

# BARACUDA

Issue # 21  
\$3.50 U.S.A.  
\$5.75 CANADA

Yesterday's  
Stag Magazine  
of the Future  
Today!

REAL-MAN REVISITED:  
CARTOONIST

**BILL  
MAULDIN**

Girls, Cars &  
Rugged Tales  
of Real-Man  
Adventure!

MEN'S LIFESTYLE / AUTOS







# VIVA LAS VEGAS 8

**March 24th - 27th 2005** *The Gold Coast Hotel & Casino*  
4000 W. Flamingo, Las Vegas, NV 89103

## ORIGINAL ROCKIN ACTS FROM THE 50's

**THE COLLINS KIDS** 'Hoy Hoy', 'Whistle Bait'

**Bill Haleys** 'Original' **COMETS** - 'Rock Around The Clock'

**THE FIVE KEYS** 'She's The Most' -

**RODDY JACKSON** 'I've Got My Sights On Someone New', 'Hiccups'

**FREDDIE BELL** 'Giddy Up A Ding Dong'

**ALTON & JIMMY** 'No More Cryin' The Blues', 'Made In The Shade'

**FRANKIE FORD** - 'Sea Cruise', 'Roberta'

**ROY GAINES** - 'Skippy Is A Sissy', 'Worried 'Bout You Baby'

**BIG JAY McNEELY** - Honkin Sax 'Deacons Hop', 'Nervous Man Nervous'

**RUTH BROWN** - Miss Rhythm & Blues - 'Lucky Lips', 'Mama,  
He Teats Your Daughter Mean'

## PLUS THE BEST OF TODAY'S HOT TALENT...

**THE DAVE & DEKE COMBO** - Much anticipated reunion show

**HOT BOOGIE CHILLUN** - From Germany - Back by popular demand

**THE RIMSHOTS** - from UK - also back by popular demand

**GENE GAMBLER & SHUFFLERS** - from UK - These guys are hot

**BIG SANDY & FLYRITE BOYS** - from California - As great as ever

**THE PLANET ROCKERS** - from TN - WOW

**LOS STRAIGHTJACKETS** - Instrumental comes no better than this.

**RHYTHM BOUND** - Rockabilly New York style

**RAMBLIN JAMES & BILLY BOPPERS** - CA - SoCals Boppers

2 Rockin Bands from Australia **RUSTY & DRAGSTRIP TRIO** and

**THE FLATFOOT SHAKERS**

**THE SUN DEMONS** - CA - Special reunion show

**THE PALADINS** - California Favorites

**OMAR & THE STRINGPOPPERS** - "Wild" Rockabilly favorites who tour internationally

**EDDIE CLENDENING & BLUE RIBBON BOYS** - From CO - Denvers best.

**CHARLIE THOMPSON** - UK - Rare US show of this popular band.

**OLD LINE SKIFFLE COMBO** - USA - Skiffle hits Vegas

**HOWLIN AL & THE SHARPS** - A band to watch

**THE HOLLYWOOD COMBO** - Rhythm n blues from Hollywood

**THE PLANETS** - Japan - Wild Young Rockabilly Cats!

**TRULY LOVER TRIO** - CA - Hot Young Act

**[www.vivalasvegas.net](http://www.vivalasvegas.net)**

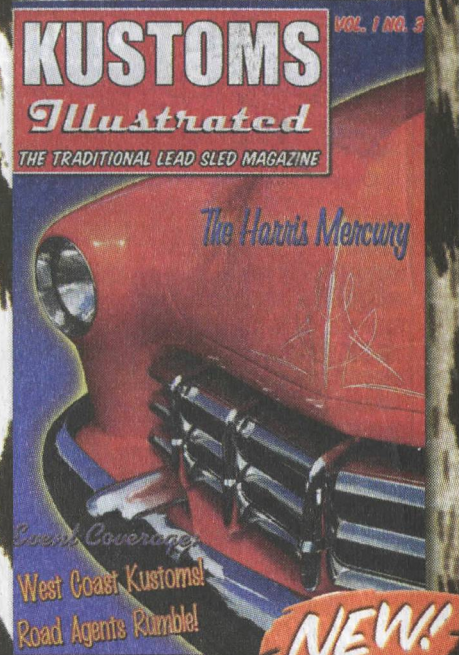
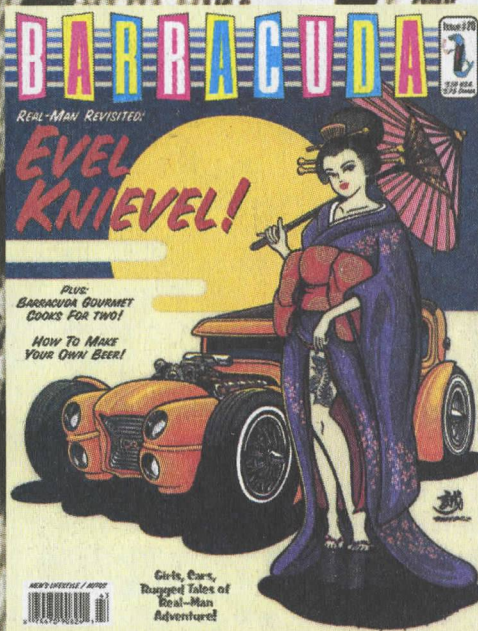
**USA:** Tom Ingram PO Box 8098, Long Beach, CA 90808-0098

**PH:** 562 496 4287 **FAX:** 562 496 4297 **EMAIL:** tom@vivalasvegas.net

**UK:** Barney Koumis, 46 Inverness St, London, NW1 6HB

**PH/FAX:** 44 (0) 207 267 4682 **EMAIL:** barney@vivalasvegas.net





# KUSTOMNEWSSTAND.COM

OWNED AND OPERATED BY BARRACUDA MAGAZINE



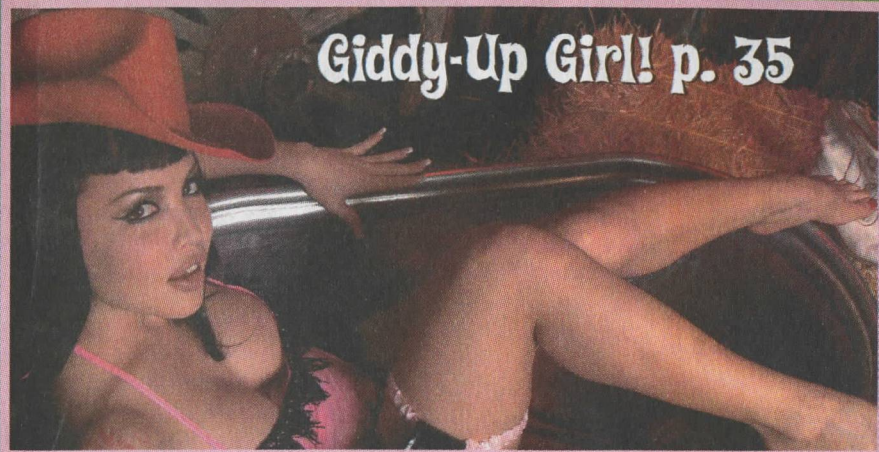
NEW STICKERS BY  
SHAG, VINCE RAY,  
COOP & VON FRANCO!



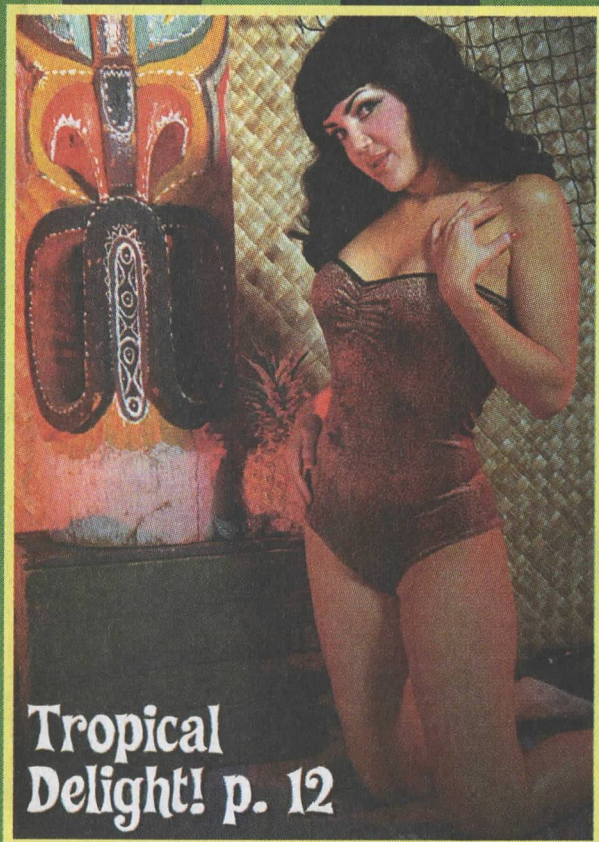
WE SPECIALIZE IN HARD TO FIND CAR MAGS! BACK ISSUES AND OUT OF PRINT EDITIONS AVAILABLE. MAGS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD LIKE BARRACUDA, BURNOUT, CRUZIN', CAR KULTURE DELUXE, DICE, HOP UP, MAG-NETO, MOTORCYCHO, ROCK N ROLL PURGRATORY, ROLLS & PLEATS, TIKI NEWS & WRENCH! E-Z & SAFE ORDERING!!! PLUS T-SHIRTS, STICKERS, MUSIC, BOOKS & OTHER KOOL STUFF! 24-HOUR FRIENDLY SELF-SERVICE & WORLDWIDE SHIPPING! VISA / MC / AMEX / DISCOVER / CHECK NO COMPUTER? NO PROBLEM - WE'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER OVER THE PHONE @ 323-769-5630



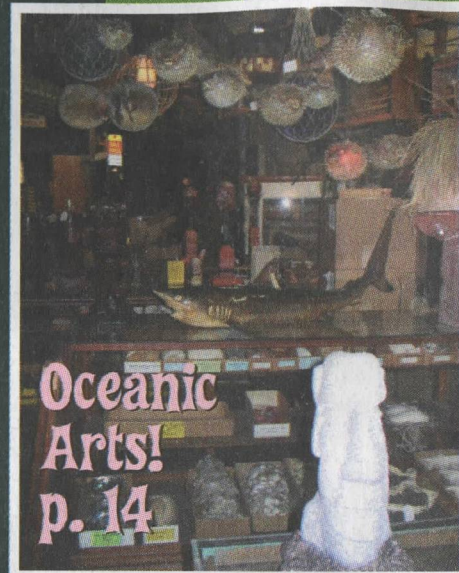
## Giddy-Up Girl! p. 35



OBITS	6
BE CAR-SAVVY	8
THE DANGERS OF DHMO POLLUTION	10
TROPICAL DELIGHT! (PICTORIAL)	12
INSIDE OCEANIC ARTS!	14
REAL-MAN REVISITED: BILL MAULDIN	16
CAPTIVATING CLARINETIST! (PICTORIAL)	22
THE BARRACUDA GOURMET!	27
BACHELOR'S GUIDE TO STARTING YOUR OWN RELIGION	28
GIDDY-UP GIRL! (PICTORIAL)	35
REVIEWS	46
LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING (CARTOONS)	48



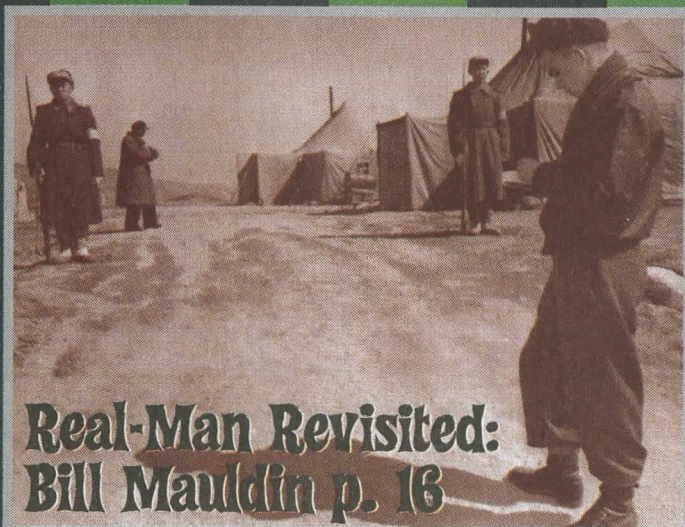
**Tropical  
Delight! p. 12**



**Oceanic  
Arts!  
p. 14**



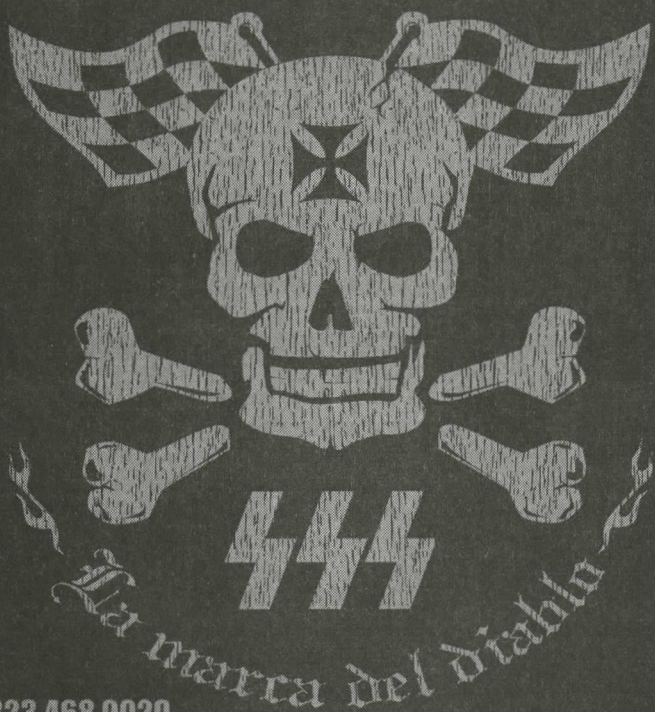
**Captivating  
Clarinetist! p. 22**



**Real-Man Revisited:  
Bill Mauldin p. 16**



LAMARCADELDIABLO.COM



323 468 0029

6538 HOLLYWOOD BLVD LA CA 90028

7665 MELROSE AV LA CA 90046



562-434-2726

2220 EAST 4TH ST.  
LONG BEACH CA 90814 USA

[www.starliteroom.com](http://www.starliteroom.com)



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

2210 E. 4th Street  
Long Beach  
California, 90814  
USA  
1.562.438.8990  
[meowvintage.com](http://meowvintage.com)

The  
Happiest  
Place  
On  
Earth

4640  
Paradise Road  
LAS VEGAS  
702-791-5775



**DOUBLE  
DOWN  
SALOON**

[doubledownsaloon.com](http://doubledownsaloon.com)



# "Yesterday's Stag Magazine of the Future Today."

## Barracuda Magazine

P.O. Box 291873

Los Angeles, CA 90029

(323) 769-5630

mail@barracudamagazine.com

www.barracudamagazine.com

subscription/back issue info:

SEE ORDER FORM ON PAGE 47

Single copies of the current issue are \$5 each (\$7.50 outside the U.S.)

Four-issue subscriptions are \$12 (\$24 outside the U.S.). California residents must add 8.25% sales tax. All orders must be in U.S. funds. Or order with a credit card over the phone or on our website.



Publisher/Editor-In-Chief  
Jeff Fox

Managing Editor ♦ Smitty Saeufer

Associate Editors

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

Cover and Centerfold Credits

Photo ♦ Octavio ♦ Model ♦ Jenny Jailbait  
Makeup ♦ Kelli Brandt  
Roadster ♦ Bobby Green

Photography ♦ Paget Brewster ♦ Octavio Art ♦ Jim Krewson ♦ Chic Tongue

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

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

ADVERTISERS: call or email us for our reasonable advertising rates.

All contents ©2004 Barracuda Magazine unless otherwise specified. No portion of this magazine may be reprinted or reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Barracuda is published three times a year. Email for submission guidelines. We will not be responsible for the safety or return of unsolicited items sent to us in the mail.

PRODUCED AND PRINTED IN  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, USA

## Turning Into The Skid A Letter From Your Editor

**Y**ou know, when I started this magazine literally years ago, lots of people offered me advice. Some of it I even asked for.

"Professional" publishing and business people more-or-less stood in line to tell me I was doing everything wrong. They told me that this magazine would never stay in business because it didn't have a broad enough appeal. I remember an assistant at one periodical distribution company lecturing me that the content of the magazine needed to appeal more to the masses if I really wanted to be successful. He gave me a laundry list of subjects I might be interested in covering—a veritable bandwagon of boring, over-hyped, uninteresting, celebrity butt-kiss topics that I should hop on.

Another sage of unsolicited advice was a buyer at a big-city corporate ad agency, who called me asking for ad rates. When I told him what our rates were and what our print run was, he scoffed. I believe his exact words were that we were "invisible" and that we need broader appeal. I appreciated his generous sharing of unsolicited advice and did not want to spoil the moment by pointing out the irony that *he* was the one who had called *me*.

The other big piece of unsolicited advice I regularly received was that a successful business could not be started without tons and tons, like millions of dollars, in startup capital. It was regularly suggested that I seek out venture capital or take out a big business loan to properly capitalize the idea. How could I possibly impress ad clients without a crystal sculpture in the foyer of my office? Or how could I publish a magazine without throwing lavish parties on the Sunset Strip? And how could I ever expect anyone to read this magazine unless it's printed on super-heavy, high-gloss stock with perfect binding, a celebrity on the cover and fluorescent ink?

My answer, which fell on deaf ears at the time, was that I had no interest in reading magazines like that, so why would I want to publish a magazine like that? And I figured that there had to be enough people out there who felt the same way as I do. Maybe not millions of people, but if I could manage to forgo the crystal sculpture and all the other expensive, useless crap that were "must-haves" of a startup business, I wouldn't need millions of readers to support such posh, useless trappings to begin with.

I didn't argue that this magazine was a niche idea, however. I just disagreed that its niche appeal was a liability. Rather than retooling to be yet another glossy men's mag clone, I turned into the skid. I sought out advertisers and contributors who wanted to reach this niche crowd. And I never spent money on things that I didn't think I could afford, or things that I didn't



feel added real value to the magazine.

The point of all this apparent self-aggrandizement is to say that I recently saw a show on television about advertising, which talked about new ideas, like "narrowcasting" (as opposed to broadcasting). The idea is that in order to get through to someone these days, your message needs to have a more narrow, rather than broad focus. Then I saw an article in one of those crappy airline magazines that was talking about a revolutionary new business model called "bootstrapping." That is to say starting up a business by pulling yourself up by your bootstraps—getting things done without borrowed money and only spending money on things you can afford.

Anyway, gentle reader, the point is that if someone tells you that you have rocks in your head, just wait a couple of years and you just might be slightly less stupid than you were previously led to believe. Or as Toys That Kill say, "This year's king is last year's fool." And I'm also going to end this whole shebang with an excerpt of Bill Mauldin. It's an excellent quote, but for the life of me, I couldn't fit it anywhere in the article. So, here it is. —J.F.

"Dig a hole in your back yard while it is raining. Sit in the hole until the water climbs up around your ankles. Pour cold mud down your shirt collar. Sit there for 48 hours, and, so there is no danger of your dozing off, imagine that a guy is sneaking around waiting for a chance to club you on the head and set your house on fire.

"Get out of your hole, fill a suitcase full of rocks, pick it up, put a shotgun in your other hand, and walk on the muddiest road you can find. Fall flat on your face every few minutes as you imagine big meteors streaking down to sock you.

"After 10 or 12 miles (remember—you are still carrying your shotgun and your suitcase) start sneaking through the wet brush. Imagine that somebody has booby-trapped your route with rattlesnakes which will bite you if you step on them. Give some friend a rifle and have him blast in your direction once in a while.

"Snoop around until you find a bull. Try to figure out a way to sneak around without letting him see you. When he does see you, run like hell all the way back to your hole in the back yard, drop the suitcase and shotgun, and get in.

