

DRUNKEN MASTER

Boozers, Bruisers and Two Time Losers



issue 7

\$5.

SOCIAL DISTORTION

**THE IMMORTAL
LEE COUNTY KILLERS II**

**THE SLANDERIN
PRIZE**





流れ星でやって来た
公害怪獣ヘドラー!



*Howling Wolf said, 'Any time you thinkin' evil, you thinkin' bout the blues.'
The words ring true. He also said 'If you got money, you ain't got the blues.'
Honest but untrue words. Cash cannot deliver us from evil. Why?
Because emotions are more vital than objects.
In our time, so many disappointed by love have surrendered,*



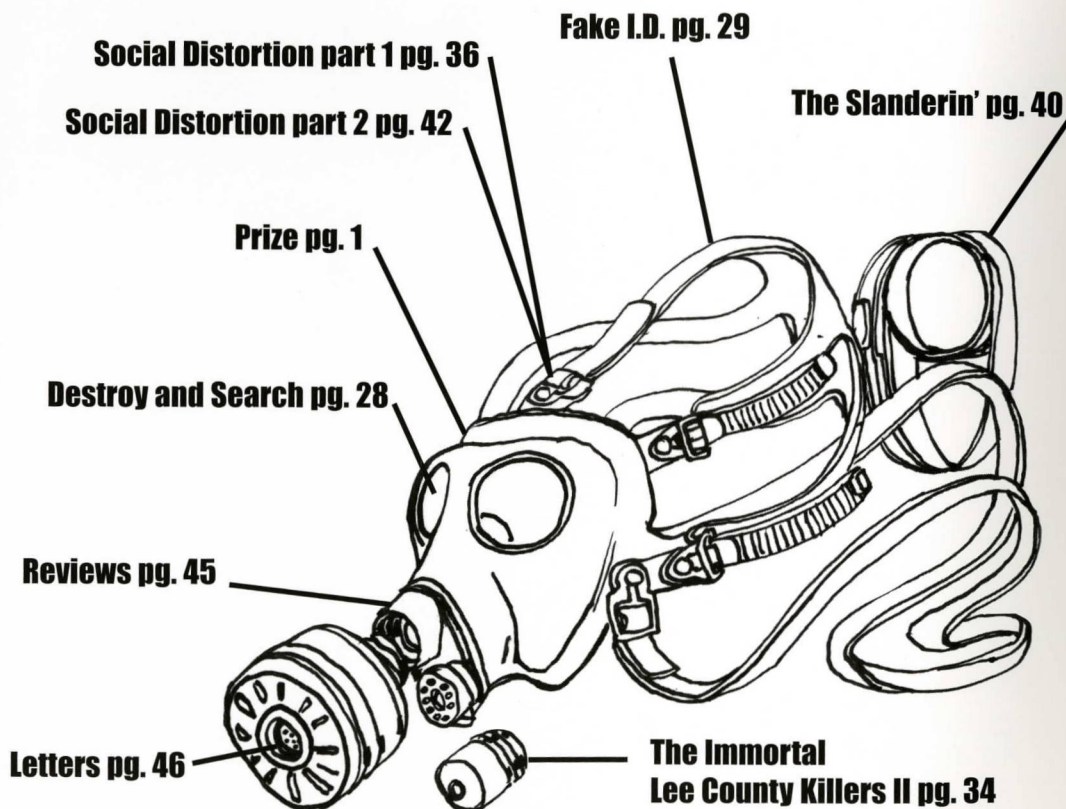
THE IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS II



Drunken Master #7

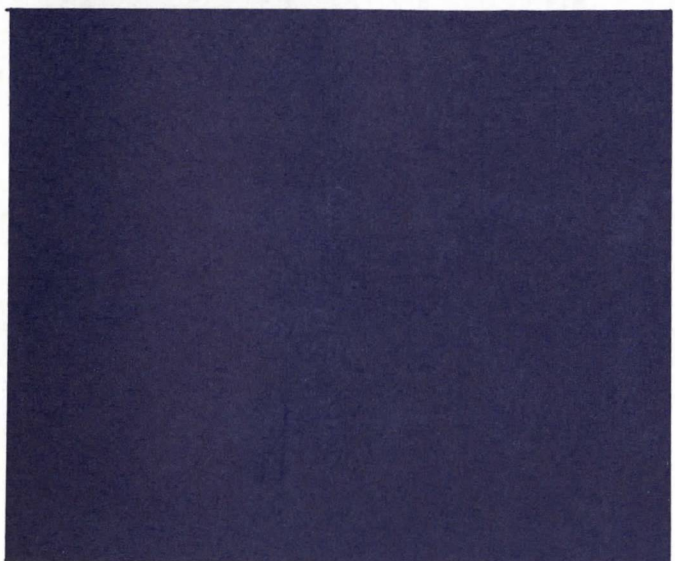
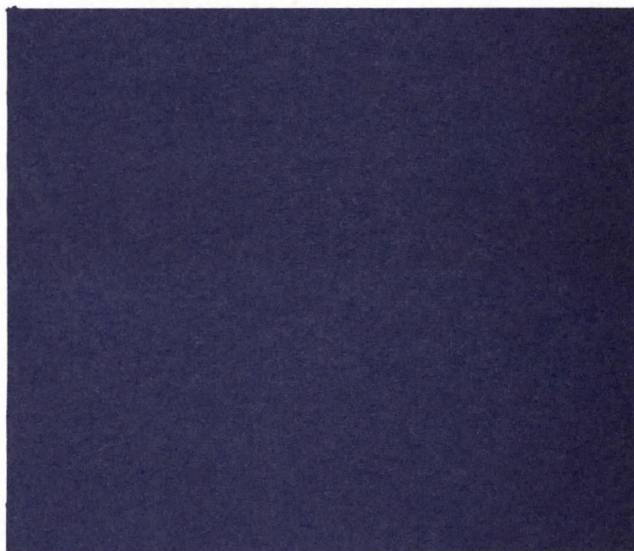
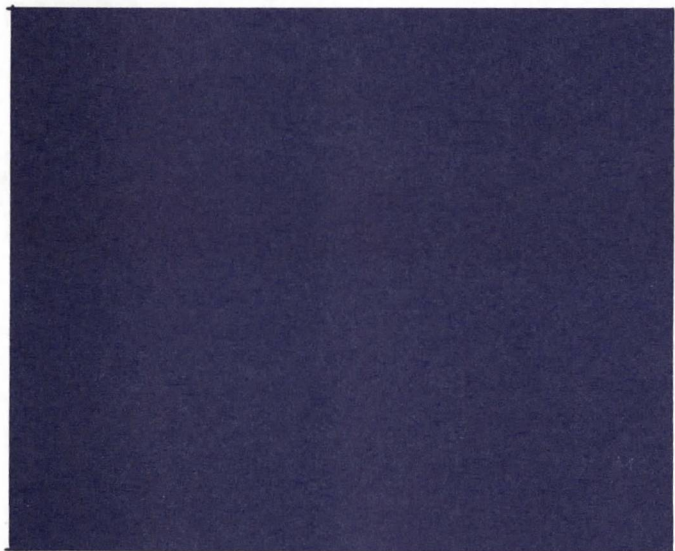
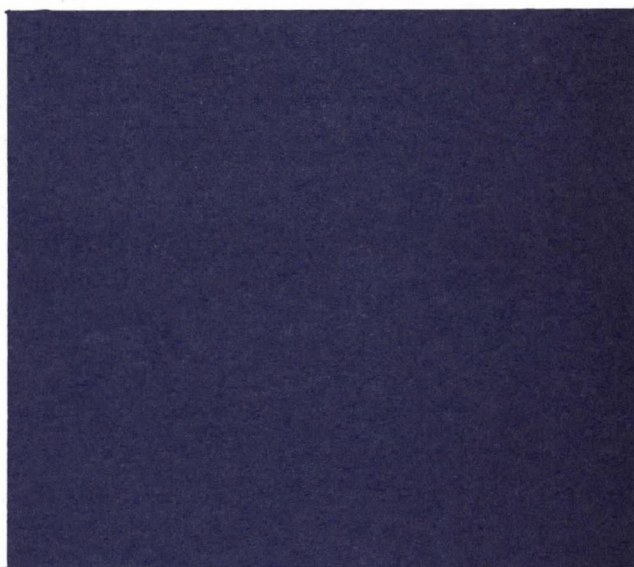
Boozers, Bruisers and Two Time Losers

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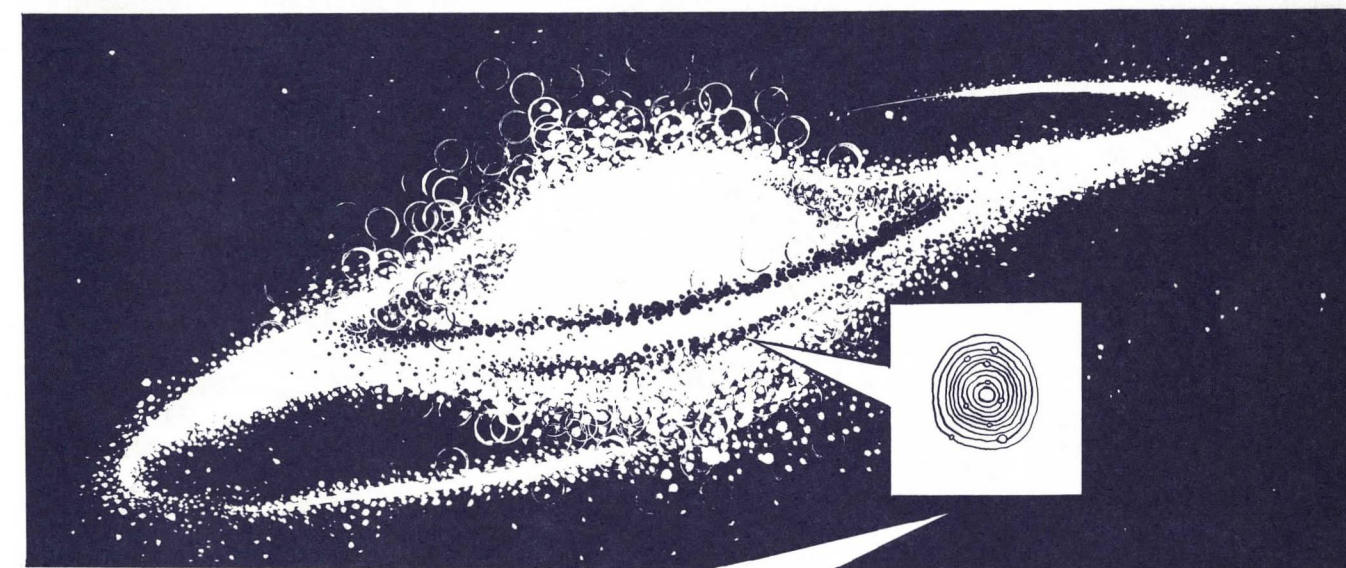
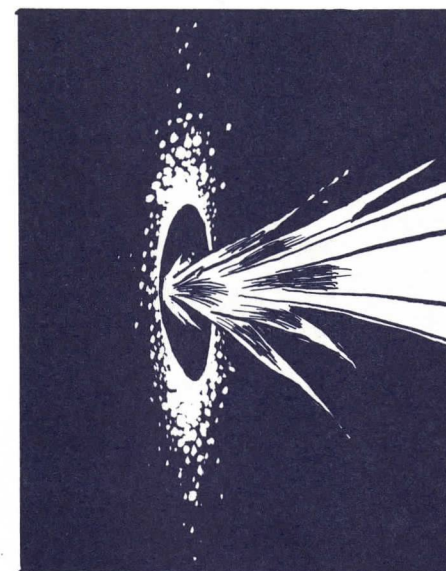


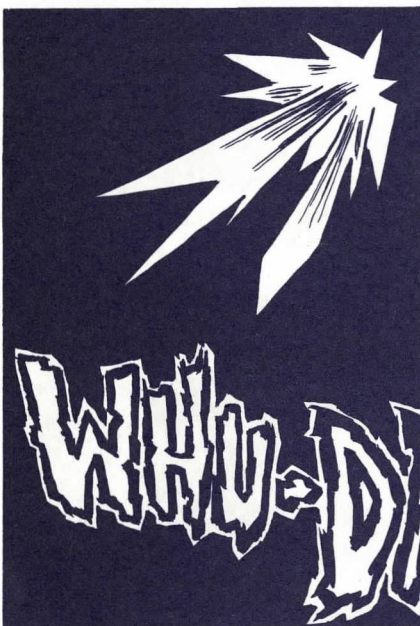
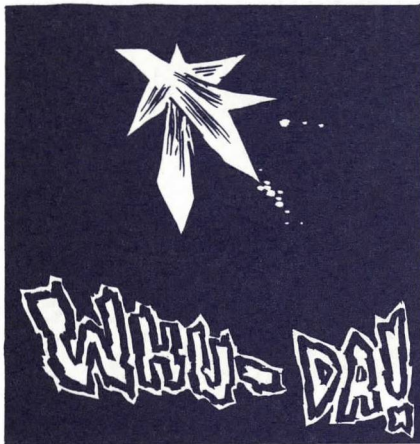
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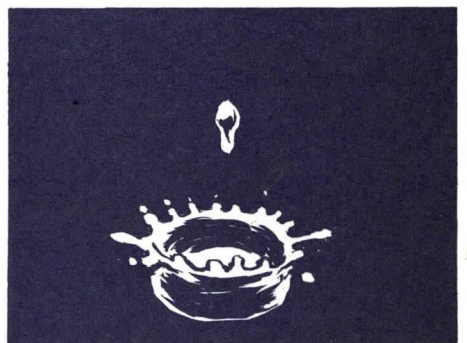
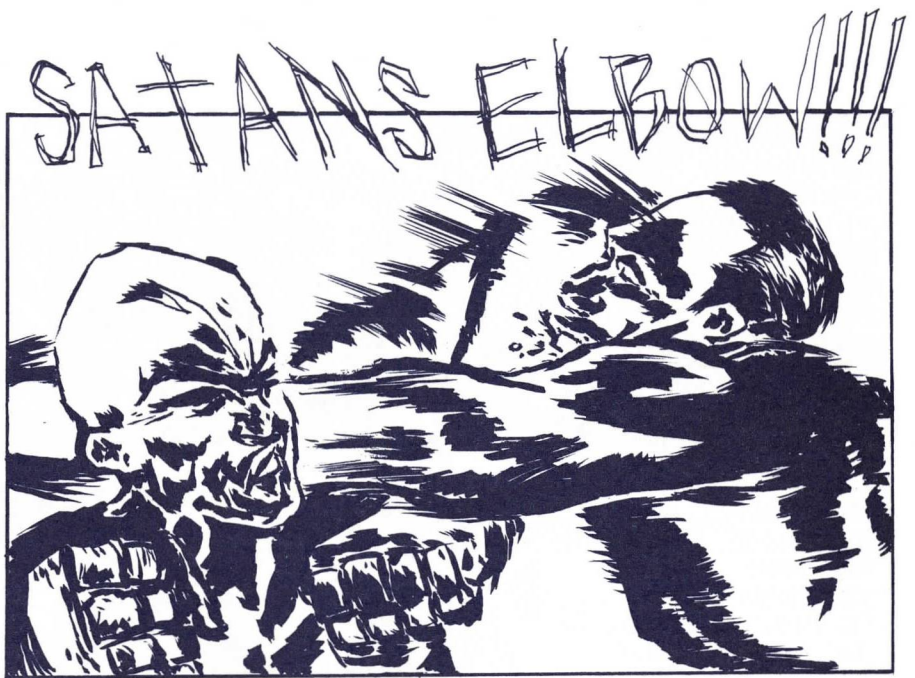


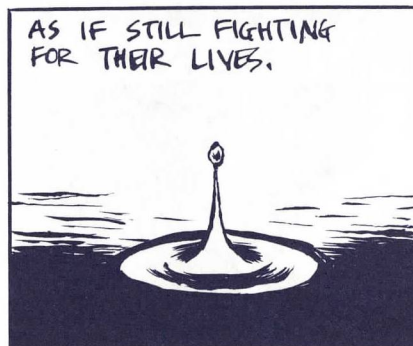
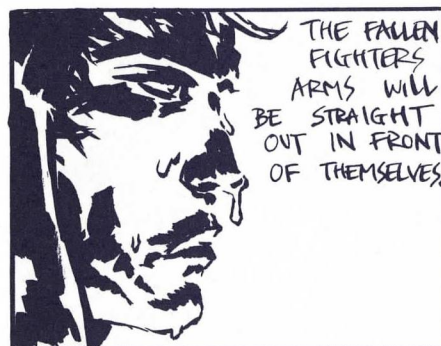


PRIZE

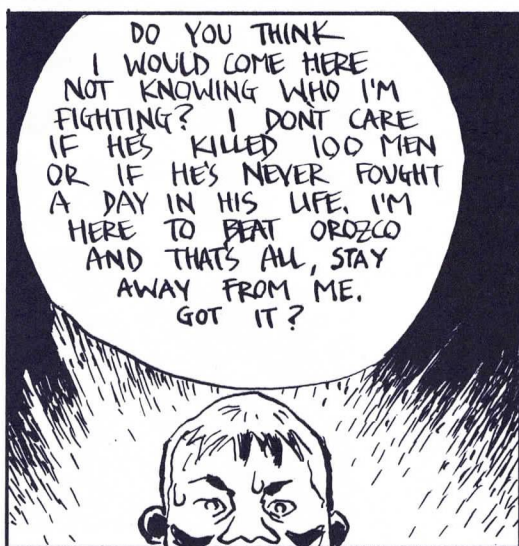
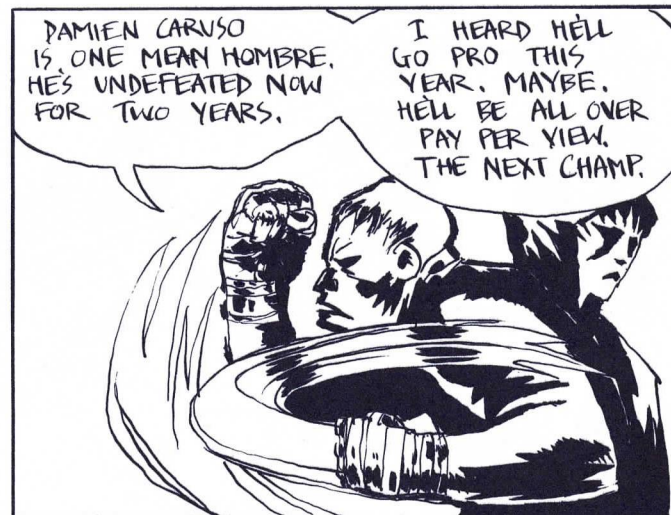
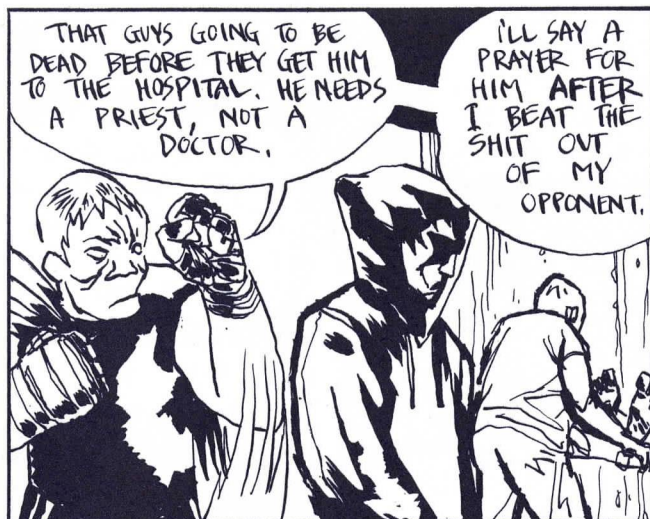




