TRUE PUNK ROMANCE

JOHNNY ROTTEN'S SECRET LUST FOR JACKIE O.

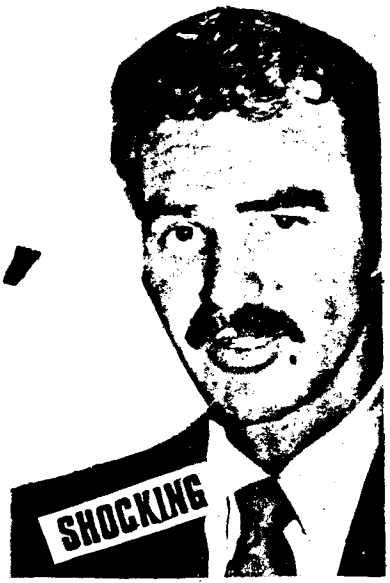
TWISTED IMAGE

FREE

Scandal, tragedy, heroism & sluts

'I WANT TO HAVE LIBERACE'S BABY'

sobs tearful Exene



BURT TALKS FRANKLY ABOUT HIS GENITALS

Bianca battles human pig

SHOCKING

ACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF LIZ HAVING SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

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Word Wars Crank Mail

Dear Pete Moss,

Pete–a super sheet! Keep 'em coming–and thanks for de kind words. Loved the "Bay Godawful" crack. All best.

Herb Caen
San Francisco Chronicle

Bruce,

I'm amazed at "Backwords" ability to put out such a professional looking paper. He must work like a dog on that thing. . . . It's very well organized and layed out, not to mention quite interesting and entertaining. My hat's off to that guy! How does he manage this?? *(Oh, I'm just an amazing guy–Ed.)* The "Wolff Vs. Duncan" article was hilarious to me. Both of your descriptions of the event were funny in their own way. If it was "Backwords" idea to run both of them next to each other, it was a stroke of genius. A top-notch little paper.

R. Crumb
Winters, CA

Dear Twisted Image ("Hippy mag in drag"),

This is to inform you that I am truly pissed off. I submitted 3 or 4 comics to your magazine last month and none were printed. Now, that's not the reason I'm pissed off. There's no accounting for lack of taste. But when I saw panel No. 2 of "The Art of Panhandling" in your latest rag, I became incensed. Not only did you not print my strips, you chose to RIP-OFF one of my characters. Look familiar shit-head? Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery but I am insulted by the crudeness of yours. Yours truly.

Philip White
San Francisco

(Just for the record "Panhandling" was first published back in 1979, four years before I saw your "artwork". –Ed.)

Twisted Image,

Ace, having Billy Wolff and Bruce Duncan verbally string each other up by the testicles was smooth. I hope that when they see that waste of print they'll snap out of the petty bullshit bickering. Looking at it all, Twisted Image should be able to live a productive, ass-kicking lifetime if the writers don't start sticking shivs in each other. God shank you in the cerebral cortex causing no end of inspiration! Best.

Jack Fuston
Santa Cruz, CA

P.S. This is a donation ($1). I may regret this whenever I come down off of whatever I'm on.

Dear Bruce,

Let's be big enuff to realize each other's greatness, and act accordingly.

Wild Billy Wolff
Berkeley, CA

Bruce,

The Wolff bites the cement. Still enjoying what you do, except the S&M material. Still don't think S&M-ers require any so-called liberation, let alone accolades, never mind assistance in getting "the cause" out in the open. Sadism, rape, torture have a common root in power through violence (gratuitous violence), and that's not right in any guise, even that of "sexual frontier".

John McCormick
Fraser, Michigan

(S/M as practised by the Society of Janus differs from rape and violence in that in responsible S/M there's mutual consent by both parties. My feeling is that if power-trippers like Hitler and Nixon could have "acted" out their violence in S/M games they wouldn't have felt the need to act out their violence in real life. I dunno, I could be wrong. Whatta you guys thing?–Ed.)

Dear Ace,

There isn't much going on musically in Santa Barbara; there was more (as far as punk goes) two years ago. Therefore, I go to L.A. as much as I can, but the scene is becoming sorta redundant (i.e. let's get-Mohawks-and-see-who-we-can-beat-up-tonight). I'm in a group called "Swastikats" and we do songs such as "I Hate the Dead Kennedys", and Dead Girls Don't". However, we are highly conceptual; so conceptual in fact, that we don't even play! We're always booked at the Whiskey but we never show up. That's our trademark. I think that we're the best band in the area because 1) There is no competition and 2) We don't play instruments like all the other boring groups. Plus we don't bother showing up anyway. DESTROY.

Billy Xerox
Isla Vista, CA
(How punk can you get???!)–Ed.)

Ace is the place!

Lordy you are a whiz. I ruined an entire afternoon laughing at all the stuff you sent me. Glad you like my stuff, cuz i shore as shit like yours, Mercy!

John Crawford
Somewhere in the swamps of New Jersey

Mary Mayhem,

Twisted Image was good reading. All the stupid aspects of hardcore. Comics were A-Number-One. Your mag was the first zine to feature a "real" comic strip page. Keep up the humor! Your mag is an interesting cross between a punk fanzine and a 60's underground newspaper.

R. Moore
Version Sound Records
Zenia, Ohio

P.S. There's more to the midwest than cows and beer.

—THANK TO M. HILL—

Three TWISTED IMAGE staff artists at work in their studio.

STAFF

MARY MAYHEM
Noise Editor

PETE MOSS
San Francisco Editor

WILD BILLY WOLF
Berkly Editor

JIMBO SWANSON
Art Director

BRUCE N. DUNCAN
In-Charge-of-Coffee

ACE BACKWORDS
Propaganda Coordinator

—TIP 'O' THE HAT TO "STOP" MAGAZINE– NEW YORK'S FINEST!

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John Crawford
M. Turville
Del Monte
Clark Dissmeyer
Mark Sperry
Sparrky
Marcus Klee

WRITERS
Mo McChord
Zoe Noe
Silver Cloud

PHOTOGRAPHERS
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Jim Spratley
Darwin Davis

PROMOTION
David Lee

TWISTED IMAGE #3, February, 1983, 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.

ALTERNATE MEDIA MANIACS INC.

ODDITORIAL

THE CRY OF A PREGNANT MOTHER, EAGER TO GIVE SUCKLE FROM HER NIPPLES... FOLKS WITH FAMILY SENTIMENT OF BELONGING... TALKING OFF THE TOP OF ONE'S HEAD FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART... THE SING OF THE WHIP OR STRAP ON THE BUTTOCKS... AN OLD WOMAN'S MOAN OF DESPAIR ...THE RAGE OF HOLDING A JOB ...BRUTALITY, DEATH, REVENGE ...HUNGER, MAN, HUNGER... THESE AND OTHER THINGS IN THIS ENTERTAINING TWISTED IMAGE ARE THE THROBS OF LIFE. ~~ BRUCE N. DUNCAN, IN CHARGE OF COFFEE.

SPECIAL THANX TO LISA, VINCENT, JOHN, MIKO, THE "T", OUR ADVERTISERS AND ALL THE BRAT GIRLS.

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WHOLESOME FAMILY BAND...? ...OR BIZARRE CULT FROM HELL ??!

X

On October 28 I interviewed X backstage at the On Broadway Theatre.

TWISTED IMAGE: Tell me about Billy Zoom. I need National Enquirer type of stuff. I need gossip. I need scandal.

MRS. ZOOM: (Indignantly) You're asking the wrong person because I'm married to him.

TWISTED IMAGE: Well, Sonny & Cher. . . . Sonny always tells about Cher. O.K. What's his favorite color?

MRS. ZOOM: Blue.

TWISTED IMAGE: Why doesn't he move around on stage?

MRS. ZOOM: 'Cuz he doesn't feel he has to show off. He doesn't need to show off his little solos because they're gonna come out good anyway. He's very professional about it. He doesn't have to worry about looking good 'cus (proudly) he looks GOOD anyway!

TWISTED IMAGE: He's a dapper dude I must admit, and you two make a nice couple. How did you and Billy get together?

MRS. ZOOM: We met at the Whiskey A Go Go. And a year later we were married at the Whiskey. The Blasters, the Gears, and Jimmy & the Rhythm Pigs all played at our wedding. Our minister who married us married Desi Arnez Jr. and he was a wonderful man. It was beautiful. I cried and cried.

TWISTED IMAGE: (overcome) Awwwww. . . That's the thing about X that's so different. The lead singer and the bassist are married, right?

MRS. ZOOM: Right. And D. J. (the drummer) is married to Dinky.

TWISTED IMAGE: So its a real family band.

MRS ZOOM: Very family. We all go on tour together. We all work. I work the spotlights. Dinky helps out with merchandizing.

TWISTED IMAGE: Do you ever feel the urge to get up there in the spotlight?

MRS. ZOOM: No. I'd rather be helping the band. Its real hard. Its rough on the road. Its very tiring. Always moving. This is our last gig so we get to go home for 7 days. And then we go on tour again to do the Southwest, and you know how long it takes to get to Texas? We have to drive straight 1,500 miles!!

TWISTED IMAGE: Is the midwest familiar with your music?

MRS. ZOOM: Yea. I was so surprised. Kids found out where the hotel was and they showed up with beer and poetry and they wanted to party. They were great! I was worried. I thought they were all heavy metal. (Billy Zoom makes the scene.)

BILLY ZOOM: How ya doing.

TWISTED IMAGE: I'm officially interviewing your wife.

BILLY ZOOM: Oh good. She knows all the answers better than I do.

TWISTED IMAGE: Very modest. I wanted to ask you how come you don't move around on stage. Its an unusual stage persona. Any reason for that?

BILLY ZOOM: I feel silly.

TWISTED IMAGE: You don't wanna do a Mick Jagger imitation?

BILLY ZOOM (slightly aghast) No.

TWISTED IMAGE: Your wife wasn't helping me out at all. I told her I needed National Enquirer type of gossip for my paper. And she says: "Billy Zoom is a real nice guy. He's a swell human being." And that might be true, but it won't help me sell papers.

MRS. ZOOM: I can tell you something. He's a fish. He loves to sit in the bathtub for hours.

TWISTED IMAGE: I don't know how that'll rate on the scandal meter.

BILLY ZOOM: Did you tell him about my scooters?

TWISTED IMAGE: (hopefully) Uh-oh. . . This is getting spicy now . . .

MRS. ZOOM: He's a scooter enthusiast to the maximum. He lo-o-oves his scooters!

TWISTED IMAGE: (disappointed) Well . . . it's not quite, ya know *"Cocaine, groupies and decadence!!"* So X is really like an All-American group?

BILLY ZOOM: We're all Americans.

TWISTED IMAGE: Sorta' like the Partridge Family or the Cowsills.

BILLY ZOOM: They're friends of ours.

TWISTED IMAGE: So how come X is catching on when other groups don't?

BILLY ZOOM: We've been around longer. It's been 5 years.

MRS. ZOOM: It's more than what they thought it would be. Everytime we go somewhere it seems that there's more.

TWISTED IMAGE: Are you guys still involved with SLASH Records?

BILLY ZOOM: Only in that our first 2 albums are still on SLASH.

MRS. ZOOM: The new albums on Elektra.

TWISTED IMAGE: So SLASH was just getting you guys started and—

MRS. ZOOM: Slash started *because* of X. They were a magazine. They just decided that the band needed to put out a record and they became a record company through signing X.

TWISTED IMAGE: So you guys were involved with it from the beginning.

BILLY ZOOM: Pretty much. We were the second album they put out.

TWISTED IMAGE: What was the first?

BILLY ZOOM: The Germs. Then the Blasters and the FleshEaters.

TWISTED IMAGE: Whats the difference between the scene in L.A. and S.F.?

BILLY ZOOM: (sagely) Every city is the same but it's different.

TWISTED IMAGE: I went through L.A. once and I wasn't sure if I could find it. You look for the center of the city and . . . (perplexed) where is it??

MRS. ZOOM: Yea. We live in Hollywood and we can go up to the 7-11 and we'll probably see someone we know. Its almost like a little community.

BILLY ZOOM: I'll say one thing about S.F. They have the best scooter shops.

TWISTED IMAGE: I'll put that on the headlines. (a nubile female fan-girl approaches) So how do you fit into this scene?

FAN-GIRL: Well if you'd like to know, this young man right here (points to Billy) I'd seen some albums and, uh, videos, and I'd seen this guy and his face, uh . . .

BILLY ZOOM: (smiles embarrassingly)

FAN-GIRL: No don't smile, you'll ruin it. This face. . . . (struggles to find the words to express "the face")

TWISTED IMAGE: Let me guess. You're the daughter.

MRS ZOOM: (exclaims) I'm only 23!!

TWISTED IMAGE: X is a family band. Everybody's related right?

FAN-GIRL: (continuing oblivious) Actually his face is what has kept X in my mind.

TWISTED IMAGE: The face that launched a 1,000 fans.

MRS. ZOOM: (proudly) Thats right. Isn't it something. Oh gorgeous.

FAN-GIRL: I've seen his face on albums and, y'know, pictures, and I remember that face. I loved that face!

TWISTED IMAGE: (to Billy) It's not easy being a rock star, huh.

BILLY ZOOM: Interview her some more. Thats good stuff.

TWISTED IMAGE: How do you like X?

FAN-GIRL: I really don't know too much about them.

TWISTED IMAGE: You mostly like them for Billy Zoom's face, huh.

FAN-GIRL: I love his face! I love it! His face!! (etc., etc.)

MRS. ZOOM: Here comes Dinky.

DINKY: Do you want to know some gossip about D.J.? After the show D.J., being the health fanatic that he is, he says, "I'm gonna change my shirt honey and I feel so good I'm gonna run back to the hotel!"

TWISTED IMAGE: Y'mean after playing drums all day long. . .

DINKY: He jogs! He plays raquetball. He plays raquetball. He plays basketball.

TWISTED IMAGE: Something tells me this isn't gonna be a story about "X Beats Young Girls With Black Boots!"

DINKY: X is a family, close-knit band. They have barbecues together. They have parties together.

TWISTED IMAGE: But there must be something between Exene and John Doe. Like Sonny & Cher— They're getting divorced and who gets custody of Chastity?

MRS ZOOM: Never! No, I hate to disappoint you . . .

TWISTED IMAGE: You've disappointed all my readers.

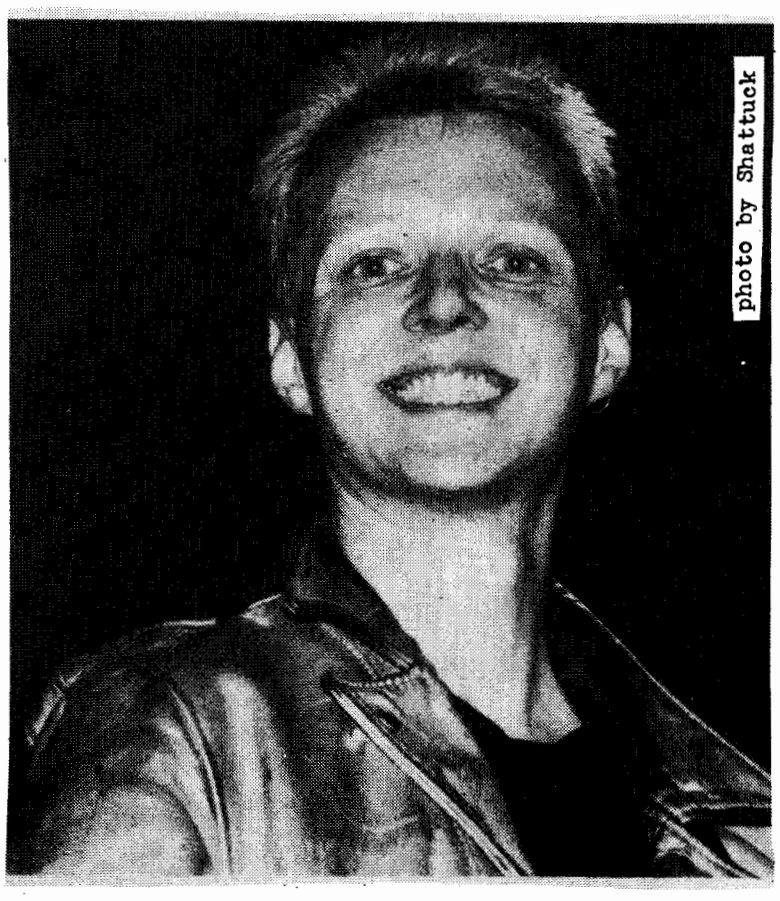
DINKY: They're very in love. They stay with each other all the time. They hate to be separated. That's the God honest truth.

