

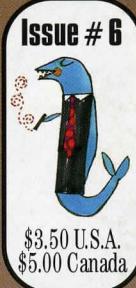
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# BARACUDA

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Edgar Leeteg:  
The Father  
Of Modern  
Velvet  
Painting

Meet The  
Prettiest  
Firefighter in  
Hollywood!



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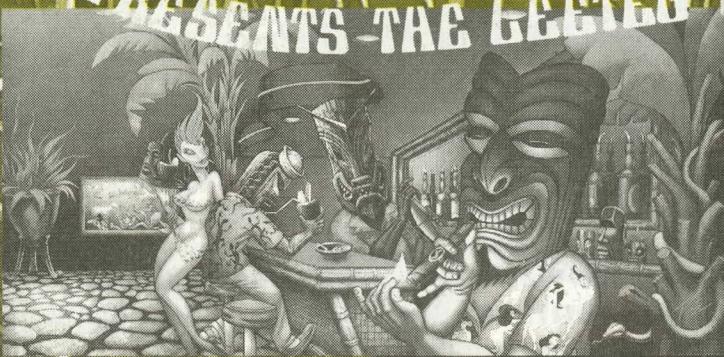
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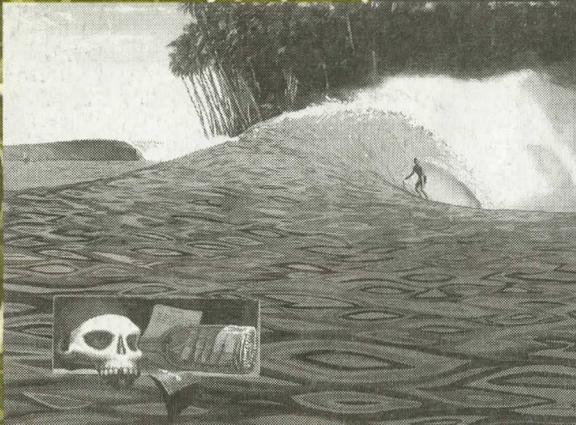
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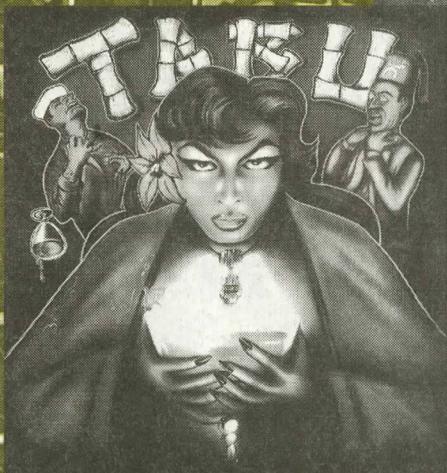
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Tiki Bar, 1997 by The Pizz, 18X24", four-color lithograph  
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Legundi Bay, Nias, Indonesia, 1997 by Sандow Birk  
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Tabu, 1997 by Von Franco  
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Jacqueline, circa late 1940s, by Edgar Leeteg  
24 X 32", original oil on velvet  
call for price

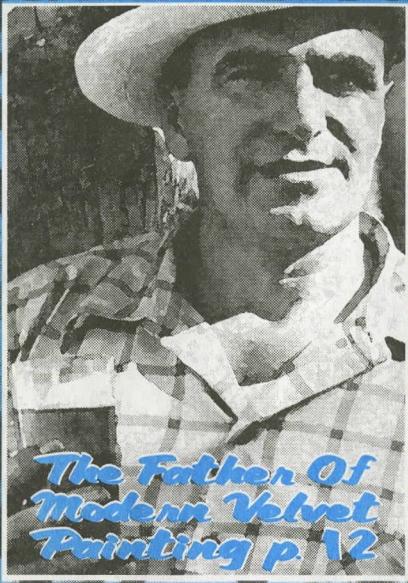
The Leeteg Tribute/Group Art Show marks the grand opening of the Copro/Nason Gallery at 11265 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA. This exhibition pays homage to Edgar William Leeteg, the father of modern painting on velvet. Known as the "American Gauguin," Leeteg created close to 1700 works on velveteen while living in Tahiti. The Leeteg Tribute celebrates the ongoing legacy of Leeteg and will be curated by John Turner and Greg Escalante—authors of the book "Leeteg of Tahiti, Paintings from Villa Velour," published by Last Gasp of San Francisco.

In addition to having original velvet paintings by Leeteg, this exhibition will feature Leeteg-inspired works by over fifty of California's "native" Tiki artists. The Leeteg Tribute/Group Art Show runs from December 4th, 1999 to February 28th, 2000. The opening reception will be on Saturday, December 4th, 1999 from 8:00 to 11:00 PM. A curators lecture and a book signing for two new books—"Leeteg of Tahiti, Paintings From Villa Velour" and "Taboo: The Art Of Tiki" will be Sunday, December 12th, 1999 from 2:00 to 5:00 PM.

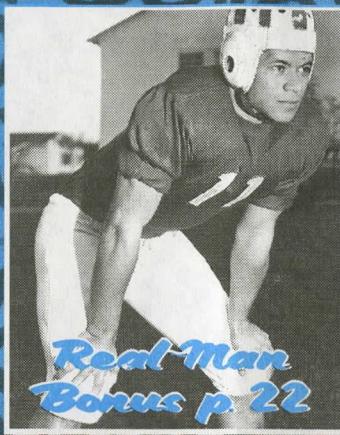
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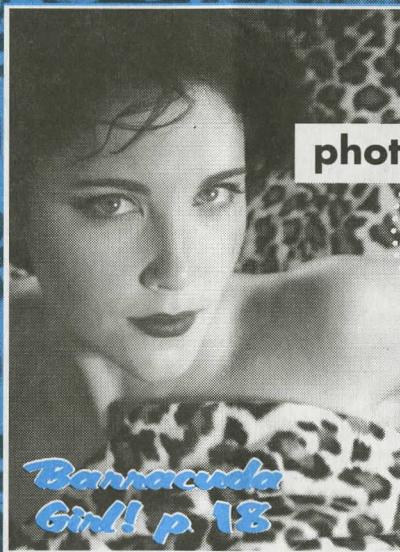
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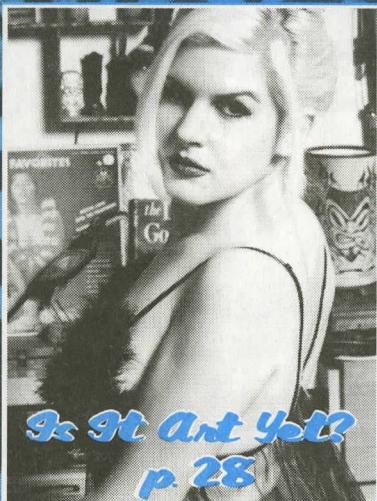
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## The Compleat Crackpot A Letter From Your Editor

# please note our change of email address and website address

I hope that you, gentle reader, will enjoy the addition of more color to this issue. It has been a lot of fun for us to work with more color, and has been made capable by the growth of this magazine, which is the result of our ever-growing readership. So, we thank you.

Starting with next issue, we are hoping to bring you a full-color centerfold. Keep your fingers crossed and we'll see if that's a bridge we can cross both financially and technically. At some point after that, we would like to add maybe 8 or 16 more pages, but I'm not making any promises about when that would happen just yet.

Now, while we're always looking for writers, please, please, please do not send us sex stories or records reviews. How gross—and that goes for the sex stories, too! Send your sex stories to *Penthouse*

forum or something like that. Yeesh. Send your record reviews to *Rolling Stone*. Yick.

Bon voyage to Mark and Celeste of *Whap!* magazine, who we will be losing, if only geographically, to the lure of living at the shore of the East Coast, off-season. In the story of *Barracuda*, they are key supporting players—in the literal sense. To them we offer an Edgar Leeteg quote: "Only a daydreaming fool has the necessary courage to go contrary to the instincts of his kind for struggling for existence in the pattern set out for all born under the cold stars of civilization... But, in the final analysis of a happily spent life, the question arises: who is the fool, who is the wise man?"

Remember, be sure to tell our advertisers that you saw their ad here! It does make a difference. Kassos rule. —J.Fox

## FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, SOMEONE PLEASE ENTER OUR CONTEST!

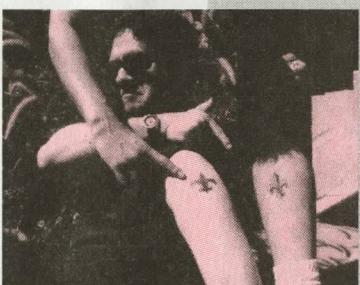
Not one single person entered our contest last issue! We'll chalk it up to the lameness of the contest rather than to any possible overwhelming torpor on the part of our readers.

The first part of the contest asked you to guess which *Barracuda* staffer has the same birthday as Steve McQueen. The answer was warehouse manager Frank Bradley. A bonus prize would have been given to anyone who pointed out that Fatty Arbuckle also shares this birthday (March 24th). Alright, so that part of the contest was too random.

But the other half of the question was so easy,



## It's a Small New Orleans Saints World After All



What are the odds of knowing two people with a fleur de lis tattoo? What are the odds that those two people have a fleur de lis tattoo because they are both New Orleans Saints fans, and neither one is from New Orleans? Such a magical meet-

ing of the minds took place when *Chinmusic* editor Kevin Chanel (left) finally met *Barracuda* associate editor Nick Monahan (right). Look for these two starring in a remake of *The Parent Trap* with Jim Everett as their Dad.

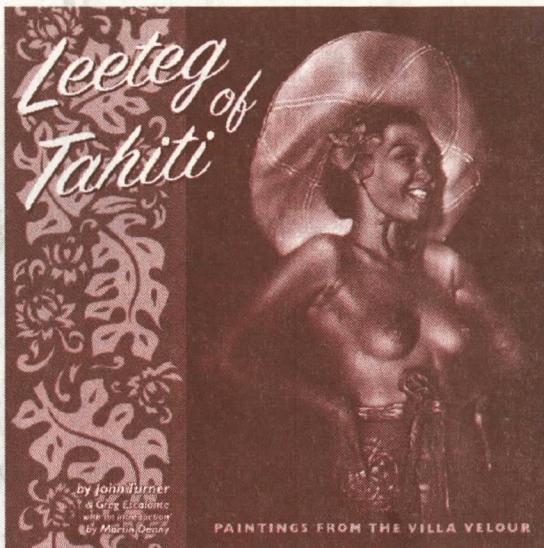
Leeteg Of Tahiti: Paintings From Villa Velour  
by John Turner and Greg Escalante

This is the first new book about Leeteg in about 30 years. It features wonderful reproductions of a large number of Leeteg's works. Included are his more popular works, such as the "Hina Rapa" (on the cover, right) and "Tahitian Chief," but there are also photos of dozens of lesser-known subjects.

This book also features a good number of never-before published candid snapshots of Leeteg at work and at repose around his Tahitian estate, Villa Velour. It includes photos of him with his children and his favorite model, Jacqueline, as well as photos of his mother, Bertha Leeteg.

But the real treat in this book is the publication of the posed photographs that Leeteg used as subjects in lieu of live models. Seeing the photographs side-by-side with the finished paintings affords a unique look into how Leeteg interpreted each subject into one of his velvet works. It's also just really interesting to see the actual real models in the poses that eventually became Leeteg paintings.

Not merely a color reproduction of Leeteg's paintings, this book also offers a general primer on the history of velvet as a medium, a take on tiki culture and a defense of Leeteg's place in art history. (A much



more objective defense than Barney Davis' book.)

Any fan of Leeteg, Hawaiian, tiki culture or Polynesian culture should buy this book. It is a glimpse into another time and another world.

Whether Leeteg's portrayal of Tahitian life was real or myth is a moot point, as the appeal of these paintings was not to portray reality, but to portray the fantasy.

This book is a must-have, if only for its representations of Leeteg's velvets that *Barracuda* cannot adequately reproduce due to technical limitations.

author, be the subject.

The people profiled in *Raw Deal* get the short end of the stick for a variety of reasons. Some are the victim of hysteria or the stupidity and greed of others. But some of these people are at least partly to blame themselves—victims of their own shortsightedness, antisocial tendencies or lousy business sense. (This concession is pretty unique as we seem to live in a time when no one is to blame for their own problems.)

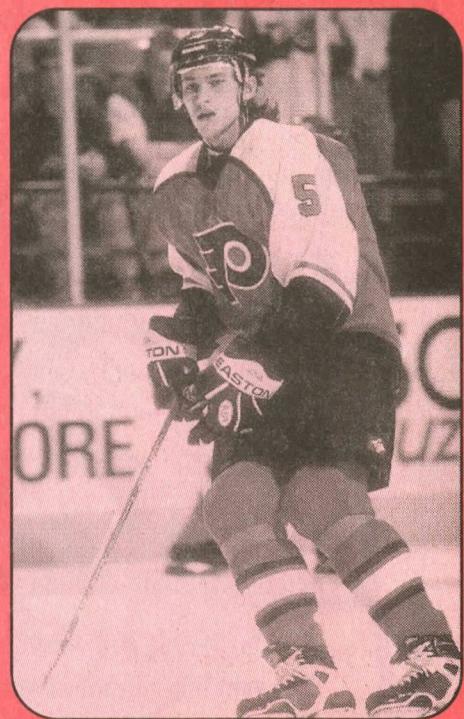
But rather than simply laying blame on convenient demons like "white men" and "big business" (although they do figure prominently in several of these stories), this book explores all of the factors that caused the subjects to meet with horrible misfortune. Getting screwed on such a grand scale is really a complicated phenomenon, and sometimes just plain old bad luck plays a big part.

Unique to this book is its take on deflating the myth of free enterprise and the self-made American entrepreneur—that a good idea and a positive attitude are all you need to succeed in business.

There are obviously no happy endings here, but because of its tone, intelligence and deftness, this book is a real page-turner that is somehow oddly inspirational.

**Raw Deal: Horrible and Ironic Stories of Forgotten Americans**  
by Ken Smith

Anyone can be cynical, skeptical and dark, and the independent and small press world is overrun by writers who are more than happy to tell you that humanity sucks. But *Raw Deal* never gets caught up in that first-person anger or bile that is so fashionable these days. This book has an even, factual tone which lets the stories, rather than the



## Tertyshny, We Hardly Knew Ye

### Flyers Rookie Dies In Tragic Accident

"I thought he'd be with us for a long time," said Flyers G.M. Bobby Clarke of Dmitri Tertyshny, Philadelphia's rookie defenseman. "You never expect that an afternoon in a rental boat will turn into tragedy."

Tertyshny, 22 years old, was attending a power skating camp in Kelowna, British Columbia, when he and several other players took a boat out onto a nearby lake. The power boat struck a wave, Tertyshny went overboard and was slashed by the propeller. He subsequently bled to death.

The young Russian joins a somber list of Flyers taken before their careers ever fully blossomed, including Barry Ashby in 1977 (leukemia), Pelle Lindbergh in 1985 (auto accident) and Yanick Dupre in 1998 (leukemia).

A quiet, dedicated athlete, the rookie stood out during training camp last season, eventually working himself onto the second defensive unit. His passing and playmaking skills enabled him to gather 10 points in 62 NHL games, and all indications are he only would have improved.

"He will certainly be missed as a teammate, first and foremost," Flyers captain Eric Lindros said. "He came to play every night, and I'm convinced he would have been an All-Star one day."

Tertyshny will be buried in Russia, where he is survived by his wife Paulina.

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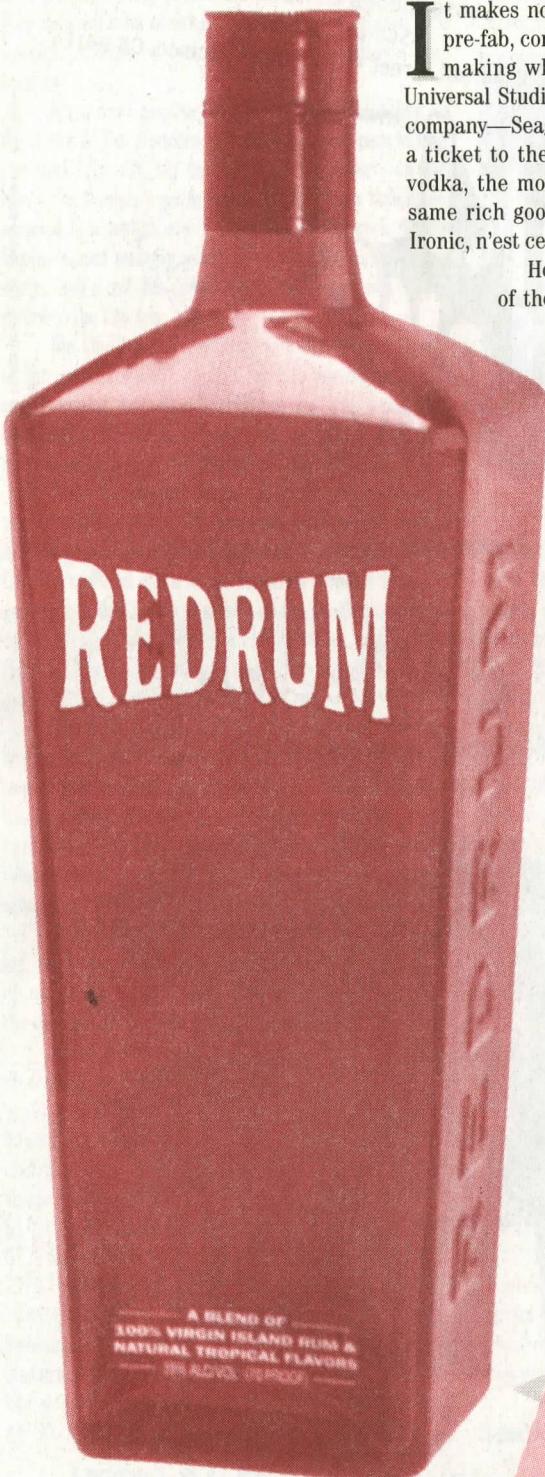


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How come no one champions the struggle of the independent booze producer? They face the exact same problems that indie record labels and filmmakers do.

The liquor industry has seen a trend toward the consolidation of suppliers, distributors and wholesalers. This creates fewer, larger businesses.

Like chain record stores, chain restaurants and liquor stores are where all the big, volume business is done. Space on their shelves is controlled by corporate producers who own a dozen or more brand names. They can offer huge discounts and back it up with tons of cheesy promotional materials like neon signs, stand-up displays and posters.

Corporate liquor manufacturers have mammoth budgets for marketing and promotion. Because of that, whatever they produce makes money, regardless of whether or not it's any good.