"If you repeat this performance every three days for several months, you may begin to understand why an infantryman gets out of breath. But you still won't understand how he feels when things get tough." —Bill Mauldin



**COLORADO DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS  
OFFENDER READING MATERIAL EVALUATION FORM**

Facility HCCC

Offender Name [REDACTED]

DOC number [REDACTED]

Title or Description of Reading Material: BARRACUDA MAGAZINE - ISSUE #20

Objectionable Features of Material (if appropriate):

- ☐ 1. Any publication or material describing the design or manufacture of firearms, explosives, or other weapons or destructive devices.
- ☒ 2. Any publication or material describing the manufacture of controlled substances or intoxicants.
- ☐ 3. Any publication or material advocating hatred or contempt of other persons.
- ☐ 4. Any publication or material produced or distributed by Security Threat Groups (STGs) OR any publication or material advocating or depicting association or membership in a STG which is contrary to the security interests of the facility.
- ☐ 5. Any Publication or material which has been deemed to be contrary to the offender's rehabilitation goals by Mental Health/Sex Offender Treatment staff.
- ☐ 6. Any Publication or material primarily devoted to depicting or describing bestiality, pedophilia, sadism, masochism, or necrophilia.
- ☐ 7. Any Publication or material which is a potential threat to stability or control of offender population, (advocates facility disruption, noncompliance with rules or regulations, or anarchy).
- ☐ 8. Other (List objectionable features)
- ☐ 9. None

DISPOSITION FOLLOWING EVALUATION OF MATERIAL(S):

☒ Prohibited  
☐ Permitted

DATE RECEIVED:

Offender has ten (10) days from date RECEIVED to appeal decision to the appropriate Deputy Director

cc: Offender  
Working File  
Department File  
Administrative Head  
Office of Legal Services

33189

ATTACHMENT "A"

# No Incarcerated Subscriber Left Behind

10:18/04

I am writing this letter because a couple 8 months ago Barracuda #20 had been turned away from this facility because it had directions for making beer in it. They call it a security threat? Well today... I got an extra issue #14 and Issue #20 with a letter from you stating that you had removed- ripped out the "Beer Making Instructions" in hopes that I could get this issue. I cant even begin to express how cool this is. I wanted to personally thank you and also give you thanks from every "convict" across this nation for doing such an honorable thing in treating me with such respect. Most people wouldn't. Again thank you. Your magazine is awesome... the Betty's are the best... the articles rock. By the way has Issue #21 come out? Cause I havnt gotten it. No worries though. Until next time STEP HARD!

100% Respect  
"SLIM"

Johnathan

"A Journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single Footstep"

-Lao Tzu-  
c.531 B.C.

## What's Wrong With This Picture?

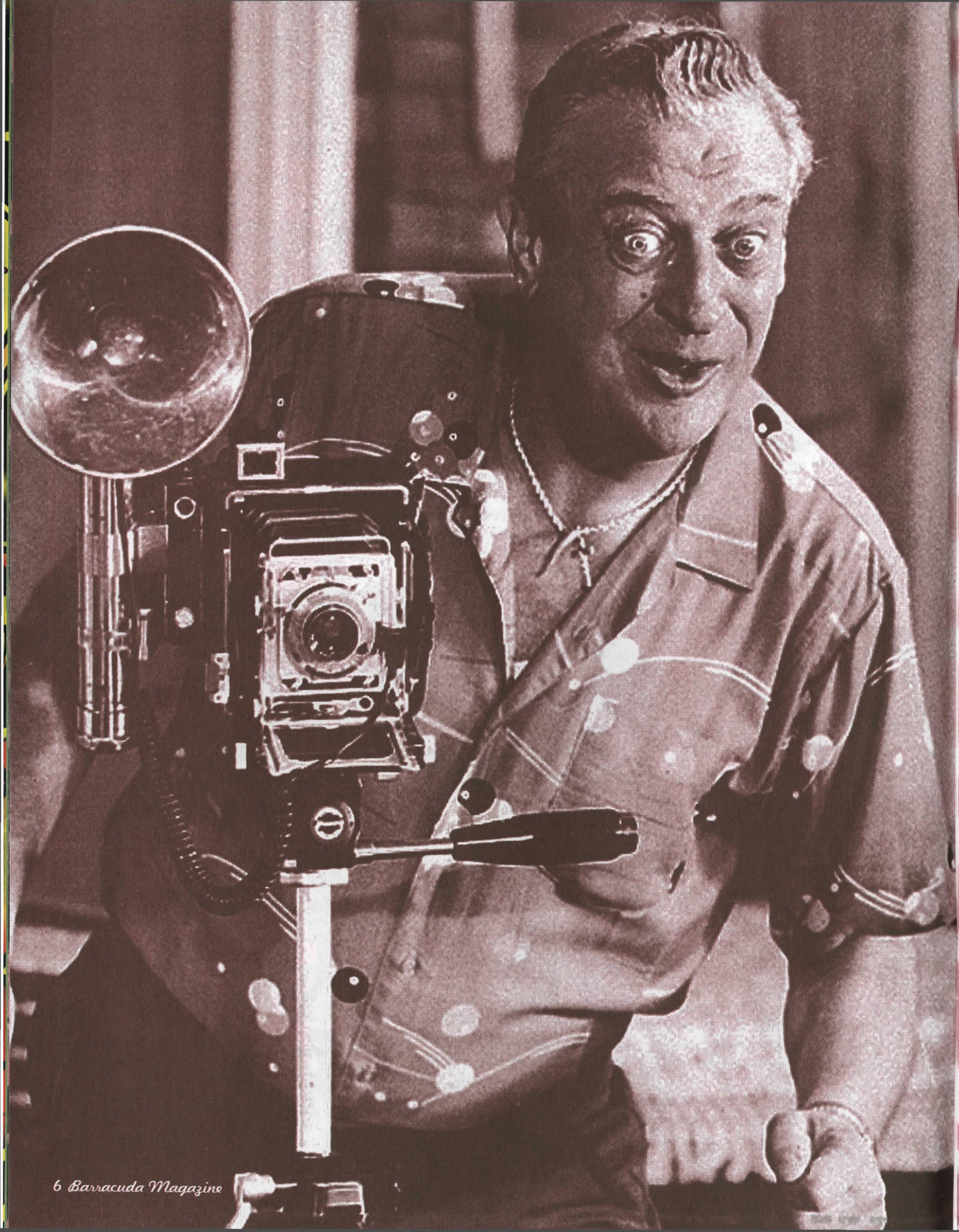
This photo and comment were sent in by reader b1mc:

"Doesn't this just look f\*\*\*ing weird? If I'm the only one, I'll shut up. That set-up was just how I found it at a Barnes & Noble in Bakersfield. I don't know if they all lump Barracuda in with the typical mens' mag ilk. I mean, I guess it makes sense, you are a mens' mag but, shouldn't you be over by Juxtapoz or something?"

All readers and subscribers are hereby granted the power to move issues of Barracuda at chain stores to the front of the rack or at least to a section with less svelte dudes. They're making us look flabby. If questioned by an employee, say you have authorization of Smitty Saeufer, managing editor.









**H**e always said that he got no respect, and while it's true that he never got the respect that he deserved, to say that he got no respect at all is a bit of an overstatement. After all, who else but Rodney Dangerfield could bring together guests as varied as Bob Saget, Roseanne, and a seven-foot tree?

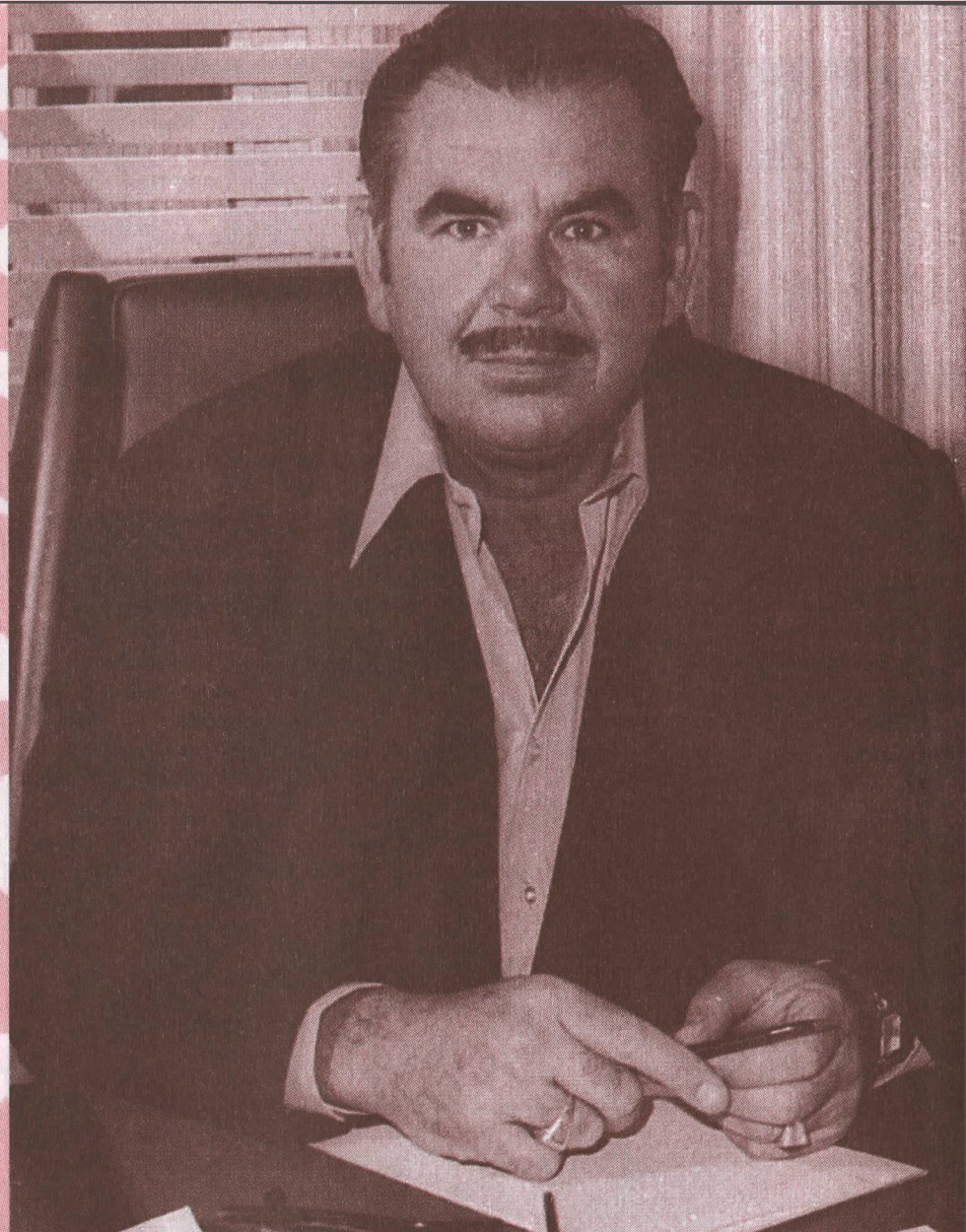
He was best known for his self-effacing stand-up act and his trio of hit films in the '80s, *Caddyshack*, *Easy Money*, and *Back to School*. What few people realize, however, is that the lack of respect that he felt was a lifelong depression stemming from his humble beginnings as a singing waiter, and that comedy was his escape from reality. He began doing stand-up at the age of 20, supplementing his meager income with the money that restaurant customers threw at him.

He temporarily abandoned comedy ten years later, and worked as an aluminum siding salesman. He was nearly 60 when he got his first big break with *Caddyshack*. Perhaps the only time he didn't *really* get respect occurred in 1994, when, despite an Oscar-worthy performance in *Natural Born Killers*, his application for membership in the Academy was rejected. It's a shame that a slap in the face such as that would overshadow his innumerable successes and accomplishments, such as his trademark red tie and white shirt being put on permanent display at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.

**M**aybe the reason why his death came as such a shock was because he had skirted it so many times in recent years, undergoing two aneurysm surgeries, a heart bypass surgery and brain surgery. (Upon waking up from the brain surgery, his first request was to watch *The Jerry Springer Show*.) He made himself out to be a perpetual loser in an industry where it's standard operating procedure to do the exact opposite. He was a true original and an irreplaceable comedy legend. One thing you can be sure of is that he had the respect of everyone who ever heard him tell a joke.

Dangerfield was buried at Pierce Brothers Westwood Memorial Park on Sunday, October 10th after passing away the previous Tuesday following complications from heart valve replacement surgery.

In attendance were many comedians who Dangerfield is credited with discovering and exposing to a national audience via HBO specials filmed at his club, like Jim Carrey and Master of Ceremonies Bob Saget. Also paying their respects were followers of his "average guy" style of comedy like Jon Lovitz and Dom Irrera, as well as the seven-foot-tall tree that was sent by Shaquille O'Neal in lieu of a bouquet. The memorial service took place at dusk, per his request that his wife never book appointments for him before 5 PM.



**L**overs of campy B-movies and sexploitation films are mourning the loss of Russ Meyer, director of such cult classics as *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, *Mudhoney*, *Vixen*, and *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Meyer was a simple man with simple tastes: violence and large-breasted women. He passed away on September 18th at his California home after complications of pneumonia.

At age twelve, his mother pawned her engagement ring to buy him an 8mm camera, and with very little in the way of formal training, Russ Meyer began making movies. He spent the duration of World War II in Europe following General George Patton as a combat newsreel cameraman, where he claims he was taken to his first whorehouse by none other than Ernest Hemingway. After the war ended, he returned to the States and became a photographer, shooting some of the earliest *Playboy* centerfolds.

His first feature film was 1959's *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, the first soft-core pornographic movie to ever make a profit, which he used to finance the low-budget-lower-brow sex-and-violence movies that would make him famous and earn him the nickname "the Fellini of the sex industry."

**F**or all the talk about sexploitation and his proclivity for voluptuous women, Meyer was never really the target of feminist criticism. His response to that was, "The men [in the films] are always wimps. Feminists love that," and he was even considered by some to be the first American feminist director.

Although his death was certainly a great loss to anyone who liked to laugh at over-the-top sleaze films, as long as there's people who want to see movies like *Faster Pussycat!* (which was once described as "possibly the most amoral film of all time"), his memory will live on.



# ORBITS



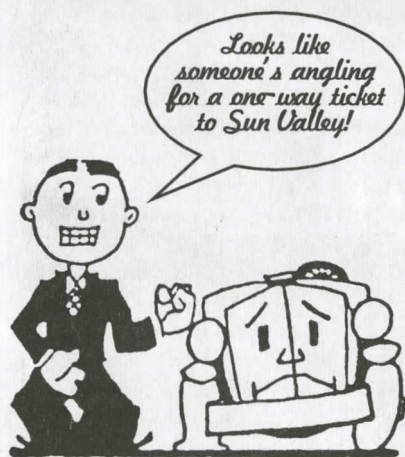
## Be Car-Savvy: When To Put Your Old Car Out To Pasture

**F**iguring out when to let your old, trusty steed move on to greener pastures (or to the glue factory) can be difficult. When faced with a potentially costly repair, it's very easy to become disgusted and write your car off as over the hill before its time.

Most of the arguments that people use to get rid of a car are little more than thinly-veiled rationalizations to buy a new one. Some people enjoy shopping and spending large sums of money buying new things, and bless their hearts, because their desires grease the wheels of retail economics. But if you are a regular *Barracuda* reader, reliability and frugality are probably of paramount importance to you, rather than impressing your friends with shiny new things bought on credit. If you want a new car, then just admit it and fork out the dough, but don't make excuses.

"This car is getting old" is not a good excuse to replace a car. Plenty of studies have shown that new cars are not any less-prone to breakdowns than well-maintained older cars. Besides, a car is not an object, it is merely a sum of its parts. Technically speaking, cars do not get old and break down—only their parts do. A bad \$1 part can make a brand new, \$30,000 car run like hell or even not at all. That doesn't mean the car is terminal. Getting rid of a whole car because of a few bad parts is like throwing the baby out with the bath water.

**A CAR IS NOT AN  
OBJECT, IT IS MERELY A  
SUM OF ITS PARTS.  
TECHNICALLY SPEAKING,  
CARS DO NOT GET OLD  
AND BREAK DOWN—  
ONLY THEIR PARTS DO.**



Problems with big-ticket items like the engine, drive train or frame are of course, more serious than cheapo parts. But even in these circumstances, the decision to pull the plug on a car is often based on a faulty equation.

Drivers often will get rid of a car when it needs a major repair, saying that the repair will cost almost as much as the car is worth. For example, let's say you have a relatively sound used car that's worth \$1500 and it needs a new transmission, which will cost \$800. It's crazy to spend that much on a repair for a car that isn't worth anything, right? Well, in terms of dollars out of pocket, comparing the cost of the repair to the overall value of the car is irrelevant—especially the older a car gets, because at a certain point, a car's barely worth anything.

Anyway, assuming you are familiar with the car and are generally confident in it, the question is not whether or not to spend \$800 on a \$1500 car. The question is, how much is it going to cost you to find a worthy, reliable replacement for that car? *A lot* more than \$800, you can be certain.

The cost of a professionally-performed repair or restoration very rarely results in an increase in the car's value equal to what is spent on the repair. If you have a car that's worth \$2000, it does not become worth \$3000 just because you got it a \$1000 paint job. This is an economic absolute, so using this as an excuse to get rid of a car doesn't add up.

Also, there are other costs involved in replacing your car that need to be factored in. First of all, it takes time and effort to find and buy a car. And as our friend Ben Franklin said, time is money. Then there are title transfer, licensing and registration fees that must be paid when you purchase another car. And don't forget the sales tax that you are charged for purchasing another car. These may not seem like very much money, but when you add each of these items together, then deduct that number from that \$800 repair to keep your old car on the road, an \$800 repair might become a \$600 repair.

Keeping your same old car is ecologically sound as well. Think about it. If you sell your old car to someone then buy a new car, you are responsible for two pollution sources being on the street, your old car and your new one. If you keep your same old car, you are only responsible for one pollution source! (Car collectors are some of the most ecologically-friendly people out there. If you own eight cars, you can only drive one at a time, so the other seven are sitting there emitting *zero pollution* as opposed to being driven around by someone else!)

Also, bear in mind that there is a benefit to keeping a car for as long as possible. Knowing a car's maintenance history, as well as the conditions under which it was used have great value. If you've owned the same car for the last ten years, you know a lot about it. If you decide to replace it, you will have to spend a pretty large sum of money to buy a car that you can have blind faith in—probably at least \$5000 to get a used car with any kind of warranty.

**I**f you enjoy working on cars, it's much easier to justify keeping a car on the road and you will probably not have a hard time doing so. By doing repairs yourself, you're more likely to perform routine and preventative maintenance, which will make a car more reliable over the long run.

Unfortunately, very modern cars, with their high-tech doodads make the decision even more difficult. These items increase fuel efficiency, but are often impossible to diagnose or repair in your driveway and can also be ridiculously expensive to replace.

The bottom line is that there can be plenty of reasons to get rid of a car, including the fact that you are just plain sick of it or sick of dealing with its problems. But just don't let oversimplified economic equations trick you into thinking it make financial sense to get rid of a car just because it needs an expensive repair.



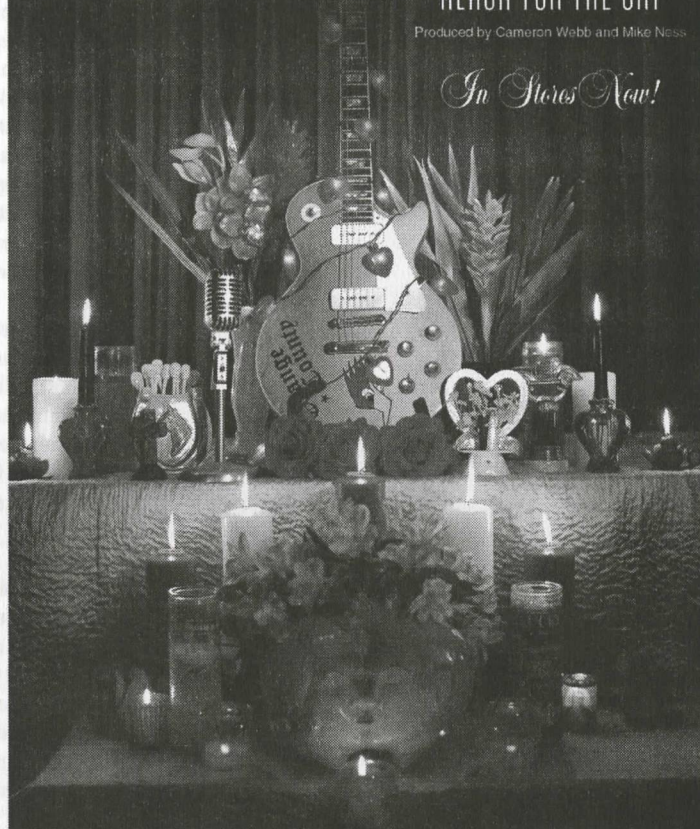
# SOCIAL DISTORTION

## Sex, Love and Rock 'n' Roll

FEATURING THE SINGLE  
"REACH FOR THE SKY"

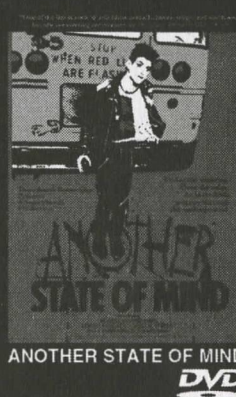
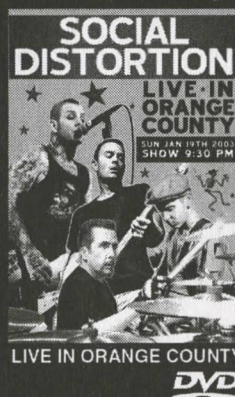
Produced by Cameron Webb and Mike Ness

*In Stores Now!*



LOOK FOR SOCIAL DISTORTION ON TOUR THIS FALL 2004

*Also Available:*



SOCIALDISTORTION.COM

TIMEBOMBRECORDINGS.COM

TIME BOMB RECORDINGS

handmade leather

## Wallets

Guitar Straps

Belts &

Handbags



by Lucky Girl

[www.luckygirlhandbags.com](http://www.luckygirlhandbags.com)

new designs by print mafia [www.printmafia.net](http://www.printmafia.net)

## Satisfying All Your Cravings for Nostalgic Exploitation Sinema!

Featuring the Films of:

David Friedman Sexploitation  
Harry Novak 70's Smut  
H.Q. Lewis Drive-In Trash  
Doris Wishman Sexy Shockers  
Barry Mahon Horror! Sci-Fi  
Joe Sarno Movie Trailers  
A.C. Stephen Intermissions  
The Findlays Kiddie Matinees  
William Grefé Wrestling Women  
Bettie Page 60's Go-Go Chicks  
Burlesque Scare Films  
Nudie Cuties and much more!



