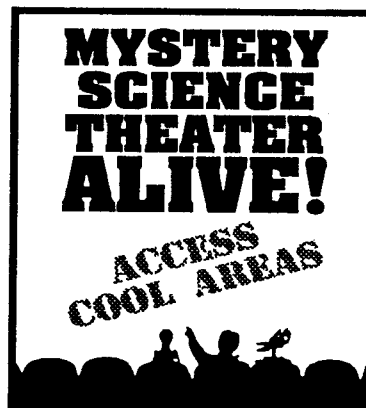


Satellite News

Formerly The Binding Polymer

MST ALIVE A TRIUMPH



The official backstage pass for the MST Alive Show, July 10 and 11, 1992.

On a sultry, picture perfect and famously long Minnesota evening, searchlights combed the skies over the fashionable Uptown area of Minneapolis, beckoning all who might be drawn to searchlights to draw near the legendary Uptown Theater, and heralding the relatively historic first-ever world premiere of **MST ALIVE!** Although it was a midnight show, a crowd began to gather hours before the show in hopes of picking that perfect seat, in getting the first tubful of the Uptown's reliably fresh popcorn (and not choking on those little hulls that get caught on your tonsils sometimes or really grab hold of the soft palette), and perhaps snatching a glimpse of their favorite performer hopping off the local bus line and heading to the stage door.

People came from all over the country, from Boston, Philly, Los Angeles, Texas, Washington, D.C., to become a part of the lore gathering around our show like a termite hill in the dense Amazon basin. Well, sort of. Some came without tickets, in hopes that some might be found for the sold-out affair; and as always, our Plucky Jann Johnson came through with a small cache of extra tickets reserved for just such a crisis. "We can't let people who came so far get locked out in the cold, so to speak!" Cried Jann, "Would the Dead allow such a thing to happen? Heck no!"

Inside, the packed house was treated to a showing of the lushly filmed yet

stinky wide screen bomb *World Without End*, featuring '60s chunked-and-formed ham Rod Taylor, delivering what could well be called his worst performance ever, complete with an annoyingly phony British accent. But the crowd loved it, because in their usual spots were an alert while still sleepy-eyed Joel Robinson (played with the usual grace by cabaret neophyte Joel Hodgson), lovable fireplug look-alike Tom Servo (delivered in earnest by bearded bellower Kevin Murphy), and a friskier-than-usual golden boy Crow T. Robot (offered with boyish charm by renaissance roboteer Trace Beaulieu). The gang, appearing live on stage, basted the movie in its own juices and offered up big slabs of comedy, Texas-style. Also on hand, and received with roars of delight, was the ever-vivacious Gypsy (wielded with the skill of a thoracic surgeon by buoyant Best Brains helmer Jim Mallon). Hosting the evening in his ever-lurking manner was mawkish malcontent Dr. Clayton Forrester (Beaulieu once again stretching

the edges of the craft, yet not breaking the skin), aided by perennial crowd-pleaser TV's Frank, played with verve by East Coast refugee Frank Conniff.

In addition to the movie, the crowd was treated to a brace of musical offerings, played with seemingly effortless ease by our surprise guest, Bar Harbor blowhard Jack Perkins (performed mightily by head writer and cadet dad Mike Nelson). Misties sang along with the whimsical yet misleading "Godzilla Genealogy Bop," the haunting "Tibby, Oh Tibby;" holiday chestnut "A Patrick Swayze Christmas," and super-surprise finale number "Satellite of Love."

Reactions from the crowd to the shop ran from delighted to deeply aroused. "The midnight show was a triumph," beamed writer and quasi-political baseball junkie Paul Chaplin, who apparently spent the evening operating under the assumed name "Eggs McCracken" for no reason we can find. Toolmaster Jef Maynard said of the evening, "If there'd been any more love in that room, we would had to have built an addition, maybe a nice solarium or a deck, just to hold all the love without it spilling out onto the lawn, so to speak."



INSIDE:

Sports Corner, page 3
Medical Corner, page 3
and pages 1, 2, 4 and more!

Endless Hours of MST to Substitute for Family this Thanksgiving!!



Once again we here at Science Mystery 500 urge you to spend Thanksgiving with us. So, call your parents and give them some kind of excuse. (i.e. "Mom I'm not kidding, I totally have the hugest final that day.") Next, stock up on Scooter Pies and Shasta pop. Then get ready for 30 hrs. of bad movies. The fun starts at 6:00 p.m. (Eastern and Pacific time) on Wednesday, November 25, and continues until it's over at midnight on Thanksgiving. Hope you can make it. Thanks. Love, Bridget Jones, Staff Writer.