The indie booze producers, like their "artistic" counterparts, must rely on being clever to compensate for their lack of capital. They cannot compete with multi-million dollar promotional campaigns, so, they maximize publicity and try to generate word-of-mouth and grass-roots support.

While this all may just seem like the free market at work, this sort of consolidation is a bit more nefarious than a successful business simply rising to the top. This process ultimately serves to place all the power in the hands of a few huge companies. One result is fewer opportunities for a have-not trying to start a business in that industry. It becomes very difficult for a start-up company to raise the amount of capital needed to compete with the money being spent by these large corporations on marketing and promotion. Another result is that this consolidation results in fewer and more paltry choices for consumers.

**S**uch is the case with Redrum, an independently-produced rum from San Francisco. The packaging and name are fresh and unique (about as anti-establishment as a liquor can get without being moonshine served in a mason jar). Their name has kept them out of many high-volume chains, and even out of some states.

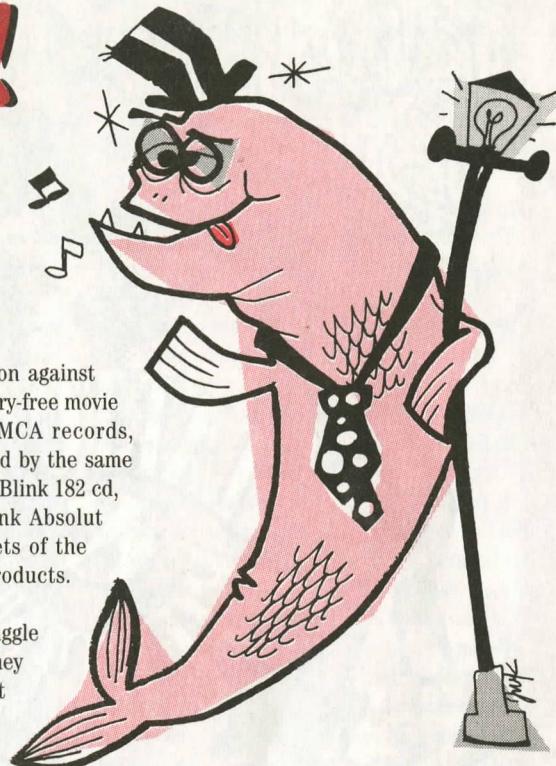
But on to the actual review at hand. Redrum is a fine, fine rum. It is a 70-proof, imported Virgin Island rum with natural tropical fruit flavors, but it comes off being more spicy than actually fruity. It works just fine in any traditional rum drink recipe, but it is amazingly good sipped straight from a shot glass after being chilled in the freezer. Its clean, ruby-red packaging would make a fine addition to any tiki or post-modern bar.

#### Redrum Tsunami

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If you drive a car and don't live in the middle of nowhere, you've undoubtedly had a run in with enemy number one, the lightning strike of the asphalt heavens, the great purveyor of curbside paranoia. No, not your local smokies. This problem is even bigger. It affects all of us—you, your best girl, your other girl, your mom, your sister, your pop. Who, what, is this enemy number one? It is parking tickets—and here's what they can do for you.

In San Francisco, the handing out of hell in \$25 increments is taken care of by the Department of Parking and Traffic, a.k.a., the DPT. Members of this neo-nazi force disperse tickets from tiny three-wheeled vehicles resembling a cross between a Big Wheel and a Lamborghini Countach. They dole out a lot of tickets from these very efficient little vehicles. So many, in fact, that many humble citizens can't keep up.

When some poor sucker gets one too many tickets on the streets of San Francisco, a horrible thing happens to their car, truck, van, RV, big rig, motorcycle or scooter—it gets towed. But it doesn't get towed by the DPT. Their little three-wheeled broomsticks aren't exactly up to the task. So the bicycle-helmet wearing goblins pick up their walkie-talkies and put out a call. The call goes to a privately-owned company called The City Tow.

The City Tow has a contract with the City and County of San Francisco, which enables them to tow all such delinquent vehicles, as well as the ride of any poor S.O.B. who happened to park in a red zone while popping into the local quick-mart for a pack of smokes and a pint of Beam.

When the car gets towed, the owner gets a chance to pay off all those tickets. This transaction takes place through a small gap under the inch-thick bullet-proof glass at The City Tow's official office in San Francisco's Hall of Justice. If you can't or don't want to muscle up the simoleons get your car back (which now includes all those tickets, plus the towing fee, plus the per diem storage charges), The City Tow gets your car, no questions asked.

What do they do with said car? Some of them are beyond hope, and they get scrapped. They are parted out, turned into steel cubes to sell to Japan, a piece of automotive history forever lost to the generations conceived in their back seats. But every Wednesday morning at 10 AM, rain or shine, come fog or come smog, about 100 or more of them are sold at auction, and sold cheap!

The cars aren't all gems, in fact they're mostly beaters. But if you keep calm, know what you're doing, aren't afraid of your local parts dealer and have a full set of honchos hanging out downstairs, you can get one hell of a deal.

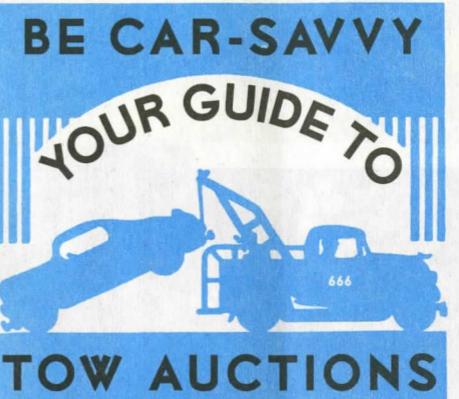
Here's just a tiny fraction of what sold on a recent Wednesday on Pier 73 in San Francisco: 1971 International Scout—\$600, 1969 Ford F250—\$300, 1987 Acura Integra—\$500, 1986 Toyota Camry—\$150, 1969 Austin Healy—\$100, 1990 Honda Civic—\$325, 1978 Volkswagen Rabbit—\$150, 1970s Honda CB 350 Twin—\$50, 1996 Suzuki GS500E—\$1000, 1982 Kawasaki GPZ750—\$100, 1981 Pontiac Firebird Esprit—\$200, 1970 Ford Club Wagon (the perfect band vehicle)—\$300, 1985 Ford F250—\$950, 1987 Saab 900—\$150, 1978 Volkswagen Bug (with a CD player and the previous owner's blowdryer still in the back seat)—\$200. Newer cars and late model Japanese pick-up trucks tended to sell for around \$1500. A 1993 Mustang GT went for \$2000, a 1993 Ford

Explorer with a busted-out sunroof went for \$2850, and a 1992 Mazda MX3 was the high-price of the day at \$3200.

Now, San Francisco is an expensive city with relatively few cars. Imagine what you'll find in, say, Los Angeles. But wait! Before you rush off to the auction, read on! There are a few things the savvy reader really ought to know before entering into the mad adrenaline-rushed arena of the tow auction.

The cars aren't guaranteed. Most of them haven't been driven in a month or more, and many of them had mechanical problems that made the owner, when faced with that pile of tickets, say, "Oh, screw-it-all."

You're going to need to check some basic mechanical and other stuff before the bidding starts, so you should show up early. There's usually an hour-long preview session where



by Blake Wiers

you can look at the cars, get under the hood, and size up the other bidders. Show up even earlier though and there will usually be a list of all the cars available tacked up somewhere near the gate.

Don't bring cash. OK, bring cash if you're planning on buying something, but don't bring any the first time you go to an auction. Just take in the action, watch how people bid and figure it all out.

If you do bring cash (which is the only form of acceptable currency here), you're likely to get caught up in the action before you know what you're doing. Be patient and there will be plenty of cars available next week. (Don't worry about getting mugged, even though everybody looks pretty shady at these things. They're all there for the same reason as you.)

Bring some friends, especially if you don't know much about cars. They will come in handy for two reasons. First, they can be a voice of sanity. Second, they are extra muscle.

Bring a few tools (wrenches, spark plug wrench, screwdrivers), a spare battery with jumper cables, starter fluid and a gallon or two of gas. You may need any or all of these, because there are no test drives. You can't start the car before the bidding begins.

In fact, 99% of the time, there are no keys. Instead, there will be a locksmith walking around after the dust has settled. (He'll be the guy with a big crowd following him.) Give him \$20 and he'll give you a really crappy key for your new car.

Again, there are no test drives. Once you spot a car you might want to bid on, cross your fingers and do as com-

plete a check as time allows. If it looks bad, move on to another car. Remember, you're not here to buy your dream car. Your goal is to avoid buying a lemon.

Look inside and out. Is it in semi-decent condition? If not, walk away. Is it clean inside? A clean interior and exterior are good indicators that its previous owner might have cared enough to get the car serviced regularly.

Open the hood. Check the fluids (oil, transmission, power steering, brakes) to see if there are any obviously dangerous situations. Check both for level and color. Look for leaks.

If you're in a smog check state like California, and it's a car that's required to have smog-equipment (pre-1973 vehicles and motorcycles are excepted), make sure the basic equipment is all there (catalytic converter, PCV valves) and that the assorted bits are hooked up to the air cleaner, the air pump, etc.

Look at the spark plugs. A nice, even gray is OK. Anything else might indicate a problem. Check the coolant and take a look inside the radiator. Check for level and color. If the car has points, take a look at them and make sure they aren't burned up. Check the hoses and belts to see that they aren't cracked or brittle. Look at the battery. Is it corroded?

Inside, move the gearshift lever, pump the clutch, brakes and gas. If you're finicky, try the emergency brake. Do the seats move? Do the windows go up and down? Is there a radio? (The more you get with the car, the less you have to spend later.) Give the steering wheel a twist if possible, then get under the car and visually check the steering linkage. Is the car all there?

Take a look at the tailpipe. The cleaner it is, the better. Check the tires. Uneven wear is bad. If it has disc brakes, check for wear or grooving. Are all the lights there? Give the car a bounce. How are the shocks?

Check the registration sticker. In California, you're obligated to pay any back registration fees the last owner didn't pay before you can register the car yourself.

**S**tick around until the end and watch the competition. There's less bidding for cars at the end of an auction, so you might score a better deal later in the day. Also, watch the competition. A few of the bidders will be professionals and they do this all the time. They own used car dealerships, have their own mechanics and a gang of guys to help them at the auction. But the good news is, if you're up against one of these people, you can generally win a bid without going too high. They're looking for real deals.

It's generally bad form to bid against somebody who is trying to buy their own car back. Another thing you don't want to do is get caught in a bidding war with somebody who doesn't know what they're doing—like yourself.

With auctions, remember, you might win! If you put your hand up, you better be expecting to win. And if you win, suddenly you've got a lot of responsibility. In San Francisco, it means putting down a \$100 deposit (cash only), then paying the remainder (also cash only) within 3 hours. At this point, your new car will be towed out of the tow yard and into a sort of pit area. Once it's there, it's yours. And you have to get it out of there, or you'll be charged a storage fee.

This is when you realize most people drive 'em home, and with any luck, so will you. That's where the locksmith, starter fluid, jumper cables and spare battery enter in to the picture. May lady luck smile kindly upon you.

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# Meet The Happy Homewrecker!

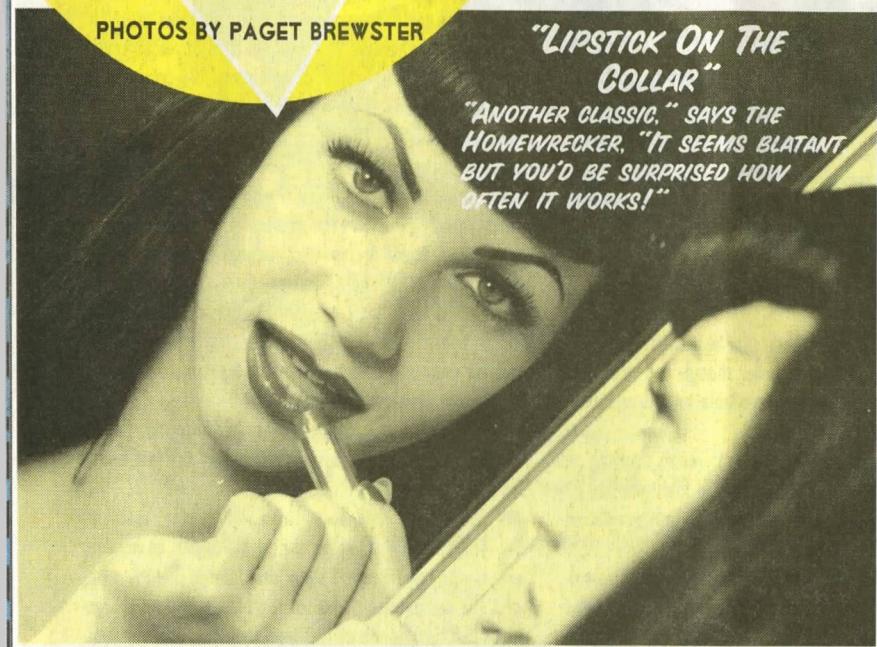
Learn all of her patented techniques!

PHOTOS BY PAGET BREWSTER



## "LIPSTICK ON THE COLLAR"

"ANOTHER CLASSIC," SAYS THE HOMEWRECKER. "IT SEEMS BLATANT BUT YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW OFTEN IT WORKS!"



"RUN A BRUSH THROUGH YOUR HAIR IN BED. HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND ALL OF YOUR STRAY HAIRS BEFORE HIS WIFE DOES!"

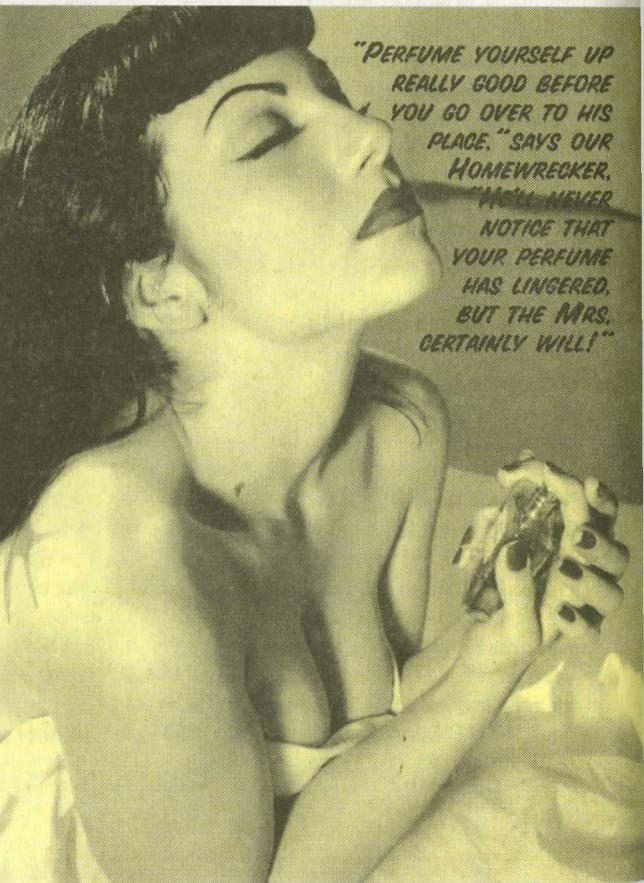


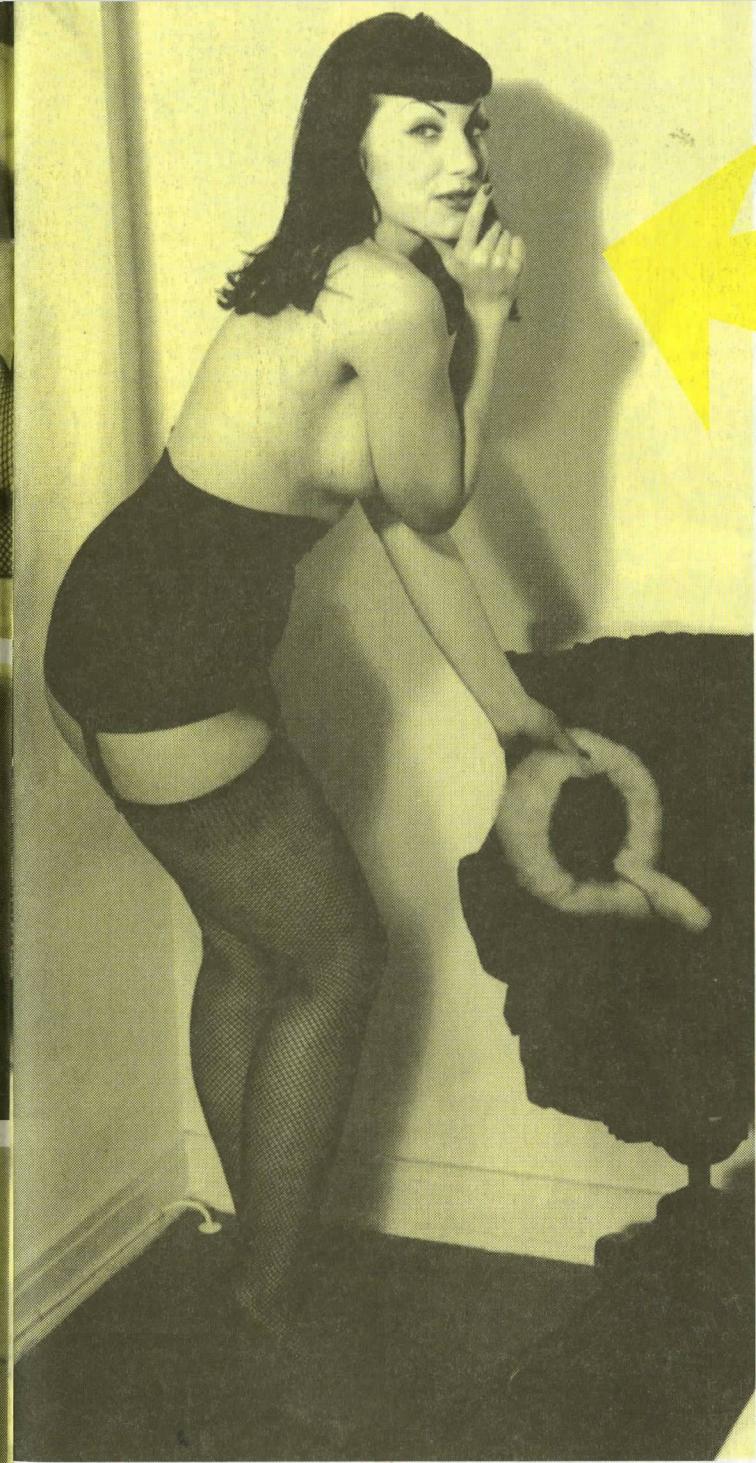
## THE CLASSIC "LEAVE-BEHIND"

"IT'S A TRIED AND TRUE STANDARD THAT WILL GET HIM BUSTED," SAYS THE HAPPY HOMEWRECKER. "ANY PIECE OF COSTUME JEWELRY WILL DO."



