

ISSUE # 7

ONLY \$1.00

in this issue: R. CRUMB, JOHN WATERS, JELLO BIAFRA, NORMAN DOG

100% Satisfac-  
YES IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE  
ART AND MUSIC WEIRD-ZINE !!

BUY THIS ZINE  
OR I'LL SHOOT  
MY HEAD!!!  
HELL  
DO IT!

MOMS  
LIKE IT  
TOO!!

TW

WISTED

Nutcracker Jodie

IMAGE

Why Me?



ON THE GOV-  
ER LUTZ YOU  
WO'NT BE ABLE TO  
SELL IT ANY-  
WHERE!  
Y3  
Fuck  
PULSE-  
POUNDING

I CERTAINLY  
DON'T CONDONE  
THIS SORT OF  
TOMFOOLERY !!



WE'RE BACK!! and  
you thought it couldn't be done  
A widening dragnet surrounds  
the radical underground

I'M LOOKING FOR  
A MAN WITH LARGE  
GENITALS AND A  
BEEFY TORSO...  
KA-BEESH?

ALL THOSE IN  
FAVOR OF SHITTING  
IN THE WOODS  
SAY "OI" !!



They Always Get Their Man

# ODDITORIAL

## Berkeley underground abuzz

Hey we're back and I'm Backwards. Yes it's been 2 and a half years since we last published. We were going great until the entire staff mysteriously went insane in the midst of working on our special "Heroin and Bowling" issue of TWISTED IMAGE. But we've recovered and we're back stronger than ever, on the prowl for new and interesting ways to waste our time.

Art and music. That's what I'm interested in, from my own peculiar slant from the twisted underground. We got weird rumblings herein from all over the globe. We got The Pig checking in from Canada with a review of 60s punk. We got that madman Stevenson from Boston (or should I say "Bah-ston"?) with excerpts from his i.v. with mondo-trascho film maker John Waters. We got Mary Mayhem, back from the dead after our "Gore and Violence" issue. We got words of wisdom from R. Crumb, and Jello Biafra, too.

Yea, it's been 2 and a half years, and we've all been slapped up against the wall a few times. But this world ain't done with us yet. I want to take advantage of this brief period of sanity and get my 2 cents in before I slip back into the stage of terminal psychosis from which I slithered. In the meantime we plan on cranking this fucker out as often as we can, so any assistance from YOU (and you too) is GREATLY APPRECIATED!!!! Write us today or give a call at (415) 548-8844 .... SEND ARTWORK! SEND MONEY! SEND LETTERS! SEND YOUR MOST BIZARRE CRACKPOT IDEAS! You've got nothing to lose except your mind.... And thats no great loss anyway.

ACE BACKWORDS  
Odditor-Publisher

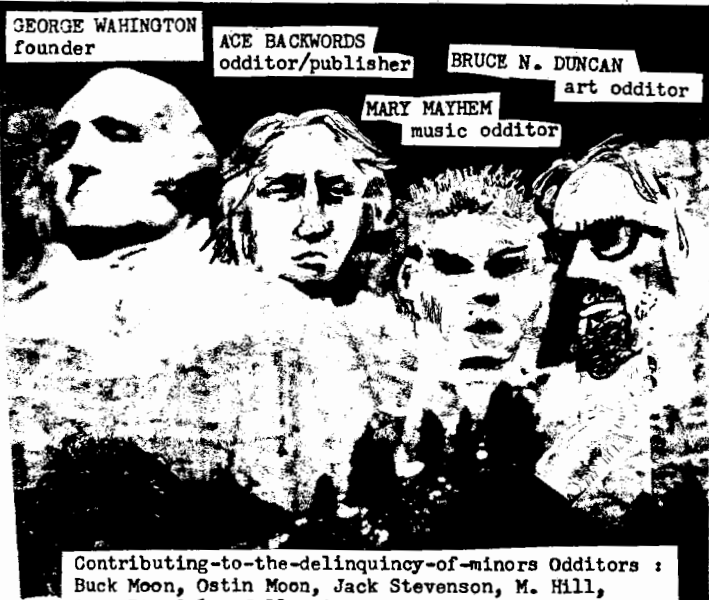
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art odditor

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music odditor



Contributing-to-the-delinquency-of-minors Odditors :  
Buck Moon, Ostin Moon, Jack Stevenson, M. Hill,  
Gary Pig Gold, Jello Biafra, Norman Dog, R. Crumb,  
J.P. Morgan, Dennis Worden, and hey who the fuck  
could forget John Crawford.

TWISTED IMAGE © 1986 by Ace Backwards.

with skuzzy sounds



YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL, INNOCENT...  
SHE WAS FORCED TO DO WHATEVER SHAMEFUL  
THINGS THEY DEMANDED!  
SHE WAS IN THE CLUTCHES OF...



THE PLAYBOY  
Constantly seeking  
new thrills  
and new girls  
THE SADIST  
The more pain he  
could inflict...  
the better

DIRECT FROM SWEDEN  
THIS FILM IS BANNED IN 27 COUNTRIES  
NOW YOU CAN SEE IT  
WITHOUT A SINGLE CUT!

# HOWARD!

IN BLAZING COLOR

Ace,  
 Yea, I did see you and Biafra's tete-a-tete. Funny thing there was Jell on the one hand citing the love and sharing message in one of his cement-head lyrics while on the other vowing that from now on he's looking out for #1. As for your point, its all a well known fact its just an attempt by you to undo the horrible crimes committed with TWISTED IMAGE. Keep washing those blood stained hands. You are a true tragic figure, a harmed man wandering lost in the wilderness, crippled by the follies of youth. Ya cudda been a contendah.

Working/married life keeps me regular, no thrills but no spills either. I just got a raise for selling 20 thousand dollars worth of punk rock junk a week. Its the thought of all the young lives I'm wrecking that keeps me going on.

Bullshit, lies and self-interest is what keeps America strong, the heart of civilization was built on the dollars made by selling dreams to fools. And don't you forget it.

Love is the drug I've been dreaming of,  
 John Crawford

Dearest Ace,

By the way, my corporation "Free Blow Jobs on Demand Inc." never really existed. However, my new concept, "Free Dates For Expensive Dinners & Lavish Theatre Productions That Will Cost You No Less Than \$300-\$400 Nightly" is doing rather well.

When am I getting a T.I.? Need I ask again, sir? "I love that magazine! (emotional expression comes on face, wringes hands) I feel as if its a part of me, like my liver!! To have it gone is like living without a liver."

Please send T.I.#7 to me soon, if you get it here extra quick I will mail you a free blow job.

Love and kisses,  
 Cheryl

P.S. Enclosed are your prophylactics. I can't use them till I'm 18. Sorry ther they're not lubricated.

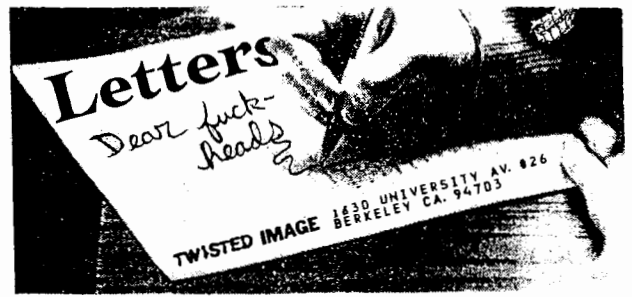
dear mr. backasswards,  
 YES! I suffer from chronic boredom!  
 YES! I am seeking meaning in my life!  
 YES! I do have a small penis!  
 save me from my own asshole!  
 send me more info or give me food!  
 i will eat no shit before its time  
 chain link toilets  
 nautious faggots urinate in unison  
 gasp! @##

yr's severely,  
 burl gilyard

## Nuts from Underground

It's easy to write the whole thing off as funky Californianism, but *TI*'s brand of breezy, unshod pictorialism complements its skewed view of life in general and professionalism in particular. Don't be *too* slick, it says, it ain't human. A message for the '80's, indeed.

from a review in *SCREW* porno-zine.



