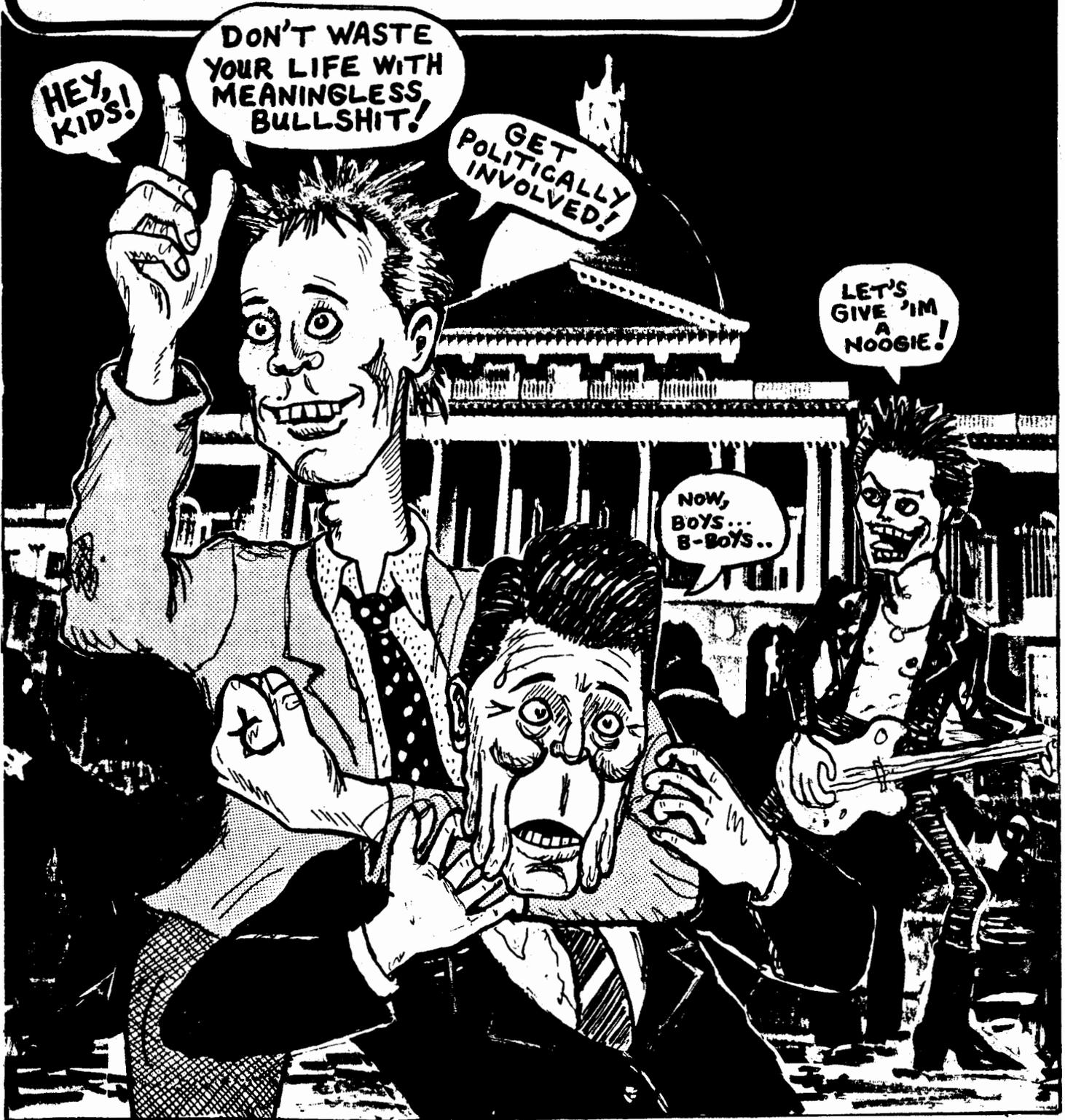


# TWISTED IMAGE

**FREE**  
ALMOST  
WORTH IT!



# Eastern Front

by Mary Mayhem

Eastern Front: Aquatic Park  
(Berkeley), July 31



Day On The Dirt;  
"The Punk Rock Woodstock."

featuring:  
Chron-Gen, Wasted Youth, the  
~~Low~~ Circle One, Husker Du, Ba-  
tallions of Saints, Jody Foster's  
Army, Channel Three, Shattered  
Faith, Free Beer, Deadly Reign,  
and god knows who else.



What would the show be without Victor? He's at every show I've been to.



Circle One: the lead singer is sooo stupid, but they play pretty good music.



Channel Three was good (they're the ones with the round, flat record), but Jody Foster's Army stole the show.



Mary Mayhem (right) accepting the Golden Milk Award.



# Word Wars

Crank Mail, etc.



Ace,  
Woo-woo! Let's just say I dig yer mag, and dug my head in it up to my ears for a few hours on receipt. Are you as odd as your mag?

F. Couch  
Pennsylvania

Dear Ace my pet and Bruce,  
I must compliment you an TWISTED IMAGE. Not exactly the London Times, but all things considered, "passable". The "Lampoon Crucifix" could result in your castration here and in Italy. Anyone into the scene of punk has to have total S&M in them. Each one has both qualities in that they enjoy reviling, shocking and destroying the established system and society. Yet equally they enjoy being reviled, degraded and abused by society. Only a musical masochist could possibly enjoy their so-called "music", and only a sadist could desecrate music as they do.

Madam Lucrezia  
England

Bruce:  
I was quite surprised at how professional TWISTED IMAGE came out looking... I didn't think Backwords was that together.

R. Crumb  
Winters, CA

Ace,  
I really like the straight forward approach and the lack of pseudo-intellectual crap that you find in some other mags. Keep it going!

Tim Tonooka  
San Jose, CA

Dear TWISTED IMAGE,  
My friend Chris really doesn't care if you die in a swirl of exhaust Napalm gas. But hey! Just kidding. Chris is an alkie, so to speak. I'm from Orinda originally, a dull suburb across the hills from Berkeley, and I love seeing new fan-zines. I'm into all new and weird music: all hardcore of course (Black Flag, GBH, C. Jerks, TSOL, Fear, the Lewd, etc.) but also Ultravox, Spandau Ballet (yes don't laff), Cockney Rejects, Agent Orange, the Cure (gods!), Flipper, Iggy Pop, etc. O.K.?! Anyhow! Thanks for a good mag. This apartment is infested with fleas. Jesus loves you, (God fuck it).  
Billy Xerox (female)  
Isla Vista, CA

Ace,  
Liked the interview with the Vietnam vet. Agree with him right down the line, although he did use the fuckin' word "fuckin'" a lot of fuckin' times but it's something I fuckin' do a lot sometimes also.  
Tom Brinkmann  
Islip, New York

TWISTED IMAGE,  
Very happy to see the feature/interview on FEAR—one of my favourite bands and definitely one of the best hardcore bands around today (next to THE DEAD KENNEDYS). THE DEAD KENNEDYS played Vancouver last fall (on a double bill with our own D.O.A.)—an incredibly frenzied and frantic show. Jello Biafra is a minor genius. The whole idea of punk fan-zines is great—the underground of the 80's if there is one.  
Bruce Kalnins  
Vancouver, Canada

Dear Mr. Backwords,  
As indicated in previous correspondence, your loan is seriously delinquent. Failure to remit the amount stated above will leave us no alternative but to refer your loan to a collection agency for the appropriate action. THIS IS YOUR FINAL NOTICE!  
Sincerely,  
Mary R.  
Loan Collection Officer

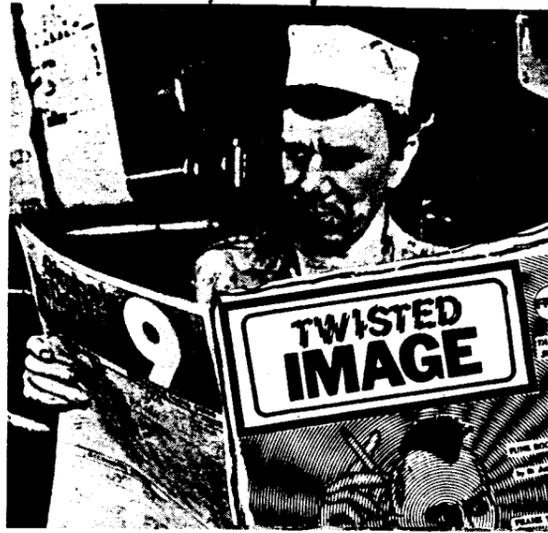
Dear Ace,  
TWISTED IMAGE #1 came out great. I think our ad in it brought us a lot of orders. We'll be doing records with SCREAM and the G.I.'s soon, so we'll probably take out an ad then.  
Jeff: DISCHORD Records  
Washington, D.C.