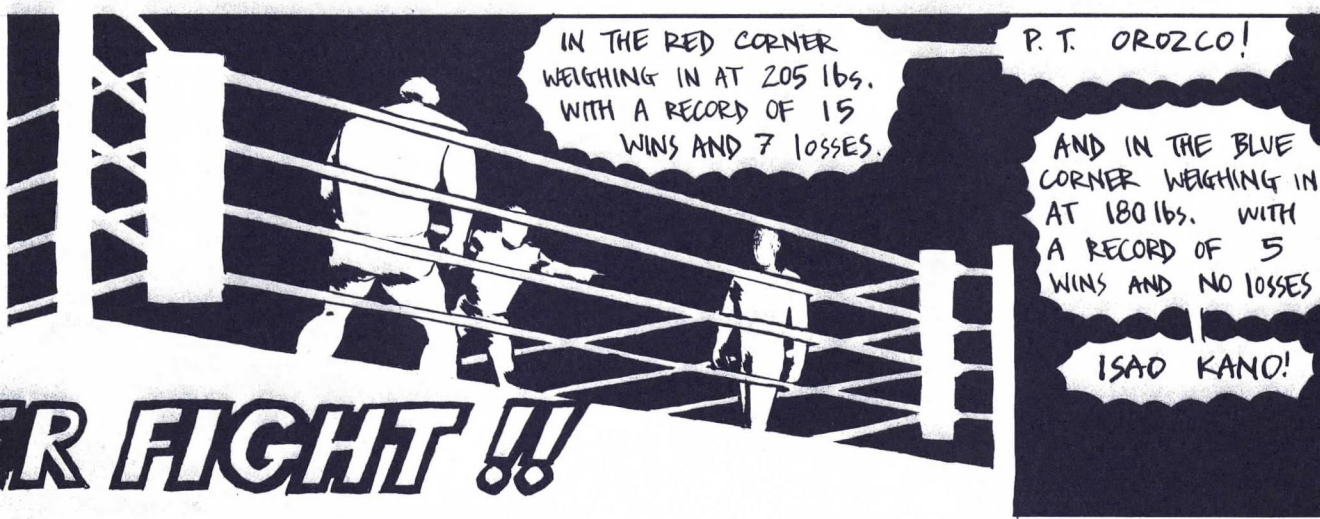








UPER FIGHT !!



IN THE RED CORNER
WEIGHING IN AT 205 lbs.
WITH A RECORD OF 15
WINS AND 7 LOSSES.

P. T. OROZCO!

AND IN THE BLUE
CORNER WEIGHING IN
AT 180 lbs. WITH
A RECORD OF 5
WINS AND NO LOSSES

ISAO KANO!



OROZCO

VS.

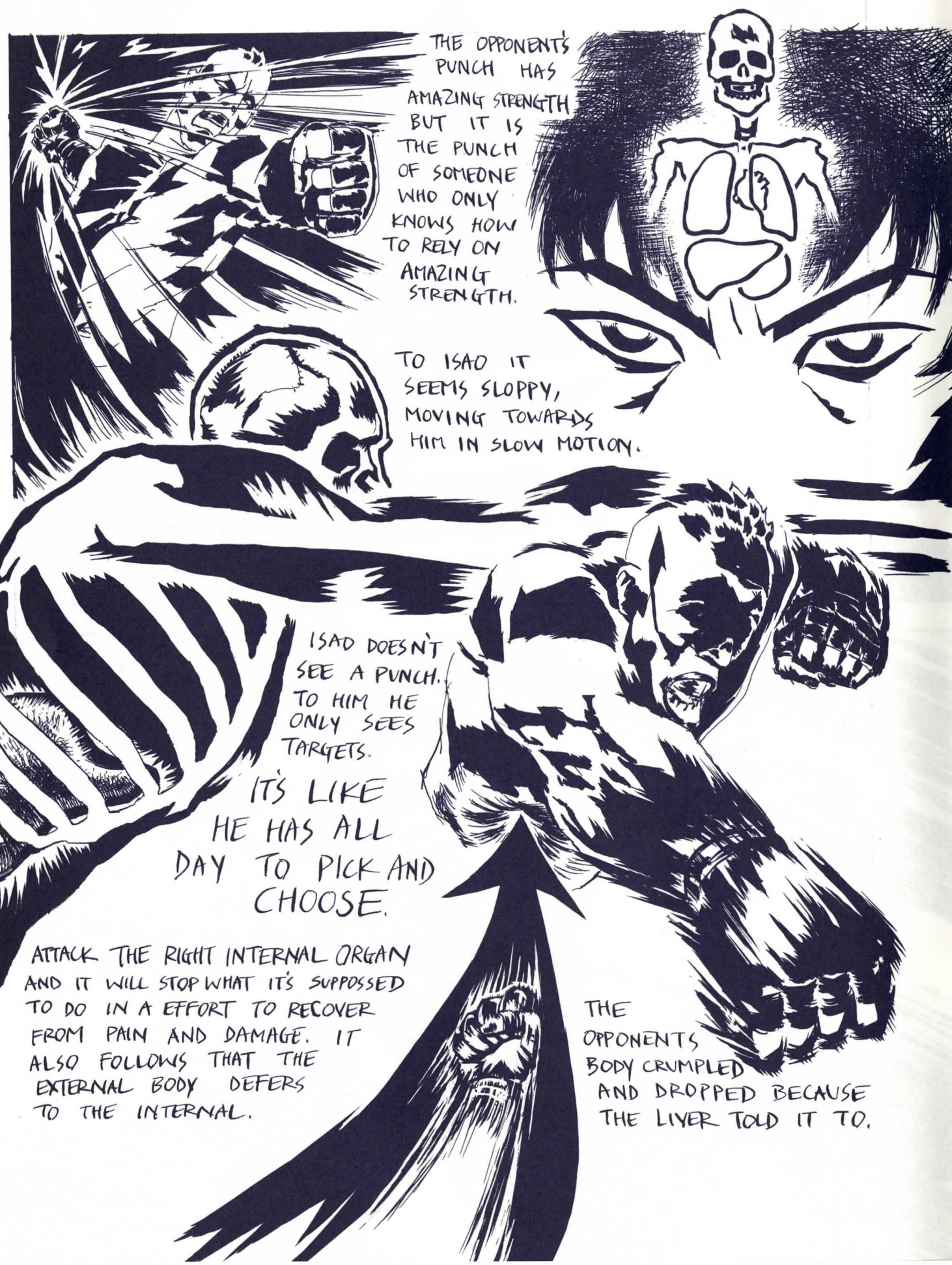
ISAO KANO



THREE 10 MINUTE ROUNDS.
WAYS TO WIN
- BY KNOCK OUT.
- BY SUBMISSION.
- REF STOPS THE FIGHT.
- DOCTOR STOPS THE FIGHT.
- CORNER THROWS IN
THEIR TOWEL.

**DING
DING**





THE OPPONENT'S PUNCH HAS AMAZING STRENGTH BUT IT IS THE PUNCH OF SOMEONE WHO ONLY KNOWS HOW TO RELY ON AMAZING STRENGTH.

TO ISAO IT SEEMS SLOPPY, MOVING TOWARDS HIM IN SLOW MOTION.

ISAO DOESN'T SEE A PUNCH. TO HIM HE ONLY SEES TARGETS.

IT'S LIKE HE HAS ALL DAY TO PICK AND CHOOSE.

ATTACK THE RIGHT INTERNAL ORGAN AND IT WILL STOP WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO DO IN A EFFORT TO RECOVER FROM PAIN AND DAMAGE. IT ALSO FOLLOWS THAT THE EXTERNAL BODY DEFERS TO THE INTERNAL.

THE OPPONENT'S BODY CRUMPLED AND DROPPED BECAUSE THE LIVER TOLD IT TO.



Hur - Ghu!

ISAO JUST WANTS YOU TO HESITATE FOR ONE SECOND...



SO HE CAN TAKE YOUR BACK AND CHOKE YOU OUT.



DING!
DING!
DING!

ALTHOUGH HE WOULD NEVER TELL YOU, SOME OF ISAO'S FONDEST MEMORIES ARE OF BEING BROUGHT ALONG WHEN HIS FATHER WOULD GO TRAIN. SOME KIDS GREW UP WITH THE T.V. AS A BABY SITTER ISAO GOT THE HEAVY BAG.



HE WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY WHEN SMALL MITS WERE PUT ON HIS HANDS BY HIS FATHER. HE WAS SHOWN A COUPLE COMBO'S AND THEN LEFT TO EXPEND HIS ENERGY ON A IMMOVABLE SENTINAL.



REALLY IT WAS JUST A WAY TO KEEP ISAO AND KEITARO (HIS TWIN BROTHER) OUT OF EVERYONES HAIR.



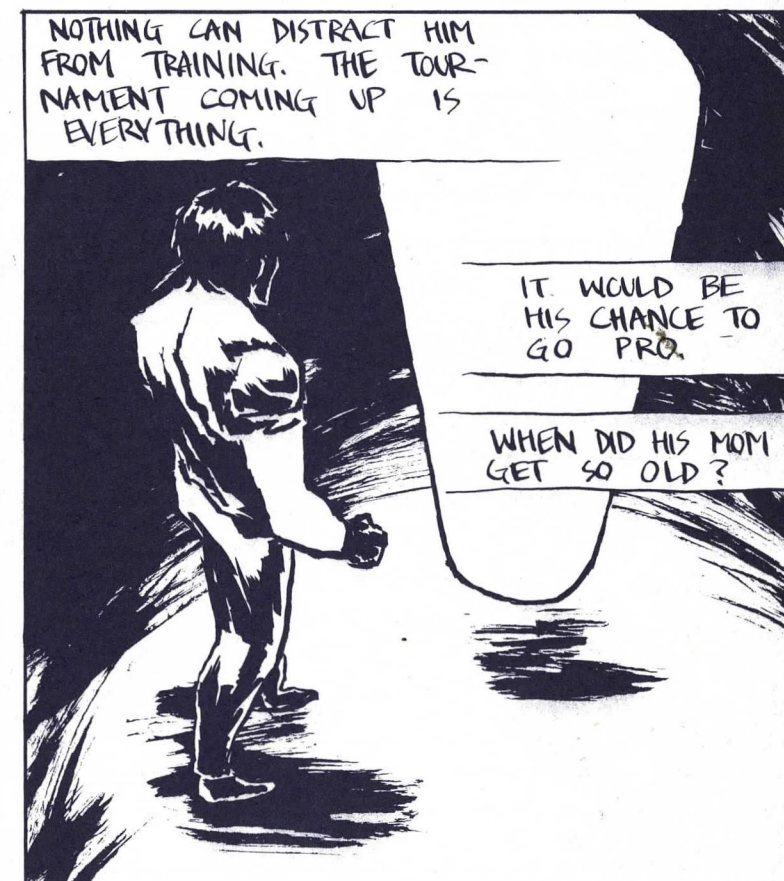
FOR SOME REASON ISAO CAN'T PICTURE HIS BROTHER IN THESE MEMORIES BUT HE WON'T EVER SHARE THIS WITH YOU EITHER.



YOU'VE SEEN THEM BEFORE RIGHT? THE EYES OF THE DARUMA ARE BLANK SO YOU CAN FILL IN ONE OF THE EYES WHEN YOU COMMIT YOURSELF TO DOING SOMETHING.



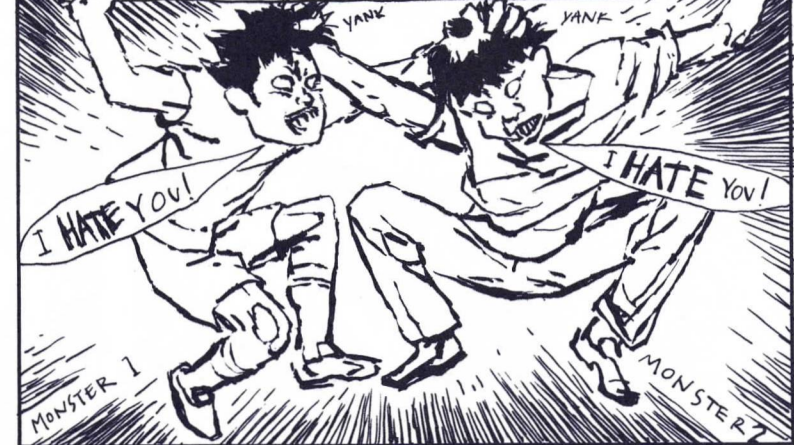
THEN, WHEN YOU ACCOMPLISH WHAT YOU SET OUT TO DO, YOU CAN FILL IN THE SECOND EYE. I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THIS UPCOMING TOURNA-
MENT IS TO YOU ISAO.



EVEN WHILE BEING THAT MUCH MORE CONSCIOUS OF RAISING THEIR TWINS EQUALLY, A PARENT STILL CAN'T HELP BUT HAVE A FAVORITE.



"WHERE DID THEY LEARN TO FIGHT EACH OTHER LIKE THIS?"



THIS WAS NO ORDINARY SIBLING RIVALRY. IT WAS RATHER A DOMESTIC CIVIL WAR.



COMBAT!



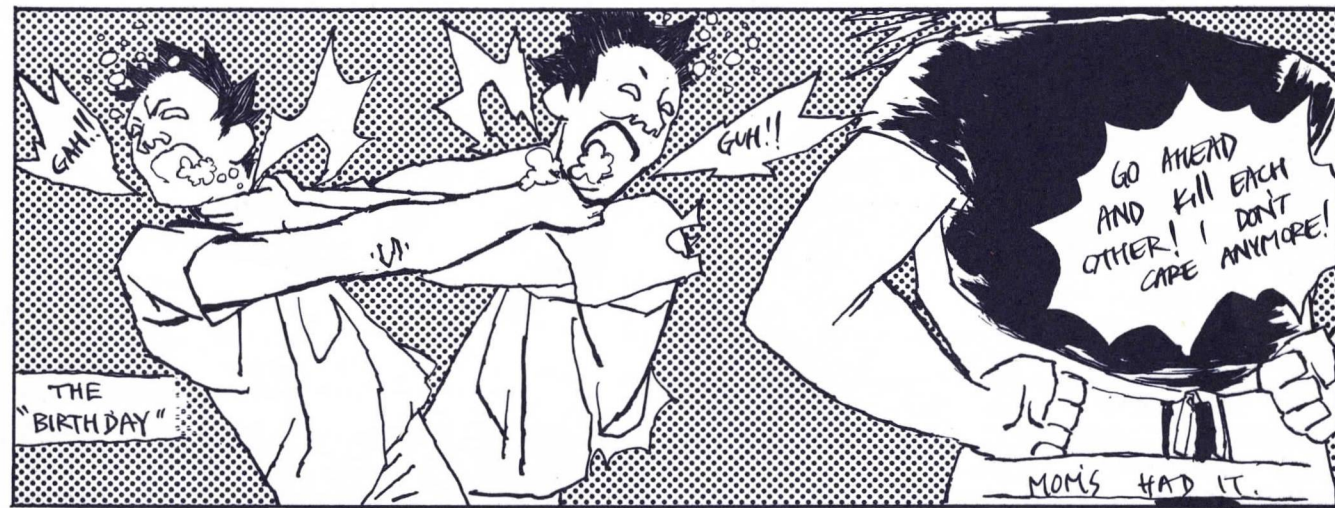
AND NO AMOUNT OF EQUAL TREATMENT FROM THEIR PARENTS COULD MAKE THINGS FAIR EVER AGAIN.



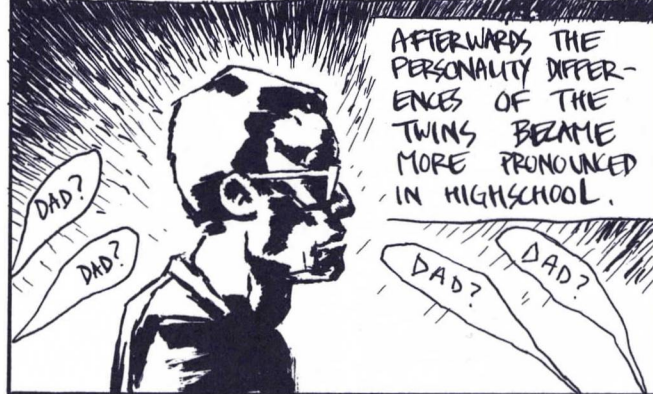
MOM, FROM NOW ON USE MY ENGLISH NAME, JACOB. OK?



IT SEEMS THE MORE THEY WERE TREATED EQUALLY, THE MORE THEY FOUGHT OVER MINOR DIFFERENCES.



BUT BEFORE SOMEBODY COULD KILL ANYBODY THE GIANT MAN WOULD DIE SUDDENLY OF CANCER. THE GRIEF CREATED A MOMENTARY TRUCE AMIDST THE VIOLENCE.



JACOB BECAME MORE INTROVERTED AND SENSITIVE. A LONER



DESPITE THE FACT THAT THEY ACTED LIKE THEY DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER AT SCHOOL, THEY CONTINUED TO FIGHT AT HOME. THE TIDE HAD CHANGED SINCE THEIR DADS DEATH AND ISAO BECAME AN EXPERT AT ADMINISTERING THE BEATINGS.



