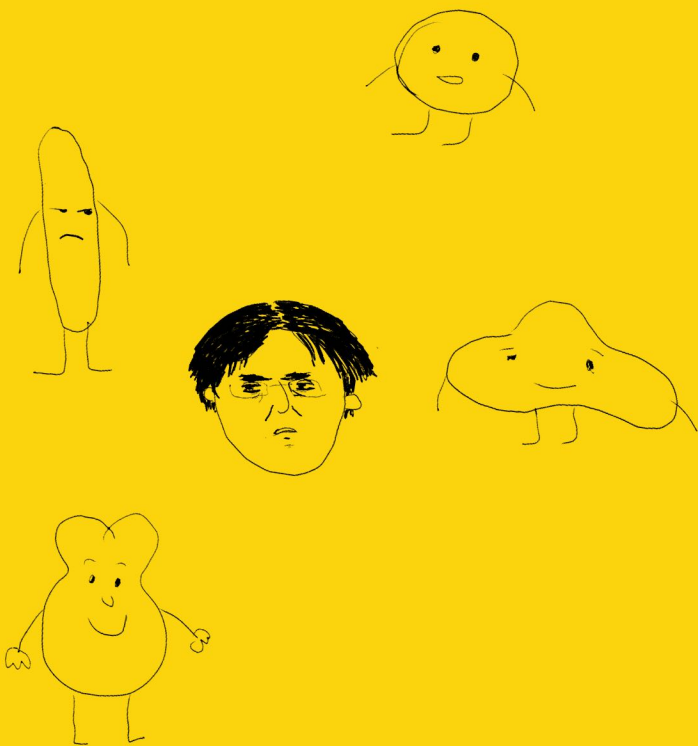


# THE PERVERT'S GUIDE TO ON CINEMA!

ON CINEMA AT THE CINEMA  
FANZINE BY LONNIE AND LB









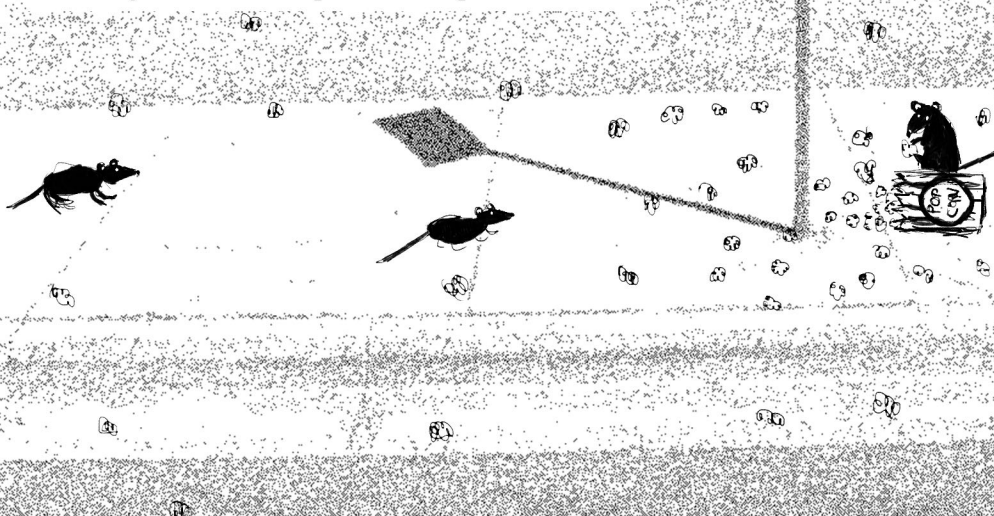
**NOTE: this zine contains  
spoilers for On Cinema at the  
Cinema through the 13th  
Oscar Special (2026).**



THE PERVERT'S GUIDE TO ON CINEMA! was made drawn written and conceived of by Lonnie and LB.

Thank you to the On Cinema Tweet spreadsheet, the HEI Network, Values.com, the Power of Rewards, Frank Sinatra Jr., our lead sister Karen Carpenter, Amanda Lear, Brian Dennis Carl and Al, our sponsor Gay Cigarettes, the Three Stooges, Tim Heidecker, Gregg Turkington, Eric Notarnicola, Mark Proksch, everyone who makes On Cinema, Theodor Adorno, LB's dog Rififi, every rat around the world, and lastly the city of Victorville, California.

The Tom Cruise Heidecker Jr. 666 Armageddon Sun Dial is based on an original 666 Armageddon Sun Dial from Breakfast Without Meat #12 by Gregg Turkington and Lizzy Kate Gray.



[thepervertsguidetooncinema.neocities.org](http://thepervertsguidetooncinema.neocities.org)  
[thepervertsguide@proton.me](mailto:thepervertsguide@proton.me)

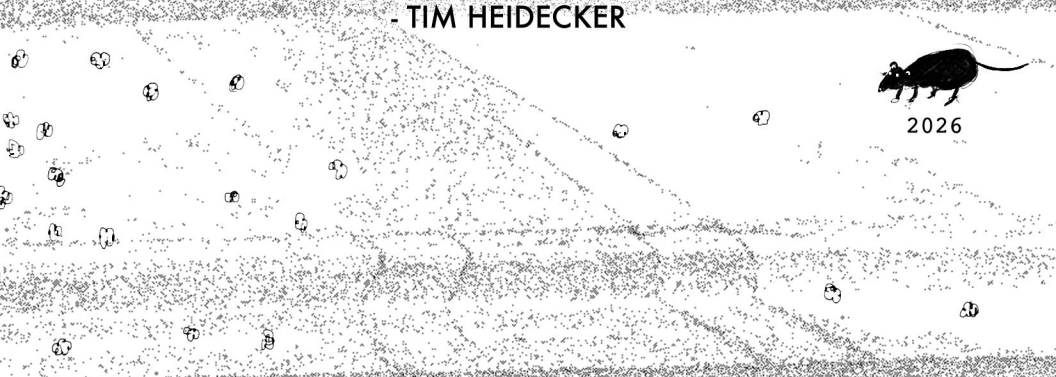


"Cinema is the ultimate pervert art. It doesn't give you what you desire, it tells you how to desire."

- SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK

"Anything bad happens, will."

- TIM HEIDECKER



2026

# introduction

In an old tweet, Tim calls the Our Cinema Oscar Special “a living monument to failure.” We keep talking about that, and about how much we love monuments to failure.

In working on this zine, we’ve talked to each other a lot about how 'so bad it's good' is a fake idea. You either like something or you don't. When it comes to pure strength of affection, we think we like failures, at least certain failures, better than we like successes. Failures are always haunted by the specter of their lost potential in a way that isn't true for the reverse. Like, no one normal ever watches *Rear Window* and says “ok this is great and all, but what if it FUCKING SUCKED? What if it FLOPPED?” We wonder if there isn't something beautiful that can only be born in the disconnect between the failure that is and the success that isn't.

Like any good comedy, On Cinema is about failure. It's about the absurdity of insignificant people driven by dreams of significance. It's about that gap between what Tim and Gregg think they're doing and what we're actually experiencing. The joy of On Cinema isn't in hoping that Tim and Gregg will succeed, but in watching rapt, waiting to see all the new ways these beautiful buffoons will fail and fail and fail. The joy is in Tim's illnesses and miracle cures, in Gregg's newly discovered garbage treasures and bizarre fixations, in the abuse and injury everyone around them endures, in realizing that there are no safeguards to stop them from continuing this way until they die. The joy is in watching Tim and Gregg apply a diminishing supply of delusional optimism to the poisons, irrelevance, and landfill-bound byproducts of an increasingly bleak reality.

On Cinema isn't just about characters who fail, it zeroes in on all the tensions that make failure interesting. It creates those gaps and discordant spaces where the magic of failure is the funniest and most special. That's the part On Cinema really nails: the transcendence in the quiet after a flubbed line or a mispronounced name, the gaping emptiness of a shot holding on a whiteboard in a poorly lit room, people filing into court just to sit there for twelve minutes, an unconscious wedding party, the uncomfortable silence when the wrong photos show up in a memorial slideshow.

This fanzine is a love letter to monuments to failure, so we filled it with injury and disease, rats, scams, lies, spoiled food, scribbles, garbage, poison, and things that make us laugh. We had fun making it. We hope you have fun reading it.

how to gain success...  
if you're a shrimp ❄️




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Magna cum laude, star on the swimming team, this fine, wise little shrimp qualifies for the great achievement—famous Crosse & Blackwell Cream of Shrimp . . . the soup supreme that offers all the zest of fresh shrimp at its best. Other Crosse & Blackwell soups supreme include Vichyssoise, Onion (French Style) and Crab à la Maryland. Try them.



 Lonnie 11/29/25, 11:32 PM  
there was no soup in this movie

AGFA MA+ PA KETTLE. GOTO TOWN (1950)  
- there is no soup in this movie.  
- Lonnie watched it on a Russian website  
- there is no soup...



# CALIFORNIA

THE 2022 DEKKAR DUR DRIVE TO FRESNO IN THE OPEN TOP VFA EXPERT VAN WOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE FOULLEST SMELLING EXPERIENCES POSSIBLE AND ALSO PUT THE BAND AT RISK OF CONTRACTING VALLEY FEVER.

**PHILIPS**  
THERE IS NO CARBAMAS IN CA...



# the on cinema map of california

- A-** Hollywood: Dolby (formerly Kodak) Theater, Hollywood Blvd., Panera, Six Bag Cinemas
- B-** Culver City: Oscar Special studio
- C-** West Adams: Movie House
- D-** West Hollywood: Sunset Strip, Guitar Center
- E-** North Hollywood: Farmers Market, original Chaplin's Chili, Gregg's Tim and Ayaka's apartment
- F-** Van Nuys: Mark's apartment, Van Nuys VFA
- G-** Pasadena: Chaplin's Soup and Subs Location
- H-** Eagle Rock: Chaplin's Soup and Subs Location
- I-** Downtown LA: 6th Street Bridge (demolished), 6th Street Bridge (new)
- J-** La Crescenta: Dr. San's office
- K-** Rialto: Amatocon
- L-** San Bernardino: Superior Courthouse of San Bernardino, Tim's campaign hotel, Toni's house
- M-** Victorville: Victorville Film Archive, Victorville Film Center, Chaplin's Soup & Subs Location
- N-** Apple Valley: Electric Sun Desert Music Festival
- O-** Hesperia: HEI Ranch
- P-** Grand Terrace: Grand Terrace Manor
- Q-** Hemet: Hemet Valley Rehab Center
- R-** San Juan Capistrano: Axiom's recording studio, the first Dekkar concert
- S-** Norwalk: Dollar Theater
- T-** La Habra: Community Center where Gregg taught film studies
- U-** Gorman: VFA Expert Van crash location
- V-** I-5 Loves where Dekkar's instruments were stolen
- W-** Fresno: O'Leary's Pub Dekkar Tour 2022
- X-** Stockton: Donnegan's ~~Dekkar Tour 2022~~
- Y-** Yuba City: The Hookah Lounge ~~Dekkar Tour 2022~~
- Z-** San Francisco: filming location of Star Trek IV
- 1-** Bellflower: Golden Corral (location for business lunch with Joe Estevez)
- 2-** Lake Havasu: manmade lake shared with Arizona, across state lines from Tim's new home
- 3-** Needles: Dekkar 50 Dates in 50 States 2026 Tour Initiative stop (with Cloud and Baxter)

# OUR VALUES ARE UNDER ATTACK

slop world, trash art, and panning for gold in a river of shit

by Lonnie



**There are a lot of bad movies.** If you were to ask me a few years ago why I spent so much of my life as a chronic hate-watcher, burning through hundreds of movies a year, only a fraction of which I actually enjoyed and remembered, I would have probably said I did it out of some kind of love.

I love the movies! It feels difficult to remember sometimes, in the age of *Barbenheimer* and Netflix Originals, endless dead franchise revivals and reboots and sequels and remakes, the waves and waves of shit that I have had to wade through to find anything worth justifying the frankly embarrassing amounts of time I have spent watching and thinking about movies, that yes, I do still love this weird, stupid art form very much. If you're reading this, you most likely agree.

But as the wise Tim Heidecker once said, "There is more to life than movies."

