



#11
\$4.

DRUNKEN MASTER

複雑な女の子が好き。

PRIZE

WON TON NOT NOW

SID BROWN





YOU
WILL WANT
OUR
SHIRTS

FUZZYBALLSAPPAREL.COM

Badass stuff for men, women, and children

COMICON BOOTH 4936

PRIZE

Round 4

By Kiyoshi Nakazawa



Prize Chapter 4

Live to fight, fight to live. The continuing story of the young up and coming MMA fighter named Isao Kano.

Letters to DMZ

When you care enough to send me a cease and desist order.

Sid Brown

He writes songs, sings and dances. Get rawkus with Bacchus.

3,000 Worlds In A Moment

Selected images from the LA Art Core art exhibition.

Physical Nostalgia

Selected images from the Melt Gallery art exhibition.

Warm Holes

Selected images from the Grass Hut art exhibition.

Music

It's in my head and I can't get it out. Somebody help me.

43

28

60

Pancrase MMA "Changing Tour" Poster

Drawn by Kiyoshi Nakazawa with graphics by Hiroaki "Chanmen" Okada

When You Die

www.luckynakazawa.com
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Kiyoshi Nakazawa is on Facebook

we'll say you
went somewhere
else to fight.

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When the man saw
that he could not over-
power him, he touched
the socket of Jacob's
hip so that his hip
was wrenched as he
wrestled the man.





LET ME GO, FOR IT
IS DAYBREAK.



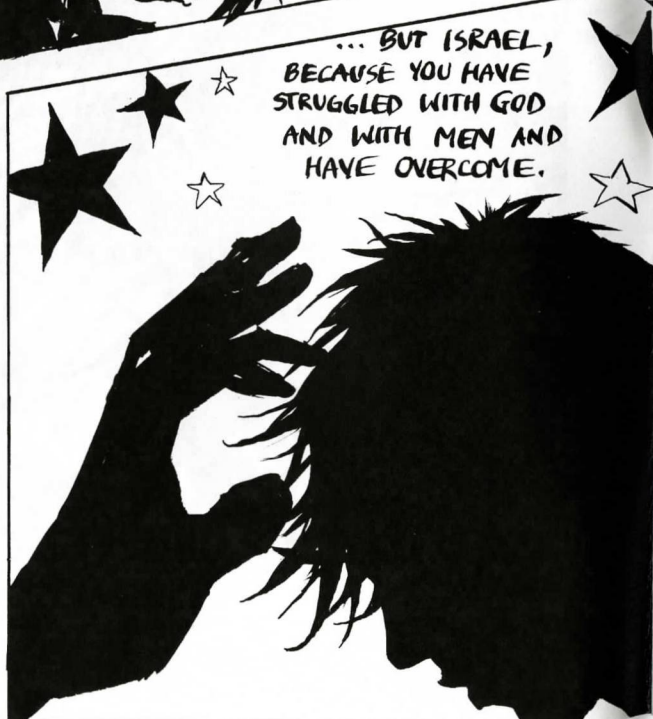
I WILL NOT
LET YOU GO
UNLESS YOU
BLESS ME.



WHAT IS
YOUR NAME?

JACOB.

YOUR NAME
WILL NO LONGER
BE JACOB,...



... BUT ISRAEL,
BECAUSE YOU HAVE
STRUGGLED WITH GOD
AND WITH MEN AND
HAVE OVERCOME.

ISAO WAKES UP UNSETTLED, NOT SO MUCH
AT THE PHANTASM OF WRESTLING AN
OPPONENT HE COULDN'T FINISH ...



BUT MORE SO BECAUSE IN HIS DREAM ISAO
CONFUSED HIMSELF WITH HIS DEAD TWIN.



"BLOODY MARY BLOODY MARY"

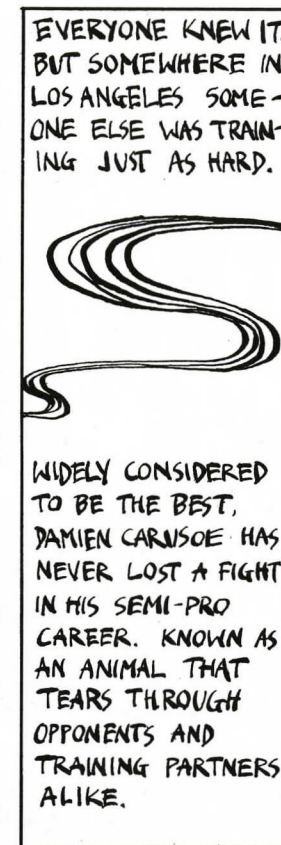
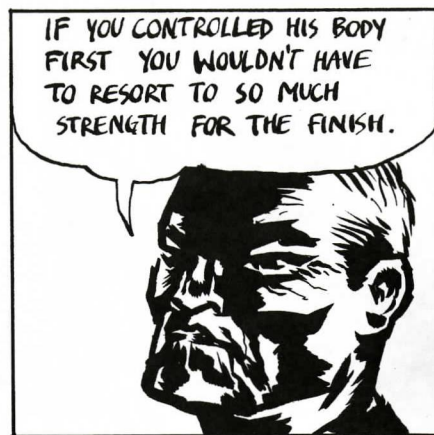


"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT LOSER?"



* JAPANESE BOX LUNCH





MORE THAN THAT THERE WAS THE RUMOR.



A RUMOR THAT CARUSOE HAD
KILLED A MAN



THERE ARE NO
DETAILS



NOBODY COULD CONFIRM IT



NOBODY WAS ABOUT TO ASK IF
IT WAS TRUE.



AND IF IT
WAS TRUE,
WELL THEN,



HE NEVER
WENT TO JAIL.



To Be Continued...

Contact!

<dmz777@gmail.com>

Look, I don't know how you got my email address, but I have asked you to stop emailing me every time you do. If you email me again, I will file a complaint. This email is used for business, I cannot take the time to read these useless emails. I do not appreciate people like you wasting my time. I will accept one more email letting me know that you have received this one, and that you understand not to email me again. Thank you for your time.
Carrissa Last Name Withheld

Attention Carrissa:

As it may interest you to know, I got your impressive information through the business directory at chamber of commerce and Industry here in Lome-Togo, where I was searching for a good reliable contact of your family members which I will entrust this inheritance into its control, I was elated when I saw your contact ,and I picked a keen interest with confidence to solicit for your co-operation in executing this project.

Let me start by introducing myself properly to you. I am BARRISTER ZULU MATA the Attorney to your late uncle Engr.J.B. Koomen (Snr) a contractor with the Federal Government of Lome-Togo, until his death last two years ago in political crisis in Abidjan capital of Cote d'Ivoire, He Banked with Standard Trust Securities, Lome-Togo and had a closing balance as at the end of September, 2008 worth US\$10,500,000.00(Ten Million Five Hundred Thousand United States Dollars).The financial firm now expects the Next of Kin to come forward as Beneficiary. Efforts has been made by the Standard Trust Securities of lome-togo to get in touch with any of the Deceased Family Relatives, but they have met with no success. I decided to contact you so that you can put claim on this fund as you bear the same last name with him. Now an arrangement has been made for the fund to be declared Unclaimed In order to avert this negative development, it is my duty to contact you so that you can stand as the next of kin to his properties. All documents and proof to enable you get this fund will be carefully worked out by me for this claim. I am assuring you that this claim is 100% risk free. I hope to hear from you soon or call me immediately you receive this mail on this phone number 00228-901 58 45.

Call me as soon as you read this message.

Yours Sincerely,

BARRISTER ZULU MATA ESQ

P.S. Thank you for your time.

Kiy-oh shit!

So I got the new Razorcake a week or two ago, and noticed your shout-out to me in your column while I was actually shitting. I thought to myself "I should thank Kiyoshi for that" and then after I was done I forgot. This happened every time I shit for the last like 30 times I did it, so I'm finally remembering to do it! ha ha!
cheers
Ben Snakepit

Ben,

What are the chances of that?! The fact that you read my comic on the can (at least I hope you were on the can when you were shitting) is thanks enough. A great man once said "There is no greater love than for one man to think of another man during no less than thirty one poos." Now what I want to know is how many days did it take you to drop thirty one shifts? Like, what's the math on that Ben? A while back I drank one of those oversize energy drinks and it made me go poo like 4 or 5 times in one day. Now that really cut into my busy schedule and was a major waste of toilet paper.

Hey Kiyoshi,

Thanks for DM #10!!! Great Issue!! Prize 3 is F****n awesome.. really wish I could draw/paint like that. DM#10 is loaded!!.. love the Wontonnotnow PSA. I have roomies and that shit is "real talk"!! The social conscience Osama is hilarious. Also I've always wondered what to do if a ladyman were to ever start jack'n me up... I'm definitely on the poop maneuver tip!! It's going to be really great for your children having all these zines their father created to look at eventually! No need to apologize for the misspelling... I'm just psyched to have a piece in DM#10!!

Best,

James Franklin

Dear James,

Your letter has such a positive and excited tone that I naturally was waiting for the part where you say "BTW this relationship just isn't working any more."

P.S. My kids don't see how brilliant my art is! Will you set them straight?

Hey Kiyoshi,

Thanks for the new issue of Drunken Master. As always, I enjoyed it. I've really been enjoying the story of Isao. Every time I read it, I think about watching Ultimate Fighting on TV. But I never do. I think I'd rather just read your comic.
Sean Carswell

Thanks Sean. What a compliment. I am trying to utilize the comic medium to portray Mixed Martial Arts in a way that the reader who wouldn't follow it on TV can get a handle on it and not get turned off by what appears to be two men hugging on the ground for ten minutes. Not that there is anything wrong with that.

