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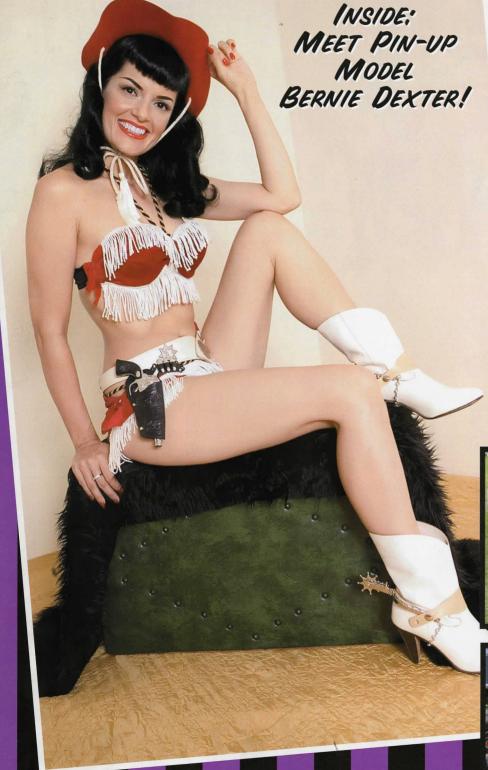
SEAUTY AND HORSEPOWER IN VINTAGE ALBUM COVER ART

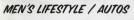
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2005 PRIMER NATIONALS CAR SHOW!











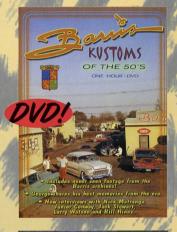




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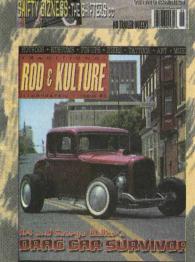


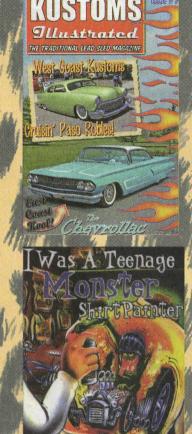


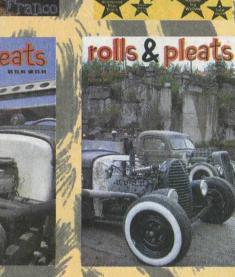


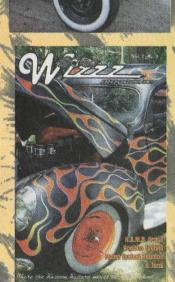










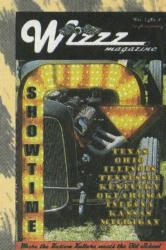


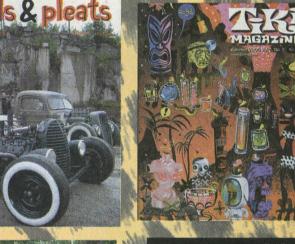
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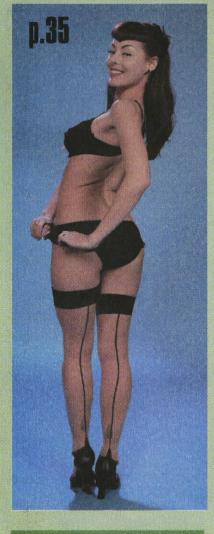


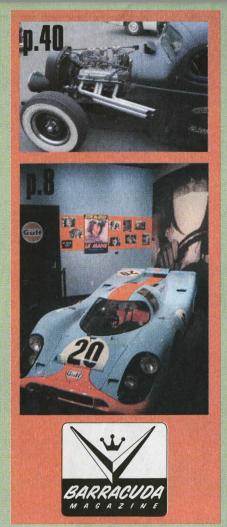


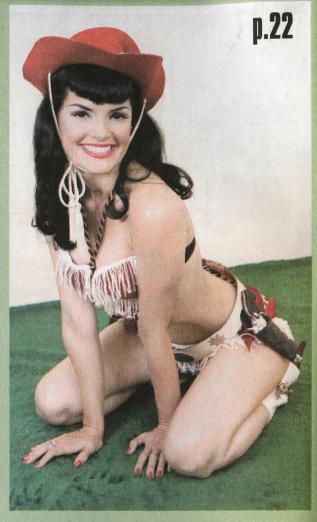












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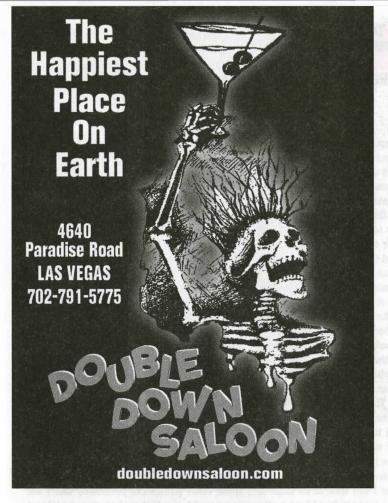
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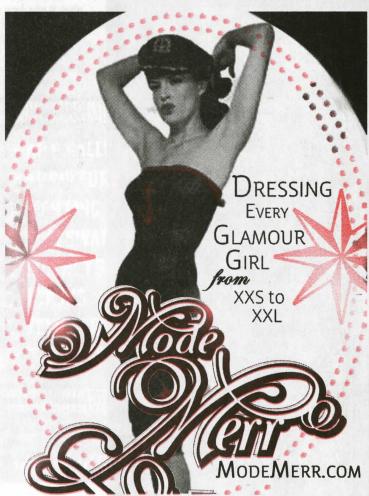
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IF I HATE TALKING "SHOP," THEN HOW'S COME I DO IT SO MUCH?

A LETTER FROM YOUR EDITOR

Hello once again from the column that I swore I would stop writing some four or five years ago.

As the last issue of our trusty tome was the seventh anniversary issue, I made the mistake of thumbing through all of our previous back issues to try to gain some kind of perspective on, "What the heck do I think I am doing?" I have tried to do this before, and this is mainly a gut-churning event.

What most readers don't realize is that for me, the final steps of producing each issue is a process of looking for errors, problems and mistakes. It's very difficult to get past this part of the process and look at an issue in the same way that a reader does. If I look at an issue that I have produced within the last two years, it still brings up the anxiety and stress of getting that issue finished. That's why I don't do it.

Aside from the press check, I literally cannot even stand to *look* at a new issue for several months. I simply do not see it as a magazine. I still see it as the layout or copy on my computer screen and I'm fixing junk.

The only time I can look at an issue is when it was done so long ago that I have pretty much completely forgotten about it. "I wrote an article about Rocket Richard? Oh, yeah!"

When I tell friends or associates that I just got a new issue back from the printer, they always ask me how it turned out. I say, "I don't know. I haven't looked at it." They think I'm kidding, but I'm really not. As we mill around the office, up to our armpits in new magazines, shipping literally thousands of copies in the first week, I have not looked at a single copy.

Why should I? I'm still in "looking for mistakes mode" and so I will not enjoy it. And what if I happen to find a mistake? Meh, I can't un-print it! As I am so fond of saying, "Can't put poop back in the donkey." So, I don't bother looking.

And, hey, a hearty welcome back from the dead to *Gearhead* magazine and *Car Kulture Deluxe*, too! At the risk of sounding like an old coot, I have seen so many magazines cease publication, then try to rally a comeback. And it almost *never* happens. (Actually, *Film Threat* is the only example I can think of.)

Anyway, Gearhead is back with two issues, out on time and as good as ever and we couldn't be more pleased. Holy moly, when I saw that issue #12, some four years after issue #11, I thought I was seeing a ghost. But I was happy. I thought, "Hot diggity damn, good for you!" When it comes to pure rubber-burning



enthusiasm and an authoritative dose of raw punk rock thrown in to boot, *Gearhead* really can't be beat.

Car Kulture Deluxe dropped off the face of the earth earlier this year and left everyone really scratching their heads trying to get word of what happened. Now the magazine is back, apparently purchased by the publishers of Ol' Skool Rodz and we hope that they plan to stick around!

I am glad to see these magazines back for several reasons. First of all, as a reader, I like them both. Then, as an independent publisher, I know what a difficult racket the whole publishing business can be and I like to see other publishers keeping their heads above water.

I've often had people ask me what I think of these other magazines—my "competition." My simple answer is that I do not consider them my competition. And that's not just because we sell these other titles on the online newsstand on barracudamagazine.com (Visa/MC/Amex/Discover, free shipping on orders in the U.S). It's because I know most of these other publishers personally and I am very proud to say that we have very genial and cooperative relationships. And there is simply no positive or practical reason for us to consider each other "competition."

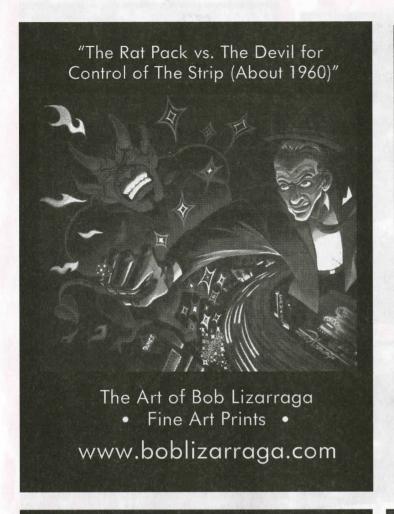
None of us are trying to put the other out of business. None of us are taking any money out of each other's wallet.

In fact, as far as I'm concerned, the more kustom kulture magazines there are, the better it is for all of us! I love to see a newsstand with all of these magazines all lumped together. It helps the casual newsstand browser understand what the heck this malarkey is all about. And it helps newsstand owners understand what "section" to put us all in. (Although I do miss the days when we used to get placed next to Mad.)