JACOB WOULD PROVOKE ISAO BUT MOSTLY JUST JAB AT HIS MIND. JACOB WOULD NEVER PHYSICALLY FIGHT BACK ANYMORE, IN THAT SENSE THE FIGHTS WERE ONE SIDED. BUT THE VIOLENCE THEY SUMMONED TOGETHER WITH EACH NEW FIGHT ALWAYS OUTSHINED THE LAST.

IN ONE OF THEIR LAST FIGHTS, ISAO PUNCHED JACOB REPEATEDLY IN THE FACE. JACOB STOOD THERE NEVER RAISING A HAND IN SELF DEFENSE NEVER TELLING ISAO TO STOP. NEVER FLINCHED OR BATTED AN EYE. HE PUT HIS CHIN OUT IN DEFIANCE DARING HIS DOPPLEGANGER TO KILL HIM THEN AND THERE. HIS FRATERNAL HATRED ABSORBING EVERY BLOW AND KEEPING HIM ON HIS FEET. JACOB NEVER FELL DOWN AND NEVER STEPPED BACK.

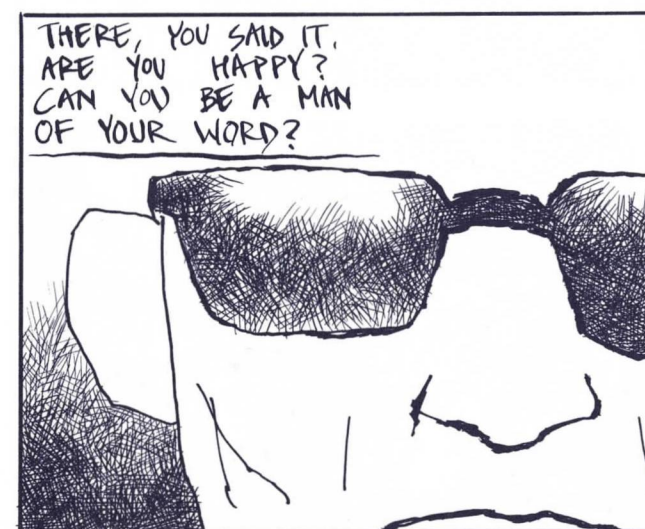


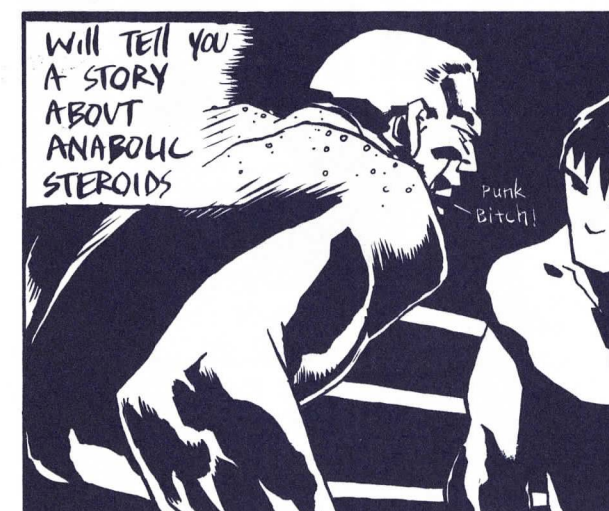
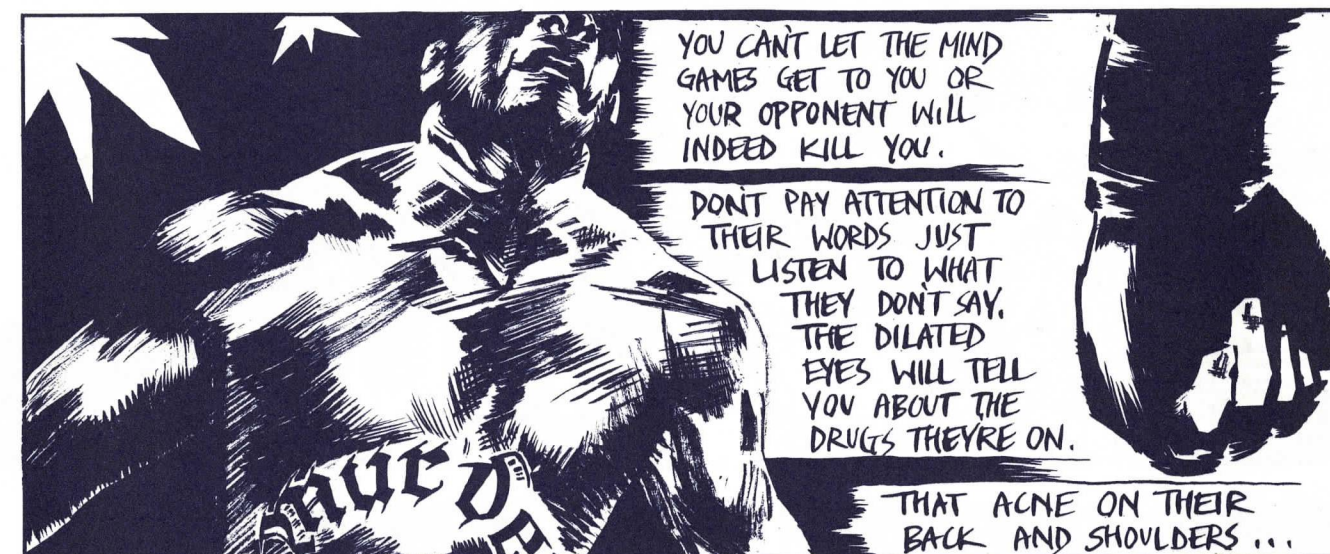
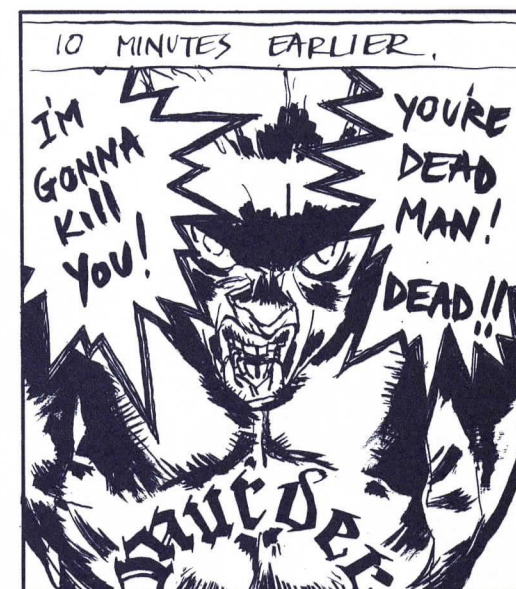
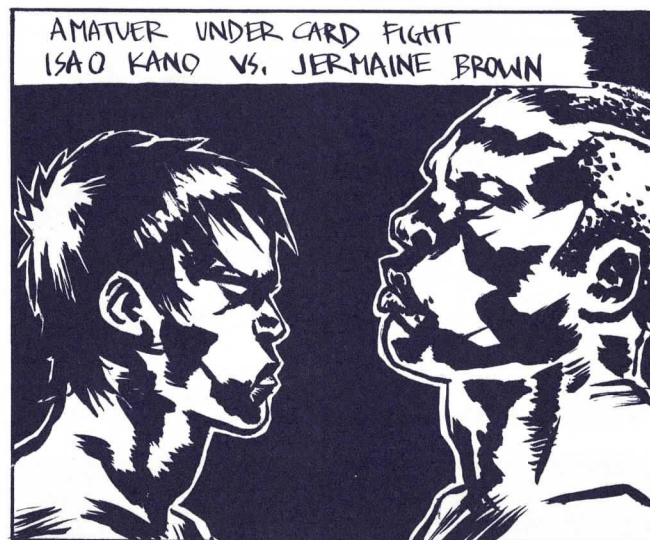
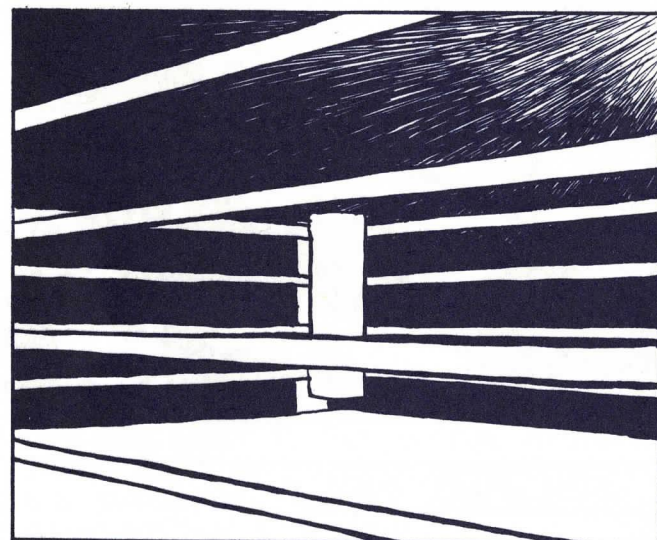
WHAT ELSE WAS SHE GOING TO DO TO THEM? BEAT THEM?

THEY BOTH WENT TO THE HOSPITAL AFTERWARDS, JACOB FOR CONCUSSIONS, CONTUSIONS, STITCHES AND ORTHODONTIC WORK, ISAO FOR BOXING FRACTURES IN BOTH HANDS



THEIR MOM TOOK THEM TO CHURCH A LOT AFTER THAT.







THE PRESENT.

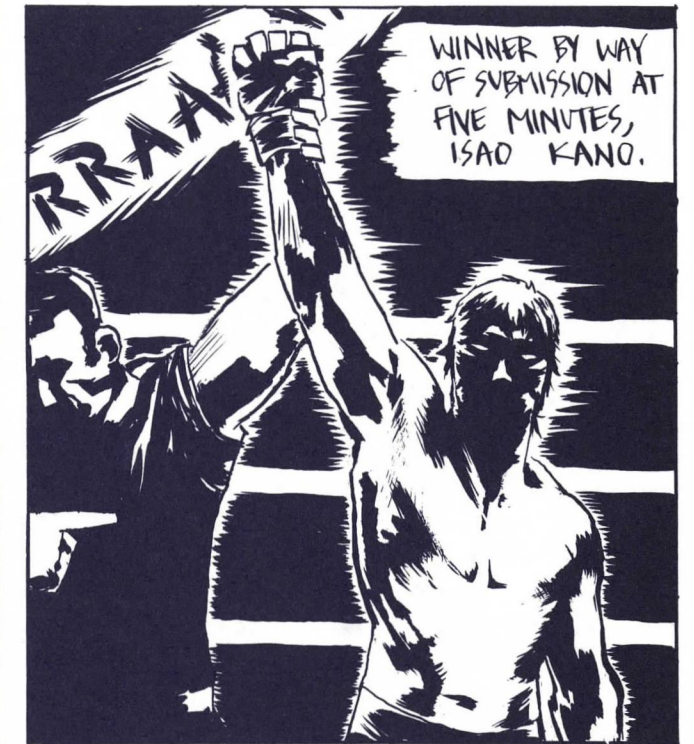
WHAT DOES IT MEAN
TO BE A FIGHTER? IS
IT ALL ABOUT WINNING?
OR IS IT ABOUT BEING A
MAN AND FACING YOUR
FEARS?

DOES IT MEAN
TO NEVER BE
AFRAID?

PO!

PO!

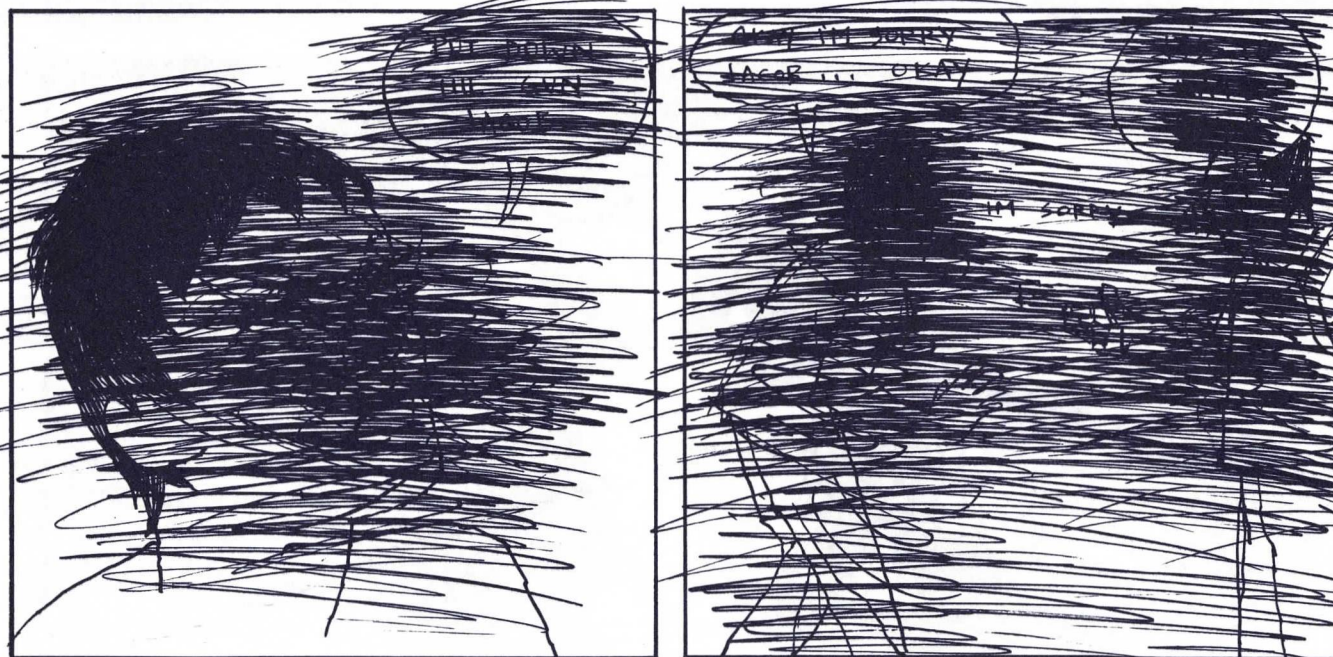
OR DOES IT MEAN TO
NEVER BE AFRAID
OF HURTING ANYONE.

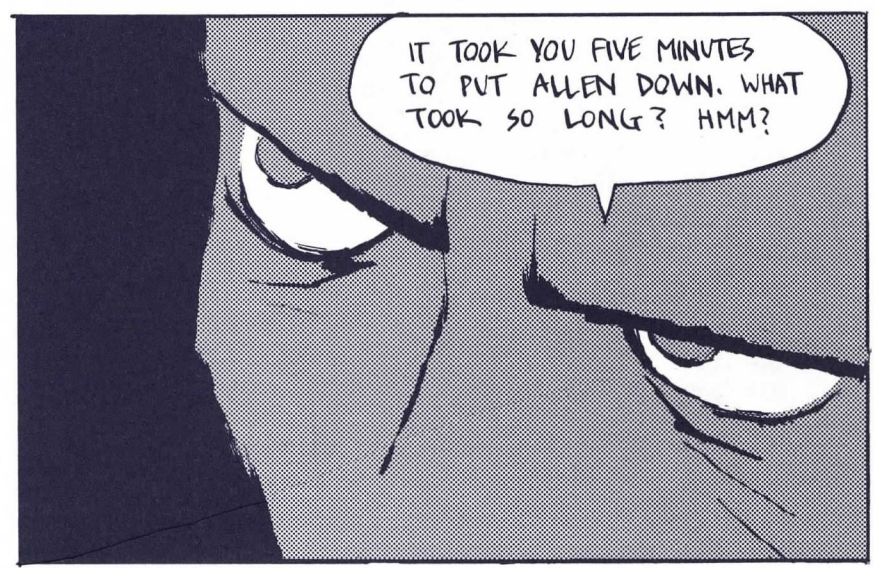
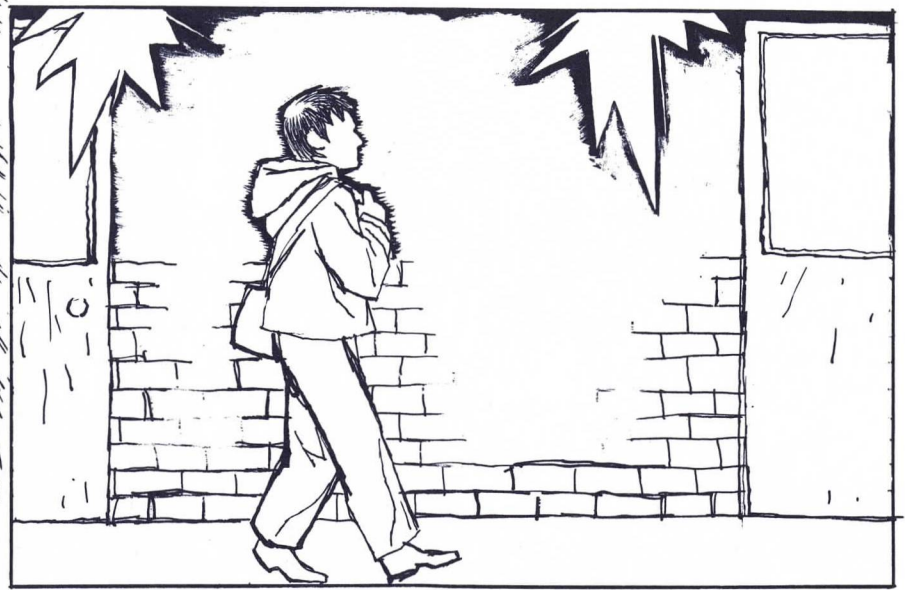


HOW ARE YOU GOING
TO KILL ME TOUGH GUY?!
YOU GOING TO BREAK
MY ARMS?! YOU GOING
TO BREAK MY NECK?!

YOU'RE
DEAD
MAN!

-YOU GOING TO PUNCH IN
MY FACE?! GO AHEAD BE-
CAUSE I DONT CARE! YOU
CAN DO IT ALL, AND YOU
STILL COULDN'T KILL
ME. I'M NOT AFRAID ISAO!
OUT OF MY WAY!





TO BE CONTINUED

YOUR HEART

IS THE SIZE OF YOUR FIST.

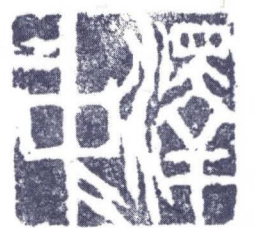
KEEP ON

LOVING.