Hi! Kiyoshi,

Even if Kiyoshi's work changes It is thought that neither picture nor the thing making changes. Hereafter, I want to stimulate though it is when far parting each other. It keeps happily creating it.

Moreover, until the day when it can meet.

Hiroaki [CHANMEN] Okada

P.S. Free paper of "Kai Zine" of the issue was laid out next month this month. The photograph in SDCC with Kiyoshi is recorded.To the enjoyment.

Chanmen, YOU are to the enjoyment.

Hey Dude,

I got the Drunken Master comic you sent me and the stickers, thanks a lot man! I might put one on my favorite taco truck, it seems to be accumulating stickers lately, Taco Zone, it's in front of the Vons on Alvarado in Echo Park, you've prolly been there and had some suadero awesomeness...I really like the comic, it's nice and thick, packed with goodness. Sometimes I want to be able to give Isao a hug, try to make him smile, but he'd just punch me in the stomach and I'd throw up blood all over the place...hope you're doing well man, thanks a lot, it was real cool of you.

Tony Castillo

Isao will give you the Bro-Hug.

Hey DM,

On the drive home I was thinking about what you were saying about your philosophy in dealing with discipline with your daughters. You said how you and Maja don't want to yell and spank them. You would rather they had a "time out" in a corner. But if your daughters are subjected to your wife's love of "indie" bands and your love of "indie" movies, isn't that the same thing as them being yelled at and spanked? I know for a fact that the movies you like are really brutal to watch, (lame story, lame plot, bad acting) I can only imagine Maja's music would be the same brutal attack, but on their ears. (lame rhythm, lame lyrics, lame musicianship). I am thinking that your daughters will grow up to be just as aggressive as children who are spanked and yelled at. I guess time will tell. I send you all my prayers.

love,

AOD

Dear AOD

Do you see the tears of a clown on my face? I guess I would rather get this in a letter from you rather than in person as your writing style is much more short-winded and to the point.

Hey Kiyoshi,

Just read the new issue. Fuckin' dope, man. Chock full of good, fun stuff and, for whatever reason (dopeness?), I found your drawing in this issue moving and inspiring -- I mean, I always dig your stuff, but uh... I don't know how to put it exactly; you really fucked me up this time around. And the funny is really hittin' in this issue, too.

All around, really nice, man. Nicely done. Now if you'd just do another run of "Your Kung Fu Sucks" shirts... Meltdown really needs to do a run of shirts with the Nakazawa take on their character. Did I mention the dopeness? Good.

Thanks, I guess. That's all.

cheers,

Drew from around the neighborhood

Drew if you use the word dope one more time... Why can't you talk about poo like everyone else who writes?

Dear Drunken Master,

I moved in with my girlfriend about a year ago and I've never thought I'd miss my apartment so much. First of all living alone is obviously a lot different than living with another person. You can make a mess as you please, watch all the X-Files you want and you can have all your toys and ninja weapons in the living room for all to see and enjoy. This is not uncommon by the way. All the ladies reading this ask any current or ex-boyfriend and I bet they've at one time had some sort of ninja weapon. My apartment was in no way out of the ordinary. It didn't have wooden floors, the light in the fridge didn't work, my tweaker neighbor would stare at me from her window at all hours of the night and it kind of still smelled like the cat lady that had lived there before me. But what it did have was a hidden walk in closet in the living room that I utilized to the fullest. It had shelves which I used as a desk for my computer. Later I added a drink holder - perfect size for whatever malt beverage I was currently enjoying. It had a third shelf that was clearly made for my Voltron robot and a fan to keep the temperature a very livable 73 degrees. Now it wasn't my original intention but this closet eventually evolved into the most technologically advanced self-love room man has ever known! By the time I was done with my modifications it looked like the cockpit of an Apache helicopter! I would get in, flick on 3 or so switches, turn on a few knobs, navigate my destination and

the computer would turn on with a hum similar to that of a turbine engine. I would close the door and be whisked away to a world where pool boys and pizza delivery men get all the chicks, a world where school teachers only teach one subject anatomy. A land where "Check the plumbing" means "harder" and where "water sports" are not really sports like how you would think. I explored this fine world to the soundtrack of T.V.'s Air Wolf as I learned of fine acts such as the Rusty Trombone and the Roman War Helmet. It was a good time but like all things it came to a very abrupt end, I moved into my girlfriend's condo in West Hollywood (it's where I can be myself). It's in a great area in terms of crime and we have a pool and a parking spot but it's tiny. Everything about it is tiny. The toilet is so low to the ground I look like Manute Bol on the bench every time I take a shit! The shower comes up to my nipples and we have a Murphy bed that every one of my limbs hangs off of. One redeeming quality is when I arrive home from work late at night I have the opportunity to make an extra couple bucks on my short walk to my door. The men are very friendly in this city. But what can you do? I guess I just miss my little perfect world I found in a closet in Silver Lake. I have visited Nanopia and it is good. Nano Marquez

Dear Mr. Marquez,

Are you related to Gabriel Garcia Marquez? It is obvious that this letter is the template for your great American magic realism novel. This would be the book that we as a society need now more than ever. You win the gold medal for the best letter this issue. This is just an expression though, please don't expect a gold medal for reals.







SID BROWN

IS BACCHUS

Sid Brown began as a five piece rock n' roll band playing out of Echo Park, Los Angeles in 2005. Soon after their celebrated debut the band went through an extreme makeover shedding hundreds of pounds of all the original members other than the singer, Brown himself, in favor of pre-recorded tracks played through an iPod/mp3 player and gaining two female go-go dancers to compliment the half-naked vocalings of Brown. The guitarist was never lost from the line-up of the band but was rather replaced by new guitarist one

Miss Patricia Klein. Brown has had a lifetime of experience in the music industry but usually as a drummer for such bands as Blue Bird, Year Long Disaster and Dick Dale. Now he has gone all Phil Collins on our ass to take front stage.

Like the Roman god of wine and divine madness, Bacchus, Sid Brown encourages liberation through intoxication, to be born again by bong hit and to shed ones inhibitions, if not your mind, just for the moment. Maybe things will return back to normal after the show. Maybe they won't. There are no guarantees in life.

Drunken Master: Introduce yourself and your style of Kung Fu.

Sid Brown: My name is Sid Brown and my style of Kung Fu is Insidious Fu.

DM: You have been on tour with Year Long Disaster and you have been opening for them every night?

SB: I have not been. I've been playing drums for Year long Disaster. This is the first night I am opening for them. This is historic.

DM: Sid Brown has never played the Sunset Strip.

SB: This is correct.

DM: Do you think this is a sort of coming out of the closet show to play such a uh...?

SB: I definitely feel like I'm going to sell my butt to Butt Town tonight. I've got it greased and (I'm) willing and ready for whatever I need to do to make a little bit of money in Butt Town.

DM: Do you think this is the right place to come out?

SB: Definitely.

DM: A lot of your music is about sex drugs and rock n' roll. Is there any irony in Sid Brown?

SB: Irony? No. It's just fun. So however you want to interpret that.

DM: So we could take your music pretty literally?

SB: It's very literal. It's very literal.

DM: Is Sid Brown party music?

SB: Sid Brown is all about the party. Sid Brown is about the celebration of life through rock n' roll and rock n' roll is a party.

DM: On that same note your band is one of the few rock bands that really gets people dancing on the floor. There are a lot of bands that get people dancing but they are usually "dance" bands.

SB: That is something I miss; I think a lot of people miss in rock music. You listen to the bands like The Kinks; you put that on at any party, any age bracket- people start dancing. It's great. Not that I'm comparing myself with The Kinks but I miss that about rock music. It makes people want to have fun.

DM: Is Sid Brown a type of "revenge of the party"?

SB: You could say that. Basically what I'm doing with the Sid Brown show is making myself the host of an evening. Trying to make it easy for people to ...

DM: And that includes passing out shots of free hard liquor to people in attendance?

SB: Hard liquor, home grown marijuana. You know.

DM: It's hard not to notice you also have half naked ladies on stage with you.

SB: Everyone enjoys a beautiful woman. So ...

DM: Have you ever tried using half naked men?

SB: No but I thought about it. I actually interviewed one hundred different dancers off of Craigslist before deciding on the two and I'd say 20% of them were men. But at the end of the day I don't want to watch a guy dance I want to watch a woman dance. So I'm kind of projecting what I would want. Most people are more comfortable- man or woman, gay or straight- watching women more as far as dancing goes.

DM: How often do you dance?

SB: Professionally?

DM: Sure.

SB: Never. I guess tonight technically I'll be dancing professionally.

DM: But you're a rock n' roll dancer guy! You get on stage and strut your money-maker!

SB: I have actually performed dancing for The Go-Go's several times. I am one of their official go-go dancers no pun intended.

DM: Also you are an official go-go dancer for your go-go dancers.

SB: Yeah.

DM: You dance for your go-go dancers.

SB: Exactly.

DM: They get to sit down and watch you strut your money-maker.

SB: We actually had rehearsal yesterday. It was good.

DM: Now is this something you do in private or do they get to watch you in public?

SB: I went to one of their houses and had a dance session.

DM: It was, how do you call it? Fair play?

SB: Fair play. It was like dirty dancing.

DM: You have worked with two famous rock n' roll ladies in your music. What does a lady need to do to work with Sid Brown? You worked with Jane Wiedlin on Tie You Down and you worked with Donita Sparks on ...

SB: (Donita Sparks) actually the inspiration (for the song) Crossed Fingers. But I played guitar for her.

DM: Doesn't she also sing backup on one of the songs?

SB: Just live. Not in the recording.

DM: You have worked with both those famous ladies of rock n' roll, how does a person get to work with Sid Brown on rock n' roll?

