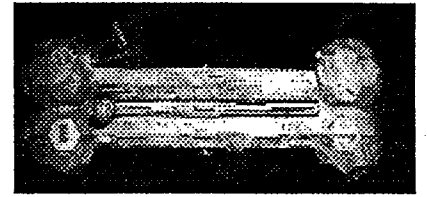


# MST3K

# SATELLITE NEWS

FORMERLY THE BINDING POLYMER



SUMMER 1990

VOL. 2 NO. 2

## SATELLITE OF LOVE STILL IN ORBIT !!!

Reports have been confirmed that the evil experiment perpetuated by Clayton Forester and Lawrence Earhardt, those demented, rouge mad-scientists from The Gizmonic Institute, on Joel, Crow, Tom Servo, and Gypsy, continues. For at least 13 more episodes, Joel and his robot pals will be forced to endure yet another barrage of cinema so deadly and so torturous that we dare not even mention the titles for fear of causing panic on an interplanetary scale! It's Depressing! It's Despairing! It's Delovely!

Not only will the stranded space travelers be subjected to the usual assortment of grade Z sci-fi and horror flicks, they will also suffer through a white trash infested biker yarn, an aryan youth infested 1960s beach party romp, a Ceaser Romero infested jungle adventure, and, brace yourself for the worst, a Made-For-T.V. Movie, which may or may not be infested by Robert Reed, depending on how bad a mood the mad scientists are in that day. So please, we beg of you, stay tuned to The Comedy Channel and watch for the 13 all new diabolical experiments known to

most earthlings as "MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000". Remember, you the television viewer, may be Joel, Crow, Tom Servo, Gypsy, and Cambot's only hope for freedom from the evil clutches of the insane mad scientists and their inane bad movies. So don't forget to continue to watch MST3000 and please, WATCH THE SKIES!!! WATCH THE SKIES!!! For God's sake WATCH THE SKIES!!! And watch both ways when crossing the street and always cross at the green, not in between and wear galoshes and a rain coat when it's raining cause you never know you could catch your death of cold out there and I must say it has been unseasonably cold lately although Lord knows I'm not complaining cause we needed the rain but I wouldn't mind if it cleared up this weekend cause Ed and I are planning to barbeque but until then I'll just sit in the den, settle in, make myself nice and comfy and watch the latest all new action packed episode of "MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000". Gotta go. Bye bye! ➡

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# LETTERS

*We enjoy reading your letters almost as much the next guy (or however that saying goes) and so we thought we'd take time out of our busy schedule (we were almost up to level three in Super Mario Bros.III) to answer a few of your correspondences.*

Dear Tom, Joel & Crow,  
I am a recent college graduate. I don't have a job yet, and consequently spend a lot of time watching your show. Could you send me some info on your fan club? I could tell my folks it's some sort of job stuff. I appreciate your assistance in getting my parents off my back.

Bert Molinari  
Worcester, MA

Dear Bert,  
We really like the way you're applying your hard-won education to the devotion of our program. Could you do us a favor and tell your gainfully employed friends to get off their high horses, quit their go-nowhere jobs and devote their lives to MST3K. We'd sure appreciate it.

Dear Sirs,  
Who's the worst Robot ever?

Jack Twinkie  
W. Memphis, AR

Dear Jack,  
Sadly, the worst Robot we've ever met was "Robot" from Lost in Space. We had always admired him until one evening a few years ago when we met him at

Twiekie's birthday party. He had gotten old and paunchy, his once proud features sallow and sagging. He was completely smashed, an all too common state for him, we were told. Yes, he was lecherous, rude, smelly and drunk, but the worst thing of all was that he had lost (perhaps in space) his robotic dignity.

P.S. Mr. Twinkie, could you please send a sample of your fine product. (SASE enclosed)

Dear Guys,  
Just wanted to let you know that I am willing to sacrifice gainful employment, meaningful personal relationships and social acceptance for the honor of heading the East Coast Chapter of the Information Club.

