

SATELLITE NEWS

HOLIDAY '93

FORMERLY THE BINDING POLYMER

VOL. 5.2

WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER ONE?

OR, "CAN'T YOU HEAR ME KNOCKIN"?

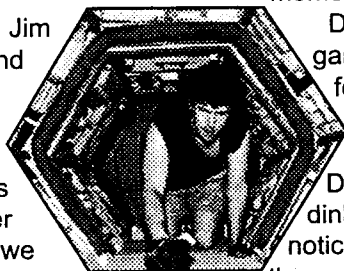
by Toolmaster Jef Maynard

If you believe Mike and the bots are actually in orbit, skip this. If you know it's just a show, (...and you should really just relax) then you may want to know a bit about the new doors. (Not to be confused with the New Monkees.)

Trace Beaulieu, a man with even more talent than vowels, and I designed a gaggle of various doors, based on ones we knew and loved. After a process of natural selection, we built foamcore models of the preferred portals, and reviewed them with Jim Mallon, producer and sequence director. Our door presentation hinged (sorry) on too many factors to mention, but after sufficient revisions we had our assorted Gigis.

Utility Infielder Patrick Brantseg and I then built 2'x4' hexagonal frames connected by 30 2'x4' PVC frames, five per doorway section. In these frames we hot-glued plastic foam A/V gear packaging leftovers. These prefab surface treatment structures are affectionately known in the business as "nernies."

Door Number Six is a take on a hospital door. This is a nod to that great scene in Monty Python's "The Meaning of Life," leading to the delivery room. All hail the machine that goes "ping." The round windows are packaging plastic from those cheesy clocks we used to sell.



Door Number Five is a marbled joke based on the asterisk-like drawing by Kurt Vonnegut in Breakfast of Champions. (Look it up.) On the wall on the lower right, you may see a pee wee Pee Wee.

Door Number Four was a last-minute replacement for a design that was physically impossible to build, (but we thought we might get lucky.) It never existed in a design or a model, and was being wired by Jim Mallon until the last possible moment. So much for planning.

Door Number Three is a garage door type. For you four-head, frame by frame, VCR freaks, (and we know you're out there,) a dinky Dr. Forrester and an even dinkier Mr. Peabody may be noticed. The wall treatment is the packaging from daisy-wheel printer fonts.

Door Two is my personal favorite. An assemblage of toys, driftwood, and count-down leader. It is something of an homage to the playful doors of the old Channel 23 days, and yet so much more.

The last door is a vault-type combination lock thingy. The imitation steel skid-plate on the walls is a thermo-formed arrangement of vitamins left over from the "Hard Pills to Swallow" Mads Invention. The handle is the steering wheel from Tom Servo's sports car.

I could go on and on, but then where's the Mystery? Enjoy.



*Here is the schedule for
the 3rd Annual
Turkey Day Festival.*

Wednesday, Nov. 24

- 6 pm #505 Magic Voyage of Sinbad
- 8 pm #423 Bride of the Monster
- 10 pm #424 Manos the Hands of Fate

Thursday, Nov. 25

- 12 am #422 The Day the Earth Froze
- 2 am #318 Starforce: Fugitive Alien II
- 4 am #308 Gamera vs. Gao
- 6 am #313 Earth vs. the Spider
- 8 am #319 War on the Colossal Beast
- 10 am #507 I Accuse My Parents
- 12 pm #417 Crash of the Moons
- 2 pm #412 Hercules and the Captive Women
- 4 pm #420 Human Duplicators
- 6 pm #512 Mitchell
- 8 pm #513 The Brain that Wouldn't Die
- 10 pm #517 The Beginning of the End
(Season Premiere)

Friday, Nov. 26

- 12 am #514 Teenage Strangler

THESE ARE EASTERN AND PACIFIC
TIMES. MARATHON STARTS AT 5 PM
CENTRAL TIME, 7 PM MOUNTAIN

THE BIG JACKS

by Paul Chaplin

"The big jacks" – that's a term that's been popping up on the show from time to time.

What are "the big jacks," you wonder. Are they big guys named Jack?

No, no. "Big jack" is a colloquialism from up here in the north country, and it refers to a really big northern pike.

Said properly, the emphasis is on "big:" "Oh yeah, the big jacks."

