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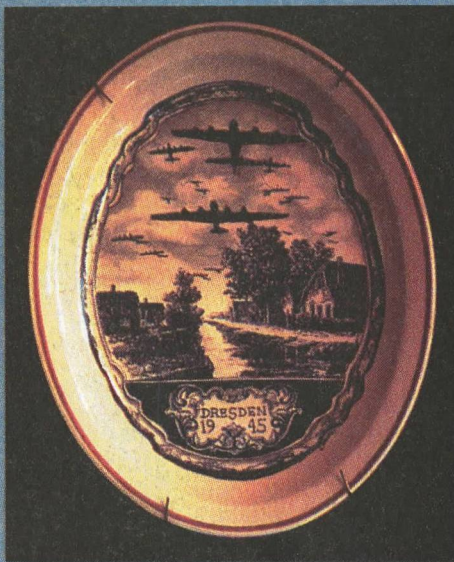
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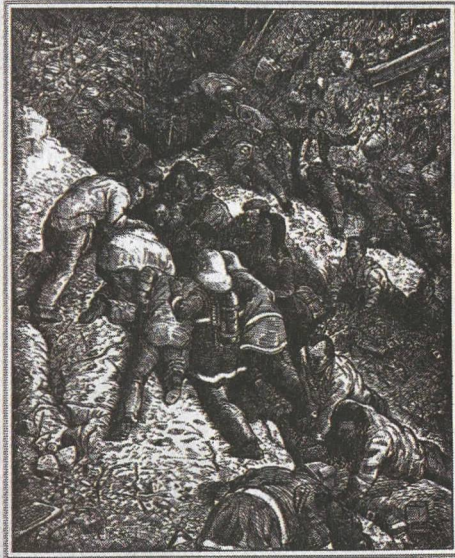
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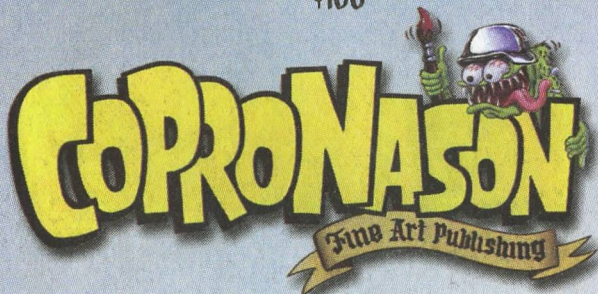
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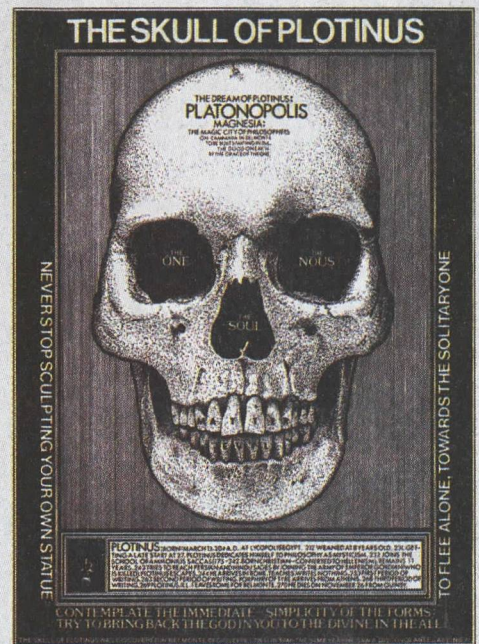
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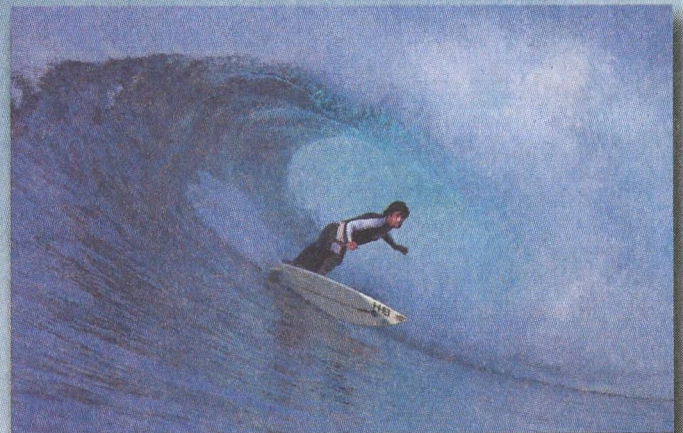
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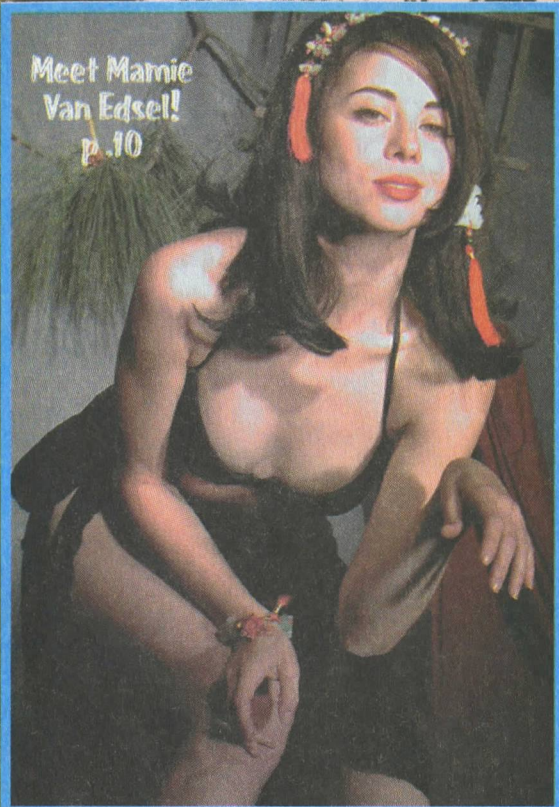


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Van Edsel!
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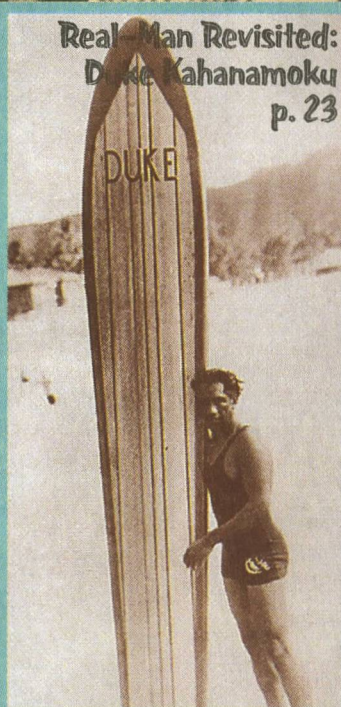
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BARRACUDA

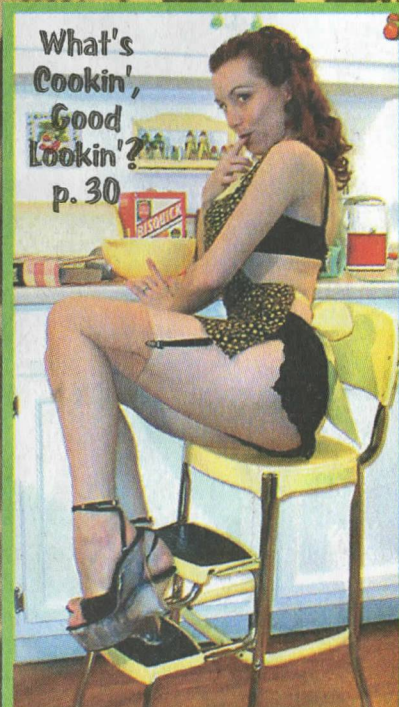


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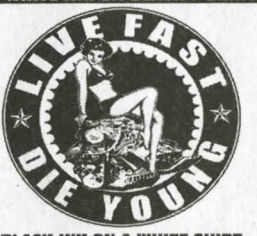
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How Self-Absorbed Am I? Let Me Count The Ways

A Letter From Your Editor

Hello, gentle reader. Welcome to lucky issue #13 of our wacky men's magazine. Some nice things have been happening for us. In the tooting our own horn department, *Barracuda* was named "Best Men's Magazine" of 2001 in *New Times*' best of L.A. issue.

In other news, we are constantly adding new underground hot rod and car kulture magazines to our online newsstand. Including our own title, there are about a dozen kool mags we are selling, and we sell back issues of those titles wherever we can. We have also added lots of stickers, cds, books and other whatnot.

I have to say it's really been fun to put the online newsstand together on the barracudamagazine.com. It started out as just a single ordering page for our readers to order *Barracuda* subscriptions and back issues. But we started adding more and more other like-minded magazines and all of a sudden we have well over 30 different issues available on the site.

My point is that it is fun from a personal standpoint because now I have friendships with all of these different publishers. But it is fun from a business standpoint because a lot of "real" magazine distributors and newsstands won't take these magazines. They don't understand that people want to read this stuff and aren't willing to take a chance on anything that isn't a glossy hokum *Car and Driver* clone. Well, pardon my French, but sucks to them. There may not be *millions* of you lowbrow, tiki-lovin', rat-rodding readers out there, but there are a lot of you. I'll eventually get in touch with all of you and get you the real stuff you want to read.

This brings me to a frequently asked question, which is why we don't have a printed catalog or print the other mags we sell with our order form in the back of the magazine. I know there are lots of people out there who don't have computers and can't get to our website to order. But most of the mags we sell are independently produced, limited print run magazines that sell out after a short period of time, so it's really impossible for us to have a printed catalog of them.

But if you want to order these mags, you can give us a call and we can put an order together for you over the phone.

That's all for now. Thanks for reading the mag! —J.F.



New Times Best of L.A. 2001

BEST MEN'S MAGAZINE

Barracuda

Like *Maxim*? Crazy about *FHM*? Wonderful — they're yours. We'll take *Barracuda* any day of the week. Never heard of it? Maybe you just haven't been looking in the right places. Launched on a shoestring in 1998 by local boy (and occasional *New Times* contributor) Jeff Fox, *Barracuda* ain't the kind of high-gloss magalog you'll find clogging the racks at the Barnes & Noble. What it is, though, is the best damn men's zine around, devoted to the kind of lowbrow art and hot-rod culture that just doesn't sell a whole lot of CKOne. Published on low-grade newsprint stock and distributed "quarterly" (read: three times a year) to 10,000 readers worldwide, every issue of "America's No. 1 Stag Magazine" features funny, well-written articles on legendary "Real-Man" types like velvet painter Edgar Leeteg, hockey great Rocket Richard, and tough-as-nails actor Steve McQueen. There's also a host of regular features, from how-to guides for shopping at tow auctions and using jumper cables to cheeky back-page cartoons by original cocktail-napkin artist Chic Tongue. But the real heart of *Barracuda* lies in the tastefully fun retro pinups. Fox may be something of a latter-day Hugh Hefner (without all the attendant creepiness), but the *Barracuda* girls are strictly old school, the kind of bathing beauties that got our boys through the Last Great War (and most of 'em, by the way, are actual subscribers). So screw that *Cosmo* for Men crap you've been reading. It's time to come home.

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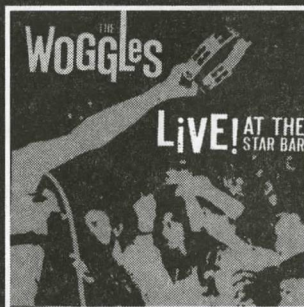
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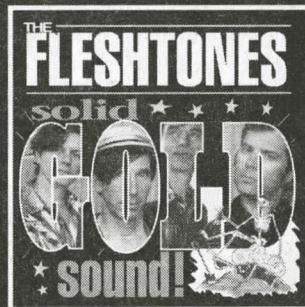
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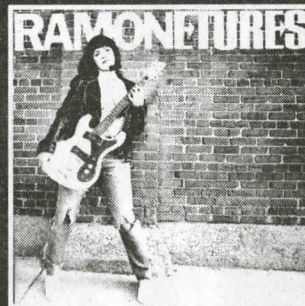
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BE CAR-SAVVY

Finding The Right Mechanic



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Having a good relationship with a good mechanic is one of the most important relationships you will ever have—more important than your relationship with your girlfriend, even more important than your relationship with your bookie. You should take looking for a new mechanic as seriously as you would take looking for a new doctor (or a new bookie).

It's important to have a good rapport with your garage. But speaking strictly in terms of repairs to your car, it's also good to be able to have some consistency in using the same garage, because in a smaller, independent shop, the mechanics will come to know your car and its history. This will make it easier for them to diagnose and fix your car. So, find a good garage and stick with them.

The best way to find a good mechanic is from a first-person recommendation. Ask friends, family and neighbors. What you want is a ringing endorsement. "That place was the best!" and "They were so cool!" are the kinds of things you want to hear. Mild endorsements or tepid recommendations don't do you any good. Try to find someone who knows what they're talking about and can really name a positive experience. Look for instances where a garage had a chance to charge someone for a big repair, but figured out a cheaper and quicker alternative. Any mechanic who actually talks you out of

having a repair done is gold.

When soliciting a recommendation for a mechanic, consider the source and take the advice in context of the person's experience and mechanical skill level. If a friend knows nothing about car maintenance and never *wants* to know anything about car maintenance, they probably do not know whether or not they have paid for an unnecessary repair. Then again, they may not care, but then they aren't really a good source for a recommendation, are they? Take their endorsement with a grain of salt.