**OLGA'S  
HOUSE  
SHAME**

**BLOODY PIT  
OF HORROR**

**TEASERAMA**



**WARM-BAM-  
THANK YOU,  
SPACEMAN**

SEND \$5 FOR  
OUR HUGE CATALOG OR  
VISIT US ONLINE AT  
[WWW.SOMETHINGWEIRD.COM!](http://WWW.SOMETHINGWEIRD.COM!)

ALL VIDEOS  
AND DVD-R  
\$15 EACH!

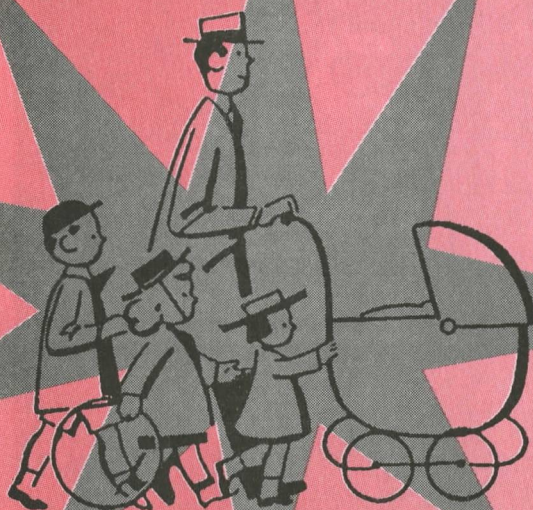
Special Edition  
DVDs available!

**SOMETHING  
WEIRD  
VIDEO®**

POB 33664  
SEATTLE, WA 98133  
NEW PHONE # 425-290-5830  
NEW FAX # 425-438-1832



# Protect Your Family From The Dangers Of Dihydrogen Monoxide!



**"Due in part to its widespread use in industry, Dihydrogen Monoxide (DHMO) is involved in many environmental incidents each year. While most are unavoidable given current technology, there can be little doubt that the presence of DHMO in each significantly increases the negative impact to the environment."**

**—dhmo.org**

**C**oncerned about the many dangerous chemicals present in our environment? Don't look now, but the most prevalent of those chemicals may be closer than you think. In fact, it may even be present in your own home.

The chemical in question is dihydrogen monoxide, commonly referred to as DHMO, a colorless, odorless, naturally-abundant chemical compound that can be found in every major river, lake and stream. Few politicians and journalists feel that it is a "politically beneficial" flag to fly, so a vast majority of the general populace has been left in the dark with regard to this potentially deadly substance.

While harmlessly searching the internet for pornography and video game strategies, we stumbled across [www.dhmo.org](http://www.dhmo.org), a website dedicated to spreading information about this inconspicuous threat to hundreds of thousands of innocent American lives. What we found on that website was startling, to say the least.

First, a little background information. The main chemical component in dihydrogen monoxide is hydroxide, a dangerously unstable ion found in many other caustic substances such as lye. It's a known byproduct of hydrocarbon combustion in furnaces and air conditioning compressor operation. DHMO is largely responsible for many negative effects on the environment, such as acid rain, soil erosion, and global warming, and it is also plays a major role in the high rate of malaria in tropical climates. In addition to its presence in the outer environment, significant levels of DHMO are also found in cancerous tumors and lesions.

If you think that dihydrogen monoxide contamination is something that an average person shouldn't be concerned with, think again. Accidental inhalation of DHMO in its liquid form has been known to cause death by asphyxiation, even if only a small amount was inhaled. In its gaseous form, it can cause severe burns, and prolonged exposure to the solid state of dihydrogen monoxide can cause extensive untreatable tissue damage.

The terror doesn't end there, either. DHMO is a big factor in the oxidation and corrosion of metals, particularly iron, and also decreases the effectiveness of automotive brakes. Imagine getting into a horrible car accident after picking up little Sally from soccer practice, all because of exposure to dihydrogen monoxide.

Let's say you've got an elderly loved one in the hospital undergoing dialysis treatment for kidney failure. A large number of these dialysis patients are *still* exposed to dihydrogen monoxide on a *daily*

*basis*, even though it can lead to congestive heart failure, pulmonary edema (painful fluid accumulation and swelling of the lungs), and hypertension.

So now that you know just how dangerous dihydrogen monoxide can be, you might be asking yourself, "Just how widespread is this potentially hazardous chemical?" Unfortunately, the answer to that question is that we're constantly surrounded by it, even within the confines of our own homes. Not surprisingly, DHMO is present in almost all animal research labs, and it's also used in many or environmentally-disruptive endeavors. Some of these endeavors include its use as a common industrial solvent, a coolant used by many nuclear power plants, and its presence is a crucial factor in the propulsion systems of some US Navy ships and submarines. However, the scariest occurrences of dihydrogen monoxide are commonly found in the average American household; in all kinds of food products and medicines, dihydrogen monoxide is used as an additive, a preservative, and even as a decontaminant.

With all of the inherent dangers in overexposure to DHMO, it's important to remain focused and level-headed. It would be foolish (not to mention nearly impossible) to try and distance yourself from every instance of dihydrogen monoxide, so coming in contact with it is unavoidable, but be sure to exercise caution. It has even been found in the very beer you drink every day.

**I**f you feel that you or someone you love may have been in excessive contact with this silent killer, you might want to check for the most common symptoms of a dihydrogen monoxide overdose. They include excessive sweating and urination, nausea, vomiting, electrolyte imbalance (characterized by slight dizziness and an overall lack of energy), hyponatremia, degeneration of sodium homeostasis, and a general bloated feeling. In addition, an odd DHMO-related medical phenomenon was recently uncovered, involving dihydrogen monoxide leaking from the corners of the eyes due to irritation caused by foreign particles and allergic reactions. If the person you suspect of DHMO overexposure is exhibiting some or all of the aforementioned symptoms, please consult your doctor and maybe even consider visiting a local hospital.

Despite the lack of information on the DHMO contamination problem, it's imperative that people remain ever-vigilant and aware of the situation. This is not some imagined attack on America like Communism or anthrax; it's a very real threat to not only our way of living, but to our health and the health of our families.



The Better You Look...  
The More Presents You'll Get



*Frenchy's*  
BEAUTY PARLOR

*Kustom Cuts & Color*  
for Girls & Greasy Guys

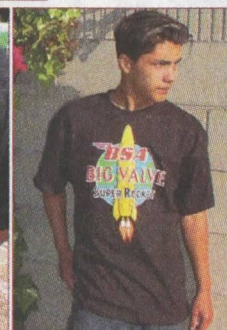
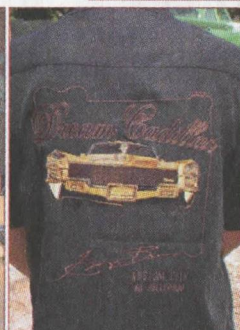
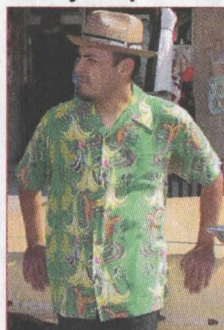
- \* Now Offering "Great Lengths" Extensions
- \* Full Line of Aveda Haircare
- \* Frenchy's Apparel
- \* Gift Certificates
- \* Fun Stocking Stuffers Available Online

2403 Magnolia Blvd.  
Burbank, CA • 818.845.8545  
www.frenchysbeautyparlor.com

My Baby Jo



Options to **accentuate**  
your positives

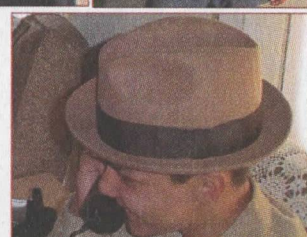


My Baby Jo's Retail Store

10418 1/2 National Blvd.  
Los Angeles, Ca. 90034  
Phone: 310.558.9244

**Store Hours**

Sunday - Noon - 6 P.M.  
Mon. - Fri. 11 a.m. - 7 P.M.  
Saturday 11 a.m. - 6 P.M.



www.mylbabyjo.com



sneakytikiboutique.com

...for the girl that shops on the sly.

JEWELRY

HANDBAGS

Hair accessories

HOME accessories

GIFT IDEAS

FREE SHIPPING  
ON ORDERS OF  
\$100 OR MORE!



Clothing & Shoes  
Boutique

RedDressShoppe.com



# Tropical Delight!



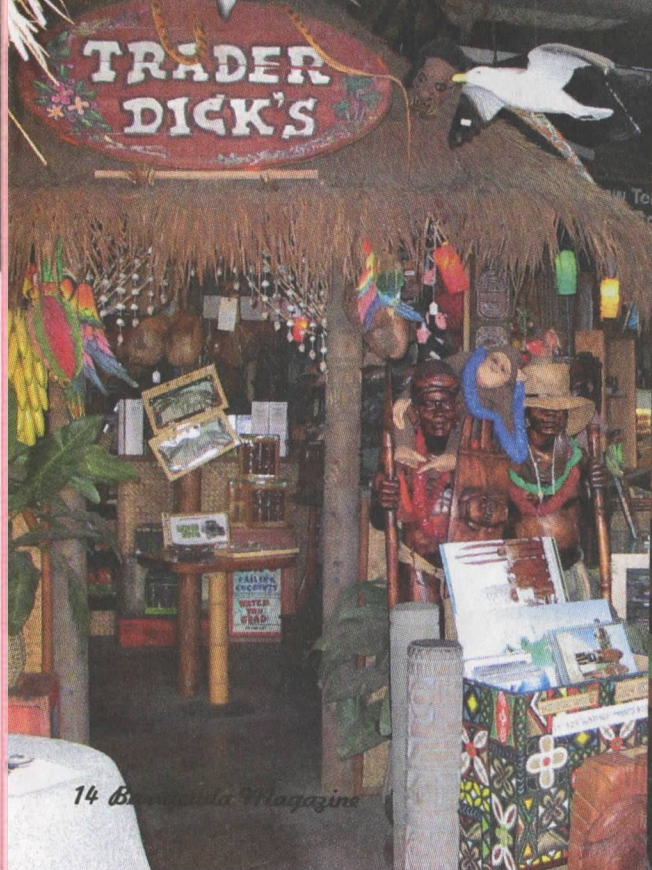
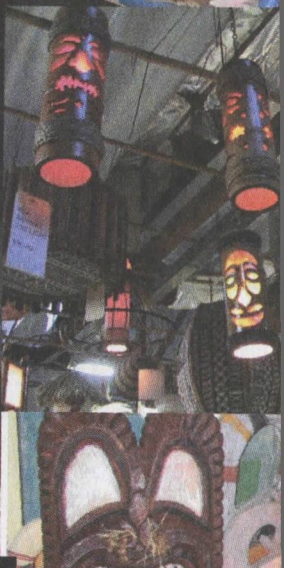
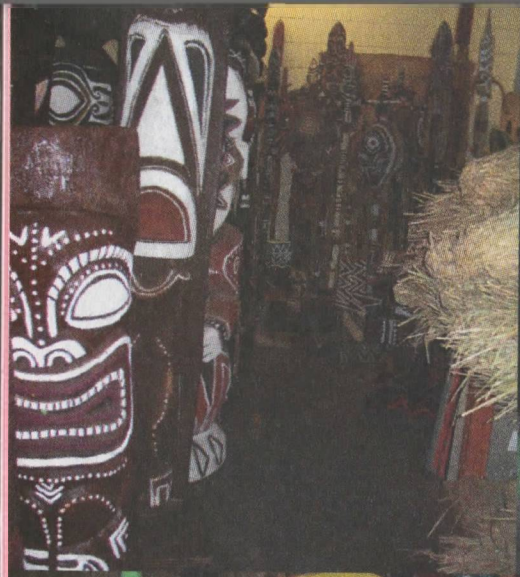




Our tropical island delight has appeared on many a vacationer's postcard. How many sailors sent a card home saying, "Wish you were her!" Why, this curvy carver knows how to say things with her torso that other girls waste a lot of time putting into words! This beautiful betty has a sylph-like figure and we sure hope she doesn't keep it all to her sylph!

photos by Octavio  
model: Dillon Thomas  
[www.dillonthomas.com](http://www.dillonthomas.com)









Left: Shots from the inside of Oceanic Arts.

Above: Leroy Schmaltz (left) and Bob Van Oosting of Oceanic Arts in 1960 with Bena tribes people, Goroka, New Guinea. (Photo courtesy of Oceanic Arts.)

**T**hey say you can't judge a book by its cover and that is certainly the case when it comes to Oceanic Arts in Whittier, California. The 10,000 square-foot warehouse is situated in an industrial park on Whittier Boulevard and appears completely innocuous, looking no different than any of the lusterless warehouses and workshops on the block. But take one step inside the front door and you are slapped in the face with a sensory overload of Hawaiiana, tropical and tiki decor.

The brainchild of Bob Van Oosting and Leroy Schmaltz, Oceanic Arts has been the leading supplier of tropical and nautical decor for decades.

Schmaltz and Van Oosting's attitude toward the marketplace ensured their company's survival as well as the survival of tiki's popularity through the years. Originally mainly a supplier of decor to restaurants and apartment buildings, Oceanic Arts decided to embrace all markets that had a need for anything oceanic. It is now part party supply store, raw materials supplier, prop house and woodworking shop. Their niche is not what industry they supply, rather it is the kinds of things they supply. "It's just a business that turned out to be fun stuff," says Schmaltz.

Schmaltz did work on tropical-theme apartment complexes, which were popular in the early '60s. Many of the buildings were located on Rosemead Boulevard in Rosemead, California and still exist today. "It was a good training ground," says Schmaltz, "because we'd work on several different parts of the complex—landscaping, interior design, recreation rooms."

The bars and restaurants Oceanic Arts has supplied reads like a who's who list of tropical drinking and dining: Tiki Ti in Hollywood, Trader Vic's in Beverly Hills, the Royal Hawaiian in Laguna Beach, the Bali Hai in San Diego and Don The Beachcomber's.

More recently, they have supplied chain stores that have a need for some tropical or nautical decor, including Trader Joe's, Island Restaurants and Guitar Center.

Since the '60s, Oceanic Arts has also designed or supplied tropical materials for a staggering number of films and TV shows—everything from the lofty heights of an Otto Preminger film all the way to such TV series as *Saved By The Bell*. "Almost every sitcom will eventually have an episode that has some tropical setting in it," says Schmaltz. "We'll wind up doing it."

Oceanic Arts was also involved in supplying Disneyland's Enchanted Tiki Room. All of this work with the entertainment industry adds up to Oceanic Arts directly or indirectly having an inestimably huge and largely uncredited influence on how tiki art and tropicalia has been portrayed in popular culture.

The largest tiki in Tahiti is about 30 feet tall and was an Oceanic Arts creation made of pine taken from Southern California. Schmaltz's wood carvings have even been mistaken for authentic Polynesian works in books. For a hotel in Tahiti, Schmaltz was commissioned to create wooden masks to adorn each hotel room. Pictures of the masks appeared in a book on wood carving, which talked about how they were done by natives (even though there is no such thing as a Tahitian mask).

As artistically influential, talented and well-read as Schmaltz is, he is also part craftsman. He says this makes it difficult for him to figure out where he fits into the art world. "Fine arts people want to philosophize about art more than they are interested in actually making fine art," laments Schmaltz, "It's like the emperor's new clothes."

**A**s far as his wood carvings, Schmaltz personally prefers to work in traditional styles. Schmaltz and Van Oosting have traveled to Hawaii, Fiji, Tahiti, New Caledonia, Australia and New Guinea to do research, develop trade contacts and collect artifacts and materials. Schmaltz has a large reference library which helps him to create work based on traditional wood carvings from many different parts of the world. He has carved 30 foot totem poles for the Canadian pavilion, as well as traditional wood carvings for the Norwegian pavilion at Disneyworld's Epcot center.

But Oceanic Art's willingness to supply what the customer needs, even if it's somewhat campy, has helped them survive dips in tiki's popularity. "I've done the silly stuff," says Schmaltz, "Sometimes the silly things get tiring. The old style stuff is more lasting. The silly stuff has a short life span. But when the kitsch dies off, I fall back on my art."

People sometimes assume that Schmaltz is not a serious artist because of the large variety of commercial and kitschy items he sells through Oceanic Arts. "Someone will come in to buy party supplies and be surprised and say, 'You know something about art?'" He tells of one art dealer from New York who came into the shop to see

*Oceanic Arts cont'd page 32*

# OCEANIC ARTS!



**F**inding your way on life's path is not necessarily an issue of choosing between one thing or another. Sometimes, it's a matter of just accepting your true nature. That's how Bill Mauldin decided to become a political cartoonist. He simply resolved, "I was born a troublemaker and might as well earn a living at it."

While rummaging around a junked car as a child, Mauldin found a magazine that had ads for cartoonist correspondence schools. One ad boasted that cartoonists sometimes make \$100,000 a year. That was a lot of money for a 13-year old boy living in the rural desert southwest during the depression. And so was the school's \$20 enrollment fee. Mauldin hit his grandmother up for the money, boasting, "Nana, I'm going to make a bucket of dough!"

His grandmother loaned him the money to enroll, but cautioned him he should pursue cartooning for the love of it, not for the money. He agreed, but later admitted that the "bucket of dough" was still his main motivation. "Like Carnegie, I would make my pile first and then devote myself to uplifting souls," wrote Mauldin, "If a poor cartoonist could bring joy to mankind, think what a rich one could do."

While he waited for his correspondence course to begin, his father took him to visit a local cartoonist. "I felt all the excitement of a boy fiddler on his way to meet [classical violinist Jascha] Heifetz," wrote Mauldin. The two drove to a nearby resort town and stopped in a bar to look for the artist. He wasn't there, but the tavern was adorned with original cartoons by the man they were looking for. They were signed, "Hillbilly Larry."

"That's how Hillbilly pays for his booze," said the bartender.

Every shop and store in town had Hillbilly Larry cartoons, which he bartered for booze, food and entertainment.

He was not exactly living the lifestyle of Heifetz, but Mauldin was nevertheless very impressed by Hillbilly Larry's work. "The artist had a free-swinging style—plenty of action," Mauldin wrote. "His humor was earthy and abundant. The predominant theme was lady tourists in hilarious predicaments. Most of all, I think I admired the economy and precision of line. Zip, stroke, zap, squiggle, dot, dot, and there was a buck-toothed cowboy. No hesitation of execu-

tion; very little sign of agonized pencil under-drawings and erasing. They were cheerful, happy drawings by a guy who knew his stuff."

When Mauldin and his father finally found Hillbilly Larry, he was thrilled to give the aspiring cartoonist some pointers. He advised that the key to cartooning was to produce—to churn out a cartoon quickly before the next thought came along. He demonstrated, whipping out two cartoons in what Mauldin claimed was less than a minute apiece.

Mauldin was captivated. "He dropped the pen, seized a brush, and with more rapierlike passes at various other bottles he had colored the picture in even less time than he had taken to draw it," wrote Mauldin. "I've never since seen a man who could approach Hillbilly Larry Smith for speed."

"Don't fool around," advised Larry. "The way to be a cartoonist is to draw. Keep busy and knock the stuff out." Mauldin took the advice to heart and Larry added, "I'm hungry. Let's take these two drawings out and eat 'em." Then they went into town and traded the cartoons for hamburgers.

Emboldened by the lessons he learned at the foot of the master, Mauldin worked on his correspondence school assignments. Although he later said that the program relied on "tricks of the trade" rather than serious artistic study, Mauldin deemed it to be worth the \$20 because it gave him confidence.

His first assignment was a cartoon for a school paper, where he lampooned his teachers. None of the cartoons resembled the teachers, so no one took offense, but the lack of resemblance meant no one really got the jokes, either.

He got a few freelance cartooning jobs as he got older, but since he was in a rural town, there was not much of a demand for his services.

