

BARRACUDA

Issue #25
\$3.50 U.S.A.
\$5.75 CANADA

♠♦♣♥♠♦♣♥
**LAS VEGAS INSIDER
SPECIAL EDITION!**
♥♣♦♠♥♣♦♠

**TIPS ON THE REAL
BEST OF VEGAS!**

INTERVIEW WITH VEGAS COMEDY LEGEND

RUSTY WARREN

IMPERIAL PALACE AUTO COLLECTION

BARRACUDA GIRL PIN-UPS!

Yesterday's
Stag Magazine
of the Future
Today!

MEN'S LIFESTYLE / AUTOS



61



Daddy-O's



Retro Clothing For Men & Ladies

Shop Online

WWW.DADDYOS.COM

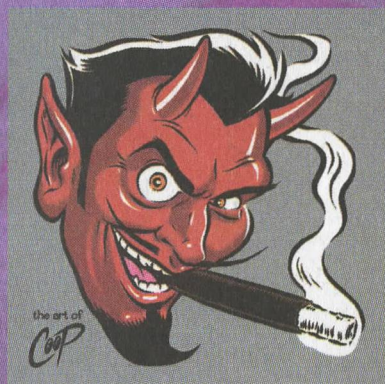
CHEERS!

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE: THE ART OF COOP

hardcover, 208 pgs.
\$ 39.95

LIMITED
EDITION

w/ clamshell case
and serigraph
S/N edition of 666
\$250.00

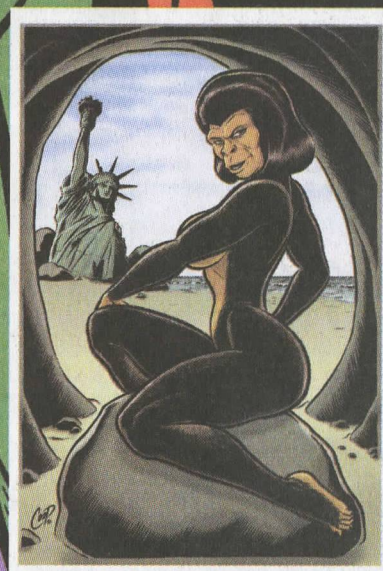


COOP IN
SWITZERLAND

serigraph
S/N edition of 500
\$ 40.00

SEXY BEAST

iris/geclee
S/N edition of 50
\$300.00



WWW.COOPSTUFF.COM

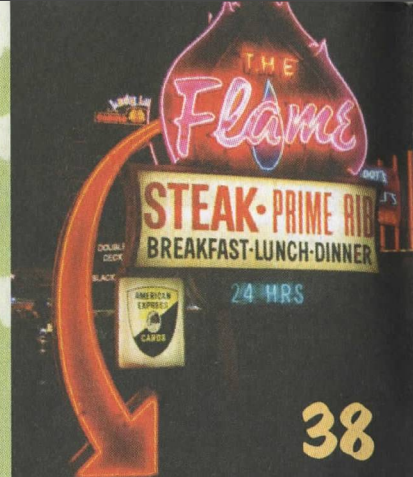
COOPSTUFF P.O. BOX 39997 LOS ANGELES, CA. 90039

niquity
MODESTO, CA.



LAS VEGAS INSIDER SPECIAL EDITION!

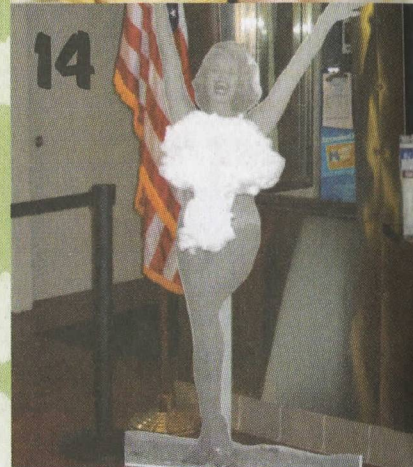
A VEGAS SHOWGIRL'S PICKS!	6
LEE'S DISCOUNT LIQUOR	8
SHE'S SO FINE! (PICTORIAL)	12
ATOMIC TESTING MUSEUM!	14
BARRACUDA GOURMET GOES VEGAS	20
FRANKLY FRANKIE! (PICTORIAL)	22
THE LIBERACE MUSEUM	26
RUSTY WARREN-THE KNOCKERS UP GAL!	28
BEAUTY PARLOR BEAUTIES! (PICTORIAL)	35
LAS VEGAS NEON SIGN MUSEUM	38
IMPERIAL PALACE AUTO COLLECTION	42
LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING! (CARTOONS)	48



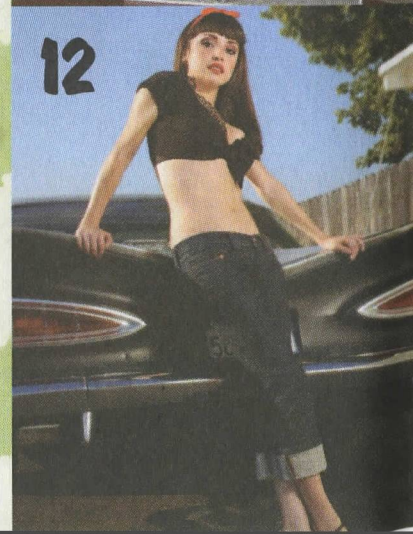
38



22



14



12

The
Happiest
Place
On
Earth

4640
Paradise Road
LAS VEGAS
702-791-5775



DOUBLE
DOWN
SALOON

doubledownsaloona.com

**Starlite
ROOM**

**LONG BEACH
CALIF**

2220 East 4th St. (562)434-3726
www.starliteroom.com

Meow™

S-Kail

meow
Never worn
vintage fashion
and accessories
from the '40s to '80s

CF

2210 E. 4th St. Long Beach, CA 90814
1.562.438.8990 meouvintage.com

Hot Rod & Cycle

RETRO HOT ROD SEATS
BOMBER STYLE SEATS
RETRO SHIFT BOOTS
INTERIOR KITS

www.barrettdesigns.net

"THE ONLY WAY CUSTOM COMES IN A BOX"

PARTS & ACCESSORIES FOR RADICALLY ALTERED VEHICLES

Barrett Designs
9 Matthews Drive #A4 E.Haddam Ct 06423

860/873.3607

**"YESTERDAY'S STAG
MAGAZINE OF THE
FUTURE TODAY"**

BARRACUDA MAGAZINE

P.O. BOX 291873
LOS ANGELES, CA 90029
(323)769-5630

MAIL@BARRACUDAMAGAZINE.COM
WWW.BARRACUDAMAGAZINE.COM

SUBSCRIPTION/BACK ISSUE INFO:

SEE ORDER FORM IN BACK OF MAG

Single copies of the current issue are
\$5 each (\$6.25 Canada/Mexico,
\$7.50 outside North America)
Four-issue subscriptions are \$12
(\$18 Canada/Mexico, \$24 outside North
America). California residents must add
8.25% sales tax. All orders must be in U.S.
funds. Or order with a credit card over the
phone or on our website.



Publisher/Editor-In-Chief
Jeff Fox

Managing Editor ♦ Smitty Saeufer

Associate Editors

Rodney Anonymous ♦ Jeremy Carver ♦ G.J.
Caulfield ♦ Chris Devlin ♦ Eric Hoffman ♦
Tina Kozik ♦ Josh Lane ♦ Dan Mapp ♦
Mako Pilferer ♦ Helen Trunkenbold ♦
Shivon Vanessa ♦

Cover Photo ♦ Shannon Brooke
Model ♦ Frankie Sin

Photos ♦ Paget Brewster ♦ Shannon
Brooke ♦ Roy DesPingres ♦ Jeff Fox ♦
Octavio ♦ Brandon Showers ♦

Art ♦ Jim Krewson ♦ Chic Tongue ♦
TOC illustration ♦ Derek Yaniger

DISTRIBUTED THROUGH: Armadillo,
Homestead, Ingram Periodicals,
Kustomnewsstand.com, Last Gasp, Media
Solutions, Newsways, Tower Records & Books,
Ubiquity. *We are no longer available
through Desert Moon Periodicals, Get Hip
or Hepcat Records. If your store has been
ordering Barracuda through these
distributors, contact us to deal direct or
for new distributor contact information.*

STORE OWNERS: Call or email us for simple
wholesale terms and easy ordering!

ADVERTISERS: Call or email us for info on
effective advertising at affordable rates.

All contents ©2006 Barracuda Magazine unless
otherwise specified. No portion of this magazine
may be reprinted or reproduced in whole or in
part without written permission from the pub-
lisher. Barracuda is published three times a
year. Email for submission guidelines.

**VOTED #1 MAGAZINE
BY MAGAZINE VOTER'S MAGAZINE!**

A LETTER FROM YOUR EDITOR



I like Vegas. I like to eat. I like to drink. I like to gamble. I like to run around. I like to get out of town. I like to look at junk. But it occurred to me that there's a lot of Vegas that I'm *really* not interested in. The stuff I'm talking about is the retail chain, faux-upscale stuff, which seems to be everywhere in Vegas now. Vegas used to give you good deals on food, booze and lodging to entice you to lose money gambling. The new hotel casinos have decided that they can charge an arm and a leg for everything, force guests through a labyrinthine mall to get from the parking lot to the check-in desk and they'll keep coming.

These kinds of hotels have little appeal to me. Don't get me wrong, I don't have some ironic love of squalor and grittiness. It's just that my wants are modest and my palate is as sensitive as a runaway dump truck. So, there is a pretty low level of diminishing returns for me in terms of fanciness and expense. Upscale is largely lost on me. Nice is nice to me, but super-expensive, ritzy-glitz is still only nice to me. The price of a good or service can go up, but the *value* has a very low ceiling to me, if that makes sense. Spending money just to look or feel affluent has little appeal to me.

Anyway, that's the idea behind the Vegas Insider Edition. Well, the real idea is for me to have an excuse to go to Vegas. But officially, the idea is for us to write about stuff going on in Vegas that's a tad different. We believe these are the kinds of things that Barracuda readers might be interested in, rather than the kinds of high-profile, over-priced attractions that you hear about on the news. At the crossroads of Frugality Blvd. and Boozehound Way, down the street from Geek Gulch and Crapshooter Alley, that's where we're hoping to take you.

A funny thing about businesses in Vegas is that everything is voted as something. By that, we mean that seemingly every ad in Vegas has a tagline, "Voted best so-and-so by so-and-so magazine." While we wonder how the residents of Vegas ever have time to go to work (what with all the voting that they do) I feel obliged to jump on the bandwagon and give some of my personal picks and stories about Vegas.

My favorite hotels are the Gold Coast and the Imperial Palace. I would have never tried the Gold Coast if it weren't for Viva Las Vegas and the Punk Rock Bowling Tournament. For both events, I stayed there at the Gold Coast out of necessity, but now I

genuinely like the place on its own merits. The rooms are completely fine and clean. They are nothing fancy, but they are nice. The staff at this hotel always seem pretty normal and genial. Another plus for the Gold Coast is that it has a bowling alley.

Another reason I like the Gold Coast is that it is a good-sized casino, but it is not a mammoth ordeal to get around in. The front desk is right at the front entrance. Aside from the tight gauntlet you have to run past the bar to get to the elevators, it's all pretty manageable. And I guess riders of the PBR bull riding circuit often stay there. It's neat to see someone wearing a big white cowboy hat and nonchalantly carrying a saddle through a casino like it was a piece of luggage.

I also like the Imperial Palace. It has pretty reasonable room prices, considering its great location—right in the middle of the Strip. One word of warning is that you may have to take *two* elevators to get to the really cheap rooms. I'm not kidding.

Some of the older rooms at the IP are a little rough around the edges, but they're perfectly acceptable. Be sure to check out the Dealertainers at the IP. These are blackjack dealers who do celebrity impersonations (and I use the term "impersonations" loosely). They even get up on a little stage and lip sync to songs. I swear the Bruce Springsteen guy broke a sweat belting out Thunder Road. Good or bad, it's all very fun to watch.

The Imperial Palace is also home to an amazing car collection, and a great Chinese food restaurant—The Ming Terrace.

And right across the street is Caesar's Palace, the location of Evel Knievel's famous jump over the casino's fountains in 1967. But the area around the fountains appears to have changed so much since then that it's nearly impossible to figure out where it all went down.

Next to that is the oh-so-fancy mall known as the Forum Shops at Caesar's. The mall is largely not worth mentioning except for its little-known secret—it houses one of only four Agent Provocateur stores in the entire U.S. Uncover this gem of a lingerie store for your lady and she'll thank you.

Don't stick around the Forum for the animatronic Greek statue shows unless you're high on something or extremely easily amused. All the way at the end of the Forum is a pretty amazing aquarium and you'll see lots of amusing, high-fashion Japanese tourists along the way. But it's not really worth the exhausting,



Above left: The Aztec Inn. There's no place like it—I hope. Above right: The Aztec Inn “hotel.” It was slightly nicer when I stayed there.

circuitous walk. The Agent Provocateur store is right near the entrance off the Strip. So, you can get in and get out.

In the outlying areas of Vegas are large casinos, which are often known as the casinos that locals go to. They tend to have a more subdued atmosphere, plus things like movie theaters and bowling alleys. They're like malls with lots and lots of slot machines.

Out-of-towners will probably not find a locals casino very exciting. But making the trek out to Texas Station is worthwhile because of its Austins Steak House. I usually shy away from superlatives, but I am going on the record here to say that their rib eye is *the best steak I've ever had*. This is, however, a pretty expensive steak, which I can afford *maybe* once every two years. But this is a rare example (real maple syrup being another) where I think the high cost is justified. Go easy on the sides at Austins. They're huge.

Also, when straying from the Strip, be sure to check out downtown. It can be a tad depressing, but the real appeal of the place is that you can walk around to a bunch of different casinos and attractions very easily. The Fremont Street Experience is a little bit hokey. Half Bourbon Street, half Universal Citywalk, it's kind of the worst of both worlds. But checking out the Neon Museum is a good excuse to visit downtown.

I was very much looking forward to writing about the museum and the related neon boneyard—an industrial lot where the weather-beaten neon signs are kept before being refurbished. But the people who run the Neon Museum told us that we would have to pay \$250 an hour for the privilege of taking photos of the boneyard because *Barracuda* was so “small time.” They then went on to say that if we were someone big like *Vogue*, they would kind enough to let us promote their attraction at no charge. When I told them we were not in the habit of paying to provide them with publicity, they offered to sell us images at \$25 apiece.

So, rather than recommending paying to go see the boneyard, I'd like to suggest instead that they kiss the part of me that goes over the fence last. And I'll only charge them \$125 an hour for that.

Las Vegas is also home to the second-worst

hotel I have ever stayed in, the Aztec Inn. (It actually held the title of #1 worst hotel for years, being dethroned only very recently by the San Francisco fleabaggery, the Broadway Manor Inn.) A bunch of friends were staying at the Sahara and were paying \$120 a night for their rooms because it was some holiday weekend. I had deemed this amount to not be worth it and opted for cheaper accommodations at the Aztec. I found the room at the Aztec online, knowing nothing about it except that it was not too far from the Sahara and really, really, really cheap. I believe it was \$39 a night.

The Aztec turned out to be really quite raunchy by anyone's standards. It was one of those places that calls itself a hotel, but seems to have a lot of suspiciously long-term residents and a lot of suspiciously short-term residents, i.e. “ask about our hourly rates.”

There were shady dudes hanging out on the exterior walkways pretty much constantly, having clever repartee outside our door *all night*. Some of them were nice enough to knock on our door in the morning and offer us what they claimed was Thai stick, a curious commodity that was thought to only still exist in Cheech & Chong bits.

My co-pilot on this mission was my pal Pappy. The fact that Pappy is an instructor in Filipino Kali (a martial art involving fighting with sticks) did not make either one of us feel much safer. We wedged a chair up against the door at night. I graciously offered Pappy the bed, but in fact, I wanted to sleep behind the bed, on the floor. I hoped the mattress would provide *some* measure of protection from stray bullets. When we left the hotel in the morning, we didn't leave a single thing in the room. It all went into the trunk of the car.

As scuzzy as the hotel was, I felt it was “worth the money.” It was not a good hotel, but it was a *good value*. It is a subtle, but notable distinction. We really only went there to pass out. The Sahara was certainly nicer, but it wasn't *that much* nicer—not three times nicer. As I am so fond of saying, “All hotel rooms look the same when you're asleep.” (I used to say, “All hotel rooms look the same in the dark,” until my stay at the Aztec. Light from the Stratosphere relentlessly flooded through the Aztec's anemic cur-

tains. So, the room never actually did get dark.)

Adjacent to the hotel was the Aztec Inn Casino, which was not much more than a bleak room of slot and video poker machines manned by grim gamblers. But the Aztec also had a small diner which advertised a breakfast of two eggs, hash browns, toast and coffee for \$1.49. This is where I was going to *really* make my money on the deal. The last morning we were there, I had the breakfast. It ruled. The attentive waitress kept my coffee cup topped off (probably because I was the only customer who wasn't eating his eggs with a switchblade). I stuffed my gullet, left her a 100% tip and still got change from a five-spot. If that doesn't make you feel like a king, I don't know what will.

I have a strange affection for my stay at the Aztec. Anytime I drive by it, I have to point it out. “Ooh, Aztec Inn!” I'll say excitedly, “I stayed there! Oh, it was the worst!”

But I'm sorry to report that as of my last trip to Vegas, the hotel part of the Aztec Inn appears to be no more. It seems to have caught on fire, with char marks around all its boarded up windows. I suspect that there are still people living there, though.

For Vegas war stories, it's hard to top the first time I went to Vegas. A magazine that I used to do was being printed in Vegas. I rolled into town late at night for the press check the next day, not knowing where *anything* in Vegas was. I checked into a cheap motel off, off, off the Strip. The next morning, I woke up and threw open the curtains of my room. From my window, I could see the loading dock of the print shop. That's luck for you.

But fortunes turn. As I went to leave town that night, my car broke down. Rather than working on my car in the twilight, I opted to take up the battle the next morning. I checked into another hotel, determined to make the most of it. Having brought no toiletries with me, I combed toothpaste into my hair and went off to shoot craps. You want to get a little elbow room at a craps table? Show up with hair wafting an eye-burning musk of mint. That's an insider tip if ever I heard one.

Until next issue, gentle reader, I remain your humble wordsmith. —J.F.

Las Vegas Picks From A Real Vegas Showgirl!

My name is Sabina Kelley and I'm a International Pinup Model and Burlesque Dancer and I live in Vegas. I'm originally from San Luis Obispo, CA, but I've lived in Vegas three times. I can't stay away from it. The first time I moved here was to be a Las Vegas showgirl.

I was a Las Vegas showgirl in *Jubilee* at Bally's Hotel. I danced there for two and half years. I did six nights a week, one to two shows a night. I loved it!

That is where I began a lot of my modeling. I was even on all the billboards, the hotel sign, and commercials for *Jubilee* and Bally's Hotel.

I got to wear the most amazing costumes. They cost around \$1,500 each and I had about ten of them. Some of the feathered headpieces I wore weighed around 30 pounds. It is definitely not an easy job, but it was a lot of fun. Not to mention I got to work with many amazing people, and I got to do what I love to do—perform!

The second time I moved to Vegas was to be with my husband, Kent Kelley. We moved to California for eight months, missed Vegas, and came back!

I've lived in Vegas for a total of five years. When I first moved here it did not seem very big and crowded, but now it is starting to remind me of L.A.

One of the best things to do here is shop. My favorite place to shop is definitely the Fashion Show Mall. I usually shop at Guess, Bebe, Nordstrom, Betsey Johnson and the candy shop.

Vegas also has the best restaurants. I really like Little Buddha at the Palms Hotel and Pinot and the Venetian. At Little Buddha, I highly recommend the california rolls, spicy tuna rolls and edamame. To drink, I like a Sapporo beer or hot sake. Then for desert, be sure to try the chocolate cake with liquid chocolate filling and vanilla ice cream and strawberries on top—YUM! Everything is amazing at Pinot. I usually let the cook pick out what he recommends and then have some port wine. Their port wine is the best in the world.

For night life, I love to go bowling at the Orleans. I also like to go to the Beauty Bar, and the Double Down.

Although I live in Vegas, I don't gamble very much. I like the Munsters slot machines and that is it!

People have a lot of misconceptions about Vegas. I can't tell you how many times people ask me what casino I live in! People also ask if there are grocery stores here. Most people don't venture past The Strip, so they think Las Vegas is just The Strip. It's pretty funny.