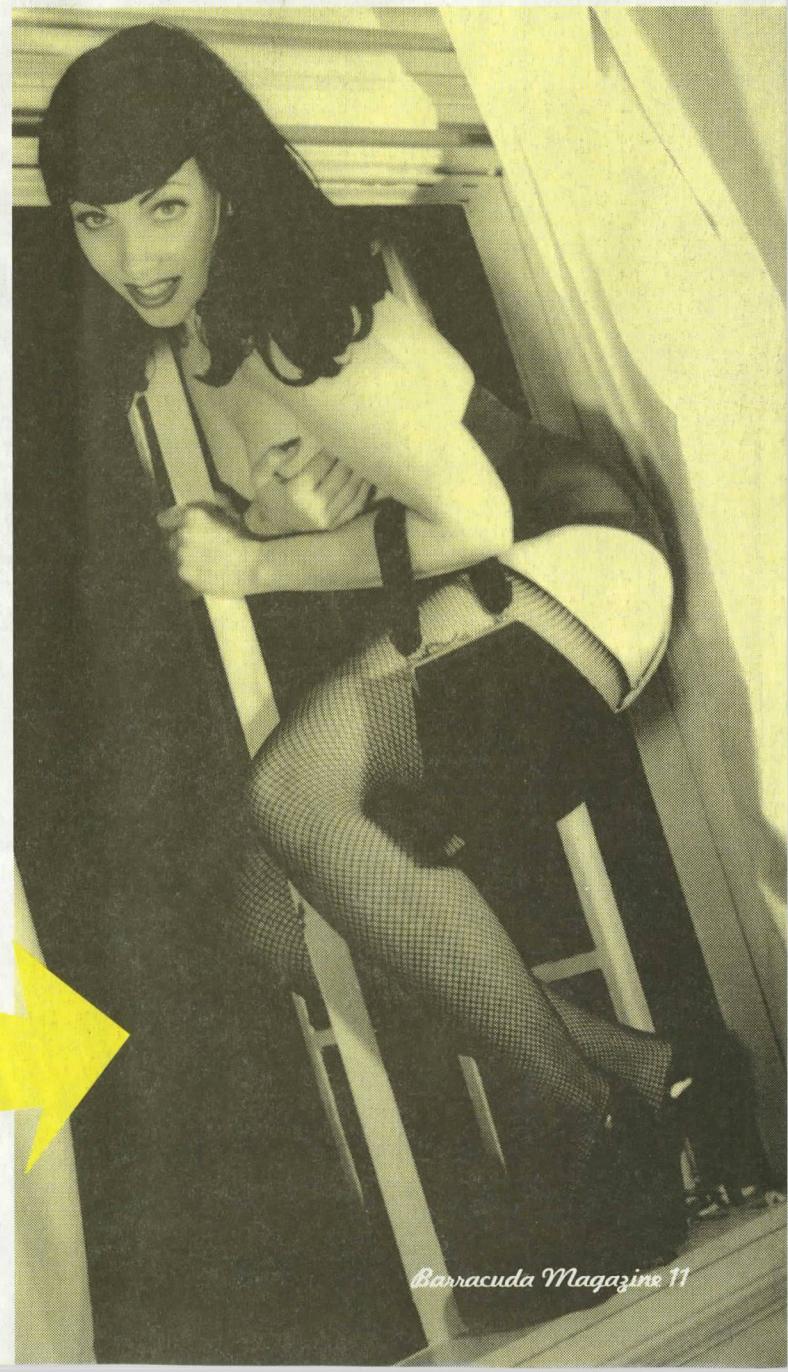
"PERFUME YOURSELF UP REALLY GOOD BEFORE YOU GO OVER TO HIS PLACE," SAYS OUR HOMEWRECKER. "HE'LL NEVER NOTICE THAT YOUR PERFUME HAS LINGERED, BUT THE MRS. CERTAINLY WILL!"





"IF WIFEY COMES HOME SUDDENLY, YOU MAY HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR CLOTHES BEHIND. THAT'S OK, AS LONG AS YOU GET YOUR PURSE!" STRESSES THE HAPPY HOMEWRECKER. "AND ALWAYS BE AWARE OF AN ALTERNATE ROUTE OF ESCAPE!"

"A TRULY HAPPY HOME-WRECKER ALWAYS PUTS HER OWN SAFETY FIRST! KEEP YOUR CLOTHES IN ONE NEAT PILE IN CASE YOU HAVE TO MAKE A QUICK BUG-OUT. THAT WAY, YOU CAN JUST GRAB 'EM AND SCOOT!"



# "NUTS TO ART!"

by Jeff Fox



Real-Man  
Revisited

Edgar Leece

THE FATHER OF MODERN YEVET PAINTING

**E**dgard Leeteg was in his 20s when he first visited Tahiti. While working as a billboard painter for an advertising agency in Sacramento, he had decided to take a six-week vacation to Tahiti 1930. He chose the Tahitian vacation simply because it was the only one he could afford out of the travel brochures he was presented with.

His initial impressions of Tahiti were mixed. The Tahitian government demanded almost half of his pocket money as a "landing tax" on his arrival. In order to sustain himself, Leeteg sold his boots and his camera, getting by on soup and bread.

In a never completed autobiography, he wrote of the jungles of Tahiti, saying that they "exceeded the glowing words of the travel folders." In the same paragraph, however, he talked about the Tahitian people in not-so-flattering terms. He described lying in the road, doubled over in pain from ptomaine poisoning and being ignored by passersby.

"Tahiti seems to have a dearth of Good Samaritans," he said. The only souvenir that he made note of was a sexually transmitted disease he picked up the night before he left.

"No, I can't say that my first acquaintance with Tahiti made me vow to return some day," he wrote, "Adding up and balancing the pleasure and the pain, I did not then care if I ever saw the place again."

When he got back to his job, America was being strangled by the depression. There was very little work to go around, and the jobs that were available were being milked to provide employment for as many people as possible.

Leeteg caught grief from his fellow workers simply because he returned from vacation. They felt his return was essentially taking work away from them. They also resented him because he was unmarried and therefore didn't need the work as much as a married man did. He was even put on trial by his union for working overtime to finish a job in a remote location, rather than returning the next day to complete it.

He had no interest in dragging his feet to stretch out work, and seeing his co-workers squabbling over work was beginning to make him bitter.

Then, a letter arrived from a friend he had made while in Tahiti. The letter said that a theater was going to be built in Tahiti and they wanted to hire him to paint the signs for the lobby.

Around this same time, Leeteg received a small inheritance from his grandfather's estate in Germany. (Leeteg had been trying unsuccessfully for years to establish a claim on the inheritance. A personal plea to Hitler had finally secured Leeteg's claim on the estate. "No, I didn't sell our America nor myself to soften the dictator's heart," Leeteg later wrote. "It was probably just a brotherly tie between one house-painter and another that appealed to him.")

Faced with continuing to struggle amongst

featherbedders and a paltry paycheck in the U.S., Leeteg discussed his options with his mother, Bertha. Late in 1932, he stole some brushes from work and filled several empty mayonnaise jars with paint. With only his aged mother, a portable record player and his pilfered art supplies, he tossed his job to the wolves and left the U.S., bound for Tahiti, "where all the happy failures go."

En route to Tahiti, Leeteg and his mother made an eight-month stopover in Hawaii. This was partly to absorb the charms of the islands, but it was mainly a financial necessity. It gave Leeteg a chance to work and save up more money while transportation to Tahiti was arranged.

He got a job as a sign painter at a Honolulu theater. His new bosses were immediately impressed by the speed and diligence with which he completed his work. They said that he could do the work of three artists in half the time.

Leeteg quickly grew restless in Honolulu, though, and wanted to continue on to Tahiti; but he still had to wait for the travel arrangements. He began spending less time at work and more time in bootleg beer halls.

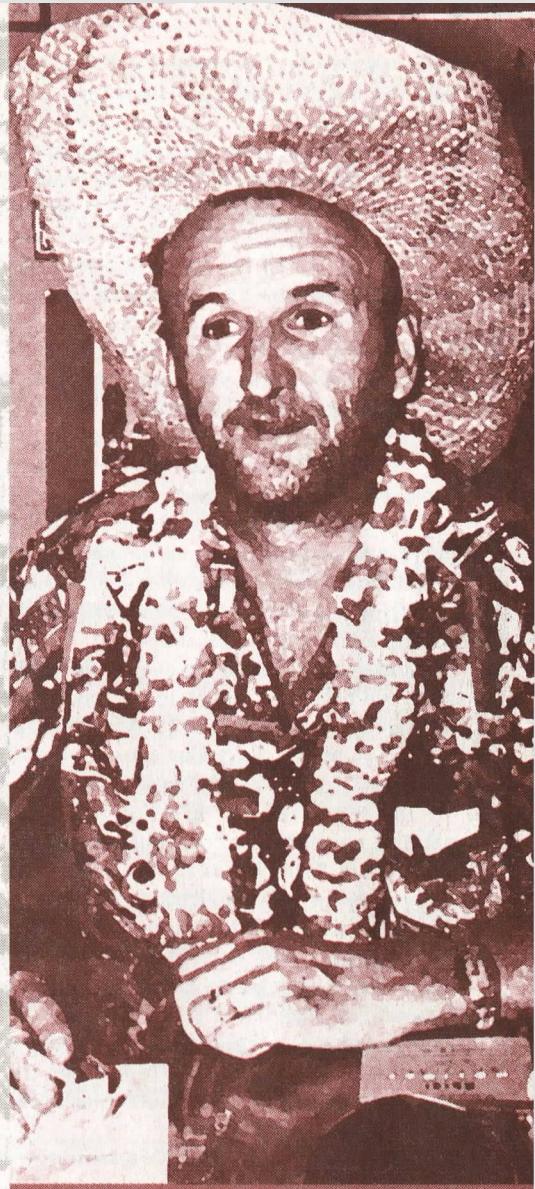
However, his efficiency and skill had so endeared him to his bosses that they created a mutually beneficial arrangement to suit his new, hedonistic habits. They would pay Leeteg in advance for a month's work and then give him two months worth of work to complete. He would finish all of the work in just *two weeks*, leaving him the rest of the month for carousing. His mother was not thrilled with this arrangement, as it encouraged Leeteg's drunken escapades, but at least she knew where to find him during the first two weeks out of each month.

**W**hile in Honolulu, Leeteg came to meet "Aloha Barney" (a.k.a. Barney Davis), a submarine sailor stationed at Pearl Harbor. In addition to being a sailor, Barney was the best accordionist in Hawaii. He worked playing accordion between shows at the same theater where Leeteg was a sign painter.

Barney was actually the *only* accordionist in Hawaii, but that is not to say that he wasn't also a *great* accordionist. In fact, the Hawaiians considered him to be somewhat of a wonder. He could supposedly play "Over The Waves" on the accordion while simultaneously accompanying himself on a pipe organ, eating a ham sandwich and drinking a beer. Leeteg considered this kind of ability to be a pinnacle of human achievement and he and Barney became fast friends. Their common penchant for women, funny stories, music, art and beer cemented their friendship.

One night, after the last show at the theater, Barney saw Leeteg at work and decided to say hello. As Barney approached, Leeteg looked up in a stern, trance-like state. Barney realized he had interrupted Leeteg at work on a personal piece, not a show poster.

Leeteg relaxed and apologized, explaining that he was working on an experiment that was driving him nuts. He was glad for the distraction



*Leeteg's agent, "Aloha Barney." He could reportedly play "Over The Waves" on the accordion while simultaneously accompanying himself on a pipe organ, eating a ham sandwich and drinking a beer. Leeteg considered this ability to be a pinnacle of human achievement and he and Barney became fast friends.*

and suggested they go across the street for a beer. But Barney couldn't remove his eyes from Leeteg's work.

"I had never in my life seen anything so real, so alive, so beautiful," Barney later said. It was a portrait of a young Hawaiian child painted on black velvet.

Leeteg said he was trying to perfect the technique of painting on velvet so that he could use the medium to capture the beauty of the Polynesian people. With that, Leeteg abruptly yanked the velvet off its board, sending tacks flying everywhere. He tore the painting to shreds and threw it in the trash.

"This stupid idea of mine will be the death of me yet," he said, "Let's get that beer."

Shortly afterwards, Leeteg and his mother left Hawaii and continued on to Tahiti. They weren't in Tahiti very long when they learned that the plans to build the theater had fallen through and Leeteg was out of a job.

Their money quickly ran out and the whole move was beginning to look like it was a mistake. Leeteg lived hand-to-mouth, working mainly as a sign painter, but taking any odd job that presented itself and freeloading off his friends.

He continued his "experiments" with painting on velvet. He tried different paints and types of velvet. It was all very tedious and difficult. Since only highlights are painted on the velvet (the darkness of shadows is provided by the black velvet, not pigment), mistakes were almost impossible to fix. Also, if not painstakingly applied in very thin coats, the paint would cake up and matte the individual fibers of the velvet together. This ruined the luminescence and depth that were this tricky medium's best property.

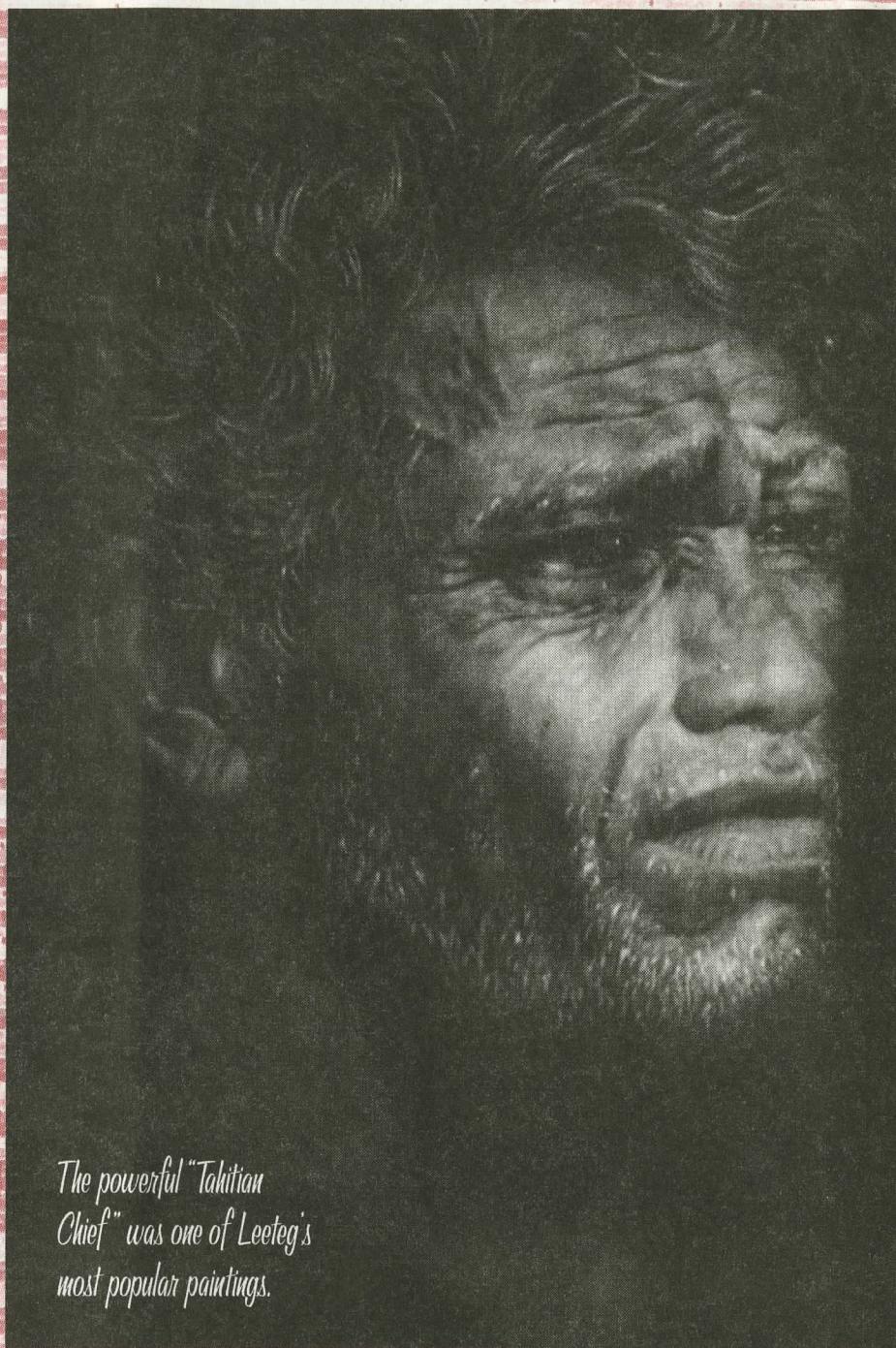
The result of all of his hard work was a technique that created shockingly vibrant and seemingly three-dimensional works that almost glowed. This combined with Leeteg's oftentimes painstaking attention to human anatomy to make the subjects seem to be alive.

Though most of his subjects were exotic, tropical and bucolic, the gentle radiance of the subject against the dark backgrounds gave them a uniquely nostalgic quality that would be difficult to achieve on canvas.

(The three-dimensional and lifelike effect Leeteg achieved is not overstated here for the purpose of editorial hyperbole. The images of Leeteg's work appearing here, or any other print media, cannot adequately represent their vibrancy.)

**A**lthough Leeteg had found a niche for himself by revitalizing and revolutionizing a dead technique, there was still no market for his work, and certainly no critical acceptance of the medium. He occasionally sold a few paintings, but it was mainly to sailors for a few dollars. He would oftentimes trade a painting to a bartender for a bottle of whiskey.

A turning point in Leeteg's career came when a jeweler named Wayne Decker visited



*The powerful "Tahitian Chief" was one of Leeteg's most popular paintings.*

Tahiti on a vacation cruise. He happened upon several of Leeteg's velvets in a shop full of junk. He decided that he *must* have one of these paintings, but when he excitedly returned to the shop with his wife, all of the paintings were gone.

The shop owner didn't know where Leeteg lived. So, Decker spent the rest of the day searching every bar in Tahiti, looking for Leeteg and leaving word that he wanted to buy some of his paintings.

Just two hours before Decker's ship was to set sail, he saw a man fitting Leeteg's description (a rotund, staggering American) approaching the ship.

Leeteg stepped up to Decker and said with

a grin, "You must be Mr. Decker. Crawford told me when I found the loudest Hawaiian shirt I'd ever seen, it'd be you."

Decker invited Leeteg down to his cabin. He stayed for a few hours and went on to tell Decker of his flight from the States and describing the method he had developed for painting on black velvet. Decker finally asked how much it would cost for Leeteg to reproduce some of the paintings he had seen in the junk shop.