SB: (laughter) There is a little litmus test that I do. If they are comfortable enough with my bigoted humor and my misogynistic tendencies then they get to work with me.

DM: That's interesting because when I first saw you play the infamous My Way in the Drive Way show ... God bless it, it must have been ...

SB: 2005. February.

DM: Wow you have a good memory. You had a large band back then. You were rolling about five guys deep. Now when I say five guys deep I mean they were all guys.

SB: I got rid of that band real quick.

DM: Yeah. And now you roll with two go-go dancers- both ladies, and a guitarist - a lady.

SB: Patricia Klein.

DM: And the only people you have collaborated with on your songs are two ladies. What happened to all the bros?

SB: I'm not afraid of men. I'm not trying to run from any closeted homosexual desires or anything like that but... I just think that the ditching of the band - the dude thing... was like... Completely being honest... I think that male energy in a room when you don't have to be sensitive. I don't care what anybody fucking says, a woman is always a woman and they need to be treated as such. I don't mean that in disrespect but there are certain times when you want to say something that might be a little bit too harsh and I think that there is a time and a place. At least for me just working with men I don't feel like I have to - it's not editing myself - but it's the amount of patience and ... you can't be as harsh.

DM: So you work better with ladies?

SB: I think so. Creatively definitely.

DM: How did you explain that to the guys?

SB: They were pretty bummed out but they understood. Actually I replaced all of them with an iPod. I didn't really have this desire to go for the feminine thing you know. iPod is never going to be late for rehearsal. He might be out of batteries some times but we all run out of juice now and then and iPod's never have to go into rehab the day before the show. iPod's a good guy.

DM: But as many of the people who are anti drum machine say "Drum machines have no soul" Do iPods have souls?

SB: It's all what you make it man. It's how you present it.

DM: I really like your song Morocka and I think a lot of people love that song. I think that, not that financial gain is the only sort of validation, but that song should have made you a millionaire by now. I also think that in the song you sound like Ozzy Osbourne. Am I high?

SB: You could have been when you were listening to it. I'll take that as the highest complement. I don't think my voice sounds anything like his but ...





DM: Yeah? It has nothing to do with bare-naked ladies?

SB: No it doesn't. No truer words were spoken than on American Band Stand. "It's got a catchy beat and it's easy to dance to." It's true.

DM: Is this what you plan when you write songs or is this something you naturally gravitate towards that kind of structure?

SB: I always think rhythm. There's a reason why it's called rhythm and melody. It's just rhythm. How many songs don't you know the words to? I don't think I know the words to any fucking songs.

DM: Do you want people know the words to your songs?

SB: Ultimately. I think that when you are trying to chase the goal of being a good songwriter. You can be a good musician, a good entertainer or a good songwriter but hopefully you can combine all three at some point.

DM: I know. For some reason I know the words

to a lot of David Lee Roth Van Halen songs. No kidding. I really do.

SB: I saw Van Halen recently and I saw them twice when I was a kid.

DM: With David Lee Roth?

SB: Yeah.

DM: Recently you said? With David Lee Roth? That reunion thing at The Staples Center?

SB: Yeah. It was awesome.

DM: Here is a question you don't need to answer. I know the answer could be saved for something bigger. I heard that it's true that you were almost the lead singer for Kiss for one night. Is this true and can you talk about it?

DM: Not even on that song? The way you sing it?

SB: I don't think so but Black Sabbath is definitely my number one favorite rock n' roll band.

DM: Did Black Sabbath ever play Sunset Strip?

SB: I'm sure they did. I'm sure they did. I'm sure they stayed right across the street at The Hyatt. I'm sure they did.

DM: Really? Do you think they knew where they were when they played here?

SB: (laughter) They probably didn't.

DM: To go back to the dancing questions. I can't dance to Black Sabbath but I can dance to Sid Brown. What's your secret to get people to dance?

SB: Catchy melody and a good backbeat.

SB: It's true. I almost performed ... at least a duet with Gene on stage with Kiss that is true.

DM: More on that later. What would you tell your underage listeners about drugs?

SB: That's a really good question. I would tell them that everybody's body and minds are different and everybody should do some research before you put anything in your body whether it's a can of Coca Cola or a joint or a beer so do some research and educate yourself. Moderation is the key to good balance in life.

DM: Drug question part II. How exactly do you hang on till the drugs are gone? ((Hang On (Until the Drugs Are Gone) is a Sid Brown Song)) I mean, what happened to the drugs? Where did they go?

SB: The drugs usually go in someone's mouth or nose or in their arm but if you are referring to the song... that song was homage to Animal Charm the video performance (group). Jim Fetterly and Richard Bott. Animal Charm. The first lyric is "We gotta fight the animals like it's a war cause they'll almost charm you when they score." That song was written about those guys. Whenever we would score some pills or any kind of drugs or if it was even just a bottle of whiskey they could never stop unless it's all gone by the end of the night. They couldn't just save it for the next day or the next week. They had to hang on until it's all gone. Every fucking time.

DM: Do the drugs ever go when the cops take them?

(laughter) *End of part 1*

Part Two

DM: We are at Jim Fetterly's place, which is interesting because the last question you answered at the House Of Blues was an explanation of ...

SB: Hang On Hang On everyone stay till the drugs are gone.

DM: Exactly. And where that song came from.

SB: Fight the animals. Totally.

DM: There are a couple things I want to ask to wrap up this interview. One what do you think of your House of Blues show?

SB: It was alright. It was an average Sid Brown show.

DM: Average show?

SB: Average show. I had some other responsibilities after words that I had to tend to so I wasn't treated like the star that I am.

DM: You couldn't do your after show p-tay?

SB: No, had some responsibilities. It was OK, but I'd prefer it to be in a dirty gay bar (or) punk rock bar with people smoking...

DM: How is this going to effect where you go next?

SB: Well the next shows I have booked are in Key West Florida, no joke.

DM: Are you going to play spring break?

SB: Not spring break. I'm going to play some private parties and I'm trying to parlay my gay fan base into a lucrative career as being chicken.

DM: (laughter) Can you explain that to our readers?

SB: Chicken. Bait. When a gay man looks at a hot younger man it's chicken. Although I'm not as young as I used to be, I'll be turning another page in about a hour and a half, I still feel that I still have a little strut left in my fucking jeans so I'm going to go down to Key West. I love the tropical environment coming from the desert. Gay people love to party, there's lots of gay people there.

DM: I know you are speaking in very affectionate terms but do you mean that you are going to play a gay event?

SB: Well this is a private party but I'd like to be there for Outfest and a bunch of those parties because it's basically one big party. At that point its just people with extra dough. They just wanna burn it.

DM: I'm backtracking to the HOB show. What would have made it a more ideal show for you?

SB: I think, without being too dry, just a looser environment. Where people don't have to pay for parking, people don't have to pay \$9. for a drink, there's no security. I think that's one of the reason's why rock n' roll isn't fun anymore because you have all these rules and you have to pay for everything. So by the time you get your foot in the door you've already lost your wages for the day. I don't mean to sound like a big Jew, which I am, I just don't think music and art should cost you your day's wages. Its just entertainment if not free.

DM: I have to follow up on a question from before. You had the opportunity to be the singer for Kiss for a night.

SB: I had the opportunity to be one of the singers of Kiss. So the story goes I'm a huge Kiss fan but I kind of conceal it. I wear it on my sleeves when asked but I'm a little closeted about it because it can bite you in the ass. I don't want to feel like i have to explain myself. I don't drive around with bumper stickers showing who I support or political parties or what not. It's sort of like when someone's out with their sexuality to their friends but they don't feel like they need to run around and ... you know? I just kind of

keep it in my back pocket. That being said, I am aware of any sort of Kiss activity that's happening now. So a couple of years ago they were playing three shows that year and one of them was at an Indian casino in Southern California. I did some research and found out that it was going to be in a unique environment, small place, 5000 people, kind of a piss poor shitty Indian Casino. I decided at that point I wanted to go. I made some arrangements, hooked up some tickets and was going to meet some friends out there. Actually a few days before that unbeknownst to me I was at Comic Con with my then girlfriend Jane Wiedlin who was doing an autograph signing and went to sort of help her out.

DM: What's the connection? Why was she at Comic-Con?

SB: Well (Jane Wiedlin's) a celebrity and she has a comic book in the works and she just has some stuff going on. I think she was a host of some awards that were going on there. She ended up having to work so she couldn't go to the Kiss show. I'm sure most of your readers know what Comic-Con is, how gnarly it is, how overwhelming it is. Jane and I always had this argument that I wasn't a geek or a nerd because I'm not in that world but I was trying to describe to her that anyone that's artistic at any point in their life especially in their youth is an outcast therefore you're in the club already. Whether you're good looking or not good looking, fit or not fit if you have your own ideas and you're an individual ... at some point you're going to

realize that you're not like everybody else and people are going to tell you you're wrong. So it felt very comfortable in that environment although I thought a lot of it was pretty fucking nerdy. But I liked it because I'm a Kiss fan and that's where Jane and my argument was going back and forth. If I was a geek or not. If I was a nerd or not. I found it funny that now I was an adult and I'm arguing on whether or not I'm in the nerd club or the geek club. That being said she had to stay and work so I split from San Diego, went to the middle of the desert only to arrive from leaving from Comic-Con where there's people walking around in every kind of costume and fantasy and role playing you can imagine to get to the desert where there's all kinds of people walking around in Kiss costumes. The scope was narrowed down a bit but still it was still sort of the same thing.