TWISTED IMAGE: (overcome yet again) Awwww. Its very sweet, but it ruins my story. But I've heard rumors about John Doe and Farrah Fawcett. I know about L.A.

MRS. ZOOM: (defensively) What do you know about L.A.?

TWISTED IMAGE: About John Doe and Farrah Fawcett. The *menage a trois* with Burt Reynolds. The 3 of them!!

MRS. ZOOM: Oh you mean John Doe, Burt, and Dolly.



The face that launched a 1,000 fans

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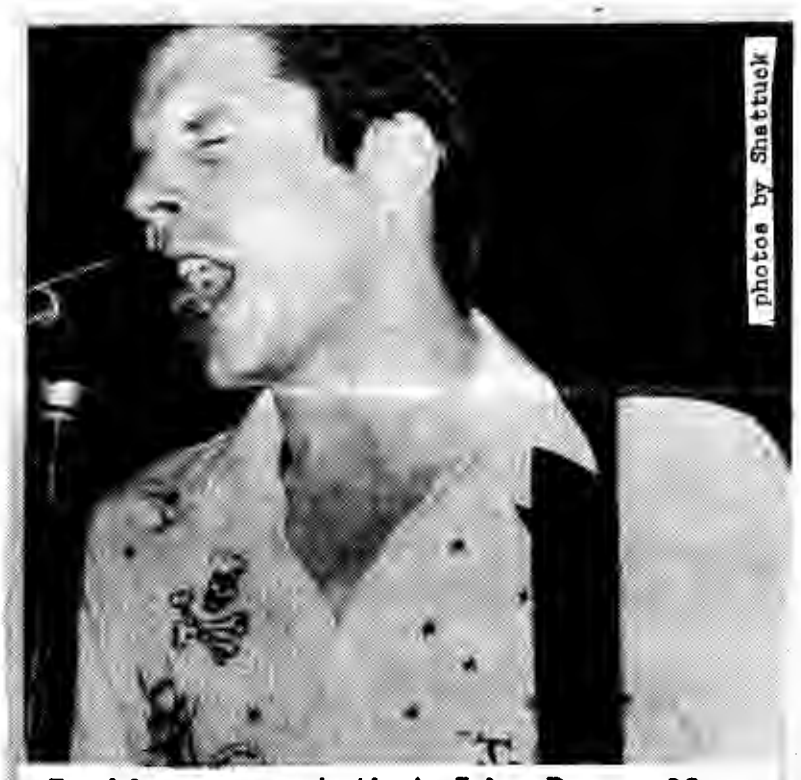
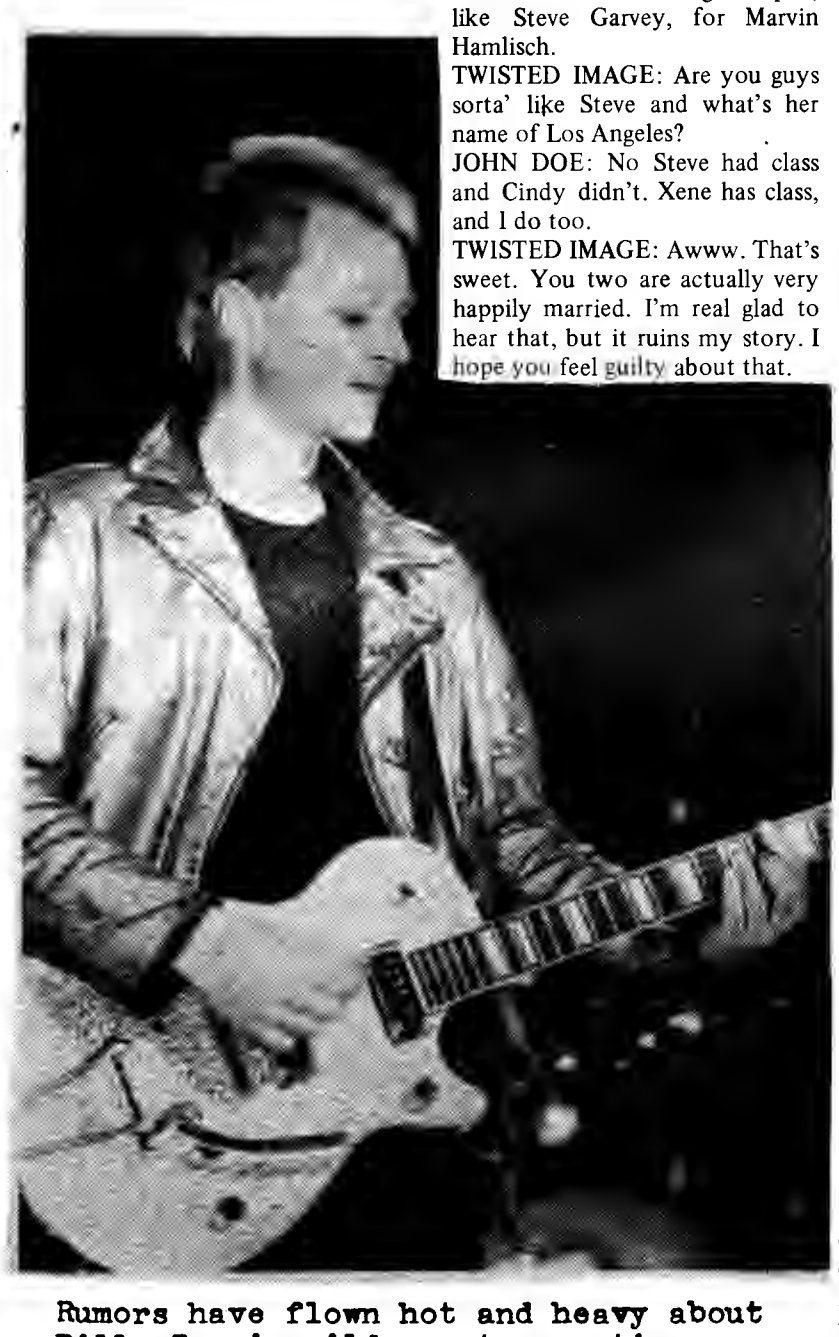
TWISTED IMAGE: DOLLY!!! Now I'm getting somewhere. . . . What would you ask John Doe if you were interviewing?
MRS. ZOOM: Where'd he get those beautiful eyes?
TWISTED IMAGE: That was probably his Mother and Father.
MRS. ZOOM: Yes! They are both wonderful people!
TWISTED IMAGE: (here we go again) Don't tell me the Mother and Father are getting in the band?
MRS' ZOOM: They watch John on TV. They get all the newspapers. They call up all the time. They're real enthusiastic.
TWISTED IMAGE: How does this fit in with the Doors. Jim Morrison and his folks weren't exactly...
MRS. ZOOM: That's totally different. The thing is that Ray Manzarek's a very good friend of the band, and the reason for them being on Elecktra has nothing to do with Ray. It was a big coincidence. And that's what X is almost. Coincidence after coincidence. That's what Exene says.
DINKY: There's no parallel between the Doors and X. Except that Ray saw them play "Soul Kitchen." He loved it!
TWISTED IMAGE: Oh they did "Soul Kitchen" before they met Ray Manzarek?
MRS. ZOOM: Way before!
TWISTED IMAGE: But there must be some sort of connection there, I mean on a cosmic level.
MRS. ZOOM: You're a suspicious kinda' guy.
TWISTED IMAGE: No, I mean there must be some kind of a bond. (trying to change subject) So what would you ask John Doe if you were interviewing him?
DINKY: (awkward silence)
TWISTED IMAGE: (fidgeting) uh. . . I'm kinda' new at this racket myself, y'know . . .
MRS. ZOOM: You're doing great! You're the best interviewer I've ever talked to!
TWISTED IMAGE: Hey! Well that I'll definitely print! (Ha Ha. I printed it!) So what would you ask him?



Insiders report that John Doe suffers mental anguish over his wife's infatuation with Liberace.

DINKY: I'd ask him if he's tired of defending himself for just being a regular guy. (Exene approaches)
TWISTED IMAGE: So are you gonna give me any gossip about X?
EXENE: (snottily) Gossip?!
TWISTED IMAGE: Yea. I need National Enquirer stuff. Y'know, like there's a big break-up between you and John. Burt Reynolds is between you, right? Burt is taking you away.
EXENE: Actually it's like Marilyn Monroe and Joe Dimaggio. I'm leaving John for a baseball player. He's leaving me for a movie star.
TWISTED IMAGE: Now I'm getting some good stuff. Can you name names?
EXENE: Well actually its a comedian.
TWISTED IMAGE: Henny Youngman?
EXENE: No it's not Henny Young-man! (snidely) Now you're being really, really, really silly.
JOHN DOE: I'm being dumped, like Steve Garvey, for Marvin Hamlisch.
TWISTED IMAGE: Are you guys sorta' like Steve and what's her name of Los Angeles?
JOHN DOE: No Steve had class and Cindy didn't. Xene has class, and I do too.
TWISTED IMAGE: Awww. That's sweet. You two are actually very happily married. I'm real glad to hear that, but it ruins my story. I hope you feel guilty about that.
EXENE: (not feeling guilty) Harumph!!
JOHN DOE: No the thing is that there's a lot more deviance that you can indulge in besides fucking around. It gets really old at a certain point and it's no fun.
TWISTED IMAGE: Beyond decadence! Maybe that's the '80s!
JOHN DOE: No, there's so many other things to be decadent about.
EXENE: Oh geez. (bored) You keep on going baby, I gotta go.
TWISTED IMAGE: Okey-dokey. (too drunk to realize she was referring to John Doe as "baby" not him). Any last words of wisdom?
EXENE: No. I have no words of wisdom for myself or anyone else.
TWISTED IMAGE: Are you nasty or nice? (good question, huh)
EXENE: I'm a nice person. I'm nice to work with and I'm polite to the public and I treat strangers kindly, and I pick up hitchhikers and I give spare change to bums and uh . . .
TWISTED IMAGE: Spare any change so I can get home?
EXENE: (weasling out of it) I'm broke right now. I, uh, haven't got paid ya know, I uh . . . (makes hasty exit)
TWISTED IMAGE: How is it being a big rock star—being famous yet being John Doe. Isn't that a contradiction?
JOHN DOE: Yes. That's why I chose the name. I thought it was high time rock 'n roll has a John Doe.
TWISTED IMAGE: I was wondering, could success go to John Doe's head? But it wouldn't work, y'know, John Doe Superstar?
JOHN DOE: The reason John Doe doesn't let success go to his head is because John Doe lived in Baltimore and understood that he was just an asshole for a long, long time.
TWISTED IMAGE: You're from Baltimore?
JOHN DOE: Yea, 13 years. I know John Waters (director of the classic, sicko-flick *Pink Flamingo*. I know a lotta' people and wild places in Baltimore. John Water's is the only celebrity in Baltimore.
TWISTED IMAGE: He's the fitting celebrity for Baltimore.
JOHN DOE: Have you been there?
TWISTED IMAGE: I went there once and all I remember is all these slab buildings with awful colors. This has to be the most positive band. I even get positive words about Baltimore!
JOHN DOE: Baltimore is the most terrific nightmare that you could ever live in. talk wonders to unemployed, mean blacks) In Washington D.C. there's government jobs and they're getting 6, 7 bucks an hour. They got some bucks in D.C. But in Baltimore they scrub the marble steps everyday.
TWISTED IMAGE: So this is an inspirational story! Now I've got an angle! John Doe claws his way out of the slums of Baltimore to become the rock star that he is today!
JOHN DOE: Out of the bars!
DRUNKEN BYSTANDER: Slugs his way outta th' bars! Onward. (At this point everybody breaks into a drunken version of "Onward Christian Soldiers. Marching As to War!")
TWISTED IMAGE: Punk rockers for Christ! What about punk rock? You guys started out with a hardcore audience?
JOHN DOE: No, it's always been the same, to be boring, really diverse. But punk rock means to me—in 25 words or less—it's an attitude of honesty, of caring for your audience and doing the best you can. And that goes from Elvis Costello and Blondie, all the way to Black Flag, the Circle Jerks, and TSOL and all those good people. Cuz' the whole basic thing is that they fucking care. They don't want things to just meander along. They care. As Jerry Lewis is love, punk rock is caring.
TWISTED IMAGE: Wait, wait, wait, wait, WAIT!! Wa-a-ait a second. Jerry Lewis??? You mean "Jerry Lewis 'my kids' telethon"?
JOHN DOE: You betcha! We played on Jerry Lewis' Telethon. We stayed in Caesar's Palace where all the women who work there walk around in Roman togas.
TWISTED IMAGE: So you're from Los Angeles. You must meet all the celebrities.
JOHN DOE: As a matter of fact I'm really pissed off about that cuz' nobody comes and talks to us. Well we met Mike Douglas cuz we were on his horrible, little cable show. But the best celebrity I've met is Bob Welch who's a pitcher for the L.A. Dodgers. He won 15 games.
TWISTED IMAGE: (gloating) The S. F. Giants knocked the Dodgers out this year! (San Francisco rules!)
JOHN DOE: It was worthwhile cuz Joe Morgan had his thing. But Bob Welch had an alcohol problem at the age of 23 and he had to go and dry out, and he's really a neat guy. He's not a dummy like some baseball players.
TWISTED IMAGE: Not a dumb jock.
JOHN DOE: He's really neat. He's got all kinds of little demons inside him. He looks like he's having a conversation with himself (laughs).
TWISTED IMAGE: Well that's the thing about X that intrigues me. There's some sorta' strange spirit about it. Maybe it's Exene in a way, uh, not necessarily invoking demons, but there's something different from just like, "Here's X doing their latest hits." I guess maybe that's the common bond with the Doors . . . I don't know quite what I'm trying to come around to. Maybe you know sorta' what. . . .
JOHN DOE: I think that people that are worth their salt have some kind of hole inside of them that doesn't get filled up real easy. And sometimes it never gets filled up. And that's why they drink or play music or stay up late and do all kinds of stupid things that are bad for your health.
TWISTED IMAGE: Or put out magazines for some strange reason. . .
JOHN DOE: Yea, and there's some kinda' hole right around your solar plexis that just doesn't get filled up, and everybody who's worth it has a thing like that, like "I want something but I can't figure out what it is!"
TWISTED IMAGE: I'm not sure whether most art isn't based on neurosis—not to look at it from a negative point of view—but this bit about the feeling of dissatisfaction—the hole—wanting more...
JOHN DOE: Sometimes it's subconscious neurosis, but sometimes it's honest desire. Some of the most successful people are just driven by the desire to be famous, so people will say, "Oh, hi. I *know* you."
TWISTED IMAGE: "It's *THE John Doe!*"
JOHN DOE: Yea.
TWISTED IMAGE: What's Ray Manzarek *really* like?
JOHN DOE: Ray Manzarek is one of the smartest, most understanding of everybody's point of view—but basically twisted—person that I've ever met. He really loves deviance, so long as it doesn't hurt people and go into maliciousness. He's very kind and soft. We agree on a lot of things. He's the only guy I trust artistically.
TWISTED IMAGE: Well, that's high praise.
JOHN DOE: He's a friend, not a business associate, which is the best thing you could ever have.
TWISTED IMAGE: Well, it's been real interesting talking with you.
JOHN DOE: It's been bitching!

