

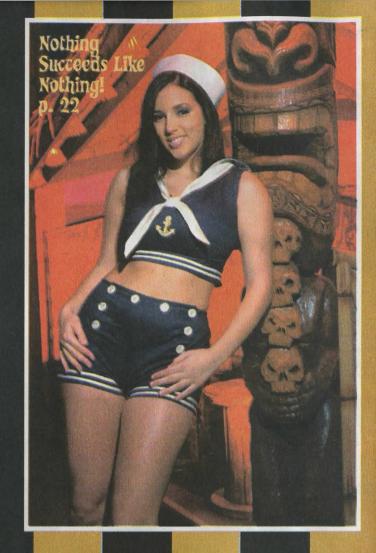




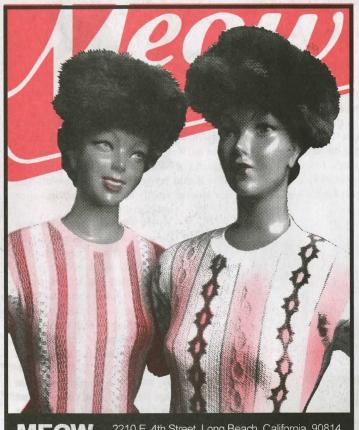


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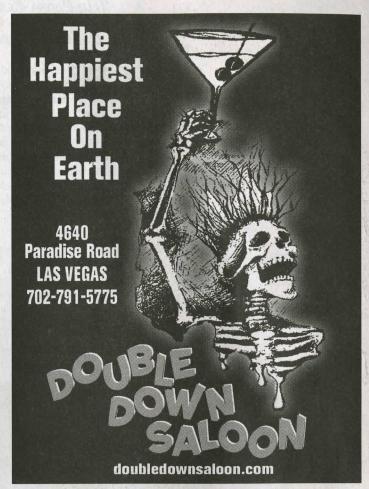




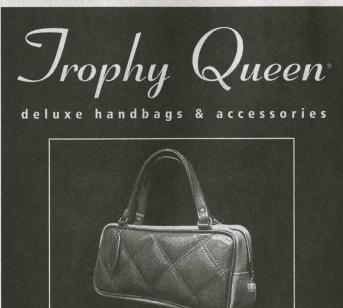




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# My Power Remains Absolute A Letter From Your Editor

ell, here I am, back for a new issue, fresh from my trip to the *Barracuda Magazine* shareholders meeting in State Line, Nevada. I am proud to say that this year's meeting resulted in the fewest fist-fights and arrests yet! I myself was physically attacked only twice during my keynote speech! This was partly due, no doubt, to the fact that I brought a broken hockey stick to the podium with me and did not shower for two weeks prior



meeting. I always say I am going to bring a hand-truck so I don't have to drag him, but I never do. Well, I suppose we're both just silly creatures of habit, aren't we? At any rate, my point is that my power remains absolute and this annual, mostly bloodless coup has once again quelled.

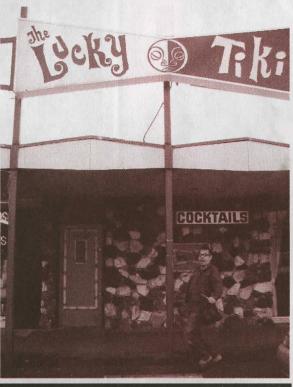
Why did I make this issue the "Lotsa Tiki" issue, you ask? Don't look at me, I didn't do it! In all seriousness, these things just happen. Stuff just kind of comes together in a way that makes a lot of sense or has a cohesive theme, but it seems to do it on its own, without design by me. The magazine pretty much has a mind of its own at this point. Sometimes people will see a theme in an issue that ties into some current event and ask me how I was able to presage the event in enough time to do a story about it. The truth is, if you see anything like that in the magazine, the bottom line is that it must be chalked up to dumb luck.

As you may or may not notice, I have given the Real-Man profile the issue off. He's soaking in the surf on Maui on a muchneeded vacation. Actually, I had two really good feature articles offered to me and I wanted to run them both in this issue and there is simply not enough space to accommodate another feature. That's really all there is to it.

That's really all there is to it.

The world seems like it never really changes, but as you spend more time on earth, you realize it does. You see things and people in the autumn of their existence that you had only ever known in the springtime. When you were a kid, you'd see some old baseball manager and think nothing of it. Now you see an old manager and you remember when you were a kid and that was playing shortstop for your favorite team. You see a memorial for someone who was important to you and realize some day not too far in the future, a little kid's going to ask, "Mommy, who's that?"

—J.F.



Isn't that always the way? You get a nice shot all set up and some crazy nut walks into the middle of it. That's photographer Octavio during a Barracuda Girl shoot at the Lucky Tiki in Mission Hills.

to the meeting.

I am also proud to say that at this meeting, we fended off yet another hostile corporate buyout attempt—this time from Akumabito Entertainment from Japan. This was done with no help from managing editor Smitty Saeufer, who says yes to every media group that offers him a bag of magic beans. Fortunately, math is not Smitty's strong suit and so he never realizes that he doesn't hold a controlling interest in this magazine until I have given him a nice chloroform face-wash and dragged his motionless body out of the

Right: The Johnny Ramone memorial at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery, 6000 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, CA. It's hard to miss, right on Maple Ave., in the northeast side of the cemetery, directly across from the mammoth memorial of the Douglas Fairbankses, with the lake in the background.



# Tales From The Inbox!

Gerald Armstrong, 1/30/05 10:55 AM -0800, Elvis Preston King, The Senior Playboy

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# Do You Love Girls? by Elvis King

Please feel free to publish this article and resource box in your ezine, newsletter, offline publication or website. A copy would be appreciated at seniorplayboy1@yahoo.com

Do you love Girls?

Dear Bachelor,

Are you a distinguished older gentleman who finds it difficult to pick up sexy young girls?

Problem solved!!!

My name is Elvis Preston King. I am an expert at picking up and seducing young girls. I seduce a new girl practically everyday of the year and I love it. I have over 1000 sexy young girlfriends (no Pros) 18 to 22 years old. I am a 55 year old, average looking white man. I am also known as the senior playboy!

I am looking for a permanent buddy who also loves lots of sexy, young, delicious dream girls. I lost my money in some bad investments and truthfully I simply don't want to go back in business. I love my life and my early retirement and all of my dream girls. I am willing to share all my girlfriends sisters, cousins and their girlfriends if I can find another gentleman like me who also loves lots of girls. Which means you too will end up with over 1000 girlfriends! THE DEAL IS SIMPLE: I PICK UP THE GIRLSO YOU PICK UP THE TAB.

I can't be the only older gentlemen in the world who loves lots of young dream girls. There has got to be a gentleman out thereÖ An unhappy bachelor or a gentleman with a miserable wife or an overbearing girlfriend, who would like to share in my good fortune. Tropical islands, non-stop vacations and dream girl after dream girl. If you have ever envied Rock Stars who tour for girls. Then now is your chance to tour for girls with Elvis P. King!

I developed a secret system through a lifetime of study and hard work to learn how to be the top guy in the world at picking up girls. I read every book on the subject. I practiced my art. I studied and I worked. Through trial and error I developed the best system in the world for picking up and seducing girls. God didnit just hand me this talent or drop beautiful girls in my lap. I worked very hard for this accomplishment. Now I am the best in the world, literally. No man on earth over 50 years old has as many young sexy, beautiful girlfriends as I have. Alexander the Great never had it so good. My system will work anywhere in the world. So if you get bored with my favorite island. We can check out other exotic and interesting locations.

I decided there is more to life than making money and trying to figure how to take it with me. And if you haven't figured it out yet". We can't take it with us! I got fed up with the rat race and just quit working and moved to a tropical island when I was only 50 years old. I love every minute of it.

I wish I was a great scientist who could find the cure for old ageŌWhy? Who is going to love all my young beauties when I am gone? I am the sugar daddy of all sugar daddies! Life is short and that part of life really just isnit fair.

You can keep on killing yourself working in your business to leave all that money to your heirs or to your favorite charity or you can join me on my daily fun quest of picking up and seducing a new dream girl every day. If you find a special girl that you really like more than the rest, invite her over to see you occasionally and just keep on tasting new dream girl after dream girl after dream girl.

I donit care how much money we make sooner or later we all grow weak, old and die. Well, if I have got to go. I am going to go out happy making love to one of my dream girls! I donit want to die rich and miserable. Sorry if I upset your apple cart. I know you have worked hard for all that money, but for what? The truth is the truth. I know that you can find some older women, and puritan types who will tell you that I am wrong and that I am the devil himself. You decide, you be the judge! I will probably die of old age. If your ex-girlfriend or wife doesnit kill me first for making you a happy man. Old age is something that I hate, From King Tut to Howard Hughes we all face the same dread... no matter how well we succeed in life, weire all fated to loose it to that pitiless serial mugger-old age. I eat well and obviously I exercise with my young dolls. However, had I stayed in business I am sure that I would have died of a heart attack or stroke a long time ago. Like the other Elvis I tend to be a little over weight. But not one of my girls has ever said a word about the fat Elvis.

Printed for Barracuda Magazine <mail@barracudamagazine.com>

# Gerald Armstrong, 1/30/05 10:55 AM -0800, Elvis Preston King, The Senior Playboy

I love my life. I make George Clooney look like a boy scout where the bachelor life is concerned. No insult intended. He is a nice guy. I have met him, as well as many other stars and presidents. Talk about Presidents and a great guy who wishes he was in my shoes. None other than my buddy, Bill Clinton. I could go on bragging but you get the idea. Lucky for you I lost my money through some bad investments and I am looking for a side-kick who still has some cash.

I still have my chauffeur. When I first met him he was holding the sign iI work for food.i He now is holding the sign iI work for girls.i He was spoiled working for Elvis just like the original Elvis. All of Elvisis buddies get the girls just like Red West got the girls with Elvis Presley. My chauffeur speaks seven languages and assists me with receiving my phone calls from the girls and arranging my dates. But I select and pick up all of the girls myself.

Remember the guy in high school who got all the girls. Maybe he was the home coming king or the football captain. Heis Probably not getting the girls any more. I am sure he married the home coming queen and has four kids by now. And you should see the fat little wife he has. Hanging out with Elvis makes you feel like you are 18 again. Only this time you get the girls. Take a break from it all. See how Elvis is enjoying his life. If you like what you see. Join me for a week, a month, or a life-time. I prefer a life-time. I don't want to become a weekly tour guide for guys who can't get girls unless I have to. I prefer sharing the good life with my new special buddy, YOU.

I live on a tropical island with beautiful beach resorts where we can spend time with our dream girls. Or we can take a cruise with our girls or whatever you like. I have a separate new bachelor pad just for entertaining our girls. I also have a secluded home where I rest when I want to take a break from my girls.

My girls all have Hawaiian tans and big brown eyes with the exception of a few blonde dream girls that I have. The island literally holds the Miss Universe title. The girls here adore the older man. In fact, if youire, old, fat, bald and rich that helps. They prefer the older man that Western girls wouldnit give the time of the day no matter how fat your wallet is. Unlike the culture of Western women who see youth as everything. Our maturity gives the island girls a sense of security.

On the other hand, I know Western men who come to this island and donit get laid. You simply have to know where to find the girls, how to pick them up and how to seduce them. Lucky for you, you have the expert, Elvis, if seducing young dream girls is your game. As I mentioned above, I have been working on developing the perfect pickup techniques just like you work on the perfect business plan. Believe me I know, I have been there. Am I talking to you? Forget the old, fat, abusive, blue hair wife or girlfriend. Come hang out with Elvis and your pretty young girlsO happy and stress free. I also love being a philanthropist, because these dream girls really need our help. Helping the girls gives me a sense of being a life-saver. You are neededOWe are needed. Not to say the girls are all with me just for money. I have tested some of my girls by telling them I was flat broke and not giving them one penny and they are still with me!