KEEP ON FIGHTING.



WRITTEN ON THE CLOTHES
OF A STREET PUNK IN SEATTLE



DESTROY AND SEARCH

SOMETIMES I LOVE HAVING A JOB WHERE I DON'T REALLY HAVE TO SHOW UP. ACTUALLY IT'S PRETTY IMPORTANT TO ME. HALF THE WEEK MOST OF THE WORK CAN BE DONE AT MY HOME. AND THEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON, WHEN IT'S NOT SO BUSY, I CAN RUN OUT REALLY QUICK TO TAKE CARE OF MY OWN ERRANDS. LET THE ANSWERING MACHINE DO WHAT IT WAS PAID TO DO. FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND OF THE REAL WORLD AT LARGE, I WOULD HAVE BEEN FIRED BY NOW, BUT PEOPLE TELL ME I'M LUCKY. USUALLY ERRANDS MEAN GOING TO THE BANK AND THE POST OFFICE AND THAT'S WHAT I WAS DOING. JUST SWEATING TO THE OLDIES IN A NONDESCRIPT HONDA CIVIC STATION WAGON. IT'S SUMMER AND I HAVE NO AIR CONDITIONING BUT THE TAPE PLAYER STILL WORKS AND THERE ARE ALL THESE CASSETTES IN MY GLOVE-LESS GLOVE BOX.

I PULL UP TO THE DRIVE-THROUGH CASH MACHINE OFF HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD AND GET MY ARM AND BANK CARD OUT THE WINDOW, WHEN A TALL WIRY BLACK FELLOW WHO HAS SUFFERED THE HEAT MUCH LONGER THAN I HAVE WALKS IN FRONT OF MY CAR AND STOPS. HE MARCHES RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY HONDA AND DOES AN ABOUT FACE IN FRONT OF THE HEADLIGHTS TO STARE ME DOWN AND BLOCK THE EXIT. I'M THE ONE IN A CAR AND STILL FEEL PRETTY AM-BUSHED. I'M THINKING HE MIGHT INSERT HIMSELF BETWEEN THE CASH MACHINE AND MY OPEN WINDOW TO ASK FOR A HANDOUT, OR MAYBE JUST WATCH ME DO MY TRANSACTION SO THAT HE CAN RIP OFF MY PIN NUMBER. YOU MAY ALREADY KNOW THIS, BUT I TEND TO ERR ON THE SIDE OF PARANOIA. EITHER WAY I RETRACT MY ARM AND ATM CARD BACK INTO THE VEHICLE, ROLL UP THE WINDOW, AND WAIT FOR HIM TO GET OUT OF MY WAY SO I CAN FIND ANOTHER CASH MACHINE OR JUST COME BACK TOMORROW. I'M JUST NOT FEELING IT AT THIS BANK ANYMORE. BUT YOU KNOW, THAT'S JUST WISHEFUL THINKING. THIS GUY IS NOT RANDOMLY BLOCKING ME AT THE DRIVEWAY LIKE HE'S LOST HIS WAY AROUND AND THIS IS SOME SORT OF ACCIDENT. NO WAY. HE LETS ME KNOW HIS AGENDA. LIKE SOMEONE WHO HAS TRAINED TO DO IT CORRECTLY, HE RAISES BOTH

HIS ARMS WHILE THEY HOLD AN IMAGINARY MACHINE GUN AT ME AND FIRES A BURST INTO MY WINDSHIELD. BY THE KICKBACK HE IS PANTOMIMING I'M GUESSING HE IS SHOOTING ME WITH A MILITARY ISSUE M-16. QUICK BURSTS OF AUTOMATIC FIRE MAKE HIS BODY SHUDDER BACK AND FORTH AS HE SHOOTS ME DEAD. HE PEERS AT ME OVER AN INVISIBLE SIGHT ON AN INVISIBLE GUN AND I'M SURE HE SEES ME A BROKEN AND BLOODY MESS AND MAYBE WITH MY LAST DYING BREATH HE HEARS ME CRY FOR MY MOM. THEN HE SWINGS HIS ARM THROUGH THE AIR TO LOB HAND GRENADES TO FINISH THE JOB. BUT THESE GRENADES CAN'T BE FOR ME BECAUSE HE IS PITCHING WAY TO HARD. NO, I'M SURE NOW HE IS ROUTING MY SMALL ARMY OF EMBEDDED IMAGINARY FRIENDS. THEIR LIMBS RAINING DOWN ON HIM IN A GLORIOUS VICTORY SHOWER. AND JUST LIKE THAT HE TURNS AROUND TO CONTINUE MARCHING, A JOB WELL DONE. BRAVO.

I'M THINKING TO MYSELF - WHAT JUST HAPPENED? DID I ROLL INTO SOMEONE'S NAM FLASHBACK? TO HIM PERHAPS I LOOK LIKE A GOOK BUT HE IS TOO YOUNG TO HAVE BEEN IN "THE NAM". MAYBE MY SLANTED EYES MORPHED INTO A TURBAN IN A TIME WHEN WE ALL SEEM TO BE SEEING TERRORISTS. IT'S STUPID BUT I SORT OF FEEL LIKE I JUST GOT BEAT UP IN THE STREET AND I HAVE TO REASSERT MY EGO WITH A DISPLAY OF RETALIATION. I WANT TO RUN HIM OVER WITH MY ~~NEW~~ ECONOMY CAR BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT A WAY TO DO IT "JUST PRETEND".

AFTER I MAKE MY DEPOSIT I DRIVE THE IMPORT-HAND-ME-DOWN TO THE GAS STATION NEAR MY BANK TO FILL IT UP AND OF COURSE WHO DO I SEE BUT THE VERY SAME ANGRY AMERICAN WAR HERO. HE'S PACING INSIDE THE CONVENIENCE STORE LIKE A TIGER IN A CAGE. THEN HE EXITS THE BUILDING. HE'S FURIOUS. WHY? BECAUSE THEY DON'T SELL INVISIBLE BULLETS AT AM/PM? I'M CLOCKING HIM AS HE CUTS A PATH TOWARDS ME, THIS TIME I'M READY FOR HIM. BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE ME. HE JUST KEEPS ON WALKING RIGHT BY. HE KILLED ME FIVE MINUTES AGO. I'M NOT EVEN ALIVE TO HIM. ☆

THE FAKE I.D.

THIS IS MY STUPID 'I GOT A GIRL'S NUMBER' STORY.

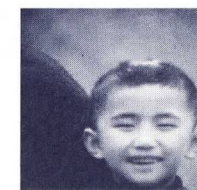
IF YOU HAVE WORKED IN A BAR YOU CAN SMILE WHEN YOU HEAR SOMEONE START RECOUNTING THEIR OWN STORIES OF THAT ONE GUY THEY WORKED WITH WHO ALWAYS GOT LAID. POSSIBLY EVERY WEEKEND THIS CHARACTER WAS ABLE TO, AT THE MINIMUM, DISCREETLY ACCEPT A PHONE NUMBER FROM THAT RANDOM CUTE GIRL IN A MOMENT OF UNDERSTATED VICTORY. OR MAYBE YOU DON'T SMILE UPON THESE STORIES AT ALL. MAYBE YOU CRINGE IN RESENTMENT OR MAYBE THESE STORIES JUST REMIND YOU OF EVERY BLOWN OPPORTUNITY THAT ONE SUMMER NOT TOO LONG AGO WHICH YOU REFUSE TO SPEAK OF ANYMORE. I DON'T KNOW AND REALLY, I GUESS IT'S YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

ONE NIGHT WHILE WORKING THE DOOR I WAS TOLD I HAD SOMEONE WAITING FOR ME ON THE PHONE. I WAS GETTING THE RANDOM WEIRD GIRL CALL. THE LADY ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE EXPLAINED SHE WAS RETURNING A CALL FROM MY PLACE OF ~~WORK~~ EMPLOY EARLIER IN THE DAY. IS THAT SO? SHE CONTINUED A STORY WHICH INCLUDED HER LOST DRIVERS ~~license~~ LICENSE BEING FOUND ON THE PREMISES AND BEING INSTRUCTED TO CALL BACK LATER IN THE EVENING TO RETRIEVE IT FROM THE DOOR GUY (WHOM SHE REMEMBERED FROM THE ONE NIGHT SHE WAS HERE AS "THE BALD ASIAN GUY"). WE CALLED HER? SINCE WHEN DID WE EVER GO THROUGH THAT TROUBLE AND HOW DID WE EVEN HAVE HER PHONE NUMBER IN THE FIRST PLACE? VERY QUEER. (IN FACT THERE WAS NO I.D. WITH HER NAME ON IT ANYWHERE IN THE PLACE, AND NO ONE FROM MY WORK CALLED THIS WOMAN. IT WAS ALL A POUKE. BUT REALLY, WHO'S SURPRISED? WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE WANTED THEN? SO WHILE PRETENDING TO SQUARE AWAY HER STORY, WHICH WAS FAR FROM RIGHT, I DECIDE I'M GOING TO BE "THAT GUY". HOW MANY CHANCES WOULD I HAVE IN MY LIFE TO BE "THAT GUY" ANYWAYS? MY WORDS

WENT DRUNK DRIVING ACROSS HER OUIJA BOARD OF MYSTERIOUS INTENTIONS. I GUESS IT WAS MY WAY TO DISCOVER WHETHER OR NOT SHE IS TOO WEIRD TO PURSUE OR WEIRD ENOUGH TO HAVE LOTS OF FUN WITH. AFTER A FEW FLIRTATIOUS REMARKS WERE EXCHANGED I TOLD HER I WAS REALLY BUSY BUSY AT THE MOMENT BUT IF SHE WANTED TO CONTINUE THIS LATER, GIVE ME HER NUMBER. SAID NUMBER WAS ACQUIRED AND I SAT ON IT FOR A FEW DAYS.

NOW, BEFORE I GET TO THE PART OF THE STORY WHERE I SCARE AWAY THE WEIRD GIRL, LET ME JUST SAY THAT 'YES' - OF COURSE HER METHOD OF APPROACH WAS STUPID AND WROUGHT WITH UNSUBTLE CHICANERY. THAT IN ITSELF WAS A RED FLAG. BUT TAKE INTO ACCOUNT ALSO, THAT IN TERMS OF THE ANTHROPOLOGY OF BACHELOR OPPORTUNISM, HER DISPLAY OF "FREAKY FACTOR" COULD BE INTERPRETED AS A GOOD OMEN. FREAKY FACTOR CAN MEAN FORTUNE COOKIE SEX IN YOUR FUTURE. I WOULD JUST HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE.

AFTER LEAVING THE INITIAL MESSAGE SHE RETURNED MY CALL A FEW HOURS LATER. I REMEMBER I WAS DRAWING COMICS AT THE TIME, YOU KNOW THAT MADE ME LOOK COOL. ANYWAYS SHE HAD THIS STRANGE TONE IN HER VOICE THAT I COULDN'T TELL WHETHER OR NOT TO INTERPRET AS BOREDOM, OR JUST PLAYING ALOOF. SHE GOES STRAIGHT INTO ASKING HOW OLD I AM AND WHEN SHE HEARS MY ANSWER (I HAD JUST TURNED THIRTY AT THE TIME.) SHE GOT ALL SUSPICIOUS AND IMMEDIATELY ASKS ME IF I'M MARRIED. "NO. NEVER MARRIED." "DO YOU HAVE ANY KIDS?" "NO. NO KIDS. NOT REALLY INTERESTED



IN EITHER." "YOU'RE HOW OLD? AND YOU'VE NEVER BEEN MARRIED?" WHY WERE MY ANSWERS SO FRUSTRATING TO HER? HOW MANY MARRIAGES SHOULD A MAN HAVE BY THE TIME THEY ARE THIRTY? SHE STARTED HER SENTENCE IN SOME SORT OF VAGUE DEFIANCE TO MY MARITAL STATUS. "I WAS ENGAGED ONCE..." THEN I LITERALLY HEARD HER FACE MAKE AN EXPRESSION OVER THE PHONE AS SHE CONCLUDED IT SHE WAS MAKING HER EYES SMOLDER AND HER LIPS WERE ROLLING SLOWLY AS SHE SAID WITH UNREPENTANT SASSINESS "... TO AN ASIAN GUY. DOES THAT FREAK YOU OUT? I TEND TO ONLY DATE ASIAN GUYS I DON'T KNOW WHY. I DON'T PLAN IT. IT JUST HAPPENS, YOU KNOW? MY FIANCEE'S PARENTS DIDN'T APPROVE OF HALF BREED GRAND CHILDREN SO THEY WERE THE ONES WHO SORT OF ENDED OUR ENGAGEMENT." YEAH THAT'S WHAT YOUR FIANCEE TOLD YOU.

"SO WAIT, WHY HAVEN'T YOU EVER BEEN MARRIED?" WHOA DUDE, SHE'S BACK ON THE MARRIAGE TRIP. WHAT HAPPENED TO FLIRTING A LITTLE ON THE PHONE FIRST? SO I REPLY "I DON'T KNOW. IN ALL HONESTY IT'S NEVER CROSSED MY MIND. REALLY, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL THOUGH? WHO CARES IF I'VE NEVER BEEN MARRIED?" SHE LETS ME KNOW HOW MANY POINTS I'M LOSING HERE WITH AN UNRESTRAINED HUFF. "OOOHHH KAYYYY! THAT'S A GREAT ATTITUDE YOU HAVE. WHY DON'T YOU JUST DROP IT?" AT THIS POINT I COULD CARE LESS WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING THRILLING ABOUT DISAPPOINTING A PERSON SO HARD WHEN YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THEM. "UH, I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS HAVING AN ATTITUDE. I THOUGHT I WAS JUST ANSWERING YOUR WEIRDO QUESTION." SILENCE, THE CONTINUED SOUNDTRACK OF HER BEFUDLEMENT. SHE TRIED TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT. "SO YOU LIKE WORKING IN A NIGHTCLUB HUH? I BET YOU GET HIT ON A LOT" "NO, ACTUALLY I DON'T" THE NEW EXPRESSION ON HER FACE IS SCREAMING "YOU LYING WHORE!"

THEN SHE COUNTERS MY VAGUENESS WITH A DIRECT ATTACK "I DIDN'T LIKE THAT PLACE WHERE YOU WORK." "OH? AND WHY IS THAT?" SHE GOES "DONT KNOW, I JUST WALKED IN AND AS SOON AS I TOOK MY COAT OFF GOT ALL THIS ATTITUDE FROM THE GIRLS THAT WORK THERE I THINK YOUR FEMALE BARTENDERS GOT INTIMIDATED BY ME IF IT WERENT FOR MY FRIENDS WHO DRAGGED ME WITH THEM I WOULD NEVER HAVE GONE. THAT PLACE SUCKS." MINUS MORE POINTS HERE FOR THE FACETIOUS TONE IN MY VOICE WHEN I SAY "GEE THANKS." "THERE'S THAT ATTITUDE AGAIN" IT BECAME APPARENT, DRY SARCASTISM WOULD NOT BE THE WAY TO ROMANCE THIS ONE "WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?" "WELL, I'M JUST USED TO BOYS BEING A LOT SWEETER TO ME." "I'M TALKING TO YOU LIKE I WOULD TALK TO ANYONE." "TRUST ME, IF YOU SAW ME YOU'D BE TALKING MUCH MUCH SWEETER" "WOW YOU'RE MODEST TOO!" THERE WENT ANY OPPORTUNITY TO FIND OUT WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE NAKED. FROM WHERE I WAS STANDING I PICTURED SOME SORT OF KOOKED OUT SHE DEMON AND NOT THAT SEXY KIND EITHER SHE GATHERED HERSELF IN HER FINAL ATTEMPTS TO LET ME KNOW WHAT WAS MISSING OUT ON "YOU KNOW WHEN I SAW YOU MY FIRST IMPRESSION WAS THAT YOU WERE PRETTY CUTE, BUT NOW I THINK YOU'VE GOT A MAJOR ATTITUDE. I WAS JUST CALLING BACK TO SEE IF YOU WANTED TO MEET FOR COFFEE BUT NOW I'M THINKING..." AN INTERRUPTION WAS NECESSARY "NO PROBLEM, WE OBVIOUSLY DON'T HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT SO I GUESS WE'RE GETTING A DIVORCE" BUT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO END THINGS ON MY OWN TERMS THE WEIRD GIRL MUST HAVE



THIS IS SCOTT. I DREW HIM WHILE WE WERE BOTH WORKING SECURITY.

IN-SECURITY DRAWING

HER WAY "I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T SAY THIS..." SHE SPOKE AGAIN WITH THE PHONE FACE. TOTALLY AMBIVALENT OF MY DIVORCE WISE CRACK. "BUT I CAN'T HELP IT..." SHE'S SETTING ME UP FOR SOMETHING BIG. "WHEN I FIRST SAW YOU I THOUGHT 'THAT'S A GUY I'D JUST LIKE TO FUCK.'" ALTHOUGH I FULLY UNDERSTOOD I WOULD NOT BE GETTING LAID, I WAS STILL A LITTLE STUMPED FOR A GOOD RESPONSE. WHAT WOULD "THAT GUY" DO? SO I ASKED HER "AM I SUPPOSED TO CHASE YOU NOW?" I STILL DON'T KNOW IF THAT WAS THE BEST THING TO SAY BECAUSE I GOT CUSSSED OUT GOOD "YOU'RE A STUCK UP LITTLE ASSHOLE! CALL ME WHEN YOU FEEL LIKE COMING OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE!" I BURST OUT LAUGHING. "OKAY. DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH." I WASN'T LAUGHING TO MOCK HER AT ALL BUT BECAUSE THE LAUGH HAD BUILT UP DURING THE COURSE OF THE CONVERSATION AND WAS FINALLY NOW ERUPTING. IT WAS A SINCERELY LOUD AND PROLONGED LAUGH, COMPLETELY ROBUST AND HEALTHY, BUT IT DIDN'T DO MUCH TO COVER THE SOUNDS OF HER FINAL CURSES BEFORE SHE HUNG UP ON ME AND FLEW BACK TO HELL.

I GUESS EITHER YOU'RE "THAT GUY" OR YOU'RE NOT. FOR A COUPLE WEEKS AT WORK I WAS WARY OF EVERY NEW GIRL WHO LOOKED AT ME SIDWAYS. I HAD THIS SUSPICION THAT THE WEIRD ONE WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HER ANONYMITY AND SOMEHOW SABOTAGE ME AT MY JOB. AFTER ALL, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE SO HOW WOULD I SEE IT COMING?

