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Issue #20



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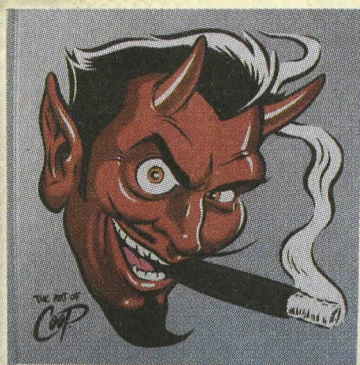
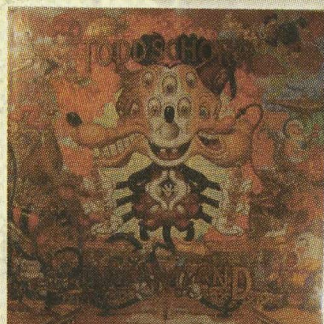
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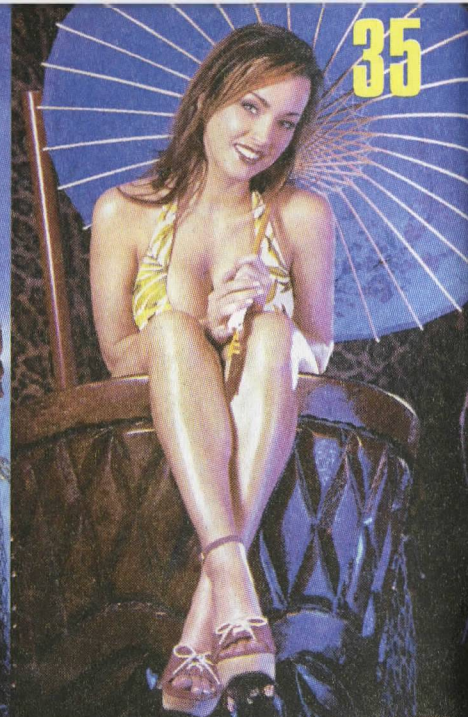
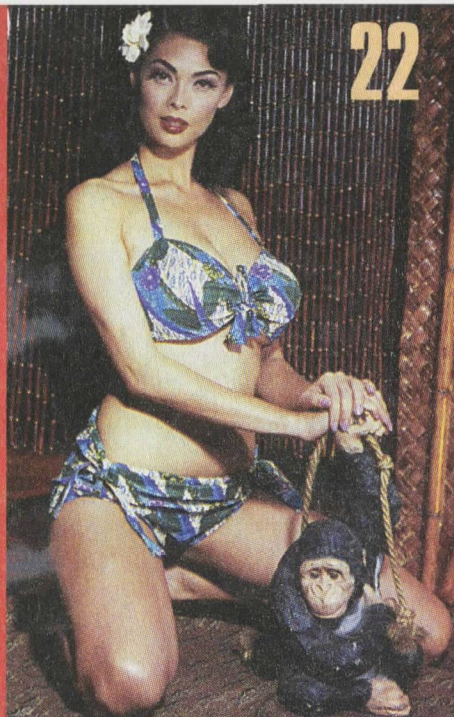
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6
 10
 12
 14
 22
 35
 39
 46
 48



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Consumed by Evel
♦
A Letter From Your Editor

I saw an article in the paper recently
about companies who work very hard to get
their products used on TV and in movies. In the
parlance of "the biz," this is known as a product
placement. A company might give away huge
amounts of their product, hire a PR firm or
actually negotiate a fee to have their product
appear on-screen, or in the hands of a celebri-
ty. Now, we may not have all of the resources of
a fancy vineyard or an automobile manufactur-
er, but I know a good idea when I see one.

Just to let you know that we are not slack-
ing in the product placement department, I
feel that you should know that *Barracuda* was
able to acquire two high-profile placements in
the last few months.

For the few of you who missed VH-1's *100
Most Metal Moments* series, *Most Metal
Moment #66* featured an incident where Motley
Crue was pulled over while on tour in Canada.
Canadian Mounties searched the band's bus
and confiscated their stash of nudie magazines.
One shot of the segment pans over what is sup-
posed to be the confiscated booty and lo and
behold, there was a copy of *Barracuda*. The
fact that the incident predated the existence of
our fine magazine by some 16 years notwith-
standing, we were happy to be included.

And we were also lucky enough to secure
a photo op with a celebrity pretending to
peruse the pages of our magazine. Yes, kids,
that's the world-famous Rhythm Chicken, tak-
ing a break from his guerrilla drumming tour of
America. The Rhythm Chicken has toured the
world, setting up his drum kit in randomly-cho-
sen public places and rocking out for no appar-
ent reason until someone chases him away or
he gets bored. He was briefly dubbed the "Rally
Rabbit" when he was repeatedly shown on the
Milwaukee Brewers' scoreboard last season,
rocking out on his drum kit. (The Brewers, by
the way, replaced the lovably scuzzy Chicken
with an overly sanitized, excessively cutesy
knock-off at the beginning of this season!)

A lot of people ask me how I choose the
Real-Man Revisited subject each issue. I have
almost no tangible idea how someone becomes
a candidate, much less gets chosen. The guys we
profile are very different and diverse, but they
also have a lot of traits in common—to a sur-
prising extent. But how do I *choose* who I write
about? I don't choose them, they choose me.

No matter how much I think I know about
a person when I start, I always learn more than
I could have ever imagined, and uncover a story
that's ten times as compelling as what I origi-
nally wanted to write about. One article leads
to a book, which leads to another article, which
leads to something else. Ultimately, I have to
set some sort of boundary because otherwise, I
will be consumed and write indefinitely.

Evel Kniefel was such an obvious choice, I



honestly couldn't believe I hadn't written about
him sooner. When I was but a young nipper, like
so many other kids, I really thought Evel was
the coolest. I had an Evel Kniefel lunchbox, a
stunt cycle, an Evel Kniefel pin and probably
more stuff. (I still have the pin, by the way.)

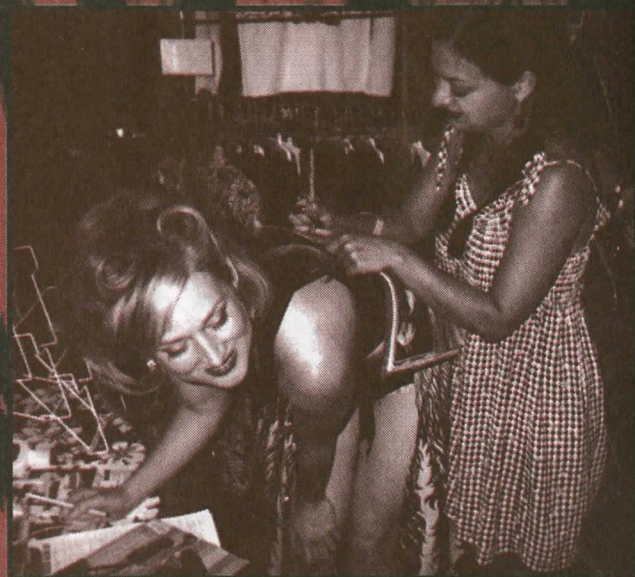
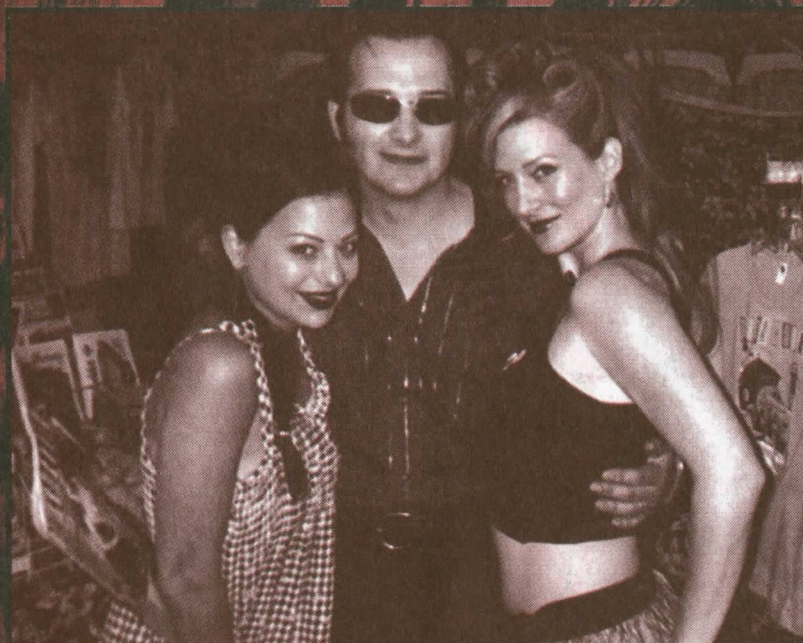
When I was probably in the 2nd or 3rd
grade, I drop-kicked my lunchbox at school,
and much to my dismay, it was unharmed. So, I
jumped on it, which bent the lid. My mom
asked me why I had "ruined" this lunchbox I
loved so much. I told her I had done it on pur-
pose. I didn't want it all shiny and perfect. I
wanted it to look tough, like Evel. I used it
every day for years—all smashed up.

I was really looking forward to the
chance of talking to Evel while doing the
research for this article, and I made one or
two half-assed efforts to get in touch with him.
Then I realized part of me didn't want to talk
to him. Mainly, I knew he would have an end-
less number of phenomenal stories and anec-
dotes, which would only make my article even
longer. But the real reason was that although I
was pretty confident that I had told his story
well, he is still a real tough dude. I would have
really hated to have him get antagonized at
me over some turn of phrase or unchecked
fact. It would be pretty traumatic for me to get
my ass handed to me by the guy who was on
my elementary school lunchbox.

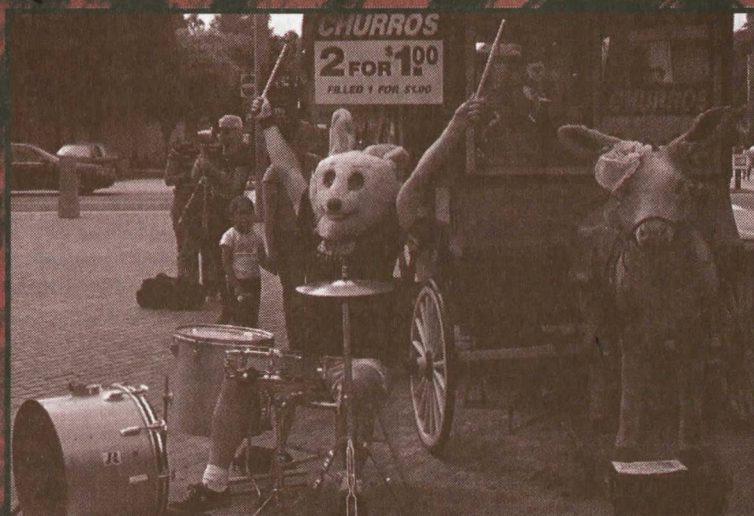
A big thank you to artist Makoto, whose
incredible painting of a geisha girl and Junichi
Shimodaira's legendary Japanese hot rod
"Rod" Riguez is on the cover of this issue. I
was introduced to Makoto by my friend crazy,
crazy Nash, the editor of *Burnout* magazine.
Nash works very hard introducing Japanese
artists to American hot rodders and he also
works hard to bring American artists to Japan.
When he comes to the States, he often brings
some Japanese hot rodders or lowbrow artists
along and it is always fun to meet them.

I thought Makoto's style would make a
great cover for the magazine, so I asked Nash
to help me set up having Makoto do a piece.
He asked me what I was looking for and I told
him in just general terms. The next time Nash
was in town, he says Makoto is with him and
they want to come by. I thought we were
going to talk about the cover art some more,
but Makoto just pulls out this finished paint-
ing and says he hopes it is OK. I think my jaw
actually hit the floor! Unbelievable!

Thank you to Nash, too for helping to set
this up!
—J.F.



Above left: Dave Vanian of The Damned visiting, trading autographs with Barracuda Girls Scarlett Fever and Cardinal Sin. Above right: Barracuda Girls have each others' backs—literally. Above, left to right: artists Jet Wrench, Mr. G and Nash from *Burnout* magazine visit. Right: Artist Makoto presents his incredible painting for the cover of this issue. Below: The Rhythm Chicken rocking out Los Angeles landmarks and pausing to pose for a photo op with an issue of *Barracuda*. (Photo by Todd Taylor.)



THE BACHELOR'S GUIDE TO:

MAKING YOUR OWN BEER

BY SMITTY SAEUFER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIM KREWSON



Homebrewing is a fun hobby that combines some of *Barracuda's* favorite themes—cooking, science, self-sufficiency, saving money, beer and beer—into one fantastic pastime. Even with no experience, the homebrewer can usually make a batch of beer that is cheaper and is ten times tastier than the factory brews available in the supermarket.

While there is plenty of information about homebrewing available via books and websites, most of it is overly-complicated or totally vague. Neither instills a beginner with the confidence to try it. Our aim with this article is to encourage our readers to give homebrewing a try.

To that end, we will focus mainly on the least-expensive and least-complicated way to get started homebrewing, so as to not overwhelm the reader with details and start-up expenses. How fancy you decide to go with it is dependent on if you have less money or less patience. Making your own beer can be a very affordable hobby, easily on par or cheaper than venerable and kindred hobbies such as fishing and bowling. Like these other hobbies, there is no limit to the money that can be spent on gadgets and conveniences for those with a lot of experience. However, the expense and variety of these conveniences can be intimidating to a novice. The best way to get started with homebrewing is to stick to the basic equipment and keep expenses low, then add more equipment over time if your interest flourishes.

Homebrewers are very dedicated, fussy and almost religious about brewing. This is fine, but the downside is that they very easily become absorbed and particular in terms of the minutiae and details of brewing and different recipes.

This, unfortunately, can also make the brewing seem extremely complicated and foreboding to a novice. Again, get started with a basic recipe so that you can become familiar with the process. Once you're comfortable with that, then feel free to dive into the voluminous books and websites that discuss brewing techniques.

The first step is to have a general understanding of how alcohol is produced. With beer specifically, the process starts with barley, a grain that has been around since biblical times. Barley has quite a humble, yet noble history. It mainly served as feed for horses in ancient times, but it was also used by poorer classes to make bread. (Barley is also the beginning ingredient in ale and whiskey.)

Barley, like all grains, has an abundance of starches. The grains of barley are cracked open, water is added and the mixture is heated. Heating this mixture converts the starches into a sugar known as "maltose." (The word "sugar" is commonly used as a synonym for ubiquitous, ordinary table sugar. However, sugar is properly used as a more broad term, referring to a distinct kind of chemical compound, which includes glucose, dextrose and sucrose. Normal table sugar is sucrose.)

Hops are added for flavor, and then yeast is then added to the mixture. The yeast consumes the maltose (or malt), resulting in a chemical process called fermentation. The by-products of fermentation are the two main ingredients in beer—carbon dioxide and alcohol (better known as "carbonation" and "inflated self-esteem").

That's the big and small of it. Although the process of brewing is now very refined and we can explain the specific process more accurately,

the basic chemical cause and effect of brewing is the same as it has been for centuries. The earliest records of brewing are about 6,000 years old. With a minimal outlay of cash, you can continue this fine tradition in your own home.

Homebrewing purists are often "all-grain" brewers. This means that they get cracked grain from a supplier, add water and do their own malting by cooking this mixture down into what is called "wort." To keep things easy for the novice, we suggest that you put off all-grain brewing until you have more experience under your belt. Instead of cooking down your own cracked grain, purchase a pre-hopped malt extract from a homebrew supply shop. (If you cannot find a homebrew shop in your area, there are dozens of them on the internet that ship products worldwide.)

You will need a large stock pot to boil the malt extract in. Bring the malt extract to a boil, following the instructions on the package, but be sure to use at least 1 1/2 gallons of water and bring it up to a boil slowly, so that you don't scorch or "carmelize" the sugars in the extract.

You will probably add hops to this mixture at some point, but again, just go with what the directions say. Once you have boiled this mixture, which is called "wort" for the proper time, cool it off by placing the pot into a sink-ful of ice water. (There are fancier and quicker ways to cool off wort, but remember, we're trying to keep it cheap and simple for now.)

From here on out, everything that comes in contact with what will become your beer needs to be sanitized. This includes buckets, stirring spoons, measuring cups, siphoning tubes, funnels, bottles and bottle caps. If sanitary stan-



The three main tools needed for making your own brew. Left: A sturdy stock pot might be your most expensive purchase. These are hard to find in thrift shops, so you just might have to buy one. You don't need anything fancy. This will come in handy for other projects like making soups or doing laundry

on the stove. Middle: A large, food-grade bucket. You can probably purloin one for free from a restaurant, but these are cheap, even if you buy one brand new. Right: A glass container known as a "carboy." If you do two-stage fermentation, this will come in handy, but another bucket will also do.

dards are not maintained, bacteria or airborne wild yeast could get into your brew and grow. Although this should not result in anything that will kill you, mold or bacteria can ruin your entire batch of brew. You can make a sanitizing solution by simply mixing 2 ounces of unscented household bleach to five gallons of water. Rinse every item with cold water after sanitizing.

While the wort is cooling, prepare the yeast. You *can* just throw the yeast into the cooled wort, but the yeast will do its job better if you give it a chance to warm up before you toss it right into the game. It doesn't cost extra, and you have time to kill while the wort cools, so let's go for it. Stir the yeast into one cup of lukewarm water in a small mixing bowl or measuring cup (that you've sanitized, right?). This is known as "proofing" the yeast. Cover the yeast and set it aside for at least 15 minutes. (Keep in mind that yeast is much cheaper if you buy yeast by the jar than if you buy it in those little foil packets.)

The fermenting will take place in a bucket aptly named the "fermenting bucket." This is not much more than a 5-gallon bucket, but it is important that you use a food-grade bucket, not a bucket you bought at the hardware store or the bucket that your house paint came in. These are available for under \$10 at cooking supply and homebrew shops, but you can also probably get one for free by asking at the back door of a restaurant. All sorts of bulk food is delivered in these kinds of buckets. (Just make sure that you get one that is not scratched up inside, because it will be more difficult to sanitize.)

Even if you can score a free bucket, you are probably going to have to shell out for a fermenting

lock. This is a liquid-filled, one-way valve that plugs into the lid of your fermentation bucket. It is basically an air lock that allows the carbon dioxide created by fermentation to escape without letting air back into the bucket.

With a sanitized thermometer, take the temperature of the wort. When it's below 75° F, pour it into your fermenting bucket and add the yeast. (Brewers call this "pitching" the yeast.) If the temperature of the wort is above 75°, you will just be killing the yeast, rather than giving it an environment to thrive in. Take care of your yeast—give those little guys the right temperature and lots of wort to eat and they will return the favor by giving you alcohol!

Add enough cold water so that the bucket is filled up most of the way. Don't be delicate when pouring the water in. The fermentation process needs air, so splashing the water around and stirring it up with your sanitized, non-wooden mixing spoon will help aerate the wort. Some people even recommend shaking the sealed bucket for up to 20 minutes to give better aeration.

Seal the bucket lid firmly and put it in a dark place with a constant temperature. You will see lots of action in your fermentation lock during the first two or three days as the yeast eats up the sugar and expels carbon dioxide. As the yeast runs out of food, less carbon dioxide will be given off.

You can determine when the fermenting is complete by the instructions given with your malt extract. The process normally takes three days to two weeks. If you want to go all-pro, you can use an instrument called a "hydrometer." A hydrometer measures the density of a liquid.

Once the fermentation appears to be slowing down, you check the liquid's density with the hydrometer every couple of days. When you get the same reading two days in a row, you know nothing's changing and the fermentation process is complete. A hydrometer's the best way to know when it's time to bottle.

Now, if you want to go the cheapest, simplest and fastest route, you can go to "priming" and bottling the beer at this point. That's one-stage fermentation. With this method, sediment (dead yeast cells) will wind up in your bottles. That's fine—you just don't pour the whole bottle into your glass when you're drinking the beer.

But by adding a second stage of fermentation here, you can help your beer to clarify and settle, and you almost guarantee proper fermentation. Most homebrewers recommend two-stage fermentation. We'll explain how two-stage fermentation works and then come back to priming and bottling.