Once he was in his teenage years, this lack of income presented a unique problem—he could not afford to buy a suit. And a guy needed a suit to look sharp for the ladies. Mauldin solved the problem the same way that many other guys at his school did—he joined the school's ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps) program in order to get a free uniform, which he could wear in the evenings in lieu of a suit.

The ROTC also kept him from having to take physical education or go out for a sport. "Being a prototype of the ninety-seven-pound

weakling," wrote Mauldin, "I had long ago given up on trying to do anything to improve my physique... and had waited for age and success to fill me out."

Mauldin had enlisted for strictly pragmatic reasons, but he enjoyed the ROTC much more than he had expected. He liked shooting guns (although he admitted he wasn't very fond of killing things) and he found that he excelled on the rifle drill team. He also was fond of the tidiness and precision of the military style of dress.

After high school (which he never completed), Mauldin pounded the pavement of nearby towns, still trying to find clients for his artwork. But his best money came from painting fake whitewalls and pin-ups on the hot rods of his brother's friends.

Just as he was about to give up cartooning, a fellow artist friend called. He told Mauldin it was election time in Arizona and the candidates needed illustrations for advertisements, but he was too busy to take the jobs. He passed the clients on to Mauldin.

A challenger in the gubernatorial race hired Mauldin to draw some cartoons mocking the incumbent governor. Mauldin obliged, the candidate was pleased and Mauldin was paid \$50. Flush with success, Mauldin marched right over to the state house, where he met with the governor's campaign managers. He told them that *someone* had been hired to draw ridiculous cartoons of the governor. Then he suggested that the governor should hire him to do a series of cartoons in response to these vicious attacks. They hired Mauldin to do one ad illustration portraying the governor in a positive light.

**M**auldin thought working for both campaigns was cagey, but the candidates would consider it a double-cross if they found out what he had done. That hadn't occurred to him. And the campaigns were pretty likely to figure it out, since Mauldin had proudly signed his name on all of the cartoons. Oops—it was time to get out of town.

Luckily, Mauldin ran into an old buddy of his from the ROTC, who had enlisted in the Arizona National Guard. He suggested that Mauldin join, too, as a way to get out of town. Mauldin agreed, figuring that America's involvement in World War II and military service was inevitable. And if he volunteered, he'd be with

## CARTOONIST

# BILL MAULDIN



his friends from ROTC and wouldn't be unemployed anymore.

Mauldin had enjoyed the ROTC, but he wasn't too enchanted with the Guard. He ended up in a quartermaster unit, which is responsible for supplies. Also, he felt like the regular army guys didn't take the Guard units very seriously.

Mauldin started to understand the strange way things worked in the army. "I was beginning to learn that the art of achieving anonymity in the military is like that of avoiding highway cops," wrote Mauldin, "Bury yourself in a bunch of other cars and drive at their tempo, regardless of what the signs say.... It was like being in a union. If you carried exactly your weight at the common pace, you got along. I was careful to do not less than my share of goldbricking and no more than my share of working."

**H**e scraped together extra money by drawing caricatures of fellow soldiers for 25 cents apiece. He also got a part-time job doing a cartoon called *Up Front* for his division's modest newsletter—the *45th Division News*.

The *45th Division News* was for and about the common soldier, not a glowing love-letter polishing the rear ends of the brass. The paper and its cartoons often reflected the gripes of the regular enlisted men, and some officers were not amused. But the colonel in charge of the paper aggressively defended its importance. He respected the chain of command, but also insisted that the men were human and entitled to blow off some steam, which was good for morale.

Doing cartoons for the division paper was a bright spot, but he didn't think that the quartermaster division and perpetual KP duty would help him put his finger on the pulse of army life. He felt like his brain was going to mush from the monotony of his assignment. He griped to the head of the paper and said he'd rather be anywhere other than the quartermaster—even in the infantry.

Being in the quartermasters was considered a pretty choice assignment, since it meant that you would probably never be close to the front. As Mauldin's boss at the newsletter pointed out, "Nobody—absolutely nobody in the entire military history of the world—ever voluntarily transferred out of the quartermasters into the infantry." But he gave Mauldin his transfer.

Mauldin became a rifleman in the 180th



# Real Man Revisited

by Jeff For





Infantry. Overnight, the scrawny cartoonist went from managing supplies to slinging an 18 1/2 pound Browning automatic rifle and a full field pack on 35-mile hikes. Everyone thought he was nuts for transferring, but he didn't care. He enjoyed the more serious, spit-and-polish discipline of the infantry unit and was proud to consider himself a soldier.

Mauldin felt that realistically portraying the soldiers was essential to being able to make a worthwhile cartoon, and being in the trenches with them was important to him. When he spent too much time in the office, Mauldin said, "My mud stopped looking wet and my pen-and-ink warriors lost all authority.... If a drawing lacked authenticity the idea behind it became ineffectual, too."

He once drew the safety ring on the wrong side of a hand grenade in a cartoon. It bothered him so much that he signed his name on the cartoon backwards and had the art shot in reverse so that in print, the ring would be on the correct side.

Since the time that Mauldin enlisted, America had been drawn into World War II, and his unit was called up. He and his buddies packed their gear and were sent to Europe, where they were a part of the invasion of Sicily. Mauldin and his newspaper crew were supposed

to land and somehow publish an edition of the *45th Division News* in the middle of an invasion. As the landing craft approached the beach, with artillery flying overhead and the Luftwaffe strafing them, the idea of publishing a newspaper here struck Mauldin as kind of ludicrous. One of his buddies said, "Goddammit, Mauldin, we're soldiers now, and we'd better face up to it."

Mauldin went ashore with his drawing supplies and his pistol. "Whichever way our careers were headed," wrote Mauldin, "War or journalism—we were prepared."

Some of the paper's staff had gone ahead of the infantry to look for mines and when Mauldin landed, craters and blood already littered the beach. He later found out that two members of the paper's small staff had already been killed in the invasion—along with many other men.

As the staffers saw more of their friends dead and wounded, they decided that printing a newspaper in Axis territory would be the best way to honor their fallen comrades. The *45th Division News* found a printing press in a small town and published 3,000 copies of a brief version of their paper. They worked by lamplight and often had to turn the printing press by hand.

The paper also served a practical purpose for the army. There was very little communica-

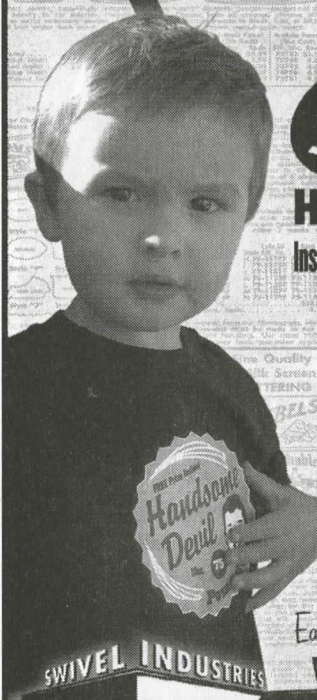


Top: Mauldin at the beachhead in Anzio.

Above: Willie and Joe in an earlier, more light-hearted era.



**KUSTOMIZE**  
your Kid



**Swivel Industries**

**HOT ROD & Pin Up Girl**  
Inspired T-Shirts for Kids...and women too

**Lil' CASSE**

**PICTURE Perfect**

Easy online ordering at:  
[www.swivelindustries.com](http://www.swivelindustries.com)

**SWIVEL INDUSTRIES**

**Stupid Cupid**

Custom retro-style purses



[www.stupid-cupid.net](http://www.stupid-cupid.net)  
kristen@stupid-cupid.net

**This AFFECTS YOU**

*Sure I accept favors from men-*

# Bad Blonde

No man can satisfy her insatiable appetite for the high life



*Directed by*



[WWW.REVAMPVINTAGE.COM](http://WWW.REVAMPVINTAGE.COM)

*Reproduction vintage clothing  
for Dames & Swains*





"Try to say sumpin' funny, Joe."



"Don't mention it, lootenant. They mighta replaced ya wit' on of them salutin' demons"



"I feel like a fugitive from th' law of averages."

**It wasn't rainbows and sunshine, but neither was war, as Mauldin saw it. He felt as though the dog-faces were there doing their damndest to fight and stay alive, but it was certainly not a pretty business and shouldn't be represented as such.**

tion and news for the troops, which is common after an invasion. The problem is that in the absence of news, rumors take over. According to Mauldin, wild rumors were circulating among the troops, including one that claimed Patton had gone bonkers and had to be taken away in a strait-jacket. The *News* helped to quash these rumors and Mauldin felt that their little paper had added credibility with soldiers because it was sort of a renegade publication. "We were a bunch of irreverent refugees from line companies, living hand to mouth with production methods that bordered on buccaneering a good part of the time," wrote Mauldin, "The result was a lively, readable newspaper."

As troops battled in Sicily and the Italian peninsula, the *News* moved, too, setting up makeshift offices and finding printing presses in different towns. As time went by, Mauldin saw many of his comrades die. "The 45th was a well-trained division and lost its men in dribbles, not floods, but the dribbling went on day after day,"

wrote Mauldin. "It's much easier to see this happening to strangers rather than your old friends."

The war took its toll on the survivors, too. Mauldin saw his sturdy buddies, the "dogfaces" in the infantry, becoming dreary and exhausted. They were worn out both physically and mentally. They tried to stay warm in a relentlessly cold winter, but the front was so mountainous that it was difficult to keep them supplied—even with fresh water. It was almost impossible to get any rest in these conditions.

As if that weren't bad enough, many supplies intended for them were being pilfered by black marketers back at the docks. The soldiers were suffering from trench-foot, pneumonia and malnutrition because of the lack of supplies. Mauldin felt that some of the head brass were more interested in keeping the streets clean in some town than they were in stopping the black market and taking care of the dogfaces at the front.

Willie and Joe were two characters that



"Just gimme a coupla aspirin. I already got a Purple Heart."



"Th' hell with it, sir. Let's go back to the front."



"Don't startle 'im, Joe. It's almost full."





"Sir, do ya hafta draw fire while yer inspirin' us?"

recurred in *Up Front*. The two infantrymen had first appeared in cartoons in the *45th Division News* when the division was still in training in the U.S. They were originally clean-cut soldiers that acted out typical, straight-forward army jokes. But as the war churned on, Mauldin changed their appearance to match what his friends looked and acted like. The "gags" of the cartoons turned decidedly more grim and derisive.

Here was the typical scenario as Mauldin saw it—when a dogface was on the verge of a total breakdown, he might get a four-day pass to go visit a town. But having been on the front lines, often with little water for drinking, much less shaving, the dogface would look pretty shabby. Upon entering the town for leave, the dogface would be arrested by an MP for being unshaven, not wearing a tie or generally being a mess. Never mind the fact that he may have gotten so messed up while fighting to take that very same town earlier in the week. The dogface would spend his four days in town in jail, then



"Don't look at me, lady. I didn't do it."

get sent back to the front.

It wasn't rainbows and sunshine, but neither was war, as Mauldin saw it. He felt as though the dogfaces were there doing their damndest to fight and stay alive, but it was certainly not a pretty business and shouldn't be represented as such. The horror, ironies and injustices were as real as the triumphs and victories.

The soldiers knew the grim realities, which is why there was so much "gallows humor" among them. That's how they stayed sane and retained their humanity. These men would fight bravely and follow orders, but they were not robots. They were humans. Mauldin tried to reflect this type of humor in his cartoons, so that he could give the average soldier a reason to laugh in the face of death.

And *Up Front* was very popular with soldiers, if that's any indication of whether or not Mauldin was on the mark.

The cartoon was even picked up by *Stars and Stripes*. That meant more soldiers would



"Joe, yestiddy ya saved my life an' I swore I'd pay ya back. Here's my last pair of dry socks."

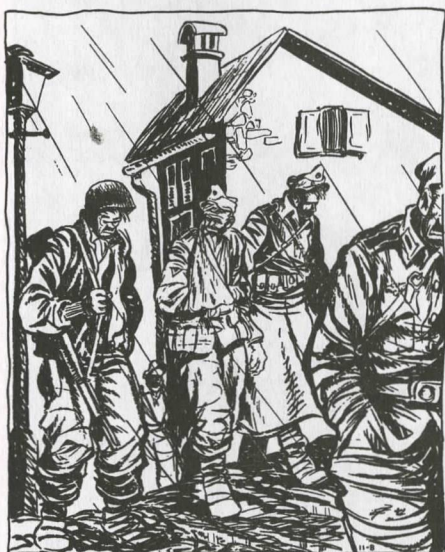
see Mauldin's work, but it also meant more brass would see it. A stenographer told Mauldin that his name had come up at a meeting of generals from the 5th Army. Apparently, someone very high up thought Mauldin's cartoons were insubordinate and would incite a mutiny.

Luckily for Mauldin, some other big brass didn't agree. General Eisenhower was on Mauldin's side. General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. apparently stood up for Mauldin, too. He said the cartoons were voicing the gripes of the infantrymen and were *preventing* a mutiny by giving them an outlet for their woes. General Mark Clark, the 5th Army commander, asked if he could have for the original artwork of one of the most "offensive" cartoons—signed.

*Up Front* also became syndicated in some

*Mauldin cont'd page 39*

The cartoon on this page, bottom, left won Mauldin a Pulitzer Prize.



"Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, are bringing in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners..."  
(News item)

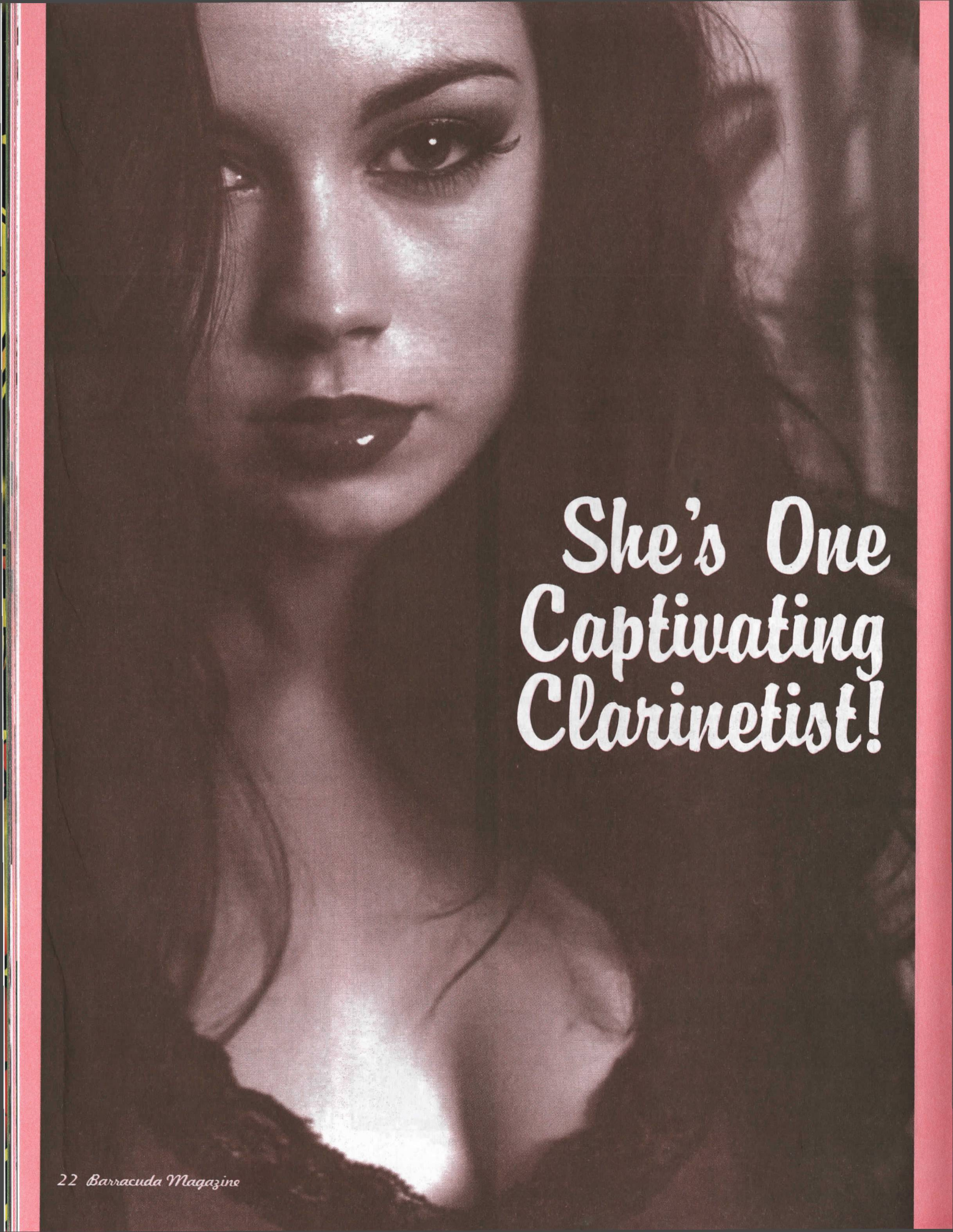


*The Prince and the Pauper.*



"I'm depending on you old men to be a steadying influence on the replacements."





She's One  
Captivating  
Clarinetist!





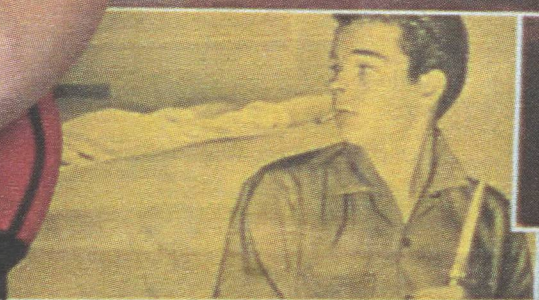
Our winsome woodwinder moved to modeling after her disastrous Las Vegas nightclub act broke up. She played in a five-piece band—they only knew five pieces! Her band leader didn't know his brass from his oboe! And, unfortunately, their vocalist had to quit singing on account of his voice—the audience kept threatening to cut it!



Barracuda Girl

MEET  
ALBERT Z

# HIGH CONFIDENTIAL! SCHOOL



STARRING  
RUSS TAMBLYN · JAN STERLING  
JOHN DREW BARRYMORE · and GUEST STARS MAMIE VAN DOREN  
Y LEE LEWIS · RAY ANTHONY · JACKIE COOGAN  
CHARLES CHAPLIN, JR. · and DIANE JEDRENS

ROBERT ROYCE · and **SCOPE**

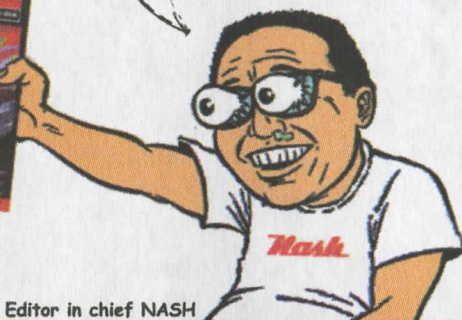
A D M I R A L



**BURNOUT**  
MAGAZINE  
PRESENTS

**NOW ON SALE!!**

**KOOL 19 HARD CORE ROD & KUSTOM**



Editor in chief NASH

<http://www.detroitjunk.com>

4-10-2, KOMONE, ITABASHI-KU, TOKYO, JAPAN, 173-0037  
Phone: 011-81-3-5966-0189 Fax: 011-81-3-5966-0190

★  
**WINKYTIKI**

PINUPS & GLAMOUR,  
FROM NAUGHTY TO NICE..



PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
OCTAVIO ARIZALA

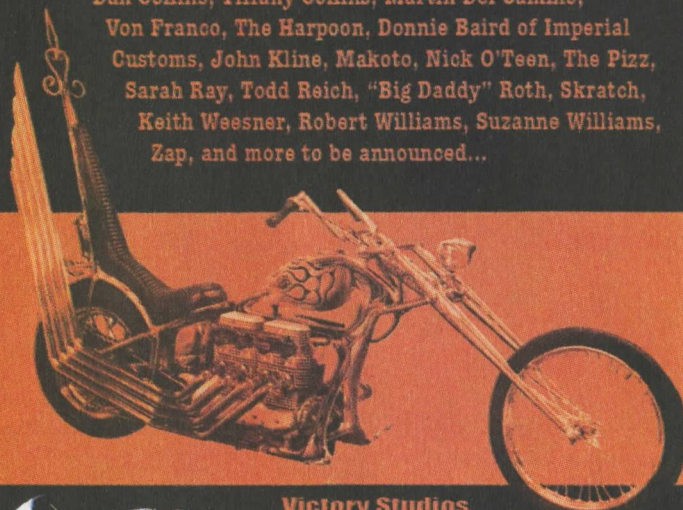
[www.winkytiki.com](http://www.winkytiki.com)

Saturday,  
January 15th  
7pm

**PSYCHEDELIC  
TENDENCIES**

the art of the chopper

Johnny Ace and Kali, Dan Barnett, Jimmy C,  
Dan Collins, Tiffany Collins, Martin Del Camino,  
Von Franco, The Harpoon, Donnie Baird of Imperial  
Customs, John Kline, Makoto, Nick O'Teen, The Pizz,  
Sarah Ray, Todd Reich, "Big Daddy" Roth, Skratch,  
Keith Weesner, Robert Williams, Suzanne Williams,  
Zap, and more to be announced...