6PM The Beatniks (Alienated teens find "kicks" in terrorizing soda jerks.)

8PM Master Ninja I (Lee Van Cleef, Timothy Van Patten and Demi Van Moore team up and solve a crime.)

10PM Space Travelers (Gene Hackman, Gregory Peck and an all star cast turn NASA upside down in this Academy Award -winning spell binder.)

12AM The Lost Continent (Rock climbing. Cesar Romero, Huge Beaumont.)

2 AM City Limits (post-apocalyptic teen gangs rule the cities according to comic books. Robbie Benson, James Earl Jones and Kim Catrall!)

4AM Viking Women VS. The Sea Serpent



(Ultra -white cave women unite to rescue their commitment-shy boyfriends from hairy guys.)

6AM The Giant Gila Monster (A gila monster creates chaos in a Texas town as the sheriff obsesses over skid marks.)

8AM King Dinosaur (Have breakfast with the King and learn a cold war lesson.)

10AM Santa Claus Conquers the Martians (Pia Zadora.)

12PM The Magic Sword (Bert I. Gordon's masterpiece. IN COLOR.)

2PM Teenagers From Outer Space (An alien

teen finds '50s-style love to the chagrin of his peers.)

4PM Hercules Unchained (Mythical Hercules plays a Hellenistic cop bent on cleaning up the system. Steve Reeves.)

6PM The Unearthly (A claustrophobic tale of a mad scientist's quest to create mutants. In the tradition of *The Big Chill*. John Carradine.)

8PM Gamera VS Guiron (Japanese people star as the Orient's nuttiest turtle saves Osaka from a monster who cuts things up with his head. Violence, language.)

10PM Fire Maidens of Outer Space (Gilligan moves to the other side of the island.)

12AM "This Is MST3K" (A behind the scenes look at the enchanting children's show.)

Life of an editor

by Tim Scott, Editor, MST3K

Dad was right. I should of bought the La Crosse boots. Sorel makes a good product but in temperatures like ten below, with a piercing wind whipping across frozen Lake Waukanabo, you need more of a specialty boot. Funny my hands are holding up so well. By the height of the sun it looks like I've got about 45 minutes until dark and if the Sunfish don't start biting soon I don't think that they're going to. Let me see... what day is it. Saturday. I think Gamera aired this morning and will again tonight. Sure glad I'm done mixing the audio for that one. Talk about a bad soundtrack. One second you can hardly hear the people talking (-24db) and the next Gamera is screaming (+12db). It took me almost three times as long to mix that one. Mhhh... is that a bite or just too much ice on my bobber? Naw, it's a bite....looks like a Crappie bite by the way it's sucking it steadily down the hole. I'll let it take it a little longer.....and set the hook. Ya, ya ..feels like a good one. Looks to be about 13 oz. "Size of your hand" as the locals would say. Well, at least I didn't get skunked. Looks like some snowmobiles coming across the lake from the west. Sounds like a couple of Arctic Cats and an old Ski-Doo. They have their lights on so I guess I'll start packing my gear and head into the cabin. It's a long walk but at least it will warm up my poor frozen feet. Still can't believe we didn't win that Ace Award last year. Not much to do back at the cabin, maybe I'll cook up a big bowl of stew and write the academy a letter. Then if the headlights work on the tractor, maybe I'll plow out John's driveway next door. The way that Bald Eagle has been circling me, I wonder if he's going to follow me in. Things huge. Smell that air. Man I'm glad we don't produce the show on the coast.



The... Robot Holocaust

by Schab Pervo

for Tibby

Kleist

slipped (death)

the puppet on

his hand (clown)

his hand (...death?)

his...

Hans

threw

(liver)

the sauce across

the hall

(Kleist)

the hall

(white)

the...

Hal

opened

(Kleist)* (liver)

the pod bay

door

(clown)

white

the pod bay

(death)

door

the pod bay...

Bombay

sapphire and tonic rocks,

no lime.

*Kleist

SATELLITE NEWS is the official newsletter of Mystery Science Theater 3000.

SATELLITE NEWS is intended to be published a couple times a year by

BEST BRAINS, INC. PO BOX 5325 HOPKINS, MN 55343.