For two-stage fermentation, you siphon your brew into a second container. More experienced brewers use a glass container called a "carboy," but another bucket with an airlock (just like the first fermentation bucket) will do. Homebrew suppliers will have a "racking tube," which is two clear tubes with a length of flexible 3/8" hose in the middle. These are very cheap and make siphoning quite easy. Get one.

The beer sits in the second container for a few weeks, or until it clarifies. If you used a clear glass carboy, it's easier to tell when it's clarified, obviously, but a free food bucket is cheaper.

So when your one-stage or two-stage fermentation is done, you need to prime your brew

for bottling. In factory breweries, the carbonation for the beer is simply injected. But for the homebrewer, the carbonation is created by priming. This means adding a *little* more maltose to the mix, right before bottling. As the beer sits and ages in the bottle, the yeast that is left in your brew will eat up that extra shot of maltose and give fizz to your beer. Again, you malt extract package will give you instructions on how to prime your beer, but basically, you mix a little bit of malt extract with water and then add it to your brew.

For bottling, you have several options. The easiest, but not cheapest option is to use beer bottles with flip-top ceramic lids. These kinds of bottles are sometimes used on upscale, import beers available at the store. However, beer sold in these kinds of bottles is increasingly difficult to find. If you're buying expensive beer like this already, it makes sense to just reuse the bottles for your own brew. However, the added cost of buying such expensive beer just to get the bottles doesn't seem likely to financially worthwhile. So, if you want to go the flip-top route, just buy them from a homebrew supplier.

A cheaper, but more labor-intensive method of bottling is to use a capper. A capper, caps and bottles should be available from a homebrew shop. (A capper and caps are often included in a basic homebrew starter kit.) If you don't want to buy bottles, you can re-use regular beer bottles. However, twist-off bottles will not work. These are made of thinner glass and may explode, plus, they will not cap correctly. Use only heavier, long-neck bottles and be sure to only use tinted bottles (amber or green).

Homebrew veterans seem to feel capping bottles is a tremendous hassle, but we recommend bottling at least some of your beer with a capper. That way, you can enjoy giving away homebrew to your friends in a capped bottle without worrying about getting the bottle back. (If you buy a complete homebrew starter kit, a bottle capper will probably be included.)

The truly cheapest way to go is to reuse one- and two-liter plastic soda bottles. They are free, easy to fill up, easy to cap and are good for giving beer to friends. Although the beer probably will seem schmancier coming out of a glass bottle, you *really* don't have to care if you don't get these bottles back.

Whatever kind of bottles you decide on, the bottles need to be cleaned and then sanitized. The easiest way is to sanitize them with the same diluted bleach solution mentioned earlier. Soak the bottles in the sanitizing solution for at least a half an hour. Make sure to get all the air out of the bottles while they're soaking. After they've been sanitized, rinse them out with hot tap water.

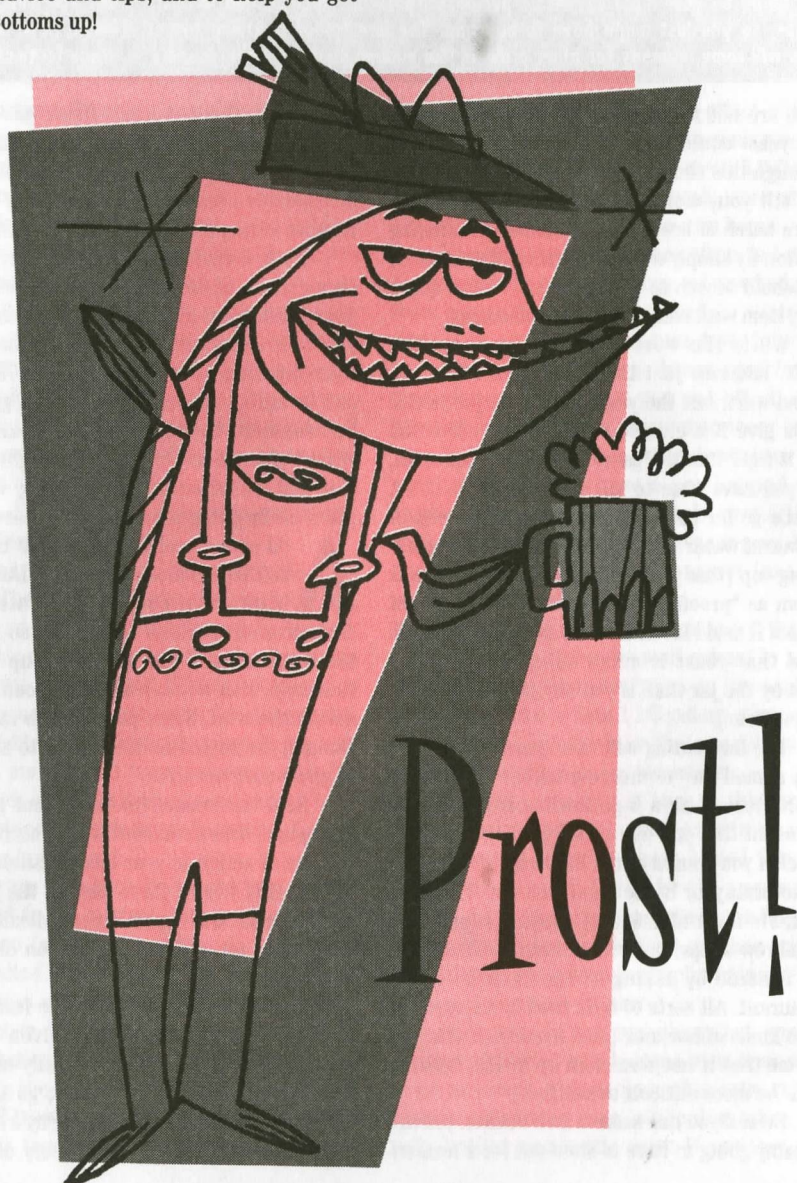
If you're using a bottle capper, sanitize the bottle caps by boiling them for at least five minutes. Leave them in the hot water until

they're needed.

You can use your racking tube to siphon beer into the individual bottles. Cap the bottles up and store them in a cool, dark place for two or three weeks. This last wait gives the yeast left in the beer a chance to eat the priming sugar that you added right before the bottling and create the carbonation for your beer.

Now, there are certainly more refined and expensive ways to make your beer than what we have described, but let's keep it simple for now. This article is by no means intended to be the authoritative end-all, be-all of homebrewing. Use this article as a starting point for getting up the nerve to give homebrewing a try. Hopefully, we will be able to follow this article up in future editions with more tips and techniques for more advanced brewing.

We highly recommend that you check out some books on homebrewing from your local library or find a local homebrew supplier. Homebrew suppliers are usually dedicated, enthusiastic brewers themselves, who are happy to offer advice and tips, and to help you get started. Bottoms up!



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There are plenty of addictions with which to fall victim: alcohol, chocolate, crack. Fortunately, people are forgoing the destructive lure of the rock and instead finding themselves hooked on the time-suckage that is televised no limit poker tournaments. For those held hostage by this "sport", getting a fix is as easy as folding pocket deuces. Using scientific brainmetrics we were able to deduce that between the hours of 6pm to 2am on any given day, there is a 64.41 percent chance that there will be a televised poker game on, the same odds to win as if you were dealt a unsuited Ace-Jack before the flop.

Odds are just part of the "fun" of televised poker. There's also the intrigue of watching a table of humans sit, wait and think. Occasionally there will be pulse-pounding call of "All In!" or an Oscar-worthy bluff, but on the whole it's simply shots of stoic men fidgeting with colorful piles of chips. Regardless of the static environment in which the drama plays out, there is something completely enthralling, enchanting, even magical about televised poker. Perhaps it's the soothing pace, the voyeuristic knowledge of everyone's hole cards, or the personalities of poker stars like the obnoxious Phil Hellmuth, the unbelievably cocky Men "The Master" or that wild-haired mother of four Annie Duke. Whether your rooting for a "dead money" miracle like Chris MoneyMaker or an old pro like Doyle Brunson, it's hard not to get emotionally invested. There are many programs battling for your precious poker watching time. Here are some of the contenders.

Celebrity Poker Showdown is where else can you see A, B and even C list celebrities vie to get their pathetic zingers in as an attempt to hog the camera time, all while playing a "friendly" round of cards? At the Palms Hotel and Casino, poker pro wannabees muck along with players who seem to have gotten their "How to Play Poker" primer minutes before hitting the table. The point that it's all for charity is moot; it's really just a venue for showing off how amusing these celebrities think they are, and let's not forget all those free drinks.

Occasionally, there is the serious player like James Woods—who confessed that he plays poker daily—that take it very seriously, whereas you have a chump-change like that loser from Creed, who when he lost on the river of a fairly routine hand actually said, "Have you ever seen that before?" Star power does not necessarily directly relate into an equal amount of poker power, with *Sex in the City's* Willie Garson winning over superstar Ben Affleck and Paul Rudd schooling Coo-Coo-Coolio. Hosted by Dave "let's

have another cocktail" Foley and that tall drink of water Phil Gordon (who makes off-the-cuff comments like, "He's an idiot."), *Celebrity Poker Showdown* is where personality prevails over the poker.

If *Celebrity Poker Showdown* is the *Fletch* of televised poker, then *World Series of Poker* is *Citizen Kane*. While other shows are generally entertaining for the first viewing only, these beautifully produced ESPN episodes can transfix, even after watching them two or three times

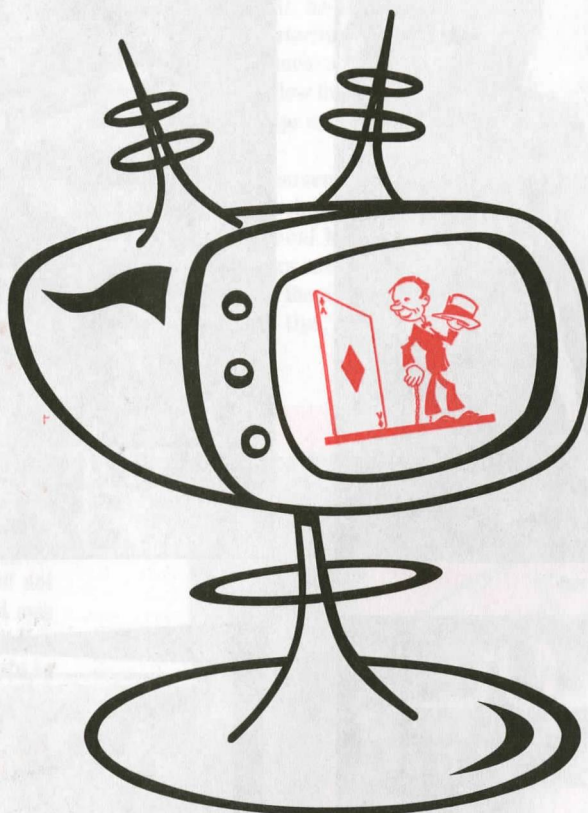
professional and amateur players. What makes this one captivating is not just the level of play but also the wacky phrases that flow not unlike molten lava from the commentators mouths. Professional poker player Mike Sexton and former child actor, tennis pro and son of Dick, Vince Van Patten host this series with the most entertaining and perceptive of all the various commentators. Along with the game play—being that this is on the Travel Channel—they have a travelogue section with the token hottie/co-host giving a quickie tour of the land, but all that really matters is the poker.

In competition with the *Celebrity Poker Showdown*, *World Poker Tour's Hollywood Home Game* brings together various levels of working celebrities to deal their own decks while trading all-ins and insults. The caliber of play is a step up from the *Celebrity Poker Showdown*, with the players being more seasoned in the ways of the flop, turn and river. A departure for the more professional-minded *World Poker Tour*, this is for those who want to see celebrities play but want to avoid the relentless neediness of the sub par players on *Celebrity Poker Showdown*.

Courtesy of England's Channel 4, there is no question that *Late Night Poker* visits us from across the pond. Most noticeable is the different cast of characters, with players who aren't as well known on our shores such as the garishly ringed Dave "DevilFish" Ulliott. Regardless of nationality or origin, all the players remarkably seem to have that pasty sun-deprived British look, it could be the contrast with the dark "late night" set or just the low-key lighting.

Due to perhaps its late night airing, or that its production is less dynamic than the competition, this is a show that could lull any diehard insomniac to sleep.

There is something odd about the appearance of *American Poker Championships* on Fox Sports Net. The eerily-diffused lighting gives it the appearance of a Mexican soap opera, as if at any moment one player will have amnesia as another confesses their love for the dealer. It is also is the quietest, what can be a deafening sound of chips shuffling is just a light "click clack here." But the thing that makes the *American Poker Championships* stand out is the wacky heart monitor that they occasionally attach to the players to measure their level of excitement about various hands. A two and a seven, we're talking a smooth and steady heartbeat, pocket aces with full house made on the river, the heart monitor goes off the chart. This one keeps our B.P. at a steady 120 over 80.



Texas Hold 'Em On TV

by Sunny Andersen

over. The high production value showcases the nail-biting tension that is at the forefront of the most important and prestigious of all poker tournaments. Along with interesting mini-biographies on the featured players and insightful commentary, ESPN also includes unforgettable gems like Chris "Jesus" Ferguson's ability to slice a pickle in half by firing a playing card at it and how one hones that skill is as mysterious as Phil Ivey's poker face.

Globetrotting and high stakes gambling come together in this Travel Channel take on the *World Poker Tour*. The televised coverage of the final table in exotic locales from Costa Rica to Atlantic City present an eclectic mix of both

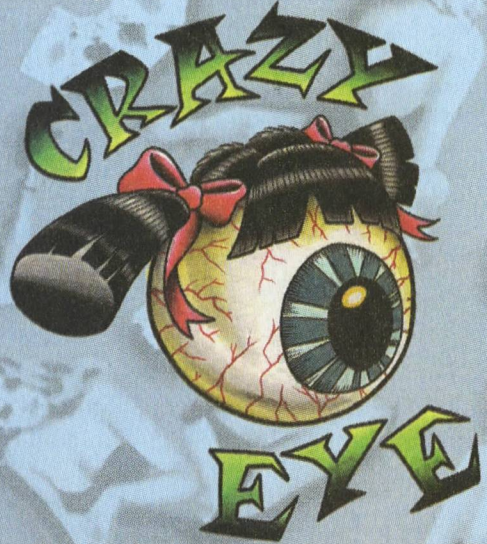


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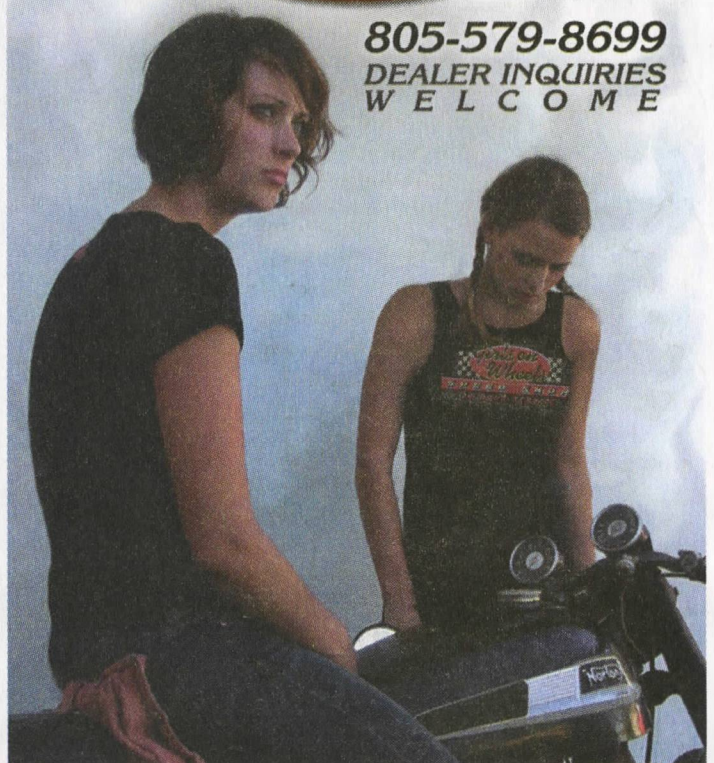
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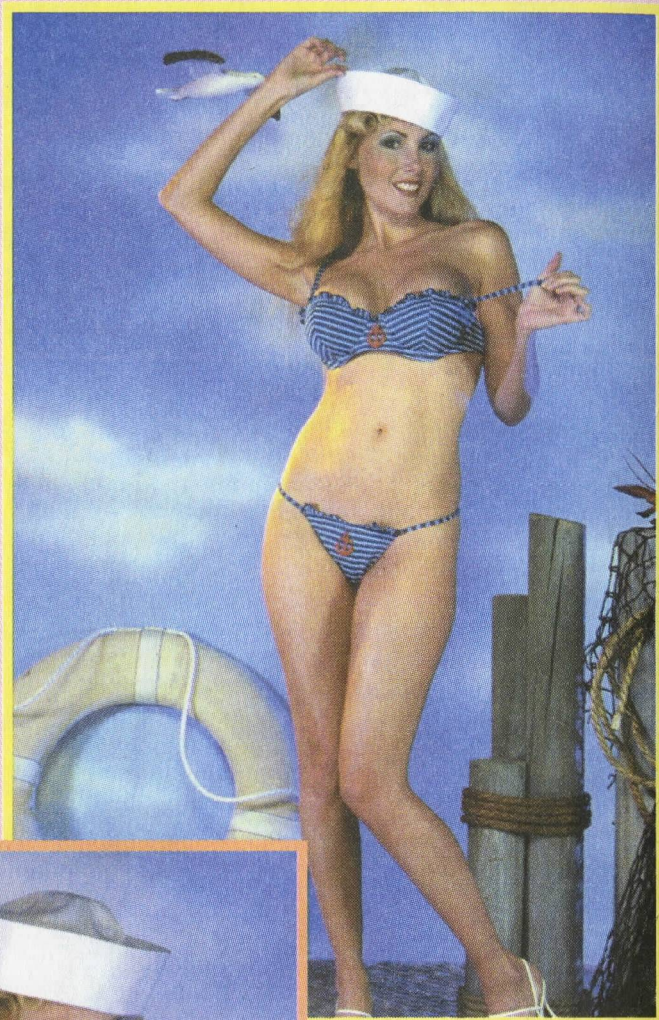




Sailor Girl!



photos by Octavio
model: Shannon Codner-www.katwoman.com



Our sultry sailor girl loves the sea and the sailor boys from all over the world who come into port. She loves the French sailors who keep her up into the "oui" hours of the morning! She loves the Brits who offer her a Scotch and sofa! Since she was warned by her mother not to talk to strange men, she only speaks to those who get familiar! Give this sailor girl an inch and she'll have a whole new bathing suit!



As for her taste in clothing, it can be said that it runs "true to form!" She's not afraid to exhibit her generous nature—and from the looks of that bikini, she's not afraid to exhibit how generous nature has been to her! Her shapely limbs definitely help her to branch out!





Real-Man Revisited:

EVEL KNIEVEL

Left: Evel Knievel inspecting the X-2 Sky Cycle before his attempt to jump over Snake River Canyon in 1974.

During his formative years, Robert Knievel's home of Butte, Montana was a rough mining town with more bars per capita than any other city in the U.S. It didn't offer many opportunities to make a living besides laboring in a copper mine or crime.

Knievel was smart and strong enough to do well at pretty much anything he put his mind to, and he worked in the mining industry and other "straight" jobs. But he was possessed by a restlessness and a dislike for complacency that kept him from sticking with any one job for very long. He served in the army, sold

insurance incredibly successfully and worked as a guide for wild game hunters. He played professional hockey for the Eastern League Charlotte Clippers, but quit because he said the owners were the only ones making money. So, when he came back to Montana, he started, owned and managed his own semi-pro team, the Butte Bombers.

The seedy side of Butte always offered unique ways for Knievel to exercise his energetic mind and body. He threw rocks at prostitutes just to see if he could outrun them and their pimps. On his motorcycle, he played cat-and-mouse games with cops, letting them chase him all over town.

