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Issue #26



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Stag Magazine
of the Future
Today!

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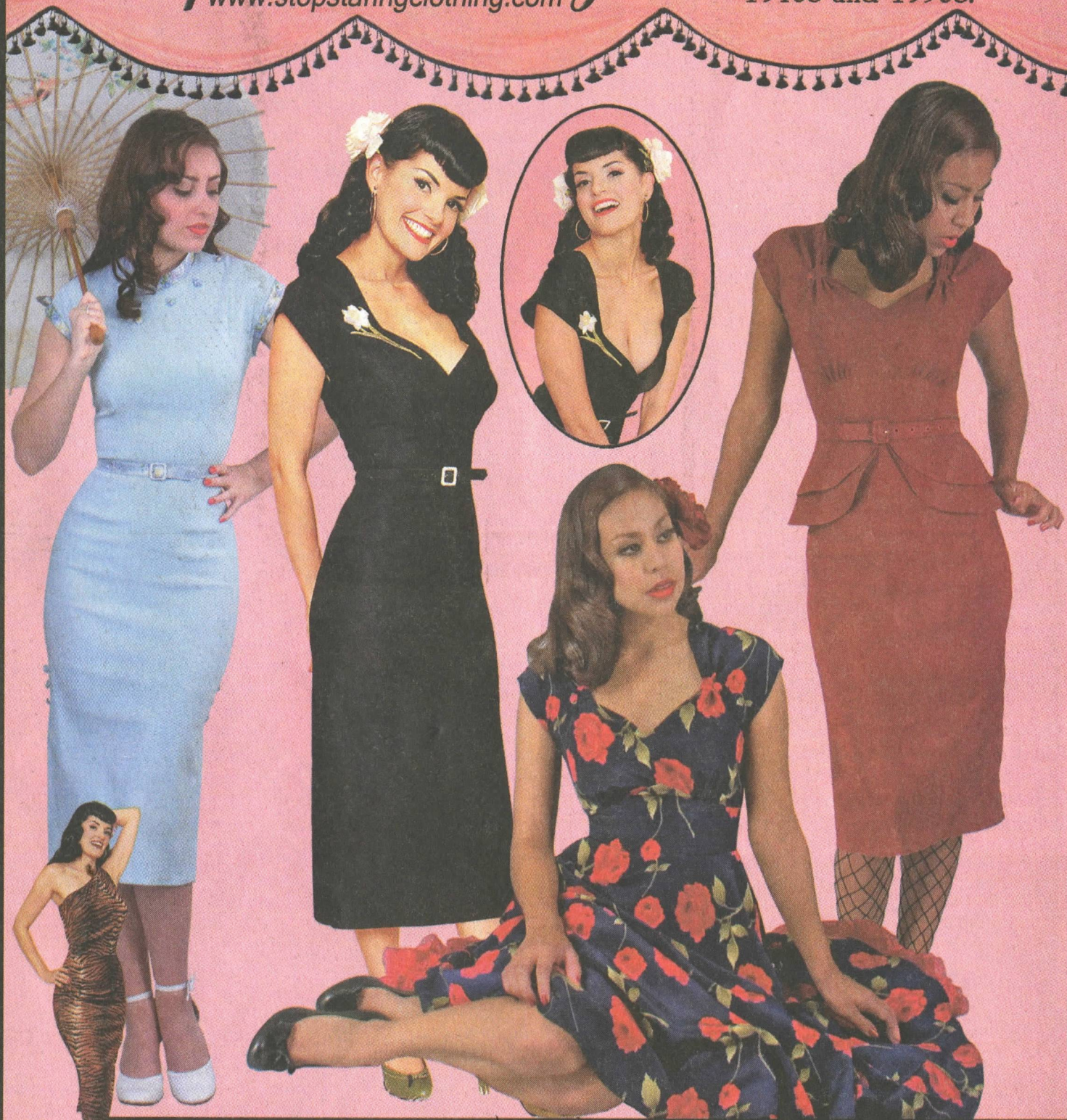
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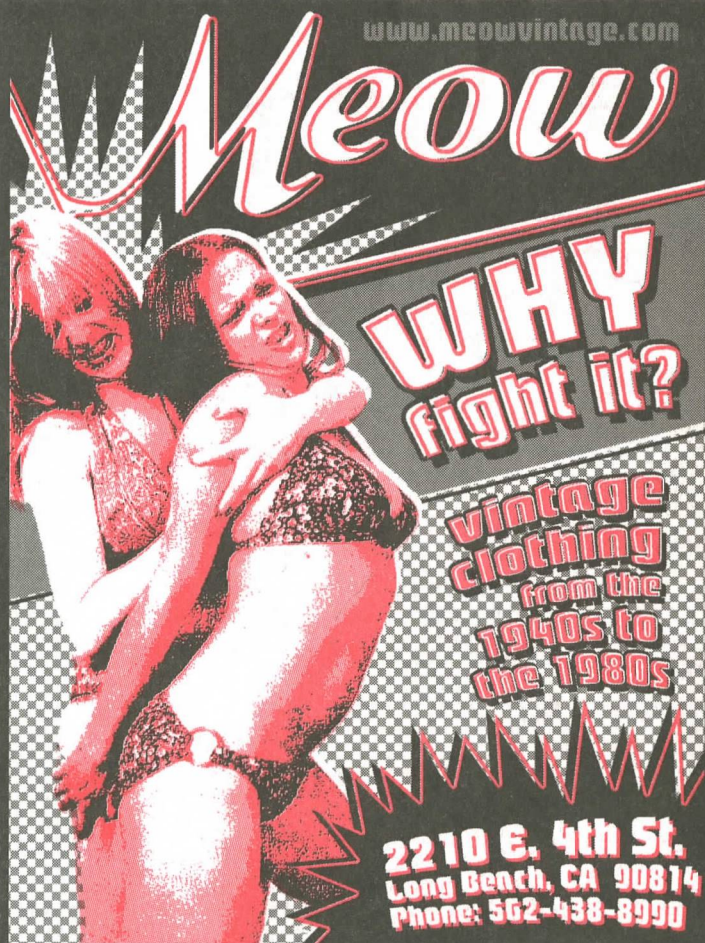


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MYSELF AND OTHER SMART-ASSES

A LETTER FROM YOUR EDITOR



Could this really be *Barracuda's* eight-
year anniversary? I can hardly believe
it. When you're publishing a magazine
and masterminding two Ponzi schemes, boy
does time fly.

Why, it seems like only a year ago that
Barracuda was celebrating its seventh
anniversary. Well, I guess that's a bad example,
but you know what I mean.

In celebration of this momentous anniver-
sary, the Barracuda Motorsports stock car was
decked out with a fancy new paint job. I really
flipped when I saw the car.

Ultimately, I did not flip, however, I can-
not say the same for the car.

Yes, in the first race of the season,
Barracuda team driver Don Strouse and
the #52 car went ass over teakettle.
Thankfully, both Don and the *Barracuda*
logo on the hood came away from the wreck
completely unscathed.

If you live in the northeastern United
States, go to our website and click on
"Barracuda Motorsports" to see before and
after photos of the car. You can also check out
the team's tentative racing schedule for the
rest of the season.

In other stupid anecdotes, I was talking to
an advertiser this issue who said that although
Barracuda's not really about fashion, she real-
ly thinks rockabilly girls look to *Barracuda* to
see what's in it and to find the latest fashions.

As she says this, I look down and I'm
sporting a *Chinmusic* t-shirt whose best days
are long gone. Upon closer inspection, the shirt
actually has holes in it—five of them by my
first count. (Later, I found two more.) In addi-
tion, I was wearing a pair of cut-off chef's pants
that I got for \$2.50 in a thrift shop and black
shoes with tan argyle socks. And I hadn't
shaved in three days.

I could have blamed my haggard state of
dress on being on deadline, but I don't like
lying anymore than you like being lied to.

Anyway, somehow, I was able to muster
the phrase, "Oh, yeah. Fashion is a priority in
my life," without being knocked unconscious by
the overwhelming irony.

Hey, I'm just making a magazine. No one
said I had to be pretty while I was doing it.

Being a guy is a funny thing for sure.

Thanks to our many readers and advertis-
ers who have become friends as well as to our
many friends who have become readers and
advertisers. I hope that you continue to enjoy

this crackpot stag magazine.

Yes, a lot has changed in eight years, most
of which you will not find interesting. But that
has never stopped me from telling a story
before. One of the best things is that people
are not as completely baffled by this magazine
as they used to be. When *Barracuda* first came
out, stores and distributors just didn't know
what to make of it or what to do with it. A lot of
them just thought it was some really, really,
really poorly-done porno magazine. What did
they know about stag magazines or pin-up
style? We'd often wind up on the newsstand
next to really raunchy porno mags. I'm the first
to admit that *Barracuda* is a niche magazine,
but the trenchcoat crowd in the adult section
of the newsstand *really* doesn't get it.

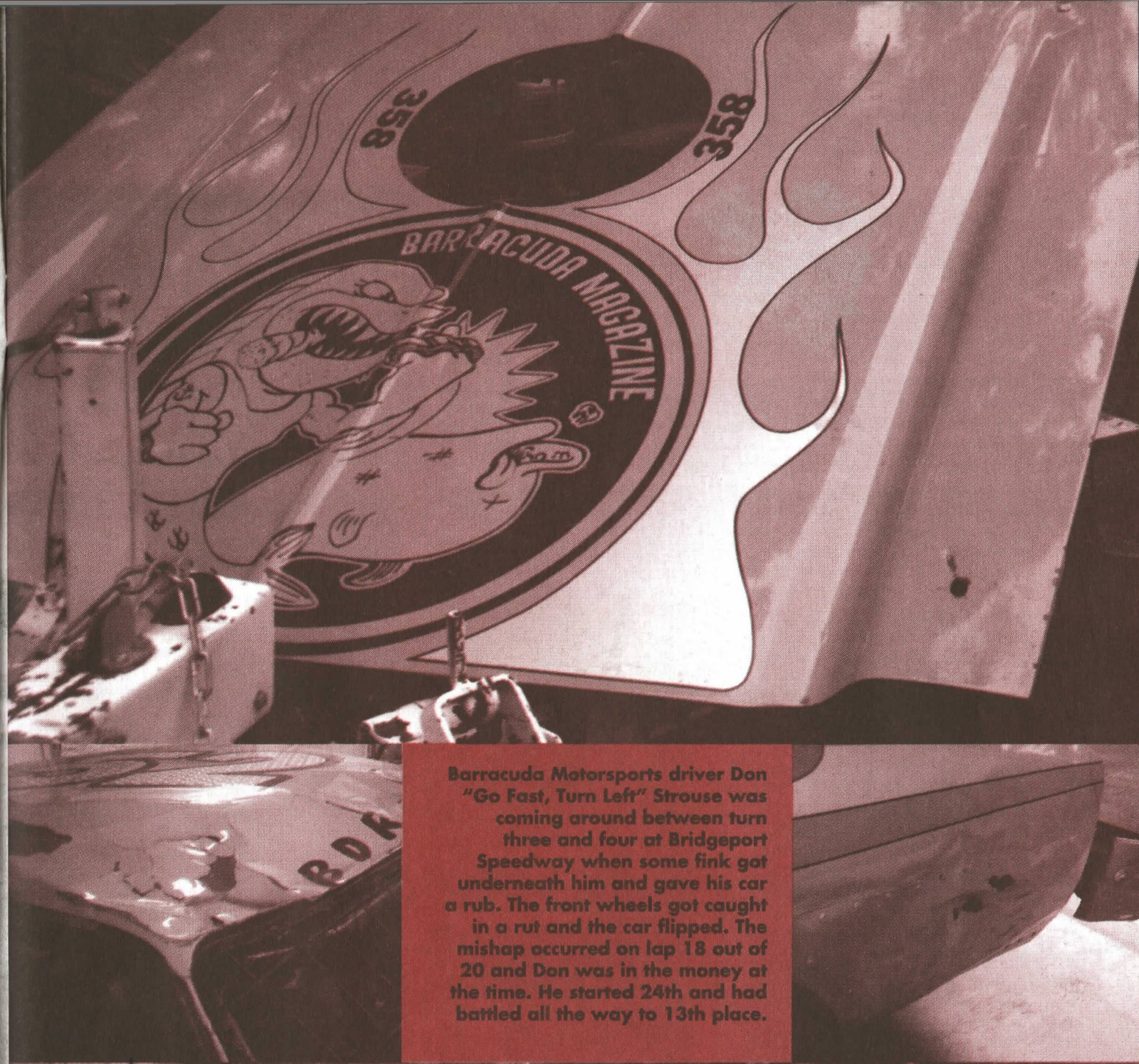
But since that time, rat rodding, kustom
kulture, burlesque and pin-up has grown signif-
icantly. So, at least people aren't *quite* as baf-
fled by us. Another odd thing recently is the
increase in the number of advertising inquiries
from companies with things like "marketing
associates" in their names. I don't know what
they're trying to sell in *Barracuda*, but I can be
pretty sure that you readers ain't buying it. I
have recently turned down ad offers for ciga-
rettes, erectile dysfunction snake oils, offshore
gambling, adult services and other such hokum.

As much as I would really like to take
their checks and hotfoot it down to the bank, I
don't. And it's not because I have some high
moral standards. Without advertising, there
would not be a *Barracuda Magazine*. The
problem is that it just *doesn't make any sense*.
By that, I mean why should I take a check from
some weird company that I know you readers
won't be interested in? Especially when I know
there is some small company with "retro" or
"tiki" in their name that doesn't really have
another place to get affordable, effective adver-
tising, who would like to have that space?

I know that I have crowed before that I
have never raised the cover price of the maga-
zine, but as a crackpot, armchair economist, I
now realize that, accounting for inflation,
keeping the magazine's price the same for
eight years equals a lowering of the price by
23.93%. You're welcome. Hey, look, I know this
was a boring rant, but you were warned.

Remember, as Swiss historian Jacob
Burckhardt says, "The essence of tyranny is the
denial of complexity."

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



Barracuda Motorsports driver Don "Go Fast, Turn Left" Strouse was coming around between turn three and four at Bridgeport Speedway when some fink got underneath him and gave his car a rub. The front wheels got caught in a rut and the car flipped. The mishap occurred on lap 18 out of 20 and Don was in the money at the time. He started 24th and had battled all the way to 13th place.



The Bachelor's Guide To

Camping is fantastic recreation. But contrary to popular belief, you do not need a tent and a campground to enjoy the simplicity and self-reliance that is the spirit of camping. Let us introduce you to the art of hotel camping!