To TWISTED IMAGE,  
Liked your premier issue, although it is stylistically incoherent (is it post 60's funky freak or late 70's new wave?). I especially liked Pete Moss's fiesty blast at the art world; pseudo-existence of artists trapped in their own verbal mash.  
J. Hetmanski  
San Francisco

Dear Ace,  
I do not find the paper in any way interesting. In fact I hope you will not insult me further by sending it to me. I do not as a habit receive or read material with obscene words or references to blatant sex, etc. I find it very disgusting.  
Ace Backward's Mom

# TWISTED IMAGE

SLIGHTLY FUCKED UP ART THAT THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN ENJOY!



Ace proof-reader Wally Sharpe searching for proof.

## STAFF

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Ace Backwords

ASSOCIATE ODDITOR  
Bruce N. Duncan

PROOF READER  
Wally Sharpe

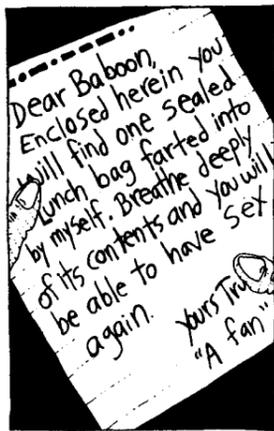
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TWISTED IMAGE #2, October, 1982, is published bi-monthly or whenever we can get it together. We're always looking for writing, artwork, cartoons, letters, etc. but make sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your stuff back. Address all correspondence to TWISTED IMAGE, 2501 Haste St., Berkeley, CA. 94704; phone (415) 845-6370 room 414. TWISTED IMAGE is © 1982 by Ace Backwords. All rights revert to contributing writers and artists. Opinions expressed in this issue are those of the individual artists and probably don't mean shit.

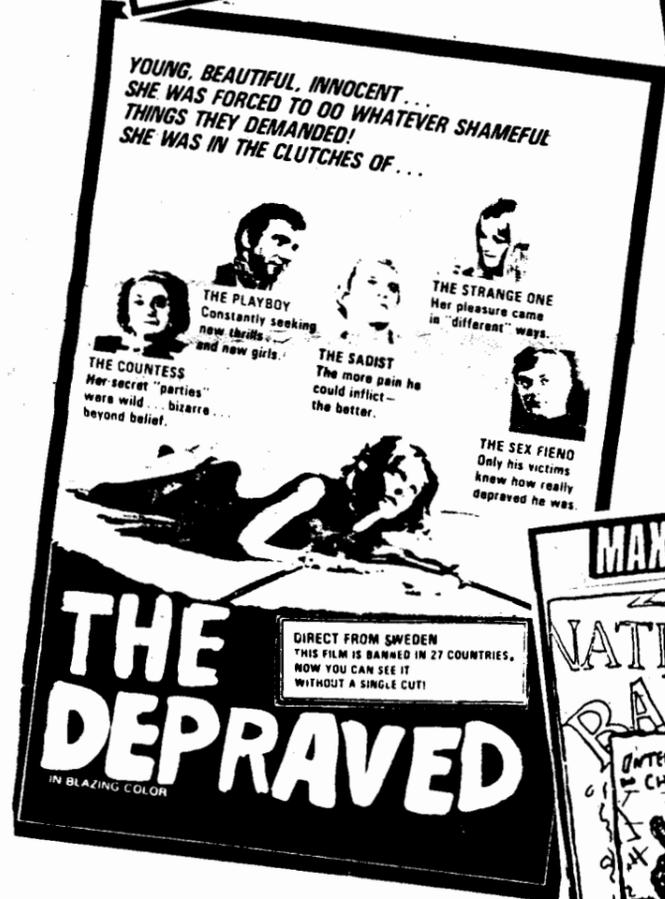
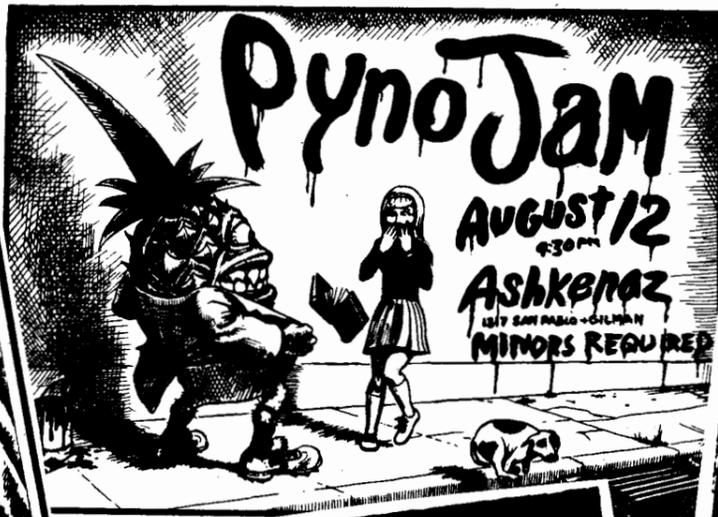


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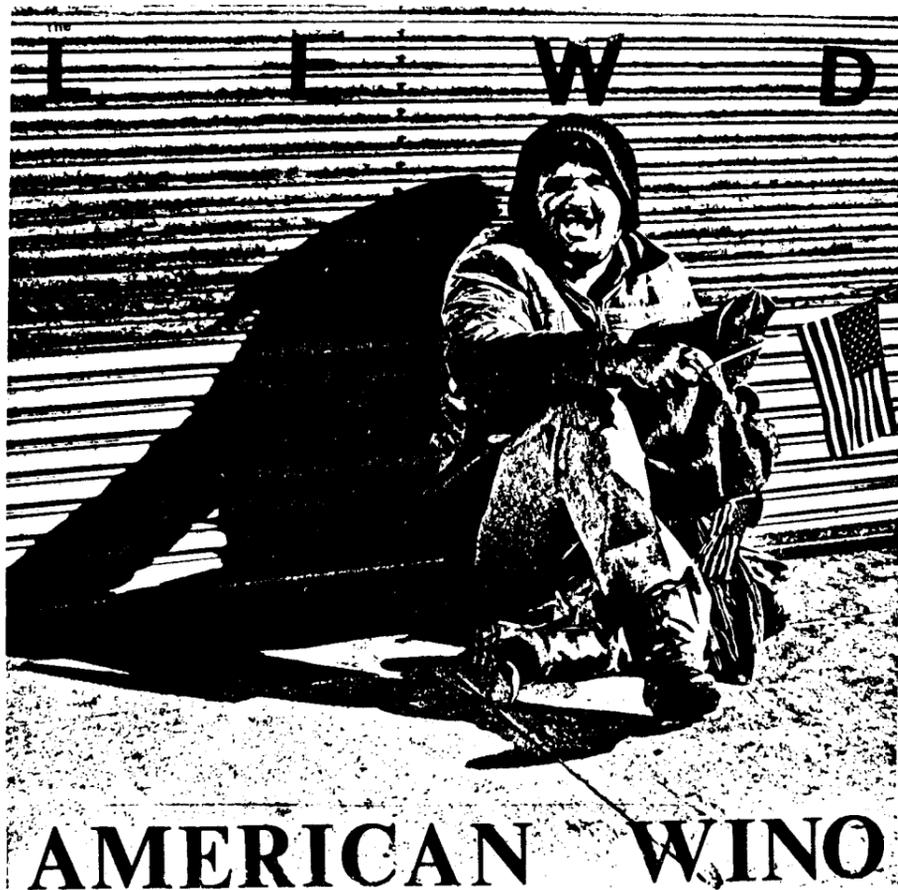
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## KUSF 90.3 FM