Drop me a line, give me a call, pack your bags and come on down. Let me know your secret fantasy, wants and desires. Your every fantasy will be fulfilled. You won't ever want to go home unless it's just to see your family.

Don't miss your apportunity to live the life that you have always secretly wanted. Why go on busting your ass for what society has put into your mind that you should have. Hard work, a fat, old wife and more money than you can ever possibly spend. Instead spend your time and money on what you really love and that is making love with beautiful, young sexy dream girls and living on a secluded tropical island with your best buddy Elvis P. King!

This offer is limited to only ONE GENTLEMAN. Will it be bachelor number 1? bachelor number 2? Or lucky bachelor number 30YOU!

There is only one Elvis in the world now and there is room for only one special buddy in my life.

Think of us as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Starsky & Hutch, The Odd Couple or simply Elvis P.

King and YOU.

If you are the man who truly loves young, sexy women, you owe it to yourself to see if Elvis means every word that he is saying. And that he can back up every word! Your buddies back home will never believe your story once you decide to become the sidekick of the senior playboy, Elvis P. King.

PS If by chance you're happy with your life or you have convinced yourself that you are happy with your life and if you're not interested in hanging out with Elvis please pass this letter on to one of

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### Gerald Armstrong, 1/30/05 10:55 AM -0800, Elvis Preston King, The Senior Playboy

your friends who would enjoy the bachelor dream life. Good luck either way Buddy!

Sincerely,

Elvis Preston King

Email: seniorplayboy1@yahoo.com

Telephone: 809-581-8648 (my house) 809-570-5100 (the bachelor pad)

My chauffeuris cellular is 809-459-2390 (His name is Alberto)

## About the Author

Elvis Preston King was born in Mississippi and grew up in Memphis. Not to be confused with the other great King, Elvis Presley. Elvis has always had an eye for girls since he first saw one as a baby. Elvis is a 55 year old senior who doesnit want to let go of being 18. He has over 1000 sexy girlfriends 18 to 22 years old. He is now looking for just ONE gentleman sidekick to share in his good fortune. You can email him at seniorplayboyl@yahoo.com

ON A COMPLETELY UNRELATED NOTE:

# The 809 Area Code Scam

There is a common misconception that from phones in the United States, a caller must first dial the prefix 011 to reach an international phone number. In fact, Canada, parts of the Caribbean and even U.S. territories in the Pacific can be reached by simply dialing what seems to be a regular domestic area code.

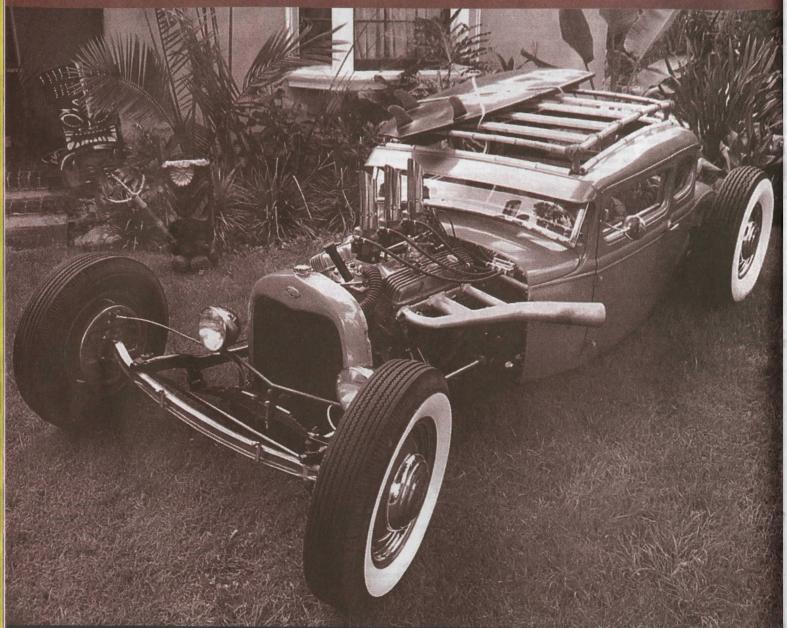
In the pre-cell phone era, when pagers once ruled the world of cool people, a scam was invented where automatic dialers called up pagers and left an 809 number on the pager. The unwitting victim then returned the call to the 809 number, assuming it was merely a long distance call inside the U.S.

However, the 809 area code is actually for the British Virgin Islands, a.k.a. the Bahamas. In the case of this scam, calling the number would connect the victim to a pay-per-call service, like 900 numbers in the U.S. But since the number is outside the U.S., domestic consumer protections did not apply. The customer was left to dispute the charge with their phone company, assuming they noticed the charge at all.

The 809 scam has morphed into other forms since then. Later versions included automated messages left on answering machines about sick or dead relatives or unclaimed sweepstakes winnings—always requesting that you call back an 809 number.

Of course, as with most good scams, this one has begun to appear in email inboxes, with the scammer inventing evermore creative ways to try to sucker the victim into calling an 809 number.

Warnings about the 809 phone scam have also become overly-forwarded inbox fodder. Urban legend claims that victims get charged over \$2400 per minute. While the scam is real, it appears that charge is usually more in the ballpark of \$25 a minute. This is still a total rip-off and it is money that could be better-spent on beer or new slot cars, among other things.



# FIFE "FEB TEKT"

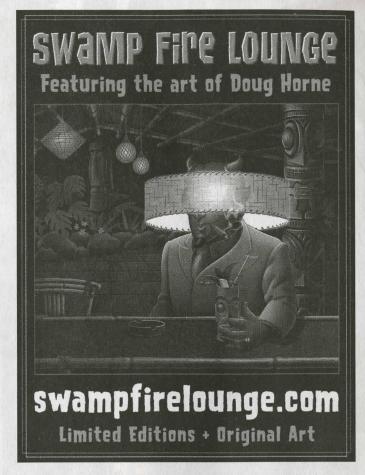
Why hot rod and surf/tiki culture don't meet more often in hot rod design is a real head-scratcher. It seems like such an obvious combination of two Southern California pastimes. And here's what we're talking about—a 1931 Ford Model A five-window coupe built by Ivan Sanchez of Long Beach, CA. The car features a 350 Chevy engine with an Offenhauser intake with three Stromberg 94 carbs on top of it. The El B Tiki is painted green and brown and is finished off with tropical interior touches. Danny at Tiki

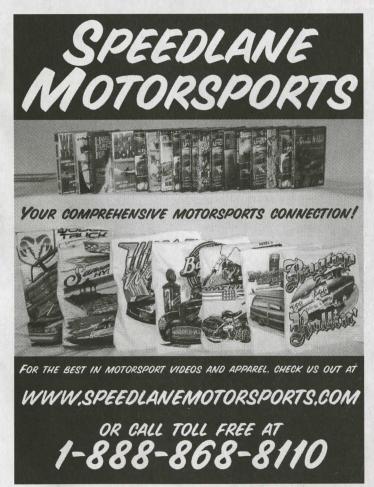
Diable was responsible for the interior, which was made with split bamboo, floral-print seats and weven mats. Even the door knob is a tiki carved by Danny. The roof racks on the El B Tiki are custom and hand made, and also made of bamboo. This car would look really cool beachside at a place like San Onofre, but with how much the El B Tiki has been lowered, good luck taking this car anywhere that isn't 100% paved! But it is a really different and really way-out hot rod nonetheless.



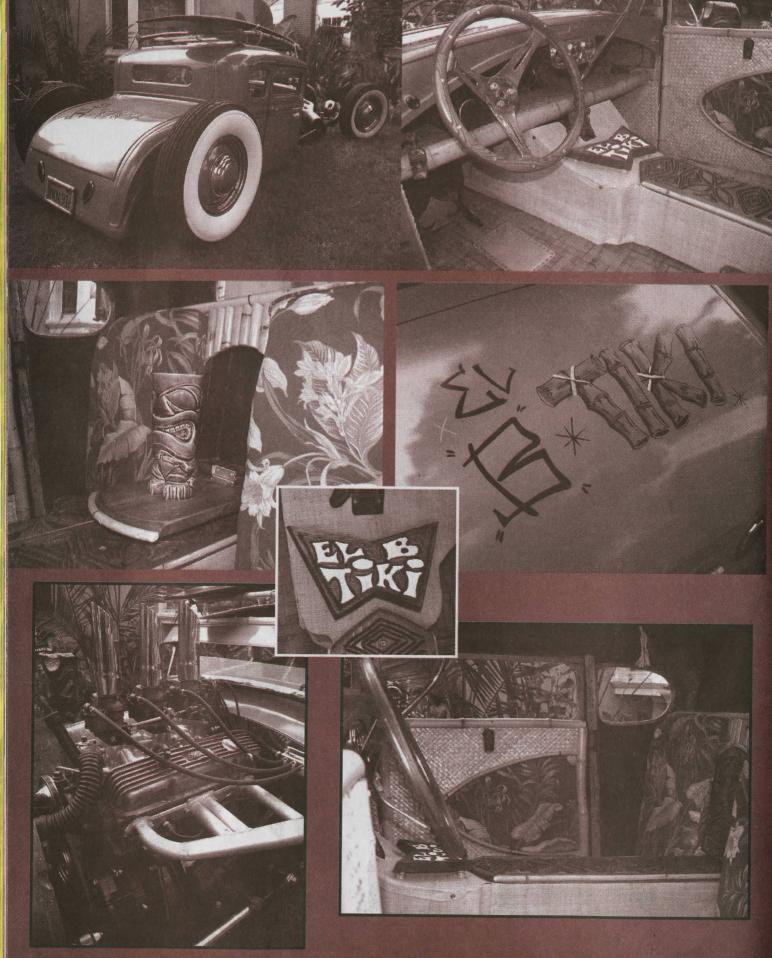
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# MOM ON SALE!



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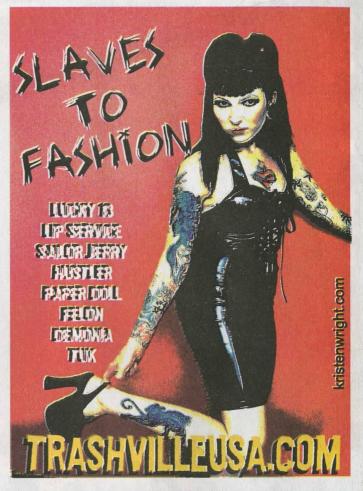


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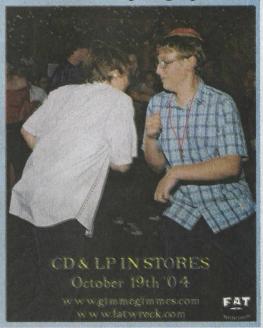
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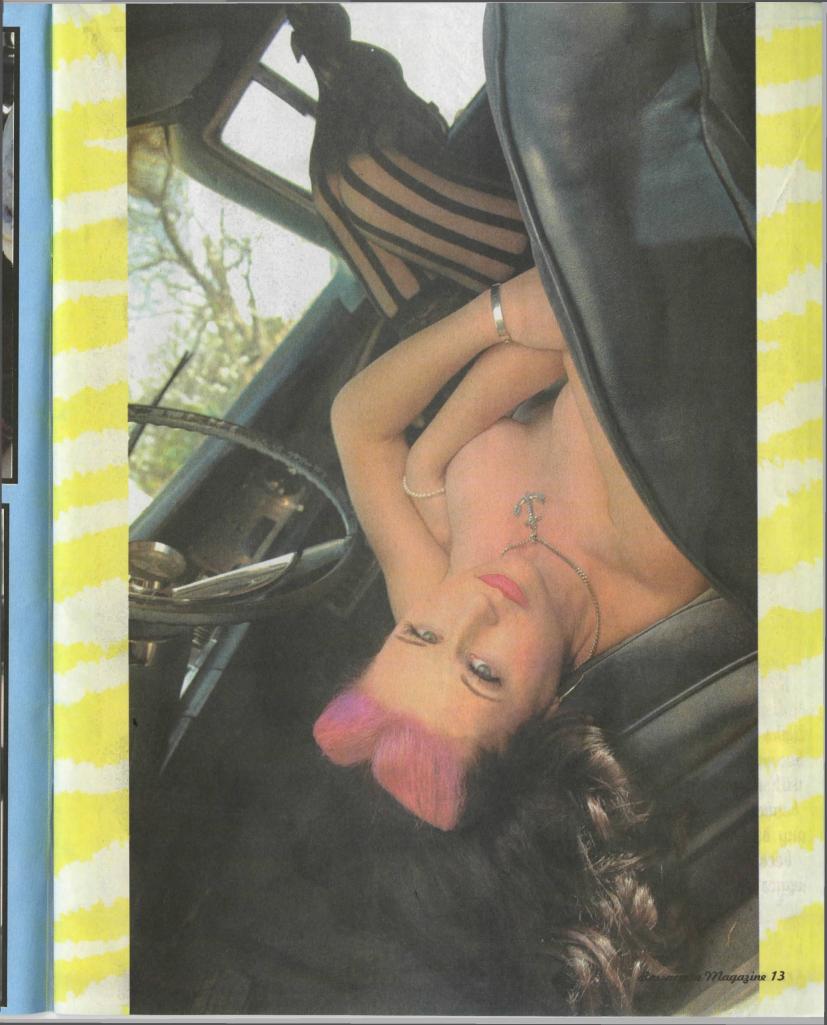
# BAD GIRLS HAVE MORE FUN!