Twisted Image:

Right now I'm listening to a Joy Division record and wondering how to tell you guys that you've got bad taste. Now don't get me wrong; I like your magazine as a mental alternative to the insipid mindfuck tripe we get shoved at us every day.

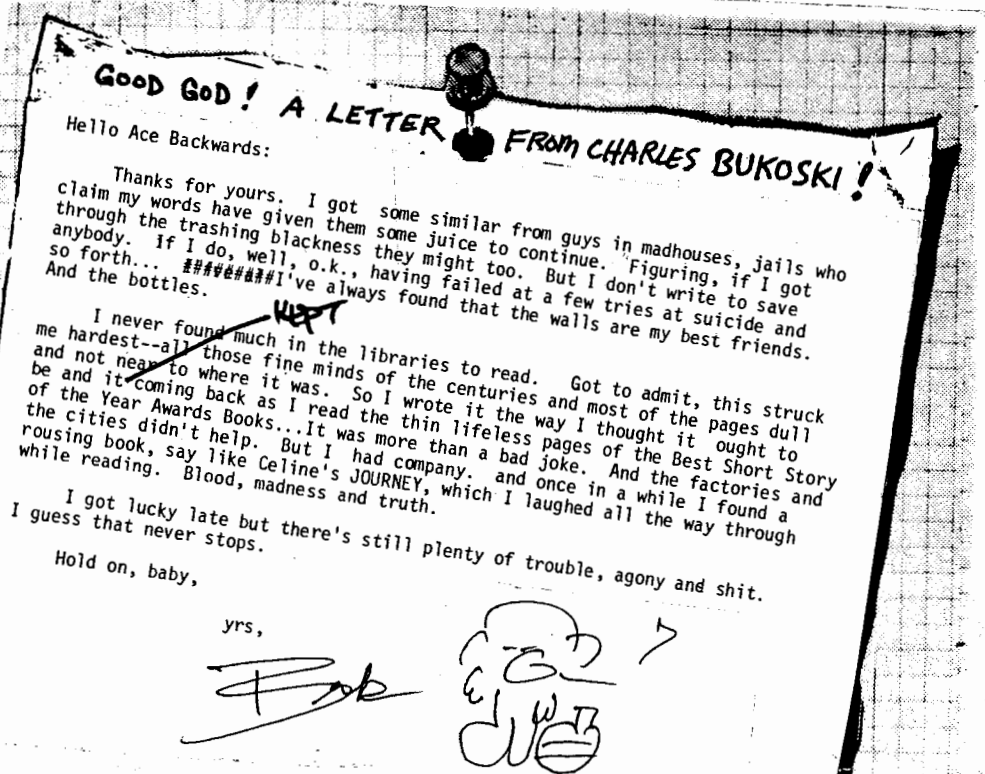
So, why the fuck should you care if I think you have no taste? Because unfortunately you are using the same ploy that all big media establishments, who you supposedly catagorically oppose, use. You've got the same attitudes that bring thousands of guys to Kiss or Van Halen concerts. And its called by a very familiar term to those of us steeped in this society's media: S-e-x-i-s-m. You don't see it in women's magazines. You don't see it in ads for pantyhose or diet foods. It's only used where men are the primary market for the product--so we get "Two Fingers" Tequilla and "Lick my Love Pump" heavy metal bands.

So you punks (no insult) at Twisted Image, I assume, have decided that the audience for your magazine is all male; so why not throw a couple sleazoid sexist comics in at the back of each issue? Just to divert the guy's minds a bit; make 'em laugh at the terminally dumb girl with the big tits. She's really dense, and sort of blond, and she lies around and thinks about sex... Hmmm, this is beginning to sound familiar. And you say, yeah, it's tasteless, not even accurate, but it sells, right? Right there, it seems, your philosophy of 'alternative' media flies right out the window. I read the whole of your magazine, and then at the back it's the same old mammary-oriented shit.

Sid Vicious had his own problems relating to women, but I listen to his music with none of the irritation I feel in looking at the back of your issues. So think about doing something to change this nihilistic feeling I'm inspired with, so it can be directed, along with your own, out towards society's pig-headedness--and not towards your paper.

Ann Crafft

(Sorry Ann, I promise not to make fun of the cunts anymore. Ed.)





# JOHN WATERS

## INTERVIEW

by JACK STEVENSON

JOHN WATERS is one of America's most beloved film makers, famed for his films featuring 300-lb. transvestites performing unusual acts with animals.

Some people would say your best movies were your cheapest and with the move to legitimate budget 35 mm (Polyester) you've lost that certain magic. Any comment?

Reverse snobbism. Even in the most peculiar moments my films were oddly commercial — even eating shit. The cheapest movies I tried to make look as professional as "Polyester", I just didn't have the money.

Do you believe with more money you can make a better movie, or can technical limitations themselves provide certain effects or feels, and to what extent can you control that?

The more money you have the harder it is because you're dealing with more people, crews, and have more on your shoulders. Money does not equate quality, certainly, but it enables you to try more. Technical limitations can force you to be more original in your script.

You admire some directors who shoot in black-and-white; David Lynch for example. Would you ever consider shooting in black-and-white?

I made some movies ("Mondo Trasho" and "Multiple Maniacs") in black-and-white, solely for budgetary reasons. I don't mind black-and-white, but wouldn't do a film in black-and-white and add another commercial problem to my films. Black-and-white in 1981 is almost pretentious if you can afford color. I thought "Eraserhead" (by Lynch) the most original film of the 70's. I thought "Elephant Man" looked great but wasn't wild about the liberal script that turned me into a reactionary who almost thought "the ugly fucker got what he deserved".

You said in your book Shock Value that you were once appalled by the earthiness of San Francisco. Has your opinion of the city changed?

San Francisco is aptly called the Kook Capital of the world, and I like it for that reason. However, the earthshoe/ashram/health food people I consider my enemies. It's a great movie town.



Does pornography (films) have any redeeming value? You've said you would never consider shooting hardcore pornography, but don't you think it has some subversive value, or the potential for such? Some of the best B-film directors got their start in pornography, while Russ Meyer admits he's a pornographer, a "class one".

Porno, as an aid to masturbation, is redeeming I suppose. Hardcore is not that subversive, once you've seen it for the first time. I don't think of Russ Meyer as a pornographer at all. He has way too much style to be just that. "Rocky" was porno to me.

While your films are largely attended by gay audiences, you don't seem to champion homosexuality, but treat all sexual orientations with the same twisted sensationalism and blistering disrespect. Any comment here?

I don't think any sexual preference is better or worse than any other. Since sex is so important in everyone's lives, I naturally like to slam it. Surprisingly, I do believe in love. Kissing is more rewarding than cumming.

You've been to some of the most sensational trials of our day; what are the main ingredients for a media circus?

(1) Murder (2) Good looking killer (3) Unrepentance (4) Lying (5) Defiance (6) Guilt (7) Press (8) Gore

What do you think of all the "splatter technology" that's been coming out in these recent gore films like "Terminator" and "Nightmare On Elm Street"?