**"American Wino"—THE LEWD**  
(ICI Records)

Direct from the skid row streets of San Francisco comes the Lewd's "American Wino." This is sort of a concept album about suburban prodigies who are kicked out into the "real world" only to find dead-ends in every direction. The American Wino literally symbolizes one dead-end that's staring us all in the face. "The guy on the cover was a real wino on 6th Street," explains lead singer J. Sats Beret. "We gave him a buck to pose—to him that was a lot of money. Look at him. He's screaming out at society: 'Look at me—look at what you've done to me!' It's a warning: this could happen to you." One side was recorded live, the other side's studio, and both sides are great. If you can spare a little change check out this LP. Bring your own bottle.

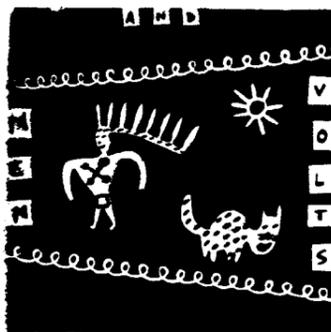
—Ace Backwords



**"rhythms & blues" —MEN & VOLTS**  
(Eat Records)

This is a peculiar record featuring cheerful ditties about slicing your kittie's cock off. The first song, "Rotten Truth" (my friend says the title's only half accurate) is sort of Captain Beefheart meets Little Feat. Don't particularly understand the rest of the LP. Let me know if you do.

—Ace Backwords



**KUSF Top 13**  
(Most Played Local Music: Fall '82)

1. Heartbeats and Triggers, Translator LP
2. Benefactor, Romeo Void LP
3. Fun Terminal, Mutants LP
4. Good Clean Fun, Bonnie Hayes and the Wild Punks LP
5. "Can't Live Without You", Chrome Dinette EP
6. "What Is This?", B-Team single
7. "I'm Sorry," Inflatable Boy Clams double-single
8. anything and everything—the Dead Kennedys
9. "Castro Boys", Danny Boy & the Serious Party Gods EP
10. "Don't Blame It On Me", Contractions single
11. "Come Again", Anvil Chorus single
12. "Like", Renegades tape
13. Generic, Flipper thing

—compiled by Howie Klein

**SS DECONTROL**



**"SS DECONTROL (Xclaim)**

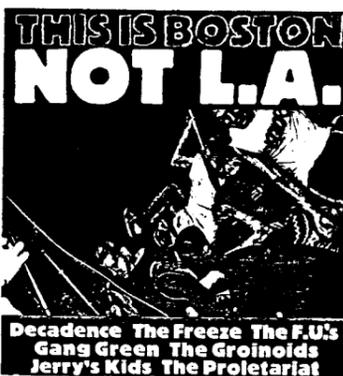
This is another band that will DRIVE A STEEL SPIKE RIGHT INTO THE BASE OF YOUR SPINE!!! I'm glad there's a lyric sheet cuz I wouldn't know what the guy was singing about. All the songs on this LP are fast thrash numbers—sometimes the guy loses the beat, but that's okay with me, he can do whatever he wants.

Mary Mayhem



**"Land Speed Record" —HUSKER DU**

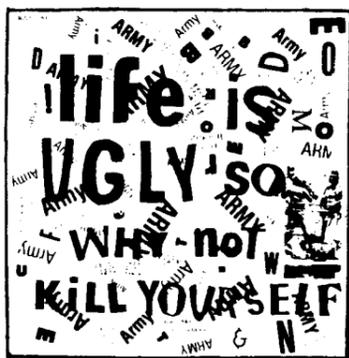
These guys never let up. They keep up the fastest continuous pace in concert of anyone I know. This album is a great example of this and has some real good cuts. The sound quality isn't that wonderful so the songs tend to mesh together a bit, but it still makes for good listening and their one slow (?) song, "Data Control", is totally excellent. —Mo McCord



**"This is Boston NOT L.A." (Modern Method Records)**

Brought to you by the good folks in Boston, this LP WILL KICK YOUR ASS!!! EVERY SONG ON THIS ALBUM IS GREAT, REALLY FUCKING A-OKAY!!! EVERY BAND ON THIS ALBUM THRASHES!!!—Jerry's Kids, the F.U.s, Gang Green, the Freeze, Decadence, Groinoids. . . . oh-oh-oh ah-h-h-h i'm coming . . . . NOT L.A.?!?! Fucking right-t-t . . . .

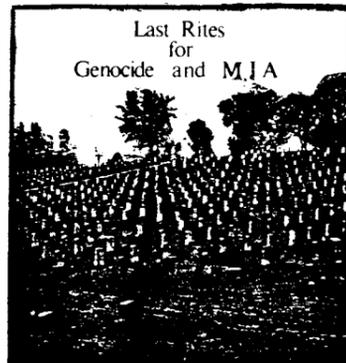
—Mary Mayhem



**"LIFE IS SO UGLY WHY NOT KILL YOURSELF" (New Underground Records)**

. . . a hot compilation of L.A. bands—RED CROSS (so much better before the girls), DESCENDENTS, MINUTEMEN, and a few relatively unknown, but good bands—ANTI, ILL WILL, CIVIL DISMAY. Side 1 is the coolest—great songs like "Midnite Deposit", "Scumbag, hang around, you'll be known around town" (Kathy, are you reading this?), "You're So Fucked to Me", "Fight Wars Not Wars", "I Don't Wanna Die" and a 36 second "I Want To Be A Bear", by the DESCENDENTS—"I don't want to smell your muff". Only tune worth hearing on side 1—"Shit You Hear At Parties"—MINUTE MEN. Buy it anyway. . . .

—Mary Mayhem



**"Last Rites"—GENOCIDE & MIA**  
(Smoke 7 Records)

This is one of those 2-bands-on-one-LP deal with MIA being the far better side (more about that later). GENOCIDE has a lot to be desired. "Manson Youth" is about the best song (which isn't saying much for these assholes) on the GENOCIDE side. Musically, it's okay, but Manson? Fuck, he's been dead news for years. "Period" is a really stupid number about how much this guy likes eating girls out on their period—"I like cunt on the rag. . ." Blah, blah, blah, . . . Who was it who said, "Tampax have strings so you can floss after eating?" MIA—are great with their state-of-the-world tunes. I mean, after awhile, I get kinda sick of people telling me how fucked up things are—I know they are, I don't need anyone telling me, but these guys can pull it off without sounding repetitious like many bands do. Know what I mean? "Tell Me Why" is excellent along with the rest of their songs. "I Hate Hippies", though, I can do without. Buy this, hey . . . .

—Mary Mayhem



**"Rat In A Maze" —SOCIAL UNREST**

Social Unrest, a band I've always gotten a kick out of live, has put out a damn good 7 song studio EP. It starts out strong with "General Enemy" an excellent song, fast and furious, and keeps up a good hard-core pace with great songs like "Red, White, and Blue" and "Mental Breakdown". I'm always surprised when this band doesn't headline; they're great!

—Mo McCord

**KALX Top 10**  
(Most Played Songs: September '82)

1. "Open Your Eyes", Lords of the New Church
2. "Mind Gardens", Salvation Army
3. "Shabby Doll," Elvis Costello
4. "Carnival of Sorts," REM
5. "In a Free Land," Husker Du
6. "Mexico Radio", Wall of Voodoo
7. "Blue-Green God", Meat Puppets
8. "After the Funeral", Alley Cats
9. "Sleeping in Blood City", Gun Club
10. "Kiss of Life", Peter Gabriel

—compiled by Lisa Allbright

BETTER YOUTH ORGANIZATION PRESENTS . . .