But one thing that person will know is how quickly they could get an appointment at the garage and how well or shabbily they were treated by the manager or mechanic. It's something to consider, but don't give too much weight to this kind of recommendation.

Conversely, if a recommendation comes from a shadetree mechanic, yet you personally don't know too much about cars, you may have a different experience at the garage than they do. Do-it-yourself mechanics might have a better idea of what they need done. They may have gone into the shop with a specific list of repairs to be completed, rather than going in for a diagnosis. Also, they might understand all of the jargon rattled off by the mechanic better than you would.

Also, a shadetree mechanic might

consider a garage a rip-off joint because they charge \$15 to replace a fan belt—something that could be done at home easily and for less money. Again, you need to take this in context because a garage has to pay the mechanic a salary to do the work. They have to pay the salary of the manager who keeps track of inventory, orders more parts and writes up the bill. They have to pay the rent and the utilities on the garage. Assuming a certain skill level, a shadetree mechanic can *always* do the repair at home for less money because they have no overhead expenses and no labor charges. That doesn't mean the garage is ripping you off.

Avoid referrals from mechanics you don't know or trust. Some mechanics get kickbacks from other garages for sending business their way.

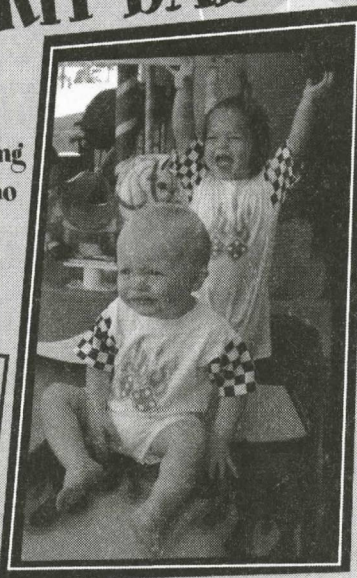
If you can't get a recommendation, you'll have to do some trial and error and detective work on your own. Size up the personalities of the people working there and trust your gut. Do the people there seem shifty? If they seem shifty, they probably are shifty. Keep looking. There are a whole lot of garages out there, why not to give your business to someone who's a decent person? Life's too short to give your business to jerks.

If the garage and mechanics are busy, but not jerks, that's actually a good sign.

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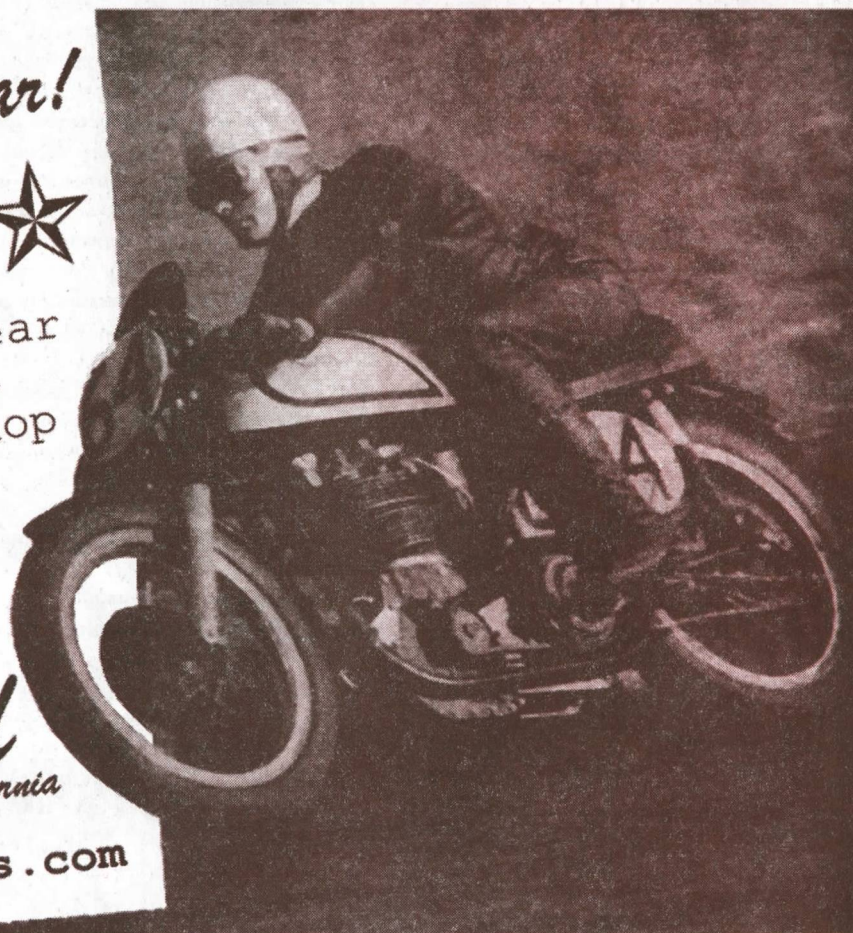
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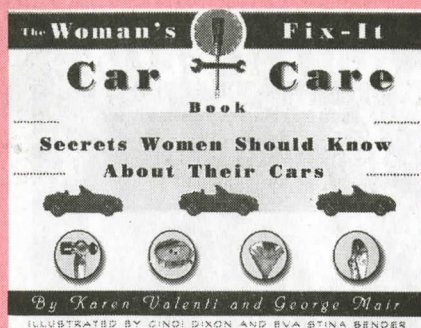
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The Woman's Fix-It Car Care Book—Secrets Women Should Know About Their Cars
by Karen Valenti and George Mair

One of the co-authors of this guide is Karen Valenti, owner and operator of North Hollywood Discount Auto Repair (this book is available at her shop). Karen's goal is to give women the confidence and desire to take control of their auto repairs. She encourages do-it-yourself repairs, but also gives practical advice on how to handle having the repair done by someone else. To use an overused expression, knowledge is power.

So many "for women" books written about so-called guy fields turn excessively cutesy-wootsey. Often, they beat you over the head, making a joke out of how women are a fish out of water in whatever topic the book is about or dumb everything down.

Thankfully, this book never falls into these traps. There is humor here, but the main focus of this book is to give you useful, sound advice. This book is written in a straight-forward manner, with all technical terms and jargon explained clearly.

This primer covers the whole magilla, and not just repairs. There's a basic explanation of how cars work, tips for general simple periodic and preventative maintenance, clues to diagnosing problems, emergency repairs, finding a repair shop, how to buy a car (new and used) and buying versus leasing. There's also information on how to save money on insurance, common auto repair scams, a state-by-state lemon law directory and a glossary of grease monkey lingo.

There are lots of auto repair and do-it-yourself books out there, but where this book excels in its ability to take all of this information and boil it down to terms of a bottom line, as in, "That's great, but what does this all mean to me?" Sure, it's geared toward encouraging women to get involved in their auto maintenance, but the advice in this book will not be lost on Y-chromasomed drivers. It is as good of a read both for someone who has never filled their own wiper fluid as it is for the weekend wrench jockey. As an author and as a mechanic, Karen gets the *Barracuda Magazine* seal of approval. Look her shop up in the phone book and tell her *Barracuda* sent you.

Beware of garages with little or no business. Hey, sometimes business is just slow, but mechanics that don't have a lot of business don't have a lot of repeat customers, which is not a good sign. When someone finds a garage they like, they stick with it.

But no matter how busy the shop is, that doesn't give the mechanic or manager the right to treat you lousy or not explain what's going on. As long as you're not wasting their time, any decent mechanic will at least take the time to walk you through your bill or estimate and explain what the car needs in plain english.

When a garage is busy, it's not just a sign of returning satisfied customers, it also means the garage will probably not be inclined to make repairs that aren't absolutely necessary. Keep in mind that there is a difference between repairs that are "unnecessary" and ones that "aren't absolutely necessary." Repairs that are unnecessary are ones where the garage fixes something that just isn't broken. That's bad. That's dishonest. That's illegal. What we're talking about here in terms of not absolutely necessary repairs are things on your car, that in a perfect world, given enough time and money and initiative *could be fixed*, but you could probably live without.

Even the most scrupulous garage, given enough time and an open ticket, can probably fix your car forever. A garage is bound to find something that needs repair, not because they're trying to fleece you or pad the bill, but simply because machines wear down with normal use. Mechanics by their very definition are looking at your car to find problems. Almost no one takes their car to a mechanic for reassurance that it's OK in the absence of any symptoms. So, a garage that is busy is more likely to just give you what you need to get back on the road, no fuss, no muss. If you just hit the lottery and price is no object, by all means, find a slow shop and give the mechanic a blank check to monkey around with your car indefinitely. But then again, if you just hit the lottery, you're probably not reading this magazine and you're certainly not reading this article.

Don't give your business to a garage that pressures you into making a decision or getting repairs made. Again, good, honest shops rely on repeat business and word of mouth recommendations. Customers who get fleeced and pushed around don't usually come back for seconds. Any decent shop will not pressure you to get work done. They won't be happy if you stand around being indecisive for a half an hour, but they

won't lean on you, either.

When you're shopping for a new garage, what kind of shop you go to will determine how much you will spend on repairs. In general, mechanics at new car dealerships are the best mechanics. Dealerships have a vested interest in keeping their customers happy so that they are satisfied with their new car and come back to their lot and buy another new car when the time comes. So, dealership mechanics get paid the most money. Also, usually dealership garages deal in one or just a few makes of car, making the mechanic somewhat of a specialist in that make. The flip side is that dealership garages charge the most for parts and labor.

None of this is to say that a general, independently-owned garage can't handle ALL makes and models of cars or that their mechanics are sub-par. This is far from the case. For most drivers and most repairs, an independent garage is the best place to go.

Big franchise, chain garages usually get young mechanics with less experience because they pay less in salary than independent garages. Again, this is not to say that these mechanics are incompetent or that these garages are a bad place to go for repairs. In many cases, a less experienced mechanic translates into a lower bill for you. Any mechanic worth a lick should be able to handle a large number of simple jobs. For nickel and dime repairs, a smaller garage may not be able to get you for service right away, whereas a chain garage can give you good turnaround and same day service with no appointment.

Some chains have lousy reputations and tons of complaints from coast to coast. A simple check in *Consumer Reports* or with the Better Business Bureau can help you figure out which chains to avoid. Just beware of taking a car to a specialty chain store for a repair that's out of their area of expertise. Don't take your car to an oil and lube franchise to have your muffler replaced. (You should be changing your oil yourself anyway.)

Remember that mechanics, like all other people, do make mistakes and misdiagnoses. What will make the difference is how they straighten it out. As we've said before, decent garages are interested in having your return business and positive word-of-mouth endorsement.

Vote with your wallet. Reward honest and fair garages with your repeat business and tell your friends. A good relationship with a garage will pay for itself ten times over in saved time, money and aggravation.

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DESTINATION.....

An illustration for the 8 Ball Webstore. It shows a woman with black hair and sunglasses driving a black car with a large white circle and the number "8" on its side. A black cat is sitting in the passenger seat. The car is on a blue road with white clouds. In the background, there are stylized orange trees. To the right, a man in a red suit and top hat stands in front of a building with a sign that says "8 BALL".

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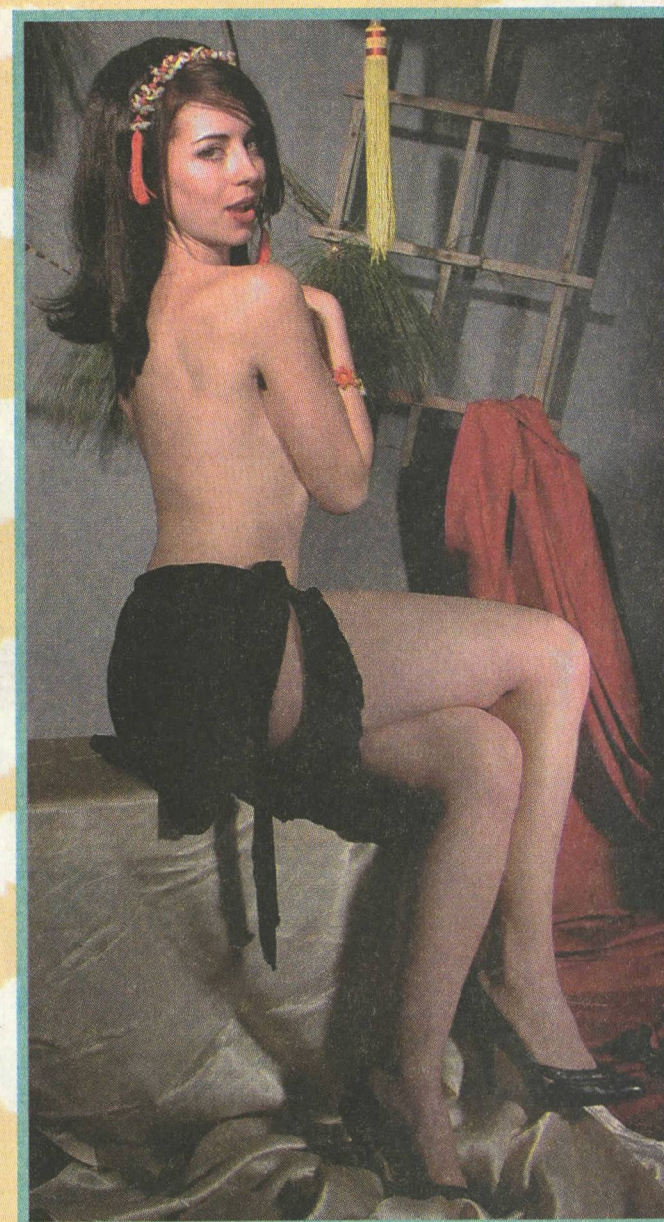
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works in the garage. Mamie calls her "Plymouth Rock." She has curves like a Plymouth and a head like a rock! Her old-fashioned mother works in the office and dresses like Mother Hubbard. Mamie dresses more like Mother Hubbard's cupboard!