I loved "Terminator" -- I thought it was one of the best exploitation films of the year ... I think I preferred it in the old days when it was really badly done. A perfect example is the movie "The Thing", the new version of it. I mean you probably couldn't get better splatter and more "state-of-the-art" splatter than that but once it's done with so much money it loses some of the punch it had in the beginning. I don't know if gore has that much "punch" anymore.

Right, like "Night of the Living Dead" is an example of very crude ...

Yeah, but that was certainly scarier than any of those (recent) movies ... I think the low-budget aspect almost makes it scarier because it's like a documentary or something, it looks like.

Did you see any of the other Christmas blockbusters?

Like which ones?

... actually I don't remember any of 'em.

I don't remember them either.

Well, there were probably a bunch of break dancing movies, what do you think about --

-- No, I H A T E break dancing, I never see break dancing movies.

So there are movies you won't go to?

Oh, there's a lot of movies I won't go to ... you know, I don't go to see completely everything, I don't go to see ... (sneering, disdainful tone) "Micki and Maude" ... there are some I just DON'T go to.

Harkening back to William Castle - one of your favorites - given an unlimited budget and immunity from prosecution, what would be the ultimate theater gimmick?

Well, I think the ultimate theatre gimmick has already been done by that guy who did "Mom and Dad" when he put nauseous gas in the vents of the theatre so that people would pass out so he could get photos in the papers the next day of ambulances taking away "shocked" movie patrons ... I don't think you could do any better than that ... and they "four-walled" the theaters in these places, so they didn't have to wait to get paid.

Did you ever see "Cafe Flesh"?

Yes.

Do you think that's the future of porno? It seemed to be a unique type of porno film.

No, I don't think so. The people that liked "Cafe Flesh" ... the porno business is for people that go once a week to those films, you know what I mean? It's not a hip audience -- it's the opposite of a hip audience, real porno fans. Porno is made, not for someone who sees one porno film in their life, it's made for the people who go once a week, it's a habit, it's how they have sex. Those people, you know they probably don't have sex, except for that. So, I think it was too "hip" for the raincoat brigade -- you know what I mean? I think the future of porno is certainly just video -- that's the whole reason people buy VCRs, is so they can jerk off and not have to do it in public.

What did you think about the prematurely aborted Kathy Boudin Weathermen trial last year? Was that a disappointment?

I read the book on her ... well what else was she going to do besides what she did? I think that all those 60's radicals - the Weathermen and all - I'm still interested in them but they are really "humor impaired" people ... so, the trials are only just so interesting when they will only do political (unintelligible).

So you'd rather go to another "MOVE" trial, if we're talking politics?

Yeah, if we're talking politics, I'd rather not have it quite so stale ... something new ... even though the people I hate more than any people are the ones that bomb abortion clinics and stuff -- they interest me more because as that one girl said, "It was a Christmas present to Jesus".

Would you say your living habits have definitely mellowed since the days when you had greasy long hair, shoplifted and lived in your car?

"Mellowed" is not a word I would certainly use.

This interview is excerpted from PANDEMONIUM, a great mag featuring Waters, Charles Bukoski, William Burroughs, Al Goldstein, and Charles Manson. You can order your copy for \$7 from: JACK STEVENSON, P.O.Box 483, Elmira, NEW YORK, 11902-0483.



# PIGSHIT

By Gary Pig Gold

Most readers will, I hope, realize that it's almost been a WHOLE DECADE since those zany Sex Pistols debuted on Banned Records lists the world over with their anti-classic "Anarchy in the UK." Those who may remain unaware of this joyous anniversary will no doubt soon have it brought to their attention, like it or not, in a Malcolm McLaren/Virgin Records media blitz of ultra-"Bollocks" porportions...just in time for the Xmas buying rush. The trend-meisters who've already managed to lucratively revive rockabilly, glitter-rock, folk-rock and psychedelia via the nation's fashion depots and MTV screens will any week now undoubtedly begin to push 1986-vintage torn'n'scorched (I Hate) Pink Floyd T-shirts and E-2-Punkture 14-K Nose Pins onto the gullible masses. Yes, I can see it now: amidst a Madison Avenue-sponsored wave of genuine punk-stalgia, Joe Strummer and Mick Jones will tearfully reunite for Farm Aid III, Tim Yohannon will run for office and/or hit the university lecture circuit, and The Ramones will hawk their long-overdue Golden Hits treasury on late-night cable teevee ("With concert highlights available in VHS or Beta for only \$19.95!").

Now, I'm all for lining one's pockets with the ill-gotten cash of those less with-it, but as Greg Shaw would be the first to tell you, the phenomenon known as p-u-n-k-r-o-c-k had its origins LONG before the Summer of Hate. The late and very great Lester "Who-givesafuck" Bangs theorizes (most convincingly, I must add) that what is today called Hardcore first crept out of the basements of the industrial midwest circa 1966 courtesy of The Music Machine, Count Five, Shadows of Knight and countless other suburban garage-rockers. Believe it or not, there are even those who claim to trace punk's origins as far back as the pre-Elvis and Brando era of Krupa and Capone. But insofar as THIS Pig is concerned, Punk isn't so much a handily-datable style of music or headwear as it is a State of Mind. I refer any doubters amongst you to the letters pages of ANY Flipside magazine.

Nevertheless, I feel it high time to provide the humble yet confused consumer with the DEFINITIVE shopping guide to pre-Pistols punk-rock, without whose contents no self-respecting record collection can be considered complete. (NB: I take it you all own already, or at least plan on grabbing someday, at least one disc apiece by those so-called Godfather Of Punk combos THE VELVET UNDERGROUND [personally, I can only stand their "Loaded" LP], NEW YORK DOLLS, and IGGY & THE STOOGES.) In no particular order, then, I urge your ears onto...

"JERRY LEE LEWIS LIVE AT THE STAR CLUB, HAMBURG, WITH THE NASHVILLE TEENS" (1964)—Forget all this hype about the Little Richard resurrection or James Brown's "Live At The Apollo, Vol. 1" album... THIS is the raunchiest live show EVER trapped on vinyl. Makes The Germs' Whisky recordings sound like the childish pebbles'n'bam-bamming they really are. (P.S.: Jerry Lee was sordidly disposing of wives and girlfriends way back when Sid and Nancy were but a gleam in their social workers' eyes—and, come to think of it...HE STILL IS!)

"GOT LIVE IF YOU WANT IT!" by THE ROLLING STONES (1966)—In retrospect, just about the last worthwhile gasp from this most over-rated of British rhythm'n'booze bands...but WHAT a great vinyl

epitaph it is! The mix is absurdly cockeyed (almost as snoddy a production job as DIRTY WORK!), yet beneath all the crowd noise—not to mention Mick's as-idiotic-as-always caterwauling—lies some truly horrific musicianship (i.e., the opening "chord" of "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow"). Yes, Steve Jones and D. Boon were teething on this platter.

"GOLDEN FILTH" by THE FUGS (1970)—Yet another live recording, this one by that crack comedy team of (Ed) Sanders and (Tuli) Kupferberg, whose NYC Fugs were playing Black Flag to Frank Zappa & The Mothers of Invention's Dead Kennedys all through those ring-a-ding late Sixties. Take note how Ed can simultaneously spout streams of obscenities and William Blake poetry without ONCE degenerating into a pretentious Stevie-Nicks-in-soiled-panties abomination a la Patti Smith (and while you're at it, pick up The Fugs' new gala reunion album "No More Slavery"!).

"HE HIT ME (AND IT FELT LIKE A KISS)" by THE CRYSTALS (1962)—After a quarter of a century, the jury's STILL out on whether Phil Spector was the greatest record producer ever to walk God's green earth or simply a sleazy manic-depressive out to make a quick buck. Just listen to what he did to The Ramones' "End Of The Century" album! Yet there's no denying there would be NO Lydia Lunch, Joan Jett, or maybe even Nina Hagen without records like this one. PLUS this particular Spector song was banned from the international airwaves, just for good measure.