**SOMEONE GOT THEIR HEAD KICKED IN!**

"Someone Got Their Head Kicked In" "Sound & Fury"—YOUTH BRIGADE (Better Youth Records)

Both these LPs are put out by a neat group of people, the Better Youth Organization (BYO). We won't talk about them here, read the booklet in **SOMEONE GOT THEIR HEAD KICKED IN**—compilation album of SoCal bands featuring the likes of **SOCIAL DISTORTION**, **BATTALION OF STS.**, **ADOLESCENTS** and some wimpy bands not worth mentioning. This LP was seemingly put together to introduce the listener to BYO. Besides the wimpy bands I did not mention above, a couple cuts on this LP sound as if they were original tunes, then polished up for later albums—Adolescents, Bad Religion. Listen, I really do like this album, honest, (though it's a bit sloppy) especially, "Mass Hysteria"—Social Distortion, everything by Battalion of Sts., Youth Brigade and Aggressions. Read on . . . .



This may sound like a contradiction, but fuck you. I liked these guys on **SOMEONE GOT THEIR HEAD KICKED IN**, but I don't like this LP too much. Youth Brigade sound like an Amerikan version of an Oi band. I guess that's okay with them, but they don't achieve the right effect so good. I don't like the vocals, the guy sounds as if he'd be much better off in one of those New Romantic groups. No real notable tunes here (I mean some of them just plain suck the big one). Buy this LP if only to support the BYO.

—Mary Mayhem



"NEW YORK THRASH" (Roir)  
NEW YORK THRASH (my ass). This tape is about as good as a limp dick. Only good thing is **BAD BRAINS** and **ADRENALIN O.D.**—"Paul's Not Home". East Coast bands can stay in the East Coast for all I care.

Mary Mayhem



"Let's Go" —THE INCREDIBLE CASUALS (Eat Records)

If the Beach Boys hadn't gone lame from too much cocaine they'd be making records like the Incredible Casuals. A great party record, even if they do write songs like "I'm No Fun At Parties." There's lots of harmonies, hooks and falsettos. And "Let's Go" is great fun. Put this on and watch the intellectuals flee from the room, gagging and vomiting. Here's how the boys explain the philosophy behind "Let's Go":

"Let's" implies unity; "Go" signifies motion. Unity of motion equals energy. Energy makes the world go 'round. Let's Go makes the world go 'round. And the fact that the guitars are out of tune cannot even dilute the powerful unity of motion, the energy, the effect of Let's Go.

—Ace Backwords



"Troops of Tomorrow" EXPLOITED

Despite the loss of their old drummer the Exploited have put out another great album. I would say it wasn't quite as good as their older stuff, but some of it is their older stuff. There's a remix of "Alternative" and an obvious re-make of a song off **PUNK'S NOT DEAD**. I like the title track (a Vibrators song), but some people think it's just cheap "morbid-rock." If you've never heard The Exploited get **PUNK'S NOT DEAD**, but if you have that one, get **TROOPS OF TOMORROW**. The Exploited remain the best punk band in the U.K.

—Mo McCord



"Bed Crumbs" —THE TALKING DOG

This is an intriguing home-made tape put together by Sam Swartz, the recording whiz at the Sound of Music. All instruments and vocals are done by one-man band Sam. Sam's repertoire ranges from spacey, Pink Floyd synthesizers, to hard-driving guitar rock. The vocals are kinda' shakey on the slower songs, but Sam really comes on strong in the hard rock songs like the wild "C'mon Kitty" (best song on the tape by far!). All in all "Bed Crumbs" is an impressive journey through a wide variety of psychedelic styles.

—Ace Backwords

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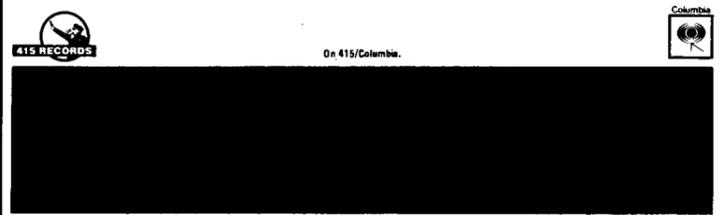
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# In Concert

The Geeks The Sound of Music, October 5

How to classify the Geeks: Hardcore-jazz? Improvised-punk? Basically the Geeks are a bunch of guys playing as loud and weird as possible. I talked with sax-player Neil Anderthol about some of The Geeks "songs"

"Numb Between the Sheets" is about un-required love-hate," says Neil. "It's inspired by all the women I ever really liked who made me feel like shit. The lyrics are along the lines of "Goddamn you stupid, fucking cunt, I'm in love with you! Why the hell don't you love me, too?" It's kind of a love ballad."



*Numb Between The Sheets. "That's someone who's so fucked up they can't even feel anything in bed."*

Other hit songs include "Barbecue The Dog", "Let's Go Out and Have Some Fun" ("let's go out and shoot someone"), and "Spawning". "That's about jacking off," says Neil. "Swimming up stream to have sex and die. The mindless, primal urge to reach final destruction."

"We're the Don Quixote of Rock," says "lead-singer" Mark. "Bands in garages / Chasing mirages."

And what mirages are The Geeks chasing?

"We've been together 14 or 15 years," says Mark, "and we're still playing at places like The Sound of Music in the middle of the week."



Also playing that night was Live Nude who did songs like "I Butt-Fucked My Dad."

I went downstairs and talked with Sam who's in charge of the Sound of Music's 8-track recording facilities.

"We're the only place in town that offers this service," says Sam, a graduate from San Francisco's College of Recording Arts. "It's cheaper than anywhere. If a band's got it together they can record 3 songs in 3 hours for \$30 bucks."

The highlight of the evening was talking with Terry, the pretty, blonde bartender, formerly a wait-

ress at the Mab. She's getting a band together too, the Bearded Clams. "The name's inspired by a song by Doug Clark & His Hot Nuts, from the '50s," says Terry. "We want the audience to have a good time; dance, get drunk, anything else they can get."

The Bearded Clams are presently auditioning for a girl-drummer, and a girl-guitarist. Check it out at the Sound of Music.

It was 3 in the morning by the time I left the club. Too late to catch a bus back to Berkeley. Ended up drunk falling asleep in one of the Dial-A-Doll peep booths. One of those kinda nights.



Terry (the blonde) of the Bearded Clams.

Lords of The New Church Old Waldorf August 82

The Lords of The New Church gain their notoriety not from any outstanding achievements, but from the fact that the band contains Brian James of The Damned and Stiv Bators of The Dead-boys. They seem to have a dark, apocalyptic theme: the band's logo

is a medieval sword that is a travesty of the Christian cross—the band members all wore feudal Japanese headbands—and their name sounds like it came straight out of the Book of Revelations. Yet, for the life of me, I was unable to decipher any of their lyrics, so I don't know what their message is, if anything. Besides their

catchy theme song the entire set blended together. The most entertaining moment of the evening came when Stiv Bators accidentally whacked himself in the testicles with his microphone and staggered off stage, ending the show abruptly.