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TECH TALK

ed. note: For this issue Crow has asked TV's lovable Gypsy to sit in and write Tech Talk. She is more than happy to comply except that she has no idea what a Tech Talk is, so please bear with us.

"SCIRBBLES ON THE LOADPAN BAY WALL"

by Gypsy

Richard and Gypsy Basehart. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Basehart. Mrs. Gypsy Basehart. Dick and Gypsy Basehart...Oh! Oh, I ah... How confusing it all can be! Crow came to my cubical and asked me to write this issue's Tech Talk. "Oh, you bet!" I quickly exclaimed. But where to begin?

Perhaps at the beginning. What is Tech Talk after all? Is it a loosely structured debate on current issues? Or perhaps a first person tour through the complexities of life. Maybe it's a round robin roundtable discussion of pertinent facts and their ramifications. On the other hand, Tech Talk could be analagous to Chalk Talk and I am the coach. "You, Jones, get the lead out! Paulson, what were you thinking?!! The best defense is a good offense!"

All this gives me pause. Why write anything at all? Does anyone really have anything to say which hasn't been said before? Did the ancient Greeks write all the plays?...

(Continued on flipside)



The Ten Trillion Names of Tom Servo

by Tom Servo

As young Tom approached Grey Castle, his sweaty steed showed signs of hesitation, almost fear, as it heaved up a bezoar of hair and oats. Tom patted the withers of the beast, softly whispering, "Steady, Backdraft. Soon you will have water and perhaps a bromo." Seeming to understand, the horse reached back and bit him.

Out of the darkness a voice said "Ho! Hey now, Hoo!"

"Whoop-hoop hey!" Tom replied. "Hay nannie-nannie!" came the answer back. Out of the velvet moist night came a guard holding a brazier. Another guard appeared with a brazier, an order of onion rings and a malt. Tom steeled himself. He was at Greycastle Gate.

"I assume this is Greycastle Gate. You must let me pass, I am Tom Servo" Tom rumbled using the voice given to him by Cray the elder back in ClellenHolme.

"No, this is the freight entrance," mumbled the tall guard, "Greycastle Gate is a day's ride south."

"Unless you take the trolly, that takes five minutes," added the shorter guard. "Onion ring?"

"Do not toy with me, prole," Tom loomed tall in his saddle, deepening his use of the voice. "I am Tom Servo!"

"Yeah, I heard. You got a cold or something?" The taller guard was a blond with thin lips and high, firm pouting cheeks.

"Servo, servo...nope, not on the list. Sorry."

"What do you mean, 'Sorry'?"

"Well, specifically I mean, 'sorry from the Old English sarig or sore, but probably more rooted syntactically to the Old High German sorg, having deep distress or regret."

"You'll regret your impudence if you do not let me pass," Tom thundered in his mighty voice. His horse drooled a bit, and let loose a fricative.

"Oh now can you stop using that bloody voice, you're giving me a headache. You're not on the list. You need a day pass. You can get one at Greycastle Gate, a day's ride."

"I know, I know." Servo dropped the voice. It hurt his throat. "Look, can you check again, I sent a pidgeon..."

"Servo, Servo, hmmm...Oh! There's a Dram Swervo, nit collector from Cealendring?"

"No," sighed Servo.

"Okay, here," said the short one, who had dark hair, and full round lips. "Here's a Darm Sirup, whip-mender from the sugar mines of Domino..."

"No, it's Tom Servo, keeper of the cup, holder of the glistening..."

"Hey, Tom Teehall, the storyteller, is that you?"

"No..."

"Don Thermo, pheasant plucker's son?"

"No..."

"Strom Thrumond, droolmaster of the Southern Region?"

"Certainly not!"

"Kloun Stirboil, creator of skin sores?"

"Nope."

"Wait! There's a Vlad Servo, any relation?"

"I don't--"

"Hoo-now! What about Haa-Her-Ho, the tongueless?"

"Oh, come on--"

"Scum Terpent, the tree-sapper?"

"Look, if you don't..."

"Ton Fning-fnoing, the buttless out of--"

"Look, you're not even trying now.

Just forget it, okay?" Tom urged mighty Backdraft to finish dropping spoor and with a mighty kick of his spurs, hurt the beast so that it had to limp as it cantored toward the morning mist and the hope of a day pass at Mighty Greycastle Gate, perhaps two days ride to the south. In the midst behind him he could hear the litany continue, fading as the mist and the distance grew.

"Top Sirloin? Oh, no, thet'a the meat manifest."