Erich Schramm  
Vienna, VA

Dear Erich,  
Thank you for asking, but we're looking for someone a little more dedicated.

Guys,  
Love the show. Haven't laughed so hard since my mother-in-law slipped on the ice when I was on vacation.

Tony Travers  
San Diego, CA

Dear Tony,  
We certainly will strive to achieve the level of comedy provided you by your relatives tragic personal injury. Comedy like that doesn't happen by accident. We'll be the funniest thing going faster than your mother-in-law can take off

her cervical collar.

Guys,  
What's a "dick-weed"? My dad won't tell me, but I think it must be a pickle with leaves on it.

Name and address withheld

Dear Person,  
You're absolutely right. ☞

---

## one more of, some of... THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF TOM SERVO

(SEE MST3K V.2 #1)

Tom Zirbol

Look for the remaining  
8,999,999,980 in future issues.  
Ed. ☞

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And the people that did it are;

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# MST3K GLOSSARY OF TERMS

Expand your vocabulary with this fascinating look at the rich and vibrant language of the far-out space nuts on the Satellite of Love.

**weiner-man** [GR, *veinerman*] a fictional character from the Wagnerian classic, "Das Wurst". The Weinerman is said to possess the magic grinder which is coveted by his evil half-brother, The Skin-On Weinerman.

**turtle-hat** [?] a protective headgear worn by members of the Amphibian Liberation Army.

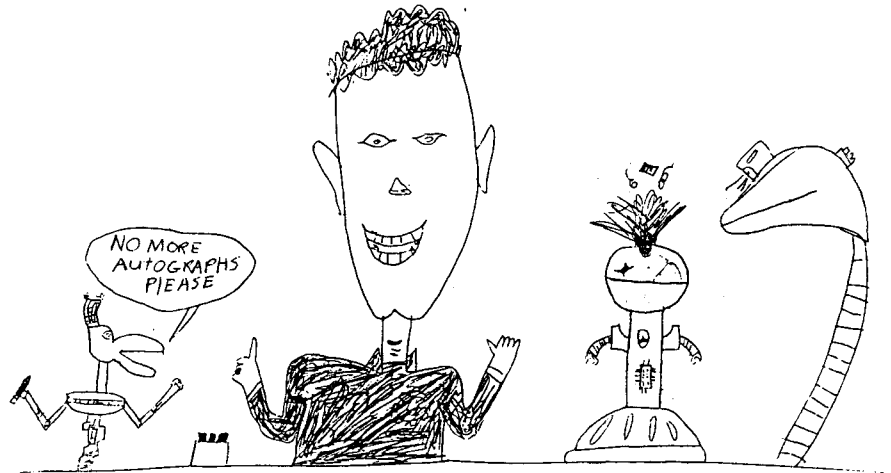
**cheesy** [Eng, *Cheez-Whiz*] 1. substandard, poor, doesn't cut the mustard, ain't up to snuff, doesn't pass muster, makes my gorge rise 2. anything ever produced by Norman Lear

**come-along** one of those pully things, you've seen 'em, farmers use 'em to pull stumps out the ground and stuff. It's got a little rachet thingy and a cable....

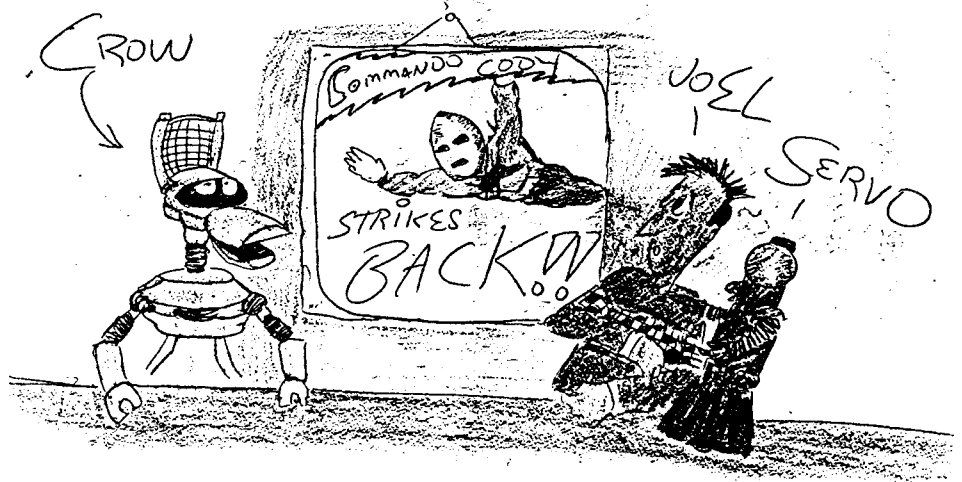
**nice-tag!** [mst3k] indicates a particularly spectacular act of violence