My real point is that I don't understand why people want me to find a fight where I can easily find a friendship. Who has the time? Who has the energy? I'm not really interested. I've got other fish to fry. Save the drama for yo' mama—I've got work to do.

And really—what's the point? Fights happen, people have misunderstandings and fall out with one another. It *does* happen. But why make up extra squabbles out of nothing? You didn't spend enough time in high school?

Seeing as I have emptied my bushel of bad metaphors, gentle reader, I will bid you a fond farewell. Until next issue, I remain your dedicated, barefoot publisher. —J.F.



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Barracuda Girls On The March

Unlike the models of so many other stag magazines, who are constantly chasing each other around with ice picks, we are proud to demonstrate once again that Barracuda Girls play well together, as evidenced by their classy presence at the 2005 Blessing Of The Cars. Clockwise from above left: Barracuda Girls Melinda (issue 22), Heidi (issue 19) and Augusta (issue 12) pose for a photo op; Scarlette Fever (issue 10) takes a break from shopping to lend her loveliness to the lens with Augusta; Melinda in her capacity as a trophy girl with a nice, stock-looking Merc; Heidi with a fellow Helle's Belles member's 1964 Galaxie; Augusta, with Don Spiro's mighty fine 1965 Dart Wagon. Photos by Don Spiro.



n April 28, 2006 a team will set out to recreate explorer Thor Heyerdahl's famous raft voyage into the Pacific Ocean. The team will be led by Olav Heyerdahl, the grandson of the leader of the original Kon-Tiki expedition.

In 1947, the elder Heyerdahl built an ancient-styled balsa wood raft and set sail from Peru. He spent 101 days in the Pacific and ultimately ended up in Polynesia. The main purpose of the voyage was to test his theory that ancient South Americans could have reached Polynesia.

The new expedition is to be named Tangaroa, after the Polynesian (specifically Samoan) god of the sea.

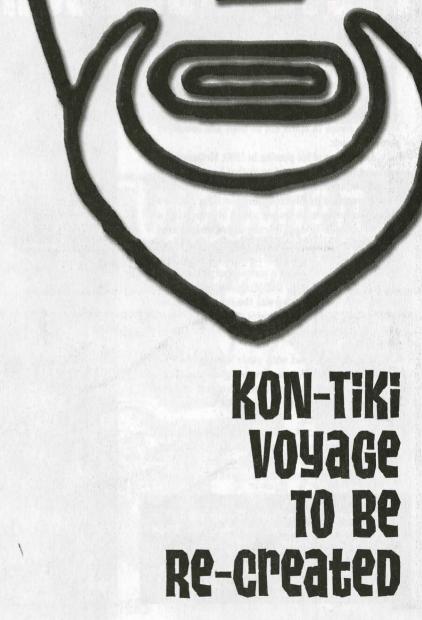
The purpose of the voyage is not to merely mimic the original Kon-Tiki expedition. The explorers have an entirely new set of scientific goals planned. Under the auspices of the United Nations, the group will be undertaking studies of marine life, monitoring ocean pollution and its effects of plants and animals. They will also be experimenting with prehistoric modes of ocean navigation.

One study that will be directly-related to the original Kon-Tiki expedition will be the use of centerboards (or keels) to help navigate the raft. Although the Kon-Tiki did use centerboards, a tiller off the rear of the raft was used to steer. Thor Heyerdahl did not understand how to use only the keels for steering until years later, when he was on an expedition in the Galapagos Islands. The Tangaroa expedition hopes to show that the entire raft can be steered using only the centerboards.

The younger Heyerdahl is an experienced carpenter and will be flying to South America to select mammoth balsa logs just like his grandfather did. Unfortunately, according to Olav Heyerdahl, because of the reduction in the size of the rainforest since 1947, he will be forced to select the logs from a plantation, rather than selecting them from the wild, as his grandfather did. In addition, the level of the nearby river has dropped so low that he will also be unable to float the logs out to sea, either. The 11 logs for the huge raft will each need to be about 3 feet thick and about 50 feet long.

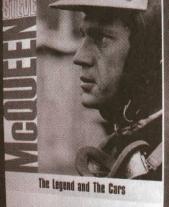
Construction is scheduled to begin in February, 2006.

The Tangaroa expedition was originally scheduled to launch in April 2005, but the southern Asian tsunami of 2004 forced a postponement. Money for the expedition was diverted to aid the victims of the tsunami.











Steve McQueen Exhibit

AT THE PETERSEN AUTOMOTIVE MUSEUM

n the 25 years since Steve McQueen's death, dozens (maybe hundreds) of on-screen cool guys have been propped up as "the real deal" and then fallen out of fashion. But as more time passes, McQueen seems to stand out as head and shoulders above the pack.

At the time of his passing in 1980, McQueen left behind a venerable body of work that has helped his legend endure. 1968's *Bullitt* is the film which is most-often cited by film fans and car fans. *Bullitt's* showdown between McQueen's Ford Mustang and a villainous black Dodge Charger is arguably one of the best car chases ever filmed. But there was more. McQueen's portrayal of a jazz-loving, cool, incorruptible and likable cop was a daring cut against the grain of the late 1960s. But McQueen broke other taboos, too. In *Bullitt*, he was the first "above-thetitle" actor to curse in a major American feature film. (Hint: the word he used rhymes with the title of the movie.)

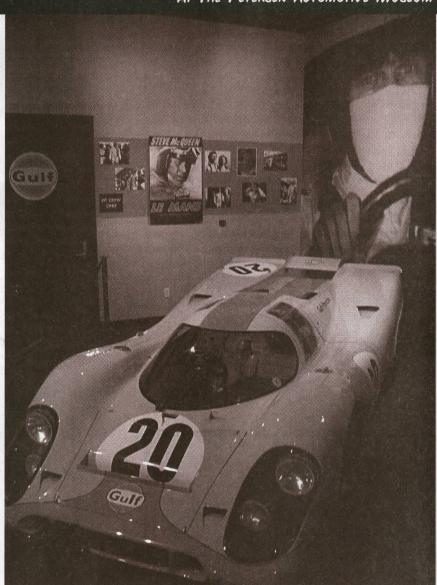
Bullitt, combined with other movies like The Great Escape, The Thomas Crown Affair, Le Mans, Papillon and so many others, helped secure McQueen's place as one of the great cool guys in film history.

Many fans do not realize that it was not really an act. McQueen was very much like the fast-racing, hard-living characters he portrayed on screen.

McQueen was into fast cars and motorcycles

Above: Scenes from the McQueen exhibit at the Petersen Museum, including his 1964 Triumph TR6SC (right).

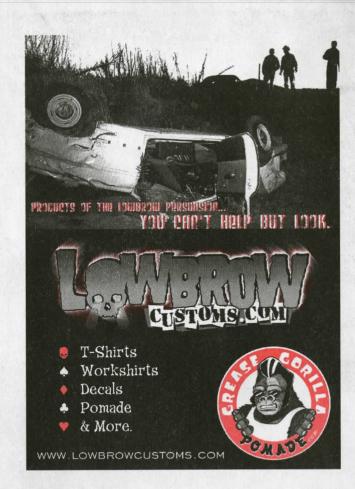
Right: The 1970 Porsche 917 featured in the McQueen racing spectacular *Le Mans*.



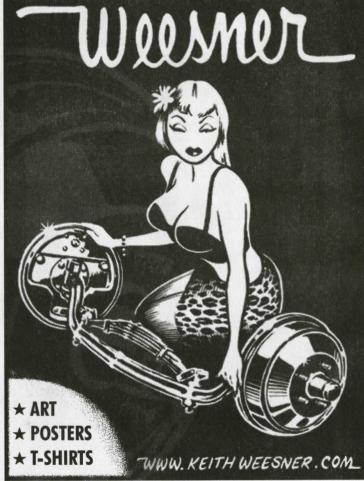
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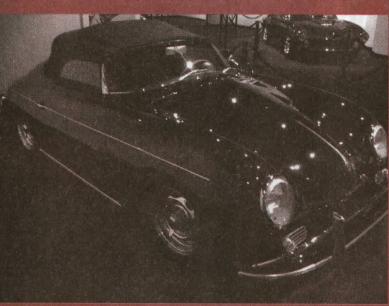
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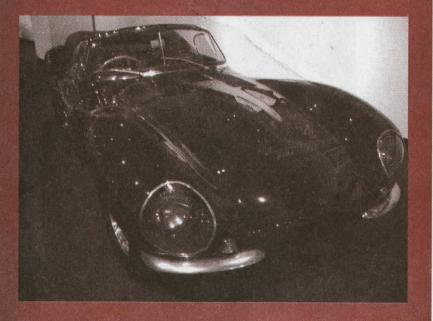












and not just in a rich fop driving his wallet around town kind of way. He had been riding Harleys and competing in motorcycle races before anyone ever knew who he was. Because of his love of machines, even when he later became a household name, his real friends were mechanics and racers of all different kinds, rather than superstars who never got dirt under their nails.

Like anyone else who gets bitten by the speed bug, McQueen acquired and drove a variety of sporty vehicles over the years. The Petersen Museum's exhibit "Steve McQueen: The Legend and The Cars" is a celebration of these vehicles and the man who drove them.

mong the cars featured in the exhibit is McQueen's former 1956 Jaguar XKSS, which is one of just 16 built. McQueen sold the car in the 1970s but ultimately had to have it back. He repurchased the car and owned it until he died. The glove box was fitted by Von Dutch, who was a good friend of McQueen's.

The most noticeable car is the 1970 Porsche 917 featured in the McQueen racing spectacular *Le Mans*. Although the car appears to be destroyed in the end of the film, the car that was used in the crash was actually a remote-controlled Lola. The car was obviously too valuable to destroy.