How big is a big jack? Oh, big – 15 pounds at least, on up to 20, 25 even 30 pounds – huge fish, with cruel eyes and long snouts filled with tangled murderous teeth. Grown men have lost limbs to the big jacks. Toddlers have disappeared.

We fish for the big jacks here in Minnesota. It explains our steely bearing. Do we catch the big jacks? Well - no. God, no. We head out and hurl our spoons and suckers and spinners and leeches and all we catch are these ridiculous 14-inch northerns – crabby little creatures called "hammerhandles."

Hammerhandles – we disdain them, we despise them! But it's all we catch. It's really depressing. You go out after these monsters, and instead you catch hammerhandles, and you just feel like an idiot.

I have just about had it, in fact. If I don't catch a big jack pretty soon, I'm going to lose my faith in the value of honest effort. There are few more pitiful sights than the hollow eyes of men in snapshots holding stringers of hammerhandles.

There are hardly any big jacks. Perhaps there never were. Great. Now I'm in a bad mood.

THE NEW GUY SPEAKS



MIKE NELSON TALKS CASUALLY TO OUR READERS

Well the press has burned through all the interesting facts about my private life (I'm a homeowner; I play tennis; I hate to rake) and still they want more. So I'm inventing a private life that I thought I'd share with you, in case you have any other suggestions. Thanks a lot.

- I had a tawdry affair with Daphne Zuniga, which she ended when I rolled my charger in her front lawn. She still really loves me.

- In the early days of my career, I roomed with Terrance Trent D'arby. I always thought he'd go into acting and he thought I'd go into music. He was very neat and was always working out; I was really messy and I'd always be on the couch with a "brewski." (This is such a great hook I'm tempted to stop right here.)

- I collect vintage steamer trunks.

- There's this thing I do where I swallow needles, then I swallow thread, then I pull them out and all the needles are threaded.

- I was the guitarist for The Dream

Academy right before they hit the charts, but they kicked me out for bad behavior. The last thing I said to them was "you guys just don't know how to party."

- I was up for a part in the mini-series "Lace" but Phoebe Cates just couldn't work with me. My guess is she didn't trust herself around me, if you know what I mean.

- I used to write commercial jingles. One of them was "From the valley of the jolly—ho, ho, ho—Green Giant."

- Boyd Gaines gave me early encouragement.

- My mom invented Liquid Paper.

- I own a hat that used to belong to H.L. Mencken. Every party I have, I take the hat out, turn it over slowly in my hands and announce sadly, "He was a great, great man."

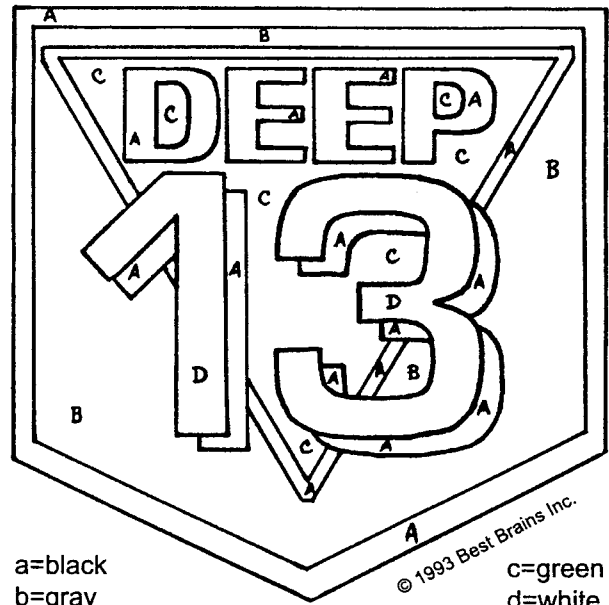
- Judd Nelson and I are co-producers of an experimental theatre group called "No Exit."

Patrick's Fun Area

Hi Kids!

Color in the Deep 13 logo using the color guide. Use crayons, markers, color pencils, paints or whatever. Cut it out and tape it on your shirt just like Dr. F and TV's Frank. It's fun when it's fun!

Until next issue!!



MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000

TECH-TALK

VOL. 4

IN THIS EDITION OF TECH TALK CROW TAKES A FEW MOMENTS OUT OF WHATEVER IT IS THAT HE DOES TO ANSWER QUESTIONS FROM THE FOLKS AT HOME

Howdy folks at home! Crow T. Robot here. Comin' at ya from ye jolly olde Satellite of Love. I just love spending my time looking out the window at the big beautiful blue ball floating gracefully in space. No not the earth. The big blue ball Tom Servo and I pushed out through the airlock. Boy, is Joel gonna be mad when he finds out. But he's mucking out the load pan bay right now, so I thought I would take this opportunity to hide, no, I mean *answer* a few questions.

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THE GREEN BUTTON FOR? YOU HIT THE RED BUTTON TO TALK TO THE MAD SCIENTISTS AND THE YELLOW BUTTON IS FOR COMMERCIAL SIGN, BUT WHAT IS THE GREEN BUTTON FOR?

Kevin Daglieri, N. Kingstown RI

The green button is used in combination with the red button and the yellow button to make "MOVIE SIGN". (Or orange with some green in it.)

WHY CAN'T GYPSY WATCH THE MOVIES WITH YOU AND WHY CAN'T WE UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE IS SAYING?

Buddy Hand, Orange CA

Well Mr. Hand, (if that really is your name.) Gypsy will be joining us in the theater for a segment or two sometime in the middle of season four. (A really smashing season actually. It all starts with, ehem, a, "rocketing" little number called "Space Travelers"...but, I digress.) As for understanding Gypsy, we have no problem. You see, Gypsy runs the higher functions of the ship's massive inner workings. What you hear as garbled speech, we as robots perceive as zeros and ones. Cute, eh?


IS THAT THING THAT SPINS AROUND THAT HAS THE WORDS "MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000" ON IT A MEATBALL, A BRAIN, OR A PLANET?

Nicki Damascus, MD

The thing is a hollow sphere four feet in diameter. It is made of fiberglass coated with some yucky foam insulation stuff. It is what it is. Happy?

WHERE IS THE "SCIENCE" IN MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATER 3000? FOR EXAMPLE, THERE WAS NO SCIENCE IN CATALINA CAPER OR WILD REBELS.

Jeff Bub, Delafield, WI

Each movie that Joel and we "robot pals" are forced to watch is an experiment. If that's not science, then I'm no robot. 

SEE YA! YOUR PAL CROW.



"How I Got My Job"

by David Sussman

Form 7B, Wanstall House

I was on the beach in Mexico when the call came. Late afternoon, the gin tasted like sand and the sun was burning down. The agent, dressed like an eight-year-old German, walked away after handing me the can and string. It was Nelson. "We need you up here, Dum Dum." He sounded the same, same as he did in Arusha when I'd quit the racket. I left a fist-sized hole in his Monet and hadn't bothered looking back. "I'm out, Tam Tam. The game's not for me," I said, "I'm a regular citizen." I couldn't go back, the darkened rooms, the quiet pleas for help from those who had gone before me.

"You don't have a choice, Dum Dum," Nelson cooed. "You'll come back." The line went dead as the sun was swallowed by the darkening ocean. I knew I didn't have much time.

The hotel room was quiet when I got back. The bathroom light was on. I walked in carefully. There was new soap, new towels. Could have been the maid, but I knew Nelson's touch. I checked the playing card I'd left on my briefcase. Someone had been in. It was clean, but I knew Tam Tam's work in a heartbeat.

I flipped up the lid, the Ingram MAC-10 looked like a lump of coal, not much bigger than a pistol really. Next to it was a picture, one I'd seen before. Nelson's calling card, an 8"x10" glossy of the man in a sailor's suit. The words were scrawled casually across the top: "To Dum Dum: Keep reaching for the stars."

The sweat on my upper lip broke out before I'd ripped the damn thing in half. I pulled the MAC-10 out and lifted the false bottom of my briefcase. Thank God -- they were there, if I could use them I had a chance. The shrink-wrapped compact discs stared back at me. Indi-go Girls. I knew a gin in Mombasa

who took out three perps with one refrain of "Galileo." I braced for the cold chills as I pulled the plastic off the CD and slipped it into the machine.

"Not this time Nelson," I whispered. The water from the bathroom faucet slapped the sink. "Not this time."

I dialed the hardware store and gave them the code; they'd intercepted a call from Cardiff, Nelson was on his way. The knock at the door was like a canon. I raced across the room, put the garbage can on my head and tied my shoelaces together just as the credit card slipped over the \$10 lock.

