

Inked

CULTURE. STYLE. ART.

ULTIMATE
TATTOO
ADVENTURES

DISPLAY UNTIL APRIL 29, 2008

\$6.99

04



0 09128-47300 0

THE RIDE THAT BITES BACK

THE 2008 xD.

Vehicle shown is a special project car, modified with non-Genuine Scion parts and accessories. Modification with these non-Genuine Scion parts or accessories will void the Scion warranty, may negatively impact vehicle performance & safety, and may not be street legal. © 2008 Scion is a marque of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



what moves you



Employment opportunity. Position vacant: **JUNIOR LUCKY BASTARD**
APPLY ON-LINE: www.55DSL.com

LIVE AT LEAST 55 SECONDS PER DAY



table of contents





Inked

creative director todd weinberger
editor-in-chief enrique pinchazo

articles editor jason buhrmester
editor-at-large erich weiss
contributing editor jennifer chapman
copy chief aly walansky
west coast editor nikki sonesen
web master steven intermill
software engineering eric g. elinow

photo director marya gullo
contributing fashion director risa knight
contributing market editor julie chen

contributing writers

Rachel Ayd, Chris Doorley, David Farber, Shaun Hall, Jessalynn Keller, Casey Lynch, Patty Lamberti, Joy Manning, Melissa Pearce, George Polgar, Mike Supermodel

photographers

Craig Burton, Lionel Deluy, John Dole, Nabil Elderkin, Nick Ferrari, Chris Glancy, Cambria Harkey, Brian Klutch, Shane McCauley, Al Powers, Warwick Saint, , Edward Smith, Adam Wallacavage

stylists

jaime less, terry lewis, autumn steed, alexis tracy

interns

marisa berard, sean colon, joshua clutter, dana liteplo

advertising sales kenyon clemons
kenyon@inkedmag.com
magazine office inked magazine
326 canal st., suite 3a
new york city, ny 10013
corporate office pinchazo publishing
121 friends lane, unit 100
newtown, pa 18940
main number 212-537-9347
website inkedmag.com

president/ceo don hellinger
chief financial officer jami pearlman
accounts receivable chris watson
newsstand consultants ralph perricelli, irwin billman
fulfillment prestige fulfillment

contributors



Photographer **Cambria Harkey** learned that there's no way to predict which subjects will be shy and which won't as she shot this month's Inked Spots (page 91) and Drink (page 23) page. "The tattoo artists were very shy actually," she says. Not so with Heidi Smith, a bartender at Austin's Jackalope. "She was hot! Shooting her in the bar was entertaining because the crowd kept growing. She had a very captivated audience while not being shy at all." Harkey's work has appeared in *Rolling Stone*, *Spin*, *Esquire*, *Paste*, and others.

Before we began pulling together this month's wild travel story ("Seven Wonders", page 38), we called in **Nikki Sonesen**. The heavily tattooed traveler has been involved in the tattoo community for more than ten years and has globe-trotted around most of the planet. "It was nice to get in touch with old friends and talk about our crazy travel experiences," she says of her part in helping write our story. When not racking up the frequent fliers, Sonesen relaxes in Los Angeles with her husband and four furry children.

Photographer **Edward Smith** negotiated a tough location fee to be able to shoot hairstylist Nick Wendell (page 16) in a New York City bar. "We shot on the fly," says Smith. "We talked our way into a few locations and a settled on a location fee—one delicious Pilsner. Happy hour prices, no less!" Smith shoots for *Blackbook*,

Maxim, *Magnet*, and MTV. And although he doesn't have a tattoo, Smith has thought about having one of his father's pop art paintings inked on him somewhere.

During writer **Patty Lamberti's** interview with Margaret Cho (page 62), news broke of the death of Heath Ledger. "It really changed our conversation," Lamberti recalls. "It started us talking about fame and celebrity." Lamberti also assembled our new book reviews column (page 24). Her articles have appeared in *Maxim*, *Playboy*, the *New York Post*, and the *Chicago Tribune*.

For the Melbourne, Australia section of our travel story ("Seven Wonders", page 38) we sent Sydney-based freelance journalist **Melissa Pearce** to talk with tattoo pin-up legend Bev Nicholas. "She is a real doll," says Pearce of their chat. "Unbelievably humble and excitable." Pearce's love of mid-century men's magazines has been parlayed into pieces for Australia's *Men's Style* and *FHM*. She has also worked at *Dazed & Confused* and *British Vogue* in London. She'd love to make it to Horiyoshi III's studio but until then don't ask her about her lightweight wrist piece.

Photographer **Chris Glancy** shoots for *Flaunt*, *Swindle*, *Vice*, and others. For this month's "Wild in the Streets" fashion shoot (page 80), he set up in one of L.A.'s seedier

areas and let our amped-up participants run, er, wild. Recognize any of our models? One is young shredder Braydon Szafrański, who currently skates for Baker, America, Ambiguous, and others.

Temple University Professor of U.S. History **David Farber** wrote this month's retrospective on "Hotel Street" (page 48). For the entire Hotel Street story, check out Farber's book *The First Strange Place: Race and Sex in World War II Hawaii*, co-authored with Beth Bailey. He's also written books or articles about the Yippies, General Motors, the Iran hostage crisis, Richard Nixon, and international perceptions of the United States since 9/11. Watch for Farber's appearance in the upcoming documentary *Hori Smoku Sailor Jerry: The Life and Times of Norman K. Collins*.

Rocket From the Crypt is spun regularly around the INKED offices so we were excited for a chance to feature Rocket frontman John Reis' new band the Night Marchers (page 30). Photographer **John Dole** shot the Marchers at Reis' San Diego club Pink Elephant before the band's performance that night. "They were really goofy," Dole recalls. "At one point one of the guys slipped on some false teeth and a wig which had everyone laughing." If he wasn't shooting photos, Dole would be painting or working the clubs as a musician.

letter



The Tokyo skyline quietly awaits another Godzilla attack.

All I wanted was a vodka. I was standing at the bar at a five-star hotel in Tokyo during a private function and trying my best to order a drink. No matter how much I concentrated on my shaky Japanese or pointed to the bottle behind the bar, the bartender wasn't having it. Each time, he shoved two cans of warm Carlsberg at me and walked away. Later, my Japanese hosts told me why: The bartender didn't like my full-sleeve tattoos.

International travel can be filled with misconceptions, adventure, and time spent folding and unfolding maps. This month, we simplified the process for you in "Seven Wonders" (page 38), our guide to exotic locales in tattoo culture and where to hang out and crash while you're there. And be sure to read "Hotel Street" (page 48), our retrospective on the wild Hawaii neighborhood where WWII sailors went to cut loose and get tattooed. See the area before it's gone.

Elsewhere, we interviewed comedian Margaret Cho (page 62), as she prepares to spend the next few months traveling on her *Beautiful* tour, and visited Pitbull (page 76) in Miami to talk about hip-hop, clubs, and Cuba. And for this month's fashion, we unleashed a horde of tattooed maniacs for "Wild in the Streets," rounded up the best denim jackets, belts, and T-shirts, and found luggage to pack it in.

When you get home, visit inkedmag.com and tell us about your trip. You can post useful information for other inked people on the forums and create a blog to upload photos and write about your adventures from Tahiti to Tokyo. You'll also want to keep in touch with your new friends, so join the INKED Network, where you can layout a profile and check out others.

OK. I need a vodka.

Jason Buhrmester
Articles Editor



INKED LIFE

MY FIRST INK

NAME: Jesse Lee Denning

OCCUPATION: Owner/Gallery Director,
Invisible NYC, New York City

"Clay Decker at East Side Ink did my first tattoo back when tattooing was still illegal in New York City. I was 15 and got a tribal sun on my lower back. Typical!

It's since been covered up by my back piece. The piece is a *kitsune*, a Japanese mythological fox. It's my entire back. I started it in the fall of 2006. It's being done by Jason Kundell at Seventh Son Tattoo, in San Francisco. My sleeve is a foo dog and cherry blossoms, by Andre Malcolm in New York City. I really like how my sleeve and my back piece flow together. I've actually been known to fall asleep while getting tattooed. Not that it doesn't hurt; I can just get myself into a really relaxed state."



Clockwise from top left:
Spurr dark blue denim jacket;
Earnest Sewn blue one-
pocket denim jacket; Diesel
medium-blue denim jacket;
Kill City blue zip-pocket
denim jacket; Monarchy blue
"Los Angeles" appliqué jacket.

CARPE DENIM

MARKET EDITOR, JULIE CHEN; PROP STYLIST, TERRY LEWIS FOR OLIVER PIRO, INC

TAG TEAM



Clockwise from top left:
Zoo York logo hoodie; Zoo
York black and gold T-shirt;
Dekline blue high-top
sneakers; Zoo York black
and white button-down
shirt; Stüssy green T-shirt;
Southpole black T-shirt.