The exhibit also features several motorcycles formerly owned by McQueen. McQueen was such an avid motorcycle collector that he reportedly ran open classifieds in *Hemmings Motor News* looking for motorcycles and listed his home phone number in the ads. Some of the bikes were actually ridden by McQueen in races, like the Triumph TR6SC that he rode in the 1964 International Six Day Trial in Europe. He was part of the first American team to ever compete in the trials.

Other vehicles in the exhibit include McQueen's former Austin Mini Cooper S, 1952 Hudson Wasp, 1969 Porsche 911S Coupe, 1967 Triumph TR6, 1957 Chevy Bel-Air Convertible and more. Along with a clone *Bullitt* Mustang, movie clips, movie and racing memorabilia, the show is a fitting tribute to a unique character, the likes of which we will probably never see again.

(The McQueen exhibit alone is worth the price of admission, but keep in mind that the Art Arfons jet-powered Green Monster is in the parking lot and Ed Roth's Outlaw is inside, plus too much more to list. Get down there and check the museum out.)

The Petersen Automotive Museum is located at 6060 Wilshire Blvd. in Los Angeles. The exhibit runs through April 16, 2006 in the gallery on the second floor. For more information, call 323-930-CARS or go to their website, www.petersen.org.



Top: McQueen's 1961 Austin Mini Cooper S, which was customized to his specifications. Middle: His 1957 Porsche Speedster. He once sold this car and then eventually bought it back.

Bottom: His 1956 Jaguar XKSS, one of just 16 ever made.



PURTY AS A PICTURE!



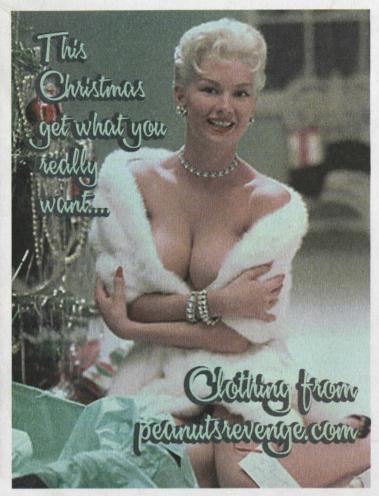
This ambitious Aphrodite isn't waiting to be discovered! She's going to put a lens to her own loveliness! With looks like these, she shutters at the notion that the results could possibly be negative!

But she doesn't want to become a full-time photographer. She just hopes these pictures will lead to other opportunities. With the shapely limbs she captures in these photos, she should have no problem branching out!

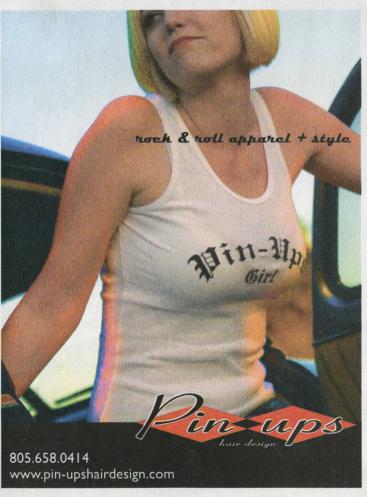


photos: Brandon Showers www.BrandonShowers.com

model: Anneliese www.pinmeup.net



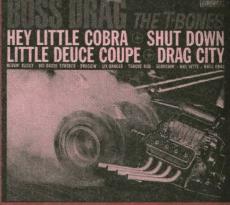












enny Bruce had a gag—he'd get warmed up on stage and slip his sportcoat off. "I'm gonna take off my jacket," he'd tell the audience. "It's time for the jacket off joke."

Whether you call these things jackets, sleeves or dust covers, the basic point of all the steaming photography on these vintage vinyl audio-disc storage folders is that sex sells. That is Rule One and it is ironclad: sex sells.

Many of these cheesecake record jackets are from musical genres where there were no stars, or even any names to hang your hat on. Genres like low-rent symphony, elevator pop, DIY stripping and burlesque, party records, hula, exotica. Here's the consumer, scratching his head over a rack of choices—he wants a hula record for a luau, but which meaningless title by which forgettable band will he take home? The whole business is baffling—mentally his situation is exactly equal to the grumpy bachelor sent to buy feminine hygiene products by his girlfriend. The words he sees are familiar but suddenly they make no sense. The products all kind of look the same.

The tampon guy has to find his own way out, but the record consumer flipping through the racks is suddenly saved by the sight of curves—it's a pretty girl, not wearing much clothing. He may not know RACK SACK



music, or art, but he knows what he likes. And here is what he likes.

o one milked the basic sex-sells concept better than Liberty Records did for Honolulu-based exotica pioneer Martin Denny. The Denny marketing ticket that Liberty so frequently punched was a model named Sandy Warner. She was an almond-eyed, curvaceous beauty in the pneumatic '50s mold, and she had, as Stewie Griffin would say, a balcony you could do Shakespeare from.

Denny himself didn't meet Sandy Warner until after his *Exotica* album was released and she introduced herself at one of his gigs. Denny kept recording, Warner kept posing, and the swingin' audiophile public grabbed disc after disc. Her impact was so profound that DJs of the day joked that they didn't know there was a record inside the jacket until they got it home. Altogether Sandy Warner graced 16 Martin Denny albums. On albums like *Exotica III* and *Exotic Sounds from the Silver Screen*, Warner's face was enough. On *Primitiva* her hair was

mussed and she wore ragged might-fall-off-anysecond cave-girl threads; for *Hypnotique* she donned a straight black wig with bangs and sprawled seductively across a scene of polished beatnik splendor.

The ultimate beatnik cover award, however, goes to one of the ultimate beatnik records: Tales of Manhattan: The Cool Philosophy of Babs Gonzales. The uninitiated might guess from the artist's feminine name that the urbane sophisticate with the deep-dish cleavage and deep blushing cheeks is Babs. Not so. Babs is the dude at the wheel of the two-tone sled behind her, parked on what looks like 7th Avenue in Greenwich Village, wearing shades at sunset. Babs was a jive-talking, jazz-blowing Jersey hipster, sort of an East Coast Lord Buckley, and Tales of Manhattan is a seminal roots record for Tom Waits fans. Vintage copies of this rare 1959 Jaro disc go for between \$90 and \$150 these days.

What exactly Babs was trying to express with this photo is hard to tell. The model is a

knockout, and her pectoral pulchritude is front and center. Her hairdo is set-and-forget easy care, perfect for the active life of the swinging stewardess or wild bachelorette secretary. Her coat and gloves are *Vogue* high fashion and would have suited Jackie Kennedy. Is she reluctantly leaving the company of her smooth-talking bop Romeo? Is the car door hitting her on her shapely rear on her way out? Something is happening here and it doesn't matter if Mr. Jones knows what it is. The disc was too cool for him anyway.

But high-concept jackets like Babs' were the exception. Most risqué covers are pretty straightforward—fit the title and artist names in around the girl and deliver the product to the racks. Get that sex out there.

A few Bunny Yeager-lensed photos of Bettie Page made it onto obscure records from the gritty Halo label. Halo frequently used girlie images. Spin-O-Rama, Tops and Crown were other poverty labels with a penchant for cheesecake covers.

The rumors about Mary Tyler Moore posing

for album covers appear to be true—she did a couple tame images for Tops, more pixie-ish than risqué. And even though she was not a raving beauty, actress Barbara Feldon—Agent 99—copped an album cover credit on a disc of barrelhouse songs.

Which is not to say that big names and big labels didn't strut forth with sexy covers sometimes. Jonah Jones was a very successful bandleader and a jazz legend-his name appears in giant letters on the Sands marquee in the famous 1960 Rat Pack film Oceans 11. In the late '50s Jones released several steaming covers on staid Capitol, including I Dig Chicks, which came lowriding home with the Grammy for best jazz group of 1958. Rita Hayworth took to gauzy fabrics and a few beads to show almost all her star quality on the ten-inch Decca soundtrack of 1953's Salome, in which she starred. One of Hayworth's first jobs in show biz was with Latin bandleader Xavier Cugat, a man who always had an eye for blonde bombshells. Cugat's album Ole

features his second wife Abbe Lane gyrating on the cover, and singing with the band inside. Guitar giant Duane Eddy added some filled-out fillies on the cover of his *Girls*, *Girls*, *Girls*, album. Country crooner Marty Robbins, always suave to the 10th power, used both his own dirtrack Ford and a gal on the cover of *Devil Woman*, but unfortunately the female, on close inspection, looks like a wax dummy.

ayne Mansfield falls into a category of her own in the album-art world. At the height of her popularity, she still posed for record sleeves—some bland, some hot—including six for the Crown label alone. Her raciest is probably *Music for Bachelors*, in which she sits wearing a filmy white nightgown, holding a telephone. In case there was any doubt about it being the real deal, right under her butt in tiny letters it says, "Posed for RCA Victor by Jayne Mansfield."

Ann Corio was a burlesque attraction as well as a B-movie headliner. She starred in a

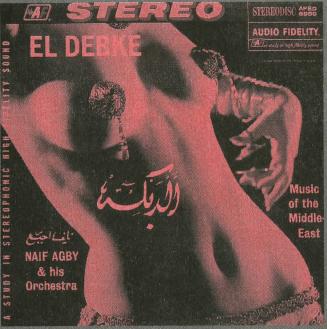
string of sizzlers in the 1940s with titles like Swamp Woman, Jungle Siren, and Sarong Girl. In 1962 she released How to Strip for your Husband on Roulette records, cashing in on the success of David Rose's brass-heavy top-40 hit, "The Stripper."

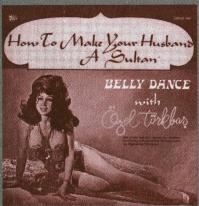
Which brings us to belly dancing records, which are an entire landscape unto themselves. The Middle East produces hostility and oil and not much else. They don't have liquor and eating the food makes you subject to farting hundreds of cubic yards of toxic gas.