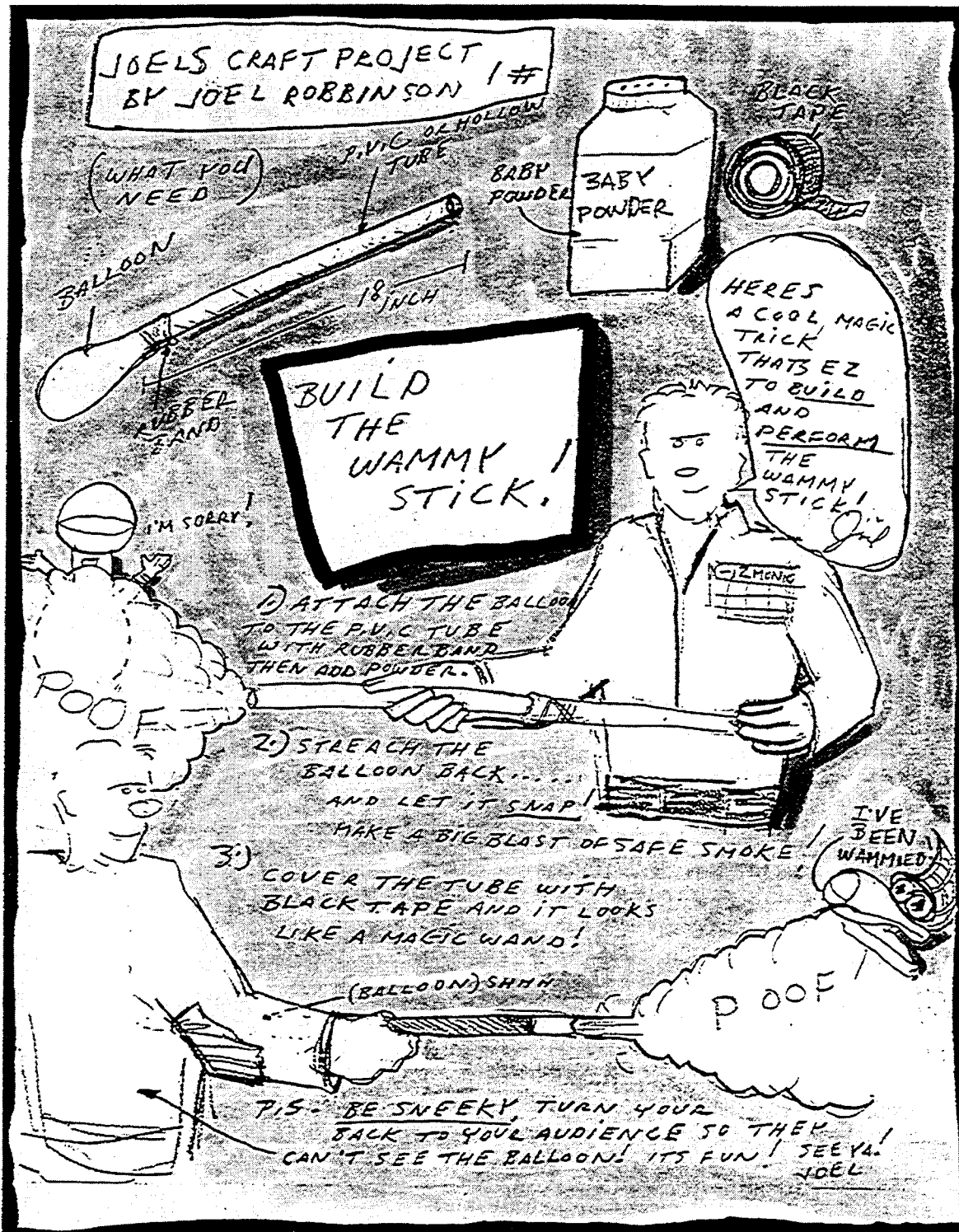
"There is a Top FirLoin, guardian of the Sacred Straddle..."

"Fop Sernal?"

"Bomb Thermo?"

"How about Pops Herbal..."





TECH TALK

(continued from flipside)

(Gypsy?)

Yes, Crow?

(What are you doing?)

Oh, um, Dan Rather! No, ah, I gotta go do something, things, so, you know, bye. 🐕

Sports Corner

by Michael "Sports" Nelson, Head Writer

Well, it's sports season again. Time to get out all that stuff that you get out when you watch or play sports. And whether you're watching "the game" with your friends, or playing "some sports" outside, it's clear that you probably are like a lot of other people who enjoy "sports".