The United States is a big place with lots of open space in the middle. This is great to look at, but it's not so great for dining. Sampling local restaurants and diners can be lots of fun, if they're available. Unfortunately, too often, the only chow that's available at the off-ramp or next to the interstate motel is corporate chain fast food.

This is where hotel camping is perfect. With just one bag of well-selected groceries and maybe a few cooking appliances, you can cook simply and quickly right in your room and still eat like royalty. Plus, it saves you from having to stare at the inside of yet another Taco Bell or McDonalds, which is exactly the same as every other Taco Bell or McDonalds in the world.

But hotel camping is not just for lodgings on the interstate. Take a place such as Las Vegas, for example. Hotel camping has many benefits in well-appointed hotels as well.

There may be a bunch of restaurants in your hotel, but if you think about it, the restaurants are never really *close* to your room. You usually have to walk down some long hallway to at least one elevator and then walk across the casino floor and maybe through some obnoxious shopping area. It's probably the equivalent of four city blocks or more. It never *seems* that far since you're always inside, but it is. (Not that you should be so averse to getting on the old shoe leather expressway, it's just that it's certainly not convenient.)

Also, you and your party have to make yourselves somewhat presentable before making such a trek. This is particularly relevant when it comes to obtaining breakfast. Casino carpeting, flashing lights, loud noise and cigarette smoke can be quite a vexation if you have a hangover and an empty stomach. And you may have to wait in line to get into a restaurant or buffet, too, which is more time on your feet, hungry and hungover.

Sometimes you just want to get some coffee and a little grub in you first thing in the morning, with a minimum of effort. Fortunately, coffee makers are becoming common amenities in hotel rooms. You can also bring one from home, just to be sure. The Black & Decker Brew 'N' Go is a nice model. It's extremely compact and lightweight. The Brew 'N' Go brews through a reusable filter directly into a travel mug, so you don't have to worry about running out of paper filters or breaking a glass carafe during your journey. It's handy at home, too.

But think of your coffee maker as much more than a way to brew up some of life's black blood. It is essentially a little water-boiling machine. As such, it can be used to make any kind of food that requires boiled water, such as



Making a couple of servings of big-block taquitos, for example, kills two birds with one stone. You're cooking effortlessly from behind the wheel. Plus, your meal is ready to be served when you arrive at your hotel or decide to take a driving break. While this is not technically hotel camping, it is a funny picture. Engine cooking is also eco-friendly! It makes use of energy (in the form of heat) created by your motor that would otherwise be completely wasted. It also saves the electricity or gas that would have been needed to cook the taquitos via traditional, non-automotive methods once you reached your destination. Take that, Maynard G. Krebs!



A typical kit for a quality hotel camping experience is pictured here. Start with a breakfast cake from the bashed-up bin at your local supermarket. Then add a one-shot coffee-maker brought from home, complete with a grubby, 15-year old travel mug. Next is one bottle of booze that can easily make a variety of different drinks. (How many kahlua or peachtree schnapps drinks can you really down?) Then we have your "refrigerator," stocked with vittles. A bottle of bloody mary mix is always handy. To the far right is a small, soft-sided cooler. Finally, we have some purloined plasticware.

HOTEL CAMPING

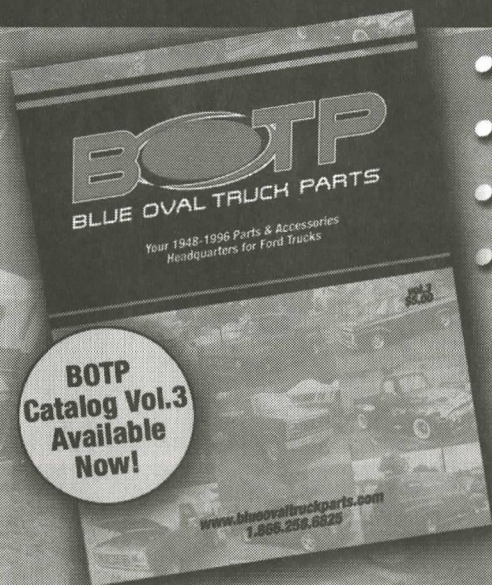
by Smitty Saeufer

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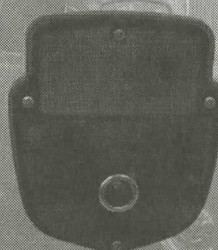
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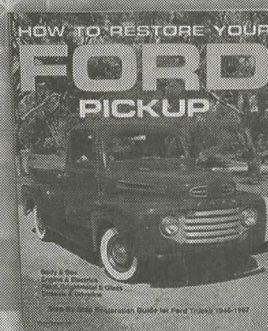
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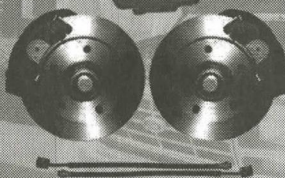
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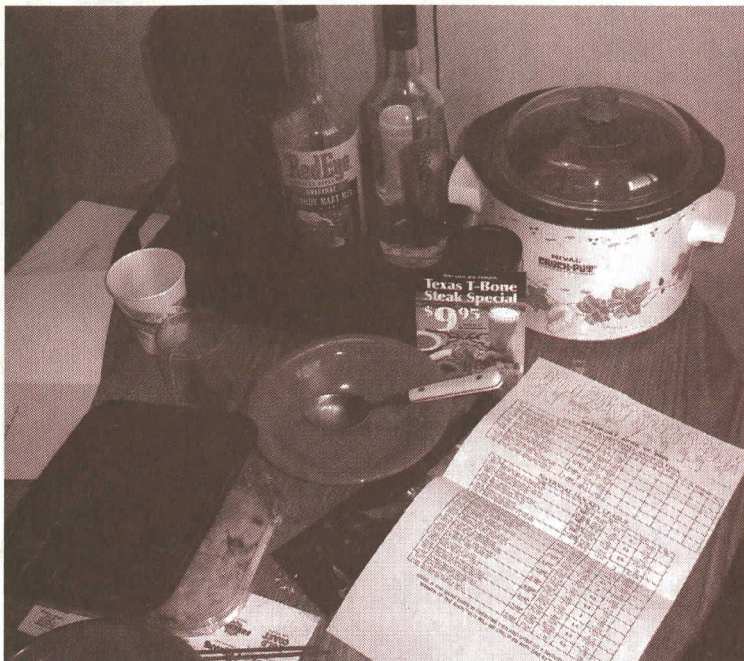


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Another example of a nice hotel camping kit. This time, we have a coffee-maker thoughtfully provided by the hotel and the addition of a crock pot, brought from home. Note the sports book hockey spread form doing double-duty as a placemat. The real silverware and plates are an extremely fancy touch and indicate that this setup may have been used by the Queen of England or possibly the Pope.

dry and canned soup or oatmeal.

Food that doesn't require cooking or refrigeration will help to keep your hotel camping experience simple, which is better. But use your imagination. Just because you don't have a kitchen, you're not limited to saltines and tap water. Think about it—at least 90% of what's for sale in the supermarket is not refrigerated! And don't forget fresh fruits and vegetables! Most of them are, cheap, fantastically portable and will last for a week or more out of the fridge. And they are good-tasting and good for you, too.

That being said, a cooler of some kind is essential to all camping—hotel and otherwise. Proper cooler selection is an integral part of the process. Bigger is not always better, and in fact, the smallest cooler that will do the job is the best one. While gigantic coolers are good for large groups or long stays, for hotel camping, these are not optimal. Remember, you have to haul this thing in and out of your room (usually with a lot of other junk), so lighter and smaller is better.

Also, try to use a cooler with a handle that allows you to carry it with one hand. Cheap, soft-sided coolers can be found in thrift shops for very little money. These are very light, work very well and often have shoulder straps for easy, hands-free carrying.

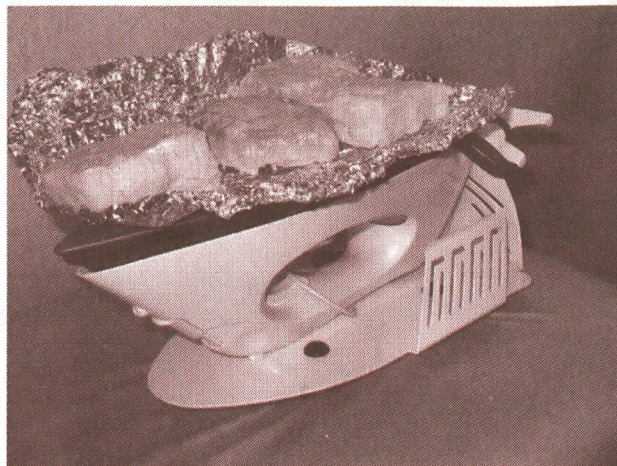
Think of your cooler as a mini-portable fridge, powered by ice. If you have to buy ice, try to get block ice, rather than cubed ice, because it will last longer. You can make your own block ice at home by filling a few quart, half-gallon or gallon containers with water and putting them

in your freezer. (Just don't fill them up all the way, as the water will expand when it freezes.) A quart container will easily keep a small cooler chilled for a full day.

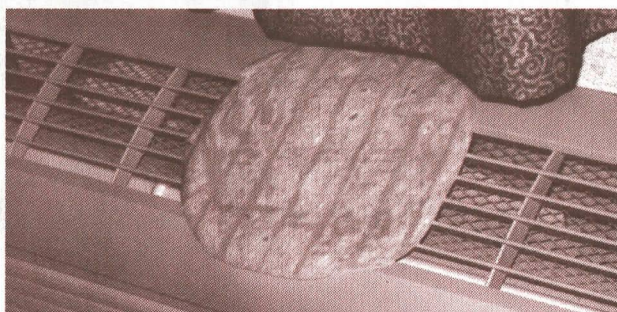
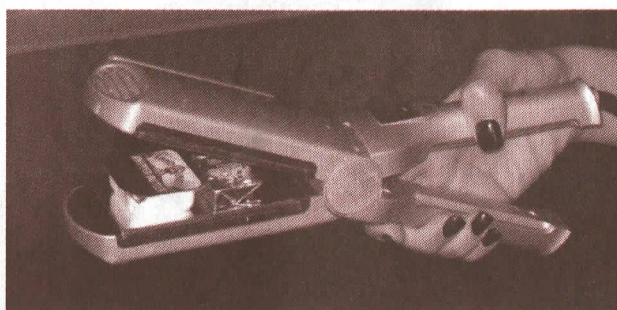
For longer trips, use ice from the hotel ice machine as needed. It is helpful to put the ice cubes into a sealed plastic container, such as Tupperware or a Ziploc freezer bag, so that you don't have to deal with a watery mess every day when the ice melts.

Now, if you do have a hankering for a hot meal, many options are available to you. All you essentially need is a source of heat. Engine cooking is lots of fun and provides you with almost effortless vittles. The problem is that engine cooking can only be done while the engine is running. But most hotel rooms come ready-made with cooking sources. A clothing iron plus a little bit of aluminum foil equals an excellent little hot plate! While it may not get hot enough to cook, it works just fine for toasting and reheating. (Remember that safety and cleanliness should be paramount concerns in these situations.)

If you want a more advanced hotel cooking kit, try bringing along a crock pot or an electric frying pan. A crock pot can be used to cook fajitas, soups, beans, stews, biscuits, chicken fricassee and hundreds of other dishes. It works great for cooking from scratch or out of a can. (By the way, don't forget a can opener!)



Above: Toasting breakfast biscuits on the mini-griddle provided by the hotel. (Also useful for ironing clothes?) Below: Softening up some butter and margarine on an uncurling iron and keeping tortillas warm on this industrial-strength tortilla warmer that was built right into the wall!

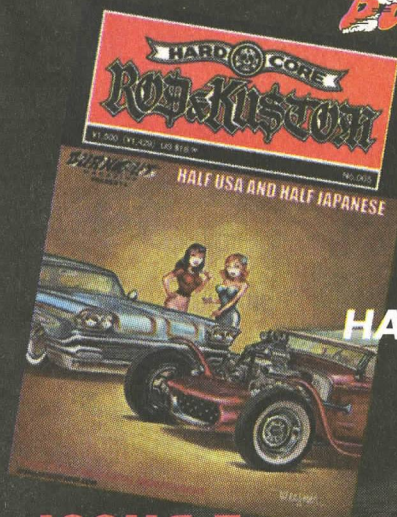


An electric frying pan is, dare we say it, even more versatile than a crock pot. While the crock pot's forte is slow cooking and simmering, the electric frying pan can handle similar demands almost equally as well. However, it can also be used for frying, broiling and grilling, which require higher temperatures with shorter cooking times. The downside of the electric frying pan is that grilled food tends to give off smoke, which tend to set off hotel smoke detectors, which tend to get you thrown out of hotels. So, we say stick with the crock pot, which may give off steam, but will rarely give off smoke.

So, give it a try! Hotel camping can provide you with tasty, healthy, luxurious dining on the cheap and in a convenient manner. You won't miss that dog food burrito or donkey meat hamburger from the fast food joint at the end of the off ramp one bit!