END


Rumors have flown hot and heavy about Billy Zoom's wild scooter parties.

Though she remains faithful to John Doe her heart belongs to Libby.

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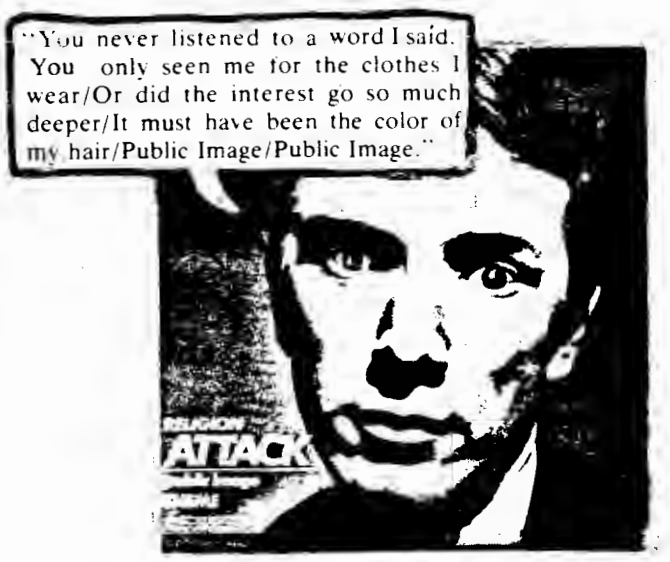
PUBLIC IMAGE MEETS THE PRESS

by
Ace Backwords



STILL ROTTEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

Johnny Rotten. The Sex Pistols. 1977. Is it already nostalgia?

I remember the Sex Pistols final concert at Winterland. It was a spectacle. Bill Graham kept the lights on throughout the show, probably out of fear that the crowd of punks would be whipped into a violent frenzy by the Pistols. Actually there were only a handful of "punks" dressed for the part, with black leather and spiked hair. This was '77 remember.

Johnny Rotten lurched around the stage like a hunched-over orangutan, draped over the mike. Sid Vicious, shirtless, booming out notes on his bass, amused himself spitting on the front rows. People began throwing stuff at the Pistols—beer cans, cameras, umbrellas, you name it—by the end of the show the stage looked like a garbage dump. "And you think *I'M* the freak!" snapped Rotten, dodging debri.

They ended the show with "No Fun", an Iggy Pop song. "It's no fun! It's no fun! It's not funny!!" whined Johnny. Then he scooped up some of the more valuable junk hurled onstage, and lurched offstage, smirking over his shoulder, "Ya ever get the feeling you've been cheated?"

* * *

Johnny Rotten was a hero of mine—as much of a hero as I could make of such a surly prick. Actually, he was the first person of my age, of my generation, to stand up and say something new. *"Never Mind the Bollocks"* still sounds great, but it's hard to remember how fresh that sounded when it first came out. After all the media hype about "Punk—The Next Big Thing" (Ya know, what is it this year? Roller-disco-surf-snorkling?) I expected more bullshit. But Johnny Rotten was something different, indeed.

So when I was invited to the Public Image Limited press conference last month to check out Johnny Rotten/Lydon's new band, I was excited. Yea. "Press conference." Johnny Lydon and the boys sat up there like Ronald Reagan meets the press, sitting at this table with all these microphones and tape-recorders and video cameras to record this great event.

And I felt like a real hot shot, sitting there at the swank 181 Club munching from the free buffet along with the cream of San Francisco's rock journalist. The place was packed with Baboon Dooley-type rock critics!

Unfortunately the sound system didn't work so you couldn't hear much of what Public Image was saying, aside from occasional remarks about "smart-ass reporters" and "ignorant mumbling." Mostly Johnny Lydon looked bored and annoyed at the stupid questions, several times letting out loud belches of disapproval at particularly inane questions. Still it was a lot more sedate than in '77 when he threatened to piss down the throat of KSAN deejay Bonnie Simmons.

"Why'd you call this press conference?" asked one Baboon Dooley. "So I don't have to talk to you individually," said Johnny. "Besides you all ask the same questions anyway." Fab facts: His favorite TV shows are "You Asked For It" and "That's Entertainment." About the World Series: "I hate sports." The Gang of Four: "I hate them. It's a shame they can't come up with any original ideas." Where he buys his shoes: "Florsheim". Did he consider their last L.A. show one of their worst: "It weren't very good that's for sure."

Blah, blah, blah . . . Finally my female co-reporter cut through his crust by asking: "Sex and God are both 3 letter words. Can you think of any others?" (Now that's a TWISTED IMAGE question!!)

Another lady, an English radio D.J., got him riled by accusing him of being, heaven forbid!, a Big Rock Star.

D.J.: How come you charge so much to play? ($12.50 a ticket at the Galleria in S.F.). Do you think you're worth $8,000 to $10,000 for an hour show? Isn't that against the grain of what it all started with?

LYDON: (sarcastically) All *what* started with?

D.J.: Well, not going for the big rock star thing charging large amounts for people to get in.

LYDON: (accusingly) How much do *you* charge for your radio interviews?

D.J.: I don't charge anything. I do it for the love of it.

LYDON: Well then you, my dear, are a turd.

D.J.: You don't know me. You can't judge me.

LYDON: (snottily) I'm not a social worker. I don't do this for charity. This is my livelihood. What we charge is *not* a lot of money!

And so on. . . . More boring questions about comparison shopping for heroin (Is it cheaper in New York or London? Lydon: "How should I know!) and the danger of the media becoming a religion. Johnny weathered the questions with his usual world-weary won't - these - lowly - mortals - ever - rise - to - my level - and - ask - me - something - worthwhile routine. All those microphones and tape recorders and video cameras, all poised to capture . . . what . . . ?

Suddenly Lydon stood up and walked offstage, followed by the rest of the band. End of press conference.

* * *

Most of the rock journalists left immediately. Most of the free food was gone, and they'd taken enough abuse from Mr. Lydon for one day. However, for reasons known only to her, my co-reporter was in the Lady's room of the swank 181 Club washing her hair in the sink. So I went backstage and talked with bassist Peter Jones and Johnny Lydon.

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PETE JONES

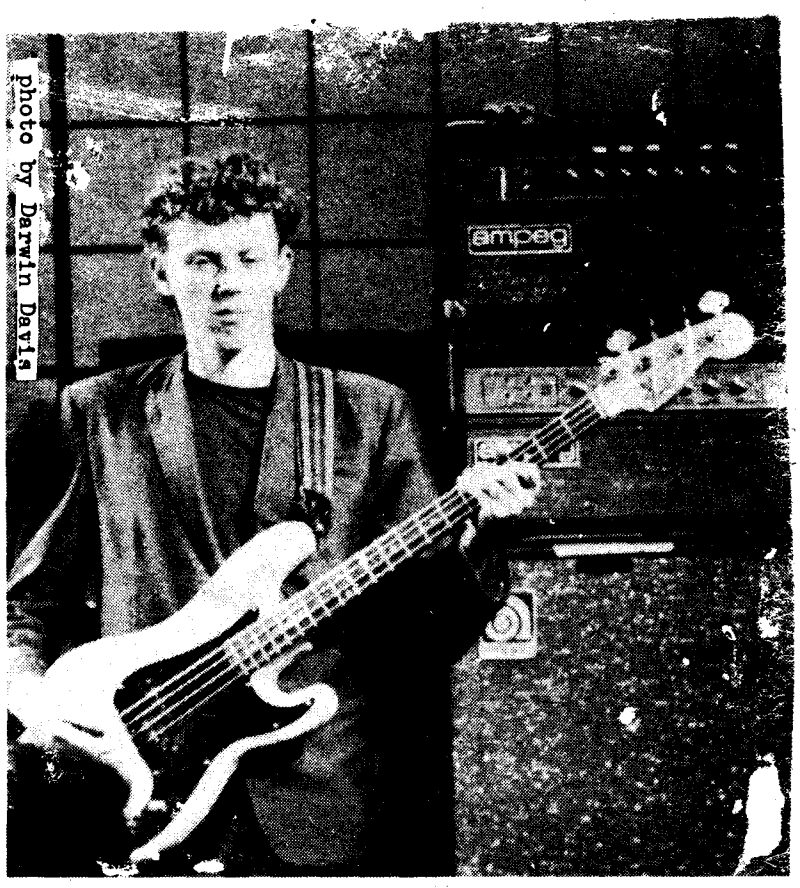

photo by Darwin Davis

TWISTED IMAGE: How'd you get involved with PiL?
JONES: Well I've knows Marty Atkins for years. He's been their current drummer for the past two years—and the job came up for a bass player and he put them in touch with me.
TWISTED IMAGE: Whatever happened to Jah Wobble (former PiL bass player)?
JONES: Wobble??! Wobble left. I think he ran off with 6 black guys. Went to a Tibetan monestary and had sex with them for, like, a year. Then he went to the Welsh mountains and put back legs of sheep down his Wellington boots.
TWISTED IMAGE: ?????! Uh-oh. What's this about unnatural axe with sheep? (refuses to elaborate) Was it a shock to all of a sudden be in an internationally known group.
JONES: It's not a shock at all. I'm totally professional.
TWISTED IMAGE: What do your folks think of you being in PiL?
JONES: I haven't spoken to me Mum since I've joined. She's really pleased that I'm out of the house.
TWISTED IMAGE: Same with my Mom. Anything that gets me out of the way.
JONES: Yea. This is exactly what I want. We're in total control of everything we do. If you work with a major record company you've go to deal with 8 or 9 different levels of people to get anything done. Because we have our own record label we're in control of what we're doing. Total control. Power. That's what it's all about. That's what we do. Our destinies in our own hands.
TWISTED IMAGE: You're a lucky band that can say that. Do you know of any other bands that are in that position besides yourself.
JONES: No. . . uh. . Brian Brain.
TWISTED IMAGE: Brian Brain? Who's that?
JONES: That's me and the drummer Martin Atkins. We've got our own group, Brian Brain. It's a totally separate thing from PiL. Just recently we're all involved now under the same umbrella which is Public Enterprise Productions. Under that umbrella is Public Image, Brian Brain, and Cowboys International.
TWISTED IMAGE: Johnny Lydon seems like a nasty guy.
JONES: Oh shut yer face. He buys me drinks.
TWISTED IMAGE: Does he ever get in fights with people?
JONES: No. There's very little trouble at all. Lots of people get really enthusiastic about the band and about John. But nobody hardly ever wants to do any damage.
TWISTED IMAGE: He does have a charisma. But he does seem like he has a chip on his shoulder about something.
JONES: Well, that's understandable. 90% of the time all anybody asks about is the Sex Pistols and that's history, that's past, that's gone. We're involved in what we're doing now. And he resents that attitude of people just wanting to know about "Syd" or "Sex Pistols."
TWISTED IMAGE: So I think I'll go up and ask him about the Sex Pistols first, right off.
JONES: Yea, and if he tells you to fuck off, that's your bit.

* * *

JOHN LYDON

TWISTED IMAGE: Is it true you get pissed when reporters ask questions about the Sex Pistols?
LYDON: No, so long as they ask sensible questions.
TWISTED IMAGE: (shows him copy of T.I. No. 2 with his caricature on cover) Do you think this looks like you?
LYDON: No—not at all.
TWISTED IMAGE: Would you like a copy? Do you read anything?
LYDON: Not really.
TWISTED IMAGE: O.K. I'll try to think of a good question. Do you think you're smarter than most people? You seem like you sorta' have a chip on your shoulder.
LYDON: (smirks contemptuously)
TWISTED IMAGE: (teasing) C'mon. . . .
LYDON: I have no chip on my shoulder. I just like being asked sensible questions.
TWISTED IMAGE: O.K. Let's talk about social impact. I saw your show at Winterland with the Sex Pistols, and now, 4 or 5 years later—that changed a lot of people's lives, whether for good or bad or whatever. You put out something that effects people—that has impact.

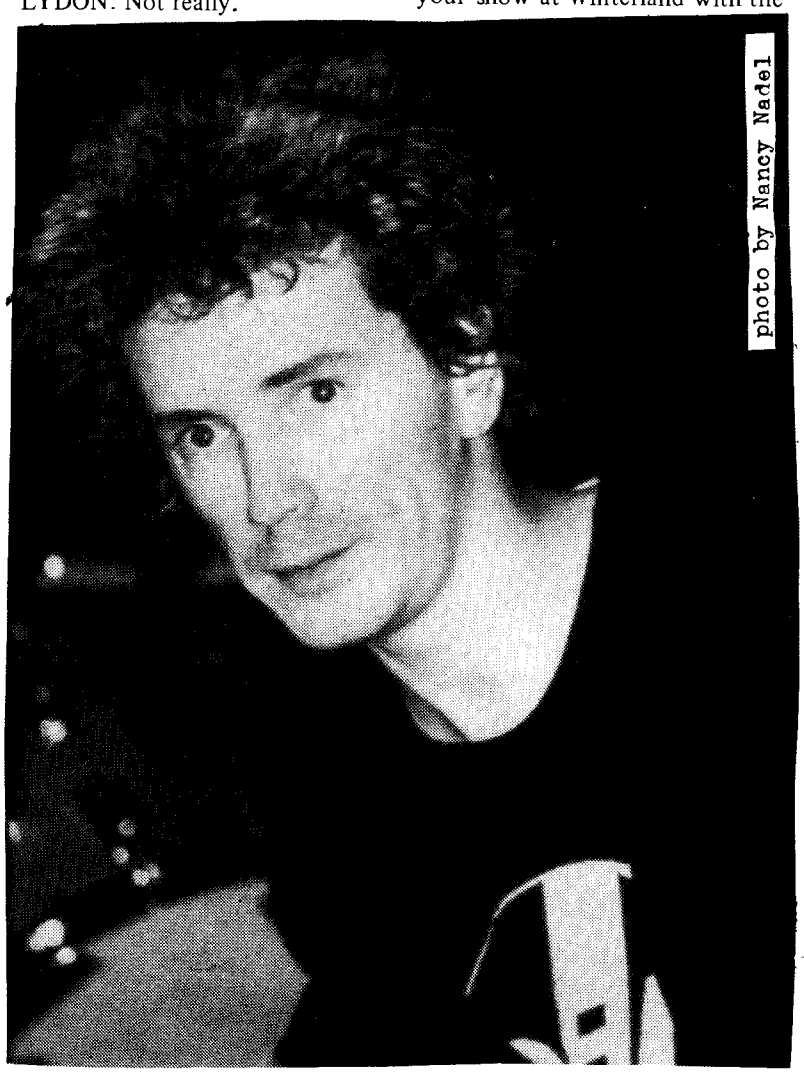
photo by Nancy Nadel

LYDON: Yea, but I don't like the term "social impact." It's a worn-out cliche that the press loves to use. It means absolutely nothing. It's too non-specific.
TWISTED IMAGE: Well, what do you feel about having effect on people's lives by what you do?
LYDON: (sarcastically) That would be the point, wouldn't it?
TWISTED IMAGE: Do you feel any responsibility?
LYDON: (martyr) I hope they appreciate that we're making a gre-e-e-eat effort to improve their, like, alternatives. I mean that's how we see ourselves. Merely an alternative. I mean, like, you shouldn't listen to just PiL and nothing else. You should listen to everything, and I think we fit quite well with everything.
TWISTED IMAGE: (glad to know PiL fits with everything) That's sort of an idealistic attitude.
LYDON: Maybe so. I'd say it was common sense. Music is made for enjoyment. It's made to make you feel certain emotions. Alrite?
TWISTED IMAGE: Why did you come up with the title "Public Image"? Was that sort of a response to the Sex Pistols? I read somewhere you said "Syd Vicious bought his public image."
LYDON: (gravely) Most definitely.
TWISTED IMAGE: How about yourself? Do you feel you have pretty much control over the image you're projecting out to the people?
LYDON: I walked out of that lot, because of what they were trying to push me into. I found it pathetic.
TWISTED IMAGE: The angry young man image? The rebellious youth?
LYDON: Was it? . . . (At this point the tape ran out, duh, so I had to flip it over and anything Lydon said at this moment is lost forever. Oh well). . . . the public wouldn't take it serious, either. It's just a shame that most of them do.
TWISTED IMAGE: You seem so serious.
LYDON: I mean what I do. I'm not an idiot.
TWISTED IMAGE: You seem more serious than just about anyone I've ever met.
LYDON: I'm not a clown. I mean it!
TWISTED IMAGE: Did you find the media was portraying you in a clownish way? A freakish way? Is that what you resented?
LYDON: They'd like to do that—to take away the threat. I'm definitely a threat to *that* kind of establishment.
TWISTED IMAGE: How so? Threatening their values?
LYDON (gravely) They're like record companies. They only like routine. Regular procedure. They don't like anything that knocks the status quo.
TWISTED IMAGE: O.K. How about threat on a political level. (shows him T.I. No. 2 cover) This is just a joke but—
LYDON: (defensively) I know nothing about this so you can't ask me. It wouldn't be fair.
TWISTED IMAGE: It's sorta' just violence against—
LYDON: (abruptly) Then I have no comment.
TWISTED IMAGE: No comment, huh . . . about . . .
LYDON: About what??! (aggravated) You showed me a picture. What am I to do? (perplexed)
TWISTED IMAGE: (pointing to picture) This is sort of America in a way. Reagan stands for the traditional American male. And you guys are a threat to, uh. . . .
LYDON: The WASP mentality.