**On Cinema at the Cinema** has been in my life for years, but it wasn't until my most recent marathon, rewatching and catching-up in time for Season 16, that I really saw myself reflected in Gregg in a way that made me very upset. His mindless consumption of all things movies, the obsessive tracking and cataloging, the whole neurotic ritual of it. The irony here is that the real Gregg Turkington is one of my greatest inspirations: a guiding light in a very dark world. While I'd like to believe my taste is a little more discerning than his On Cinema persona's, my standards for "Popcorn Classics" a little higher, my generosity with bags a little lower, my interest in antiquated movie memorabilia a little less alarming, I was still faced with the fact that I, just like our favorite movie buff, have spent so, so, so much time watching some really bad movies. Worst of all, I realized this was not driven solely by a love for movies, but, like Gregg, some kind of sick compulsion. I had let my love for movies, my desire to gain "expertise," transform my passion into something procedural, ego-driven, and empty. Why did I suffer through six *Hellraiser* sequels in 24 hours that one time? Why did I endure *Avatar: The Way of Water* in theaters when I thought the first movie was unbearable? Why did I scroll bad websites reading bad reviews of bad movies I didn't like anyway? The line between subjecting yourself to shit that sucks as a learning exercise and just plain wasting your time is very thin. And there are enough things in our daily lives that want to waste our time.

In the months before I picked up On Cinema again, I had been feeling so much anxiety about this country's collective mental deterioration, and the constant state of fear, hatred, and paranoia that mass media wants to keep us in to ensure we all come scurrying back to the slop trough. Hype cycles and award shows and big-budget franchise release calendars reaching forever into the future. It isn't just bad movies. Ragebait YouTube videos. AI-generated jazz. Top 10 lists. Ending explained. The sites and apps and services and content designed to curate our tastes have really just made them worse. Algorithms necessitate easy sorting. Art becomes data. Monoculture is born. Context stripped away, complexities flattened for convenient categorization, processing, delivery. Genres, labels, codes. Red tape on a VHS. Stickers on a hat. The culture industry demands participation. And many of us participate, even when we don't like it. Even when we know there is more to life than... whatever this is.

In an interview with RogerEbert.com in 2015, Gregg (the real Gregg) perfectly captured what it's like to go through life as a hater (my words, not his) when he very eloquently described "the revulsion that I feel when I walk into Walgreens and Justin Bieber and Diplo's music is blaring through the speakers, and I'm paralyzed with horror like, 'Why do I have to fucking hear this shit?' I'm just here to buy some Q-tips, and I have to listen to this fucking shit?" **Like, I'm under attack by this bad art constantly."**

I see in On Cinema, through Gregg's mindless celebrity worship and fanboy consumerism, through Tim's neverending entrepreneurial grifting and cycles of narcissistic self-destruction, such a complete and utter disdain for the entire charade. My anxieties personified, my disgust embodied. Fuck the Oscars. Fuck Hollywood. Fuck products. Why do I have to fucking see and hear and read this shit? My values are under attack.

For a lot of people who feel this way, I think there's a bit of an impulse to be a snob. I relate. I want things to be good! But I've always admired Tim and Gregg's ability to focus that frustration and loathing on the people and things that really deserve it. When talking about this stuff, LB and I always come back to the char-

acters of Axiom and Manuel and the potential there, in lesser writers' hands, for them to have become merely a punchline: look at Tim's "bad" band! He met these guys in a Guitar Center! But there's no scorn in their depiction. How? Why? I think it helps that they have, in the years since their introduction, been given freedom and space to find their own voice in this absurd universe Tim and Gregg have created. Nobody making On Cinema seems inclined to cruelty or cheap caricature. But there's something else too. In the 4th Oscar Special, Axiom and Manuel perform an original song, written for their real band, Last Second Chance. They come across, for real and as characters, as passionate young musicians who are secure in their style, making the kind of music they want to make. By contrast, Tim is framed as a tryhard poser, wearing a costume, seeking validation in a scene he saw opportunity in, exploiting two young artists looking for a chance to make it. It's the artifice being derided here, cynical and spiritually vacant, not the act of making art and not even, necessarily, the art itself. You can call it parody, yes, but don't we all love "Empty Bottle"? Don't we love it, genuinely? Don't we love Mark's impressions? Gregg's finales? That time Tim played "Oscar Fever" on his bass while he was drunk and mad at Mike Hucklebee? Do we love these performances because we feel above the end product, or do we love them because there is something deeply human about the attempt? And because we care about the people who tried? If something makes us laugh, because it is (or maybe isn't) what we expected it would be – **is it always out of ridicule?**

We love *Decker* because we feel emotionally invested in the characters who made it, and in the rough edges we see an element of truth about those people that could not be revealed any other way. We love Dekkar because Axiom and Manuel seem like great, good-humored guys along for a very, very strange ride, and because a band is more than just the music it makes, but a story about the people who make it. We love Tim and Gregg because it's fun to marvel at things that scare us and because sometimes there is beauty to be found at the bottom of even the most disgusting rat-infested trash can. We love these things because they're stupid and funny too. Does one truth negate the other? What I enjoy about On Cinema, and about much of Tim and Gregg's work outside of it, is the way it challenges us to reassess what "good" and "bad" even are, what it means to "love" or "hate" something, and whether or not these are even interesting ways to measure the things around us. What value is there in talking about art this way? Who does it serve?

It's not a question of "good" or "bad" taste to me, but about being more deliberate with the kind of art we choose to bring into our lives. **There's so much shit out there.** Hollywood is overflowing with it. In the director's commentary for *Mister America*, Tim refers to it as a "river of shit," the deluge of disposable films churned out by this multi-billion dollar industry, **hundreds of people and thousands of hours of labor to produce something destined for the bargain bin**, to be fished out of a trash can by lonely movie buffs, stuffed in a Victorville storage unit, turned into content, burned in a pile on the beach. What's the difference? "It's almost like unmarked graves in a pauper's cemetery," Gregg adds. Is there value in digging through the trash looking for gold? I've spent a lot of time trying. Is it worth it? I think we have to determine those lines for ourselves. On Cinema doesn't feel like a cautionary tale to me, but it did help affirm a lot of things I'd been feeling about the way we live our lives, under whose direction, and how we find our own meaning and enrichment in the types of trash we surround ourselves with, in a world where sometimes the things we pour our hearts and souls into might end up meaning nothing to nobody. It made me feel worse about the time I've spent on slop I knew I would hate. It made the treasures that I've found feel more important. It made me remember the joy of making things just for myself.

There is a lot to be angry about right now, and I sense that anger in a lot of what Tim and Gregg create, but it would feel empty and nihilistic without the warmth and humor they have about it all too. I see it in their shared affection for freaks, losers, failures, and misfits, their compassion and curiosity for the lonely people and sad places that occupy this stupid country, their reverence for artists like Joe Estevez, their fascination with the Bobby Vallis and Joey Travolta of the entertainment world, their knack for producing songs that transcend the shallow boundaries of "comedy music" to become something else entirely. Beholden to nothing but their own creative vision, Tim Heidecker, Gregg Turkington, and Eric Notarnicola continue to deliver one of the most compelling, hilarious, and devastating character dramas of their time, a Pinteresque comedy of menace that captures better than any other piece of American art from the past fifteen years short of *Twin Peaks: The Return* just how terrifying and stupid and funny it is to be alive right now.

**It is a miracle On Cinema exists.**

# winning looks

## tim heidecker

**World-famous musician, film critic, actor, director, entrepreneur, and political activist** Tim Heidecker has been a trend-setter and a style icon since the early seasons of *On Cinema*. We have the looks to prove it.



It's giving Joe Buck and Ratso Rizzo.



We didn't 'fall in love' with Tim's Valentines look.

distressingly coiffed

leather suspenders

skinny red emo tie



Black Lodge entity? The Devil? Find all these looks and more at [KOHLS.COM/SAVE-MOVIE-HOUSE](http://KOHLS.COM/SAVE-MOVIE-HOUSE)

our **guide**



HEI fashion!



Gregg-ret



# TRAGEDY IN VICTORVILLE

short-sleeved dress shirt

beautiful locks gone



Gregg's cool Bee Gees patch and embroidered Brian Wilson shirt. How many films were the Gibb's bros in?

mismatched blazer and trousers

Hard to say what was going on here, but our style editors approve!



gregg turkington

**President of the VFA**, renowned movie buff, world record-holder, writer, director, and co-host Gregg Turkington takes some bold risks that don't always pay off, but he knows how to get people talking. That's the power of expertise.

The first rule of fashion:

There are no rules!

Gregg's defiant movie caps proved that rules (especially Tim's rules) were made to be broken.



## THREAD STEALER!

In Season 15 and the Summer Movie Roundup, New can't stop stealing Gregg's shirts. What do you think? Should co-hosts share a wardrobe?

- guy with a movie podcast tim
- blood clots in brain tim
- finger injury perked out giggling babygirl oscars tim
- sad divorced tim
- winning an oscar tim
- alternative medicine dirty needles acupuncture tim
- jackson hole biker guy pro-life pro-abortion decker tim
- gaybashed by kkk bikers in jackson hole wyoming tim
- hawaiian burnout tim
- antivax rocker dad dead son guitar center tim
- homeless vape-death bad boy tim
- burnt to a crisp tim
- suicidal in dubai tim
- face scabs luxury movie theater DKR tim
- mass killer EDM DJ tim
- DIY attorney mistrial tim
- germ-free hitler tim
- best buy VR tim
- Qanon zero hour magnet vest tim
- mister america DA campaign trail tim
- fifth marriage moneyzapped 2nd amendment tim
- dead groom tim
- HEI network vaxxblocker feeding tube crypto tim
- christian rapapella spiritual medium D4 tim
- k-holed sexual harassment valentine's day cuck tim
- sunburnt HEI ranch dead inside divorcee tim
- grain water poisoned car accident tim
- lethal injection christmas tim
- greggpilled tim
- crying pinocchio daddy issues tim
- dissociative manosphere lithium TED talk tim
- illicit gay massage parlor body oil salesman tim
- ESA warp-10 organ failure AI psychosis anti-sizzler tim
- sad funeral music video tim
- lake havasu retiree enemy to birds craigslist boat tim
- patriotic children's content creator tim
- disgraced former children's content creator tim (bald)



S O M E  
 T I M S  
 W E  
 H A V E  
 S E E N

# Some Greggs we have seen

- guest on a movie show gregg
- power hungry to host movie show gregg
- tricked into being in a spy tv show gregg
- excited about being in a spy tv show gregg
- new flesh gregg
- oh god! filming locations gregg
- 501 movies in 501 days lonely world record gregg
- taking care of his boyfriend's girlfriend gregg
- sleep-deprived hawaiian vacation gregg
- star of marvel's ant-man gregg
- scammed by fake james dean gregg
- sweaty manager victorville storage resident gregg
- movie theater arson victim gregg
- cunty courtroom spectator gregg
- jaws drip concerned friend superoscars gregg
- movie hats rebellion medicare fraud piss jug gregg
- judge robes hostage kramer vs. kramer 2 gregg
- farmers market a star is born counterfeiter classic movie time gregg
- carbon monoxide poisoner arthur 2 museum car joker gregg
- tuxedo protest gregg
- new time zone inventor marty mcfly gregg
- vehicular assault mr. movies gregg
- certified wizard of oz expert gregg
- secret AMC employee gregg
- jokerfied jitterbug auteur gregg
- hollywood tour guide blondiepilled gregg
- king of movies VFN blackmail flashdrive gregg
- ma and pa kettle \$5000 broom gregg
- loveless dumbledore gregg
- 24 hour movie house museum of movie houses gregg
- the gregg under the stairs gregg
- father of the bride part 2 gregg
- santa claus in march gregg
- black mold poisoned ESA movie: the movie stickers gregg
- alf 4: the movie bootleg sweatshop gregg
- kington suit funeral speaker gregg
- angel gregg



# forgotten but not gone: popcorn, garbage, poison and tapes in movie heaven

BY LB 



Episode after episode, Oscar Special after Oscar Special, we are reminded of Tim's body. Tim's body belches and shits and fucks and vomits and cries. It burns. It bleeds. It produces offspring. It hungers. It breaks. It heals. It breaks again. We know this because Tim shows us, undressing his red, swollen foot for the camera, lifting his shirt to reveal his bizarre, infected feeding tube. We know this because Tim tells us in asides, in slide shows, in specials and hijacked episodes. Meanwhile, Gregg's body is shrouded in mystery – normal behavior for a guy on a movie review show. He is horrified by Tim's constant, aggressive physicality, insisting that the show should be focused on the movies. In Season 5, Tim mentions Gregg going to the hospital for a mysterious organ transplant, a piece of personal information that, to this day, remains the sole peek into the world of Gregg's health, outside of onscreen incidents.