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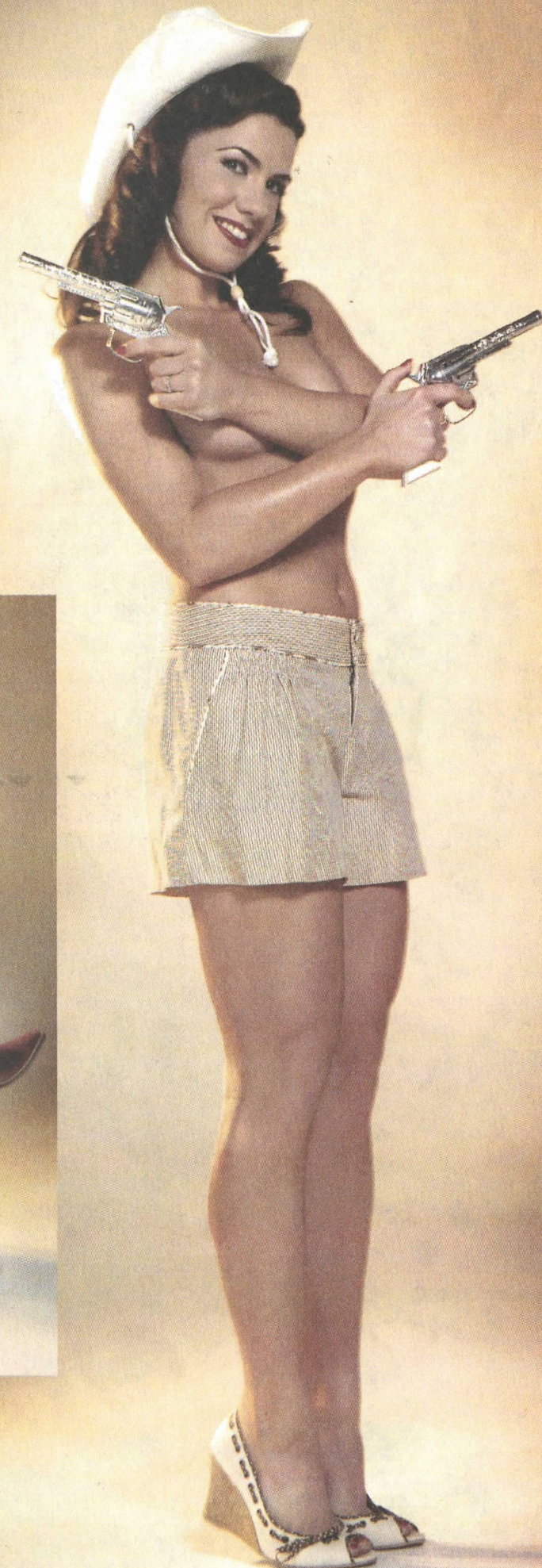
Darling Dogie- Roper!

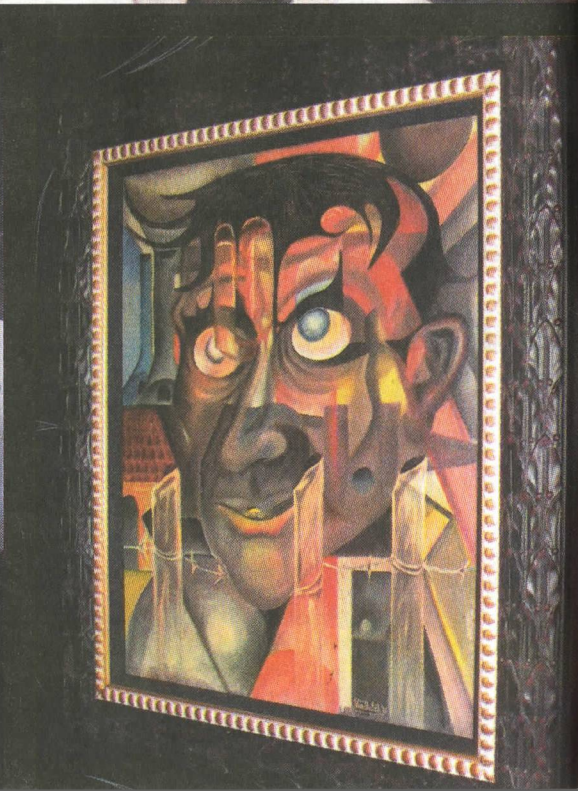
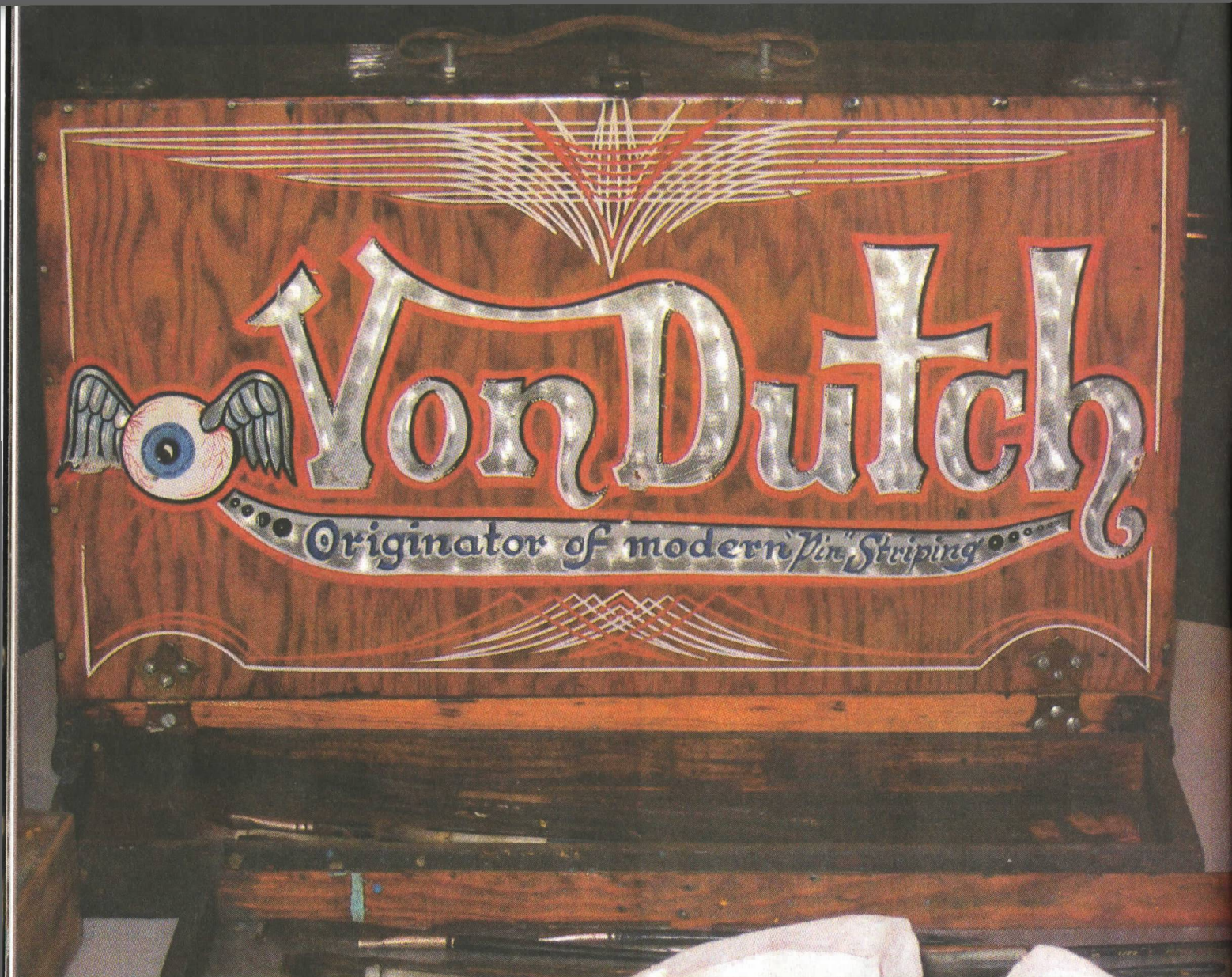


It's no surprise that this curvaceous cowgirl gets lots of attention from ranch-hands with fast hands, which is she keeps her six-shooters at her side! Cowboys will often invite her to visit their farm and then get lofty ideas in the barn! This pretty prairie queen likes cowboys, even though they're a little unsophisticated. Why, her last date's idea of a fifty-piece dinner set was a box of toothpicks!



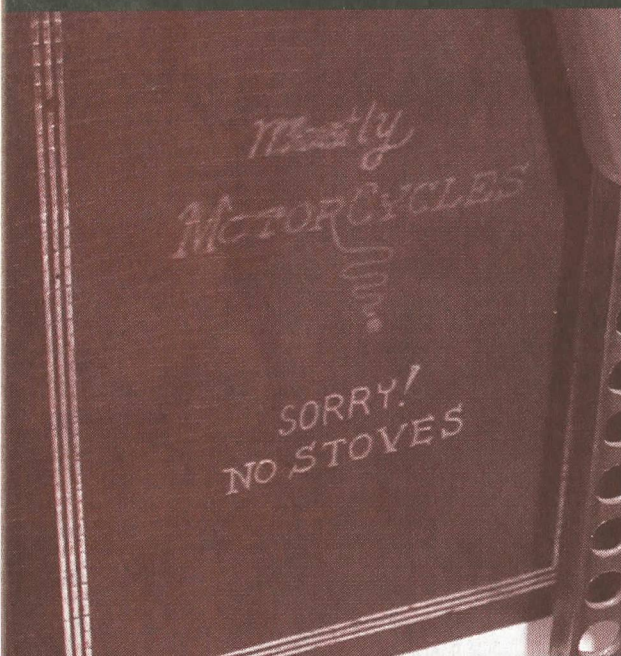
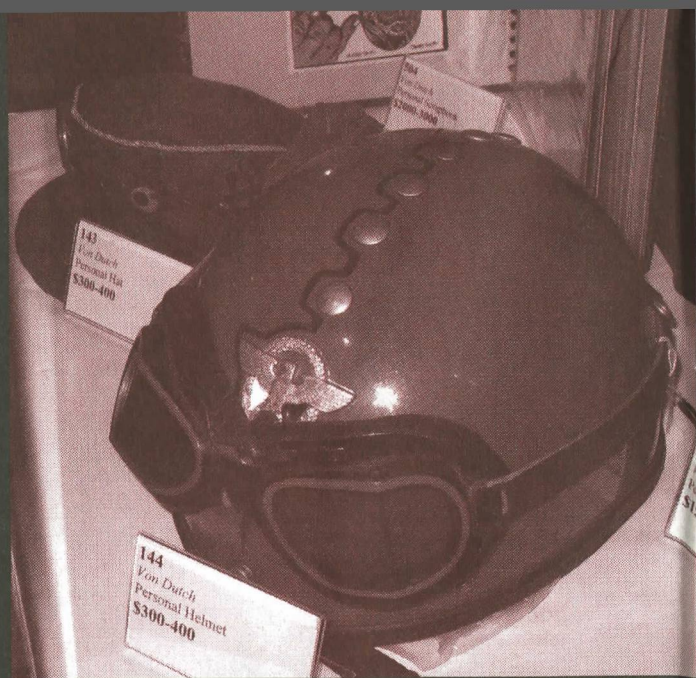
Photographer: Shannon Brooke
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Model: Riley Kern
Makeup: Jennifer Corona
Hair: Jennifer Albers






On May 13th, 2006, the Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles hosted an auction that featured many items created or owned by the legendary pinstriper and machinist, Von Dutch. Most of the items came from the collection of the Brucker Brothers, who once owned the Cars of the Stars museum in Buena Park, California. The items in the auction represented the largest group of Von Dutch memorabilia ever seen in one place. Pictured on the opposite page is Von Dutch's personal pinstripping box, the magnum opus of the auction, which sold for a wallet-crushing \$310,500. No, that is not a typo. Also pictured are Von Dutch's famous self-portrait which fetched \$92,000. The Krakenstein air rifle sold for a "mere" \$9,775. The original tailgate from Dutch's Konford truck (pictured on the table of contents) went for \$149,500.

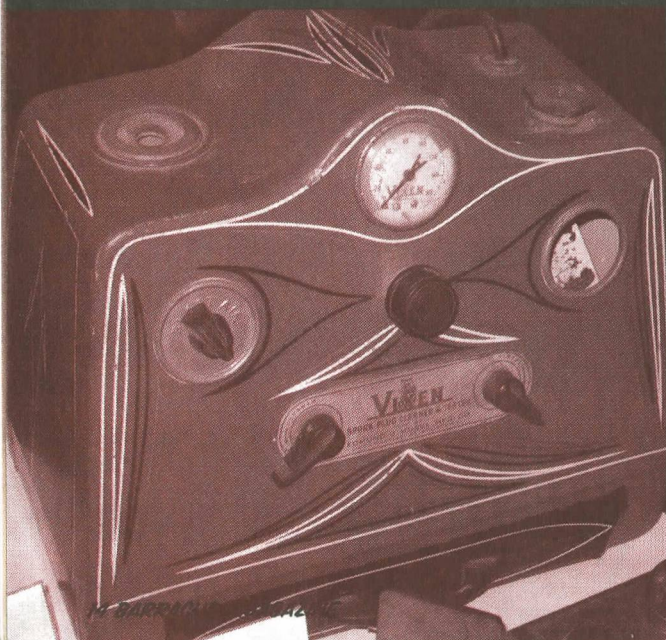
Von Dutch Auction



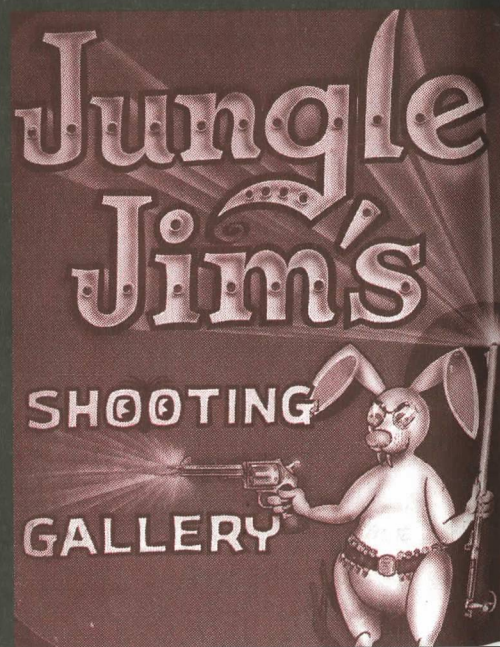
Eddie Munster's BICYCLE

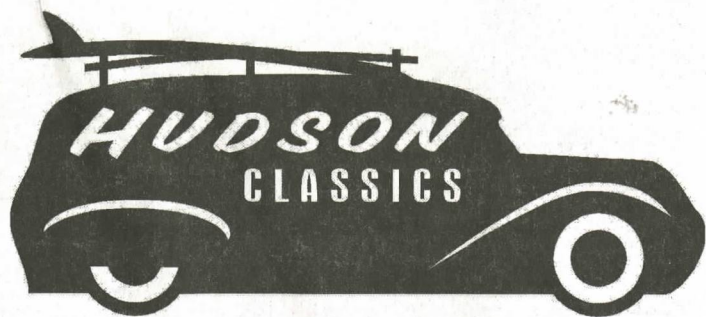


"Little Eddie wants a bike but the Munster Family can't afford one SO! Grampa (who can do most anything) takes a pile of the Ghost's chain, says some magic words and **POOF** the bicycle appears in a puff of smoke Built by "Skip" Barret for "The Munsters" series



Pictured on this page are Von Dutch's flute and motorcycle helmet, which sold for \$8,050 and \$12,650 respectively. Aside from the usual paintings, guns and knives, there were lots of interesting oddball items that really showed Dutch's inspired mind and unique sense of humor. Some of these were publicly displayed items, like signs and others were personal scrapbooks that he appears to have made just for his own amusement. It seems like Dutch striped or engine-turned anything that didn't move, as well as a few things that did.