MARKET EDITOR, JULIE CHEN; PROP STYLIST, TERRY LEWIS FOR OLIVER PIRO, INC

Clockwise from lower left: Burton Warhol Wheelie Sub brown nylon bag; Burton orange and black nylon plaid rolling bag; Hideo Wakamatsu at Flight 001 silver hardside suitcase; Hideo Wakamatsu at Flight 001 green camouflage hardside suitcase; Alexander McQueen for Samsonite black wheeled suitcase; International Traveler at Flight 001 yellow hardside suitcase; Dakine brown plaid rolling duffel bag.

FREQUENT FLYERS

WAIST MANAGEMENT



Top row: Leather Island by Bill Lavin white leather studded belt; Leather Island by Bill Lavin brown and brass star studded belt. Middle row: Streets Ahead black belt with oversized studs; Streets Ahead turquoise leather belt. Bottom row: Mark Nason cream and black studded belt; VonZipper black leather "zipper" belt; Dakine green belt with grommets.

MARKET EDITOR, JULIE CHEN; PROP STYLIST, TERRY LEWIS FOR OLIVER PIRO, INC

Your puny iPod can't rock a killer street party all by itself. Pair it with the Ion Block Rocker (ion-audio.com), a battery-powered, portable sound system with built-in wheels. The Rocker docks with your iPod, holds a 12-hour charge, and thumps music in a 150-foot radius. Four inputs let you plug in instruments or a microphone for telling people to get the hell out.



BLOCK HEAD

SOUND ADVICE



THE A.K.A.S.
Everybody Make Some Noise!
[Metropolis]

The A.K.A.s play fist-pumping punk 'n' roll that's perfect for both boozy weekends and protest rallies. Frontman Mike Ski, who spent the last 13 years inking at Long Island's Lotus Tattoo, leads the A.K.A.s on a call to arms from the dance floor. Reverbed guitars and pumping organ mix with shout-along choruses as Ski snarls against government surveillance on "Paranoia Is a Skill" and

incites a riot on the bass-thumping "We Write Our Own Anthems." Hawthorne Heights' JT Woodruff joins Ski on "Dead Flowers Forever," the album's most melodic track. Later, special guest Jello Biafra delivers a spoken word against commercialism and drives home the point that there's more than a party here.



DEAD CHILD
Attack
[Quarterstick]

Most headbangers have probably never heard—or even heard of—the bands that members of Dead Child used to be in. Among the five guys in the Louisville band are ex-members of Slint, Zwan, Stereolab, and Papa M, none of which would have made a patch on any rocker's denim jacket. Still, there's no denying that Dead Child know their metal, from Maiden to Overkill.

Guitarists David Pajo and Michael McMahan play more sludgy than flashy, and songs such as "Twitch of the Death Nerve" and "The Coldest Hands" lurch along with dropped-tuned riffs behind singer Dahm's wailing vocals. "Sweet Chariot" is classic '80s thrash (think Nuclear Assault) and the twin guitars on the slow intro to "Armies Up Ahead" will cause *Ride the Lightning* flashbacks.



THE BREEDERS
Mountain Battles
[4AD]

Anyone expecting Pixie bassist/Breeder frontwoman Kim Deal to reproduce the catchy fun of the band's mid-'90s hit "Cannonball" has been waiting since, well, the mid-'90s. The Breeders' work before and since has made the song look like the exception, not the real Deal. Not that it's a bad thing. Deal and her twin sister, Kelley, have played looser since, and *Mountain Battles* is

seriously laid-back. After the sweet harmony of "Walk It Off," the Breeders stroll through the all-Spanish "Regalame Esta Noche" and two-step into the country twang of "Here No More." *Mountain Battles'* dippy guitars and soft vocals suck you into the Deals' chill vibe until the album's few loud tracks such as "German Studies" and "It's the Love" hit you like a, um, cannonball.



SUPERGRASS
Diamond Hoo Ha
[Astralwerks]

Supergrass have always riffed and rocked with an affinity for The Faces, T. Rex, and music's other unsung heroes. And, like those idols, the British group has become one of the best and most underappreciated bands around. On their sixth album, Supergrass proves they can play anything rock-related. They shimmy through ass-shakers ("Rough Knuckles") and guitar-

rockers ("345") and wind up at "Bad Blood," which opens with a great/*diot*-era Iggy Pop impression. "Diamond Hoo Ha Man," jumps straight into big drums and a fuzzed-out guitar, while "Rebel in You," is brilliant guitar pop. They're still one of the best rock 'n' roll bands around. Now it's up to everyone else to notice.



MOBY
Last Night
[Mute Records]

It's been nearly a decade since Moby's *Play* devoured the radio, commercials, and every medium open to the blend of beats and antique field recordings. In the meantime, Moby dished out two albums and went back to spinning. That stint at the turntables shows, as *Last Night* is his most dance-centric work in years. Like a good DJ set, *Last Night* builds to a peak, from the funk rhythm of

"I Love to Move in Here" (with Grandmaster Caz) to the high-hat march of "Everyday It's 1989," and into Gloria Gaynor-esque "Disco Lies" (which, in typical Moby fashion, was already in the movie *Cloverfield*). The drugs wear off around "Degenerates" as Moby ends with "Last Night," a mellow nine-minute come down.



THE SWORD
Gods of the Earth
[Kemado]

South Texas metal heads The Sword are serious guitar shredders. So serious in fact that the band earned a nod from the most esteemed judge of fretboard acrobatics, Guitar Hero, whose creators put The Sword's "Freya" in the hit video game (in the "Return of the Shred" section no less). Their third album continues the guitar assault with booming riffs and singer

J.D. Cronise's Ozzy-esque vocals. The Sword picks up on what others miss in the Sabbath playbook (the blues), and rest the riffs for the bluesy "Maiden, Mother & Crone." Elsewhere, Cronise and guitarist Kyle Shutt trade licks on the galloping "Fire Lances the Ancient Hyperzephyrians" and album closer "The White Sea," where they construct an elaborate metal crunch that moves from moody trudge to soaring guitars faster than you can throw up the devil horns.



Hairstylist Nick Wendell shields his hair from a cigarette to avoid a grease fire.



MURRAY'S POMADE

Offering strong hold and moderate shine, this classic pomade is great for medium to coarse hair (available at thegreashop.com).



BUMBLE AND BUMBLE SUMOWAX

This works well on fine to medium hair, and offers strong, flexible hold and lots of shine (bumbleandbumble.com).



DAX WASHABLE HAIR WAX

This wax creates super-slick styles and even mohawks, but it still washes out easily with shampoo (thegreashop.com).



HAIR CONTROL TOUGH FORMULA

This heavy-duty grease is the house formula at Slick 50 Barber Shop, a rockabilly favorite in the United Kingdom (thegreashop.com).

AMERICAN GREASER

Whether or not you're into the rockabilly scene, you've got to admit there's something cool about a pompadour. "This style symbolizes a time when rock 'n' roll was hitting an innocent generation of young people, and it was rebellious for the time," says hairstylist Nick Wendell, who shows off his pompadour above. "It was cool then and it still has the same appeal today." To get the look, he suggests starting with damp hair, then using a blow-dryer and brush to blast your hair into the shape you want. Once it's dry, slick on a grease, pomade, or wax to set the style. —Jennifer Chapman

GROOMING BUDS



Plants from the cannabis family have many beneficial uses—one of them being the production of hemp oil, a potent moisturizer found in all these products. Clockwise from top left: Dr. Bronner Organic Liquid Soap in Almond; Pangea Organics Lipcare in Egyptian Fennel with Grapefruit and Sweet Orange; Alterna Hemp Shine and Texturizing Catalyst for Hair; The Body Shop Hemp Foot Protector; Acca Kappa 1869 Shave Cream; Naturelle Hemp Hydrating Shampoo; Jason Hemp Ultra-Rich Moisturizing Creme.

Finally, a PC worthy of your Level 50 Paladin. Inside the sleek case of the HP Blackbird 002 (hp.com), sits Dual ATI Radeon X2900 XT video cards, a Creative Audio Sound Blaster X-Fi sound card, and an Ageia PhysX 100 Series PCI-E GFX physics accelerator card, all powered by an Intel Core 2 Extreme QX9650 Quad-Core 3.0 GHz processor. It sounds like gibberish but will come in handy in the Hellfire Peninsula.

GAME CHANGER

GAME ON



Army of Two [Electronic Arts]

Platform: PS3, Xbox 360

Like a buddy-cop movie gone ballistic, this shooter revolves around a pair of armor-plated psychos and ape-shit gonzo firefights. Playing as Salem and Rios, two Army Rangers gone mercenary, you'll use a full arsenal to put the hurt on a stream of baddies in two-player co-op battles. Aggro Mode makes one player "invisible" while the other draws the enemy's attention. That armor-plating doesn't equal invincibility though, so if your partner goes down it's up to you to drag him to safety and "revive" him by providing CPR through random, God of War-type button taps or by using a tampon to plug up the wind-sucking bullet wound. We'll never look at feminine-hygiene products the same again.