Mamie gets to meet a lot of bears while working on the lot. All the fellas who visit her car lot think they auto meet her! But she's looking for a man with no wife expectancy!



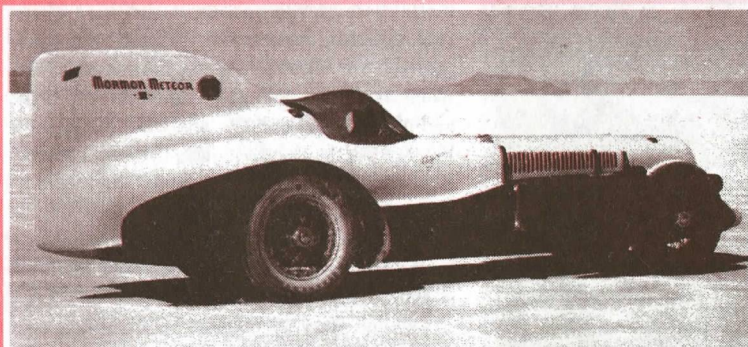
Mamie Van Edsel!

Meet Mamie Van Edsel, the prettiest used car dealer in town! This peach will never sell you a lemon! She might just be a used car salesperson, but she sure has a swell chassis!

Her whole family works on her used car lot, but Mamie is the top model in the line for sure! She has a sister who



Left: The *Mormon Meteor III* today, restored. Below: On the Bonneville Salt Flats chasing speed records. Bottom: Ab Jenkins takes the *Mormon Meteor III* out of its display in the Utah capitol for one last run in 1950.



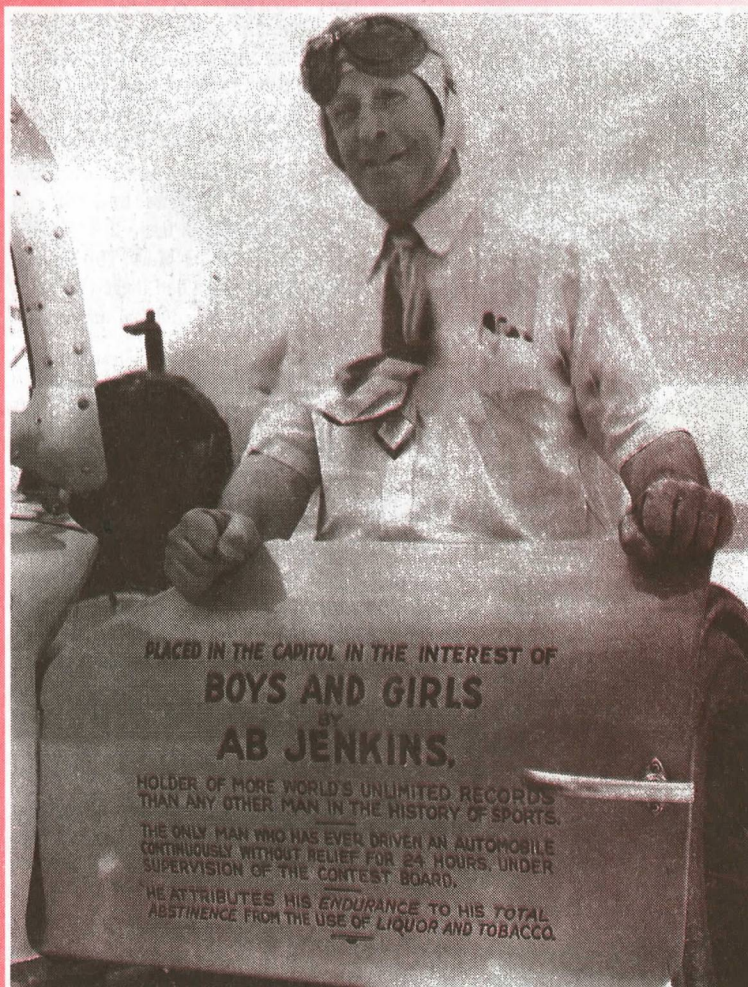
In *Barracuda* issue 11, we told the story of Ab Jenkins, the son of the salt. He pioneered salt flat racing at Bonneville before World War II and set dozens of records with his cars, the *Ab Jenkins Special*, the *Mormon Meteor*, the *Mormon Meteor II* and the *Mormon Meteor III*.

At one time, Jenkins held more records than any other person in the history of sports. He was given the ironic nickname of "the world's safest speedster" because of his dedication to racing fast, but never at the cost of safety. His good sportsmanship and championing of the salt flats made him a hero to race enthusiasts.

When Ab Jenkins retired from racing, rather than keeping the *Mormon Meteor III* to himself, he decided he wanted to share the car with the citizens of Utah, especially the children. He had always attributed his stamina behind the wheel to his total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco, as taught by Mormon doctrine. He wanted the car on display so that children could be inspired by his feats of endurance and clean living.

As previously reported in *Barracuda*, Jenkins turned the car over to the state of Utah for display in the state capi-

What Ever Happened to the Mormon Meteor III?



tol for the sum of \$1. An agreement was made with a very plainly written, simple contract, which said that the state should properly display and maintain the car. If the state ever failed to display or maintain the car, it would revert back to Jenkins as though the contract had never been written.

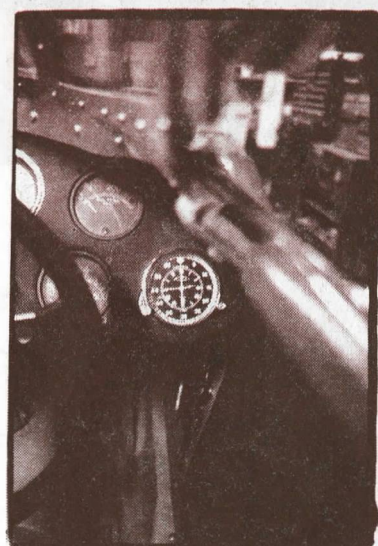
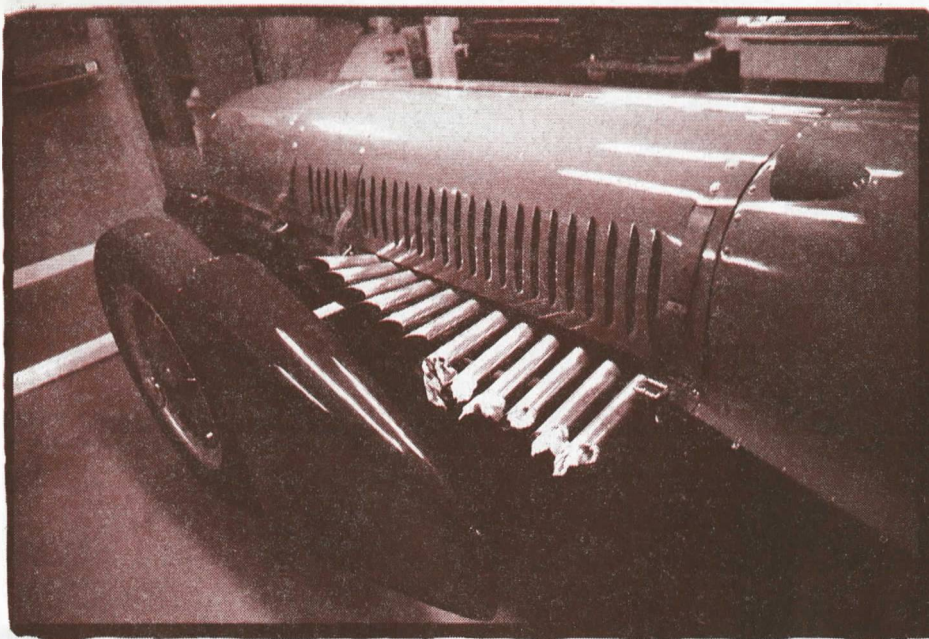
Allowing the state to display the car was very generous. The *Mormon Meteor III* held dozens of speed records in its day (and it actually still holds some of the 81 land speed records it set in 1940). As such, the *Mormon Meteor III* is a historically significant car. But in addition to its historical significance, the *Meteor* is also a Duesenberg—one of the rarest and most expensive collector car marques around. But not only is it a Duesenberg, the *Mormon Meteor III* was hand built on standard 143-inch Duesenberg frame rails by Augie Duesenberg himself. It is also the last Duesenberg ever built. Because of all of these factors, *Motor Trend* once listed it as the 4th most valuable car in the entire world. The car's estimated value is somewhere around \$5 million.

Ab Jenkins passed away in 1956, but his car remained on display in a large glass case in the Utah state capitol, where it was a popular attraction for tourists and school children for years to follow.

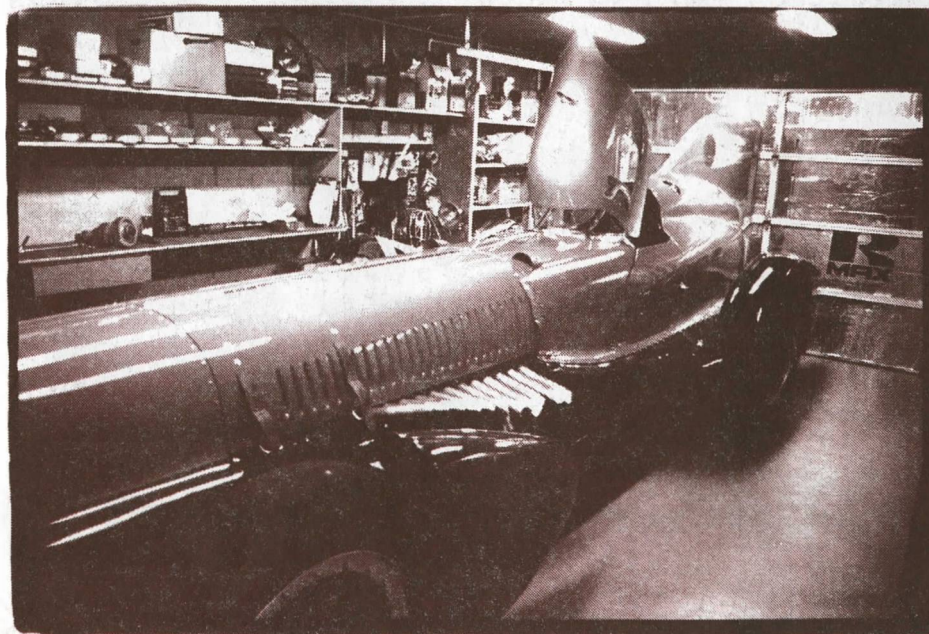
However, the car is no longer on display in the Utah state capitol. And the story of what happened to the car is almost unbelievable.

Many years after Ab's passing, his son Marv was living in Texas. A friend called and asked him if he knew where the *Meteor* was. Marv replied that it was in the capitol in its display. His friend told him that the car was not in the capitol, it was sitting outdoors at a local truck wash. Astonished, Marv immediately flew to Utah and indeed found the *Meteor* sitting in the truck wash, unattended, neglected and vandalized. "It was enough to make you want to cry," says Jenkins.

The body of the beautiful car was dented. The front



Someone told Marv the car was not in its display in the Utah capitol, it was sitting outdoors at a local truck wash. Astonished, he immediately flew to Utah and indeed found the Meteor sitting in the truck wash, unattended, neglected and vandalized.



headlights had been stolen and the instrument cluster had been pilfered. Among the gauges that were stolen was the Duesenberg clock—a Swiss made clock that was installed in every Duesenberg. Only about 480 were ever made and the last known sale of a Duesenberg clock was in 1995. It sold for \$5000.

It turned out that the state had put the car in Utah's Pioneer Day parade on July 24th of that year. The state had hired a trucking company to pull the car through the parade on a trailer. When the company went to return the car at the end of the parade, the capitol was closed, since Pioneer Day is a state holiday. No one from the state made any arrangements for the return of the car, so the trucking company simply left the one of a kind, multi-million dollar Duesenberg in their wash rack, where it sat, basically unattended for months.

When Marv asked state officials why they didn't wonder about the *Mormon Meteor's* display case, which had been sitting empty for months, he was simply told, "We thought someone had put it on a tour."

It took the state a month to get around to putting the car back into the capitol, and then they merely put a rope around it, rather than placing it in its proper display case. The state got to work "restoring" the car, bafflingly painting it yellow and even painting the tires yellow for some reason.

The state originally agreed to allow Marv to restore the car and promised to reimburse him for his time fixing the damage caused by neglect, but he was never paid for his work. Agreements he made with one administration were disregarded by following administrations. The process dragged on for years and years. It was just another bureaucratic issue to the state, but it was a personal issue for Marv. The car was his father's legacy, and Marv had logged as many miles in the car as his father, having driven it at over 200 mph.

Unhappy with seeing the car being neglected, and weary from dealing with the red tape, Marv set about getting the car back from the state. His contention was that the state had only ever been given display rights to the car, not ownership. He claimed that the display rights were voided by the state's lack of care for the car.

After years of frustrating meetings, discussions and legal actions, Marv finally wrangled possession of the car away from the state in 1996.