"If you will give me that fancy Hawaiian shirt I will make one for you," replied Leeteg. Decker took the shirt off his back and gave it to Leeteg, along with four more of his loudest aloha shirts and \$200.

Tears welled up in Leeteg's eyes. He said he was so moved because Decker was the first person who had trusted him since he arrived in the islands.

Decker returned to the U.S. After many months had passed and he heard no word from Leeteg, he gave up hope that he would receive the velvet paintings. Then a package finally arrived. It contained not just one velvet painting, but six of them!

Touched by Leeteg's generosity and thrilled with the quality of the paintings, Decker wrote to Leeteg, ordering at least ten paintings a year for an indefinite amount of time—for any price within reason. This stand-

ing order would stay in place for the rest of Leeteg's life. Decker would eventually own over 200 Leeteg velvet paintings.

Decker was Leeteg's first patron, and their arrangement allowed Leeteg to finally end his flirtations with abject poverty. Although this financial stability was beneficial to Leeteg for obvious reasons, it was equally important because it shored up his confidence. He was finally given an outside reassurance that he was on the right track.

Decker would occasionally scold Leeteg and even return a painting when he felt it was not up to par, either technically or artistically. On such occasions (after a temper tantrum),



"Hina Rapa," Leeteg's most famous portrait.

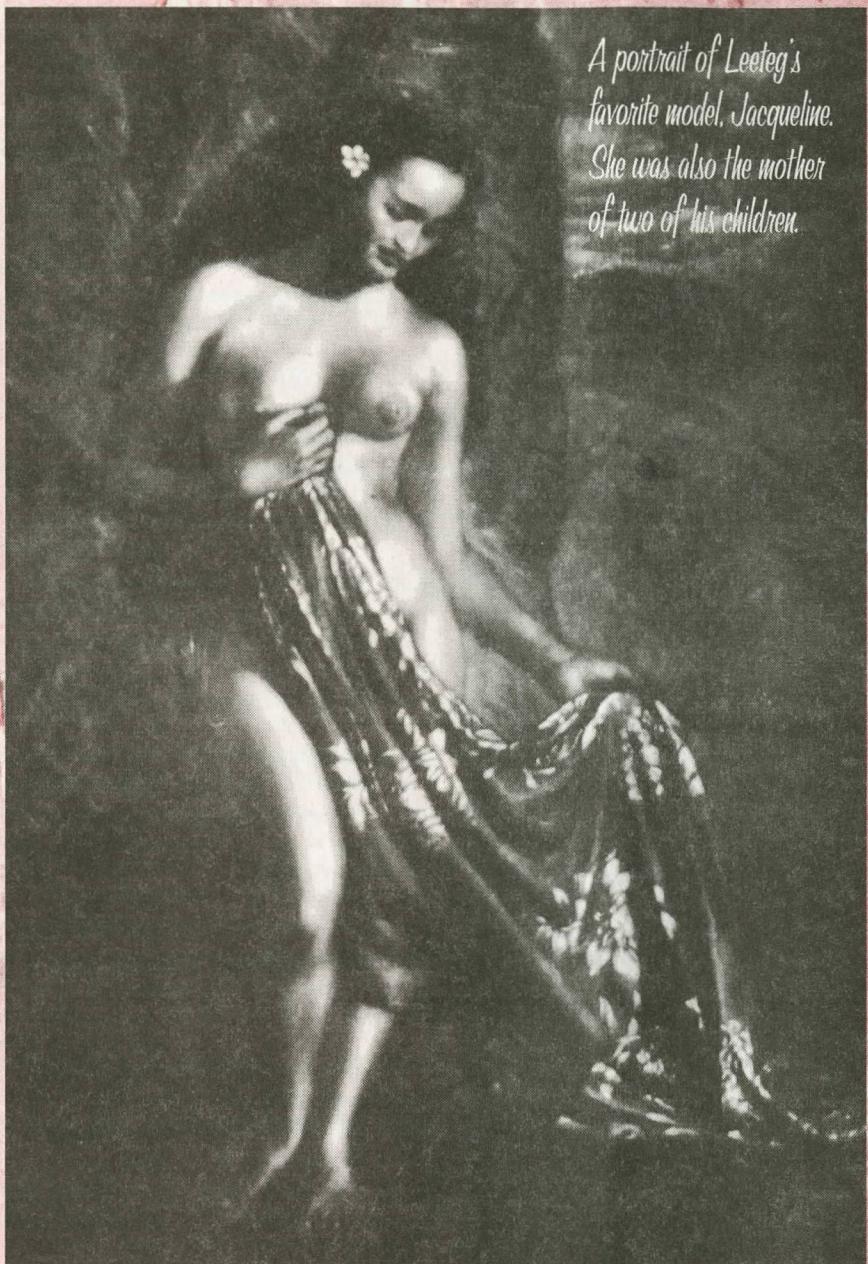
*"M*uts to art. Genius is just the compelling desire to excel, to express one's self, to give enjoyment to others, this plus nature's gift of a super abundance of energy over and above the requirements for daily living. A surplus of exuberance to share among those around us.

"The so-called fine arts have been on the skids since the turn of the century when impressionism was aborted into the birth of all "isms" of abstract painting. Art is, always has been and, if it is to survive, always must be emotional. To make it coldly intellectual by abstractionism and impressionism is to destroy it or mold it into a monstrosity that is better kept locked up in musty museums. I frankly would rather prefer to have my paintings displayed in a gin-mill rather than buried in a repository together with the rest of the dead art, which is where this modern crap will end up.

"Frankly, Barney, I rub elbows with some of the biggest names in the art world and have had some heated arguments with some of these modernists. If they are so good, why do they bother with a little pipsqueak like me.

"I refuse to be converted. The other day one of these artsy artists from the Metropolitan in New York was sitting right on this lanai and he did some sketching of this bay. He showed me his finished canvas. I wanted to vomit when he showed me what a sacrilegious abortion he painted of my beautiful Paradise. I was quite frank with him. I told him I had seen better similar art on a stableboy's shovel!"

*—a letter from Leeteg to Aloha Barney*



*A portrait of Leeteg's favorite model, Jacqueline. She was also the mother of two of his children.*

Leeteg would admit that Decker was right and he ultimately appreciated the reprimand. Decker and Leeteg became very close, and Decker never faltered in his belief that he had discovered a genius.

Although their arrangement afforded Leeteg a little bit of breathing room financially, his business affairs were still a mess. He was, unfortunately, a terrible businessman. If he had a surplus of paintings, he would desperately sell them off to visiting sailors at deflated prices. Sometimes, he would naively let sailors take several paintings off his hands with only the promise that they would sell them in the U.S. and send the money along to him. Of course, he

never saw any of the money.

His method for pricing his work was simple and reflected his working-class roots. But it also showed why he needed an agent so bad.

"The price I ask has little bearing on the artistic value of a painting," he once said, "I have set my prices in a practical manner. I compute the number of hours of labor at so much a hour plus materials."

Back in Honolulu, Aloha Barney had been discharged from the Navy after WW II and had gone into business as an art dealer and picture framer. He started to get requests from sailors for black velvet paintings by some hell-raising artist in the South Seas. Depending on which

crazy rumor you heard, the artist was a beachcomber, a bum, a drunk, a junkie, a womanizer or a polygamist. Some said he was dead. These tall tales added a mystique and excitement to the exotic paintings.

No one knew the artist's name, but they spoke excitedly of the life-like quality of his work. The paintings were so realistic that there was speculation that they were actually created through mechanical reproduction and stencils or painted with some sort of projection system and an airbrush.

At first, only sailors and soldiers were asking about the velvet paintings, but eventually Barney began to field requests from serious art collectors. He finally decided to track the artist down.

Barney learned of a collection of a dozen or so of these paintings in a bar in a dicey part of Honolulu. The paintings had been sent to the proprietor as payment for an outstanding bar tab the artist had run up when he was in Hawaii.

The paintings were not for sale and the owner knew very little about the artist. All he knew was that the artist lived on some small island in the South Seas and his name was "Leeteg of Tahiti." The name didn't ring a bell with Barney. He had simply known Leeteg as "Edgar," and it had been about 15 years since the two of them spent time haunting the bootleg beer joints of Honolulu together.

Then a Mormon missionary showed Barney some Leeteg paintings he'd bought in Tahiti, and the missionary gave the Leeteg's name and address to Barney. It finally occurred to him that Leeteg of Tahiti was his old drinking pal Edgar!

**B**arney immediately sent money and a letter to Leeteg, requesting that he send some of his velvet paintings under any terms he saw fit. In return, Barney received six beautiful velvet paintings. Enclosed with the paintings was an almost illegible, handwritten letter, scrawled on a half a page torn out of a hotel register.

A more coherent letter followed, in which Leeteg explained how he had perfected the technique for painting on velvet and addressing the rumors that were circulating about him in Hawaii.

"S' funny but this crap seems to help rather than to hinder the sale of my velvets," he wrote. "As long as I'm rutting and drinking, I'm not dead so that rumor is easy to kill. I don't mind being referred to as a bum or a beachcomber; fact is I kinda like it... I don't use spray guns or projectors or stencils nor any other mechanical means. Fact is I don't even have electricity of any kind... Yea, come down as soon as you can and I'll try to live up to the worst of the rumors and we will really drag the gutters of Papeete! Am 43 now and all my mistakes have been women! Hit on the velvet idea many years ago and finally perfected upon it in 1933, most of the first ones were lousy and destroyed, unfortunately some of my first ones were sold

for as little as \$4.00 and that's all they were worth! These and others which I swapped for a bottle of whiskey were sold because I was either hungry or thirsty!"

Barney became Leeteg's agent, and it was a perfect match. Barney insisted on having an outside agency handle all the bookkeeping, and Leeteg appreciated his honesty.

"The only allies I need are God and Barney Davis," Leeteg would say.

Their relationship was important because Barney helped to make Leeteg famous and sold hundreds of his works. But their relationship was also important because Leeteg's letters to Barney (sent almost weekly) were so personal and honest. Without these letters, we would today know very little about Leeteg.

Although Leeteg's paintings were doing brisk business, velvet was still a new medium. He had a difficult time gaining acceptance from "legitimate" art circles, and he regularly engaged in battles with groups like the Honolulu Academy of Art.

He considered art critics to be creatively impotent vermin. He felt their only talent was disparaging those with courage and actual artistic ability.

"Please don't bother submitting any of my work to art societies or museums," Leeteg wrote to Barney, "As I hold these long-haired bastards in contempt, since I know a lot about how they operate. Leave them to plug their own darling daubers... They are just cheap fourflushers in frock coats. To hell with them, even when they come to you..."

"Decker took some of my paintings to Washington and New York museums and the museum guys raved about them, but said it was not art because it was painted on velvet and they were afraid to take a chance on an unknown medium (the mossbacked bastards will wait for someone else to do the pioneering and only go in for a sure thing after it is proven, right now they can all go to hell—but our day is coming!)."

Barney was now handling all of the promotion and marketing for Leeteg's work, freeing the artist up to concentrate on refining his technique, and his new obsession—building.

**H**e built a series of odd, little, brightly colored houses on his property. One was his house, one was his mother's house. He even built one for Aloha Barney to use when he visited. His neighbors were furious that Leeteg was building his own garish little village. They began court proceedings to stop his construction, but he loved the houses and relished a good feud.

He decided that he deserved to have the most expensive and luxurious outhouse in the South Seas, and set about building it. His neighbors once again fought to prevent its construction, citing its "ambitious" and ostentatious design as proof that he had gone mad.

*Leeteg decided that he deserved to have the most expensive and luxurious outhouse in the South Seas. His neighbors fought to prevent its construction, citing its design as proof that he had gone mad. Leeteg argued that a man should be able to enjoy the kind of toilet that suited his personality. The huge, temple-like structure was made with thick masonry and enormous buttresses. The roof was painted red, supported by a beige wall, resting on a salmon pink base, which sat on a turquoise blue footing.*

*James Michener described the privy saying: "Bigger than an ordinary house, capacious enough to serve a platoon of men, it was Leeteg's noblest architectural creation and stands today to confound his enemies."*

Leeteg argued that a man should be able to enjoy the kind of toilet that suited his personality. He was granted permission to build it. The result was a huge, temple-like building constructed with thick masonry and enormous buttresses. It was as big as a house. The inside was appointed with Italian marble and decorated with flowers. From the actual toilet was a commanding view of Paopao Bay. The roof was painted red, supported by a beige wall, resting on a salmon pink base, which sat on a turquoise blue footing.

In *Rascals In Paradise*, James Michener describes Leeteg's privy: "Bigger than an ordinary house, capacious enough to serve a platoon of men, it was Leeteg's noblest architectural creation and stands today to confound his enemies."

**U**nlike so many artists, fame and riches found Leeteg while he was still alive. His velvets began selling for thousands of dollars apiece. His weekly drunken binges and womanizing in Papeete became the stuff of modern myth, and people began to flock to Tahiti, to see "Leeteg the legend."

Local gendarmes would follow him around on his "drunken Tuesdays" to ensure his safety. This was not so much to prevent him from stirring up trouble. It was meant to protect the man whose hijinx were actually bringing a large amount of American tourist dollars to the isolated islands.

"In America I would be in jail all the time," wrote Leeteg, "[In Tahiti] I am accepted for what I am."

Leeteg claimed that all of his debauchery was a carefully calculated form of self-advertisement. His close friends tended to agree, as the Leeteg of legend was much different than the Leeteg they knew personally. But he would have been getting blotto and chasing skirts whether it helped sell paintings or not. He was acting like a tom cat long before he ever realized it would increase the popularity of his work. The positive effect it had on his sales was just an excuse to keep it all going.

The legend ultimately caught up with a vengeance. He tried to answer all of his fan mail personally, which was all but impossible, due to the sheer volume of it. His home became besieged with uninvited guests and visitors from all over the world. He couldn't handle all the company and attention—it began to affect the production of his work.

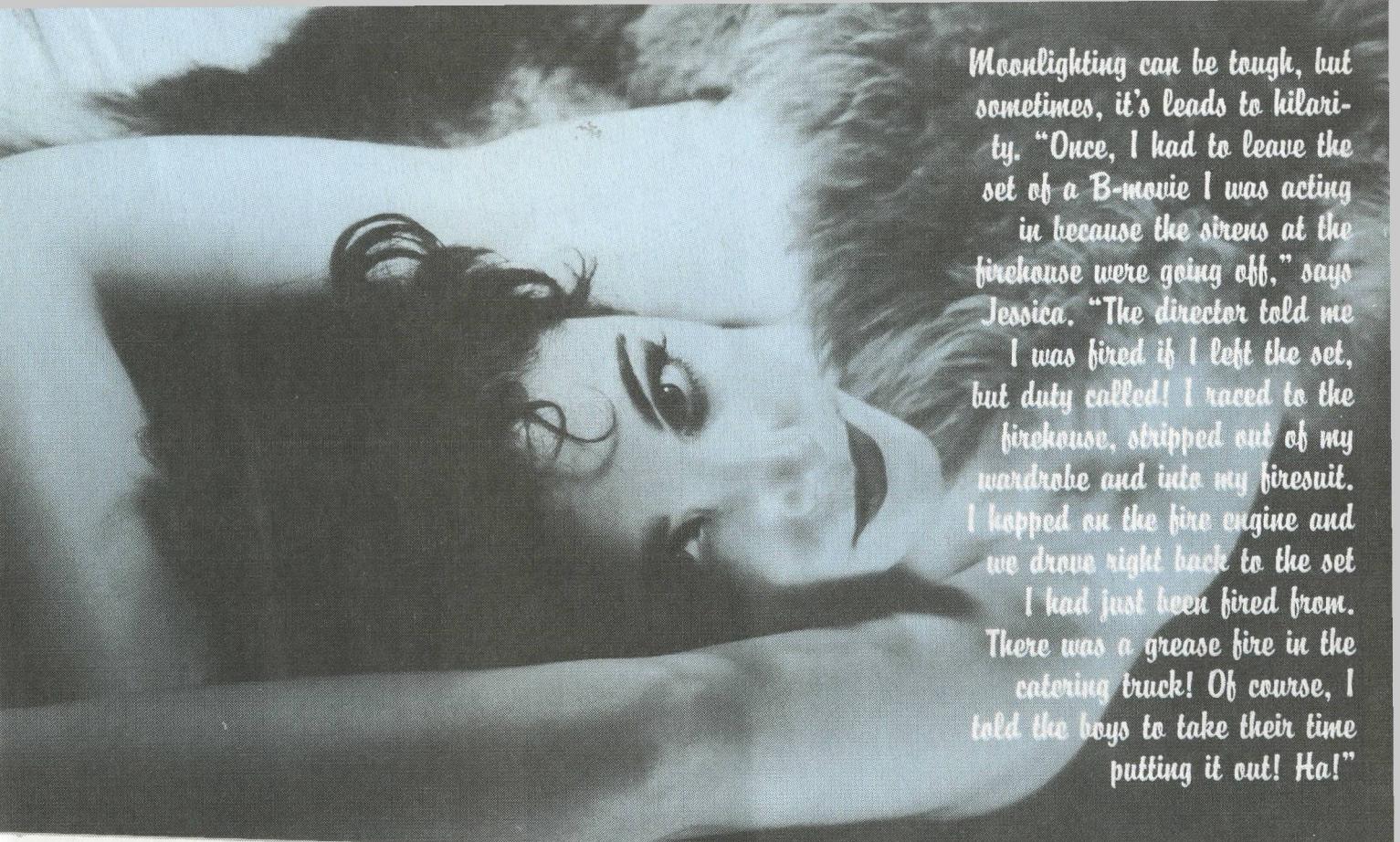
"I'm thinking of acting snotty and hard to know," he wrote, "though this is not in character with me... especially after a few drinks when I am pals with the whole world. But seriously, I gotta do something to get some privacy and some rest... could you maybe send me down a large 'SMALLPOX,' 'MAD DOG' or equally effective placards to nail in front of my place! ...Wish I were a hobo again; they're a bunch of happy bastards; I no longer am."

Artistic controversy continued to follow  
-- cont'd page 39

Sometimes, even the cheekiest of starlets has to find a second job to make ends meet. That's why our lovely Barracuda Girl Jessica moonlights as a firefighter in Los Angeles. If there's a chance that she might show up on the scene to put out a fire while setting our hearts ablaze, it's no wonder they say...

# ...Burn, Hollywood, Burn!

photos by Paget Brewster



Moonlighting can be tough, but sometimes, it leads to hilarity. "Once, I had to leave the set of a B-movie I was acting in because the sirens at the firehouse were going off," says Jessica. "The director told me

I was fired if I left the set, but duty called! I raced to the firehouse, stripped out of my wardrobe and into my firesuit. I hopped on the fire engine and we drove right back to the set I had just been fired from. There was a grease fire in the catering truck! Of course, I told the boys to take their time putting it out! Ha!"