MLB 08: The Show [Sony Computer Entertainment]

Platform: PS3, PS2, PSP

Ever since Sony took its long-running MLB series to the minors we've been as happy as a kid at game seven of the World Series. Road to the Show mode lets you lace up the cleats of a player that you create and work your way from benchwarmer up to the Big Leagues. The highlight of this mode is the position-specific game play; if you're a shortstop, you play defense in your position instead of controlling the entire team, which serves to put you in the game like few other games have managed to do. Hitting mechanics have been overhauled with the same performance-based system used for last year's pitching: you'll be rewarded for taking it to the fence and dinged for batting like a 12-year-old.



God of War: Chains of Olympus [Sony Computer Entertainment]

Platform: PSP

Sometimes we just feel sorry for Kratos, the ashy anti-hero of the God of War series; the guy just can't seem to get a break to enjoy being a Greek god. Called to serve in the PS2 series' first appearance on the PSP, Kratos is waging war during the 10-year period he spent in servitude to the gods of Olympus. Using the Blades of Chaos, he slices and dices his way through monsters, soldiers, and mythological beings. The controls transfer over to the PSP fairly well, and the graphics look great. As always there are a ton of puzzles and treacherous platforming sections, although the puzzles aren't as head-scratchingly tough, which will probably save us from swearing out loud on the subway.



Rainbow Six Vegas 2 [Ubisoft]

Platform: PS3, Xbox 360, PC

So you hated the cliffhanger ending during your first trip to Vegas with Team Rainbow? So did we. Our trigger-finger has been itching to head back to Sin City since. While this shooter sticks close to the original playbook—tango takedowns, snakecam shenanigans, and blistering online play—you'll notice a few changes. First off, your teammates are back, but you aren't, as main man Logan Keller has been replaced by a customizable badass named Bishop. The missions parallel the original's and hit a variety of environments. Like us, you probably know the multiplayer maps better than your apartment after hours of online play. Rejoice! RSV2 includes over 11 new maps and two new game modes.—Casey Lynch



Clockwise from top left: Outside Roq la Rue; "Maxo the Ultra Chimp" by Travis Louie; the interior of Roq la Rue.

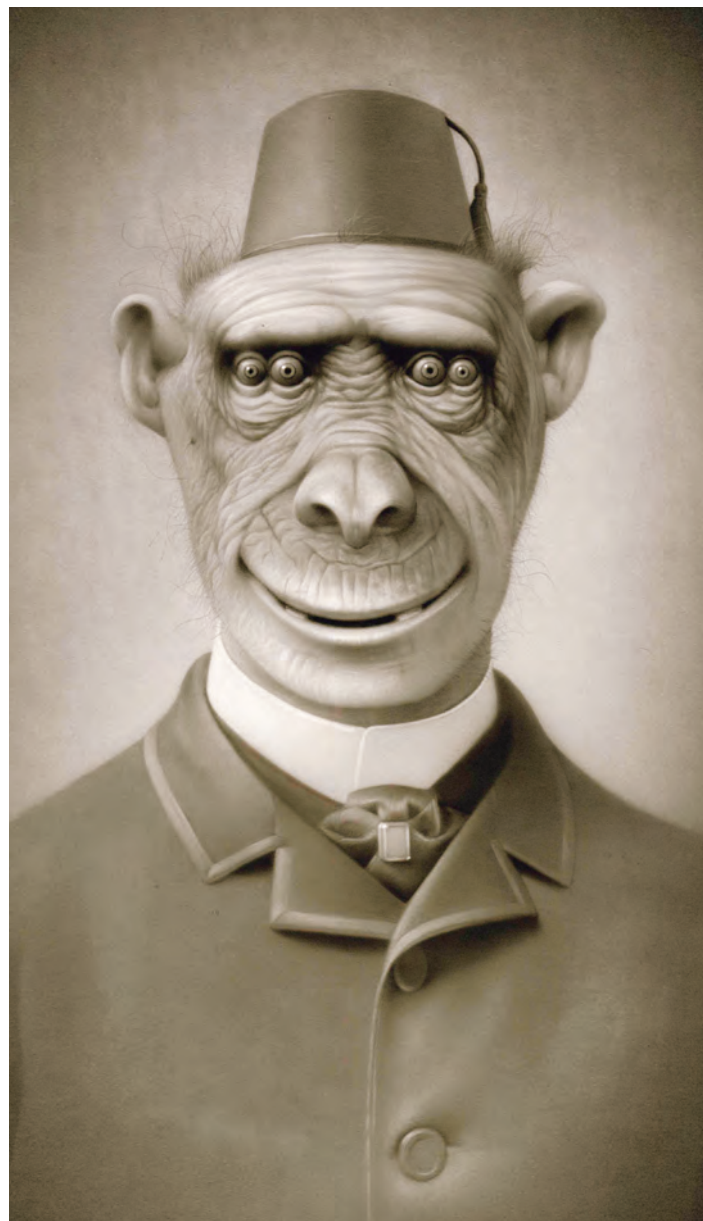


ROQ ON SEATTLE

Standing proud in the artsy but rapidly gentrifying Belltown neighborhood of Seattle, sits the Roq la Rue gallery. This is its fourth location, a cavernous 900-square-foot space with 22-foot ceilings. "Belltown is a neighborhood in flux," says Kirsten Anderson, owner and founder. "And hopefully we can stay put for awhile. We've been around for nearly 10 years, and my mission is to continue to show high-quality underground, contemporary art."

This month, Roq la Rue, which plays host to primarily lowbrow and pop surrealist artists, showcases Dutch artist Femke Hiemstra and native New Yorker Travis Louie. "What these artists have in common is their technical skill," says Anderson. "They both paint parallel worlds with varied characters, and they're both inspired by older things."

As a kid, Louie culled his inspiration from the local comic book shop, but his adult inspiration is more eclectic. "My studio is littered top to bottom with remnants of the 19th century," he says. His portraits are closely modeled on his collection of crude 19th-century photographs called daguerreotypes (think somber Civil War Mathew Brady portraits). At first glance his work mirrors



those ghostly subjects with their clothing and arcane poses, but look again, and something is askew. "My newer characters are ... I hate to say biological misfortunes ... but regular people with oddities." That is to say, regular people with horns growing from their skulls, rabbit ears, or troll faces straight from *Where the Wild Things Are*. For the Roq La Rue show, Louie wrote a story to accompany each of his paintings. "My characters have no malice. They're just regular people living their lives."

In Hiemstra's new work, found objects like clocks, books, and tin cans are transformed into illustrative creatures in atmospheric surroundings. "I can get inspired by simpler things, like music, books, or the cinema I'm obsessed with," says Hiemstra. "I've also been inspired lately by the stories, paraphernalia, and rituals around certain vices, like absinthe drinking and opium smoking."

Although, they may be inspiration for Hiemstra's work, we guarantee neither absinthe nor opium will be needed to induce the surreal buzz Roq La Rue's latest show will provide. —Rachel Aydt



TOY STORY

BUFF MONSTER VINYL FIGURES

kachingbrands.com

For years, Buff Monster has been busy gluing posters of his images on the streets of Los Angeles and beyond. That's made him plenty of enemies on both sides of the law, while putting the inhabitants of his pink-and-white world in front of everyone. Now you get to take one home with you. These figures are reproductions of the characters that he's known for, and come blind-boxed in miniature ice cream containers. Like your favorite Ben & Jerry's flavor, they're limited run, so get yours while you can.

I.NSURGENTS W.ILDERNESS G.ROUPO

strangeco.com

In the not-too-distant future, animals evolve a lot quicker, and take up arms against the plague that has been destroying their habitat for centuries—us! This flock of figures from Strangeco and Rocketworld includes a bear with a rifle, a machine-gun-toting rhino, and a grenade-tossing gorilla. And you won't feel guilty about splurging: A portion of the sales of these figures is donated to a variety of wildlife conservation groups including The Gorilla Foundation, World Wildlife Fund, Zoo Conservation Outreach Group, and others.

MR. LERTCHMAN

steffbomb.com

Meet the craziest vegetable in the crisper, Mr. Lertchman. This mutated asparagus is a streetwise graffiti-artist who comes with a detachable can of spray paint and a set of killer fangs. The plush asparagus stands 10 inches and is suitable for kids. Just keep him away from your valuables. The killer veggie is the first major release from famed seamstress Steff Bomb, who is known for her hand-stitched plush creations including corn, carrot, and other crazy creatures. Look for more cool monster stuff from her in the near future.

BARRY THE BEAVER

ningyoushi.com

Meet Barry the Beaver, who brings a whole new dimension to the term "adult toys." Designed by famed San Francisco designer Jeremy Fish, the adorable rubber rodent stands just over five inches to keep most "average" men from feeling insecure. The best part? Twist his tree stump base and Barry the Beaver kicks into vibrating mode. That explains his strategically placed bendable tail. He's the first toy to be just as much at home on your toy shelf as in your pantie drawer. We suggest keeping him in the drawer. —Mike Supermodel



Clockwise from top left: Fresh lobster in the village of Anse la Raye; high above Marigot Bay; Poolside at the Coco Palm hotel; group dancing at seaside restaurant Bang; the Pitons rising above the Caribbean Sea.