—Kristan Lawson

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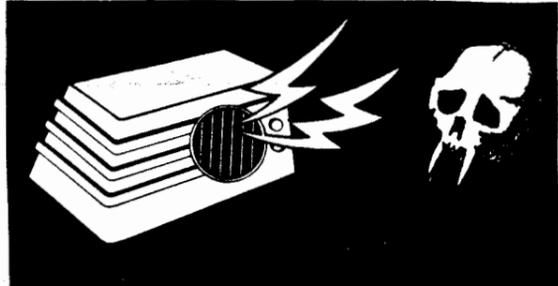
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**BABOON DOOLEY**

by John Crawford



**THE BEARDED BABY**

by Marcus Klee



**THE ART OF PANHANDLING**

by Ace Backwards

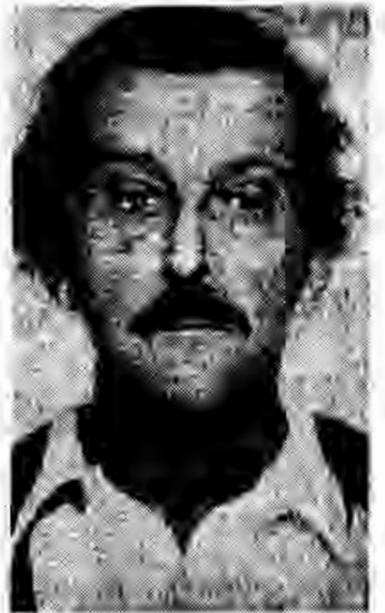


**FUCK AUTHORITY**

by Jimbo Swanson



**IDIOTS IN THE NEWS**



Believe it or not, Robert Yarrington of San Jose actually hired two "friends" to chop off his left foot with an ax, then reported the foot lost in a phony motorcycle accident to collect \$210,000 from the insurance companies!! Yarrington paid his "friends" \$5,000 a piece to chop off his foot and then staged the fake accident as part of an insurance scam. Yarrington successfully collected the insurance money and lived a life of ease for almost 2 years, until last month when one of his "friends" confessed to the police, and Yarrington was arrested. So not only does the poor guy chop his own foot off, but he gets thrown into jail to boot (no pun intended). I can just imagine the guy stuck in a cell full of hardened cons. "Whatchoo' in for pal? Murder? Rape?" "Nah. Chopping my foot off."

\* \* \*

When Mexico's 16-year-old virgin saint was found to be pregnant, well that didn't set too well with the local religious leaders. A brawl erupted involving 2,000 town residents, and at least 10 were seriously injured. The fight erupted when several Mexicans charged that the virgin saint, known as "the Hermit of Nueva Jerusalem" was guilty of fornication. A local priest was able to convince most of the residents that the girl had become pregnant through an act of "the divine spirit," but others didn't buy the Heavenly Sperm theory.

\* \* \*

Is the world ready for X-rated video games? "Custer's Revenge" seems to be just another game except Custer is wearing only boots and a hat. The object of the game is to see how many times Custer can rape a naked Indian maiden without being hit by an arrow. Don't ask me where I'll be aiming.

\* \* \*

"You'd pay to know what you really think."



\$1

# IDIOTS IN THE NEWS



Millionaire Alfred Bloomingdale regularly bound and beat nude women and sat on their backs and "drooled" as they crawled across the floor. These revelations about the weird sex trips of Bloomingdale, a member of President Reagan's "kitchen cabinet" of advisers, were made by Vicki Morgan, a paid whore that Bloomingdale bought when she was 17 and he 54. "He told me to find out from my husband what it would take to get rid of him financially," she said. After buying Vicki from her husband Bloomingdale would regularly tie her up along with several other prostitutes, and beat them with his belt and drool on their backs. When asked why she didn't leave him Vicki replied: "Alfred is the most fascinating man I had ever met. There is no one like him in the world. He's fun. He's child-like. He's a little arrogant but not rude arrogant." And let's not forget his sexy drool, and of course, those millions and millions of dollars. When Alfred kicked the bucket Vicki tried to collect some of those bucks by filing a "palimony" suit as his mistress for 12 years. But alas she got nothing, 'cuz everybody knows a whore don't got no rights in this here USA.

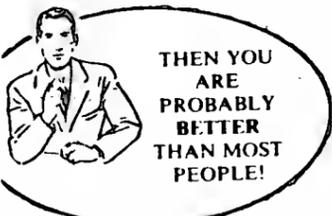
\* \* \*

To all the writers who submitted writing that I didn't print: just because I'm an editor/publisher doesn't mean I know shit. Consider this. Eight years after Jerry Kosinski's book *STEPS* won the National Book Award, Chuck Ross retyped the whole manuscript, put on a fake name, sent it in and waited. All told, 27 publishers and literary agents rejected the "new" book.

On the orders of the Reagan administration, the Pentagon completed a "master plan" for winning a long nuclear war. HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