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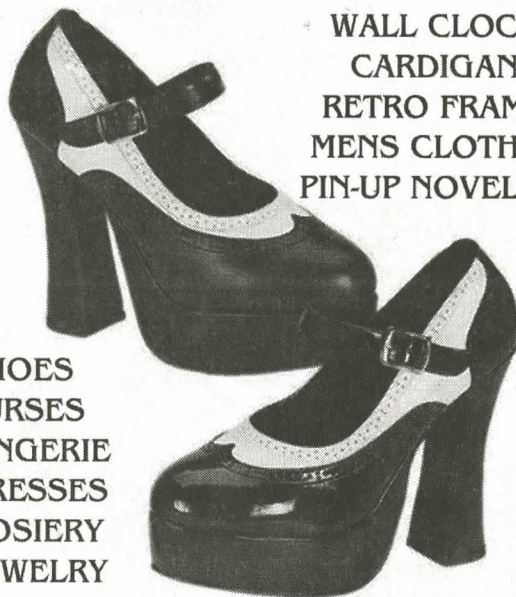
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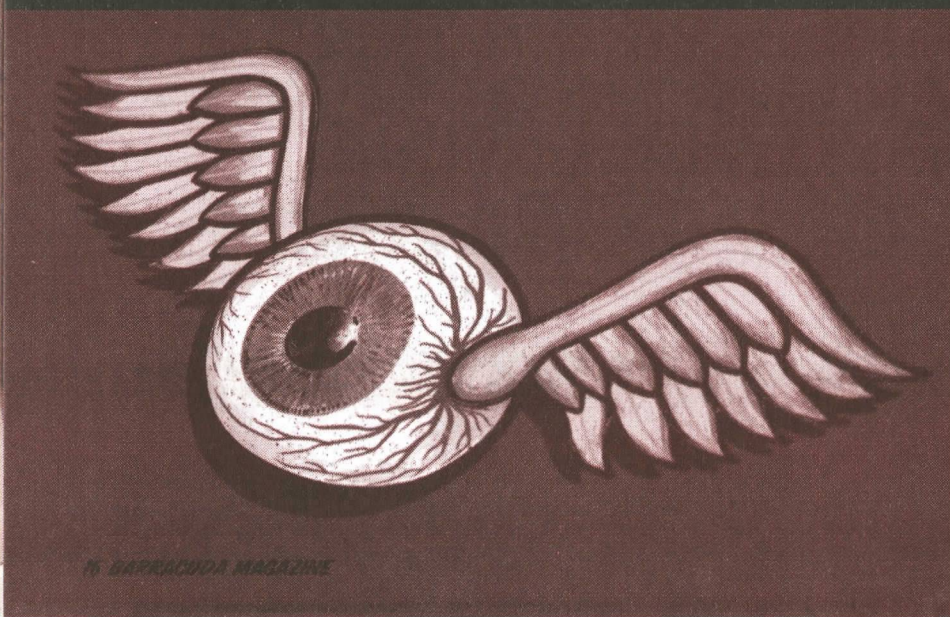
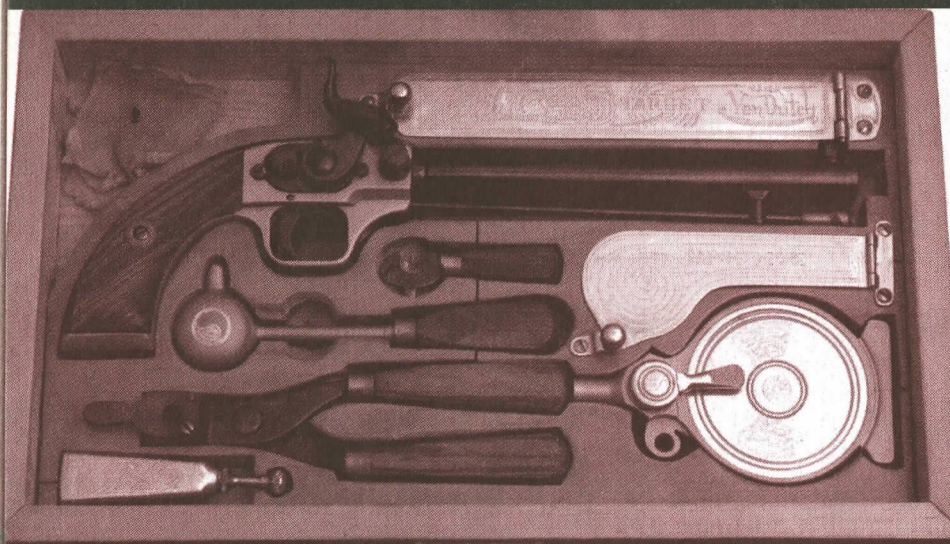
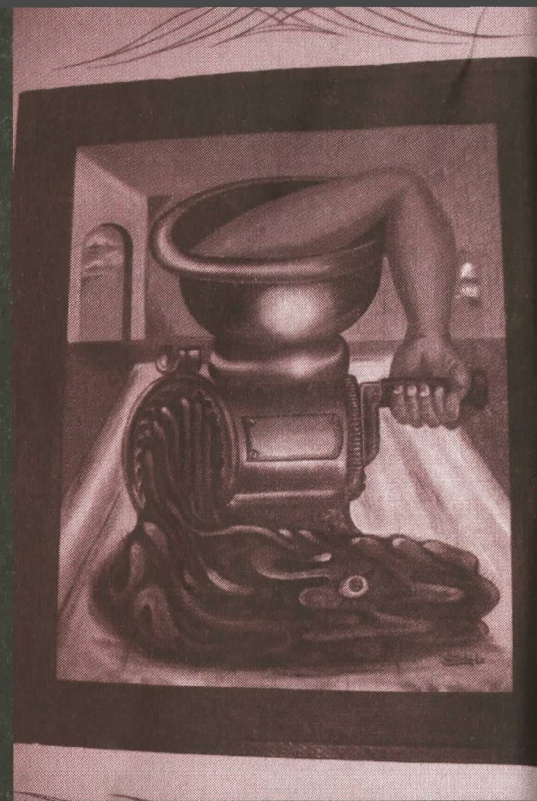
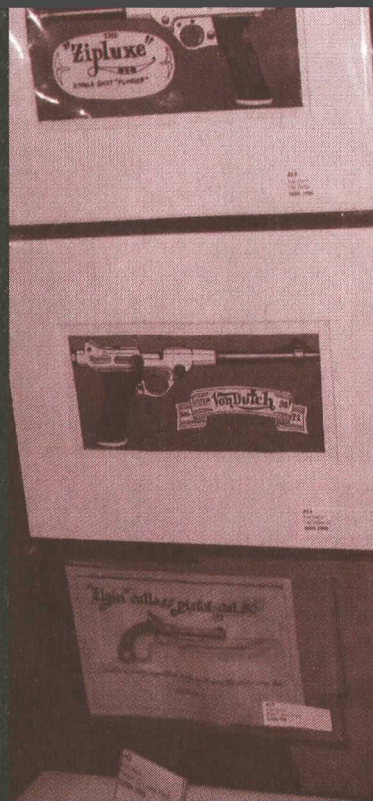
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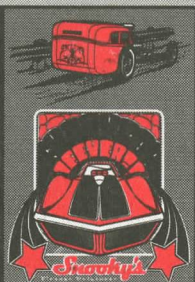


Clockwise from top left: The Beepelfloetzer, a gadget where Dutch refers to himself as "the last mad scientist," gun drawings, "Goodbye Cruel World" painting, a Dutch-customized BMW 600 known as "The Toad," another funny Van Dutch sign, detail from the hood of "The Toad" and a .45 caliber black powder pistol.

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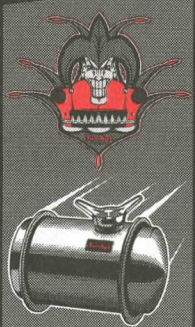
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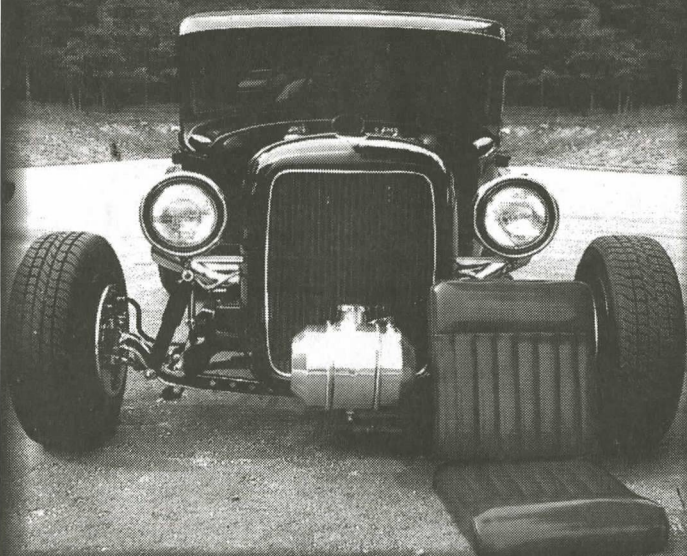
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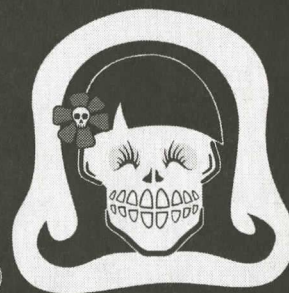
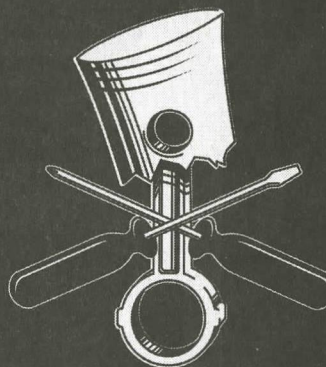
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Our Dear Dayna!



Our dear Dayna doesn't need a loud hot rod to catch a feller's attention! In fact, the way she winks and slinks, it really has to be sin to be appreciated! She has a few lines that make her popular—the ones on the back of her stockings!

Photographer: Brandon Showers
www.BrandonShowers.com

Model: Dayna Delux / www.DaynaDelux.com

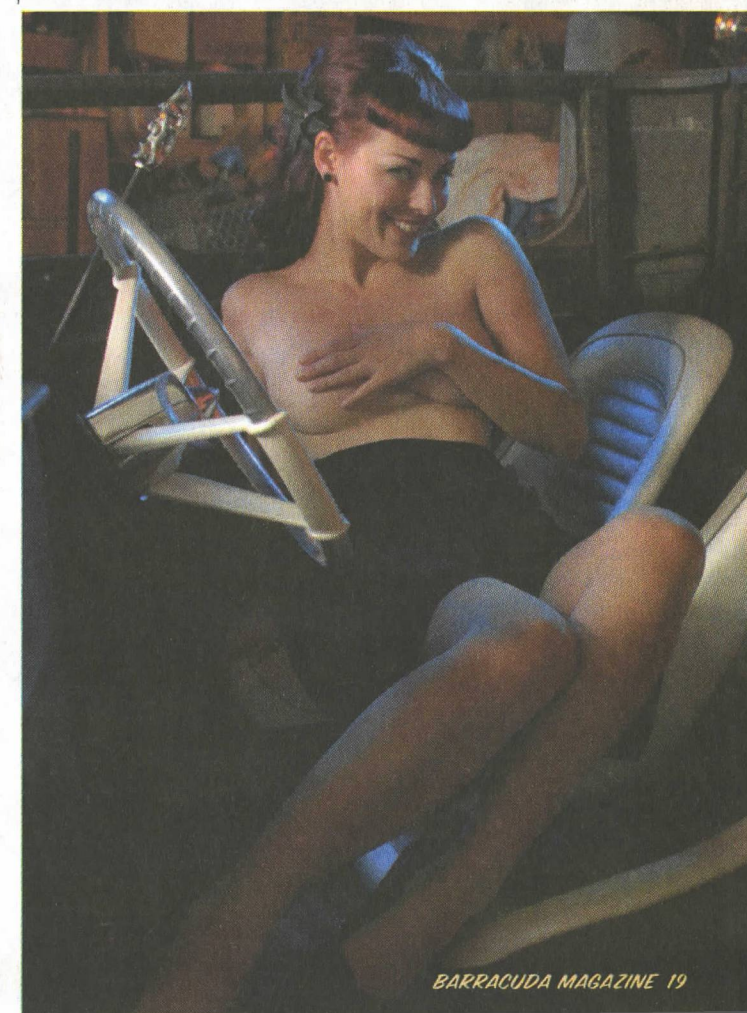
Makeup: Angel Jagger / www.earthangelmakeup.com

Hair: Liz Carillo / evildollarlette@yahoo.com

Wardrobe stylist: Bec Ulrich / beckbech@hotmail.com

Wardrobe provided by www.StopStaringclothing.com

Car: "Bad News" courtesy of Aaron Kahan





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The Barracuda Gourmet

Over the years the Barracuda Gourmet has gotten a lot of feedback from his loyal readers wanting less meat-dependent recipes. As you all know, the Barracuda Gourmet loves his meat, and is a full-fledged meatatarian! But there have been many times when he's had to rely on fake meat for his meals, sometimes for monetary reasons, sometimes for the sake of health. The truth is that fine meat isn't cheap, and it has a short shelf life. Fake meat (usually made of soy or gluten) has quite a long shelf life and in the BG's opinion that equals value! Face it, how many times have you bought some fresh meat and didn't get to use it before the "sell by" date and had to toss it for fear that if you ate it you'd get violently ill? And faux meat won't give you mad cow or salmonella. You gotta love that.

Here, the Barracuda Gourmet shows you how to whip up some of your old favorites faux-meat style! Eating sans flesh isn't all about lettuce



and sprouts and you don't have a to be a tofu-nibblin' trustafarian to enjoy some good home cookin' made with fake meat! Read on and see for yourself!

So, you like a good, greasy Reuben sandwich? How about you try:

Non-Meatatarian Reuben

sauerkraut or coleslaw
butter (room temperature so it spreads easy on the bread)
12 slices of fake bacon or four slices soy pastrami
8 slices rye bread
dill pickles (Vlasic Sandwich Stackers work best)
2 cups grated swiss cheese (8 ounces)
salt and pepper

Preheat a skillet over medium heat.