"ALL NIGHT LONG" by THE DAVE CLARK FIVE (1966)—Because (or perhaps IN SPITE) of the current Sixties infatuation, previously pooh-pooed groups such as The Monkees and DC5 are now finally being heralded as the visionary geniuses they were all along. Dave Clark and his quintet of squeaky clean jock-rockers had their share of wimpy clunkers (then again, so have The Beatles and Husker Du!), but "All Night Long" is as fierce a 3:11 slab of thrashing slash (or, if you prefer, slashing thrash) today as it was twenty years ago. Imagine: a golden oldie you can stam-dance to (and the A-side, "Try Too Hard," is nothing to be sneezed at either)!

"LOUIE GO HOME" by PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS (1964) (WARNING: the 45-rpm version, NOT the vastly inferior re-make off their Greatest Hits LP)—The Raiders, besides being the closest America ever came to equalling the big audio dynamite of the abovementioned DC5, were undisputed Kings of the super-cool Pacific Northwest scene from which burst such proto-punks as The Sonics, Waiters and Kingsmen. EVERY band worth its black turtle-necks and white Vox guitars in Oregon and Washington performed, recorded, and tried to claim ownership of that primeval punk anthem "Louie Louie," but only PR&TRs had the unmitigated audacity to milk the riff into this sequel song...which in turn was stolen by The Who and recorded as "LUBIE Come Back Home." Before becoming mere pawns in Dick Clark's hands, the Raiders waxed dozens of tunes well worth searching-and-destroying for, but THIS one remains my fave. (Also highly recommended: Side One of their "Here They Come!" LP, recorded live in concert by none other than semi-Beach Boy Bruce Johnston.)

"SURFIN AND A-SWINGIN" by DICK DALE (1963)—BEFORE Doggie Style... BEFORE Darby Crash... EVEN BEFORE THE DICKIES, the man who was the first to have his concerts busted for excessive volume, public drunkenness, unauthorized assembly and all 'round disorderly conduct by the LAPD was Dick Dale, "King Of The Surf Guitar." His approach to playing was so vicious the folks at Fender spent thousands in vain attempting to construct an amplifier sturdy enough to survive one of his sets intact. Unfortunately, this very rare 45 (from the score of that cinematic milestone "Beach Party") is the lone example of his in-concert intensity to be properly captured on record. No sweat, though: next time any of you rad dudes are in Orange County, CA, you can STILL occasionally catch Dick and his Del-Tones live on stage, where he belongs...in between his divorce, bankruptcy and sexual assault hearings, that is.

## REAL FAKE ADVENTURES

by M. Hill — © 1986



# WRECKKORD REVIEWS

by Mary Mayhem

**Campbells**

Worms in the Pork SOUP

STE SHE'S

SOUP IS GOOD FOOD

Faith No More / We Care A Lot

Mordam Records POB 988  
SAN FRANCISCO Ca 94101

Really like this one alot although the vocals takes some getting use to: THE JUNGLE IS REMINISCENT OF BOW WOW WOW - I don't know if that's good or not & the cynical WE CARE ALOT is totally cool. I care about the same things they do, yea you bet we care alot...

LOOK I HATE TO DO IT, BUT WE CAN'T LET THIS POLOK DYKE GIZ GET OUT!

MEANWHILE ALICE LISTED FOR ROMANCE ADVENTURE... THE SWEET SOUND OF VIOLINS...

DISTINCTION OF BEING KNOWN IN HER YEARBOOK AS "THE GAL WITH THE APPLE CHEEKS!"

**Morning Sickness For Spuds!**

BIOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS SURVIVORS

HOSE ME DOWN

LOVE

**Metallica / Master of Puppets**

Talk about a disappointment. This... oh why bother...

ALICE SOON MET BONNIE AN UCK, A LAY YOUNG COUPLE FROM CANADA WHO LED HER THROUGH THE REALMS OF EROS...

WHY DIDN'T SHE TAKE UP KNITTING? THAT'S WHAT I DO WHEN JIM WON'T FUCK ME

**RUN DMC / RAISING HELL**

HEY yo! Homeboy! I say these ruggahs be jammin cool! They do a dynamite cover of Aerosmiths WALK THIS WAY of some real funny tunes here got you BE ILLIN & MY PIED PIPER too - fairy tales & MY ADIDAS rap bro's be on my record. These out soon - Roaski R - coming!

WANNA BE A HOMEBOY TOO BIT

ALICE WENT TO RIDICULOUS EXTREMES TO GET SOME SELF ESTEEM. HERE SHE PROUDLY DISPLAYS HER PRIZEWINNING CHICKEN

YOU KNOW

WHITEN UP WOMAN!

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN GOD WE TRUST

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**Jesus said**

"Only God can enlarge your penis!"

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# ROCK PREDICTIONS FOR 1985

by Ace Backwards - © 12-1984

**ROD STEWART WILL GO THE ENTIRE YEAR WITHOUT GETTING LAID!**

BEAT IT, CREEP!  
SHEESH! SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK!  
GET LOST!

**DAGWOOD WILL QUIT HIS JOB WORKING FOR MR. DITHERS, TO FRONT A NEW WAVE BAND, SPARKING THE HAIR-STYLE CRAZE OF THE YEAR!**

DO THE BUMSTEAD, BABY!

**AND IN A SURPRISE MOVE, JOHNNY ROTTEN WILL DISBAND P.I.L. TO BECOME AN ELVIS PRESLEY IMPERSONATOR.**

HUNKA! HUNKA! BURNING LO-O-OVE.  
I MEAN IT, MAN!

# WHATEVER-I-FEEL-LIKE COMIX

by Ace Backwards - © 12-1984

**'ELLO, YOKO?. GUESS WHO? YEA, ITS ME... YEA, YEA, ITS VERY NICE UP HERE! ITS VERY CLEAN AND THE RENT IS REASONABLE... YEA, ELVIS IS UP HERE TOO, BUT HE'S STILL PISSED AT ME! HE JUST SITS AROUND WITH J. EDGAR, GRUMBLING ABOUT "DAMN HIPPIES" MESSING UP HIS HAIR STYLE! IMAGINE THAT.**

**NAH... I DON'T NEED ANYTHING... THEY GOT JUST 'BOUT EVERYTHING UP HERE! EXCEPT STONES RECORDS! KIND OF RUBS THE BOSS THE WRONG WAY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN... DON'T TELL MICK THAT. HA! HA! YOKO, I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH! I MISS YOU, YOKO! I...uh... I... uh...**

**POOF!**

# TEEN ACTION COMIX

by Ace Backwards - © 12-1984

**WUDDA YA' WANNA DO? I DUNNO. WUDDA YA' WANNA DO? I DUNNO.**

**WANNA SQUAT IN AN ABANDONED OLD BUILDING? YEA LETS SQUAT IN AN ABANDONED OLD BUILDING. YEA. LETS.**

**ANY GOOD SHOWS COMING UP? NOPE. NO GOOD SHOWS COMING UP. NOTHIN' ALMOST MAKES ME WISH I WAS YOUNG AGAIN!**

# Whatever-I-Feel-Like Comix

by Ace Backwards - © 12-1984 -

**HELLO. TONIGHT OUR GUEST IS WORLD-FAMOUS UNDERGROUND CARTOON STAR - BABOON DOOLEY! GOOD EVENING, MR. DOOLEY.**

uh... Where's the bathroom?