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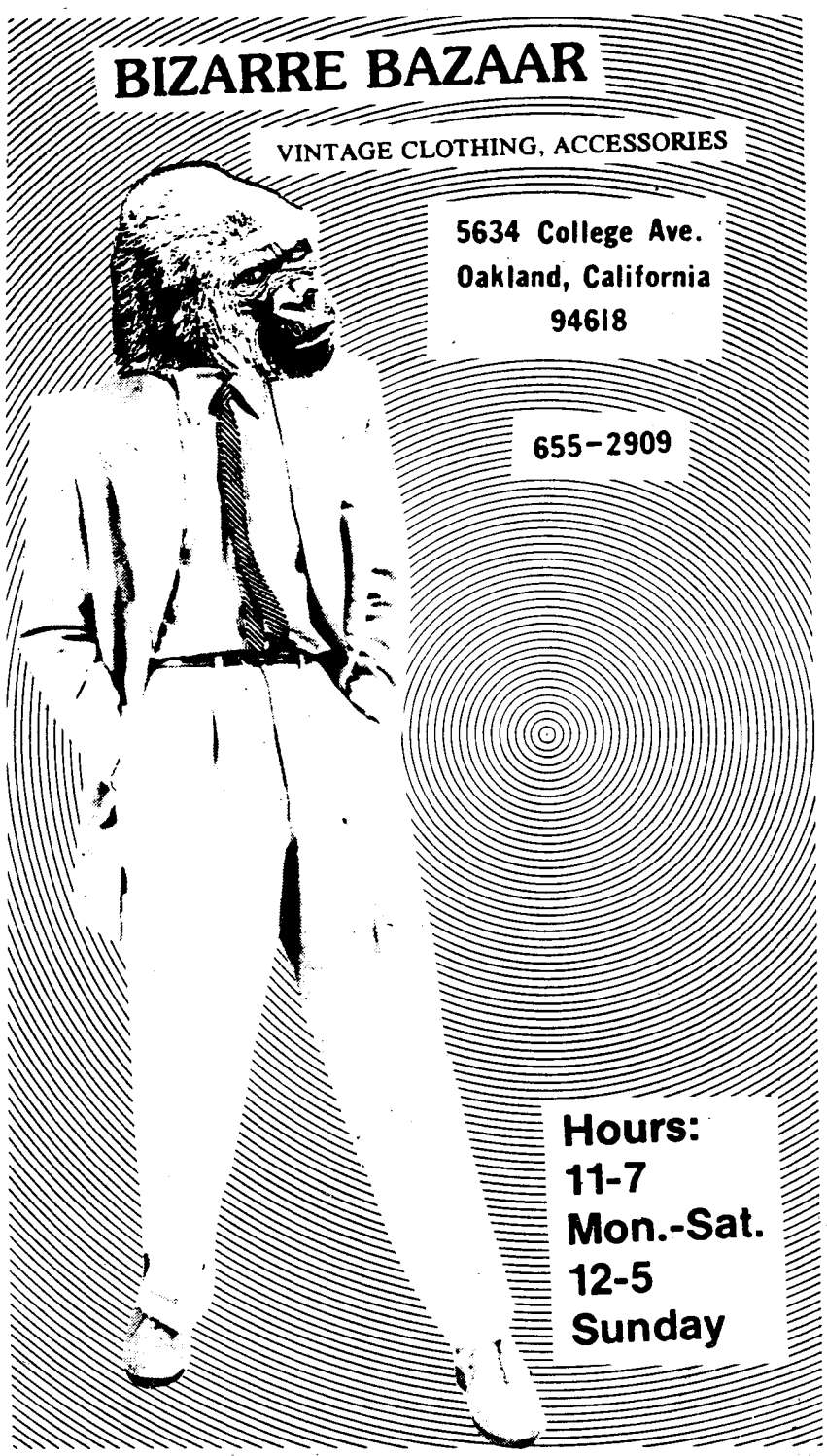
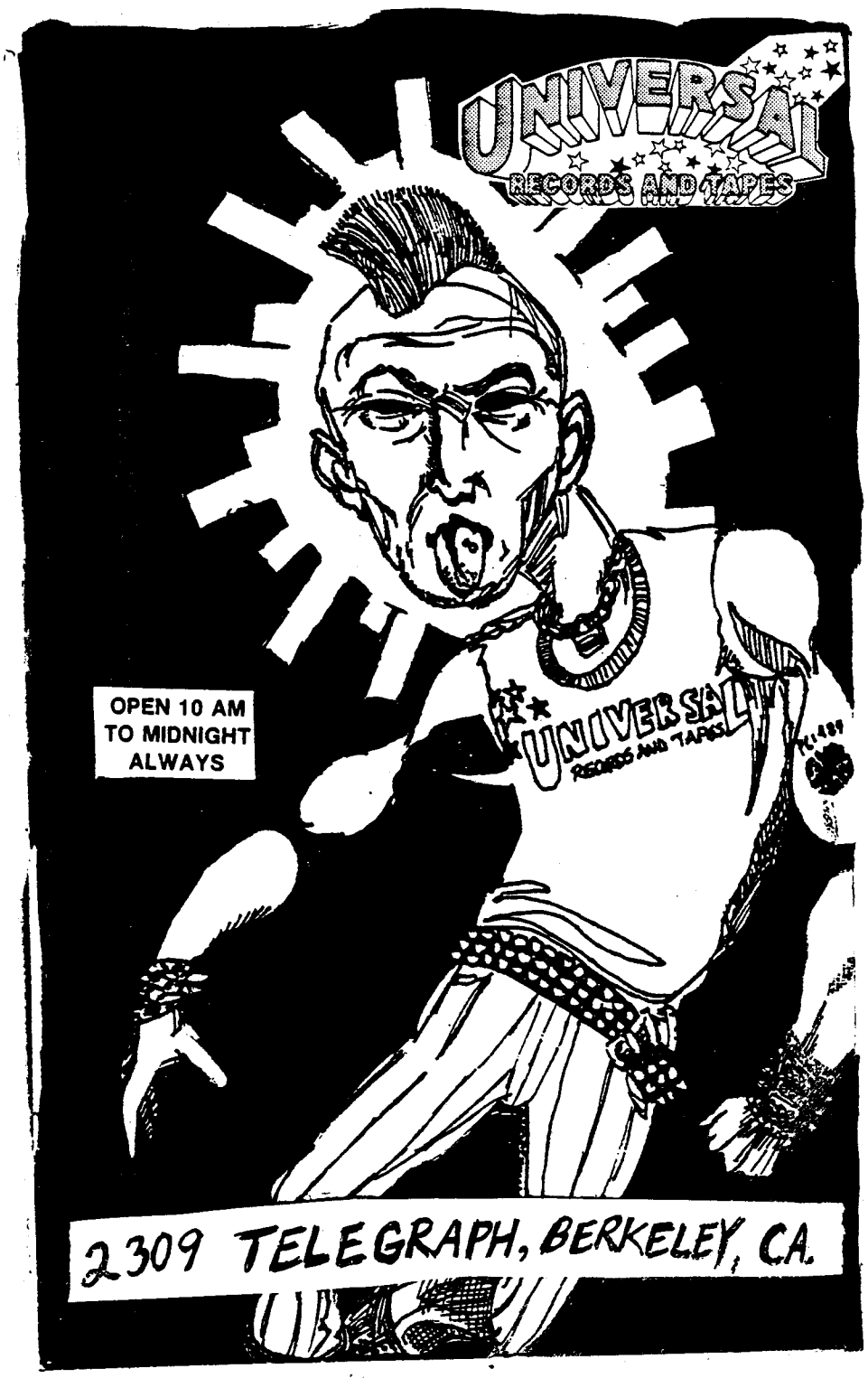


B-TEAM AND THE LEWD "TWISTED IMAGE" AT THE BENEFIT AT OLLIE'S 4120 TELEGRAPH AVE. - OAKLAND..... FEBRUARY 12TH, SATURDAY EVENING.



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AN INTERVIEW WITH AN ELDERLY STREETWOMAN

by Bruce N. Duncan

August 1, Saturday Morning
1982

A good many around Tele are familiar with B - - , a homeless old lady living on the street who keeps several dogs as pets and companions. She is one of the longest inhabitants among street-people of the south-campus Telegraph Avenue area of Berkeley, California.

TWISTED IMAGE: I heard you once had a van, and yet I just see you on the street. Would you care to talk about that?

B - - : Uh, yeh. For one thing, there is no place to park a van without getting tons of tickets in Berkeley. there's no parking lot unless you want to go clear down to Oakland. Another thing is, I've given it up because I have no money for gas to run it.

Now, if I was in a small town out in the country, or a small town in the mountains, I would be able to find places to park it without paying or paying much. For one day here parking in the meters, it's almost *four* dollars!

TWISTED IMAGE: Do you feel that a woman needs someone or something to care for, even if she's on the street?

B - - : I sure do. I have my dogs, and they're a lotta comfort to me.

TWISTED IMAGE: Do you like cats, too?

B - - : Oh, I love 'em. I love all animals.

TWISTED IMAGE: Is street life easier in a lot of ways in the summertime?

B - - : Oh, certainly, No rain . . . well, this summer it's been pretty cold, but at least there hasn't been rain.

TWISTED IMAGE: Which are the best to panhandle from, tourists or residents?

B - - : Residents. Tourists don't give you a penny. They look at you like you're from Mars.

TWISTED IMAGE: Is the mood of depression a common problem on the street?

B - - : Well, naturally. It's a hard life. It's a terrible hard life. I've had people say they couldn't stand it for a week. Sleepin' on the hard, cold cement ground, and now we're not even havin' that to sleep on 'cause the cops are raidin' all the places. Chasin' people away. So now we're gonna have to sleep standing up. So it is depressing.

TWISTED IMAGE: Can a person sleep standing up?

B - - : On the street, you get tired enough to. I sleep sometimes sittin' up. I have.

TWISTED IMAGE: It would take a strong back to do that, wouldn't it?

B - - : Well, I just lean against something. A few times I've slept sitting up. It's very depressing. It would be nice to sleep in a nice, soft bed.

TWISTED IMAGE: Of course, some claim that socialism could be a more beneficial system than capitalism.

B - - : Well, I've never really gave that much thought. I'm on the street and too wrapped up in my own troubles.

TWISTED IMAGE: I've often gone to the Berkeley Emergency Food Project, but I've never seen you there. Would you care to talk about that?

B - - : Definitely. I ate there two and a half years straight, then I ate there off and on another six months. Now there's two reasons why I dropped it. The first one is, my stomach said no--no more, can't take no more.

TWISTED IMAGE: Bad food?

B - - : Well, it isn't eating at the Durant Hotel! [The Hotel Durant in Berkeley has a very nice restaurant.] My stomach says no more, can't hold it no more. After nearly three years of eating there, if your life hasn't improved, elevated a little bit better than that, then it's time to give up. You know, better food and so on. It's time just to give up living. That's a long time. And that's just as bad as awful prison food, real bad prison. That food. . . well, it isn't bad, it's horrible. The beans used to be half-raw all the time . . . that awful fish . . . and macaroni and cheese that tastes like eating wall-paper paste, and cooked to death besides. And, another thing, is older men start going up there and they were always watchin' me—one in particular, who worked there. He kept watchin' me, staring at me. So I quit going there altogether.

TWISTED IMAGE: Do you find you can actually eat better by panhandling for food to eat out of restaurants?

B - - : Yes! Up to now. But now, the cops are arresting people for panhandling. So—if you can't get out of town, you just go off in the hills and sit and starve to death.

TWISTED IMAGE: You mean, say, you or some other panhandler might be arrested at any time now?

B - - : Yes! Definitely.

TWISTED IMAGE: Whereas there used to be more what you call local—

B - - : Yes!

TWISTED IMAGE: Well, I heard that you wanted to take a trip somewhere else.

B - - : I sure do. I want to go somewhere else where I can maybe get away from people who want to harm me. And I'm up in years—I'm tired of being around young, spoiled brats. And I myself, Berkeley isn't my cup of tea. I like more country towns; and cowboys, Western stuff, and country stuff. Berkeley isn't my cup of tea as a town. Berkeley's a nice place, for a while, but I'm tired of being around young, spoiled brats; I'm too old to be around the street amongst them

TWISTED IMAGE: Would you say that a lot of both the street people and the students are kind of bratty?

B - - : They sure are. I've had students—for a while, I thought the students were going to come and lynch me.

TWISTED IMAGE: Was it like they were angry at you? They held it against you for being on the street?

B - - : Angry at me? They looked at me like they were gonna kill me.

TWISTED IMAGE: You mean, the male students?

B - - : Yeh. Some of the girls, too. Getting real smarty-ass. And they emphasize being young.

TWISTED IMAGE: In California they say there's kind of a youth cult.

B - - : Yeh. Yeh, that's what it is. I'm very anxious to get away. Somewhere else I might have—like, I want to go south, there are some women down there. Well, they might help me, give me some help to get off the street where THE POLICE CAN'T HARASS ME, AND THE YOUNG SPOILED SHIT-ASSES—well, that's what they are to me—can't give me a bad time.

TWISTED IMAGE: I get the impression that once you're on the street, it's very hard to get off.

B - - : It's almost *impossible* if you don't have friends or relatives to help you. It's almost impossible. You die!

TWISTED IMAGE: At the same time, all the time you're on the sttreet, people are blaming you for being on the street. It's a sorta weird situation.

B - - : Yeh. And it's no fun. I don't know why they have that attitude, because it sure isn't—it's a HELL! It's HELL sleeping on cold cement through a whole winter, cold rain.