But every stinky brown gastric cloud should at least have a pewter, if not silver lining and in this case it's belly dancing. Purists whine that belly dancing is a folk art that should be protected from corruption and carefully preserved against the commercialistic ravages of an uncomprehending and uncaring world.

Yatta, yatta and yatta yet again. American men have treated belly dancing as stripping with veils since the beginning. If that's wrong,

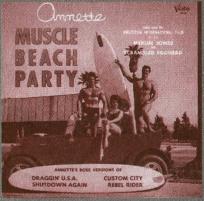




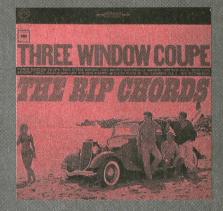












we don't wanna be right. The beginning was, in fact, the 1893 Columbia Exposition in Chicago. Little Egypt debuted there on the Midway. She walked, she talked, she crawled on her belly like a reptile. There wasn't a dry handkerchief in the house, and when the Expo ended, she had given half-dressed Middle-Eastern dancing the everlasting stamp of mature entertainment. Her name has been borrowed and stolen many times. It is so well known that over a century later, the words Little Egypt still conjure the instant image of a veiled desert dancer shaking her rupee maker. Belly dancing had spikes of popularity in the US in the 1950s and again in the 1970s, and the few recording artists who made belly dancing records played right to the burlesque angle with their cover art. One thing it's useful to know for Lenny Bruce's sake: the little finger cymbals used by belly dancers are called zills.

El Debke was released in 1957 by Audio Fidelity of New York, and the art direction here is classic. Straight to the point like a dart, no grey areas at all. The lovely torso belonged to a Middle Eastern dancer named Boubouka. She performed in burlesque clubs, and modeled on a number of belly dance albums. Nice pair of zills, eh?

ne of the sparks for the 1970s belly dance resurgence was the release of the album How to Make Your Husband a Sultan by a talented, top-heavy Turkish terpsichorean named Özel Türkbas. The album sold 150,000 copies in the U.S. and garnered Türkbas a few appearances on national TV shows. One of the concrete results of free speech was a fully topless belly dance cover, which must have been released in the narrow time frame when magazines were allowed topless cover photos—about 1969. Brit supergroup Blind Faith also released a full topless sleeve in '69.

The line between belly dance and strip was completely blurred on the cover of the Oscar records LP, *Music to Strip By*. The dancer has a steel bra and a veil—leaving one with a visual coded message like: stripping, belly dancing, it's all the same and here's some music for it.

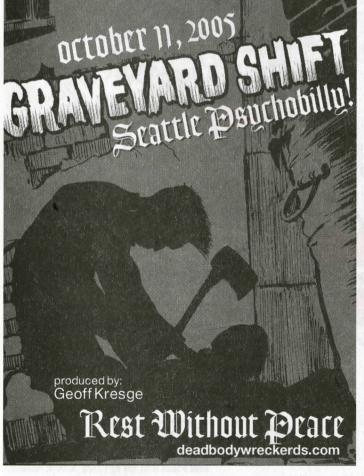
The only places sex wasn't paramount was the hotrod/teen rebel/surfer markets, in which case, sex was still a solid staple but a blown Chrysler, a Harley, or a 9'6" Bing might sell a tad better. This theory is pretty sharply disproven in the flea markets and thrift stores of modern America. You are far, far more likely to find bikini beauties, naughty nudes and hi-temp hula records than you are hotrod and auto racing discs.

There is one clear standout here, all the rarer for having good photos on the front and back: Annette's *Muscle Beach Party* album, which features a little of everything: a hotrod, a couple musclemen, a surfboard, and of course, fine Annette Funicello herself.

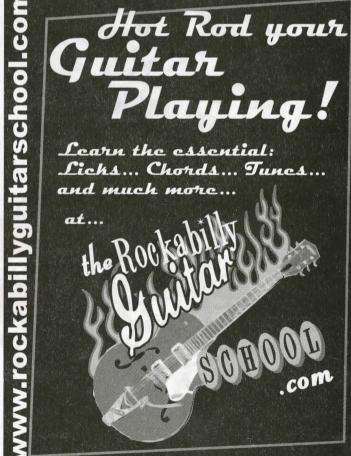
As a grown woman, the bosomy former Mouseketeer was blessed with some really keen

Rack & Roll cont'd on page 44

HOTT PODS BAING IT ON! On tour this fail with Roger Miret a. The Disasters and Left Alone



Album in stores Sept.13th



ww.hell-cat.com www.horrorpops.com

TATTOOS YOU'LL NEVER SEE



20 BARRACUDA MAGAZINE

Tattoo fonts and clip art from the Tattoo Fonts and Flash font set by Crack-A-Jack Studios.



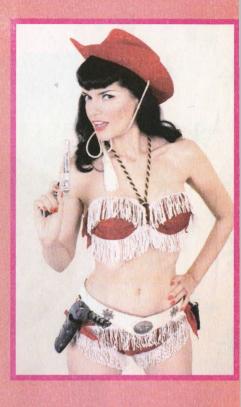


This Beauty Is A Cutie!

photos: Levi model: Bernie Dexter / Bernie Dexter.com







Our bodacious Barracuda Girl has what we like to call a "Supreme Court" figure—lots of appeal!

Not only is her face her fortune, her other parts draw considerable interest as well! With curves like these, our shapely lass Bernie isn't afraid to wear a bikini that will let her slink AND swim!











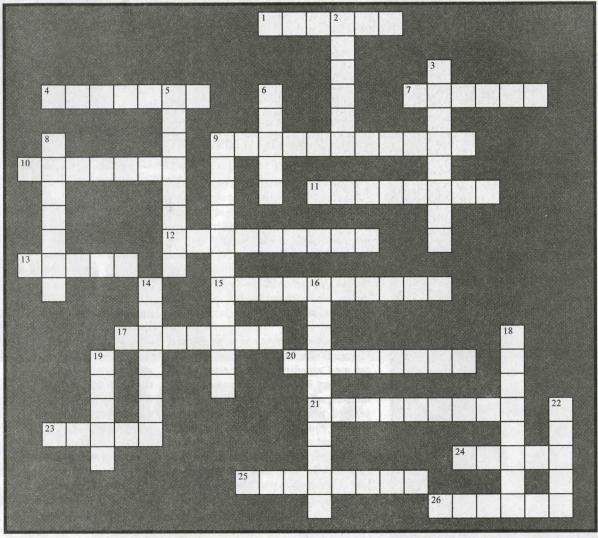
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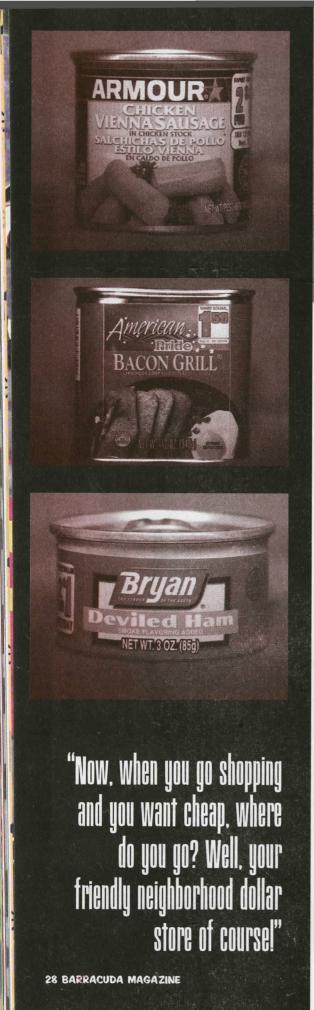
Barracuda Real-Man Crossword Puzzle!

WITH TOPICS CULLED FROM THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE AND BEYOND!



ACROS	S	DOWN	
1	In Fact publisher	2	Hockey player "Moose"
4	Rocket Richard's actual first name	3	The inventor of bifocals
7	The surfing gunsmoker	5	Kicked the extra point on the first Super Bowl touchdown
9	Thor Heyerdahl's adopted Polynesian last name	6	Has most NASCAR victories
10	Evel Knievel broke this man's arm with a baseball bat	8	Nickname of jazz artist David Newman
11	Jazz musician Babs who was Errol Flynn's chauffeur	9	Fought for baseball free agency after Curt Flood
12	Famous last name known for performance engine parts	14	Father of the Chrysler Turbine Car program
13	Edgar Leeteg's agent's last name	16	The Duke
15	Captain of the Endurance	18	Last name of Trader Vic
17	Driver of the Mormon Meteor	19	Lt. Bullitt's first name
20	Actor born John Joseph Patrick Ryan in 1920	22	Smart-alecky Chicago newspaper columnist
21	Obsessed FM radio inventor		
23	"Forward-looking" car designer		
24	Mr. Howard or Mr. Lambeau		ANSWERS ON PAGE 44!
25	Fatty Arbuckle's middle name		HNOWERS ON PAGE 44:
26	The only Hawaii Five-0 lead killed on the show		NO PEEKING!

PAGE 44! NO PEEKING!



The Barracuda Gourmet Takes On: Cheap Canned Meats!

he Barracuda Gourmet enjoys the finer things in life, yet he can't always afford them. Just recently the BG made a very extravagant purchase and now has to tighten his belt a bit until he recovers financially. And he realizes that you too, may be in a similar situation—say you got a custom paint job for your vintage ride, or you bought your lady a swanky gift. Hey, sometimes you just have to pay it forward, right?

This has inspired your friend the Barracuda Gourmet to find alternatives for our most expensive and essential part of the grocery list—meat. Now, when you go shopping and you want cheap, where do you go? Well, your friendly neighborhood dollar store of course! In this fabulous latest installment of the Barracuda Gourmet we examine and evaluate seven different varieties of dollar store meat and provide you with rich recipes that will be relished even by the most rapacious rapscallion!

Armour Chicken Vienna Sausage

Most funky ingredients: Mechanically separated chicken.