\* \* \*

## Are You Abnormal?



©1981 By The SubGenius Foundation

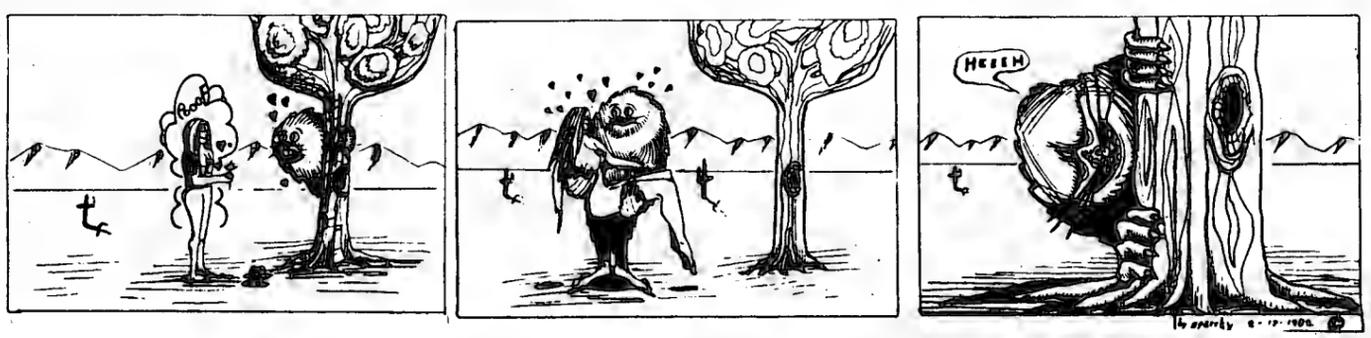
### HANK & HANNAH

by Bruce N. Duncan



### STREET ART

by Sparrky



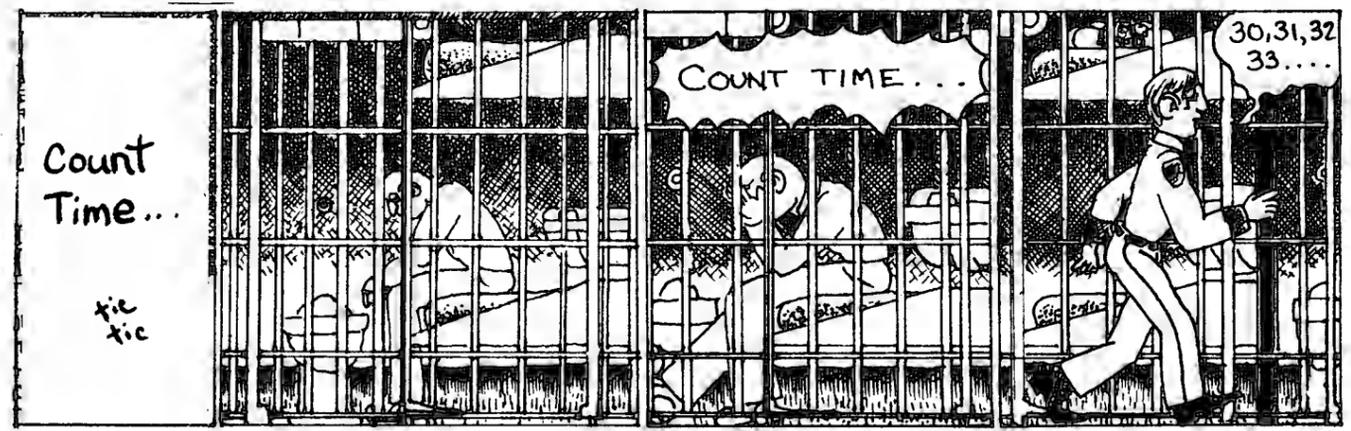
### TALES FROM NEBRASKA

by Clark Dissmeyer



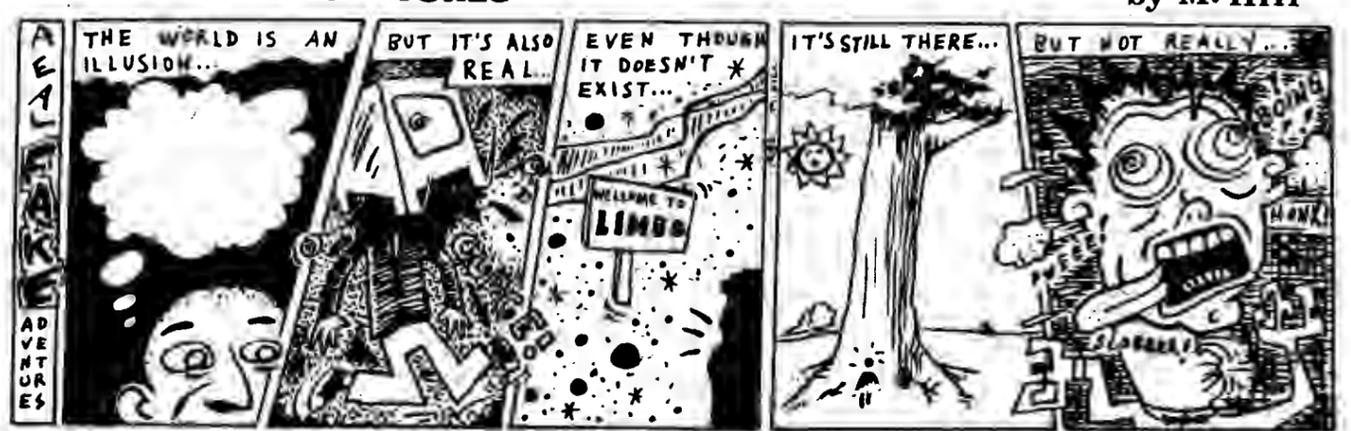
### TALES FROM THE INSIDE

by Macedonjo #268314



### REAL FAKE ADVENTURES

by M. Hill



### Quack Chicken and Bruin Bear

©1981 M. Hill



When I send two TWISTED IMAGE reporters out to cover a story I'm never quite sure what they're gonna bring back. Such was the case when I assigned Bruce N. Duncan and Wild Billy Wolff to get an interview with a local group called the Rat-Tones. Unfortunately, a conflict of interest developed between the Duncan and the Wolff that resulted in no interview with the Rat-Tones. But what you get is two differing versions of the same evening.



AN EVENING  
WITH THE  
RAT-TONES  
(GNASH! GNASH!)  
AT THE  
FREIGHT & SALVAGE  
—TUFF!

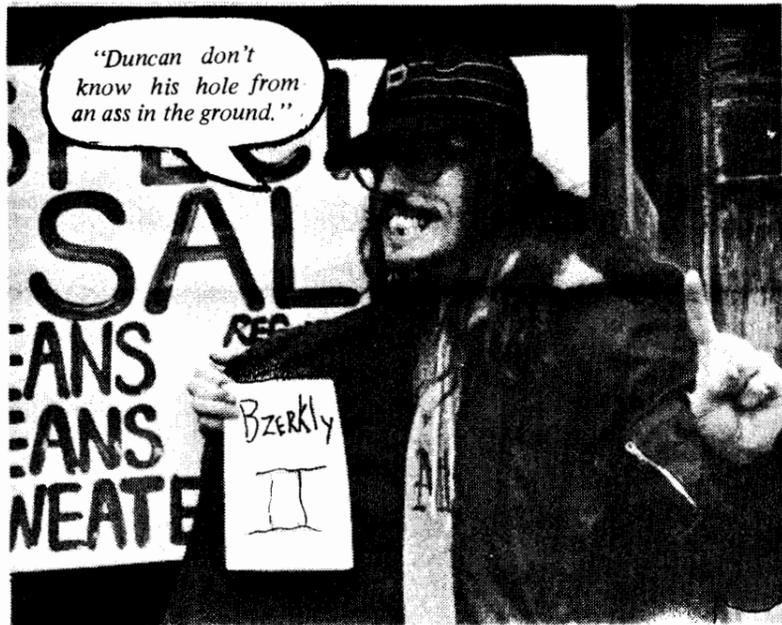
## The Wolff vs. the Duncan

### BILLY WOLFF ON THE RAT TONES

In the humble opinion of this reviewer the Rat-Tones are great. They are funny, dress weird, and play music that combines the best of the 50's with social protest, but yet aren't a boring diatribe.

The whole gig was fun, and after you laughed your ass off, you could go home and think about the socially significant lyrics and tell yourself it was meaningful.

Ya know what happened gang? I bought Duncan a beer. He proceeded to spill most on the floor. Then he went and got about 5 or 10 cakes, then went for another beer to spill. I mean, hey Bruce I know that you're a masochistic, sexist, boring, homicidal (when not tanked up on downers), uptight, chauvinist, etc. . . . but I didn't know you were related to



Only one small thing marred the evening. And that thing was sitting right next to me. I knew it was there because every once in a while it would begin to exude presence. Fortunately I am an older wolf so my nose is not that acute.

The lump of smellyness sitting next to me was the illustrious editor of "a rag well deserving of demise" Bruce N. Duncan.

The original plan was that I, the Wolff, was to use Bruce's tape-recorder to tape an "on the spot" interview with the Rat-Tones. It was me that got Duncan in for free by waving a bunch of papers (TWISTED IMAGE) under the doorman's eyes, and myself in by virtue of being who I am. And I was gonna do a simple interview with the Rat-Tones.

But noooooo, you Bruce, the dynamic zero, couldn't let your tape recorder get any of that. After just one interview conducted by me, apparently that recorder would just break down rather than submit to any more boring dialogues between Bruce and some cretin expounding on the seven time-honored methods of trash-can perusal.

Gerald Ford.

And then the Rat-Tones come on and I liked them and Bruce N. Duncan didn't, so he did the logical thing; as soon as I said "It's time for my interview," he whined and took his tape recorder home with him. But that's the kinda guy Duncan is. A real sweetheart. He can't figure out any other way to get what he wants, so he tries to control people with things. Very white of you, Bruce.

Anyhow, if Nixon had done the same thing we might still be getting fucked today. Anyway, shitheads like Duncan might not bother you, but I'm the Wolf, and this idiot reminds me of a fucking Hunter for gods sake . . . you know, sneaking around, scared shitless, shooting from the safety of a helicopter and then bragging, acting like hot shit. . . .

Duncan, where would you be if not for me? (I started TELE TIMES.) And where would I be? Who is it who talks shit about rape and child molesting and axe murders and such? Well, wise guy, next time you get busted on Polk St., don't expect the Wolff to help you out!

### BRUCE N. DUNCAN ON THE RAT TONES

On an evening with possibilities Billy Wolff and I went together to Freight and Salvage on San Pablo Avenue in Berkeley. Billy was trying to be friendly although he's uncomfortable with me.

The purpose of our going out: Billy had gotten acquainted with the Rat-Tones and wanted to interview them using my recorder and tapes. One of Billy's chief traits is wanting to use something of somebody else's, and my recorder and tapes were of key interest to him.

Right away as we were about to go in, Billy was socially ill at ease. He let out jerky, fidgety signs of his capacity for pushy, ungracious, obnoxious behavior.

Upon first getting in, I saw that Freight and Salvage was a polite, cordial place. Wolff was really out of his element. Billy had said he'd pay my way, but he nearly blew a gasket when he learned that the

maybe somebody had talked real nice to him.

He tried to be friendly toward me but his resentfulness was transparent. Wolff treated me to a beer, fetching it without much noticeable trouble; when Billy does something for you, there's likely to be some snag or botch-up.

We're sitting before the stage. A Rat-Tone girl came out for a moment and Billy ejaculated loudly, "Too skinny!" I was embarrassed.