THESE DAYS I DON'T WORK IN BARS VERY MUCH AT ALL. AND IF YOU EVER MET ME YOU WOULD NEVER BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU I DID. I'M TOO SMALL TO WORK THE DOOR AND FAR FROM COORDINATED ENOUGH TO SLING BOOZE. I SPILL DRINKS WHEN I'M SOBER. BUT THERE WERE THOSE YEARS WHERE IT WAS MY ONLY SOURCE OF INCOME AND I WAS DOING JUST FINE. IF YOU'VE WORKED IN A BAR YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN WHEN YOU GET STRUCK BY INSOMNIA, AS I OFTEN DO, YOU EVEN HAVE A PLACE TO GO LATE NIGHTS. NOW I WOULD NEVER SAY HANGING OUT IN BARS AFTER HOURS WITH

流れ星でやって来た
公害怪獣ヘドラ!
街を森をふみつばし
二大怪獣が大決戦!

REMNANT CO-WORKERS IS GOOD FOR INSOMNIA, IT'S FAR FROM ANY CURE I WOULD PRESCRIBE, BUT IT HAS A WAY OF UNTYING YOUR MIND FROM THOSE STUPID KNOTS THAT KEEP YOU BOUND, CONSCIOUS TILL THE SUN RISES. JUST HANG OUT AND GET TO KNOW THAT GUY A LITTLE BETTER. HE'S NOT SO BAD AND HE'S GOT A FEW GOOD STORIES AS WELL. YOUR INSIDE VOICE CAN ENJOY A MOMENTARY RESPITE IN CONVERSATION ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE RATHER THAN ALL THOSE BLOWN SUMMER NIGHTS OF YOURS I MENTIONED BEFORE BUT WON'T BRING UP AGAIN. *





With a little duct tape and creativity, the Do Re Mi shuttle van gets a little fine tuning in the signage department.



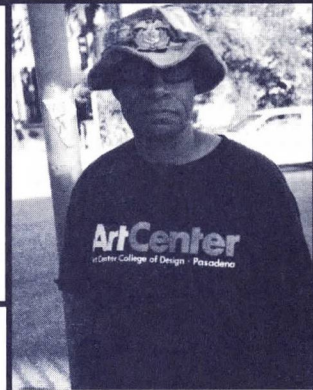
Shelley (L) does not like clowns. Maja (R) likes Strangelandia.



Look into the eyes of a flashed man. This guy was such a jerk at the Melt Banana show. Starting trouble in the pit and ruining everyone's time not to mention creeping out any girls in his shoving distance. What an asshole! Get out! Get Out! So I put my camera in his face and took this picture. The flash combined with whatever bad drugs he was on put him into a hilarious tail spin of confusion. I never laughed so hard.



This clown was also at the Melt Banana show. But he was cool and having a delightful time of it all in the pit. I took his picture to remember him by. Sorry about the flash dude.



I had to stop when I ran into this guy because he was wearing a Art Center College of Design T-shirt. I asked him if he went to school there. He said no, but he had once served in the U.S. Armed Forces and was now homeless.

IF YOU WERE MY GIRLFRIEND
AND I HAD DREAMS AT
NIGHT OF HOMOSEXUAL
MONSTERS ATTACKING
ME,



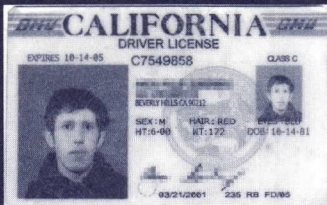
SPECIAL 4 ALL
THE LADIES!!!



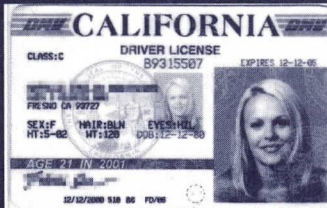
I WOULD NOT TELL
YOU ABOUT IT.
BECAUSE YOU'D
PROBABLY BREAK UP
WITH ME IF I DID.

I'M YOUR TURBO LOVER...





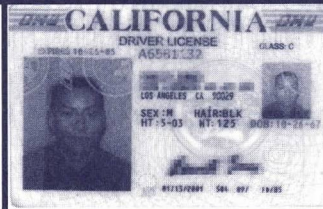
If you had a fake I.D. that said you were from Beverly Hills, wouldn't you want it to say 90210? That would be the shirt!



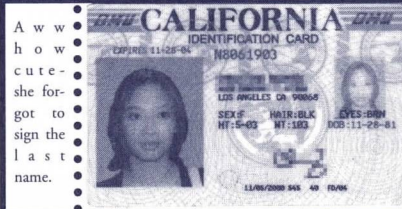
This is a top notch Fake I.D. I'm sure it got her into many clubs, as if the clubs she goes to would turn away "model quality" chicks.



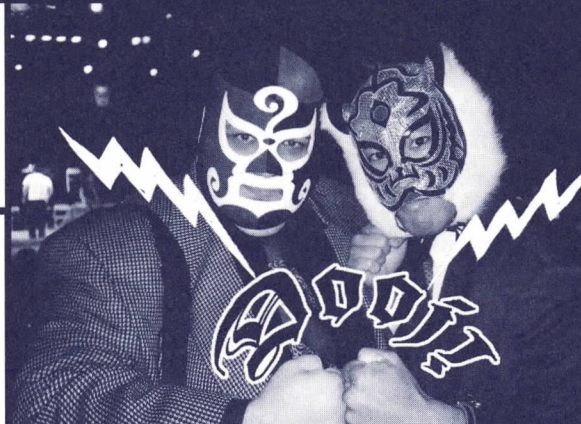
Rock star didn't understand why he got his fake I.D. jacked.



You're forty years old with a fake I.D. Obviously the FBI is looking for you.



Aww how cute - she forgot to sign the last name.



Mr. Unknown (From Parts Unknown zine - L) activates Lucha powers with the Drunken Master (AKA Tiger Mask - R) at Lucha Va Voom.

This sign was on your elevator...

TEMPORARILY
OUT OF
SERVICE

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT 'TEMPORARILY'
MEANS?

Out of Service For Too
Damn Long

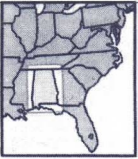
DO NOT REMOVE THIS
SIGN!



I LIVE
ON
THE
1ST
FLOOR!
HA! HA!

I DON'T THINK IT'S
NECESSARY TO USE
PROFANITY INSTEAD OF PATIENCE
TRULY - Ann Flock RESIDENT





The Immortal Lee County Killers

II

I would not hesitate to say that one of the best live shows you can see today is The Immortal Lee County Killers II. Nothing can prepare you for when you first experience the ILCK II, like stumbling into the middle of a musical street fight, you will be knocked down hard. But rather than kicking you in the groin and beating the evil out of you, these men are there to offer a hand and help you back on your feet. On the stage, The Killers just might be working salvation through sound.

The Immortal Lee County Killers II are a two piece from Auburn Alabama. Chet "El Cheetah" Weise on guitar (his newest guitar -The Mark II, is a beautiful Frankenstein monster. It is connected to two amps one set for bass the other treble with a A/B effect box to switch between either or both at the same time) and J.R.R. "The Token One" Token on drums. Their first full length album *The Essential Fucked Up Blues* (ILCK with "Boss" Sherard on drums on this album) is a relentless invocation of blues and punk rock. When the band has recorded any music it has usually been in a shitty shack with a 8 track recorder. Concerning the first album Weise expressed that it really did not matter that it was not recorded at a pro studio. Infact, with their sound in particular, he preferred to stay out of the studios all together. "It just depends on what kind of choices are offered us at the time. I think the reason why I'm so dead set on doing home recordings now is because it has turned out so well doing it that way on the first record that it just doesn't seem to make sense to try and do it any other way. So it's not like when we first set out I was thinking 'this all has to be home recording' In all truthfulness what happened was that I was in another band called the Quadrajets, I sold the band and had money sitting around. I thought 'Oh man, I'm gonna buy an eight track.' (After I got that eight track. I was like 'Hell, I guess we'll try and make a record on this thing and see how it works.' (laughter). You know that's how they did it in the days, so we'll try it. It worked out fine." Weise is not altogether against recording in a studio. He does not seem set in any one way other than the right way, what ever that may be for any given song or album or band. "Most of the blues roots that we know and love is somebody going up to the house with one of those old two track reel to reels and just setting up the mic on the porch and recording it like that. Well, all that stuff is basically home recording. That's a big reason why we do it the way we do. Our home recording stuff is as nice if not nicer than the stuff they used back in the day, but I think that is the only way to record this band and for it to sound right. It just wouldn't sound correct if we used true studio stuff. Just wouldn't be

the right thing." The second full length album from The ILCK II, *Love Is A Charm Of Powerful Trouble* was recorded in The Killers' rehearsal studio (a gutted out office complex) then mixed at Sarcophagus studios by Weise and Lyn Bridges. Recording and mixing has always been a lesson in trial and error, a process that has helped develop the DIY personality of the band.

"Usually the way The Killers work is that I'll dwell on a project for days...weeks. Just driving around in the car thinking about it. What kinds of songs need to be on this record? When are we going to record? How are we going to record? But then when it comes down to it -Okay, how many mic's do we have? How much money do we have? How much time do we have? There's a lot of mental preparation. And then it just ends up 'What the hell do we have to work with? Let's just go.' Because you could end up just spending loads of money in time and preparation trying to get things perfect. But I don't think anybody could ever reach a level of perfection. I have never talked to a writer or a musician or a business man or a mathematician or a scientist who ever felt completely satisfied with something they created. And if you ever did get completely satisfied that just means you've reached an end. I don't ever want to stop doing this."

There are many preconceptions concerning the blues and the musical traditions of the south. I wondered if any prejudices, whether racial or class, has been

"...the allatrons was tattooed on her back."

held against them. "I think there are some people hung up on what stuff is supposed to be. I don't think there's as many out there as people might expect. Especially not in rock and punk rock.... I did an interview a few weeks ago with someone who asked some of the same questions and, you know, there are some folks unfortunately that feel that blues ended at a certain year, that you have to be black, (and) that you had to pick cotton- if that's not racist, I don't know a better example. When they say 'You guys are white and you're from suburbia, you can't play blues.' Fuck them. Go to hell. The other thing,





if The Killers were singing that we're picking cotton in Mississippi, then call us on being liars and tell us to go to hell. I think there is a lot of pretending going on out in the more mass marketed blues world. But I know, me and Token One, we're singing about what we know. This one guy was telling us that with *Big Damn Roach* and *Won't Cook Fish* we were trying to capitalize on some kind of southern schtick that was becoming popular around America. Man, I told you what *Big Damn Roach* was about, that's a no brainer. Of course there is a marijuana reference I couldn't help but... *Won't Cook Fish*, that song is about my dumb ass was trying to fry fish one day and I really did not know how to do it and I ended up having a grease fire in my kitchen. I was cooking with my shirt off and everything else you're not supposed to do. Then I ended up going to the emergency room with burns from head to toe, (I) had to cancel a Quadrejett's tour. Putting on all this lotion shit on me for weeks! And then here's this guy saying that that song was some kind of schtick about going fishing or something. (Laughter) Man, I almost burned my eyes out!" Weise's personality, when not on

stage, can border on the modest and sometimes that makes it difficult to get him to talk about himself and the band. "It's hard to explain but... we're southern." It seems there are deeply ingrained influences that this band just can't shake off on a whim. Even on the abbreviated list of influences for the ILCK II Weise easily spoke about Jerry Lee Lewis, "The Killer" from Louisiana (a real southern back woods character whose brother was a preacher), the singing and dance steps of Bo Gallagher, churches on every corner of every city, the music scene from Mussel Shoal Alabama, Aretha Franklin, Soul music, music of the Delta, Blues, and rock n' roll. "You know, every town has it's stories and that's a part about being around here. One analogy that I use a lot is Martin Luther King's civil rights movement started fortyfive minutes from where we live in down town Montgomery. And where I grew up, six hours away in Memphis Tennessee, that's where Martin Luther King was assassinated. Unfortunately a lot of times people outside the south dwell on what happened in Memphis instead of what happened in Montgomery."

continued on pg. 39



Who would win in a fight: Jerry Lee or Bruce Lee?

Chet "El Cheetah" Weise: Bruce Lee! I think Bruce Lee was probably the baddest man who has ever walked the face of the earth. Jerry Lee could play piano a lot better obviously and if Bruce were to get in a bar fight, broken bottles and all that, Jerry Lee would probably be able to pull something out that Bruce would not be expecting but I think Bruce would adapt pretty quickly. Bruce was about the street and that's why he would do okay against Jerry Lee. Because Jerry Lee was about the streets and so was Bruce.

Who would win in a fight: Jerry Lee or Bruce Lee?

J.R.R. "The Token One" Token: Whoa! Bruce would kick Jerry's ass but Jerry would probably pull a knife or a gun so I don't know what would happen on that one.

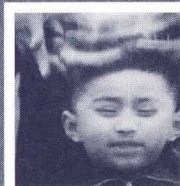
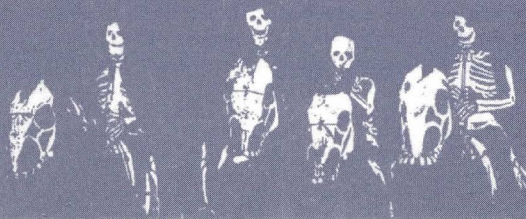
What are your notions on Heaven, Hell and Immortality?

J.R.: Well heaven is a good place to be and I think Bon Scott of AC/DC said hell is a good place to be. Immortality is a thing that once you put down your art whether it be writing or TV or whatnot, it's going to be around a lot longer than you, therefore you have reached some sort of immortality.



What are your notions on Heaven, Hell and Immortality?

C.W.: I think they all exist. By what definition, or how Heaven and Hell actually is or eternity is like I won't know till I get there. But I refuse to believe that when a human dies, when a spirit dies, that it just goes in the ground.



Social Distortion

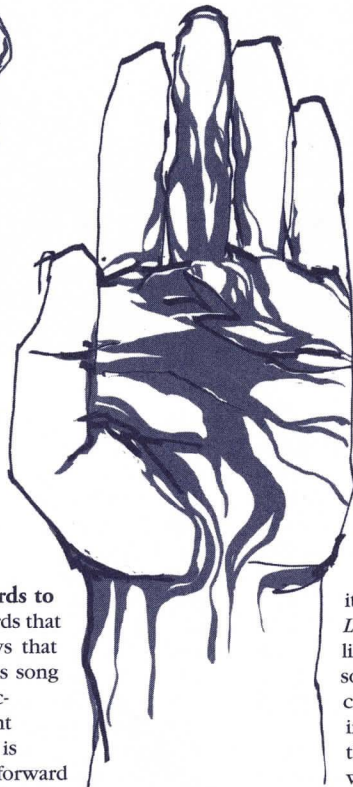
BRASS KNUCKLES



SPECIAL DENTAL
WORK FOR YOU.



THE DRINK



THE SWITCH BLADE



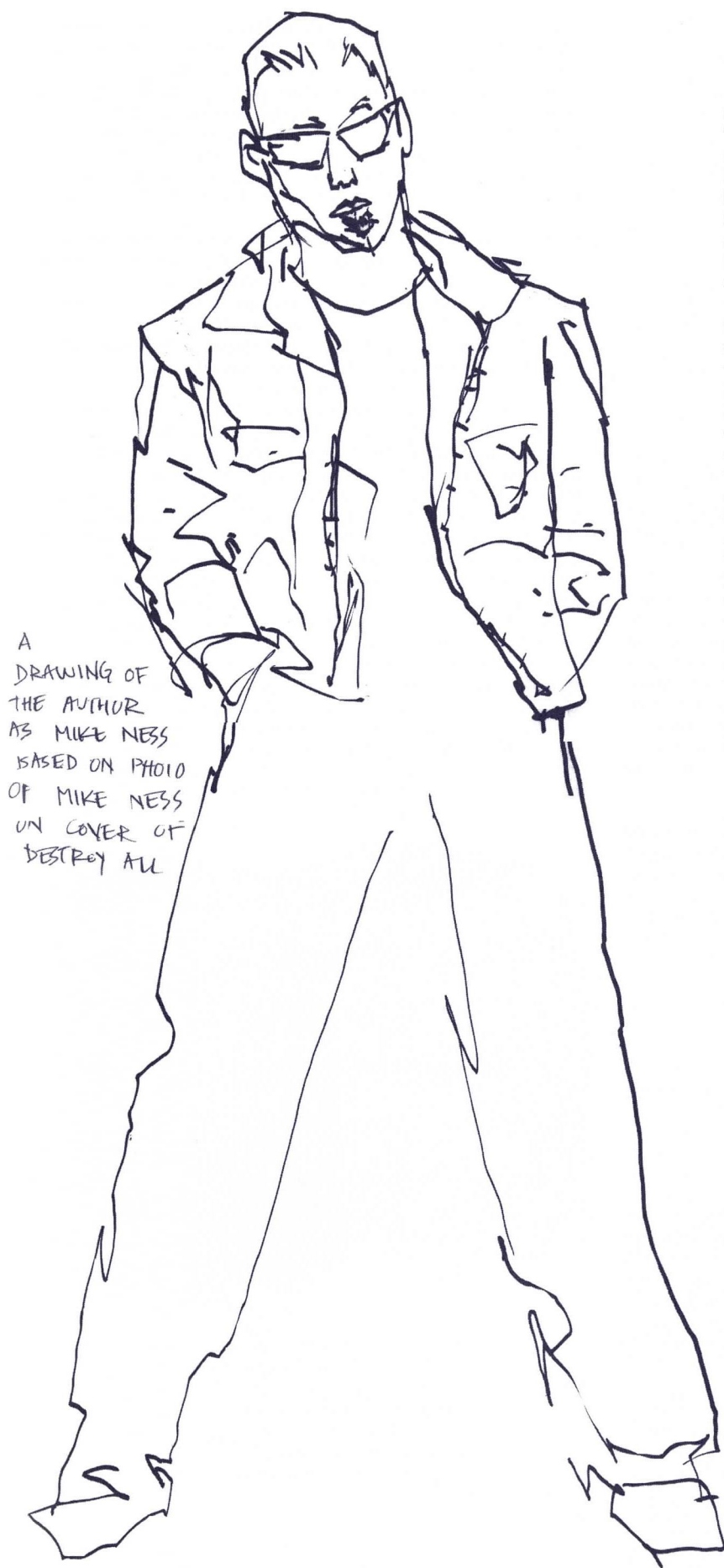
THE
NEEDLE

When Ness was a teen
he got his hand cut
with a knife. Some say
it was an accident
others say it was a fight

In 1988 Mike Ness began singing the words to the song *Ball and Chain*. It is the same words that you sing along to at Social Distortion shows that have been going on for 25 years now. In this song that Ness calls a folk prayer, Ness paints a picture of pain and regret where nothing went right in life. In the song even the guys Chevy is broken down (you know the words). Flash forward sixteen years, the band Social Distortion has six albums (not counting bootlegs) underneath it's belt, which are all amazing, plus Ness' two solo albums. A seventh album is anticipated this year, the first Social Distortion album since 98's live recording release. On top of all that Social Distortion shows are regularly selling out to capacity crowds. I wonder sometimes how Ness can continue to sing about the hard times now with his and the bands much well deserved success and recognition. I'm sure Ness' Chevy is running just fine now. In fact I think the guy has a couple cherry automobiles. "My life's experiences are my best asset," says Ness, and it is what he continues to share. To sing these songs today is to revisit them when they were first written like turning back the pages of a person's diary. His life may have changed but the history is still his to tell. But maybe years of cultivating the heart broken outlaw image can paint an artist into a corner. I wonder if musicians can become too good at expressing pain and suffering so much that maybe they would not allow themselves to be completely happy? "Yeah, I have seen that and I think that that is a cop out. That is a failure to want to grow. If you stay that way you're stagnant. I was never afraid to write about the changes I was going through and I think people appreciate that because it was honest. If you listen to all that early American Roots music it's honest. You listen to all that roots music in early American (history) and it's honest and that's what people

appreciate. (What) I (appreciate) about early punk rock is it's honesty. This next record isn't near as dark as *White Light* was because I'm in a completely different place in my life right now. I'm married I have some kids, I have an awesome life at home and it's changed. My perspective has changed. What used to be important to me is not. It's not important to me to go out in the scene and be cool and all that anymore. I did that when I was younger. Now it's about watching my kid learn how to play saxophone. And my other kid, the younger one, is telling me 'I'm going to miss you dada when you're gone.' Fuck man! That's what it's fucking all about. especially with what's going on right now, anyone who can't stop and fucking realize that, is not living in my opinion. Your'e already dead."