He couldn't believe the car's condition. "It had marbles under the cylinders, garbage every place. They had put crazy decals on the side of it," says Jenkins.

He started a frame-off restoration of the car. He took the car completely apart, right down to the frame. He bagged, labeled and cleaned each piece.

Aside from the sheer number of hours of labor that would be involved, Marv had to build special tools to work on the car, which had originally been built in 1938. Finding parts to restore the *Mormon Meteor* turned out to be quite a

chore as well. His father had given the state spare parts for the car, all of which were lost or stolen while the car was under state supervision. This included carburetors, magnetos and irreplaceable 22-inch tires and spline-hubbed wheels which were made exclusively for the *Mormon Meteor*.

The car is powered by a 1570 cubic inch, 700 hp Curtis Conqueror airplane engine that hasn't been made since the 1930s. Jenkins had to invent his own repair manual out of information culled from various Curtis manuals in order to work on the engine. Plus, many of the techniques used to originally build the car are no longer practiced by *anyone*. The thin aluminum body had originally been gas welded and hand-pounded. "I don't know anyone who can gas weld aluminum these days," says Marv, "It's a lost art."

The trucking company who left the *Meteor* in their wash had periodically washed it, but this did more harm than good. When it was being washed, water was allowed to run down the *Meteor's* exhaust stacks. Wherever a valve was open inside the engine, water got in and rusted the cylinders. Also, water got into the gear case, which was made of magnesium. The electrical current present in water is attracted to magnesium and causes it to corrode rapidly, so the gear case was destroyed.

Jenkins had been told that it would be impossible to fabricate a new one, however he found a machinist that wanted to try to make a new one as a challenge. He was able to successfully fabricate a new gear case out of a solid 144 pound block of aluminum, machining it down to 16 pounds.

The water had eaten up the gears in the transmission—a three-speed Spicer which was last made in 1936. Jenkins had to find a new one, but most Spicer transmissions that had been made were four-speeds, and a four-speed would not fit in the *Meteor*. After five years of searching, and with some help from the president of a truck restoration club, Marv found out that a few Spicer three-speeds had been put in Ford flatbed trucks. One was found in Edmonton, Alberta Canada and its owner generously offered to let Marv have the transmission if he paid the customs on it.

Jenkins found more help from other car enthusiasts. Knox Kershaw, who owns the *Mormon Meteor I*, donated a replica Dusenbergs clock face to Marv's restoration effort.

Now, after over 7,000 man hours involved in the restoration of the car, it is nearly back to its original running condition. The effort has yielded amazing results. The car is truly a beautiful piece of machinery and is a stunning sight to behold in its original bright orange and blue color scheme, incredible chrome work and exhaust stacks.

Marv has shown it at a handful of car shows and hopes to run it at a drag strip near his home or on an oval track later this year. He has no plans to allow the state to display it again. For now, it sits in the two-car garage at his home.



Marv Jenkins with the newly-restored *Mormon Meteor III*

Now, after over 7,000 man hours involved in the restoration of the car, it is nearly back to its original running condition.

The Barracuda Gourmet Goes Mexican!

Secret Tacos Al Pastor Recipe

10 chiles pasilla
10 chiles guajillo
1/2 garlic bulb
1/2 cup white vinegar
1/4 tsp. cumin
1 can sliced pineapple
2 lbs. pork
1 onion
cilantro
2 limes
4 radishes

Remove the seeds from the chiles and dice them. In a food processor, blend the diced chiles with the garlic, cumin and vinegar. (Do not touch this concoction! Use a spatula or rubber scraper. These chiles are hot!) Cook this mixture in a pan over medium high heat, stirring constantly until it thickens into the consistency of BBQ sauce.

Let the sauce cool while you cook the pork. Slice and chop the pork very thinly, then cook it in a frying pan with a little bit of pineapple. Put bits of pork into a casserole dish and paint it with the sauce. Add more sauce for each layer of meat. Let it sit in the fridge overnight. (You will have extra sauce. Just save it in the fridge in a bottle or bowl for future tacos.)

Heat the meat in a microwave and serve in a warmed taco tortilla. Top the tacos with chopped cilantro and onion. Cut the limes in quarters. Slice and wash the radishes. Serve the limes and radishes on the side, squeezing lemon juice on the taco and eating the radish whenever you feel like it.

Are you tired of emptying your wallet to buy those 70 cent packets of taco seasoning at the supermarket? There can't be more than 20 cents worth of seasoning in them, and this blend of spices is not a big secret, like Tacos Al Pastor. Stick it to the man! You can make this seasoning yourself in no time. This recipe makes the equivalent of a 1 1/4-ounce package of taco seasoning mix.

1 tbsp. of minced dried onions
2 tsp. chili powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. garlic powder
1 tsp. cornstarch
1 tsp. ground cumin
1 to 1 1/2 tsp. cayenne pepper or hot paprika

Mix all of the above ingredients in a bowl. Cook your beef, chicken, fish or possum in a pan, then drain grease or juice from the meat. Add seasoning and one cup of water. Stir constantly with a spatula over medium heat until the water is cooked off.



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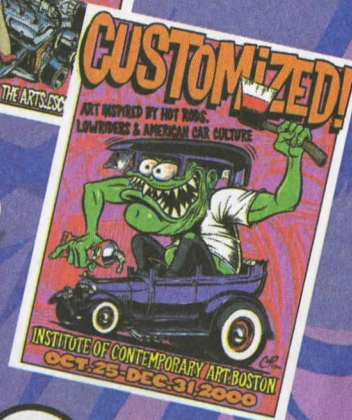
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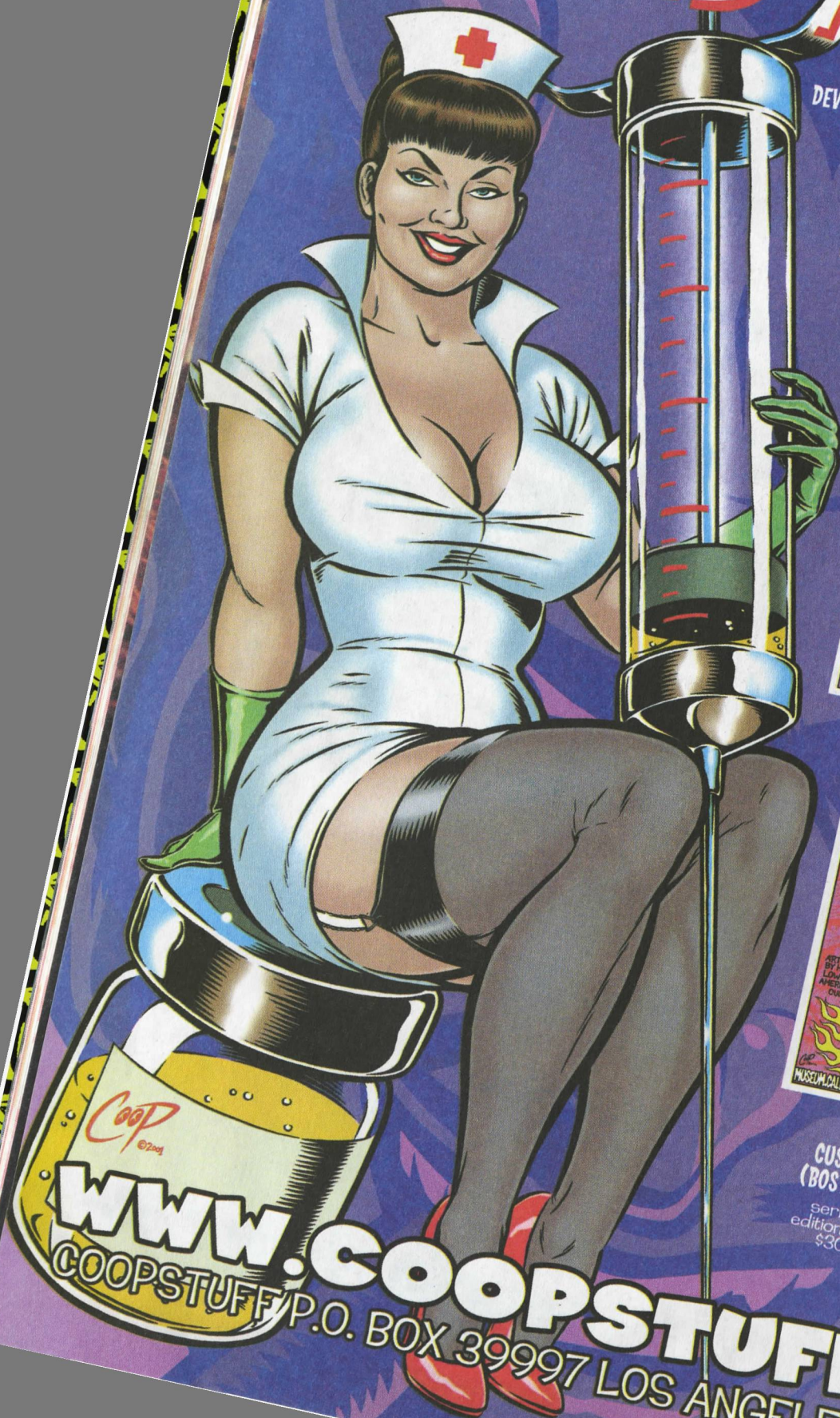
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Real-Man Revisited: Duke Kahanamoku

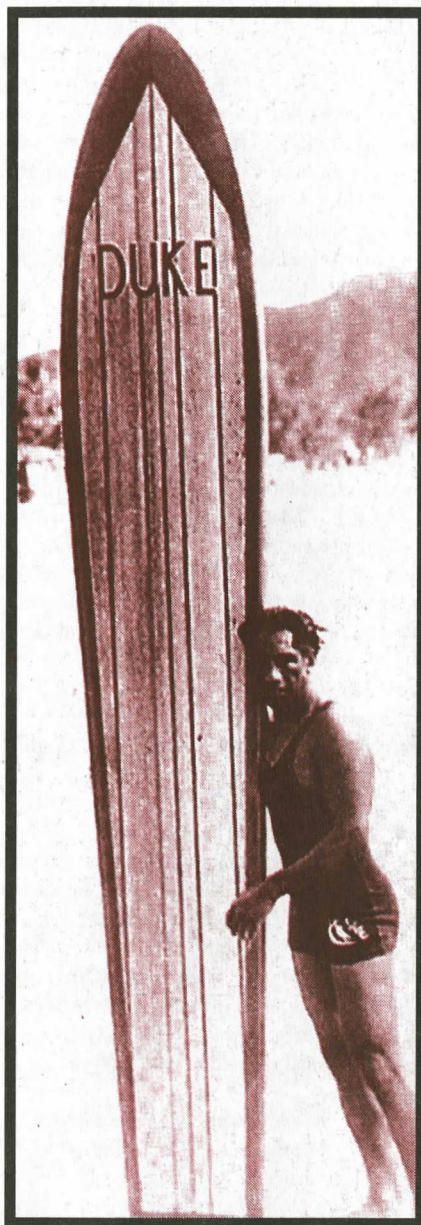
Because of surfing's boon in America during the post-war era, it is sometimes perceived as a "modern" sport. But it is actually a very old sport.

Surfing is believed to have originated in the Pacific Ocean sometime between 1500 B.C. and 400 A.D. Polynesian culture is filled with ancient legends and traditions related to surfing. Hawaiian history contains tales of surfing dating back to the early 1400s. Even the Hawaiian gods surfed. One goddess, Kelea, is said to have abdicated her throne in order to be able to surf. Everything from the choice of wood for a board to shaping the board and praying for surf was surrounded in ritual.

In spite of its heritage, there was a time not too long ago when the sport of surfing almost died off completely. Surfing, like many other Hawaiian traditions, had a difficult time surviving the collision with the western world that took place shortly after Hawaii's first visit by Europeans in 1778.

In 1819, strict Calvinist missionaries had arrived in Hawaii and tried to change Hawaiian culture to suit their own religious beliefs. They wanted to do away with Hawaiian gods and Hawaiian practices. The missionaries considered surfing to be almost sinful. It was done for sheer enjoyment, and even worse, it was done while barely dressed. The Calvinists told the Hawaiians that time spent surfing could be better spent praying or working. Missionaries sent criers through the streets of the Hawaiian islands, admonishing the population to give up sports and recreation and to go to church instead.

The famous Hawaiian King Kamehameha was an avid surfer, but he had passed away just before the arrival of the missionaries. His wife, Kaahumanu, declared herself prime minister of the kingdom soon after Kamehameha's death. She became a convert to Christianity and instigated a cultural revolution that did away with the traditional rules of Hawaiian society, known as



kapu. These rules dictated behavior for almost every aspect of life. Hawaiian culture was essentially completely upended.

Since surfing was an integral part of Hawaiian culture, the "retooling" of Hawaiian religion and tradition claimed surfing as a casualty. All cultural and religious significance was suddenly removed from surfing. As a sport, it was generally frowned upon. Surfboards were made into seats and desks in schools.

In 1874, surfing enjoyed a short-lived revival when King David Kalakaua came into power. He encouraged the revival of many Hawaiian traditions, including Hawaiian song, the hula dance and surfing. After his death in 1891, the popularity of surfing once again ebbed.