So I get down to the venue. It was poorly organized. Two lanes, one lane in one lane out. In my boredom I ended up smoking through many joints waiting for my friends to get there so I was good and high watching the sun go down and they weren't there yet so I told them "I'm going in. Just call me when you get here we'll hook it up." I'm waiting for the show to start. Waiting, show doesn't start. No opener. Again this is a small show. They're supposed to go at nine and then nine fifteen, nine thirty. When you're dealing with a big rock concert things at this point in the game usually go on time. So then my friends show up and we are still wondering what's going on. I started to get that horrible feeling like "Oh fuck! I drove all the way out here,



something's weird, it's not going to happen." Of course at that point the bands manager comes out and proceeds to announce that Paul Stanley, the lead singer, had some sort of heart problem and can't make the show. Again to be a total nerd if anyone's ever been to a Kiss show you know that Paul Stanley is the spokesman and Gene Simmons is The Demon – you never get to hear (Gene) speak, he never talks, although he likes to talk a lot in his personal life. So Gene Simmons comes out and reiterates what the manager just said and he asked the crowd "We can either give you your money back or we can play the show as a three piece?" Once again being someone who has played music his whole life you know how rough it can be if you're missing anything! A guitar string, a guitar player, a drumstick – anything. You're amp goes out you just got to make due with what you got to do. And Kiss being the bloated classic rock band that they are you'd think it would be inconceivable for them to go on without a member that they had for thirty years but... Kudos to them. They decide to go on as a three piece. So me and my friends are rocking (and) drinking, at least two of us were drinking. Gene sang all the songs. They just reverted back to their garage band roots and just did it. It was a

thin but it sounded cool and garage. When somebody is as smart as Gene Simmons sometimes when you think how can that guy be so smart and such a buffoon at the same time and then all that goes out the door because you realize he's just a guy in a rock band playing a rock show and he's totally pulling it off and it makes you think he's the raddest guy in the world.

DM: So it didn't ruin the Kiss fantasy for you?

SB: A little bit. As a young child I could care less about Paul and then as I got older I realized the power of Paul. My inner Paul – how he's a positive person. So I was pretty bummed that Paul wasn't there but we were into it and we were reveling in the unique Kiss show that we were all witnessing. Again it was at this podunk

Indian casino. Then it gets about six songs into the set and Gene says "On this next song we're going to have six guys and six girls come up to sing. We're going to sing Christine Sixteen." Both the guys' names I'm with are Jason. So the two Jason's say "We know the words." I'm trying to convince them, probably not doing a very good job, that he's going to pick women with fake tan breasts and dorky guys in Kiss make-up. He's not going to pick someone in jeans and a t-shirt. But before I could convince them they were already jumping over the chairs left and right. It was like there was a substitute teacher in the room. They were just going up to fucking write their names on the chalkboard. They didn't give a fuck.

DM: Where was security?

SB: Where was security? I'm sure there was real security up at the front but in the back it was just like elderly white people probably paying off their gambling debt. It was like people from the res out there. It was really like no security. The show was set up on a black top out in the middle of the fucking desert with an American flag over it of all places. I

thought the irony that there is this Indian casino with an American flag over it, I mean, fuck it's cool I guess if that's what they've come to, that they are Americans twice over. But still it's like it's a little degrading to me at least but whatever.

So it's like a melee. People are rushing the stage up to the front. So we're all laughing and we are pushing and shoving and there are people with their fucking kids and people have lost just any kind of respect for human dignity. It's just total rock mania. So Gene Simmons the God Father is looking out over his minions deciding who gets to come on stage and who doesn't. They're pulling people up on stage right; this is where security is assisting with people trying to get on stage. So everyone's yelling, "Pick me! Pick me! Gene! Pick me!" There's women showing their tits, guys holding their kids up on their



dancers Anja (L) and Adriana (R)

shoulders and shit so... at that point when I realized the Jason's were going towards where people were getting up on stage pushing and shoving I just figured being the good half Jew that I am my survival instincts kicked in and I went the opposite route. So I went to stage left where there wasn't much commotion and I pushed my way to the front and then my heart started racing and pounding and I got the adrenaline rush. I was sitting there watching Gene. I'm looking up at him, I'm really fucking close to him and I'm super stoned and I was just like "There's no way he's going to pick you. There's no way he's ever going to pick you. There's nothing about you that's going to ... you're

out with my heroes. It was surreal. So I walk up to him and because of the boots and his size I tap him on the shoulder and he sort of looked down at me to his right. I just begged I said "Please don't let them kick me off the stage I really need to do this right now. Please let me be your Paul. I know all the words. I won't let you down please let me do this. Please let me sing with you." There was about a two second pause and he just said "No." That's all it was. It was just "No." So at that point I got really frantic and I didn't know what to do so I reached down and showed him my Paul Stanley belt buckle and said like a total fucking nerd, "I have Paul's belt buckle." Then at that

"... the irony that there is this Indian casino with an American flag over it, I mean fuck, it's cool I guess if that's what they've come to, that they are Americans twice over."

going to have to make him pick you." When all the security guards were preoccupied with these people that they were assisting getting over the barricade I just sort of pushed my way between this dad, kind of a burly dude, this guy had either arms on the barricade and he was sheltering his kids from all these people pushing and I kind of pushed my way into his little safe zone. And he's telling me "Get the fuck out of here! I paid money for these tickets! This isn't your fucking seat!" Before I could tell him to shut his cake hole I hoisted my body unto the barricade and launched over the big barrier. I was scared as fuck because I was sure I was going to get my ass kicked. As soon as I went across the stage it was like the noise of all the people yelling and screaming for the great Gene Simmons to pick them all that just vanished it just went totally quiet. I just fucking morphed into Kiss World. Because then I was on stage with Kiss. I could see The Demon standing right in front of me, I can see the Cat-Man up on his stance even though it's a ringer, you know? It's not (Peter Criss) ... (laughter) but it didn't matter because the imagery that I'd seen my whole life as a kid - I was on the stage. Smoke was coming up and blah blah blah. I couldn't see it but it was just like the movie Being John Malkovich where you go through the portal and you come out on the next side, you're there - you made it. So even though I'd made it I was still waiting to feel that fucking push to the ground from the security guards. But I just saw him and thought, "Walk towards Gene. Walk towards Gene." Not running because I didn't want to draw attention. I thought about going to where he had already pulled some people up on stage and getting in the mix, in hindsight that maybe would have worked, but I figured I would confront the situation head on not knowing what was coming from behind. So I just walked up as briskly as I could, again I was tripping fucking balls walking up to him.

DM: You mean because of all the drugs you took?

SB: And... mostly because I'm walking up to The Demon. I've met (Gene) several times, I love the guy but he's, you know... I want to meet The Demon. I don't need to hang

point he said to himself "Where's my security?" I realized at that point it was not going to happen. Here's a guy (in the middle of a) show that must go on and he's got some dork asking him to be his Paul. He's got bigger fish to fry at that point. So knowing it's not going to happen I could either stage dive or I can leave on my own free will. So I start to turn and walk off stage (when) the bass tech guy with his pyro goggles and all that shit comes running out and grabs me and is all stern "What are you doing man!? What the fuck?!" I said " (Gene's) pulling people on stage." The guy was really cool about it, he said, "good try but you can't get up on a Kiss stage and not expect to get kicked out." I thought I was just going to be thrown back into the mix but then you had the agro, fat, bloated, white pig sheriff guys that were stoked to kick some rocker dudes ass. So I got thrown to the ground by a bunch of real sheriffs and they were really happy. It was a total Elephant Man scenario when they were carrying me out. I was actually really crushed until I realized that my girlfriend didn't go with me and I still had an extra ticket in my back pocket. So as soon as they kicked me out I just sort of put my head down so nobody could see who I was. I walked to the car; I changed my clothes, put on my girlfriends pink baseball cap, grabbed the extra ticket and walked right back in. Went and bought a big (inaudible) \$15. Bud Light. Went right back to the front, tapped one of the Jason's on the back of course he was like "How the fuck?!" and then they realized I had an extra ticket. It was weird. Driving back that night to Comic-Con calling Jane she said, "Did you have a good time? Did Paul rock your world?" I said "No there was no Paul but I did talk to Gene on stage." She was with her friend Bill Morrison who works on the Simpson's and they were like "Just get back here and tell us the story." Driving back by myself totally stoned I thought "Did that just happen? Was I just on stage talking to The Demon?" There was not a part of me that was angry that he didn't let me stay. I wish I could've but...

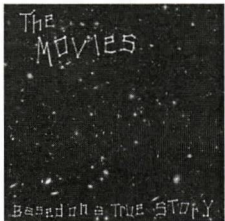
DM: Thanks so much for your time. Happy birthday!

Sid Brown

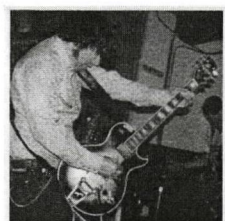


Bloodbath & Beyond: Jihadcore 7" E.P.

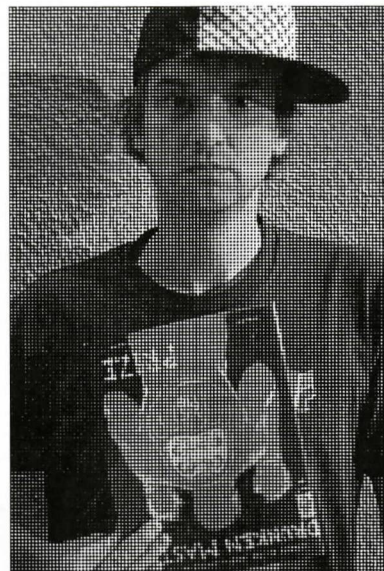
With song titles as brilliant as *Fruitasia Is Not A City In China*, *Champipple Tonight* and *Adderall You Can Eat* you know that this is one of those rare 7" s that will make the iTunes Store obsolete. (Little Deputy Records)



The Movies: Based On A True Story. This is a super catchy new album from the rising LA band. The lyrics are clever and playful but never underscore the overall drama of the album. Did you just say drama? I'll kick your ass bro. These guys put on some great free shows while in weekly residency at Spaceland. I find myself listening to this album more than I thought I would be. I told you to leave or I'll call the fucking cops! That reminds me of a story about the lead singer of The Movies... wait, did they just do last call?