When I first called Ness for the interview he was just finishing a transaction. "I bought a 1930's Gibson Mandolin." You hear Mandolins in a few of his songs but you are not quite prepared for it when he tells you he has just bought one for himself especially when he does not even know how to play it. "Yeah, for the hillbilly in me. I like bluegrass so I'm going to learn how to play this thing." For someone who dropped out of school he seems extremely enthusiastic to learn about things whether it be an instrument he's never picked up in his life, history, music theory and especially cars. "Well for me it is just a whole another form of creativity you know? I mean the custom car scene started in the thirty's with taking mid to lower priced cars and customizing them and making them look like the elegant Cadillac. By taking a particular Chevy or Ford and lowering it, stream lining it, it looked like an elegant car. Then later in the forties and fifties it got really like you were sculpting. You got something that Detroit made and taking it one step further and making it your own custom car." Some people think that their car is just to get them



to work and back but there is more to it than that. There is something to be said about custom car culture and the American road. This man Ness, loves his car, but I'm getting ahead of myself. First lets talk about the band history. Take a deep Breath. Mike Ness was born in 1962 in Lynn Massachusetts. His family later moved to Orange County in Southern California while he was still a kid. He quickly found a form of personal expression in the Orange County punk scene that would explode in the eighties. This scene was both influenced by English punk music and was also at the same time a response to it. In 1978 Ness formed the very first incarnation of Social Distortion with Casey Royer (drums), and Agnew brothers Rikk (guitar) and Frank (bass). Their first official gig would set the precedent for the next 25 years of Social Distortion history as the house party in Yorba Linda they were playing at would be busted by the cops. Maybe you've heard about this one, where Ness spit in the plain clothes cop face and got sent to jail? Ness invited Dennis Danell (bass then later guitar) to join him though Danell brought no ability to play an instrument at first, just a love for the music. Danell would learn to play along the way just fine. Rikk and Frank Agnew would then leave to join the Adolescents, a band that would also become a steadfast name in the O.C. punk/ hardcore scene. Casey Royer then left to join Agent Orange, a surf punk band that would also pave it's way through Orange County punk history. In 1982 Social Distortion would go on tour with the So Cal band Youth Brigade made up of the Stern Brothers -Shawn, Mark, and Adam. This cross country tour would be documented by Peter Stuart and Adam Small and become part of what would come to be known as *Another State of Mind* (named after a S.D. song that you watch Ness develop through the film) one of the more interesting documentaries on the early eighties punk culture. In the heart of the documentary we follow the bands Youth Brigade and Social Distortion from west coast to east coast where they hook up with a young Ian Mackaye of the band Minor Threat (and later of Fugazi) in D.C. There is a scene that always makes me sort of laugh to myself where the camera watches Ness as he puts on eye liner for a more sympathetic look. In 1983 after only releasing singles, Social Distortion would release their auspicious first LP- *Mommies Little Monster*. The line up at this point was Ness-vocals and guitar, Danell- guitar, Brent Liles - bass, and Derek O'Brien - drums. But after the celebrated release of *Mommies Little Monster* in 1983 there are those years that would be filled in with anything from drug problems, violence, trips to the slammer and hospital with general excess and self destructive abandon thrown in to fill out any other blank spots. The band would have a difficult time staying together and during the middle of a new years show in 83, Brent Liles and Derek O'Brien would up and leave the band to avoid going down in what probably seemed to them as Ness' sinking ship. At this point the band would take on John Maurer (bass) and Chris Reece (drums) to fill in the vacancies. Ness seemed to be working hard on living up to the hype of his stage personae and succeeding a



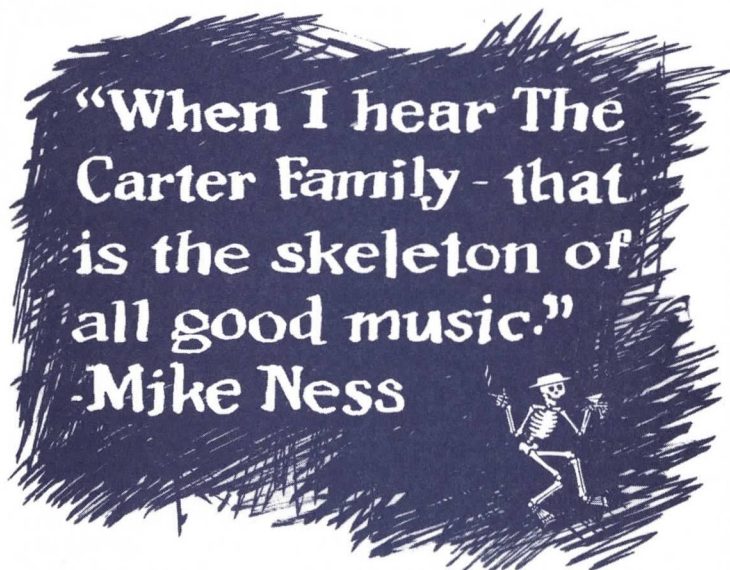


little to well. He would eventually have to clean up his act or probably die. The band line up at this time would stick it out to finally see another album in 1988, *Prison Bound*. I think it is in this album Ness begins to reveal the folk and Country Western influence that would be more blatant in later albums. The sentiment and the words of the title track *Prison Bound* reflects the sort of autobiographical hardship of a life you might expect Hank Williams or Johnny Cash to pen. In 1990 the band would have their first major label release in their self titled album. It is the one where I find myself trying to sing along with the words. In 1992 the band releases *Somewhere Between Heaven & Hell*, their second album on a major record label. Although for me this is not their most musically innovative of albums it continues to chart out the points of influence and evolution of the band. *Making Believe* stands out as a cover song that again helps paint the picture of where the band was coming from and where they would go. In 1996 the band released their long awaited album *White Light, White Heat, White Trash*. At this point the drummer for the band would be Chuck Biscuits who had played with seminal punk bands Black Flag (evidently Greg Ginn did not like how Biscuits played so he asked him to leave), The Circle Jerks (in other musical trivia one of the founding members of The Circle Jerks was Keith Morris who was at one point the vocalist for Black Flag), DOA, and Danzig. *White Light* is in many ways their darkest album as if the past eighteen years had finally culminated into one singular album. Ness remarks about the song *I Was Wrong* a uncharacteristically repentant song for the band's repertoire "You know, back then my life was like a tornado. I left a lot of wreckage. That song is to them... Past girlfriends... you know. That song is basically a reflection that sometimes in my life I was an asshole. I am sorry for that. Truly." In 1998 this line up would record *Live at The Roxy*. In 1999 Ness would take a brief vacation from Social Distortion to explore a more personal side to his music by paying homage to many of his early influences in music. He would release two albums that year *Cheating At Solitaire* and *Under The Influence* that would pay homage to the early singers and song writers that helped form Ness' aesthetics and musical sensibilities. In certain ways these two albums put the proper names to the sounds that listeners had been hearing for two decades in Social Distortion but may not have been aware of. What at first may seem like a musical detour or even a case of genre train hopping really turns out to be a connection between Country music, Blues and other early American forms of music and how they are not just musical predecessors of Punk but helped inform the early Southern California Punk movement as a response to, not just a imitation of, English Punk. In this case Country Western and Blues music were not just related to punk music they were close cousins.

On February 29 2000, Dennis Danell died of a brain aneurysm. Danell (who was 38 years old) was not only Ness' friend since they were kids but Danell was the only constant member of the band with it's continually revolving doors. As of this writing the band has since named their new guitarist Jonny Wickersham (who has played with U.S. Bombs, Cadillac Tramps, and interestingly enough was the guitarist for Youth Brigade though this would be years after the documentary *Another State Of Mind*) and a new drummer Charlie Quintana. Which brings us basically up to speed.

In his career Ness has positioned himself as a great singer songwriter figure. His training is not formal though and his dialogue about music and it's technicalities are not filled with the jargon or vocabulary of someone who even took classes or went to a music institute let alone play in the high school band. If you ask him about how he tunes his guitars to get the sound he likes he will tell you that it does not make any sense but for him it is more intuitive- he down tunes a half step and then he capo's up a whole step which makes it technically a half step up. "But I only do that for comfortability. I mean, years ago when I was learning how to sing I thought if I down tuned I would be able to sing better because I did not know what the fuck I was doing. I had no musical training especially vocals. You know I just drank a six pack one night and went on stage and sang for the first time and I said 'I could do this!'. But by tuning down it's actually harder because you need more air." He does not subscribe to any one type or style of music to inspire him. In his room you will find CD's ranging from the Carter Family, Green Day, Lucinda Williams or old jazz. "Hank Williams is just as important to me as Joey Ramone, you know? I never separate it." He let's it all equally inspire him. "...when I listen to the Carter Family, it's just like a couple of guitars playing like that, I forget what it's called... but the thing of it is, it's three chords and a melody when I listen to that I absorb it. I hear basic drums and a Les Paul and all of a sudden it's a song! It's like the way I write, I write on a acoustic guitar it's a skeleton but it will eventually become a rock n' roll song. When I hear The Carter Family that is the skeleton of all good music."

With all that Social Distortion has been through it's no wonder that



they would produce such dark albums like *White Light* but today's Ness, with a new album in the works, can let some optimism out when reflecting on their under dog status "...hey man, we took a dream with a fucking record that ninety nine percent of society was telling us we could not do. We fucking took a fucking dream and did it. We did change the fucking world man! And we did make a difference in music history. Not only did it feel good to be a participant in a revolution but to have inspired other

artists along the way. Now kids starting bands... they want to be like Social D. They want to be like Mike Ness and that is very flattering." Optimism served with a shot of bitterness maybe? "But yeah, for me pain and suffering is a ... well it helped me become what I am, you know? As painful as it was at the time, it made me who I am today and I don't regret that."

After surviving the long journey on a road paved with mistakes, sin and bad luck Ness has mostly come out on top. He is alive, clean, not in jail and his musical career is still getting better. This pretty much means he's only betting with the house's money so to speak. But that makes it sound all too easy. With all the blessings of his life and career there are still emotional debts being paid "I have a few regrets. I did not come into my sons life until he was five. Officially I mean, except for the holidays. So I regret missing out on all of that. I just wasn't ready yet. I was too emotionally retarded. But better late than never. I'm a big part of his life and he's a big part of my life. I couldn't imagine life with out him. That's one of them. I wished I would have went to school but... I envy kids who are well read and bright and talented. I guess I was out getting my education on the streets. Maybe they wish they were a little more street smart." I imagine that Ness' kids will grow up with the benefit of being raised by a street smart father who sends them to school and higher education. "I try to give them everything I did not have. I feel that definatley the cycles been broke. They are not going to grow up in the alcoholic family. They are not going to see all that stuff. My kids don't even know. They don't even know yet. My oldest is nine years old- he doesn't have a clue that I used to stick needles in my arm, that I stole, went to jail, lied, cheated..."

What I was talking about before... Ness is that custom car. The human work in progress. A cheaper mid to low end human being who through crafting and sculpting has recreated himself to shine brighter than many other over priced cars of humanity. White trash with a soul that's been perfectly lowered to the ground. ✱



J.R. Token wants you to give back his drum sticks.

The Immortal Lee County Killers continued from pg. 35

I asked how Weise sees himself in relationship to the larger picture of Blues and Punk music history. "Different times have different musical trends. There's not going to be another Jefferson Airplane. There's not going to be another San Francisco 1967. There's not going to be another Mississippi Delta 1905. Thank God slavery's not here anymore. So you're not going to have people picking cotton, singing work songs, going home and playing a acoustic guitar about how bad the day was. Thankfully those bad times, as they were in that day, aren't here any more. So that kind of music is over. It can't really be reproduced. Now you can be singing about 'Godamnit, I don't get paid enough'. Slavery as an istitution is over. But now I can have an electric guitar, a hundred watt amp, be loud as balls and play slide guitar- that's what I'm going to do." Will music deliver us from evil? "The most important thing is for people to enjoy themselves and to escape whatever they might be having problems with. That's why I think blues is such a great form of music. I have always been attracted to it because I have a very good time singing about the bad times. I have had people comment 'Wow your lyrics are really fucked up. Are you... Okay?' Oh man, I'm great! I'm one of the most pleasant people you'll ever hang out with. I get it all out on stage. That's my psychiatrist. My favorite therapy, and J.R.'s too. I think that's what most musicians do. I go up there and I leave it all on stage, and I walk off stage feeling a helluva lot better. I think that people who like music, that's why they go. They go to see me, Bob Dylan, the New Bomb Turks, Sex Pistols, John Coltrain, or whoever, playing music, singing about how fucked up things are and they can relate like 'Yeah, things are fucked up. Man, that was pretty cool. That was amazing.' So everything's not fucked up." God Bless The Immortal Lee County Killers II. ✱



Chet Weise and the Mark II

The Slanderin

American Psychobilly

There's this guy Christian Slander front man for The Slanderin.

He's six foot, tall, bald and weighs about two hundred fifty pounds. This is not your usual body weight made up of mostly fat, it is highly condensed body weight that is made up of intense anger and energy mixed in with the fat. If I had to give you more in way of description I would maybe say this guy won't be on the cover of GQ or Play Girl anytime soon (who am I to say what women really want though?). For some reason, ye editors at your favorite punk preview magazine told me to call him Handsome. Handsome. There is nothing really wrong with that per say but normally men do not call other men Handsome as a pet name. I know the word "normally" is pretty subjective but I figure this was some sort of cruel joke or this guy Christian was really sensitive about his looks, either way it all felt like a set up to see this writer get his ass kicked. So I got on the phone with Slander and asked him if I could call him Handsome and I got a "Oh God." on the other end of my line. So does this mean, yes, he is OK with it? "I'm secure enough in my masculinity." That's cool because I wouldn't want to call any man that is larger than me, let alone a stranger of a man, 'handsome' to his face you know what I'm sayin'? The reputation of the bands live shows

proceed them. Gigs include a half naked man on stage spitting blood, threatening the audience and performances that incite the crowd into a ultra violent whirl pool sucking everyone's mortal soul down to psychobilly hell along with the band. The group is a nightmare cross between a old western hanging (what did the cowboys call them? Neck tie parties?) and a drive-in horror movie. Basically people really love this band. I asked Handsome how the influence of Americana, theatrics and horror have inspired him "It's all in the tradition of real psycho. Like The Meteors, Demented Are Go, and Mad Sin. We love the B- movie horror imagery mixed in with the neo rockabilly sound and the punk rock tempo. That whole vision you know? The Cramps and The Meteors started back in the seventies and we try to stay true to that. It's just something I'm in love with." Outside of the B culture imagery how does Slander describe what Psychobilly is to him. "For me on a personal level, whenever I write songs I just think about, well, my upbringing. My father, he was a greaser. He was into car clubs. And to me it's just like carrying on a family tradition or a cultural tradition. I'm from Southern California and to me it's all ... the imagery is all just hot rods, zombie girlfriends and horror movies. I don't know, that's just my life. I have always loved retro stuff and fifties stuff. I grew up in an old house with old furniture, old cars. I grew up in the same old house my mom grew up in. I have always loved old rock n' roll ... When I was a kid I saw X and The Blasters together, it was the very first show that I ever went to. I was in the fifth grade. I saw all these punk rock kids and all these rockabilly kids slam dancing and swing dancing at the same time. That imagery never left my mind. I have always seen rockabilly and punk rock as, you know, together. I don't really like

fusions very often but punk rock and rockabilly is a good fusion. That's what psychobilly is."

Important Question and Answer with Christian Slander. Who are five people who you should be put in the ring with you to clobber? Slander picks are 1. All of the Back Street Boys (OK, combined they almost count as one person.) 2. Osama Bin Laden 3. Bill Maurer 4. James Woods "I hate him. I have just always hated his guts... just something about him, I'd like to kick his ass." and 5. Matthew Perry "I waited on him once and he was a total prick! I'd like to kick his ass!!"

Part two of important Question and Answer with Christian Slander. Who are five musicians that should go to bed with you? Slander's five picks are 1. Kim Lens 2. Poison Ivy from The Cramps 3. Ruth Wilson from Flathead 4. Alicia Keys and 5. Joan Jett. Is Joan Jett straight? Or is she... "She's gay but...but I would be a lesbian for her. Yeah, she could dress me up. A nice dress, high heels."