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Real Man Revisited  
Bonus Profile

# Alaia Ta Squirmin' Herman The Hula-Hipped Hawaiian

Located in rural Moraga, California is St. Mary's College, a small Catholic liberal arts college with an enrollment of about 500 students. But in spite of its size and location, in the two decades preceding WWII, St. Mary's football team stood toe to toe with some of college football's biggest and toughest powerhouses. The St. Mary's Galloping Gaels made regular bowl appearances from the 1920s through the 1940s, won the Cotton Bowl in 1939 and garnered nationwide respect as a force to be reckoned with.

When World War II broke out, St. Mary's (an all-male school) lost almost all of their students to military duty. Coach Jim Phelan was able to piece together a team together for the 1942 season, but it was feared that the St. Mary's football program might have to be suspended until the war ended.

In the 1943 season, only 20 students showed up to play on the team, and of those, only 3 weren't going to be in the military by the fall. So, Phelan decided to put together a team of players who were all freshmen, as they would be 17, and too young to be drafted into the military.

Most of the players that year were clearly young and inexperienced, but one freshman stood out.

Herman Wedemeyer, a 17-year old from Honolulu had shown great promise playing high school ball in Hawaii and had been recruited by Notre Dame and Ohio State. However, he had decided to go to St. Mary's because the larger schools were taking too long to answer about whether or not they wanted him and because St. Mary's was closer to home.

Born on a remote part of the Big Island, Wedemeyer had grown up playing a chaotic version of football, in which there would sometimes be as many as 30 players on each team and cornstalks substituted for goalposts. Playing under those conditions had given Wedemeyer an uncanny



ability to slither and squirm past other players on the field.

In St. Mary's first game of the 1943 season, they were favored to lose, 7 to 1 against California—a much larger and more experienced team. But Wedemeyer fielded a punt and juked so well escaping tackles that two Bears ran into each other. He bolted 40 yards down the sideline and just before he was tackled, he tossed the ball to a fellow Gael who ran it in for a touchdown.

St. Mary's ultimately lost 27-12, but since they weren't even expected to score, giving the Bears a good run for their money was victory enough for them. Wedemeyer was carried off the field at the end of the game.

Newspapers declared that Wedemeyer was "the most sensational discovery to come over the horizon since the Santa Maria... California won the ball game but Herman Wedemeyer won the hearts of every man, woman, and child present."

One writer said that Wedemeyer was "the only back I've seen in many years who could handle [running, passing, blocking, tackling and kicking] with poise and grace thrown in.... His reflexes are far quicker than anything I've seen on a football team in many, many years."

His speed and turn-on-a-dime agility on the field earned him the nicknames "Squirm 'Herman," "The Flyin' Hawaiian," "The Hawaiian Centipede" and "The Waikiki Wonder."

Although the 1943 season was far from a championship season for St. Mary's, Wedemeyer's abilities (which included passing and kicking) kept the under-manned Gaels alive. In the post-season, Wedemeyer was the first freshman ever picked to play in the Shrine game.

In 1944, St. Mary's had to do without Wedemeyer, as he enlisted in the Merchant Marines. The Gaels only scheduled five games that season, and minus Wedemeyer, they lost every one of them.

Wedemeyer returned to the team for the 1945 season (which began shortly after the end of WWII), but St. Mary's enrollment was still under 100 students. The team once again showed promise, even though they were the youngest college team ever put together. They lacked experience, but they were a very closely-knit team. They would sing and play music together, entertaining crowds in their hotel lobby the night before a game. They had an enthusiasm that matched the national post-war sentiment of optimism and joy.

Wedemeyer, with his dark hair, dark eyes and singing and dancing abilities, became a bona fide teen idol, replete with throngs of bobby-soxer fans. Of Wedemeyer, one writer said "Some football heroes are dull and solemn dodos... But Wedey has a bubbling boyish air about him that is seldom found elsewhere."

What the Gaels lacked in size and power that year, they made up for with guts and speed. The result was a confidence that offset their dearth of experience. Enchanted by their youth and their ability to upset of California that season, the press dubbed the Gaels "The Singing Saints," "Beardless

Wonders" and the "Moraga Minstrels."

The Gaels continued to plow through their schedule and by halfway through the season, they were undefeated and contending for the national title. The Gaels remained undefeated until their last game of the season, which they lost to UCLA, 13-7.

The Gaels went on to face the Aggies of Oklahoma A&M in the Sugar Bowl. Oklahoma A&M were heavy favorites. The Gaels went onto the field wearing only t-shirts and pants—with no pads. The sold-out crowd at the stadium laughed at them.

By the half, the crowd's attitude had changed. St. Mary's went into the locker room met by rousing applause, behind only 14-13. The Aggies were totally demoralized. Although the Aggies ultimately defeated the Gaels 33-13, the final score belied the excitement of the game.

One writer said, "They left a lost cause taking consolation in the fact that they had treated New Orleans' largest football crowd to some of the most thrilling, most spectacular, and most exciting football ever seen."

Wedemeyer was drafted into pro football in the first round by the Los Angeles Dons of the All-America Football conference. Even though he led the league in punt returns that year, he was waived by the Dons and was picked up by the Baltimore Colts.

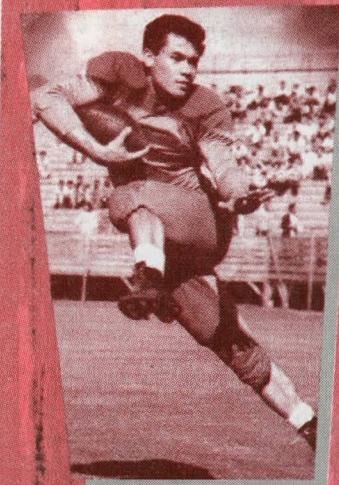
But after one season with the Colts and then some time playing minor league baseball, Wedemeyer grew disillusioned with professional sports and called it quits. In an interview with *Sports Illustrated* a few years before his death, Wedemeyer explained, saying, "I think I'd finally gotten tired of football by the time I turned pro. The atmosphere was entirely different. It was no longer a game for me. There was so much pressure—somebody always behind you, trying to take your job. I knew it was time to go home again and try something new."

He returned to Hawaii and went into business and politics. He served on the Honolulu City Council in 1968 and in the state House of Representatives in 1970 and 1972. He aspired to be Governor of Hawaii, but after suffering a pair of heart attacks, he was forced to give up his political career.

One day in the early 70s, he was playing golf with one of the directors of *Hawaii Five-0*, who asked Wedemeyer to come in for a reading. Although he had no acting experience, Wedemeyer was cast on the show as a uniformed police officer. He eventually became a regular character, Edward D. "Duke" Lukela, a plainclothes member of the core *Five-0* team. His character's name "Duke" was a homage to the great Hawaiian athlete, Duke Kahanmoku.

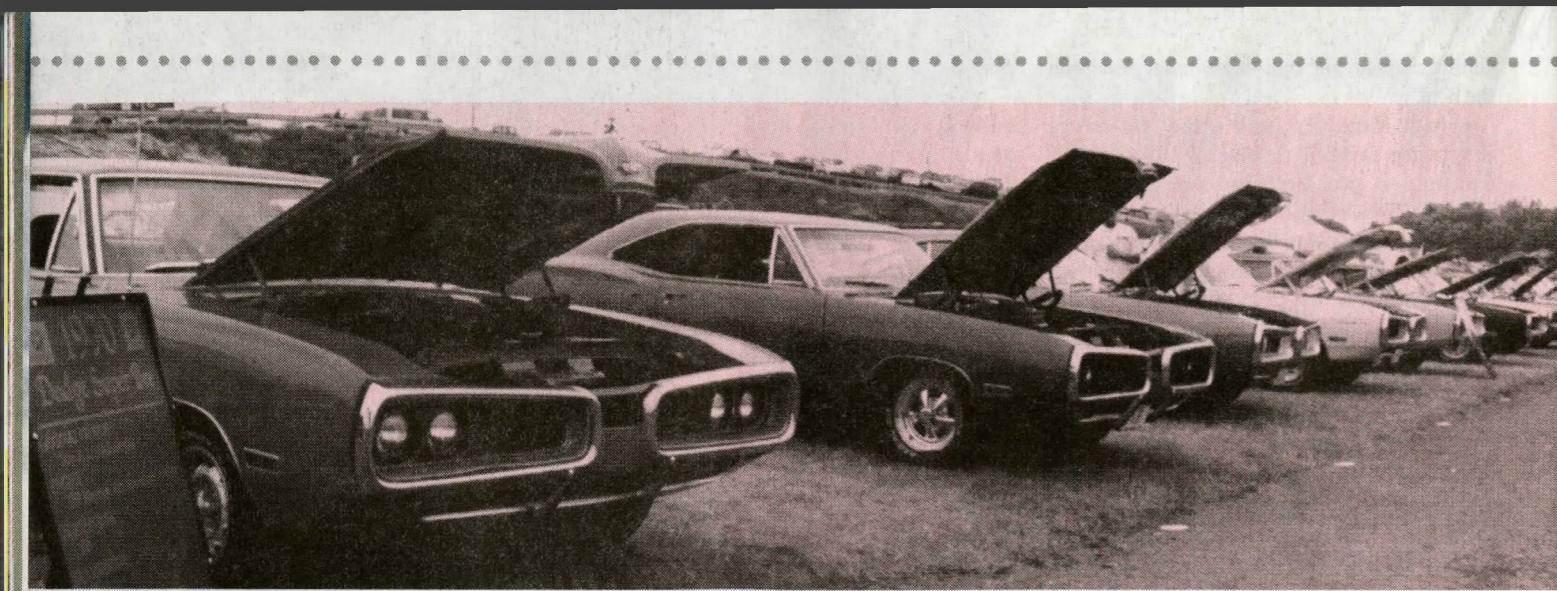
On January 25, 1999, Herman Wedemeyer died at the age of 74.

Although Herman Wedemeyer is not a household name, he is a sports legend to Hawaiians and to those who remember his days with the Galloping Gaels. And in fact, a 1948 Herman Wedemeyer rookie card is currently worth an amazing \$500.



photos: Opposite page, inductees into the College Football Hall of Fame in 1979—(l to r) Ed McGinley (Pennsylvania), Augie Lio (Georgetown), Herman Wedemeyer (St. Mary's) and Howard Cassady (Ohio State). This page top, Wedey as a high-school football star in Honolulu. Middle, Wedey's dreamy, teen-idol portrait. Below, Wedemeyer, Jack Lord and cast in a promo photo from the 12th season of *Hawaii Five-0*. (Danno had already left and Chin Ho had been killed off by the time this pic was taken.)





## MOPAR RULES! CHRYSLERS AT CARLISLE

Once again, all roads led to Carlisle, PA for the annual big daddy of Chrysler shows and swaps. Hundreds of classic Mopars, parts dealers and dreamers filled the 81 acre Carlisle Fairgrounds for the three-day ceremony.

The hallmark of this year's event was the overall quantity and quality of cars in attendance.

This was not strictly a Mopar muscle event. There was an impressive collection of station

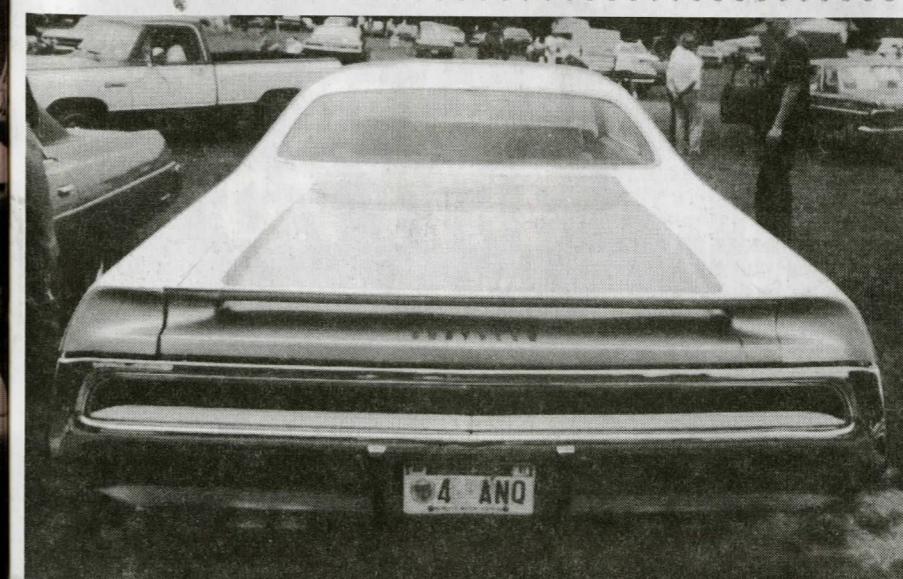
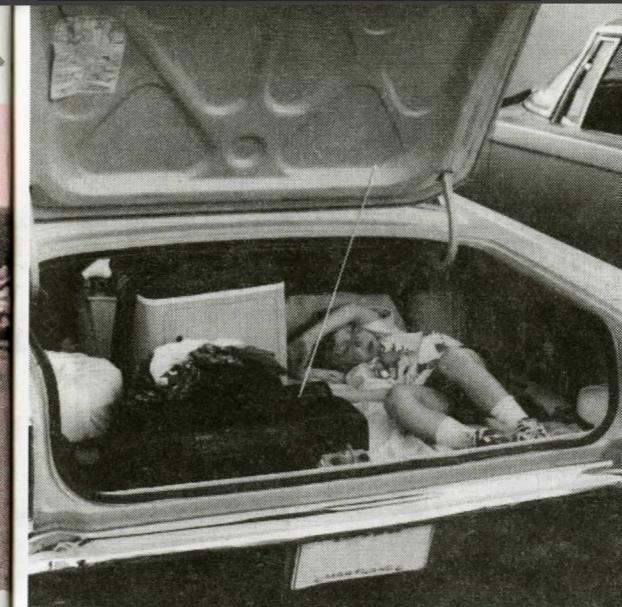
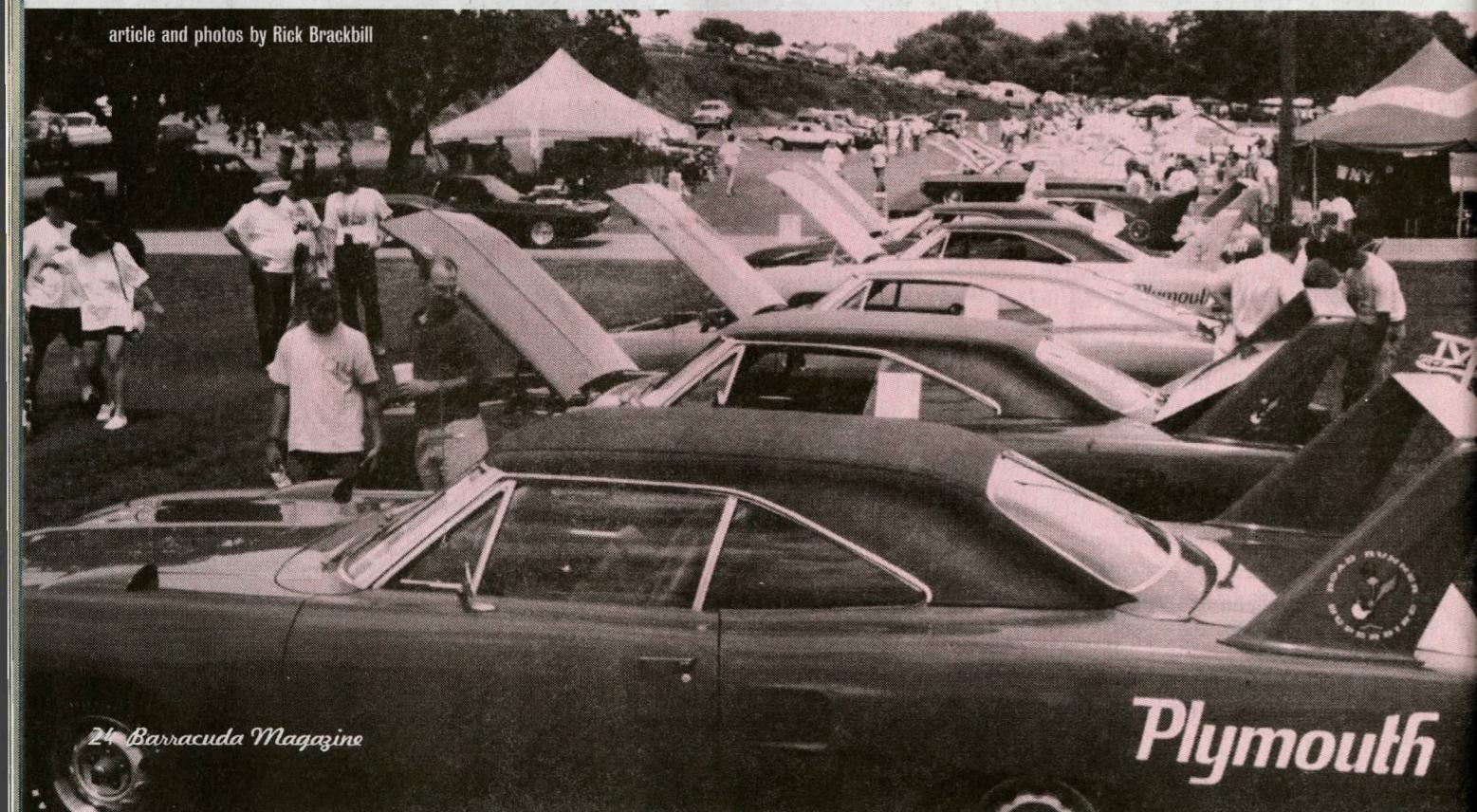
wagons, slant six models, even a handful of mid-60s Dodge Tradesman camper vans—very cool.

Also prominent was a veritable armada of C body cars, many from the post-1971 years. Many would argue that these battleships are actually muscle cars with additional girth. Big block engines, heavy-duty transmissions and suspensions were all but standard for many of these models.

A '69 Sport Fury driver from Maryland came to Carlisle to sell. But he said, "The ride up to the show was so floaty and cool, like riding on a cloud at 80 mph. And it only took a 1/4 tank. I can't wait to drive her home." (Editor's note: that's a 24 gallon tank on that car!)

It's high time for these heretofore neglected and scorned Granny cruisers, boat towers and cop cars to be rightfully acknowledged as

article and photos by Rick Brackbill



Opposite page: Top—a row of '70 Coronets, with their trademark circular, headlight-encompassing bumpers. Bottom—ostentatious is in the eye of the beholder. A row of Plymouth Superbirds. Many dealers had difficulty selling these and chopped the nose and tail off, selling them as mere Road Runners. Today, a mint-condition Superbird is easily worth over \$50,000.