I'd like to address the issue of player salaries. Some of these sports figures are payed thousands of dollars a year to do something they enjoy. Given that many people are paid a lot less to build 39 cent tacos, a job they clearly shouldn't enjoy, I'd say players are making too much money. I think the owners should get paid more. They're the ones who thought up the idea of having a "sports" team in their town, and when the team loses it's the owners who hear people yell, "Hey Carl, nice team!" and giggle and then duck into a curio shop. But that's probably true of players, too. And what of the player who gets hurt and can't do what he enjoys any longer? Perhaps players who get hurt should get paid the most money.

What do you think about sports? Why not write and tell me? I find it fascinating how two teams square off and then through a series of events one team wins and one loses or they tie. Clearly there's a lot going on here. Talk about it amongst your friends. Perhaps there's a "call-in" show where they invite people to express their opinions about "sports". After watching a game, you could call in and say, "Our team lost today, and I think if they had done things differently they could have won." That's just to get you started. I'm sure you have your own ideas.

And why not get your family involved in "sports"? Enroll your kid in some kind of "sport", preferably one that strikes a good balance between "agression" and "injuries". If he or she should get hurt, switch her to a sport that "favors the other leg" or one that "doesn't use a lot of arm motion."

It's up to you... just do it!



Medical Corner

by TV's Frank



Being an assistant to a mad scientist like Dr. Clayton Forrester has it's rewards, but I have to admit it has it's drawbacks, too. One of the hazards of my job is the frequent severe head injuries I've suffered at the hands of the good doctor when I've done something to displease him (which is about all the time.) As a result I've come up with a few techniques for dealing with certain medical problems that I'm happy to share with you now that I've regained feeling in the left side of my body.

1. Since Dr. Forrester forbids me to use any medication, I've found that running around Deep Thirteen yelling "Oh God! I'm in so much pain!!!" is the only option available to me.

2. Now for most people, electro shock therapy is used only a last resort but for me, it's a way of life. I have to admit, it's not the most relaxing way to spend an afternoon. To recover from the experience, I like to jump into bed, pull up the covers, and read *Prisoner Without A Name, Cell Without a Number* by Jacob Timmerman.

3. And finally, the best way to deal with these problems is to avoid working at Deep Thirteen altogether. OOPS!! Dr. Forrester has been looking over my shoulder and he is not pleased. Looks like I'll be spending the next few days in an irreversible coma. Gotta go. Bye Bye!



LOCK SLIDER, SPACEBUS CAPTAIN*

by Crow T. Robot

*Based on characters created by

Crow T. Robot

from the work-in-progress novel,

"Lock Slider in Space"

by Crow T. Robot

Everything copyrighted by Crow T. Robot



CHAPTER 42 "The Pudding People"

Lock moved slowly along the corridor, his gun banging against his thigh, Ross the Robot trailing close behind, scanning their flank. They stopped, and Lock peered around the bulkhead. They would soon be safely aboard their ship. Only one thing stood in their way: a Gralgag. Blob-Guard had positioned itself in front of the escape hatch. Lock checked the pulse round indicator on his FlazeStar-TurboBlaster. Only one round left. Not enough power. The Gralgag would simply absorb the blast. He would have to make it a head shot and that would be tricky. Large, lumbering, and dumb, the Gargling was noxious, gelatinous beings surrounding an internal skeletal system. Lock called them the "Pudding People."

"Pudding on a stick!" said Ross as he ran a silent Bio-Scan on the hungry freak.

"He's about to become 'Pudding in a Cloud.' Gim'me target coordinates Ross."

"Stand by," said Ross. "Downloading targeting information now, skipper. Oh, by the way, the chance of a head shot is 1 in 998,799. At this angle, at the gun's present power level..." Lock cut him off. "Just get me in the ballpark. I've got a crazy idea, but it just might work."

As Ross continued his calculations Lock removed the dorsal access panel from Ross' upper thorax module. He reached in and entered his owner/operator access code. The Core-Memory Auto Destruct Panel slid into view. Lock knew his timing would have to be perfect. He'd set the Auto-Destruct and pushed the Bot into the Gralgag's reach.

"Target information ready Cap'n. On your mark..." blinked Ross.