If there are any terms you feel need elucidation, or there's some you just want explained, write to us here at the Satellite News and we'll be happy to ask someone.

# MST3K INFORMATION CLUB GALLERY OF ART



D.J.W. Lynchburg, Va.



Romulo Tejera Jackson Hts, NY



Joey Sestito Philadelphia, PA

## FICTION CORNER

LOVE STINKS by Crow.

There once was a little boy who dreamed of visiting exotic lands. One day a pirate appeared on his windowsill. "Yo ho matey, if it's an adventure you want, follow me!", the pirate yelled as he took the little boy by the hand. They both jumped out of the window.

As they swiftly plummeted to earth, the little boy, who lived on the twelfth floor, realized that maybe jumping out of the window wasn't such a good idea.

Months later, the little boy was finally released from the hospital and was convalescing in his new basement apartment. Endless hours flat on his back, in excruciating pain, had not diminished his dreams of exotic, far-off lands. Suddenly, a beautiful fairy princess appeared before him. "Come with me", she cooed, "to a land of dreams and enchantment!" The little boy, who had fallen instantly in love with the fairy princess, followed her up the stairs and out of the apartment.

The next thing he knew, the little boy was holding hands with the fairy princess and happily

skipping through a meadow. They were surrounded by wonderful, whimsical, magical creatures. The little boy's heart was filled with joy and wonder. "Is it going to be like this forever?", he asked the fairy princess. "Yes", she sweetly replied, "forever!" The little boy laughed delightedly and then asked, "Forever and ever?"

The fairy princess abruptly stopped skipping, looked harshly at the little boy and said, "Look, I'm just not ready for that kind of commitment. I really feel that this relationship is going nowhere. I need some space. I gotta go. I'll call you when I've sorted things out".

With that, the fairy princess vanished into thin air. Dumfounded, the little boy looked around and saw that the wonderful, whimsical, magical creatures were growing irritable. It was obvious that they were quite hungry. Thinking quickly, the little boy grabbed a handful of enchanted berries from a tree and threw them at the hungry beasts. The animals, however, had been put on a strict diet by the vet and were only allowed to eat "Science Diet" pet food. They became even more annoyed and started snarling at the little boy. He

became frightened and ran like crazy. He fell into a ditch and suddenly found himself tumbling down the stairs back into his basement apartment.

The little boy was relieved to be back home but soon discovered that although it seemed like he'd only been gone a moment, he'd actually been away for several months. He was now hopelessly behind in his schoolwork and there was a giant pile of homework stacked up that was due the next morning.

The little boy diligently sat down to get to work but he was so dazed and bewildered from his journey that instead of reaching for his homework he mistakenly started reading a pile of James Michener novels. This only added to his feelings of lethargy, despair, and physical and emotional pain. Not only did he fail the school year and get held back, he fell into a deep depression from which he has yet to recover.\* \*Crow would like to remind you that this is a piece of fiction and purely a work of imagination. In fact, I can see him now in my mind's eye, his lip curled in a wry smile, saying, "Tell those people that this is a piece of fiction and purely a work of imagination" and then he'd laugh that laugh of his. Yep. Salt of the earth, that Crow. A real pip.

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