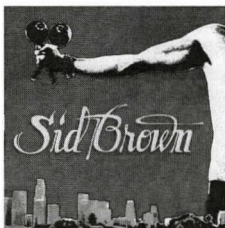
The Quadrajets: If the good Lord's willin' and the creek don't rise. Before he simplified everything and boiled it down to The Immortal Lee County Killers, Chet Weise fronted The Quadrajets. This album collects many of the songs that were originally released on 7" s or singles with a some new material. Finding this album is like being a rock n' roll archeologist and finding the vast remains of an advanced civilization below the simple grass huts of ILCK village. (Arkam)



Timothy James of The Movies
Photo by Dave Baden



Renfield: Why Aren't You Laughing?. The latest release from Renfield is really ... great and really really (look at the expression on my face) ... weird. The band continues to go against the grain, they continue to pet your cat backwards. Theatrical, operatic and flowing with esoteric post-modern comic book narrative frontman Marz is a painted bard from hell. They ask why aren't I laughing but the answer is I am laughing, out of sheer nervousness. (Renfield/Insect Eater Labs)



Sid Brown: Self titled. I can't get enough of this album. I guarantee that if you buy this album every time you play it Sid will burst into your house carrying a silver platter of top shelf booze and choice narcotics, his dancers will lap dance on your bald head and then you'll be given a magical microphone made of solid gold and everytime you sing Sid Brown songs you'll always remember all the words and always be in key. My name is Antonio Funguy and I guarantee it. (Memory Bulldozer Records)



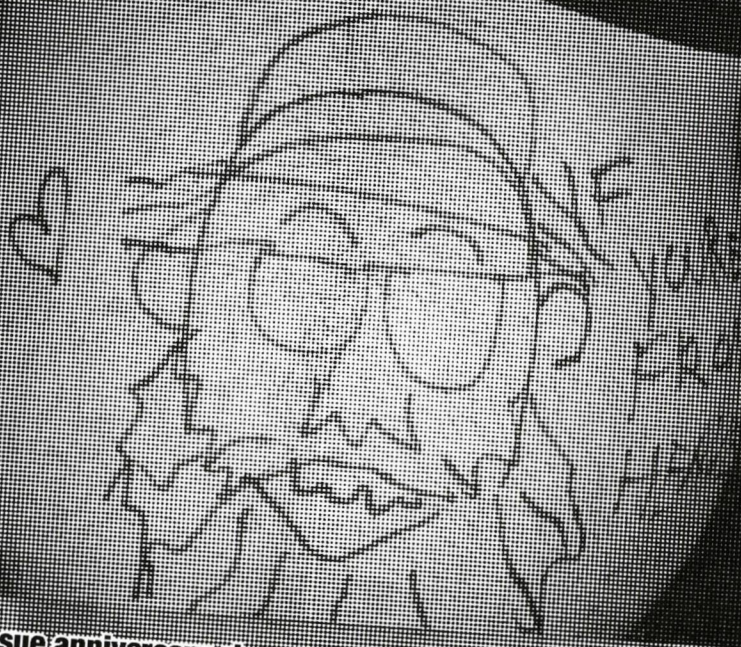
Toys That Kill: Control The Sun. This is the sort of album that is perfect when you are inking your comic pages. Not so much when you are writing or doing layouts because the lyrics are so distracting you start writing "We control the sun" in your word balloons over and over. Why isn't that song listed on the CD anyways? (Recess Records)

Also listening to while making DM11. Dillinger Four, Leatherface, The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Erik B. And Rakim, Ulver, Lucinda Williams, Motorhead, The Cramps, The Ramones, Andrew Bird, The Monks, Razorcake Podcasts, This American Life, Demander, Z-Trip, Guitar Wolf, Mastodon,

The kids are listening to: Farmer Jason, Annette Funicello, Disney music from classic animated movies like Mary Poppins, Jungle Book and The Aristocats, Sid Brown and recordings of their Grandmother singing Japanese songs.

If you're from heaven take me
there. Tiltwheel's Davey Quinn

TAMPA



Razorcake 50th issue anniversary show at Nomad Art Compound. June 6, 09. The
Bananas, Tiltwheel, It's Casual and God Equals Genocide.



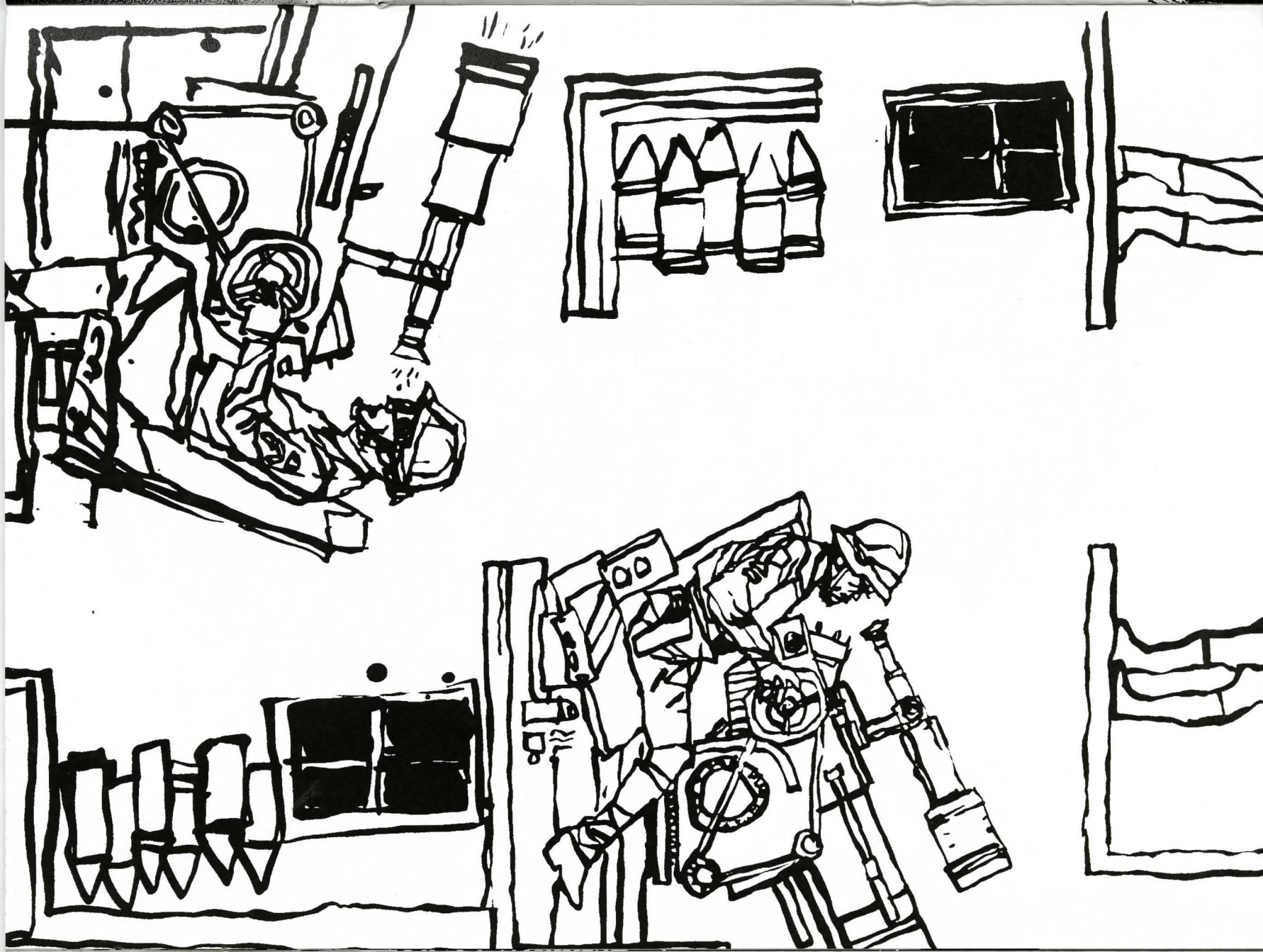
Why is it taking so long to finish Prize? I really thought I was going to be finished by now but reality had other ideas. Drunken Master is a personal project that makes no money. I hate to admit it but it's just the truth for the time being. Nobody pays me for my time, effort or work that goes into making and self publishing this zine. The advertising you see in these pages are the only thing that off set the printing costs. To my advertising sponsors I say THANK YOU VERY MUCH! I do this because I am compelled to make it. I am obsessed with finishing the Prize story line for my own personal reasons, I'm going the distance and now I'm going for speed. I have been making adjustments in my art and my own expectations with the main priority of being happy with the end result and the other being a realistic time frame of completion. I have done a rough sketch of the entire story line and can see a conclusion happening in about forty pages. This could happen in two more issues if I play my cards right but how long will two issues take? So much of the answer depends on money. I



wish so much did not depend on money. Thank you for sticking with me so far. I hope you'll continue to stick it out with me as I see this thing through. Your support of DM helps. Every purchase off the rack of the store is invaluable. It's one more punch closer to the final round. After all is said and done I would like to be able to collect the entire Prize story line into a square bound graphic novel. At this point I just don't know if continuing DMz is still realistically feasible but I will continue as long as it takes to finish Prize. Once Prize is finished that might be the end of DMz. Drunken Master has been a journey - next stop Dragon Gate.