This racy Barracuda Girl knows that good girls go to heaven, but bad girls get to go everywhere! With looks like these, it's no wonder she's become a master at getting attention without intention! She's got so many beaus, but she doesn't want to give any of them up. So her life has now become a bed of ruses! When the wages of sin are paid, she expects to get time and a half!

photos by Octavio hair/makeup by Tiffany Collins







# TIKI: MYSTERIOUS ICON OF THE PACIFIC

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS NASON

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he figure is squat and rudimentary—a human-like object carved of wood or stone. It has an over-sized head resting on a neck-less, de-emphasized, portly-shaped body. But the object is deceptively simple. Embodied in the figure's primitive craftsmanship is a confluence of oceanic history, religion and art—tiki.

The term tiki is widely used to describe virtually any human-like figure depicted in Oceanic art. Found in most Polynesian genealogies, in its strictest sense it is specific to the Marquesas Islands and New Zealand. "Tiki" loosely translates as man, ancestor or god. But tiki is also a protector, a talisman, a sexual symbol, or a totemic coat of arms.

My personal quest for the meaning of tiki led me to travel the islands of the Pacific in search of answers. Archeological research, visits to historical sites, interviews of respected local sages, discussions with scholars of traditional tiki folklore and observation of contemporary artisans' work led me to come to know: tiki is dynamic. Knowledge deepens its mystery rather than lifting it.

### Creator, Ancestor or Man?

Who or what do the deceivingly simplistic tiki sculptures represent? Most tiki creation myths define the carvings as representing either the creator, primary ancestor or first man, but a number of variations abound.

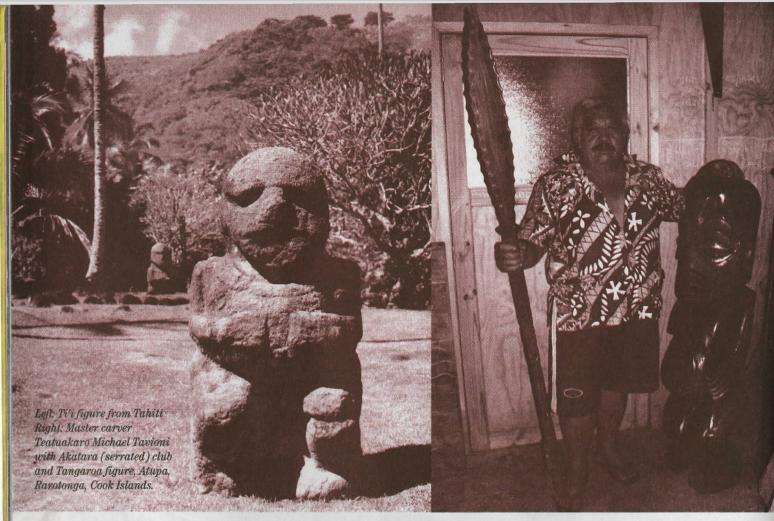
In his 1938 book, Vikings of the Pacific, the late Polynesian historian Peter Buck (1880 - 1951) offered that according to Tahitian mythology, the first human being was created by Tangaroa, god of the ocean and fish, with the support of Tu, the great artisan. The myth gives an alternative name for tiki—Ti'i-ahu-one—with its own definition for the forms, which translates to "molded from the earth." The myth contains obvious similarities to the biblical Genesis account of the creation of Adam. Buck elaborates that Ti'i married "...the goddess Hina, daughter of te Fatu (Lord, Core) and Fa'ahotu (to begin to form). The children of Ti'i and Hina intermarried

in the period of darkness with the gods of that era (the Maui family of demigods). The children who they conceived were the ancestors of the high chiefs, entitled to wear the red feather girdles denoting the highest rank, but the children whom they simply conjured up became the progenitors of the common people."

ercival Hadfield's book, The Savage and His Totem (1938), indicates that tiki evolved out of totemism, which was humankind's first and most elementary form of religion. According to Hadfield, totemism is "a distinct species of animal, plant or inanimate object, to which a group of people pay reverence." Polynesian totemism may have begun with animal forms. "Answering to the evolution of gods [Polynesians] developed totems which are on the point of sloughing off their old shapes and developing into anthropomorphic deities... [These] totems have generally developed into gods," says Hadfield.

In his 1912 sociological classic, Elementary

Left: Lono tiki, Hawaii Above: Moai statues of Easter Island



Forms of Religious Life, Emile Durkheim defines totemism as "an emblem, a veritable coat of arms whose analogies with the arms of heraldry have often been remarked." Symbolic of a lineage, a clan or a group of people, the tiki totem is a distinguishing brand. "The totemic principal can, therefore, be nothing else than the clan itself, personified and represented to the imagination."

urkheim's "coat of arms" analogy correlates with the beliefs of an eminent 70plus-year-old wood carver who lives on Rarotonga in the Cook Islands-Exham Wichman. Wichman maintains that tikis are not necessarily gods, ancestors or humans, but rather flags used to identify people. He states that the omnipotent fisherman's god, Tangaroa, was mounted on the prow of his ancestors' canoes like a flag so that others could readily identify the canoe as Rarotongan. Wichman explains that the most distinguishable component of the flags was the head because the number of lines comprising the eyes (five) and the mouth (four) identify people as Rarotongan. "The hands, which are typically depicted as clasped around the belly, symbolize holding on to one's heritage or lineage, and the belly component symbolizes warrior or war. The lower half of the body, or the penis, is symbolic of the creator, as the penis creates life," explains Wichman.

Meae lipona, the archaeological site that I

consider the most important tiki site in the world, indicates still another inspiration for the creation of tiki. The site which is situated at the village of Puamau, on the north coast of Hiva Oa in the southern Marquesas Islands, dates back at least 500 years and features the largest ancient tikis in Polynesia outside of Easter Island. In total, this impressive tiki shrine contains 18 Neolithic sculptures, including five incredibly intact tikis, ten tiki-heads—one of which is the largest in the islands, called Tivoo—and three fragmented tiki remnants.

Three monumental tikis carved of red volcanic tuff anchor the restored site. The largest, Takaii, stands nearly eight feet and was named after a powerful warrior chieftain. Flanking Takaii to the right foreground is Te Torae E Noho Ua, which is a headless tiki with six-fingered hands and a tattoo on its left ankle (indicative of a warrior or chief). The third tiki flanks Takaii to the left rear ground: Te Aua Ehu Ehu, believed to be Takaii's deified wife.

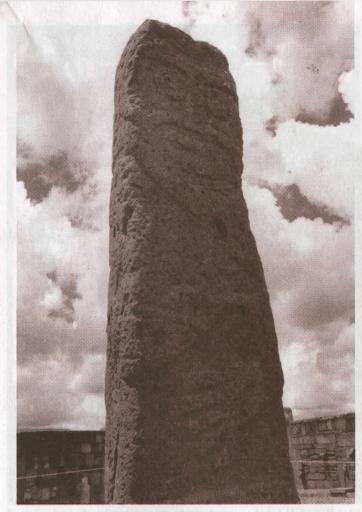
Local sage historian Peperu Heitaa believes that Tiki came from Takaii, for King Takaii was such a strong and powerful warrior with so much mana (a supernatural energy that is integral to Polynesian ideology) that he was worshiped while still alive. When he died, he was reincarnated into tiki. Then the figures of King Takaii, his tiki wife and his son were carved where they stand. Heitaa observes that the three tikis—

installed on the site around 800 AD—were carved from red volcanic tuff from a nearby quarry because "red is the sacred color of divinity."

eitaa associates the religion worshiped at Meae lipona to early Judeo-Christianity: "If you think about it. Tohetika along with our local and district gods are comparable to the Christian God along with Jesus and other Biblical deities. There are even elements of cannibalism in Christianity like the symbolic partaking in the body of Christ and breaking the bread in communion." In a conversation with him, I observed that the "King Takaii" tiki, being a god who came from a living man, parallels the Buddha, Jesus and Mohammed, who were also once living men. Heitaa noted, "When it really comes down to it, the main difference between the old and new religion is sexual matters." Traditional islanders did not place negative connotations on sex prior to missionary contact. Heitaa illustrates his theory by noting that his ancestors included the penis in all carvings of male tiki to depict virility. Missionaries who came to the islands said, "No good, cut it off!" Heitaa observes, "A male tiki is not complete without a phallus-it's a Christian tiki."

### The People Who Begot Tiki

Far less is known about the story of Polynesians than most other inhabitants of the world. This is ironic, since scholars believe Polynesia was the most recent area of the world to have been settled by man (and the last place on





Left: Kon Tiki figure, Tiahuanaco, Bolivia Above: Tavita Fale by a langi temple mound, Tongatapu, Kingdom of Tonga

Earth to be discovered by European explorers).

The mysterious origin of the Polynesian people is largely attributable to the remoteness of this vast Oceanic region—referred to as the Polynesia Triangle—which covers some ten million square miles extending from Hawaii on the North, Easter Island on the Southeast to New Zealand on the Southwest. Another contributing factor is that no written language (with the possible exception of Easter Island's rongo-rongo script) existed in Polynesia prior to European contact. Therefore, unlike other areas of the world which have an undisputed documented history dating back at least a couple of thousand years, one only goes back a few hundred years to find prehistoric times in Polynesia.

Prior to European contact, Polynesian history was acquired through an oral tradition whereby cultural facts, myths and legends were passed from generation to generation by word of mouth. Ancestor worship, integral to indigenous Polynesian religion, relied on this oral tradition; it required people to recite their family lineages all the way back to a primordial ancestor. Important ancestors may have been legendary warriors of esteem, renowned historical sailors, past chiefs or royalty. Through time, the oral tradition likely embellished upon the accomplishments of these ancestors, immortalizing them as supernatural folk-heroes and some even underwent a metamorphosis into gods.