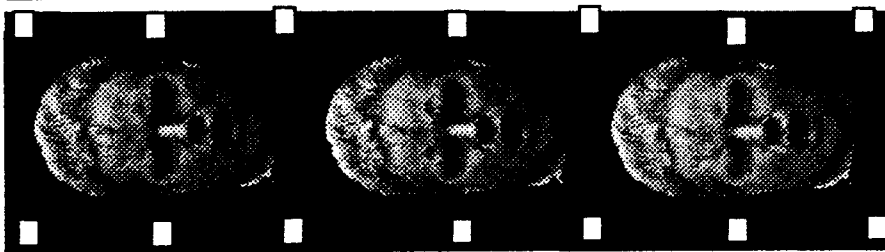
"Thanks, I guess this is good-bye. Sorry." Lock eyed the guard.

"Well I'd just like to say...AAUUUARG!"

At the last possible second Lock pulled the Bot's Deep Ram Memory Core (DRMC), and set the Auto Destruct Timer.

As the corridor filled with atomized Pudding-Guard, Ross experienced a random memory surge, something from Lock's stored memory file, a command, a warning. "Drop out of school before your mind rots from exposure to our mediocre educational system. Forget about the senior prom and go to the library and educate yourself if you've got any guts. Some of you like pep rallies and plastic robots who tell you what to read. Forget I mentioned it."

NEXT TIME! CHAPTER 43:
WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT ABOUT?



Scraped From the Cutting Room Floor

by TV's Frank


The late sixties and early seventies saw an explosion of creative American filmmaking. Robert Altman, Martin Scorsese, Woody Allen, Francis Ford Coppola, and George Lucas were just a few of the brilliant directors who burst onto the scene at this time. To this list of artists, you might want to add the name Gus Trikonis. You might want to do that, but you'd be pretty ignorant if you did.

Gus Trikonis has had a career as a film director that might be described as, well, undistinguished. No, that's not the word. How about mediocre? No, that's not it. Incompetent? That's close, but not quite what we're looking for. Pathetic! That's it.

Trikonis' first film was a little ditty called *Sidehackers* (also known as "Five The Hard Way"). Working closely with producer-star Ross Hagen, he took an entire cast of unknowns and guided them through performances that they would have all been ashamed of, had they not been heavily sedated at the time.

Trikonis, incidently, was once married to former "Laugh In" and current movie star Goldie Hawn. Ms. Hawn was so traumatized by her marriage to Trikonis that, later, when she married a Hudson Brother, it seemed like a step *up* to her.

Now whenever Trikonis' name comes up, a faraway look comes over Goldie's beautiful eyes and she says whistfully, "He never supported me a day in his life."

Today, Trikonis spends his time... Oh, who cares? 

And On Your Left...

If you're in the Twin Cities area and would like to visit our studio for a tour, please call us at Best Brains in advance. We can only accommodate a limited number of guests on certain Fridays of the month, and reservations are required. This kind of opportunity only comes along once in a lifetime (new visitors only, please), and dates are subject to our production schedule. Best of all, they're absolutely FREE!!

Mystery Science Theater 3000
SATELLITE NEWS/Best Brains, Inc.
P.O. Box 5325
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USA

Worst Salad

by Paul Chaplin, Staff Writer

At the live show (July 1992, Uptown Theater, Minneapolis), mad Dr. F. introduced the experiment - *World Without End* - calling it "One of the worst films ever made." There followed a huge cheer from the crowd. It was a proud cheer.

So I got to thinking about other "worsts" in my life. Such as:

- Worst baseball team of my youth: the Cubs, of course, but which Cubs team? I have to go with the 1966 Cubs, who won *no* games. None. 0-162.

- Worst teacher: All my teachers have been wise and good.

- Worst illness: I was sick on Christmas Day one time, and I made sure to ruin it for everybody else, too. Laying on the couch whimpering during dinner, that sort of thing. What a little weenie.

- Worst sandwich meat: Some stuff I had last week. Pork, sure - you can't argue with pork - but too much semi-liquid filler.

- Worst food tradition: "Fish Boil," Door County, Wisconsin. What they do, see, is they boil some fish. Then, right before removing the fish, they throw in some lighter fluid and burn off the (their terminology) "scum." So what you get is boiled fish with a little bit less scum than you might expect.

- Worst week of my life: Tuesday: Nixon reelected. Friday: broke my arm. Saturday: fruit cocktail for lunch.

- Worst pair of pants: In 5th grade - tight black pants - thought I looked like Ilya Kuryakin, but instead I looked like Millie Helper.

- Worst Columbus Day weekend: Has to do with the Cubs again.