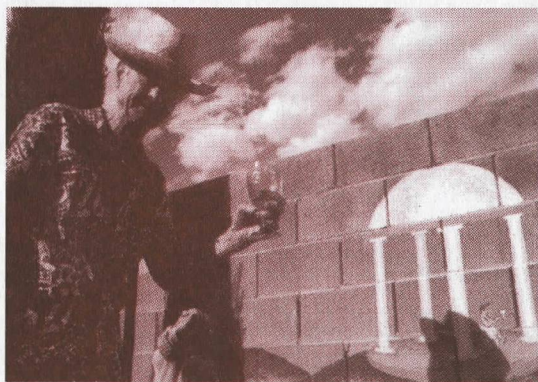
One of my favorite places to take out-of-towners is to the New York, New York casino to kill dinosaurs in the arcade and ride all the roller coasters. Other than that, I'll usually take guests to eat at one of my favorite restaurants, to one of the Vegas shows or go bowling.

Sabina was featured on the cover of Barracuda #15, as well as in issues #18 and #23. She has also been on the cover of Car Kulture Deluxe, International Tattoo Art, Skin and Ink, plus many others. Sabina's website is: www.SwitchbladeStilettos.com

Las Vegas—Land Of:

Magic Wands & Platinum Blondes
Playoffs & Payoffs
Stages & Cashier Cages
Wheelers & Dealers
High Rollers & Casual Strollers
Gawkers & Jaywalkers
Schemers & Dreamers
Card Counters & Felonious Bounders
Homicides & Suicides
Big Spenders & Weekenders
Frills, Thrills & Skills
Institutes & Prostitutes
Gay Romancers & Lap Dancers
Limos & Bimbos
Salty Dogs & Harley Hogs
Blackjack Dealers & Winning Squealers
Poker Games & Shapely Dames
Liberace & Paparazzi
Lapis Lazuli & Pasta Fazuli
Magicians & Politicians
Legal Eagles & Bugsy Siegel
... To Name A Few

Dan Robichaud



DIRECTORY OF LAS VEGAS SITES REFERENCED IN THIS ISSUE

Agent Provocateur (at the Forum Shops at Caesar's) /
3500 Las Vegas Blvd S / (702) 696-7174

Atomic Testing Museum / 755 E Flamingo Rd / (702) 794-5150

Austins Steak House (at Texas Station Casino) / 2101 Texas Star
Lane / (702) 631-1000

Aztec Inn / 2200 Las Vegas Blvd S / (702) 385-4566

Beauty Bar / 517 Fremont Street / (702) 598-1965

Big B's Cds & Records / 4761 S Maryland Pkwy /
(702) 732-4433

Bouchon / 3355 Las Vegas Blvd S / (702) 414-6200

Caesar's Palace (fountains at) / 3570 Las Vegas Blvd S /
(702) 731-7110

Carluccio's Tivoli Gardens / 1775 E Tropicana Ave /
(702) 795-3236

Commander's Palace / 3663 Las Vegas Blvd S /
(702) 892-8272

Cravings Buffet at the Mirage Casino / 3400 Las Vegas Blvd S /
(702) 791-7111

Decatur Restaurant (at Decatur Drug) / 544 S Decatur Ave /
(702) 870-2552

Double Down Saloon / 4640 Paradise Rd / (702) 791-5775

Fashion Show Mall / 3200 Las Vegas Blvd S / (702) 369-0704

Gold Coast Casino / 4000 W Flamingo Rd / (702) 367-7111

Imperial Palace / 3535 Las Vegas Blvd S / (702) 731-3311

Lee's Discount Liquor / 1780 S Rainbow Blvd / (702) 870-6300

Lee's Discount Liquor / 3480 E Flamingo Rd / (702) 458-5700

Liberace Museum / 1775 E Tropicana Ave / (702) 798-5595

Little Buddha (at the Palms Casino) / 4321 W Flamingo Rd /
(702) 942-7778

Ming Terrace (at the Imperial Palace) / 3535 Las Vegas Blvd S /
(702) 731-3311

Neon Museum / Fremont St around Las Vegas Blvd

New York, New York Casino / 3790 Las Vegas Blvd S /
(702) 740-6969

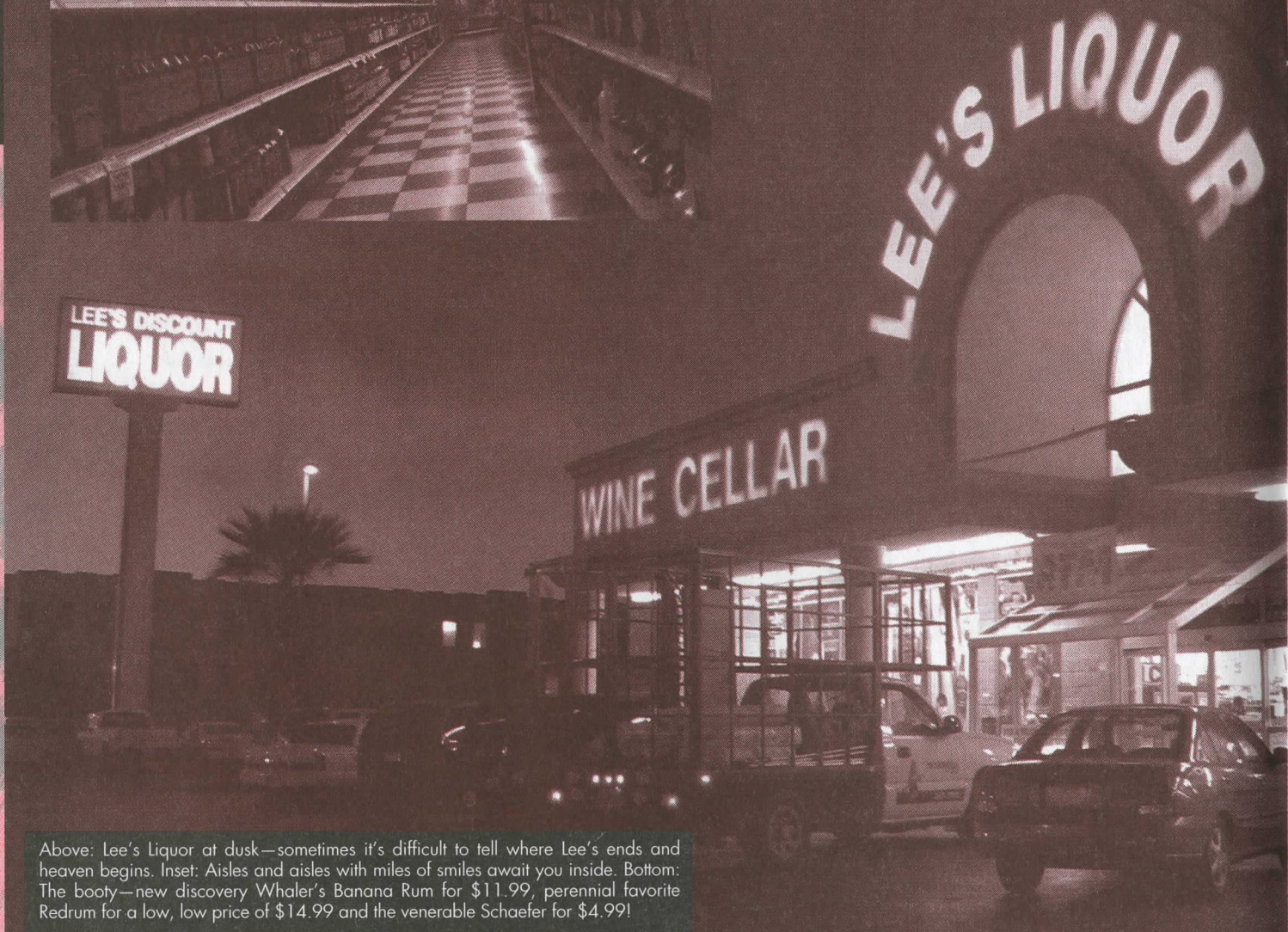
Orleans Casino / 4500 W Tropicana Ave / (702) 365-7111

Pinot (at the Venetian) / 3355 Las Vegas Blvd S /
(702) 735-8888

Rosemary's Restaurant / 8125 W Sahara Ave /
(702) 869-2251

Slots-A-Fun Casino / 2890 Las Vegas Blvd S / (702) 734-0410

Tiffany's Café (at White Cross Drug) / 1700 Las Vegas Blvd S /
(702) 444-4459



Above: Lee's Liquor at dusk—sometimes it's difficult to tell where Lee's ends and heaven begins. Inset: Aisles and aisles with miles of smiles await you inside. Bottom: The booty—new discovery Whaler's Banana Rum for \$11.99, perennial favorite Redrum for a low, low price of \$14.99 and the venerable Schaefer for \$4.99!

Sure, you can get cheap drinks in some casinos (not all of them!) and you can walk down the streets of Las Vegas with several open drinks in your hand without fear of reprisal from Johnny Law. But what good does that do you when you get home? If you're visiting Vegas, you might as well make hay while the sun shines and stock up on some cheap booze while you're there! Now, that's an investment in your future!

The Lee's Discount Liquor chain is a great liquor store by any standard. But if you're from a part of the country with goofy, state-owned liquor stores or any other such hokum, you will absolutely be in awe of the variety and low prices that free market booze economics can offer.

Each of its eight locations around Las Vegas offers a simply staggering selection of wine. But in addition to that are a cornucopia of beers, all the way from expensive imports and microbrews to your cheap beer favorites. And checking out your preferred kind of hard liquor is like visiting another country or another world. You're practically guaranteed to find a brand you've never heard of. Lee's is a must-visit Vegas attraction.



SEND \$5 FOR A DVD & VHS CATALOG TO
SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO - POB 33664 - SEATTLE WA 98133
425-290-5830 AND TOLL FREE 888-634-3320

ROCK N' ROLL - SURF - DEATH COUNTRY



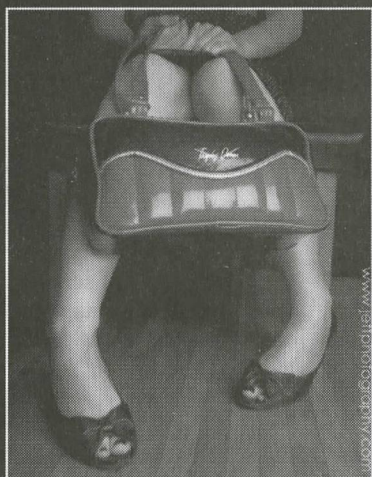
HOWDY FRIEND! I THOUGHT I'D DROP BY AND TELL YOU 'BOUT AN UNHOLY ALBUM I JUST GOT THAT CREEPS THE BEJESUS OUTTA ME! "YELLS FROM THE CRYPT" IS A 21 TRACK AUDIO MISADVENTURE THROUGH HELL. THIS NIFTY LITTLE DISC FEATURES THE WORST OF THE WORST IN ROCK 'N ROLL, SURF, AND DEATH COUNTRY. DON'T BELIEVE ME? I DARE YOU TO GIVE IT A LISTEN! SO CRAWL ON OVER TO WWW.GRAVEWAXRECORDS.COM AND HEAR THE WHOLE DAMN THING FOR FREE! WHO YOU GONNA LISTEN TO? ME... OR YOUR MAMA? SEE YA IN HELL, SUCKER!



GRAVEWAX
records
WWW.GRAVEWAXRECORDS.COM

Trophy Queen®

deluxe handbags & accessories



p.o. box 1356 ★ ventura, ca 93002
818.324.3831

shop online
www.trophyqueen.com

• pinups
• graphics
• websites

www.lacyunlimited.com

On Being From Vegas

by P Moss

Being from Las Vegas is better than living in Las Vegas. Just as a regular guy who speaks with a British accent immediately becomes more interesting, so does anyone who says he is from Las Vegas. Even if he says it in San Francisco, Paris or New York. Las Vegas is the world's great escape from the mundane. Casinos, nightclubs, 24/7 booze and celebrity whores. The veneer is real, just don't scratch the surface looking for a soul. You won't find it.

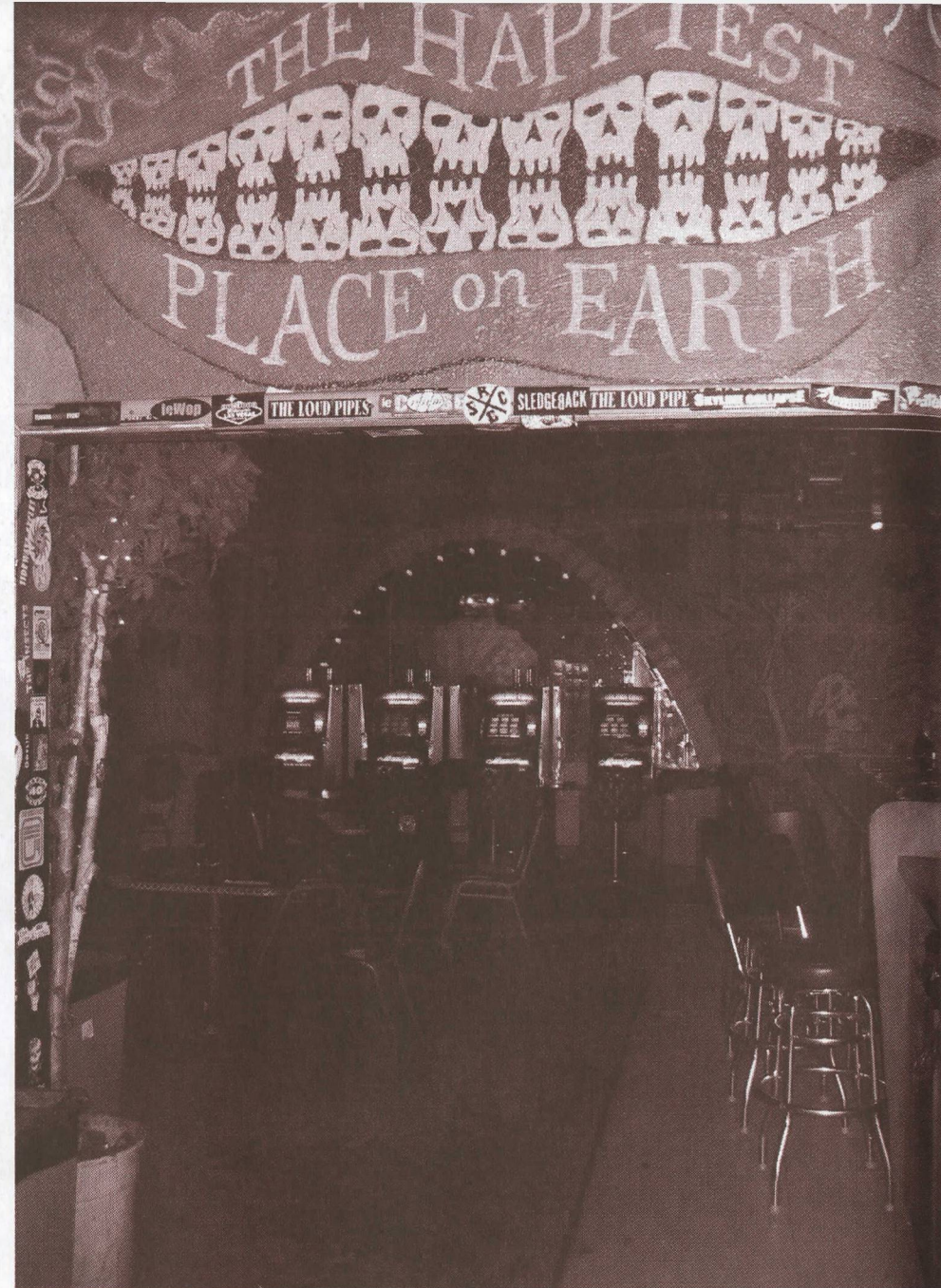
The casino lounges, which were once the center of Las Vegas night life, are as dead and buried as Louis Prima. Just as on a smaller, but not less important scale, wonderful coffee houses like the Enigma Garden Café and Café Espresso Roma were not able to withstand the corporate bullying that we can no longer evolve as a civilized society without three Starbucks on every corner. Just as independent record stores like Balcony Lights have fallen victim to e-commerce and music downloads, today most mom and pop stores are as forgotten as Clinton's impeachment. Big B's is a fine record store on Maryland Parkway—for now.

America's one truly original city has been robbed of most of the character which made it unique in the first place. The culprit is progress. Casinos are no longer run by colorful eccentrics, they are run by corporations. Out is slipping the maitre'd a 20 for a ringside table. In is Ticketmaster clipping you a weeks pay for two in the nose bleed section. That's progress.

But whether slumming or high rolling, Las Vegas still has a lot to offer.

Upscale eateries abound, and you will walk out very satisfied after a dinner at Commander's Palace, Bouchon or Rosemary's. The best patty melt in the world is served at Decatur Restaurant, a diner tucked in the back of the much forgotten Decatur Drugstore. Located, of course, on Decatur Boulevard. Another forgotten pharmacy, White Cross, on Las Vegas Boulevard just before it becomes the Strip is home to Tiffany's Café, which has breakfast and burgers and specials piled high with greasy flavor.

But in between the high end and the low end, locals are left to wallow in a vast wasteland of the mediocre and mundane (the same mundane which people supposedly travel here to get away from). If you look past the glitz, that's what Las Vegas is—strip malls, chain stores and fast food. Drive another eight blocks and you will see it all again. And again. Making the infrastructure



of Las Vegas about as interesting as that of Toenail City, Iowa.

Pretty much all the bars in Las Vegas are molded from the same cookie cutter, with the Double Down Saloon on Paradise being one of the proud exceptions. It's a perfect 24-hour boozatorium in which to escape life's daily injustices, with no cover charge for the live music they host most nights of the week. This is something very unique in a Las Vegas no longer known for bargains.

Downtown has a burgeoning art scene, but for every gallery there are three shiny new theme bars, nine corporate coffee nazis and two dozen kiosks hawking cheesy trinkets to mobs of incited hausfraus on the cut-rate excursion from anywhere and everywhere.

Long gone is the time when all that mattered downtown were cards and dice, booze

and breads. The time when men wore slacks instead of athletic shorts and women drank gin instead of lo-carb beer. Downtown has long become a poor relation to the monolithic fireball which is the Strip, with hotel renovation and urban renewal serving as nothing more than a kick in the nuts to the character of this once-proud epicenter of the explosion which has become Las Vegas.

Turtle soup at Commander's. Patty melt at Decatur. Bacon martini at Double Down. And then back to your beige stucco house which looks just like every other beige stucco house. But fortunately the airport is centrally located, leaving you just a one hour flight away from a lot of places where you can be from Las Vegas.

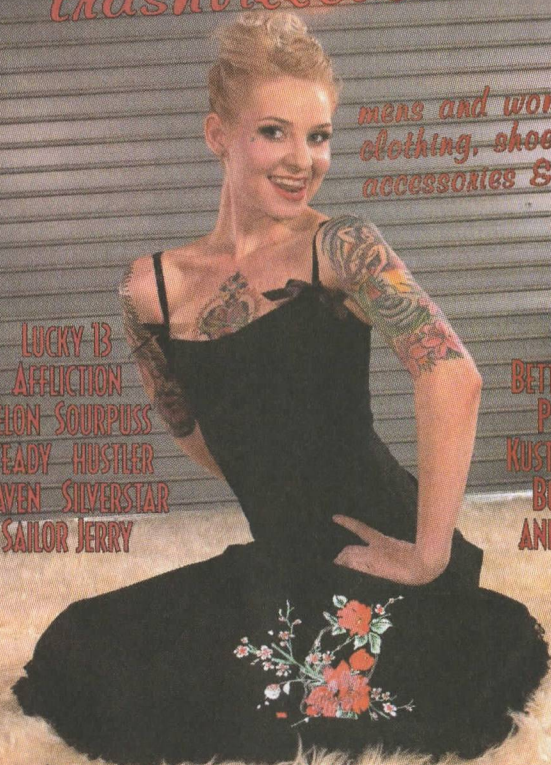
P. Moss is the owner of the above-pictured Double Down Saloon in Las Vegas

greetings from...
trashvilleusa.com

mens and womens
clothing, shoes,
accessories & gifts!

LUCKY 13
AFFLICTION
FELON SOURPUSS
STEADY HUSTLER
DRAVEN SILVERSTAR
SAILOR JERRY

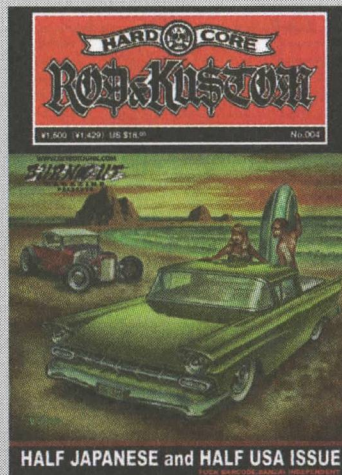
BETTIE PAGE
PURSES
KUSTOM BELT
BUCKLES
AND MORE!