**GEE BABS, HOW DOES IT FEEL, IN STRIP AFTER STRIP, TO BE ABUSED, HUMILIATED, CRUSHED, STABBED, SHOT, DEGRADED... TO BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE UNDERGROUND?**

Well gee... I...uh...

**COULD IT BE THAT YOU'RE A WHIPPING BOY FOR YOUR CREATOR'S SADISTIC URGES??**

It's possible. Look out Baboon!

uh oh!



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SOLID ACTION LOVE PARTNER



CAN I BE YOUR PLAYMATE?

BACKWORDS LOGIC - by Ace Backwords ©15

LITTLE-KNOWN ROCK FACTS:  
NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!  
**THE FIFTH BEATLE !!**



JOHN, GEORGE, PAUL, RINGO AND FRED MERTZ !!

J.P. MORGAN ...

RAMBO: THE FINAL CHAPTER

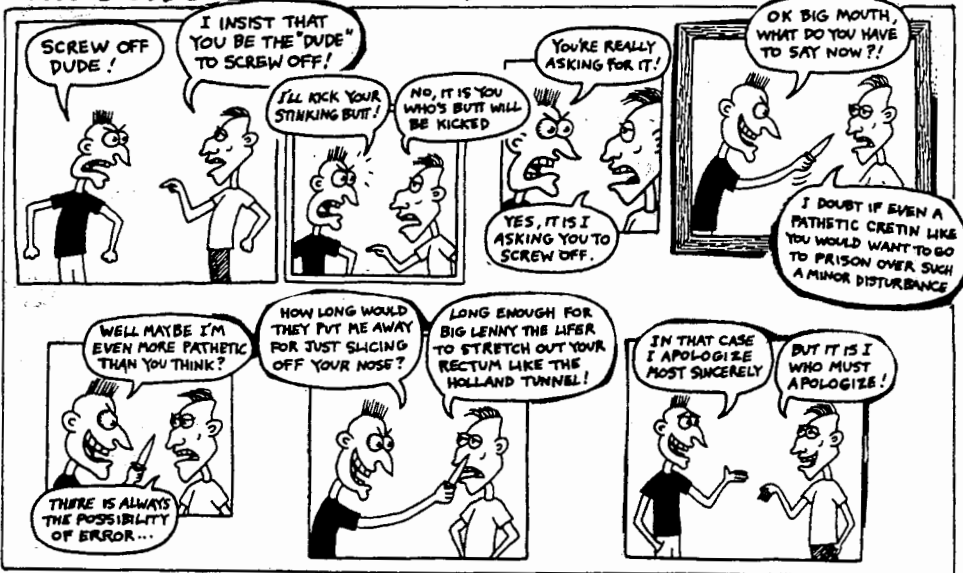


J. P. MORGAN



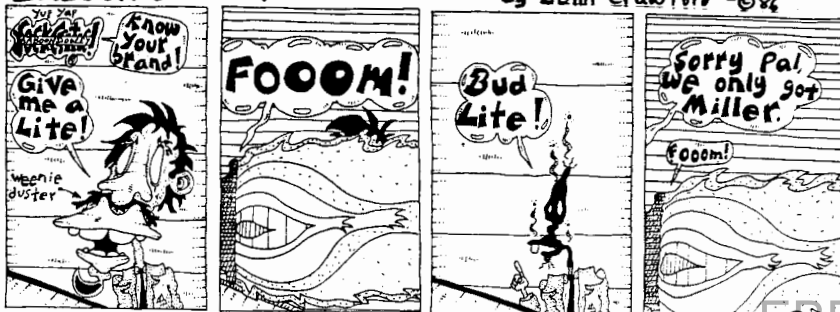
TWO DUDES

by Dennis Worden - ©84



BABOON DOOLEY

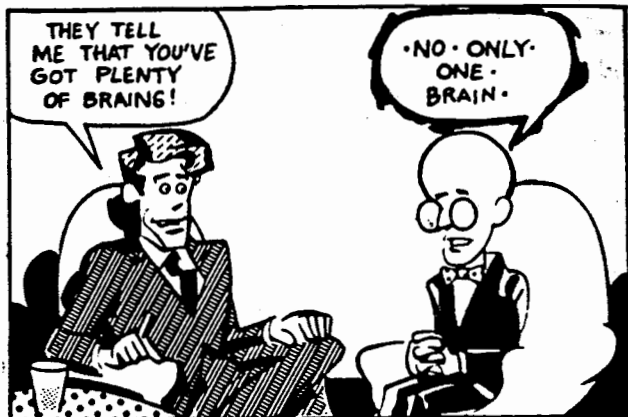
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# A FEW WORDS FROM CARTOONIST NORMAN DOG!

interviewed  
by B.N. Duncan



**NORMAN DOG:** People have complained that my strips seem a trifle over-intellectual. My wife has complained of this, I know. Whenever she doesn't like one, it's because she thinks it's "too intellectual". She's probably right, actually. Probably cartooning is just supposed to be about cheap gags that everybody can understand and get a quick chuckle out of. I'm probably letting people down.



**TELE TIMES:** The strip, "I Was Satan's Plaything", I found very entertaining.

**NORMAN DOG:** It's one of my personal favorites.

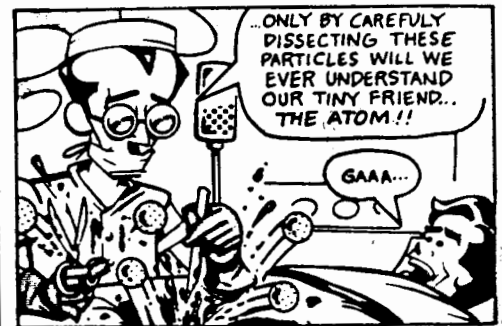
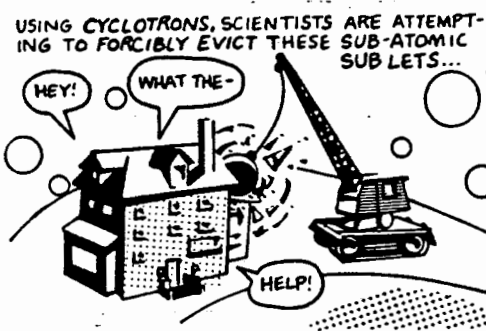
I guess I was thinking about old people who you find out had much wilder lives than you could possibly imagine. The little old lady down the street who turned out to have been a Satanist earlier in life, or something, and is now a nice, polite old housewife. People tend to think that old people are a lot more respectable than they probably really are. People really don't believe that sort of mischief of older people.

**TELE TIMES:** It's a spoof of how whatever is going on, you preserve an outward form of niceness and propriety. In fact, the way you draw makes people look that way: they look like they have very controlled movements; they're tight, they're not loose; they look like they're very carefully controlled from within.

**NORMAN DOG:** Basically, I came to the conclusion that they're funnier that way. That there has to be this surface of apparent normalcy to violate, whatever the humorous content is going to be, or there just isn't any joke.

Well, that's what interests me about people, frankly. You walk down the street and you see them and they seem so apparently normal, many of them do. Actually, a lot of them lately have seemed positively deranged to me, but the ones who seem normal anyway seem normal, and yet you know there's all sorts of strange thoughts going on in their minds, probably they've been up to all sorts of monkey business. I like to think about that.

"Science is really a very aggressive business."



© 1983 NORMAN DOG

TELE TIMES: I recall one strip in your book where you deal with science and technology, "Modern Physics For Morons", showing emotional temperament behind research.