On your next visit to the Caribbean, skip Aruba and the Bahamas and stay in Saint Lucia. The difference? Instead of flat sandy shores, the 27-mile-long island is a teardrop-shaped mass of rainforest-covered peaks so perfectly triangular and green they look painted on.

Land in the small northern capital of Castries and you'll notice something else different about this Caribbean paradise: No one tries to hustle you onto a tour bus or sell you cheap beaded necklaces. In fact, Saint Lucians, who speak both English and Creole, seem content with or without you visiting; it's like they know they've got a good thing and they're happy to let you take up residence for a week or two.

There's no better place to do so than Coco Palm, in the northern town of Rodney Bay. The small crayon-colored hotel has all the things you want (chill staff, a quaint spa, well-appointed rooms) and none of the stuff you don't (fat Americans drinking daiquiris, a lobby the size of a football field). On top of that, every lounge chair around the turquoise, bridge-covered pool has a view of one of the island's famous verdant peaks.

From Coco Palm, it's a five-minute walk down a flower-lined path to a secluded corner of Reduit Beach. There you can stretch on the sand and

enjoy the sun or rent snorkel gear to explore the warm shallows. For lunch, head north along the beach toward the hotels and restaurants, or saunter over to Miss Marie's Fish Shack, a local hangout where you can get a \$7 lunch plate of grilled fish, macaroni pie, and slaw—and, if you're lucky, a swig from Miss Marie's bottle of homemade cashew nut wine.

When you're ready to wander, set up a guided trip around the island's north end with Jungle Tours, and you'll hike to a secluded waterfall, explore the tiny fishing village of Anse La Raye, and get a closer look at Mount Gimie, the island's highest peak. It might feel touristy to be driven around in a Jeep, but it's worse to be the jerk going 10 miles per hour on the twisting roads because he can't get the hang of driving on the left side. If you have more time, take a day trip to the Pitons (Saint Lucia's famous twin peaks), or visit the "drive-in" volcano and soak in the hot springs at Diamond Botanical Gardens, both near the southern town of Soufrière.

When you get back to Coco Palm, enjoy a drink under the thatched roof of the Caribbean restaurant Ti Bananne. You may not be able to drive on the left side of the road, but tell your waitress *mèsi* (thank you in Creole) and you'll at least feel a little more like a local. —Jennifer Chapman

COCO PALM

Rodney Bay
758-456-2800
coco-resorts.com

MISS MARIE'S

Reduit Beach, Rodney Bay

JUNGLE TOURS

758-715 34 38
jungletourststlucia.com

DIAMOND BOTANICAL GARDENS

Soufrière
758-459-7565
diamondstlucia.com

Don't make Heidi Smith, bartender at Jackalope, in Austin, TX, climb over the bar to throw you out.



EURO TRASHED

Austin bartender Heidi Smith shares her favorite beers from across the pond.

The human love affair with beer was built over many pints. Five thousand years ago, the Chinese, Egyptians, and Mesopotamians first fermented grains to yield a froth pretty different from today's pint. Ancient Greeks liked it so much, they drafted their own recipe, as did the Romans after them, then the Germans, Czechs, Belgians, and Irish. European brewing was born. Back in the Middle Ages, beer was more than just enjoyable; the "cooking" process rendered the liquid grain sterile, making it much safer to drink than

water. These days, beer is made of four primary ingredients: barley, hops, water, and yeast. Lagers and pilsners are made with "bottom-fermenting" yeasts, and are typically fermented at cooler temperatures; ales and stouts are made with "top-fermenting" yeasts, which ferment best at warmer temperatures. Whichever you prefer, there's a European version you'll want to try. Here, Heidi Smith, a bartender at Jackalope, in Austin, TX, shares some of her favorites. —Chris Doorley



CZECHVAR (CZECH REPUBLIC)

Lager

An Old Country brew with a hopped-up finish, this crisp, fresh beer left companies battling over the rights to the name, if not the original recipe. Meet Czechvar, the "weiser" Czech brother.



KROENENBURG 1664 (FRANCE)

Lager

Believe it or not, the French make good beer (they started in the mid-13th century). Perfectly bitter, this pale lager is popping up more and more in sixes or on tap at bars, even on this side of the Atlantic.



PILSNER URQUEL (CZECH REPUBLIC)

Pilsner

Hundreds of years ago, the Urquel brewery, in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, made such a refreshing lager that the term "pilsner" has become synonymous with lagers that imitate its style.



YOUNG'S OATMEAL STOUT (ENGLAND)

Stout

Roasted oats give this dark, smoky brew with 5.2 percent alcohol a creamy head and rich, toasty, smooth flavor. Not the everywhere stout, this may be the every time one.

BOOK DROP



BAND ID

by Bodhi Oser (Chronicle, \$40)
You recognize a band as much from their sound as you do from their logo. Think of the Rolling Stones, and you think of their tongue and lips logo (well, once you're done thinking about the physiological phenomena that must occur every day to keep Keith Richards alive). And what would a Motörhead T-shirt be without the band's name arched over the fanged face known

as Snaggletooth B. Motörhead? Or a Nirvana poster without the x-eyed smiley face? In fact, other than Elvis, almost every musician and band has defined themselves visually by a logo. Now, more than 1,000 of these graphics have been collected in this hardcover 420-page book. Look long enough, and you might just find your next tattoo.



PERMANENCE: TATTOO PORTRAITS

by Kip Fulbeck (Chronicle, \$20)
Every tattoo has a story, whether we want to tell it or not. University of California, Santa Barbara, professor Kip Fulbeck assembled this 276-page book with portraits of around 120 tattoo aficionados, along with handwritten blurbs from each about the stories behind their tattoos. Among those photographed are soccer moms, Hells Angels, CEOs, and celebs such as Scott Weiland, Chuck Liddell, and Joan Jett. Ever

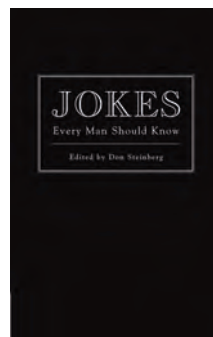
wondered about Kat Von D's neck tattoos? Chris Garver did them, after getting stoned. Anthrax's Scott Ian sat for a Gene Simmons tattoo after seeing them live in the late '70s. But the best stories come from those with something real to say, including Holocaust survivors, ex-cons, veterans, and cancer survivors.



M

by Jon J Muth (Abrams, \$25)
It took Fritz Lang six weeks to film *M*, his terrifying 1931 masterpiece about a child killer hunted down by Berlin's underworld. Famed watercolor artist Jon J Muth spent two years completing this graphic novel adaptation of Lang's creepy classic. It was worth the wait and the borderline-obsessive effort Muth put into it. He had friends act out each scene from the movie while he photographed them, then he made detailed drawings of the images, including thousands of lines for each panel, to which he added graphite, charcoal,

and oil paint. The paintings have finally been republished in this hardcover edition (they were first published in an out-of-print mini-series). Want a peak at his inspiration? The book includes a DVD of the original movie.



JOKES EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

by Don Steinberg (Quirk, \$10)
They say no man can get through life without learning how to change a tire and unsnap a bra. But there's something else: A man must learn enough jokes to get him through any social situation, like when he's meeting a potential mother-in-law, hanging out with the guys, or hitting on a bartender. At any of those moments, a well-prepared man can whip out *Jokes Every Man Should Know* and let fly. The pocket-sized book contains nine jokes about heaven and hell, eight jokes for kids, 19 jokes definitely not for kids, six light-bulb-jokes, seven bar jokes, and the only knock-knock joke worth telling. Here's a quickie: How many gang-murder witnesses does it take to change a light bulb? I didn't see any light bulb.



PINT-SIZED IRELAND: IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT GUINNESS

by Evan McHugh
(Thomas Dunne/St. Martins, \$14)
An Australian walks into an Irish bar and orders a Guinness. It sounds like the beginning of a joke, but it's the real premise behind this quirky memoir, now available in paperback. Australian McHugh lives in Sydney and had always hated Ireland's famed black gold. But upon visiting the Emerald Isle, he unintentionally starts on a pub crawl across the country in search of the best pint of Guinness. Along the way, he goes windsurfing with a one-armed man, falls in

love with the woman he one day marries, and comes to many alcohol-inspired, philosophical conclusions about life, like, "An acquired taste ... is usually code for, 'Be afraid, be very afraid.'" Does he ever find the perfect glass of black brew? We won't say, but reading about it made us go out and grab a pint.



REVISITED: A TRIBUTE TO TATTOO FLASH FROM THE PAST

(Revenant, \$75)
Here's a history book that doesn't involve a lot of big words. Don Ed Hardy brought tattoo flash to the forefront in his groundbreaking 1994 tattoo book, *Flash from the Past*. For this hardcover anthology, tattoo artists Steve Boltz and Bert Krak recruited more than 90 of the world's top tattoo artists and gave them each a page from Hardy's

book to reinterpret. Artists such as Todd Noble, Beppe, and Chad Koeplinger went to work with the directive to stay relatively true to the look and content of the original sheets, many of which date back to the early 20th century. The results are inspiring. After flipping through this page-turner, you'll quickly understand why classic tattoos will never be a passing fad. *Patty Lambert*



Clockwise from top left: Toyota offers custom rims; the Scion xB; chrome exhaust.



