees - Houston, TX - "Mind alteration while u wait."
- #99 The First Church of Lerch - Chicago, IL
- #101 Richmond Rerun Rangers - Richmond, VA - "Run the channels."
- #102 The Alpha Epsilon Fraternity of Viewers (ΣAE) - Berkeley, CA - "Ore-Ida!"
- #103 The Melrose-Avers Viewing Society - Chicago, IL - "Vini, Vidi, Trinitron."
- #104 The Cathode Ray Mission - San Francisco, CA - "The television screen has become the retina of the mind's eye."
- #105 Cosmic Ennui - Fairbanks, AK - "Never call us during *Hill St. Blues*."
- #106 The Video Artists Clubhouse - South Bend, IN - "Be it raster or be it vector - keep it 4 x 3."
- #107 Karks - San Anselmo, CA - "Only view."
- #108 The Doctor Doom-TV-Tub-Babbit-Ear Club - Martinez, CA - "Sleep tight tonight your air force is awake."
- #109 The Tahoe Tubers - Salinas, CA - "Slope spuds on skis."
- #110 Talismanic - Misawa, Japan - "Fitness through food."
- #111 The Video Fleurnies - New York, NY - "What time is 9:30?"
- #112 The Cave - Knoxville, TN - "Turn on, tune in, veg out."
- #113 Waveriders - Honolulu, HI - "Locked into the tube."
- #114 Rocking Spud Ranch - Tucson, AZ - "Where the beer and the rabbit ears play."
- #115 The Mystic Krewe of View - Charlotte, NC - "I like Ike, but I love Lucy."
- #116 Video Taters - Baltimore, MD - "We shall view until the golden gong of the universe beckons."
- #117 Mountain Tubers - Montgomery Center, VT - "Winter is tube time—especially mud season."
- #118 The Beautiful Downtown Russet Burbank Chapter - St. Louis, MO - "Turn it up a little."
- #119 The Cot-tage Couchers - Mt. Clemens, MI - "All eyes forward."
- #120 The Finegan Palace - South Lebanon, OH
- #121 The United Office Potatoes of Southern Wisconsin - Janesville, WI
- #122 The Hypnotized Hoard - Jacobus, PA
- #123 Pommes de Terres - Boise, ID - "We're appealing."
- #124 Couch Sexpots - Rolling Hills Estates, CA - "TV turns us on."
- #125 Royal Order of the Water Buffalo - Richmond, CA - "Maynard G. Krebs is the new messiah."
- #126 Niemiec Nuzzlers - Scottsdale, AZ - "We'll never roam cuz we stay at home, we're Couch Potatoes rah, rah, rah."
- #127 Jack Webb Fundamental Lodge #127 - Lyman, WA - "Just the facts, ma'am."

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The prime viewing area of Lodge #57, the Frito Lay Abouts from Menlo Park, CA. Pictured from left are: Boston Blackie (AKA D.M.), Connie Brooks (A.K.A. Lea Elliott), Feral Kid (A.K.A. Dennis Elliott), and Gonzo the Cat.