SHOP ONLINE
24/7

PLUSH/TRASHVILLEUSA.COM 215 W. UNIVERSITY DR. - TEMPE, AZ
480-967-9200 WWW.TRASHVILLEUSA.COM

BURNOUT
MAGAZINE
PRESENTS



Latest issue!

#4
HALF JAPANESE
and
HALF USA ISSUE



NOW ON SALE!!

<http://www.detroitjunk.com>

#203, 6-31-27, OHIZUMIGAKUEN, NERIMA, TOKYO, 178-0061, JAPAN
TEL&FAX : 011-81-3-3925-9949



IF YOU DIG ALL THINGS
CRAZY AND COOL
THEN THIS IS WHERE
IT'S AT, DAD!
SWELL STUFF FOR CADS,
CHICKS AND THE PAD.

kitschykitschycool.com

You can gamble with your money, You can gamble with love...but
Don't Gamble With Your Hair

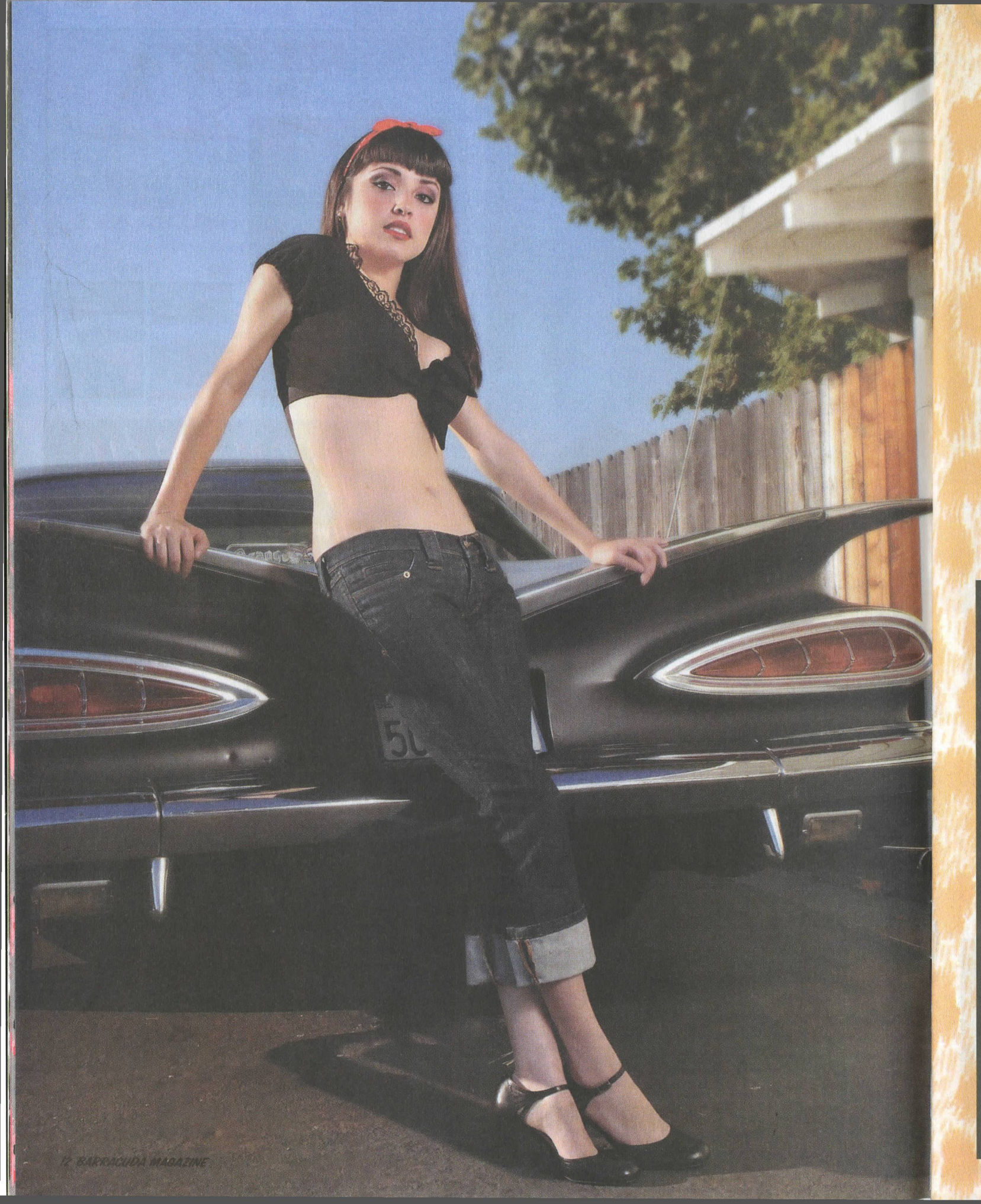


Frenchy's
BEAUTY PARLOR

Kustom Cuts & Color
for Girls & Greasy Guys

2403 W. Magnolia Blvd. Burbank CA
818.845.7545 • frenchysbeauty@aol.com

Lots of Cool Stuff for Sale at:
www.frenchysbeautyparlor.com



SHE'S SO FINE!

(AND WE AIN'T
TALKING ABOUT
THE '59!)

Model: Miss Vanessa
Photographer: Shannon Brooke
www.shannonbrookeimagery.com

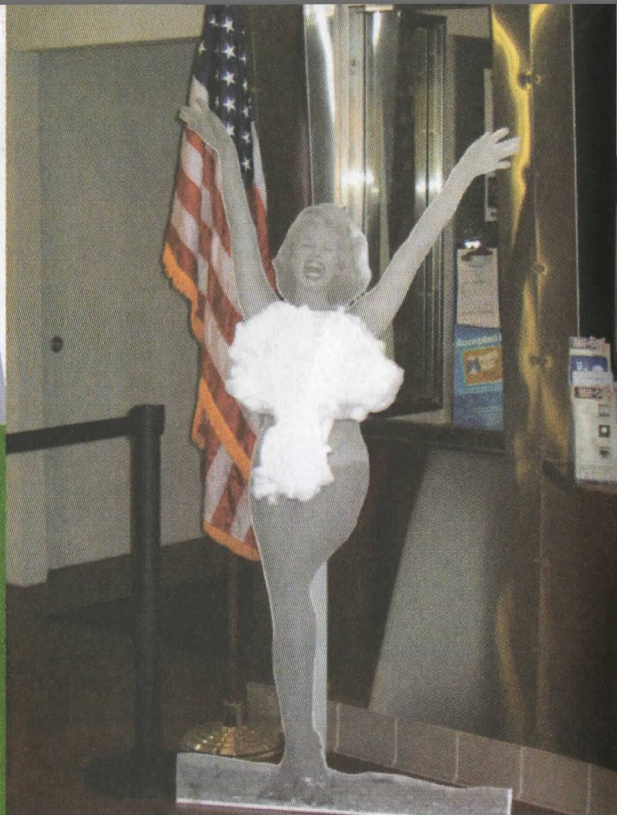


When this bewitching Barracuda Girl chooses her clothes, we're happy she really goes "all out!" Why, this magnificent model's outfits remind us of Texas—all those lovely, wide, open spaces! And she's as nerwy as she is curvy. She may occasionally fly from temptation, but she's always sure to leave a forwarding address!



ROGERS SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY BUILDING
ATOMIC TESTING MUSEUM
AN AFFILIATE OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

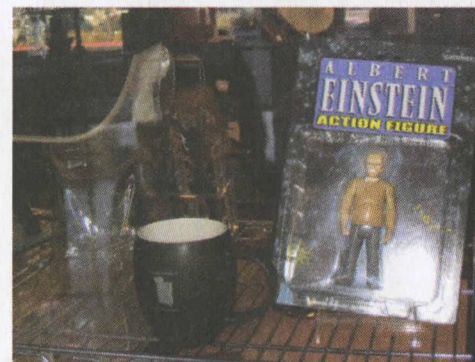
ATOMIC TESTING MUSEUM!



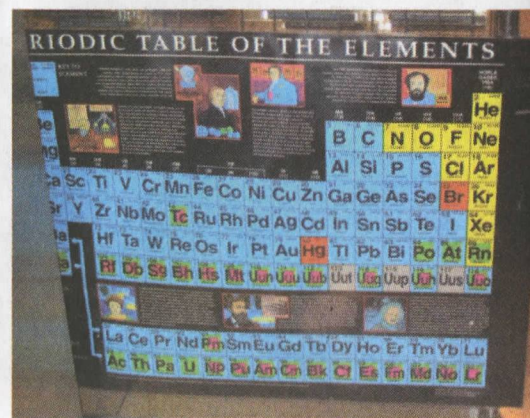
The anything-for-a-thrill attitude of Las Vegas combined with its close proximity to the United States Atomic Energy Commission's Nevada Test Site and the result was probably the only major city in the world that has welcomed the sight of a mushroom cloud. Las Vegas literally invented and embraced "Atomic Tourism." The mushroom cloud was yet another Las Vegas attraction. The chamber of commerce listed the dates of explosions and tourists would have picnics or parties to watch and celebrate.

So, that explains why the museum is in Vegas. But if you expect the Atomic Testing Museum to be a cheesy tourist trap or full of fluffy, half-assed kitsch, you will be quite surprised. Leave plenty of time to take this place in. Don't expect to tear through it in 15 minutes on your way to meet someone for lunch. The museum is a for-real, scientificky destination, located inside the Desert Research Institute's Rogers Science and Technology Building. (The building's main purpose is to house the National Nuclear Security Administration's Atomic Testing Archive, which contains nearly half a million historic documents and records from more than 50 years of nuclear weapons testing and other operations at the Nevada Test Site.)

The museum is full of things to amuse, inform and interest the public. There are many video and film displays, one of which includes hilariously naive educational films about the wonders of the atom. There is also a small theater that is designed to resemble a concrete blast bunker. The beginning of the film simulates the witnessing an atomic blast. This is worth the price of admission alone.



Above right: The entrance to the Atomic Testing Museum, adorned by a photo of Lee Merlin, Miss Atomic Bomb of 1957. (Sadly, she was the last one.) Right: some of the items available at the Atomic Testing Museum. Not your typical gift shop. Opposite page: a view of an atomic detonation from downtown Las Vegas.





From start to finish, the Atomic Testing Museum is packed with artifacts related to atomic research.

There is a letter from Albert Einstein to President Franklin Roosevelt. Einstein describes the potential of nuclear explosions as weapons. He says that atomic bombs could be transported by ship to blow up a port, but suggests that these bombs would most likely be too large to be delivered by air.

There is a surprisingly interesting collection of radiation detectors and dosimeters. There are casings for actual atomic bombs, as well as countless numbers of interesting-looking mechanical contraptions used for purposes too complicated to describe here.

Regardless of how you feel about atomic testing, there is something you can learn or find interesting here. One thing that was very impressive was the fact that the people who worked in this field truly were pioneers. Most of the things they did were being done for the very first time. Very often, there were no guidelines, no manuals to follow, no procedures. As one engineer said in one of the films, they had no idea how much radioactive fallout was too much radioactive fallout for a human. No one had really even been through it before.

Another interesting story told at the muse-

ONE STAFFER SAID HE WAS AT BIKINI ATOLL WHEN THEY BLEW THAT UP. HE THEN MATTER-OF-FACTLY, BUT PROUDLY JOKED, "I'VE TAKEN MY FAIR SHARE OF RADIATION."

um is the one of Operation Plowshare. The name was taken from the biblical reference to the end of war, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks..." The purpose of the program was to find peaceful uses for nuclear explosions. The suggested uses were for engineering purposes, including widening the Panama Canal, instantly creating a harbor and using the blast to connect underground aquifers. Not surprisingly, potential risks outweighed the potential benefits, but nevertheless, the testing program was funded for 11 years at an estimated cost of over \$770 million and resulted

in 26 nuclear explosions.

The staff at the museum are curiously knowledgeable and chatty. It takes a while to sink in, but one comes to realize that most of the staff on hand are actually retired Nevada Test Site employees. These are *the guys* who built and tested these bombs! After years and years of not being able to talk about their work because of national security concerns, their knowledge and pride in their achievements just comes bursting out. One staffer said he was at Bikini Atoll when they blew that up. He then matter-of-factly, but proudly joked, "I've taken my fair share of radiation."

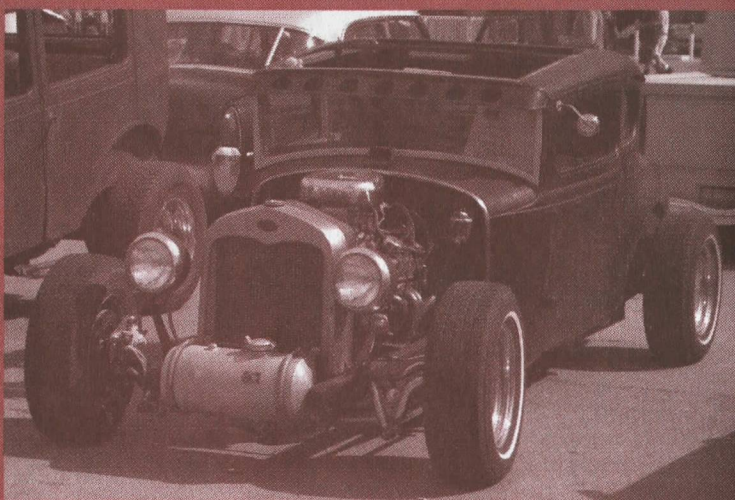
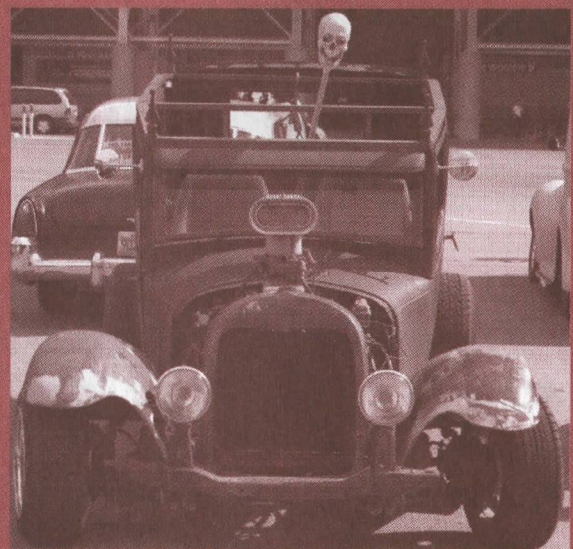
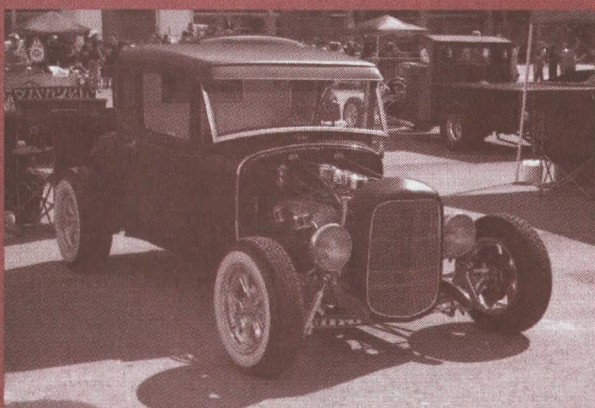
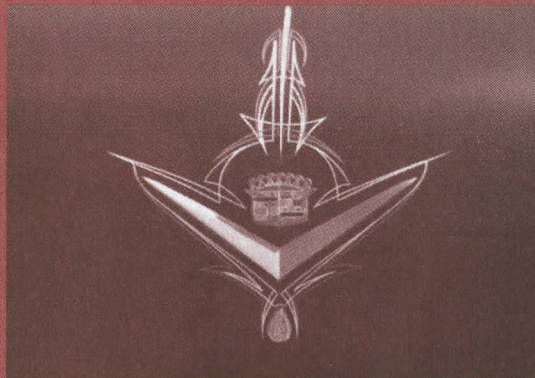
While some have complained that the museum does not adequately acknowledge how the NTS affected downwind populations, the museum does not feel like a propaganda tool. It's not there to tell you everything's swell and the atom is your friend. The awesome and awful power of atomic explosions is fully acknowledged. In retrospect, the escalating standoff of the Cold War nuclear arms race seems like sheer madness. But the scientific and engineering achievements of the people who worked in the program are undeniable.

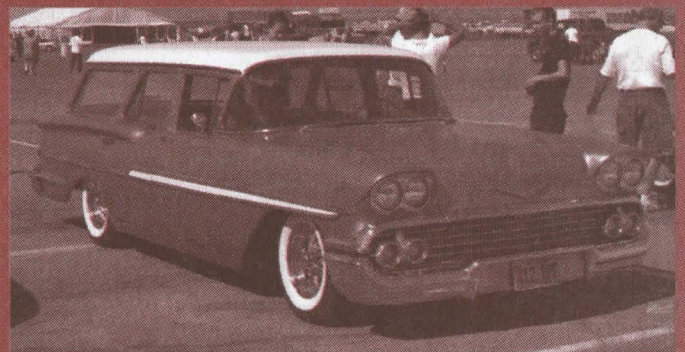
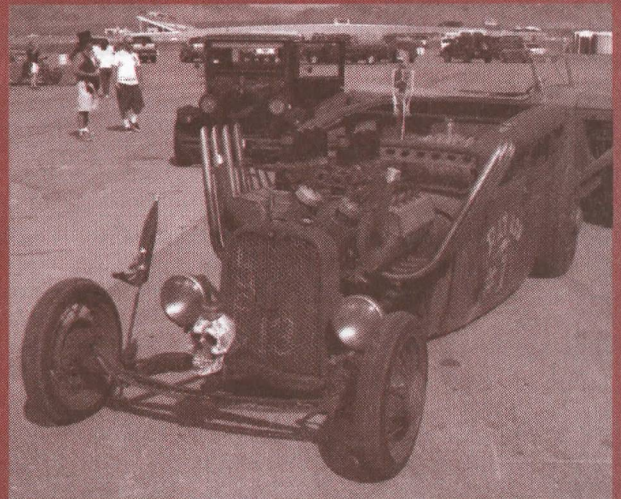
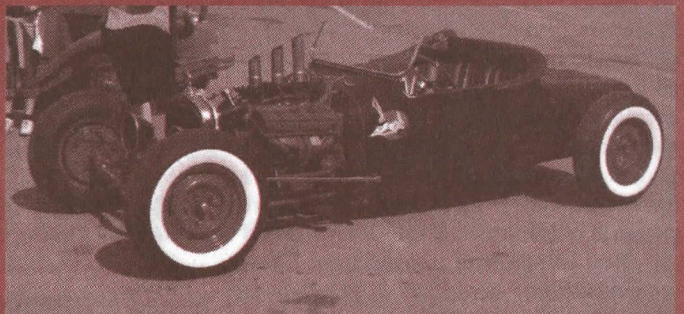
This is the most interesting thing about the Atomic Testing Museum—its seemingly unsolvable contradictions.





ROCKABILLY
ROD
8
REUNION 2006
Oct. 14, 2006! **LAS VEGAS**





Keno!

Mathematically, It's Not So Neato

Keno is a game that is available in pretty much every casino in Las Vegas. The game resembles bingo or the lottery. There is a field of 80 numbers and you pick the numbers which you believe will be selected in your game. The winning numbers are chosen much like the way lottery numbers are chosen on TV. A big, clear hopper is filled with ping pong balls. Each ping pong ball has a number from one to 80 on it and the balls are chosen at random.

Most casinos have a keno lounge. These are not-too-hectic areas filled with chairs with little desks attached, just like in the sports book (and high school, coincidentally). But keno tickets are usually available all over the casino, especially in highly-loitered areas such as bars and restaurants.

The rules vary from casino to casino, but usually you must pick at least four numbers and at most, ten numbers. Each number you select is called a "spot," so if you pick four numbers, this is called a "four spot" game, if you pick ten numbers, this is a "ten spot" game and so on. The minimum and maximum number of spots allowed at the casino is usually listed in a small pamphlet alongside the keno tickets.

You choose your numbers with a pen or a keno crayon (usually alongside the keno tickets). Simply circle or place an X over the spots you believe (i.e. *know*) will win. This is called a straight ticket and is pretty simple.

There are other methods of choosing numbers, such as "way tickets" and "combination tickets." See your casino keno guide for these methods. Most of these methods do not offer you any mathematical advantage. They supposedly make it easier and more exciting for you to select numbers and play, but that is for you to judge.

Next, fill in the number of consecutive games you would like to play these numbers, the amount you'd like to bet on each game and then the total, which is the number of games times the bet per game.

If you're in the keno lounge, you take your ticket up to one of the cashiers in the front. You pay them the total due and they will print out an official ticket for you.