It was Nelson. I knew it -- I could smell the cheap cologne and hamburger with endives he'd had for lunch. I dived forward for the AIWA boom box.

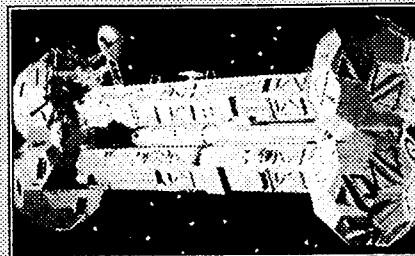
Something was wrong, I couldn't move properly. I turned, but it was too late. Nelson had a portable player and "Walking in Memphis" ripped through the room. The bedside lamp shattered, I rolled for cover but the garbage can slowed me down. "My feet ten feet off the ground..." I couldn't last much longer, I couldn't hold out. I tried to shake it off. "...M'am, I am tonight."

It was too much, I was losing it. I tasted sand and cheap gin as I lay down to sleep. Then I was floating, a weightless baby. The air turned from warm to cold, the waters of the Gulf pulled away.

"Let me die, please let me die." I heard the voice again. My head felt like it was stitched to the bottom of my feet. I tried to talk but my tongue felt like a wool sock. "Wake up Dum Dum," another voice said.

"Where am I?" I croaked.

The voice answered close to my ear, "You're in Minnesota and you've got a new job for awhile." The laughter exploded like a cheap bottle of bubbly, bouncing off the walls. Nelson had won.



FUN FACTS TO KNOW AND TELL

by Trace Beaulieu

Q: In the opening of the show (201-513) I've noticed that the S.O.L. blasting off out of that building thingy is a different shape than the S.O.L. we see when Cambot "gives us Rocket Number Nine." Why?

A: What you are actually seeing in those exciting opening moments is the packing crate that the S.O.L. is contained in. If you look very carefully (oh if only you could, gentle reader) you can read, "CONTENTS: ONE SATELLITE OF LOVE" and "PLEASE DELIVER TO EARTH ORBIT".

Q: Why don't they just drive it back to earth?

A: Eh, well the booster pack was jettisoned once the craft was delivered to... uh it's orbit.

Q: Why don't they fly to the moon and get away from the MADS?

A: They can't because the S.O.L. is only equipped with small positioning thrusters that.

Q: Why don't we see (OVER)

CHEESY PUPPET BAKE

Serves 8

Here's a clever way to use those puppets your children always leave lying around the house. My kids always squeal with delight when they see their least favorite character smothered with cheese and melty-soft, piping hot out of the oven. Why, it's all I can do to keep the little scamps from playing with with dinner! Clean-up's a breeze, and it's easy to double this recipe, so try it on the gang for a sleep over treat with carmel balloons and barbiepops!

8 slices very soft white bread, crusts cut off and fed to the dog
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
8 ounces pasteurized process soft cheese food
2 eggs, beaten
1 package frozen peas
1 stick oleomargarine
1 puppet
1 can french fried onions
seasoned salt
paprika

PREHEAT oven to 350°.

GREASE a 9" round cake pan.

PLACE the puppet on your hand and make it talk for several moments. This assures that the puppet will be

"fresh". Rub the puppet with margarine, place on wax paper and set aside.

LINE the bottom of the pan with the bread slices, overlapping them. Press the bread into the corners, and line the sides of the pan. Set aside.

FOLD the frozen peas into the soup in a mixing bowl. Be sure to remove them from their packages first. Cover the bowl with wax paper and set aside.

POUR the egg mixture over the bread then add the soup and pea mixture.

PLACE the puppet in the pan, pressing the body lightly into the egg, soup and pea mixture. Be sure to keep the head clean.

SPREAD the cheese food over the top of the dish with a rubber spatula wrapped in wax paper, avoiding the head area.

SPRINKLE with french fried onions, seasoned salt and paprika. Dot with margarine. Garnish with bits of waxed paper.

BAKE in oven for 30 minutes, until the cheese product is bubbly and golden brown and the puppet head is soft.

SERVE immediately with toast points and melon slices.

DON'T Eat this, you sillies.

(continued from back)
the thrusters?

A: You can't, eh because... they are so small that they can't be seen.