Kiyoshi Nakazawa

Keep up to date on the next move at www.luckynakazawa.com





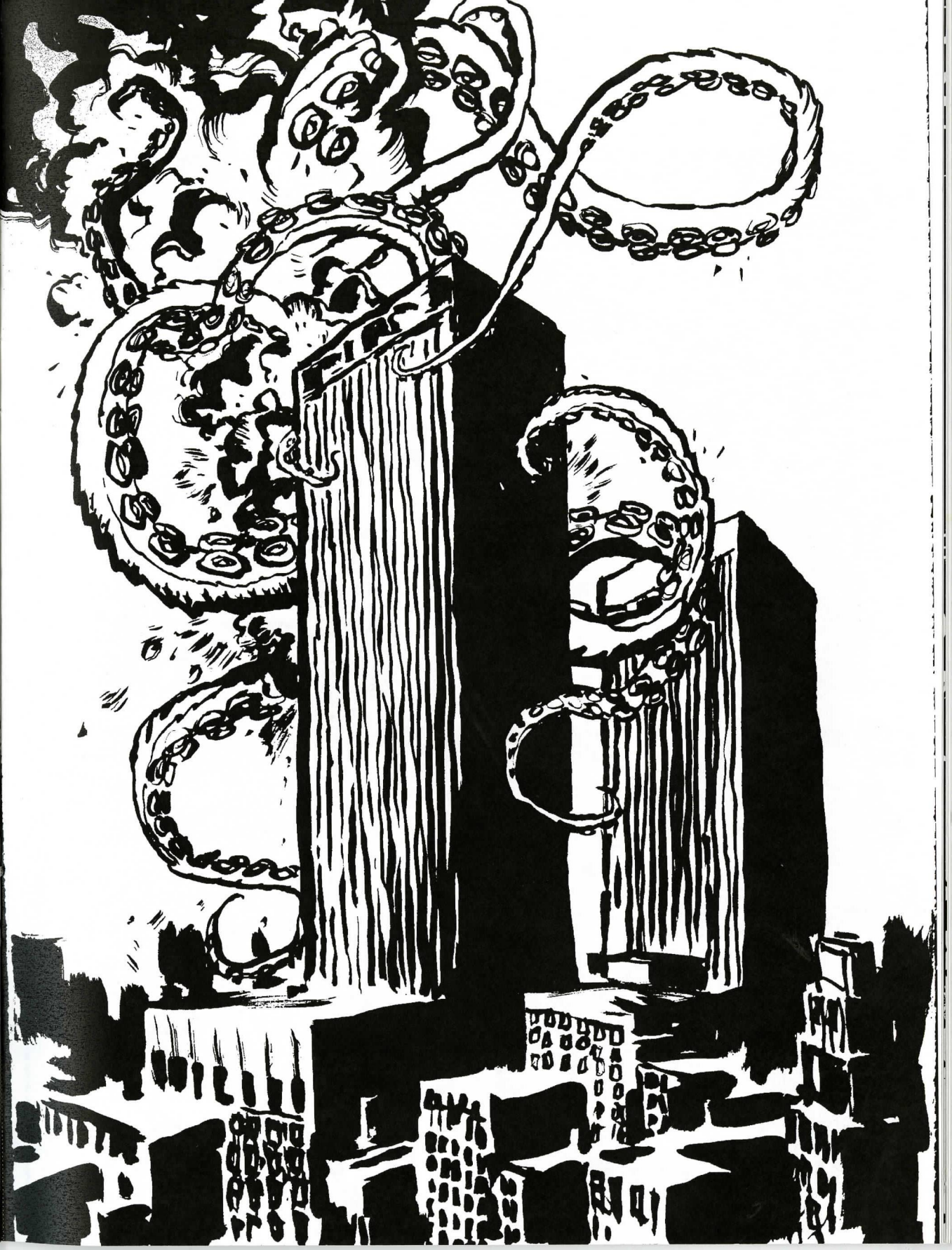




GRIFITH PARK

AT ROWENA



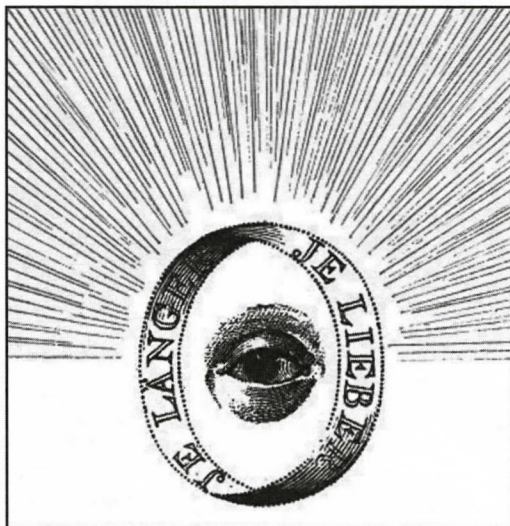






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WON'T YOU NOT NAIL LUX INTERIOR

BY KIYOSHI NAKAZAWA
1946 - 2009

ROCKIN' BONES BY THE CRAMPS

"WE GOT BEAUTIFUL LOVE SONGS UP THE ASS" L.I.

I WANNA LEAVE A HAPPY MEMORY
WHEN I GO, I WANNA LEAVE
SOMETHING TO LET THE WHOLE
WORLD KNOW THAT THE ROCK N'
ROLL DADDY HAS DONE TAYSED
ON BUT MY BONES WILL KEEP A
ROCKIN' LONG AFTER I'VE GONE



WELL WHEN I
DIE DON'T YOU
BURY ME AT
ALL

JUST NAIL
MY BONES
UP ON THE
WALL



BENEATH THESE BONES LET
THESE WORDS BE SEEN



WELL I STILL GOT RHYTHM IN THESE ROCKIN' BONES



AND I WORRY ABOUT TOMORROW JUST THINKING
ABOUT TONIGHT, MY BONES
ARE GETTING RESTLESS AND
I DO IT UP RIGHT

A FEW
MORE TIMES
AROUND A
HARDWOOD
FLOOR, BEFORE
WE TURN
OUT THE
LIGHTS AND
CLOSE THE
DOOR



DEDICATED TO LUX INTERIOR AND POISON IVY

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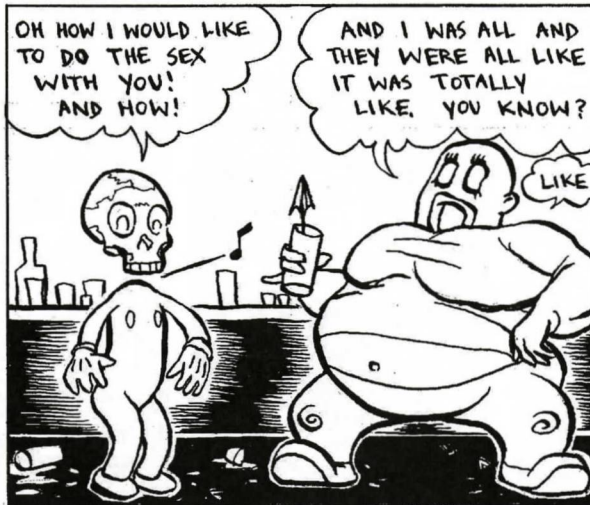
GOOD NIGHT LUX
I'M GLAD I SAW
YOU LIVE

WON'TON NOT NOW

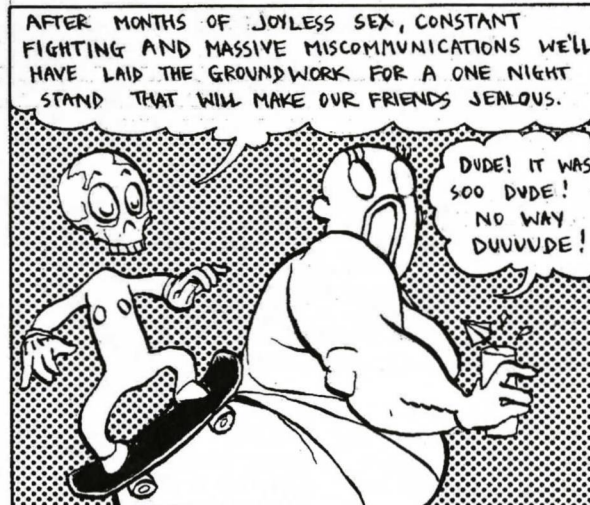
BY Kiyoshi



VAMPIRA NOT ELVIRA



BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SPELL ASSASSIN



WITHOUT ASS ASS IN.



LAST CALL!



OOROOTORAHMAH DOES NOT PASS JUDGEMENT ON CONSENTING ADULTS WHO HAVE ONE NIGHT STANDS. HE IS NEITHER ANGRY NOR JEALOUS.