If you're not in the keno lounge, don't

worry. A keno runner will take care of you. Keno runners usually kind of look like waitresses. They will make their presence known by walking around saying, "Keno? Keno?" You give your crayon-marked ticket and money to a keno runner. They will return with your printed, official ticket. Be classy and tip the keno runner.

The payouts for each of the different spots can also be found in the keno pamphlet. The payout is not just determined by how many spots you hit. It depends on how many spots you hit out of how many you played. For example, the likelihood of hitting four out of four spots is lower than the likelihood of hitting four out of eight spots, since you have chosen a wider number of spots in the second example.

The payout is also dependent on how much you bet. Obviously, the more you risk, the higher your payout will be if you win.

In gambling, the house advantage is defined as your likelihood of winning as compared to your payoff you get if you win. For example, if you bet on the outcome of the flip of a coin, your likelihood of winning is 50%. But if you are only rewarded with 30% for calling the coin toss, this is the house advantage.

The house advantage over you on keno is extremely high. Casinos have a house advantage on every game, something in the ballpark of 25% to 30%. Mathematically, this is the equivalent of playing a game of football where your team only has eight players and the other

No. of Games	Price Per Game	Total Price
5	2	10

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40

41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80

Above: A sample of a straight, five spot keno game. This ticket is being played for five games at \$2 a game for a total of \$10. These should not be considered actual lucky numbers unless you win, in which case, we get 10%.

team has 11. In the most extreme example, some keno bets will give a mathematical advantage to the house on the order of 50% to 60%. Or as Henry Tamburin, author of *Reference Guide to Casino Gambling*, comments on the house advantage in keno, "To put it bluntly, no intelligent gambler would dare spend any amount of time or money playing this game."

With that being said, how can *Barracuda Magazine* (proponent and paragon of math, logic and reason that it is) do anything but completely eschew keno? Because of the fact that keno requires almost no effort or thought. And unlike slot machines, it requires almost no investment of your time.

Keno tickets and screens are everywhere, including on the TV in your room. You can play keno at the bar or restaurant. In fact, you need not be present to win. You could put in a ticket for 20 games and come back seven hours later and have the keno lounge check for any winners. This is referred to as "stray and play." Another upside is that unlike table games, you do not need a large stake or bankroll to get into the game.

We do not recommend that keno be your main axe in gambling. But is a fun distraction when you need a break from the noise and the galloping dominoes. There's a time and a place for skill and craftiness, but there is also something to be said for gambling while you're putting ketchup on your eggs in the morning.

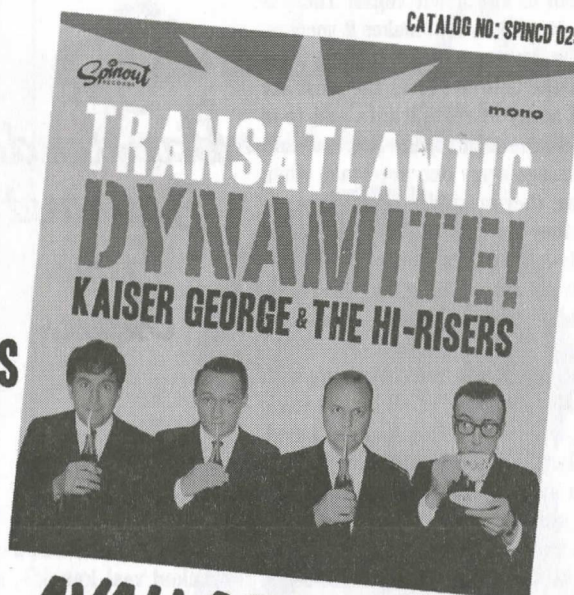
Spinout
RECORDS

PROUDLY PRESENTS...

**AN EXPLOSIVE COMBINATION!
KAISER GEORGE & THE HI-RISERS**

**TRANSATLANTIC
DYNAMITE!**

**FOURTEEN BRAND NEW SONGS!
UK BEAT MEETS US ROCK 'N' ROLL!**



AVAILABLE NOW!

CHECK OUT THESE OTHER SPINOUT ARTISTS AT www.spinoutmusic.com

**PLANET ROCKERS • NEANDERTHALS • LOS STRAITJACKETS • DEKE DICKERSON
BIG SANDY • LEGENDARY SHACK SHAKERS • EDDIE ANGEL • KAISERS and more!**

DEAD BODY WRECKERDS

PRESENTS

Master **APRIL 4TH, 2006**

**CLIFF
GREENWOOD**

**MUSICAL
HERITAGE**

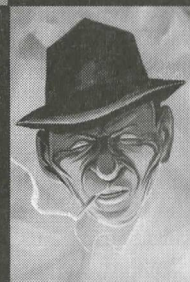
deadbodywreckerds.com

guest artists: Matt McKenzie (the late Tsunami Bomb), Miles Peck (Sore Thumbs), Shelby Cobra,
edited by Geoff Kresge (Horror Pops)



The LOOK of
LIZARRAGA

"FINE" ART PRINTS



"The 1972 Dino"
"The Ghost of Tony Rome"
"Sammy '67"

www.boblizarraga.com
bobdraw@sbcglobal.net
(818) 884-6999



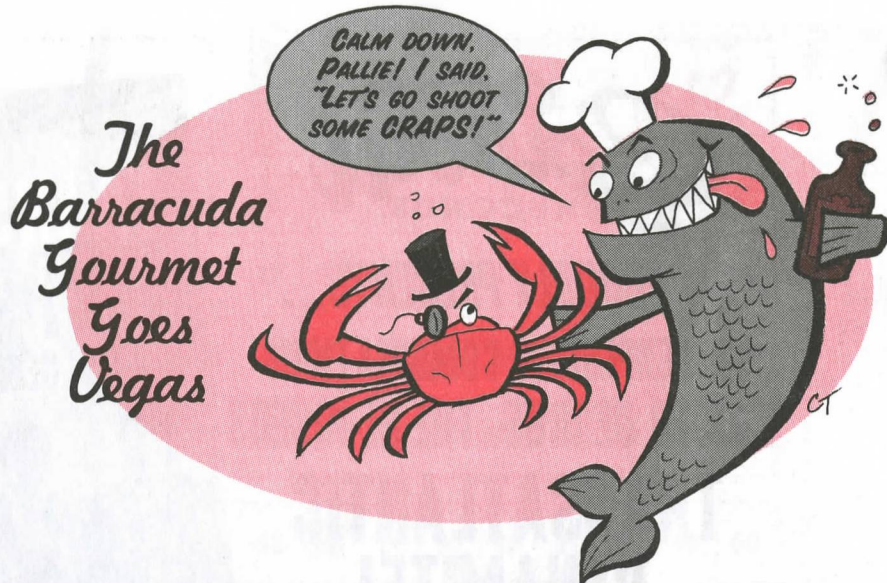
What's not to love about Vegas? There is so much to Vegas that makes it spectacular, but without a doubt, the one thing that the Barracuda Gourmet loves the most are the wonderful array of restaurants and food emporiums to choose from. There are two culinary rites of passage every one must take when they go to Vegas; they must visit an all-you-can-eat buffet, and they must get the \$.99 half-pound hot dog at Slots-A-Fun. This wiener is so enormous it borders on unappetizing, but it so aptly represents what Vegas is all about—excess on the cheap!

As for the buffets, you can't go wrong with them. They're all great, they're all a good value for the money, and you'll always leave satisfied. However, the Barracuda Gourmet's favorite buffet is Cravings at The Mirage. Cravings has a bright, modern atmosphere and 11 different food stations that serve anything from prime rib to Asian noodles, with a great variety of desserts. The seating isn't crowded like most buffets, and the relaxing atmosphere is conducive to maximum food intake, which is of course one of the most important goals of the buffet.

When you're unfortunate enough to not be in Vegas, you can recreate that Vegas food experience at home with two very special cookbooks featuring the favorite food of two very Vegas guys: Liberace, and his book *Liberace Cooks* and Elvis and the excellent resource, *Are You Hungry Tonight? Elvis' Favorite Recipes*.

Back in the '60s & '70s, Liberace was as much a part of Vegas as Wayne Newton is today. He literally invented showmanship and was an entertainer of unmatched caliber. The Liberace Museum is an absolute must on your trip to Vegas. Even if you never liked his music, you can't deny the man's fashion sense. His most famous and outlandish costumes are on display as well as his custom tailored Rolls Royces and baby grand pianos which he spent millions on to match his outfits. The man was incredible. And he was quite a good cook, too!

Liberace Cooks is a treasure chest of marvelous recipes that Liberace used to love to make and the book is only available for sale in the amazing gift shop at the Liberace Museum (which also sells such spectacular goodies as Liberace socks and Liberace snowglobes—The Barracuda Gourmet owns both!). The book is divided up into five sections: Appetizers: A Light Note, Soups and Salads: Sonata, Musical Main Dishes, Side Dishes and Sauces: Symphonic, and Cookies and Desserts: Concerto. Each new section has photos of Liberace cooking and/or serving food to sassy showgirls all decked out in fanciful garb. The recipes themselves vary from the easy "French-Fried Bacon Canapé," which is simply 1-2 pounds of bacon cooked on high heat until it curls and you serve it on a platter and let your guests eat it with their fingers, to the much more elaborate and intensive "Boeuf A La Mode



En Gelee" which has a odd ingredients such as cracked veal knuckle, calf's foot and gelatin, along with an elaborate set of instructions for how to cook it. While you may not actually prepare anything from this cookbook, it is a great book to own, simply for its kitsch factor.

On the other hand, *Are You Hungry Tonight? Elvis' Favorite Recipes*, is a cookbook you can actually use in your every day life. While the crown glory recipe of the book is the incredibly lengthy and complex instructions directly supplied from the Aladdin Hotel and Casino on how to recreate Elvis and Priscilla's six-tiered wedding cake, the rest of the recipes are certainly something you can whip up and enjoy with ease. The best of them being the famed Fried Peanut Butter and Banana Sandwich with plenty of photos demonstrating the ideal way to make it. (The key is to mash the bananas, not slice them—who knew?!) The Barracuda Gourmet also likes to spice this famous recipe up by adding bacon slices in order to maximize the full heart attack factor.

The Barracuda Gourmet also has a few of his own favorite Vegas-themed (rich, delicious and decadent) recipes that he'd like to share with you.

High Roller Lobster Roll

1/2 pound cooked lobster meat (tails and claws are best, cut into hearty chunks)
1 rib of celery, finely diced
2 - 3 tbsp. mayonnaise
2 tbsp. melted butter
salt and pepper to taste

Toss lobster chunks with melted butter to coat. Add mayonnaise and mix well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Best served on a toasted and buttered bun. (Makes 2 hefty sandwiches.)

I Just Won at Craps Bacon Cheese Dip

6 slices of cooked and crumbled bacon
8 oz. package cream cheese softened
1 cup mayonnaise or Miracle Whip
8 oz. shredded Swiss cheese
1 small onion finely chopped

In a medium microwave-safe bowl mix cream cheese and mayonnaise well. Add bacon, Swiss cheese and onion and microwave for 4 minutes, pausing it and stirring it well 2 minutes in. Serve with your favorite crackers or crusty bread.

I Just Pawned My Watch So I Could Play Another Round of Poker Cheesy Bacon Hot Dog

1 hot dog
2 slices of raw bacon
cheddar cheese (or any cheese you have on hand—American or Velveeta are great with this too!)
1 hot dog bun
butter (softened)

Preheat your oven to broil. (If you have a deep fryer, you can certainly deep-fry this instead of broiling it.) Slice the cheese into little cubes or long, thin slices. Slice your hot dog down the middle lengthwise and stick the cheese in there. Wrap the hot dog with the 2 bacon slices and if necessary hold the whole thing together with toothpicks. Place the concoction on a cookie sheet and stick under the broiler for approximately five minutes or until the bacon is nice and crisp. While this is in the broiler, heat a skillet over medium heat and add about 2 tablespoons of butter to it. When the butter is nice and melted, set your hot dog bun in there and fry up both sides of the bun until it's golden brown. When your dog is ready, put it in the bun with your favorite toppings, have a seat and enjoy. Keep a phone handy in case you need to call 911 about that chest pain you're sure to have shortly after you eat this.

GOD BLESS THE HANDSOME



CLOTHING CO.

www.godblessthehandsome.com

SOUNDS OF A NEW DETROIT! THE DETROIT COBRAS



'Baby.' Top shelf rock and SOUL, baby. Gots a groove so deep you'll need thigh high leather boots to get through it. A thrashy, sexy powerhouse that'll raise the roof at any house party. **Enhanced CD release** also contains 'Seven Easy Pieces' EP (previously import-only) and video for 'Cha Cha Twist'.

DEADSTRING BROTHERS

'Starving Winter Report'

When your head's hitting the ground, when you're picking gravel from your knees, when you've spent the morning gathering up your clothes and "Exile on Main Street" and "Brown Album" LPs she threw onto the lawn last night, you're ready for Detroit's DEADSTRING BROTHERS.



BLOODSHOT
RECORDS

Contact us for a free catalog
BLOODSHOT RECORDS 3039 W. Irving Park Rd., Chicago, IL 60618
www.bloodshotrecords.com

Sin in Linen™
Try Something New in Bed!™



FLASHY BED SHEETS

WWW.SININLINEN.COM

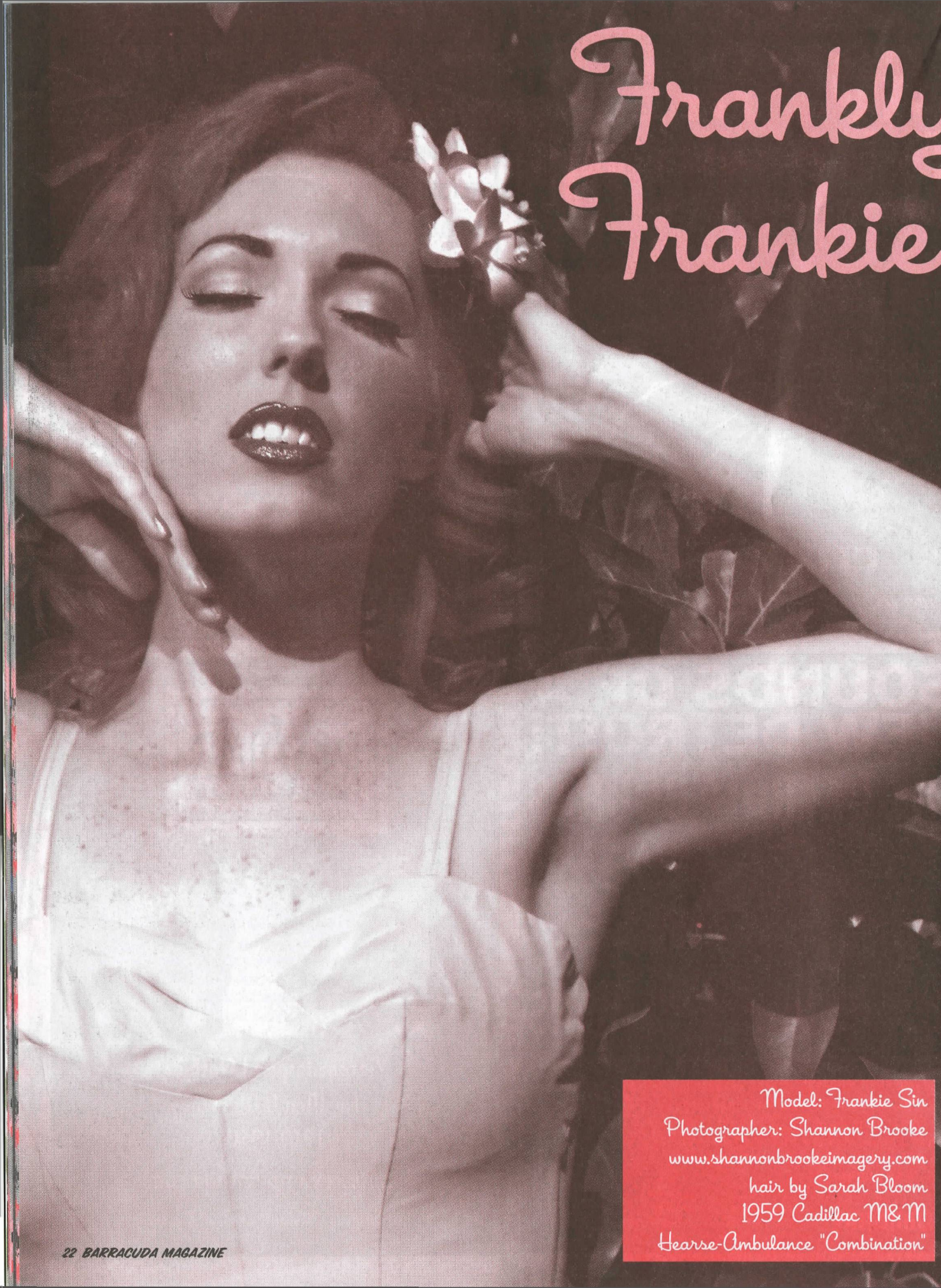
REVAMP®
LIMITED VINTAGE
EDITION RECREATIONS



Vintage Inspired Clothing
for Men & Women
1910-1950

www.revampvintage.com

Off-the-peg • Made-to-measure • Custom



Frankly Frankie

Model: Frankie Sin
Photographer: Shannon Brooke
www.shannonbrookeimagery.com
hair by Sarah Bloom
1959 Cadillac M&M
Hearse-Ambulance "Combination"



The photo above shows that we listen to the suggestions of our readers. Many of you have called and asked to see photos of a Barracuda Girl taking off attire! And don't let the switchblade fool you! This is one classy lass. Why, her dentist once tried to give her a local anesthetic and she insisted on something imported instead! And fellas, you better tune up because this beautiful banjo is not easy pickings! This lovely Lily's not interested in going out with a stiff! This syrupy sweetie won't tolerate a sap!

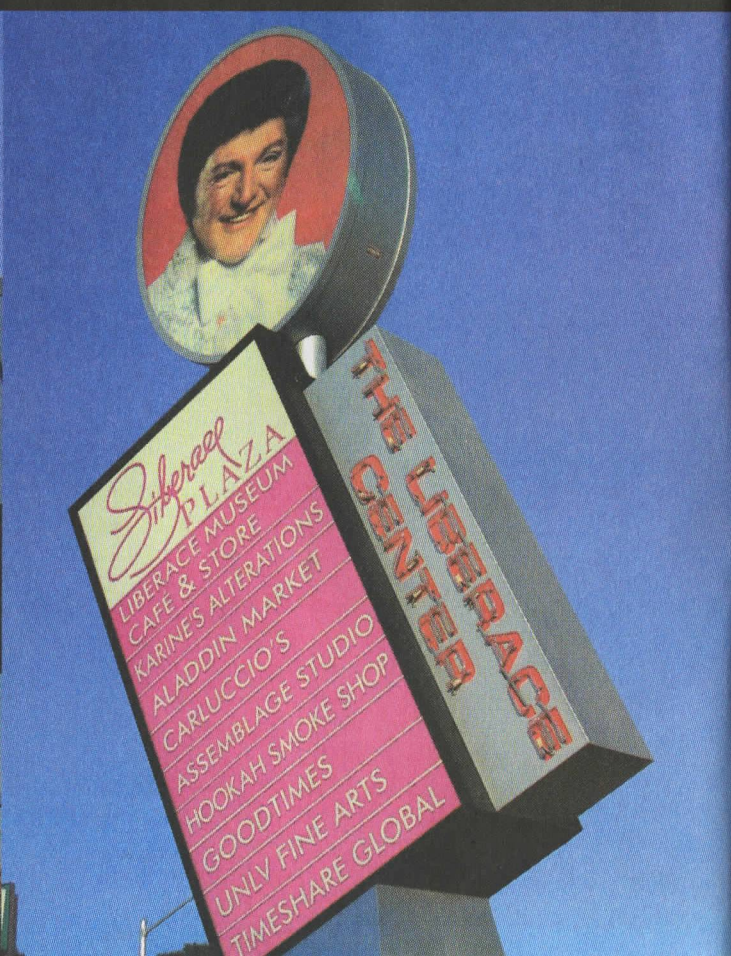
Barracuda Girl





Scenes from the outside of the Liberace Museum in Las Vegas. The museum helps to fund a non-profit foundation which the famous entertainer created in 1976 to support music education. Above: Carluccio's Tivoli Gardens. The restaurant was originally owned by Liberace. The interior decor was personally designed by him and it still survives today, intact in all its unique splendor.

The Liberace Museum



Of his clothes, Liberace joked, "Now that I can afford to buy my own, I have them in about three sizes, because I love to eat and my weight constantly fluctuates. So most of my suits come in three sizes: Thin, Fat and Impossible!"