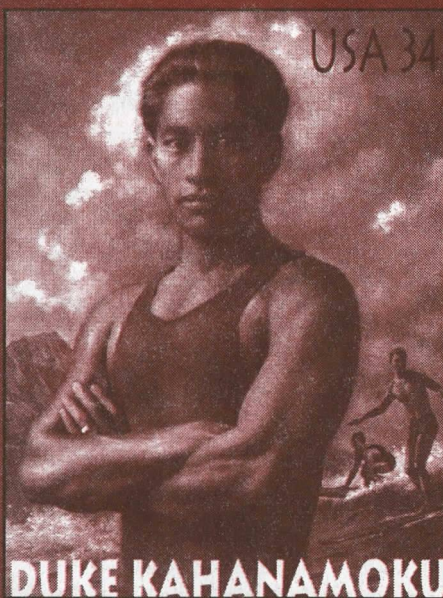
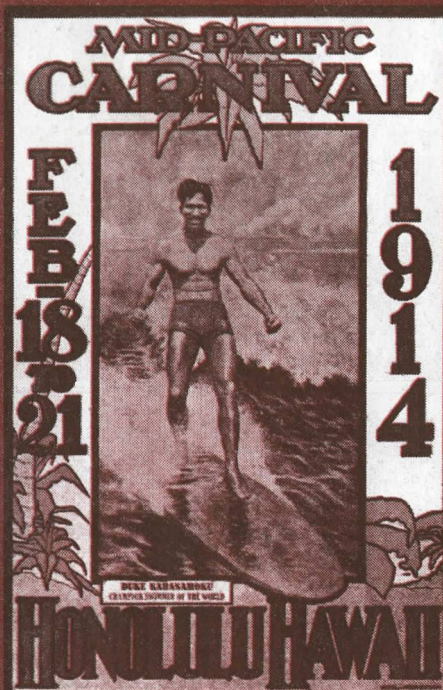
The next ten years were a tumultuous time for Hawaiian society and politics. Kalakaua's sister Liliuokalani took the throne for a short time, but she was ousted by American business concerns and the monarchy was abolished. The kingdom of Hawaii was replaced with a republic in 1894, but by 1898, all of Hawaii was annexed by the United States.

By 1900, the number of Hawaiians living in Hawaii had dropped to 40,000, as compared to an estimated 300,000 living in the islands in 1778. The Hawaiian economy was not doing well, either. These factors contributed to the continuing decline of surfing.

At this point, surfing was almost extinct. Only a handful of people in Hawaii surfed at all. One of the few people still surfing at this time was Duke Paoa Kahinu Makoe Hulikohoa Kahanamoku. Kahanamoku was a full-blooded Hawaiian and he loved the islands and its culture. He spoke Hawaiian. He especially liked water sports like surfing.

"I was a solid believer in this surfing bit," said Kahanamoku, "a group of us, mostly Hawaiian boys, used to gather at a hau tree on Waikiki Beach and discuss boards, waves, the delights of surfing, and the latest thing in experi-

The Patron Saint of Modern Surfing



Duke Kahanamoku tributes old and new. Top: A poster from the Pan Pacific Expo featuring Duke riding a wave with an almost disturbing amount of ferocity. Above: The U.S. post office Duke Kahanamoku commemorative stamp scheduled to be released in the summer of 2002.

ments. It was a poor man's club, but it was made up of dedicated surfers."

The production of pineapple and sugar crops increased around 1905, and so did Hawaii's economy and tourist trade. Kahanamoku's feats on his 10 foot, 70 lb. solid redwood surfboard were watched by tourists at new beach front hotels in Waikiki. Duke's enthusiasm for surfing was breathing life back into the sport and it made other people want to try it.

Like so many Hawaiians, Duke had grown up in the water. Duke's father and uncle had taught him to swim by taking him out in an outrigger canoe and simply throwing him overboard. "It was swim or else," Duke said, "That's the way the old Hawaiians did it." He had taught himself to surf in 1898 when he was eight years old. For money, Duke and his friends would dive for coins thrown from ocean liners by visiting tourists. Duke became a beachboy, which was someone who hung around the beach in front of the tourist hotels and helped tourists learn to swim and surf. Duke was known to say, "I am only happy when I am swimming like a fish."

All of the time spent around the ocean had given Duke an incredible athletic skill in the water. His big hands and feet helped, too. Some people joked that Duke had fins for feet and that he steered outriggers with his size 13 feet, rather than with a paddle.

In 1911, Duke was convinced to compete in an amateur swimming contest in Honolulu Harbor. He swam the 100-yard freestyle in 55.4 seconds, beating the world record by 4.6 seconds. (At the same event, he later tied the world record for the 50-yard freestyle.) The results of the event were wired to the Amateur Athletic Union on the east coast of the U.S. The AAU was incredulous. How could an unknown, 21-year-old Hawaiian have beaten the 100-yard world record so easily? The AAU derisively replied, "What are you using for stopwatch? Alarm clocks?"

The race had been timed by five different judges and the course had been measured by a surveyor, but the time was not recognized by the AAU.

Hawaiians were proud of Duke and believed that his abilities would be recognized if he could go to the mainland to participate in swimming competitions. A grass-roots effort raised enough money to send Duke and a few other athletes to the states.

Duke had only ever lived in Hawaii and was completely unprepared for the weather of the mainland. In order to fend off the cold weather, Kahanamoku took to stuffing cardboard inside the jacket of his thin suit. At a meet in Chicago, some athletic club members saw the cardboard fall out of Duke's jacket and took him to a department store to get him some warm clothes. The weather wasn't the only thing that Duke found to be frosty on the mainland. The clerks in the department store mistook Duke for an Indian and treated him shabbily. He jokingly confused the clerks by haggling with them in Hawaiian, pre-

tending not to speak their language. He thanked them in perfect English and then left.

At a restaurant in Pittsburgh, he was refused service because of his skin color. Humiliated, Duke turned to head out of the restaurant when someone recognized him from visits to Hawaii. The man called out to Duke and invited him to join the dinner party, but Duke just wanted to leave. He joked, "No, I really did come in just for poi—and they don't have it."

He often ate by himself so as to spare his white teammates the embarrassment of being ignored or spurned at restaurants. This was, after all, an America where the Civil War had not even been over for 50 years.

At meets, he was posed in a grass skirt and other "novel" settings to amuse sports photographers. But once he finally got to compete in swimming, Duke's performance demanded respect. He knocked over the world's record in the 50-yard freestyle and amazed the crowds with his style. No one else was swimming like him. Duke swam with his arms flying overhead like a crawl, head high in the air and kicking with a flutter. Sports reporters dubbed his style the "Kahanamoku kick," although Duke never claimed he invented it. With each win, reporters became more interested in Duke's life story and in his homeland, Hawaii. Duke was normally stoic and quiet, even to prodding reporters, but he loved to talk about his Pacific paradise.

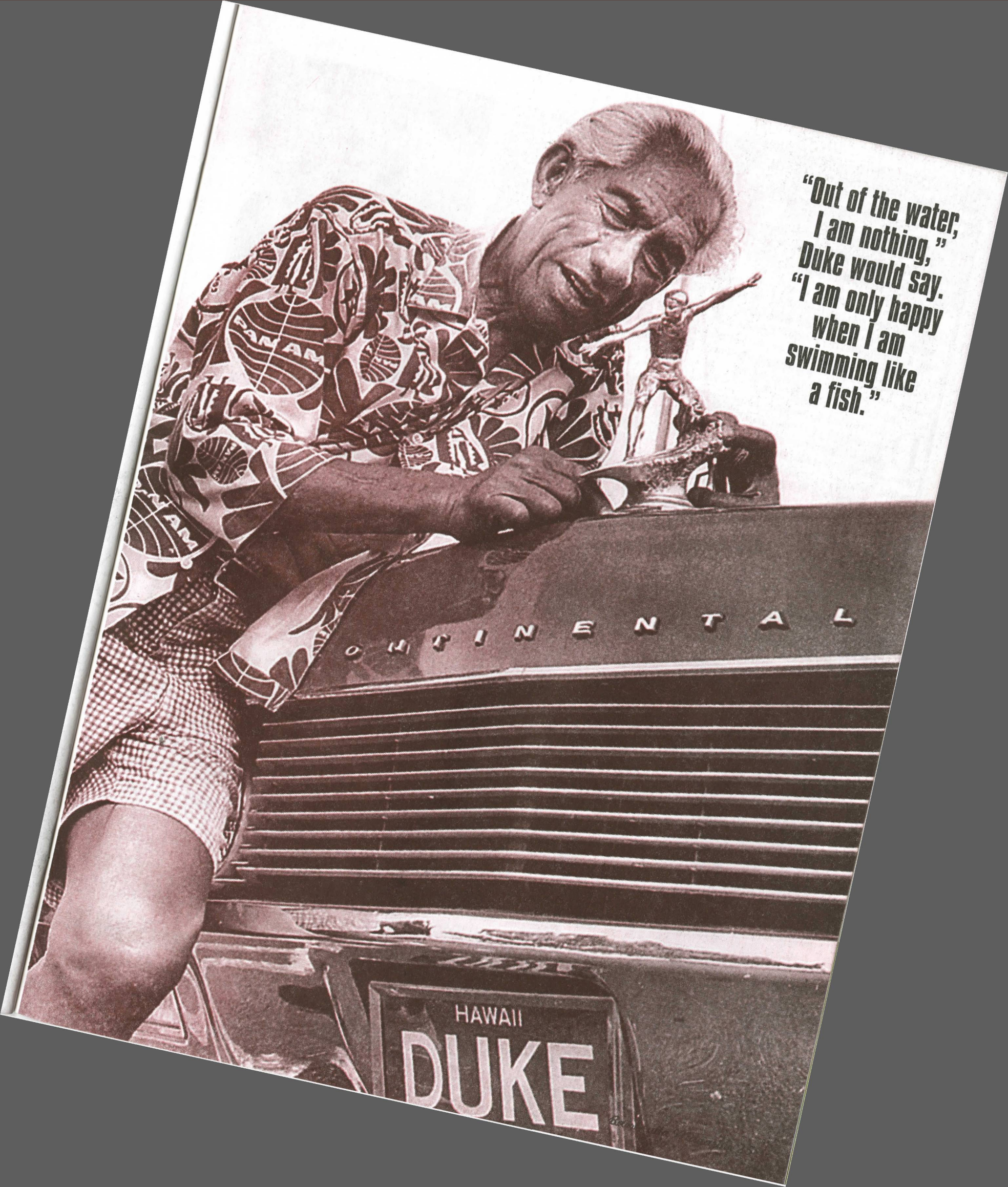
Duke won a spot on the Olympic team and was sent to Stockholm. He had felt lucky that he had gotten as far as the west coast of the U.S., now he was in Europe! In Europe, he enjoyed looking different from everyone else. Here, people were fascinated by him, not snotty toward him.

At 22 years of age, Duke was relatively old for an Olympic swimmer. Nonetheless, he slayed the competition, winning the gold medal in the 100-meter freestyle and the silver medal in the four man 800-meter relay before crowds of over 10,000 people. He had become a favorite at the games and was called to the royal box for an audience with the King of Sweden after he was awarded his gold medal. Before the cheering crowd, the quiet Hawaiian welled up tears in his eyes.

Because he was addressed as "Duke" and because he carried himself with an air of quiet dignity, reporters were convinced that Kahanamoku must be a descendant of Hawaiian royalty. (Also, many Olympic athletes were the children of blue-bloods and aristocrats.) When asked the significance of being called "Duke," Kahanamoku said that it was just a first name, not a title. "I'm just another beachboy from Waikiki," he'd say.

He told reporters he had been named after his father. Was his father a Duke? "My father's a policeman," he would reply. Many Hawaiians named their children after memorable events. Duke's father had been given his first name as a commemoration of the visit of the Duke of

**"Out of the water,
I am nothing,"
Duke would say.
"I am only happy
when I am
swimming like
a fish."**



Edinburgh to Hawaii in 1869, the same year as his birth.

One reporter asked Kahanamoku's father what he thought of Duke's accomplishments at the Olympics. Lest anyone wonder where Duke learned to use an economy of words, Kahanamoku's father meekly answered, "He's a pretty good boy."

Duke was not royalty, but he was now world-famous, and he was most certainly the most famous Hawaiian in the world. Everywhere he went, he talked about the wonders of Hawaii and was a one-man publicity machine. He toured Europe and America, swimming in exhibitions and competitions, where huge crowds turned out to see this Hawaiian wonder.

Duke returned to Hawaii to nothing less than a hero's welcome. As he walked down the gangplank of the ship, dozens of leis were draped over his head. He was hoisted up into the air and carried away in a mad celebration. Hawaii was proud of his accomplishments and how he had put the islands on the map. They were looking to attract tourists and Duke got the word out about Hawaii the way no one else could have.

After the party subsided, Duke faced the problem of how to earn a living. He had worked loading and unloading ships and had made a little money as a beachboy, but he could hardly support himself doing this kind of work for much longer. He was a high school drop-out with no skills outside of being a waterman. "I lost my way in those school books," Kahanamoku would say.

Duke was given professional swimming offers, but felt that the amateur athletic associations had done a lot to promote him and he owed it to them to maintain his amateur status so that he could still go on their tours. So, the most famous Hawaiian in the world took jobs reading water meters, making copies in a drafting department and working as a chain man on surveying jobs.

On the weekends, he worked as a beachboy to supplement his income. He was glad to have the chance to work at the beach again and stay in shape, but this work put him in a difficult position. Wealthy female tourists sought the attention of the handsome, world-famous Hawaiian, yet Duke was too broke to take them out and too proud to go dutch.