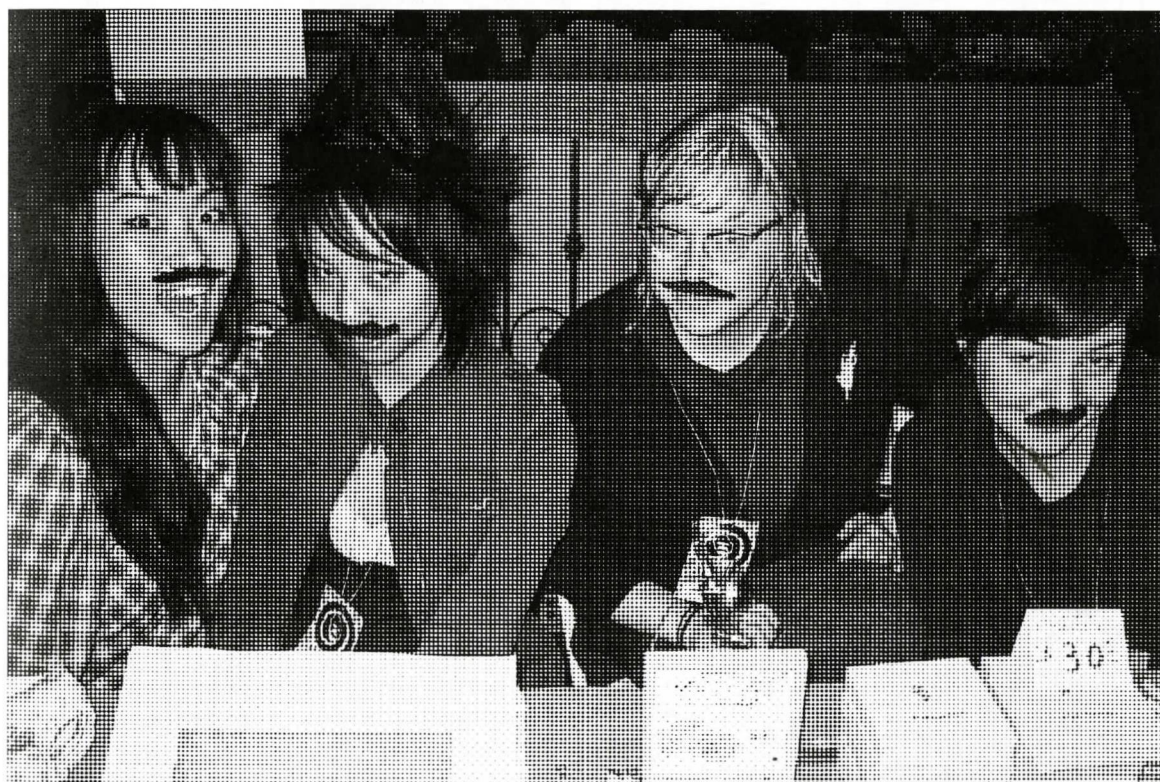


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DOORMAN'S LAMENT

BY KINOSHI NAKAZAWA



WHY DO I NEED I.D.?
I'M OVER 21.



I THINK I SHOWED
YOU MY I.D. LAST TIME



BUT THE OTHER GUY
LET ME IN LAST TIME
I WAS HERE.



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE
CARDING ME! I'M
22 YEARS OLD!



I'LL VOUCH FOR MY
FRIEND HERE, THEY'RE
21. C'MON BRO.



LOOK. I PROMISE NOT
TO DRINK, OKAY?



JUST LET ME INSIDE
SO I CAN TELL MY
FRIENDS YOU WON'T
LET ME IN.



WELL LEGALLY YOU
ACTUALLY HAVE TO
BLAH BLAH BLAH...



THING IS I GOT MY
WALLET STOLEN
RIGHT BEFORE I
CAME HERE.



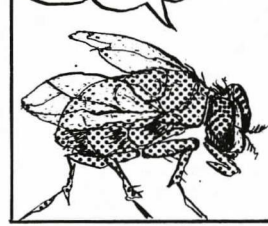
BUT YOU CARDED ALL
MY FRIENDS WHO ARE
21 SO OBVIOUSLY I'M
21. USE YOUR LOGIC
DUDE!



BUT MY BIRTHDAY
IS TOMORROW.



IT'S OKAY I'M ON
THE BAND'S GUEST
LIST.





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How To Get The Girl

or Stool Braal of April's Fool

BY
KIYOSHI

HERE IS A CRUEL JOKE TO
PULL THAT WILL SURELY WIN
THE EFFECTIONS OF THE
GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS.



PICK SOME SCHMO
PREFERABLY A
CONFIDENT ATH-
LETIC TYPE WHO
IS EAGER TO PROVE
HIS SUPERIORITY.



HE SHOULD ALSO BE BETTER LOOKING THAN YOU,
HAVE A BETTER PERSONALITY & BASICALLY
BE EVERYTHING YOUR DREAMGIRL WANTS
THAT YOU ARE NOT.



TELL THIS GUY MEDICAL SCIENTISTS HAVE
DISCOVERED THAT THE RIGHT COMBO
OF CONTRACTED MUSCLES RENDERS A
PERSON IMMOBILE IN A PRONE POSITION.
THIS PHENOMENON WAS GIVEN THE
NICKNAME "THE IMPOSSIBLE SIT-UP".
ASK THE PERSON TO SEE IF IT'S TRUE.

THEY SHOULD LIE ON THEIR BACK, KEEP THEIR
ARMS BY THEIR SIDES, EYES SHUT TIGHT AND
TONGUE EXTENDED AS FAR OUT AS POSSIBLE. THEN
THEY SHOULD TRY
A SIT-UP WHILE
HOLDING THIS POSE.



MEANWHILE YOU STRADDLE
OVER HIM AND DROP
YOUR DRAWERS SO
WHEN THEY SIT-UP
THEY TONGUE YOUR
BUNG HOLE.

NO PEEKING



NO THANK I USE TOILET PAPER



WHOA. YOU
ARE GAY!



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BY: KIYOSHI NAKAZAWA

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THE POINT BEING THAT AS A SMOKER YOU ARE STATISTICALLY MORE LIKELY TO GET SEX THAN A NON SMOKER. SCIENCE WAS USED. THIS IS A PROVEN FACT.



IF YOU DON'T INHALE IT ~~DOESN'T~~ COUNT, DOESN'T

BUT KIIYOOSHII!!
WHAT IF I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SMOKE?



GOOD READER I'M HERE TO HELP. IF YOU CAN'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO PICK UP THIS FILTHY HABBIT NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY, LET ME OFFER YOU MY SUREFIRE FANTASTIC FOUR STEP PROGRAM TO START SMOKING.



① ONCE YOUR BODY HAS ADJUSTED TO THE GUM YOU CAN THEN GRADUATE TO THE PATCH. THE NICOTINE PATCH IS THE GROWN UP WAY OF TELLING YOUR LUNGS "HOLD ON A LITTLE LONGER. GOOD STUFF COMING SOON."



③ DON'T QUIT NOW, YOU'RE ALMOST THERE. IN PHASE THREE YOU GET TO SMOKE A CIGARETTE THROUGH YOUR NOSTRIL. IF THE GUM AND PATCH DID THEIR JOB YOUR BODY IS NOW READY FOR THE REAL DEAL. SMOKING THROUGH YOUR NOSE NOSTRIL IS EASIER ON YOUR CHEST AND THROAT THAN SMOKING THROUGH YOUR PIE HOLE. WHEN YOU CAN DO THIS WITHOUT COUGHING YOU ARE READY FOR THE FINAL STEP.



④ SMOKE IN PUBLIC. SMOKE IN BARS. SMOKE AT ROCK SHOWS. SMOKE IN SMOKING SECTIONS. MEET NEW PEOPLE (OTHER SMOKERS).



THIS IS OSAMA BIN LADEN. YOU MUST BE 18 YEARS TO SMOKE. SEX IS ONLY BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE, YOU KNOW, IN MARRIAGE.



IRONY DIED OF CANCER

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won'ton not now

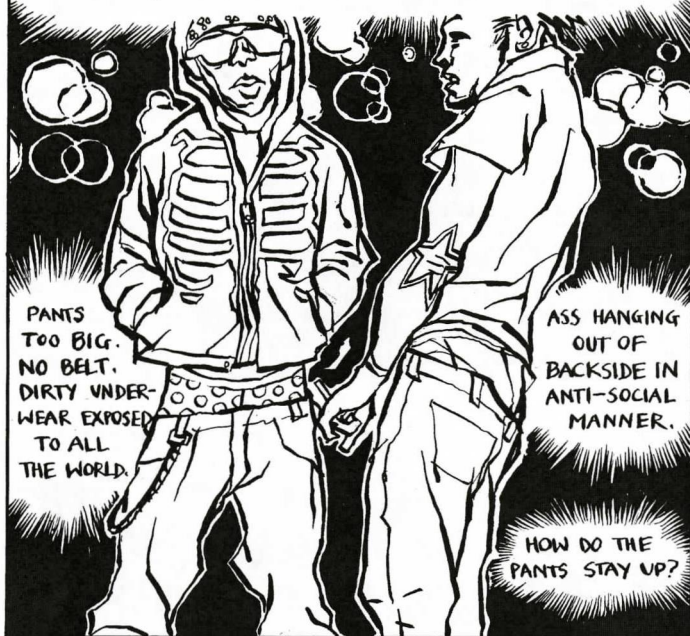
FASCIST FASHION FACTION

(IN ACTION)

BY KIYOSHI NAKAZAWA

DO YOU DRESS LIKE AN IDIOT?

I'M TALKING ABOUT HOW YOU WEAR YOUR PANTS.



PANTS
TOO BIG.
NO BELT.
DIRTY UNDER-
WEAR EXPOSED
TO ALL
THE WORLD.

ASS HANGING
OUT OF
BACKSIDE IN
ANTI-SOCIAL
MANNER.

HOW DO THE
PANTS STAY UP?

SHOW OF HANDS FROM THE LADIES WHO FIND THIS LOOK ATTRACTIVE.