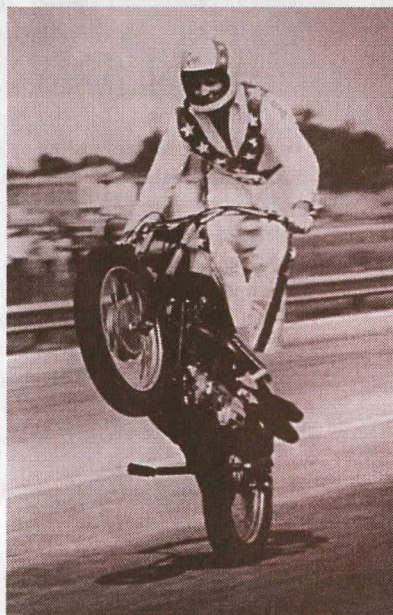
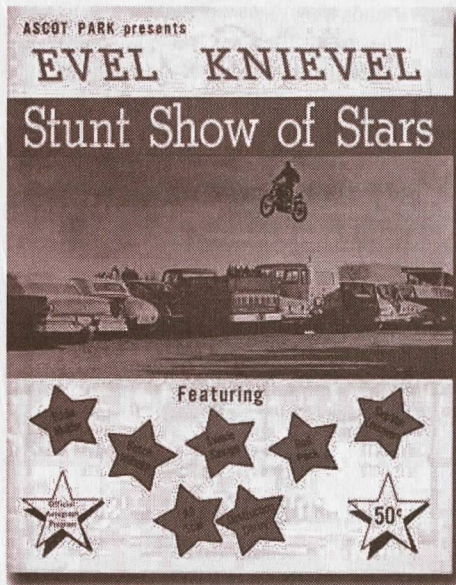
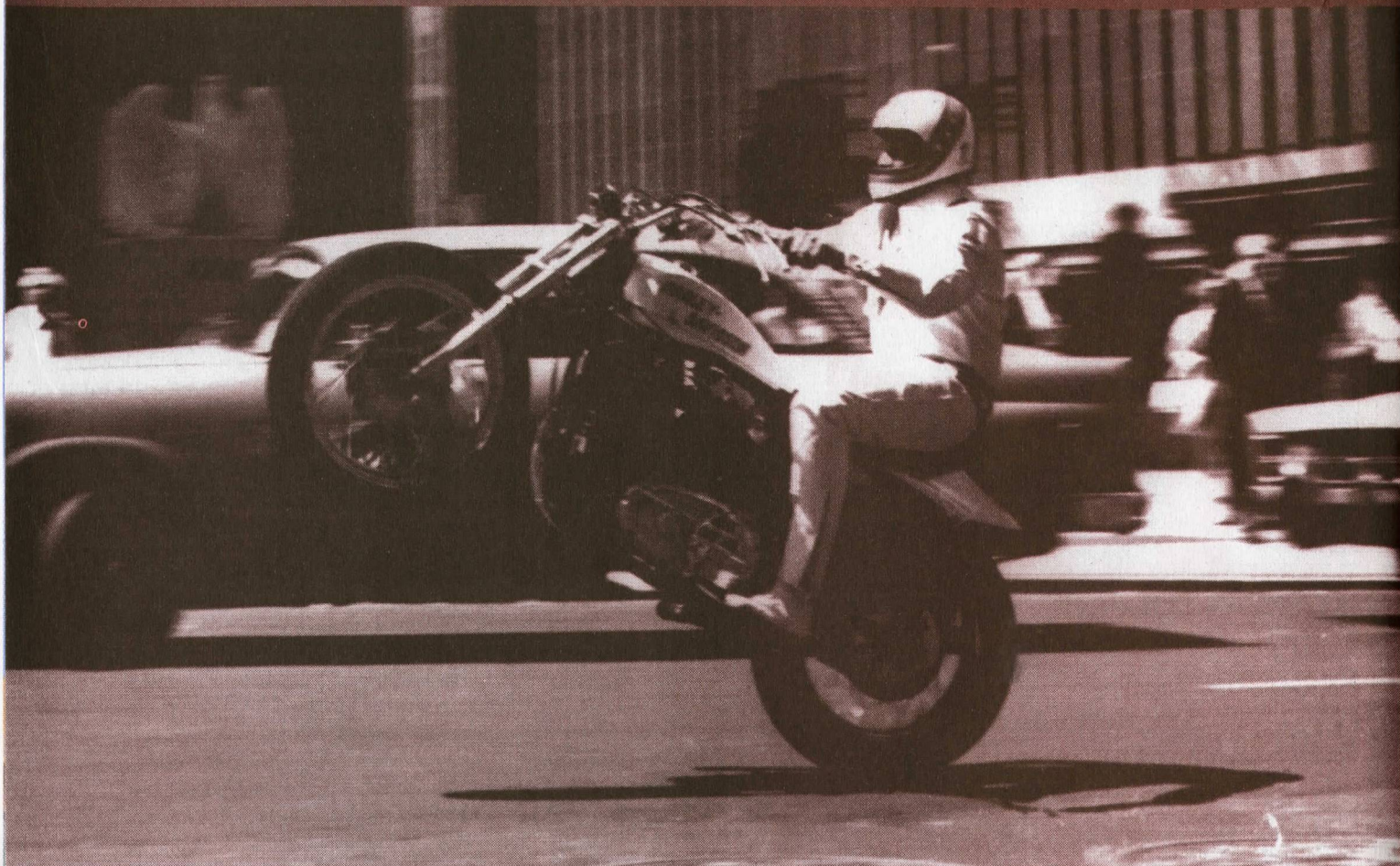
Discontent and simple mischief ultimately led to petty crime. Although he took up common criminal rackets such as theft, burglary and protection, some of Knievel's less-than-legal enterprises had an element of flair and creativity which hinted that he had more going on upstairs than your average smash-and-grab crook.

He might happen upon an out-of-towner whose wheels had been stolen right out from under his car. After sympathizing with the visitor about how expensive it would be to replace the wheels, Knievel would offer to sell the guy a set of wheels for really cheap—out of the kindness of his heart. Of course, our good Samaritan was the one who had stolen the wheels in the first place, and he was selling the same wheels back to their rightful owner. But somehow, he'd charm his way into coming off like a good guy in the deal.

When the most expensive jewelry store in town was robbed, Knievel seemed to know an awful lot about how the job was pulled. People suspected that he was involved, but when asked about it, Knievel simply smiled and admitted nothing. However, a few days later, he just so happened to have some jewelry for sale, and his friends were eager to take it off his hands. They thought they had gotten fine, expensive jewelry at a fraction of its normal price. They had actually gotten cheap costume jewelry, which Knievel had bought at dime stores and then sold to them at *many times* its normal price. He'd had nothing to do with the big heist, but he still figured out a way to make money off of it.

After apprenticing for a safecracker, Knievel learned the trade well enough to strike out on his own. He got into buildings by cutting a hole in the roof, then even as local cops checked the front and back doors and found them secure, Knievel was inside working on the vault. He never carried a gun on his jobs, saying that they just invited trouble. He claims to have

Guts & Gravity



Top: Knievel takes a ride through Manhattan, doing a wheelie down Seventh Avenue before a show at Madison Square Garden in 1971. He claimed he could ride a wheelie until all the oil ran out of the pan and seized the engine. Above, left: A program from an early Knievel stunt show. Above, middle: Knievel performing his trademark move, "the iron horse catwalk."

robbed vaults and safes all over the northwestern U.S.

Like so many of his other "career paths," Knievel thought safecracking didn't have much of a future. It brought quick payoffs, but the money never lasted very long. When he saw one of his partners-in-crime get shot in the head by the police during a botched robbery, he knew it was only a matter of time before he met the same fate. He got away from that job without getting caught and on his way home, he threw his safecracking tools into a river.

He tried to go legit by opening a Honda motorcycle dealership. To help promote the business, he sponsored motorcycle racing, which led to motorcycle stunts. As a child, Knievel had loved ski jumps, traveling daredevil shows and rodeos and so he gave it a try himself. He invented one of his trademark moves, the "iron horse catwalk." Knievel is often pictured doing this stunt—riding a wheelie while standing on the seat of the motorcycle. He said he could ride a wheelie until all the oil ran out of the pan and the engine seized.

One of Knievel's first professional jumps was over two mountain lions and a box of 100 rattlesnakes. The jump was successful in spite of that fact that the rear wheel of his bike

smashed open the box of snakes, sending the rattlers slithering off into the crowd. Or maybe it was successful *because* the snakes got out. Knievel's stunts were exciting even if they didn't go exactly according to plan.

He assembled a loose-knit group of motorcycle performers and they formed a traveling show, dubbed "Bobby Knievel and his Motorcycle Daredevils." The lifestyle of a motorcycle daredevil suited Knievel well. It was all legal, yet it had an element of danger and endless freedom.

Touring this way was not terribly lucrative or well-organized, so the team was always living hand-to-mouth. If it happened to rain the day of a show, the performance was canceled and the team didn't get paid—yet they still needed money for food and lodging. Knievel wheeled and dealt to keep his show on the road.

A mishap during a stunt in California left Knievel in the hospital severely injured. The accident was a mixed blessing. It forced the team to disband, but Knievel didn't blame the men for leaving the team. He knew that they were just guys trying to make a living. As the boss of the show, he simply could not guarantee them a paycheck or look after them if he was fending off death in a hospital bed. The added pressure of having to look after the well-being of a troupe of performers had been too much. As usual, he worked better alone.

Knievel announced he would return in a month to "complete" the show. This was the dawning of Knievel's legendary reputation as an iron man who would always come back for more—injuries be damned. Driving from town to town, Knievel set out on his own with his motorcycles in the back of his El Camino and a pair of ramps on a trailer. He showed up, unloaded and placed the ramps himself, performed and then moved on to the next town.

Knievel had picked up the nickname "Evil" from a neighbor and from local police officers in Montana, because of his mischievous behavior. Norton motorcycles (which had signed on as his sponsor) suggested that he adopt the nickname professionally. Since he wanted to be a positive role model, he changed the spelling to "Evel" as a compromise to avoid any negative connotations. (Entertainer Joey Bishop would later say that it was the best stage name he'd ever heard.)

The creation of the stage name did more than give promoters something catchy to put on a poster. It gave birth to a persona that was even more daring than Robert Knievel. In the book *Evel Ways*, Knievel said, "Evel was a character I created. He was even harder for me to live with sometimes. He wouldn't do anything I told him, the dumb sonofabitch."

The one-man operation was barely making ends meet. If Knievel was going to succeed outside of the small-town, barnstorming circuit, he needed to develop a more professional operation. In order to revamp his daredevil show as a

legitimate business, he formed Evel Knievel Enterprises. The president of the new organization was a wise choice—H. Carl Forbes, an entertainment law expert. Along with vice president Mike Rosenstein and treasurer Carl Goldberg, these men helped secure better shows and more money for Evel's appearances.

The team approached Jay Sarno, the CEO of Caesar's Palace casino in Las Vegas, with a proposition—have Evel jump the casino's fountains on his motorcycle. Sarno was not interested in having a stuntman kill himself in his parking lot. But Evel's advance team continued to try to generate publicity about the stunt. Their efforts paid off. The press kept calling Sarno's office to ask if the jump was going to happen. Even a production company called, wanting to film the event. The growing interest from the press changed Sarno's mind and he excitedly agreed to have Knievel jump the fountains on New Year's Eve, 1967, and then repeat the performance three more times in the following weeks.

This was a tremendous opportunity for Knievel. Forbes, Rosenstein and Goldberg deserved much of the credit for their tenacious pursuit of publicity and better deals for Knievel. But the three business partners never asked to be thanked. Were they too modest? No, they just didn't exist. All three men had just been voices on the phone, and all of them were Knievel. Sarno had never met any of them in person. The press and the film production company that called Sarno's office had been Knievel as well.

Once the deal to jump the fountains was in place, Knievel's "team" then called the press, who then became genuinely interested covering in the jump. The whole hoodwink had strangely fed into itself, snowballing and creating its own hype, until it actually did become a bona fide media event.

Knievel showed that he could even flim-flam the big boys. Although there are certainly lots of capable hustlers in the world, the difference with Evel Knievel was that the smoke-and-mirrors trick with Sarno and the press was only half the battle. He got them to take his wager, but he still had to go jump a motorcycle over the fountains—and live to collect his paycheck.

The jump was a distance of about 150 feet—a big difference from leaping over a few wrecked cars at a state fair. It would come down to guts versus gravity. Either he could do it or he couldn't, and all the bluffing and bravado in the world wouldn't change that.

On the day of the first scheduled jump, a crowd of ten thousand people reportedly showed up to watch. The first part of Knievel's wager had paid off. He had a huge group of people interested in him. Now, all he had to do was give them something to remember.

With a little gambling and a shot of Wild Turkey under his belt, Knievel got on his motorcycle, stared down the take-off ramp and got ready to roll the dice. He raced down the ramp,

into the air and cleared the fountains. But his rear wheel hit the edge of the landing ramp.

Knievel was thrown headlong off the motorcycle with such great force that his body never even touched the ramp. He landed on the blacktop, square on his head, which snapped forward on impact. He somersaulted end-over-end, getting thrashed and punished by the ground, with his rider-less Triumph motorcycle wobbling upright alongside him. Both Knievel and his bike slammed into a concrete retaining wall.

The accident caused severe brain trauma, his pelvis was crushed, both ankles were broken, one femur was crushed, one hip was broken and one wrist was broken. And all of this happened in less time than it took for you to read this paragraph.

Knievel never lost consciousness throughout the accident, but after surgery, he did not wake up. As he lay comatose, a media frenzy was taking place. Although he had not landed successfully, the fact that he had even attempted the jump, coupled with the gruesome spectacle of the landing, had made him a celebrity.

The ABC network hadn't committed to covering the event for *Wide World of Sports*, but they had said if it was shot by another production company, they might license the footage and air it later. So, Knievel had hired his friend, actor-turned filmmaker John Derek to film the jump.

Although it was a simple production, especially by today's standards, the two-camera shoot had captured lightning in a bottle. The camera positioned in front of the landing ramp had documented the whole, brutal end of the jump in gut-wrenching slow-motion. It was the sports equivalent of the Zapruder film.

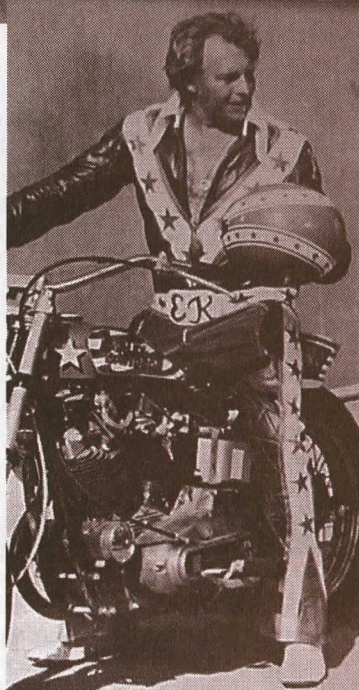
There hadn't been much of a budget for the production, since Knievel had to pay for it out of his own pocket. So, Derek shot the takeoff himself with one camera and he got his girlfriend, actress Linda Evans, to operate the camera at the landing ramp. (Yes, that famous footage of Knievel being thrashed ass-over-teakettle was shot by Krystle Carrington from TV's *Dynasty*.)

Now that he was famous, *Wide World of Sports* and everyone else wanted the film. Derek could have easily sold it off to the highest bidder while Knievel lay dead to the world in the hospital. But as far as he was concerned, Knievel paid for it and owned it. He had given Knievel his word that he wouldn't even *show* the film to anyone, no matter what happened—and he didn't. When Knievel finally came out of the coma after 29 days, there was the film, with a note from Derek simply saying, "You scared me on this one. I'll never film you again unless you have a parachute. Here's the film I promised you. Your pal, John Derek."

Knievel had thought the Caesar's jump would be easy, but he later claimed that it was the worst crash of his entire career. The jump and the crash made him a household name, yet he was unable to capitalize on the fame. He



Above: Knievel jumping over 6 Mack trucks in Cleveland, Ohio. Below: Knievel starring as himself on the set of *Viva Knievel!*



could not make appearances or perform stunts from a hospital bed. He was told he might never perform or even walk again. It was six weeks before he was released from the hospital.

He would walk and ride again, and continue to press his luck. As he was fond of saying, "A man can fall many, many times in a life, but he's never a failure until he refuses to get up."

Years earlier, while drinking in a bar, someone pointed out a picture of the Grand Canyon on the wall and told Knievel that should be his next jump. As with so many half-baked ideas hatched from a barstool, Knievel later admitted, "The more we drank, the smaller that canyon got and the better the idea looked." Except where most drunk talk seems ridiculous the next day, Knievel sobered up and still thought it was a good idea.

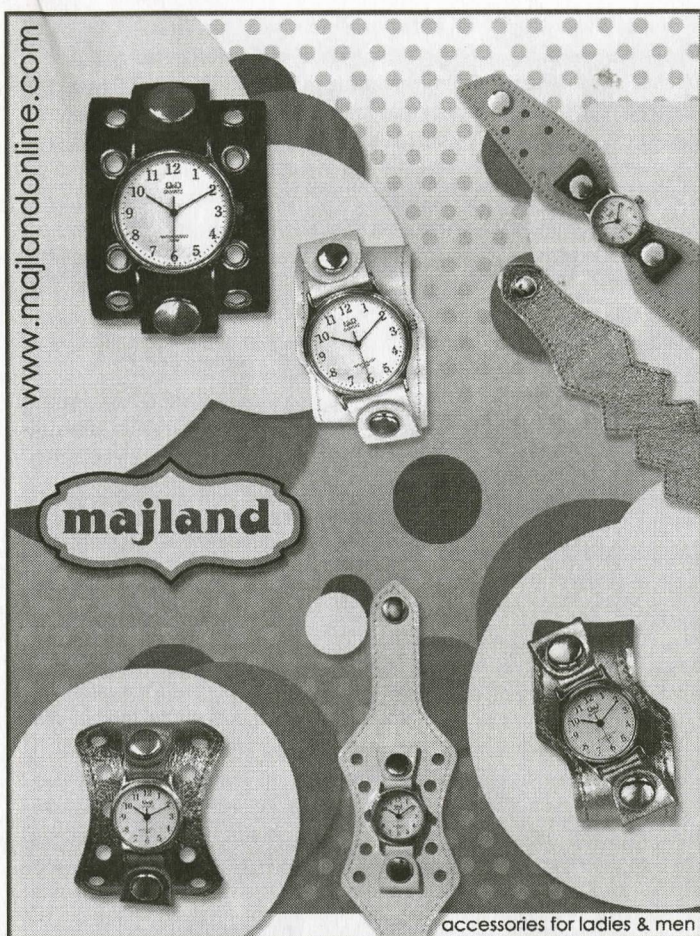
As soon as he felt capable, Knievel set up shows all over the country, performing longer and longer jumps in front of increasingly larger crowds.

Although he was suffering from a staph infection, Knievel successfully jumped 13 cars in Seattle and repeated the feat at the

Astrodome in Houston, drawing what was at the time the largest attendance for a back-to-back performance there. In 1971, he set a world record, jumping 19 cars in Ontario, California. He also had his share of unsuccessful attempts. He had bad accidents in Yakima, Washington and at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. He broke his hip in Lake Tahoe and hurt his upper back in the Poconos, but his busy schedule gave him less and less time to recover. When he broke his back in two places in Seattle, he only let himself be out of commission for two weeks.

At his shows, Knievel doggedly promoted his upcoming jump of the Grand Canyon. But Knievel was having a difficult time getting permission to gain access to the land to attempt the stunt. Most of the canyon is U.S. park land or owned by Indian tribes, and negotiations with the two parties turned into a bureaucratic stalemate. Or, as a writer for *Sport Illustrated* put it, "The U.S. Department of Interior denied him airspace over the Grand Canyon—on the grounds, apparently, that national parks are not meant for the suicidal aggrandizement of

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the citizenry."

Knievel compromised and set his sights instead on the Snake River Canyon in Idaho. The canyon was privately owned by cattle ranchers and Knievel had no problem leasing the land.