**VICTORY**  
Electrical  
Tattooing

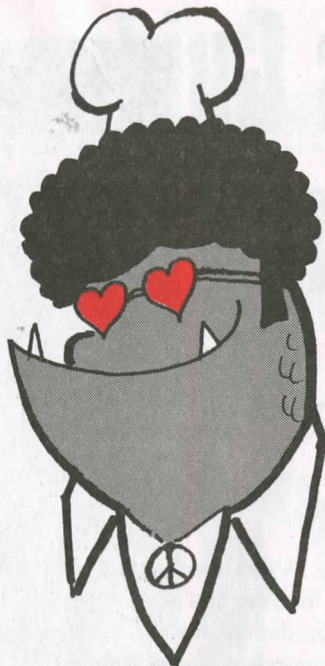
Victory Studios  
11390 Ventura Bl #7  
Studio City, Ca. 91604  
phone: 323 1821-0278 / email: victorystudios@sbcglobal.net

[desire-magneto.com](http://desire-magneto.com)

**Top End Jewelry Design**



# The Barracuda Gourmet Is Like Gonna Cook With An Electric Frying Pan, Baby. Can You Dig It?



Electric Skillet Coffee Cake

If there is one perfect cooking tool, it is the electric skillet. Between the 1960s and the 1970s, you could find one in almost every home, and for some unknown reason they don't seem to be as popular now, but the Barracuda Gourmet wants to see to it that that all changes. Once you read this, you'll want to run right out and get one! Think about it: what other cooking vessel can make pancakes, fried chicken, fudge, chili, and cake? NONE!

Another great thing about the electric skillet is that it is portable. If you're a lazy bastard, you can even cook your dinner while sitting on the couch! Or if you're not a lazy bastard, but you live in one of those efficiency apartments, you don't need to mourn the fact you don't have an oven, because you can even bake in this thing! If you want to cook but don't have a lot of dough to buy a whole set of pots and pans, don't worry. You can easily get by with this one wonderful invention. So if you don't have one in your kitchen, you can check your mama's attic or hit a yard sale, a Salvation Army, or even check on eBay to find yourself one of these amazing cooking tools! Some vintage skillets come in cool colors depending on the era they were made. Skillets made in the '50s were made in aqua and pink, ones made in the '70s come in orange and avocado. If you plan on using it in your living room, you can get one to match your couch! (They still sell electric skillets new in the stores, but why pay retail?)

There are lots of obvious things you can make in an electric skillet like grilled cheese sandwiches and French toast and eggs, and they're all great, but there are a lot more unusual things you can make in your electric skillet. Read on and the Barracuda Gourmet will share his secrets of electric skillet cooking with you!

## Topping:

- 1 c. brown sugar
- 4 tbsp. flour
- 1/2 c. chopped walnuts
- 4 tbsp. melted butter
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

## Cake:

- 1 1/2 c. sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 c. sugar
- 1 c. sour cream
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla or almond extract
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Mix topping ingredients together in a medium bowl and set aside. In a large bowl sift together the dry ingredients (flour, sugar, cinnamon, baking powder, and salt - if you don't have a sifter, just put them in the bowl and make sure they're mixed well) then add eggs, sour cream and vanilla. Heat skillet to 250° and butter it generously. Lightly sprinkle flour over the melted butter in the skillet right before spreading the batter evenly in the pan. Cover and bake for 50 minutes at 250°, or until you can stick a toothpick in it and it comes out clean. After 50 minutes, spread topping over cake and bake (covered) 10 minutes longer.

## Easy Fried Rice

- 2 c. cold cooked leftover rice
- 1 bell pepper, chopped
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 c. chopped meat (can be chicken, ham, beef, pork, whatever leftovers you have)
- 3 tbsp. teriyaki sauce or soy sauce

3 eggs

2 tbsp. cooking oil

1 tsp. brown sugar (optional)

Preheat skillet on medium high heat and coat bottom with oil. Saute onion, peppers and meat. Once onions are clear and meat is heated all the way through, turn heat down to medium and scramble in the eggs. When cooked, add rice. Stir in sauce and brown sugar. Cook (constantly stirring) until rice is hot.

## Easy Skillet Pizza

- 1 package refrigerated pizza dough
- tomato sauce
- mozzarella cheese
- whatever toppings you choose\*

Heat skillet to 375° and lightly coat with olive oil. Unroll pizza dough and place in skillet. When laid out, poke dough a few times with a fork. Cover and let cook for 10 minutes. When dough is cooked, add the rest of the ingredients in normal fashion, cover and cook for about 5 minutes or until the cheese is melted.

\*If you want to top your pizza with veggies or meat, it is best to brown them in the skillet first, then set them aside and wipe the skillet clean before starting the pizza.

## Peanut Butter Fudge

- 2 c. sugar
- 3 tbsp. butter
- 1 c. can milk
- 1 c. mini marshmallows
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 12 oz. jar peanut butter

Have a greased 8 x 8 pan ready and set aside. Preheat skillet at 280°, add butter, sugar and milk and bring to a boil, stirring constantly for 5 minutes. Turn skillet off and add remaining ingredients. Stir until everything is melted and blended, then pour into buttered 8 x 8 pan and chill until firm.

## Bean and Cheese Quesadillas

- 1 15 oz. can of beans of your choice (black beans, red kidney beans, pinto beans, or refried beans work best)
- 1 1/2 cups shredded cheddar cheese
- 1 small can diced green chiles
- tortillas
- optional items for topping: salsa, sour cream, olives, and avocado

Heat skillet to 375° and lightly coat with olive oil. Place a tortilla down in skillet and on one half of the tortilla layer cheese, beans, and chiles, and fold tortilla over in half. Cook for about 3 minutes and flip to brown other side. Top with salsa and sour cream.



# The Bachelor's Guide To Starting Your Own Religion

By Rodney Anonymous



CT

**A**re you stuck in a dead-end job? Does your future look emptier than the pages of Dustin "Screech" Diamond's Little Black Book? Maybe you should think about starting your own religion. It's worked for the likes of Jesus, Buddha, and L. Ron Hubbard, and it can work for you.

But before you run down to your local IRS office to file for tax-free status, you'll need to master the trickiest part of becoming the new God on the block—attracting followers. That's where *Barracuda's Bachelor's Guide To Starting Your Own Religion* comes in. Listed below are several time-tested methods for setting yourself apart from the hoards of smelly, bedspread wearing street corner Gurus, and catching the attention of potential converts that should have you on the road to salvation and financial independence before you can say "Keep drinking the Kool-Aid."

## **The End Is Nigh—Send Cash**

One surefire way to attract legions of followers is to convince people that the Apocalypse is just around corner, but everything will be just peachy if they simply shut the hell up and do what you tell them. This approach worked for William Miller, a New York farmer, who managed to persuade thousands of people that the world would come to an end on April 3rd, 1843.

William Miller was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts on Feb. 15, 1782 into a family that has often been described as "impoverished", but that's probably because the household contained 16 kids—Bill being the eldest.

At some point while serving as a captain in the War of 1812, Miller got it into his head that America had somehow been ordained by God to play a prophetic role

in History. Miller then set about studying the Bible for clues that he was right.

It was during one of these no doubt exciting periods of Bible study that Miller hit upon Daniel 8:14, which states "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." Well, that cleared things up. Now all Bill Miller had to do was figure out "two thousand and three hundred days from when?" This would take some major math skills. Miller was forced to perform these calculations on his own.

Well, Bill Miller did the math, found an answer (the world would end on April 3, 1843) and set about spreading the good news ("good news", of course, meaning that a vengeful God was about to slay tens of millions of people). Soon Miller's "Second Advent" movement was attracting followers by the buttload.

Many of these followers, known as the Millerites, prepared for the impending cataclysm by selling off all of their worldly possessions, ascending mountains (so that they would be closer to Heaven when the right moment came), and digging their own graves, all the while clad in "Ascension robes" which were, conveniently sold by Miller.

When April 3rd, came and went without incident, picking up the nickname "The Great Disappointment of 1843", Miller was forced check his math. After a few days spent looking over his calculations, Miller emerged from his study with a new expiration date for the Earth - October 22nd, 1844, thereby setting the stage for "The Great Disappointment of 1844."

Later Prophets of Doom would learn a valuable lesson from William Miller's mistakes—always set your date for the End of

the World far enough into the future that you're likely to be dead when it does, or (more likely) doesn't, occur. Following this rule will save you the embarrassment of having to reimburse an angry mob for their "Ascension robes."

By the way, one of Miller's followers would eventually found the Jehovah's Witnesses while another follower, Ellen White, would go on to found the Seventh Day Adventist church, a splinter group of which—the Branch Davidians—would later give the world David Koresh.

## **Jesus Is Back And This Time, It's Personal**

David Koresh (Born Vernon Wayne Howell), like Charles Manson before him, got into the religion business when he failed to succeed at the manliest of all professions—Rock Star. Also like Manson, Koresh had a knack for convincing people that he was the Messiah.

The history of self-starter religions is dotted with Messiahs, and not all of them have come to a bad ending like Jim Jones, founder of the People's Temple, who, along with of 914 of his followers committed suicide in the jungles of Guyana in 1978. Take for example, the inspirational story of Reverend Sun Myung Moon.

Born in the Jung Ju province of Korea in 1920, Sun Myung Moon would not only go on to found the Unification Church and become the publisher of the Washington Times, but on March 23, 2004 in the Dirksen Senate Office Building, Reverend Moon was crowned as the Messiah.

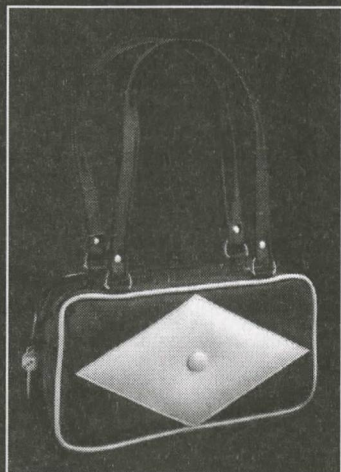
The ceremony, which was attended by dozens of congressmen cost US taxpayers an estimated \$500,000 was largely ignored by the media. So if this is the first time that you're reading about it, you're



# Trophy Queen



deluxe handbags & accessories



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

shop online [www.trophyqueen.com](http://www.trophyqueen.com)



[WWW.HELLKATS-LA.COM](http://WWW.HELLKATS-LA.COM)



Devilishly Kool Gear

*Home of the kooliest in jewelry, clothing and  
housewares for the person who gives a damn...*

*Featuring kustomized and classic tattoo designs,  
hotrod kulture and handmade items  
you'll find nowhere else!*

P. O. Box 56091  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

Phone: (818) 501-8300  
Fax: (818) 501-3422

[WWW.HELLKATS-LA.COM](http://WWW.HELLKATS-LA.COM) • [SALES@HELLKATS-LA.COM](mailto:SALES@HELLKATS-LA.COM)

GO-KAT-GO



[www.go-kat-go.com](http://www.go-kat-go.com)

Stuff for Weird-ohs



not alone.

Cynics may claim that Reverend Moon was able to get away with being crowned the new Christ in the US Senate building because of his numerous political connections (former President George Bush, who has called Moon "a man of vision", has allegedly been paid over \$1 million in fees by the Unification Church for various speaking engagements), but others prefer to think that he was awarded the honor on the basis of his contribution to humanity in the form of his, US Government funded, abstinence-based sex education program.

And who better to teach young people about sex than Reverend Moon who not only insists that his followers have his picture next to the bed when they consummate their marriage and who once referred to gays as "dung-eating dogs", but who also, in his speech "Purity, Lineage and the Love Organ (of Life)," offered the following advice on how to treat the male "love organ":

"As a man, in your right front pants pocket is a small inside watch pocket. Keep pliers there, and when you go to the bathroom, once a day, pinch your love organ. Cut the skin a little bit as a warning. If your love organ does not listen to your conscience, then you should cut off the tip. Even if it takes that extreme measure, we have to make sure our mind and body become one."

Pliers + love organ = abstinence for life.

### **I See Dead Presidents**

Do dead people feel the need to communicate through you? If so, there are plenty of eager folks just waiting to for a chance to exchange some cash for one of your books, tapes or DVDs.

Chatting with the dead initially hit it big in 1848 when the Fox sisters kicked off the spiritualist movement by announcing that had been in regular communication with the spirit world. This spiritual communication took the rather low-tech form of rapping on tables. What the sisters failed to mention, and wouldn't confess to for another thirty years, was that the rapping noises were actually caused by a rather unique biological ability that the young ladies shared—they could loudly crack their toe joints—a quality any man would find irresistible in a woman.

Of course, by the time that the Fox sis-

ters got around to coming clean, Spiritualism had grown to a point where tens of thousands of mediums practiced in the United States. And there are still plenty of mediums with us today—case-in-point, John Edward.

Edward (born John MaGee, Jr.), the star of the SciFi channel's *Crossing Over* doesn't need to crack his toe joints to enjoy healthy conversation with the dearly departed. He merely uses his psychic ability to pick up incoming messages from "the other side." Unfortunately, these messages tend to come through a little garbled, forcing Edward, who must be booked two years in advance for a private reading, to do some interpretation of the "Maggie or Margie, or some M-G-sounding name" nature.

However, during an episode of NBC's *Dateline*, Edward, who insists that he ignores any advance information that he may receive from the people he "reads," was picking up the spirit world loud and clear.

During the taping of his segment Edward announced that the spirits were imploring him to "acknowledge Anthony." A cameraman named Anthony stepped forward to the apparent surprise of Edward who then asked, "Had you not seen Dad before he passed? Had you either been away or been distanced?"

Hot damn, Edward nailed the name and the dead dad, certain proof that John Edward is in touch with spirit world!

Or maybe not.

Anthony had been the cameraman on another shoot that had taken place just hours before the taping of the *Dateline* segment. During the earlier shoot (a piece about Edward's hobby, ballroom dancing—feel free to snicker), Edward and Anthony met and chatted about Anthony's deceased father.

### **Mars Needs Women**

One novel approach to attracting followers, or at least male followers was taken by Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church of Latter Day Saints, better known as the Mormons. Smith promised his faithful male followers that, after their deaths, they would rule, like Gods, over their own personal planets, populated with their many, many wives.

Joseph Smith, by the way, also believed that the moon was inhabited by a race of beings who stood six feet tall, lived to the ripe old age of 1,000, and dressed

like Quakers. But the moon isn't the only celestial body that figures heavily in Mormon theology, the greatest of these being the planet of Kolob.

Kolob was afforded the title of "greatest planet" because, according to Mormon doctrine, it's the planet that's "nearest unto the throne of God." And while you may never have heard of Kolob, you just might be basking in its rays at this very moment. That's because, again, according to Mormon doctrine, the Earth (along with the sun, the moon, at least two stars and roughly fifteen planets) receives its light from Kolob. Hard to believe that NASA still hasn't announced plans to send a probe to Kolob, isn't it?

Speaking of other planets, if you've been to one, or can channel someone who has, you might have a bright future in the rapidly growing field of New Age religion. This is also a particularly attractive area for any of you who feel that you may have once, a million or so years ago, been the Dolphin King of Atlantis.

Before you even begin to utter "Who on the face of Kolob would buy that crap?" take a moment to consider the tale of "Carlos."

"Carlos" was the name of a 35,000 year old entity allegedly channeled by Jose Alvarez, a performance artist who had been hired by famous debunker James Randi to impersonate a channeler for a segment on the Australian version of *60 Minutes* in 1988.

Alvarez was so successful at pretending to channel the spirit of "Carlos" that, at one point, he managed to pack the Sydney Opera House with true believers. The more outrageous Alvarez's claims became, like offering to sell crystals from Atlantis ([skepdic.com/atlantis.html](http://skepdic.com/atlantis.html)), the more the audience ate it up. In fact, even after the hoax was revealed, there were still plenty of folks Down Under who refused to believe that "Carlos" wasn't the genuine article.

### **In Conclusion**

As you've seen, starting your own religion and attracting followers may not be as difficult as you might have originally thought they were.

Remember, if you can crack your toe joints, channel beings from other planets, or gleefully attack your "love organ" with a pair of pliers, the world—right up until the moment it perishes in a fiery Apocalypse—is your oyster.







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

[kitschykitschycool.com](http://kitschykitschycool.com)

WE PLAY BOTH KINDS OF MUSIC:  
**PUNK AND ROCK**



**CHICAGO**

WORLD FAMOUS  
**HARDCORE LOUNGE**

1315 W. NORTH AVE, BIG CHICAGO 60622 OPEN 365 DAYS  
9 PM TIL 4 AM - MUST BE 21 [WWW.EXITCHICAGO.COM](http://WWW.EXITCHICAGO.COM)

unCulture

UNDERGROUND ART

[www.unCulture.com](http://www.unCulture.com)



Lots of NEW  
Stuff!

[www.keithweesner.com](http://www.keithweesner.com)



some primitive carvings they had acquired from the Asmat area of New Guinea. The dealer condescendingly balked at paying their asking price, insisting they didn't know what they were doing and that the pieces were worthless.

"There's all kinds of snobbery in the world," says Schmaltz, "This fellow probably had some education, but there's always room to listen to someone else." Schmaltz got the last word in, however. He decided to "age" the pieces by throwing them into a bucket with some mud and lime. The dealer came back six months later and bought the exact same pieces on the spot.

Schmaltz's fondness for and studies of primitive Oceanic art combines with his work providing semi-authentic installations for the entertainment industry to bridge the gap between the traditional designs and pop culture's version of tikis. Through his work as a co-founder of and artist at Oceanic Arts, he has probably had a larger influence on where tikis appeared and how they were perceived in America than any other individual.

What is largely unappreciated by the customers who are dazzled by all the thousands of exotic, unique items at Oceanic Arts is all of the "business" that goes on behind the scenes. It's a huge task to find new items and keep the store supplied with the right products. Every one of those items must be purchased from suppliers, most of which are outside of the United States.

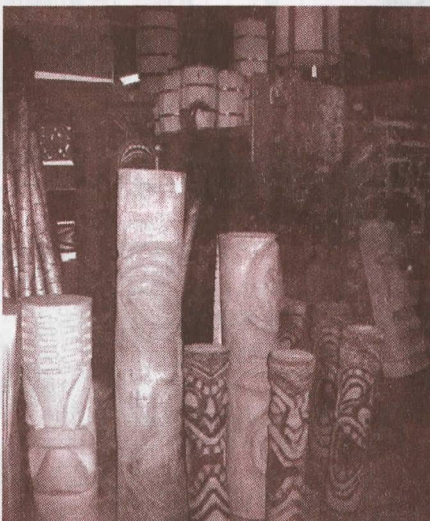
Bob Van Oosting is admittedly the "marketing" half of Oceanic Arts. "The company was started when I saw a commercial potential in Leroy's work," says Bob. He is therefore responsible for much of the desk-work that keeps Oceanic Arts up and running.

Every piece of thatching in the store got there as a part of entire rail car full of items that Bob had to order from suppliers in Mexico. Every little piece of bamboo stock was part of an entire shipping container of items that Bob ordered from China. And with every shipment comes a stack of customs paperwork that must be completed—by Bob.

While Leroy gets to carve tikis in the shop, Bob does much of his work in the office, handling business concerns. Bob says that he envies Leroy's freedom a little bit. But that envy might be chalked up to the grass being greener on the other side of the fence, because Bob shows no outward signs of regret or woe.

Clad in an aloha shirt, Bob's eyes light up like a tiki torch when he shares photos from his recent vacation in the South Pacific or talks about good ribs and mai tais. Bob is something of a rum connoisseur and talks longingly about the early days of the shop, when he and Leroy had an "open bar."

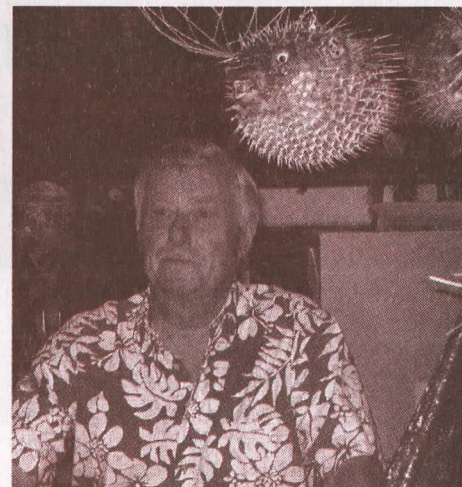
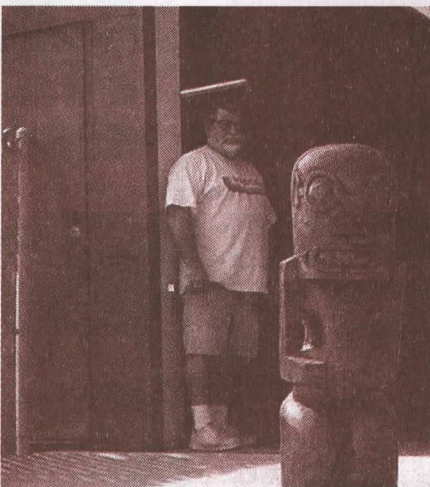
Although he knows those days are in the past, Bob's enthusiasm still shines through. "We're getting older, so we never know how much longer we can keep doing what we're doing," says Bob. "But we love what we're doing."