Appearance: These little guys look like mini hot dogs; they have a nice, pink color.

Taste: Tastes like a chicken hot dog. Cost: 2 for \$1

Overall rating: Would make a good snack when totally drunk.

Interesting recipe from website:

Vienna Guacamole

2 medium avocados, peeled and mashed 2 tbsp. lemon juice

1 tsp. garlic salt

1 5-oz. can ARMOUR® STAR VIENNA SAUSAGE, drained and finely diced green salsa to taste

Garnish: sour cream, diced tomatoes, and



Mix all ingredients except garnish. Garnish and serve with tortilla chips.

Armour Potted Meat

Most funky ingredients: Mechanically separated chicken and beef tripe.

Appearance: Baloney-colored mush.

Taste: This had an odd, smoky, baloney flavor that lingered in the mouth and gave me stinky smoke breath for a good half hour after consumption.

Cost: 3 for \$.99

Overall rating: Not recommended unless you enjoy squishy, smoky flavored meat products.

Interesting recipe from website:

Cheesy Meat Spread

1 3-oz. can ARMOUR® STAR POTTED MEAT FOOD PRODUCT

1/2 cup mayonnaise

1 7.5-oz. container pimiento cheese spread 1 tablespoon minced onion

assorted crackers

Combine all ingredients; beat at medium speed of electric mixer until smooth. Chill thoroughly. Serve on crackers.

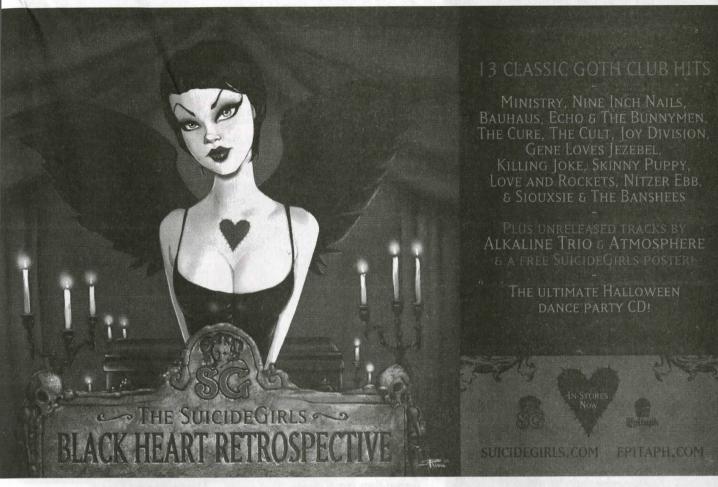
Prairie Belt Smoked Sausage

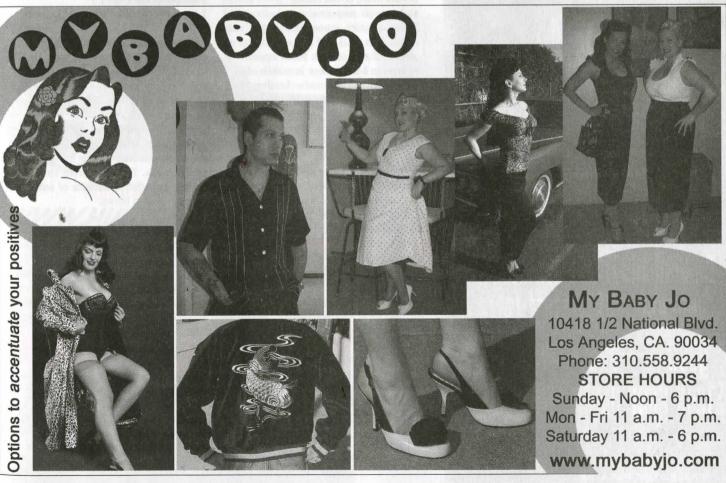
Most funky ingredients: Mechanically separated chicken, chicken skins, pork skins, pork spleens, pork stomachs.

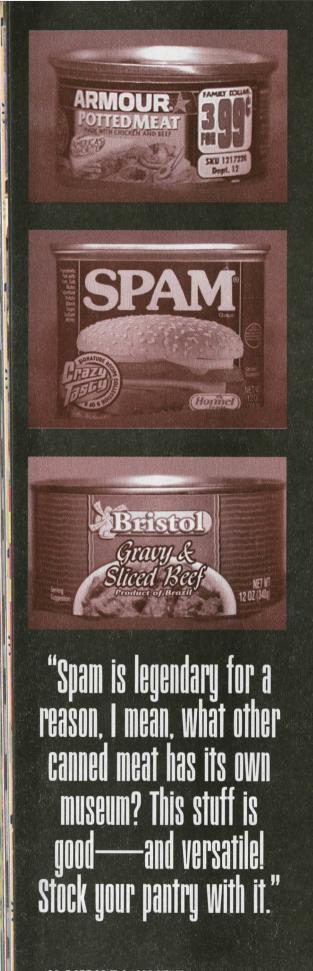
Appearance: Orangey-brown mini hot dogs. Taste: This actually wasn't taste-tested. Once we saw the ingredients we couldn't stomach a taste. Or even a whiff. The Barracuda Gourmet does have some standards, you know.

Cost: 2 for \$1

Overall rating: Buy this for the cool retro







label and display it on a shelf in your kitchen or use it as a paperweight. (No website.)

Bryan Deviled Ham

Most funky ingredients: Nothing skanky, just the typical chemicals like sodium nitrate.

Appearance: This had a funky white film on top of the pink, pulpy meat.

Taste: Tastes good and smoky just like a ham should!

Cost: 2 for \$1

Overall rating: If you can get over the squashy texture, this would make a fine sandwich filling.

Interesting recipe from website:

Deviled Ham and Cheese Squares

2 3-oz. cans Bryan Deviled Ham
4-oz. cream cheese, softened
2 green onions finely chopped
Mayonnaise
2-3 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon minced garlic
1 tablespoon India relish (sweet pickle)
Thin sliced bread

Cut crust from bread and cut each slice into four squares and toast one side of square. In a mixing bowl mix Bryan Deviled Ham, cream cheese, green onions and enough mayonnaise to soften. Add Worcestershire sauce, garlic, and India relish. Mix well and put a spoonful on untoasted side of each bread square. Put squares in baking sheet in middle of oven and slightly brown under broiler. Serve hot. These may be frozen uncooked.

Bristol Gravy & Sliced Beef

Most funky ingredients: Nothing too serious, just MSG.

Appearance: A beige gel topped this off, and when you dig deep under it you got actual chunks of beef in a sauce.

Taste: The texture of the meat was a little tough and stringy, but the taste wasn't repulsive.

Cost: A higher-end product at \$1.50 a can. Overall rating: This is a product of Brazil, but the eating experience was eerily reminiscent of an elementary school cafeteria mystery meat fricassee.

(No website.)

American Pride Bacon Grill Luncheon Loaf

Most funky ingredients: Mechanically separated chicken, other than that, nothing too sketchy.

Appearance: This didn't deliver on the

visual, it was yet another pink mound of mush. However, it was a more firm mush. Taste: When sliced up and fried until crisp, it was pretty tasty!

Cost: Another high-priced item at \$1.50. Overall rating: Even comes with a cooking suggestion for Mexican Egg Casserole that sounds pretty great! Go for it! (No website.)

Hormel Spam

Most funky ingredients: Nothing unusual, it's a pretty straight shot of pork and ham. Appearance: A lovely, firm mold of pale pink meat.

Taste: A lovely hammy taste.

Cost: This is the Cadillac of canned meats at \$2.25!

Overall rating: Spam is legendary for a reason, I mean, what other canned meat has its own museum? This stuff is good—and versatile! Stock your pantry with it.

Interesting recipe from website:

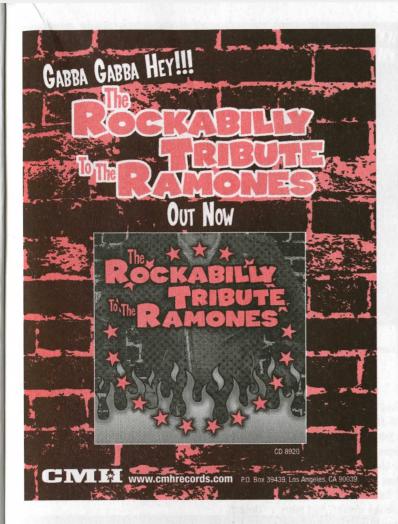
Barbecue Spam Muffins

1 12-oz. can Spam Classic
2 cans large refrigerated buttermilk biscuits
1/3 cup finely chopped onion
1/3 cup ketchup
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon chili powder
2 teaspoons cider vinegar
1 cup finely shredded mozzarella cheese

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Lightly grease 48 miniature muffin tins. Divide biscuits into thirds and press into bottoms and up sides of prepared muffin tins. In large skillet combine Spam and onion and sauté until onion is softened and Spam is heated and lightly browned. Add ketchup, brown sugar, chili powder and vinegar. Divide mixture evenly among muffin cups. Top each with shredded cheese. Bake for 18 minutes or until biscuits are golden brown.

o my friends, this journey into bargain-basement meat has taught the ever-so-frugal BG that sometimes cheap isn't always best. And when it comes to meat, if you can't splurge on the good stuff, maybe you're better off just learning to cook hearty fruits and vegetables!







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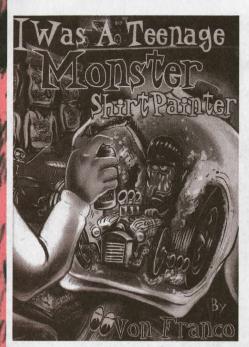


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I Was A Teenage Monster Shirt Painter DVD

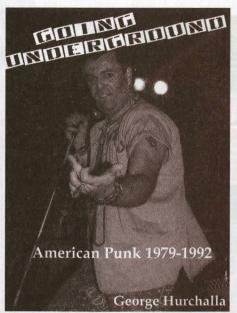
Some years ago, pinstriper and hot rod artist Von Franco released a self-produced book called *I Was A Monster Teenage Shirt Painter*, which chronicled how he got his start as an artists. It was a really fun and informative book that unfortunately went out of print after a relatively short print run.