The jump was originally conceived as somewhat of a traditional motorcycle jump, but with an extended approach to the take-off ramp, and some sort of rocket engines attached to the bike to deliver additional thrust. But because of the distance of the jump, a custom-built, aerodynamic-bodied "Sky Cycle" would have to be used.

The job of building the first Sky Cycle (the X-1) was given to Don Edmunds, an auto designer based in Anaheim, CA. According to Edmunds, Knievel showed up at his shop out of the blue one day and asked him to build the Sky Cycle. He didn't know anything about rocketry and asked Knievel why he had picked him to build it. Years earlier, "some guy in an El Camino" had stopped in at Edmunds' shop, trying to sell a motorcycle engine. Edmunds had said that he couldn't buy an engine unless there was some paperwork on it. The guy in the El Camino had been Evel Knievel before he was a household name. Knievel told Edmunds he remembered his honesty and that was why he chose him to build the Sky Cycle.

Edmunds built the X-1 as a fully-functioning rocket-cycle, complete with a steam-powered jet engine. (Steam power had less thrust, but was considered much safer than other jet engines powered by volatile fuels. And Knievel reportedly got Olympia beer to sponsor the water used in the engine.) Although he was happy to work with Knievel on the project, Edmunds says that because of his lack of experience with rocketry, he was never comfortable with the idea of Knievel actually attempting to jump a canyon with the X-1. So, the two agreed that it would be used primarily for promotional purposes. Knievel took the X-1 around the country and displayed it at his events, to create excitement about the canyon jump.

For testing purposes, the X-1 was eventually launched, unmanned, at Snake River Canyon. After arcing rather nicely off the cliff at the top of the canyon, it quickly ran out of thrust and twisted listlessly through the air. It finally regained its composure—and made a beeline straight into the river at the bottom of the canyon. Whether or not this dry-run was successful for technical testing purposes, the results certainly didn't instill Knievel with awe and confidence. "I was a dead man," he said. "I didn't think that thing would get ten feet."

Knievel's attitude about the jump waffled between fatalism and cavalier humor. "If I splat against that canyon wall or I'm killed in a car wreck or just lay down and die as an old man, it

makes no difference," said Knievel. "I'll just be getting to where you're going someday, and I'll be waiting for you—with a cool one." When asked if he was bent on self-destruction, Knievel said, "I have a death wish, but it involves a very beautiful woman when I'm 105 years old; it doesn't involve the canyon when I'm 35."

Another Sky Cycle was built and dubbed the X-2. This was a slightly larger vehicle with an open cockpit and small flaps for steering on the nose. The idea of a long approach was scrapped. The X-2 would be launched with more thrust from a short, steep platform.

Despite the results from the test firing of the X-1, there was no way Knievel could back out of the jump. He always went through with what he said he would do, even if it meant having to

TV network had to be taken to court because they were trying to shoot the event as "news," thereby hornning in on the exclusive TV coverage rights that Knievel had already sold. Too much of the added responsibility and worry for all the little details and logistics had landed on Knievel's shoulders.

Knievel's pride, bravado and ambition had set an unstoppable chain of events in motion. He was fully committed and there was no turning back, no matter how bleak the outcome looked. "I created a monster and didn't quite know how to control it," said Knievel.

With so much on the line with one event, it's downright unbelievable that Knievel was still touring North America, putting on shows in the days leading up to the Snake River jump. Any kind of accident could have scuttled the entire canyon event. Yet, less than a month before the scheduled date for Snake River, Knievel appeared in Canada and successfully jumped over 13 Mack trucks. Maybe "only" jumping Mack trucks was a welcome diversion from the headaches involved in trying to keep the Snake River jump from falling to pieces.

The crowd at Snake River numbered in the tens of thousands. Final preparations were made as fans became increasingly rowdy in the carnival-like atmosphere. Knievel addressed the crowd, saying, "I'd rather be busted into the wind like a meteorite than just become dust. God made us to live, not just exist. I'm ready."

Scientists and commentators gave their opinions on the likelihood of a successful

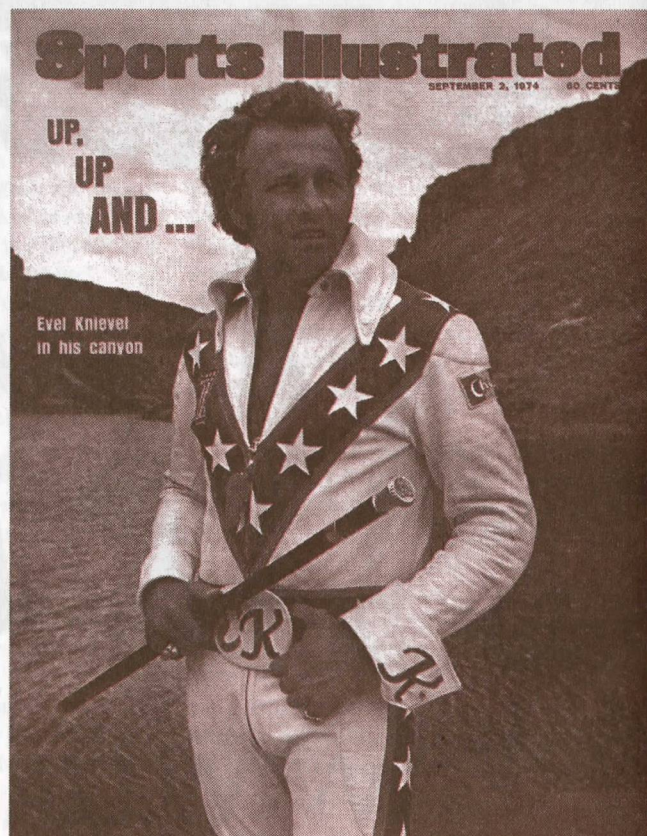


The original Sky Cycle, the prototype X-1 outside the shop where it was built. (Photo courtesy of Don Edmunds.)

pay the piper when it was over. In addition, Knievel had been promoting and anticipating the jump for years, and he quite frankly admitted that he was out of money. He simply could not afford to build and test another Sky Cycle before the announced jump date.

What the average fan failed to realize was that each of Knievel's increasingly spectacular events required an overwhelming amount of planning, coordination and promotion. The Snake River Canyon jump was going to be the biggest, most sensational stunt ever performed. That meant that there were literally millions of dollars and years and years of work tied up in it. Costs had spiraled out of control. Some local residents were trying to prevent the jump from happening. And there were serious questions about how to handle the security with what promised to be a large and very rough-and-tumble crowd. One

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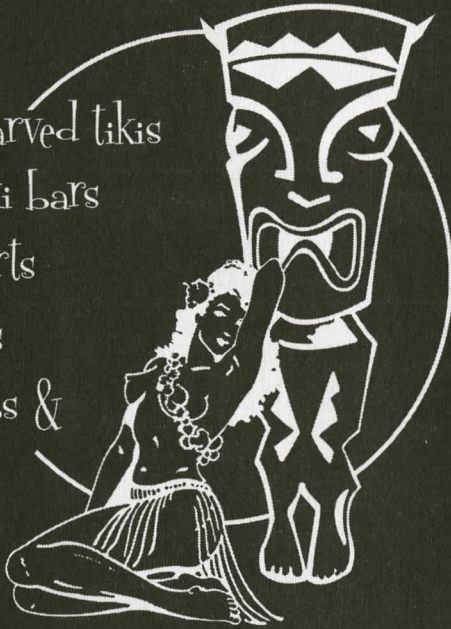


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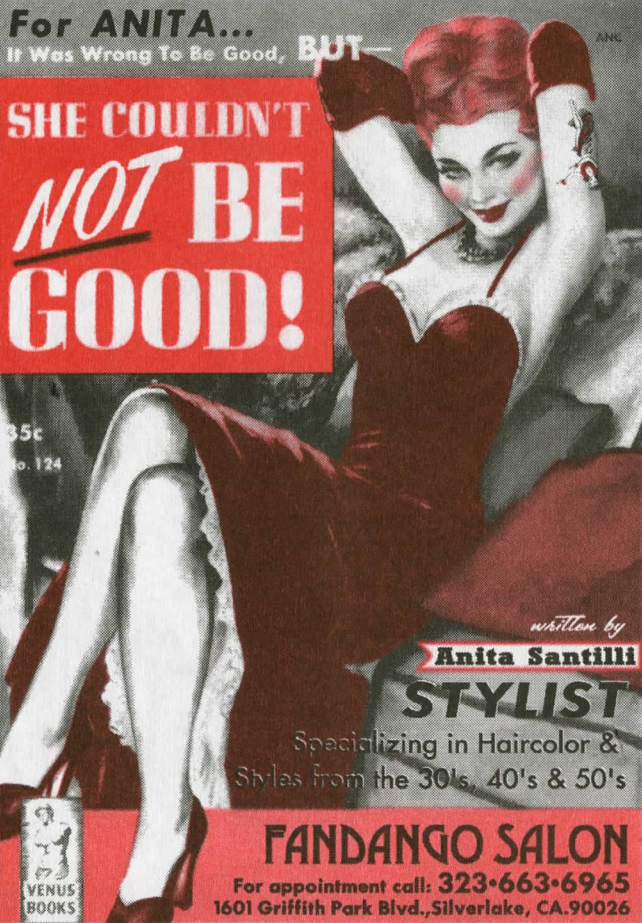


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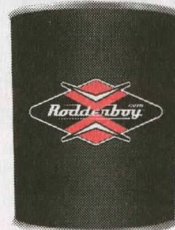
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Va-va-va Vixen!

photos by Octavio

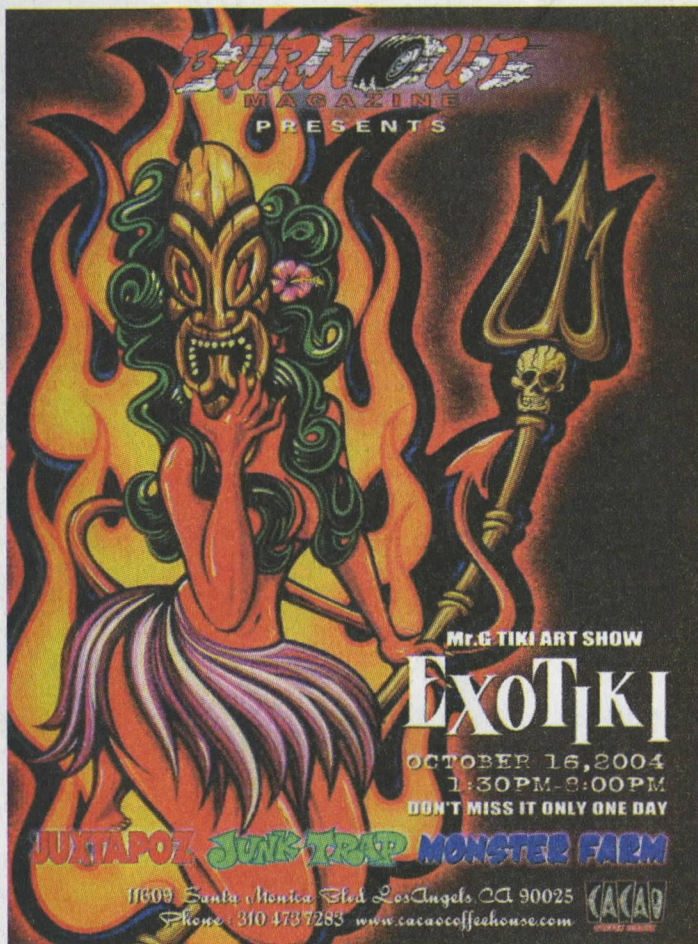
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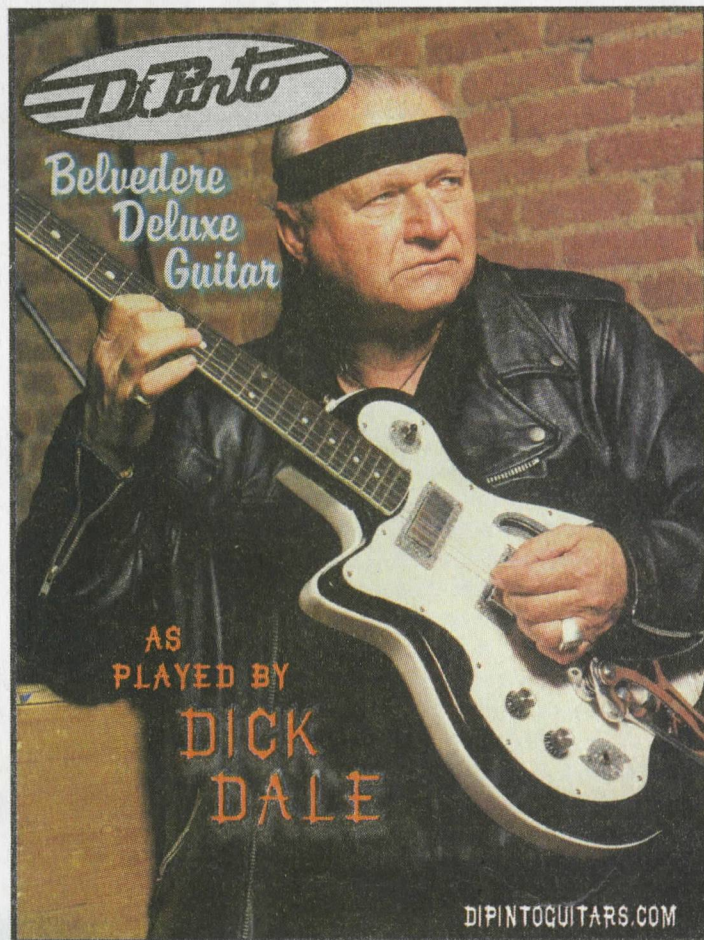
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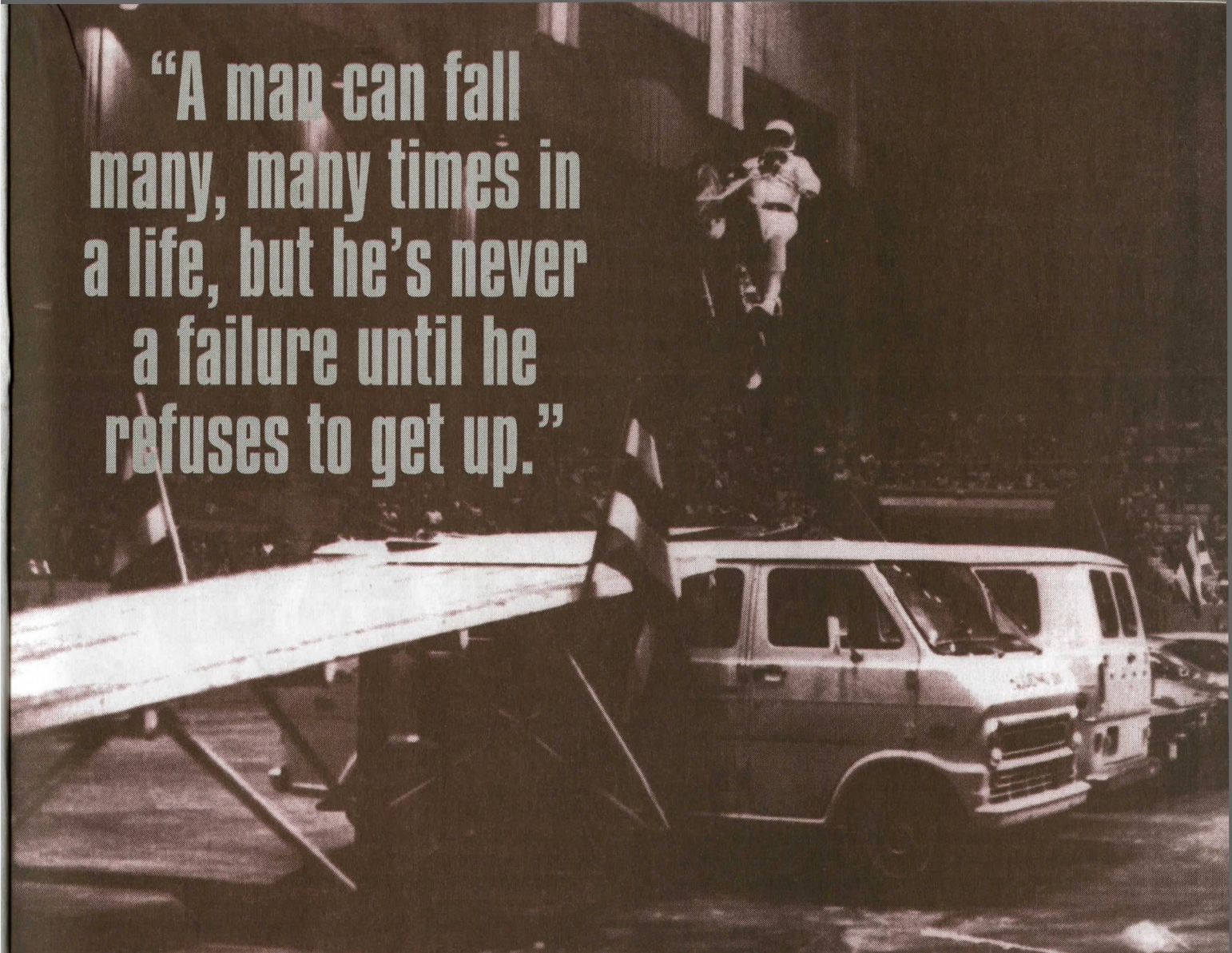
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jump. They were not very optimistic. Even Knievel's own technicians only gave him a 40% chance of survival.

As he punched the launch button, Knievel muttered, "God, take care of me. Here I come."

A plume of steam shot out from behind the vehicle. The Sky Cycle went much higher into the air than the X-1, and with ten times the power. The force of the launch had caused Knievel to black out, and blood ran out of his nose, eyes and ears. Initially, it looked like he had the power and trajectory to clear the canyon, but a malfunction had caused the parachute to deploy before the Sky Cycle had even left the launching pad.

Even with the parachute dragging on it, the Sky Cycle was so powerful that it still almost cleared the chasm. But once the parachute fully opened, the wind caught the vehicle and pulled it back down into the canyon. As he careened helplessly 600 feet to the canyon floor, Knievel fought unsuccessfully to cut himself out of his harness. Throngs of spectators trampled over fences and rushed to the edge of the cliff to look down into the canyon. It's a miracle that no one

was pushed over the edge. As they watched, the Sky Cycle crashed nose-first on the bank of the river, just feet from the water. If it had landed in the water, Knievel would have drowned.

Although Knievel's true fans were certainly disappointed that the malfunction robbed Evel of the chance to prove his Sky Cycle, they were glad that he had tried and survived.

But some writers went so far as to imply that the whole event was a rip-off and a scam. There was even speculation that Knievel had triggered the chute prematurely on purpose—although this doesn't make any sense. Having the parachute dragging out behind the Sky Cycle before it even left the launch ramp was far more dangerous than if everything had functioned correctly.

There were only three possible outcomes—all of which could have been called a rip-off, if you were determined to find fault with it. Knievel had missed, but survived, and some had called that a rip-off. If the jump had gone perfectly and Knievel landed safely on the other side, critics could have said it was too easy and

there was never any risk. If he had been killed in the attempt, that could have been called that a rip-off as well. He was damned if he did, damned if he didn't.

But all of that was conjecture. The one indisputable fact was that Knievel had strapped himself in that seat and went through with the only jump that he genuinely thought he would not survive. Very few people sitting behind typewriters would have done the same thing. As Evel pointed out, the canyon is still there, yet in the 30 years since his jump, no one else has attempted anything like it.

Some writers have said that Knievel lost his mystique after Snake River, but that is just not true. Although the event had not gone as planned, Knievel was more famous than ever after it. He became especially popular with kids. The Ideal toy company set up an endorsement deal to produce a line of toys and action figures based on Knievel. He claims to be the first real person to be the subject of a successful action figure and that his action figure outsold G.I. Joe and Barbie combined. Most of the toys centered around motorcycles and stunts, but some were a



tad less realistic, such as the Evel Knievel Arctic Explorer set. The most popular toy by far was the Evel Knievel stunt cycle. Ideal's CEO thanked Evel and credited him with saving the toy industry.