NORMAN DOG: It's actually meant to be a truthful exposition. Science is really a very aggressive business. It's this condescension to nature, and at the same time this aggression toward it, this willingness to rattle around and shake the secrets out of it. I don't think that's a bad thing, necessarily, but that's the way it is in science anyway.

I think I have a scientific turn of mind, but unfortunately I'm a very lazy person, and I really prefer to make up my own facts rather than discover them the hard way. That's why I've had to turn to cartooning, basically a dishonest profession.

TELE TIMES: You feel that cartooning is a dishonest profession? You know, Picasso was quoted as saying, "Art is a lie".

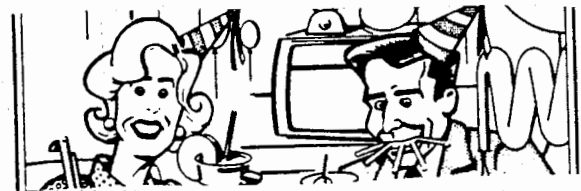
NORMAN DOG: Well, I think that's very true. And I think that's our obligation to people, to lie as entertainingly as we can.

TELE TIMES: You say, you don't want to get too preachy?

NORMAN DOG: Not really, no. I don't want to beat people over the head with it. In fact, I do have a master program for ruling the human race, but I don't want to beat people over the head with it, I don't want to belabour it or anything, you know.

I want to rule people subliminally. I think cartoonists really are dictators in their hearts.

Comedy tends to be the revenge of frustrated people for not being allowed to rule the world.



NORMAN DOG: I enjoy drawing. Drawing is enormous fun, so long as you know what you're drawing. The hard part is figuring out what to draw. I like drawing, and I like inking especially, but writing is very painful. It's been the hardest part about being a cartoonist, learning how to write. And by writing, I don't just mean production of the words -- but the whole organization of it, the structure of the panels, the whole syntax of the thing, timing especially.

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THIS I.V. WAS EXCERPTED FROM HEAR WE GO #2 ... FOR MORE INFO WRITE TO: B.N. DUNCAN, C/O. B.E.F.P., 2445 COLLEGE AVE., BERKELEY, CA, 94704



# TWO GENERATIONS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL!



PAPPA  
EW  
MOW MOW

**BUCK MOON**  
father

I'm 39-years-old, born in 1944 during The War. I grew up on Elvis Presley and Carl Perkins and all the Sun Label guys, not to mention a few phoney guys like Fabian and Frankie Avalon. Pat Boone was the kind that every Mother loved cuz he wore white shoes and a vest and short hair. He was a cover artist for

all the black artists that parents didn't want their daughters to listen to. He sang Fats Domino and Little Richard songs, but he watered them down. Elvis was considered a rebel. On Ed Sullivan he could only be shown from the waist up because the parents of teenage girls thought his gyrations were obscene.

In the 50s rocknroll affected the dress of us teenagers in a way that rubbed teachers the wrong way. We really dug Elvis hair-cuts, really long greasy ones, with D.A.s in the back and pompadours. And our pants were slung way down around our asses without belts. This one kid in 7th grade, the teacher was always telling him to pull his pants up and wear a belt, but he never would. So finally the teacher said, "Well, I'll let you use my belt." So he takes him into the bathroom and whips out his belt and whips him.

Elvis was the first dancer. Before Elvis all the singers were "crooners" like Sinatra and Tony Bennet, and they'd stand there holding the microphone with their hands in their pockets looking real sexy with their smiles. Elvis was the first to really move around on stage. Mick Jagger owes his style to that. Jim Morrison, all those guys.

I'm not really a stereotyped parent in the sense of being a "Parent of a Punker". I can see all the parallels with my generation and my son's.. Being a punk in the 80s is no different than the way I reacted as a greaser in the 50s or a hippy in the 60s. You just get pissed off cuz you're born into a situation you don't approve of. So you react in what you know is gonna be a negative way to the Establishment. I think that's healthy.

## OSTIN MOON

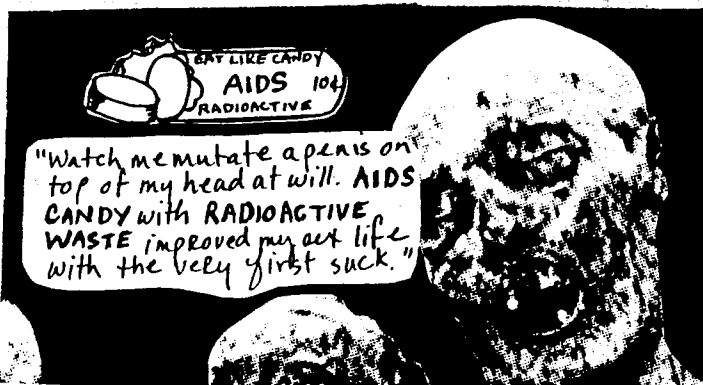
SON

I think Boy George is lame. All the "normals" like him. At my school he's popular. Him and Michael Jackson and Duran Duran and all the goody-good groups you can hear on the Mighty 690 radio station. Top 40 shit. I don't know if Boy George is really a transvestite or has a hormone problem or is just doing it for the money. I dunno.

I don't listen to the stuff everybody else listens to. My tastes are a little more underground. The Cramps, Misfits, Dead Kennedys, a lot of the punk bands. I was born in 1970. The first record I bought was Black Sabbath.

Last week I wore a Circle Jerks t-shirt to school and my English teacher -- who was already pissed at me for other things -- told me: "Change your t-shirt, I don't approve of it!" He said it was "obscene and improper." He said to wear something different the next day. So the next day I wear it again and he didn't even let me in the classroom.. He just turned red and sent me to the principals office. He put on the referall slip: "Obscene act." The lady in the office didn't even understand what "circle jerk" meant anyway, so she got weirded out. The principal knew what it meant, but she didn't want other people to know that she knew what it meant in public. So she said: "How should I know what kids do in a circle?"

Sometimes the kids at school ask me if I'm a "punk rocker" because my hair was pretty fucked up. But I say, "Nah, I'm not TRYING to look like a punk. My hair is a mistake. I'm not supposed to look like this. I'm trying to look like a normal person, but I can't help it, cuz my hair keeps rebelling."



"Watch me mutate apenis on top of my head at will. AIDS CANDY with RADIOACTIVE WASTE improved my act life with the vely first suck."

BACKWARDS LOGIC



WHO HARRY?? WHY HE'S TOTALLY USELESS IN THE SACK!! WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU ACTUALLY GOT HARD, HARRY??

WHY HARRY, YOU BRANNLESS MABICILE!!

YOU'RE SUCH A ROOT, HARRY!

Yes it's time for another installment of **ROCK STAR CORNER**, the feature where you, the editor, get to ask famous rock stars pertinent questions to ponder.

Today we're rapping with Jello Biafra about art, love, and social responsibility.



**An Open Letter to Jello Biafra**

As one who professes to be artistically called upon to "annoy the fuck out of people" I would just like to ask what possible social value your never-ending, annoying statements might have for society at large?

Your body of work that I have seen (records, interviews, graphics) seems to consist almost entirely of horrific graphic images, whining - complaining - criticizing - screeching (and of course annoying) vocals, and a never-ending analysis of your dissatisfaction with society.

Before you write me off as a do-gooder Pollyanna, I'd like to add that much of your criticisms are accurate and need to be said: there is much sickness with human nature-- always has been, always will be-- and your regurgitation of this sickness via your artwork may assist some people in avoiding these pitfalls (e.g. "see the sickness of Vietnam, let's not do this again in Central America")

However, to paraphrase Bukoski, art is a kind of "soul suck", a kind of food for the soul... and as you review your own body of work, I have to ask you, just what do you think is the nutritional value of the images you've been offering for public consumption? It's true, you are what you eat... and while your artistic images accurately reflect the sickness of life, it also only reflects one half of life (and ultimately the least fulfilling half).