Q: Never?

A: Yes, never.

Q: Why do the guys have to leave the theater...

A: They have to lea...

Q: And the bridge or whatever that "room" is?

A: Look. I don't know. OK?

Q: Why don't you know?

A: Why don't you know?

Q: Why are you repeating everything I say?

A: Why are you repeating everything I say?

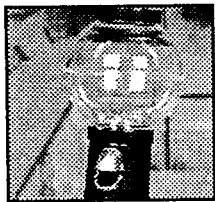
Q: Buzz off.

A: BUZZ OFF!! MITCHELL!!

"Where do you get those movies?"

by Frank "TV's Frank" Conniff

Whenever I'm interviewed -- usually by such high profile publications as "Cryptic Toast" and "The Skyway News" -- I'm inevitably asked the question, "Where does MST get its movies?" My first impulse is to say something droll and witty like, "I don't know, leave me alone." But for the record, here's how it works: Kiki Steele at HBO Downtown Productions sends me a list of titles from various disreputable distributors. I'll glance at the list and check off such promising titles as "I Spit On Your Grave," "Merry Christmas -Time To Die," and "Rug Suckers From Mars." The list gets sent back to Kiki; she sends the distributors bail money and in return they send her tapes of the movies, which she in turn passes on to us. That's when the pain really begins. I view the screeners alone in the privacy of my office. This way I can weep openly and not feel self-conscious about it. Out of every twenty tapes that I screen, only one or two of them will be loathsome enough to be deemed worthy of consideration. These I show to Jim Mallon, Trace Beaulieu, Kevin Murphy and Michael J. Nelson. If they all agree that the movie is truly repulsive, then Kiki is given the go ahead to negotiate for the movie. Everything is fine until six months later when we start to write the movie. Then, when the horror of having to watch the film a half dozen times starts to seep in, Mallon, Beaulieu, Murphy and Nelson inevitably deny that they ever agreed to do it. Fingers are pointed; accusations are made; the entire process disintegrates into a chorus of bitter recrimination. Eventually, the wounds start to heal and we can go on with our work, although every now and then Michael J. Nelson will smash a grapefruit in my face and declare, "I never agreed to do 'Wild World Of Batwoman' you swine!" Ha, ha! I do love my work.



The Innumerable Names of Tom Servo

The following is an excerpt from conversations between Bill Moyers and Joseph Campbell which were edited out of the groundbreaking PBS series, "The Power of Myth". Campbell showed an extensive fascination for the many names of Tom Servo in "Incidental Mythology," the companion work to "Accidental Mythology" to be published later this year.

MOYERS: Let's talk about all these names for Tom Servo.

CAMPBELL: Oh! Don't get me started on Tom Servo. Here is a twist on the old mythological paradigm, one face with a thousand names.

MOYERS: I remember growing up in the Southern Baptist tradition...

CAMPBELL: Whatever. Let's start with a look at Tom's head, for instance. Round, always round. Plato said the soul is a circle.

MOYERS: And what does that tell us?

CAMPBELL: I don't know. Do you? But the beautiful thing is how it reflects the psyche. If you go to the Cathedral in Chartres, and you'll find among the zodiacal imagery, this small image near Scorpio, of the bringer – being from the heavens, *Tum Serpico*, or *Tom Serpico*. Notice the spherical shape of the head.

MOYERS: Ah, the theme of "roundness," the very word "round" finding its origin in the Middle English "Rund." To chant or sing.

CAMPBELL: It was Ptolemy who proposed the elegant theorem that as Tom Servo is named, another will again name him, and they'll tell two friends, and they'll tell two friends, and so on, and so on, until suddenly you have this whole

Gothic construction, sort of a tympanum over the doorway of existence, with the names of Tom Servo increasing at a geometric rate, filling the heavens, which if observed at a great spiritual distance, come together to form those three utterances, those initial three symbols, Tommmmm, Serrrrr, voooo... say it with me. See how it resonates. Tommmmm...

MOYERS: Tommmmm...

CAMPBELL: Serrrrr....

MOYERS: Serrrrr...

CAMPBELL: Voooo....

MOYERS: Voooo....

CAMPBELL: Delicate, isn't it? Crystalline? Yet at the same time it resonates across the solar plexus, the fifth chakra, like the sound of a tabla or a sarod, striking that universal chord.