The Liberace Museum houses personal possessions, trophies, antiques and costumes that pianist and performer Liberace amassed over the span of his life. Liberace was a classically-trained musician known for his larger-than-life personality and grand live performances. He was once listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the highest-paid musician and pianist.

Liberace said he created the museum so that the world could enjoy his personal belongings after he was gone. But the museum also helps to finance the Liberace Foundation for the Performing and Creative Arts—a non-profit organization founded by Liberace in 1976. The foundation funds music schools and colleges and has given away over \$4.8 million.

The objects in this museum nearly defy description. Unfortunately, photography was not allowed, so we'll try to do our best.

There's a whole lot of jewelry, including his famous candelabra ring, which has candlesticks made out of platinum and flames made out of diamonds. There are also watches and rings encrusted with an impossible amount of jewels. Other items include props from his show, such as rhinestone-studded microphones.

A little-known fact is that Liberace also owned the largest rhinestone in existence and it is on display here. The jewel is 115,000 karats, but is not mounted to a piece of jewelry because it tips the Toledos at over 50 pounds! It is over 12 inches wide and is 9 inches tall.

Liberace was also an avid car collector and many of his interesting and one-of-a-kind cars are housed at his museum.

The first car is at the entrance—a replica of a 1901 curved dash Oldsmobile. The other cars are much more luxurious, fantastic and suited to Liberace's unique tastes. There is a 1962 Phantom V Landau Mirrored Rolls Royce with a left-hand drive. It is covered in etched mirrored tiles. Next is a 1954 Rolls Royce Silver Dawn convertible that is painted red, white and blue. It was designed for the U.S. bicentennial in 1976. It was used onstage during Liberace's performances at the Las Vegas Hilton and was also used during his performances at Radio City Music Hall in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the statue of liberty. 23 gallons of candy color paint and clearcoat were used to create the car's finish.

One that stands out among the collection (and that's hard to do) is a Duesenberg-styled roadster built on a Chevy chassis with a Chevy

350 under the hood. Oh, and the car is also covered in rhinestones. The icing on the cake is the matching, bejeweled tool box!

But not all of his cars are opulent, luxury vehicles. There is also 1957 British taxi cab. The car has an operational meter, which rings up the fare in pounds, shillings and pence. Liberace reportedly used the cab to pick up friends at the airport. There is also a 1970 Volkswagen Cabriolet Beetle that was customized by George Barris to look like a Rolls Royce. According to the museum, Liberace wanted a car that would be more fuel efficient because of the fuel shortages of the 1970s!

And no collection would be complete without a sports car. In this case, it's a 1972 custom Bradley GT designed after the gull-wing Mercedes. The car is built with a VW chassis and engine. And nothing says Liberace sports car like built-in sterling silver candelabras.

Liberace's trademarks were his piano and candelabra. Several pianos from Liberace's collection are on display. One is covered in rhinestones, one is covered in mirrors. Most, but not all of them are ornate grand pianos. One notable exception was the interesting Kuhn &

Ridgeway harp piano from the mid-1800s. The strings of the piano go straight up in the air just like a harp. The design never caught on because harp pianos were difficult to keep in tune.

Next to his music, Liberace is probably best-known for his garish, flamboyant costumes. Many of them are on display in the museum. The outfits are so large and ornate that they boggle the mind. Many of them weigh over 100 pounds. One costume (the "King Neptune") reportedly weighs 200 pounds. Another costume has a cape made out of upside-down monkey fur. A costume that you will not soon forget is his red, white and blue, bicentennial outfit, complete with hot pants.

Of his clothes, Liberace joked, "Now that I can afford to buy my own, I have them in about three sizes, because I love to eat and my weight constantly fluctuates. So most of my suits come in three sizes: Thin, Fat and Impossible!"

Liberace referred to one outfit as his "Lasagna" costume. He joked that he wore it when he was cooking at home because the colors were so busy that it wouldn't show stains when he made lasagna.

And speaking of cooking, Liberace loved to cook. As mentioned by the Barracuda Gourmet in this very same issue, the gift shop of the Liberace Museum is the only place you can buy Liberace's cookbook! There is also a cafeteria in the museum.

Also, the museum is located directly next door to Carluccio's Tivoli Gardens, which Liberace originally owned. It's a reasonably-priced restaurant that serves hearty Italian cuisine in abundant portions. The decor was designed by Liberace and it shows, with lots of 1970s-styled dark wood with excessively-ornate appointments.

The final take on Liberace after seeing the museum? You've got to hand it to him—he was *out there*. He was really forging into uncharted territory. Even if sequins and pomp are not your dish of peas, you've got to respect the man because he was truly marching to the beat of his own drummer. He was way, way off the map and that's really worth something, especially in today's era of mall-bought individualism. He is to peacock feathers and rhinestones what Richard Petty is to NASCAR—so far ahead of the pack that it's impossible to imagine him being surpassed.

The admission price of \$12.50 was a bit steep, but it goes to a good cause. One thing is for sure—there is no other museum like this, not even in a place like Las Vegas.



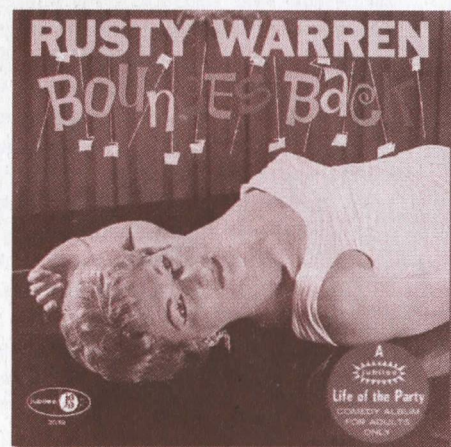
SIN-SATIONAL RUSTY WARREN

jubilee 100

2034



**ANOTHER
HILARIOUS
COMEDY
ALBUM** THAT HAS
MR. & MRS. AMERICA
ROLLING ON
THE FLOOR—



If novelty records and parodies hold a soft spot in your heart, thrift shops, Ebay and flea markets are a good place to uncover a lost treasure. But trying to find something on par with Spike Jones or Lenny and The Squigtones amongst all those ubiquitous Mitch Miller and Living Strings albums is easier said than done.

Sadly, the majority of old comedy albums have the same problem as the aforementioned Mitch Miller albums—the cover art is the best part. Vintage comedy albums tend to be very dry and methodically-paced. They come off as “pithy” at best, baffling at worst. They often focus on topical humor, which unfortunately does not age well. Stripped of cultural relevance, the best Univax machine jokes and hat blocking gags, sadly, just fall on deaf ears today. They’re too irrelevant to be funny, not broad enough to be nostalgic or kitschy.

But timeless gems can nonetheless be uncovered—such as Rusty Warren’s *Songs For Sinners*. The album’s back cover taunts, “You don’t have to be a sinner to enjoy Rusty Warren. Not personally, that is. But it is strongly recommended that you have a not-too-distant acquaintanceship with a bit of it...”

Rusty Warren, often introduced as “that lusty redhead,” was best known for a song called “Knockers Up!” (from her album of the same name). “Knockers Up!” was jokingly referred to as the march for “the cult of the uplifted.”

Other Rusty Warren albums include *Sin-Sational*, whose cover notes playfully ask, “Do you blush easily? Do you blush because you blush easily? Is there something dull about the innocent? Are you a pagan?”

“It is not necessary that you answer any of the above. Not in public, at least. But if there is any doubt in your mind about the direction you are heading—toward Sin or away from it—Rusty Warren is holding a frank and free discussion entitled *Sinsational*. It is! It most assuredly is!

“*Sinsational* is the third course Rusty is giving in “How Sin Gets Around” or “Grab Yourself A Handful, It’s Free.”

This is all funny stuff, to be sure, but thankfully, the best material on these albums is actually on the albums.

Rusty’s routines are timeless because they focus on sex and relationships. And she is quite funny and still relevant. The only thing that dates her routine is its modest tone. Rusty muses that her songs, once considered quite dirty, could be nursery rhymes by today’s standards of decency. But the moderate tone of Rusty’s act is part of its charm, as humility and politeness are in short order today—the babies that got thrown out with the bathwater during the cultural revolutions of the 1960s.

She dances a cleverly and intentionally-crafted fine line. She is bawdy and risqué, but never raunchy or rude. Her erudite delivery (often while tickling the ivories and improvising with the audience) amusingly contradicts the fact that she’s talking about such taboo subjects as sex and relationships.

But because of the “naughty” content of her act, Rusty Warren albums were deemed too dirty for the airwaves. The result is that, amazingly, her records were wildly popular with *no support* from commercial radio. A combination of die-hard fans and inventive self-promotion helped Rusty create what would today be called a grass roots or cult fan base.

If you doubt how naughty these albums were considered, bear in mind that her first album, *Songs For Sinners* was released in 1959—the era of TV shows like *Father Knows Best*, *Leave It To Beaver* and *Ozzie and Harriet*. Issues of sexuality and gender politics were not common topics for entertainers, especially women entertainers, in those days.

As smart and purposeful as Rusty Warren was, you have to wonder if “Knockers Up!” was just a bawdy novelty song. (Or as the album cover says, “The latest dock-walloper *bon mot*.”) Or was it, in fact, a feminist rallying cry, delivered with a playful wink instead of a wagging finger?

We were lucky enough to catch up with “that lusty redhead” and long-time Las Vegas comedy veteran for a very interesting chat.

Rusty Warren: The Knockers Up! Gal

Barracuda Magazine: How many albums did you release throughout your career?

Rusty Warren: 14. Seven went gold.

BM: The albums, they were called “party albums.” That genre really isn’t around today.

RW: What they did was call it the “Life of the Party Series.” That was all in the beginning of the ‘60s. In ‘59, I made *Songs For Sinners* and

all through the ‘60s, I made all those other albums. They were recorded at the Chariot Room, the Anaheim Bowl in Anaheim, Club Alamo in Detroit, in Dallas at the old Plantation Club.

BM: And the idea behind the albums was people would get these records and play them if they had a cocktail party at their home?

RW: The country, in the ‘60s, was starting to

move away from the city. They were buying homes because construction people were making a thing called suburbia. And that’s where you’d build your family, your first home, your kids when you got married somewhere in the mid-20s to the 40s. People would go to suburbia because that meant better schools, less congestion—the whole syndrome of that kind of thinking.

I think the interesting parallel is that you do not listen to Rusty Warren on an iPod. You don’t

stick it your ear. You want to share her. And you share the comedy with your friends. "Come on over! You bring the beer and I'll throw the hamburgers and the hot dogs on." It became a block party. It became a *party* party. And party albums started to come up. I was just part of that.

BM: Your albums, although they were hugely popular, were never played on the radio?

RW: No. Outside of *Dr. Demento*, I don't think anyone would touch it, including Canada.

BM: And the reason they weren't played on the radio was because of the content, correct?

RW: Yes. It was sexually-oriented talk. People were not ready to speak in that manner. They weren't. It took me a long time to rah-rah women's freedom of sexual expression. Let's put it that way.

BM: So, you had this huge fan base and record sales *in spite of the fact* that you didn't get airplay.

RW: Because the album was not available in every city, when I would go to that city, I would have albums with me.

I would give one to the lady with the biggest boobs, and the guy with the cutest whatever. And I'd say, "Hey, if anyone wants any, I'll be outside. On the way out, please come say hi." I learned that from Sophie Tucker.

I didn't have jams and jellies, but I certainly had record albums. So, my current album, plus the other ones were available—I would autograph them to these people and now you find them on Ebay. Rusty Warren albums, autographed to your grandmother.

When you were at the club, you would sign a card that said "Rusty Warren's mailing list." This was before computers. Then, if you were 50 miles around Indianapolis, Detroit or Chicago, you got a card from Rusty Warren saying, "Hey, I'm going to be in town. Get your gang together. Get ready, Knockers Up. Call this club number for your reservation."

Before I got to that town, my engagement was sold out. I did my own promotion.

BM: All of your female fans must have been very, very dedicated.

RW: Absolutely. They came in by buses. They dragged their husbands in. Fellas that didn't want to come, I won them over before the night was over. Because the husbands were my friends. Then the husbands would put their wives up to be president of the Knockers Up club. It got crazy. One guy said, "When are you going to give a march for the men?"

I said, "You want to know why I won't, fella? Because you're too shy. You wouldn't march." Because men are funny. Men don't want to do

that. They don't want to show you that. They just want to assume everybody's big, right? But women, they're there. They wear the bras, the push-ups, the boobs. They're obvious, they're in sweaters, so you can see they have boobs. So, it became a march. The girls couldn't wait to march. It got carried away.

There was a bus that came up from the suburbs of Detroit, 25 or 30 women. It was a woman's night out and they were all Knockers Up club members. The bus came up and they

"I started doing a little lounge work, but I had a personal flavor that wanted more than just piano stylings in lounges. One of the bosses asked me, 'Do you know any parodies?' You do these parodies and I'll give you \$25 more per week. So, I learned parodies."

had flyers on it: "Rusty Warren fan club," "Club Alamo here we come." We took pictures. I was hysterical. It was a mania at that time, for a long time.

BM: How much of your audience in a club would be men?

RW: It was never an audience of all men. And never an audience of all women. I always wanted to talk to both because I played off the sexes. They would come with dates, husbands. I would pick on the daters, pit them against the married couples.

BM: Tell us about how your career as an entertainer got started.

RW: What I did was fall into it, I would say. I graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music. I was just teaching a little bit and playing piano. I started doing a little lounge work, but I had a personal flavor that wanted more than just piano stylings in lounges. One of the bosses asked me, "Do you know any parodies? You do these parodies and I'll give you \$25 more per week." So, I learned parodies.

I found a whole stack of them. You'd write to

somebody in New York. For a buck, you get parodies—sheets of them. And of course, the tunes you'd know because they were popular tunes.

Before you knew it, I was bantering with the people in the lounge. And I think with my own personality, that's how it all came out. Of course, it took years to develop. All of this was in the early '50s. I graduated the Conservatory in '52. So, this was all in the '50s that I was playing all the little lounges north of New York.

BM: What did you intend for your career to be?

RW: Nothing. I was going to find a wonderful husband and settle down, maybe teach music and get married and have kids in Massachusetts.

BM: Quite a different path.

RW: Wow! What happened to that dream?! So, I went one way. I went more into what I was doing. An agent helped me create more and got me in better places and my life went on from there.

I didn't really think I was building a Rusty Warren. In fact, the name was Eileen Warren Piano Stylings when I started. The Rusty came as I needed a definition. My hair was blonde when I was young. Then it went a little bit light brown. I lost the basic blonde look.

I liked the golden red. It came out nice. And when you're young, you can wear red. So, I used red and variations of it throughout my entire career. And that's where the Rusty came from. I never thought of it as a masculine name. It was Rusty from then on. My mother found it very hard to call me Rusty when I was a so-called star in Vegas.

BM: Tell me about some of your comedy mentors or idols. You didn't really follow male comedians because that wasn't what you did. You were more interested in female comedians and their perspectives.

RW: The one that was an influence on me was Sophie Tucker. The only albums that were available were Ruth Wallis and Sophie Tucker. I was in my 20s. But it was hard to do Sophie's material. It didn't really apply to me because I was too young.

In Phoenix, Arizona, Sophie was at a big club down the street and I was working in the Pomp Room, which was about two blocks from where she was. Sophie invited me to have lunch with her at the Biltmore Hotel, where she was staying. And what kind of wardrobe do I have? I'm 20-whatever years old. I'm looking for a proper dress to wear, number one, to go to the Biltmore and number two to meet Sophie Tucker!

I was thrilled, we had bagels, lox and cream cheese! I loved it! I loved her!

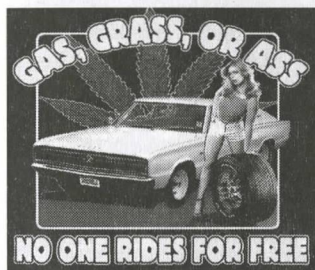
We talked and she said be honest with your audience. If you lie to them, they'll know it every time. And that's the advice I've given comics

LAMARCADELDIABLO.COM

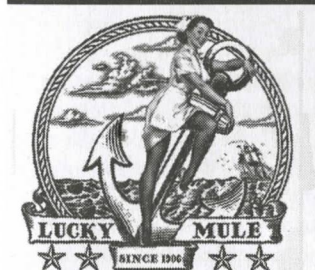


323 468 0029

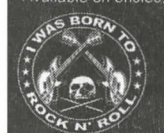
6538 HOLLYWOOD BLVD LA CA 90028



LUCKY MULE SHIRTS



MANY NEW WOMENS DESIGNS
CHECK OUT OUR
NEW KIDS LINE
Available on onsies, lap tees, & tot tees



ALL THESE AND MORE.
SEND SEND \$1 FOR A CAT.

www.luckymule.com
IT'S NEVER BEEN EASIER TO GET LUCKY
WITH OUR SECURE ONLINE SHOPPING CART

LUCKY MULE
PO BOX 23821
OAKLAND, CA 94623
PH/FAX 510-451-2177

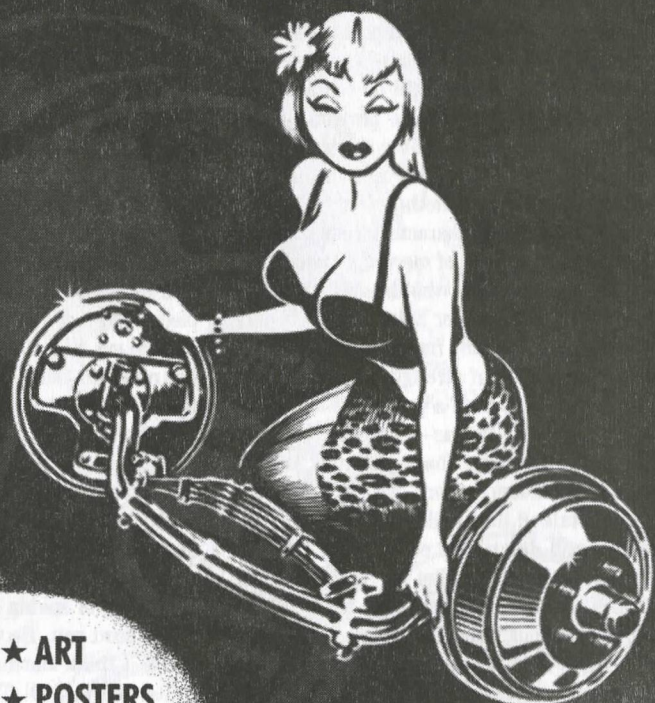


The
Second
Happiest
Place
On
Earth

WE PLAY BOTH KINDS OF MUSIC:
PUNK AND ROCK
OPEN 365 DAYS 9PM TIL 4AM

1315 W. NORTH AVE. BIG CHICAGO
WWW.EXITCHICAGO.COM

Weesner



- ★ ART
- ★ POSTERS
- ★ T-SHIRTS

WWW.KEITHWEESNER.COM

today. Oh, I loved meeting her. She was a little rough around the edges, but she was a toughie. Just an adorable lady. What a career.

BM: In comedy and entertainment today, there seems to be a fixation with "going over the line" for its own sake. Now, you were naughty and risqué, but you clearly had a stopping point. How

"Lenny Bruce comes in, he races behind the bar and he's playing around. He's whooped to the wind. And he says, 'Hey, Rusty Warren! Now there's a piece of sh— if I ever saw one!' And he starts laying into me. 'You think she tells her audiences the truth? No way! She might blow a gasket.'"

did you figure out how far you were going to go—how far you were going to push content?

RW: Let me explain something about me. My upbringing is Milton, Massachusetts—Bostonian Massachusetts. I was brought up with a lovely Jewish household of two loving parents. I didn't know what was going on in the world. I wasn't totally naive, but I was well brought-up. I didn't learn a lot until I got out in the world.

My own personal character doesn't do that. When you see a picture of me when I was a red-head, you see a woman who dresses lovely and wears jewelry and has her hairdos and all kinds of things, but not totally feminine. She's strong. She has some kind of strength about her. Yet, she's a female and she's a woman. It won't look good on her to be vulgar—to cross that line. Because it's not funny. That isn't funny, it's just downright bathroom humor.

So, I talked in a titillating sense. Sure, I said hell and damn, but cute. When I did all those stories or set ups, I'm like the gals in the audience. I'm saying, "Hey girls, we're all the same." Even though I'm the so-called star of the show, I have an empathy going with them. And with the guys—they're my buddies.

I could not get up there and say the words

that some of my contemporaries said at the time. I couldn't be Belle Barth, because Belle was 20 years my senior. Rusty couldn't get vulgar. It didn't look good on me. I had a prettier face. I looked charming. I got away with being a lady and being *naughty* without being vulgar.

Innately, I knew the difference. I may be home and get mad at someone and swear because I'm angry, but I would not use those words onstage.