Gregg's disapproval of Tim's alternative medicine segments and body horror transformations is met and equalled by Tim's own disapproval, an unease that grows through the tenure of the series. After months of living with each other making *Decker: Port of Call Hawaii*, Tim, as Decker, sets Gregg's real tape collection on fire. The Tim-penned 'On Cinema Pledge' ends with the line "I love movies, but they are not all there is to life." When the San Bernardino DA team objects to Tim calling Gregg a loser in a courtroom, Tim asks: "How would you describe it, judge? A man who sits around watching movies all day? These *Sleepless in Seattle*, *Hobbit* movies? That a winner?" By Season 14, Tim has invented a disease that prevents him from watching movies, insisting that the key to biohacking perfect health is a movie-free media diet.

In the *Decker: Mindwipe* episode "Desert Caravan," echoing Tim's mention of an organ transplant years prior, Decker performs an impromptu

kidney transplant on a sick Kington. Reaching into Kington's abdomen with his bare hand and pulling out his kidney, Decker diagnoses it as 'filled with popcorn,' before cutting himself open, grabbing his own kidney, and shoving it into his colleague. Treating Decker as a glimpse into the psyches of the characters who make it, this is a pretty telling moment about how Tim sees Gregg, seeming to imagine popcorn spreading through Gregg's body like cancer. If there is any feeling other than pure malice that drives Tim to make himself an enemy to movies, it is this disgust. Kington, a valuable codebreaker for the CIA, is made sick and helpless ("like a baby," Decker scoffs) by the cancerous spread of useless, disposable junk through his organs.

As absurd as it all is (which is, of course, the whole reason we're here), there is something cancerous about Gregg. From the way the first episode of Season 6 sees him attempting to split into both guest and host of *On Cinema* simultaneously, to his love of dubbing tapes – creating copy upon copy upon copy of junk media – to his gradual degradation of self as every facet of his being, every stitch of clothing on his body, every possession, every thought,

is replaced with movies, I can see where Tim is coming from. Video tapes spill over from cardboard boxes and press against the windows of Gregg's overfull car. Moviestuff clings to Gregg's body in the form of caps and t-shirts. In early seasons, Gregg liked music, now he is Mr. Movies, the King of Movies, and complains when even a musical wastes precious runtime on songs. He attempts to communicate through the gift of significantly titled tapes and shoe-horns movie reviews into eulogies. The people, places, and objects relating to the movies are all treasures to him, no matter how unimportant or damaged or fraudulent or marginal. "Forgotten, but not gone!"



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One of the things that strikes me when I watch the series back is just how disposable the weekly releases and Oscar nominees feel. Is there a meaningful difference between the legacies of *The Danish Girl* and *GI Joe: Retaliation*? Like popcorn, like baseball caps given out at wrap parties, these movies are meant to be seen and discarded. They have expiration dates, and must be disposed of. Tim is disturbed by Gregg's refusal to abide by this law just as much as he is by the movie fixation itself. Instead of being a good consumer and trading his VHS tapes for DVDs, DVDs for Blu-Ray and UHD, Gregg scours trash cans and estate sales for expired movies stored on expired technology. There's something uncanny about watching Gregg craft a self out of something that's both permanent and already disposed of, simultaneously preserved and decaying.

While not in the same league as mass murder, Gregg's tapes are one of the more heinous violations of middle class mores that we see in *On Cinema*. Our culture expects progress. It expects its participants to move forward not just with submission, but with elation. The archivist is expected to preserve the old by transmuting it into the new. But Gregg perversely enlists the elderly to turn DVDs into VHS, forgotten old television shows into movies. While Gregg receives every shitty thing that's ever been on the big screen as a blessing from the divine, his refusal to accept the basic American tenet of disposability makes him a figure of nightmare. Tim, a good patriot (and Decker,

the fantasy image of Tim's patriotism) cannot abide this violation. He is driven to burn and erase the mindless spread of Gregg's cancerous movie garbage.

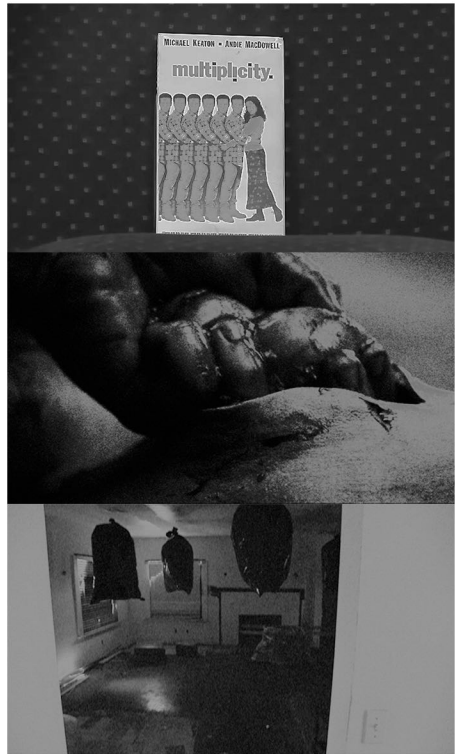
No matter how often Tim destroys Gregg's collection of tapes, Gregg inevitably has an easy time in building it back up again. Tapes are plentiful, cheap, and easily reproduced. He can spend one episode devastated by the loss of his treasured archive only to return the next week in high spirits after visiting the estate sale of a fellow VHS hoarder. Every transplant is successful – garbage is a universal donor. *Mr. America* shows Gregg haunting the alleyways of San Bernardino, looking for tapes in the trash. We may believe that throwing something in the garbage means that it's gone from existence, but our waste goes somewhere. It's forgotten, but not gone. Rats get fat in alleys feasting on the food we throw away. Gregg reaches into gas station trash cans to replenish his archive, duplicating everything with a speed and focus that Tim can never beat.

The spread infects any space that Gregg inhabits: the apartment whose black mold might be partially responsible for the death of Tom Cruise Heidecker Jr., the storage unit so packed that they are forced to sleep side by side on cots, the decrepit movie theater also filled with black mold, Mark's sick room, Gregg's car, the activity room at Grand Terrace Manor, every Oscar Special in the HEI Network era. After Gregg's most significant onscreen injury, he spends his settlement money on Movie House. "If a house could be a movie, this would be it!"

Gregg decrees with pride. Renting out the filming location for Wes Craven's *The People Under the Stairs* for Season 15, Gregg creates the house version of himself, filling it with junk.

Echoing the popcorn-logged kidney in Decker, trash bags of old popcorn hang from the rafters like carcasses in a meat freezer, attracting rats. The popcorn rats bite Tim's face and put his wife Toni in the hospital. The movie memorabilia metastasizes. The popcorn goes stale, its topping rancid. The sickness spreads. Mark tries to scrape black mold off the walls and clean bird shit out of the attic. Gregg puts small TV sets and VCRs into anything with a door and calls them screening rooms. A portapotty stands on the front lawn. The house has no working bathroom. It is a haunted house of shit and rot and garbage, with no mechanism for waste to exit.

Tim insists on Gregg getting one of the bathrooms in working order and



tries to assert his own physicality over the space — establishing an illicit massage parlor on the premises. It's not enough. No amount of massage oil (or semen) can convert it into anything other than Movie House, where a load bearing pillar is removed to make way for an attic theater, sending the whole house crashing down onto Tim's soft, human body.

The collapse of Movie House is the third time movies have almost killed Tim, after the fiery destruction of the VFA and the 7th Oscar Special carbon monoxide poisoning. "Movies are worse than smoking," he insists in Season 14, but can't elaborate when Gregg asks him how. In the Summer Movie Recap preceding that claim, Tim



recounts repeatedly losing consciousness and control over his bladder and bowels seeing 2023's summer blockbusters. Movies may not be worse than smoking, but they're equivalent. Like Lonnie talked about in the last essay, it's all the same, whether it's the *Haunted Mansion* movie or videos that autoplay on YouTube: to live in our world is to be haunted with endless amounts of shit. Smoking causes cancer, but at least it feels good.

The movies make Tim sick and they make Gregg sick too. Tim isn't wrong about that. Where Tim's body weeps and oozes with infection after infection, Gregg's entire personhood is taken over by the accumulation of plastic and cardboard fished out of the garbage. Tim poisons himself with everything from toxic vape juice and questionable supplements to septic tank water. Gregg eats expired packets of Chaplin's Chili while denying the legitimacy of their expiration dates, replacing the rest of his diet with popcorn transported in garbage bags. It's just a different flavor of abjection.

We don't know if the black mold in Gregg's apartment is what killed Tom Cruise Heidecker Jr., but we do know that one of Gregg's expired treasures killed Tim's adoptive father, the senile and wonderfully charming G Amato. At the climax of Season 16, G dies after eating a can of 74 year old cream of shrimp soup that Gregg convinced him was an excellent investment due to its place in the history of the *Ma and Pa Kettle* movie franchise (a claim Lonnie and I have been unable to verify). The movies take another life. Hijacked from his real family by Tim, tucked away to rot and die in a low cost care home with tiny rooms, unsatisfied with the food served to him, G was hungry. Hungry enough to reach for something forgotten, but not gone.

In the first episode of *On Cinema At the Cinema*, Gregg introduces the Popcorn Classic — a tape from his vast collection that he thinks has been unjustly forgotten. Describing the plot of *Multiplicity*, Gregg wishes that Hollywood could really clone 100 Michael Keatons. An impossible task. One imagines Keaton reproducing asexually, a movie star mitosis, with Michael Keatons splitting away from Michael Keatons, going off into the world to make more movies. Gregg smiles blandly. If he can't clone 100 Michael Keatons, then maybe he can at least clone 100 copies of *Multiplicity*. He imagines giving them out to everyone he knows. It's a kind impulse, even if the gift is something no one wants.

"Popcorn Classic" is, of course, an oxymoron. A popcorn movie is dispos-

able, made to be forgotten. Popcorn is not a nutrient dense or calorie efficient food. The only way to live off of it would be with a dramatic increase in volume: with 100 Michael Keatons, with 501 Movies in 501 Days, with a house that is a movie, with a comatose friend painted Oscar gold, with Medicaid money spent on tapes, with watches set to Movie Time, with paper printouts of movie posters taped to clothes. The only way to survive off of almost nothing would be to figure out how to infinitely duplicate that almost nothing. But, much like dementia-addled G. Amato opening a can of ancient soup, you'd still be hungry, just shy of starving.

I can't quite blame Tim for being horrified that Gregg has figured out a way to adapt to being haunted by shit, to living with rats and black mold and spoiled food, to only giving gifts that are unwanted, to reproducing alone with plastic and cardboard and paper and tape, to surviving off of almost nothing. More unnerving than any of Tim's transformations, Gregg seems to have learned to enjoy living this way.

That enjoyment might be part of why he so rarely seems as pathetic as his equally sick counterpart. "Kill me, I'm already dead," Tim screams at a group of men who attack the HEI Ranch in the 9th Oscar Special. He isn't, though. Changing his name and his appearance, crawling and pleading and raging, Tim wriggles his way out of disaster after disaster. Despite all his best efforts, he is alive. Is Gregg? Gregg seems to walk between worlds, fully ignoring not only the distinction between freshness and rot, but that between life and death. Gregg can bring James Dean back to life and rescue lost Wizard of Oz scenes from the cutting room floor. He takes great pleasure in breathing life into the non-living: a living painting, a living Oscar, a live movie.


Does Gregg have some power to transcend life and death? At the end of the 13th Oscar Special, Gregg reveals an angel he has built out of VHS tapes, welcoming us all to Movie Heaven. Dressed as the titular Michael from the forgotten 1996 movie, he smiles beatifically as Tim sniffles and moans in the background. Tim's insinuations that movies are over, that Gregg's beloved Dagwood belongs in the trash, and that this will be the Last Oscar Special are deftly sidestepped by Gregg, who will never accept that anything is over, or dead, or g-o-n-e. Death cannot be the end, because there is no end. There is always room in Movie Heaven for more runtime, more copies, more sequels, more remakes and reboots.