These deified primeval ancestors are often portrayed or symbolized as tikis. Tiki imagery was depicted prominently in much of the material culture and through the oral tradition. Polynesian culture, as expressed through the arts, included wood and stone carving, tapa cloth making, tattooing, music and dancing. Many of these art forms, such as tiki carving, needed to be executed with exact detail as prescribed by the elders.

he Polynesians lived in stratified societies. Artists were part of a special carpenter class typically comprised of boat builders. Traditional Polynesian culture was Neolithic (new stone age), meaning these artisans had no metal tools. Thus, their carving was generally done using stone blades which were sometimes affixed to a wooden hammer-like tool known as an adze. The Polynesian's rigidly traditional techniques were highly stylized, with no separation from the art itself. In the world of the Polynesians, some objects were so sacred that they were tapu, or "hands off" to the common class. Often times tiki carving was considered to be in this category. Thus, artists needed to follow the rules of tapu-instituted by the priests-to remain pure. Our commonly used word taboo was derived from the Polynesian's tapu. But in Polynesia, the term did not necessarily have a negative connotation and in fact was part of a complex set of laws to protect such beings as plants and certain fish during the time of year they were procreating.

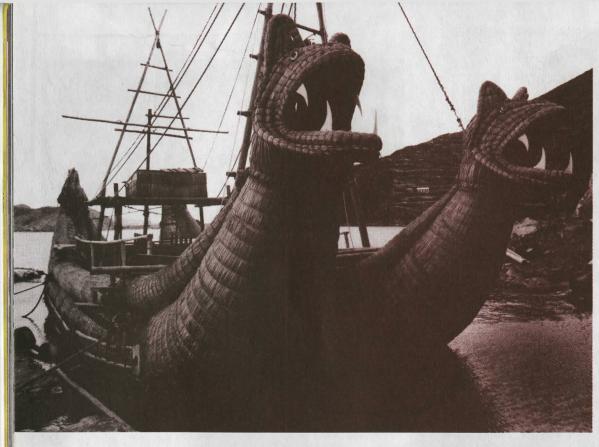
Archeologists believe the first tikis were probably carved of wood; however, due to the rapid deterioration process inherent in this tropical environment, the earliest remaining examples of tiki are carved of stone or keetu (red volcanic tuff) as at Meae lipona. The oldest tiki may likely be found on ancient rock-carved petroglyphs. The earliest of these primal tiki may well date as far back as the time of Christ.

Unfortunately, much of the traditional cultural knowledge was lost shortly after missionary contact. This is especially true for the traditional religion and art. For example polytheism, the belief in more than one god, and ancestor worship were discouraged and much of the tiki imagery that missionaries interpreted as graven was defaced or destroyed in the name of Christianity.

### **Descendants From Different Directions**

If Polynesia was one of the last areas of the world to be settled, how did its people arrive and where did they originate? For some, clues to the meaning and evolution of tiki lie in the answer to this question.

Two separate theories supply the predominately accepted perspectives. The first and most widely held premise is held by Dr. Robert Suggs, an archeologist renowned for his work in the Marquesas who I had the good fortune to meet during one of my Pacific sojourns. Suggs



Reed boat from Lake Titicaca

explains that contemporary archeologists believe the Marquesas were probably settled by descendants of Lapita culture—originally from Southeast Asia—who migrated easterly through Indonesia, then gradually onward through Melanesia and/or Micronesia, before reaching Eastern Polynesia about 500 BC. Suggs told me the Lapita people likely undertook migrations "by a strong desire to trade, or they could have been fleeing from tribal warfare."

ignificant evidence supporting Suggs' theory is found in carbon-dated pottery shards discovered in the area. A trail of these archeological remnants—created from distinctive Lapita pottery—shows a progressive easterly migration pattern across the Pacific beginning as far west as New Britain, Melanesia from around 1500 BC, to as far east as Tonga and Samoa, in Polynesia, circa 500 BC.

According to Suggs, the oldest scientifically dated tiki, carved on the handle of a poi-pounder, dates to around 1250 AD and has "rounded coffee-bean shaped eyes and a pointed chin." However, "tiki likely dates back before this, as it is difficult to date stone, because radio carbondating works best on things that were once living." He referenced an unusual anthrozoomorphic (human combined with animal form) petroglyph image of "a bird with a tiki head" that dates back to 1100 or 1200 AD. More typical petroglyph images of "stick figures, fish, turtles, are frequently found near sacred sites and seem to be commemorative of past offerings."

Another Polynesian settlement theory, albeit disputed amongst much of academia, is

that at least some of the original settlers came from South America by way of a westerly migration rather than arriving in Polynesia from the east. This theory was the central thesis of the adventurer and scholar, Thor Heyerdahl (1914-2002). Heyerdahl made several comparisons between the artifacts of the Americas to those of Polynesia and found some remarkable similarities between many anthropomorphic statues of the ancient Americas and the tiki imagery of the Pacific Islands. Examples include the bent-knee Quizuo postured figures of the Olmec (Meso-American) culture and the colossal Atlantean statues of the Toltecs at Tula, Mexico, as the figures at both of these sites appear to be tikis. Another obvious example is the totem poles of the Native American Tlingit tribes of the Pacific Northwest, which are virtually stacked tikis comprising both anthropomorphic and zoomorphic figures. However, Heverdahl's most significant example was the Viracocha Kon-Tiki statue at Tiahuanaco, Bolivia. Heyerdahl claimed Kon-Tiki was named after the Incan Sun-King who "vanished over the sea from Peru and appeared in [Eastern] Polynesia 1,500 years ago."

Heyerdahl's best-selling book Kon-Tiki documented the expedition the adventurer initiated in 1947 to prove his theory. Along with five colleagues, Heyerdahl built a balsa-wood raft of native materials and drifted the 4,300 miles from Peru to the Tuamotu Islands in central Polynesia. It took the men a little over three months. While this epic expedition does not necessarily prove migrations came into Polynesia by way of the Americas, it does show that since it

was possible for a European without sailing experience to successfully undertake this voyage, it certainly could have been made by the Polynesians (who, along with their Micronesian counterparts, are acclaimed as the best sailors of the world).

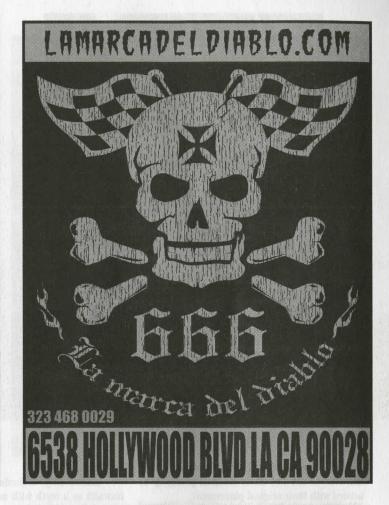
One proponent of Heyerdahl's emigrational theory, Tavita Fale, a dedicated Pacific historian, asserts the main island of Tongatapu (sacred Tonga) was the place Polynesian culture began and contends that this Island has the greatest archeology in the Pacific. He is emphatic that his ancestors migrated to Polynesia by way of South America, and before that, they were originally from Egypt.

ale's theory is supported by a group of new-age scholars who postulate that three Kon-Tiki statues at Tiahuanaco, Bolivia, are positioned as a terrestrial diagram of the celestial plan of the three stars of the Orion's Belt constellation, as are the three pyramids at Giza, Egypt. Following in this pattern, Heyerdahl wrote that the stepped pyramid at Ahu Hanga Poukura in Vinapu, Easter Island is astronomically oriented. And this positioning is also reflected in the three great tiki of Meae lipona, in the southern Marquesas Islands-Takaii, Te Torae E Noho Ua, and Te Aua Ehu Ehu. Could the people who begat tiki have begun in the Middle East and traveled west? Other than these examples, I am not aware of any studies concerning the significance with orientation or positioning of tikis. This is something that warrants future research. Unfortunately, most tiki sites have been disturbed with much of the archeology

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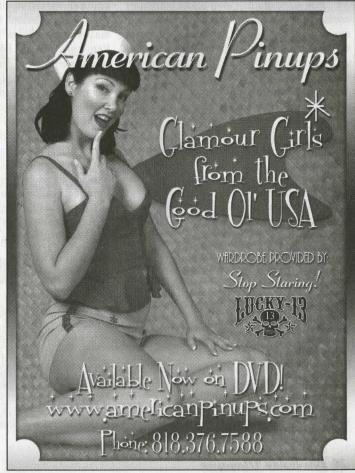
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defaced or removed, and even if restored, these tiki statues are not likely situated precisely in accord with their original placements.

Fale maintains that even before missionary contact, his Tongan ancestors worshiped only one supreme god—as did those who came from the near-east—and that the two principal gods of Western Polynesia, Tangaloa and Maui, are not gods but rather noble rulers of the past.

wise Samoan local whose name is Pita advises, "My ancestors worshiped one god—Tangaloa," in support of Tavita's monotheistic notion. But when I asked Pita if he believed his ancestors came to Polynesia by way of the east or the west, to my surprise he added a twist on the emigrational theories and proclaimed, "Neither, as we came from above!"

Pita's profound statement ties into a central theme in Polynesian ideology: the concept of Hawaiki, the ancestral homeland of the first discoverers of the Pacific Islands. Tahitian folklore suggests it was from Hawaiki that the primal ancestors followed the trail of the rising sun to their respective island homes, and when they passed away, their kindred souls would follow the rays of the setting sun and return to Hawaiki. This myth suggests Hawaiki may be in Western Polynesia leading some to believe Hawaiki was situated in the Western islands of Tongatapu, Tonga or Savaii, Samoa. Archeological evidence supports this myth, as Western Polynesia was the first Polynesian area to be settled based on carbon-dating of found

artifacts.

Admittedly, orthodox academia regards Hawaiki as a myth with no basis in reality, but another variation of this explanation of Polynesian settlement, the concept of Mu, really makes mainstream archeologists cringe. Renowned psychic Edgar Cayce (1877-1945) used the term Mu to describe a lost continent in the Pacific where he claimed the oldest civilization on earth flourished. Sometimes this area is referenced as Lemuria, but Cayce advised Lemuria was simply an island of Mu. Much older than its Atlantis counterpart, Mu's ancient homelands broke up and sank into the Pacific, and the islands that remain today are the hilltops of this ancient continent. Proponents of Cayce believe the ancient citadel of Nan Madal in Micronesia, the langi temple ruins of Tonga, and even some of the most ancient tiki sites could be the remaining relics of the ancient, bygone people of Mu.

## The Unexplainable

"Old religion behind back, Christianity going forward," Heitaa—the Polynesian historian—informed me; rather than worshiping a prehistoric religion, he is a devout Seventh Day Adventist. But Heitaa also nods to old beliefs, "Some things cannot be explained," he says, disclosing that as recently as 20 years ago tiki still had mana. "Once a visitor took a picture of me standing next to the tiki Moe One, but when the film was developed—no tiki!! The photograph showed me standing next to nothing—

tiki is a ghost!" Heitaa also relayed the fact that visitors who take souvenir stones from the Meae Iipona archaeological site often find they bring bad luck." Meae are the open-air temples once used by those inhabiting the Marquesas to worship. Considered sacred sites, or tapu, the Meae were also used for burials. Heitaa, along with several other islanders, told me they occasionally receive rocks or stones in the mail accompanied by requests to return them to their respective Meae hoping that this will cure the sender's recent "bad luck" spree—perhaps caused by a non-respectful commoner neglecting the laws of tapu.

Bad luck has also been attributed to the three stone tikis at the garden of the Gauguin Museum in Tahiti In 1933, they were brought some 600 miles from Raivavae, in the Austral islands to Papeete, Tahiti, in spite of protests that they should be not be disturbed. Within two years, the boat that transported them shattered on a reef and the captain was dead. When the decision was made to move the tikis to the Gauguin Museum, Tahitians wouldn't move them for fear of tapu. Eventually the municipality hired Marquesans for the job. That night the father of one of the workers had a fatal traffic accident and then the foreman died on the inauguration day of the new site. Fearing this bad luck spree, the museum gardener quit and the Tahitian gift shop associate refused to work after dark. To this day, the museum doesn't need to secure its grounds, as the tikis scare any

Opposite page: Austral Islands tikis at Gauguin Museum, Tahiti This page: Author Nason with King Takaii tiki, Meae Iipona, Puamamau, Hiva Oa Island, Marquesas

intruder away.