TWISTED IMAGE: You say, you know some people down south?

B - - : Yeh.

TWISTED IMAGE: I sure hope you make it down there, and get some help.

B - - : I do, too. But I've hiked out of here several times, but they won't stop for me.

TWISTED IMAGE: Cars won't stop for you?

B - - : No.

At first, I was gonna put the dogs to sleep by a vet so I can take a bus out, but it's like killin' my children. Now, if I have to kill 'em to get out of Berkeley, I would kill myself, too.

It's—you know—there's just a certain degree of what a human mind can stand up against or stand, and I figure this way: if life is really that bad, you have no friends, no family, where you have to kill your dog to escape a bad situation—well, then, life is really terrible; life isn't worth the hassle to—to me, it's going the limit, you know; just going a hairbreadth of pushing me over. *Everybody* has friends and relatives! If they're in danger, they come rushin' to rescue them. I have no one to do that. I've had terrible threats. I have no friends or no relatives who come rushin' to my rescue if it really gets dangerous for me. Nobody. I consider it—if you're so friendless that you have to put your poor little dogs to sleep to escape, it's pretty bad.

Is there any purpose of living when everything you have to do is torture to you? When you have to stir up a fraca- —goin' crazy for things you have to do. Now, I've lost a lot of pets that I adored livin' on the street, a lot of them. One thing is gonna push me over the edge.

They're my babies. They depend on me.

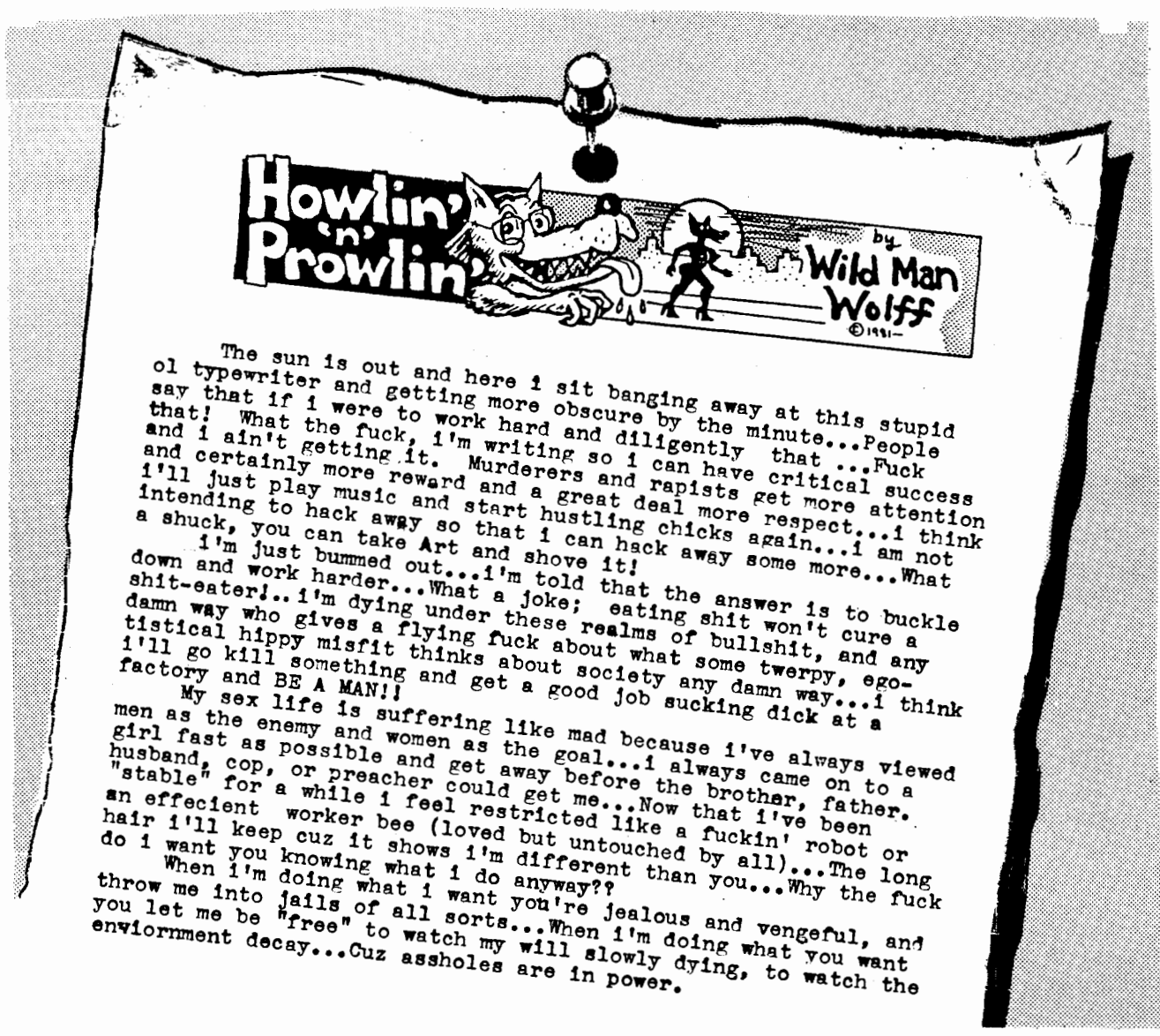
TWISTED IMAGE: It's terrible that in all this time you haven't found somebody who would help you travel to a better place.

B - - : Yeh. I'm not talking about someone picking me up and supporting me.

TWISTED IMAGE: Even though Berkeley is known as a nice town, it depends so much on having money.

B - - : Well, every place is like that. But here it's just all youth, everything's on youth. It's a youth territory. The so-superior college student.

—END—

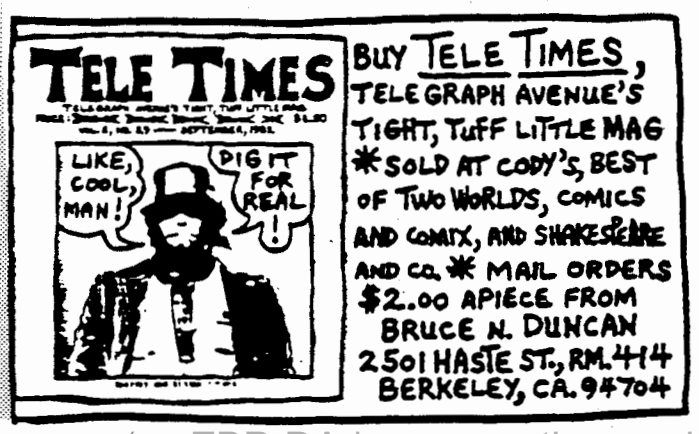


The sun is out and here i sit banging away at this stupid ol typewriter and getting more obscure by the minute...People say that if i were to work hard and diligently that ...Fuck that! What the fuck, i'm writing so i can have critical success and i ain't getting it. Murderers and rapists get more attention and certainly more reward and a great deal more respect...i think i'll just play music and start hustling chicks again...i am not intending to hack away so that i can hack away some more...What a shuck, you can take Art and shove it!

i'm just bummed out...i'm told that the answer is to buckle down and work harder...What a joke; eating shit won't cure a shit-eater!..i'm dying under these realms of bullshit, and any damn way who gives a flying fuck about what some twerpy, egotistical hippy misfit thinks about society any damn way...i think i'll go kill something and get a good job sucking dick at a factory and BE A MAN!!

My sex life is suffering like mad because i've always viewed men as the enemy and women as the goal...i always came on to a girl fast as possible and get away before the brother, father, husband, cop, or preacher could get me...Now that i've been "stable" for a while i feel restricted like a fuckin' robot or an effecient worker bee (loved but untouched by all)...The long hair i'll keep cuz it shows i'm different than you...Why the fuck do i want you knowing what i do anyway??

When i'm doing what i want you're jealous and vengeful, and throw me into jails of all sorts...When i'm doing what you want you let me be "free" to watch my will slowly dying, to watch the enviornment decay...Cuz assholes are in power.



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Chuck the Schmuck

by D. Miller

BABOON DOOLEY

by John Crawford

Chuck Chicken and Bruin Bear

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ZEN MUFFING MADE SIMPLE!

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THE YOU DECADE

by Ace Backwords

IDIOTS IN THE NEWS

Grover C. Fisher, who broke his leg when he got drunk and fell off a bar stook, tried to sue the tavern for his "crippling injury." But the Maryland Court of Appeals ruled the bar couldn't be held responsible. Too bad Grove, maybe you should try suing your ass for not staying on the stool.

* * *

Dallas policeman Stanley Short, 26, accidentally shot and killed himself while giving tips on handgun safety. Short told some friends that if one removes an ammunition clip from an automatic pistol, the weapon will not fire, even if there is a bullet in the chamber. Short shot himself while attempting to prove his theory.

* * *

RONALD REAGAN DELIVERS SOME FRANK TALK ABOUT GENITAL SIZES.

Sure, sure, you're all tired of hearing about Alfred Bloomingdale, the dirty old man who tied up nude women and beat them and drooled on them as he sat on their backs and made them crawl across the floor. Just another All-American sicko, right? But Mary Lowry of the Pacific Sun, brings up an interesting point when she notes that Bloomingdale, besides being one of President Reagan's advisers, was one of the presidents closest friends. "If a man is known for the company he keeps," writes Mary, "then Reagan is even more terrible than his political actions indicate."

* * *

Richard Nixon has joined the ranks of werewolves, vampires and Frankenstein as one of the all-time most popular Halloween masks. "Nixon continually sells," says Harold Overton, the owner of a costume company. "I think he's become a classic." Even after 8 years out of public office, Nixon masks out-sell Ronald Reagan masks by a large margin. C'mon Ron, you're gonna' have to try harder if you want to become America's favorite monster.

* * *

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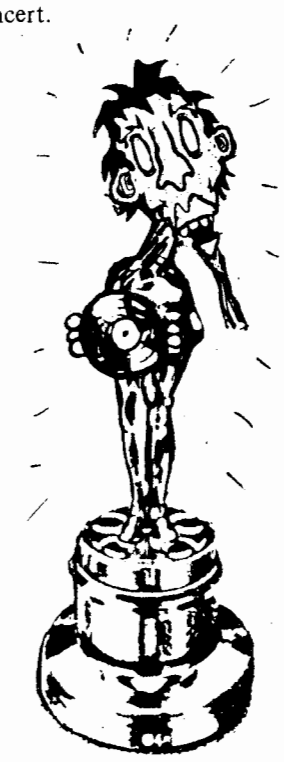
IDIOTS IN THE NEWS

The first annual BABOON award for rock 'n' roll idiocy goes to radio station KFOG for their never-ending promotion of the Who's "historic final concert." Like, every 5 minutes we had to hear Peter Townsend urging the radio listeners to "come together with the band" and tune into KFOG's radio simulcast of this great, great event. So after two months of this hype, the Who played their final concert. The Grand Finale! Big fucking deal, right? To be followed next year by the great, historic, re-union concert.



* * *

Recently the media's been flooded with heartwarming stories about Vietnam vets being reunited with the children they fathered in Vietnam. It seems the Amerasian kids were scorned by the Vietnamese and were left to beg on the streets. So, after lots of red tape, the kids were flown to America to be re-united with their long-lost Daddies. Ahhh, it tugs at the heart-strings. Course what these stories fail to mention is that most of the kids were fathered when their Mothers were raped by America G.I.'s, and that rape was S.O.P, standard operating procedure amongst American G.I.s.

* * *

ACCORDING TO the National Coalition on TV Violence's November 1982 survey, these are the most violent shows airing this season:

PROGRAM	VIOLENT ACTS PER HOUR
Voyagers! NBC	37
Fall Guy, ABC	30
Tales of the Gold Monkey, ABC	27
Bring 'Em Back Alive, CBS	25
Dukes of Hazzard, CBS	24
Greatest American Hero, ABC	24
T.J. Hooker, ABC	21
Knight Rider, NBC	18
CHiPs, NBC	16
Hart to Hart, ABC	16

A JOKE by Sperry

TALES FROM NEBRASKA

by Clark Dissmeyer

DEAD KING COMIX

by Marcus Klee

STREET ART

by Sparrky

HANK & HANNAH

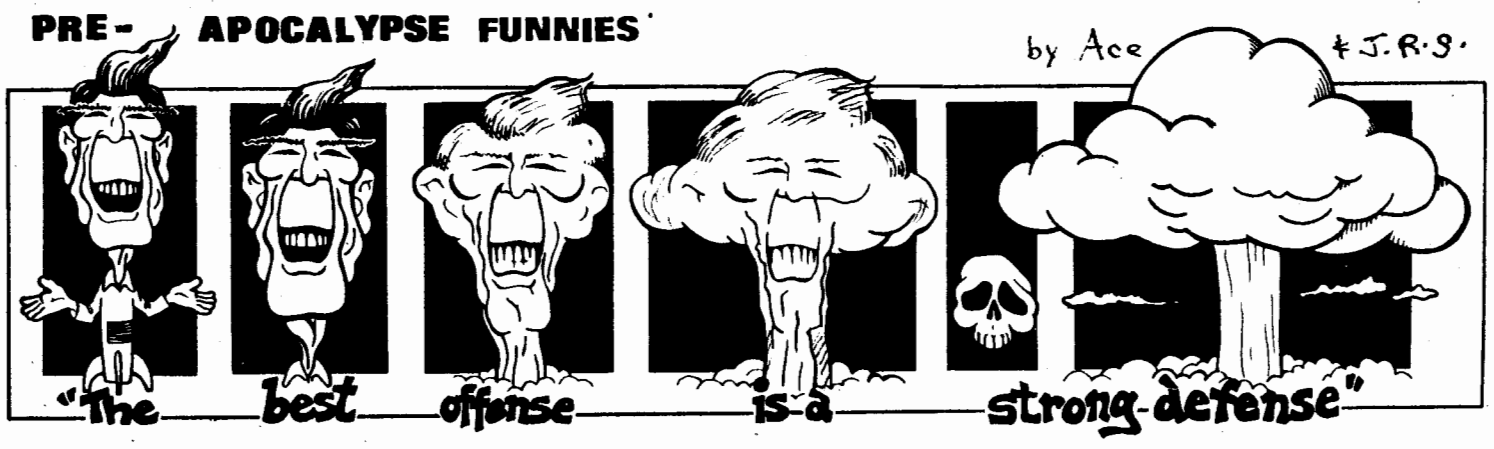
by Bruce N. Duncan

PIEDMONT HIGH FUNNIES

by Mark Sperry

PRE- APOCALYPSE FUNNIES

by Ace & J.R.S.



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MOSS AND APRIL

Semi-fiction
by
PETE MOSS

At 6 the irritating alarm clock went off. It gave off a radio active flat buzz that could crack the sleep of the most hardened laboratory rat. It rang for ten minutes before it woke April enough to cause her to turn it off.

April is the top messenger at Mercury Messenger Service. Every day April does 40 deliverys in downtown SF. When it gets busy in the rain April does 50, sometimes 60 deliveries a day. She goes in and out of every building in the financial district. If the runs are there she'll go to the city limits. Out to Fogtown, or Brisbane, or the Beach. April is bad. She can ride from 44th Ave. to Market and Montgomery in slightly less than 15 minutes. There are maybe two other people in the city who can do that. April makes $225 a week. She makes $50 more a week than the next fastest messenger at Mercury. When April rides it's like watching a dancer. She twists and curves through traffic like a trout in a stream. Very few messengers ever do as well, in fact very few people period, ever do as well at whatever job they do as April does as a messenger. April does one thing and does it supremely superlatively well.