BM: It's an interesting choice. That's part of why your act was so appealing. You could talk about these things in a frank manner—double-entendre, dancing around using vulgar language and somehow, it's more entertaining. And it makes the message more palatable.

RW: Don't forget, I never crossed the line of anything. I talked about Mr. and Mrs., man and woman relationships, whether you're engaged, married to him ten years, what happens when you're married to him 30 years—very much the norm. I didn't use gay sex, black/white things that a lot of the young comedians use today. I didn't use any references to any sexual position that was off Mr. and Mrs. America. Like I say, I know three positions, and I know them good.

BM: Didn't Lenny Bruce once give you a hard time at the Playboy Mansion in the '60s?

RW: We were in Chicago at the same time. And we would all meet when Hef would call and he would say, "Hey, the party's at the house, come on over." And we'd all go, whoever was in town.

At that time, Arthur Godfrey was in town doing some special. Marty Allan and Steve Rossi were in town—all kinds of people. I was sitting at the bar with Arthur Godfrey. Of course, he's a very conservative man, you know. My subject matter fascinated him. "What do you do this for? You're a pretty girl. You don't have to do all this." He was that way. That was what he believed in.

We were just talking, I thought we were having fun! Lenny comes in, he races behind the bar and he's playing around. He's whooped to the wind. And he says, "Hey, Rusty Warren! Now there's a piece of sh— if I ever saw one!" And he starts laying into me. "Hey Godfrey, what are you doing with this redhead? You think she tells her audiences the truth? No way! She might blow a gasket."

Arthur says, "Lay off her. Go somewhere else, Lenny. We're talking."

Then Marty Allen comes over says, "Leave her alone. She's a comedian. That's her job. Why don't you pick on me?"

Lenny was something else. I remember the beginning of seeing him, when he wore a vest and a good suit. He was a tiny guy and he was young. I think Martha Rae had a club in Miami called the Five O' Clock club and I remember seeing him there. And all of a sudden, the next

time, he's crazy! He's absolutely crazy. He's off-the-wall. And he was the most honest comedian from our generation.

BM: Tell us about the "sexual state of the union" for women in the early 1960s. What were the prevailing attitudes?

RW: Being titillating, as I was, about certain aspects of our sexual lives together, I found out that we didn't know a lot about sex. We knew A goes into B and all that, but we didn't know much about what was truly going to happen to us. You've got to realize this is the '60s. This is not the 21st century of sex.

If we didn't wait until marriage, we did it a little bit, exploratory, with someone you were going to get married to. And if you got caught, if you got pregnant, that's a whole other ballgame. But at that time, we didn't really know much about it.

The women's movement was coming along at this moment—Gloria Steinem, Bella Abzug. All these radical, great, strong, brilliant women were running their own ballpark and I think they found me a little... I wasn't big enough to be a threat to them, but I was saying things that brought an issue to a woman's body that they wanted to get away from—that we weren't just bodies, we were brilliant, we could be lawyers and doctors.

They were going through that phase of showing who women really are in a workforce and should get rights. But at the time, they were very concerned. They didn't want to deviate, with anyone saying "Knockers Up March" and "Bounce Your Boobies." They had enough of this in their own lives because boobs are still boobs. But I made it funny.

Men are very concerned today about making a woman happy. I'm glad that happened. I'm glad we got to that point in the '70s and '80s and '90s, where men became lovers. That I like.

Now, this is a broad statement—not every man is probably this way, let's hope not—but you want to know something about today? A woman can choose. And that frightens men. Think of it, you're a man. Oh, well, if I'm not good enough, she'll go to somebody else. I'd better sharpen up. I better learn where that G spot is.

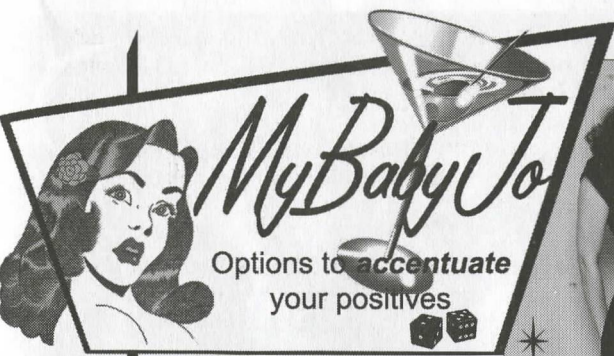
But then women also had to learn. Ah, this is what men want. A-ha. And then she learns either she's going to do it or she's not going to do it. And you know the ones that are going to do it are going to get the guys. That dates back to Cleopatra!

BM: A journalist in the '60s called you "the mother of the sexual revolution." What do you think about that title?

RW: I think it's funny, actually. I did come up in the sexual revolution in the '60s.

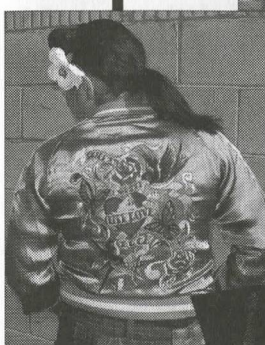
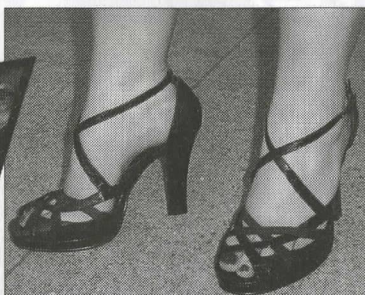
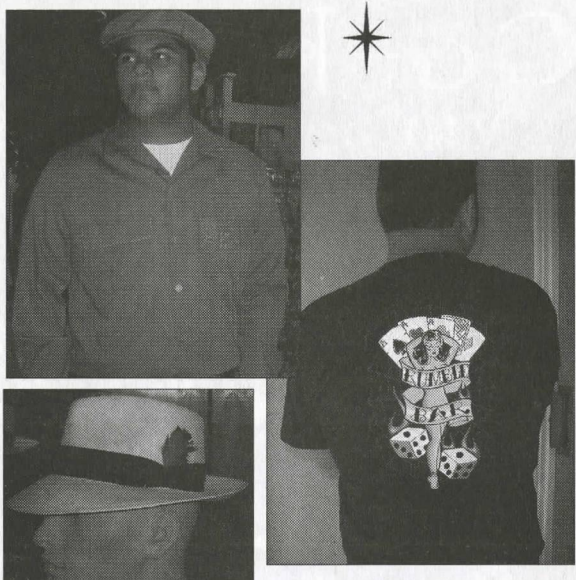
Politically, we were plodding along, trying

Rusty Warren cont'd on page 40



MyBabyJo
Options to *accentuate*
your positives

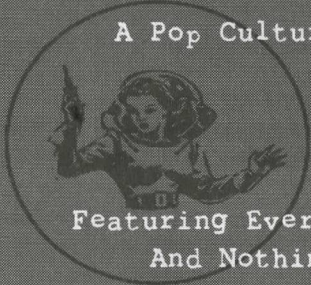


10418 1/2 National Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA. 90034
Phone: 310.558.9244
STORE HOURS
Sunday - Noon - 6 p.m.
Monday - Friday 11 a.m. - 7 p.m.
Saturday 11 a.m. - 6 p.m.
www.mylittlejo.com

BUCKAROO'S MERCANTILE

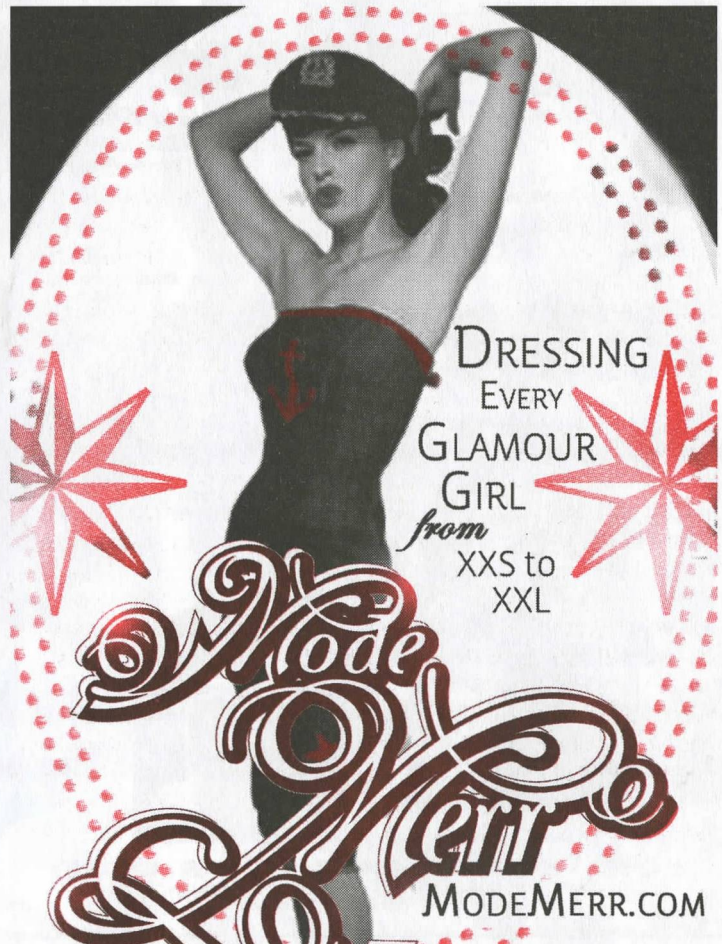
A Pop Culture Superstore



Featuring Everything You Want
And Nothing You Need

WWW.BUCKMERC.COM

5 Brookline Street, Cambridge MA 02139
(617) 492-4792



DRESSING
EVERY
GLAMOUR
GIRL
from
XXS to
XXL

**Mode
Merr**
MODEMERR.COM

Go-Kat-Go

Vintage Style For
Modern Living



5102 N. 7th
Street Phx AZ

602
277 8528

www.go-kat-go.com

RE-MIX

Authentic Vintage Reproduction Shoes

Specializing in WHITE BUCKS, BLUE SUEDE
SHOES & PENNY LOAFERS for Guys!

NEW! for the gals:

- ~ Sexy 40's PLATFORMS
- ~ 50's "BALLET" FLATS
- ~ 40's WEDGES
- ~ Saddle Shoes



New!
BLUE SUEDE
SHOES



LACE UP or PENNY LOAFER STYLES
available in BLUE SUEDE
or WHITE BUCKS for men



Visit our store or our website

remixvintageshoes.com

7605 1/2 Beverly Blvd. ~ Los Angeles CA
toll free (888) 254-1813

silver
moon
chicago

Mens & Womens Vinatge
at its finest

Black Moon Collection

Vivienne Westwood

Silver Moon Custom

Shop at:

www.silvermoonvintage.com

1755 W. North Ave.
Chicago, IL 60622
773.235.5797
Tues-Sat 12-8 Sun 12-2

photographed by: Andy Letha



Sneaky Tiki Boutique

**Fine
vintage
clothing
& accessories**



2234A East 4th Street
LONG BEACH, CA 90814
(562) 439-2600,
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
MON - FRI 12:00 - 6:00
Sat 11:00 - 6:00
SUN 12:00 - 5:00

Shop online at www.sneakytikiboutique.com



BEAUTY PARLOR BEAUTIES!

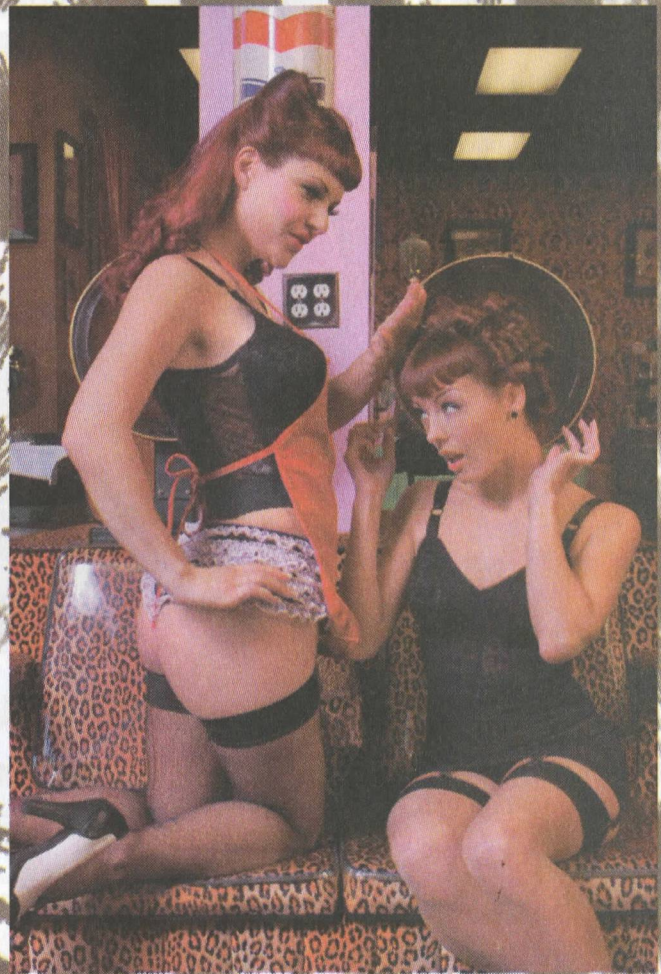
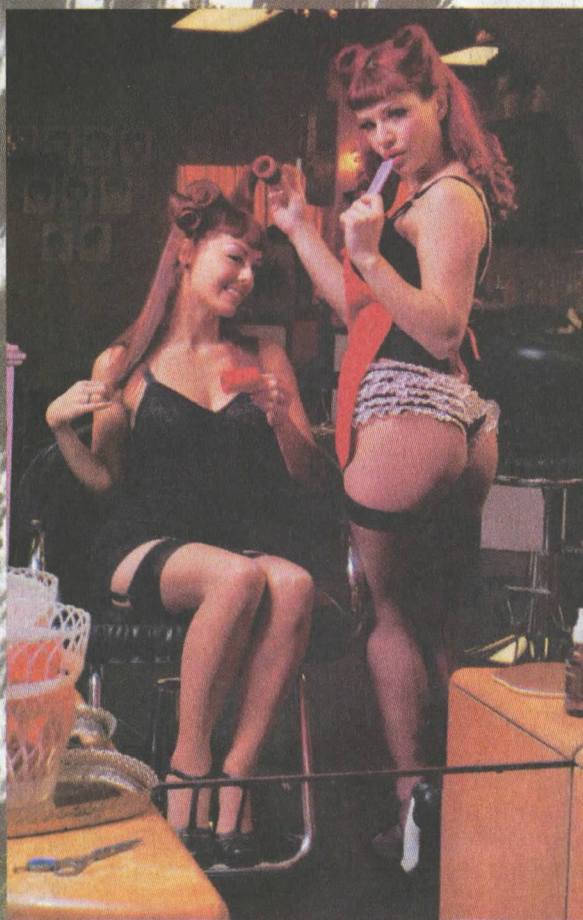
Our darling Dayna is running late for a hot date. But alas, she is a lass without an appointment!



But this brainy Barracuda Girl knows which side the bread is buttered on! A little dough-re-mi will get her into a chair toute suite!



She needs a hoffo new coif that will get her the stamp of approval from a first class male!





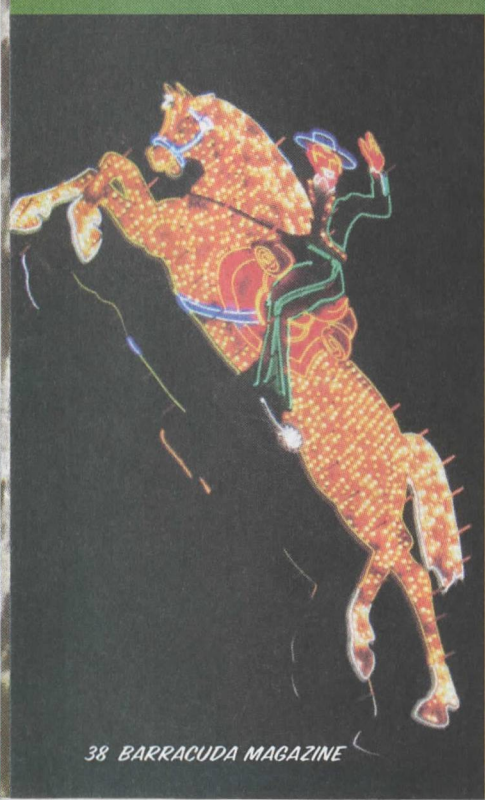
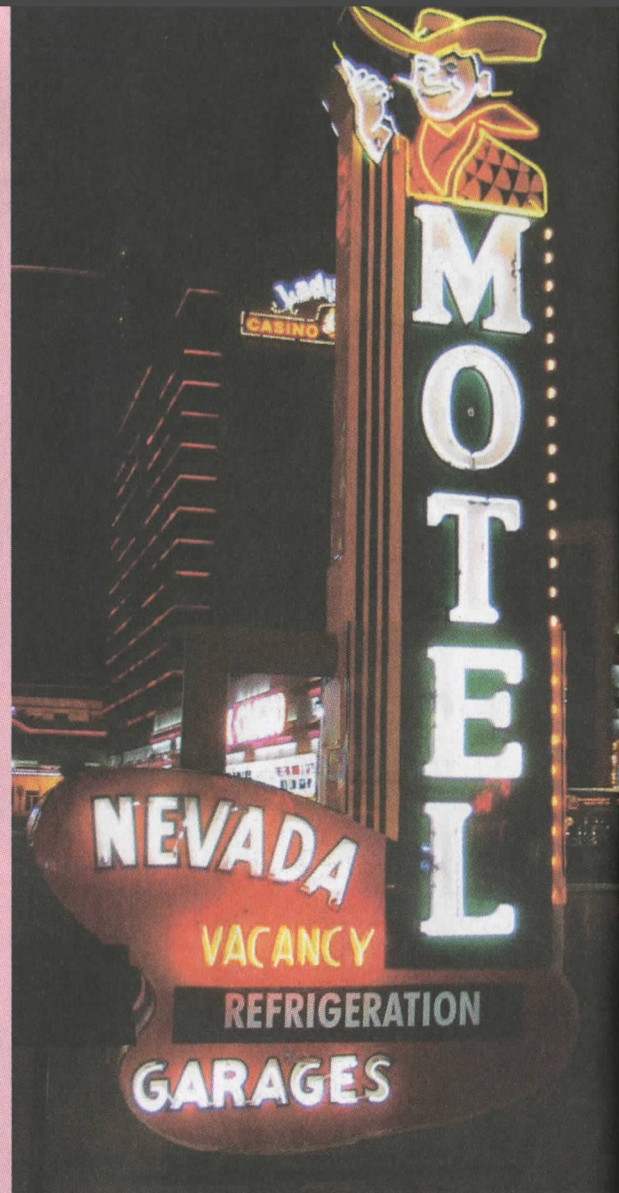
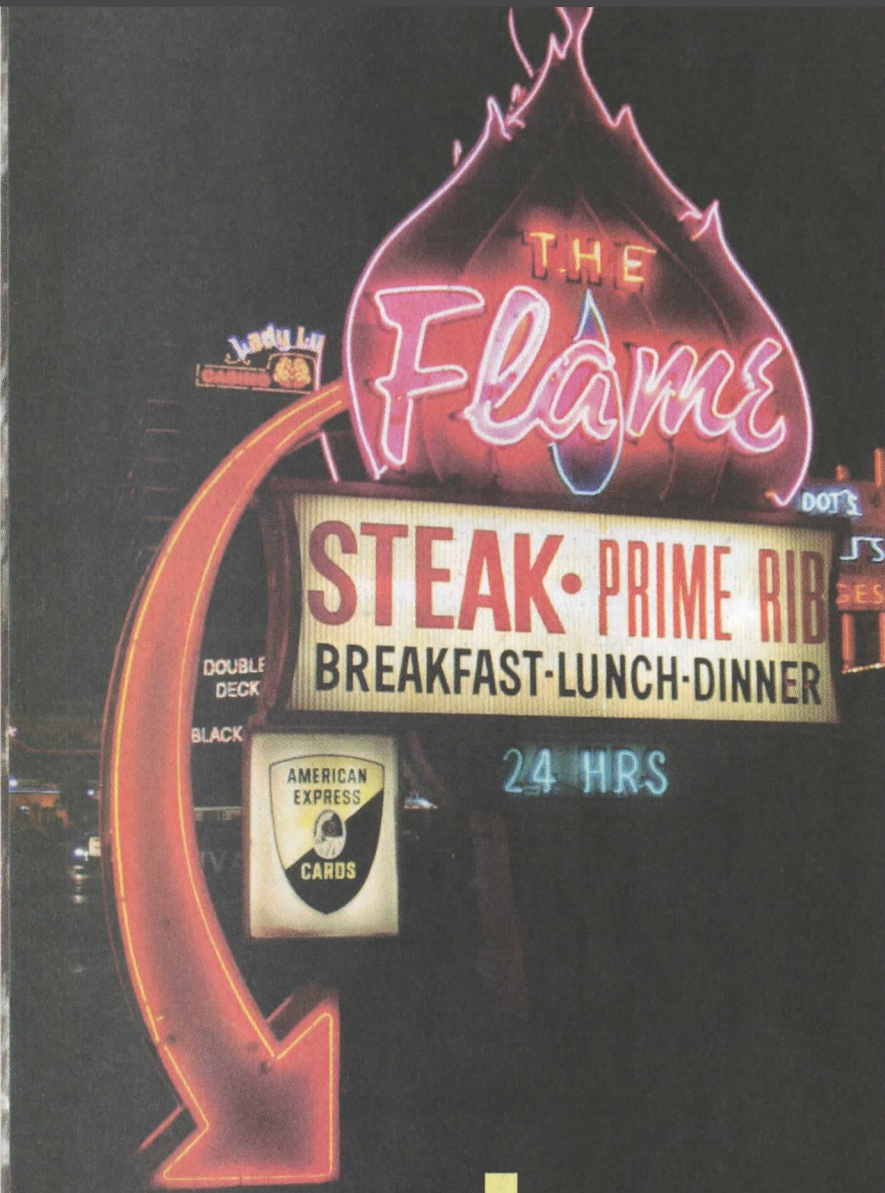
**Ladies! Don't fight over the clothes!
You'll leave each other dressitute!**