CORNER CULTURE

The 2008 Scions are tricked-out, affordable, and boxy as ever.

SCION XB

Engine: 2.4L I4, 158 hp
Starts \$15,650

SCION xD

Engine: 1.8L I4, 128 hp
Starts \$14,500

SCION tC

Engine: 2.4L I4, 161 hp
Starts \$17,000

The Corvette Sting Ray and the Aston Martin DB5 were unquestionably cool. Over the years, Toyotas were affordable and reliable, but never quite cool. Then, at the 2002 New York Auto Show, the auto giant introduced the Scion, a vehicle so boxy and weird it had to be cool.

The Scion models are indeed unlikely darlings of the two-lane blacktop fashion runway. The vehicle's designers went out of their way to add odd angles and create the unusual, boxy profile. The counterintuitive, default-to-the-weird aesthetic worked, and suddenly Scion was the go-to vehicle for hip buyers attracted by base prices as low as \$14,500, a trove of standard equipment, and the option to add factory-authorized customization such as rims and spoilers.

The redesigned xB and the spunky new xD hatchback expand on the theme. The earlier xB edition, discontinued in 2006, had distinct sharp corners that accentuated the rolling box profile, but the 2008 revival, which appeared last summer, is smoother around the edges. The main strengths of the new xB are the bigger size, roomier cabin, and more powerful 158-horsepower 2.4-liter I4 engine borrowed from the best-selling Toyota Camry. For \$15,650 with a manual transmission, or \$16,600 with an automatic, the new xB is sharper looking and has more vigor under the hood, better interior-space planning for more comfort, and cargo capacity for more stuff.

Also new in the Scion lineup is the xD, which replaced the original xA hatchback that was discontinued in 2006.

This quick subcompact is powered by an aggressive 128-horsepower 1.8-liter I4 engine that is practical and fuel efficient, with EPA ratings of 27 miles per gallon in the city, and 33 on the highway. Despite overall dimensions that give the xD an unbelievably tight turning radius, the car yields comfortably seats five. Starting at just \$14,500, it's one of the best values on the road.

Completing the Scion line-up is the tC coupe, which, other than a few cosmetic tweaks to the body panels up front and in the rear, is unchanged for 2008. In some ways the tC has always been the odd duck of the Scion family because it's such a pure and elegant beauty. Sculpted in the traditional fastback stance, this pup is powered by a boisterous 161-horsepower 2.4-liter I4 engine, which (mated with the 5-speed manual transmission) makes the tC one of the most satisfying performance rides on the streets, especially for a mere \$17,000. As with the other Scion models, premium standard equipment—like the better-than-average standard sound system and a standard moon roof—make the tC a steal.

Perhaps the best thing about the Scion's 2008 lineup is the continuing focus on factory-installed customization. From custom 18-inch alloy wheels and spoilers to full body kits including rocker panel extensions, air dams, and wheel flares, the customizing devotee with a few thousand dollars can add personality to his ride. Not that the Scion needs it. —George Polgar

FOR MORE INFORMATION
AND FREE STICKERS AND DVDS,
PLEASE VISIT

petaz.com

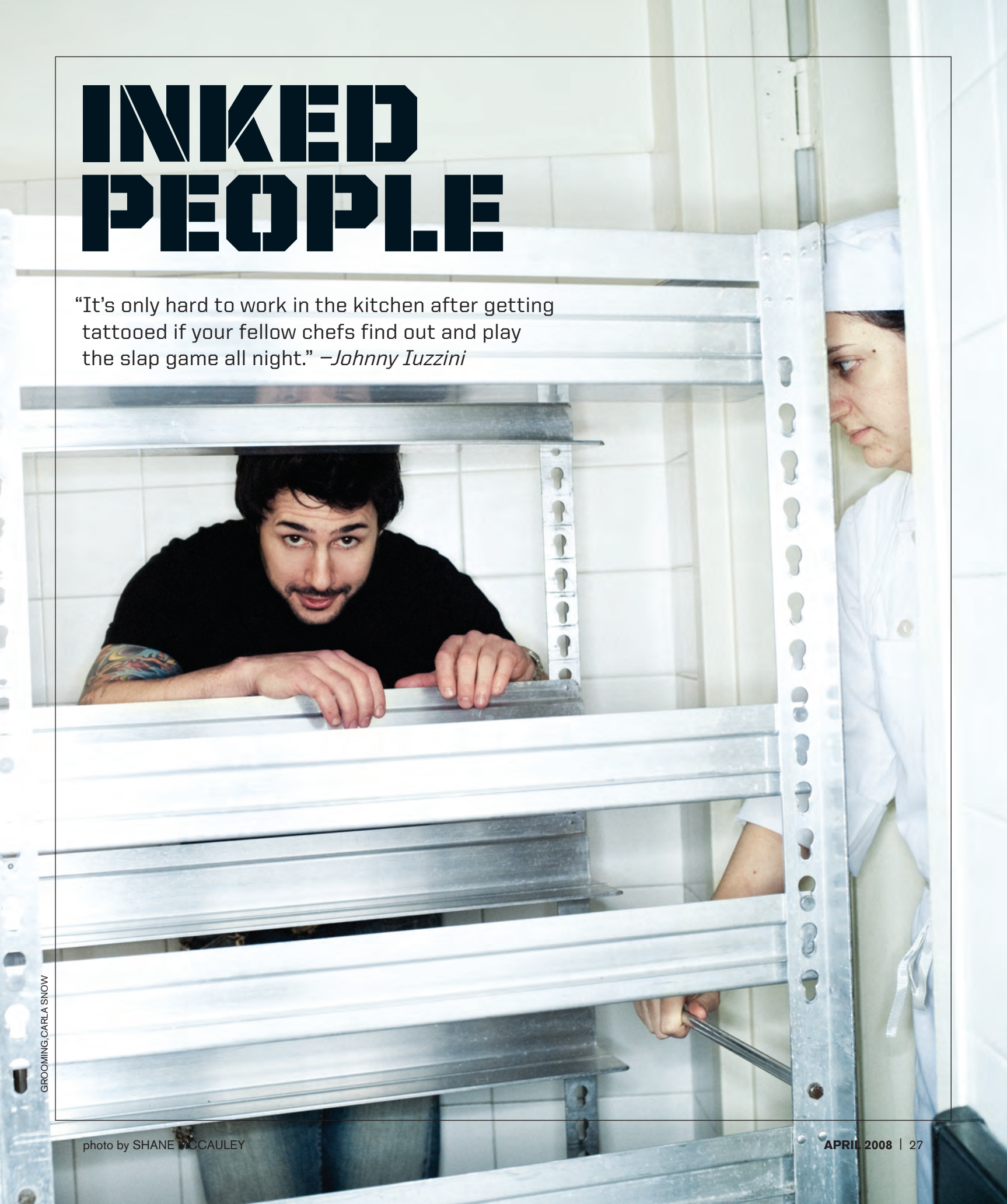


"I'D RATHER *Go*
Naked
THAN WEAR FUR"

—RIGEL SUICIDE

INKED PEOPLE

"It's only hard to work in the kitchen after getting tattooed if your fellow chefs find out and play the slap game all night." —*Johnny Iuzzini*



GROOMING: CARLA SNOW

ALLISON BURNS

“When I shop at Nordstrom, the store employees follow me around,” says Los Angeles makeup artist and handbag designer Allison Burns. If only those department store employees, on the look for shoplifters, knew they were tailing the head of a handbag line coveted by celebrities and now sold at Bergdorf Goodman and more than 250 boutiques worldwide.

Burns started her company in 2001; at the time she had already been working in Hollywood as a makeup artist for more than a decade, and she often wore her own handcrafted accessories to work. It was client Jillian Barberie who finally convinced her to sell the bags. The company took off after stars like Cameron Diaz and Cate Blanchett were photographed carrying her slouchy rock-inspired leather designs. Burns’ makeup clients, like Paris Hilton and Kelly Osbourne, are also fans of the bags. Just don’t expect her to dish any dirt on them. “I love all those Hollywood girls, and because of my tattoos I know what it feels like to be perceived in a certain way, so I try not to do that to others,” she says.

Burns’s success as a designer didn’t stop her from doing makeup. One of her favorite projects was overseeing the makeup for a Rob Zombie video, and she recently paired with longtime friend, singer Theo Kogan, to launch a makeup line called Armour. One of the first products they are launching is a cherry-red lip gloss—and that’s not surprising, since Burns has a thing for fruit.

In fact, one of her largest tattoos is a back piece featuring a bunch of grapes and vines done by Kevin Quinn. “I like the idea of grapes. It’s food, it’s drink, it’s the fruit of life,” she says. After the grapes, she also got a pineapple (inspired by a trip to Hawaii), a strawberry on her hand, cherry cufflinks, a sour lemon, and a peach on her arm in honor of her nickname “Peaches,” which was what friends called her back in New York City.