Above: More pics from inside Oceanic Arts.

Below left: Leroy Schmaltz at the entrance of Oceanic Arts. (photo by Doug Nason)

Below right: Bob Van Oosting at home among the puffer fish inside the shop.





# GIVE EM THE BOOT IV

26 tracks for dirt friggin'  
cheap featuring several  
unreleased \* tracks!  
Out on November 9, 2004

Featuring: Rancid \* - The Aggrolites  
The Slackers \* Tiger Army - Roger Miret  
And The Disasters - U.S. Roughnecks  
F-Minus Die Hunns \* - Dropkick  
Murphys \* - Lars Frederiksen And The  
Bastards - Brain Failure \* - Chris  
Murray - Nekromantix \* - Transplants \*  
Joe Strummer And The Mescaleros \*  
Orange \* - Rezurex \*  
The Unseen \* - Ducky Boys \*  
Horror Pops - South Central  
Riot Squad - Mercy Killers \*  
12 Step Rebels - The Escaped  
Pressure Point \*  
Westbound Train \*



[www.hell-cat.com](http://www.hell-cat.com)





Go Go Graveyard Rockin'



**STEP REBELS**

Psychobilly from New Mexico

**In Stores Now!**



[www.12steprebels.com](http://www.12steprebels.com)  
[DeadBodyWreckerds.com](http://DeadBodyWreckerds.com)

**UNTAMED HIGHWAY**  
 THE COMIC YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!!  
 Hey You!!!! Be the first on your block to own  
**Untamed Highway #1**  
 32 pages, chock full of:  
 Dolls! KREEPS! Cars! Freaks!  
 Shmoes! Drinkin' Birds!  
 Exotica! **Noir!** Secret Societies!  
 Hypnotism! SMOKIN', DRINKIN', &  
 Gorilla Masks! Tikis! DIRTY FIGHTIN'!  
 Roadside Attractions!  
**& TOR!!**

**Order Now!**  
 \$3.95  
 + \$1.00 Shipping!

Send Check or Money Order to:  
 Noah Snodgrass  
 P.O. Box 246  
 Littlerock, CA. 93543

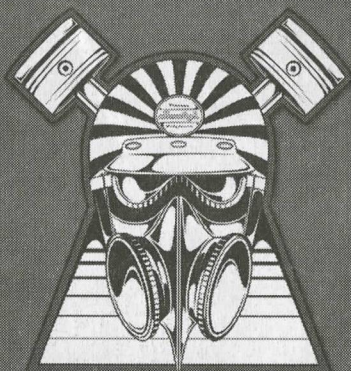
By:  
 Shawn Dickinson  
 &  
 Noah Snodgrass

Order online at:  
[www.untamedhighway.com](http://www.untamedhighway.com)

wear an  
**ORIGINAL**

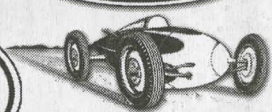
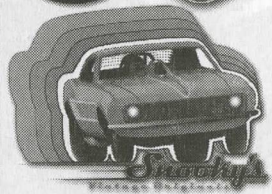
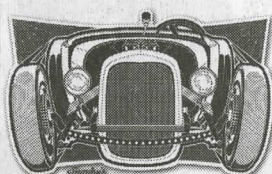
Drag Racing and Hot Rodding  
 Apparel With a Vintage Flair.

Our original designs are handscreened  
 on quality shirts at a reasonable price.



Building Our Reputation One Shirt at a Time

We Do Custom Work

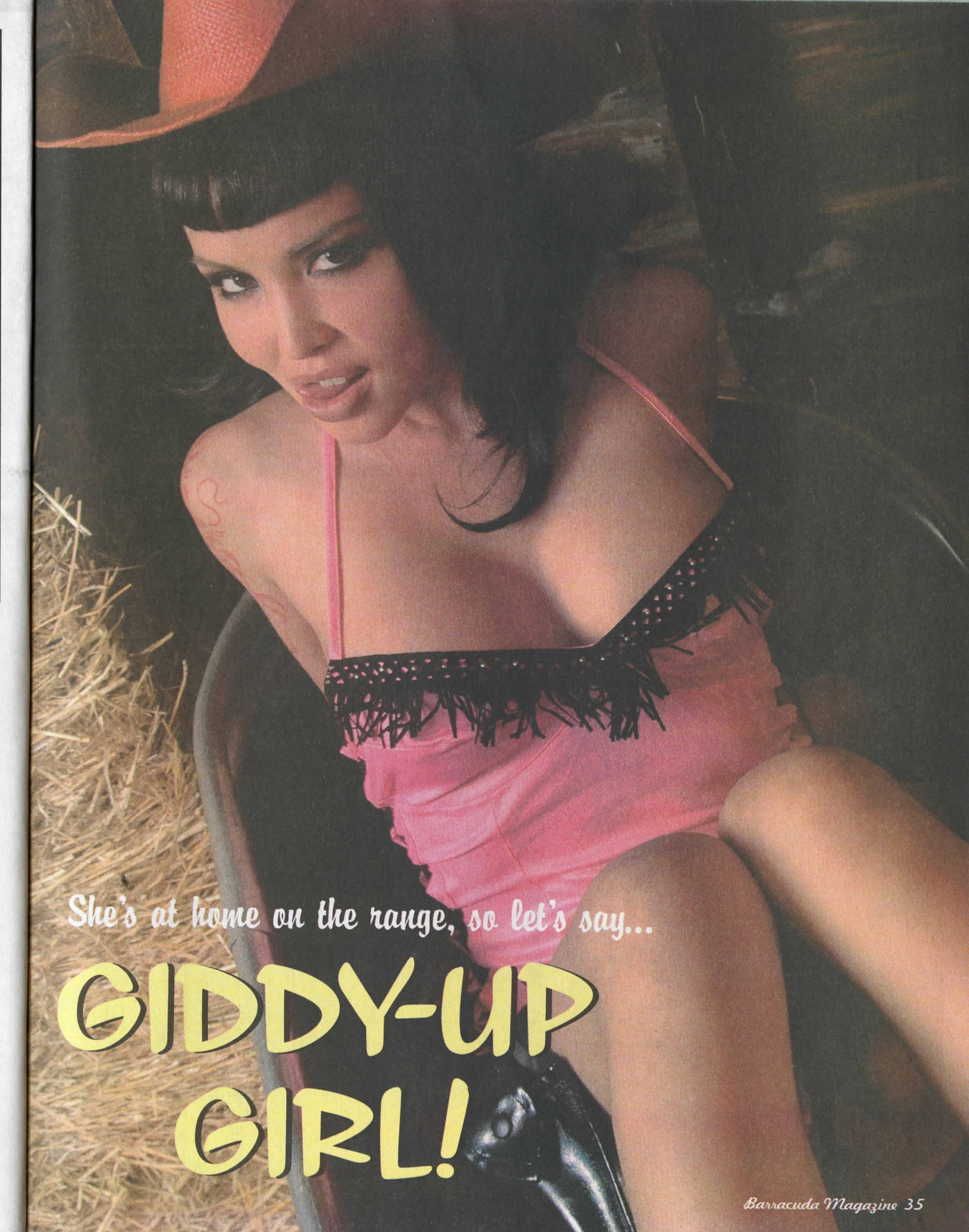


All designs shown are available at

[www.snooky's.com](http://www.snooky's.com)

**WWW. RETRO ONLINE .COM**

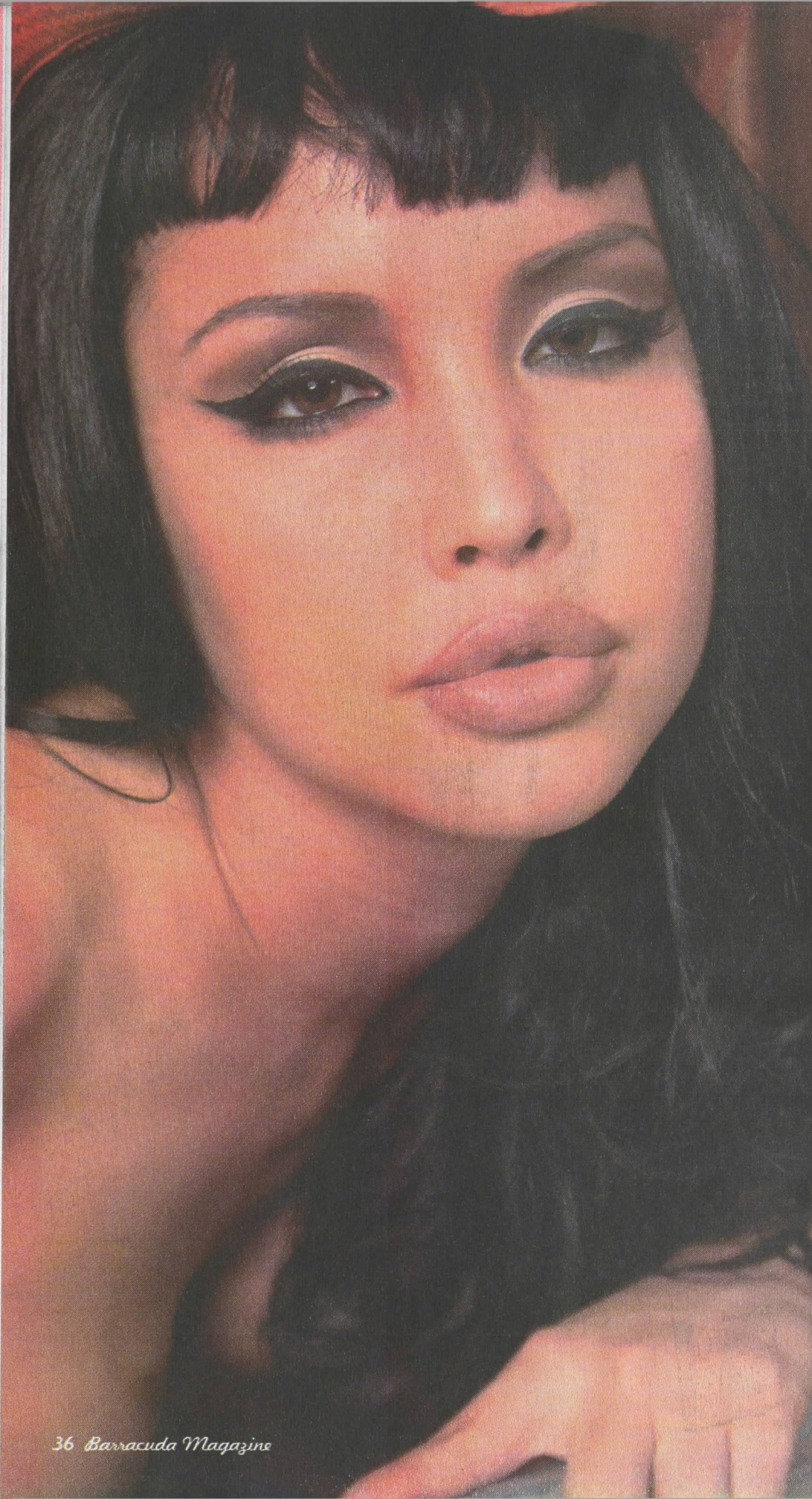


A woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a large orange cowboy hat and a pink top with a black fringe collar, is sitting in a hay bale. She is holding a black handgun in her right hand. The background is dark and rustic.

*She's at home on the range, so let's say...*

# GIDDY-UP GIRL!

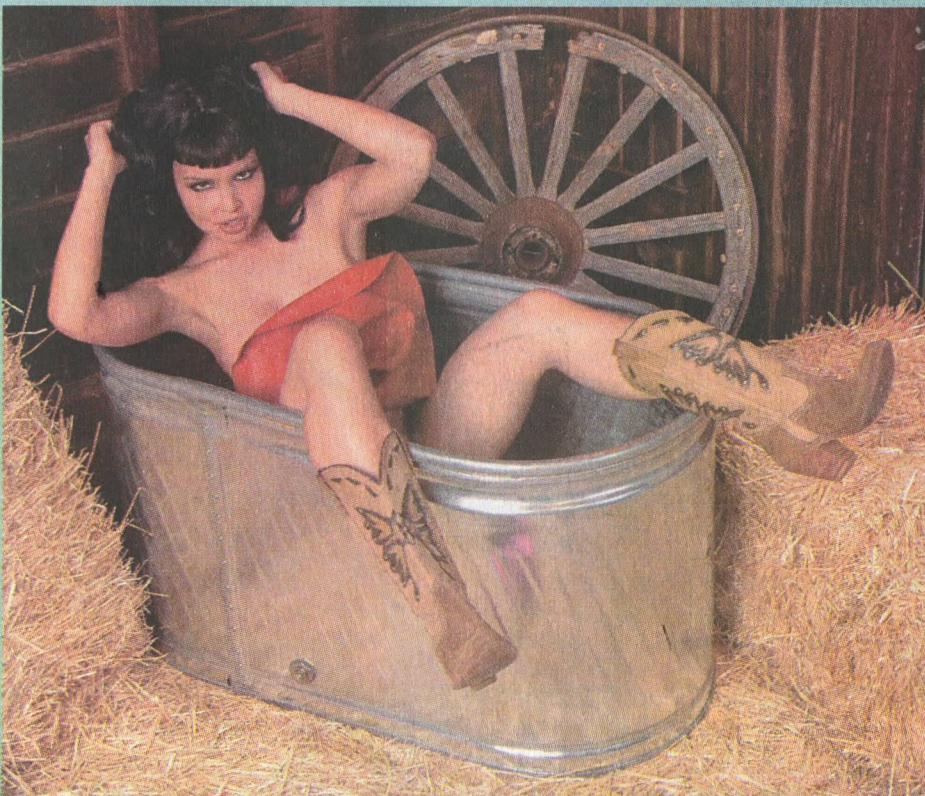
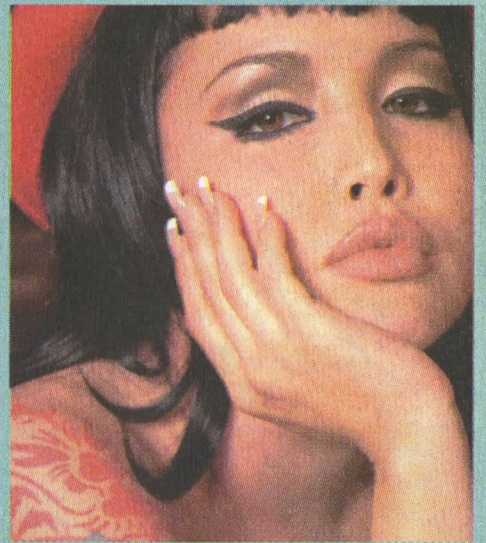
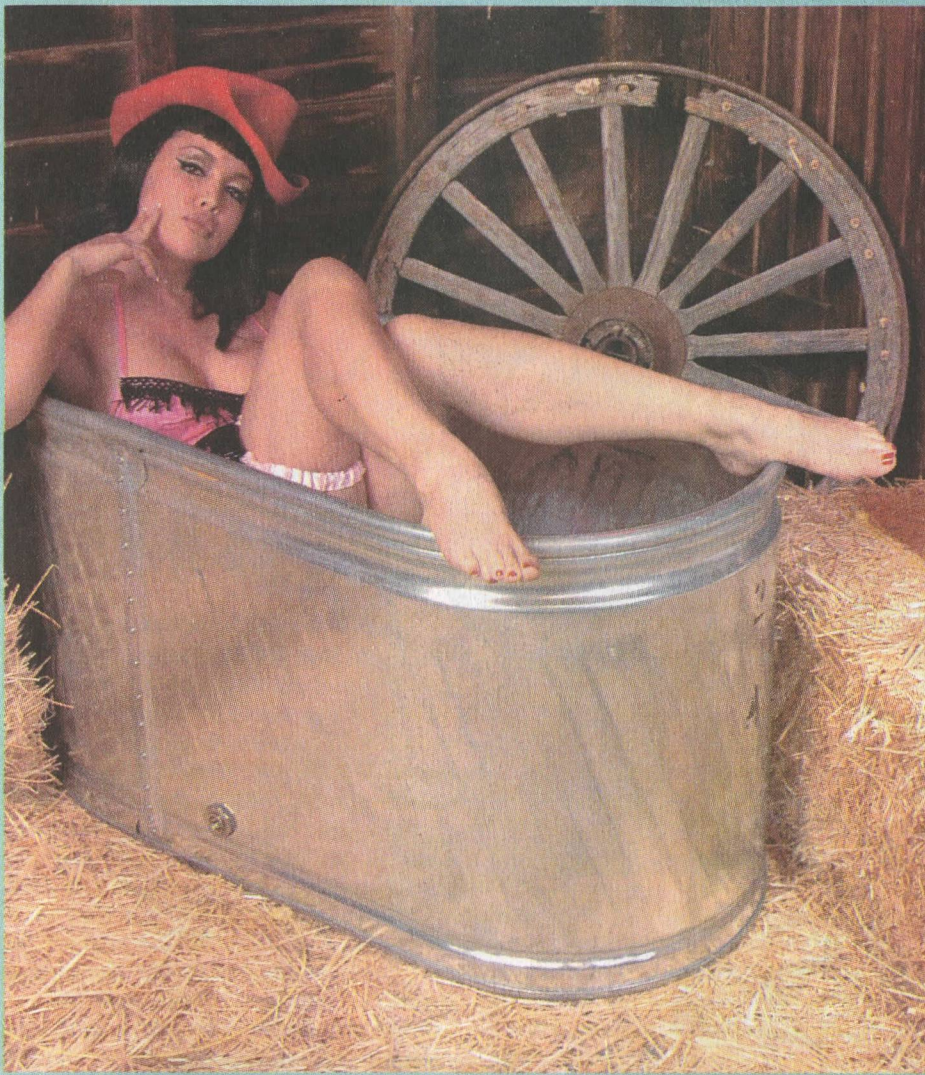




This tough-riding  
cowpuncher has no  
respect for age—  
unless it's bottled!

Our enchanting  
equestrian likes  
horses so much that  
she even spent time  
riding for the pony  
express. Why, when  
this bonny beaut  
would ride through  
town, you never saw  
the male move so  
fast! But just  
because she lives on  
the plains, don't  
expect her to be a  
shrinking violet—her  
motto is: "Every man  
For myself!" If you  
fall in love with this  
lass, just don't forget  
that she's the  
daughter of a  
stagecoach robber.  
She's looking for a  
fella she can take  
to—and from!







# NEW COOP SKETCHBOOK!

THE BIG FAT ONE: THE COLLECTED SKETCHBOOKS



Softcover in Cardboard Slipcase  
1008 Pages  
\$39.95

**LIMITED EDITION**

Hardcover Book in Velvet Slipcase  
S/N Edition of 150  
\$200.00

STILL AVAILABLE!



**DEVIL'S ADVOCATE:  
THE ART OF COOP**

hardcover, 208 pgs.  
\$39.95

**LIMITED  
EDITION**

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

## WWW.COOPSTUFF.COM

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



# Patton likened Mauldin to Bruce Bairnsfather, a cartoonist and soldier from World War I, adding, "I don't like either of them."

*Mauldin cont'd from page 21*

civilian newspapers in the U.S. Mauldin was surprised but glad that there was interest in his cartoons back home. "If it means that people are interested in seeing how the dogfaces look at themselves, that's swell," wrote Mauldin. "If it means that people at home are beginning to understand these strange, mud-caked creatures who fight the war, and are beginning to understand their minds and their own type of humor, that's even more swell, because it means that the dogfaces themselves are beginning to be appreciated a little by their countrymen."

But some civilians complained to newspapers because they were offended by the way Mauldin portrayed the soldiers. One stateside woman wrote to Mauldin personally to express her outrage, saying, "Our boys don't look like the way you draw them. They are not bearded and horrible-looking. They're clean fine Americans."

Mauldin said, "I've seen too much of war to be cute and fill [my cartoons] with funny characters."

**M**aking the soldiers laugh and helping them to be understood was more important than protecting the public's idealism to Mauldin. He felt that you could not honor a soldier's sacrifices unless you realistically acknowledged what he was going through. He said that the fact that soldiers *were* scared, weary, gruff and wanted to go home, but stayed and fought made them *more* noble than if they were infallible supermen.