Tiki has also been associated with good luck and is a known talisman. One such Marquesan tiki, the legendary Moe One, situated upon a densely vegetated hillside palm grove on the island of Hiva Oa, stands about three feet and is uniquely ornamented with a carved crown of flowers. Like many traditional tikis, Moe One is believed to be charged with much mana and is the subject of significant folklore.

At the nearby sea-side village of Hanapaaoa, I learned the villagers would annually take Moe One to the beach to bathe the tiki in the ocean, then coat it with monoi—a fragrant oil—before returning it to its hillock abode. A local told me that Moe One is the "fisherman's tiki," because the villagers take it to the shore during difficult fishing times, and the tiki mysteriously turns to face the area where fish are biting.

## **Epilogue**

Good or bad luck, man, myth, creator or icon, tiki lives on, continuing to fascinate and inspire without respect to time or place. The more I learn about this mysterious icon the more questions I have. Somewhere between the metaphysical mythology, folklore, superstitions, and the oral tradition and the physical academic sciences of anthropology and archeology, the real story of tiki may be found. Until a convincing absolute truth surfaces, I will continue traveling and researching the Pacific to satisfy an insatiable quest for tiki knowledge. But my intuition seems to tell me the answers are as ambiguous and enigmatic as the tiki icon itself, lying somewhere between man and God. The real story is ineffable.

Biography:

Douglas Nason is an anthropologist whose passion for primitive art and archeology has sent him around the globe, notepad and camera in hand. He is co-owner of the Copro/Nason Gallery and has curated many record-breaking exhibitions (including several tiki art venues). Nason is the author of Night of the Tiki: The Art of Shag, Schmaltz and Selected Primitive Oceanic Carvings and Rat Fink: The Art of Ed "Big Daddy" Roth books. He is currently completing his third book, Tiki: Anthropomorphic Icons of the Pacific, an overview of the wide range of human-shaped iconography, its function and meaning, as used in traditional Oceanic art. Nason is leading a special tiki tour of the Society and Marquesas Islands in October of 2005, please contact douglasnason@earthlink.net for more information.

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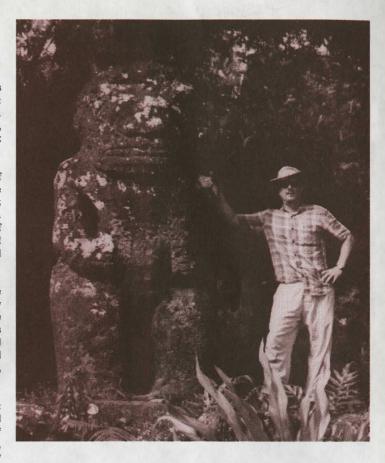
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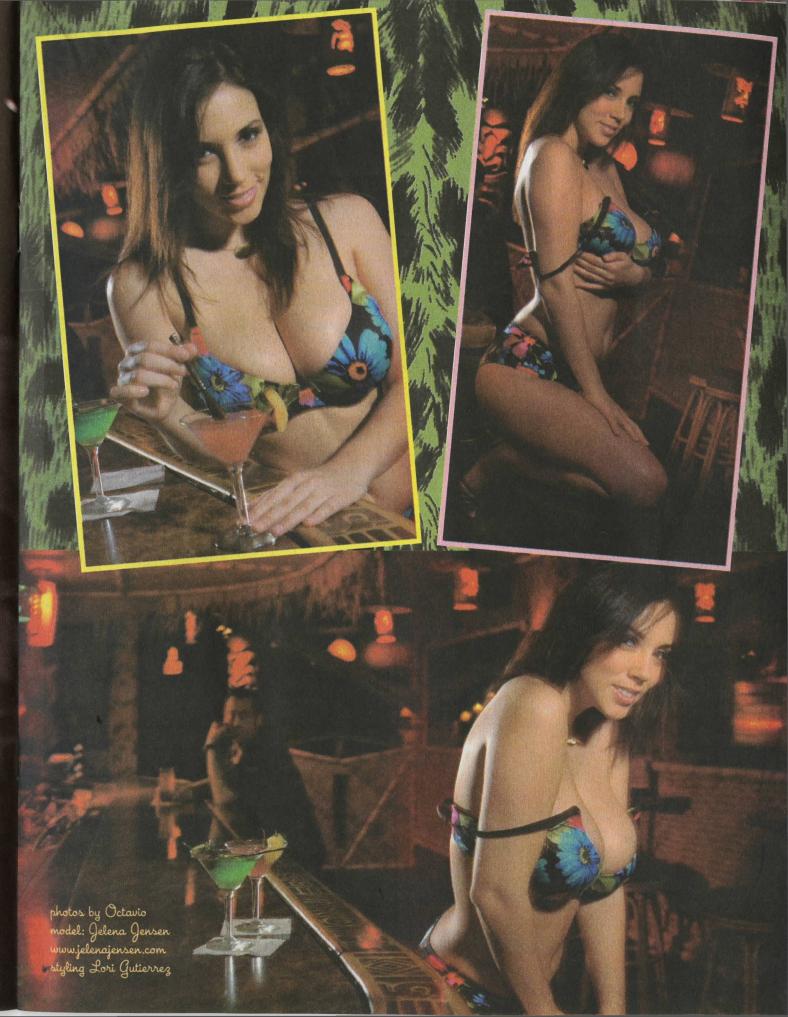
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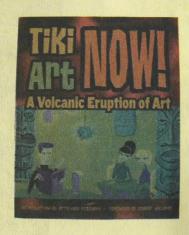
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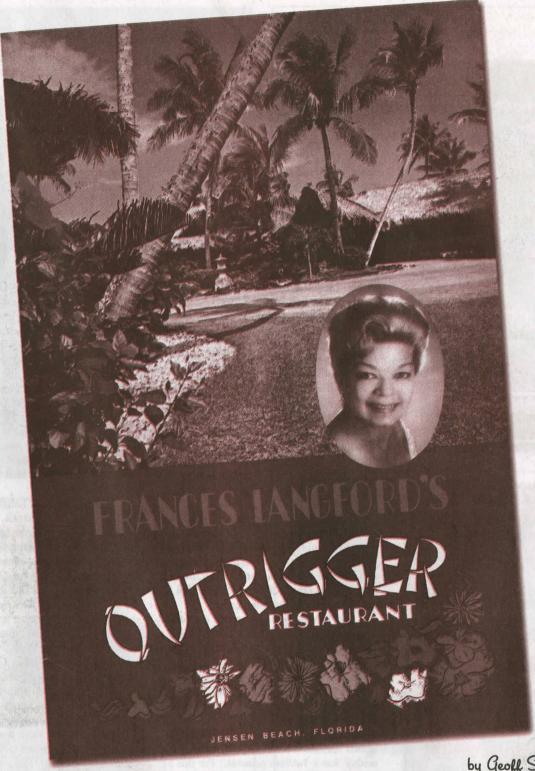




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by Geoff Sundstrom

he Outrigger Restaurant in Jensen Beach, FL was the creation of Frances Langford, Florida's "tiki" torch singer. Twentieth century America's infatuation with the south seas was an established phenomena prior to the heyday of tiki popular culture in the 1950s and 60s, and its early attraction came mostly through the books, movies and music of the 1930s and early 40s. Sven Kirsten's Book of Tiki (Taschen, 2000) refers to this era as "pre-tiki."

Frances Langford's Outrigger Restaurant (now the Dolphin Bar and Shrimp House) is a wonderful example of how intersecting currents in film, popular literature and radio flowed together in this pre-tiki period to create the impetus for a spectacular Polynesian restaurant.

The voyage of The Outrigger begins with the 1932 publication of the runaway best-selling novel *Mutiny on the Bounty*, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. This highly successful literary team—whose names were to become synonymous with South Seas adventure—met as American combat pilots in World War I France.

Following their wartime exploits, the two aspiring authors moved to the islands of Tahiti, where they remained residents for many years. Hall arrived first, after traveling the South Pacific for several years after the war, gathering experiences that would furnish him with materi-



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BIMINI SWIZZLE	2.00
OUTRIGGER GOLD	1.75

al for his later novels. Nordhoff joined him, and the two began collaborating on fictional and historical novels.

Nordhoff's first Polynesian adventure tale, The Pearl Lagoon, was published in 1924. The Derelict, another South Seas novel, appeared in 1925. From then on, Nordhoff and Hall collaborated on numerous books including, Faery Lands of the South Seas (1921), Mutiny on the Bounty (1932), Men Against the Sea (1934), Pitcairn's Island (1934) and The Hurricane (1936).

heir most successful work was the trilogy based on factual records of the 1879 mutiny of English sailors led by First-Mate Fletcher Christian against Captain William Bligh. Three successful Hollywood films were made of the duo's Bounty stories—including 1934's Mutiny on the Bounty staring Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. The huge success of this first film helped to fire the public's growing fascination with things Polynesian and soon a cinematic version of The Hurricane was in the works.

More than anything else, it was 1937's *The Hurricane* which led to construction of The Outrigger Restaurant.

The Hurricane was one the first so-called disaster films and was a huge success when released. The story revolves around the romance between two Polynesian lovers—Terang and Marama—and their eventual demise in a hurricane that submerges their island home of Manakoora. The production won two Academy Awards for sound recording and special effects.

In casting *The Hurricane*, director John Ford took a chance on the beautiful Dorothy Lamour to play the female lead Marama. Lamour had created a small sensation as a sarong-clad native in her first picture *The Jungle Princess* (1936) and Ford sensed her enormous potential for this film.

For the male lead Terang, the studio signed a handsome young man of partial Polynesian descent who had recently appeared in several films, including Charlie Chan in Shanghai (1935), under the names Charles Locher and Lloyd Crane. The actor, whose real name was Charles Hall Locher, was the nephew of Hurricane co-author James Norman Hall and the son of actor Felix Locher. (Hollywood press agents enhanced his resume by claiming his mother was a Tahitian princess.) For this picture, Charles Locher's connection to the author of The Hurricane would be emphasized by crediting him with the name he would use for the rest of his career, Jon Hall.

The Hurricane was the perfect vehicle for Lamour's gorgeous sensuality and Hall's athletic good looks. Throw in Ford's South Seas location shots, Oscar-winning special effects, the tune "Moon of Manakoora" specially written for the film's intermission by Frank Loesser and Alfred Newman, and the result was a movie that took America by storm.

Lamour, went on to play similar parts in Her Jungle Love (1938), Typhoon (1939), Beyond the Blue Horizon (1941), and Rainbow Island (1943). She paired again with Hall in Aloma of the South Seas (1941), and continued wearing her trademark sarong as the recurring beauty accompanying Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in their popular "Road To" comedies, starting with Road to Singapore (1939). One of her final pictures was shot on Kauai by John Ford with John Wayne and Lee Marvin—Donovan's Reef (1962).

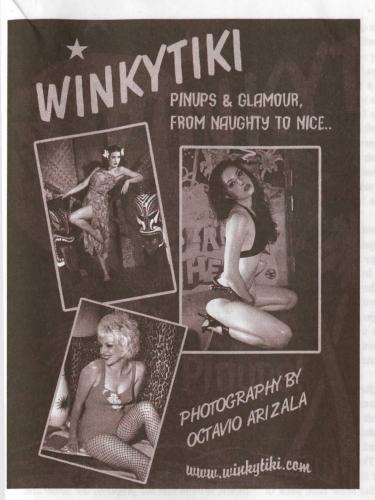
Hall traded his success in The Hurricane for leading parts in a number of he-man South Seas pictures including the aforementioned Aloma of the South Seas, South of Pago-Pago (1940), The Tuttles of Tahiti with Charles Laughton (1942), On the Isle of Samoa (1950), Hurricane Island (1951), Hell Ship Mutiny (1957) and Forbidden Island (1959). (Forbidden Island featured a cameo appearance and title song by exotica musician Martin Denny.) He was successfully paired with Maria Montez in number of films, including Arabian Nights (1942) and made the transition to the popular western movie format. In the early 1950s, he starred in the television drama Ramar of the Jungle.