In addition to all the fruit, Burns has other ink, including an angel, a devil, the word “Mom,” butterflies, an Ohm symbol, and her most recent, cherry blossoms on her left arm that were done by Juan Puente. Other artists who have inked her include Chris Garver, Bob Roberts, Magenta, Mike Wilson, and Dennis Halbritter. “I like going to different people for tattoos. And they all say they love adding their art to other people’s art.”

Burns has plans for more ink in the future, and more projects. This past winter she helped set up a benefit rock concert, Give Me Shelter, to raise funds for The Teen Project, a charity her sister created to help teens in foster care transition into adulthood. And she’s been asked to serve as a guest designer for fashion companies Bebe, Nicky Hilton, and Hello Kitty. Now she’s fighting to find time for tattoos: “I want to finish my sleeves. I’m 41 now, so hopefully I will be done by the time I’m 50.” —*Jennifer Chapman*



THE NIGHT MARCHERS

Jonathan Reis knows reinvention. As the frantic singer/guitarist/commander-in-chief for beloved acts Rocket From the Crypt, Drive Like Jehu, and Hot Snakes, Reis has sweated his way across stages under a series of monikers, from Speedo to the Swami. With his new band, The Night Marchers, Reis has another chance at reinvention. This time, he wants to be a ghost.

"We are apparitions of fallen street warriors that lurk in the subterranean abyss that is the professional nightclub scene," says Reis. "We're ghosts of bad ideas from long ago that refuse to dissipate into the ether and are fiercely loyal to our desire to wreak havoc on ourselves and share in the pain with a small group of likeminded individuals, sprinkled throughout the globe to share in the communion of our wobbling, vibromatic blues wailing."

Um ... totally.

While not as booming as Jehu or as riffastic as RFTC, the Marchers thunder in their own way through their Swami Records debut, *See You In Magic*. Backed by bassist Tommy Kitsos and ex-Hot Snakes Gar Wood (guitar) and Jason Kourkounis (drums), the Marchers leap with the flick of a riff from the super-amped '60s rock of "I Wanna Deadbeat You" to the snarling hand-holder "Panther in Crime."

"Some of things we do are designed to make you seasick," explains Reis. "Not necessarily like you want to dance, more like you just want to fall down. The real reason we do [this] is a feeling we get from the music. We think it's a neglected sound that needs to be held high over the head like a new born baby. Don't worship us, it's this thing we can all be proud of. Nurture this thing, this sound, and give it love and care so it will succeed. When you see us, it's not about seeing us but seeing this thing."

Reis knows a thing or two about the act of worship; fans of RFTC did so by tattooing the band's oft-reproduced rocket icon all over themselves, so much so that the band adopted a policy to let any fan with a RFTC tattoo into their concerts free-of-charge, which wasn't always the easiest thing to pull off, according to Reis.

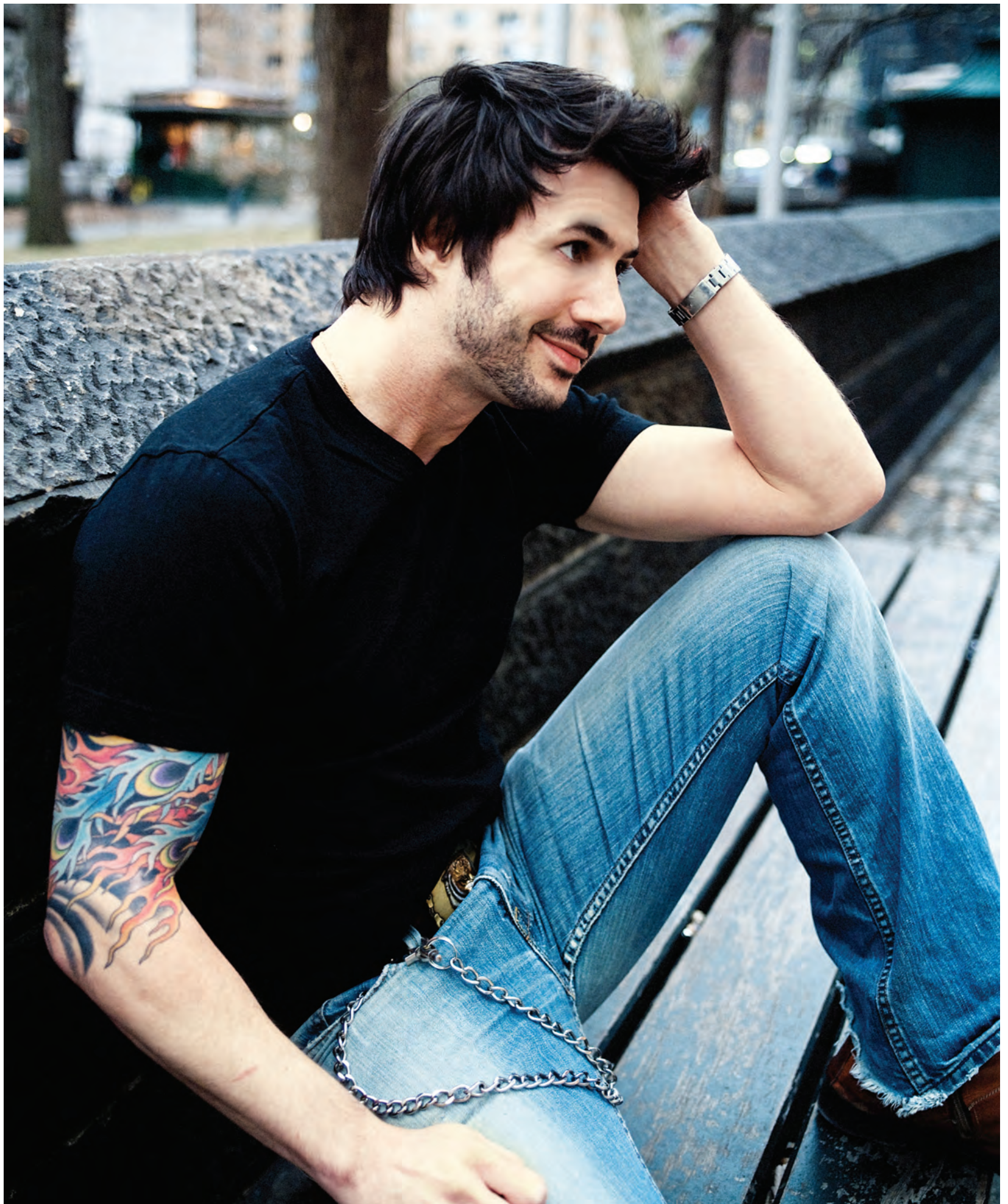
"We always tried to let people in who had a Rocket tattoo. Sometimes you couldn't because of the venue, or sometimes it just wouldn't work because of the sheer number of people who would show up with them."

Reis likens his own tattoos to postcards, very addictive postcards that he affectionately refers to as his semi-permanent "patch job."

"I don't have this spiritual connection with my tattoos. That's not to say they were just a whim either. I think we're all pretty disposable in the end. They say it's permanent but nothing is permanent. You know how it works, once you get one or two you just go for it. I literally have patches all over me. I get them on the road, I'll meet a guy, we're feeling it, we have a beer, I'll do it right there. It's like going on a roadtrip and having a Missouri or Idaho patch." —Casey Lynch







JOHNNY LUZZINI

The desserts at New York City's Jean Georges are some of the most sought-after sweets in the world. Tasty dishes, such as a citrus quartet featuring delicious innovations like halvah powder and a gelled Meyer lemon curd with lemon poppy cake, are the work of pastry whiz Johnny Luzzini, who honed his sweet craft at a list of the city's most-hallowed culinary temples. "I did whatever I had to do to work with the best," he explains.

Raised in rural New York, the star chef built his career from the butcher's table up. At 17, he got a job at Brooklyn's River Café but struggled with butchering meat. Growing up outside the city with a mother whose career involved nursing sick and injured animals back to health made him sensitive to animal suffering. "I said a Hail Mary every time I had to boil a lobster," he says.

Across the kitchen, Luzzini noticed River Café's pastry chef, Eric Gouteyron, spending hours creating chocolate sculptures. "I apprenticed for him for free after my 10-hour shift," says Luzzini. "I saw how creative and precise pastry work could be. I was already enrolled at the CIA [Culinary Institute of America], though I hadn't started yet. I called and asked them to transfer to the pastry program."

Before coming to Jean Georges, Luzzini was mentored by a string of culinary luminaries, including François Payard and Daniel Boulud, until a series

of major life crises several years ago nearly deterred his growing career. "In a single year, my father had three heart attacks, my mother was battling cancer, and my fiancé left me and married someone else," he says.