Shoddily but lovingly constructed out of trash, Movie Heaven feels an awful lot like Movie House, the VFA, the Mobile VFA, Wonkaland, and all the rest of it. Have we been in Movie Heaven all along?

The sight of Gregg, entombed alive in Meg Ryan ephemera and garbage media, may remind us of the obscene amount of waste we produce, that we too will be waste someday – destined to lie inert and decaying in little boxes of our own. But while the rest of us struggle with our impending irrelevance and rot, Gregg seems to already be at peace with his. After all, his plastic treasures are immune to organic decomposition. If he does his job correctly, in hundreds of years, long after you and I have rotted away, Gregg's tapes – Movie Heaven – will remain, somewhere. Forgotten, but not gone.





**DEKKAR** FEAT. GREGG TURKINGTON  
**Bohemian Rhapsody (Acoustic)**  
(2019) Rating: 

Like any truly great cover, the Oscar Special Dekkar version of Bohemian Rhapsody taps into something fundamentally true about the original song: Bohemian Rhapsody is both extremely annoying to hear and extremely fun to sing.

Wearing a t-shirt for Whaleman and insisting that tonight is the night the elites get carted off to Guantanamo Bay, Tim growls, belches, and screams what words he can remember into a microphone he doesn't need to be using. He is matched beautifully by Gregg's frustrated curses and whines of displeasure. The plastic clatter of video tapes is almost percussive as Gregg surveys the damage Tim did to them with his redpilled Qanon magnet vest. Axiom and Manuel ground it all by actually knowing the song, Joe Estevez attempts to comfort Gregg, and Mark Proksch looks on in a daze, blood drying on his gold face paint, conscious for the first time in a year.

It's one of the best musical performances in the history of On Cinema, and, for my money, the best version of Bohemian Rhapsody ever recorded. As a tableau, it's divine — a literal hostage situation of pure id and destruction. Tim is resplendent in one of the stupidest hairstyles he's ever worn. His veins bulge. He turns red. He kicks over microphone stands and scats the guitar solos. He sucks on a primal level. It's phenomenal.

The sheer concentration of slop is terrific: the entire special has been driven by Tim's slop ideology coming into conflict with Gregg and the Delgado Group's tedious slop special. Now, Tim's rock-slop derails Gregg's lovingly planned movieslop finale, and it's all so empty. The tapes are blank. Tim wears a shirt for a movie that doesn't exist longing for violent justice that will never come. He doesn't know the words but the words never meant anything anyways. What does it matter if he says "Scaramouche" at the wrong time? What the fuck is Scaramouche? The Thains of the Shire look on, their instruments stolen. The Hobbit set means nothing. It never meant anything. The Living Oscar sits bloody and confused. Tape after tape after tape is put into the VCR and discovered to be erased. What's the difference? Most of them were bad movies to start with. This is what life feels like every day. The signs signify nothing. Meaning has collapsed. Nothing really matters. Any way the wind blows. - LB

**NEW HEIDECKER**  
**Daddy's Gone** Rating:   
(2025)

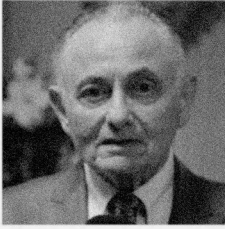
Few things inspire Tim Heidecker's musical calling like the death of a loved one. Adding to a list of hits that includes "Farewell, Tom Cruise," its Decker-themed variant "Farewell, Axiom," and a ballad for his murdered stepson Matt Newman, comes "Daddy's Gone," New's tribute to G Amato, debuted at the deceased's memorial before a crowd of quietly disgusted onlookers.

The music video is a spectacle of bad taste. New appears front and center in his latest rocker getup, poorly lip-syncing against a green screened montage that includes clips from old Decker episodes and past Dekkar performances. He mimes playing background instruments as convincingly as he mimes his grief. As he wails, "bye bye, bye bye, Daddy, goodbye" for the camera, flourishing it with a playful little wave, you can't help but register some kind of sick glee. The first time I saw the video during the live streamed memorial service, it felt like one of the most grotesque and hilarious things Tim had ever done. So distracted was I by the whole display that I failed to register the most frightening thing about it: "Daddy's Gone" is a good song. Actually, it's great. It's fun. It's funny. It's catchy, and the instrumentals in the latter half are lovelier than they have any right to be.

I've always admired the real Tim Heidecker's ability to make music with a sense of humor that isn't necessarily what you'd call "comedy music" or even parody, and "Daddy's Gone," alongside "Empty Bottle," is a peak example. This isn't "so bad it's good." There is a real, wicked artistry to what is occurring here, both on the meta level and what Tim, the actual guy, was able to create. Everything hilarious and evil, pathetic and sad about New as a character is rendered perfectly. His pained yet delighted affect, the childish, self-centered lyrics. He appears in the video pretending to weep ridiculously in one shot and casts himself in dark shadows in another, looking completely demonic. He plays an electric guitar solo on his acoustic 12-string. It's beautiful. At the funeral, New encourages an "audience" of mourners to sing along. They don't. Yet in the days following, I couldn't get the song out of my head. Days turned into weeks. It's been months now and it's still in there. When work gets tough, when I read the news, when something stupid is pissing me off, I hear New in my head screaming, "WHY?" and I wish I had an answer.

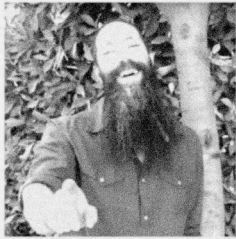
- Lonnie

# OBITUARIES AND IN MEMORIAMS



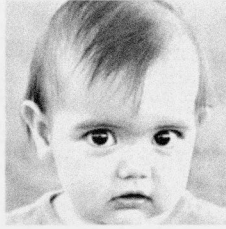
(1945-2025)

**Gabriel "G." Amato** was born in Argentina in 1945, emigrating to the United States and working his way through the food service industry to become a pillar of the San Bernardino business community. He died of suspected food poisoning in Grand Terrace, CA after ingesting a 76 year old can of soup purportedly featured in *Ma and Pa Kettle Go To Town* (1950). He is survived by his twin brother Giorgio Amato, his daughter-in-law Kaili Amato, and his adopted adult son New Amato.



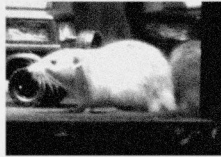
(1971-2017)

**Luther "Dr. San" Sanchez** was one of Southern California's most respected practitioners of alternative medicine. Dr. San died tragically of suicide after a mishap in Apple Valley, California. He will be remembered for his open mind, his open heart, and his beautiful flute-playing. He is survived by his business partner Tim Heidecker.



(2014-2015)

**Tom Cruise Heidecker, Jr.** was a model, an actor, and an activist for the rights of parents to choose what medical treatment to give (or not to give) their own children. He is survived by his parents, Tim and Ayaka Heidecker. In lieu of flowers, please honor the memory of little Tom by doing your own research and thinking for yourself when it comes to vaccines, or by making a cash donation to the Tom Cruise Heidecker Arts Fund.



(20??-2021)

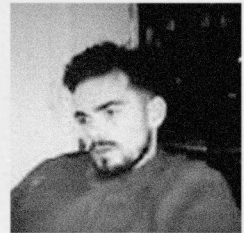
**OS8 rat**

"It just went." - Tim Heidecker



19

**The Electric Sun** died after the tragic events of the Electric Sun Desert Music Festival on April 14, 2017 in Apple Valley, California. These sons and daughters of San Bernardino County used a drug vaporizer provided to them by Luther Sanchez and Tim Heidecker and died painfully:  
 Matthew Salinas  
 William Forsythe  
 Nicholas Rissolo  
 Valerie Davis  
 Tyler Haldridge  
 Christopher Morriss  
 Christopher Delgado  
 Jenna Mueller  
 Mark Pryer  
 Eric Gibney  
 Shawn Levin  
 Brett Dawson  
 Anthony Velez  
 Abigail Hannsen  
 Ned Thompson  
 Paul Marona  
 Adina Hu  
 Jonathan Valdez  
 Michael Nielsen  
 Lance Taylor



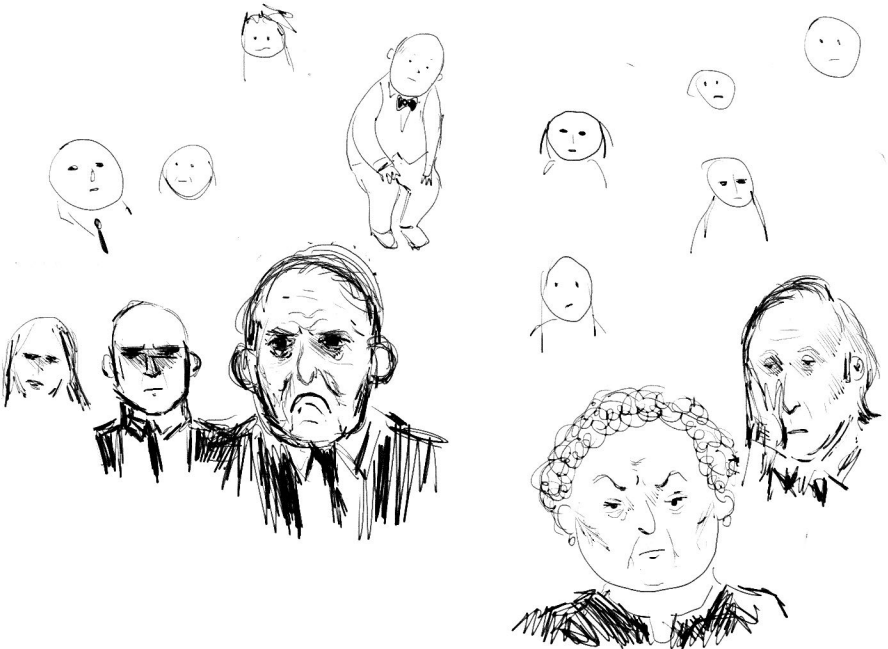
(2001-2024)

**Matt Newman** was a son, a friend, and a gamer. He was tragically gunned down in his mother's San Bernardino home by a mysterious masked man, and died in the hospital. He is survived by his parents the Newmans, and his ex-stepfather, local entrepreneur and musician T. Amato.

**Tom Chaplin** was the head chef of the iconic Chaplin's Chili in North Hollywood, and later the "Foodman" of Foodman's Catering. Chaplin died tragically on February 9, 2020 of carbon monoxide poisoning while catering the first On Cinema Oscar Special wedding in history.  
 \* Crew member Adam Barnes also died.



# G-O-N-E



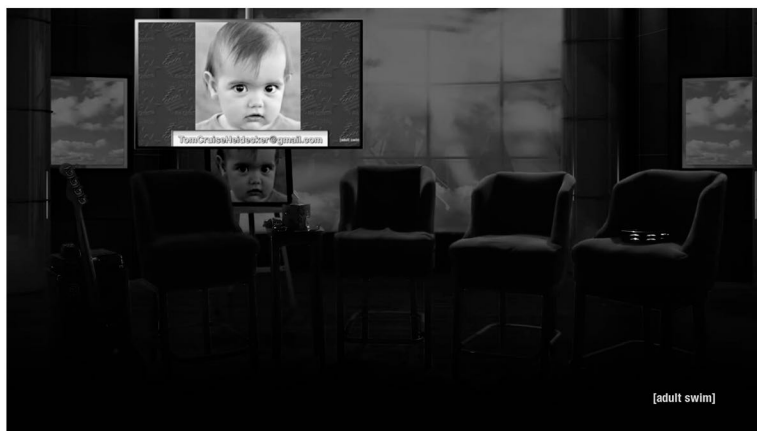


## out with the old, in with the New: death, forgiveness, and other reflections by Lonnie

It is the final episode of *On Cinema* at the Cinema's second season, and Tim Heidecker thinks he is about to die. He appears in all black, as though dressed for his own funeral. He snickers dryly at the title of the week's movie, *Oblivion*. The blood clots on his brain have doubled and he has been in the process of saying goodbye. "I hope you guys will remember me," he says. He has been forgoing junk movies in favor of films that comfort him, like *The Sound of Music*. Gregg has spent the season urging Tim to get the life-saving surgery his wife is against, very likely writing fake fan letters to help his case. Tim seems annoyed about Gregg's concern. His wife wants him to die, but the guy on his movie show does not.