"They don't need pity because you don't pity brave men—men who are brave because they fight while they are scared to death," wrote Mauldin. "They simply need bosses who will give them a little time to adjust their minds and their hands, and women who are faithful to them, and friends and families who stay by them until they are the same guys who left a few years ago. No set of laws or Bill of Rights for returning veterans of combat can do that job. Only their own people can do that job. So it is very important that these

people know and understand combat men."

General Patton was not convinced that Mauldin's cartoons had any merit. He was outraged that *Up Front* portrayed U.S. soldiers as anything but well-dressed and upright. He thought that the cartoons *encouraged* men to dress and behave poorly. He threatened to ban *Stars and Stripes* from being distributed anywhere in the 3rd Army because of *Up Front*. Patton was very outspoken on the subject and the matter showed no signs of cooling off. He wrote to *Stars and Stripes* and called *Up Front* "scurrilous attempts to undermine military discipline."

A meeting was set up between Mauldin and Patton. That's right—a meeting between lanky, smart-assed Sergeant Mauldin and *the* General George S. Patton—so they could supposedly talk it out. The meeting was supposed to be informal and straightforward, but Mauldin knew he was going to get his head bit off.

When Mauldin arrived in Patton's office, there was Patton, bigger than life, with a pearl-handled revolver at his side.

There was not much of a discussion, as such. Patton lectured Mauldin on the importance of military hierarchy throughout history for the better part of 20 minutes.

"I felt truly privileged, as if I were hearing Michelangelo on painting," wrote Mauldin. "I had been too long enchanted by the army myself—as a child listening to my father's stories, as a high school boy dreaming of West Point—to be anything but impressed by this magnificent old performer's monologue."

Patton pulled a stack of Mauldin's cartoons out of a drawer, confronted him about their lack of respect and grilled him about their lack of humor. "No ordeal is worse than that of a cartoonist who has to explain his creation to a reader," wrote Mauldin.

Mauldin was given a brief chance to speak up. He explained that he thought it was better for a soldier with a gripe to see a cartoon and



"My sir—what an enthusiastic welcome!"

The cartoon above particularly incensed Patton.

**"Willie and Joe are my creatures. Or am I their creature? They are not social reformers. They are much more reactive. They're not social scientists and I'm not a social scientist. We're moral people who do not belong to the moral majority. One of my principles is, Thou shalt not bully. The only answer is to muscle the bully. I'm very combative that way."**

**—Bill Mauldin in *The Good War* by Studs Terkel**





Both Mauldin and his characters Willie and Joe tried to adjust to life after the war — with mixed results. “I really didn’t know who [Willie and Joe] were anymore,” said Mauldin. “They lost their identity as soon as the war was over. They were a flop at home, and I stopped drawing them.”

Mauldin had planned for Willie and Joe to be killed the day before the war ended, in the final installment of *Up Front*, but his editor at *Stars and Stripes* called it “an atrocity” and said he would not print it.



“How’s it feel to be a free man, Willie?”



“Ain’t you gonna buy a war hero a drink?”

know someone else feels the same way than it is for him to just brood about it.

Then he got his ass chewed on some more and the two men parted company.

*Time* magazine wrote about the meeting, parodying Patton’s nickname of “Old Blood and Guts” by calling Mauldin “Young Gags and Grime.”

“It was a very eloquent chewing-out,” Mauldin later recalled. “I was scared to death.”

Afterward, Patton likened Mauldin to Bruce Bairnsfather, a cartoonist and soldier from World War I, adding, “I don’t like either of them.”

Mauldin later said that Patton was one of the few people in the Army who was smart enough to realize that *Up Front* cartoons were not “simple soldier jokes.”

Toward the end of the war, while thumbing through the pages of *Stars and Stripes*, Mauldin learned that he had won a Pulitzer Prize for one of his *Up Front* cartoons. “I wasn’t even exactly sure what a Pulitzer Prize was,” wrote Mauldin, “except that it had something to do with journalism and literature and was prestigious.” *Time* asked for a color portrait of Mauldin’s character Willie to put on the cover of their magazine. Mauldin obliged, but acknowledged, “The real Willie was in one of those Anzio graves or not far north or south of it....

“I had a special sense of guilt because I had been conniving for several years to end up with a sketchbook in my hand instead of a weapon,” wrote Mauldin. “It could be argued that this was a sensible allocation of talent, since I was a hell of a lot better with a pencil than with a gun. But I knew that nine out of ten of the guys getting killed out there were also better at doing something other than getting killed.”

The war was almost over and Mauldin planned the final installment *Up Front* in which Willie and Joe would be killed on the day before the war ended. “Having it happen at the last minute is what every infantryman dreads the most,” said Mauldin, “and the idea isn’t unrealistic. If these guys were real, they would have been dead long ago.”

The editor of *Stars and Stripes* called the idea “an atrocity” and said he would not print it.

Mauldin returned to the states, and like so many other soldiers, had to adjust to life back at home. “Nearly every soldier knew an officer or two he wanted to slug when he got out of the army,” said Mauldin. “This sort of thing has probably been going on for centuries, but somehow, there has always been a remarkable shortage of sluggings in any post-war period.”

Ironically, because of his boyish face, Mauldin found himself repeatedly hassled in bars by boastful soldiers who wanted to know why he wasn’t enlisted in the army. It happened so often that Mauldin said he considered hanging a framed enlargement of his discharge certificate around his neck. He opted, instead, to stay out of bars until things cooled off.

Things appeared to be going well for Mauldin professionally. Because of his Pulitzer Prize and the *Time* cover, his work was very much sought after. Newspapers all over the country ran his cartoons and the movie rights to *Up Front* had been sold. He was even something of a bona fide celebrity.

Despite the outward appearance, Mauldin was actually terribly frustrated. Magazines and newspapers wanted him, writing or drawing for



**Fluffer** by VINCE RAY

"CUTE GIRLY GIRL CLOTHES  
WITH A RETRO TWIST!"

WHOLESALE INQUIRIES:  
AFTERBURN SALES (213) 629-8235

**WWW.FLUFFERCLOTHING.COM**

**OVER 10 YEARS OF TIKI!**



**LOOK FOR A YEAR OF CELEBRATION**

**Events • Products • Propaganda**

Since 1995 Crazy Al has provided his unique tiki stylings to seekers across the globe.

**\* Free \$5 gift with Holiday Orders \***

P.O. Box 553 Sunset Beach, Ca 90742 • 714-980-3003

**Good shirts.  
But not TOO good.**

**dirty  
little  
tees**  
TM  
.com

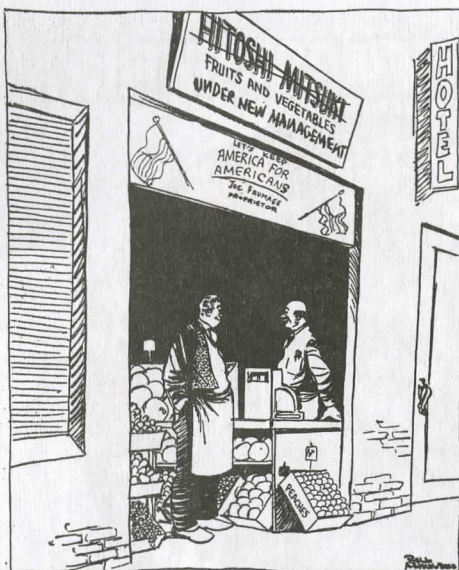
**ENGINE  
HOUSE 13**

Art Prints • Rock Posters

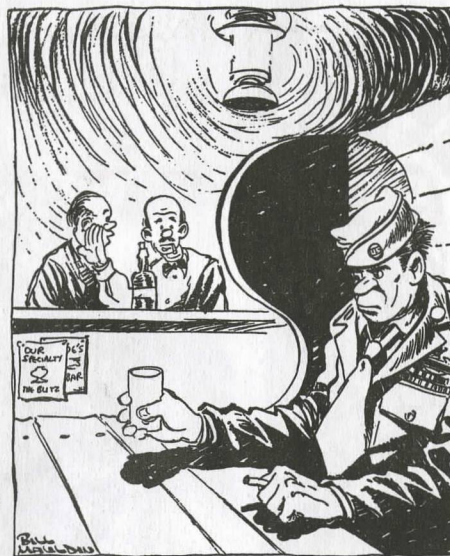
"Pray For Beer" 5 color serigraph edition of 150 pc. size 22 x 32	"Neon Tikis" 5 color serigraph edition of 150 pc. size 15 x 23 each	"Tattoos Rule" 5 color serigraph edition of 150 pc. size 22 x 32

**www.enginehouse13.com**





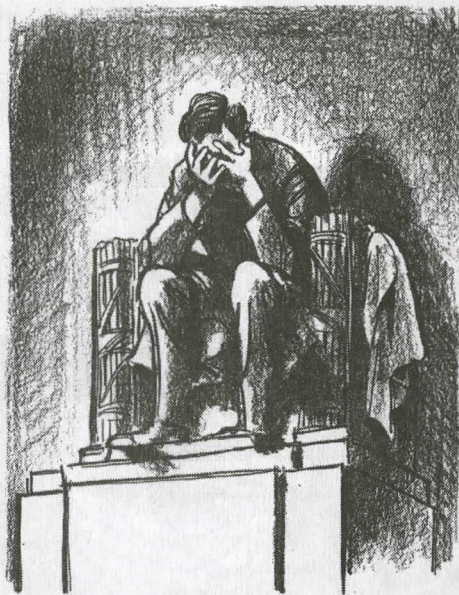
"Now—we don't hafta worry about th' owner comin' back. He wuz killed in Italy."



"I can't tell whether he's a war-embittered young radical or a typical, sound, 100 per cent American fighting man."



"What are you—some kind of nut or something?"



"Call, raise, draw, or fold?"

them, but he didn't know what to say.

Since he had been talked out of killing Willie and Joe at the end of the war, he tried doing a cartoon series about how the two dog-faces were adapting to everyday, civilian, domestic life. There were plenty of opportunities for gags, whether it was being hen-pecked by wives or dealing with shortages of jobs, materials and housing.

The problem was that Mauldin had always found the heart and soul of his cartoons through his real experiences. But he *was not* a regular guy anymore. He was kind of rich and famous. What was he going to do—a cartoon series about the woes of being in a high tax bracket?

"It is very hard to be wise and brave when you're enjoying the kind of success that all the Horatio Alger books tell you is the nearest thing to immortality on this earth," said Mauldin.

**H**e had finally made his "bucket of dough" as a cartoonist, but the money and fame was ruining his ability to make the very kind of clear, down-to-earth cartoons that had made him so popular. He later claimed that the cartoons from this era—the height of his financial success—were just plain terrible. The irony was not lost on him. He wrote, "I have sat up late at night sometimes, counting my dollars and bemoaning the quirks of fate that rewarded me so handsomely for having worked since the age of 14 to become a cartoonist, and at the same time loused me up so with that same success that it damn near ruined my cartoons for a long time."

Mauldin finally found subjects that mattered to him—politics and social issues. He always had a disdain for what he called "stuffed shirts" and there certainly were plenty of them in the world of politics. He was also incensed by racial prejudice, which he felt was more prevalent in the U.S. than any other country.

He was also a steadfast defender of the rights of veterans. Not long after the end of the war, the communist paranoia of the McCarthy

era had started. While battling the "red menace," zealots used the guise of patriotism to challenge the loyalty of anyone who opposed their agenda. Many of the people who were attacked were veterans. Mauldin thought it was disgraceful for the men who fought for American freedoms overseas to have their patriotism called into question just for having an opposing political point of view.

He disliked what he called "champagne radicals," and that door swung both ways. He spoke of the radical left and right factions of his day, saying, "Both are extremely pig-headed, and both spout worn clichés with a color and a vehemence that almost make them sound brand new. And both are very much alike in that each has developed a skull six inches thick to prevent any new ideas from entering."

Mauldin was energized. His cartoons heated up with sharp, biting commentary on issues of foreign policy and racial bigotry.

Newspaper editors took notice of the change—and dropped him. His circulation dwindled as quickly as it had grown. "They were justifiably surprised that within a few months of my initiation into civilian life I should presume to take sides in involved domestic controversies," wrote Mauldin.

Mauldin was shocked when he learned that the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* dropped him. They had been one of the first outlets to syndicate his cartoons, and Mauldin had genuine, deep respect for the paper.

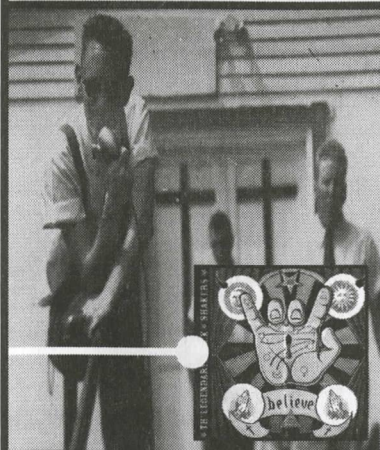
**H**e realized that while some papers may have dropped him because they didn't like his politics or didn't want him to deal with politics at all, he was at least partly to blame. He had gotten too humorless and heavy-handed. He had alienated papers like the *Post-Dispatch* that had genuinely liked and championed his work.

"Cartoons are no good if they are too soapboxy and pontifical," wrote Mauldin. "They have



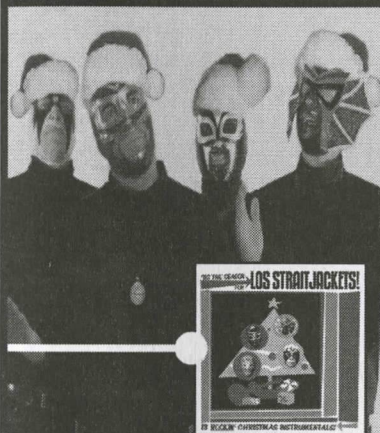
## FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE...

### believe TH' LEGENDARY SHACK\*SHAKERS!



Is Colonel J.D. Wilkes "the last great rock n' roll front man," as no smaller an opinion-meister than Jello Biafra has opined? Is this "the best damn band in America," as no less richly imbued a progeny than Hank Williams III has claimed? **BELIEVE** is not just any record - this is a triumph of Vaudevillian exuberance melding the rural, agri-dustrial rhythms of Appalachian hoedowns, the intensity of gut-bucket blues, and even the madcap oompah of Polka. It is with great pleasure that we introduce to you - the one - the only - **TH' LEGENDARY SHACK\*SHAKERS!** CD or LP

### 'tis the season for... LOS STRAITJACKETS!



Trim the tree, stuff the stocking and kick your shoes off for some Christmas Rocking with the mighty **LOS STRAITJACKETS!** If you like your Egg Nog cut with a little Tequila, this is the record for you. America's Instrumentalists deconstruct classics like "Here Come's Santa Claus" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" with their dual guitar attack. You'll wish Santa was bringing you a new guitar when you hear the soon-to-be-classic holiday compositions "Christmas in Las Vegas" and "Christmas Weekend." Available on LP this holiday season for the first time!

### ashgrove **DAVE ALVIN!**

Whether it's his revered songwriting, his work with The Blasters, his contributions to dozens of other records (X, Tom Waits, Los Lobos), or his work as a producer (Big Sandy, The Derrailers), Grammy Award winner **DAVE ALVIN** makes his mark on the history and future of American music. **ASHGROVE** may be his best work yet.

### blues that defy my soul **DEXTER ROMWEBER!**

The sci-fi-addled rhythms, creepy crooning and woodshed rockabilly of **BLUES THAT DEFY MY SOUL** couldn't have sprung from anyone else but **DEXTER ROMWEBER**. The former frontman of the legendary Flat-Duo Jets brings his peerless brand of psycho twang and drive-in movie mania to his Yep Roc debut. CD or LP.

### revival **REVEREND HORTON HEAT!**

Yep Roc is proud to release **REVIVAL**, a new studio album by the **REVEREND HORTON HEAT**. **REVIVAL** is a return to Jim Heath's (aka the Rev) roots - musical and geographical. For you guitarheads, he's also introducing a new "top secret lick," so listen up! CD or LP.

## CLOTHING FOR THE DEVIL IN US ALL.



[WWW.DEVILCLOTHES.COM](http://WWW.DEVILCLOTHES.COM)

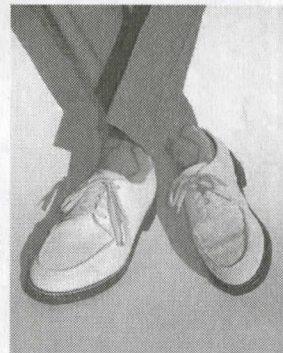
## RE-MIX

Authentic Vintage Reproduction Shoes

Specializing in Authentic Vintage  
"Repro" Shoes for Guys & Gals!



for the gals:  
High heel SANDALS  
50's "BALLET" FLATS  
40's WEDGES  
and more!



New!  
Men's "Two-Tone"  
PENNY LOAFERS!  
White Bucks  
Spectator Wingtips

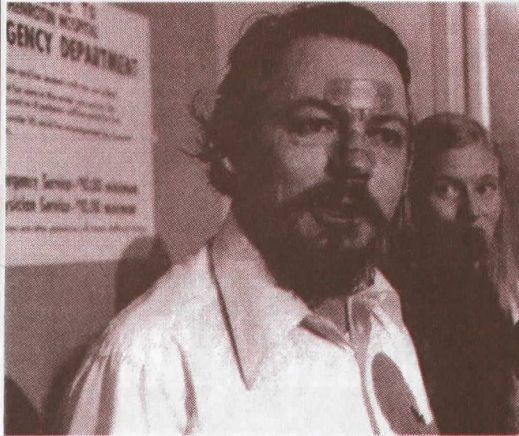
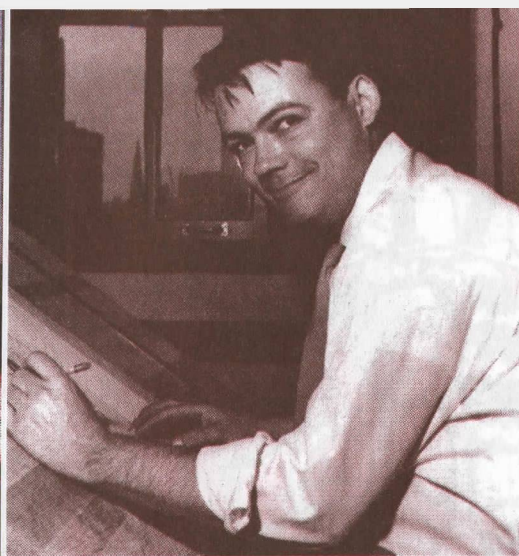


Visit our store or our website  
**remixvintageshoes.com**  
7605 1/2 Beverly Blvd. ~ Los Angeles CA  
toll free (888) 254-1813

Yep Roc  
RECORDS

AVAILABLE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE RECORD STORE & YEPROC.COM.  
Also Available for Download at iTunes and Napster.





Sometimes it doesn't hurt til later.

Above: Mauldin's illustrations of a Vietcong attack on an airbase in Pleiku. Mauldin said, "People who comment on the tides in man's affairs should get their own feet wet occasionally."

to be thrust gently, so that the victim doesn't know he's been stabbed until he has six inches of steel in his innards."

He took some time away from editorial cartooning to write books and cover the Korean War for *Collier's* magazine. He then refined his cartoons, working in more subtlety and humor. This led him to a full-time job in 1958 at that very *Post-Dispatch* which had dumped him a few years earlier. He was awarded another Pulitzer Prize in 1959.

He continued political cartooning for other big papers, such as the *Chicago Sun-Times*. At the *Sun-Times*, Mauldin was free to travel to investigate news events and "sniff out the world" with what he called "a purposeful aimlessness" in a way that few editorial cartoonists had ever been allowed.

The result was what Mauldin had always liked best—being able to represent people and situations because he had been there, with his boots on the ground, instead of being socked away in some office. Sometimes he even wrote articles for the paper and sent them in from the field. He was caught in the middle of the University of Mississippi riot of 1962 and traveled to Ireland to cover Kennedy's tour there in 1963.

Upon hearing of President Kennedy's assassination, Mauldin scrapped his completed drawings and completed one of his best-known cartoons—a depiction of the Lincoln Memorial, overcome with grief, with its head in its hands. Overwhelmed, but inspired, Mauldin had turned the cartoon out in record time. It was printed on the back side of the paper and supposedly, most newspaper vendors stacked the edition upside down, so that Mauldin's drawing was showing. Jacqueline Kennedy asked for the original drawing and it now hangs in the Kennedy Library at Harvard.

In 1965, while visiting his son, who was in the service in Vietnam, Mauldin was caught in a Vietcong attack on the base he was staying at in the town of Pleiku. During the shelling, he helped carry bloody, wounded soldiers to an aid station. He wrote a story about the attack and wired it to the paper and did accompanying illustrations later. Although he never claimed to be a writer, his books and news reports make it clear that he knew his way around a typewriter. He would go on to author more than a dozen books—and his writing is as poignant as his drawing.