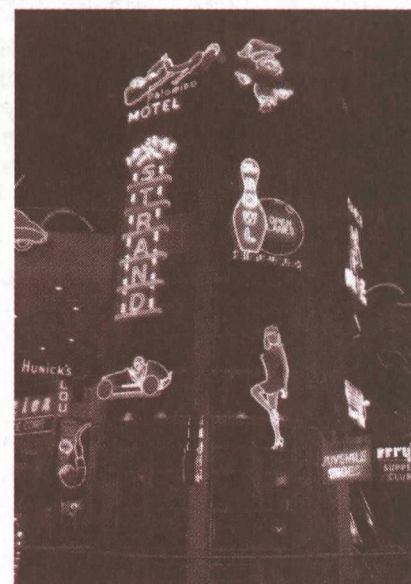
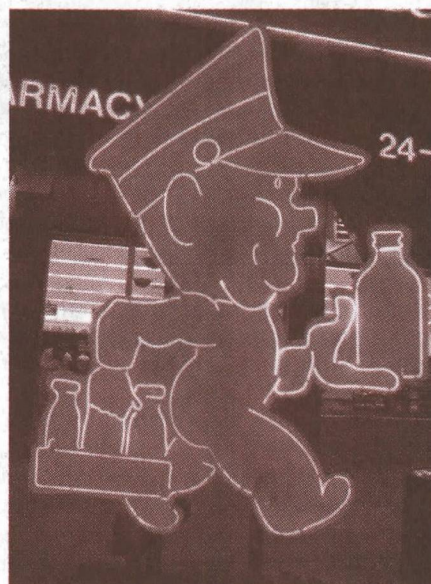
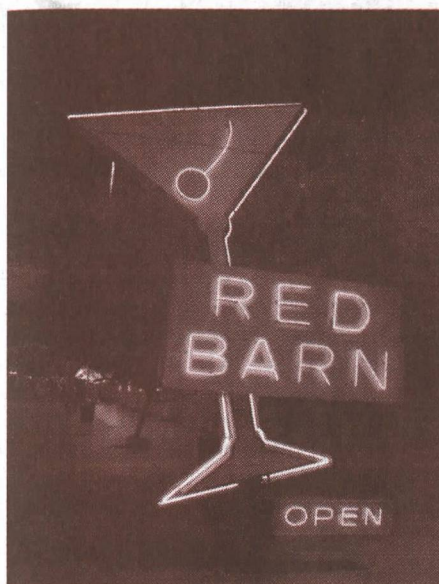
**This Barracuda Girl winds up
getting so much done on this
trip to the beauty parlor, we'll
be able to call her "Kitty"—
she's been dyed nine times!**



**What a cheeky end result we have! These two
ladies have what we call "income tax figures."
They sure have filled out their forms!**

photographer: BrandonShowers.com
Makeup: Sara Martinez of Ultra Lux Salon
Hair: Tricia Delgado
and Deanna Serna of Ultra Lux Salon
Wardrobe: My Baby Go-mybabyjo.com
Shot at Ultra Lux Salon-www.ultraluxsalon.com
Models: Dayna Delux-Daynadelux.com
and
Jezzebelle Bee-www.myspace.com/cherrystarlet





Opposite: The Flame Restaurant sign, which was dates back to 1961. It can be found today on the southwest corner of Fremont St. and Las Vegas Blvd. The Nevada Hotel sign dates from the 1950s. The character at the top of the sign was seen on various signs around Vegas in the 1950s and 1960s and became known as "Vegas Vic." This sign is supposedly the first appearance of the character. The Chief Hotel Court dates to around 1940. Lastly, the Hacienda Hotel sign, which was installed in 1967.

If you've never ventured off the Strip to visit downtown Las Vegas, by all means, you should. If the fancy, new hotels and attractions remind you a little too much of Chuck E. Cheese, then downtown might be the place for you.

Downtown is gritty, sometimes seedy, but it doesn't feel dangerous. Maybe it is, but all the bright lights give the illusion that everything's OK. It's a different world than the Strip, especially the south end of the Strip, with all of its gigantic grandeur. You walk into a casino downtown and there's gambling, right in front of you, right inside the door. This is the way Vegas used to be in the days before you had to walk through a labyrinth of stores and attractions to get where you wanted to go.

Yes, there is indeed a Vegas of yesterday and neon was a big part of it. But neon is actually not so common anymore. Sure, there are lots of bright lights and flashing signs in Vegas, but if you stop and look, very few of them are neon nowadays.

Not surprisingly, a town like Vegas, which feeds off having the latest, fanciest everything, there is little concern about historic preservation. So, when a restaurant or casino is torn down, sentimentalism gives way to a hasty, "Out with the old, in with the new."

Fremont St. is the epicenter of downtown or the "old Vegas." At the intersection of Fremont and Las Vegas Blvd. is the so-called

Neon Museum. This museum contains a handful of vintage-era Las Vegas neon signs that have been rescued from the wrecking ball, restored and displayed.

This is not a museum in the traditional sense of a building filled with galleries or exhibition halls. Rather, the museum is outdoors, along the pedestrian walkway on Fremont St., also known as the "Fremont Street Experience." There is no entrance or exit, no rooms and no admission fee.

Here, these neon signs are working and on display, living outside in their natural habitat. The signs are on display 24-hours a day, but obviously, the best time to see them is at night when they are lit up.

Among the signs are the horse and rider sign from the Hacienda Hotel, originally installed in 1967, the lamp from the Aladdin casino, originally installed in 1966, the sign from the Flame Restaurant, originally installed in 1961, the sign from the Chief Hotel Court, originally installed around 1940, Andy Anderson, the mascot for the Anderson dairy, originally installed in 1956, a wedding information sign circa 1940, the Red Barn bar sign from around 1960, the Nevada Motel sign from around 1950 plus several others.

(Editor's note: The signs mounted on the elevator tower in the central courtyard at 450 Fremont St. are neat to look at, but 17 of the 18 signs are not actually from Vegas.)

LAS VEGAS NEON SIGN MUSEUM

to get more for ourselves. The title came because I guess I was the one talking more about sex then. Most of the other people would say *sex jokes*. I became like a lecturer with a drummer—with a band behind me. I sort of talked about stuff that was happening to us. So, I became the mother of the thing.

"People are so uptight about the sexual field. You're not going to give a man a set of rules. You're not going to give a woman a set of rules. Because one man and one woman get together under their own set of rules."

BM: There was so much pressure back in the day, that it was wrong for a woman to be talking about sex, to admit that she cared about sex, to even expect to enjoy sex. What do you think all of that pressure was *really* about? What was the motivation behind the people who advanced the idea that women should not say and do these things?

RW: Control. Men were losing their control over women—their minds and their bodies. What a concept. All of a sudden, women wanted *their* orgasms. Women wanted *their* place in the world as a viable lawyer, doctor, whatever they wanted. Even if they were people just working everyday jobs, they wanted respect. They wanted their own personalities to be recognized and respected. And men were losing control of who had what to say about sex.

Women never thought of sex as an important entity. There was a Victorian underpinning at the time. They didn't think it was their right to receive pleasure. Basically, we were the baby carriers and it was important that we bear children. Which, of course, gives you the concept of what was a man—as many children as he has is how powerful he is. There are some cultures today that still adhere to that kind of hokey.

BM: Now, things did change. So, I would think at some point, men have cooperated. Back in the day, in the early and mid-60s, there were men that were *supporting* the change.

RW: Quite a few of them. There were friends of the feminist movement, so that was part of the change.

BM: So progress has been made, but where would you say that work is still needed in terms of gender relations?

RW: The key word for me in relationships is intimacy. Young people today, they fear intimacy. I don't know what it is because I can't put that mindset in my mindset, but I see it and I hear it. Young people today, they watch movies, they watch TV. These are the mirrors of what our society is about sexually and morally. I want to use an expression—TMI. Too much information. That's what kids know today.

They've got too much crap coming down the field and they don't know intimacy. To walk in the sunset on the beach holding hands, getting a kiss on the cheek, or have a guy rub you on the neck or play with your ear. Intimacy. When they're learning about stuff, it's not intimacy, it's the sex act, and that's the difference. And I don't know if I like that. I don't know if that's right for them to do at that point.

That was titillating for us—the first kiss. God, we didn't know what we were expecting. And now, jeez, they swallow each other. Maybe I'm a sexual prude, I don't know.

BM: A lot of people who talk about gender issues and sexual politics might say it's a very serious business and shouldn't be joked about. Tell me about how humor has *helped* you be more effective in getting your message out.

RW: I'm going to say one thing. Every show that I've ever done, I've always ended up with, "Learn to laugh at yourself." When you understand yourself, you can understand anything about anyone else. You can say, "Hey, I don't go for it, but if it makes you happy, fine."

So, learn to laugh at your little foibles—the things you have to do with your husband or partner when you have a problem. You work it out. You laugh at it. You don't make it some federal issue.

People are so uptight about the sexual field. You're not going to give a man a set of rules. You're not going to give a woman a set of rules. Because one man and one woman get together under their *own* set of rules.

BM: You worked in Vegas a great deal. When did you work there?

RW: From 1960 until about 1989. I would take four-times-a-year contracts. My first contract

was with the Dunes, for the Colonel. My second one came to the Aladdin. Then the Flamingo chain. Then the Sahara. Then the International Hilton. But I worked for wonderful men. Milton Prell at the Aladdin, his wife was so kind to me. She gave my mother presents and me beautiful diamond watches. I was packing rooms. It was a wonderful time and a wonderful era.

BM: When you see films of people performing back then, the performers were having as good of a time as the audience.

RW: A lot of fun. I guess because Vegas was new, in its way. New for the openness that we had. The lounges were going hot and heavy. There were bigger stars. We were lounge stars—Don Rickles, myself and Buddy Hackett. And of course, the big-timers. Frank Sinatra and his group, Tom Jones, Englebert Humperdink. God, we were all there at one time or another and we all intertwined with each other.

BM: So, you would actually do things around Vegas with other entertainers?

RW: We had pre-opening night parties when Englebert came to town and all the show kids would all get included and we'd all get a chance to say hello to everyone and good luck. So, we would get to meet all of them, all of the biggies. They were close, they were friendly and it was nice to meet the stars. It was a good era, it was fun.

We used to go and hang out in the lounge and see Don Rickles and then Frank would show up with all of his buddies. They'd tear the place apart. They'd all jump up on stage and do something. "Get your knockers up here, come on gal!" That was the level of knowing them.

BM: Of the entertainers that you saw perform, who did you like?

RW: You know who I adored? Jerry Vale! God, I loved him. Such a kind, gentle man. Totie Fields I loved. Don Rickles was a riot. Belle Barth, she was starring at the Thunderbird. We had a ball. Everyone went to see each others' opening. We went to their after-hours shows. We hung out until five in the morning. That was our life. It began at ten at night until five in the morning. You slept until noon, one o'clock, two o'clock.

BM: Did you gamble at all?

RW: My game was poker. I was a poker player and I really enjoyed that—seven card stud. Today, the craze is Texas hold 'em. My god, I learned that years ago when I was up in Reno, they were starting that game. But I preferred seven card stud.

Texas hold 'em is a game of people. More than sitting with seven cards trying to mentally

beat out someone else.

I just enjoy it. It takes time, it's not a quick thing. You don't lose as much money. If you want to get out after the deal, the second card, four cards, you're looking and you've got nothing? You fold. You've got something? You bet, you try to get someone else. And you bluff a little bit. But I was playing \$1, \$3, \$5, I wasn't playing \$10 and \$20.

I get involved in slot machines. They're just fun. If you don't know how to read cards, you do slot machines. And 21? I can't add six and four without a calculator, so I don't play 21. That's about it.

BM: You said your mother used to take a bow at your Vegas shows—that she would love that and she enjoyed your act.

RW: Oh, God bless my mother. After she took the bow, people would come up to her and say, "Hey, you're Rusty Warren's mother! Hey, she's great! I love your daughter. What do you think about your daughter?" She'd say, "Well, I know what she's saying, but God knows where she learned it all. She didn't learn it from me! Her father was a good man!" So funny.

BM: Your mother sounds like she had a great sense of humor, so she must have been a tremendous influence.

RW: I'm glad she lived to 95. My dad died at 62, just when I won the first award for *Knockers Up!*, for the female comedian of the year. And he was very ill at that point and couldn't even see me at that time. Mother saw most of my career happen. She never minded what I did for a living. She knew who I was. An amazing woman, really, when it came to that.

BM: Tell me about her. What things did you learn from her? What things do you see in yourself now that you realize you got from your mom?

RW: My mother told me what I needed to know at the time I needed to know it. This is a generation that didn't talk about sex to their children. My mother told me about periods and what I was going to be expecting, boys touching and kissing and all this kind of thing that mothers are supposed to share. She gave me that little booklet that used to be in the Kotex box. What every young girl should know. Funniest thing in the world. Of course, now it's a joke.

BM: What was the date of Rusty Warren's last performance?

RW: I recorded the video in '89. My mother passed away and I felt I had more freedom to move. She was 95 at the time, so I wanted to be close by.

I still had my home in Arizona. By that time I thought, "Where do I want to be?" I'd

been there about 30-odd years, since the '50s. I visited some friends in Hawaii and I said, "This is nice." Then it took me about two years to sell my ranch, all the stuff and get the corporation un-divided so that I don't need to be a corporation anymore. All of that is paperwork and lawyers and taxes. I said, "Good! I'm myself now!" I only get one bank account.

Rusty's been dormant since the 1980s. I stopped for a reason. I figured I'd said it all. By then the sexual attitudes had changed a bit. The women's movement had finished and over gone and whatever women were doing in the '80s that they didn't do in the '60s.

BM: I've heard you in interviews referring to Rusty as a different person, as kind of a character.

RW: I've often done that as a third person.

BM: How do you think that Rusty is different from you? Do you think of Rusty as a character or are you really kind of the same person?

RW: I guess I'm more vulnerable. The persona, it gave me more guts, more power. I wasn't thinking of it in that manner, but she was a dynamic woman. This is how I looked at her, this is how I created her. When she was 30, she was unstoppable.

I separate myself for the reason that you couldn't be that Rusty 24 hours a day. She was high octane. She was mouthy, with a degree of naughtiness. I can't say vulgar, because she wasn't vulgar. She was risqué. She was naughty in the choice of what she would talk about maybe.

I'm here now as a 70-year old lady and I don't do that in front of the women I play bridge with or play golf with. You don't get that character. They don't need it. They don't even know it. And if they do know it, I don't really have to be her.

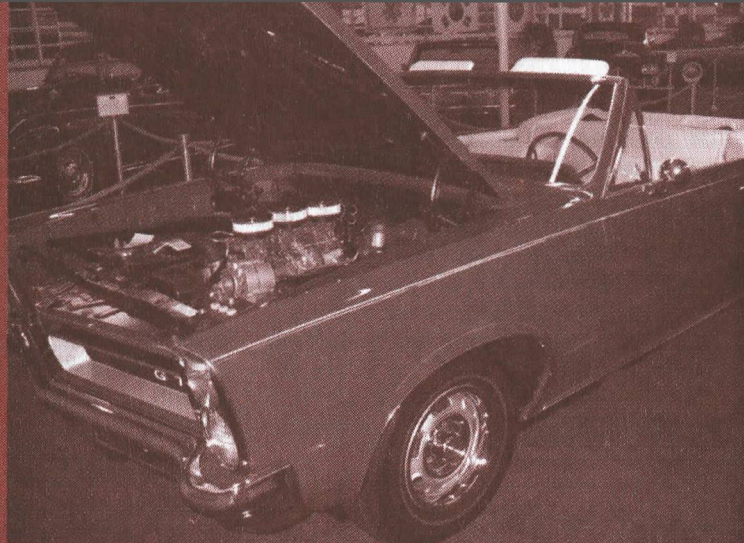
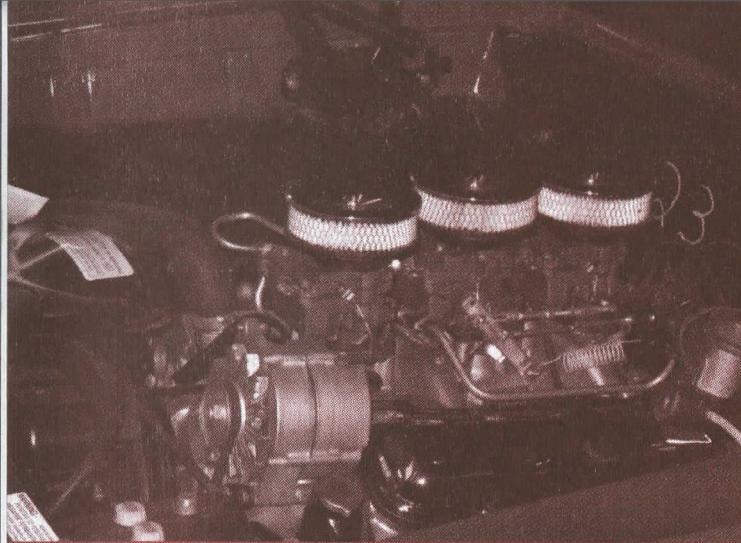
When it does happen, say I'm visiting a comic that opened a new show here in Hawaii and I go down, have dinner and watch the show and he knows me. Then I become the guest, whatever, and I get up and say hi—boom, I turn into Rusty. Because they expect whatever quip I'm going to say, they expect that kind of thing to come out of my mouth.

It's just there—boom. All of sudden, she comes up out of the depths and has a witty remark or something clever. Or something naughty to say and get a titter. But I've got to be careful. I'm a nice little grey-haired lady who shouldn't talk that way anymore! "

"The persona, it gave me more guts, more power. I wasn't thinking of it in that manner, but she was a dynamic woman. This is how I looked at her, this is how I created her. When she was 30, she was unstoppable. I separate myself for the reason that you couldn't be that Rusty 24 hours a day. She was high octane."



To find out more about Rusty Warren, visit www.rustywarren.com. Several of her classic albums have been re-released on cd and more are to be reissued in the near future.



Imperial Palace Auto Collection

Opposite page, L to R, top to bottom: 1965 Pontiac GTO 389 Tri-Power convertible with factory 4-speed tranny. 1932 Ford High Boy, an authentic and correct 1962 hot rod. "The Rose," a 1951 Merc customized as a tribute to Sam Barris. 1953 Cadillac Ghia Concept Car (only one of two built) formerly owned by Rita Hayworth. Interior detail of the Cadillac. This page: 1962 Oldsmobile Starfire with a 394 c.i. V8. 1952 Ferrari Inter 212 Vignale coupe, one of only 15 built, equipped with three Weber carbs and a 5-speed. 1954 Chrysler New Yorker with 1,600 miles on it, customized for Howard Hughes. The vents were removed, the firewall was sealed and air was routed through a dust and bacterial filter fitted in the trunk to accommodate his germophobia. 1966 Dodge Hemi Charger (radio delete) with original spare, window sticker, buyer's order and more. It's the only black, radio delete 1966 Hemi Charger known to exist. 1932 Ford 5-Window coupe with original steel body and 400 h.p. ZZ4 Tri-Power engine.