If using bacon, cook it in microwave per package directions so bacon is crispy.

Spread some butter on one side of each slice of bread. Build the sandwiches in this order: Russian dressing, a layer of pickles, bacon, sauerkraut, and then cheese on top. Top with another slice of bread, making sure the buttered sides of the bread are on the outside. Plop 'em down on the skillet and take your time frying them up. A long, slow fry over medi-

um heat will make the bread deliciously crisp and buttery!

Lentil Faux Meatloaf

1 cup dried lentils
1 cup bread crumbs
1/2 cup cooked rice
1 onion, minced
3 eggs
1 tsp. dried oregano leaves
1 tsp. dried thyme leaves
2 dashes soy sauce
1/3 cup ketchup
minced garlic to taste (one clove if you like it mild, four if you're not worried about offending anyone, or anything in between)
1 tbsp. olive oil
tabasco sauce to taste
salt and pepper to taste

Put lentils in a small pot and just enough water to cover them. Cook over low heat for about an hour or until tender.

Mash lentils with a large fork or potato masher and combine with remaining ingredients. Pour mixture into a loaf pan sprayed with non-stick cooking spray.

Cover with foil and bake in preheated 350-degree oven for about a half hour. Remove foil and bake for another 10-15 minutes or until loaf is firm to the touch.

Sloppy Joes

1 bag veggie crumbles or Gimme Lean fake meat
1 onion chopped
1 green pepper chopped
1 small jar or can of tomato sauce
few dashes of soy sauce
few dashes of chili powder
2 tsp. of brown sugar

Saute the onion and green pepper in a large skillet with some oil.

Add the faux meat of your choice and brown it up. Once that is done add the rest of the ingredients and let it simmer for about 15 minutes. Serve on soft rolls to sop up the sauce.

Zucchini Pancakes

3 eggs
2 zucchini, grated
1/2 cup cornmeal

Stir the eggs into the grated zucchini, then mix in the cornmeal until all the lumps are gone. Over medium heat, fry the batter like you could pancakes, in a skillet, with plenty of butter to make them crisp and golden. Delicious topped with a little shredded cheese (melted of course!) or even some sour cream.



Booze Revvooze

Th' Barracuder Gourmet liked this vodka (hic) a lot. The company was nice enough to shend ush won fer free (hic), but it is reezunubly priced for what a good vodka it is. Much better than that cheapo \$7 shtuff that kinda tastes like rubbing algo-hol. Hic. I took it hotel campun and it mixed really nice with bloody mary mix, dummader juice and oransh juice. Oh, yeah Clamato, too, of course. But Clamato will make anything taste good, yah baloney. The real test (hic) is tasting the shtuff on its own. Ikon was rilly smooov like that. I kept it in the freezer and that made for nice, chilled shot. Hey (hic) we should totally start a band. You're TOTALLY my best friend. Hic.



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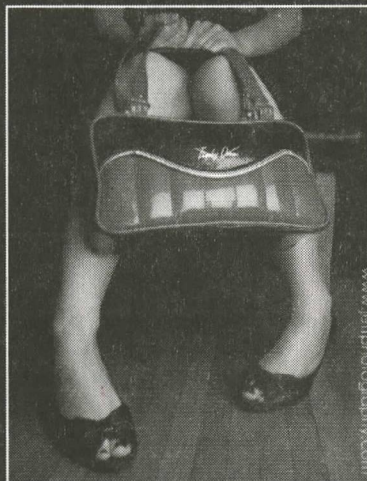
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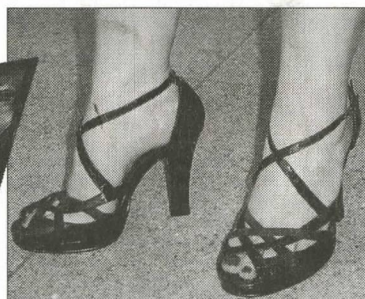
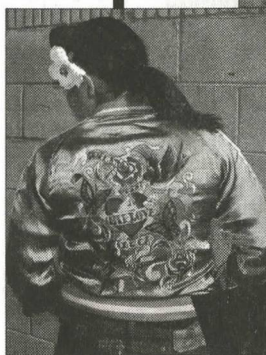
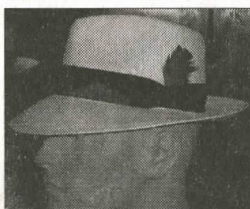
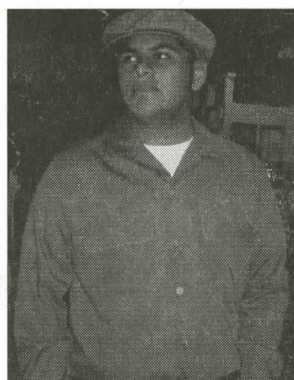
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Nuts to savings bonds! If you want to make an investment in your grandchild's future, why not buy something that will *really* come in handy in 30 years? That's what Aaron Kahan's grandfather did.

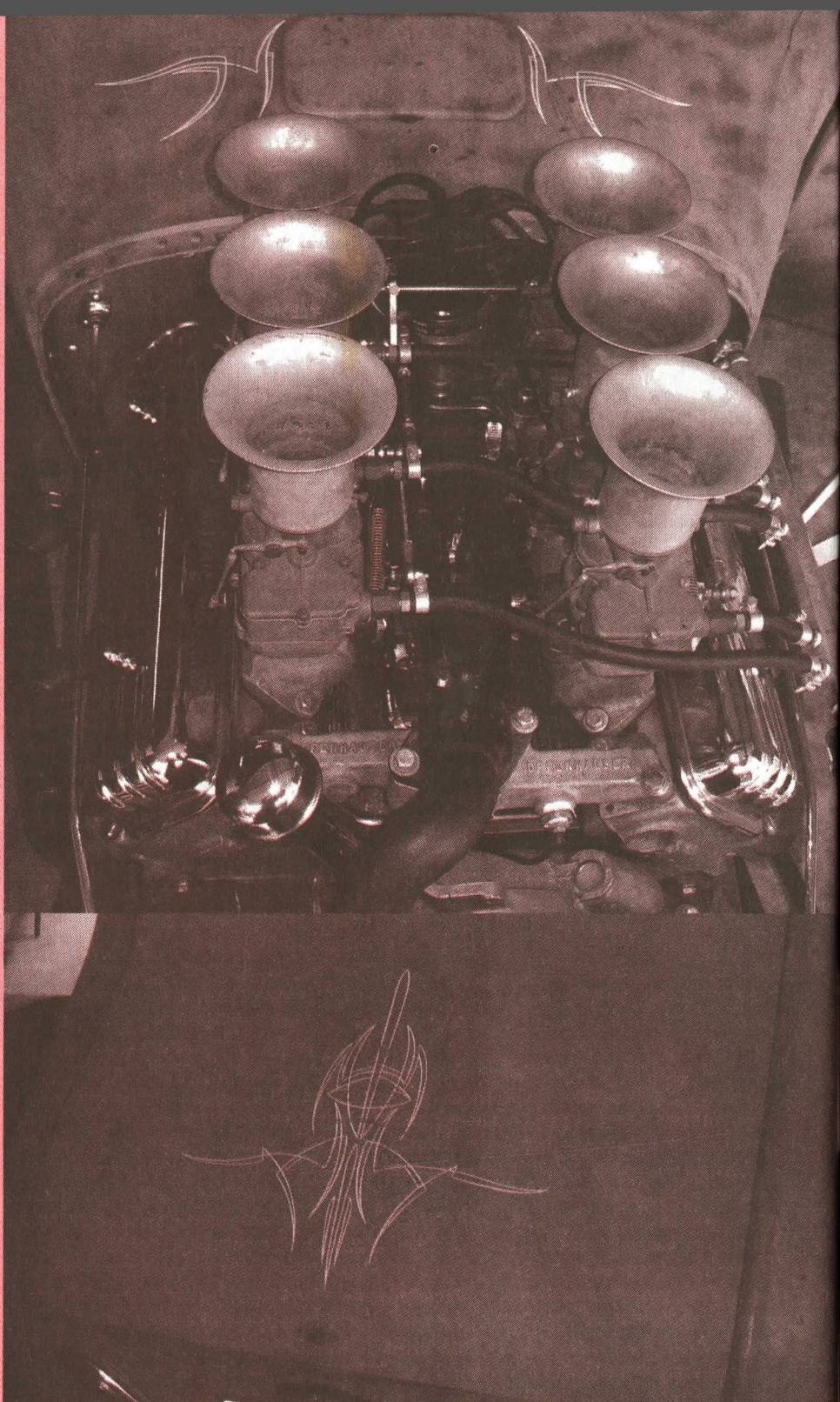
Way back in 1971, when Aaron was just five years old, his grandfather saw a 1927 Ford Model T body behind a flower shop. He nabbed it and gave it as a gift to the youngster, in the hopes that he would some day make it into a hot rod.

The body sat in storage until 2004, when Aaron (a member of the Choppers car club) finally set about building the car. Along with his buddies from the Choppers, the car began to take shape and was finally dubbed, "Bad News."

Aaron wanted the car to look like late '50s or early '60s hot rod, so he put fat, 10-inch drag slicks on the back with mag wheels.

Bad News (featured on our cover and in the Dayna Deluxe centerfold) is powered by a 1952 Oldsmobile 303 cubic-inch V8. Feeding the engine is a vintage Weiand intake manifold with six Stromberg carburetors on top of it. The exhaust features hand-built headers leading to a set of nice and noisy lake-style pipes.

Aaron and his pals chopped ten inches off the body before mating it to a modified Model A frame. The pinstriping was done by artist Van.



On Our Cover:

Bad News!



NOTICE OF REJECTION OR IMPOUNDMENT OF PUBLICATIONS

Date: 1-6-06
 Inmate: _____ DC# _____
 Institution: NAME OMITTED
 This letter is notice that the following publication:
 Title: Barracuda
 Volume/Issue/Edition: Issue #24
 Which was received on the following date: 12-27-05
 From: _____
 Publisher: _____

Has been reviewed by an authorized employee, and:

- ☐ IS IMPOUNDED pending review by the Department's Literature Review Committee, because another institution believes that the publication may contain subject matter that is inadmissible per Section (3) of Rule 33-501.401 FAC.
- ☒ IS IMPOUNDED pending review by the Department's Literature Review Committee, because the Warden or designee believes that the publication may contain subject matter that is inadmissible per Section (3) of Rule 33-501.401 FAC.
- ☐ IS IMPOUNDED pending review by the Department's Literature Review Committee, per Section (11) of Rule 33-501.401 FAC. The Warden believes that this inmate's prior criminal history or disciplinary record indicates that giving him or her access to subject matter in this publication would constitute a threat to the security, order or rehabilitative objectives of the correctional system or the safety of any person. (Specify): _____

☐ IS REJECTED and may not be received by inmates. The Department's Literature Review Committee has reviewed the publication and determined that it contains subject matter that is inadmissible per Section (3) of Rule 33-501.401 FAC, Admissible Reading Material;

☐ IS REJECTED for reasons not related to subject matter. (Specify): _____

Criteria in Section (3) of Rule 33-501.401 FAC, Admissible Reading Material, that authorizes IMPOUNDMENT or REJECTION of the publication due to subject matter:

- ☐ (3)(a) It depicts or describes procedures for the construction of or use of weapons, ammunitions, bombs, chemical agents, or incendiary devices;
- ☐ (3)(b) It depicts, encourages, or describes methods of escape from correctional facilities or contains blueprints, drawings or similar descriptions of Department of Corrections facilities or institutions, or includes road maps that can facilitate escape from correctional facilities;
- ☐ (3)(c) It depicts or describes procedures for the brewing of alcoholic beverages, or the manufacture of drugs or other intoxicants;
- ☐ (3)(d) It is written in code;
- ☐ (3)(e) It depicts, describes or encourages activities which may lead to the use of physical violence or group disruption;
- ☐ (3)(f) It encourages or instructs in the commission of criminal activity;
- ☐ (3)(g) It is dangerously inflammatory in that it advocates or encourages riot, insurrection, disruption of the institution, violation of department or institution rules;
- ☐ (3)(h) It threatens physical harm, blackmail or extortion;
- ☐ (3)(i) It depicts sexual conduct as follows: (1.) Actual or simulated sexual intercourse; (2.) Deviate sexual intercourse; (3.) Sexual bestiality; (4.) Masturbation; (5.) Sadomasochistic abuse; (6.) Actual lewd exhibition of the genitals; (7.) Actual physical contact with a person's unclothed genitals, pubic area, buttocks, or, if such person is a female, breast with the intent to arouse or gratify the sexual desire of either party; (8.) Any act or conduct which constitutes sexual battery or simulates that sexual battery is being or will be committed;
- ☐ (3)(j) It depicts nudity in such a way as to create the appearance that sexual conduct is imminent, i.e., display of contact or intended contact with a person's unclothed genitals, pubic area, buttocks or female breasts orally, digitally or by foreign object, or display of sexual organs in an aroused state;
- ☐ (3)(k) Contains criminal history, offender registration, or other personal information about another inmate or offender, which, in the hands of an inmate, presents a threat to the security, order or rehabilitative objectives of the correctional system or to the safety of any person;
- ☒ (3)(l) It otherwise presents a threat to the security, good order, or discipline of the correctional system or the safety of any person.