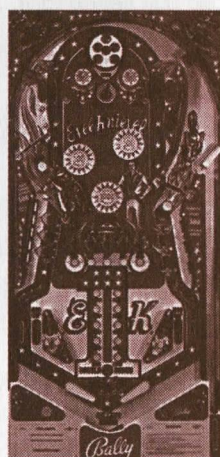
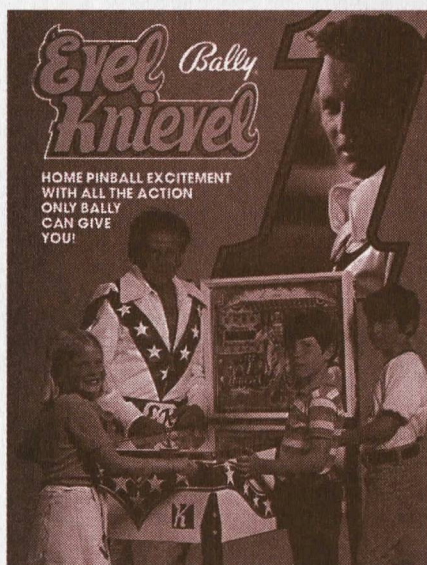
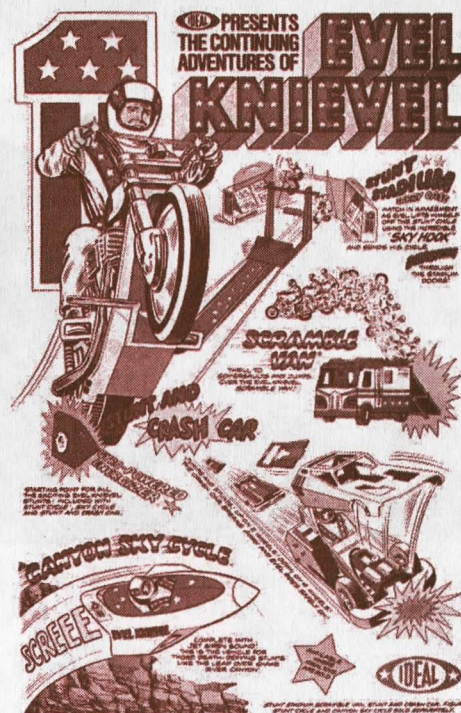
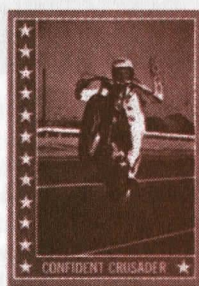
There were Evel Knievel comic books, pinball machines and bicycles—he had his own version of almost everything you could imagine. In 1974, Hanna-Barbera even produced a formulaic Saturday morning cartoon called *Devlin*, in a thinly-veiled attempt to mooch off of Knievel's popularity. The cartoon's lead character, Ernie Devlin, was a stunt motorcyclist who performed with a traveling circus (and solved mysteries when time permitted).

Knievel took his responsibility as a role model to children very seriously. He always told his young fans to respect their parents and stay away from drugs, saying, "I don't smoke dope. I get highs on terror and victory."

His message of clean living had added credibility with kids because he was not some stuffy authority figure wagging his finger at them. After all, it's easy for a joyless, squeaky-clean square to lecture kids about keeping their noses clean. But Knievel seemed like the kind of guy who'd had plenty of chances to get



Knievel went from a one-man show, operating in relative obscurity, to an instantly-recognizable and highly bankable celebrity in an amazingly short period of time.



Knievel was especially popular with kids and he took his responsibility as a role model to children very seriously. He always told his young fans to respect their parents and stay away from drugs, saying, "I don't smoke dope. I get highs on terror and victory."

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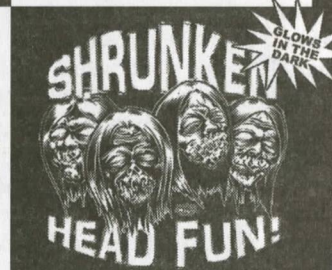
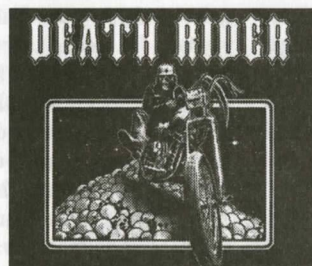
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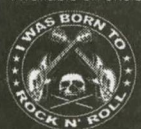
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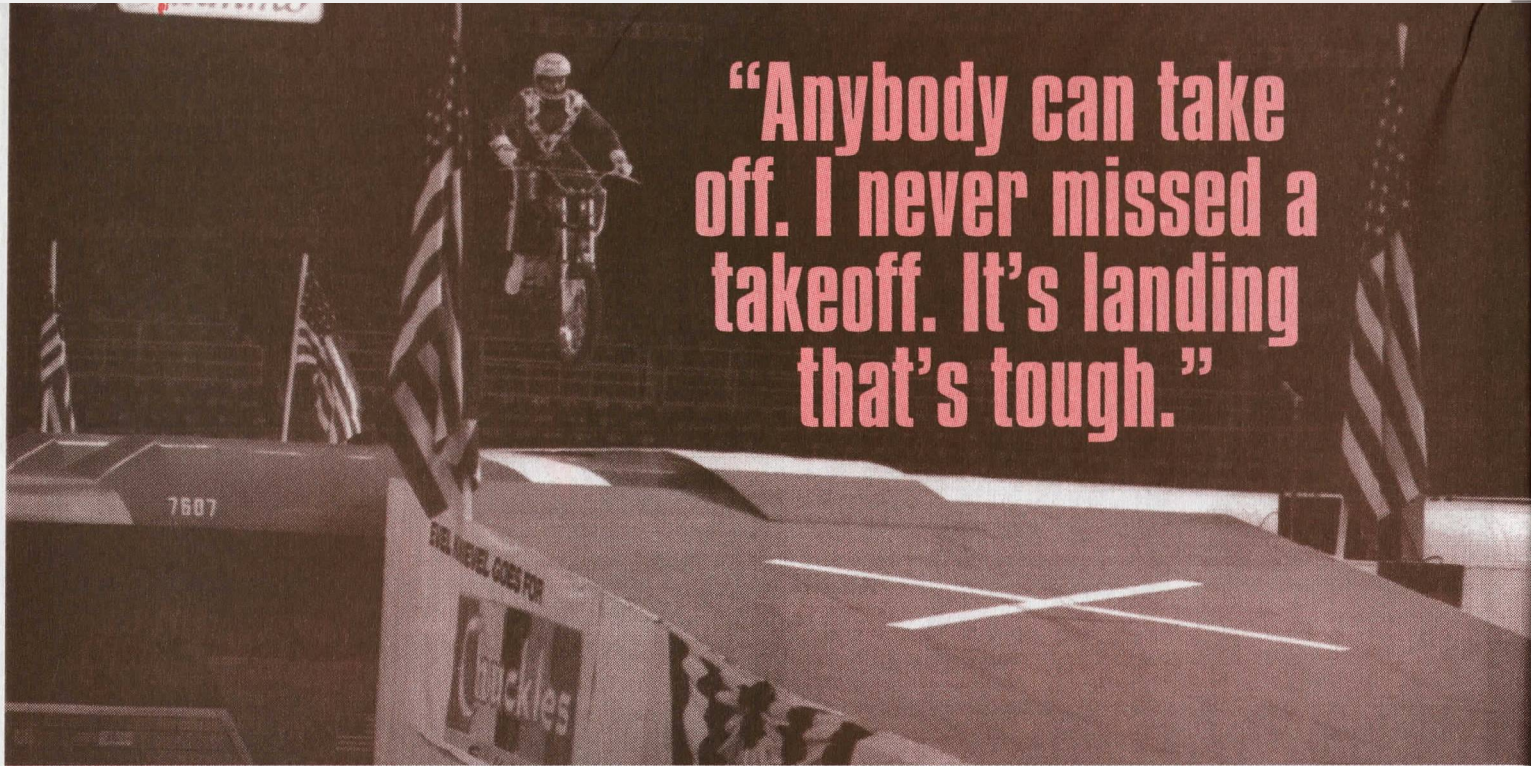


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"Anybody can take off. I never missed a takeoff. It's landing that's tough."

mixed up in drugs, and *chose* not to. He was like the uncle who admonishes you to do well in school and means it but, with a wink and a nudge, also shows you how to open a beer bottle with a lighter when your parents aren't around. He expects a lot from you, but understands that being a choirboy all the time is unrealistic.

Although George Hamilton had played Knievel in the 1971 bio-pic *Evel Knievel*, Knievel starred as himself in the 1977 feature film *Viva Knievel!*, in which he foils the drug-smuggling plot of a crooked sports promoter (played by Leslie Nielsen). He also played himself on an episode of *The Bionic Woman* entitled "Motorcycle Boogie."

For all the TV guest shots and personal appearances, Knievel was still a daredevil at heart, and there were many jumps after Snake River. Some were fantastic, some were disastrous. In front of a record crowd at Wembley Stadium in England, Knievel attempted to jump over 13 double-decker buses. He cleared the buses, but his rear wheel hit the edge of the landing ramp, much like his Caesar's Palace jump. He was thrown off the bike and broke his back and pelvis. He managed to get to his feet and, in a daze, announced to the crowd that they had just witnessed his last jump.

But even though his chosen career was taking its toll on his health and his personal life, walking away from it proved difficult. Maybe he missed the thrills, maybe he didn't want to end his career on a negative note or maybe he just had an understandably difficult time calling an end to a dream he had put so much sweat into. Regardless of the reason, Knievel just couldn't hang up his helmet and retire.

He jumped over 14 buses at King's Island in Ohio. The jump was perfect. Knievel said he had

crashed at Wembley because the number of buses (13) was unlucky, which is why he added a bus to the King's Island attempt. A year later, he jumped seven buses inside the Kingdome in Seattle. The jump was successful, but the landing was awkward and the frame of his bike broke when he touched down.

So, even a successful jump proved to be quite punishing, and Knievel wasn't getting any younger. He couldn't recover from the accidents as easily as he had in his earlier days. It has been said many times that Knievel has broken all 206 bones in his body, however, this is not true. His own count puts the number at 35, which is still plenty. The broken bones, along with his many other injuries, left him in constant physical pain, which was almost too much to bear. "I came to the point in my life where I just couldn't pull the gun out of the holster anymore," said Knievel. "I just couldn't do it. I couldn't pull the trigger. I'd been hurt some 30 times and every time I was driving my car down the road I used to wince. It's something you can't explain, but believe me, it gets to you."

He tried to keep up a brave appearance, but later admitted that he knew it was time to retire.

He agreed to do one more jump—a leap over a tank of live sharks in Chicago. The day before the stunt, during a practice run, Knievel crashed, suffering a concussion and breaking his collarbone and both arms. What was even worse was that a flying piece of metal caught a cameraman in the eye. The event was canceled and Knievel was in for a long and painful recovery. Luckily, he still had his profitable product endorsement deals as a reliable source of income while he was out of commission.

Of all the merchandise with his name or likeness on it, the product that Knievel clearly

had not endorsed was a sensationalistic book written about him by Sheldon Saltman. Saltman had worked with Knievel as a publicist in advance of the Snake River jump and the two had reportedly not gotten along very well. Saltman's book painted a not-so-rosy picture of Knievel as a hard-drinking womanizer. This probably wouldn't have rankled Knievel or surprised his adult fans, but the book went on to accuse him of abusing drugs, which he had always spoken out against. It also said that he hated his mother for not raising him. (Knievel was raised by his grandparents, but there are no accounts of him ever expressing animosity towards his parents. It also seems unlikely that he would have ever admitted such a thing to Saltman anyway, considering their antagonistic relationship.)

The book was released while Knievel was immobilized, recovering from the Chicago accident, and he was furious. He said, "If I catch him in Los Angeles, I'm gonna slap him so hard, they'll pick him up for speeding in San Francisco." He wasn't kidding. Even though he still had a broken collarbone and casts on both arms, he and a buddy went to Los Angeles and tracked down Saltman. Knievel attacked him with a baseball bat and broke Saltman's left arm and wrist.

Knievel was arrested and he was without remorse. In court, his lawyer was preparing to try to justify the attack when Knievel simply announced, "I want to plead guilty because I am guilty of the charge. I did it." The judge sentenced him to six months in jail. Knievel simply told reporters, "The judge was a good and fair man." When Saltman viciously assaulted his character in a book, Knievel viciously assaulted him with a baseball bat and it made perfect

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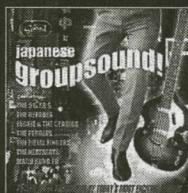
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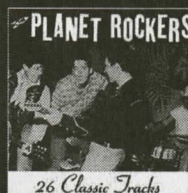
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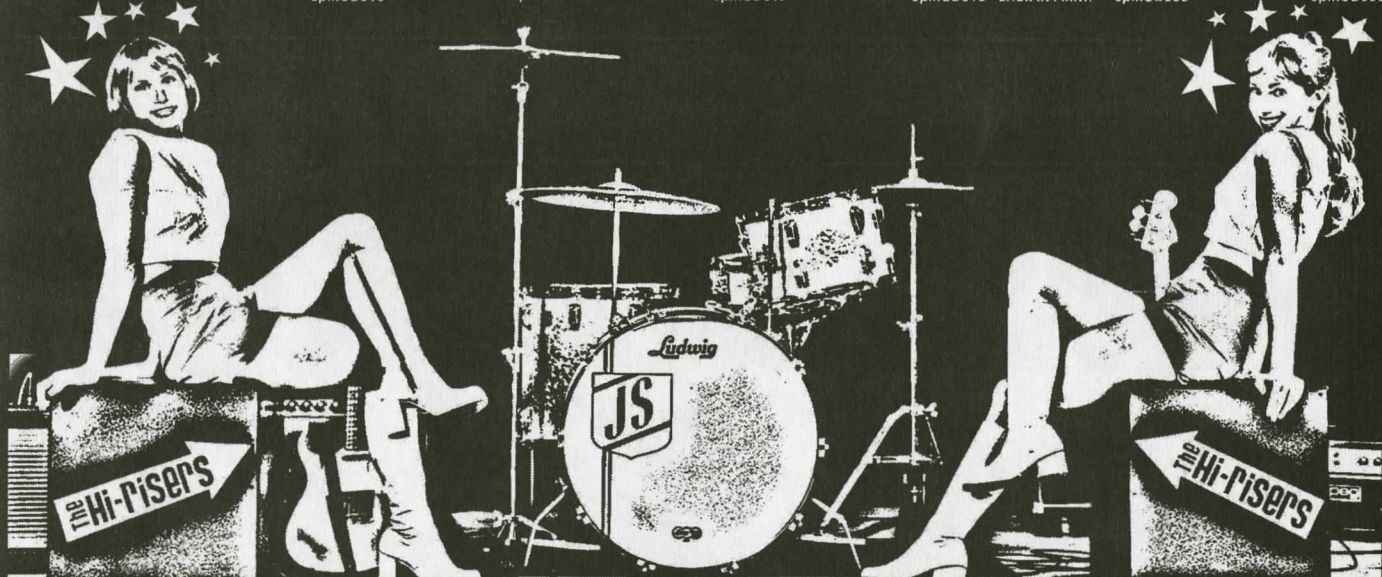
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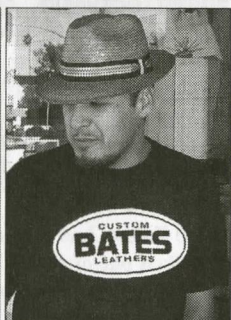
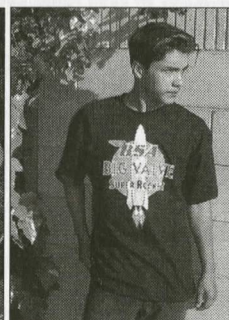
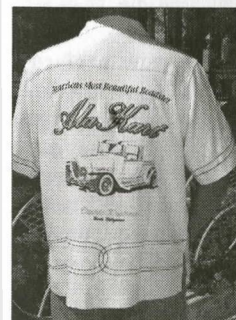
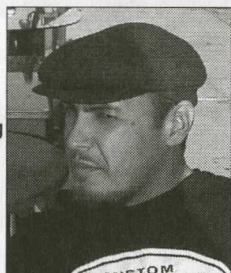
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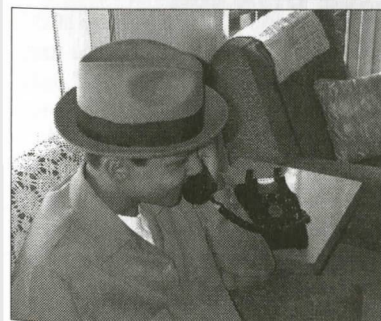


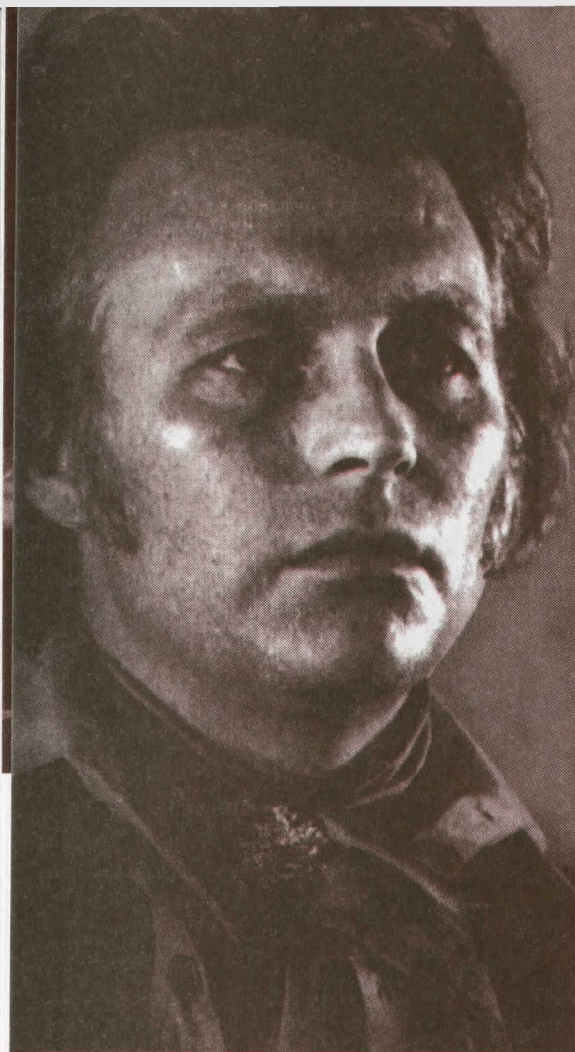
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—Evel Knievel

sense to him. To this day, he has expressed no regret over the attack. The toy companies were not amused. His endorsement deals dried up.

Americans say they love the renegade, vigilante spirit. But they only love that spirit conditionally. They admire a man who forges his own path in life—until he tramples on one of their flower beds, dates their daughter or beats up their brother.

An over-simplified version of Knievel had made a good character for comic books. But in reality, for all of his charity and wit, he was always still a tough, no-nonsense dude—the product of his rugged hometown. He embraced a stiff drink, big bets and pretty girls. That was Evel. He hadn't changed. The only difference was that the toy companies realized they wanted fictional, "Fonzie" dangerous, not real, "baseball bat justice" dangerous.

Knievel handled his finances with the same full-throttle, carefree zeal that had made him successful as a daredevil. He spent lavishly on just about anything you could imagine—cars, motorcycles, jewelry and boats. "I wasn't the richest man in the world," said Knievel, "but for a cycle rider from Montana, I was having a damn good time." He never had any regrets about tearing through his cash. As far as he was concerned, money was meant to be spent. "Evel Knievel

made me about 33 million dollars, but I spent about 35 million," he said. "Hey, if God wanted you to take it with you, he's have put handles on it so you could carry it like a suitcase."