At the time, he considered quitting. "I'm not the type that creates from misery," he says. But a book that referenced the story of the phoenix, a mythical bird that burns and regenerates from its own ashes, inspired Luzzini to soldier on. Part of his renewed commitment to himself and his work involved getting a phoenix tattoo, an intricate three-quarter-length sleeve designed by Chris O'Donnell of New York Adorned. "It took a total of 17 hours. My mother passed away just before it was completed," says Luzzini. In her honor, he's now working with O'Donnell to design a piece for his other arm that will depict a griffin, the mythological creature that stands for protection and strength.

In the meantime, Luzzini is back in the kitchen, where he shuns the concept of signature dishes and claims he doesn't care about customer favorites. "People have expectations for appetizers and entrées, but with dessert they are willing to take a chance," he says. "They'll try anything. Dessert is a fantasy, a bonus." —*Joy Manning*

SHAWN BARBER

"My art has become a history lesson for me," reflects San Francisco artist Shawn Barber. "I'm constantly learning about the tattoo industry, the people that have defined it, and those who have changed it."

The 37-year-old painter has devoted the past three years to creating *Tattooed Portraits*, a bold collection of paintings of artists with tattoos, tattoo artists, tattooed art, and tattooist materials. The pieces, which average about 30 inches by 40 inches, reveal Barber's talent for capturing a raw sense of simplicity existing in a swirl of intricate designs, patterns, and colors.

He creates more than 100 paintings a year, and those have been collected into two books, 2006's highly successful coffee table tome, *Tattooed Portraits*, and the recent follow-up *Forever and Ever*, which contains "The New York Experience," a two-and-a-half month project for which Barber photographed and painted the hands of 25 respected New York City tattoo artists.

"Hands are an artist's primary tools, the thing most connected to your work, the most intimate part of your body," Barber muses. "Hands are totally unique, and to show the difference between them is fascinating."

The New York native became interested in tattoos during his teens (he first

got inked when he was 16). But it wasn't until he developed a more sophisticated art appreciation while attending art school in Florida in his mid-twenties, and after graduation, when he move to San Francisco, that he began to understand the tattoo as fine art.

"I'm a heavily tattooed person, and fascinated by portraiture and art history, so spending the past three years in San Francisco, the mecca of the American tattoo, brought all of these things together and really inspired me to document tattoo culture," Barber says.

The next chapter in *Tattooed Portraits* is a solo show documenting the Los Angeles ink scene, which will be displayed at Billy Shire Fine Arts in Los Angeles in July. "I'll probably continue to work on this series for the rest of my life," Barber reflects, "constantly trying new things and exploring different aspects of documenting the artists and culture of contemporary tattooing."

Barber is even trying his hand at tattooing. He's been working through an apprenticeship for the past year and a half with Mike Davis at Everlasting Tattoo in San Francisco. He admits it's tough. "I'm still surprised at the awkwardness of the medium. ... It's much more difficult than you'd expect." —*Jessalynn Keller*



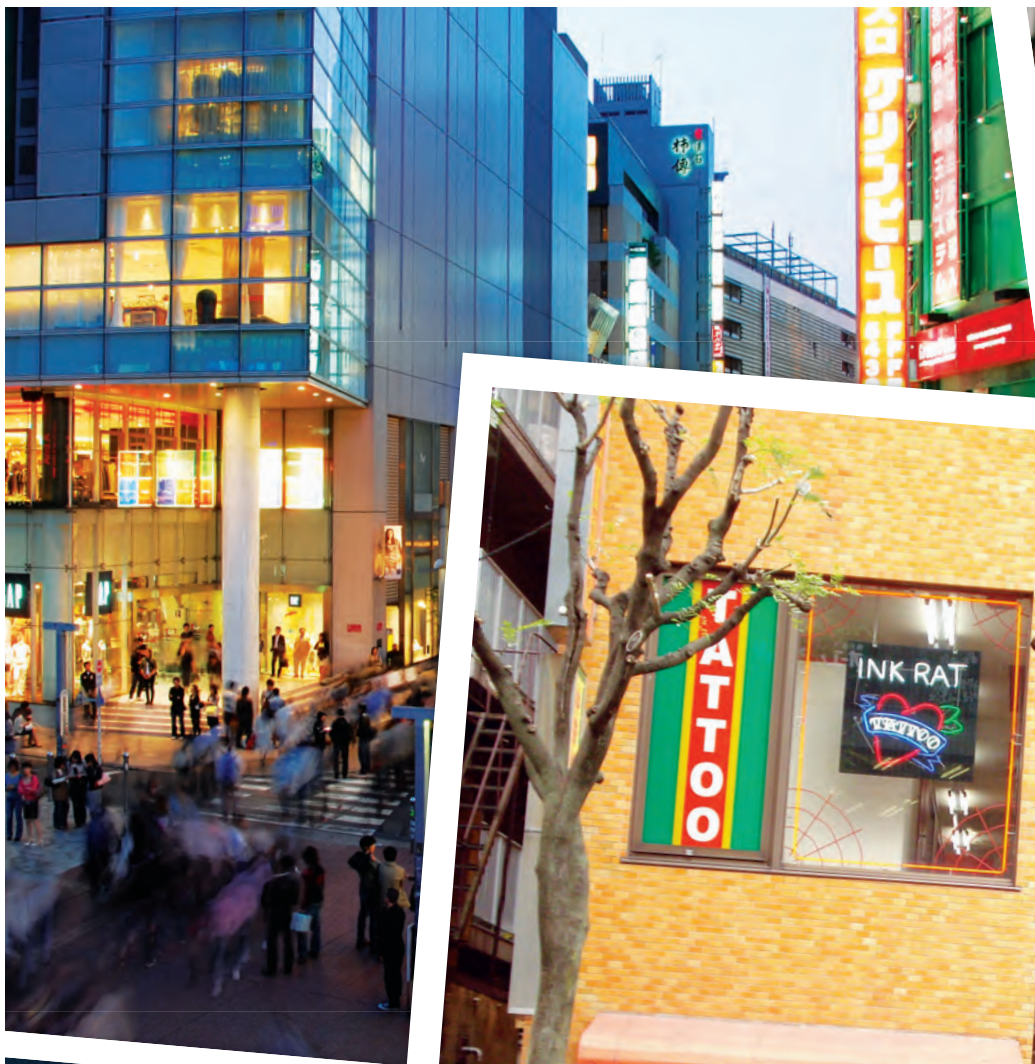
**I would love to be killed
by a beautiful woman.**

Donny Miller

INKED WELL.

STYLIST: RISA KNIGHT; HAIR: YIOTIS PANAYIOTOU FOR KERASTASE PARIS/CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; MAKEUP: SAMMY MOURABIT FOR SMASHBOX COSMETICS/CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; MODEL: SABINA KELLEY

“The farthest I’ve traveled for a tattoo was Japan. I went there to have Horimoto tattoo cherry blossoms on my right arm.” —*Sabina Kelley*





Flight & Date | Vol et date:

Class | Class

PLAN A SUMMER TRIP TO GET TATTOOED
WITH OUR ROUNDUP OF ADVENTURES.

SEVEN WONDERS

FROM THE ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME TO THE
TAKING-YOUR-LIFE-IN-YOUR-HANDS.

Name | Nom: NIKKI SONESEN // MELISSA PEARCE // JASON BUHRMESTER

Boarding Pass | Carte d'accès a bord



The streets of Tokyo at dusk.

1 Flight Arrival: TOKYO, JAPAN

INK: Inkrat Tattoo, inkrattattoo.com

Any Tokyo tattoo trip worth a rusty yen would include a Horimono hand-poke tattoo. Every year, countless ink enthusiasts make the pilgrimage to Japan in hope of experiencing the country's traditional tattoo. On your trip to Japan, do something different and get yourself a fine traditional American tattoo done right in Japan's capital. In a Far East twist on tradition, Inkrat Tattoo in Tokyo specializes in classic U.S.-style artwork. "The Japanese style is still very popular here, but we love American traditional tattoos," says Inkrat artist Hata, who works alongside Rei at the two-man shop. "We wanted to show people how great American traditional tattoos are, and we do our best every day." The Inkrat studio is located a few blocks from the Koenji train station in Koenji, a Tokyo neighborhood known for used clothing shops. An hour of work will cost you 15,000 yen (about \$140), and appointments are best booked two months in advance. Inkrat regularly features guest spots from top artists from around the world, including recent appearances by Mario Desa, Uncle Allan, and Chad Koeplinger. And don't worry about getting lost in translation. Hata and Rei both speak basic English, as does the Inkrat staff.

STAY: Shibuya Hotel Excel Tokyu, \$200 to \$250 per night, tokyuhotelsjapan.com

Tokyo's youth culture is twisted and weird, like an '80s cartoon on acid. The Shibuya Hotel Excel sits sandwiched between two gathering places for Tokyo's flashiest: Harajuku Station, where girls dressed as Goth Lolitas and magna characters hang out, and Yoyogi Park, where clusters of rockably dancers

get down. The hotel is also close to shopping and several subway lines, and staggering distance from a string of bars and clubs. Just don't stumble into the street: The mind-boggling traffic at Shibuya Crossing makes it one of the busiest intersections in the world.