MOYERS: The exercise is working. I can feel it, here.

CAMPBELL: And in Mayan, Olmec and Aztec cultures, why even to the Anasazi; just look at the pre-cultural imagery culminating in the sun-stone calendar, the drawings of so-called "ancient astronauts," what do you see?

MOYERS: Good Lord.

CAMPBELL: Exactly. *Tum Serpico*. Tom Servo. The Toltec Name was Tolchetomethuenicazit. But it means the same thing.

MOYERS: It makes me think of Blake.

CAMPBELL: It was Blake, wasn't it, retelling the lays of the old Welsh clod-diggers, he said: "O!" You understand? There's that roundness again. That theme.

MOYERS: But the roots lie deeper, don't they.

CAMPBELL: No. But there is an obscure Sumerian text attributed to the creation stories of the Hittites, specifically the story of the fish and the bicycle. It translates, *We shall use the seven names, but we shall remember only one. Tom. Or maybe it was Kon. Or Hom. Ang, perhaps. And the Tom shall find it's dome full to bursting with various frogs, spewing forth a thousand fold. The great thousand. The Tom. You see?*

MOYERS: Well, actually, no.

CAMPBELL: Later, it's the Indian *Tham Shri Vo*, dancing within a circle of flame, having six arms now, yet still none of them work. It's the mother image of Servo, the self-spawning crack in the primordial egg which lets fly the myriad names, the inscrutable path which eventually leads back to perfection, the eternal.

MOYERS: And, of course, lunch.

CAMPBELL: Exactly! Think of *Tawn Hermo*, Snack Giver of the Carthage.

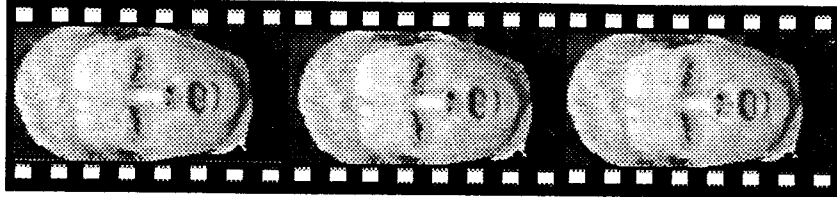
MOYERS: And the snack images of the earliest of hermetic writings of Trismegistus, in which the sorcerer is brought a light nibble in the afternoon.

CAMPBELL: And the incantation, *Deus Servomachina* the one who is to come with the lunch. You see the modern parallel?

MOYERS: The Automat?

CAMPBELL: Precisely. The Automat. And in the middle of it, Tom. *Au-tom-at*.

MOYERS: You know, lunch sounds good.



Scraped from the Cutting Room Floor

by TV's Frank

For the half dozen or so people who saw "Mitchell" when it was first released, Joe Don Baker's performance in the title role produced a series of complex responses. Everything from "Ew gross" to "God that's disgusting" to "I think I'm gonna puke."

You're probably not going to believe this, but Joe Don Baker actually bathed during the making of "Mitchell." Many of his fellow cast and crew members can distinctly remember the sound of the bathtub and shower coming from his trailer on the set. It is a tribute to his skills as an actor that you can practically smell the foul odors emanating from him as he lumbers thru each action sequence in "Mitchell."

Not only that, but Joe Don Baker went out of his way to make his love scenes with Linda Evans particularly repulsive. "The whole thing where he kissed Linda's feet in bed, that was totally Joe Don's idea," remembers director Andrew V. McLaglen. "Many of the crew members doubled over from sheer revulsion, but it was pure improvisational genius on Joe Don's part."

Despite Joe Don Baker's success in capturing the essence of Mitchell, the making of the movie turned out to be a bitter experience for him. There was a scene that he completely improvised where he delivered a dramatic soliloquy while guzzling a bottle of Jack Daniels, eating a raw beefsteak, and spontaneously wetting his pants. He considered it his best work, yet it ended up on the cutting room floor.

"That scene had moments of brilliance in it," director McLaglen admits. "But under pressure from the MPAA, we had to drop it. Joe Don never forgave me."

Because of this incident, Joe Don Baker became disenchanted with the movie business and refused to appear in the planned sequel, "MITCHELL II: THE MASSIVE STROKE."

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