Duke was frustrated by being a celebrity with no money, but not because of ego. It bothered him because people were always doting on him and being generous with gifts and entertainment, and he couldn't afford to reciprocate. According to his biography, written by longtime friend Joseph Brennan, Duke sadly confided to his family, "People are always doing for me. Dinners, gifts, trips, parties. I never had money to square accounts."

Unable to find a comfortable place for himself back in Hawaii, Kahanamoku escaped his problems by going on tour with amateur swimming exhibitions whenever he could.

One tour took him to Australia late in 1914. The sports-crazed Aussies couldn't believe the way Duke swam. He won 25 of the 33 races he competed in down under. But Duke really wowed audiences when he gave them exhibitions of surfing. Only one surfboard existed in all of Australia at the time. It had been brought back from Hawaii by an Australian tourist, but it wasn't seeing much use. It wound up being used as an ironing board by the man's wife.

Duke fashioned a board out of local wood. It was about eight and a half feet long and weighed 80 pounds. In February, 1915, Duke gave an exhibition of surfing at Freshwater Beach. Duke also showed the Aussies how to make surfboards themselves. Rather than selling his board when he left Australia, Duke wanted to repay his generosity to the Australians who had been such gracious hosts. He donated the board to Claude West, who was a teenager at the time. West went on to become a champion surfer. The board survived years of use, falling off a truck and being in a house fire. Today, it is insured for \$1 million. This act of generosity was the genesis of surfing in Australia. The Aussies took to surfing almost instinctively and it has since become a nationwide sport.

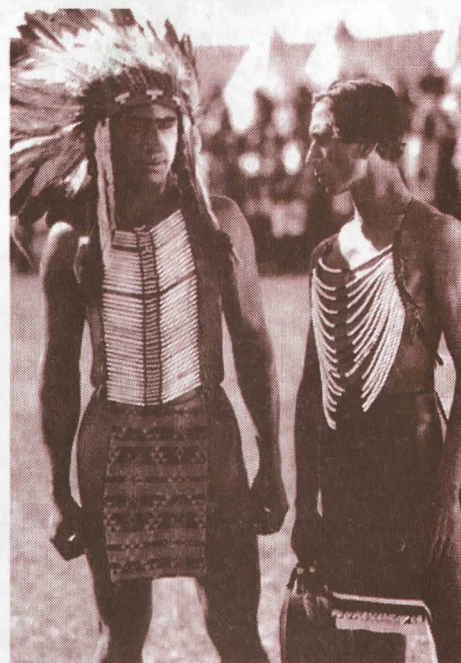
Duke went back to the mainland of the U.S., where he continued to compete in swimming exhibitions all over the country. At coastal areas, he once again gave demonstrations of surfing to delighted crowds of thousands of people at Balboa Beach and Corona Del Mar in California. In Atlantic City and Long Island, NY, Kahanamoku showed how he effortlessly glided up and down the face of a wave on his wooden board and surfing began to take hold on the east coast.

In an attempt to find a way to make a living, Duke moved to Los Angeles and signed a five-year contract to appear in the movies. Many accounts of Duke's life refer to his movie-making years in excessively glowing terms, as though he went to Hollywood and became a movie star. He probably *could have* become a movie star if he wanted to swim on screen, since that was what he was famous for. But getting paid to swim on film would have jeopardized Duke's standing as an amateur athlete, and he didn't want to risk it. In those days, even doing a simple commercial endorsement was grounds for losing your amateur status.

So, Duke was relegated to mainly bit parts, playing "native" characters of various ethnicities. "I've been every kind of native," said Kahanamoku, "But they make every effort to see I don't get my feet wet; I never play a Hawaiian."

In his lifetime, Duke appeared in dozens of films, including *Isle of Sunken Gold*, *Isle of Escape* and *I Sailed to Tahiti With an All-Girl Crew*. It wasn't high art, but it was a living, and he certainly made more money that he would have as a stevedore in Hawaii.

The time spent on the mainland was the per-



Top: Duke playing a servant in the silent film version of *Lord Jim*. Above: Playing an Indian chief in the movies. Below: In another attempt to make a living with little education, Duke opened two gas stations in Hawaii.





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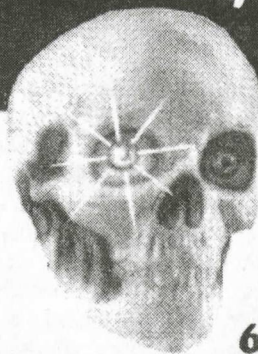
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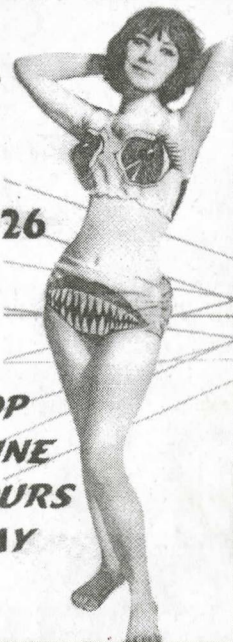


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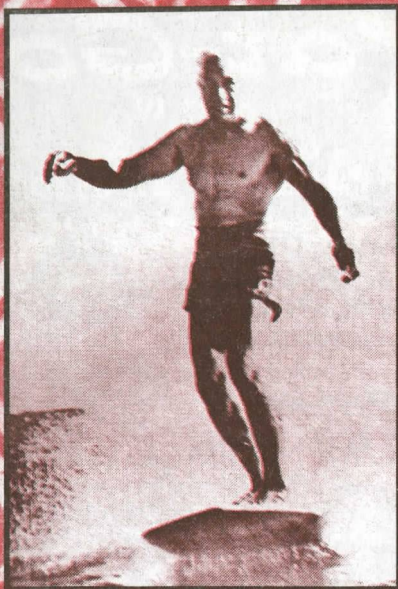
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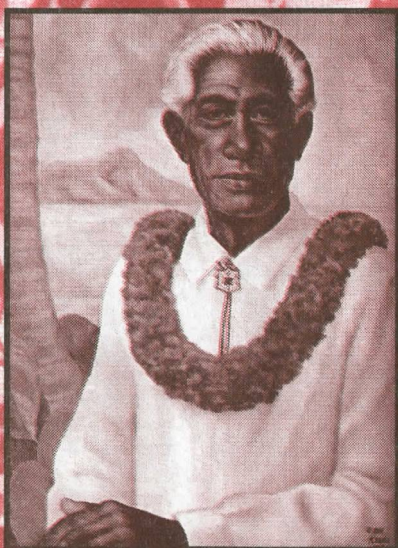
Duke, surfing and fit on his 60th birthday

Duke Kahanamoku's Creed

In Hawaii we greet friends, loved ones and strangers with Aloha, which means with love. Aloha is the key word of the universal spirit of real hospitality, which makes Hawaii renowned as the world's center of understanding and fellowship.

Try meeting or leaving people with aloha. You'll be surprised by their reaction. I believe it, and it is my creed.

*Aloha to you,
Duke Paea Kahanamoku*



Portrait of Duke by Margaret Keane

fect panacea for Duke's financial worries and they helped proliferate surfing as a sport. But when Duke returned to Hawaii, he found his problems were waiting there for him. He was in the same frustrating situation of not having a means to really support himself. He had no prospects for being able to make a living in the future.

Very few people knew about Duke's worries. According to his biography, "Neither brothers, sisters, nor friends knew of his haggard nights of wakefulness over his dilemma." He was known to say, "*Mahape a ale wala'ua*," which means, "Don't talk—keep it in your heart." Duke was by all accounts a very affable person, but he was also very quiet and shy. Tourists would see Duke's surfboard on the beach and stand in line waiting to have their picture taken with it. (It was a custom in those days to write your name on your board.) He was often too bashful to ask the tourists to give him the board so that he could go surfing. He would watch quietly from a distance, waiting for a chance to get his board back.

Since he was now world-famous and also certainly the most famous Hawaiian, whenever a celebrity or dignitary would come into port, the Mayor of Honolulu would ask Duke to meet and greet them. Kahanamoku loved Hawaii and was grateful for how Hawaiians had supported him in his swimming events. He felt he should repay Hawaii by doing whatever he could to promote the islands and spread the aloha spirit. He couldn't say no to the ever-increasing demand to greet visitors, even though he was not being paid for his time.

Duke took a job with the city as the superintendent of city hall, but was disappointed to find out that the job entailed being not much more than a janitor. He tried to open his own business—a Union service station, but he found himself being treated like a display in a wax museum. Tourists would come into the gas station and then hop out of their car and bemusedly snap photos of the famous Duke Kahanamoku doing menial tasks, like checking the air in their tires.

Duke moved into civic duty and was elected sheriff. But it was not a police job as such. He was responsible for various official duties and he lobbied to have an adequate jail built (the old one had been built in 1857). But mainly, Hawaii wanted to make Duke available to greet dignitaries and do what he was best at—being an ambassador of aloha.

Eventually, the sheriff's office was done away with and the state of Hawaii finally recognized that Duke was one of their greatest natural assets and arguably one of their biggest tourist attractions. He was given a full-time job as the official greeter of Hawaii.

For decades, VIPs (or regular tourists) who came to the islands wanted to meet Duke. The list of celebrities he greeted is long and includes everyone from popular entertainers to royalty. From Charlie Chaplin to Queen

Elizabeth (who broke into an impromptu hula with Duke), a trip to Hawaii would not be complete unless you had your picture taken with the famous Hawaiian.

When President Kennedy visited Hawaii, he apparently made a bee-line through a group of glad-handing politicians to have an enthusiastic, extended discussion with Kahanamoku about his pioneering swimming style. Duke had given surfing lessons to Babe Ruth, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., the Duke of Windsor and Prince Edward. Duke said, "The prince and I march to the ticking of different clocks, but he loves the sea the way I do and that makes us brothers."

In the 1950s and 1960s, Duke became a dignitary of surfing and toured the world to promote surfing and Hawaii. He hosted surfing competitions in California and Australia. Wherever he went, crowds of people would cheer for the Duke, even though many of them were so young, that they could never have known about his Olympic exploits. In 1965, the Duke Kahanamoku Invitational surfing competition was held for the first time at Sunset Beach in Hawaii. The big wave event was the number one event in its day and was even broadcast coast to coast on national TV.

In his later years, Duke teamed up with a local businessman and opened up a restaurant bearing his name. He was the greeter and host for the nightly entertainment at the restaurant. His friends teased him that he was entering a new career when he should be retiring, but Duke thought it was a natural transition. "All my life I've been going places to meet and greet people. Now they'll be coming to me."

Duke absolutely loved Polynesian cuisine. For all the fancy dinners he had eaten at the finest restaurants all over the world, his favorite food was still poi. He hoped that with the restaurant bearing his name, that he could commercialize Polynesian food and make it popular around the world.

Kahanamoku died of a heart attack in 1968, at the age of 77. He was given a traditional Polynesian beach funeral. Thousands of mourners from every walk of life packed the beach at Waikiki as his brothers and friends paddled 13 outrigger canoes away from the shore. This was the beach where he had spent so much time swimming and indulging his love of surfing. This was where he had demonstrated surfing so many times, encouraging both locals and tourists to try it, and had brought the sport back from the brink of extinction in the early 1900s.

One seat was left empty in the lead canoe and Duke's paddle was placed on the seat. His ashes were poured into the ocean. Duke had once said, "The sea gives me life. With my board, I feel like I own the ocean and I am King."

The *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* wrote, "There is a strange sound in the booming surf at Waikiki today, like the anguished cry of a mother at the loss of her favorite son."