April has muscles. They are soft feminine muscles. April's muscles don't bulge. They flow in smoothly proportioned curves. Their outlines are hidden by a thin layer of fat under her skin. They are strong muscles. People who have been socked by April know she has strong muscles. In fact, April has a very powerful body. Messengers who have seen April effortlessly running Montgomery St. know how powerful April is. April is part Paiute Indian. She is part Chinese. She is also part German.

April was burned on the face when she was a baby. She has scars on her face. That is why she rolls her hair for two hours every night. April is obsessed with looking good. April has the sexiest brown eyes in the universe. April has a smile you would kill to have turned on you. April is tough and bad for real. She is the one and only, irresistable April.

The old dogs who had been working for a while knew April was going to be one of the fastest that ever rode. And Jason the dispatcher loved her and fed her all the gravy she could handle from the first day she worked.

Messengers were attracted to April. You only had to watch her ride to love her. The street was her stage and she was the most talented go-go who ever lived. You had to be crazy not to love anybody who could make such art out of riding a bicycle down the street.

But nobody knew April. She lived alone in a quiet hotel on an out of the way alley called Monroe St..

April had out run a lot of guys. They would see her down the street. She would be riding like she does, with a shimmy. And the guy would start pedaling harder. He knew April was going fast but he could just about catch up to her. He would ride up and say something like—

"Hello, my name is Freedman."

Then April would take one look and just pull away. Most guys who tried to keep up with April when she decided to go fast, couldn't. And, after April had raced you and humiliated you a couple of times on the financial district streets, you stopped trying to pick her up. No matter how sexy she looked trying to twist her pedals. And after April had been doing this to messengers for about two months they started leaving her alone. Which was fine with her 'cause then she could settle down to doing loads of tags, and making good paychecks, week after week. She didn't trust people anyway. She hated people who felt sorry for her because of her burns and she thought most guys only wanted to be with her cause she was desperate for a lay, because of her burns.

* * *

Everybody knew Pete Moss. He was from Canada. He usually disappeared for a couple of months every summer to some tiny hamlet in Ontario. Other than that Moss had been in Maine. He'd been in New Jersey. He'd been in Cleveland. He didn't have any people. Nobody from SF was related to Moss. Moss had lived in SF about five years. Nobody really knew anything about what Moss had done before he came to SF, except for what he told them. And Moss was likely to tell two people two different stories. In fact, when Moss talked he usually told stories. He bragged sometimes. He didn't talk about sports. He liked to smoke weed and he was known to indulge in speed from time to time. Actually he had a boring personality. He'd been a messenger for a lot of different companies. He'd been on the streets about three years. He always did pretty well where ever he worked. He didn't get in stupid scraps with his fellow workers. He didn't play headgames with his bosses. If Moss didn't think the company he was working for was doing him right he would quit and go to work for somebody else. A good messenger can usually find work. Even in the Reagonomical early '80's. Moss didn't have any girlfriends. He liked some of the messenger girls but he only wanted quickies with other ships passing in the night.

Moss worked for Aero Delivery Service, the biggest company in the city, where he could always get 45 to 50 tags a day. That was the one thing that Moss liked. The steady inexorability of working. All you had to think about was what you were doing, your route through the city, your next stop. It was a puzzle. A giant puzzle. Infinitely shifting and flowing like lava. It made Rubix cube look like taffy.

Moss noticed April the second day she worked. This was unusual. It normally took Moss a month before he noticed there was a new messenger on the streets, but then, April was very noticeable. There are about 1,000 messengers on the streets of SF. Moss knew them all at least by face.

The first time Moss saw April he didn't have any urge to try and chase he down. He had deliveries going in the opposite direction. He kept his eye on her. He couldn't think of how to approach her. At first he didn't want to try to get to know her. He just liked to watch her ride. He would follow her for blocks out of his way just to see her hips rotating over her pedals. He saw her run some of her best races against other guys foolish enough to try and catch her. At night after work, Moss would drop by Mercury and talk to his old friend Jason about April. Moss wanted to know everything about her.

"Tell me about April, what is her last name?" said Moss.

"Shing," said Jason.

"Where is she from?" said Moss.

"Redwood City," said Jason.

"She get high?" said Moss.

"From time to time," said Jason. He passed his solid brass bowl brimming with smoking Thai kif to Moss. Moss took a hit and sat until his lungs were just about to explode, then let out a little smoke.

"She like sex?" said Moss.

"Could be. A lot of us have tried to get next to her. She lives alone," said Jason.

* * *

April used a one speed Schwinn heavy duty bike that the company had given her. Most messenger bikes show serious signs of tiredness after ½ year on the road. April had cracked the frame of her bike and gotten it welded twice. The crank had cracked and had been replaced three times. The handlebars had been replaced once. April had gone through half a dozen pedals, chains, a rear wheel and about a dozen inner tubes and tires. Now she was the undisputed high biker at Mercury and she wanted her own bike.

April decided to buy her own five speed, with hand brakes. In two years April had accumulated over 1500 dollars in a savings account at Home savings. One Saturday she took out 300 and went to the Schwinn shop on Stanyan and Fredrick and bought a brand new Schwinn Cruiser 5 speed. She also bought a Kyrptonite lock, and a large Wald basket. The brand new bike sparkled like it was painted with crushed diamonds. She could barely wait to hit the streets on Monday with her new cruiser.

* * *

By tradition April was late about ½ hour every Monday morning. The clock would go off but she wouldn't wake up. Then when she did get up she would lie around and read until 8:30. Then she would get up and start getting ready for work.

But this was no traditional Monday. April was at work and ready to go by 8. April ran in and grabbed a new radio and some tags and headed out for a pick-up at 680 Beach.

The new bike flashed brilliantly in the slanted morning sun light. Everybody watched. All the jaded hookers and hustlers and niggers and trash and pigs and strippers turned their heads when April went flashing up Turk on her new cruiser. You don't see many people as in control as April was, cruising the wrong way up the tenderloin streets on her new bike.

* * *

Messengers use three tools. They use an ink pen to write up orders. They have the tags to keep track of the deliveries they've done. And they have their bicycle.

The way people take care of the tools at their job, the tools with which they perform whatever job they perform, relates to how people feel about their job, and from there how the people feel about the world.

So it could be said that if you take pride in what you do you take care of what you use to help you do whatever you do. And if you feel that life is generally a raw deal, and that you didn't ask to be here and would have preferred to remain a disorganized bunch of molecules you'll probably be taking it out on some inanimate material along the way.

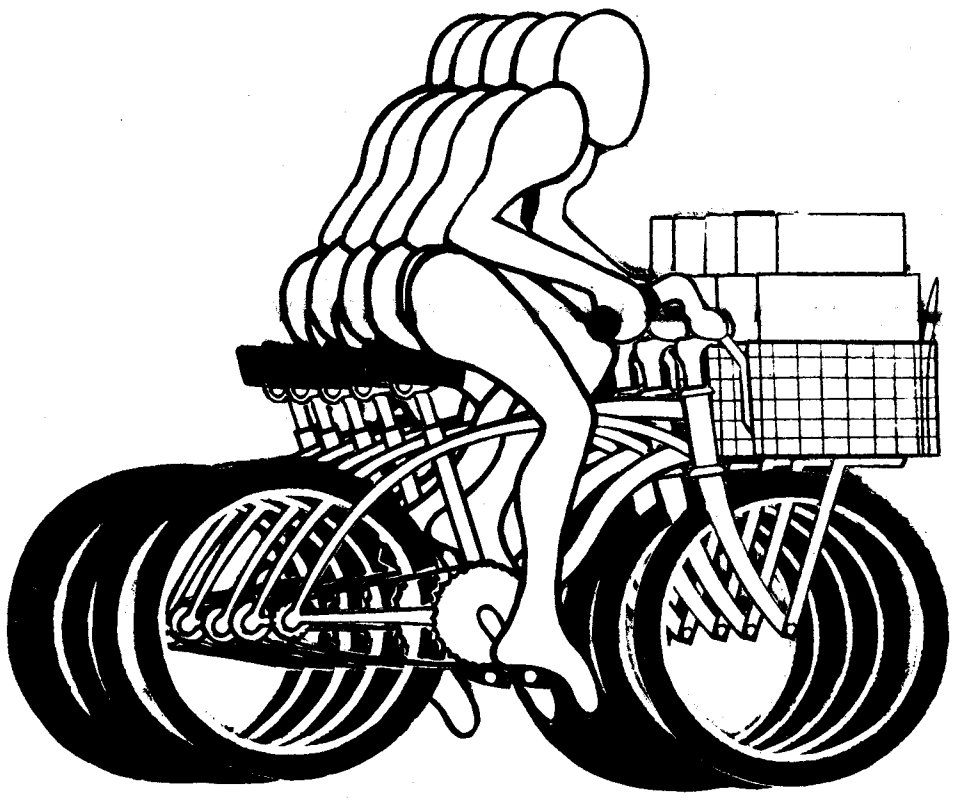
Moss rode one of the most banged, bent, and beaten messenger bikes on the streets. It was a terror, a life-endangering ride. If you didn't get thrown when the chain skipped, which it frequently did, you could lose your footing on the pedals when the free didn't wheel. Once the bike had been a fine new machine. Now it was cracked and welded four times. The paint was mottled with innumerable layers of bizarre and obscure colors. There was a filthy bandana tied around the front of the frame. One of the handbrakes worked, but the other hung limply out of place towards the center of the handlebars. The front forks were bent from innumerable collisions with curbs, walls, and cars. The basket was crudely reinforced but nonetheless bent to the same specifications as the forks. The chrome handle bars were chipped and rusted, the seat sagged and the seat post was bent back. It was a decrepit machine and Moss rode it every day.

Moss had developed a mean attitude. He wasn't particularly happy with anything in the world and in fact he was really unhappy about a lot of things.

To counter this negative attitude Moss smoked weed and drank beer. He wanted someone to love also. But he was ashamed of himself for having such corny wants. He knew he should be satisfied with just getting someone to lay. In the past year Moss had decided to live by a philosophy of hate. It was based on a principle of hating your fellow man and trying to sabotage, or at the least not cooperate with all facets of human existence.

In terms of being a messenger this meant that Moss bent packages that said do not bend them. He would not deliver any rush package within four hours. If anybody complained he gave them hell for being snivelers. Moss ate lunch on the run in and out of buildings so that he could spill crumbs on expensive corporate carpets from American Express to Ziedler brothers. Moss enjoyed scratching new cars with his rackety messenger bike, he wrote brilliant graffitti, he didn't wear deodorant, underwear or socks and frequently didn't bathe. This last was particularly effective on elevators. It was the same effect as a stink bomb. In fact, Moss had a rather impenetrable personality, if you were trying to be friendly. Otherwise Moss could communicate very well in any aggressive channel. He was a typical urban human.

April also had an impenetrable personality. She was raised in foster homes. She got used to moving. When she was a kid, between the ages of 5 and 12, she lived in every town and city on the peninsula from Daly City to Santa Clara, with the exception of The City itself. She lived in all kinds of



GRAPHIX by J.R.S.

CONTINUED SOMEWHERE. FIND IT YOURSELF!! ⇒

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HERB CAEN

... And to think there are those who do not admire our mad bike messengers. They never cease to amaze, amuse and frighten me. How do they survive? ...

San Francisco Bike Messengers

JASON

Riding a bike does have its ups and downs. I've been hit by a streetcar. I was staring up at it's wheel one day, and I watched all the people crawl off and nobody bothered to even look to see if I was hurt. Once I got hit head-on by a Toyota. it was amazing. I went so high over the car—everything was just like a dream. I got up laughing. The guard thought I was stoned which I might have been; under the influence of drugs.

Wearing a mohawk is only done by people who get over on their bosses or by those bosses who get over on being a boss. Myself, I own the company I work for. So wearing a mohawk presents no qualms with me or my customers. They all get into it a whole lot. People on the street can either say this or that or the other, but I could really give a shit.

Being a part of the bike messenger populace in San Francisco is really an honored thing.

SPAZ

My favorite color is red, blood red, so long as it's not my own.

Fuck yes, I like being a bike messenger. You get to get stoned at least once a day. Messengers are over-sexed and under-paid. I've smashed about 20 cars in 3 years.

Once I puked on a Mercedes. At lunchtime I had beans and beer. By 2 o'clock the beans were upsetting the beer. And I rode down Washington Street swerving in and out of cars to where I was shaking up my stomach, and I got to the stoplight. There was a Mercedes Benz at the stoplight so I puked all over it's hood ornament. The guy was in the car. He started honking and started yelling, "Come back and clean this car!!" I said: "Fuck you. I'm gone."

RAND

I was coming down Harrison Street near Fifth and this Muni bus goes and changes lanes and goes over past me and side-swipes me and smacks my bike down. I went down with the bike—went flying through the air several yards. That's the thing about this business, you know, seconds and parts of seconds, things can change for you just immediately. You really have to be like 157% on the job if you want to get by, 'cuz it's no fucking game on the street. Them motherfuckers out there can kill you.

BRUCE

My name is Bruce, my rank is comic relief—lyrical bike messenger. A lyrical messenger likes to serenade companies by singing in the corridors or on his bike and generally being a singing messenger. Generally the people downtown see that it's kind of a joke. They're amused because their days are so hectic and harrassed.

Do I have any trouble with the traffic? I think the traffic has trouble with me.

What I like the least is when you go into an office and deliver a package and the person just says "thank you" and looks down at the desk and doesn't look at you at all, as if you didn't even exist.

The things I like are the freedom—to think whatever I like and even to scream at the top of my lungs while I'm riding along.

Once I went into an office and saw a notice on the board saying: "If we work together we can disrupt the system." So I laughed at that and looked at the 3 girls in the office and said, "You 3 must be in '9 to 5'. You're Jane Fonda and you're Lily Tomlin and you're Dolly." And so they said, "Right on!! You've got it!" Because they were disrupting the system, you see, trying to create a totally new office.

JIM

Once I was riding up on the sidewalk and this rookie cop—one of those guys that stands on the corner—comes up to me and grabs me from the back, and I almost fell off my bike. The cop goes, "I deal with arrogant bastards like you everyday! Don't you EVER ride on MY sidewalks while I'm standing here!"

San Francisco. Not the city where people come to wear flowers in their hair, but the "new Manhattan"; a concentration camp of big buildings imbedded in landfill—an opulent illusion of insurance, assurance, stability. Reference to the Biblical parable of a house built hastily on a foundation of sand. The sun is rarely seen among the shadows of these monsters, where the temperature suddenly drops about 10 degrees upon entering their realm. A different brand of desolation—crowds caught up in motion on the sidewalks, exhibiting about as much warmth as mannequins inside Macy's. I walk among the crowds, searching people's faces for "no vacancy" signs.

I gain income peddling parcels downtown in the rainy season. Offices: Crocker Center, Bank of America Tower, Wells Fargo Building. Recall Dick Van Dyke in his English accent as Bert saying, "and how do you think your father feels, working in that cold, heartless bank, day after day?" Insulated and comfortably oblivious.

I encounter secretaries and receptionists who have no idea whether the sky is raining. Men in suits who think they know the world because they can see it from the stock pages.Continental businessman, alone behind his wheel, wouldn't know a bike messenger if he hit one—Right hand parking lane, driver's side; a door opens without warning. "Why don't you watch where you're going? Why don't you obey the rules?"

"Why don't you try this shit for one day and see what it's like!", I shout back.

Quite impossible, I believe, to convey the fall from pristine middle-classness to those still in the garden. I ride the bus home after work, and attack the piles of dirty dishes that fill both sides of the sink; dimly recalling that my parents once had a dishwasher.