These Rat-Tones seemed like nice, civilized, very young people, and I felt Billy might abuse them if he tried to interview them.

The Rat-Tones were cutesy-pukesy. I got really tired enduring their performance, and was glad when it ended and I could politely leave. I didn't want Billy to abuse the kids, in the name of TWISTED IMAGE yet; I was fatigued and ready to go home; I didn't think



admission was \$2 instead of \$1—wasn't prepared for that. I paid my admission without comment; I'm not sure Billy ever paid his, but anyway Freight and Salvage was a polite, tolerant place.

Billy felt very pushy, wanting to take it out on me for his discomfort. He was very impatient to interview the Rat-Tones—to get it done right away. They were backstage preparing for their show; it was said that they could be interviewed after their show, but a trait Billy has is often not taking no for an answer until he's heard it maybe a dozen times. He went backstage to try to get what he wanted; after a while the Wolff came back quietly and sat down—

the Rat-Tones were worth interviewing—that it would be phony to act as though they were worthwhile performers. I gave a quick, definite farewell to Billy to fend off squawking from him, and took off with my equipment.

Of course, Billy had been revved up with the notion of being a hot-shot interviewer. Somehow it never even occurred to me to leave my equipment with the goof; but I wouldn't have trusted him with it, anyway.

This guy Billy Wolff, so untalented, so ill at ease with most people, so much like a child with a man's body—doomed to live out his life within a very narrow fringe of society. Too bad.

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Ronnie babes Reagan from an old speech

**THE WORST JOKE OF THE MONTH**

"Punk rock is now becoming fashionable. In fact many of the big department stores are opening up punk fashion departments. You buy your punk outfit and then they staple the receipt to your cheek."

from the Mike Douglas Show

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Yeah, Yeah, I know it aint Halloween yet, but take some advice kid, if you really get into your sin you better snap up on some of this eupeptic gear while you still can... and have Nyna put on some venom for ya while you're at it, tell her beesulbub sent ya....

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SINCE 1984!"



# FROM UNDERGROUND

by

**PETE MOSS**

When Jake turned up dead I knew I was in for a headache. I knew I would have to think, and that always gives me a headache. The harder I think the worse it hurts.

Jake was into Marijuana. Jake was a good example of why weed should be legal. If weed were legal then somebody like Jake could have a brokerage. He would give out a dozen or so paychecks every week, and be raising a bunch of brats, in a nice house, consuming full-tilt somewhere in the suburbs. I mean isn't that the way Americans are supposed to live?? But no, instead Jake slunk around like some denizen of the underworld, which being a weed dealer in the good ol' USA, Jake was; a denizen of the underground, that is.

A big deal for Jake was about 20 pounds. He also had two girl friends who weren't above being rented out. But I didn't think either of those would get him killed, with an icepick. That's how Jake was killed, an icepick in the eye. The police didn't let it go as a fucked-up robbery. The police got all pissed and said they were gonna use the whole case to clean out all the petty dealers and pushers in North Beach, cause the whole lot was getting way too big for their pants. Which didn't exactly excuse me.

Jake was wild. He always wore sunglasses to protect his poor pupils during their latest dilations. His head was shaped like a pointy egg and his hair had receded



in a funny pattern that heavily accentuated the ovoidness of Jake's long forehead. He almost looked like a mongoloid. His right shoulder had a habitual spastic jerk and he hunched both shoulders over, and his favorite motion was rubbing his hands together, like Uriah Heep in *Oliver Twist*.

You could tell how much anybody was cut clean by how negative of a reaction they got to Jake. If they tried to hide it then you knew they were a hypocrite as

well, and if the person you were introducing to Jake asked Jake to get him high, well, they were cool. Jake had sort of a barometric personality.

I thought Jake was cool. We whiled away many wasted hours in bars and pads all over the city. He had some good stories from when he was in Nam and I had a few from when I was dealing dope back east. We also traded lies

about how often we got laid, and how much booze we could consume, and in general carried on in an obnoxiously thorough masculine manner. So Jake had his place in my life. I didn't even try to hide that.

But I'd been busted for weed two years before, just a pound and a half, but enough to get me into the police computer. It wasn't a matter *if* the police would question me, but *when*.

So I ended up getting invited down to the Hall of Justice by my PO. (Incidentally, that's a real cute thing the police do, calling their office the Hall of Justice. Talk about some crooks having bald-faced nerve.)

Turns out all my PO wanted was for me to get rid of Jake's body. "We don't have any more funds in the paupers account," said my PO. "You can pick up Jake's body at the morgue."

"OK," I said. I went down to the morgue on Potrero, then I realized I had my motorcycle.

The attendants wheeled the gurney with Jake's corpse on it out to the parking lot. They looked skeptical about hauling the body away on a motorcycle, but I gave them each a dime of some good sense and they turned around and went back in. I bunji'd Jake's feet to the footpegs. He was kind of stiff from the rigor mortis, and dressed in a hospital gown. In fact I couldn't get his legs to bend and I wound up tying his ankles to the footpegs. Then I had to dislocate his shoulders so I could get his arms around behind him and bunji his hands to the handgrip. He was finally tied down and ready to roll.

"Fine, fine," I said.

There is nothing great about drugs. They get you high. Or they get you low. Also they get you strung out and fucked over. This is not a drug movie like you saw in 6th grade.

## INDIAN SUMMER

Behold, my brothers, the Spring has come; the earth has received the embrances of the sun and we shall soon see the results of that love!

Every seed is awakened and so has all animal life. It is through this mysterious power that we too have our being and we therefore yield to our neighbors, even our animal neighbors, the same right as ourselves, to inhabit this land.

Yet, hear me, people, we have now to deal with another race--small and feeble when our fathers first met them but now great and overbearing. Strangely enough they have a mind to till the soil and the love of possession is a disease with them. These people have made many rules that the rich may break but the poor may not. They take tithes from the poor and weak to support the rich and those who rule. They claim this mother of ours, the earth, for their own and fence their neighbors away; they deface her with their buildings and their refuse. That nation is like a spring freshet that overruns its bank and destroys all who are in its path.

—Sitting Bull

## SILVER CLOUD SOUNDS OFF



by Silver Cloud

Ever wonder why the wealthy get upset when the media catches them looking human? The pregnant queen. Jackie in the nude. They want you to think they're godly. Gods don't have bodies. They never go to the john. When the big one goes off, the wealthy figure they'll be up there in their private jets on their way to pri-

vate islands. They'll sit out the radiation period in comfort and tell stories the way the folks did back during the plague years written about by Boccaccio in the *DECAMERON*. The wealthy have cities under the earth in Texas and Virginia. They have their bodies frozen. They think they'll come back in the deep future and their wealth will be sitting there waiting for them, guarded and protected by the chumps.

Punk is mad. Punk doesn't sit around and serve. Punk slams and yells and acts out. Punk talks out in Class and has to stay after school. Punk violates the dress code. Punk doesn't act polite. Punk hates quiet old funky sixties rock, corrupted and polluted with country-western redneck music. Punk wants to blast off, wants that driving beat. Punk assimilates and apes the power images of the past. Punk is biker, nazi, storm trooper, fascist, but beneath the tough facade lies the thumping fear that nothing is going to last much longer, that it's all falling apart, that Reagan is going to push the poor into a civil war.

Around that corner stands the last Kennedy, ready to throw his hat in the ring, to put his shoulder

to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, his neck on the chopping block. Ready, ready Teddy to rock and roll. Think we don't know the game? Think it isn't instant replay? Think another Kennedy can save us from Reaganism? Think we don't know why we're seeing his face on those corporate front magazines? We know '84 is out there. So are Manson, Chapman, Hinckley. There goes Teddy now in his razor-blade necklace and his Sex Pistols t-shirt. He's in blackface and he smiles as his fingers form a V for victory from the platform of his private jet. He'll take care of us. He'll right the wrongs and give back the welfare checks and the food stamps and say who the fuck needs a balanced budget when it's all paper anyway? And at his back, he'll hear, time's winged assassin slithering near. Some mind filled with Conan and Blade Runner and old comic book horror stories. Some good American soul who believed in the Brady Bunch and Three's Company and grew up chuckling over the Flintstones. You think we won't see it all again? It's as certain as a Clint Eastwood re-run on the tube.



