



**MANY INJURED
MORE DEAD**

LEE HOLLIS

Lee Hollis wurde 1963 in Alabama geboren und kam 1982 als GI nach Deutschland. Dort entdeckte er die gerade entstandene Punk- und Hardcore-Szene für sich. Er ist seitdem Sänger der Bands Steakknife und Spermbirds und war Layouter beim legendären Fanzine „Zap“. Hollis arbeitet als Bartender in Saarbrücken und stellt sehr gerne vor einem aufmerksamen Publikum seine Storys vor.

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GOPS AND LAWYERS

*Without the good moments,
how can we understand how
miserable we are?*

A dear friend of mine recently tried to use 2nd class psychology on me by suggesting that I enjoy being sad. So I said, “**WRONG.** I enjoy being *angry*.”

Which is only a little bit true, but I’ll tell you this: Anger has gotten me through some sad times. And God knows there’s enough to get angry about.

I have a list.

But being mad all the time is hard work. So at the risk of sounding like a hippie, I’d like to use some 3rd class psychology by suggesting that there are moments when anger is not the correct response. Of course you *could* tell the person that just saved you from a shark attack to go fuck himself, but it wouldn’t feel right, you know?

So, here at the beginning, I'd like to concentrate on the good moments. Acts of kindness and mercy from the people you would least expect. Because without pleasant surprises once in a while, anger rules 24/7 and that's not as much fun as it sounds ...

TEXAS, USA

I was living in a trailer park with my parents and somehow managed to get the family car for Friday night. I went out, got very drunk and drove home "as-is". Drunk.

If you've ever seen a Texas Highway Patrol Cop in Every. Movie. Ever. Made. (in Texas) then you probably know what happened next.

WRONG.

You don't.

Of course I was pulled over. I stopped the car, rolled down the window and waited for the super-facist-texas-nazi-cop to walk over and pepper-spray me with his taser-gun ... or something. I knew it was going to be bad because, Texas.

"Where you comin' from?"

"The city."

"Where you goin'?"

"Home."

"You been drinkin'?"

"... No."

That's right. I lied. That's bad enough and an obvious character-flaw, but I made the worst mistake in the

“Liar’s Handbook”. I told a **STUPID** lie. I was really drunk. And had a can of beer between my legs.

The cop looked at me for a long minute.

“Gimmie the can.”

He emptied the beer on the ground and looked back at me.

“The next time you want to drink and drive in Texas, be a man and don’t lie about it. Now go home.”

From the people you would least expect ...

Of course dad made the world right again after I got home. He was waiting in front of the trailer.

And was not as friendly as the cop.

HOMBURG (SAAR), GERMANY

I was working part-time for X-Mist records, a small independent label from the Black Forest. I mostly just sent out new releases to various music magazines, but I also made the occasional X-Mist advertisement for those same magazines. Mostly A-5 fanzines, but also magazines with glossy, full-color covers that can be bought at train stations throughout Europe.

Frank Miller, the creator of Hard Boiled, Sin City, 300, Batman: The Dark Knight Returns and many other graphic novels and movies ...

has a lawyer.

Armin Hoffman, the boss of X-Mist records ...

has a phone. He called me.

“You’re fucked and you’re going to jail for wrongful appropriation, plagiarism and copy-write fraud.”

“What? **WHAT?!**”

“Did you use a Frank Miller graphic as the background for the last X-Mist ad?”

“... No.”

(Just kidding. I was guilty as shit and had learned my “Liar’s Handbook” lesson from the Texas cop. Don’t tell stupid lies.)

“I did.”

“Yes, you did. I know. His lawyer called. What were you thinking?”

“Well, Armin, I was thinking, you know, nice background. The guy with the gun and blood everywhere ...”

“You are fucked.”

And that’s exactly how I felt. The high-powered lawyer of an *extremely* well known and respected writer, artist, and film director had me in his sights. It felt fucked.

“So what happens now?” I asked.

“We’re waiting for the letter.”

“From Frank Miller’s lawyer?”

“That’s the letter we’re waiting for.”

I sold all my stuff, said goodbye to my friends and started researching “prison life”.