If the publication was IMPOUNDED per criteria established in Section (3) of Rule 33-501.401 FAC, the following details the specific written or pictorial matter that is believed to be inadmissible, and lists the page numbers in the publication where it is found:
 page 20,21

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specific written or pictorial matter that is believed to be inadmissible, and lists the page numbers in the publication where it is found:
 page 20,21

copies of the offending pages, included with the notice:



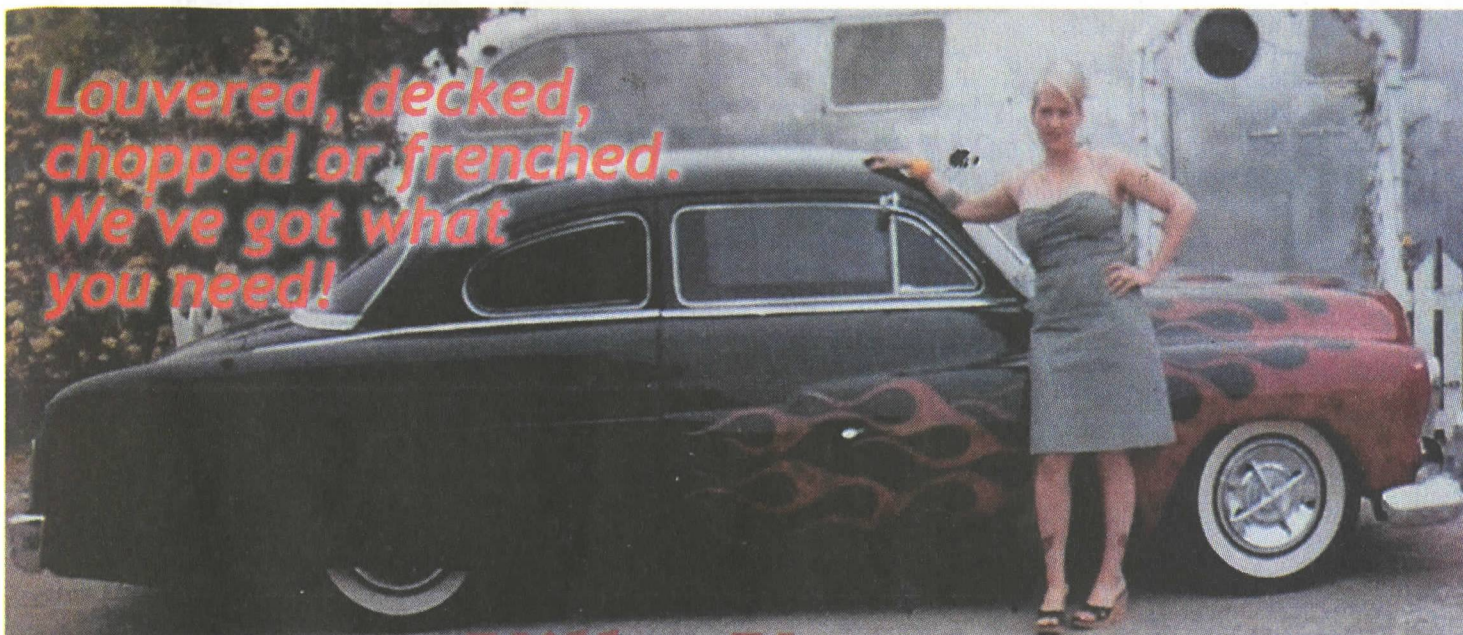
MORE HILARITY FROM THE GREYBAR HOTEL!

Nothing is more fun than trying to make heads or tails of governmental regulations! And prisons are the best example ever! Some won't accept magazines unless the address label is handwritten, some won't accept them unless they're shipped first class. Many of them have restrictions on allowed content, as did this correctional institution. As opposed to much of the rejected prison mail we get, these folks were nice enough to explain exactly why the magazine was rejected, including xeroxed copies of the offending pages.

However, we can't help but wonder which tattoo offended the sensibilities of the guard reviewing it. Did this issue chance into the hands of a screw who just loved his first car, a Geo Metro? Or was it a bull who just can't get behind sound fiscal policy? Or was it some hack who hates Regis?

And did we mention the fact that we had no record of ever sending *anything* to an inmate in this facility?

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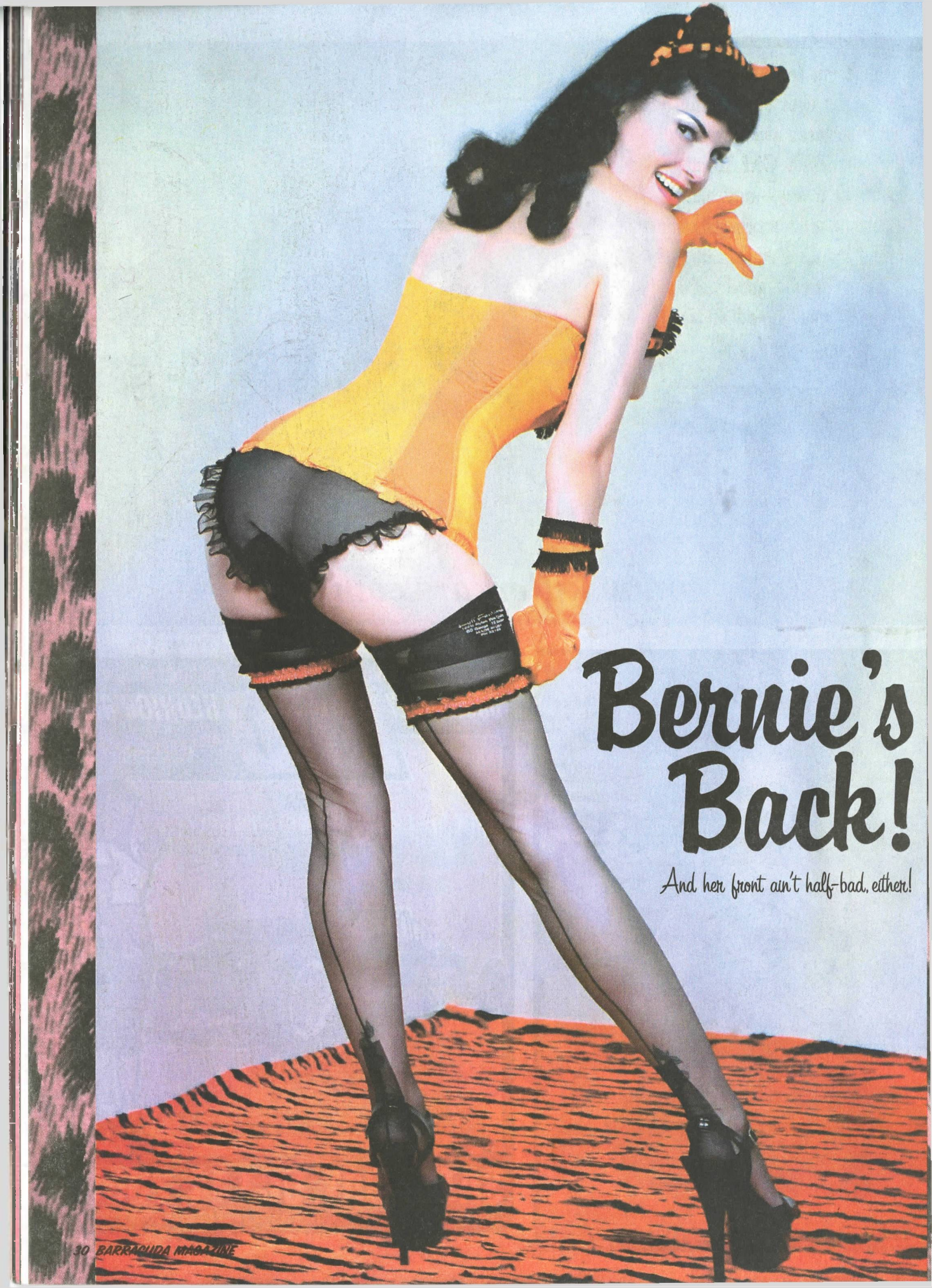
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Bernie's Back!

And her front ain't half-bad, either!

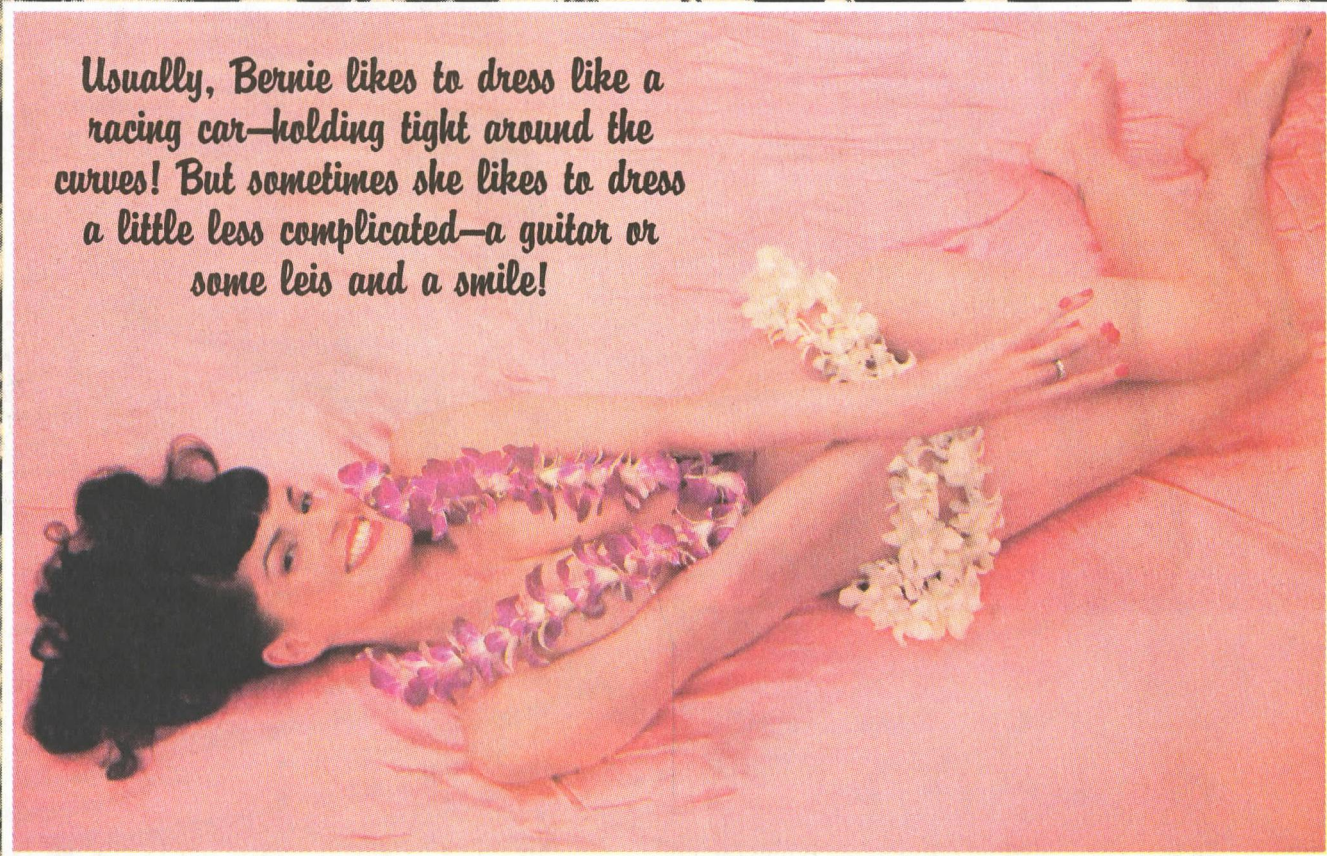
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and a bad girl!



photos: Levi
model: Bernie Dexter / BernieDexter.com



Usually, Bernie likes to dress like a racing car—holding tight around the curves! But sometimes she likes to dress a little less complicated—a guitar or some leis and a smile!



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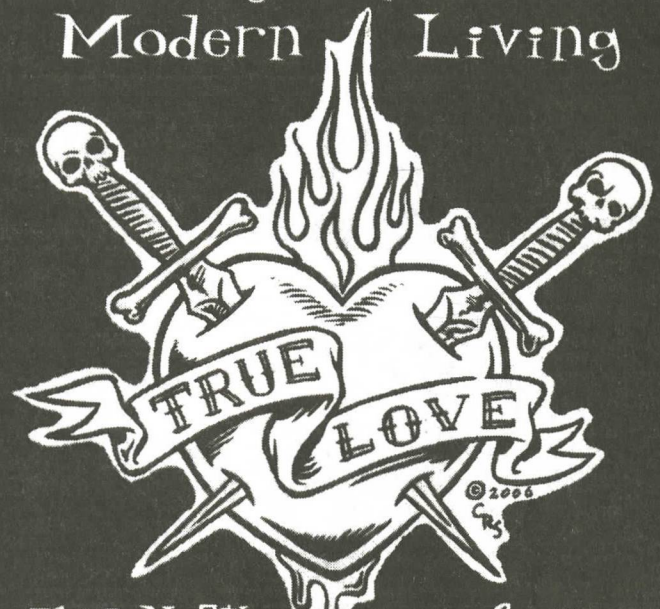
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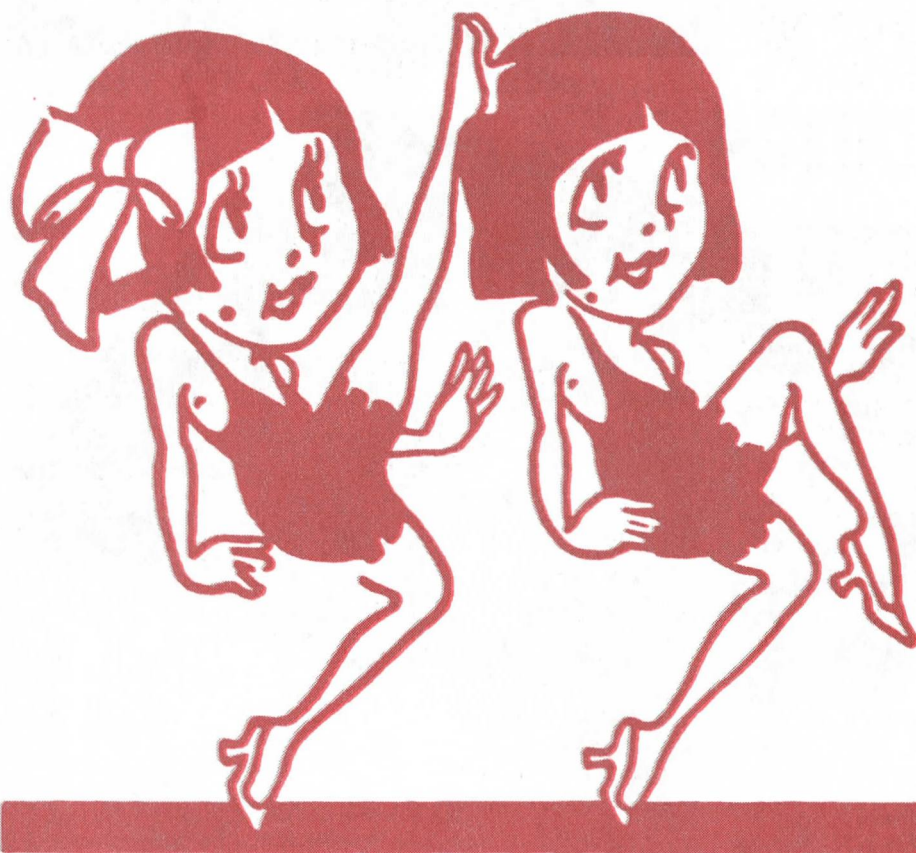
With 420 full-color pages packed with over 1000 photos and a host of essays and anecdotes from Dutch's friends and associates, this treasure trove is a must-have for artists, collectors, gearheads, grease monkeys and enthusiasts alike.