This page: Top left—now, that's a trunk. Enough room for all your junk, and even a few of your offspring. Top right and middle—Mopar fans mill about the fairgrounds, admiring the cars. Bottom right—a rear view of a lesser-known and underrated Mopar bruiser, the 1970 Chrysler 300-H (Hurst) sports coupe. A 440 TNT engine and heavy-duty suspension with sway bar were standard on this model.

restoration-worthy cool rides. The days of shame, disgust and ridicule over these vehicles needs to be behind us. Okay, so I like boats and burning lots of gas.

The blood and guts of this tribe is still, however, the continuing celebration of muscle car-era Mopars, with all of its gas and rubber burning. Model names like Charger and Challenger just say it all. These and other

Mopars were once available right from the dealership, suitable for drag racing. This kind of power and adrenaline rush is a drug and Carlisle was full of addicts, nuts and big block peddlers looking to blow out some carbon.

Most of these cars were special and collectable from day one. Guaranteeing this were short model runs and rare option packages which made shadetree modification all but impractical.

Like fine art dealers, Chrysler enthusiasts seem to have more of a reverence for the 100% factory correct mark. Nowhere else do you find such scholarly cultural historians and appraisers, shamans and gurus who know production codes and the difference between a part and an artifact.

But all I *really* know is I like to step on the gas pedal and get my fix. 

Right: a '59 Fury  
Background: The Chryslers  
at Carlisle show field



**Barracuda Magazine:** Are there any plans you have, any political agenda that you want to fulfill now that you are Miss Chryslers at Carlisle?

**Miss Chryslers at Carlisle:** No. There was no obligation that came with the title. Even without being in the contest, I would usually be at the car shows anyway. So, it was fun for me and I would have shown up there anyway. I just started doing these contests.

**BM:** Do you plan on defending your title as Miss Chryslers at Carlisle next year.

**MCC:** If I'm still around here, in this area, I will. By that time, my agency might have their Crown Imperial all fixed up. They have a 1953 Crown Imperial limo. It needs to be restored. Once its fixed up, it'll be awesome. Only 48 were made. It has a .331 hemi. That's going to be a project.

**BM:** Do you have any other pageant titles from car shows?

**MCC:** Summer Carlisle '99, I just won that. I didn't think they were going to let me enter [Chryslers at Carlisle] because I won the last one, but they did. It was very fun, it was a blast.

**BM:** What was the competition like at Summer Carlisle, was it more fierce?

**MCC:** I'd say it was about the same. You know what the next one is? Corvettes, and I want that Corvette sash to go on my car. That is the one that I want the most — Miss Corvette.

**BM:** What's more important to you, winning the title or winning the show with your car?

**MCC:** Oh, the title. I want the sash to go on my car.

**BM:** Do you get to keep your sashes?

**MCC:** Oh, yeah. They're in my room, proudly displayed.

**BM:** Rumor has it you like to turn a wrench.

**MCC:** Yeah. My father and brother both restore cars for fun. They take me to all the shows. I'm learning all I can from them, but it's difficult. It's hard getting people to take me seriously. A lot of mechanics will try to get one over on me. But I work on my own car.

**BM:** What are your favorite cars?

**MCC:** My favorite cars are the '70-'75 Corvettes. I drive a '73 Stingray rag top. It's all stock and original, .350 engine, bright orange paint, white top, black leather interior. It's a unique car, so it gets a lot of attention. I haven't opened it up yet, though I've had a lot of offers. I will be the one to open it up first. My favorite Mopar is probably the Dodge Challenger.

**BM:** Are you more interested in working on engines or doing body work?

**MCC:** Engines. Engines, definitely. I want to know everything about how an engine works.

**BM:** How do you feel about stock vs. modified?

**MCC:** The car I have is worth more in its original state, which is why I am not modifying it. But as far as street rods and things like that, I think they are worth more modified. I think, the bigger the engine, the better.

**BM:** Any future plans?

**MCC:** Winning the Miss Corvettes at Carlisle beauty contest, going to M.I.T. for a chemical engineering degree and being a famous swimsuit model.

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Illustration by Steve Fine

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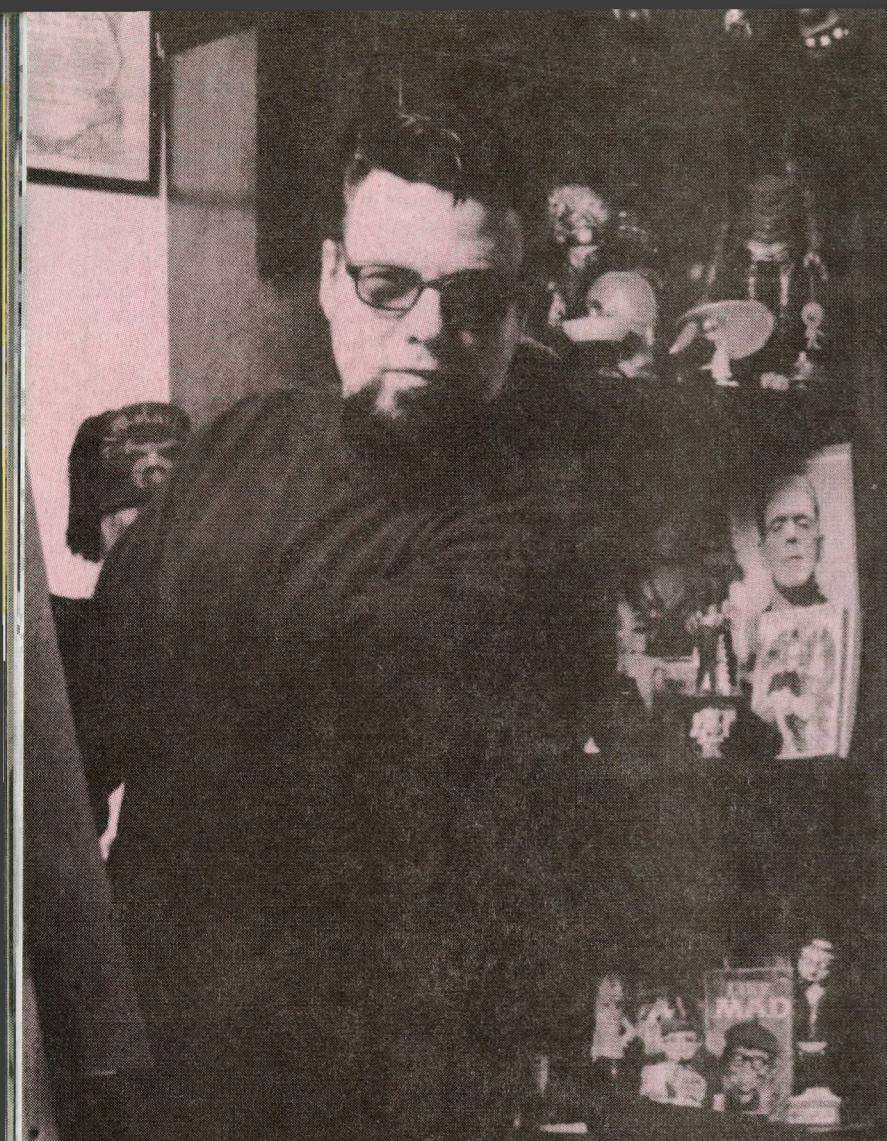


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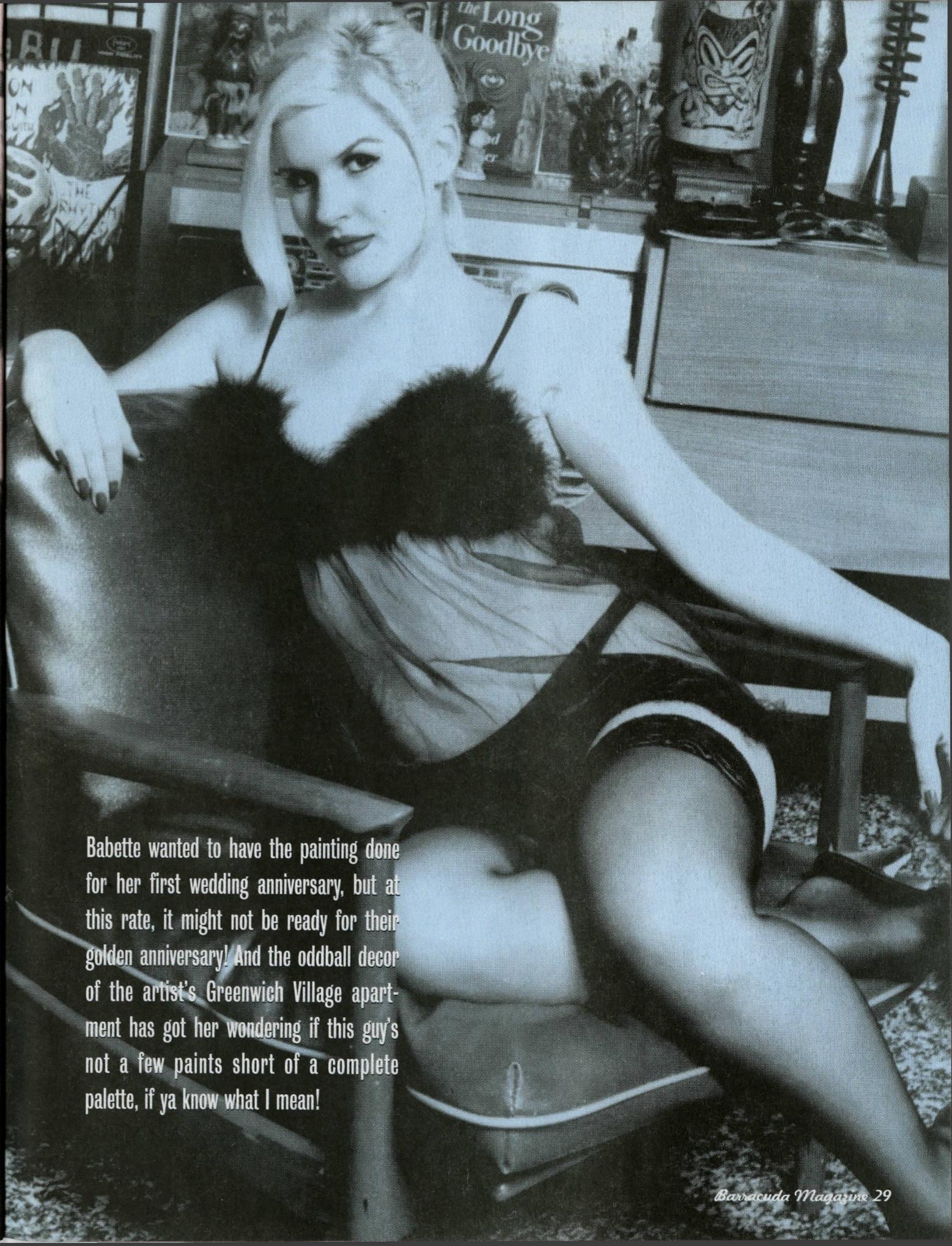
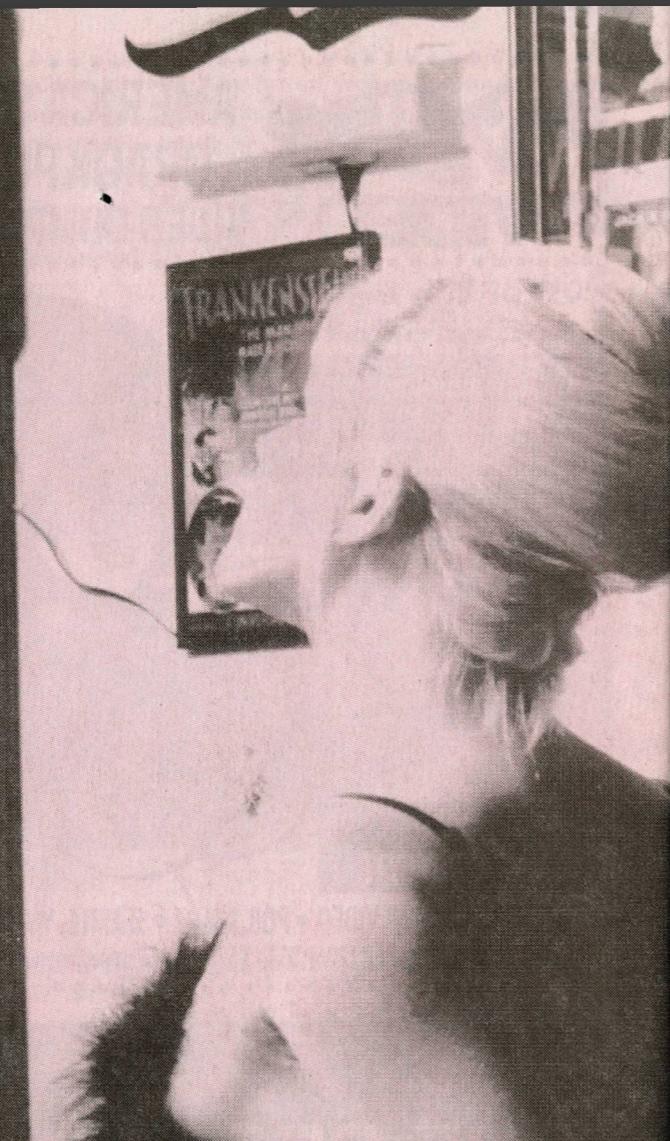
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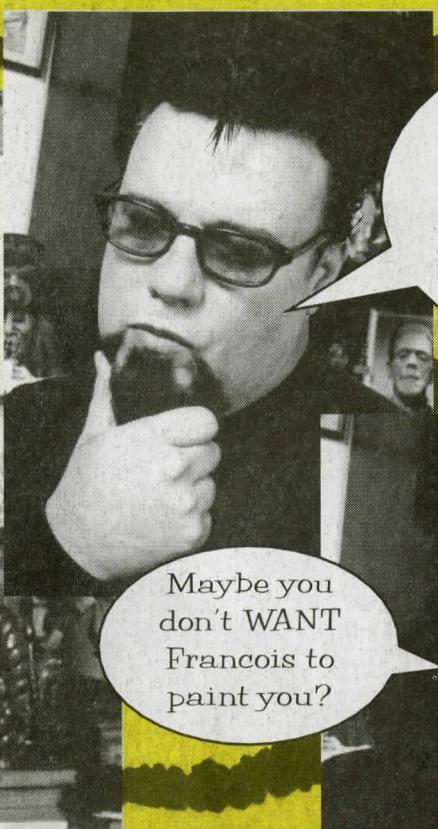
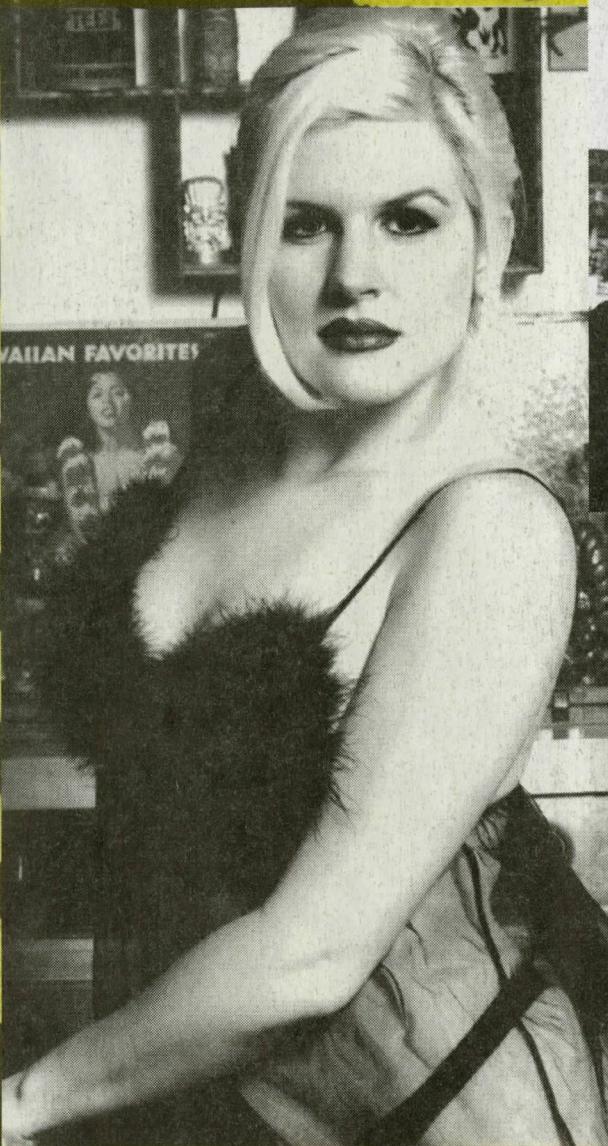
Francois is the hot new "beatnik" artist that all of Manhattan is talking about. Babette is the socialite wife of a wealthy cosmopolitan industrialist. She's commissioned Francois to paint her portrait for her husband's birthday. After posing for over an hour, she'd like to know...