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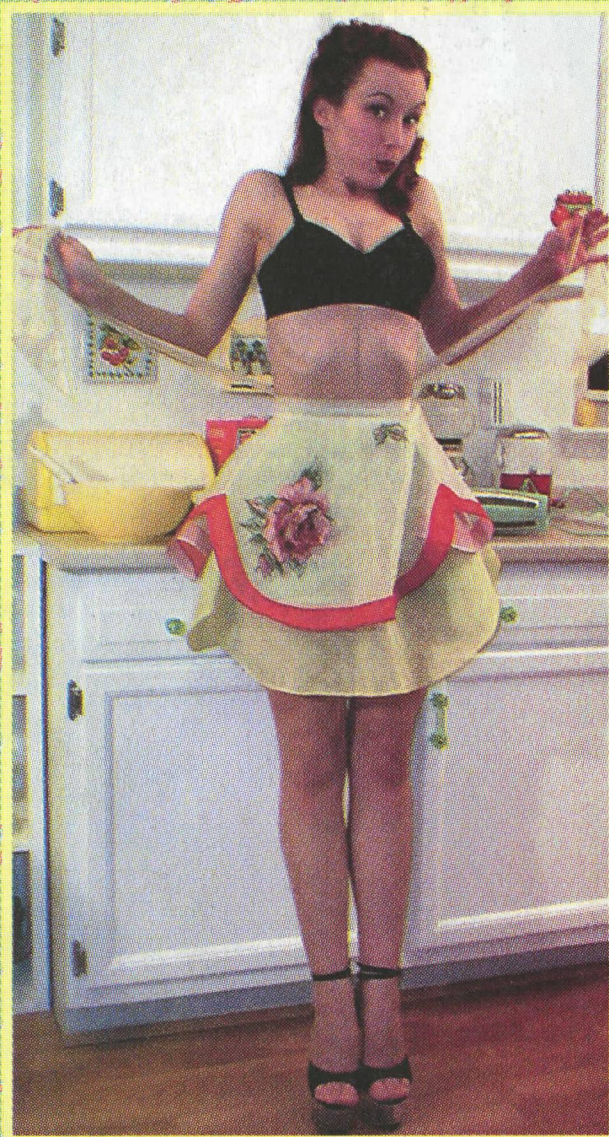
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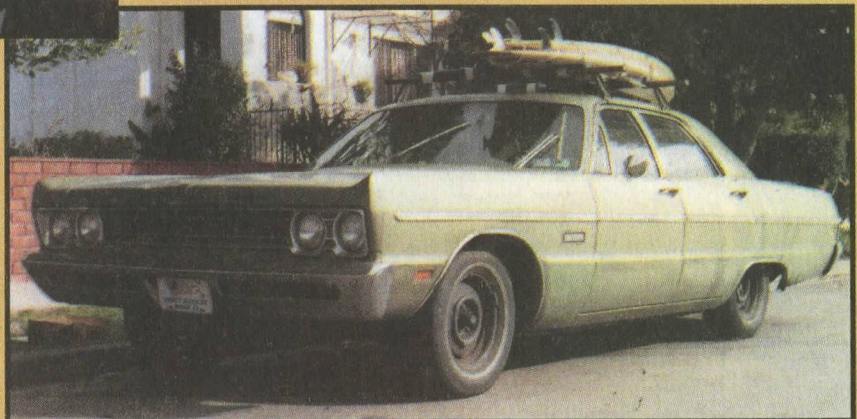
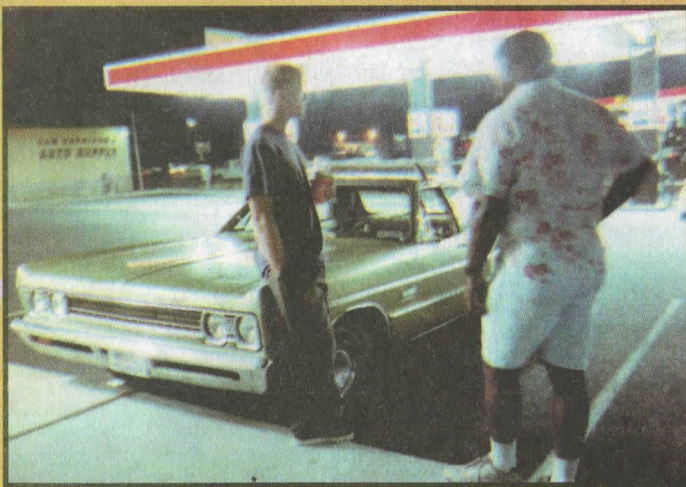
Bedroom attire's a perfect fit
With a grubby oven mitt!
So, we'll end this half-assed prose
By saying, "Here's to baking in your underclothes!"

Goodbye Fair Fury, We Hardly Knew Ye...



by Samuel Clay

A Barracuda Staffer Mourns The Loss of His Faithful Steed



I remember the day when we first met. It was back in '95, I was recovering from the sudden and tragic loss of my first car, my Mom's hand-me-down '82 Oldsmobile Firenza. I'd been driving that little hatchback for eight years, then one winter morning it just refused to live anymore. It was in my mourning that I read your lonely classified ad in the *Tradin' Times*—'69 Fury III 4dr hdt, runs well, \$500 o.b.o. That was all I needed to see. With cash in my pocket, I headed out determined to come home with some cheap wheels.

My first impressions were mixed. You had plenty of miles on you, but you had stood the test of time. You were rough and had nothing to prove or lose, but clearly you needed a home and a little t.l.c. When I heard that 318 roar to life with a healthy "whoosh," I was happy to make my \$300 offer, and even happier when it was accepted. You seemed like the perfect rebound vehicle. I was thinking we might last together for a few months—a quick fling. I'd at least get my money's worth and be able to get to work again. Maybe I'd write you off on my taxes. Man, time flies by.

You didn't need a whole lot of work to get you going—new tires and a fresh tank of gas. I stamped you with my handiwork, threw on a salvaged set of bombproof surf racks, cleaned out that moldy carpet, gave you a new front seat and patched those rusty haunches. Nothing that a little bondo, duct tape, and caulk couldn't fix. We weren't trying to win a beauty contest after all (though the constant thumbs-up and nods of approval from middle-aged guys always dignified you and surprised me). Your bullish charges and effortless high speed cruising were attractive enough to keep my interest. 17 mpg made me feel sexy, too. I was always ready to defend our relationship against some gas-guzzling accusation or other elitist assault. It was fun muscling those Mercedes-driving dorks out of the way. I'll surely miss the "nothing to lose" intimidation factor you brought



I don't remember getting stuck kicking the dirt one time. You never once let me down, never overheated in the Holland Tunnel, on the Pulaski Skyway, or in the California Desert. Never did I think we'd come this far together.

to my driving and the lessons of courtesy and manners you routinely taught to so many.

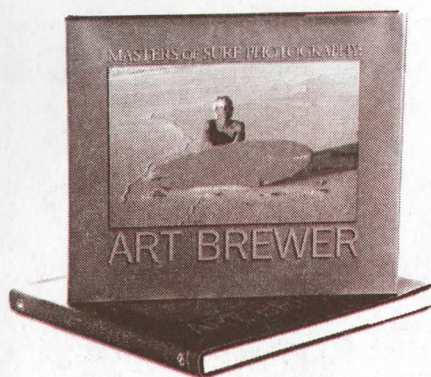
We formed a real bond(o) over the years—you with your rusty exhaust, and me with having

to get to work and, more importantly, to the beach. You shared my wanderlust and showed your love with unwavering reliability. The countless surf trips we took together, all the nights out there—just you and me. Camping in Joshua Tree, visiting the lighthouses of Cape Hatteras, Montauk, and Point Judith. You cruised Bourbon Street, South Street, Sunset

Boulevard, Daytona Beach, and the Brooklyn Bridge. We watched the sunsets together at H.B. pier and California Street and so many sunrises at our beloved LBI. I don't remember getting stuck kicking the dirt one time. You never once let me down, never overheated in the Holland Tunnel, on the Pulaski Skyway, or in the California Desert. Never did I think we'd come this far together.

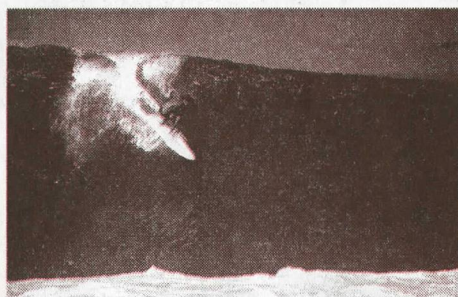
Seven years and 50,000 miles have gone by like a blink. I would keep you for seven more if I could. I know you'll keep running strong. Living here in this crappy city makes that impossible, though. I just can't give you the time and care you need to keep our love alive, and so now it's time for me to say thanks and farewell. I've found a new enthusiastic owner and a new warm weather home for you down south. Things are easier and friendlier down there—no crazy cab drivers, pot-hole riddled roads, traffic jams, salt trucks or snow. I know you'll get along just fine. Maybe we'll meet again one day at Carlisle, where you'll be all gussied up—until then, thanks for the memories, lessons, and love. Long may you ride.

Opposite page—Top: The Fury at another end of the road. Middle left: Barracuda staffers loiter with the Fury on a muggy summer night after a day at Chryslers at Carlisle. Middle right: A common sight—the Fury at the Jersey Shore, the author under the car messing around with something. Bottom left: At a random gas station in Arizona on a cross-country trek. Bottom right: Loaded up and ready to charge in Southern California.



Masters of Surf Photography: Art Brewer

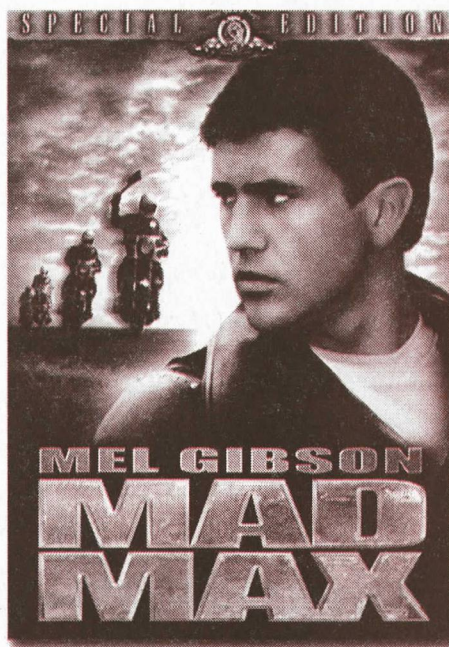
This sumptuously-produced, hard-cover book chronicles the surf photography of Art Brewer from the late '60s to the present. Lots of surf photographers take eye-popping pictures of surfers doing their thing in the ocean and so does Brewer. But what sets his work apart from so many other photographers is his inclusion of portraits of surfers and scenic shots of the surfing environs. Rather than just showing guys charging big green walls or pulling into a tube, Brewer also gives us a sense of the camaraderie of sitting on the beach with your buddies. His



lens finds an interesting subject both in the water and out.

Also, Brewer's work spans not just 30 years of surfing, but a 30 years of surfing where the sport changed significantly. His photos start just before the shortboard revolution and follow surfing through the neon-saturated '80s and into the present. His photos provide an interesting study of how much the equipment and styles of surfing have changed, while the core experience of surfing has essentially stayed the same.

This 251-page oversized coffee table book is another top notch production from the folks who bring you *Surfers Journal*.



Mad Max Special Edition DVD

Like a vengeance-minded Max Rockatansky skulking out of the MFP headquarters in that black, blower-topped V8 interceptor, with the newly-released special edition DVD of *Mad Max*, this movie is reborn with a new identity.

Until this DVD, the U.S. releases of *Mad Max* featured not the voices of the original actors, but a dub of hackneyed performances by American voice-over actors. The rumor had always been that the dub was done because the Aussie accents were so thick that it would have been very difficult for American audiences to understand the dialogue. However, according to studio executive Sam Arkoff's biography, the decision to dub the dialogue was made not because of intelligibility, but because "...exhibitors would consider anything that isn't 'American English' to be 'limey.' After the first reel, they'd decide not to book the picture."

The DVD bears this explanation out. Aside from a few little bits of lingo here and there and the fact that Max's wife says, "Oy!" instead of "Hey!" the dialogue is completely understandable.

The U.S. release of *Mad Max* had always been compromised by its distractingly bad dub job. Looped voices are *always* distracting, but in this case, it is particularly annoying because some of the voices are very recognizable from '70s car commercials and episodes of *Speed Racer*. (Dollars to donuts says the guy who did the voice of Max's boss Fifi also did the voice of Racer X.)

The original performances are so much more deft. Being able to play scenes back to back, switching from the U.S. theatrical dub to the original dialogue on the DVD just makes it that much more apparent. Take Fifi's classic line, "They say people don't believe in heroes

anymore. Well, damn them! You and me, Max, we're gonna give 'em back their heroes!" The American version is delivered with all the subtlety of Edward G. Robinson acting in a porno film. It was a great scene *in spite* of the bad dub and it's even better now.

But this is just a great movie on its own merits. With the fresh new print on this DVD, it is easy to forget that this was a very low budget movie that was executed with exceptional style considering the financial limitations the production faced. The direction, photography, editing and score are fantastic. It's an exciting film from start to finish, with some of the best car chase sequences ever shot.

Mad Max was also responsible for jump-starting the entire action film genre and it influenced a string of car chase and post-apocalypse pictures that followed, none of which could com-

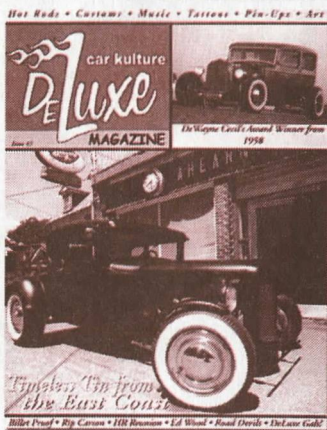


pare to the benchmark set by this film.

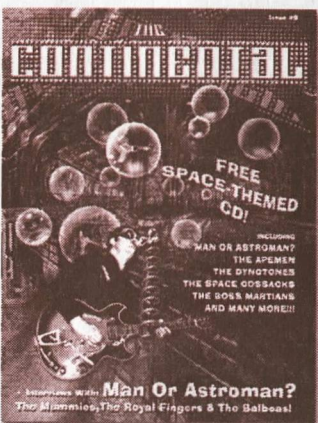
Two so-called documentaries are included on the DVD as bonus material, but one is not much more than a celebrity butt-kiss job on Mel Gibson, for anyone who somehow hadn't noticed that he has since become a mega-superstar. The other documentary is a marginally interesting after-the-fact behind the scenes piece. Key crew people talk about how they begged, borrowed and stole to put this movie together with their limited budget. (They could only afford a real leather uniform for Gibson. Everyone else got vinyl.) Director George Miller is noticeably absent from the documentary and audio commentary that accompanies the bonus material. Theatrical trailers and TV commercials for *Mad Max* are also included.

If you ever enjoyed *Mad Max* at all, go out and get the special edition DVD. It's really like a whole new movie.