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Gurd Crazy



You, my friend, have made the right choice. You could've purchased or, more likely, shoplifted one of those other "men's magazines" and spent an entire afternoon thumbing through glossy advertisements for musk and styling gel just to get to a two-page, soft-focus photo spread of Jessica Simpson rearranging her Hummel figurines (and I'm not speaking metaphorically). Instead you chose to pick up a copy of *Barracuda* because you're the sort of sophisticated gentleman who's smart enough to know that there a multitude of qualities which make a woman attractive: and a "winning smile" and a "positive outlook" aren't necessarily at the top of the list.

No, you realized long ago that what really makes a woman irresistible is that certain look in her eyes that says, "I just may be one or two volumes short of a library," "It's entirely possible the butter has slipped off my noodles," or "There's more than a good chance that, immediately after we make love, I'll begin accusing you have having been sent by the CIA to implant a transmitter-chip in my skull."

It is to those women, the ones who engage in strange rants, possibly hear voices, might occasionally engage in long, one-sided conversations with inanimate objects, and generally partake in all manner of inexplicable behavior; and to you, the brave men who appreciate them, that this humble column is dedicated.

George W. Bush was once quoted as saying that he doesn't read newspapers because, as far as he's concerned, they are just filled with "opinions." Be that as it may, now that the strike is over, the papers are also filled with hockey scores. It was hockey scores that I was leafing through the newspaper searching for when my attention was drawn to a headline which read "Heated Debate Over 'Hot Saucing' Children."

What? Could there possibly be a satanic cult of cannibals somewhere that had become divided on the issue of the best condiment to spice up the taste of toddlers? And, if such a cult existed, why hadn't I been asked to join?

As it turned out, the story behind Hot Saucing was not as disturbing as the image of hooded figures sprinkling Joe Perry's Rock Your World Boneyard Brew Hot Sauce on an entire kindergarten—but only slightly so.

Hot Saucing is a form of corporal punishment in which a disobedient child has any of a number of popular chili pepper-based pastes applied to his or her tender, young tongue.

While I'm no expert on child rearing, I'd like to think that I haven't taken so many hockey pucks to the head as not to know that the only possible reason to subject a youngster to this

by Rodney Anonymous

sort of medieval nonsense would be if the tyke knows which cave Osama bin Laden is hiding in and is a tad slow in imparting the information—and then only after you've tried giving the kid a few "time outs".

Sweet Jesus on an open-faced roll, even Paul McIlhenny, the president of the Tabasco company has publicly denounced hot saucing or "Tongue spanking" as it is often called, in an effort to do the impossible and make it sound even more creepy). McIlhenny called the practice a "strange and scary" abuse of both of children and of his product. Yep, you know an idea is truly screwed up when the guy that it could turn into an overnight billionaire comes out against it. If people ever start smacking their brats with rolled up issues of *Barracuda*, we'd be the first to say "Hey, either lighten up a little on your kids or, failing that, use a copy of Oprah's magazine, OK?"

For the love of crap, what sort of mouth-breathing, knuckle-dragging proto-hominid would condone this sort of barbarism? What alleged parent would actually douse their offspring's tonsils with 357 Mad Dog Collectors Edition (allegedly 450 Times Hotter than Tabasco Hot Pepper Sauce) just because the kid left his bike in the driveway?

Well, according to the article, there are plenty of these unspeakable monsters roaming the planet just waiting for Junior to drop an "F-bomb" so they can teach him a lesson by leaving the poor child with a mouth full of seared flesh. In fact, the article went on to further damage my brain by pointing out that the ignoble cause of hot saucing/tongue spanking/tonsil torture even has a celebrity spokesperson.

While I shouldn't have been surprised that a celebrity would champion a bizarre cause (at least once a week I get a letter from some wrinkly former super-model asking me to hand over fifty bucks in order to save some endangered fuzzy rodent in the Amazon), I couldn't help but be shocked out of my bony, little skull that any celebrity would be so seemingly out of touch with reality as to actually advocate doing something to child that you couldn't get away with in an Iraqi prison. Just who was this celebrity?

It was Lisa Whelchel.

Gentle reader, you might want to run to the nearest calendar and circle today's date in red, because this is the day on which the word "celebrity" has officially lost all meaning.

Once upon a time, in order to be called a celebrity, a person had to have done something which would transform their name into a household word, like walking on the moon, leading the American League in home runs, or carving an X into their forehead and screaming, "In my mind, my eyes light fires in your cities," at their

parole hearing.

But now that Lisa Whelchel has officially been deemed a celebrity, anybody, and I mean anybody, may rightfully be called a celebrity. You might even be a celebrity. Sure. Has your name ever appeared in a high school yearbook? Congratulations—you're a celebrity. Have you ever been part of a crowd in a football stadium that was photographed by the Goodyear blimp? Better call your folks and let them know that they're the parents of a celebrity. Does your home state appear in an atlas? Then feel free to buy that "I'm a celebrity" t-shirt.

And just what is Lisa Whelchel famous for? Lisa Whelchel played "Blair" on the TV show *The Facts of Life*. (For the record, Lisa Whelchel is not affiliated with Blair's Hot Sauces whose product line includes "Blair's Death Hot Sauce," "Blair's Mega Death Hot Sauce," and "Blair's Sexabi Hot Sauce Set Threesome.")

Now, the odds are pretty good that you have, at best, only a vague recollection of television's *The Facts of Life*. Unless, of course you happen to be a program director at the Nickelodeon Network or a middle-aged drifter with a flashlight and a stepladder. Please allow me to refresh your memory.

The Facts of Life debuted on NBC in 1979 and ran until 1988 when Congress finally passed the Shows That Suck Act, forcing it off the air. The show was centered around life in a all-female boarding school, which might be a good premise for a movie appearing on Showtime at four in the morning, but it never translated well into TV. Lisa Whelchel's character, Blair, was commonly known as "the pretty one." Of course, being "the pretty one" on *The Facts of Life* is kind of like being the least disfigured patient in the burn ward—It's really nothing to brag about.

To put it another way, when I was a kid, I asked my father why Popeye and Brutus would battle each other for the affections of Olive Oyl, who was by no stretch of the imagination a raving beauty. I could tell that my dad had thought long and hard about this conundrum in the past because, without pausing a second, he said, "Well son, the only other women in town are the Sea Hag and Alice the Goon. So it's not that Olive Oyl is a great catch; it's that she doesn't really have any competition."

Let's take an unflinching look at Blair's competition—Nancy McKeon played the part of Jo, a charter who was politely described as a "tomboy" or "the tough girl" but who may have more accurately been called "butch" or "the first two rows at a Sarah McLachlan concert."

Today, Nancy keeps busy by acting in and directing a variety of made-for-television movies, with one very notable exception—Nancy staunchly refused to take part in the *The Facts*

It is to those women, the ones who engage in strange rants, possibly hear voices, might occasionally engage in long, one-sided conversations with inanimate objects, and generally partake in all manner of inexplicable behavior; and to you, the brave men who appreciate them, that this humble column is dedicated.

of *Life* reunion special, saying, "I would not watch it, so why would I be in it?"

Mindy Cohn pulled double-duty as both the Jewish girl and the fat chick by fleshing out, literally, the role of Natalie. More recently, Mindy could be heard, but not seen, as the Velma in the

Insanity Hot Sauce if some people had their way.

And then there was Blair. Blair with her "Honey-colored skin," "Thin arms," "Brown bobbed hair," "Long lashes" and "Big bright mouth." OK, that's actually Nabokov's description of *Lolita*, but it really helps to drive my

It was an extra-creepy era that began with the casting of Brooke Shields in *Pretty Baby*, peaked with Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal competing to lose their virginity in *Little Darlings*, and ended with Roman Polanski fleeing the country.

latest round of *Scooby-Doo* cartoons.

Since *The Facts of Life* was an equal-opportunity atrocity, Kim Fields awoke one morning from uneasy dreams to find herself cast as Tootie, an African-American girl with an Asian hairdo.

After *The Facts of Life*, Kim went on to do a lot more TV but all you really need to know is that when she was appearing as a regular on the series *Living Single*, the producers managed to script an entire episode around Kim's real-life breast reduction surgery.

And finally there was frequent visitor Cousin Geri; who was played by Geri Jewel who suffers from cerebral palsy and was, at that time, working as a comedienne. While I've never got a chance to catch Geri's act, I think it's fairly safe to assume that she was not nearly as funny as George Carlin but much, much, much funnier than Cedric the Entertainer.

In a delicious serving of irony with a free trip to the bottomless salad bar of fate, Geri is, at present, the most successful of the *Facts of Life* girls, appearing on HBO's *Deadwood*, where she regularly gets to spout obscenities that would earn her a mouth full of Dave's Ultimate

point home; especially when you consider *The Facts of Life* debuted during America's not-nearly-brief-enough fixation on young girls' sexuality. It was an extra-creepy era that began with the casting of Brooke Shields in *Pretty Baby* (a film guaranteed to make you cringe just by walking past it on the shelf at the video store), peaked with Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal competing to lose their virginity in *Little Darlings*, and ended with Roman Polanski fleeing the country.

So, what explains Lisa/Blair's evolution from small screen nymphette into a hefty, spicy condiment-wielding mommiac who penned a book with the DeSade-esque title of *Creative Correction: Extraordinary Ideas for Everyday Discipline*? [Insert cracking whip sound here]

While you might be tempted to answer "A coconut must've fallen on her head; that's how it always happened on *Gilligan's Island*," the correct answer is "God." As in "Lisa/Blair found God," (despite what we may assume were numerous attempts on the part of the deity to ditch her).

You can read all about Blisa/Lair's religious odyssey on her website, www.lisawhelchel.com.

While this is a site that every fan of female freakishness should be sure to bookmark, it's also, sadly, about as navigable as the Cape of Good Hope during hurricane season. So, you'll need a day or two and a bunch of those wonderful pills that help keep America's brave long-distance truckers awake and on the job 24-7 in order to digest the whole thing.

Since you, gentle reader, no doubt have an impending meeting with your parole officer that you just can't miss, I'll provide you with a brief synopsis of the horror that waits within Blair's Bio/Lisa's Log.

Blair filmed the last episode of *The Facts of Life* in March of 1988 and was married on July of that same year. Ten months later, she was pregnant with her first child and proceeded to have three children, three years in a row. Although Blair repeatedly points out that her close relationship with Mr. God has spared her from the problems of substance abuse which have plagued so many other child stars (at the same time making for some great episodes of E's *True Hollywood Stories*), I'm not sure what else could explain the motivation behind her naming her kids Tucker, Haven, and Clancy. With names like those, a mouth full of hot sauce is the least of these kids' worries.

Blair, or Lisa, or Blisa: She-wolf of the Suburbs met her husband, Steve, in a prayer group 15 years ago. Blair hints that, "There is much more to the story and not enough room to tell it. If you are really interested, I write all about it in my new book *The Facts of Life and Other Lessons My Father Taught Me*." Since my local library doesn't carry this book, and since amazon.com wants \$10.49 for a copy (which is \$12.95 more than I am willing to pay) the rest of the story will remain a mystery to me.

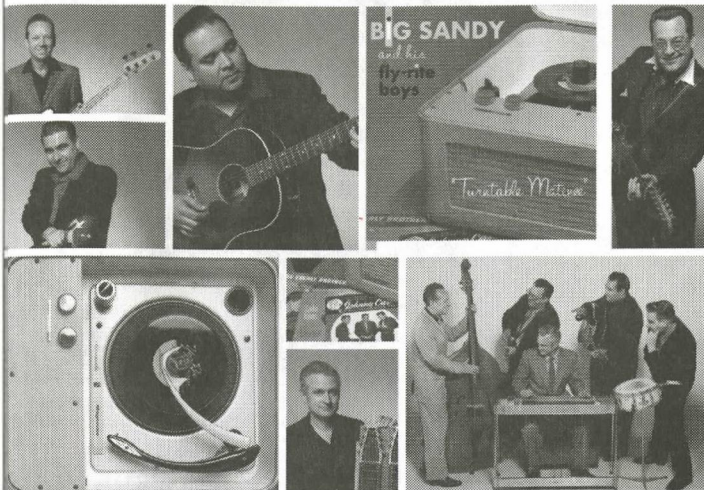
Steve (AKA "Mr. Blair"), if you're reading this (and what real man doesn't have a copy or six of *Barracuda* hidden away in his sock drawer), I beg you for the good of all mankind to write a detailed, intimate account of your marriage called *Hey Everybody, I'm doing It With Blair From The Facts of Life!*

Now that's a book I'd pay a hundred bucks to read even if every other page was a glossy advertisements for musk or styling gel. Why? Because, while the readers of those other men's magazines might think there's nothing sexier than two mounds of silicone stuffed into a bikini, you and I, gentle reader, know that a woman's never hotter than when she's wearing a tinfoil hat.



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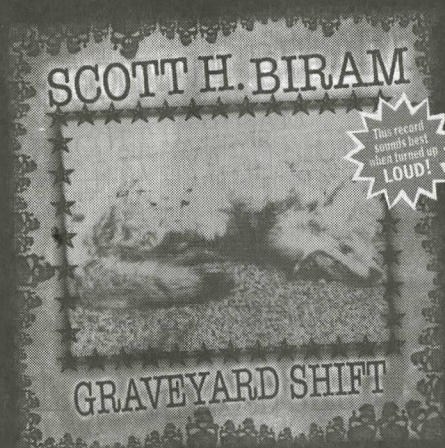
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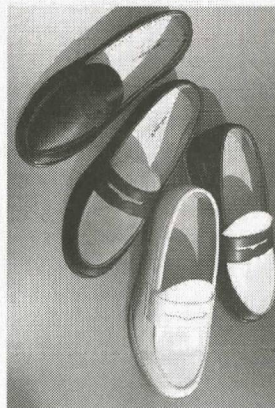
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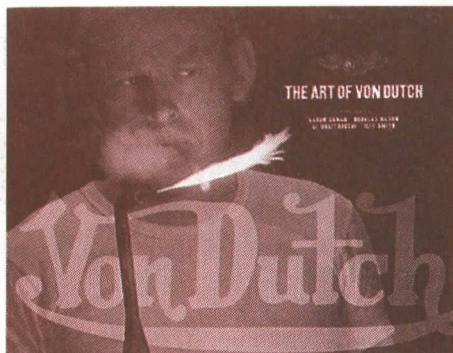
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The Art of Von Dutch

by Aaron Kahan, Douglas Nason, Al Quattrocchi and Jeff Smith
Tornado Design
420 pages

Velvet painter Edgar Leeteg once described genius as "the compelling desire to excel, to express one's self, to give enjoyment to others, this plus nature's gift of a super-abundance of energy over and above the requirements for daily living. A surplus of exuberance to share among those around us."