# 727 Art Yet?

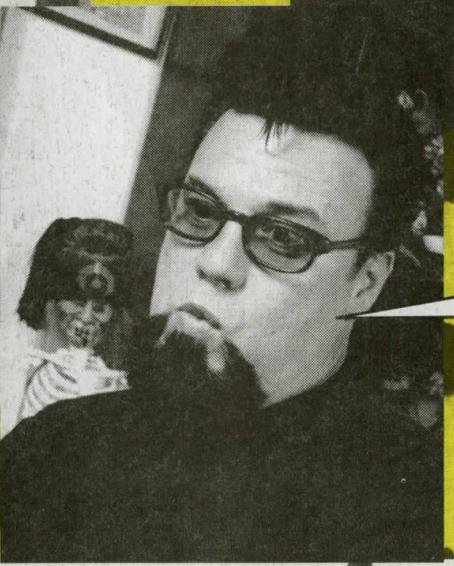
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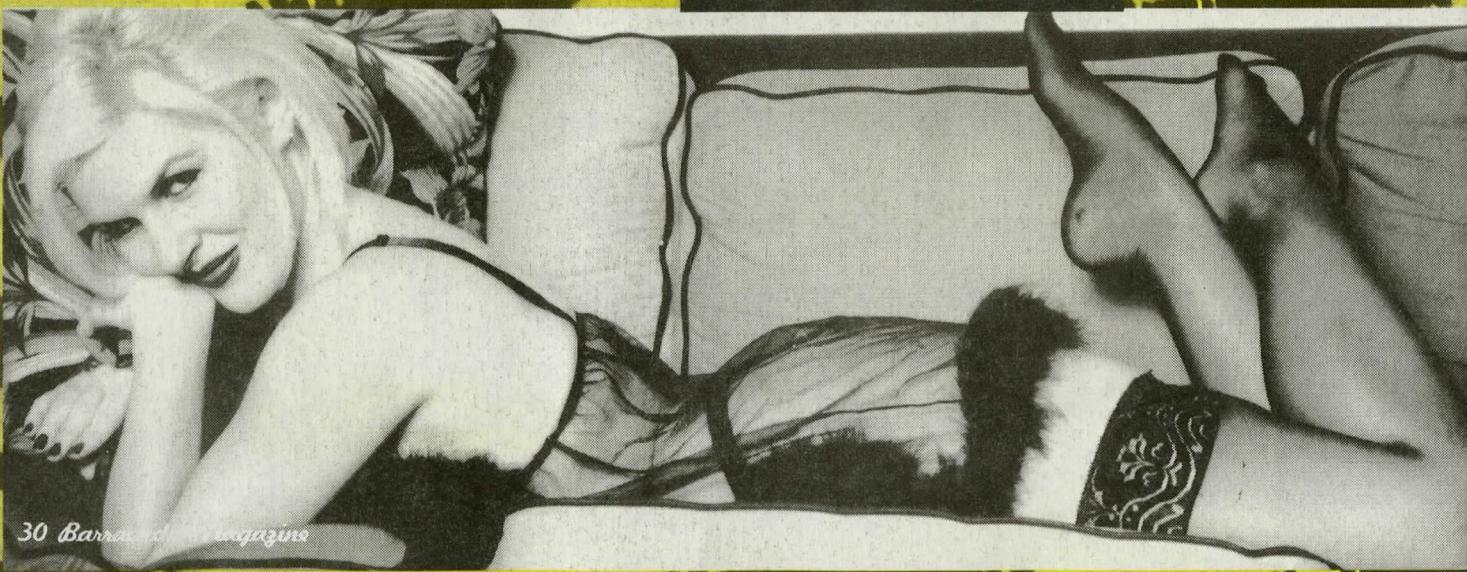
Babette wanted to have the painting done for her first wedding anniversary, but at this rate, it might not be ready for their golden anniversary! And the oddball decor of the artist's Greenwich Village apartment has got her wondering if this guy's not a few paints short of a complete palette, if ya know what I mean!

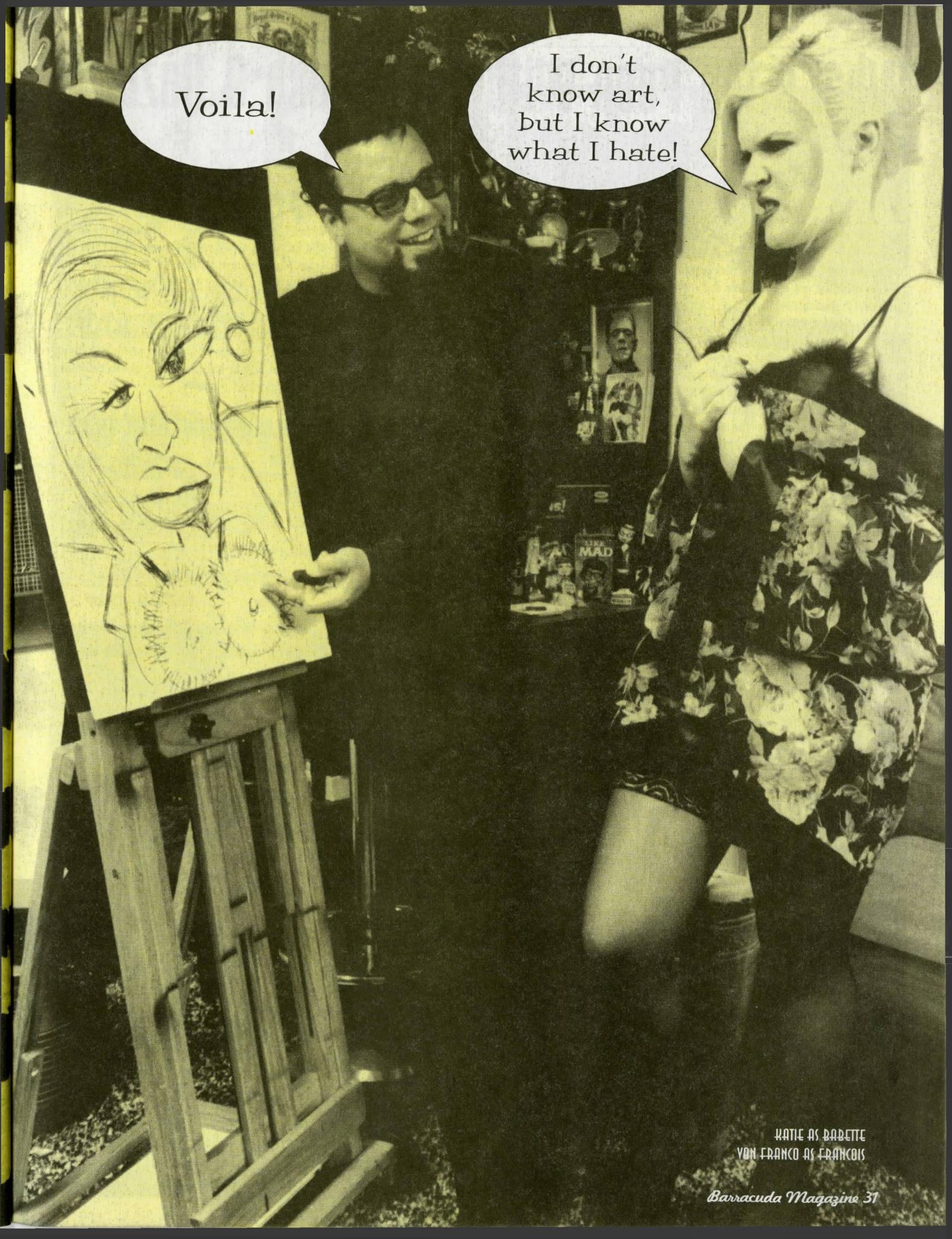


The pose is nice, but try to express more inner monologue.



A-ha!  
Inspiration at last!





Voilà!

I don't  
know art,  
but I know  
what I hate!

KATIE AS BABETTE  
VON FRANCO AS FRANCOIS

# What's the Poop With That Mach 3 Razor?

BY SMITH T. Y. SAEUFER

I had been seeing commercials for the Mach 3 for some time, and it smacked of malarkey to me, with all of those fancy space-age commercials that aggrandized it, but seemed to stop just short of actually claiming it was a better razor. After a glowing testimonial by a *Barracuda* staffer, I decided to find out if this razor did represent a milestone in shaving evolution.

Too skeptical to go out and actually buy it with my own money, we called up Gillette. They were nice enough to send us press and promo information, including a Mach 3 for me to test drive. The sexy press kit was rife with all kinds of cool photos, technical information and history of Gillette's contributions to the advancement of shaving technology. That, coupled with the prospect of "painting my beard off" really made me want to love this razor.

Simply put, I did not love this razor.

One of the things that I like about the Gillette Sensor is that its stand is very functional. It carries the razor, holds up to five extra blades and has a mirror on it that is very handy for shaving in the shower, while camping or in any other "roughing it" scenario.

The Mach 3's stand is of a similar design, but it has a concave mirror that is completely useless as a shaving mirror. This was no big deal, it just would have been a handy bonus.

Unfortunately, the actual shave itself turned out to be as much of a letdown.

I was immediately bothered by the fact that the blade on the Mach 3 is hinged from the bottom, rather than from the middle. This made it very difficult to shave precision-necessary areas of the face, like sideburns and under the nose. This also makes it nearly impossible to lean on the blade when you shave, as I like to do.

The Mach 3 is indeed fitted with all of the bells and whistles of modern shaving gadgetry, but one question remains: are these gadgets necessary, assuming they work at all?

The lubricating strip on any razor wears off after a couple of shaves, so it is basically worthless. Besides, the strip isn't doing anything that you can't do yourself by putting a little lotion on your face before you shave (see *Barracuda* issue #4—"Shaving Made Painless").

The Mach 3 also has a new take on the lubricating strip, in the form of an "Indicator" strip that changes color after a certain period of time. This indicator lets you know that the razor is no longer delivering optimum performance. This is also completely

unnecessary as any razor will let you know if it's not working—by simply tugging on your beard and chafing your face!

The Mach 3 also features the soft "microfins" which first appeared on the SensorExcel. These little rubber fins are supposed to lift stubborn hairs so that they can be shaved. Having used both the SensorExcel and the standard Sensor (sans microfins), I can discern exactly no difference between the two. Maybe the fins do make a difference, but if they do, I sure can't tell.

The handle of the Mach 3 is also "ergonomically designed," which is nice, I suppose, but it's ultimately superfluous as well. A razor handle is a stick. You're holding onto a stick. It's not that difficult to hold on to, with or without scientifically-placed rubber grips.

Besides all of these piddling complaints, there was one simple fact that I couldn't get past—the Mach 3 just wasn't a better shave than my good ol' Sensor. I tried shaving with the grain, against the grain, every day, every other day. It wasn't any better—but it certainly was more expensive! (See table.)

Why, then, was that *Barracuda* staffer so excited about the Mach 3? It turns out that he upgraded to the Mach 3 from the Atra, which was released in 1977. The leap in performance from the Atra to the Mach 3 is significant.

The leap

from

the Sensor to the Mach 3 is not so significant, if such a leap exists at all.

For all the claims about advanced shaving technology, the proof should ultimately be in the pudding. And there was no proof here. The test drive bore out that this razor, functionally, was apparently no better than the Sensor—a significantly cheaper razor.

Technophiles who are interested in constantly having the latest greatest may love this razor, but for those of you who are just looking for a good shave, it's simply not worth retooling from the Sensor. 

## COST OF RE-TOOLING TO THE MACH 3

### Startup kit

Sensor	\$5.69 (includes 3 refills)
Mach 3	\$6.99 (includes 2 refills)
difference	\$1.30 or 22% more expensive

### Refill kit

Store brand sensor	\$3.89 for 5 = .77 each
Sensor	\$11.29 for 10 = 1.13 each
Mach 3	\$12.99 for 8 = 1.62 each
(30% more expensive than Sensor, 52% more expensive than the store brand refills)	

## Unnecessary "Indicator" Lubrication Strip



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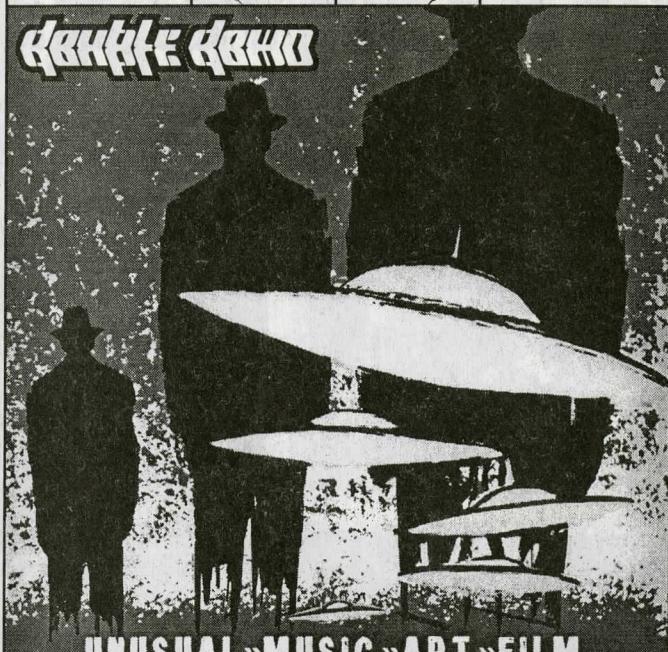


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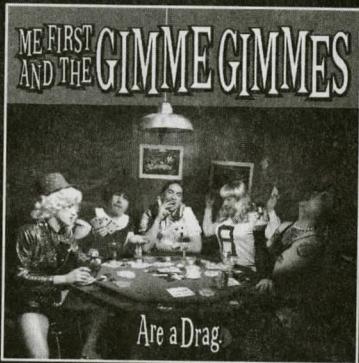
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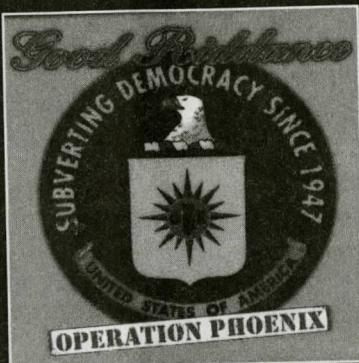


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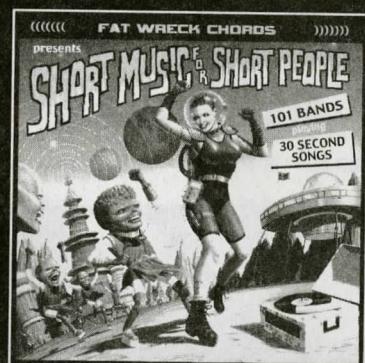
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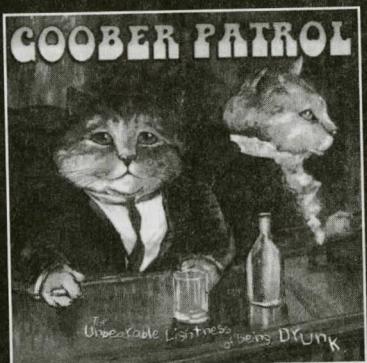
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# MALARKEY ALERT!

## Bottled Water Is Pure—Pure Bunk, That Is!

### A Natural Resources Defense Council report discredits claims that bottled water is inherently safer and cleaner than tap water

Bottled water consumption in the U.S. has almost tripled in the last decade. In 1986, the average person in the U.S. consumed only 4.5 gallons of bottled water per year. Today, the average is 12.7 gallons. Reportedly, 54% of Americans drink bottled water.

Sales have taken off in recent years (in 1997, bottled water sales equaled almost \$4 billion), largely due to the public perception that bottled water is healthy and pure. Bottled water marketing regularly includes imagery of mountains, glaciers and bubbling streams, fostering the notion that bottled water is clean and the product of good old mother nature.

Malarkey.

In a four-year study of bottled water quality, the Natural Resources Defense Council found that bottled water is simply not necessarily cleaner or safer than big city tap water.

The NRDC study included the testing of over 1,000 bottles of 103 brands of bottled water. About one third of the brands tested contained contamination in at least one sample. This contamination included synthetic organic chemicals, bacteria and arsenic.

The FDA is in charge of testing and enforc-

signs of possible fecal contamination), while tap water regulations do not allow *any* confirmed contamination with these bacteria.

There are no requirements whatsoever for bottled water to be disinfected or tested for parasites like cryptosporidium or giardia, unlike regulations for big city tap water that uses surface water sources. This means that bottled water could represent a health threat to people with compromised immune systems, such as the elderly or transplant patients.

The EPA also requires city tap water to be tested for more than a dozen chemicals that are not currently subject to EPA standards but which, if present, may pose a health concern. Bottled water producers are not required to monitor for any unregulated contaminants.

Furthermore, water that is bottled and sold in the same state is wholly exempt from even meeting the FDA's lax standards, anyway! That's between 60 and 70% of all bottled water sold! (Carbonated and seltzer water are not regulated by the FDA *at all*. If the product's ingredient label calls it "water," "carbonated water," "disinfected water," "filtered water," "seltzer water," "sparkling water," or "soda water," it is not con-

five years.

"This is far too infrequent to detect certain possible problems," says the NRDC, "such as

**ALTHOUGH MUCH OF BOTTLED WATER MARKETING STEMS FROM CAPITALIZING ON FEARS ABOUT TAP WATER PURITY, ABOUT 25% OF BOTTLED WATER ACTUALLY IS TAP WATER. (SOME ESTIMATES PLACE THIS NUMBER AS HIGH AS 40%)**

periodic contamination caused by occasional substandard plant operations or maintenance, bacteria from sewage overflows or leaks, pest infestations, or occasional spikes of pollution due to short-lived phenomena. In addition, bottlers are not required to keep records of their operations and testing for more than two years, making effective inspections difficult or impossible, since evidence of periodic or past problems can simply be discarded before it is ever reviewed by inspectors."

So, are individual states monitoring the quality of the bottled water sold in their jurisdiction? Not really. About one in five states does not regulate bottled water at all. Less than 50% of all states require carbonated and seltzer water to meet their bottled water standards, if they even have such standards.

And here's another fun fact—although much of bottled water marketing stems from capitalizing on fears about tap water purity, about 25% of bottled water actually *is* tap water! (Some estimates place this number as high as 40%).

PepsiCo's popular "Aquafina" brand features images of mountains on its label. Of

Some Key Differences Between EPA Tap Water and FDA Bottled Water Rules (Source: NRDC)						
Water type	Disinfection required?	Confirmed e. coli & fecal coliform banned?	Testing frequency for bacteria	Must filter to remove pathogens, or have strictly protected source?	Must test for cryptosporidium or giardia viruses?	Testing frequency for most synthetic organic chemicals
Bottled Water	No	No	1/week	No	No	1/year
Carbonated or Seltzer Water	No	No	None	No	No	None
Big city tap water (using surface water)	Yes	Yes	Hundreds/month	Yes	Yes	1/quarter (limited waivers if clean source)

ing standards for purity in bottled water. Their standards are actually *less rigorous* than that of the EPA's standards for city tap water! You heard it right. For example, the FDA's bottled water testing guidelines allows for *some* contamination of e. coli or fecal coliform (which are

sidered "bottled water" by the FDA, and is therefore not regulated by them at all.)

According to the NRDC, the FDA has stated that bottled water regulation carries a low priority. Because of this, water bottlers will likely be inspected by the FDA only about every four to

course, nowhere on the label does it mention that it is tap water from municipal water supplies! A PepsiCo spokesperson defended the depictions of mountains on the bottled tap water in a 1997 article in the *Boston Globe*, saying that Pepsi wasn't hiding anything, since anyone can find out the source of Aquafina by calling the toll-free number on the bottle cap.

According to the NRDC report, a brand called "Everest" has mountains on its label, yet it is reportedly tap water from Corpus Christi, Texas.

The brand "Spring Water" featured a picture of a lake surrounded by mountains on its label. The source for this water was actually a well in the middle of an industrial parking lot next to a hazardous waste site. The FDA actually ruled that this brand's label was *not* misleading, saying, "There is no claim to the effect that the

nature," "mountain water" and "healthy."

These broad marketing claims about the purity of bottled water are simply nothing more than platitudes. In the NRDC's study, about 25% of the brands tested had at least one sample whose contents violated California's strict health standards or warning levels. About one fifth of the brands had at least one sample that exceeded state or industry bacteria guidelines.