COLLECTIKIBLE



Mr. G's First Solo Art Book

Mr. G

Collectikible

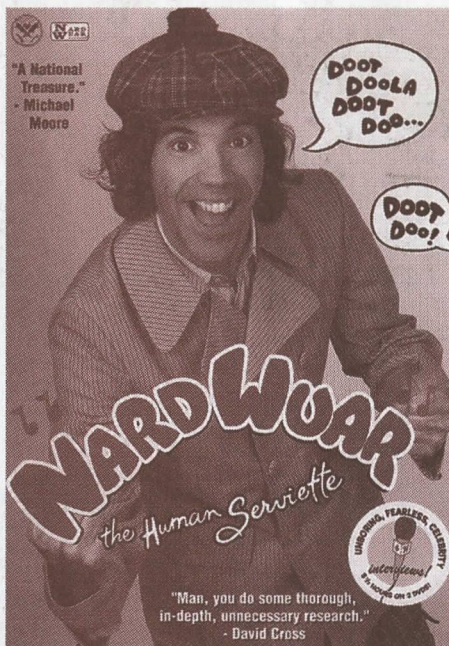
Mr. G's First Solo Art Book
by Mr. G

This book features the artwork of Japanese artist and pinstriper Mr. G. *Collectikible* was made by Mr. G and Nash, who is the crazy, crazy publisher of *Burnout* and *Hardcore Rod & Kustom* magazines.

The book has a brief intro and then just gets right down to business with over 60 pages of Mr. G's artwork. Mr. G mixes up the subjects of hot rods, tikis, hula girls and surfing at will. While these are all icons that connote Southern California, it is very interesting to see the way that Mr. G has interpreted them with his own style and Japanese sensibilities. It's like all of these parts have been exported to Japan, assembled and customized by him and brought back to our shores with a new twist.

Mr. G paints wild scenes with wild subjects. But there is always an overlay of that traditional Japanese restraint, humility and modesty that results in an interesting juxtaposition. His style is intense and fun, with lots of bright colors and heavy lines. He is very talented, but not needlessly complicated.

As the title says, this is the first solo art book for Mr. G, but it is also a milestone because it is the first book dedicated solely to the works of a Japanese hot rod artist! Mr. G is one of many very talented Japanese hot rod artists who are making their mark on the American art scene. You haven't heard the last of Mr. G!



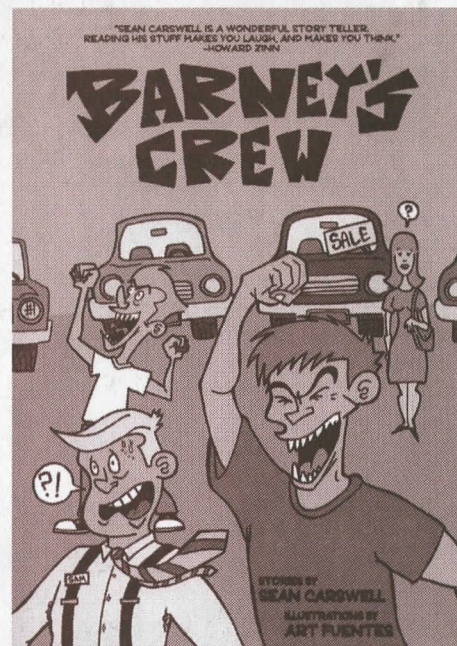
Doot Doola Doot Doot...Doot Doot!
Nardwuar The Human Serviette
Alternative Tentacles
2 DVD set

There are quite a few things that make Nardwuar much better and more tolerable than the all of those smart-aleck celebrity ambush interviewers out there. First, he doesn't seem mean-spirited. Nardwuar is odd, but he's he means no harm and is affable. Secondly, Nardwuar seems genuine. In other words, his personality doesn't feel like a put-on or an act. It's not some wacky character he turns on and off like a spigot when the camera's rolling. You get the sense that he's Nardwuar when he cooks his breakfast in the morning or doing his laundry at night. As opposed to other interviewers, who are pre-convicted of their own hilarity, you start to wonder if Nardwuar even knows he's funny. It's a nice change of pace.

Thirdly, and most importantly, as goofy as Nardwuar is, he's disturbingly well-informed. This guy has done his homework. He stops plenty of these celebrities in their tracks by asking questions about some obscure incident or aspect of their lives. Many of the subjects respond with a justifiable mix of awe and bewilderment. Some of them are baffled and just storm off. Most of them are amused and are probably glad to at least not be answering the same questions over and over.

People Nardwuar attempts to interview on these DVDs are an interesting cross-section of culture: Snoop Dogg, Ian MacKaye, Destiny's Child, Gwar, White Stripes, Marilyn Manson, Busta Rhymes, Mikhail Gorbachev and more.

The liner notes of the DVD point out that the video contains none of the music of any of the artists interviewed.



Barney's Crew
by Sean Carswell
Gorsky Press
237 pages, soft cover

Sean Carswell's real knack is that he's a philosopher, but he comes across like a dude. He doesn't whack the reader over the head with a mallet of big words, nor does he serve half-baked pies of pseudo-instruction.

In an unassuming way, he examines the universe where hard labor and heavy thinking aren't mutually exclusive. It's a world where the working class gets both annihilated and exalted.

Barney's Crew is a collection of short stories. The stories are unpretentious and told in an easy tone. It's almost like the book comes with a cold beer in a coozie.

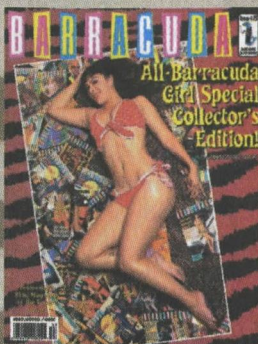
Another gratifying aspect to Carswell's writing is that he seamlessly works on many levels. On the surface, in the story "Framing Invasion," a group of construction workers, after getting drunk in a strip club following a long week of work, go and yell at employees of a car dealership because their advertisements are played between pole dances.

Just below this surface is the resentment of the stupid stuff the main character, Barney, is forced to choke down while trying to eke a living. Barney screams, "I want rent for the space your [expletive deleted] commercials take up in my mind!" He's yelling both for being unhinged in the sanctity of a strip club and for a larger philosophical issue: when is enough, enough? When do we stop being humans and devolve into demographics? A very satisfying read.



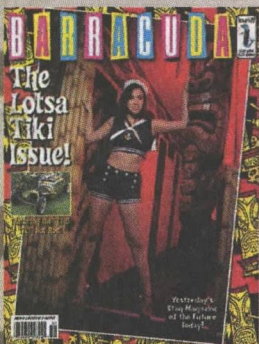
Issue #24

Bernie Dexter cover and centerfold, 2005 Premier Nationals, Tattoos You'll Never See, Real-Man Crossword and Barracuda Girls!



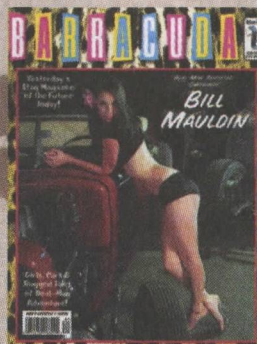
Issue #23

All-Barracuda Girl Special Collector's Edition! Barracuda Girls, Barracuda Girls, Barracuda Girls and Barracuda Girls.



Issue #22

The Lotsa Tiki Issue! The "El B Tiki" hot rod, The Outrigger Restaurant, The brand new Lucky Tiki bar and much more!



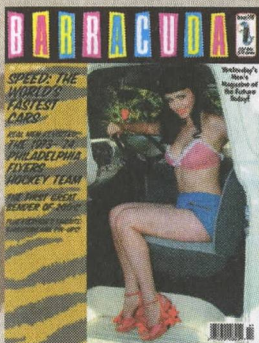
Issue #21

Real Man Bill Mauldin, How To Start Your Own Religion, Barracuda Girls galore and much more!



Issue #20

Cover by Makoto! Real Man Evel Knievel, How To Brew Your Own Beer, The Barracuda Gourmet Cooks For Two and much more!



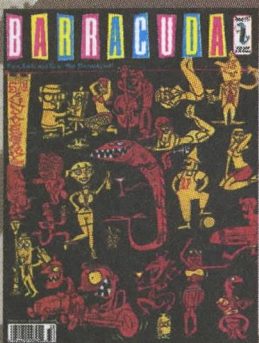
Issue #19

Speed: The World's Fastest Cars, The 1973-74 Philadelphia Flyers, The First Great Bender of 2004 and more!



Issue #18

The World's Fastest Flathead! Antarctic Explorer Ernest Shackleton! Cover by Derek Yaniger!



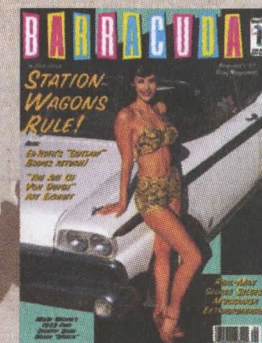
Issue #17

5th Anniversary ish! Real Man Art Arfons, Barracuda Girl Retrospective!



Issue #16

Inside The Batmobile! Barracuda Girl Paget Brewster, More Station Wagons Rule



Issue #15

Station Wagons Rule! Real-Man George Seides, Van Dutch Art Show, Ed Roth's Outlaw Body Reissues

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Email _____

☐ check or money order (in U.S. funds only, please) ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ Amex

card # _____ exp. date _____

signature _____

☐ 4-issue subscription (\$12 U.S., \$18 to Canada, \$24 everywhere else)

Single copies: (\$5 each U.S., \$6.25 to Canada, \$7.50 everywhere else)

☐ #24 ☐ #23 ☐ #22 ☐ #21 ☐ #20 ☐ #19 ☐ #18 ☐ #17

☐ #16 ☐ #15 ☐ #14 ☐ #13 ☐ #12 ☐ #11 ☐ #10

SPECIAL STUPID SALE!!! Back-issue bonus packs!

(\$16 per pack in the U.S., \$21 to Canada, \$26 everywhere else)

☐ Barracuda Issues 19-22 pack ☐ Barracuda Issues 15-18 pack

☐ Barracuda Issues 11-14 pack

☐ V8 T-shirt ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S (\$15 US, \$18.50 to Canada, \$22 int'l)

☐ Iron Cross T ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S (\$16 US, \$19.50 to Canada, \$23 int'l)

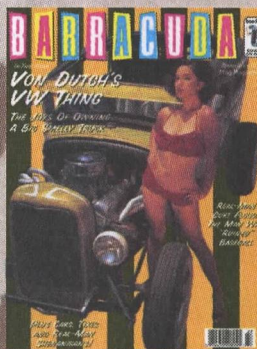
☐ Barracuda V8 vinyl sticker (b/w) (\$1 each, \$1.50 to Canada, \$2 int'l)

☐ Iron Cross vinyl sticker (black & red) (\$2 each, \$2.50 Canada, \$3 int'l)

TOTAL AMOUNT _____

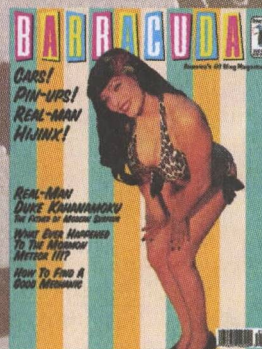
CA residents must include 8.25% sales tax and international orders must include proper shipping or your order will not be filled.

For ordering multiple quantities or anything complicated, just use another sheet of paper.



Issue #14

The Joys of Owning a Big, Smelly Truck, Von Dutch's VW Thing, Real Man Curt Flood



Issue #13

Real Man Duke Kahanamoku, What Happened To The Mormon Melior III, How To Find A Good Mechanic

VISIT OUR WEBSITE FOR SALES AND SPECIALS! OR GIVE US A CALL TO

FIND OUT ABOUT THE AVAILABILITY OF OTHER BACK ISSUES!

ALL OF THESE MAGS AND MORE AVAILABLE WITH E-Z, SAFE CREDIT

CARD ORDERING AND WORLDWIDE

SHIPPING FROM OUR ONLINE NEWSSTAND AT

WWW.BARRACUDAMAGAZINE.COM

OR CALL OUR SALES DEPT AT

323-664-1585 AND WE'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER OVER THE PHONE!



"Barracuda V8" t-shirt
antique white on black shirt

also comes in girlie tank and girlie tee



"Skull & Iron Cross" t-shirt
white & red on black shirt

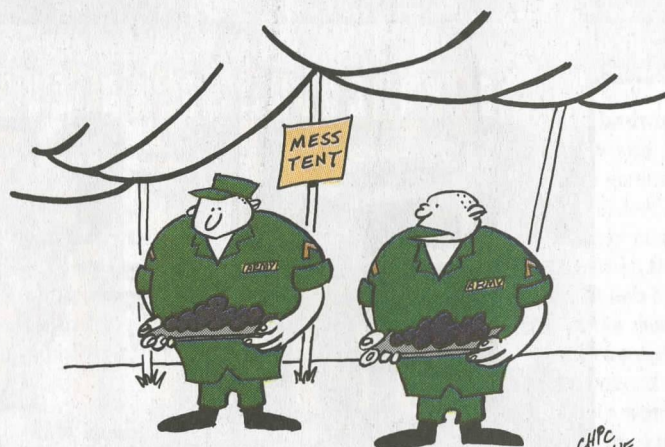
also comes in girlie tank and girlie tee

Leave 'Em Laughing

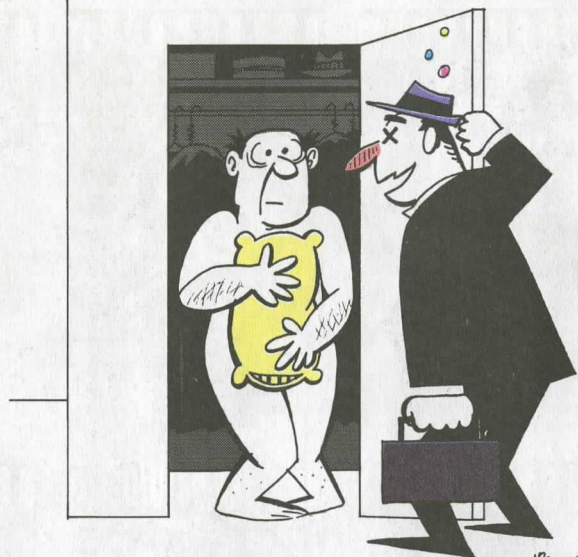
with Chic Tongue



"YOU LOOK VERY MUCH IN SEASON, DEAR—
LIKE AN EASTER EGG OR A CHRISTMAS TREE."



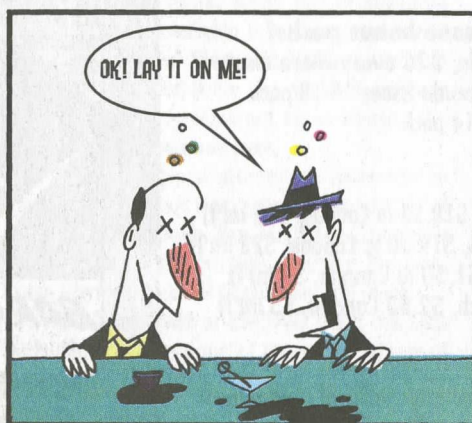
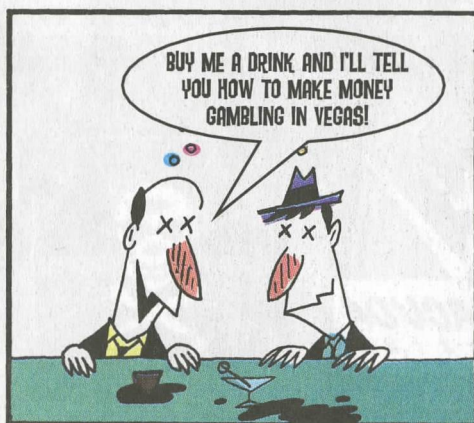
"MAKE THAT 'WEAPONS OF MASS
INDIGESTION' JOKE ONE MORE TIME AND
I'M FILLING YOUR SLEEPING BAG WITH CAMEL CHIPS."



"JEEZ, LOU, I HAVE TO
SLEEP WITH HER.
WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?"



"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE...
AND HOW SOON ARE YOU GOING BACK?"



Kustomize Your Life.™

clothing

footwear

home furnishings

books

pomades

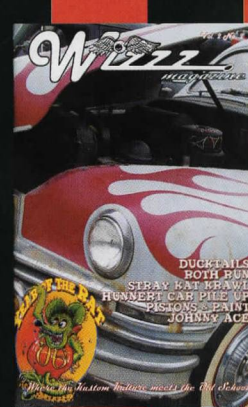
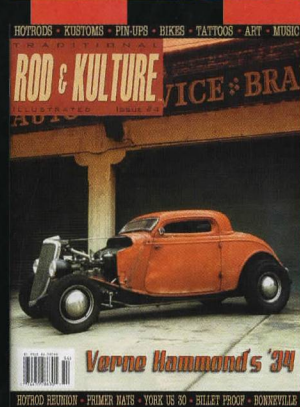
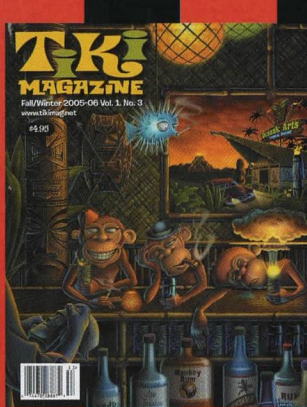
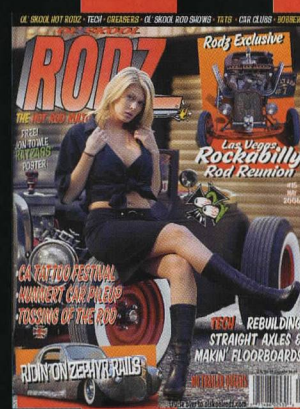
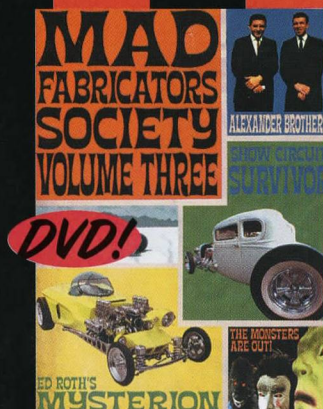
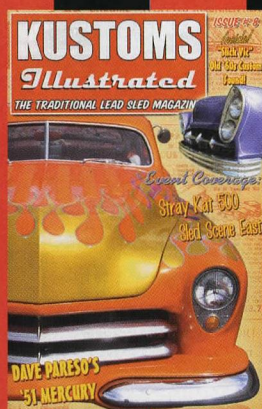
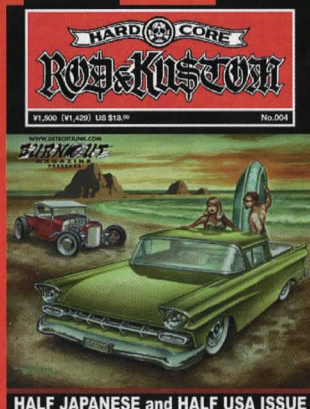
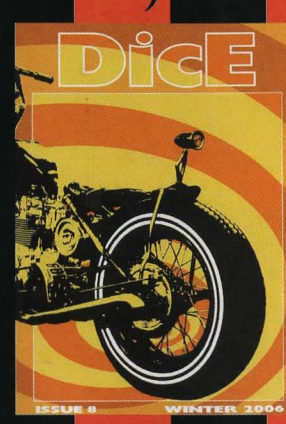
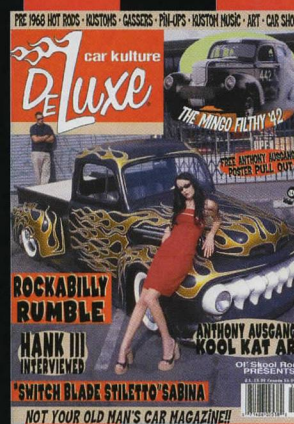
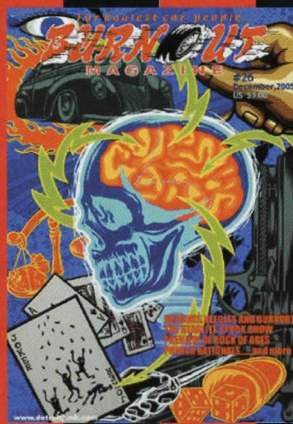
much, much more



THE EASIEST WAY TO COMPLETE YOUR
KUSTOM & RAT ROD MAGAZINE COLLECTION!
WE DELIVER THE BEST KUSTOM KULTURE MAGS
RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR!

E-Z AND SAFE! FAST WORLDWIDE SHIPPING!
PAY WITH VISA/MC/AMEX/CHECK!

NO KOMPUTER? CALL 323-664-1585 AND
WE'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER OVER THE PHONE!



KUSTOMNEWSSTAND.COM

HUNDREDS OF ISSUES! RARE AND OUT-OF-PRINT ISSUES IN STOCK RIGHT NOW!