Since then, Tim has had numerous brushes with death, some accidental, some self-induced. In his frenzied cycle of rebrands and reinventions, he seems simultaneously obsessed with killing himself and with living forever. Confronted by a mob of angry men on HEI Ranch, he urges them to kill him — "I'm already dead!" He veers the VFA Expert Tour van into oncoming traffic, but swerves just barely out of death's reach at the last second. "I'm Happy, I'm Healthy, I'm HEI," he proclaims, looking pale and emaciated, recovering from a suicide attempt he does not remember, drinking poison on his morning news show. To prove that "grain water" has made him impervious to death, he televises his own "lethal" injection. It almost kills him on his Christmas special. There is something masochistic in this impulse. It is never enough for Tim to merely move ahead with the new self. The old must be annihilated — "X'ing out the person I used to be," he explains at the start of season 10. In this same season he lies, possibly, and for the second time, about contemplating suicide on the 6th Street Bridge, a bridge that was famously demolished by the time he shares these fantasies. He is "spared" from this attempt by a last-minute call from his lawyer, who says he must have an "angel" looking out for him. Lucky, as Tim acknowledges later: "If I fucking jumped, I'm in hell."

"I am the Father of the On Cinema family, and the Father has come home." Returning from his failed biker rebrand in Jackson Hole, Tim wrests his role as host back from Gregg. He compares himself to Biblical fathers like Abraham, and to Christ rising from the grave. Later that year, he writes the On Cinema pledge, officially codifying these core tenets: "I am a member of the 'On Cinema' family. I support my father Tim Heidecker. I open my heart to forgiveness. I love movies, but they are not all there is to life." By this point, he has become obsessed with the concept of forgiveness, particularly his own ability to grant it. On the same day he airs the Dr. San Forgiveness Special, he tweets a graphic from BrainyQuote that states, "Forgiveness is the final form of love." One month later, his son Tom Cruise, Jr. is dead.



Like many of the deaths that will follow on the show, Tim mourns with a song, "Farewell, Tom Cruise," which he is excited to debut as a potential track for the first Dekkar record he is working on with Axiom. In the next season, he will be so desperate for a solution to his songwriting block, we will watch him suck in lungfuls of toxins with a "nutritional vaping system" that later gets several teenagers killed. But for now, Tom Cruise, Jr. is the only dead child, and that seems to get Tim's creativity going. A professional black-and-white headshot hangs in the background of the boy's memorial episode, tellingly one of the only photos Tim ever uses of him. Tim recalls his son's short life as an actor and a model who had a bright future ahead. He shows off a "My Dad is the man!" shirt they were going to bury Tom in, but says the boy was too young to be given an open casket, so they buried him nude. What are any of us without our father Tim Heidecker? "Nothing to say really," Tim says of his dead baby. "Just a bummer." Gregg, the only one genuinely shedding tears, says they should have taken him to a hospital. "It's nobody's fault," says Dr. San, the man responsible. Tim agrees. He debuts his song, and after things cut to black, we hear him urging Axiom into the studio so they can record this one. The portrait of Tom stares back at us, a business email still appended to the bottom.

Following the tragic deaths of the Electric Sun 20, Dr. San hangs himself in prison, and we get the only genuine mourning I think we've ever seen Tim do in all of On Cinema. He talks about how he is haunted by Dr. San's suicide and has been having dreams about his own future, where he sees himself in that cell. "As much as we hate Dr. San, and we hate him, and he's a

bad guy — there's good people and there are bad people and Dr. San was, in a way, both — you can't deny it, he's part of the On Cinema family." I can't read this teary-eyed reflection as anything but a fantasy of the grace Tim hopes others might extend for him when he's gone, as if the construct of a "family" guarantees forgiveness. "He made some big, big, big, bad choices, for sure," Tim adds, "but I'll always love him." He reaches a hand out to Gregg, and it's hard to tell what he's asking for — comfort in his grief? Validation of the forgiveness he's granted Dr. San in death? A request for Gregg to mourn him accordingly, when the time comes? Gregg does not take Tim's hand. "I'm not paying tribute to him," he says. "He made people sick. He made people die."

Years later, overdosing on milkshakes and sedatives, Tim writes a song about "My Angel," Dr. San. Could this be the angel his lawyer spoke of? Here, the familiar plea of "Empty Bottle" is rewritten, redirected, no longer an appeal to the unloving masses — "fill me up again" — but a direct request to the man Tim put an undue amount of love and trust into so many years ago. "He's gonna tell me what to do, he's gonna show me who I am," Tim sings hopefully. "Fill me up, my angel, my Dr. San." And he has, quite literally. Per his angel's suggestion, Tim spent the weeks prior running a percutaneous feeding tube into his stomach to maximize his intake of hot "vaxx-blocking" shakes, but through faulty installation ended up filling the space between his organs. The infection almost kills him, and after weeks of divine communication Tim seems to be experiencing a crisis of faith. His wife has sobered up and left him. His "brother" has betrayed him. Gregg is refusing to discuss anything but James Bond. And so he constructs a fantasy of Dr. San in Heaven, perhaps so he can believe he will go there too.



There was something special about Dr. San. The rest of the "On Cinema family" Tim speaks so proudly of has never been more than a collection of assets: Mister Movies, Mister Money, Mark's ever-rotating roster of occupations, with "expertise" and other forms of labor to exploit. This is why it's always been so easy for him to liquidate those who have passed into foundations, a conversion of their value to him into its most base and convenient form: capital. Dr. San, despite their ups and downs, offered a kind of "expertise" built entirely around Tim and Tim only: alternative medicine to promote his health, magic vapes to promote his creativity, pseudoscientific rational-

ization for the slow murder of his infant son that granted Tim the freedom from real fatherhood that he needed to pursue his actual dreams. Dr. San really was Tim's angel, but because the only type of love Tim understands is extractive, exploitative, he could really only be an angel of death. And eventually, he was a sacrifice, his pre-trial suicide helping to paint Tim as more of a hapless victim in a psychotic man's Jonestown. No wonder Tim sees him as almost Christ-like, a martyr who died for his sins. To Tim, this is true love. Not Gregg's mountains of fake fan letters urging him to seek medical care or Ayaka wanting him to meet their child, but a complete one-sided devotion to his own drives no matter how self-destructive, and finally, a purposeful death that immortalizes that love in its most perfect state.



**T**hrough death, a person's life becomes a narrative for Tim to control and idealize as he sees fit, and he thrills at the opportunity: a CG son, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, already grown and self-sufficient, echoing the very political rhetoric that killed him. Or an AI father, an endless well of wisdom and affection at the push of a button. CG Tom Cruise, Jr. doesn't cry. Tim doesn't have to ask Grok Amato to smile for him. Of course Tim would merge his LLM attorney with the memory of his adoptive father, constructing the perfect loved one: a single, monolithic god-like entity designed to project his own delusions back at him in any arena of life, be it health, finance, law, family, love — validation and affirmation without the complications of emotional entanglement.

"You can only have good memories of those who've passed," says Tim. At G's funeral, it no longer matters how tired they'd grown of each other in G's final weeks, or how much Tim still resented G for denying him his Amato-con reward. Tim can get up on the stage, "G Amato's stage," and perform, as he loves to do. He is the star. "I'm like the man of honor," he tells Mark as he walks him up the aisle. In Tim's hands, G gets to live on as a set of smiling photographs in a slideshow next to other things Tim loves: Decker, or a well-designed "sports car."

In the music video for "Daddy's Gone," Tim casts himself as a kind of black-and-white specter, like an echo of Tom Cruise, Jr.'s pensive headshot that has haunted On Cinema for over ten years — is this the kind of funeral Tim imagined for himself all the way back in season 2? Fearing the finality of death but yearning for the imagined absolution and grace of remembrance, Tim centers himself as both the grieving and the grieved. "G has left me, suddenly I'm on my own." His eulogy also emphasizes these feelings of abandonment. "I don't know where I go from here," he says. He describes G as the only man who ever believed in him, and maybe the only man who ever loved him. He looks to Gregg when he says this, who appears more tired than he ever has.



**I**n *Decker: Unclassified*, Tim seems to show us his ideal death: "not from any weakness or sickness," according to Decker's doctor, "but from the inevitability of time catching up with him, as it will all men." On his deathbed, Decker affirms a life-long friendship with Kington. The President of the United States awards him a final cigarette. He dies peacefully, as a "patriot, Grammy Award-winning rock musician, and secret hero." The rest of the season is a celebration of Decker's life and all the cool secret things he did, an honorable legacy he could die proud of. *Decker: Mindwipe* envisions a similar scenario, with a doctor instructing our comatose hero's loved ones to tell him their favorite memories of him in order to wake him up. What accomplishments does Tim have to be remembered by? What stories could Tim's "friends" lovingly recount to him? 13 years of alcoholism, abuse, humiliation, illness, pain, grief. Poison. Fire. Financial ruin. In the first Oscar special, after vomiting on Gregg's tapes, Tim tries to downplay the damage he's done. "Perhaps it could be a, uh, like a memory for you, of uh — " Gregg interrupts. "No. This is a bad memory. This is a bad memory." Over a dozen Oscar specials later, and not much has changed.



At a panel following a *Decker* screening at Cinefamily, Tim recounts being alone in the hospital with a wrist injury, thinking "this is it." On his "deathbed," his thoughts are of his cruelty to Gregg, burning his tapes in Hawaii. "I feel so bad about the way I left things with you," he tells Gregg on-stage. "I thought it was coming to a close, my time here. And where was I going? What was gonna be on the other side, and what were they gonna say to me? About the kind of man I was?" He apologizes for his immaturity,

hurtfulness, and lack of professionalism, and offers him a seat on On Cinema. "I love you and I want you back." Like every Tim and Gregg break-up and reunion, it doesn't last.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of Tim's condition is not that he will not receive forgiveness, but that because of his warped sense of self, his unstable priorities, his dishonesty, and his insistence on mediating every relationship through the framework of business, he will continue to reject and destroy every instance of it he gets. A heartfelt intervention letter from the saintly Joe Estevez, or Gregg's live movie sequel reimagining a famous divorce film as a tale of love and reconciliation — these things ultimately mean nothing to a man who reconnects with an estranged adult son as his employer, who greets the young man in-person for the first time in years with a televised handshake. If Tim's goal is to leave behind a proud legacy, and people to share in its memory, he is doing everything he can to ensure it will not happen.



I think Tim must be thinking about death a lot these days. Time marches on, and it's clear he knows he's running out of opportunities — for love, success, happiness, health. Forgiveness. There is a palpable existential dread that hangs over the latest season. Movie House has collapsed, and with it, many of Tim and Gregg's dreams. They have spent months living in a dusty hotel room. Cobwebs collect in corners. Tim's organs, he explains, are older than he is. Gregg peels a *Movie: The Movie* sticker to put on his copy of *Ghetto Dawg* while Tim watches, dissociating. Gregg has decided TV shows are movies now. Tim is using Grok to sue Sizzler. They have never seemed more black mold-poisoned than this. In a bid to undo the years of damage he's caused to his own body, Tim takes pills named after the impossible warp drive speed the Enterprise uses to go back in time in *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. Like all his "miracle cures," it just makes him sicker. In the midst of this latest midlife crisis, with no real home to return to, he has relocated to Lake Havasu City, Arizona. He is older now, and wearier. We can see it on the surface, in the way he carries himself and in the dark wig he wears to cover the fact that these organ "de-aging" pills have made all his hair fall out.

In a video made to show everyone how much fun he is having in his retirement, he stands in the shadow of the London Bridge, places a hand on one of the 200-year-old stones, and tries to evoke the magnificence of a history

he doesn't know. The Lake Havasu City London Bridge is a kind of Frankenstein's monster. It had spent over a century slowly sinking into the River Thames before an American oil baron purchased it, had it meticulously disassembled, brick by brick, and shipped over to the Sonoran Desert of Western Arizona, to be given new life as an American tourist attraction. Built on a stronger, sturdier, more modern foundation, adorned with over 10,000 granite bricks that had been hand-numbered for easy reassembly, it is both a technical marvel and a bastardization of its former self, something simultaneously old and new. Its function as a bridge wasn't even fulfilled until after its completion – initially built on a patch of dry land, it was only after the structure had been erected that a waterway was carved beneath it. Artifice granted purpose. Is there any dignity in a crumbling monument being given a second wind like this – a displaced artifact built on an artificial lake, surrounded by kiosks selling Trump flags and neon drinks and jet ski rentals? Is it technically the same thing it was before, if it had to be taken apart piece by piece and reconstructed? Or is it something different now? Something new? Is it still as good as the original? Do people care about this version, or is it just a tacky pastiche? Is it a remake or a sequel or a reboot?