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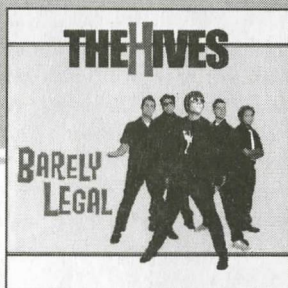
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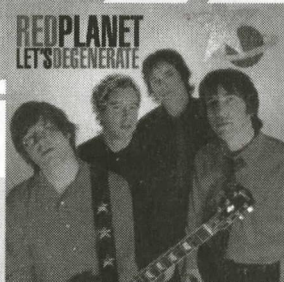
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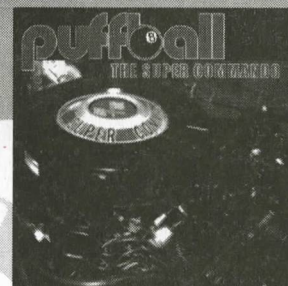


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The Devil's Advocate
The Art of Coop

The artist currently known as Coop originally started out doing album covers, then later moved on to produce a large number of amazing silk screened rock 'n' roll posters. His sharp style and the ever-present bodacious girls in his art make his creations some of the most recognizable and popular lowbrow art around.

Sure, Coop is unbelievably prolific, but just how prolific he is really doesn't sink in until you see this book. This hardcover is half an inch thick, jam-packed with color pages of his art and merchandise, covering his career from the late '80s to the present.

He *could have* simply settled for releasing an uninspired, rehashed retrospective of his past work and it still would have been worth the price of admission. But Coop and company really pulled out all the stops on this book. It's color from cover-to-cover and includes pencil sketches and commentary from Coop all throughout.

With the inclusion of all of the preliminary sketches and commentary, we are really allowed to get into the mind of Coop, and that's the big bonus here. He talks about how it was a lifelong dream to design a Ramones album cover and owns up to being disappointed with the end product of several of his pieces.

This book shows us one of the easily-overlooked reasons for Coop's popularity. Aside from being a wickedly talented artist, he's a really laugh-out-loud funny guy. A lot of his posters are just damned hilarious and so is his commentary.

Coop doesn't pull any punches when poking fun at himself. "Why is that grinning Devil Head so popular? Don't ask me, I just drew the damned thing.

"There's nothing more surreal than being cut off in traffic, then pulling up next to the guy all ready to give him the Finger, only to see one of my own Devil Head stickers on his window!"

There is just too much great stuff going on in the fantastically-produced book to list here. Go out and get your own copy while they last. It's a bargain at twice the price.

KENNETH HOWARD



Von Dutch

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY 'ST.' JOHN MORTON

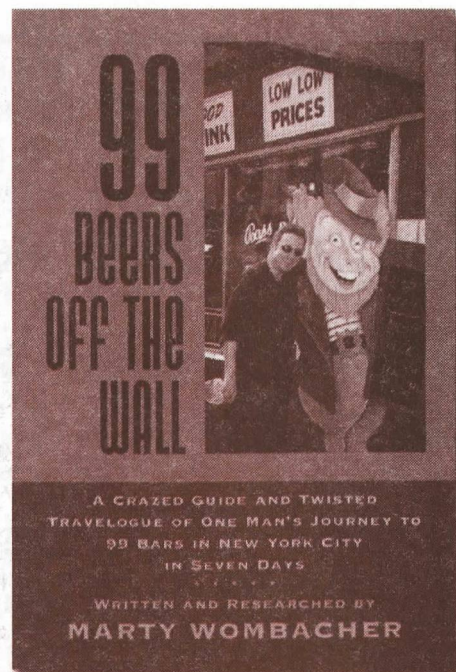
Kenneth Howard - Von Dutch
A Photographic Essay
by "St." John Morton

They don't make books like this anymore—literally. Each hardcover copy of this book is a labor of love, written, printed and hand-bound by pinstriper and paint chemist "St." John Morton, who was recently inducted into the Grand National Roadster Show Hall of Fame. This will doubtlessly be a limited print run. Get 'em while you can.

This book is Morton's tribute to the late pinstriper Von Dutch (born Kenneth Howard), who was the inventor of freestyle pinstriping back in the 1950s. It includes lots of photos of Von Dutch himself, plus images of his handiwork. There are pictures of his pinstriping and his hand-crafted knives, as well as his paintings (including a self-portrait). It is very interesting to see such a variety of Von Dutch's work all in one place. This is a fitting tribute to the man who started it all, with lots of good insight and fresh perspectives added by Morton.



Von Dutch in the '50s




99 Beers Off the Wall
by Marty Wombacher

Every generation has its epic adventures. Like Vasco da Gama trying to find a sea route to India, like George Mallory trying to reach the summit of Mount Everest, today we have Marty Wombacher trying to drink 99 beers in 99 bars in the span of one week. This book chronicles his trek. It is, as it is described, "A crazed guide and twisted travelogue of one man's journey to 99 bars in New York City in seven days."

99 Beers Off the Wall is partly a reaction to Zagat's guides, which Wombacher contends are based in large part on reviews submitted by anonymous readers. "[The Zagats] couldn't possibly know all these people or have any clue to their credibility," rants Wombacher, "This guidebook is written by one and only one person, me. And I'm qualified. I've been drinking in bars since I was 16 years old."

Reviews are marked with handy logos, for easy reference. The logos are broken into the categories, "Old Geezers Hopped Up on Viagra," "Patrons Unfamiliar With The Art of Self-Deodorization," "Free Food," "Men Wearing Suspenders Who Aren't Embarrassed That They're Wearing Suspenders" and "I See Dead People," among others.

Wombacher, the "mind" behind the hilarious *Fishurap* magazine, manages to tear up the town, hitting his target of 99 bars, everything from skanky hardcore alcoholic dive bars to flashy, high-concept places like ESPNZone and the WWF bar. The bars are listed by neighborhood and ranked from best to worst at the end. The book is filled with Wombacher's trademark "just this side of good taste" humor, as well as photos of him in an increasing state of bleariness as his adventure rolls on. This is a hilarious, yet extremely practical guidebook.



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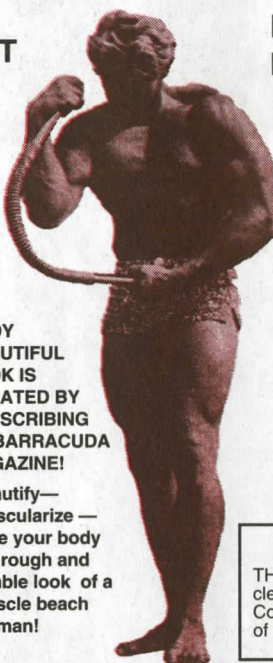
From one end of Muscle Beach to the other, muscular things are popping up everywhere you go! The handsome, fun-going attractive fellows are **subscribing to Barracuda Magazine** to add up to 2" on their arms, 4" on their chest, besides muscularizing their waists and building vigorous legs. They are giving the more than 500 muscles in their bodies a thorough going-over, to build power, rugged vigor, herculean muscular size, because they need **he-man muscles** for surfing, swimming and lifting girls overhead with one arm! They know that subscribing to **Barracuda Magazine** makes their muscles come alive with VIGOR...POWER...for **Super Happenings!** Don't you just read this-JOIN THE FUNI-SHAPE UP! And What Shape You'll Be In!

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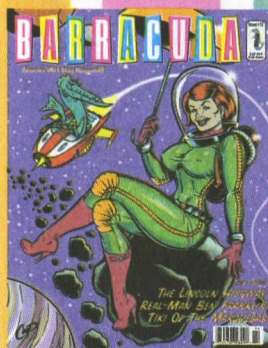
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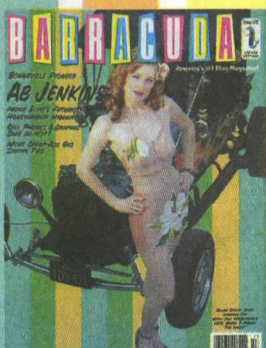
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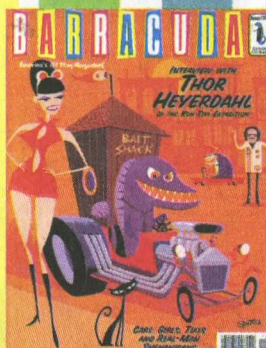
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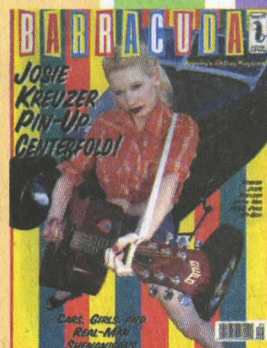
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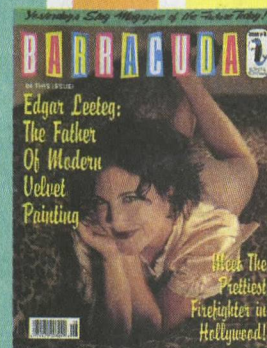
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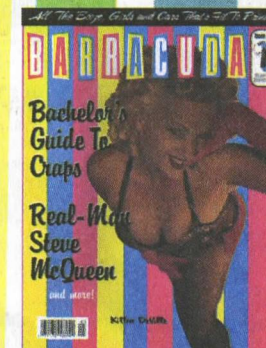
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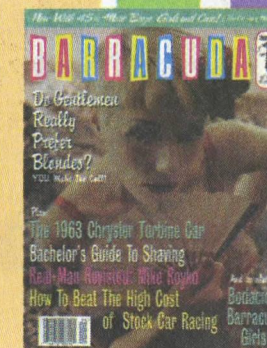
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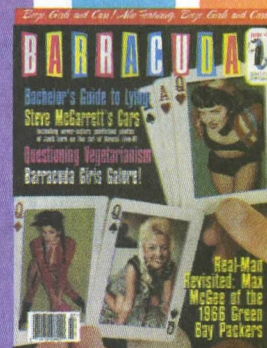
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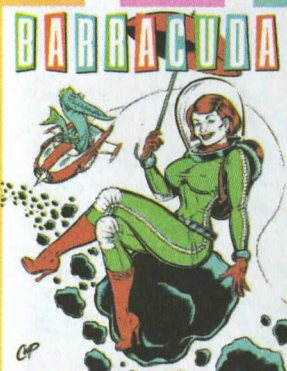
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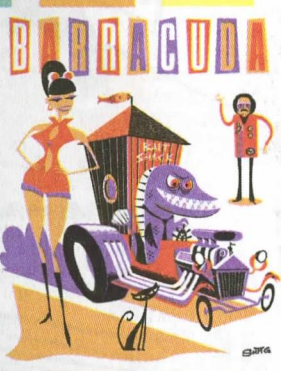
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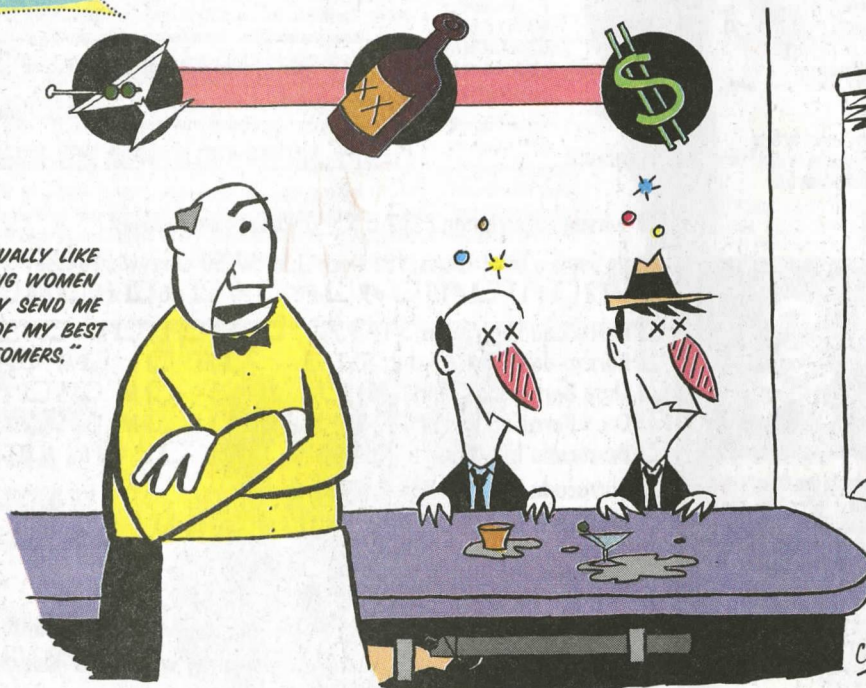
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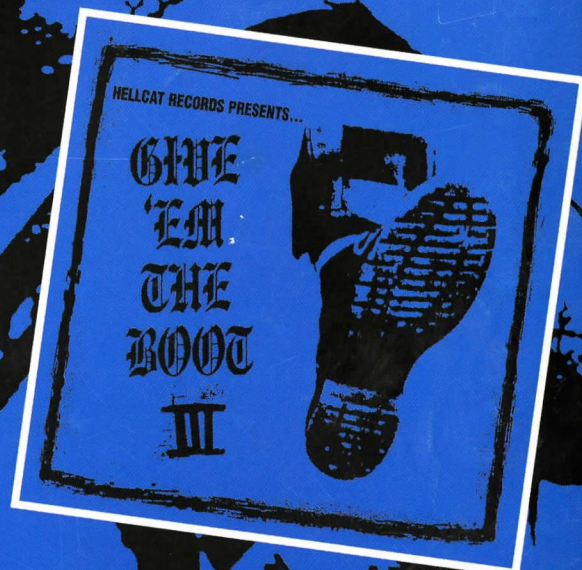
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