Any given show with The Slanderin is always a combination of entertainment and punishment. The ratio of the two really depends on the attitude of the audience. The more stand-offish a crowd is, the more antagonistic The Slanderin will be towards them. "We were playing in Vegas and there was this mostly rockabilly crowd, they weren't really into psycho like neo rockabilly guys (are). They were just sitting out there giving us these ugly looks. Just sitting down and not really getting into it. They decided that they weren't going to have any fun. So I told them Elvis was a faggot, Elvis was a child molestor, all this bad stuff about Elvis ... just to piss them off. I always thought people who tried to act like Elvis were stupid and full of shit." Snotty attitudes don't bother the band though. "They're poor and they're mean and that's cool. No one has to be nice to me. No one has to put on any airs for me. They know deep down inside they like us. You have to kiss their girl friends and get paid." Do girls actually want to kiss this guy? Evidently often. "When we played the Troubador this one girl grabbed my chain and tried to pull me down, I had a chain and lock around my neck, she pulled me down and tried to kiss me. I tried to pull away because I knew my girl friend (at that time) was watching, of course we had a big fight about that. Sometimes yeah, (girls) like big scary guys." I am just super impressed that a girl was able to pull this guy down and start kissing him. She must have been really huge and strong.

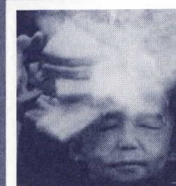
What is the bands favorite religion? Rock n' roll. What are the bands favorite sins? "You know we are probably the most perverted band in rock n' roll. We like to fuck and orgy and if you have a cat we will pee on your cat and fuck your cat too. We will light your house on fire and won't let you leave. All of us are really sick. Keep your girlfriends away from us."

At the time of this phone interview, Slander and I had never met but in closing I had to ask him, judging from our one conversation did he think he could take me in a fair fight (they call me the Drunken Master)? "I don't know man. You never know, you got to fight them all like they're nine feet tall. That's my motto. I'm the only guy in my family that's never been to prison. So I'd like to keep it that way. I've had a lot of fist fights in the past few years and it's all been mostly because I have been a bouncer and stuff like that. I hate it. I hate fighting. But there are so many assholes in the world... and so little time." That's what I keep on saying! ✱



Christian Slander was a amateur boxer in his teens. He fought every month and had over 180 fights before he retired. His best annual record was an astonishing twenty and two. A few of the fighters who beat him would later go on to become the 1984 Mexican Silver Medallist and the 1984 Cuban National Champion. He still keeps in shape but his heart is in the band now.

"Almost every night I sparred this guy - he was in my stall, his name's Jimmy Burton. He was the North American Featherweight Champion in '87. I used to spar six rounds with him every night. You see, my boxing coach was the President of all the Police Athletic Boxing Clubs in Southern California so I got to spar with all these great fighters. When I went to fight in my own ranks, my age group and experience group, I would beat them because I was fighting all these really good fighters when I would spar. These guys were made of stone. They were just great boxers. But you got to be really hungry and I really wasn't. I just did it for a sport. I was good at it but these guys I was sparring with - it was their life. At the end I would go to fights and I couldn't even get a match up because they would say 'This guys got too many fights. I would start winning tournaments by 'walk over'. You know what that means. You show up and they can't match you up to anybody so you automatically win. That started to happen a lot when I was eighteen. They said 'You should turn pro or retire.' and I just retired. I had three state championships but that's nothing, the other guys had national championships and world titles."



Social Distortion

part two

Not much needs to be said about Mike

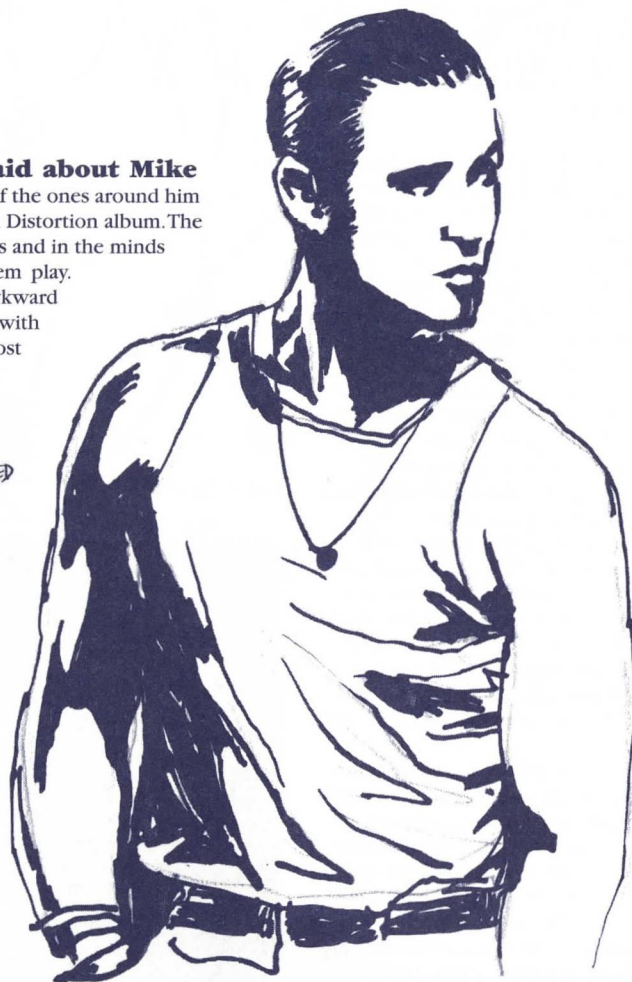
Ness. His personal life and those of the ones around him are penned on each and every Social Distortion album. The memories are etched forever in songs and in the minds of everyone who has ever seen them play.

Being able to speak with Ness is awkward at times. He considers each question with what might be mistaken for an almost

A DRAWING OF MIKE NESS
AS HE WOULD APPEAR
WITHOUT ANY TATTOOS.
DRAWING BASED ON UNCREDITED
PHOTO FROM 'CHEATING AT
SOLITAIRE' INSET.

inarticulate pause before offering a response. He never holds back from being truthful and on some occasions maybe volunteers what seems like too much personal information, which lends some unanticipated vulnerability to the man who has been painted as such a bad boy. Sometimes while speaking with Ness you can't help but notice his mannerisms, there are moments in the conversation when you can sense him measuring every one of his own words. Questions are answered with a sincere attempt to find the most appropriate response. This is the song writer in him. Ideas just can't be spilled out. They have to be created and developed much like good lyrics. The statements must be considered. But the finished product is more concise and expressive of the moment.

Social Distortion is a band that was born out of the Orange County music explosion of the late seventies and early eighties. A phenomenon formed by the young outsiders who were disenfranchised by their environment and yet inspired by new possibilities they were hearing in music. These southern California bands developed their own sensibilities and style of music that was not catered to any radio or TV format. There was promise of neither lucrative contracts nor fame. It was a musical generation that lived without any guarantees. The longevity and success of a few key bands including Social Distortion confirms years later what most of the bands that have since been long forgotten already knew in their hearts at that time: that what they were doing was unique and that the risks were worth



taking. But after spending so long as a musical and social pariah how can you be prepared for the success? Mike Ness expressed "It's a double edge sword. You set out to change things and then it changes and then you can't complain about it now that it's changed. In the beginning we wanted more people to hear us. Because, granted, playing for 50 people was fun but you naturally want to reach more people. And hopefully that means 25 years later that mainstream society has opened their eyes a little. I don't expect much from the sheep but I imagine they have opened their eyes a little bit."

Ironically now more than two decades later there are those people who have adopted that superficial style and sensibility of their earlier musical progenitors and turned it into a finely manicured costume. Sheep in wolves clothing. A punk rock n' roll masquerade made accessible for easy digestion. Ness explains the strange turn around of history and of how the music industry and record executives have de-fanged the once original and unpredictable medium he helped to foster "I feel like that individualism has been lost. And it's the record companies and radios fault. They're still signing bands who sound like Pearljam. They're still signing bands that sound like Nirvana. And they're signing bands that resemble Greenday or Blink. And it's fucked! And I resent that and I always will. And I think it's a chicken shit, pussy mentality. It's something I will never contribute to."

If you ask anyone who was around Ness during the eighties if they would have ever imagined that he would have achieved this career longevity and success that he's garnered now, they would probably offer the same answer I got from Tim Maag "I thought he'd be dead."

"NOW, HONESTLY, IT IS MORE OF A STATEMENT TO HAVE NO TATTOOS THAN IT IS TO BE ALL TATTED BECAUSE EVERYBODY IS (TATTOOED) NOW. I HATE MY TATTOOS AND I DON'T LIKE OTHER PEOPLE'S TATTOOS AND DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT TATTOOS."

-MIKE NESS

Maag is a somewhat of a humble participant of the music scene of that time. "In 1983 or 84 I thought (Ness) was not going to last, I thought he was going to die. And there's nothing you could do. I don't know how to describe it. Have you ever had any junkie friends?" The reticent Maag is probably best known today as the bass player from the band D.I., he also played bass briefly in Social Distortion, but many who were there would tell you that he should really be recognized for the year he played with the band called The Mechanics (Scott Hoagland: vocals, Tim Racca: guitar, Dennis Catron: guitar, Tim Maag: bass, Sandy Hansen: drums) from the fall of 1977 to the fall of 1978. The Mechanics have mostly since been lost in obscurity, yet to this day their influence is still cited and heard in other bands that appeared later. Ness refers to The Mechanics as being in the top four influences on Social Distortion's music. Ness described the scene back then "You had the beach punks who had their own sound and then you had the inland sound but that band was the band that the Adolescents and Social Distortion sprung from. I mean these guys were crazy. They were kind of... they had this metal edge to them but not like heavy metal. They were like The Stooges. They were called The Mechanics, they had a crazy lead singer, they dressed up in gas station clothes, they drank beer out of quart oil cans and they were playing high school kegger parties. They'd come out and say 'We're the Mechanics and we don't play no fuckin' slow songs.' I was a junior in High school and Dennis (Danell) was a senior and we would pogo and get in fights with high school jocks. But they were so influential on the Social D sound. The guitar players' style and Tim as a bass player was like ...amazing. I mean just... they were just so neat to watch. They didn't even own a PA, so half the time we would go and watch them the singer would just be jumping off walls singing to himself cause he didn't have a PA." In addition, Maag attempted to offer a more formal reason for the band's influence "The Mechanics were a rock band with two guitar players. One of them would be playing thick chord rhythms and there would be a counter melody played in an octave configuration as a hook. That's what this guy worked up. Everybody just fucking took that. Rick Agnew and the Adolescents? They yanked that because it was a good formula, so did S.D. It's an Orange County cliché and if I could demonstrate it you'd go 'Oh that thing. I totally understand that.' That was one of the things that everyone liked

Tim Maag

Pay Attention to the Man Behind the Curtain



photo by David Baden

What was influencing the early Orange County scene?

I can tell you what we were all looking at. The early American bands that were influential on this (scene) were the New York Dolls, Iggy and The Stooges, The Velvet Underground, The Dictators possibly, and the MC 5. Those were the things that everyone was thinking about. Then The Ramones came out in '76 and the Sex Pistols came out and everyone went "Oh here's a place we can go!". I had a distinct impression, I remember hearing the Sex Pistols for the first time and going "Oh Shit! Oh Shit!".

Did you realize the music you were involved with would be considered influential years later?

I like the market confirmation of what we thought was cool. I like that. I don't think anyone was thinking "We're going to make money doing this!". I wished I had made a little more money on it. Because everybody at the time was dumb as a box of hammers about business. I have nothing to show for that. Can't get royalties out of D.I. or anything. It's useless! But at the same time we just knew... everybody had a feeling I think. All the people that we networked with like Mike (Ness), the guys from Agent Orange, people who became the Adolescents, and D.I.- we were able to have fun with it and think it was something to do that we liked and be proud of and know that it wasn't just some utter sell out. I think everyone had that awareness.

What was the music scene you were involved with like?

Let me give you an overview -of it: It's not as glamorous as it looks in retrospect and it was kind of lonely and creepy. By 1980 you had to be careful where you walk because people might throw a fucking bottle at you. By the time I left D.I. I was all done with punk rock. I was done with it because it was going into a direction I wasn't interested in musically or crowd wise. It was no longer cool. I didn't want to do it any more. I was getting into recording stuff. I wanted to record people. Doing what I do now. Being the man behind the curtain rather than in front. I like it better.

Played bass for
The Mechanics
Social Distortion
D.I.
The Cramps (briefly in 1985)



about The Mechanics. Even before I joined, they had this ... I was attracted to it too. It was violent but precise. It was an explosion ... angry but jubilant at the same time. It was great. Kind of like The Sex Pistols are- you can't really figure out what the emotion that's evoked by that sound is. It's angry but it's not really personal and it's kind of like festive and cool at the same time." Trying to provoke Maag to speak openly about The Mechanics era and his friendship with Ness is not easy. He is not the kind of man who would ever give you any ammunition to use against his own friends. When Maag was eighteen years old he met a fifteen year old Mike Ness. Maag describes "When I first met Mike he was a kid and we helped him with guitar shit. He was like our local bro. He was a nice guy, you could tell he was smart and cool. He had his own thing going. He was into the Lou Reed rock n' roll animal thing." Maag seemed to recognize early on that Ness had a special place reserved for him in music. "Mike wrote his own songs and he could put them over ... he could write songs about how the police suck. What other format was he going to do that in?!" Maag even played in an earlier version of Social Distortion. That neither Ness or Dennis Danell were a part (Danell being Ness' childhood best friend who would later play guitar on all the Social Distortion albums until he died of a brain aneurysm on February 29, 2000). Evidently after Ness originally co-founded the band he wanted to bring Danell in but the rest of the members did not feel that Danell's guitar playing made the cut. At that point Ness felt that if Danell could not be in the band then Ness didn't want to be in the band either. "So it was actually like a pre-version of The Adolescents." Is how Maag describes this early manifestation of Social Distortion that had Casey Royer on vocals "It had been my idea that Casey was a horrible drummer- (instead) he's going to sing. We did a few gigs and they were great gigs. It was a fucking great thing. Then there's a little bit of a weird gray area." It is in this gray area Maag left for another band. Most of the members found other bands to join or bands to make and within six months Ness picked up the Social Distortion name from where it was dropped and reformed it with himself on vocals and Danell on guitar. "It was not any big deal, (Ness) had invented (the name) so we gave it back to him."

After informing Ness that I was going to have an opportunity to speak with Maag about their history I was suddenly confronted with a lighter Ness. His stories rolled on fondly from the other end of my line almost as someone talking about their childhood hero. "He was there from the beginning. I mean he was one of the first guys I'd seen with a ... I guess now it would almost be considered a mullet, but back then it was just really really short cropped on top, with a little bit longer in the front and then just like a little tail. But back then it looked so punk! They were older and those were the guys we

were hanging out with. They were already musicians; we were kind of just getting started." When asked about his punk rock mullet, Maag replied "That's a total embarrassment. That's worse than being a heroin addict. It looked weird." There is also a story from years ago that Ness relayed while trying to hold his excitement in. Evidently during the more drug and crime riddled years of his youth, Ness broke into the practice studio that was time shared by a small group of bands including Social Distortion and D.I. His objective was to steal other bands equipment for quick cash. When confronted with the opportunity to sack Maag's gear he opted to leave it all intact on the basis that they were friends. Ness laughs "It kind of made it obvious who the burglar was!" Maag also recited a few more details to round out the anecdote "I think that I had my stuff locked up a little more securely. You would have had to spend a little more time trying to steal it. Not that I wished he had stole my equipment but I was like 'Oh brother, this is probably someone who knows me.' I appreciate that he didn't steal my gear."

We know that Ness' life and times seem to be public domain but there were many would-be stars from that time that hit rock bottom yet who also managed to claw their way back from what seemed like imminent death. Shouldn't they have their place in history as well? "Yeah, but Mike did it with dramatic style. That's why he's most notable." Maag proffers on the possibilities of Ness' longevity "To this day Mike goes out to play and girls all want to fuck him ... and guys want to fight with him. So whatever that is, that's why he's more interesting. He's got some animal magnetism and brains and stuff, he's got a bunch going on." Ness himself does not or maybe can not explain much in way of reasons for his staying

power. He speaks more about the ever changing world around him and how he interacts with it. In closing he spoke about the notion that what may at once have been a transgressive statement of his sub culture is sometimes eventually absorbed into mainstream culture "When things get discovered and become popular- cool things can tend to become uncool. I feel now, honestly, it is more of a statement to have no tattoos than it is to be all tattooed. Because everybody is (tattooed) now- I hate my tattoos. And I don't like other people's tattoos and don't like to talk about tattoos really... I started over 20 years ago collecting (tattoos) and I was getting them for anti social reasons not to be a part of and to be accepted in (society). Now it's almost like if you're not sleeved you're not a real dude. That's so fucking ridiculous." It's interesting how things turn around like that. Social Distortion's music was once considered very anti-social and now much of our society loves them. Ness can't wash off his tattoos, he has to live with them but as a person he cleaned up and is learning to be a father and a husband. Mike Ness used to be mommies little monster but now he does his best raising two of his own.



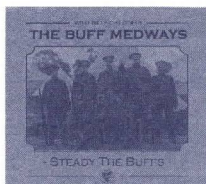


The Circuit Side

Ice cube may live on the west side, but I live on the Circuit Side. The Circuit Side is my new favorite viking style metal band. The first time I witnessed the glory which is, the Circuit Side, I was at the Derby just outside the door. Then, like some bubbling brook trickling down the magical mountains of Odin, the sound of a furious fjord hit my ears. What could it be? I asked myself in peaked perspicacity. I wheeled around the door only to find myself hit like a fucking bitch by the omnipotent chords issuing forth from the guitars of these lovely ladies (and the dude on the drums!). Oh how their axes cut so sweetly through vein and sinew. I found I could only embrace the amps, the source of my agony, as a drunken hick might hug the banks of the bayou. Headed up by two ex-members of the Need (go Oly!), Radio and Dvin are joined by members of Automatican's Patricia and Scotty, who take your heart and put it through the metalator. I followed, waiting like a starved mongrel for the release of their demo CD, which is finally out! GET IT! GO AND SEE THEIR SHOWS, foolish mortals, lest these Valkyries find thee unfit for battle and close the doors of Valhalla to you forever!

- MD

► Sometimes it gets too damn hot for Gian. he will proceed to take off his clothes. Do not be alarmed as it is customary for him to do so. In this photo he is doing a special dance to the song *Iron Man*.