If only the IRS shared Knievel's philosophical ideas about the fleeting nature and purpose of wealth. In 1981, they placed a levy on his property and income, claiming that he owed them over \$1.7 million. Recently, Knievel said the IRS now claims that figure is \$21 million. He also said they can kiss his rear end.

In 1995, Knievel was diagnosed with hepatitis C, which doctors believe he contracted during one of his many operations (although they have no idea which one). At the time, he was told he had no more than five years to live. The disease attacked his liver and Knievel had to get a transplant in 1999. He walked out of the hospital five days later and is still alive today.

Knievel's last jump was in 1981. Since then, he has made a living selling his paintings and making personal appearances. "I just turn up, smile, pose for the cameras and they give me money," said Knievel. "It is quite a career."

While trying to understand Knievel's appeal, it's easy to say he was crazy or had a death wish and that the only reason people watched him was out of some morbid curiosity—waiting to see him get hurt or killed. But that's

an oversimplification that misses his true appeal.

People watched Knievel because he was (and still is) the ultimate gambler. Just as a crowd gathers to watch a high-stakes player in a casino, people gathered to watch Knievel wager his very life on the outcome of a jump. In his early days, when trying to convince a promoter to take a chance on booking him, Knievel would propose it as a bet, saying, "If I die, then you don't have to pay me."

Although he could no longer perform, Knievel kept gambling. He claims to have lost hundreds of thousands of dollars betting in Vegas before he wised up. He is still a high-stakes gambler and likes to bet on golf and sporting events. It's no surprise that he is nonchalant with money and does things like bet a thousand dollars on a hole of golf. All of his money came as the payoff for betting with his life.

As a celebration of the 30th anniversary of the Snake River Canyon jump, Knievel's home town of Butte, MT is hosting the "Knievel Days" festival from July 29th through July 31st. The event will feature motorcycle rallies, stunt shows, a motorcycle parade led by Evel Knievel himself and much more. For more information, go to www.knieveldays.com on the internet, call (406) 494-2825 or email info@knievelweek.com.



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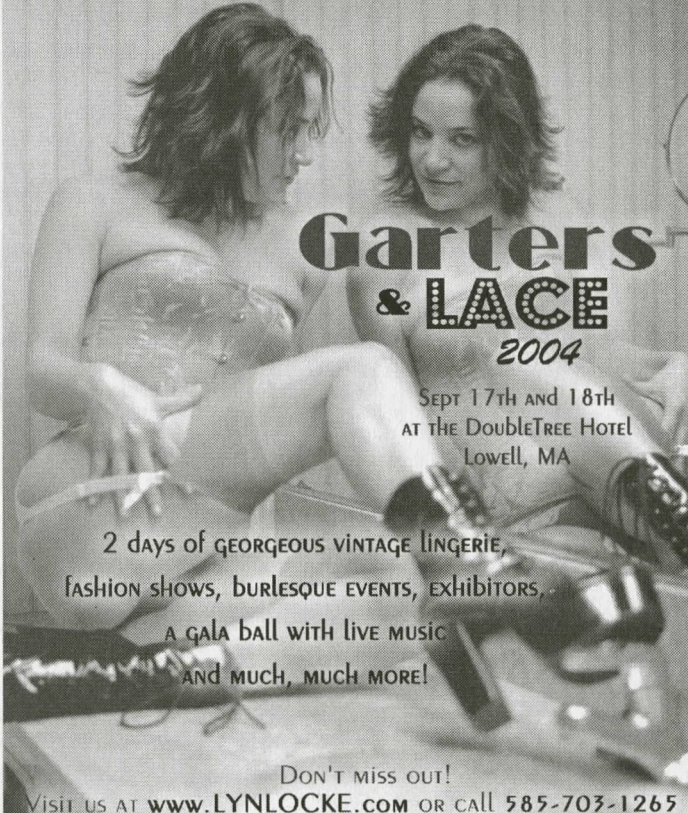


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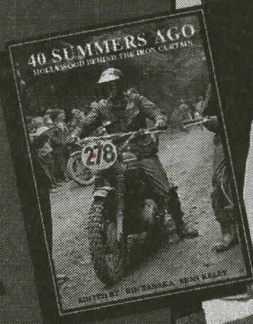
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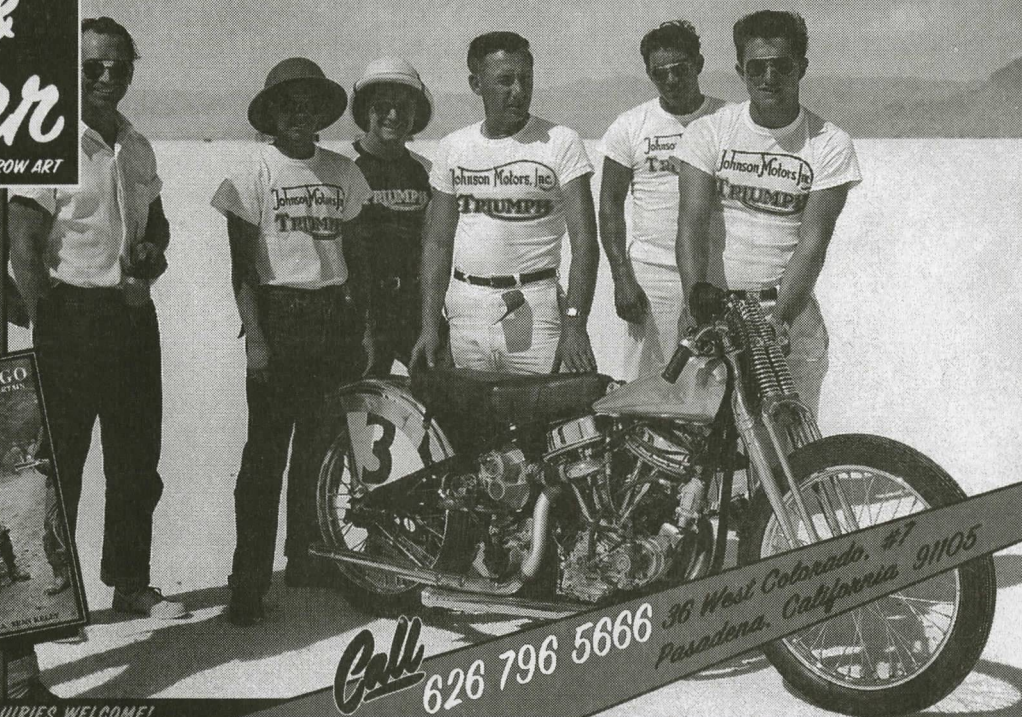
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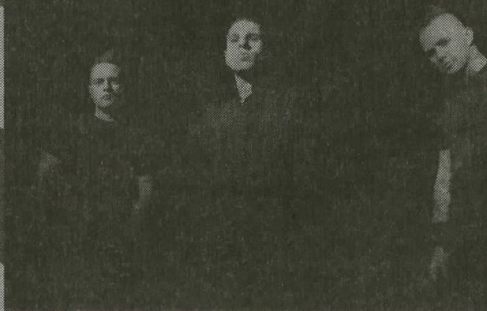
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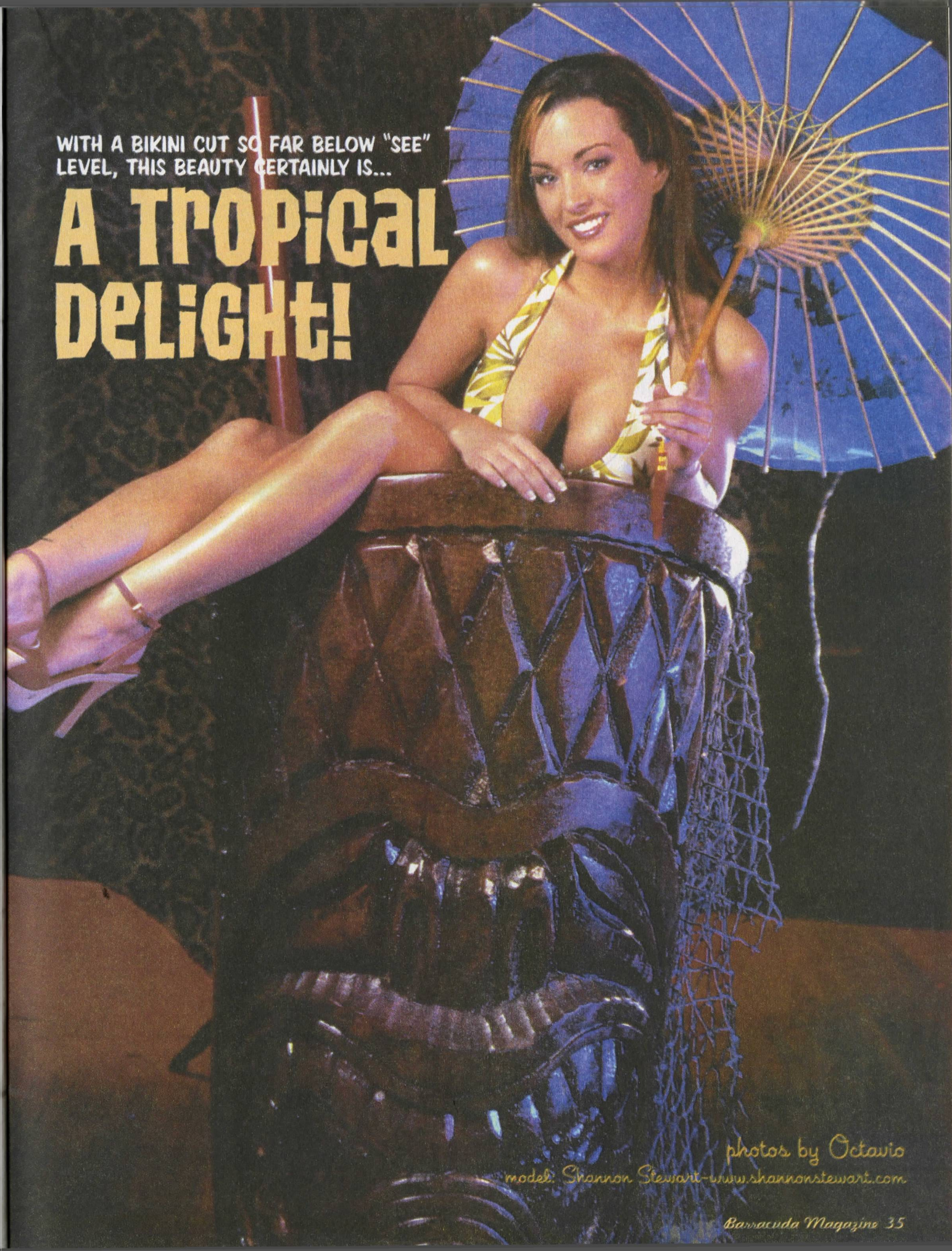
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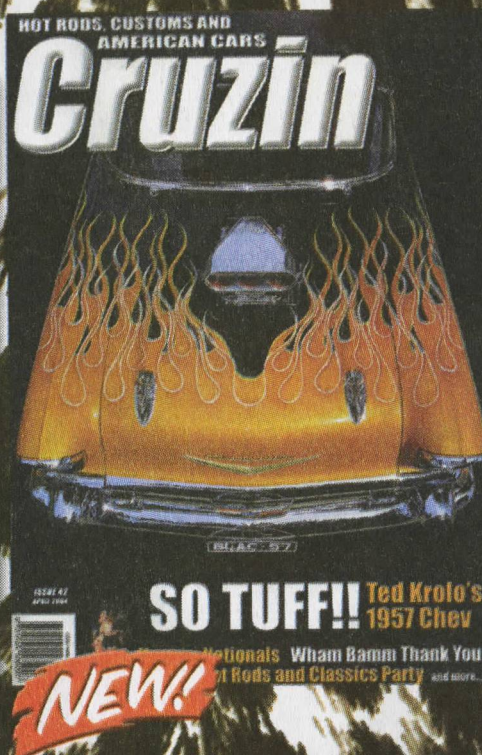
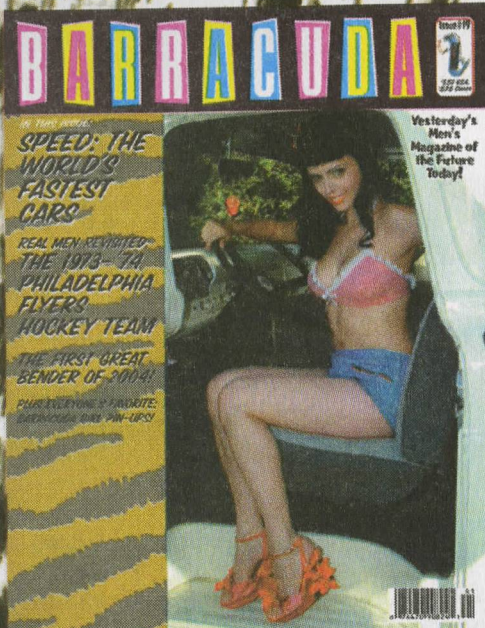
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Luckily, she's as brainy as she is beautiful. That has its downside, though. She was kicked out of her nudist colony because she had so much on her mind! She has a hard time finding a man who is her equal, too. Her last boyfriend wasn't too swift on the uptake. He thought "vice versa" meant dirty limericks!



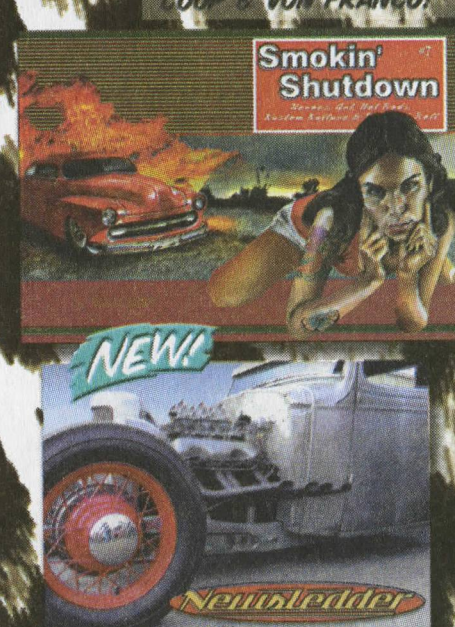
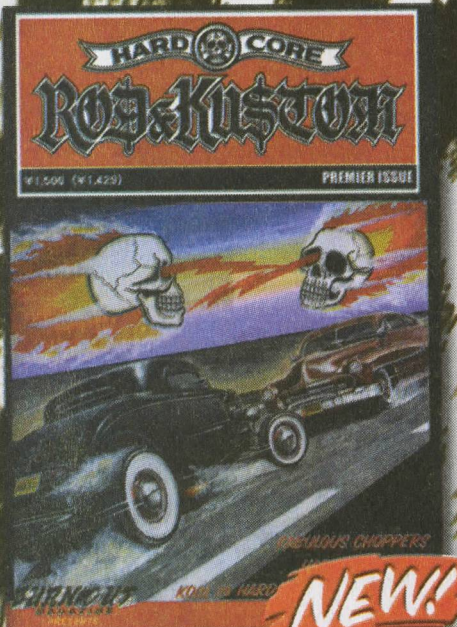


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How to Cook For That Big Date: Dinner For Two Made Easy!

BY THE BARRACUDA GOURMET



The Barracuda Gourmet will let you in on a little secret—dames love a guy who can cook, especially one who will share that hidden talent with them. Don't know how to cook for more than just yourself? Nervous about preparing a meal for that special hot tamale in your life? Don't sweat it. The Barracuda Gourmet will walk you through it.

First things first—an often-overlooked, but easily-remedied factor in making a meal for someone is that atmosphere counts for a lot. You can serve up mac and cheese from a box, and if the presentation is right, it will make a good impression.

Make sure your date comes into a clean home. Make some sort of effort to clear a goat trail the clutter, maybe even go so far as to vacuum or sweep the floor. (Or, to steal a trick from P.J. O'Rourke, get some Endust or other dusting spray. You don't necessarily need to clean anything with it. Just spray some in the air. The scent will give the impression of cleanliness.) Most importantly, make sure the kitchen and bathroom are as far from disgusting as possible.

Good preparation will make sure that you don't come off all discombobulated, scrambling around like a young Jerry Lewis. Create a mood. You want to give off the impression that cooking for two is something you can handle with ease.

When your date arrives, have the table set, some music playing in the background and some food (like a simple appetizer) ready to be served. Cheese and crackers will do, but whatever you make, be sure to call it an "hors d'oeuvre" to try to sound smart. (Pronounced "ordervs," not "horse de ovaries.") A block of cheddar or Monterey Jack is a good way to go, and use crackers that aren't Saltines. Triscuits, Wheat Thins, Town House or Club work just fine and they're not too fancy or expensive. Store brand versions of these crackers are fine. Also, make sure you offer her a cold drink as soon as she sits down.

In order to prepare you should first think about any dietary restrictions your lady has. Is

she allergic to shellfish? Dairy? Nuts? How about you? Are there foods you enjoy but that give you gas? Give it some thought and definitely avoid those dishes. Garlic rules, but you don't want to spend the night trying to stifle garlic-scented burps. You can always muffle the sound, but there is nothing you can do to keep that smell from permeating the air.

It's best to keep the seasoning simple. At least a few days before the big night start thinking about what you want to make and plan the menu. Start with a salad or soup, main course of meat or fish, plus a vegetable, and possibly a potato or rice—then dessert. The Barracuda Gourmet knows this sounds like a lot, but it's easy and will be delish! Has the Barracuda Gourmet ever steered you wrong before?

OK, let's start with a simple, fresh salad. This recipe may sound fancy, but believe me, it's uncomplicated, yet impressive. It's your basic tomato-mozzarella salad.

Tomato Mozzarella Salad

3 or 4 tomatoes (Make sure they're deep red tomatoes, on the vine if possible. You shouldn't bother making this dish if you're using hard, yellowish tomatoes with no flavor!)

**1 package mozzarella cheese
fresh basil leaves**

If you're a novice or financially restricted, just get whatever regular mozzarella. If you feel more confident or have a few extra bucks, try fresh mozzarella. This is found in the specialty cheese section of your grocery store. It comes in a couple different forms, in a braided shape that is sealed in plastic, or in ball form that comes packed in water in a plastic container. Either is fine!

The produce section has a small area for fresh herbs and you can find a bunch of fresh basil there. Just get a small handful of them. (If you can't find fresh basil, you can use dried basil and sprinkle it over the salad.)

To make the salad, you simply slice up

the tomato, slice up the cheese and then lay the slices alternately on a plate, and stick the basil in the pattern, too. So, you go tomato, cheese, basil, tomato, cheese, basil, until the plate is full.

Give it a sprinkle with salt and pepper and you're ready to go!

If you want an extra kick, then drizzle olive oil and balsamic vinegar on it, but honestly, you may not even need it! Make a plate of this salad for each of you, or make one big plate for the two of you to share. Trust me, she'll go nuts for it and you'll be surprised at how much you enjoy it too.

If you choose to make a soup for a starter, you can whip up one easily with this recipe for Tortellini Florentine. (Florentine is a fancy way of saying spinach, or with spinach.)

Tortellini Florentine Soup

2 small cans chicken broth

1 package fresh tortellini pasta (found in the refrigerated section of your grocery store)

1 bag fresh spinach (regular or baby spinach is fine)

Boil the pasta according to package directions. Drain the pasta, add chicken broth to pot and heat. When you're getting ready to serve the soup, toss some fresh spinach in and stir until the spinach begins to wilt. (The spinach is best if it isn't cooked to death.) If you want some extra flavor, or you want to show off a little, serve this with lemon wedges on the side. A little squeezed lemon and some black pepper in this soup gives it a great zing.

Next is the entrée. You can make a great main meal with minimal effort and preparation. The best thing to do is make steak, chicken, or fish. They're all easy to prepare and taste great.

If you make steak—keep it simple. Just marinate it and grill it! A 12-ounce New York strip steak, 1 1/2 pounds of London broil, boneless top blade, or rib eye are decent sizes for a

couple of hungry adults.