The letter arrived a week later.

“You have to apologize.”

“I ...?”

“You have to say you’re sorry and that you’ll never do it again.”

“And that’s **ALL**?”

“Well you have to write it down and mail it to Frank, but yeah, that’s all.”

I wish I still had a copy of that letter ...

One Texas cop and one Hollywood lawyer equals two of the most easy-to-hate people you can imagine. Sooo hateable, they are. And yet ...

Listen, I know that cop probably had better things to do than harassing a drunken teenager and Frank Miller’s lawyer didn’t sue me because I had nothing to take. At least not after I had sold everything ... But those are two very true stories about people who could have easily fucked me around, just because they had the power to do it.

But they did not.

So fellow hippies, I will now use 4th grade psychology not to suggest, but to **DECLARE** that *if Texas cops and Hollywood lawyers have actual blood-pumping hearts capable of understanding, empathy and good will ...*

Then maybe we all do.

We've all been there. Even the creeps among us that no one wants to talk to. We've all been stuck in a conversation that we don't want to have with a) someone we don't know or b) someone we don't *like*. Or most likely an a/b combination. It's no secret that many of these unwanted conversations happen in bars because that's the best place for "talkers" to "talk". Hell, that's what bars are built for: to philosophize, remember, forget, fight, make-up, fight again about who forgot what and ultimately blame it all on that asshole who would Not. Stop. Talking.

Let me help.

Here are my ...

5 WAYS TO ESCAPE CONVERSATIONS YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE

#1 PICK YOUR NOSE

May not sound like much, I know, but a guaranteed conversation killer. Just lock eyes with the person talking at you and dig right in. After your finger has been comfortably inserted in your nose, there are two things you have to remember for this to work. The first is **DO NOT STOP PICKING**. Once the finger's in, it *stays* in. The second is **MAINTAIN EYE CONTACT**. I can't stress this enough. A good nose drilling is normally enough to distract the average person in a standard conversation, but if you want to make Mr. Motor Mouth forget what he was talking about, you have to have eye contact. If possible, *crazy* eye contact. The danger here is the small, but real possibility that he might start picking *his* nose also. If this happens there's only one thing you can do ...

#2 START CRYING

Not as effective as number one, but still very good for creating the classic "uncomfortable silence" which, when used in combination with nose-picking, can open the door to freedom. This is pretty straight forward. Crying makes everybody nervous. But a hysterically sobbing, crazy-eyed nose picker? That's a picture that would make even a toothless speed freak hesitate. Not that long maybe, but at least long enough for you to *vanish into the night!*

#3 START A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT CONVERSATION

If someone refuses to stop talking about their ... I don't know ... candle making business, try this: Put your hand to your mouth like you just remembered something important and say, "The bodies. They're still in the basement," or "The fork. It's still in the body," then turn slowly around and walk away. **SLOW** is the key here. And don't laugh. Kills the moment.

#4 I'M CRAZIER THAN YOU ARE

I actually used this once while bartending. Some guy at the bar, probably more drunk than "crazy", kept trying to tell me about how his family were all part of some secret organization. It was entertaining for awhile, until it wasn't anymore. Finally I said, "Oh yeah?! I'm crazier than you are! I believe in **GOD** and he **KNOWS MAGIC!!** He told me about your family so I know you're lying! **LIAR!!** And another thing, have you been talking to **ME** for the last half hour or **GOD?!**" The effect was more than I could have hoped for. His mouth snapped shut so quickly that I thought I heard his teeth crack. He paid and left. And never came back. It was almost art.

#5 I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM

This one actually works and has been my go-to “please shut up” tactic for years. It’s also the best way to stop a conversation with someone you *like*. No feelings are hurt and no one is insulted. However, if the person you’re trying to escape follows you into the toilet (it’s happened to me before) turn abruptly around, stand in front of him, make eye-contact and say, “Yes, I’m listening,” and then ...

Pick your nose.

Works every time.

One last thing. If we’re talking and I say, “I gotta piss,” it doesn’t necessarily mean that I think you’re boring.

But it could.