The Last Oscar Special opens with the theme song for a children's cartoon Tim seems intent on staking his future on. "Everybody wants them," Tim sings. "Everybody needs them." This is not true. Since the passing of his father, he has remixed his name yet again, this time in a bold appropriation that bears not a single trace of the original Tim Heidecker. He presents now as "New Amato," a name that literally means *new loved one*. Now that G is g-o-n-e, whose loved one does Tim imagine himself to be? At the end of the special, he rejects his firstborn son, attacks one of his own Dootle Dots, and is left writhing in pain on the ground, his wig snatched and his pants dragged down to his knees. He calls to Gregg for help while the crew stands by and laughs. It takes several minutes for anyone to really come to his aid. It is the most pathetic he's ever looked. Earlier, Tim awarded Joe Estevez the first "Power of Mercy" award, continuing this long-running tradition of dramatizing his forgiveness, especially for members of the "On Cinema family" who have transgressed and betrayed him. But will anyone forgive Tim Heidecker? Does he think he deserves it?

"In the end, the bottom line is, if you're a success, if you make money, if you're successful, people will forgive all your errors, all your faults." These words are spoken by Woody Allen, in the tribute video prepared for this year's Oscar special. But they sound like something Tim might be telling himself now, sitting alone in the "business center" of "The Amato Foundation," scribbling on post-it notes. Jon Lovitz features in the video too with another perspective: "Worrying about what people are gonna think about you after you're gone – you don't know, and they're not thinking about you, and you're dead. So who gives a fuck?"



# I'M HAPPY I'M H

## PART ONE: TIM

- Blood clots in brain
- Fishing trip finger wound
- Threw up from perc's, Nyquil, and sparkling wine during 1st Oscar Special
- GERD
- Migraines from blood clot surgery



- Vision loss from blood clot surgery
- Temporarily lost ability to laugh from blood clot surgery
- Arm tremor/pain from blood clot surgery
- Diabetic swelling in foot
- Zapped with dirty electroacupuncture needles
- Infected acupuncture face
- Unspecified "series of operations"
- Diabetes
- Urinary tract infection
- Diarrhea from free Chinese food at 2nd Oscar Special
- Stationary motorcycle accident in Wal-Mart parking lot (glass in eye, lost eyesight)
- Beat up by racist homophobic bikers
- Seasonal cold
- Diarrhea from Chaplin's Chili at 3rd Oscar Special
- Drunk off "organic" champagne and Mucinex
- Sleep deprivation from too many airplanes to Hawaii
- Hurt hand & wrist punching a concrete block for Tae Kwan Do

- Bruised knuckles from punching Mark in the face
- Nutritional vape addiction (lost 15 pounds in 72 hours)
- Unexplained facial bruising during vape addiction
- Nutritional vape poisoning
- Nutritional vape detox diarrhea
- Severe burns from seven or eight flaming copies of *Blues Brothers 2000* falling on him in VFA inferno



- Right hand burnt to a crisp (transplanted with Axiom's hand)
- Mood and stomach issues from topical antibiotic
- Facial gangrene from negligent burn care (transplanted with Manuel's ass skin)
- Caught cold or flu from Gregg shooting *Decker: Mindwipe*
- Vomited from Chaplin's X-press "stew dog" at 5th Oscar Special
- Allergy attack while Germ Free thanks to Rio-Jenesis technology
- Diarrhea for a year (cured with magnet vest)
- Accidental self-inflicted gunshot wound to the neck
- Carbon monoxide poisoning from Arthur 2 Museum Mobile VFA at Oscars wedding
- Nosebleed from over-ventilating studio to prevent future carbon monoxide poisonings
- Skinned face and chemical burn from Toni's sheet mask at 8th Oscar Special

# HEALTHY I'M HEI

- Calorie/nutritional deficiency from only consuming RJ's Shakes
- Space around organs filled with congealing Vax Blocker and pus from improperly installed spiritually inspired RJ's Shakes feeding tube
- Confusion and lethargy from "small sedative"
- Passed out from "mild" intravenous sedative on Wendy Kerby Valentine's Day Special
- Sunburns from sitting outside for hours during 9th Oscar Special
- Many ribs shattered after being beaten by HEI Ranch mystery men
- Broken front teeth, whiplash, busted lip from van crash suicide attempt
- Improperly installed veneers



- Diarrhea from drinking lithium-infused sewage-laced "grain water"
- Loss of consciousness during fake lethal injection on Christmas
- Neisseria meningitidis, Haemophilus influenzae, bacterial contamination, toxoplasmosis, possibly hepatitis from "grain water"
- Nose skin ripped away by prosthetic Pinocchio nose
- Blacked out and "had an accident" at *Mission: Impossible - Dead Reckoning Part One* screening

- Blacked out and had "another accident" at *Haunted Mansion* screening
- Cried and shit himself at *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Mutant Mayhem* due to the "terrifying amounts of violence"
- Self-diagnosed Dissociative Reality Confusion Syndrome (DRCS)
- Sunburn from sleeping in the sun every day trying to photosynthesize his own lithium
- Severe concussion, internal bleeding, 12 stitches on skull after being punched and kicked by Joey Patron for Dodge Charger tantrum at Amatocon
- Infected oily Movie House rat bite
- Lost sight in left eye (again) from it not being "set properly" in surgery
- Rat poison blowback in eyes and mouth at 12th Oscar Special
- Shattered hip and severe concussion from Movie House falling on him at 12th Oscar Special
- Mysterious Extended Stay America illness: hei fever, vomiting, diarrhea, pain everywhere
- Organs are an average age of 85 years old
- Warp-10 poisoning (hair fell out, "sickness went from bad to worse," muscle spasms, face twitching, memory loss)
- Chronic cough
- "Deteriorating" back from Warp-10
- Back strain from long drive
- Back re-injured by Baxter pushing him over at 13th Oscar Special



# TOM CRUISE HEIDECKER JR. 666 ARMAGGEDON SUN-DIAL



**FALLING  
STAR**

Poisons  
1/2 of all  
Water on  
Earth

**SEA of  
BLOOD**  
Everything  
in Ocean  
Dies

**BOILS**

Malignant  
Sores affect  
those with  
Mark of  
Antichrist

**HAIL**

Clits  
Crumble

**FALLING  
METEOR**

Destroys  
1/2 of all  
1/2 of all  
1/2 of all  
Blood

**LOCUSTS**

5 Months  
of Torture  
by Scorpion  
Stings

**SATAN'S  
ARMY**

200 Million  
Worriors Kill 1/2  
of Mankind



**HAIL  
FIRE  
BLOOD**

1/2 Earth  
on fire  
1/2 Trees  
burned  
All Grass  
burned

**RIVERS  
of BLOOD**

Rivers and  
Springs  
turn to  
Blood

**CHRIST  
Takes  
Control  
of Earth**

Two  
Witnesses  
Testify of  
Christ's  
Return  
Coming

**OPPRES-  
SIVE  
HEAT**

Sun  
Scorches  
ALL  
Mankind

**SUN  
&  
MOON  
STARS**

1/2 of  
Moon  
Stars  
Darkened



COMPLETE WITH EASY-TO-FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS! First, carefully remove page from magazine (being careful not to damage other features!). Lay page out on a table. Check out a book on sundials at the library. Turn to the appropriate page. Follow directions carefully. Good Luck!

# I'M HAPPY I'M H

## PART TWO: EVERYONE ELSE

### MARK PROKSCH



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Aug 31  
Hey @m\_proksch get ready for pain to reign.

- Broken nose from Tim punching him in the face before 4th Oscar Special
- Hospitalized after "altercation" with Tim
- Beaten by Tim at Six Bag Cinemas
- Asphyxiated to death in his diving suit during 5th Oscar Special
- Comatose for a year
- Knocked over and broke his nose as comatose Living Oscar at 6th Oscar Special



- Fell down a hill dressed as Spider Man and broke his collarbone and tailbone at 9th Oscar Special
- Hit with wrench by Tim on the set of *Baboon: A Pep Boys Story*
- Hit or pinned by bus (disputed)
- Pinched by rat traps
- Movie House handyman elbow injury
- Roof of Movie House collapsed on him at 12th Oscar Special (saved by bags of spoiled popcorn)
- Tonsillitis (Vocal chords removed?)

### GREGG

### TURKINGTON

- Mysterious surgery (possibly had "some organ" removed)
- Sleep deprivation from too many airplanes to Hawaii
- Had a cold or flu shooting an episode of *Decker: Mindwipe*
- Pepper sprayed by Tim during the 6th Oscar Special
- Carbon monoxide poisoning from Arthur 2 Museum Mobile VFA at Tim's Oscars wedding
- Thrown to the ground by Joey Patron while dressed as Dumbledore, trying to help Tim at Amatocon



Mark Proksch @m\_proksch · Feb 29  
Thank you for all your concern about my nose which broke when I walked into a door.



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Jul 30  
He said from his hospital bed...

Mark Proksch @m\_proksch  
After a night of soul searching I've decided to take a break from Decker. I want to thank @timheidecker for allowing me to be on this season



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Sep 25  
Came THIS close to punishing @m\_proksch so completely and violently but held back because I am a man of peace ❤️

### JOE ESTEVEZ

- Carbon monoxide poisoning from Arthur 2 Museum Mobile VFA at Tim's Oscars wedding
- Alcoholism relapse

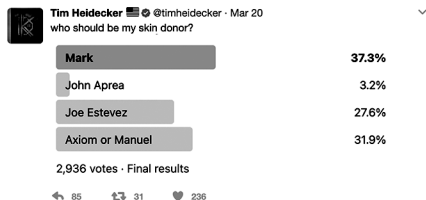
# EALTHY I'M HEI

## AXIOM

- One handed after donating hand to Tim
- Glass in eyes from van crash

## MANUEL

- Skin from ass donated to Tim's face
- Carbon monoxide poisoning from Arthur 2 Museum Mobile VFA at Tim's Oscars wedding
- Temporarily forgot how to speak English after van crash head injury



## MICHAEL

## "LARUE" MATTHEWS

- Hit and paralyzed by the Mobile VFA
- Intentional painkiller addiction and withdrawal to investigate Hemet Valley Rehab Center
- Dehydration, tipped into a ditch, spent the night in the cold mud at HEI Ranch during 9th Oscar Special

## RAFAEL TORRES

- Pepper sprayed by Tim at 6th Oscar Special

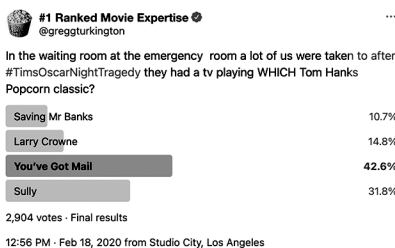
## 157 EDM FESTIVAL ATTENDEES

- Nutritional vape poisoning



## TONI NEWMAN

- Alcoholism
- Carbon monoxide poisoning from Arthur 2 Museum Mobile VFA at her Oscars wedding
- Hantavirus from rat infested Movie House



## THE REST OF THE WEDDING GUESTS

- Pastor Susan Lewis, Toni Newman's parents, Matt Newman, a Dudley Moore impersonator, and others also received carbon monoxide poisoning from Arthur 2 Museum Mobile VFA at Oscars wedding



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Aug 5

@m\_proksch I'm high can you video doing Lucy Ball impression?