But wipe away those tears! The Mad Fabricators Society, producers of the muchbeloved *Mad Fabricators* DVD series have brought Von Franco's tale back to life as documentary!

Von Franco talks about how, as a child, he was fascinated by a beatnik, jazz-cat hot rodder who lived in his neighborhood. From this simple genesis, Franco started making monster shirts and sweatshirts with felt-tip pens and spray paint, inspired by the ads he saw in hot rod magazines of the 1960s. Franco talks about what he learned (usually "the hard way") as he met more artists and developed his own skills.

Franco talks plenty about working with Ed Roth, with lots of crazy stories and tough lessons learned. But Franco also talks about his other influences and gives them their due—artists such as Mouse, Dean Jeffries, Ed Newton and George Barris.

The DVD version, thankfully, manages to recreate the same wacky, fun and 'tude-less tone of the original book. An added bonus is the actual "how-to" lessons included in the video, where we see Franco at an easel, going through the steps of teaching you to make your own monster t-shirt. Background music for the DVD is provided by worthy rockers such as The Dynotones, The Bomboras, Kunckle Drager and the Invisible Surfers.



Going Underground: American Punk 1979-1992 George Hurchalla Zuo Press—315 pages

In the self-published Going Underground: American Punk 1979-1992, author George Hurchalla does a nice job of writing about the American punk rock scene in national terms. Of course, he has to write about bands that everyone and your mother has heard of. But, thankfully, he never means for this book to be the end-all, be-all source on the matter. And more importantly, he also spends plenty of time covering what was going on in his local scene and his life personally.

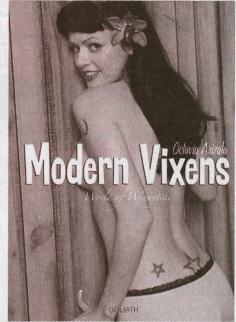
Going Underground is the way books about punk should be written—from a personal and local perspective. Sure, there were nationally-known punk bands, but each punk scene existed primarily as a local scene. And all of the nationally-known acts started out in the same way—three or four scuzzy people, playing crappy shows around their own town for no money. Any book that tries to be the definitive tome on punk and writes only about nationally-known bands will ultimately be leaving out far, far more than they include—which is the opposite of definitive and kind of misses the whole point.

This book's informal and very personal tone is a refreshing and much-needed counter-point to the string of pretentious and overbearing retrospectives on American punk that have been written in recent years. The humorless, definitive, blowhard, "my way or the highway" tone of those other books is completely unwarranted and off the mark, considering the inclusive, DIY nature of the scene they are writing about.

Another thing that sets Going Underground apart from other books about punk is that Hurchalla makes no effort to retrofit the scene with some kind of sense of seriousness or importance. Yeah, sure, the fashions

and sounds of punk have gone mainstream. But Hurchalla correctly argues that it was the utter *lack* of a sense of importance that made punk rock so fun.

An excellent stab at a complicated and interesting subject.

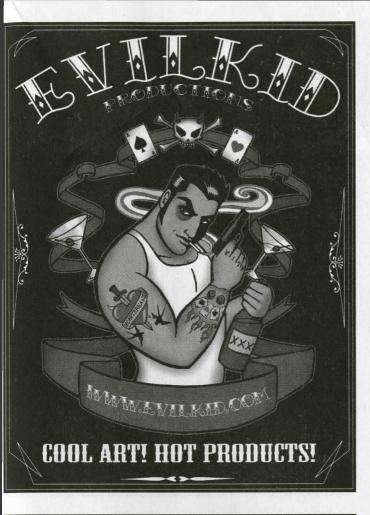


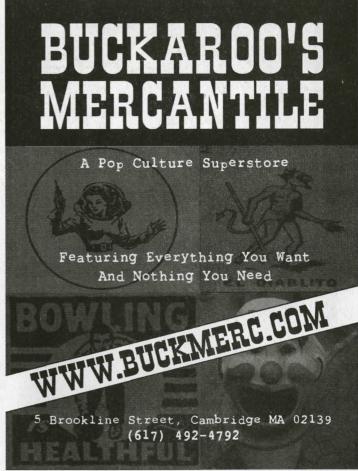
Modern Vixens World of Winkytiki Octavio Arizala Goliath

Frequent *Barracuda* photographer Octavio, best-known as the man behind the website winkytiki.com now finally has his very own book! This lush, 367-page compendium is wall-to-wall with Octavio's unique take on pin-up-style photography.

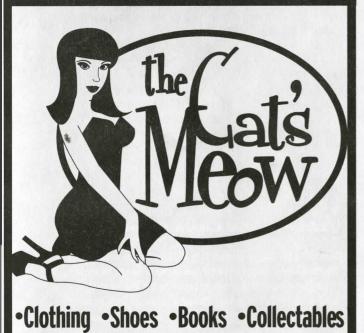
He does not just slavishly mimic the style of vintage pin-ups, however. Octavio clearly borrows heavily from the genre, but he picks and chooses poses, lighting and styling cues from the olde tyme stuff and mixes it with his own tastes. The result is sexy, fun photography that stays mostly on the modest side of the fence, while allowing more room for lust and eroticism than vintage photos could ever have.

The big doses of kitsch and pop culture nods assures the reader that there is always a "wink" in winkytiki. It's cover-to-cover with lovely ladies!



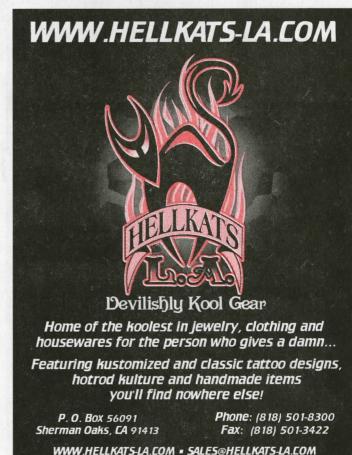




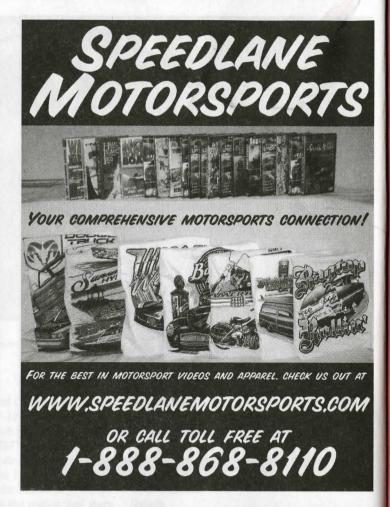


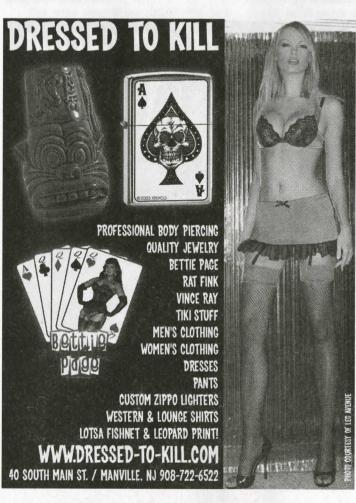
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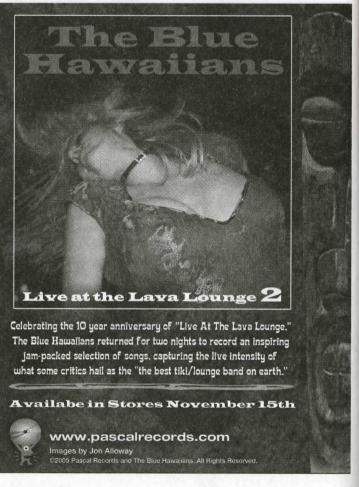
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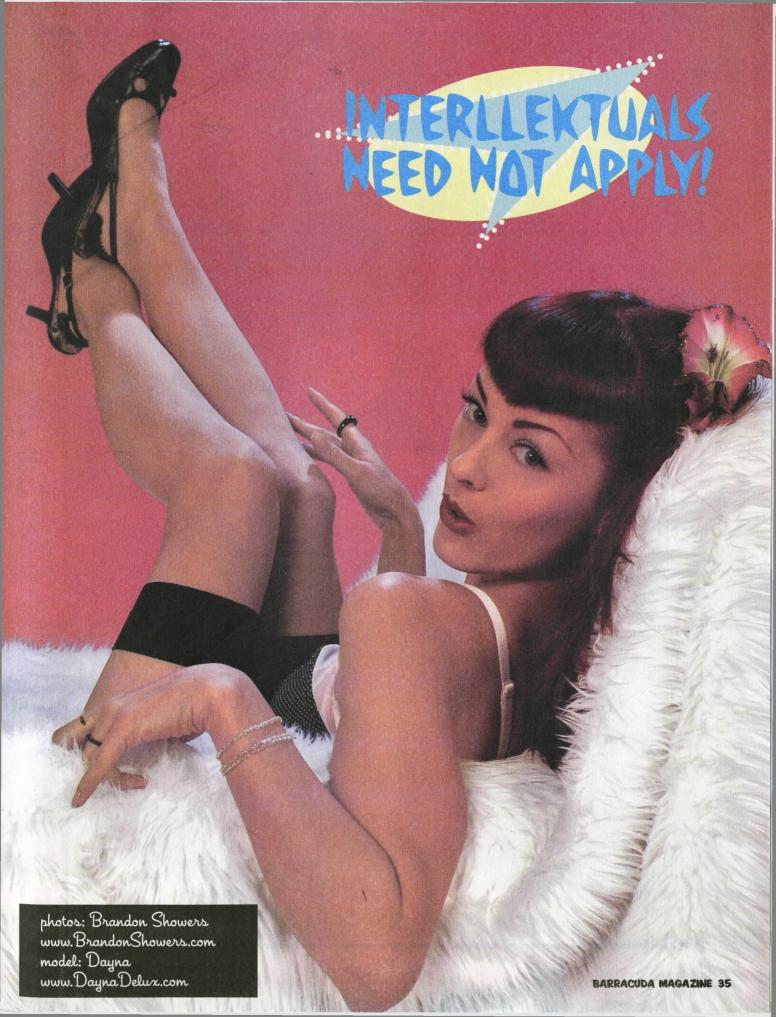