While I would be the last person to promote amongst artists the sugar-coated ideal of painting pretty sunsets, and cuddly l'il cutie-pie animals-- I can't help but notice a lack in your work of anything that vaguely resembles "beauty"... of anything that resembles "love". Do you feel these concepts-- for some unknown reason excluded from your artistic vision-- have little value as tools for transforming society?

You are obviously one of the great talents and communicators of my generation, and I'm eagerly watching how you develop and mature over the years. But if there's one lesson we've all learned from the insanity of the 60's, it's that that peace can only come about from people who are peaceful.

Best regards, Ace Backwards

Dear Ace,

You couldn't have picked a better time to bring these things up. I've been thinking a lot about this myself lately.

Some of new songs try to delve more into the darker caverns of the human mind. What is it about ourselves that causes us to make so many kinds of war on each other? Why are we so hung up on winning and being #1 that we routinely lie to each other and rip off our friends; just to gain some sort of hollow upper hand?

I think MINOR THREAT had a point when they hinted that we can't solve other people's problems until we get our own shit together. In other words, any sort of utopian world peace is impossible until each of us learns to treat each other with kindness and respect, so we don't need cops and laws to do it for us.

Doing unto others as you hope they'll do unto you doesn't totally solve the problem, however. I've learned the hard way that trying to be honest and caring for people I respect as friends is a good way to get stabbed in the back, the BUTTHOLE SURFERS being the latest example.

I guess my challenge for the coming year is to find a way to help people I respect and care for without setting myself up for being so easily used. How can I do a better job of defending myself without becoming the same kind of

cut-throat I despise?

Our songs will continue to be graphic lyrical paintings, sometimes horrific as the subject requires. Much of our audience has grown numb to the pain of others because they've been raised on television. Why not use horror as a positive tool to bring home the real horrors that actually affect our daily lives?

Beauty? I think the humor of our satirical songs is a form of beauty, don't you? What about our music itself?

Someone has to say what's on people's minds. Most rock and punk music is sickeningly escapist, designed to soothe and conceal the corruption of daily life. I can't stand the thought of being another hope-dope pusher who strings out our listeners with the same old false illusions: "Times are heavy, but life always works out better in the end." Or "Funtime thrills are more important than accomplishment." Or "People honestly care about each other, therefore they can be trusted."

This just isn't true in our me-generation society. Why leave a free light at the end of the tunnel when reality shows that light must be earned?

People have grown so used to treating life as a scam that the love and caring we both seem to seek is almost impossible to achieve-- impossible because people are scared to stick their necks out and give. People have grown afraid to love, afraid to trust, and afraid to give because the stakes have been raised too high by our own vicious circle of greed.

So what do we do? Check out the ending to our new song, "Stars and Stripes of Corruption":

*We can start by not lying so much  
and treating other people like dirt  
It's so easy not to base our lives  
on how much we can scam  
And you know...  
it feels good to lift  
that monkey off our backs."*

You're right, we sing our own form of the blues about things that scare us more than we offer solutions. A lot of times a solution is up to the listener. The most important step to any long-range answer is people like us raising the question in the first place.

Happy holidays, Jello Biafra

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**HOW TO DRAW UNINSPIRED DRIVEL**

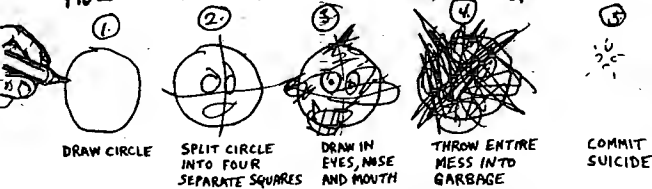
LESSON ONE: FEEL LIKE SHIT

LESSON TWO: PICK UP PEN

LESSON THREE: DRAW UNINSPIRED DRIVEL LIKE THIS



**HOW TO CREATE GREAT CARTOON CHARACTERS**



**THE #1 MOVIE IN AMERICA**

Who said war was male menstrual envy?



**STALLONE**

They sent him on a mission and set him up to fail. But they made one mistake.

They forgot they were dealing with Penis

**PENIS**  
**FIRST BLOOD PART I**

PARADOX



# R. CRUMB

## SPEAKS OUT ON COMIX AND ART AND THE MENTAL HEALTH of the BACKWORDS

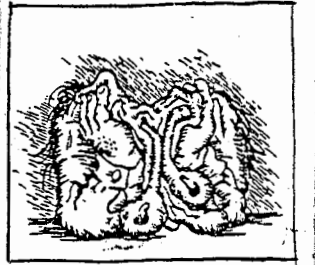
GLAD TO SEE "TWISTED IMAGE" STILL COMING OUT, AND HOPE TO SEE MANY MORE ISSUES... I LIKED BRUCE'S NEW WORK... EXCELLENT, AND HAPPY TO SEE HE CAN STILL TURN IT OUT...

I ALSO LIKED THE J.R. SWANSON & PETE MOSS STUFF... VERY WELL DONE, HIGHLY PERSONAL AND POIGNANT... THAT'S THE KIND OF STUFF I LIKE TO SEE. FOR THIS SAME REASON, I THOUGHT ACE'S "SPACED OUT" STRIP RATHER WEAK AND INEFFECTUAL... I HATE TO MAKE A DEVASTATING CRITICISM BUT I THOUGHT THIS STRIP HAS LITTLE MORE SUBSTANCE THAN A SATURDAY MORNING CARTOON FOR KIDS, AND I CANT UNDERSTAND WHY ACE IS PUTZING AROUND WITH SUCH LAME MATERIAL WHEN I'M SURE HIS OWN EXPERIENCES IN LIFE WOULD SOMEHOW BE MUCH MORE INTERESTING FODDER FOR HIS CREATIVE ENERGY. I MEAN, HE'S DONE SOME GREAT, FUNNY STUFF IN THE PAST. ALL I CAN SURMISE FROM THIS "SPACED OUT" STRIP IS THAT ACE MUST HIMSELF BE SPACED OUT, OR BURNED OUT IN SOME WAY, GOING THROUGH A HEAVY PERSONAL IDENTITY CRISIS OR CREATIVE CRISIS. I KNOW HOW IT CAN BE... I'VE HAD MANY OF THESE MYSELF AND DONE SOME PRETTY LOWGRADE WORK IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM... SOMETIMES THE CRISIS CAN GO ON FOR A LONG TIME... POSSIBLY EVEN YEARS... BUT YOU STRUGGLE THROUGH IT, HOPEFULLY. I THINK WE WILL AGAIN SEE SOME HOT STUFF BY ACE WHEN HE "GETS HIS HEAD TOGETHER" AGAIN...