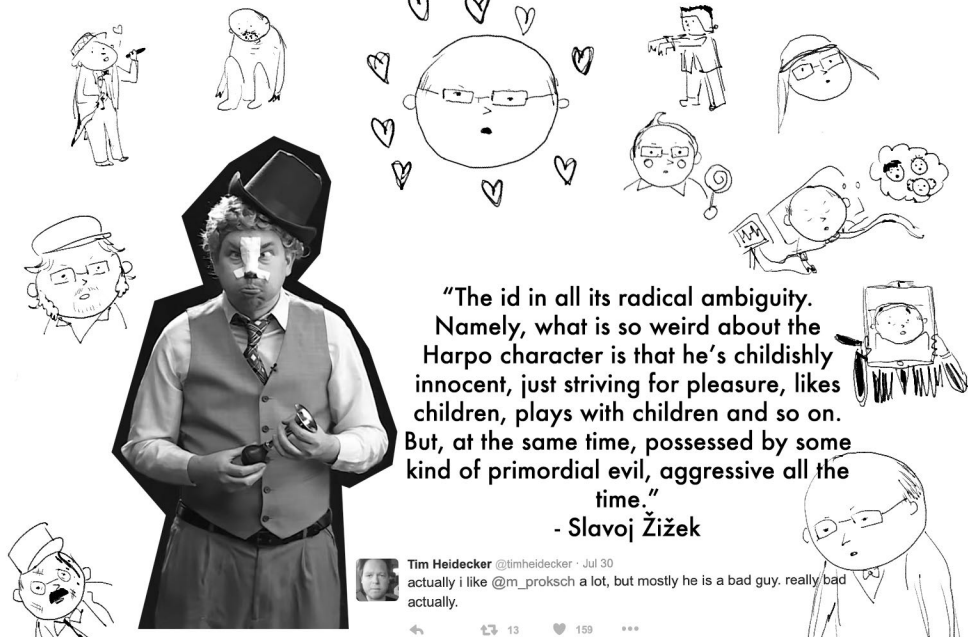
DIRECTIONS: READ IN MARK PROKSCH'S VOICE

*Chocolate*

*Chocolate*



# MAGIC MARK



"The id in all its radical ambiguity. Namely, what is so weird about the Harpo character is that he's childishy innocent, just striving for pleasure, likes children, plays with children and so on. But, at the same time, possessed by some kind of primordial evil, aggressive all the time."

- Slavoj Žižek



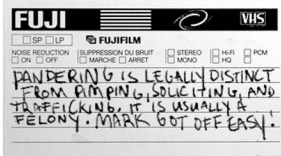
Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Jul 30  
actually i like @m\_proksch a lot, but mostly he is a bad guy. really bad actually.

👍 13 ❤️ 159 ⋮



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · May 2  
Where is Mark?

👍 29 🔄 9 ❤️ 181



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Nov 11  
If @m\_proksch dares to testify against me I will bring down the fucking hammer on him! #ElectricSun20Trial

👍 27 🔄 7 ❤️ 260



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Sep 15  
.@m\_proksch steer clear of me you sick piece of shit. You are not wanted near us.



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Sep 19  
had an idea which could be very lucrative for me - I fight @m\_proksch MMA style and cream him. sponsored by MDonalds or something.



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Sep 21  
Interesting how I could tear through @m\_proksch like a paper shredder but I kindly hold back. But how long do I tolerate him?!



- MARK'S JOBS OVER THE YEARS**
- Celebrity Impersonator
  - Actor
  - Concessions Representative
  - Co-host of Our Cinema
  - Luxury Cinema Concept Waiter
  - First Ever Living Oscar
  - Tape Bootlegger
  - VP of Sales for VFA Classic Films
  - Spider-Man
  - Writer/Editor/Director of Mark's Cavalcade of Characters
  - Handyman of Movie House
  - Massage Assistant
  - Architect of Movie House
  - VFA Secretary
  - Puppeteer
  - Funeral Usher/Bouncer



# LET'S LEARN HOW TO DRAW MARK PROCH IN 9 EASY STEPS!



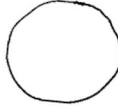
no further comment

Family Membership Card to @m\_proksch /

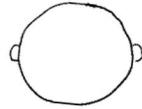
I have decided to DENY an On Cinema

Tim Heidecker @timheidecker - Oct 5

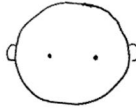
① DRAW A CIRCLE



② DRAW TWO HALF CIRCLES FOR EARS



③ TWO DOTS FOR EYES



④ SIDEWAYS 'V' FOR NOSE



⑤ TWO RECTANGLES AROUND EYES



⑥ CONNECT THE RECTANGLES



⑦ TWO SMALL LINES FOR EYEBROWS



⑧ SMALL OVAL FOR MOUTH



⑨ ADD ACCESSORIES + HAIR SCRIBBLES



# annotated guide to the Van Nuys VFA / Mark's sick room





# our on cinema playlists

## LB

The Searchers - Popcorn Double Feature  
 Zip Code Revue - Doctors Are Spreading Disease  
 Amanda Lear - Hollywood Flashback  
 Van Dyke Parks - Palm Desert  
 Bobbie Gentry & Glen Campbell - Terrible Tangled Web  
 Merle Haggard - I'm Gonna Break Every Heart I Can  
 The Easy Goings - Life Is For the Living  
 R. Stevie Moore - Don't Let Me Go To the Dogs  
 The Beach Boys - 'Til I Die  
 Roxy Music - 2HB  
 Weyes Blood - Movies  
 Gary Lewis & the Playboys - Everybody Loves a Clown  
 Love - ¡Que Vida!



## Lonnie

Lee Hazlewood - The Performer  
 Zip Code Rapists - I Need Him  
 Bee Gees - I Started A Joke  
 Gene Pitney - Half the Laughter, Twice the Tears  
 Bonnie "Prince" Billy - You're Doomed  
 Nun-Plus - Los Angeles  
 Sue Thompson - Sad Movies (Make Me Cry)  
 Vic Chesnutt - Bakersfield  
 Martin & Lewis - What Would You Do Without Me?  
 J.J. Cale - Call the Doctor  
 Merle Haggard - It's All In the Movies  
 Baby Huey - Hard Times  
 Buck Owens - Act Naturally

SHIVAKI  
E-200

AMATO IS ALSO THE NAME OF A PRIVATE PRESS RECORD LABEL THAT PUT OUT THE NUN-PLUS ALBUM FROM 1970 - FEATURED ON THE ENTERTAINMENT SOUNDTRACK

VHS  
TM & © 1983

Want to try out Gregg's coding system at home? It's easy!  
 Just take:

1. The first letter of the movie
2. Your rating (on a scale of 1-5 bags of popcorn)
3. The decade that the film was released
4. The first letter of the director's last name
5. The two digit shelf number
6. The two digit tape number

Let's help Lonnie code some of his favorite tapes!



Movie: **Midnight Cowboy**  
 Rating: **6** bags of popcorn  
 and 1 ticket to Florida  
 Year: **1969**  
 Director: **John Schlesinger**  
 Shelf Number: "I personally only have **one** shelf"  
 Tape Number: **12**

# M66S0112



Movie: **Pinocchio's Revenge**  
 Rating: **5** bags of popcorn  
 and 1 keepsake knife  
 Year: **1996**  
 Director: **Kevin S. Tenney**  
 Shelf Number: "I kind of lied, all of my VHS tapes are on one shelf EXCEPT Pinocchio's Revenge which is on a **second** shelf"  
 Tape Number: **01**

# P59T0201

Pretty cool!

Editor's Note: Lonnie actually has **many** shelves. Remember: If you're helping a friend code, always double check on their shelving situation.

## a salute to our heroes:

Better Gutter Girl  
 Ayaka  
 Mary Ellen  
 Fake Dudley Moore  
 The Queen of Hearts  
 Sean Carrabba's



# OUR OFFICIAL RECOMMENDATIONS FOR FANS OF ON CINEMA

## THE BEACH BOYS

**The Beach Boys** are basically just real life On Cinema, except they're a real family and they made much better music than Dekkar does. But they've got it all: endless amounts of lore, feuds, legal battles over the rights to a lucrative shared collaborative project, a drunk abusive dad interrupting the project he was kicked out of to try to wrest control back for himself, a predatory quack doctor, drugs, paranoia, psychosis, complicated relationships with food, an infuriating conservative asshole who keeps winning because there is no justice in the world, detractors, devotees, and Decker guest star Al Jardine.

### WHERE TO START:

- The entire discography from the beginning. Get to work. Now!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- Brian Wilson Presents Smile (2004)
- The Help Me Rhonda Sessions
- Heroes and Villains by Steven Gaines
- Dennis Wilson – Pacific Ocean Blue (1977)
- Brian Wilson – Brian Wilson (1988)

## NICHOLS & MAY

**Mike Nichols and Elaine May**, iconic improvisational comedy duo of the late '50s, early '60s, used to perform a live sketch called "Pirandello" on-stage. The actors would begin by playing two children imitating their parents fighting. It would then become increasingly unclear where the line was between the actors playing the children playing the parents fighting, the actors playing the parents fighting, and the actors just... fighting. It's said the skit would get physical. Tears would be shed, sometimes even blood. By the end of it, Nichols and May would turn to the audience and shout "Pirandello!" to signal the end of the "act." It was an 18-minute meta-theatrical spectacle that was never recorded.

Tim Heidecker's comedy can feel Pirandello-ish at times – that uncomfortable blurring of lines between fiction and reality, the ongoing "bits" and characters and personas and fake beefs he often has with friends and costars. Watch any of the old interviews he and Eric Wareheim did for the Billion Dollar Movie press tour, or Tim and Eric Nite Live!

Nichols and May were pioneers of improv, but it was a style of improv where routines would get fine-tuned and perfected over endless rehearsals and performances, something that feels very much like what Tim and Gregg have been able to do over many years of embodying their own characters, rehashing and retreading the same handful of conflicts again and again, teasing ever more nuanced dynamics out of their increasingly complex relationship. May once spoke of the need to maintain a sort of ignorance to the minutiae of their work in order to protect the spontaneity required to make it work. Something Tim said during a rare behind-the-scenes video for the 5th Oscar Special reminds me a lot of that thinking: "There's no point in me having a plan for what I'm gonna say. It just has to come out of desperation."

Nichols and May were also making sad, uncomfortable comedy about the pains of everyday life and people and situations at a time when that was still pretty radical. This was the time of Milton Berle and I Love Lucy. May was once surprised to read a transcription of one of her performances and find not a single "joke." On Cinema has accomplished a similar feat – some of the best stuff they've ever done includes a nearly five-hour murder trial and a funeral memorial service. That's what makes their work so special. Sometimes comedy is something you have to wallow in. Or as May herself put it, "The nice thing is to make an audience laugh and laugh and laugh, and shudder later."

### WHERE TO START:

- The classic Mother and Son sketch.
- Nichols and May at Work, an outtakes track (some of our favorite On Cinema moments are when they break character and the same is true of these guys!!)
- Elaine May introducing the "Total Mediocrity Award" at the 11th Annual Emmy Awards in 1959.
- Mikey and Nicky – every film Elaine May ever made is a masterpiece, but it's hard to beat how evil and blackly comic this one is. Peter Falk and John Cassavetes star as two narcissistic mob losers whose rocky, codependent friendship may eventually spell doom for them both – sounds familiar.



# OUR OFFICIAL RECOMMENDATIONS FOR FANS OF ON CINEMA



The Man Can't Bust Our Music!

## GREGG TURKINGTON'S ENTIRE DISCOGRAPHY

The Easy Goings, Totem Pole of Losers, The Zip Code Rapists, The Three Doctors Band, The Golding Institute, Faxed Head, the entire Neil Hamburger canon, The Yellow River Boys — layered, often branching narrative universes full of tragicomic love and hate. Bands within bands, small-town absurdist horror, a live Neil Diamond cover with four guitarists, legal disputes, van tragedies (RIP the original Bon Larvis Band), piss-drinking, prank calling, Pennzoil-spitting, crowd-heckling, American fast food chains, lonely motels, broken dreams, pizza parlors, poolside chats, Kirkland trash bags, divorce, country winners, tax scam record labels. Death. Rebirth. The Bee Gees.

YOU WON'T BELIEVE

THE SOUND YOU HEAR! IT'S GREAT!!

## LOS ANGELES PLAYS ITSELF (2003)

Imagine a nearly 3 hour video essay of On Cinema: On Location clips done from a viewpoint that is diametrically opposed to Gregg's. Thom Andersen resents Hollywood, he resents shortening the name of the city to "LA," and he resents movies themselves. It's exquisitely researched, with clips from everything from L.A. Confidential to a gay porno called L.A. Plays Itself, and terrific commentary on the fraught relationship between the movies and the place where movies are made.