He repeatedly joked that he feared that complacency and stagnation were about to overtake him because of his advancing years. The final chapter of his book *Back Home* concludes, "I don't ask anybody to agree with me, nor do I hope to convince anybody to agree with me, nor do I hope to convince any readers of anything. I simply feel age creeping up; my bank account grows, my radical years are almost over. I want to stick this [book] on a bookshelf as a

reminder of my wild days so I can read it over and be a little more tolerant of the next generation of upstarts."

Thankfully, complacency didn't get the best of him in the end. Even in photos of Mauldin in his later years, he still had his trademark, childlike, mischievous grin, backed by his fiery eyes. He continued working at the *Sun-Times* until 1991. He retired only because he injured his drawing hand while working on vintage army jeep.

Of all of the cartoons he had drawn, Mauldin's favorite was one where a sergeant is putting his broken-down jeep out of its misery with a pistol. Mauldin mused that the accident was that old jeep finally getting revenge on him for the cartoon.

In 1945, *The Saturday Evening Post* predicted that "history will reckon him the greatest cartoonist of World War II, and among the combat men his memory will linger when many a multistarred brass hat is catching dust on some museum wall." *The Post* was right. When a newspaper story recently reported that Mauldin was suffering from Alzheimer's disease, he was literally inundated with thousands of letters of encouragement and thanks from veterans who felt that *Up Front* had helped them get through the war.

Bill Mauldin passed away at the age of 81 in January, 2003.

Above left: The cherub-faced Mauldin at work. Above middle: Mauldin after being beaten up in Chicago, showing the intensity and passion that Mauldin's child-like grin belied. One of his teachers said he was genuinely scared of Mauldin, in spite of his slight build. As the teacher said, "You sat there with those eyes burning out from under those sullen brows and I was convinced that if I criticized your work too strongly you'd attack me right there in class. Who wants to get bitten by a Chihuahua?"





## SPLIT LIP RAYFIELD 'Should Have Seen It Coming'

SPLIT LIP RAYFIELD

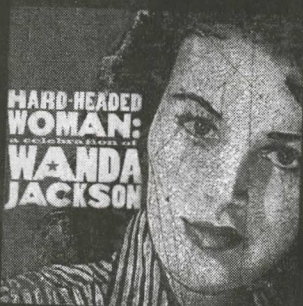
*Should Have Seen It Coming*

Their aggro-string band explosiveness has been honed to a fine edge. Headbangers, bluegrass hounds and tie-dyed jam banders will all find something to love here. Bridges the gap between "American Chopper," The Carter Family and Motorhead. A rollicking, relevant, and remarkably tuneful dust up. BS 113

## 'HARD HEADED WOMAN: A Celebration of Wanda Jackson'

A tribute to one of rock and roll's original badasses. Includes tracks from KELLY HOGAN, NEKO CASE, WAYNE "THE TRAIN" HANCOCK, ROBBIE FULKS, ROSIE FLORES, BOTTLE ROCKETS, JESSE SYKES and more. BS 077

**HARD-HEADED WOMAN:**  
A CELEBRATION OF  
**WANDA JACKSON**



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

**BLOODSHOT**  
RECORDS

## It's all about... the TIKI!

"Holiday Specials goin' on right now, y'all!"



4 OUT OF 5  
Redneck girls  
prefer gettin'  
All liquored-up  
on hooch  
in  
**Tiki mugs**  
by...



"Purveyors of Polynesian Pop Culture"



\*DEREK

Representin'...

SHAG SQUID VON FRANCO THE PIZZ CRAZY AL JIMMY C.  
DEREK YANIGER DREW BROPHY JOE VITALE DOUG HORNE  
TIKI DIABLO DONELLA VITALE RICK RIETVELD THE MAI KAI  
STONE TRADER VIC'S AND JUST ADDED... MR. DON HO!

Call us... it don't cost nuttin'

tikifarm.com

800.357.3360

## DIG THE LATEST FROM BLOOD RED VINYL & DISCS!

DOIN' TIME WITH

## SIT N' SPIN



### Doin' Time With SIT N' SPIN

The latest and best ever from New Jersey's amazing all-female combo! Screamin' wild guitars and a dozen punk rockin' hits straight outta the basement! CD: \$13

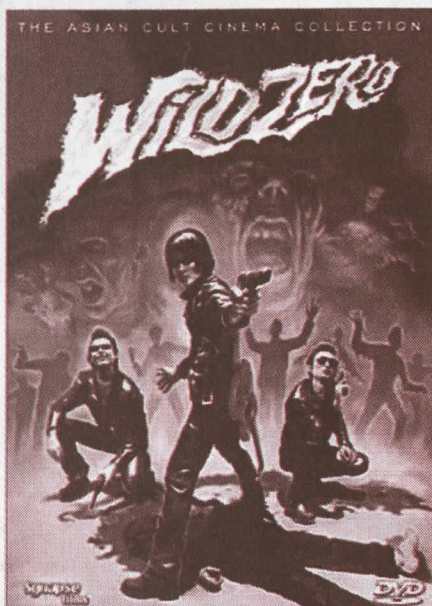


### JAPANESE GROUPOUSOUND!

Fifteen garage punk hits from the Land of the Rising Sun! Featuring the 5.6.7.8s, Jackie & the Cedrics, The Neatbeats, The Before's and lots more! LP: \$9

GET ALL THIS STUFF AT YOUR FAVE RECORD SHOP OR ORDER DIRECT FROM  
BLOOD RED VINYL & DISCS, PO BOX 12549, PORTLAND, OR 97212  
ALL ORDERS POSTPAID IN US; ADD \$5 PER TITLE OUTSIDE US.





**Wild Zero**  
DVD  
98 minutes running time

Oh, this movie is definitely of the "either you love it or you hate it" variety. This is an Asian cult classic that has finally come to legit video in America. Starring Japanese rockers Guitar Wolf, this film is an absurd, yet completely enjoyable sci-fi horror movie that takes a nod from monster movies of the 1950s and 1960s.

It takes place in Japan, where flying saucers have invaded the earth and are turning people into zombies. Guitar Wolf spend a good portion of the movie killing zombies and blowing stuff up while trying to rescue their blood brother Ace, a Japanese rockabilly fan.

This movie can best be described as a some combination of *Rock N Roll High School*, *Kiss Meets The Phantom of the Park*, *Dawn of the Dead* and *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Oh, with a completely out of left field androgynous love story subplot, of course.

By the end of the film, you may not understand much of what happened. Days and weeks later, you still may not get it. But what this movie lacks in comprehensibility, it makes up for in sheer camp and truly inspired weirdness. For as over-the-top as this film is, the style of the photography and editing are somehow modest and well-crafted, which helps to make it all fun. "Rock and roll!"



## My Fat Irish Ass!

Price: Ten in China

Special Election Issue!

ISSUE NO. 6

Drops dog on back in drunken stupor



Lashes through binoculars with lens caps still on



Falls off supposedly idiot proof Segway

Fearless Leader Cracks Skull Upon Landing Helicopter

## The Biggest Ass I Know!

**My Fat Irish Ass**

Issue -6

32 pages, xeroxed

*MFIA* started out as a companion 'zine to the DC punk band The Assbeaters. Somehow, the mag has now outlived the band. Thank God it's still around.

This is maybe the roughest, yet funniest 'zine around. With 16 pages of two-sided xeroxes, stapled by hand down one side, this mag consistently delivers more consistent laughs per issue than almost anything we can think of.

The heart of this magazine is its single-panel "family" cartoons, which are hastily redrawn and given new, raunchy punchlines. Every issue contains several pages of them and it never stops being funny.

This is the "Special Election Issue." But even though this 'zine is based in DC, don't expect some "beltway insider" insights. Thankfully, it's pretty much more of the same "pull my finger" quality humor that this magazine does so well.

Also included in this issue are good articles on bands like the MC5, Psychic TV, Texas Terri. Another gem in this issue is "an admittedly prejudiced essay" on how stupid frat boys are. For pure raunch and irreverent hilarity, *MFIA* has no equal. If this sounds like your dish of peas, send them a couple of bucks to get an issue. Or send them a couple of extra bucks for their effort. You'll definitely get \$2 worth of laughs out of it.

If you're a big fan of *UTNE Reader* or *Touched By An Angel*, this one ain't for you.

\$2 for one issue

\$10 for five back issues

(it's probably best to send cash)

My Fat Irish Ass!

P.O. Box 65391

Washington, DC 20035

# FINANCIAL RECKONING DAY

Surviving the  
Soft Depression of  
the 21st Century

William Bonner  
with Addison Wiggin

*Financial Reckoning Day: Surviving the Soft Depression of the 21st Century*

William Bonner with Addison Wiggin  
published by John Wiley & Sons, Inc.  
306 pages, hardcover

Economics seems like it's all math, which can lead you to believe that the whole field is all based on some sort of numerical absolute that is not affected by emotions or human nature. But as anyone who watches financial markets knows, human nature plays a big part. And a part of that nature is that people repeat the same mistakes over and over again. They contend that we are refusing to learn from past mistakes.

*Financial Reckoning Day* was penned by "maverick investment" writers who contend that the U.S. economy is running in a parallel path to the Japan's "soft depression," which occurred not too long ago.

They paint a not-so-rosy picture of where they believe that America's "spend now, pay later" attitude is taking our future. Coupled with an aging population in the west, they contend that the U.S. economy is a disaster waiting to happen. Of course, the whole argument is much more complicated than space here will allow. But that's also one of their points—that economics and investing is complicated and sometimes bleak and most people would rather be fed a "let the good times roll" line than to be realistic about what they're facing.

Whether or not you buy into the premises and conclusions of this book, it's an interesting different perspective on economics.

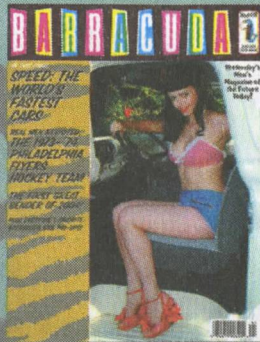
While they go into great detail about historical precedents and financial models, the book ends up being a little light on ideas about how to actually *avoid* the soft depression, which in itself is kind of depressing.





### Issue #20

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



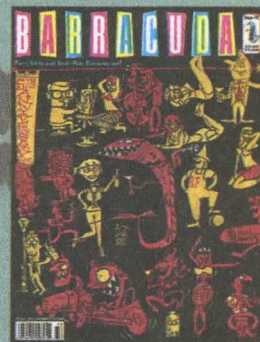
### Issue #19

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



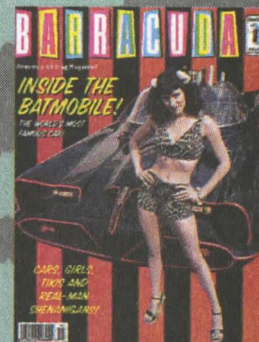
### Issue #18

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



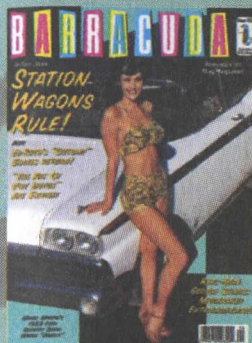
### Issue #17

5th Anniversary! Real Man Art Arons, Barracuda Girl Ransavestra!



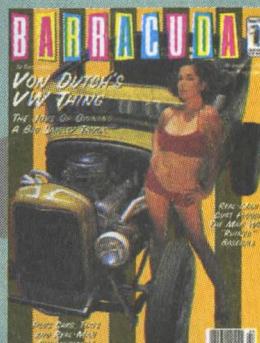
### Issue #16

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



### Issue #15

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



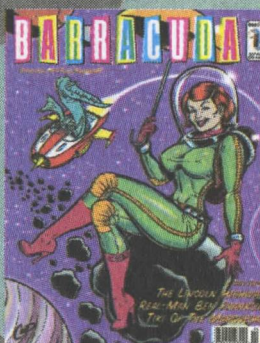
### Issue #14

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



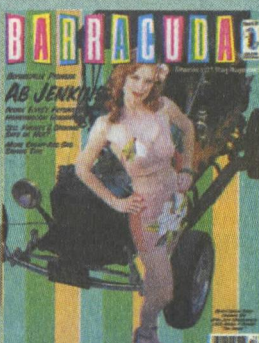
### Issue #13

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



### Issue #12

Cover by Coop, The Lincoln Highway, Real Man Ben Franklin, Tiki of the Marquesas



### Issue #11

Salt Flat racer Ab Jenkins, Elvis' Honeymoon Highway, Dangers of Cell Phones and Driving!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

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

card # \_\_\_\_\_ exp. date \_\_\_\_\_

signature \_\_\_\_\_

- ☐ 4-issue subscription (\$12 U.S., \$24 everywhere else)
- Single copies/back issues: (\$5 each U.S., \$7.50 everywhere else)
- ☐ #20 ☐ #19 ☐ #18 ☐ #17 ☐ #16 ☐ #15 ☐ #14 ☐ #13 ☐ #12 ☐ #11

**SPECIAL SUMMER SALE!!! Back-issue bonus packs!**  
(\$16 per pack in the U.S., \$26 everywhere else)

- ☐ Barracuda Issues 11-14 pack ☐ Barracuda Issues 15-18 pack

- ☐ Barracuda V8 t-shirt ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S (\$15)
- ☐ Iron Cross t-shirt ☐ XL ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S (\$16)
- ☐ Barracuda V8 vinyl sticker (b/w) (\$1 each)
- ☐ Iron Cross vinyl sticker (black & red) (\$2 each)
- ☐ Dolphin Puncher vinyl sticker (b/w) (\$1 each)

**TOTAL AMOUNT** \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

We'll call you if there's a problem or something doesn't make sense. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Mail orders to: Barracuda Magazine / P.O. Box 291873 / Los Angeles, CA / 90029 / U.S.A

Prices subject to change without notice. If you don't want to cut up your ish, a photocopy of this form is fine.

VISIT OUR WEBSITE OR GIVE US  
A CALL US TO FIND OUT ABOUT  
THE AVAILABILITY OF OTHER  
BACK ISSUES AND SPECIALS!

ALL OF THESE MAGS AND MORE  
AVAILABLE WITH E-Z, SAFE  
CREDIT CARD ORDERING AND  
WORLDWIDE SHIPPING FROM  
OUR ONLINE NEWSSTAND AT  
[WWW.BARRACUDAMAGAZINE.COM](http://WWW.BARRACUDAMAGAZINE.COM)

OR CALL 323-769-5630 AND  
WE'LL TAKE YOUR ORDER OVER  
THE PHONE! VISIT OUR WEBSITE  
OR GIVE US A CALL TO CHECK ON  
THE AVAILABILITY OF OTHER  
BACK ISSUES!



"Barracuda V8" t-shirt  
antique white on black shirt  
\$16 US / \$22 outside U.S.



"Dolphin Puncher" Sticker  
by Jim Krewson  
3.5" wide vinyl sticker - \$1

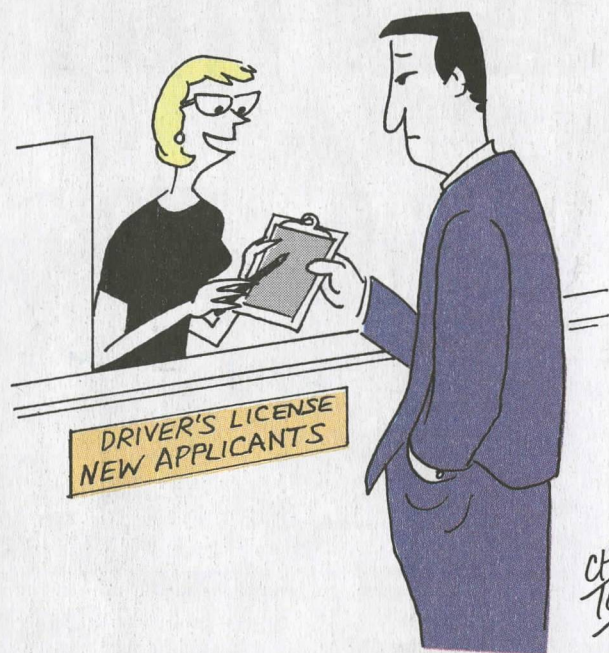


"Skull & Iron Cross" t-shirt  
white & red on black shirt - also  
comes in girly tank and girly tee  
\$16 US / \$23 outside U.S.



# Leave 'Em Laughing

with Chic Tongue



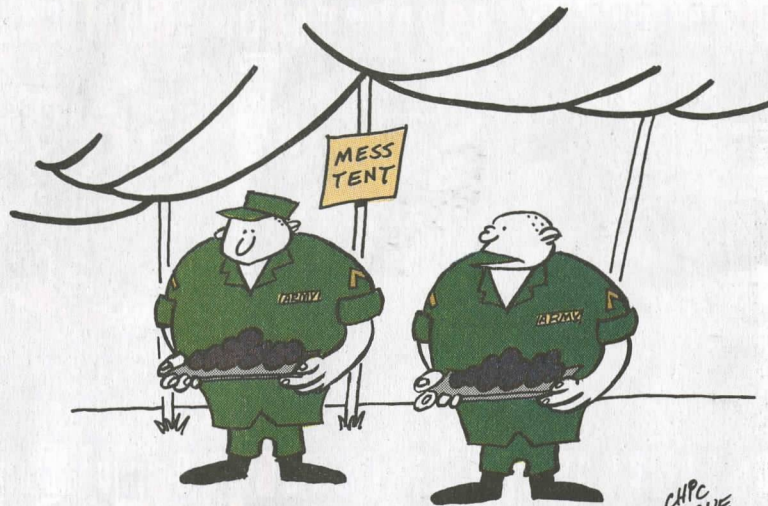
"IN ANSWER TO QUESTION NUMBER FIVE, SIR—INSTEAD OF 'I MAKE OUT OKAY,' JUST WRITE EITHER 'MALE' OR 'FEMALE.'"

CHIC TONGUE



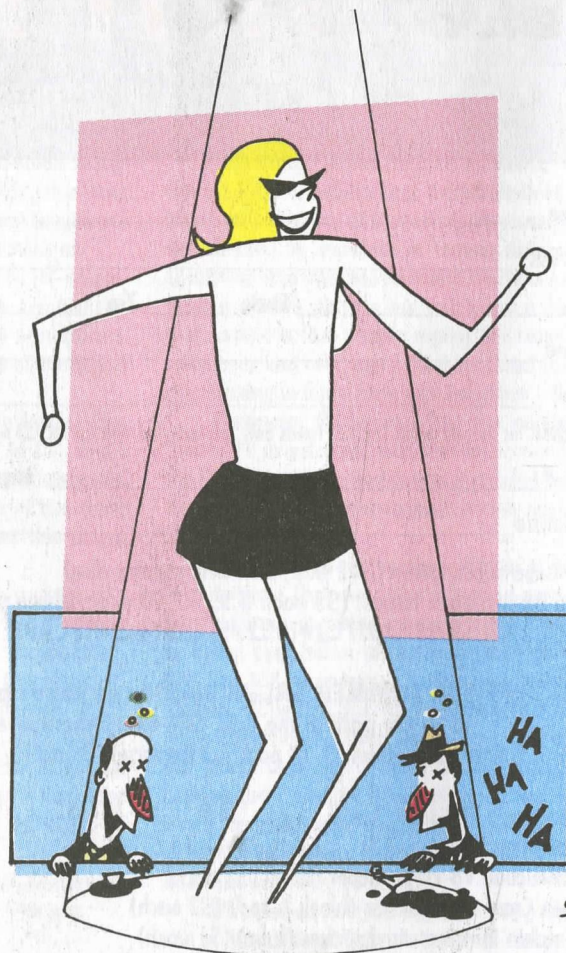
"NO, THIS IS NOT WHAT I MEANT WHEN I SAID WE SHOULD MOVE OUR BUSINESS OFFSHORE!"

CHIC TONGUE



"I ALREADY TOLD YA—NO MATTER HOW BAD THE CHOW IS, IT'S NOT A VIOLATION OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION UNLESS WE'RE POWS."

CHIC TONGUE

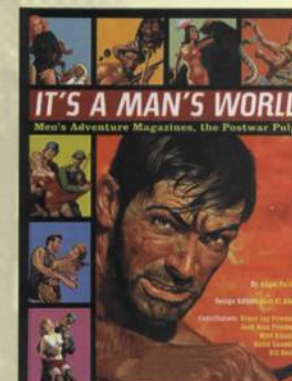
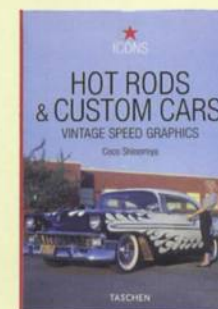


"SHE'S A MERE STRIPLING, BUT BOY HOWDY CAN SHE STRIP!"

CHIC TONGUE

## BIGGER. FASTER.

## STRONGER. BETTER.



the  
**NEW**



# 8BALLWEBSTORE.COM

## Kustomize Your Life.™

www.8ballwebstore.com



# Daddy-O's



Retro Clothing For Men & Ladies

Shop Online

**WWW.DADDYOS.COM**