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ALTERNATIVE RADIO TOP 13 SONGS OF '82

KUSF Top 13

1. "Senses Working Overtime" X.T.C.
2. "Rock the Casbah" CLASH
3. "Man in Uniform" GANG OF FOUR
4. "Man Out of Time" ELVIS COSTELLO
5. "Absolute Beginners" JAM
6. "Everywhere That I'm Not" TRANSLATOR
7. "Souvenier" O.M.D
8. "Never Say Never" ROMEO VOID
9. "Don't You Want Me" HUMAN LEAGUE
10. "I Could Be Happy" ALTERED IMAGES
11. "MRX.." WALL OF VOODOO
12. "Love My Way" PSYCHEDELIC FURS
13. "More Than This" ROXY MUSIC

KALX Top 13

1. "Way of the World" FLIPPER
2. "Astro Zombies" MISFITS
3. "Man in Uniform" GANG OF FOUR
4. "Save It For Later" ENGLISH BEAT
5. "Day My Pad Went Mad" JOHN CLARKE
6. "She Turns To Flowers" SALVATION ARMY
7. "Should I Stay or Should I Go" CLASH
8. "In a Free Land" HUSKER DU
9. "Like Calling Up Thunder" GUN CLUB
10. "Chill Out" BLACK UHURU
11. "Twisted Thing" MUTANTS
12. "I'm Not Pretty" LEWD
13. "Little Fool" ELVIS COSTELLO

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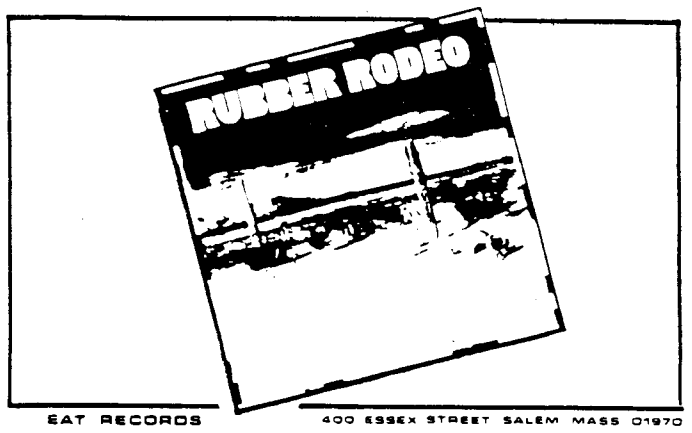

"MOSS and APRIL"
(CONTINUED)

foster homes from the ones who had a fine place and only wanted to provide for a poor kid, to the ones that really needed the 100 dollars a month or whatever they got from the foster agency. Most of the time April would rather read a book than have anything to do with the human race.

And one thing about the city for people like Moss and April you could be alone. If you wanted only the most superficial contact with humans you could get it in San Francisco. If you were a messenger you were almost guaranteed a thousand acquaintances, but no friends, if thats the way you wanted it.

There's nothing like a city. No redwood tree, no Grand Canyon, no full moon. Cities are made by humans. The buildings aren't what do it. The air pollution doesn't do it. Streets start and stop and cross each other like any other pattern. What makes a city awesome is all the thinking brains jammed together. If you are receptive the Alpha can stun you. Coming to the city from his summer vacation the year before Moss had begun to feel the city when he was still in Nevada.

Moss wasn't thinking about all this when he went out to work the next morning. He was thinking about April. Moss' father had always said that a man was not a man unless he had a family. Moss felt that something was missing in the City without April.

Moss wondered if April could get faster than he. He had seen her outrun too many other guys to feel positive about his chances of catching her that way. Moss knew he wasn't quite as fast as he'd been when he started. And April was just then at the peak of her conditioning. Moss didn't want to race her. He wanted her to come to him. He wanted a really good way to get her attention and keep it. He decided to steal her bike. He hit the streets Monday morning with a hammer and some bolt cutters in his pocket. April never had noticed Moss. She had never waved or said hello. The two or three times they had wound up on the same elevator April hadn't paid any attention to Moss as she busily wrote out her tags. But this was normal for April. She never noticed anybody. She didn't go to messenger parties. She didn't hang out at Jackson Park or the Wall. She didn't buy weed from any of the messenger dealers. April was about the biggest loner Moss had ever seen. April lived in her own world. That world was closed and controlled. Of course Moss didn't know before hand that April had a brand new five speed. It seemed like an incredible piece of luck. He was sure she would notice him when he stole that bike.

Moss had arrived at 604 Beach as April was coming up Columbus. He instantly recognized the look of someone on an adrenalin high. April came down Columbus fast. She came right to the very doorstep of 680 Beach and stopped in one sideslipping powerslide, like a jockey player on skates. Then she hopped off the new bike and whipped out the Kryptonite lock and locked the bike and ran into 680, grabbing her package and jumping up the three steps into 680, seemingly in one blurred motion.

Moss leaned against his bike and pretended to talk into his radio until April was in the building. Then he immediately got the hammer out of his pocket and walked over to April's bike. Moss examined the lock on April's bike for a second then got out his Schrade and carved away the plastic. Then he measured the lock for a moment and rapped it on the apex of the curve, on the bare steel he'd just exposed. Nothing happened. Moss started to sweat. April would be out of the building any minute. She never stopped to talk to any office workers. At 680 Beach she didn't even have to wait for any elevators. If she got her signature and ran it wouldn't take her any more than 5 minutes probably more like 3 or 4 minutes. Moss started to sweat harder. He stared at the lock again and then hit it impulsively on the U, and the lock cracked like a stale pretzel. It fell into the street, Moss tried to grab the two pieces as they tumbled. Then he remembered that the bike was free. Moss grabbed the new bike and ran it over to his bike and grabbed his packages. April had just cleaned up and her basket was empty. Then Moss started to take off, and April came out of 680.

"Stop you fucker," April screamed. "I'm at 680 Beach and somebody just stole my bike," April yelled into her radio. Moss looked around and saw her, then he stood up and started pedaling fast up Columbus. April saw another messenger at 1325 Columbus and yelled at him that Moss had just stolen her new bike. The chase was on.

–END–

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CAN'T BUY ME LOVE
... But You Can Sell Your Soul

HOT AIR
by
SILVER CLOUD

The last time I saw La Donna Ymobile she was squatting over a farmer's nose in the lobby of a hole-in-the-wall moviehouse on Market Street in San Francisco waiting for the polaroid to click. The blonde pornstar had her act together. First she did a strip, rap, and dildo number on the dusty ramp in the main auditorium, then when she had the sailors, farmboys, and pensioners stiffened up, she moved in for the kill. Five bones a shot and you could hug Donna, cop a few good feels, have her sitting on your lap for a quick dry fuck, and for five dollars more she would sit on your face, where you could sniff that veteran pussy, but not lick. One lick and it was off to the joint, the rules being that way in San Francisco's lower echelon sex scene. You can look at all the snatch you can't eat.

What was I doing there in Sleazy Hollow? Well, I string for a lot of sex slicks as a freelance photographer. This puts me next to a lot of weird action. That afternoon I had the job of shooting the strip for a spread. Always early, I was ushered upstairs where the lobby had been converted into a skin hustle. Where the candy counter used to be was a flat platform. It was framed by a makeshift bar. A dozen or so naughahyde seats surrounded that bar and most of them were filled with aging black, white, and chinese men. Onstage was a chubby woman who could have been anywhere from 20-30, the lighting favoring the "dancers". She was doing her act for the boys to the tired disco beat one couldn't escape in the cheap clubs. If the sound doesn't deaden what's left of your senses, the smell is sure to do the trick. The dancer shakes around and carries on a basic rap about her body and its possibilities and what the customers might like to do to it and the more she raps and the closer to the guys' noses she squats and the wider she spreads her cuntlips, the bigger the tips—that's what it's all about, the tips.

She's over there now rubbing her snatch on some old duffer's bald head. Now you would think there would be some laughter, but this is deadly serious business. A woman's twat is nothing to laugh about. For her, it's money in the bank, and for these lonely guys who spend their afternoons hangin out in joints like this it's what that have always wanted but never seemed to get. These are the men who have never connected, the lonely and the unmarried, the vagabonds, the wanderers, the boys who went on the road and never got off, never took the time to court and marry and raise their families; now they sit at an old converted balcony candy counter squinting to get a better look at the tired pussy lingering in front of them in hopes of a few dollars. Now I could never do a scene like this, couldn't sit at that bar and lick some strange woman's cunt. The whole scene repelled me. Not the sex. I'm no puritan. I've loved my share of ladies along the way. But this scene wasn't sexy to me. I couldn't get turned on by these tired women going through their act for a few dollars. All I could think about was how sad it was to see these guys sitting there, thinking that was sex, licking some stranger's genitalia and going back to a hotel room to whack off over the memory.

I felt sad for the women, sad that their own lives turned out that way. Who knows how it started? I've interviewed a lot of dancers and pornqueens but they always make it all up. It's just rap for the slicks and no reason to worry about what is and isn't true. One time I interviewed a pornqueen who had been raped the previous day. She told me about the experience, how she was hitching and blew it by taking a ride with a couple of guys in a pick-up truck. They both raped her, came in her face, threatened to kill her, said they had been in Viet Nam killing for a couple of years and one more wouldn't make a hell of a lot of difference. She would have been dead somewhere along the freeway if she hadn't played up to their macho, told them what good men they were, how good it was. We're standing there in her little apartment and she's taking off her clothes. Tells me she hopes the magazine won't care about her cunt being shaved, but the guys who raped her gave her the scabies and she had to get after them quick or she'd lose too much work. I told her we could do the session some other time, but she said she needed the model money and it didn't matter. Might as well do it then as later. When the article ran a couple of months later, it was all fiction. I made it up sitting in some Union Street Deli. How come I just didn't tell the real story? Well, that wouldn't have been entertaining, would it? I mean the sex slicks *are* designed to entertain, aren't they? That's what my editors have always told me. Give the readers copy they jack off over, not reality. They have enough of that already or they wouldn't have bought the magazine. I remember seeing that spread of pictures and just hating their choices. I've always been that way though, since I started in the business. Later on I learned not to send them anything I didn't want to see in print. They could still fuck it up and make it look bad with poor cropping and not to send them anything I didn't want to see in print. They could still fuck it up and make it look bad with poor cropping and printing, but I could live with that.

So I watched La Donna, hugging those guys for five bucks, squatting on their faces, telling them to be careful not to touch her pussy or they would go to jail, giving them a little hit. The polaroids lay drying on the downstairs candy counter. I could hear the beat of the disco records upstairs and I knew some girl was hiding in the stairwell smoking while another one was skinning off her panties for the millionth time on that makeshift stage. The place smelled of popcorn and smoke and sour breath.

Someone who worked the lobby asked me if I didn't want to stick around and have my picture taken with the "Star."

I said I guessed I'd pass on that.

I went out into the Market Street sunshine and headed for the subway.

—END—

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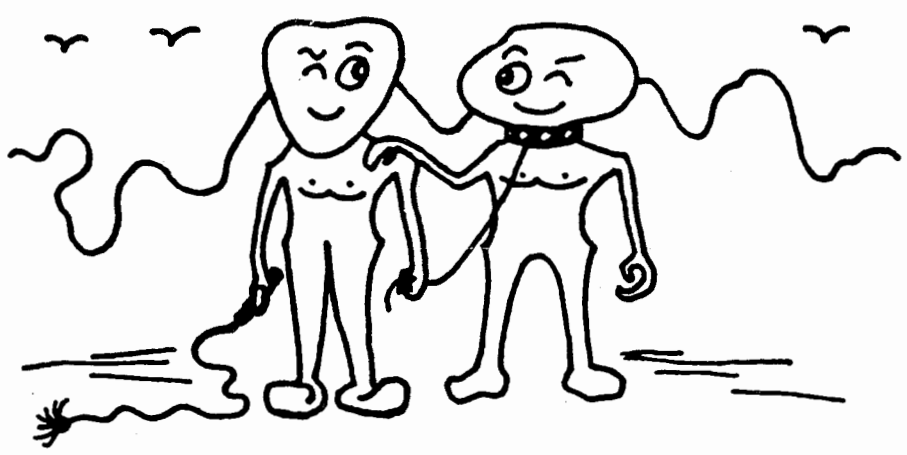

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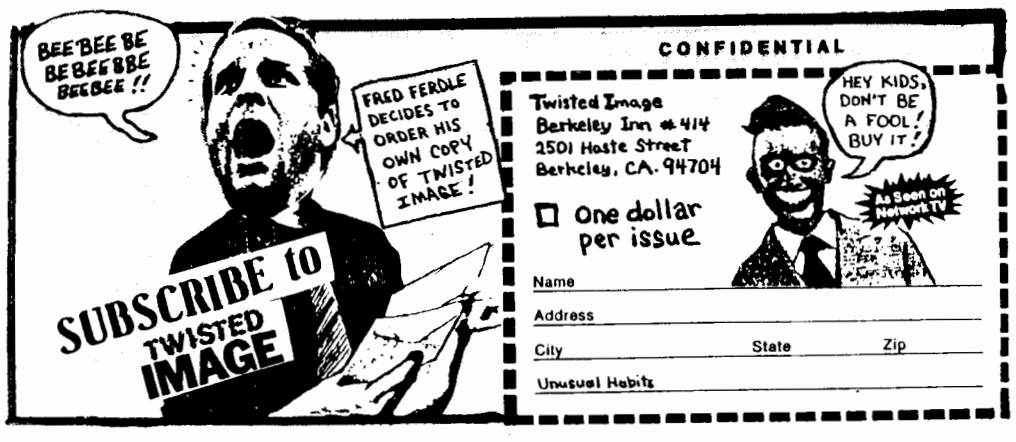

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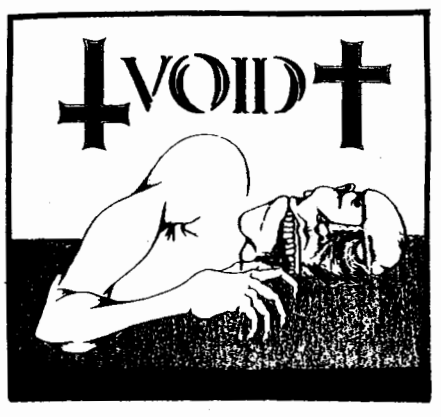
INDEPENDENT RECORD REVIEWS

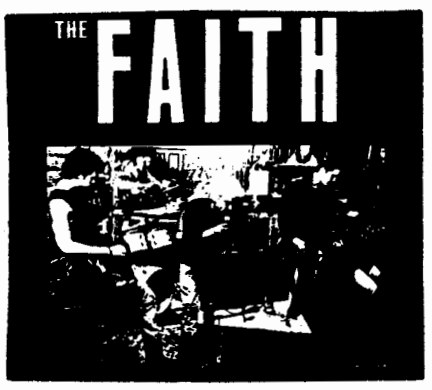
DISCHORD

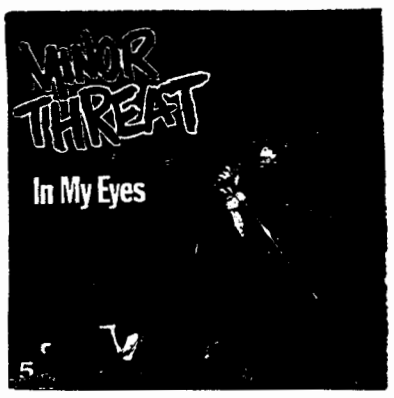
3819 Beecher St N.W., Wash., D.C., 20007

Some oldies, but goodies, some new, all awesome music, in fact. But first a few words about dischord, my fave independent record company. Seems to be the only way to get the records mentioned above is to send away for them. I've found that it takes our local record stores (here in Berkeley who'll remain nameless) a couple months after it's been released to stock the record, whichever it may be. The only copy I have seen of the above records is the FAITH/VOID lp and I had received my copy at least a month and a half before nameless record stores had stocked it. If you ever see a dischord record ad in your local fanzine, get it. Be sure to send away for it ASAP and be the first on your block to own it. Their records are always excellent and I'm positive you won't be disappointed with the music. Jeff Nelson seems to be the guy to correspond with and he'll get you lps sent to you as fast as he possibly can (it's been the case with me anyway). He'll let you know about any new releases too. I've never had to wait more than a couple weeks for my order to arrive, unlike some local places in the city where I've been waiting for a month!