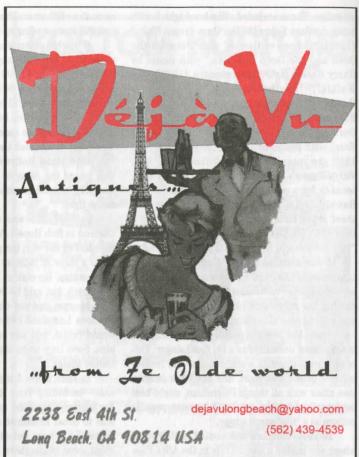
The story of Jon Hall is important to the history of The Outrigger Restaurant because it was in the period immediately after the success of *The Hurricane* that Hall met and married Frances Langford.

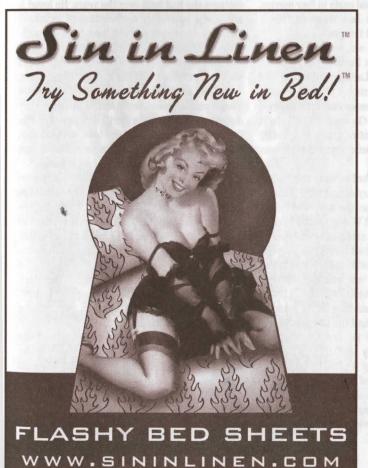
Frances Newbern Langford was born on April 4, 1914 in Lakeland, Fla. She began singing in vaudeville in the late 1920s. In 1931, she was spotted while singing on Tampa radio by Rudy Vallee and was offered a guest spot on his radio program. He helped her start a singing career in New York that included a small part in the Broadway musical *Here Goes the Bride*. The show opened on November 3, 1931, and closed about a week later. Coincidentally, Vallee also helped launch Dorothy Lamour's career as a singer before she began her Hollywood career.

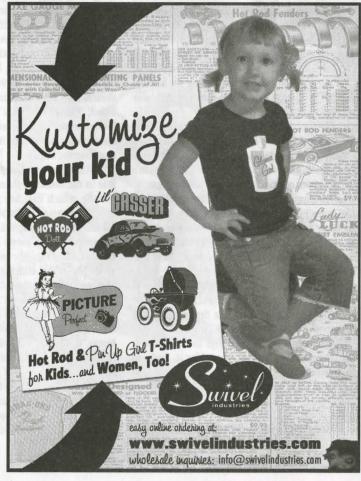
angford continued to sing in vaudeville, made radio and club appearances and released her first records. In 1935, Langford was one of the first artists signed by the newly formed Decca label, which featured some of the most prominent stage and radio stars of the era, including Bing Crosby, with whom she enjoyed a long-time friendship. The label also recorded many hapa-haole Hawaiian music artists, including Harry Owens, Ray Kinney, Lani (Dick) McIntyre, Roy Smeck, Sam Koki and Andy Iona.

Crosby, who was a huge success recording various types of music, including Hawaiian songs, helped Decca recognize the merits of placing mainstream American artists in front of microphones backed by Hawaiian musicians. Langford was a notable example. Between 1937 and 1942, Decca released a dozen or more 78 rpm recordings of her interpreting tropical









melodies. These included: "Harbor Lights" with music by Sam Koki (1937); "On a Tropic Night" (1938); "Echoes of Hawaii" and "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," with music by Harry Sosnik and his Orchestra (1939); "In Waikiki," "South Sea Sadie," "Lovely Hula Hands," "Tropical Magic" and "White Ginger Blossoms of Tah-Ni" (from the Jon Hall / Dorothy Lamour picture Aloma of the South Seas) with music by Dick McIntyre (1941). In 1942, she recorded "Blue Tahitian Moon" with Victor Young's Orchestra. She and Crosby both seem to have covered "When You Dream About Hawaii" in 1937, as her photo is featured on sheet music for the song and Crosby released a Decca 78 of the tune.

n addition to her frequent release of singles in the then-standard format of 78 rpm records, Langford had singing contracts for several popular radio programs and was broadcasting her renditions of hapa-haole Hawaiian songs along with other hits.

From her pre-war performances, Langford is sometimes described as a big band singer. This is incorrect. She was a solo vocalist and recording star in her own right, and given her lengthy love affair with all things Polynesian, might best be described for her role in Polynesian popular culture as a "tiki" torch singer.

In 1935, Langford was invited to Hollywood where she landed a singing role in the Alice Faye movie *Every Night at Eight*. This film was her big break, and her song "I'm in the Mood for Love" became her biggest hit. This role launched her on a 15-year movie career in which she appeared in numerous singing and acting roles.

It was during a radio appearance, however, that she met Jon Hall and soon conceived the idea of a Polynesian retreat in the middle of Florida. In 1938, while performing on a radio show called *Hollywood Hotel*, she met and later married the part-Tahitian actor.

Although information concerning their romance is difficult to find, it was during their honeymoon period that she brought Hall to Florida and visited an area in the middle of the state's eastern shore referred to as the Treasure Coast.

Langford told the *Tampa Tribune* in 2004: "We were just riding around from one beach to another, and then we got to Jensen Beach and we happened to see this driveway that rose up. We drove in, thinking the whole time, 'Gee, this is not what you are supposed to do."

Hall and Langford got to the top of the rise, looked around and fell in love. "These people came out of the house, and the first words out of our mouths were, 'Is this place for sale?'

"It hadn't really occurred to the owners, but they quickly decided to consider it. And you could have all of the property in the world that you wanted, and nobody was next door. We had the highest spot around here—at least 50 feet above sea level!"

For \$15,000, they bought the house and

more than 100 acres. Then she bought more land, and still more, ending up with about 400 acres.

"I wanted something where people couldn't move in on me," she says. She could afford it. She was making \$1,500 a week on *Hollywood Hotel*, and an extra \$750 a week from MGM.

The two were able to spend only a few short years together before the pressures of their show business careers and the realities of World War II overtook their marriage.

Like many Hollywood actors of that era, Hall joined the Army to aid the war effort, and Langford wanted to make her own contribution to the fight.

In 1941, she was asked to replace Judy Garland in Bob Hope's *Pepsodent* radio show. At the start of the war, the government asked Hope to do a show at military training camps around the country. He claims he didn't like the idea very much, but said he would accept it if no one from his cast had any objections. He hoped tiny Frances Langford (who was only 5 feet tall) would resist, but she told him it was a great idea. Soon they were touring camps all over the United States.

In 1943, Hope, Langford and the rest of the cast—including Tony Romano, who remained her guitarist until she quit singing—went overseas to Great Britain to stage their shows. After Rommel had been defeated in North Africa, they spent some weeks there. They were the first U.S. entertainers in Italy after the allies invaded continental Europe. Following some time back in Hollywood, Langford played parts in four movies, including a guest spot in Jack Warner's *This Is the Army* starring Ronald Reagan.

By 1944, the troupe was ready to entertain the soldiers in the South Pacific. Jerry Colona, who toured with Hope, Langford, Ramano and dancer Patty Thomas, wrote a book of comedy sketches on their experiences during this period titled, Who Threw That Coconut? (1945). In it he describes how the entire group was nearly killed in a plane crash, but continued their wartime touring anyway.

After the war, Langford secured the leading role in the musical-military comedy *The Bamboo Blonde*, which cast her as the supposed heart-throb of a group of World War II pacific bomber pilots. Although Langford acted, sang and danced her heart out, the movie had limited commercial success. After this, her movie career began fading away. She had a starring role with her husband, however, in the western *Deputy Marshall* (1949).

If the movies were running out of roles for Frances Langford, radio and the new medium of television were another matter. In 1951, she began a 20 year comedy affiliation with Don Ameche. The partnership featured Langford as the feuding female half of *The Bickersons*. The show was a popular success as a short-lived television program and a long-running radio show. Langford also hosted several variety shows on both radio and television.

Unfortunately, in 1953 after 17 years of marriage, she was divorced from Jon Hall. Interestingly, they remained close friends until his death in 1979. She said their careers had forced the couple to spent long periods away from each other, especially during the war. He was with the Army, she was overseas and their continuing peace-time careers meant they never saw each other. They just drifted apart, she said.

Langford's amicable separation from Jon Hall was important as plans moved forward to build a Polynesian-style resort on the property the two had purchased before the war. Although it is unclear whether the two originally envisioned a full-blown Polynesian restaurant or just a few thatched villas for themselves and their many friends, by the mid-1950's Langford clearly had in mind an establishment modeled on Don the Beachcomber's Hollywood restaurant.

Financing for the project was no object since Langford was a huge success in her own right, and she had just met and married Ralph Evinrude, multi-millionaire president of Outboard Motors Corp.

Although Langford was still performing in night clubs when she met Evinrude, she didn't want to continue the touring lifestyle and wanted to settle down.

She told the Tampa Tribune: "I didn't like nightclubs; everybody was always drinking, and the atmosphere wasn't always nice."

So, she brought her new husband to Jensen Beach, showed him her property, the house and cottages she had built over the years. He loved it all (it was noticeably warmer than Milwaukee) and they decided to make it their base of operations. He rigged up a facility a mile or so down the river where he could play with his engines to his heart's content, and she tended the property.

They decided the harbor needed a place where people could get a sandwich after they docked, so they opened a glorified diner called The Outrigger. "The people of the town decided that this was where they wanted to eat. So we began adding on rooms, then a couple of guest houses."

oon The Outrigger, her "Polynesian paradise," was one of the premiere establishments on the Treasure Coast. "Actually, the Outrigger was a hobby. The restaurant was sort of a break-even operation, but I had a gift shop that made money. We ended up making money for about ten years."

Despite Langford's description, the glorified diner called The Outrigger appears to have been conceived and built as much more than a dock-side sandwich shop.

Plans for a Polynesian palace called the "The Outrigger" appear to have come off the drawing board fully conceived in 1959 when Ed Lawerence, traveled east from Hollywood, California to take charge of the project. In articles published in *The Miami Herald*, Langford said she had known Lawerence since before the war and felt he was the one to design and oper-





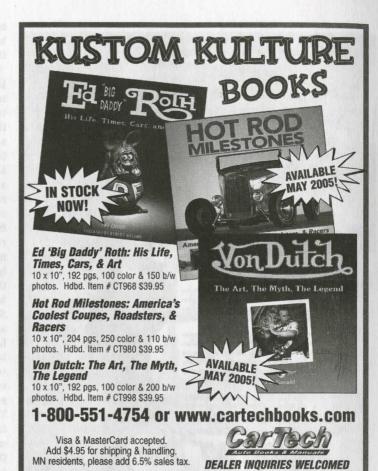


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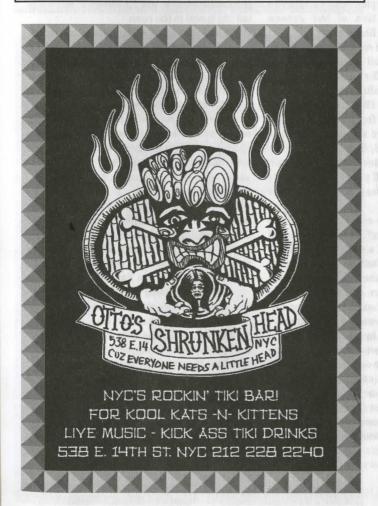


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ate the restaurant she envisioned.

Lawrence's 1984 obituary in *The Herald* proclaimed him as "internationally known for his creative design in Polynesian effects," mentioned his set designs for Joan Crawford's South Pacific masterpiece *Rain* (1932), as well as his "creation" of the Don the Beachcomber restaurants in Hollywood and Chicago, his World War II service as a Seabee and his construction and design of Frances Langford's Outrigger Restaurant.