IF THIS IS YOU, DON'T FEEL BAD. YOU ARE A VICTIM OF A SECRET C.I.A. CONSPIRACY TO CONTROL UPSTARTS LIKE YOURSELF. THIS FASHION STATEMENT WAS LEAKED INTO URBAN AREAS KNOWING IT WOULD BE ADOPTED BY YOUTH OF A REBELLIOUS NATURE. THE LOW RIDING PANTS PRECARIOUSLY HANG ON THE BODY, BARELY FINDING PURCHASE ON THE KNOB OF THE FRONTAL PUBIC REGION. THE C.I.A. CALLS THIS 'RESTRAINING APPAREL' BECAUSE IT SLOWS PEOPLE DOWN IF THEY TRY AND FLEE FROM AUTHORITIES.



LET'S SEE
THEM TRY
AND RUN
NOW.

C.I.A. SEE I AIN'T KIDDIN'!



IT'S LIKE TRYING TO
RUN AWAY...



WHILE TAKING A DUMP.



BAD
TO THE
BONE!!

DON'T GET ME WRONG, I KNOW IT'S IMPORTANT TO BE FASHIONABLY CURRENT. JUST BECAUSE I'M PUSHING FIFTY DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T BE HIP TO THE TOTALLY RADICAL STYLES OF TODAY'S YOUNG DUDES. I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO UNTUCK MY SHIRT A FEW TIMES. HERE IS A DRAWING OF A SKULL. IT MEANS I AM EDGY AND ALTERNATIVE JUST LIKE YOU.





WON TON-OT NOW

KIYOSHI NAKAZAWA

THE FUN FACTORY
A MULTI SIKING POO THAT COMES OUT LIKE IT WAS SQUEEZED OUT OF A PLAY-DOH SPAGHETTI MAKER.



THE SECRET AFFAIR
WHEN YOU WIPE AFTER YOU GO POO AND THE TOILET PAPER IS PERFECTLY CLEAN.



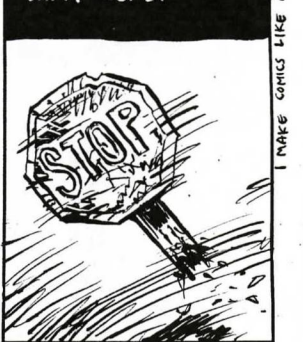
AKA THE VIRGIN POO

END OF THE SECRET AFFAIR
WHEN YOU WIPE AFTER GOING POO AND THE T.P. IS PERFECTLY CLEAN EXCEPT FOR BLOOD IN THE SHAPE OF A KISS.



MAYBE YOU NEED TO SEE A DR.

THE BAIT + SWITCH
WHEN YOU THINK YOU JUST HAVE A FART BUT THEN A POO COMES OUT PARTWAY, TOUCHES YOUR UNDERWEAR AND YOU CAN'T RETRACT IT BACK INSIDE THE SAFETY ZONE.



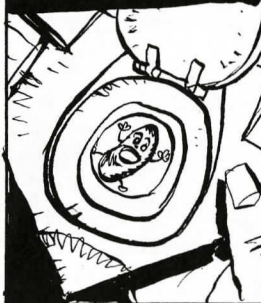
MAKE COMICS LIKE A PRO

SNAKEPIT'S REVENGE
AKA THE BAIT + SWITCH + UNDERWEAR DITCH
WHEN YOU THINK YOU HAVE A FART BUT GO DIARRHEA IN YOUR PANTS WHILE RIDING A BICYCLE.



APPLAUDS TO BENJAMIN

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE
WHEN YOU TAKE A POO IN SOMEONE ELSE'S TOILET + TAKE A PICTURE OF IT WITH THEIR CAMERA WITHOUT THEM EVER KNOWING. BEST WITH FILM CAMERAS.
AKA THE CRAPPY CRAWL



NEVER ENDING WIPE
WHEN YOUR ASS STAYS FILTHY EVERYTIME YOU WIPE IT. YOU KEEP WIPING IN HOPES THAT THE T.P. WILL BE FREE OF POO STREAKS BUT IT NEVER IS, JUST LIKE YOUR SIN STAINED SOUL.



DON'T
LIKE
FARTS
HAUSE
YOU
WIPING
PAPER
AFTER
YOU
WIPING
IT'S
HOW
WE
MAKE
SURE
WE'RE
CLEAN

IVORY SOAP, LAVA SOAP, DOVE SOAP, SOFT SOAP, GRANDPAG SOAP, TRADER JOE'S, CASTLE SOAP

PURELL SANITIZER, PATCHOULI SOAP, LEVER 2000, DIAL, COAST, IRISH SPRING, FELS NAPPA

DR. BRONNER SOAP, CAMAY ALL OVER, MR. BUBBLES, JOHNSON & JOHNSON, KISS MY FACE, CALGON

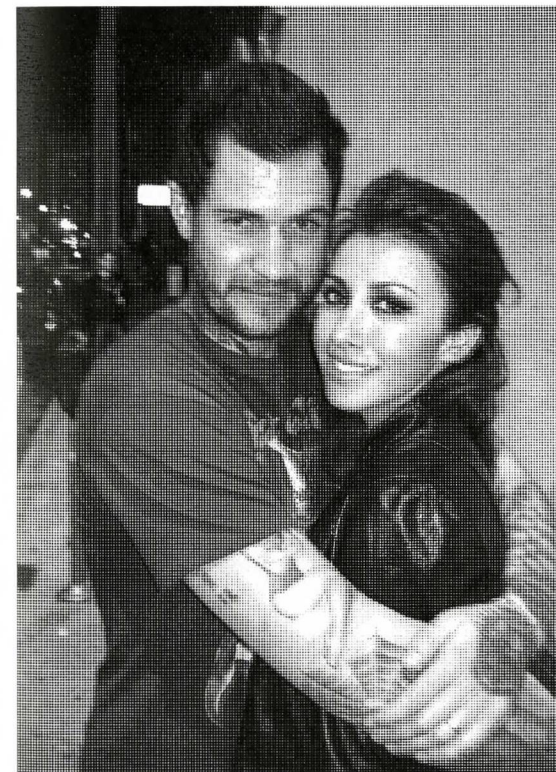
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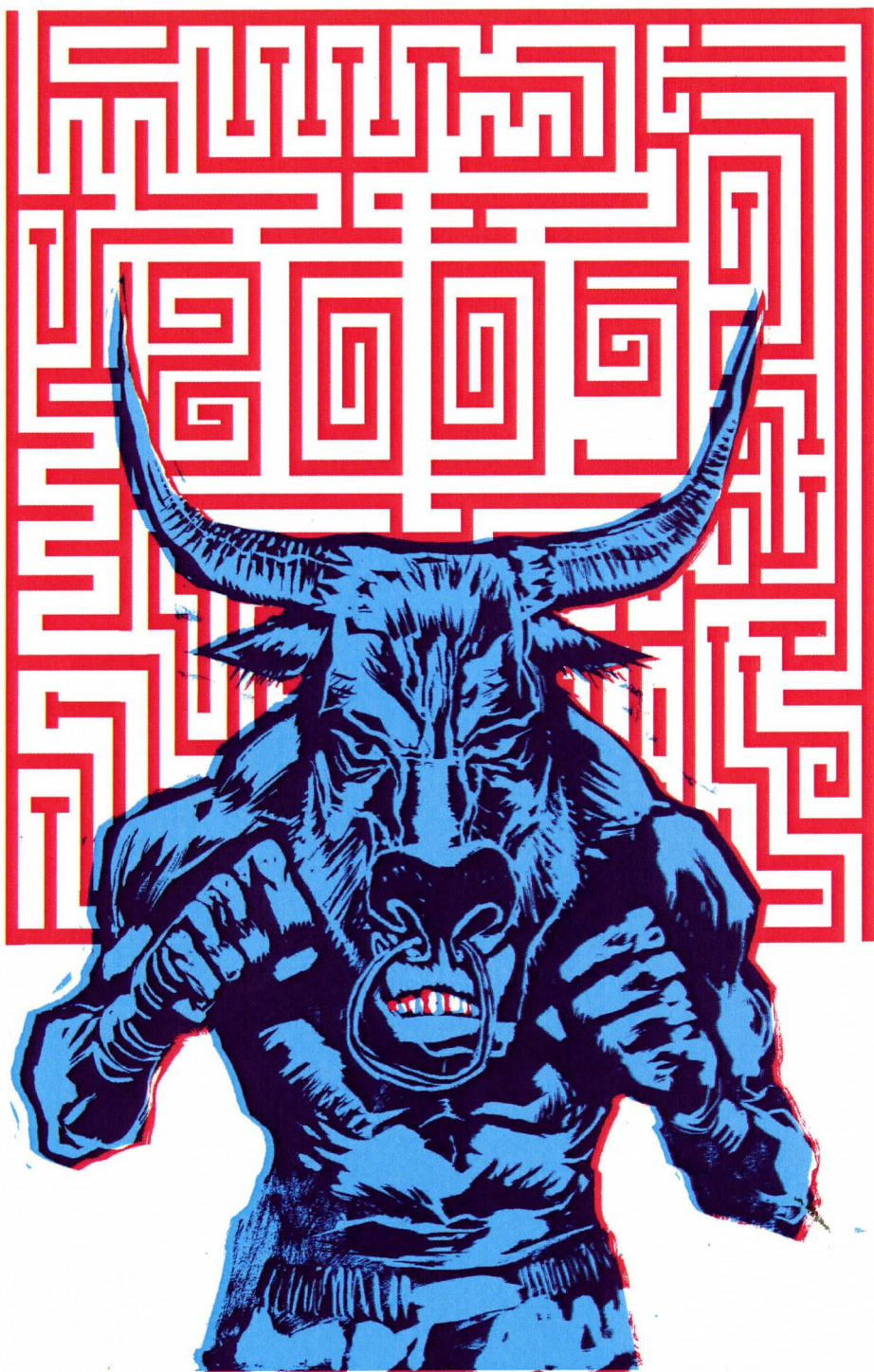
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