THE SCHULZ INTERVIEW WAS EXCELLENT... REALLY INTERESTING... IT'S SORT OF SURPRISING THAT HE GAVE YOU SO MUCH OF HIS TIME, A BIG WIG LIKE HIM... I MEAN, I DONT EVEN GIVE VERY MANY INTERVIEWS... BUT YOU SHOULD'VE DESCRIBED YOUR PERSONAL EXPERIENCE ABOUT GOING UP THERE AND VISITING HIM, A LITTLE INTRODUCTORY PARAGRAPH BEFORE THE INTERVIEW WOULD'VE BEEN NICE. BUT, ACE, FORGET ABOUT TRYIN' TO DO A CUTE COMIC STRIP LIKE PEANUTS... YOU'RE NUTS!! THIS IS DIFFERENT

TIMES... YOU ARE NOT IN THE SAME MIND-SET, SOCIAL ~~CLASS~~ CLASS AS THESE NEWSPAPER CARTOONISTS... FORGET IT, BUBBY. IT DOESN'T WORK. GET THEE BACK TO PUNK, UNDERGROUND, FRINGE, OFF-BEAT. THAT'S YOUR WORLD. QUIT FIGHTING IT. THESE GUYS LIKE SCHULZ COME OUT OF SUCH A DIFFERENT WORLD EXPERIENCE... THEY ARRIVED VIA MOM, APPLE-PIE, OZZIE NELSON, CLEAN-CUT MIDDLE CLASS UPBRINGING & VALUES & EXPERIENCE, EVEN IN THEIR LATE ADOLESCENCE & 20S.... THAT'S NOT YOU... FORGET IT! GOD KNOWS IT'S HARD TO FIND ONE'S IDENTITY IN THE MURKY CHAOS WE'RE LIVING IN NOW'DAYS... I HAVE THOSE PROBLEMS MYSELF... BUT YOU HAVE TO STRUGGLE WITH IT. YOU CANT DO THIS CUTE KID SHIT... IT DOESN'T WORK... HUNDREDS OF OTHER NICE MIDDLE CLASS CANDY-ASSED CARTOONISTS CAN DO THAT SHITCK SO MUCH BETTER THAN YOU.... YOUR <sup>OWN</sup> WORLD EXPERIENCE IS IN ITSELF UNBELIEVABLY INTERESTING AND BRIMMING WITH CARTOON MATERIAL... WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS SOMEHOW TRY TO LIVE IN YOUR WORLD AND LOOK IT STRAIGHT IN THE FACE AND NOT LET IT FRY YOUR BRAINS, STAND BACK FROM IT ENOUGH SO THAT YOU CAN DIGEST IT PROPERLY AND TURN IT INTO ART. EITHER THAT OR MOVE TO ST. PAUL AND GO TO WORK FOR THE "CORRESPONDENT" AND PUT IN TEN YEARS, 15 YEARS OF THE DULLEST, MOST BORING ROUTINE 9 TO 5, LIVING AMONG SUBURBAN WHITE COLLAR WORKERS, GET MARRIED, HAVE KIDS... THEN YOU CAN DO A NICE KID COMIC STRIP...

TO SEE THIS "SPACED OUT" IN SOMETHING LIKE "TWISTED IMAGE" IS OBVIOUSLY A SIGN OF HEAVY BURN OUT. GOOD LUCK, BWAH!



### STRAIGHT AGIN!

WELCOME TO THE 80s KIDS...



DEAR "ACE"—

I CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL THE DOUBTS AND CONFUSION YOU'RE HAVING... I CAN SENSE THAT YOU HAVE A LOT OF PAIN AND DEPRESSION. WHAT CAN I TELL YA? I CAN GET ON MY HIGH HORSE AND PREACH AT YOU... MIGHT END UP BEING MORE OFFENSIVE THAN HELPFUL, THOUGH.

I GO THROUGH UNTOLD DOUBTS, CONFUSION, ANXIETY ABOUT MY WORK, BUT THE ONLY THING I'VE EVER REGRETTED... I MEAN, SERIOUSLY REGRETTED, IS WHEN I ALLOWED ALL MY NEUROSES, MY UNCERTAINTY, TO STOP ME FROM WORKING... FROM DOING THE WORK!

YOU'RE A GUY WITH A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR, WHICH OBVIOUSLY COMES FROM YOUR OVERLY SENSITIVE, PAINFUL LIFE. I SAY, TAKE ALL THIS SHIT, THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY, AND MAKE HUMOR OUT OF IT. IT'S NOT A MATTER OF WHICH WAY TO ~~GO~~ GO— TO CONCENTRATE ON THE BEAUTIFUL, REJECT THE UGLY AND ALL THAT... IT'S A MATTER OF MAKING GREAT ART OUT OF THE TRUTH OF LIFE AS YOU EXPERIENCE IT. FOR YOU, IN PARTICULAR, I KNOW THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH HUMOR. WHAT BETTER WAY TO LIFT PEOPLE UP THAN TO MAKE THEM LAUGH?? MOST PEOPLE'S LIVES ARE SUCH SHIT, SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO RUB THEIR FACES IN MORE SHIT... BUT IF YOU CAN GIVE THEM THE RELEASE OF LAUGHTER, WHAT MORE GOOD COULD YOU POSSIBLY DO??

FOCUSING ONE'S ENERGY ENOUGH TO PUT IN THE HOURS OF CONCENTRATION EVERY DAY TO BECOME A REALLY GOOD ARTIST/WRITER/HUMORIST IS THE HARDEST PART OF THE WHOLE THING... IT IS NEVER EASY FOR ANYBODY! LET ME TELL YOU, I KNOW! IF YOU CAN SOMEHOW GET YOURSELF TO DO THAT, EVERYTHING ELSE WILL FALL INTO PLACE. "TWISTED IMAGE" WILL BE A "BEAUTIFUL PUBLICATION" NO MATTER HOW SEEMY AND GROTESQUE THE SUBJECT MATTER, IF YOU CAN **FOCUS** YOUR ENERGY!! THIS IS SERIOUS! THIS IS THE CRUX OF THE PROBLEM, ACE, THESE ARE FUCKIN' WORDS OF WISDOM! IF YOU CAN'T KNUCKLE DOWN AND WORK, WORK, WORK, YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE AND WILL BE HOPELESSLY STUCK IN NEUROTIC FULMINATIONS INSTEAD OF DOING "BEAUTIFUL" WORK. GET TO WORK!! WORK THROUGH IT!!

THAT'S IT, PAL! GIVE MY BEST TO OL' BRUCE. HOPE HE'S BUSY WORKING ON COMICS, TOO!

— R. CRUMB



BACKWORDS LOGIC by Ace Backwords

TODAY'S HILARIOUS QUIP:



# What Do These Famous People Have In Common?



None of them have ever read **TWISTED IMAGE!**

YOU'VE PROBABLY ALREADY BLOWN YOUR CHANCE TO JOIN THIS ELITE GROUP BY VIEWING ONE OR MORE ISSUES OF "TWISTED IMAGE" ... SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO ALL THE WAY AND ORDER THESE COOL BACK ISSUES!



**③ SCANDAL ISSUE**

Johny Rotten, X  
Burt Reynolds genitals

**④ PUNK FAN-ZINE ISSUE**

Dead Kennedys, Ripper,  
Flipside, Punk Globe, more

**⑤ VIOLENCE ISSUE**

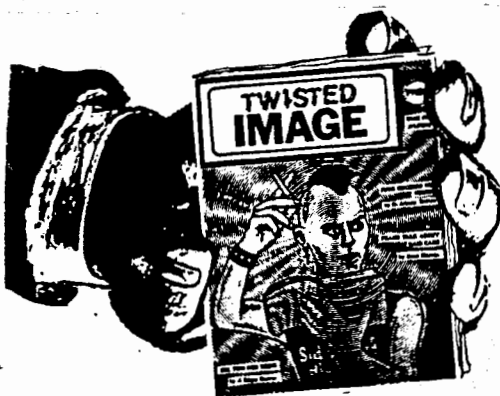
Black Flag, S. Clay  
Wilson, sick stuff!

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R. Crumb, Charles Schulz,  
Peter Bagge, funny!

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A PLETHORA OF  
STIMULATING  
VERBIAGE AND  
WEIRD SHIT!



**TWISTED IMAGE**

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