Because Donn Beach is the acknowledged genius behind his own unique and highly successful approach to the restaurant business, Lawrence's exact role in the Beachcomber enterprise is still a mystery.

Under Lawrence's direction, Evinrude and Langford's The Outrigger Restaurant opened for business in 1961, where he remained as general manager of the resort until 1977. Afterwards, he retired and remained on the payroll as a consultant.

When Langford and Evinrude weren't entertaining the famous and powerful in their fabulously romantic Jensen Beach restaurant—among them Hope, Crosby, Nixon and Eisenhower—they spent a lot of time on the water especially in their 110-foot yacht, *The Chanticleer*. Langford loved fishing and once landed a 419-pound marlin. Their out-of-theway location had plenty of privacy and must

have been a fabulous hideaway for them and their guests.

In 1966, Langford briefly returned to entertaining the troops, this time in jungles of southeast Asia. She had toured during the Korean War, and wrote a series of wellreceived newspaper columns called Purple Heart Diary. Her experiences in Viet Nam must have felt strangely different, however. On the album cover of her Frances Langford Sings in Viet Nam, an aging Frances Langford is smiling before a crowd of G.I.'s standing in the literal and figurative quagmire of Southeast Asia. The record-her last-was released under her own label, Outrigger Records. The back cover included photos and a description of her Jensen Beach resort.

A series of tragedies entered Langford's life starting in 1979. Jon Hall shot himself in the head at age 66 to end suffering brought about by bladder cancer and spending several months in bed following surgery. In 1983, Langford's grand-daughter was abducted from a Stuart, Florida convenience store where she worked and was murdered. And in 1986, her husband Ralph Evinrude died. Soon afterward, the widowed Langford began selling off pieces of her property in Jensen Beach—"It was just too much," she told the *Tampa Tribune*.

The Outrigger was sold to a couple who wasted no time "updating" the look and feel of The Outrigger. Seeking a more contemporary style modeled after the Caribbean-themed music of Jimmy Buffet, all of the Polynesian decorations and furnishings were removed. The thatch roof was stripped away and the exterior and interior walls were white-washed. Ed Lawrence's Outrigger was wrecked by the renovation and renamed the Key West Restaurant.

Locals say they were outraged by the makeover, but were at a loss as to how to respond. The damage had been done and preserving anything of the old Outrigger seemed a lost cause. That is, until the new owners suddenly died in a mysterious boating accident and their property —including The Outrigger—was thrown into the courts, leaving the restaurant idle and empty for a number of years.

In the mid-1990's, the owner of another successful Jensen Beach restaurant "Conchy Joe's" bought the remains of The Outrigger and vowed to return it to its former glory.

The Outrigger restaurant in Jensen Beach, Florida is now called the Dolphin Bar and Shrimp House. With its distinctive thatch roof removed, a shake shingle roof installed, and brick walls where tapa designs once predominated, the old Outrigger feels a bit more like a New England seafood joint than a Polynesian palace.

Looking beyond these details, however, it is easy to visualize the structure for what it once was. The roof lines are the same. The layout is sprawling. Its location on the river with palm trees swaying overhead is stunning.

Entering the restaurant confirms that this is in fact the location of Langford's tropical hideaway. Inside the walls are adorned with photos, menus and other memorabilia of The Outrigger and of Frances Langford's fabulous career. Of special interest are several photos of the interior of the original restaurant, as well as the ill-fated Key West conversion. In an alcove that serves as a small shrine to Mrs. Langford and her restaurant, there is a small tiki mask looking down from one wall, some war clubs hanging above a door, and the very weathered hull of an outrigger canoe suspended from the ceiling. This canoe may have sat on the front lawn, since one can be seen in a postcard of the restaurant when it was first built. A three foot tall tiki is also in the room.

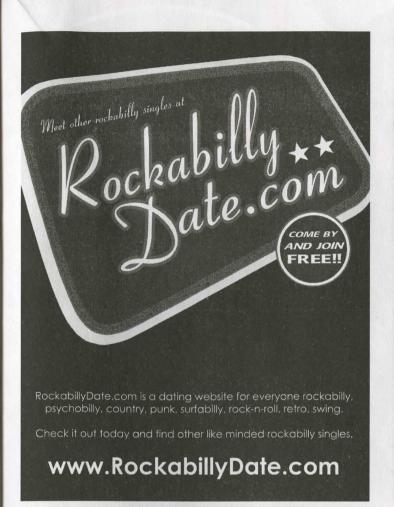
he basic layout of the restaurant (including two beautiful bars—one in bamboo) is preserved and the carved wooden beams are original. There is a huge limestone fireplace in the main dining room and rattan chairs are used throughout the dining rooms.

The setting for this restaurant is as magnificent as it looks in old postcards. The building sits on a pretty marina and the outside bar and decks overlook a very wide stretch of the Indian River.

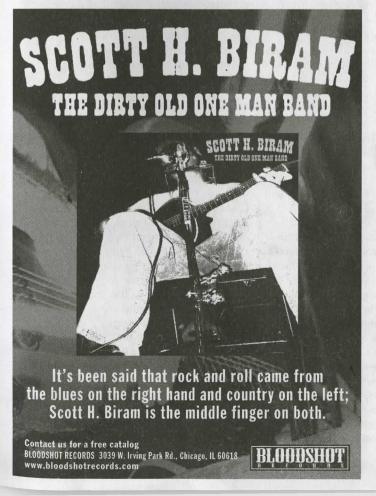
The current menu features a variety of shrimp and seafood dishes. The bar menu is disappointingly devoid of Polynesian cocktails. In its heyday, however, The Outrigger served Cantonese food and mixed its tiki drinks in Daga's bamboo-shaped mugs. The mug was decorated with the restaurant's name.

Today, the Dolphin Bar and Shrimp House remains a delightfully pleasant place to drink and dine. The experience is made even more pleasurable by sitting on the lanai and contemplating the fascinating lives of those who built and operated it for many years.

Frances Langford is in her 90s and still lives in Florida with her third husband, Harold Stuart. Her eyesight is failing, but she gave an extensive interview about her life to the *Tampa Tribune* in June of 2004. The Dolphin Bar and Shrimp House suffered nearly direct hits by Hurricanes Frances and Jeanne in 2004, but weathered both storms with minimal damage.

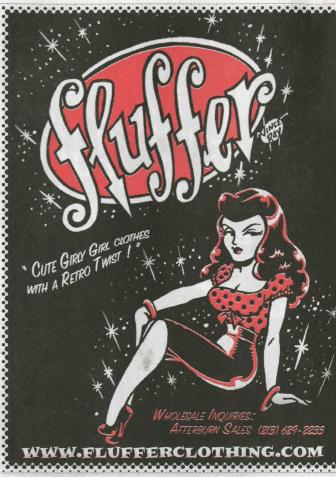


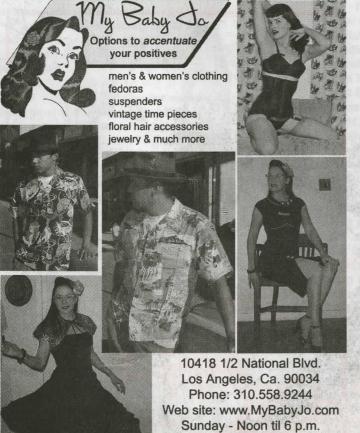












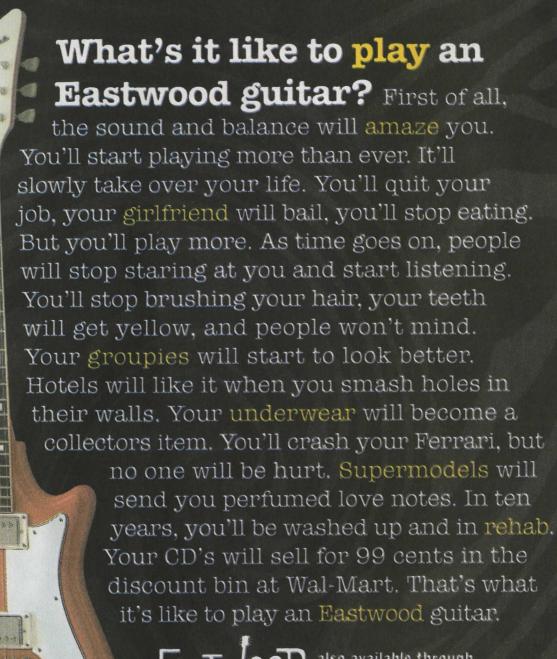
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he Los Angeles area has been long overdue for a new tiki bar, and now it has finally arrived! The recent opening of the Lucky Tiki bar in Mission Hills, CA represents a venerable addition to the long tradition of Southern California's Polynesian-themed hideaways such as the Tiki Ti, Bahooka, Damon's and Trader Vic's.

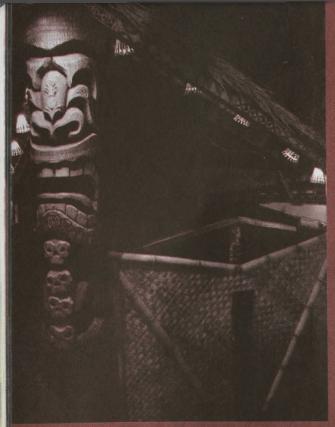
Its location, nestled into a freeway-close strip mall, is strangely appropriate for this tribute to the long-lost heyday of suburban tiki fascination.

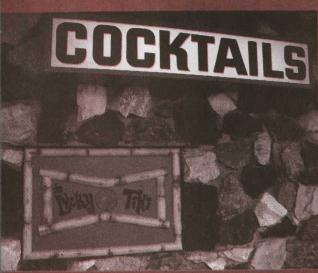
What's most impressive about Lucky Tiki is how well it is put together. The decor of so many so-called tiki joints is just a smattering of half-assed, slap-dash, pre-fab tiki affects. But Lucky Tiki is nothing like that. It's adorned almost wall-to-wall with split bamboo that must have cost a fortune.

The stools at the bar are carved tikis cemented to the floor. Thatching and bamboo line the walls and all the

LUCKY TKI

Barracuda Magazine 39





split bamboo work is lavish and tight.

The main decorative focal points of the bar are a fantastic, huge tiki towards the back of the room (featured on the cover of this issue) and a faux lava rock fireplace made by some of the best local tolents. The rock fireplace must be seen in person, it looks like a giant stone god with fire in its mouth. Photos could not do it justice.

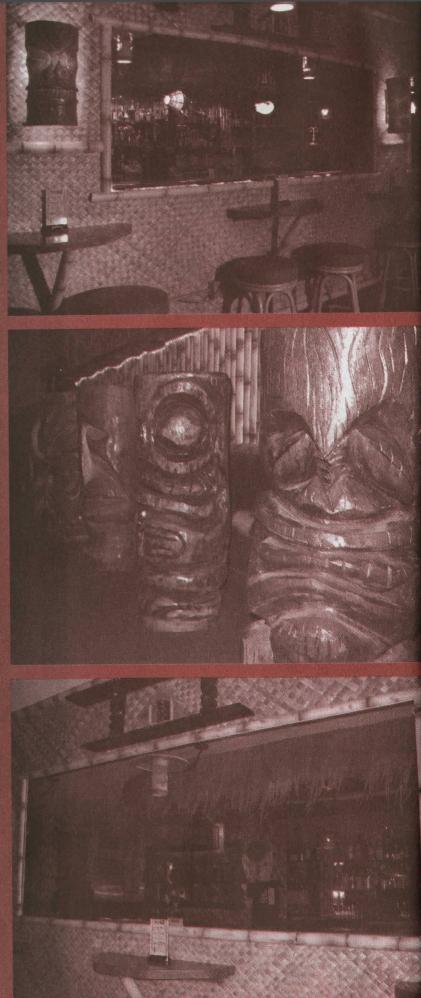
Look for the friendly, attentive staff to serve a mix of tropical-theme specialties and just regular old suds from the well-stocked bar seven nights a week.