◀ Steady The Buffs Wild Billy Childish & The Buff Medways

You try and you try but no matter what you do or what you say, no matter how many times you say your prayers before bed time, it just can't be done. Wild Billy Childish will not be stopped!

Transcopic



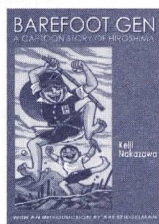
◀ Glue and Ink Rebellion by Sean Carswell

Recently I have been noticing people who have been contributing to punk that aren't liberty spiked attention whores. Sean Carswell does not play in a band nor does he constantly quizz you on obscure music you never heard of just to prove he is more punk than you. What he does is write. And he does it good. Or rather he does it "well" as my stupid teacher used to always correct me on. *Glue and Ink Rebellion* is an excellent starter collection of Carswell's short fiction and I recommend you get this book because you have not used the reading lobe of your brain since highschool.

Gorsky Press



▲ Two out of three members of the band Bleach prefer the great taste of Drunken Master. And here I thought it was because it has a full days supply of vitamin C and totally packed with fiber. The third member of Bleach hates Drunken Master and turns invisible in photos.



◀ Barefoot Gen by Keiji Nakazawa

You will be glad to know that this translated book will royally fuck you up. Imagine the worst case scenario of life as you know it. Now ad a atomic bomb on top of that. That's pretty much what Nakazawa does in the first volume of this comic story based on the historical events of Hiroshima. I don't understand why more people are not talking about this comic. There is high praise for Nakazawa on the back of the book written by Art Spiegelman and Robert Crumb. I like to read it and pretend they are talking about me.

Last Gasp



◀ Unlovable by Esther Pearl Watson

Esther Pearl Watson is going to take over the world. She is the creator/artist of *Unlovable* a brilliant and hilarious mini-comic done very much in way of a childrens book or maybe rather a book done by a child. The material is based on a diary she found in the womens restroom of a gas station while on a road trip with her husband Mark Todd (also an artist who will take over the world and share it with his wife). Tammy Pierce, your private life couldn't be in better hands.

self published

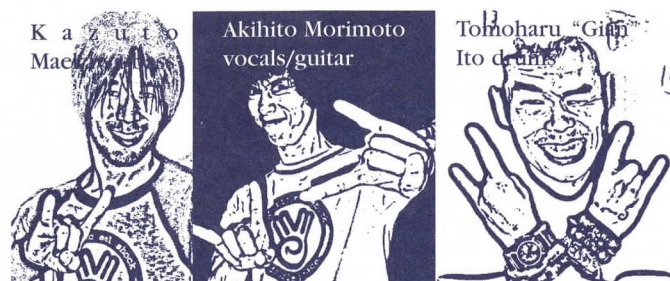


These Are Color Days ▲

John Gold

So you think that the Drunken Master is only interested in the punk rock? Think again! John Gold is a singer/songwriter out of Los Angeles that plays with words like so many pieces of a puzzle. Gold tugs at the meaning in his songs like a string in a maze for you to follow. Poetic, intricate, and considered. I have a good feeling this guy is going to blow up.

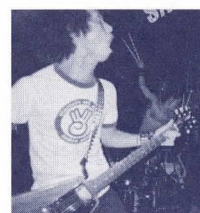
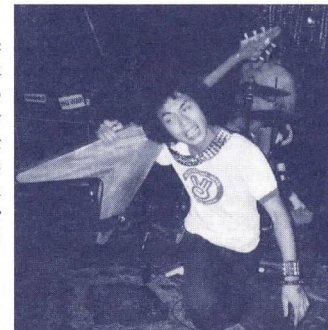
American Grass Music



Electric Eel Shock are so crazy because they listened to too much Black Sabbath!



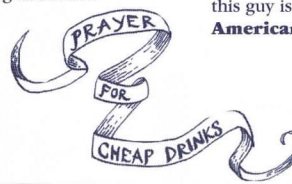
► Electric Eel Shock are so crazy they stab flying V guitars through their heads! Ouch!



▲ Electric Eel Shock are so crazy, they use drum sticks like chop sticks! Oh my God!



▲ This is a close up and it reminds me of feeding baby birds.



NO, I'M NOT ON FRIENDSTER

please write <knakazawa@earthlink.net>

Dearest Kiyoshi,

I have a question. How does a girl get her own Army of Dave? I simply delight in the multiplicity of his visage. Do you make Army of Dave wallpaper? You could tack that shit up on your front door and no one would fuck with you. What about Army of Dave underwear? You would be rape proof! If I had an Army of Dave store, I'd sell the above along with the following:

Army of Dave pens--the kind that when you turn it upside-down, the ink goes away and he is unmasked, top and bottom?? Weee!

Army of Dave sugar--which isn't sweet at all yet would still cut out the bitter bullshit in your coffee.

Army of Dave Peechees--Dave illustrated, playing various sports. The kids would go nuts!

Army of Dave umbrellas--to scare the rain away.

Army of Dave lucky charms--like instead of a rabbit's foot, you could have life-size mold of his toe on a keychain.

Oh by the way, there is a striking resemblance between you and that anime character (I forget his name but he made me happy as a child). It is all making sense now kiyoshi, why you do the things you do. May I make a request for a future DM issue? Upon first reading of her, my love for your grandmother beats on unfettered, so I was thinking...how about an Army of Obaachan?! A battle! Keep me posted.

Yers,

Hannah

K-Dog

What's up? Just finished the latest DM on the DL great job! I am truly humbled by your latest efforts.

I'm gonna spread the love on the EaAst SiiiDe so that all may be enlightend for

now I know there is only one true way, the DM way! Oh yeah thanks for the shout out, but it says "Obaachan" and in the the zine it says that's a term for "grandmother", so help me God if this is another one of your tricks to get into my pants... well I'll tell you what its not going to work my friend.....or will it? STAY TUNED

much love

MKII

dear drunken master,

i reely like yor magazeen it maks me laf out lowd and it dizznt giv me gas. yor frend,

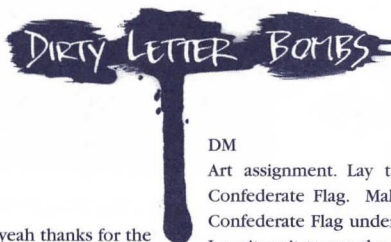
runs with scissors

DM,

Just wanted you to know I finally made enough trips to the bathroom to finish DM#6. I'm very impressed and humbled. Your art: so many styles, only one Kiyoshi. How is this possible? My favorite is your letter from Obachan. That's amazing. No offense, your writing is good too. You are especially good at taking a very small number of innocuous questions and turning it into an "interview". If I understand Drunken Master style correctly, I think your writing and interview kung fu is appropriate to your namesake. Your VOICE is all over-the-top attitude, off-color, goofy, nerdy... etc., yet it's apparent that your intent is sober and focused on striking the heart of the matter, mining the gem of truth from deep underground. It seems to me that "Drunken Master" is all diversionary front of drunken incoherence, yet in reality it's about deadly control. Is this not true? Is my kung fu dropping you flat on your back? This is strayway deconstructive style. The bark is mightier than the bite. As opposite as our styles may appear, I believe we are aligned.

your ally,

Kranzke



"I am far more masculine-looking now. I have grown a very fine pencil mustache, which I wax into a curli-que on a daily basis. All the girls love it, as it is great for eating pussy with."

-Mari

So what happened with the girls? I'm on the edge of my seat. How were you offended? What offends the great Drunken Master? How can I offend the great Drunken Master too? I need closure to this anecdote!!!!

The photo on my site is of me tearing up an onion flower in Golden Gate Park. It was taken by a close friend who is now possessed by a very jealous woman, so I never hear from him any more. He had just inherited his uncle's camera. That was many years ago--I am far more masculine-looking now. I have grown a very fine pencil mustache, which I wax into a curli-que on a daily basis. All the girls love it, as it is great for eating pussy with. I have attached a picture to illustrate. This is the "true me." Send me a picture, sans the mask. Is that mohawked person in the back of DM2 yourself? I used to have a mohawk, but it was nowhere near as fine.

Sincerely trying to disrupt your workflow,

Mari

DM

Art assignment. Lay the Japanese Battle Flag directly over the Southern Confederate Flag. Make the cut outs from the Japanese flag to reveal the Confederate Flag underneath. Next find a way to promote that image. Cool! I can't wait to see the baby you and Lania make! The baby will look like a Japanese Punk rocker. Blonde hair with Asian features, and with your two heritages blending, he will be the all time 'gator wrestling champ! Lil' Bubba Nakazawa will have a distinct love for muscle cars, rock music and sushi. I know you will decorate your motor home in a very cool way. (Bamboo and Pink Flamingoes in the yard). A block or two away from the others in the motor home court, but still very stylish. Just get used to wearing overalls and a cowboy hat and sandals, (good for formal occasions too). I hear Soy grows great down south!

Bad William

hey Dragon Boy Z,

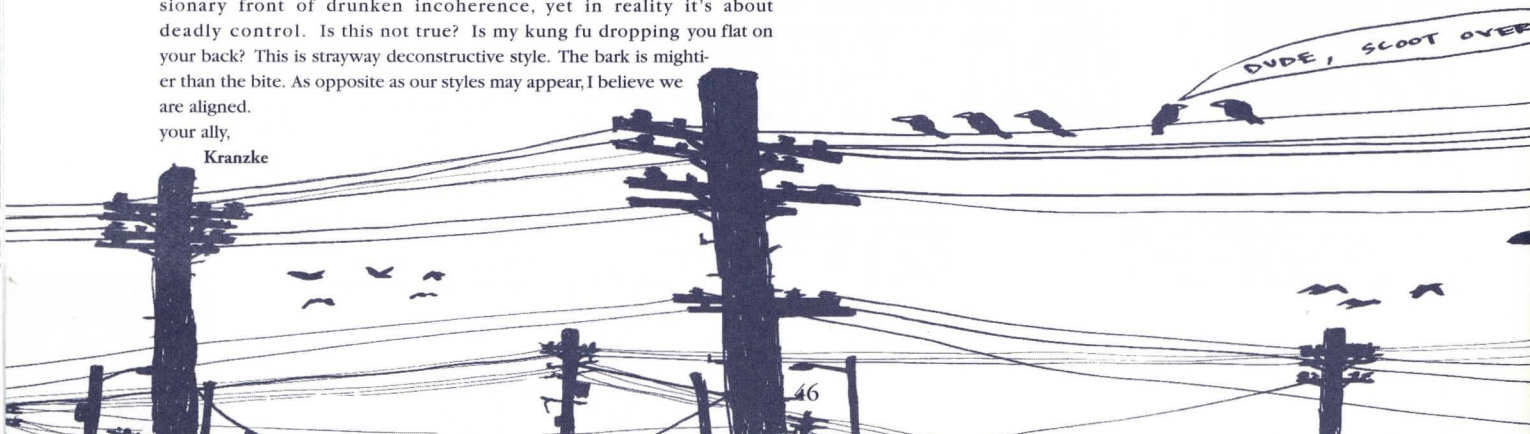
So what's new and exciting? Breaking any hearts or limbs lately? Drawing puppies and kittens instead of disembodied/disemboweled torsos? Pissin' off any other relations due to your utter lack of respect for family and tradition and honor (ok that was a cheap shot...I only say it out of empathy, you know I feel your pain)? Ok see ya!

Ms. Directed

Kiyoshi,

I bought DM #6 from you in San Diego-- it rocks ten times harder than Dokken. But then again, I'll buy anything with shit about T.S.O.L.

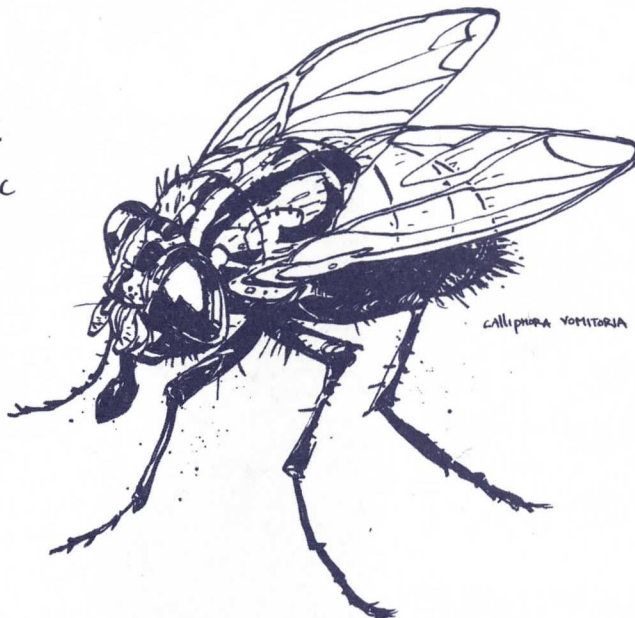
Harper



SHE'S PROBABLY RIGHT.
THERE'S NOTHING EROTIC
ABOUT MY DRAWINGS.

SO I'M GONNA WORK
ON IT.

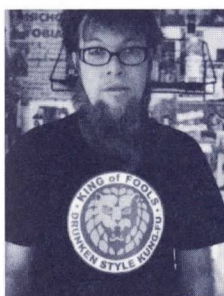
AFTER I DRAW
THIS FLY.



Design KOF 01



Design YKS 02



Mr Bwana Spoons makes sweet love to the camera while wearing his King of Fools T-shirt, glasses and absolutely nothing else.



Renee tries to take her 3/4 sleeve KOF shirt off after catching fire while slaving over the hot stove. Get back in the kitchen woman and make me Korean BarBQ!

Hey Kids! Join Drunken Masters Dojo

and you get this free "Gi" (T-shirt).
Send \$15 for either design plus \$3 shipping and handling per shirt.

King Of Fools (KOF 01) My homage to New Japan, is 3 colors on black for guys and a whole bunch of versions for girls that I was originally going to list but it wouldn't fit so if you are serious about buying a t-shirt to support the DM just write me and I will let you know what sizes and colors are available.

Your Kung Fu Sucks (YKS 02) My homage to people who get in fights. A mean looking belly tattoo layout that is also available in boy beater sizes.

Drunken Master vs. Tenacious D. I give Jack Black a King Of Fools T-shirt and he told me that it's now his second favorite shirt. Now get back in the kitchen and make me Korean BarBQ!

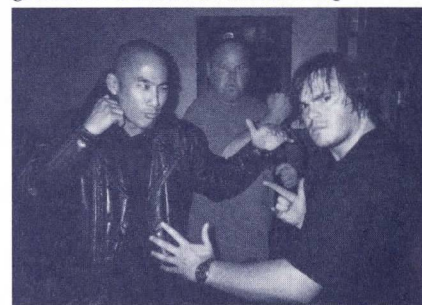


Photo by Mike Hexum

Yes, I had a lovely smooth poop today. Not too smooth to the point where it's all soft-serve cone style (yuk), but rather a confident yet peaceful poop. No harm, pure charm. It was in the morning. I like it to tank out then the best. I used to be like clockwork... every morning before work or school. Now, my body is more random, but still regular. I laugh at Metamusil.

Hannah



Kiyoshi

Hey and howdy. It took me a while to get back to you. I know, but I really enjoyed the latest DM2 and hope a new issue is out soon. For the record, I love The Dropkick Murphys, but I think their story about that being the name of a wrestler is bullshit. And if you're a fan of bloodshed you should find a tape of the Brock Lesner - Undertaker match at last weeks PPV. Taker hit a fucking gusher. You could literally see it pouring from his forehead. Blood rules.

Eric Lyden



DM,

One more e-mail. Perhaps Lil' Bubba Nakazawa could be a comic strip. Life in the south, as a Japanese-American gator wrasin' champion trailer park kid. The cross-cultural adventures are endless! All great dramas are about a stranger in a strange land!

Bad William



Hey DM,

Tonight you told me about "another social event" that you made plans for. Ah, to be a social butterfly. What a life. You also mentioned that this occasion is a date for you and Maja. In the past, you told me how Maja and Shelley scour the record stores for "good" indie music. If you had met Maja recently and asked for a date to this Black Flag show, she would laugh at you and shove your head up your ass. Then she would tell you to pull your head out of your ass and ask again. I hate to be the one to tell you this, but she is only going because she fell in love with you a while back. You owe her big time for this one!!!!!! She must really love you!!!!!!

Have fun!!! (poor Maja)

Army of Dave

PAL0912	GA	GA9 175	A	27.50
EVENT CODE	SECTION/AISLE	ROW/BOX	SEAT	ADMISSION
\$27.50	GA	4X		2.50
\$6.00	GOLDENVOICE PRESENTS			
BLACK FLAG				
A BENEFIT FOR CATS				
HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM				
6215 SUNSET BLVD, HOLLYWOOD				
FRI SEP 12 2003 6:30PM				

fuck you!

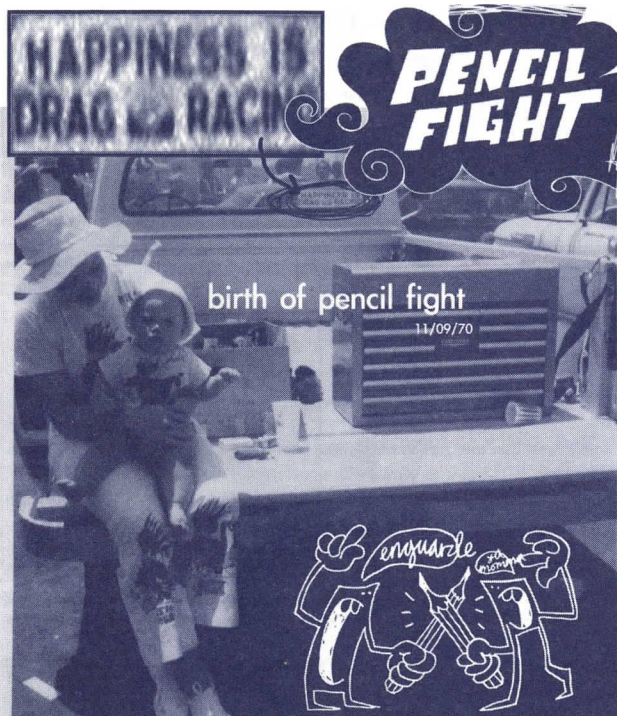
fuck off!!

fuck everybody!!

fuck everyone

....

fuck



birth of pencil fight

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hey...

fuck you, too!

fuck.
fuck.
fuck.

48

fuck me!

fuck him!

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Issue 7



DRUNKEN MASTER

CRAZY IN THE HEAD — COMICS IN THE BED