You can create your own marinade with Worcestershire sauce, olive or vegetable oil, soy sauce, salt and pepper. Now, the Barracuda Gourmet usually walks you through a recipe, but try making this marinade by just "winging it." Mix it up in proportions until you think it looks, tastes or smells right. If you don't feel comfortable going off the map, use a pre-made steak marinade from a bottle. Those are fine as well.

Just be sure not to over-marinate. Anywhere from 1 to 6 hours is good. (Whatever you do, don't let steak sit in marinade overnight.)

While most people love a good steak, preparing fish may be a nice change of pace. It's something that a lot of people like to eat, but don't necessarily cook for themselves. And it's light and won't weigh you and your date down like a big hunk of meat will.

If you decide to cook fish, it's best to buy it the same day you plan on eating it. You can buy it a day ahead of time, but make sure you take it out of the wrapper and place it in a glass dish and cover it tightly with plastic wrap and stick it in the meat keeper in your fridge. A handy tip if you're cooking fish is to line the baking dish with aluminum foil. It prevents the fish from sticking to the pan and it makes your clean up so much easier.

Baked Salmon Dijon

2 6 - 8 ounce salmon fillets
3 tablespoons Dijon mustard
1/4 cup prepared bread crumbs
1/4 cup melted butter (you can melt this in the microwave)

Preheat oven to 400°. Use a glass baking dish if possible, and place a sheet of aluminum foil in the bottom. Lay the salmon in the pan skin side down. Spread the mustard on the top of the fish, then coat the top in bread crumbs and drizzle the melted butter on top. Bake for 15 minutes or until done. Sliced lemon wedges are also nice served on the side. (This recipe will work with just about any kind of fish fillet; so if salmon isn't your thing, don't sweat it!)

Side dishes can be potatoes or rice and vegetables. You want a side dish that is cooked on the stovetop so that it doesn't conflict with any baking you're doing in the oven. A good rice to use is the Near East rice pilaf. It's pre-seasoned and very tasty and takes about 20 minutes to make, so keep that mind when timing the cooking of your food! Uncle Ben's also makes a good pre-seasoned pilaf in a variety of flavors.

To make killer mashed potatoes use this special recipe.

Creamiest Mashed Potatoes

4 Yukon Gold potatoes
cream
butter

A smart time-saver is to peel and boil the potatoes the night before and keep them in the fridge. When you're cooking the meal, just heat them up either in the microwave or in a saucepan. When the potatoes are hot, pour in about 1/4 cup of cream and toss in about 1/4 cup of butter and start mashing. If you don't have a potato masher then using two forks or a big spoon will do.

If the potatoes seem too thick then add a dash more cream and about a tablespoon more butter and keep adding gradually until it is a consistency that looks good to you. Then add salt and pepper to taste.

Veggies are easy because if you keep it simple, you can't go wrong. Broccoli is good just steamed in the microwave. Toss a bunch in a bowl with a little bit of water on the bottom, loosely cover it and microwave for 3 to 4 minutes. You can steam almost any veggie that way. Just don't over-cook them. Overcooked veggies are soggy, they lose their color and they're just gross. Veggies are far more appetizing when their colors are bright.

Glazed carrots are especially good because they have that extra sweetness that everyone likes.

Sweet Glazed Carrots

1 small bag of baby carrots (they're already washed and peeled!)
butter
sugar

Steam carrots in the microwave by putting them in a bowl or dish with enough tap water to cover the bottom by about 1/2 inch. Microwave on high for about 4 minutes. Stick a fork in them to see if they're soft. You don't want them too soft, just tender enough for a fork to stick through.

When they're done, drain the excess water out of them and toss them with about 2 tablespoons butter and 1 to 2 tablespoons sugar. Don't overdo the sugar; sprinkle it in gradually until you think every bit has a light coating.

This is a great side dish that you should do about 4 minutes before the main part of the meal is finished. You want all elements of the meal to be done at the same time so they're all hot and fresh!

For presentation, you can either put all the food on the table, or you can prepare her plate for her and place it in front of her. Either is fine, but whatever you do, serve her first! I know you're hungry, but you can wait another two seconds for your food and come off looking sort of like a gentleman.

You can have some bread on the table. Some plain rolls you get at the supermarket are fine and you can usually find nice rolls in the bakery section.

Before you sit down make sure she has enough beverage, and have some water on the table as well.

Once you two enjoy dinner, sit and chat for a bit before bringing out dessert. It's up to you if you want to serve a dessert wine, coffee or tea. This is all sort of excessively fancy and not crucial, but it is a nice touch to have another drink option at that point.

A quick and easy dessert to make is strawberry shortcake.

Strawberry Shortcake

1 pint strawberries
1 pint heavy cream (or canned whipped cream)
2 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
1 store bought pound cake or angel food cake

If you don't want to buy a whole box of confectioner's sugar, a good trick is to swipe about 4 packets of Splenda when you're out getting a cup of coffee. Splenda is a sugar substitute, but it doesn't have that chemical aftertaste of Equal or Sweet and Low, and it's the same consistency as confectioner's sugar.

You can clean and slice the strawberries a few hours before your guest arrives, but don't do it the day before or else the strawberries will get soggy. But you want to make the whipped cream right as your serving dessert. (You need a hand mixer to make it so if you don't have one, you can use canned whipped cream.) Pour the heavy cream and the confectioner's sugar or Splenda into a stainless steel mixing bowl and use the mixer on the "whip" speed until it gets stiff like whipped cream. Make sure the cream is very cold when you do this. Don't have it sitting out on the counter while you're getting the bowl and mixer set up.

To serve the dessert, place slices of the cake on a plate, the strawberries in a bowl, and the whipped cream in the bowl and let your lady build her own dessert. If you can't get good strawberries or if one of you is allergic, any berry will do. In a jam you can use pineapple, mango, or cherries.

If you've had enough cooking for one day, it is perfectly acceptable to serve something you got at a bakery for dessert. Just don't toss a bag of Chips Ahoy on the table, OK? While we all love pre-packaged cookies, it doesn't really show any effort.

So, that's it and easier than you thought, huh? Just remember, take a little time, expend a little effort and plan it out. Do your research and time it right.

If you've learned one thing, we hope it's that you don't have to go over the top and cook a complicated meal to show a lady she's special. It's better to keep it simple and do it right. If you don't set her hair on fire or spill a whole entrée on her, you're guaranteed to have a great date.



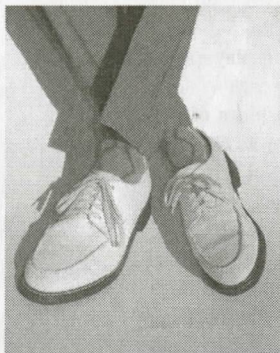
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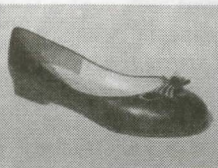
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Cheer up, jerk. Your mood is having a negative effect on the economy! Yes, a new field of economic study is appearing, which attempts to calculate the economic and mathematical cause and effect of happiness. What's the point of studying such things? To make people happier for the sake of happiness? Of course not! Where happiness was once a personal, subjective issue, it has now been pinpointed as directly relating to good health, which translates to good worker productivity. Unhappiness can now be calculated in terms of its negative effect on the economy. This has opened up a field that studies "well-being statistics" and works on "econometric happiness equations."

The crassness of your happiness being studied for its economic impact notwithstanding, these kinds of analyses do yield plenty interesting information. A paper was recently released by the National Bureau of Economic Research entitled *Money, Sex and Happiness: An Empirical Study*. Studying data collected from 16,000 Americans, the paper sought to analyze the effect that money, sex and happiness have on one another.

This study has developed a mathematical equation to show the relationship between different factors and how they affect your overall happiness. You thought a new car or a big raise would bring some joy into your life, but little did you know that it was as simple as:

$$r = h(u(y,s,z,t)) + e$$

r is a self-reported number evaluation of self-satisfaction

h is a "function relating actual to reported well-being"

u is a person's "true well-being or utility"

y is real income

s is sexual activity

z is "a set of demographic and personal characteristics"

t is the time period

e is an error term

According to the paper, sexual activity appears to have a direct, strong and positive effect on a subject's happiness. And the more sexual activity the subject has, the happier they are. There's no surprise there. But in reality, Americans are not the carousers that the highly-sexual modern media would lead us to believe. According to the study, the modal (average) American and the median (largest group)

American studied had only one sexual partner in the previous year.

Income does affect the happiness equation in a positive way, but it does not have as positive an effect on happiness as sexual activity does. So, having sex will make you happier than making lots of money will.

But, what about well-heeled players and playboys with fancy cars and expensive clothes? Aren't we led to believe that displays of opulence and wealth make you more attractive to the opposite sex? Making lots of bling-bling gets you nice stuff, which should get you lots of sex. Therefore income *should* equal more sex, right?

It simply does not work that way, according to this study. The paper says that increased income has no positive effect on the frequency of sex and does not increase the number of sexual partners. So, money can make you happier, but it does not "buy" you sex.

In fact, in the most startling and most widely-reported conclusion of this study, *unemployed people* tend to have more sexual partners than the gainfully employed.

Also, sexual activity appears to have a greater effect on happiness among the highly-educated than it does among the less-educated. Little did you realize that your lack of job experience because you have a useless liberal arts degree might actually make you more sexually active and help you to enjoy it more!

However, the study claims that, contrary to popular belief, students actually have less sex than other people their age. The idea of promiscuous co-eds appears to be a myth. Also, the paper cites the firing of "zygomatic major and orbicularis muscles" as a factor in happiness. The firing of zygomatic major and orbicularis muscles is a smile. So, surprise, smiling is a factor in happiness.

As curious as all of this is, these kinds of studies can appear to be much more conclusive than they really are. Even the authors the authors themselves warn that these "statistical results should be treated cautiously." A combination of using science to overstate the obvious and drawing conclusions from a concept as subjective as happiness leave us wondering whether or not the study has any merit at all.

But it's at least good to know that there is data available to support your choice of a slacker lifestyle. The next time someone gets on you for not having a job or going to school, be sure to cite the statistics of this study. Tell them you are doing your part to ensure your own happiness and thereby contribute to a robust economy.

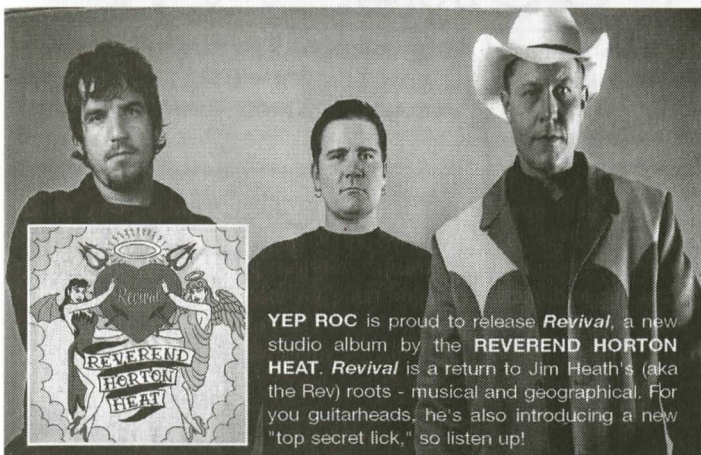
$$r \geq 0.12$$

Gasp!
Do you really mean that?



The Relationship Between Unemployment, Sexual Activity and Happiness (It Ain't What You Think!)

REVEREND HORTON HEAT



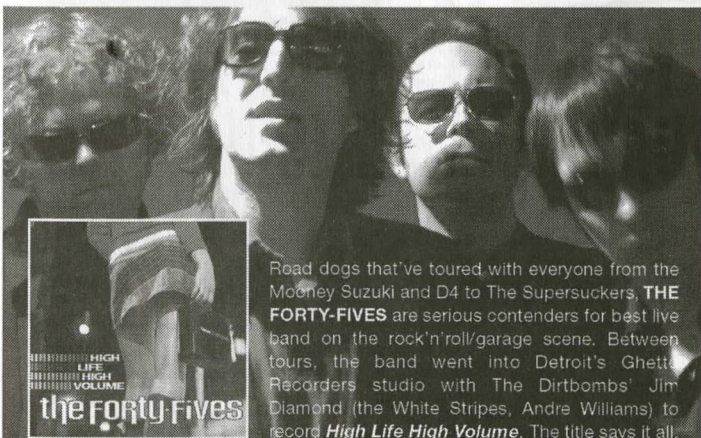
YEP ROC is proud to release *Revival*, a new studio album by the REVEREND HORTON HEAT. *Revival* is a return to Jim Heath's (aka the Rev) roots - musical and geographical. For you guitarheads, he's also introducing a new "top secret lick," so listen up!

DEXTER ROMWEBER



The spastic rhythms, creepy crooning and woodshed rockabilly of *Blues That Defy My Soul* couldn't have sprung from anyone but DEXTER ROMWEBER. The former frontman of the legendary Flat Duo Jets brings his peerless brand of psycho-twang and drive-in movie mania to his Yep Roc debut!

the FORTY-FIVES



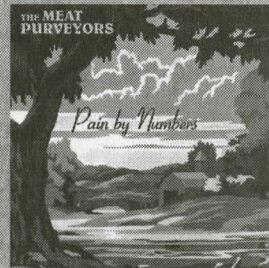
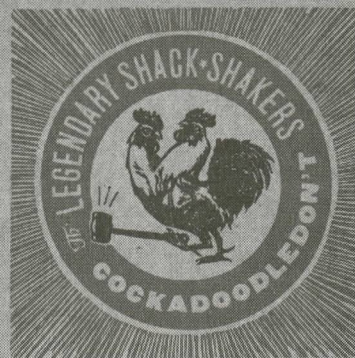
Road dogs that've toured with everyone from the Mooney Suzuki and D4 to The Supersuckers, **THE FORTY-FIVES** are serious contenders for best live band on the rock'n'roll/garage scene. Between tours, the band went into Detroit's Ghetto Recorders studio with The Dirtbombs' Jim Diamond (the White Stripes, Andre Williams) to record *High Life High Volume*. The title says it all.

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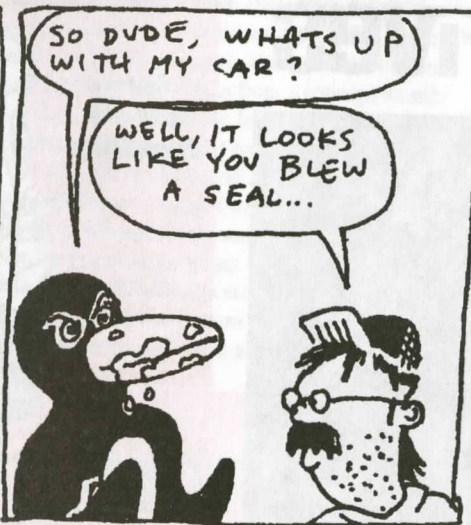
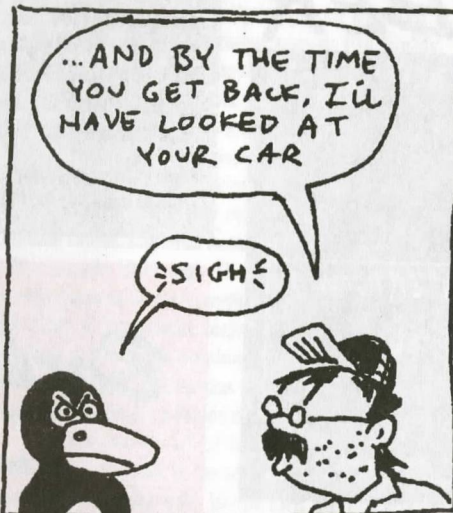
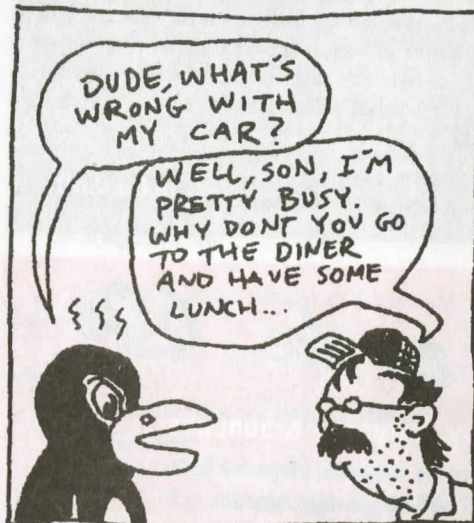
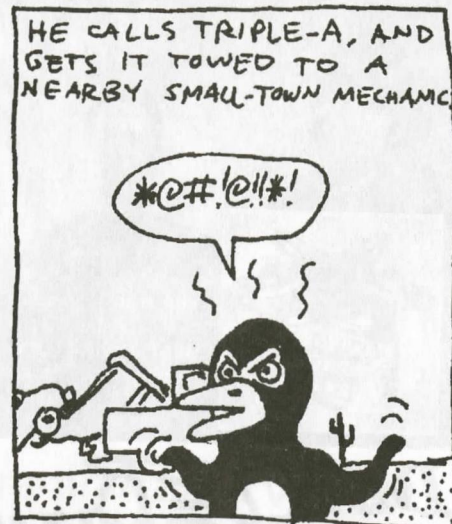
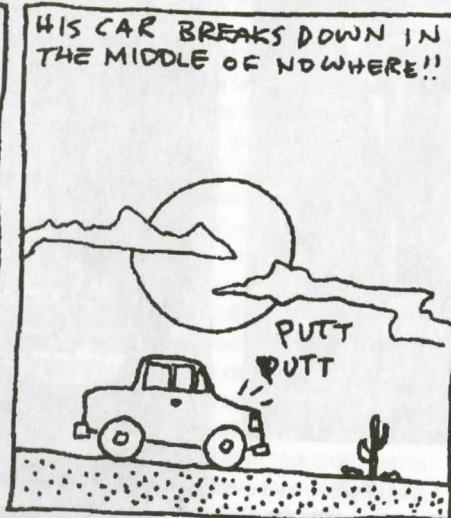
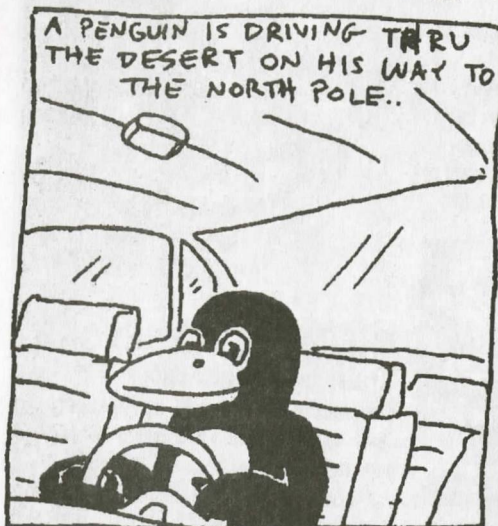
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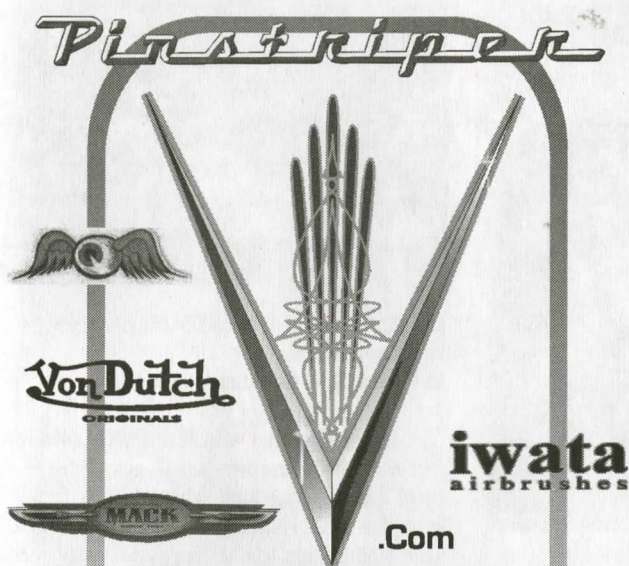
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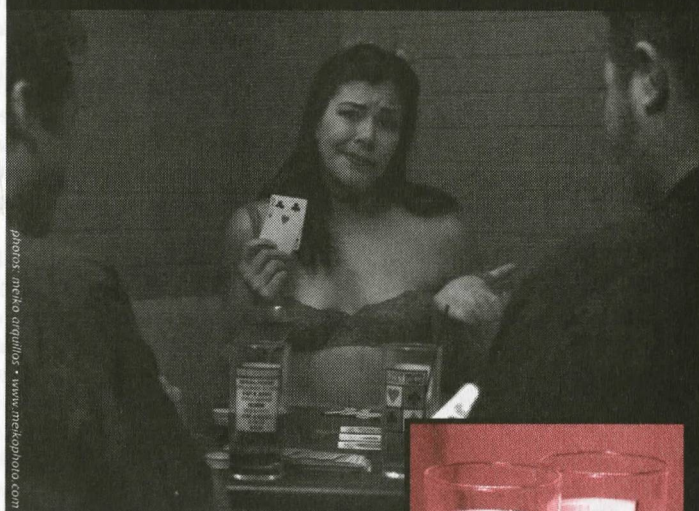
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Big Russ & Me



Father and Son:
Lessons of Life

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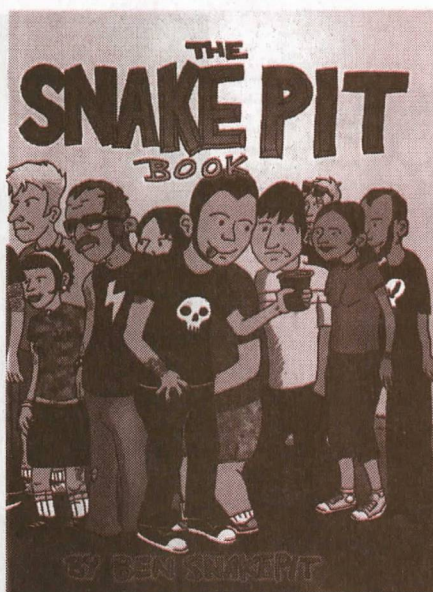
Big Russ & Me by Tim Russert
Miramax Books / 336 pages

Tim Russert is best-known as the host of NBC's political affairs show *Meet The Press*. In an era of "news" shows that have a level of discourse on par with an elementary school playground, Russert stands out as exceptionally diplomatic, well-spoken and sincere. *Big Russ & Me* hints at what made him that way.