Okay, on to the reviews which were already done by my co-writer partner. I just felt I should add my opinion since they are my favorites in my whole record collection. As mentioned before Minor Threat are awesome or should I say were! Now that they've broken up. How I would have loved to interview Ian—he's everything I think the whole movement stands for—be yourself, do your own thing (how cliche that sounds, but true) without all the chemical and alcohol bullshit that seems to be pervading the whole scene. M.mayhem







MINOR THREAT
In My Eyes
MINOR THREAT
7" ep

No one should be without either of these eps. I just can't say enough how great MINOR THREAT is. It's such raw, unadulterated powered music. There's no one song that they do that could be called my favorite, I love 'em all. I know all their lyrics by heart, that's how dedicated to them I am. Every song is great, fast thrash numbers that make you *THINK!* m.mayhem

MINOR THREAT
In My Eyes 7" ep

Song GUILTY OF BEING WHITE is really excellent. Great version of STEPPING STONE. Other side is good too, as usual with these guys. Get it! McChord

IN MY EYES

You tell me you like the taste
You just need an excuse
You tell me it calms your nerves
You just think it looks cool
You tell me you want to be different
You just change for the same
You tell me it's only natural
You just need the proof
Did you fuckin' get it?
It's in my eyes, in my eyes
And it doesn't look that way to me
in my eyes

You tell me that nothing matters
You're just fuckin' scared
You tell me that I'm better
You just hate yourself
You tell me that you like her
You just wish you did
You tell me that I make no difference
At least I'm fuckin' trying-
What the fuck have you done?

It's in my eyes, in my eyes
And it doesn't look that way to me
in my eyes

OUT OF STEP (with the world)

Don't smoke
Don't drink
Don't fuck
At least I can fuckin' think

I can't keep up, can't keep up
can't keep up -
Out of step with the world

GUILTY OF BEING WHITE

I'm sorry
For something I didn't do
Lynched somebody
But I don't know who
You blame me for slavery
A hundred years before I was born

Guilty of being white

I'm a convict
Of a racist crime
I've only served
19 years of my time

Guilty of being white

FAITH/VOID
dischord

Is it my imagication or are all D.C. bands starting to sound alike? Oh, well, doesn't matter—they're all the best, better than most L.A. shit. Okay, on to FAITH/VOID. I must say that VOID are my favorite on this lp. If you've got FLEX YOUR HEAD, then you just got a taste of this incredible band, I mean, they thrash! Some strange guitar riffs, some weird sound effects, but they play loud fast music. Fave tune—MY RULES is better ~~here than on FYH, more raw~~ sounding "I'm gonna live by my rules, why should I listen to you fools" fucking great song, as they all are. FAITH are okay, better than just okay, but all the songs sound alike to me. I'm not impressed. Mayhem

TEEN IDLES
Minor Disturbance e. p. y"

I know I've called a lot of bands "my favorites", but the Teen Idles are MY favorite of the favorites. I stumbled upon this hardcore e.p. by chance and IT BLEW MY MIND. Young and raw, the TEEN IDLES play fast punk my favorite way. Ask your friends if they have it so you can listen to it cause it's no longer in print. What a fucking shame! McChord

SOA
No Policy

Lots of good hardcore stuff, but not really up to my standards. Too many songs dedicated to violence which I'm getting real tired of hearing about. This ep does have its good points though, and that's my opinion on this one. mayhem

S.O.A.
No Policy 7" ep

Another old one. 10 songs on one 7" 45—second only to MINOR THREAT. What are you waiting for? If you don't have it by now . . . get it. McChord

(dischord/touch n' go)

I've only heard one a few times and already I like it! It's great sounding, loud, fast, powerful hardcore music. Check out the song "I.Q. 32".

HARDCORE

Record Reviews—Mo McCord
m. mayhem

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ARTICLES OF FAITH
What We Want Is Free

These guys have got to be one of the better bands I've listened to in a long time and their ep WHAT WE WANT IS FREE will be one of the best for a long time to come. See if EVERYDAY doesn't remind you of your own life—"Everydays like another in every way will I recover what's my name what's my number I don't feel so bad always" (well you have to hear for yourself I couldn't do the song justice writing the lyrics). Also has MY FATHERS DREAMS, BAD ATTITUDE and title song WHAT WE WANT IS FREE. I heard the show at the Tool and Die was to help raise money for these guys to put out an lp. Buy this—show your support! You could be helping them in their musical endeavors! mayhem

SHATTERED FAITH
Live

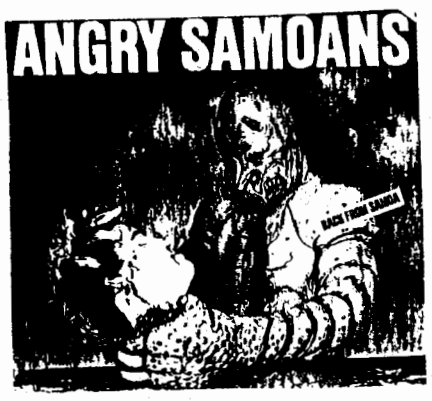
SHATTERED FAITH has never been exactly one of my favorite bands but SF/LIVE does have its fine points (as well as the bad). There are very few live albums that sound good because of the poor recording production, but the lyrics and music on this is strong and clear. Maybe a little too polished for my taste, but you may enjoy it anyway. No big deal, but it has all their hit songs. Mayhem

ANTI
I Don't Wanna Die In Your War

I was hopin' this band would put out an lp after hearin' a couple of their tunes on LIFES SO UGLY—a compilation (see last issue). They're every bit as good as I thought they'd be. Great songs, "I don't wanna die in your fucking war, you won't get rich off my dead corpse" and more like FIGHT WARS NOT WARS, THE CYCLE—"technology has betrayed me with all the weapons of industry", fast music, good thrash numbers, what more can I say? M.mayhem

ANGRY SAMOANS
Back From Samoa

Metal Mike insists on continuing to sound like a geek, but this lp is good anyway. They do the songs off their "Queer Pills" ep almost as good as the first time, even better, but Metal Mike blows it by singing like a fool, Even if you didn't like their "Inside My Brain" album, give this one a spin. It's a vast improvement with some real good tunes like STEAK KNIFE. Besides it may be the only way you'll get to hear those cool QUEER PILLS songs. Mo



DEAD KENNEDYS
Bleed For Me / Life Sentence

LIFE SENTENCE is a great song. Not as raw as the stuff on IN GOD WE TRUST, INC ep, but fast enough for any thrasher's taste. BLEED FOR ME lags a bit, but its still a pretty good tune. Mo

7 SECONDS
Skins Brains & Guts

Not as good as I had hoped, but a very good effort anyway. Buy this or suffer from hemmoroids for the rest of your life!

TOXIC REASONS
Independence

If you missed TOXIC REASONS at the Tool & Die, well too bad for you. They did lots of tunes off their new album INDEPENDENCE which is great and so were they at the show. All my faves here including KILLER, NOISE BOYS, GHOST TOWN, WHITE NOISE AND MERCENARY, plus bunches of other good ones. See you assholes you don't have to have short hair to play cool music, so bl-a-a-a- to you. This lp has a cool booklet in it too with lots of neat pictures. Mayhem

THE FIX
Jan's Rooms

Should get this before it's no longer in print. THE FIX has broken up so you'll never get a chance to hear how great they are. Songs —COS THE ELITE, TRUTH RIGHT NOW, SIGNAL, and OFF TO WAR all kick ass. Get Smart and get this. . . . M.mayhem

STRAY CATS
Built For Speed

Even though it's not "punk", this album is still good. It's got some rockabilly tunes that will stick in your brain for ever. A couple of songs on it are lame, but I still paid money for it. Good album to broaden the minds of people who only listen to thrash songs. Mo McChord

PROCESS OF ELIMINATION e.p.
The Master Tape

For those of you who think of the Midwest as just cornfields and rednecks, these records will certainly surprise you. Both these compilations will give you an idea of what those country boys are doing when they're not driving tractors or plowin' the fields (no offense, boys). *THE MASTER COMPILATION* lp starts off with TOXIC REASONS doing "Drunk and Disorderly" and "Mercenary". Not exactly my faves of their songs, but good, nonetheless. Let's see here, then we have BATTERED YOUTH, SLAMMIES, the DELINQUENTS—"System Pressure"—good song, the ZERO BOYS (my favorite band on here), THE F.U.s (much better on THIS IS BOSTON), ARTICLES OF FAITH (my 2nd favorite), REPELLENTS and DIE KRUZEN. Excellent album to get for all you morons who think L.A. is what's happenin'. *PROCESS OF ELIMINATION* ep, another Midwestern sampler which I highly recommend (meaning buy it, you jerks!) features TOXIC REASONS again (again), VIOLENT APATHY, THE FIX (yeah!), MCDONALDS (Bleh-h-h), NECROS (farout!), MEATMEN ("Meatmen Stomp" ridiculously funny), NEGATIVE APPROACH (aw-w-right-t-t), and YOUTH PATROL (neato!). mayhem

Crucifucks - Just got this tape and had to include it! These guys are fucking brilliant! Great songs like Democracy Spawns Bad Taste, Cops for Fertilizer, I am the Establishment and, of course, Ninkley Had a Vision. See if Doc Dartts voice doesn't raise the hair on the back of your neck! ONE OF THE BEST BANDS TO COME OUT OF THE MIDWEST - I hope they get the recognition they deserve! Mayhem

BLITZ
Never Surrender
Razors In the Night

Never surrender to be what other people want you to be/be yourself/fuck authority—I know same old shit, but I don't mind hearin' it again from them. Buy it!

DREAM SYNDICATE
Day of Wine and Roses

This has got to be one of the better albums of 1982. I know, I know, it's not hardcore and I usually don't listen to this type of music, kinda dreamy, spacy music —too much sounds like Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground, but I like it anyway. SO THERE, and I also HATE REDD KROSS, SO THERE THERE AND THERE.

DIE KRUEZEN, from Wisconsin, have a nifty cassette you can send away for. They're one of the better bands on the MASTER TAPE compliation. ALL the songs are good, especially the more raw sounding IT'S ALL WHITE WHITE WHITE WHITE WHITE WHITE...for their cassette and their e.p. which should be out by the time you read this, write to Dan/Die Kruzen, 634 W. Wisconis Ave #21, Milwaukee, WI 53203. M. mayhem

MEATHOUSE COMP. I
Version Sound
Hey, check it out!—40 songs on one cassette by bands from all over the place! All the tunes here are cool, but my favorites are CRUCIFUCKS, "Hinkley Had A Vision" and a GREAT version of "Out of School" by J*F*A*. Songs also by the MINUTEMEN, REBEL TRUTH, BATTALION OF STS, SAVAGE CIRCLE, CAPITOL PUNISHMENT, THE EXILED and more! mayhem

Send all records and/or record reviews to:
TWISTED IMAGE
c/o MARY MAYHEM
2501 HASTE ST. #414
BERKELEY, CA. 94704

Isn't this a fine looking group of lads? This type you'd take home to meet mom and dad? Well, they're not! They're THE PUBES (Pubescent Necrophiliacs) AND THEY ALL FUCK DEAD GIRLS! (HaHa, got you guys)

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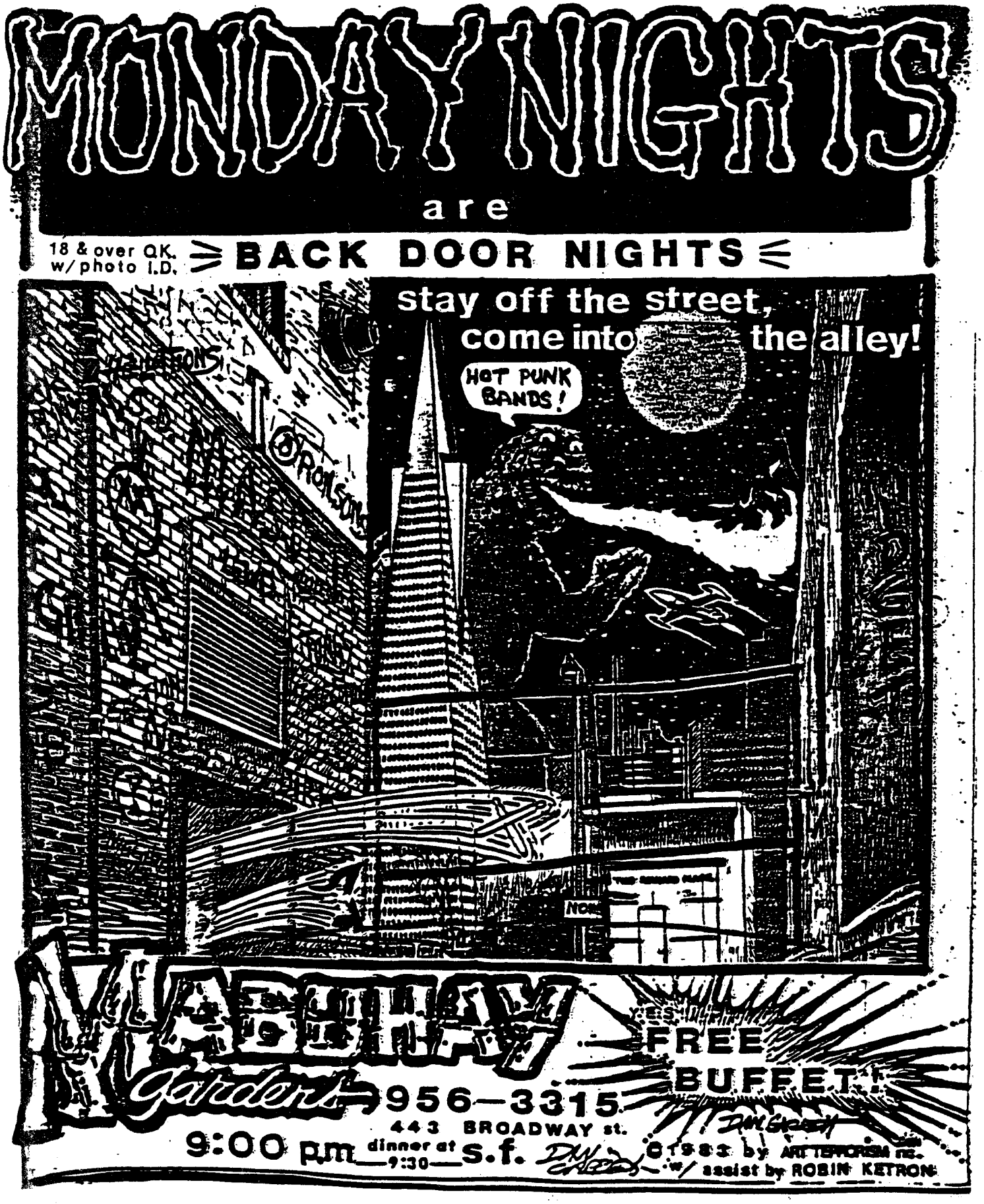
MONDAY NIGHTS
are
18 & over O.K. w/photo I.D.
BACK DOOR NIGHTS
stay off the street, come into the alley!
HOT PUNK BANDS!
MADDHAY
Garden
956-3315
443 BROADWAY st.
9:00 p.m. dinner at 9:30 s.f.
YES FREE BUFFET!
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