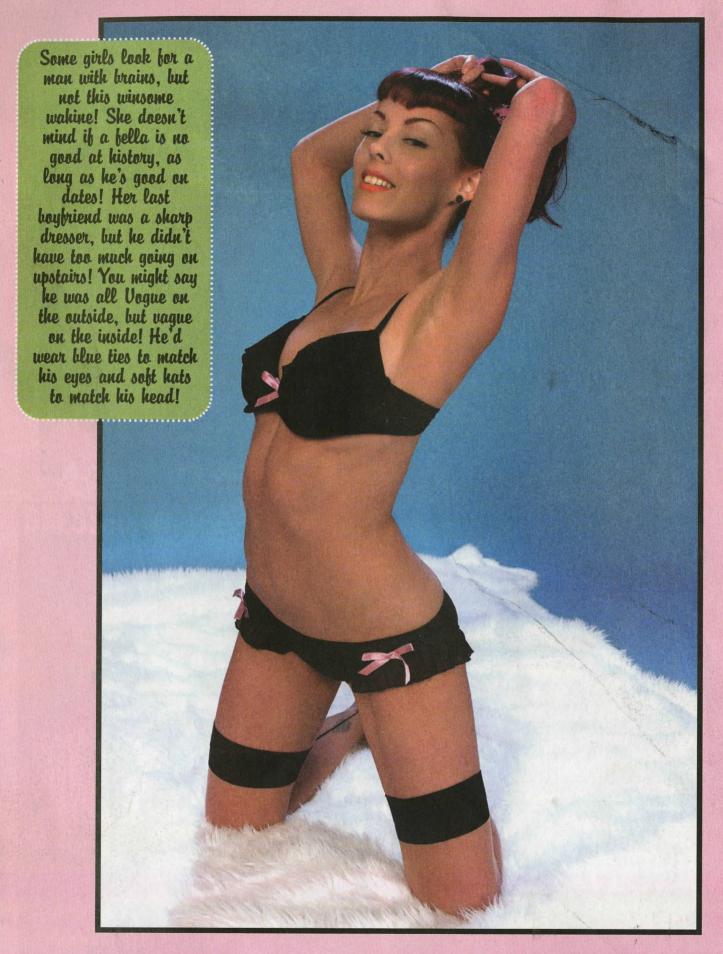


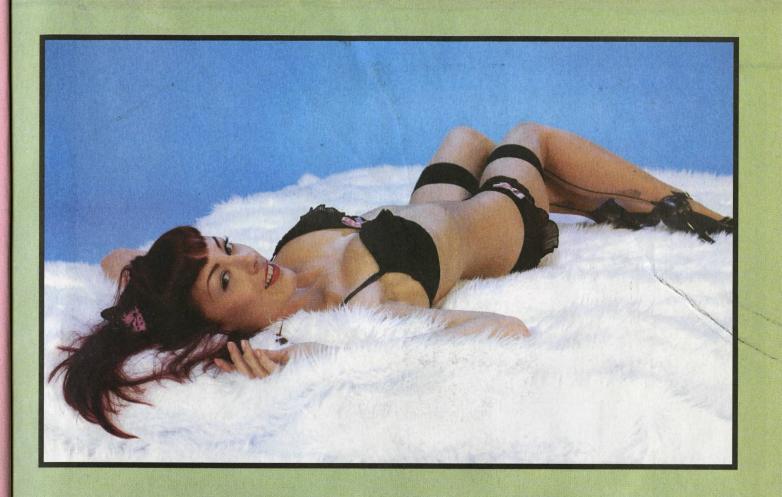


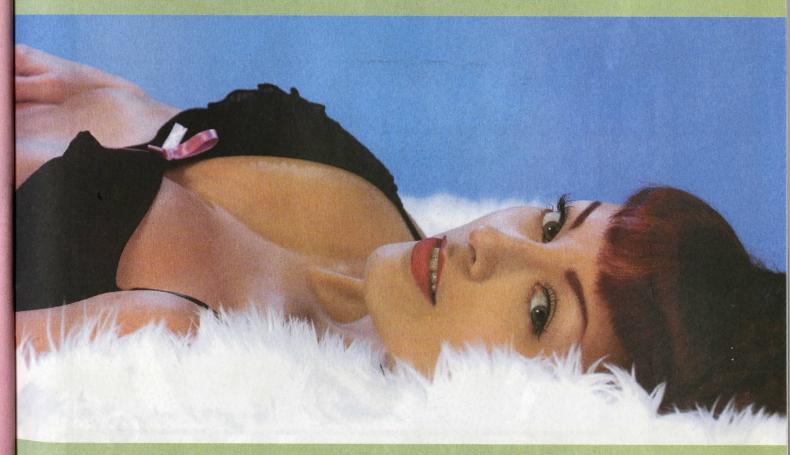


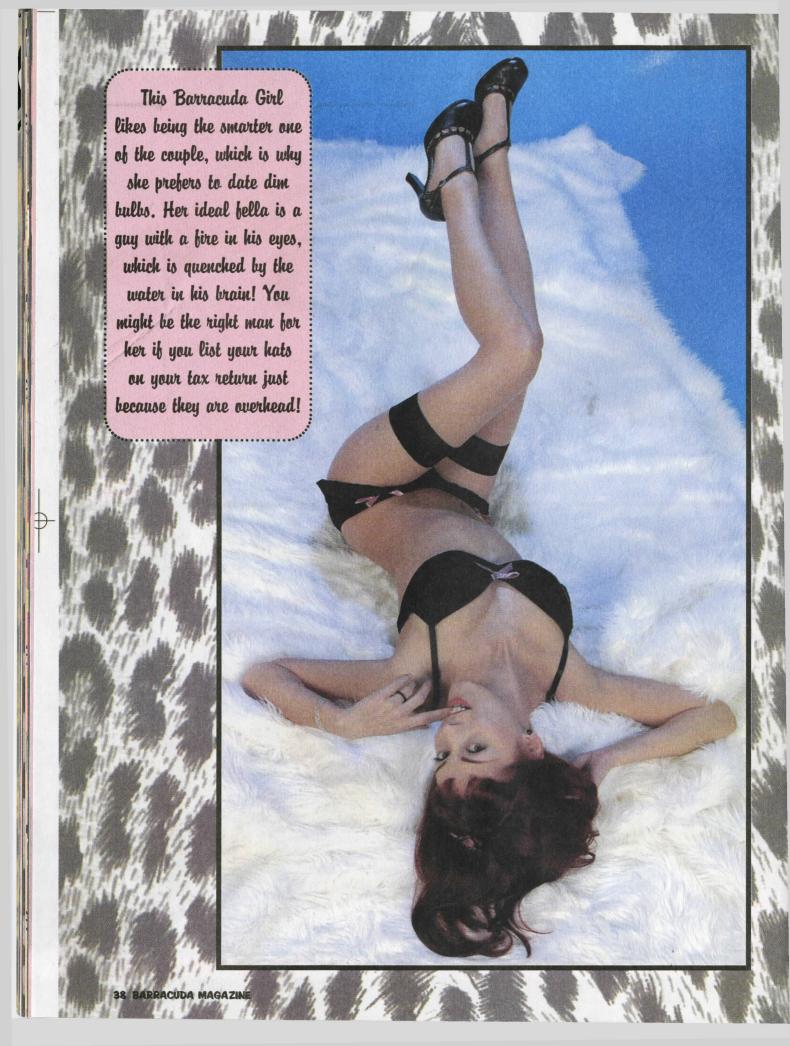




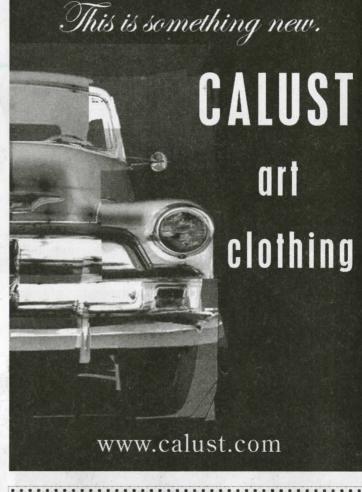


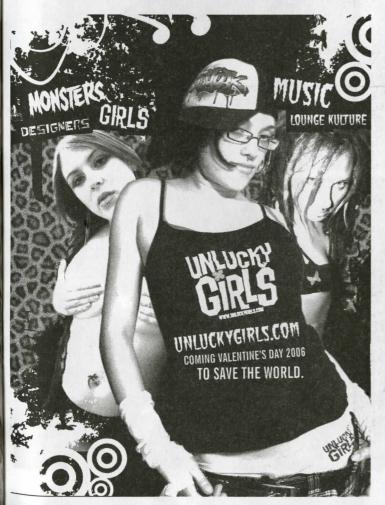


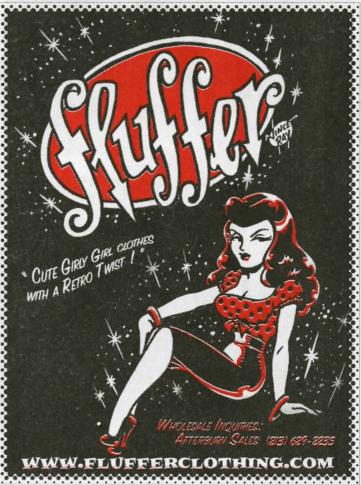












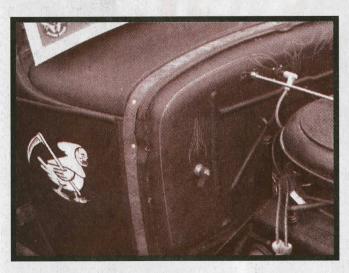


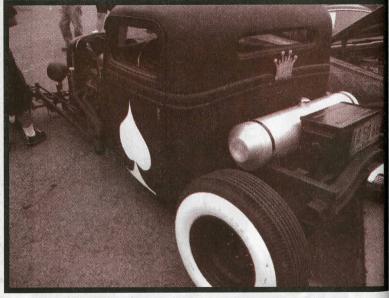
his was the 3rd year for one of Southern California's newest hot rod shows, the Primer Nationals. Any car show that champions low-buck, L fusty, mean, un-fancy cars is always popular with us. But an added bonus of the Primer Nationals is that it's held in the semi-sleepy burg of Ventura, California. It's a great town to visit, with four or five killer thrift shops within walking distance of one another, some good fishing and some very tasty burritos to be found in the "bad" part of town. So many hot rod shows are held in the height of the summer at inland locations with mind-warping, skin-searing, three-digit temperatures. Not the Primer Nats-and we love 'em for it. Ventura is right on the coast and is usually quite temperate, but the location for the show itself a stone's throw from the ocean. The very nice facility—The Ventura County Fairgrounds at Seaside Park—is home to many a sprint car race and swap meet. Hundreds of cars were on hand, as were plenty of hot rod artists, pinstripers and vendors with the koolest lowbrow stuff for sale. There was everything from books and magazines to car parts. Everything a rat rodder needed for a day of fun, finishing a ride or furnishing a house was available here. Beer was flowing and bands were rocking.





2005 Primer Nationals



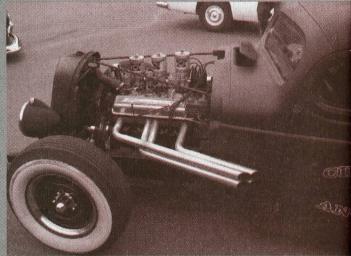


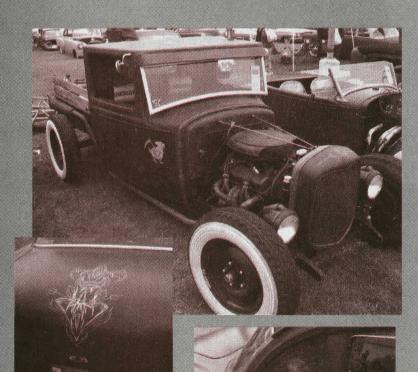


BARRACUDA MAGAZINE 41





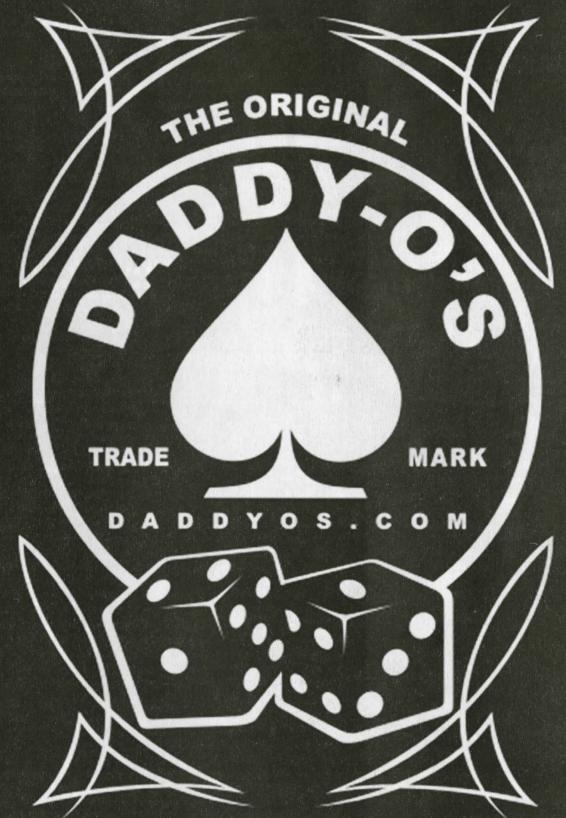








42 BARRACUDA MAGAZINE



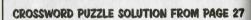
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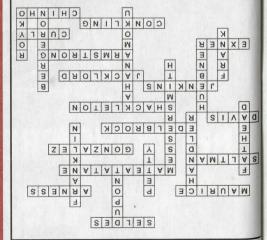
curves. Sadly for us, Annette limited her beachy posing to granny-style tank bathing suits that revealed about as much a cinder-block wall. And really, casting Annette as a So-Cal beach bunny makes as much sense as it would have to, say, cast Bela Lugosi as an Irish bartender. Here again, today's used record racks reflect how well her marketing as a tan queen really went. Not very.

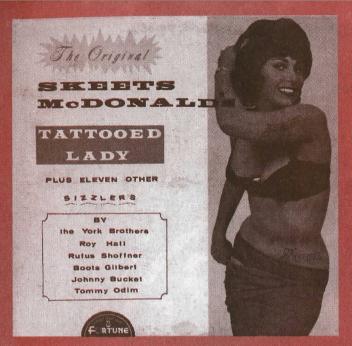
ountry and western is one of the few genres that, as a rule, steered off of sexy jackets at the poverty level. You're more likely to see photos of the lonesome prairie than you are comely cowgirls. Truck driving compilations were kind of an exception, often featuring a left-behind diner waitress with a nice behind, or a gal with a suitcase on the roadside and a Freightliner cab door swung open by a dashing diesel dude. The Daisy-Duke-ified cover shown here is about as extreme as ramblin' rig jackets ever got.