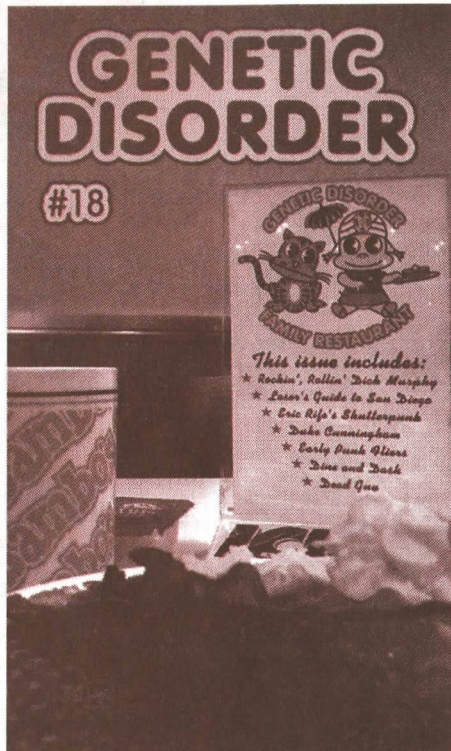
Von Dutch certainly qualifies as a genius under that definition.

Referred to as "Leonardo da Vinci of the garage," Von Dutch was a pinstriper, gunsmith, kustom painter, knife-maker, sign painter, inventor and fine artist. His life and works are chronicled in this mammoth, 420-page, hardcover tome, which tips the toledos at over four pounds. The staggering volume of work that Von Dutch produced in his lifetime is truly awe-inspiring. The book is wall-to-wall with sketches, paintings, pinstriping, airbrushing, custom cars, restored motorcycles, plus guns and knives, many of which were fabricated from scratch. So, Von Dutch earns a genius merit badge just for proliferation.

But add on top of that the quality of the work he produced. Then give him credit for his innovations and contributions to pinstriping and hot rod culture. And don't forget his abilities as a machinist and fabricator. Top it off with his apt but gruff take on human nature and the result is a 100% bona-fide mad genius.

Not just a glad-hand to the now-deceased artist, this book does occasionally hint at Von Dutch's battles with his own demons, such as alcoholism and his inherent mistrust of society. But this *adds* to the appreciation of Von Dutch. His "surplus of exuberance" coexisting with his dark side is yet another facet of what makes him so interesting. He was a genius, but he was a human being, too.

The Art of Von Dutch accomplishes the rare feat of simultaneously being fantastic as a history book, as a high quality coffee table art book and as a darn fine read. You won't finish reading this book in a month of sundays.



Genetic Disorder #18 62 pages

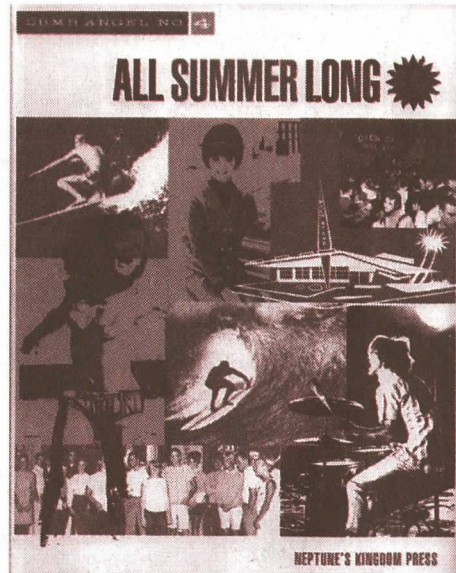
What happens when there are a bunch of professional, clean-cut writers and journalists running around in tan khaki pants, yet the guy with the scuzzy beard and sun-bleached Dio shirt is the smartest and most well-informed guy in the room? The answer is *Genetic Disorder*.

Genetic Disorder has been plugging along since the heyday of punk rock zines in the early 1990s. Published slightly less than semi-intermittently, every new issue of *Genetic* is nevertheless met with cries of joy by the people who know and love it.

Underneath Larry Genetic's "no fuss" exterior lies the heart of a true investigative reporter. Larry is a dangerously well-informed writer, especially when it comes to issues of political corruption and calamitous criminal activity. Throw in a penchant for gritty punk and garage rock and you've got what was one of the best punk zines left standing.

Genetic often focuses on issues local to San Diego, as this is where the magazine is based. Larry likes to shine the flashlight into the scuzzy alleyways of this supposedly squeaky-clean, Southern California paradise. And there are plenty of cockroaches that scramble for cover.

If you love this kind of subject matter, you're in business. But even if you don't love it, there may be something here for you because the science of Larry's writing is deceptively tight and is never delivered in a self-indulgent style.



Dumb Angel #4 *All Summer Long* 146 pages

Exhaustively researched and lavishly produced is the latest issue of *Dumb Angel* (also known as the *Dumb Angel Gazette*) which was last published in 1989!

Since that time, the *Dumb Angel* powers-that-be have clearly been ruminating up a storm. This huge magazine is quite literally jam-packed, cover-to-cover with well-written articles that tie together seemingly disparate topics relating to Los Angeles, surf culture, 1960s music, politics and architecture. These topics deserve this kind of attention and longview, as they have been too-often portrayed in a myopic and overly-simplistic manner.

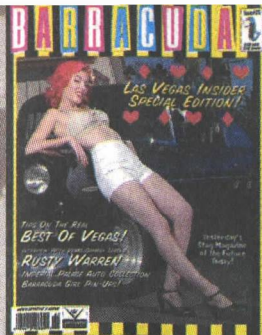
It looks like they've been collecting up a storm, too. Along with the articles are pictures of a dizzying array of obscure memorabilia.

Covered in this issue are the following topics (are you sitting down?): The Evolution of the Surf Sound Through Independent Cinema, Dick Dale & His Del-Tones, South Bay Surf Bands, Battle of the Orange County Surf Bands, Dana Point Dynasty, The Pop Modernism of the Beach Boys, In The Studio With Jan Berry, Reflection on the L.A. Scene Centering Around Phil Spector and lots more.

In this middle of this magazine is not a pin-up centerfold, but rather a fold-out map featuring surf spots of the South Bay, plus an amazing family tree of surf groups from 1961-1965!

At 146 full-color pages and with almost no ads, *Dumb Angel—All Summer Long* could really be considered to be more of a soft cover art book than a magazine.

Far more than pointless retro or nostalgia, this is an incredible compilation (arguably an incomparable historical archive) that documents the often-overlooked importance of pop culture. It gets full marks for passion and depth.



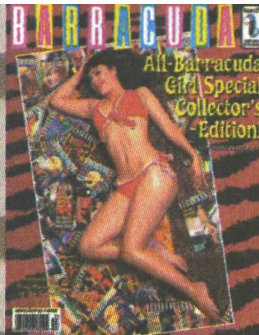
Issue #25

Las Vegas Insider Special Edition! Frankie Sin cover and centerfold, Atomic Testing and Liberace Museums, Rusty Warren interview and more!



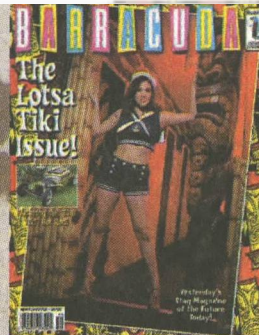
Issue #24

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



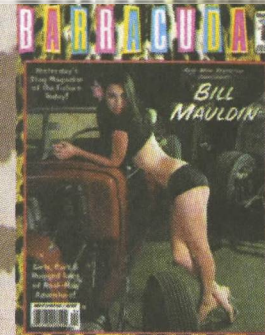
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Issue #22

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



Issue #21

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



Issue #20

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



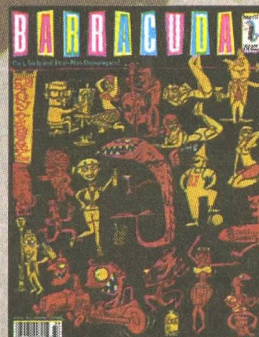
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Speed: The World's Fastest Cars. The 1973-74 Philadelphia Flyers, The First Great Bender of 2004 and more!



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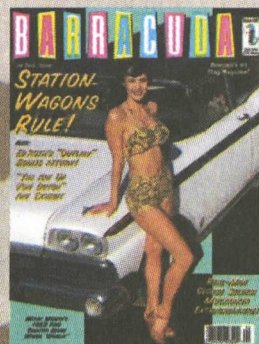
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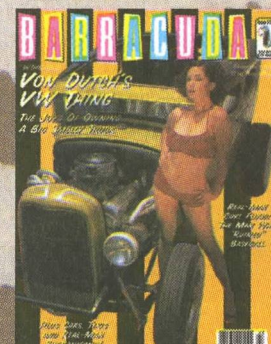
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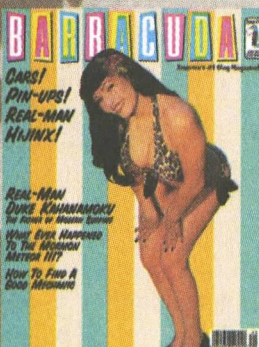
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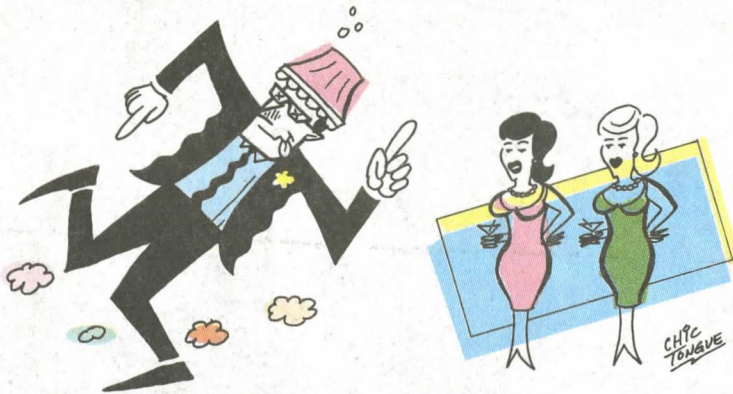
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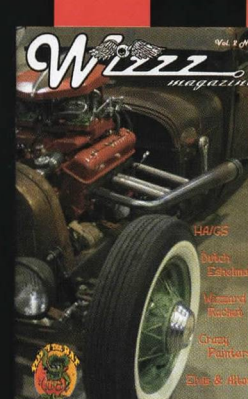
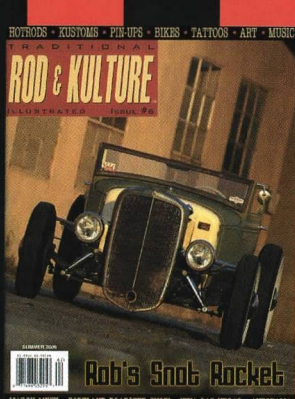
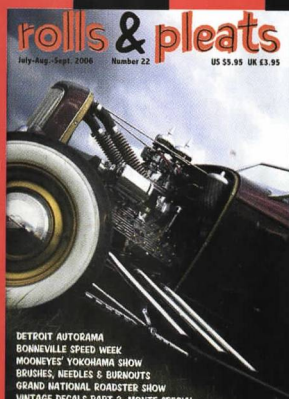
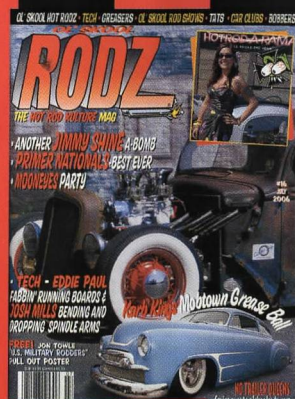
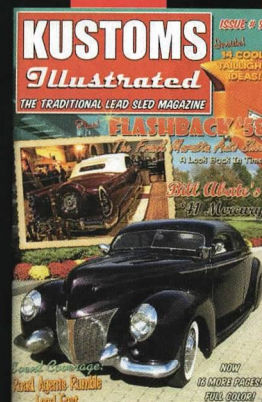
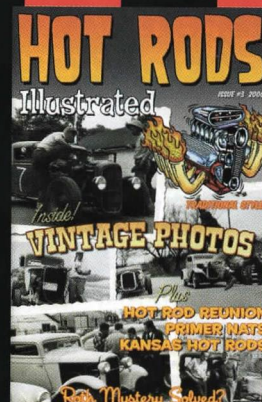
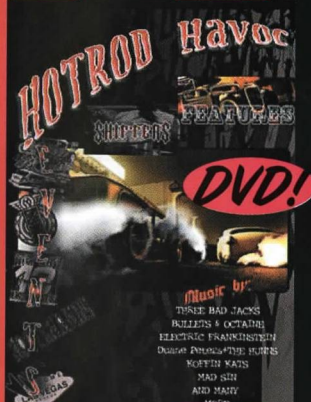
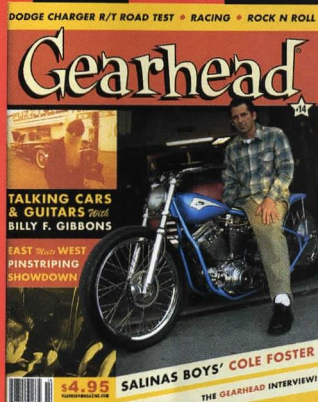
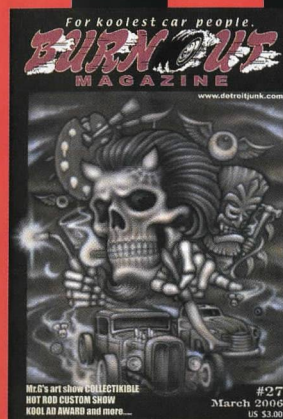
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