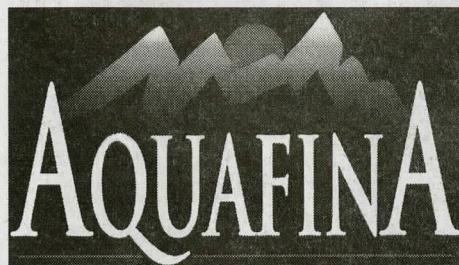
"In all," the NRDC report states, "at least one sample of one third of the waters we tested (34 of 103, or 33 percent) exceeded a state enforceable standard for bacterial or chemical contamination, a nonenforceable microbiological-purity guideline, or both."

Also, it's simply untrue to state that just because water comes from a well or a spring that it is immune from cryptosporidium or other

malarkey's power comes not from false claims, but from assumptions swallowed by the consumer. In many cases, the consumer is led into making those assumptions.

The problem here is that although pictures of mountains on the label are not a direct claim by the manufacturer of genuine spring water mountain goodness, it is at least the expectation of the consumer. In a technical and legal sense, the manufacturer is not liable for misrepresenting their product, but they are certainly operating in the dubious sort of vacuum where malarkey flourishes and we eat (or drink) it up.

But all of this is a moot point because we shouldn't be turning to bottled water anyway. The solution is for us to be confident about the quality and safety of our tap water. Don't let anecdotal stories about water contamination stir



location pictured in the vignette is the actual spring, we would not consider the label vignette to be in violation of our requirements."

The brand "Alasika" claimed it was "Alaska Premium Glacier Drinking Water: Pure Glacier Water From the Last Unpolluted Frontier, Bacteria Free." This water apparently came from the public water supply of Juneau. (Hey, at least it was from Alaska!) The FDA ultimately forced them to change the label, but only because they felt the claims about a lack of bacteria implied that the water was sterile, which it was not.

"Vals Water" said it was "Known to Generations in France for its Purity and Agreeable Contribution to Health... Reputed to Help Restore Energy, Vitality and Combat Fatigue." Although the International Bottled Water Association's voluntary code prohibits health claims, some companies still make them.

The FDA actually allows water to be called "spring water" even if it is pumped from a well and treated with chemicals. FDA rules now require that untreated water from a municipal water source be clearly labeled as such. But if the water is simply filtered (using systems that do not necessarily filter out certain contaminants), the labeling requirement is waived entirely, as in the case of Aquafina.

The use of descriptions and nomenclature that implies the exceedingly pure nature of bottled water was found by the NRDC to be "widespread." Their review of the advertising and promotions for 50 IBWA members found the following words commonly used: "pure," "purest," "purity," "pristine," "natural," "prepared by

**PEPSICO'S POPULAR NEW AQUAFINA BRAND, FEATURING A LOVELY MOUNTAIN SCENE ON ITS LABEL. AN INTERESTING CHOICE, SINCE IT DOESN'T COME FROM A MOUNTAIN SPRING. IT'S MUNICIPAL TAP WATER!**

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microbial contaminants. Several outbreaks of cryptosporidium and other illnesses have been caused by water taken from wells or springs.

**T**he exorbitant price of this assumedly pure and safe water just adds insult to injury. The average cost of tap water in California is \$1.60 for 1000 gallons, while the average cost of an equivalent amount of bottled water is \$900! Bottled water is about 240 times more expensive than tap water. Pricier, imported water in fancy little bottles can cost up to 10,000 times as much as tap!

And the actual *cost* of bottling water for the manufacturer is not more than a few cents per bottle, and may be as low as a fraction of a cent per bottle. So, for every \$1.50 of your hard-earned dollars you spend on a bottle of water, about 1/3 of that is *pure profit* for the bottler. About 90% of the purchase price is going not for the water, but for bottling, packaging, shipping, marketing, retailing, other expenses and profit.

In a 1988 issue of *Financial Times*, Gustave Leven (chairman of the board of the Perrier Corporation at the time) was quoted as saying, "It struck me . . . that all you had to do is take the water out of the ground and then sell it for more than the price of wine, milk, or, for that matter, oil."

The NRDC's ultimate conclusion was that most bottled water apparently was of good quality, although some contained contamination. But it should not automatically be assumed that bottled water is purer or safer than most tap water.

The difference between malarkey and downright misleading advertising is that

you into sense-losing frenzy.

Get informed about the true safety of public tap water systems rather than believing what is being fed to you by bottled water advertising and bottled water manufacturer's trade associations. Call your state's drinking water program or the EPA Safe Drinking Water Hotline at 800-426-4791.

If there really was a problem with tap water, the solution shouldn't have been for us to fork our money over to bottlers, anyway. We should have demanded safe tap water. We are living in the last days of the 20th century in the United States, for God's sake. It wouldn't be too much to ask.

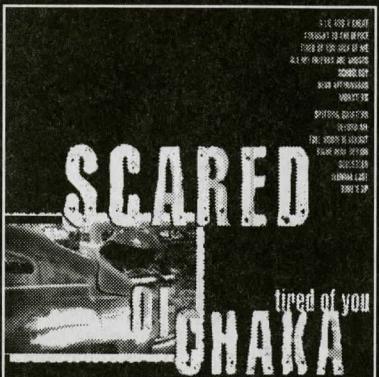
Unfortunately, bottled water producers know how to get under our skin and profit from our fear and shiftlessness. They know that it's much easier for us to spend \$1.50 per bottle for a panacea for fabricated fears than to actually be informed or take serious action.

(Source: NRDC's report on bottled water. View their complete report online at [www.nrdc.org](http://www.nrdc.org).)



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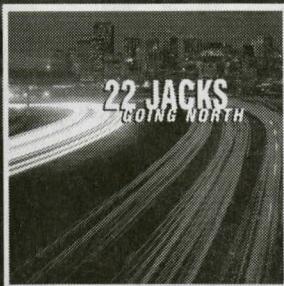
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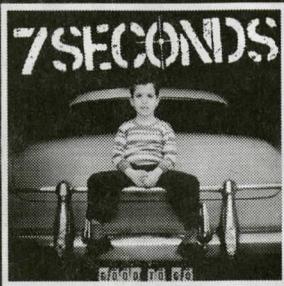


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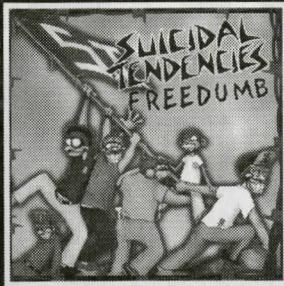
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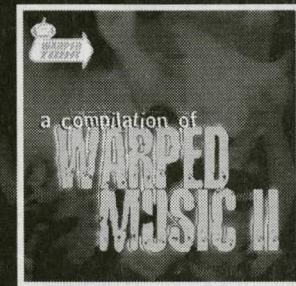
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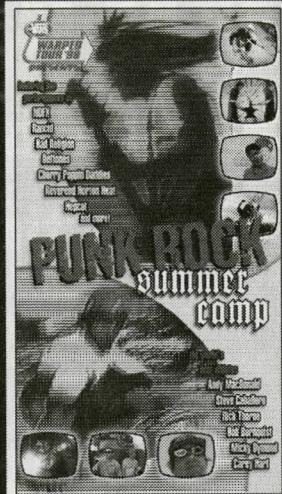
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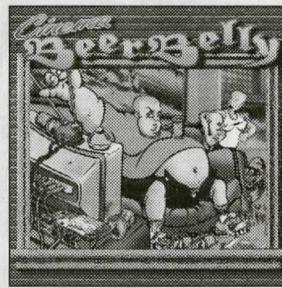
## Cinema Beer Belly

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Leeteg. He was still not able to get recognition from the status quo, partly because of his practice of making duplicates of his most popular paintings.

"I'm here to paint what the public wants," he originally said. But due to his deteriorating eyesight and exhaustion from too much work and too much revelry, he ultimately changed

# "Just tell them I'm the best Goddamned sign painter that ever lived and let it go at that."

his attitude: "Frankly, Barney, money or no I'm sick and tired of doing some of these over and over again. I quit; you and your customers can go to hell. What do you think I am, anyway, a

rubber stamp!"

In February 1953, Leeteg hopped on the back of a motorcycle to head to a bar after a big dinner party. The motorcycle hadn't gone more than a couple of hundred yards, when the driver lost control of the bike and Leeteg was thrown into a cement wall; he struck it head first.

At the hospital, the attendants saw a common sight—Leeteg's bloody body, laying very still. They just thought he was recovering from yet another brawl or bender. But when they looked at the back of his head, it was split wide open. They laid him out and covered him up. He had been killed instantly when he struck the wall.

There is no epitaph on Leeteg's grave, but he had suggested one for himself: "That fornicating, gin-soaked dopehead, The Moron of Moorea."

In excerpt from Leeteg's last letter to Barney showed the gentler and more contemplative Leeteg that his friends knew: "We go through this veil of tears but once, it's a short and quick passage, make every minute count, live to the fullest. LOVE they neighbor—especially the Vahines, GOD BLESS 'EM. Ia Ora Na, Your successful failure—Edgar."

Don Blanding, poet laureate of Hawaii said of Leeteg after his death: "Restlessness inside him drove him from place to place, from job to job, from one form of expression to another until he found Tahiti, his journey's end. His Shangri

La. His heart's home."

Because of his practice of making duplicates of his most popular paintings, and also because he frequently worked from photographs, rather than with models, his critics always had plenty of ammunition to use in their accusations that his work was not really "art."

Maybe his paintings were not considered art because they were not overly-intellectualized. Leeteg, with his pragmatic roots in the working class world (rather than the intellectual world) was able to communicate simply and directly via his paintings.

This is not to devalue his artistic skill, passion or *ability* to communicate. This is not to say that his works lack depth or artistic merit. It is to say that he consciously and actively disapproved of the over-intellectualization of art. That is what ultimately kept him at odds with the academic art world and made him so popular with people who loved his art—everyone from sailors to housewives to well-heeled, big-ticket art collectors.

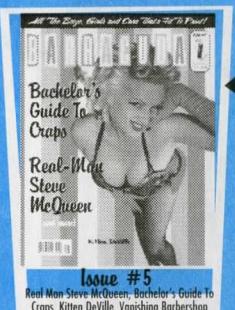
Leeteg's final position on the argument conceded, "Just tell them I'm the best Goddamned sign painter in the world and leave it at that." Leeteg surely is sitting, grinning from the great beyond, knowing that, much like his mammoth outhouse, his art and legacy still survives today, confounding his enemies.



Issue #3  
Steve McQueen's Cars, Fatty Arbuckle, Bachelor's Guide to Lying, Real Man Max McGee



Issue #4  
Real Man Mike Royko, The Chrysler Turbine Car, Bachelor's Guide to Shaving, Beat A Hangover

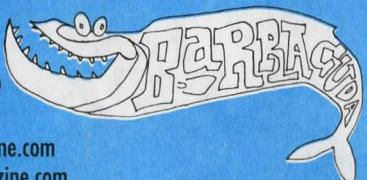


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# Let Us Visit With The Barracuda Gourmet!

For this issue, the Barracuda Gourmet would like to share a few recipes and some advice for making a breakfast to be remembered.

Firstly, the Barracuda Gourmet would like to offer some simple, yet often overlooked tips for preparing a pot of coffee. It will make a difference.

Next, he offers up a recipe for that most-maligned of breakfast meats—scrapple. Scrapple is a delicacy that is native to Eastern Pennsylvania, primarily in Amish country. But it has been known to be popular as far away as New Jersey. It has a reputation for being made from the most anatomically... how shall we put it... "overlooked" scraps of the pig, hence the name. Some brands of scrapple even have the slogan, "Contains everything but the squeal." For those of you too squeamish to eat mass-produced scrapple, or if you're in a part of the world where you can't buy scrapple in the supermarket, the Barracuda Gourmet offers a home-made scrapple recipe which is made from as fine a cut of pork loin as you care to buy.

Finally, he offers a recipe for pancakes. Never mind those just-add-water pancake mixes. Pancakes couldn't be easier to make from scratch. Make yourself look like a pro by simply adding chopped or frozen fruit or even nuts to the batter. Enjoy!

## Scrapple

1 pound finely chopped, cooked pork loin  
1 cup cornmeal  
1 can chicken broth (14 1/2 oz. size)  
1/2 tsp. dried thyme  
1/2 tsp. ground coriander  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. black pepper  
vegetable oil for browning in the pan

In a large pan, over medium heat, mix the pork, cornmeal, chicken broth, thyme, coriander, pepper and salt. Heat this mixture, stirring constantly, until the thickens up (it may be pretty thick to begin with). When it is VERY thick, remove from heat.

Line a sheet cake pan with enough wax paper so that the paper extends up the sides of the pan. Press the scrapple into the pan and flatten it with a spatula so that it is about 1/4" thick. Refrigerate the scrapple overnight.

Cut the scrapple into squares and brown it in a frying pan with a little vegetable oil over medium high heat. It should be crispy on the outside, soft on the inside. Serve with ketchup.

## Pancakes

1 egg  
1 cup flour  
3/4 cup milk  
1 tbsp. brown sugar  
1 tbsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. vanilla extract  
dash of cinnamon or allspice  
2 tbsp. vegetable oil  
vegetable oil for cooking

Beat the egg in a bowl until fluffy. Add all of the other ingredients and beat until the batter is smooth. (Thinner pancakes look more pro and cook more thoroughly inside, so try adding a little more milk to this recipe, if you so desire.) Heat a griddle or frying pan over medium or medium-high heat. Put a little vegetable oil in the pan and spread evenly over the pan with spatula.

Pour about 1/4 cup of batter in the pan for each pancake. Don't let the pancakes touch each other or the side of the pan. Keep a close eye on them and as soon as they become dry around the edges, flip them. Cook until golden on each side. Serve with syrup, butter and/or fresh fruit.

## TIPS FOR PREPARING A POT OF COFFEE

ALWAYS WASH OUT THE POT WITH SOAP AND WATER BEFOREHAND

ALWAYS USE FRESH, COLD WATER FOR MAKING COFFEE

WHEN MEASURING COFFEE, USE ONE HEARTY TABLESPOON FOR EACH CUP OF WATER (AND ONE EXTRA TBSP. FOR GOOD LUCK!)

NEVER POUR FROM THE POT BEFORE THE COFFEE IS FINISHED BREWING

COFFEE IS BEST IN THE FIRST 15 MINUTES AFTER IT IS BREWED

COFFEE IS NO GOOD AT ALL AFTER IT IS TWO HOURS OLD



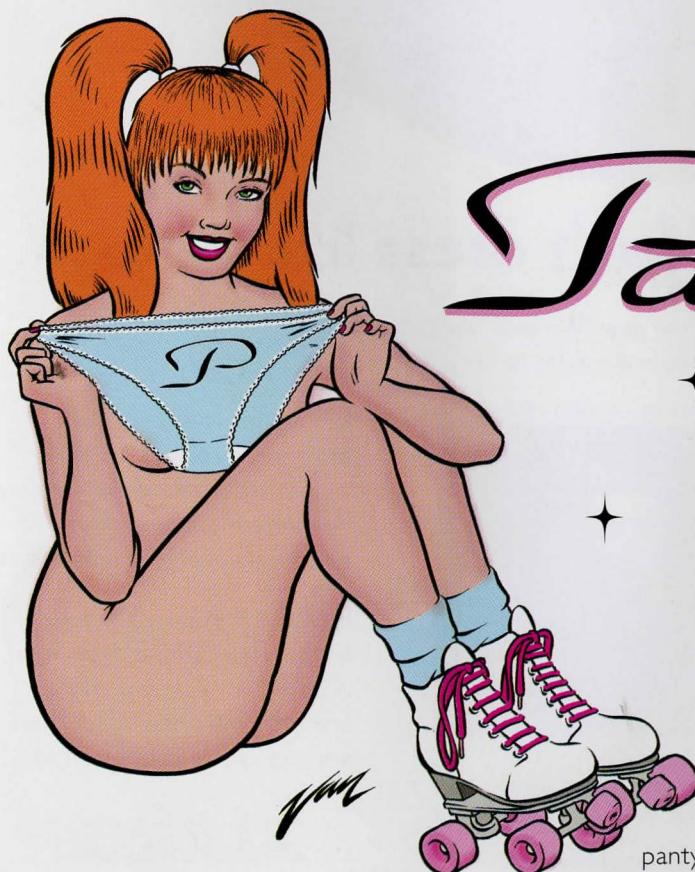
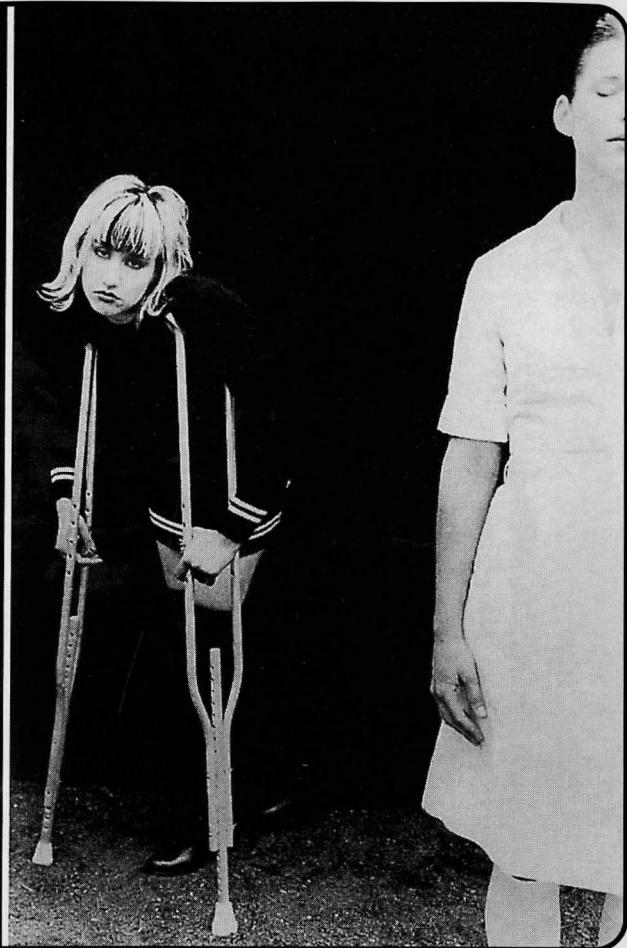
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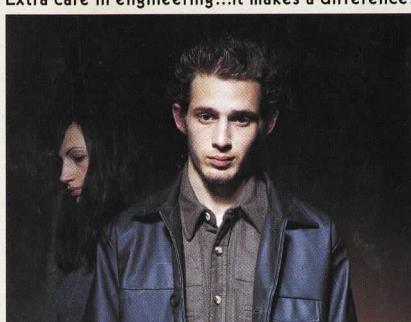
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Uh...What's a Hugo?