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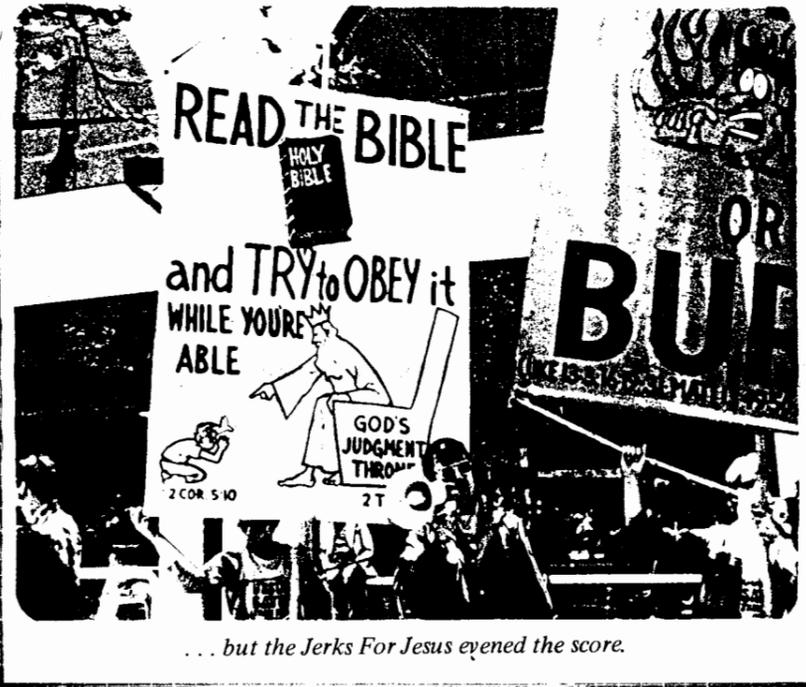
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# MISCELLANEOUS Stuff



Mr. & Mrs. Satan made a rare guest appearance at the Gay Freedom Parade . . .

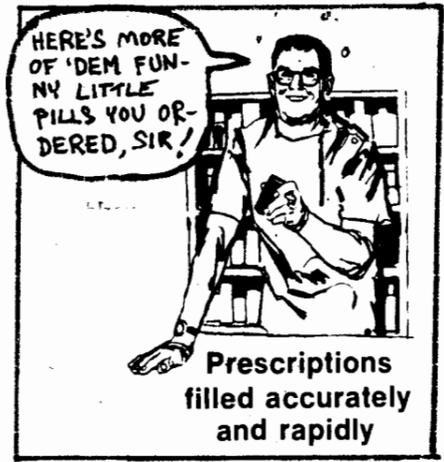


DOES MASTURBATION lead to blindness? Probably not, but you might have heard that they are now printing a braille edition of Playboy. To which Alex Bennett deadpans: "Boy, I'd sure like to get my hands on a copy of a braille Playboy!"

-confusion reigns supreme-  
dress in black, get driven around, sponge off other people's fortune (good and bad, mostly good). disappointment, triumph, mediocrity; my life in the big city takes its toll as i try to figure out the next move. somewhere my destiny lies in front of me—a disconcerting feeling for someone like myself, capable of so much and yet doing so little. even at this young age i feel old and lacking in the necessary drive. whimsy and economic misfortune keep this boy-man captive in the open cage of urban club-night life. happiness is just a snort away, a toke, a slug, or the mighty J. D., or so my frail body would have me think until the morning-after when the truth comes out for myself to see. dreams of sex continually occupy my consciousness in plague-like fashion but doing anything about it seems so pointless, so trivial, so nothing. maybe i think too much? the animal is tamed to be a good citizen. rock 'n' roll can counteract this to a certain extent, but i always wind up feeling the worse for it. i shatter my eardrums, burn my eyes, dehydrate my body and sprain my ankle all in the name of rock 'n' roll and where does it get me? at best all i can hope for is a good connection.

Max Grody  
San Francisco, CA

## TUNNEL-VISION



### TRICK by Marc Myer

- Things clanking in attic rooms
- Fake fireplaces reveal tunnels
- Tapes of ceremonies
- All the Police are at the school
- I crawl out of the ground. Skull, horns, skeleton.
- Extremely cold
- Many pictures of Jesus painted on a wall
- TO WARN ME?
- Little boys won't come because of what's in "T.V. Guide"
- About the MARQUIS De SADE.
- Bad memories are flushed to your brain
- Wake up and try and read a porn mag
- You can't. All is mute. Cold. No heat.
- Stomach blue, frozen you.
- WHINE: kill your parents.
- WHIMPER: kill your friends.
- SCREAM: KILL YOURSELF!!!
- Reach in through your eye and caress an evil thought.



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Big Al and Dick playing with their favorite toy.

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# S&M Liberation Today



SAN FRANCISCO'S SOCIETY OF JANUS: ONE FEATURE IN AN AGE OF LIBERATION by Bruce N. Duncan

To many people, it would seem a contradiction that sadomasochism can be part of the joy in living. Yet there meets in San Francisco the fun-loving, cheery Society of Janus, dedicated to support of S/M and education about it.

According to the Society of Janus, the crux of S/M is erotic pleasure in power—pleasure in power over others, and pleasure in submitting to others. Such power can be agreed upon by the individuals involved independently of roles in society at large. Some men and some women, some heterosexuals and some gay people of both sexes, can and do enjoy S/M; people of all such categories are members of Janus.

Sadomasochism, as defined by Janus, can involve pain and/or humiliation—even intricate physical and mental torture—but is basically a mode of psycho-erotic play that by its cooperative nature is distinct from violence or force.



"S/M is something human beings shouldn't do to each other." *Dianne Feinstein*

Sorry Di, But S/M is something human beings DO WITH each other, and we refuse to let you lock us back in the closet.

The Society of Janus has grown in membership, become stronger and more organized, and is "coming out" more. Janus made a good showing in this year's June 27th Gay Freedom (Sexual Freedom) Parade along Market Street in San Francisco with a float that included a giant papier-mache slave's hands attached by a chain to a giant papier-mache master's fist, an open-air play-room exhibition of certain Janus members, and large jovial S/M cartoons along the sides of the truck carrying the float.

It's a sign of strength of character in our 20th-century civilization that an outfit like Janus can form and expand. Many long centuries of superstition and repression went on before the greater freedom and dignity of human beings, including sexual freedom, has occurred in our times.



Janus is the name of an ancient pre-Christian double-faced god adopted by the society to symbolize reconciliation of duality such as happens in sado-masochism.

I've been a Janus member and attended Janus functions for four years. The people who assemble at the meeting of the Janus Society bear out the association's concept of S/M as not being fundamentally a form of disorder. Conviviality, cordiality, humor and tolerance of differences are characteristics of the social atmosphere.

In an informative and entertaining way, Janus holds lectures, shows, panel discussions, and demonstrations on topics pertaining to S/M; among the many subjects and presentations have been flagellation; shaving of body parts; cross-dressing; voluntary slave auctions; toys for playing; humiliation methods; the philosophy of deSade; erotic use of leather; erotic use of rubber; fisting; piercing; erotic self-torture; water sports; branding; and medical advice for S/M.



INTO S/M, OR PRONE TOWARDS S/M?  
WOULD YOU LIKE PLENTY OF COMPANY?

WHETHER YOU ARE DOM OR SUB OR DUAL, JANUS WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU.



JANUS WELCOMES S/M PEOPLE OF HETERO, GAY, OR BI INCLINATION OF BOTH GENDERS —COME ONE, COME ALL!

FOR MORE INFORMATION, SEND SASE TO:

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