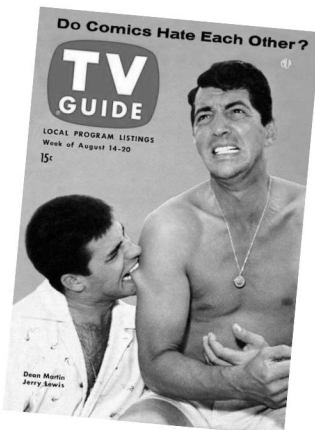
## MARION'S WISH

Take a deep breath in through your nose. Hold it. Exhale through your mouth. Imagine that the biggest problem today is the potent eroticism of actor and comedian Mark Proksch. Inhale. Now exhale. Now imagine scores of older male celebrities *dying* for a morsel of Mark Proksch. This utopian vision exists in the weekly newsletter Marion's Wish. A better world is possible.

## JERRY LEWIS AND DEAN MARTIN

No, not their actual comedy together, which was pretty bad (there are some TV sketches that are funny, but the movies are unwatchable — trust us, we're watching all of them!) Their history and entire dynamic was toxic and psycho. If you like the antics of a raging bundle of personality disorders like On Cinema Tim, just wait until you meet **Jerry Lewis**, the actual man. Not only were the MDA Telethons extremely Oscar Special-esque (call me Ayaka), but Jerry and Dino had a relationship that makes Tim and Gregg's look totally healthy. Their (often frighteningly) psychosexual comedic partnership lasted ten years before creative differences led to a nasty breakup, culminating in a final, emotional farewell show at the Copacabana.

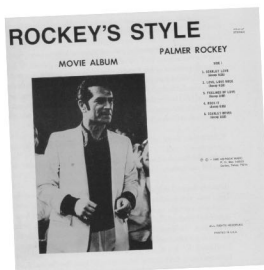
For a deep dive, check out **The King of Comedy by Shawn Levy** and **Dean and Me: A Love Story by Jerry Lewis**. For a superficial glance, idk, read Wikipedia or something. Find the shower pic. Fuck you. Do the deep dive.



## ZAC MASTER & TRUMP BY GRACE

There is a man who sucks in Arizona named **Brian R. McClain** who is the closest living thing we have found to a real life On Cinema Tim. He has a comic book and screenplay about a Christian rock star superhero named **Zac Master**, with a full album of late '80s glam metal by Zac Master to go with it. His Zac Master music also provides the soundtrack to his self-produced series about being a Christian Trump voter with terrible democrat daughters. **Trump By Grace** opens with him vaping at his wife's grave thinking about how much he hates his kids while his own band plays over it. The drone shots and interiors of his house look eerily like the footage of Tim's Lake Havasu life shown in Oscar Special 13. It is hilarious. Also: he sucks.

# THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF PALMER ROCKEY



**Palmer Rockey** was a conman from Seattle who loved movies, the Bible, and stealing money from women. He used black pomade to give the illusion of having more hair than he actually did. He called himself The Rock. When he met his future wife Cookie in 1966, he was 25 years her senior and already owed money left and right, but he managed to charm his young bride into abandoning her family and future and committing fully to his God-given mission: to write, direct, produce, and star in the greatest movie ever made. He was not successful.

The On Cinema parallels are numerous. Over their eight-year marriage, Rockey racked up \$10,000 in credit card debt on Cookie's accounts. He moved them back and forth between Dallas and Los Angeles whenever he learned about a new rich guy from reading library books about rich guys, hoping he'd be able to convince one to fund his film. Nobody ever wanted to. It's no surprise — Rockey was not a good guy! He was shady, temperamental, and paranoid. He loved his beat up '54 Chevy more than his wife. When his divorce lawyer dropped him after finding out all of Rockey's money belonged to his ex, Rockey became his own lawyer. He not only completed several cuts and recuts of his movie (alternatively titled *Scarlet Love*, *It Happened One Weekend*, *It Happened On Sunday*, and *Scarlet Warning 666*), but also Rockey's *Style*, a "movie album" of self-produced scuzzy lounge tracks to score his unreleased masterpiece. The only people in attendance at an eventual 1980 screening were his then ex-wife Cookie and her work friends — they laughed the whole way through. Other Rockey endeavors over the years included a brief stint in England trying to write scripts for Boris Karloff (or so he claims) and bizarre food concepts like a restaurant that would serve only chicken, including one dish called "Rockey's Chicken." No one claimed his body when he died.

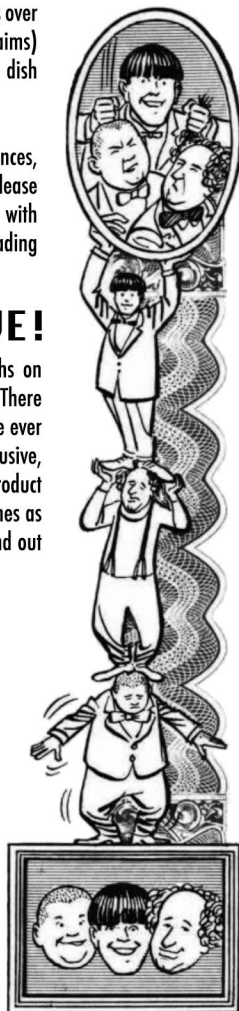
Cookie Ann Rockey wrote a short and good-humored tell-all about her (truly awful) experiences, called **The Rock: The Life and Crimes of Palmer Rockey**. The first-ever release of **Scarlet Warning 666** is out now through Grindhouse Releasing, in partnership with Cookie herself. There's nothing in the world like it. (Fun Fact: This very zine copy you're reading right now may have been folded and stapled while we watched it!)

## TIM AND ERIC NITE LIVE!

**Tim and Eric Nite Live!** was a short-lived webseries that ran for a few months on SuperDeluxe, during the same period season 2 of *Awesome Show* was airing on Adult Swim. There were only 12 episodes, but we think it's some of the best looking and funniest stuff they've ever produced. Like *Awesome Show*, it's also got a ton of On Cinema DNA in it — Tim's abusive, temperamental host character, wonky live editing, fake celebrity guests, cynical product placement, the ever-present cast of side characters sitting in bemused silence on the sidelines as segments flop and petty conflicts escalate. It's a shame there wasn't more (will we ever find out who dunnit???) but it's great seeing Tim and Gregg building on these ideas in *On Cinema*.

## ... AND MORE!

The Three Stooges, The Marx Brothers, *The Pervet's Guide to Cinema* (2006), Harold Pinter plays, *The Zoo Story* (1953) by Edward Albee, the episode of *The Dick Cavett Show* where John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara torment Dick Cavett, the audio misadventures of Peter and Raymond, *Marion's Wish* (yes, again — go subscribe NOW!), *Withnail and I* (1987) dir. Bruce Robinson, the Italian hell-themed disco variety show *Stryx* that was only on TV for a month before it got canceled, Neil Hamburger (duh!), Tim and Eric (duh!), John Waters movies, the Kuchar Brothers, Fyodor Dostoevsky (we love you, *Underground Man*), Jan Terri, Flipper, *Dengue Fever*, *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story* (1987) dir. Todd Haynes, Rick Alverson's films *The Comedy* (2012) and *Entertainment* (2015), *Tiny Tim*, the Frankfurt School, the Huell Howser episode in *Newberry Springs*, Connor O'Malley's *The Mask* (2023), *Krazy Kat*, *Who Cares Anyway* (2024) by Will York, *Negativland*, Georges Bataille, *Cinemanía* (2002), *Public Access Hollywood* (2004), the *Special London Bridge Special* (1972) featuring Tom Jones and the Carpenters.





eBay · 39m  
OUT FOR DELIVERY: Tim Heidecker ...



Gregg: Yay!!!!

- Lonnie** 3/28/26, 4:30 PM  
one salad after another
- LB** 3/24/26, 10:32 AM  
one salad after another...
- Lonnie** 3/24/26, 10:32 AM  
One salad after another
- Lonnie** 3/19/26, 8:15 PM  
one salad after another...
- LB** 3/19/26, 8:15 PM  
one salad after another



10 Hours Mobile VFA Carbon Monoxide Wedding | Relaxing Car Ambience For Sleep, Stress Relief, Insomnia, Meditation  
Calming Relaxation Sounds @ 12.8M subscribers

White boys changing the game



Mark: Everything is piss and sex with the people you know!

RESUME WHERE YOU LEFT OFF



10th Annual On Cinema Oscar Special  
Air Date: 03/12/2023

GREGG'S COMMENTS

"An unforgettable tale of laughs



Lonnie is a Bay Area native now residing in Seattle who loves '60s/'70s country music and the Three Stooges.

Cast

MOST WATCHED   HIGHEST RATED

 Moe Howard 99 films	 Larry Fine 99 films
 Curly Howard 97 films	 Tim Heidecker 31 films

THE 2025 NUCLEAR FAMILY

 NEURODIVERGENT DAD	 MALE MOM
 BOY DAUGHTER	 WOKE DOGS

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING

I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME

SPECIAL I BRIDGE S (A MUSICAL)

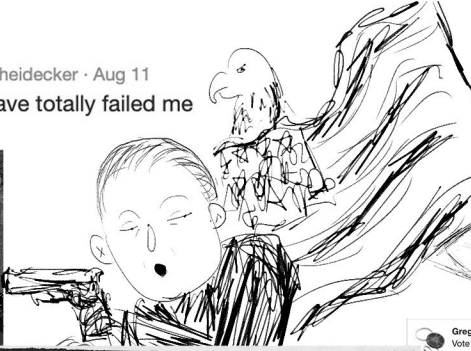
Starring: Tom Jones / Special Guest Star: Tim Heidecker



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Aug 31  
Please help me vaules.com



Tim Heidecker @timheidecker · Aug 11  
 Values.com you have totally failed me



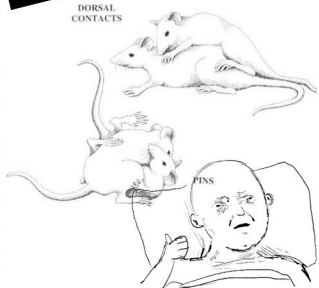
Gregg Turkington @greggturkington  
 Vote YES on the Movies!!! #ipopcom  
 Nov 6

**LB is a lifelong  
 Southern Californian  
 who loves the Beach Boys  
 and the Marx Brothers.**

**MOVIE HOSUE  
 MOVIE HOUSE  
 KILL THSI MAN**



Tim Heidecker™ Official  
 @timheidecker  
 @greggturkington meet me at @Carrabbas  
 NOW.



**I WAS SITTING IN A CRUMMY MOVIE  
 WITH MY HANDS ON MY CHIN  
 ALL THE VIOLENCE THAT OCCURS  
 SEEMS LIKE WE NEVER WIN**



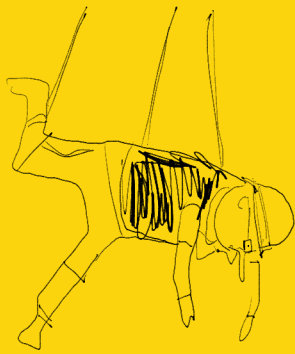
Lonnie  
 Lonnie: Видео ASA Oh, God! (...)



LONNIE WALLET ID: E707343F96BBB3E2DE64F2B0BDA17C75

LB WALLET ID: 06185CBA61B016C663FC89BD75BAE455A





# IN THIS ISSUE:

FASHION

A WORKING\* SUN DIAL  
music reviews

**RATS! RATS! RATS!**

on cinema map

(California only)

FUNNY PICTURES OBITUARIES



incomplete list of popcorn classics

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER:

**ALL OF TIM'S AILMENTS COMPILED  
IN ONE PLACE!!!!**

Tasteful Graphic Design

*"how to draw marc proksch in 9 easy steps"*

**LOST TWEETS BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED TO THEIR FORMER GLORY**

32\* small  
drawings  
of mark  
proksch!

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER:  
**EVERYONE ELSE'S AILMENTS  
COMPILED IN ONE PLACE!!!!**

A FULL VIDEO PRESENTED IN PRINT

cool recommendations

THOUGHTFUL ESSAYS

## MORE RATS

m a n y o t h e r w o n d e r f u l t r e a t s