Wonderfully lacking in pretentiousness, this book transparently reflects Russert's likable, level-headed demeanor. It never once comes off as his attempt to establish phony "son of the soil" bona fides for himself.

This book explains Russert's roots, but it's mainly a humble thank you to his working-class father, nicknamed Big Russ. *Big Russ & Me* is filled with colorful characters and funny anecdotes from Russert's youth in blue-collar South Buffalo. There's a chapter about food called, "You gotta eat," which is one of Big Russ's favorite expressions. (Only after the book was published did Big Russ explain to his son that the expression really is, "You gotta eat if you're gonna drink.") And who knew that the NBC's Washington Bureau chief once drove an AMC Gremlin that was such an eyesore that it was towed as an environmental hazard? Or that he could give you advice on the finer points of working on a garbage truck, including how to protect yourself from being attacked by rats?

Of course, issues of class, religion, ethics and politics arise, but Russert handles them all quite deftly, resisting the temptation to preach to the converted, be high-handed or claim any moral high ground. He talks about simple, but powerful lessons he learned, like to "disagree agreeably." But every rule has an exception, and Russert is the first to admit that when he's talking about his beloved Buffalo Bills, it's schoolyard rules all the way.



The Snake Pit Book by Ben Snake Pit
Gorsky Press / 304 pages

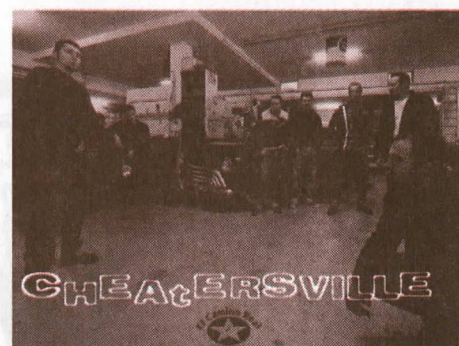
It's said that hindsight is 20/20. But it's also revisionist history. Even with something as untainted as our own memories, we look back at years or decades of our lives and invent a summarized and ultimately fictionalized version of what has taken place in that year. Like a snapshot or a family Christmas letter, we remember the broad strokes and the big events and create a brief, succinct and interesting version of how we have spent our time.

We imagine the past as a straight shot covering 500 miles on the interstate in a day. But that isn't really the way it really happened, is it? Whether you're young or old, rich or poor, no matter how interesting your life is, a year is played out more like 365 little one-day road trips taken one mile at a time. Sometimes you're hell-bent on an adventure. But plenty of times, you're just running to the store for cough syrup.

For years, Ben Snake Pit has drawn the events of each day of his life as a three-panel cartoon. Three years worth of those cartoons are collected in this book.

Seeing each day boiled down into a brief cartoon gives an interesting perspective on Ben's life as well as on our own lives. He is unabashed about sharing his shortcomings and joys. He doesn't cure cancer or pitch a no-hitter in the World Series every day. He's a good guy and you hope he gets the girl, but then he shoots himself in the foot or doesn't learn from his mistakes. He's a slave to his own nature, just like the rest of us. Things that once seemed gravely important become trivial and vice versa—lather, rinse, repeat.

Sound depressing? It's not. The way this book captures and embraces the often mundane pace and joys of life is oddly inspiring. Either that or they're funny cartoons about a punker trying to score free beer. Either way, it's worth the price of admission.



Cheatersville: One Year With The Cheaters
by Laurent Bagnard
El Camino Real Editions / 136 pages

Messing around with cars sure is good fun, and whether or not we care to acknowledge it, there can be something spiritual in performing even the most routine maintenance on a car. This might seem like a far-reaching or overly-poetic analogy, but is the peace of mind that you get from putting wrench to bolt any less real than what someone gets from prayer or yoga?

Anyone who thinks soul cannot connect with metal needs to consider car customizers. Customizers create rolling pieces of functional art. Like any other artist working in any other medium, some customizers slavishly follow the rules established by the people who have come before them, others look to break the rules and create something new. Whichever way you want to take it, steel and lead is like a mound of clay. When you're done—it's a piece of you.

And that's what *Cheatersville* is all about. Starting out with an interesting essay on the origin and appeal of car and motorcycle clubs, *Cheatersville* opens up into a lavishly-produced photo documentary of a year in the life of the Cheaters car club.

It's an extremely well-produced and interesting book that you probably don't need to be a rodder to enjoy. The photography totally holds its own, but the real, added bonus is the documentation of the "rock 'n' roll rebel" lifestyle of the club. Either you get it or you don't—make of it what you will. But it's definitely compelling—especially when you consider that these guys are based in Geneva!

The black and white photography suits the subject matter well—whether it's greasy-haired rockabilly dudes or cars in the process of being chopped. (There's a good color section in the middle, too, by the way.) There are photos of the cars being built, the cars finished, the members of the club and their lifestyles.

The photography has enough artistic ambition to be something more than just your standard car "product" shots. The photos are interesting and different, yet, Bagnard walks a fine line, never trailing off into being too abstract or artsy for artsy's sake.



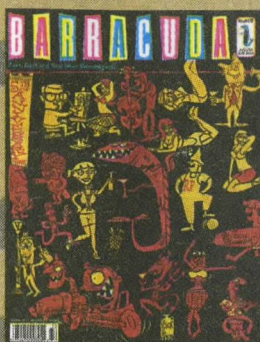
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Speed: The World's Fastest Cars, The 1973-74 Philadelphia Flyers, The First Great Bender of 2004 and more!



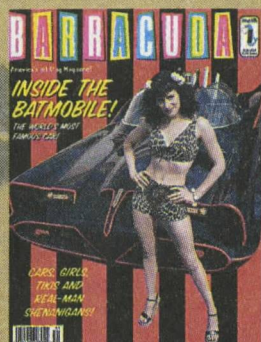
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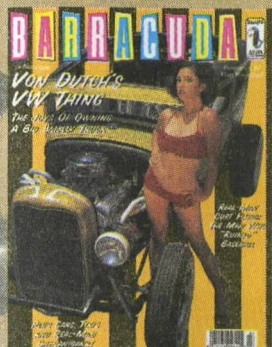
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Inside The Batmobile! Barracuda Girl Paige Brewster, More Station Wagons Rule!



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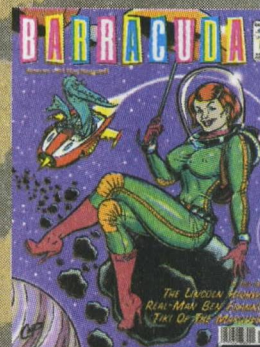
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The Joys of Driving a Big, Sleazy Truck, Von Dutch's VW Thing, Real Man Earl Flood!



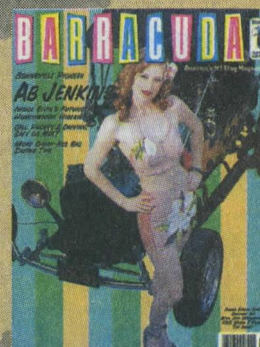
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Real Man Duke Kahanamoku, What Happened To The Marmon Motor III, How To Find A Good Mechanic



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



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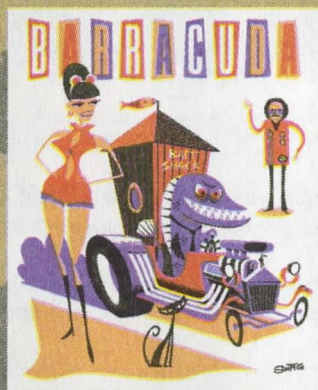
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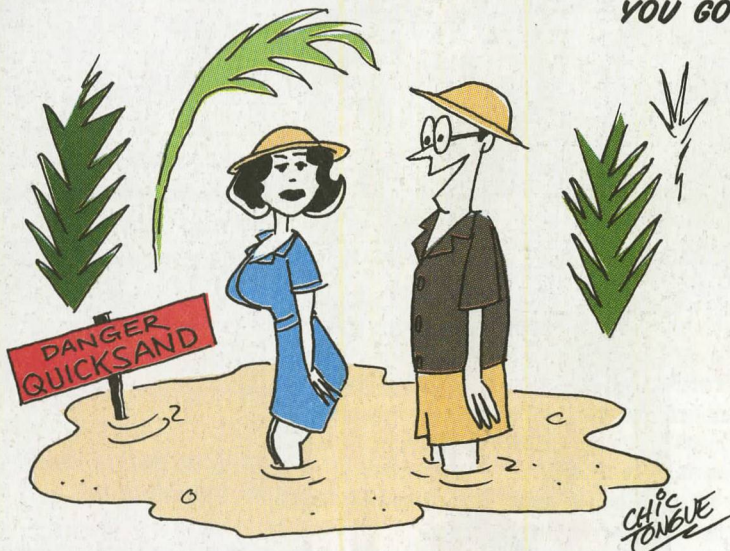
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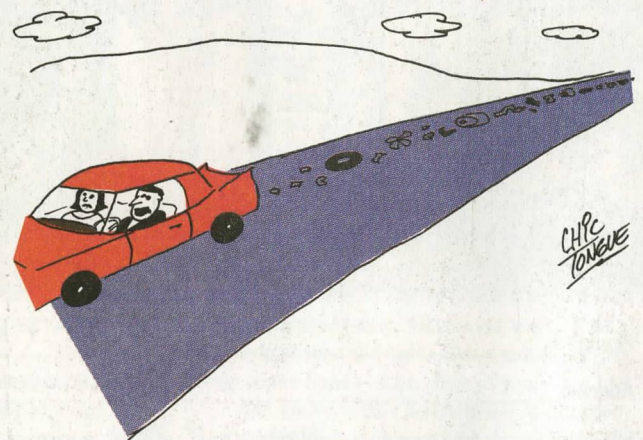
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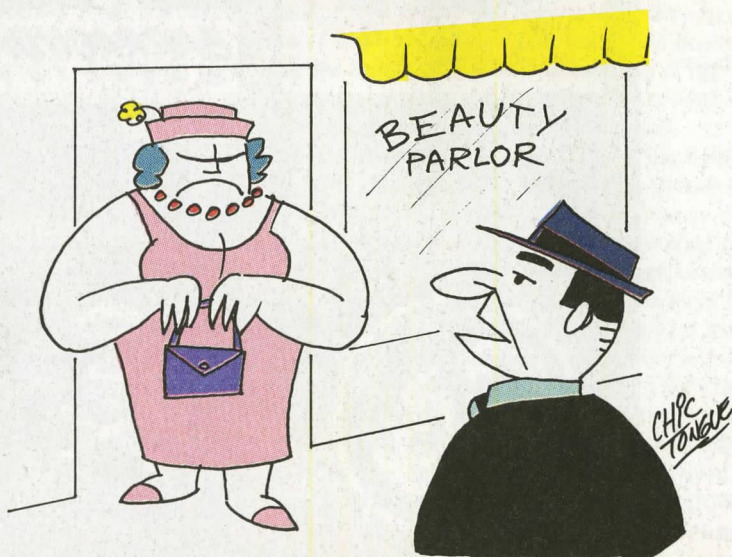
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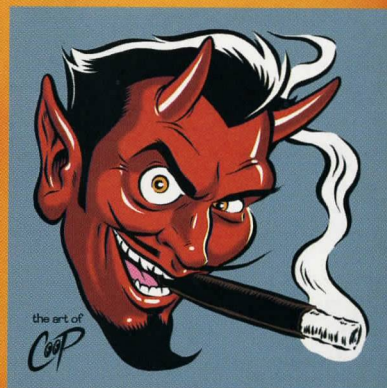


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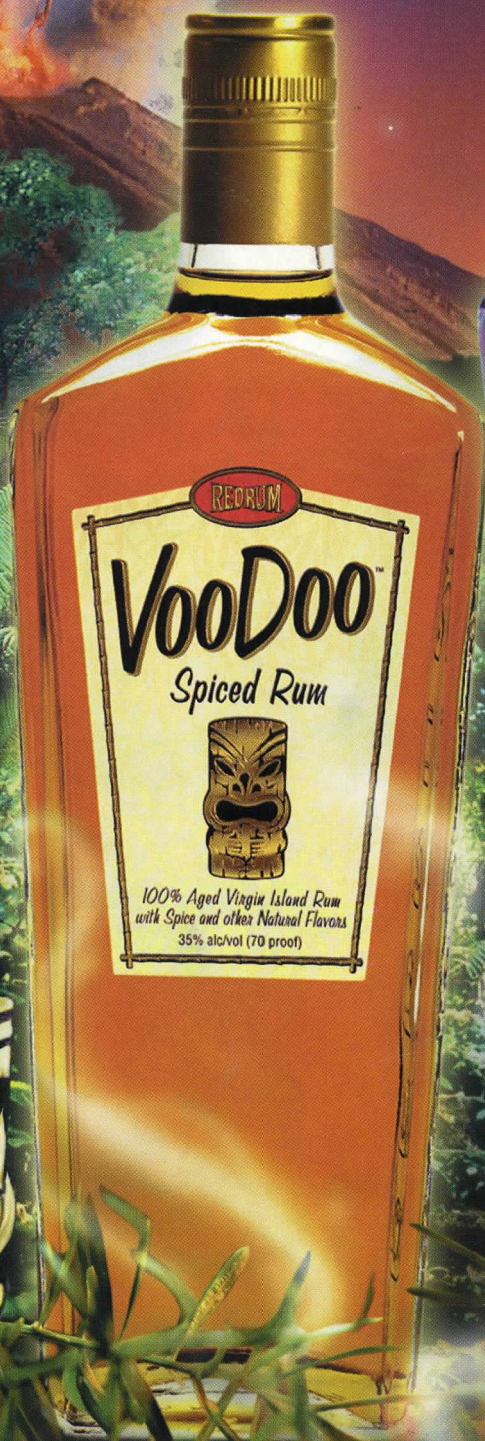
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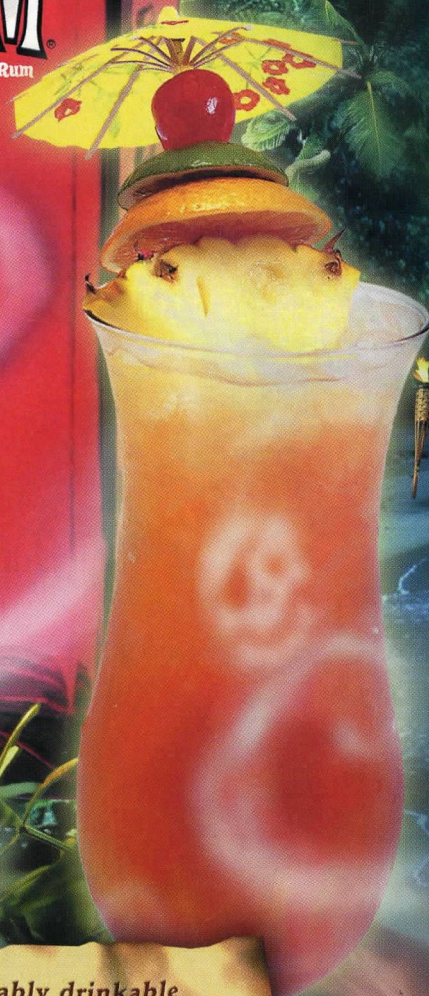
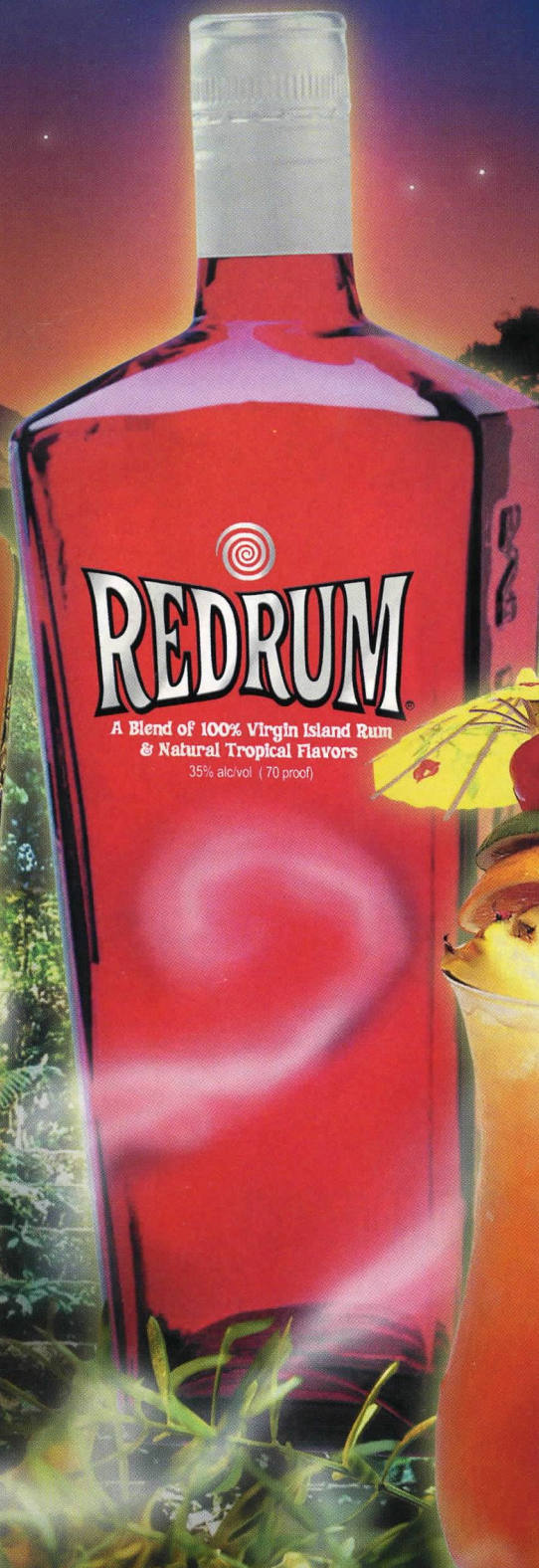
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