The Lucky Tiki is a great place for locals to bend an elbow, but it's also the perfect place to waw out-of-towners.

Lucky Tiki 15420 Chatsworth St. Mission Hills, CA 91345 Open daily from 5 pm - 2 am

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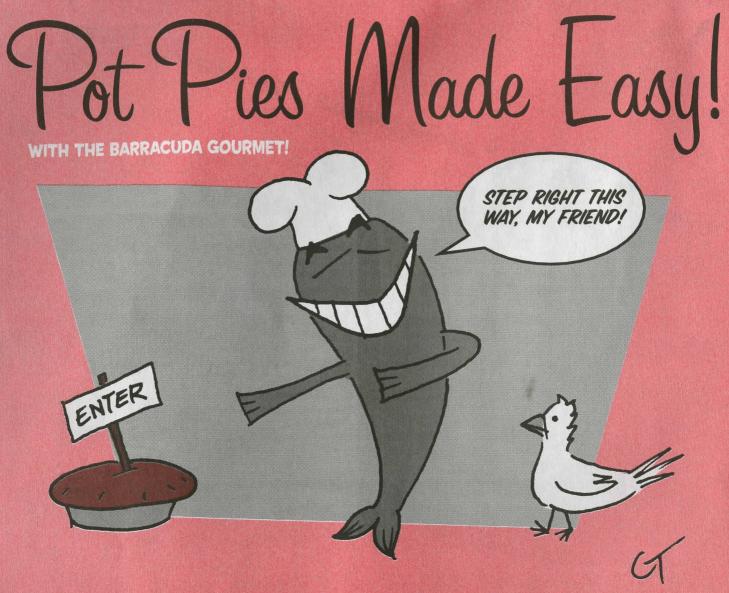
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Pot pies are universally known as comfort food. They're warm and toasty, yet hearty and meaty. And they are a terrific way to get your meat and veggies taken care of in one fell swoop. All that savory gravy makes it a delicious way to eat your veggies if you're not partial to them in the first place. Sure, the frozen pies are tasty and convenient, but homemade pies aren't hard to whip up yourself, and they're much better because you can customize them to your exact liking.

Now I know the idea of making a pot pie may sound a little intimidating, but the Barracuda Gourmet hasn't steered you wrong, yet, has he? And he won't start now! Keep this in mind: if you make yourself a complete meal of meat, potatoes and vegetables, it's just the same as making a pot pie, except it's all in it's own neat and tidy gravy-filled package. You can easily get an all-day flavor without spending all day cooking, too! Especially with a little help from refrigerated pie crusts, you can make any kind of pie in a fraction of the time and with a fraction of the effort! Read on and the Barracuda

Gourmet will teach you how to cut corners without compromising quality and taste!

### The Barracuda Gourmet's World Famous Chicken Pot Pie

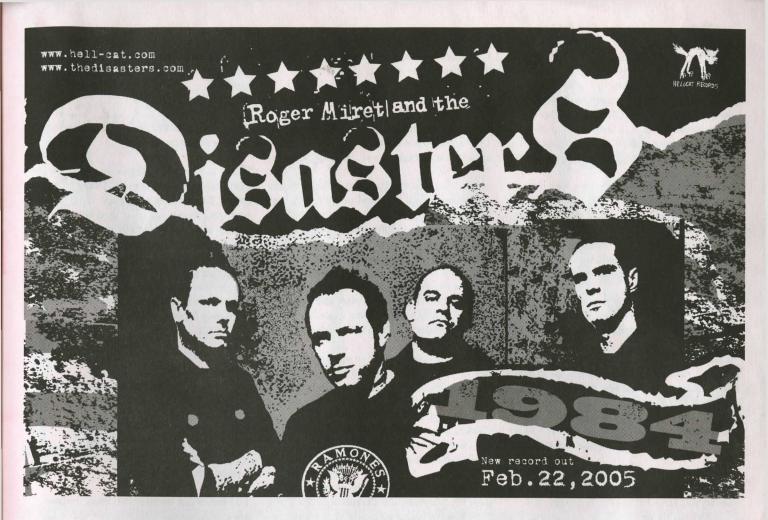
Approximately 2 cups cooked chicken (The Barracuda Gourmet recommends buying a rotisserie chicken from the grocery store for about \$5.99 and using that. It cuts down on prep time and the meat is usually really juicy and tender. It's best if you just pull it instead of cutting it up into chunks. The key is to remove the meat from the chicken before the chicken cools, so do it while the chicken is still warm.)

1 cup sliced carrots
1/2 cup sliced celery
1 tsp. poultry seasoning
(You can basically add any veggies you like.
You can use green beans and peas, but carrots and celery and great, easy and cheap!)
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/3 cup butter

1/3 cup all-purpose flour
1 3/4 cup chicken broth
2/3 cup light cream
2 Pillsbury refrigerated pie crusts
Salt and pepper to taste (Approximately 1/4 teaspoon each is good.)

Preheat oven to 425°. You will have to pre-bake the bottom pie crust in a 9-inch pie pan for about 9 minutes at 425°. Sauté 1/2 the onions, carrots, celery and poultry seasoning until cooked, but still firm. Mix with chicken and place in cooked pie crust.

In a medium saucepan melt the butter over medium heat, add the other half of the onions cook until onions are clear (Putting 1/2 the onions in this helps give the sauce a nice flavor.). Now you create the roux (pronounced "roooo")\* by sprinkling in the flour while stirring the butter constantly. It will be thick like a paste, and you must continue to whisk it and let it cook for a few minutes until it is browned. Add the chicken broth and cream and bring to a sim-





mer. Let this simmer over medium heat until it thickens (about ten minutes maybe) and continue to stir or whisk periodically. Pour this hot mixture over the chicken in the crust and top with pie dough. Pinch to seal, tear off any excess dough and make slits on the top to release steam while cooking. Pop it in the oven and cook for about 30 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Let cool ten minutes before cutting and eating!

\*Now, we know this sounds fancy, but it really isn't hard. A roux is the foundation of any good gravy. It is simply even parts of butter and flour (usually three tablespoons of each), cooked for at least three minutes or until the mixture has browned a bit. When you add liquid to a roux, it becomes thickened and creates a fantastic, creamy sauce.

Say you don't have any chicken on hand or you're a vegetarian. This recipe is easily converted to a Veggie Pot Pie. Simply omit the chicken and replace it with any vegetables you have on hand; broccoli, carrots, peas, potatoes and green beans are good to start with. Make sure you steam the vegetables for about four minutes before adding them to the pie (potatoes may take a bit longer) and instead of chicken broth use vegetable broth. Voila! A hearty vegetarian delight!

Beef Pot Pie can be made just like the Chicken Pot Pie, substituting beef and beef broth, or you can try this version that has a little zip to it.

### Tuscan Beef Pot Pie

1/3 cup all-purpose flour 4 teaspoons Italian Seasoning 1 clove of garlic (crushed) salt pepper

1 1/2 pounds beef sirloin, cut into strips 1 package (10 ounces) frozen pearl onions, thawed and drained

1 package of mushrooms, sliced

1 14 1/2 ounce can diced tomatoes, drained

1 refrigerated pie crust (This pie doesn't have

a bottom crust, just a top crust.)

Preheat oven to 400°F. Sprinkle flour, Italian seasoning, garlic, salt and pepper over beef strips; toss to coat evenly. Spray a large nonstick skillet with cooking spray. Sauté beef and onions over medium high heat three minutes or until browned. Add remaining ingredients, except pie crust. Mix well and bring to a boil. Pour into a 9-inch pie pan or 2-quart round casserole dish. Top with pie crust and seal edges of crust and make slits in top. Bake the pie for 25 to 30 minutes or until crust is golden brown.

If you don't have an hour or so to prepare dinner, or you don't feel like whipping up a sauce from scratch, you can skip that step by using a can of Campbell's cream soup. If you're making chicken pot pie, use Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup; if you're making a veggie pot pie, use Campbell's Cream of Broccoli Soup. It won't be the same, but it will certainly do in a pinch.

Looking for a change from the usual creamy pot pies? Try something like Cheeseburger Pot Pie or Taco Pot Pie, using ground beef or turkey and cheese. (They're cheaper and easier to make, too!)

### Cheeseburger Pot Pie

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef or turkey 1 onion, chopped 3/4 cup ketchup

1 cup beef broth 1/3 cup red wine (burgundy is good)

2 tablespoons chopped pickle (optional) 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese pepper 2 refrigerated pie crusts

Preheat oven to 400°, and pre-bake bottom pie crust for nine minutes.

Brown the meat in a skillet over medium high heat until meat is browned. Drain off excess grease. Reduce heat to medium. Add onion and cook until onions are clear. Add ketchup, pickle, salt and pepper and stir until everything is heated through. Add mixture to pre-baked pie crust and top with cheese, and cover with remaining pie crust. Pinch to seal, cut slits in top pie crust and bake for about 20 to 30 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with additional ketchup for dipping.

### Taco Loco Pot Pie

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef

1 1.25 ounce package Taco Seasoning Mix

1/3 cup water

1 tablespoon oil

1 onion chopped

1 red pepper chopped

1 green pepper chopped

1 clove garlic crushed salt

1 11 ounce can whole kernel corn, drained 1/2 cup salsa

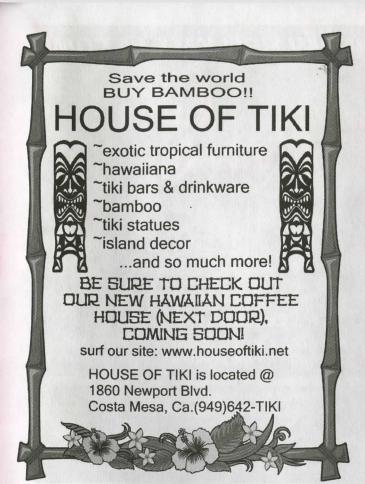
1 15 ounce package refrigerated pie crusts, softened as directed on package

2 cups shredded cheese (Cheddar, Monterey Jack, or Pepper Jack)

Preheat the oven to 400°. Pre-bake bottom pie crust for nine minutes. Brown ground beef in large skillet over medium high heat for eight to ten minutes or until thoroughly cooked, stirring frequently. Drain excess grease and add taco seasoning and water; mix until ground beef is well coated. Add peppers and onions; cook four to five minutes or until tender, stirring occasionally. Add garlic, salt, pepper, corn and salsa, stir well, remove from heat and set aside. Combine the beef mixture with the cheese and spoon into the pie crust and top with the additional pie crust and pinch to seal and cut slits into top. Bake for 30 minutes or until crust is golden brown.

Now that you have the fundamental of pot pies down, create your own!







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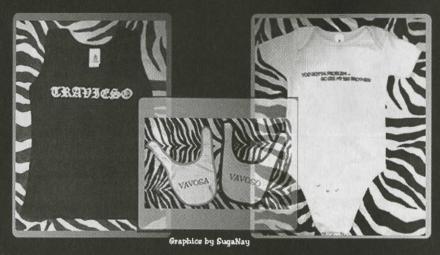
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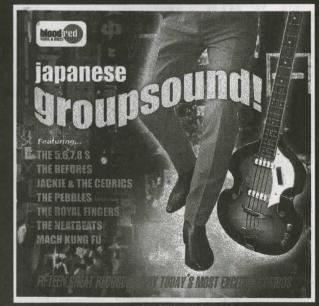
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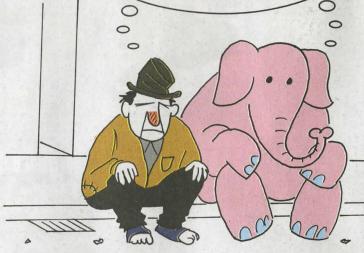
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