Low-ball marks are due to Fortune Records for their Tattooed Lady cover art. Fortune was a talent-rich Detroit label with a stable best known for black artists like Nolan Strong and Andre Williams, and Detroit hillbillies like the York Brothers. Skeets McDonald's Tattooed Lady was a pretty risqué record in its day, as are the other titles on here, gems like "Birthday Cake Boogie," and "She Won't Turn Over For Me." It looks like the Fortune art department—if they had one—bought a stock men's magazine lingerie photo, spent about 70 seconds adding "tattoos" with a ballpoint, and shipped it out. This is an extremely rare record, but also a sadly squandered cover art opportunity.

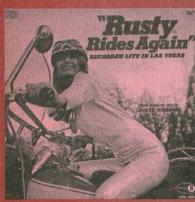
Gathering up these kinds of records is basically good, semi-clean fun. Usually pretty cheap, too. Unlike other kinds of record collecting, though, once you've got your mind right that it's all about the cover art, you can pitch most of the discs. It makes storage easier, transportation lighter, and gives you that good jacket-off feeling.











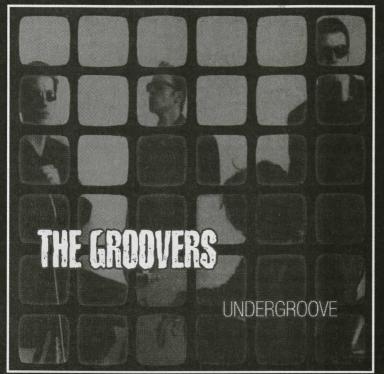








THE COOL AND THE CRAZY FROM BLOOD RED!



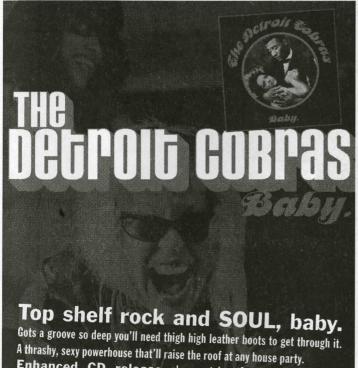
From a basement in Paris... Four swingin' hipsters kick the fuzz, flash and Farfisa all the way to the States with THE debut disc of the year. Hear the sounds that have the kids on the Continent stomping

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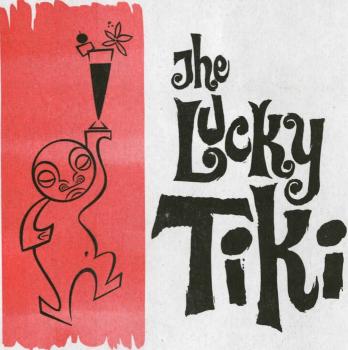


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A PARTING GLANCE! We couldn't end an issue without saying farewell to our fair model Anneliese! With an outfit like this, you can definitely tell this Barracuda Girl likes to be seen in the best places!

Photo: Shannon Brooke www.shannonbrookeimagery.com Model: Anneliese www.pinmeup.net

46 BARRACUDA MAGAZINE



looue #23
All-Barracuda Girl Special Collector's Edition!
Burracuda Girls, Barracuda Girls, Barracuda
Girls and Barracuda Girls.



looke #22
The Lotso Tiki Issue! The "E! B Tiki" hot rod,
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Looke #21 Real Man Bill Mauldin, How To Start Your Own Religion, Barracuda Girls galore and much more!



looke #20
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Gourmet Coaks For Two and much more!



Looke #19
peed: The World's Fastest Cars, The 197374 Philadelphia Flyers, The First Great
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The World's Fastest Fluthead! Anterctic
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5th Anniversory ish! Real Man Art Arfans,
Barracuda Girl Retrospective!



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Inside The Batmobile!, Barracuda Girl Paget
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"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER WHEN
I WENT TO YOUR FIRST HUSBAND'S FUNERAL—
THE CORPSE HAD SUCH A RELIEVED LOOK!"