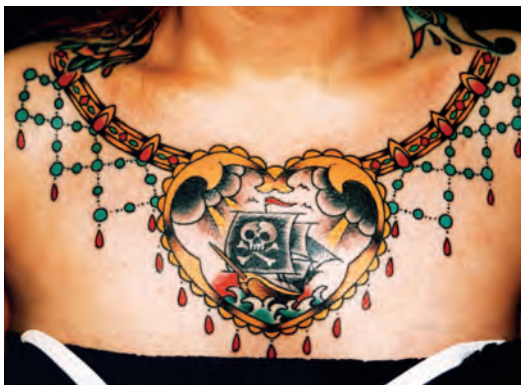
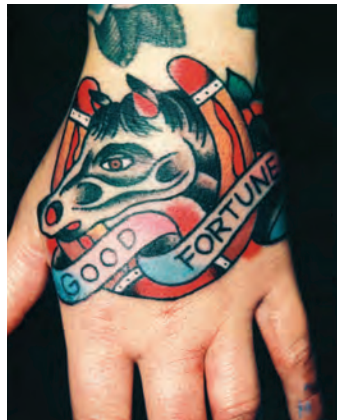
SEE: The Graves of the 47 Ronin, free

The Sengakuji Temple is famous for its graveyard, resting place of the famed 47 Ronin. When their leader was forced to commit suicide after an altercation with a court official, 47 loyal samurai spent a year plotting revenge. In 1702, the team stormed the official's house, cut off his head, and returned to Sengakuji Temple to place the severed head on the grave of their leader and later commit ritual suicide. The temple grounds are a two-minute walk from the Sengakuji subway station and include a museum and the graves of the samurai and their leader. Be sure to check out the blood-splattered stone where their leader committed suicide.

DRINK: Garage Land, mm.visia.jp/garageland/index.php

Tokyo is home to some of the best rock 'n' roll bars on the planet, one of them being Garage Land. Its sign, a knock-off of the Sex Pistol's *Never Mind the Bollocks* cover, lets you know what waits inside. With punk and rock 'n' roll spinning, boozers sit at a long bar or around a handful of tables underneath video screens playing vintage clips of The Clash and The Damned. Draft beers will cost you about \$5, a relative bargain in pricey Tokyo. But pace yourself—Garage Land doesn't close until 5 a.m.

PHOTO: Y. SHIMIZU/JINTO



Clockwise from top left: Rei at work at Inktrat Tattoo; the graveyard of the famed 47 Ronin; Lolita girls at Tokyo's Harajuku Station; follow the sign to Garage Land for a drink; chest piece by Hata at Inktrat Tattoo; interior of Inktrat Tattoo; hand tattoo by Rei at Inktrat Tattoo.

From left: Bangkok's historic Grand Palace; monks practicing traditional tattooing at Wat Bang Phra Temple.



2

Flight Arrival:

BANGKOK, THAILAND

INK: Wat Bang Phra Temple

Every day, hundreds of people trek by foot, bike, and car to Bangkok's Wat Bang Phra Temple in hopes of being tattooed by Buddhist monks. Considered amulets of protection, tattoos are delivered by hand-poking the ink into the skin with large steel needles, each about 18 inches long. Monks at the temple tattoo on a first-come, first-serve basis beginning at 8 a.m., and each tattoo takes about 15 minutes and approximately 3,000 strikes of the needle to complete. Visitors choose a design from a wall of symbols of protection and prayer then pay for the tattoo with an offering to Buddha of cigarettes, flowers, or other small items, which can be purchased at the door. Just beware: Monks use the same set of needles on each tattoo, all day. Blood-borne diseases are prevalent in Thailand, so try to be the first person of the day. If possible, ask politely if you can lay down plastic wrap and use fresh ink. On rare occasions, the monks will allow you to bring your own inks. Andrea Elston, a tattooist from East Side Ink, in New York City, made this pilgrimage almost a decade ago. Although she only planned to have the back of her neck tattooed, when the monk suggested he continue across her shoulders, she bit her lip, and braced for the worst. At the end of the ceremony, the head monk blessed everyone and ritual smoke was blown out through the temple. "We all saw an unexplainable white light surrounding the monk," Andrea recalls of the blessing. "It was an unexpected spiritual experience that no one could explain."

STAY: Royal Princess Hotel Larn Luang, \$100 to \$250 per night, dusit.com
Located in the center of Bangkok's historic Rattanakosin Island district, the Royal Princess Larn Luang is a reasonably priced four-star hotel with a pool

and decent restaurants. The hotel is situated close to many of the city's best sites, including Bangkok's Grand Palace and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha. The remote location is a decent walk from the wild Khao San Road area, but the well-known name means any taxi or "tuk tuk" driver will know the hotel no matter how much you slur.

SEE: Muay Thai Boxing Matches, \$8 to \$32

Muay Thai is literally "thai boxing," otherwise known as "the art of eight limbs," a kicking, punching, and knee-smashing style of fighting. Don't miss an opportunity to see it live. Matches are held at one of the many boxing stadiums in Bangkok, the largest of which are Lumpini and Ratchadamnoen. Both are centrally located and quite inexpensive. Cards include about 10 fights; \$8 buys a ticket in the stands and \$32 will sit you ringside. Fights begin with a ritual ceremony and end after five brutal rounds, or when a competitor cannot continue. One warning: Thai people take boxing seriously, so don't be surprised if you're surrounded by shouting fans frantically gambling on every fight.

DRINK: Khao San Road

The gaudy neon lights and blaring music at the crowded street stalls on Khao San Road are a magnet for backpackers and travelers looking for their next drink. Try Hippie de Bar, a small club loaded with glowing lights and Thailand's take on kitsch, then head down the road to Gullivers, a Thai version of an American sports bar, or Brick Bar, a European jazz bar with a house band. Later, grab an ostrich satay from a street vendor and a pair of knock-off Nikes for the walk back to the hotel. Looking for the city's legendary sex clubs? Take your chances in the Patpong area.

3

Flight Arrival:

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND

INK: The Leu Family's Family Iron

The Leu family is tattoo history's honored and reclusive royalty. The nomadic clan has been tattooing for more than 30 years and spans two generations, beginning with father Felix Leu, who tattooed in Kosovo in the '70s, and passed the trade down to son, Filip. After years of traveling, the family settled in Lausanne, where they founded the Leu Family's Family Iron, featuring work by Filip, his wife, Titine, mother Loretta, and artists such as Rinzing and Wido de Marval. Filip spent several years traveling to learn under masters such as Hori-toshi and Ed Hardy, and over three decades, the family forged an honored rep, mainly for traditional Japanese-style tattoos but also Indian and fantasy imagery that reflected the family's travels. Filip specializes in full-body suits spectacular enough to send fans from around the world on return trips to sleepy Lausanne to finish 60 hours of work. So how do you get chair time with this legendary family? You don't. With no website, no e-mail, and no known direct contact, it's who you know that gets you in. Appointments are hard to come by and rumor has it Filip is already booked well into 2010. Your best bet: tattoo conventions. Family members have been known to pop up at them, sometimes unannounced or under fake names. Nobody said it would be easy.

STAY: Grand Hôtel du Lac, \$250 to \$350 per night, hoteldulac-vevey.ch

Located just outside Lausanne on the banks of beautiful Lake Geneva, Grand Hôtel du Lac in Vevey is a travel destination of its own. Each room boasts an incredible view of the lake or nearby Alps, and the hotel offers a range of activi-

ties from sailing trips to hiking and horseback riding. A day of skiing, ice-skating, or snowshoeing is only a 15-minute drive away. Or, just admire the Alps from afar while sitting on your ass by the outdoor pool.

SEE: Château de Chillon, \$12, www.chillon.ch/en/

The Château de Chillon embodies the best parts of European history—warfare and dungeons. Expanded into a fortress in the 13th century, Chillon includes 25 buildings situated at the top of a cobblestone road that leads directly into Italy. Although known for its architecture (largely Roman and Gothic), the castle is also infamous for the prisoners once held in its bloody dungeon, including Lord Byron who lived here while writing his famous poem "Prisoner of Chillon." Want something more peaceful? Lay flowers at the grave of Audrey Hepburn, who is buried in Morges, about 15 minutes outside of Lausanne.

DRINK: Taco's Bar, www.tacos-bar.ch

Slip through the street-level doorway, down two dark flights of stairs, and through a heavy curtain to Taco's Bar, a hidden basement pub and music venue. Taco's is equipped with several bars, plenty of seating, and pool tables crowded around brick columns. A stage in the back regularly hosts bands (mostly rockabilly) and Texas blues-rock, but you might catch a Celtic rock group now and then. The bar stocks a long list of beers, including a massive selection of delicious Belgian beers, and serves a Swiss version of Tex-Mex food. Want some gruyère with your nachos?



Clockwise from left: A lucky stiff gets a rare appointment with tattoo recluse Filip Leu; the interior of Taco's Bar; exterior of Hotel Du Lac.



Clockwise from top left: Tiki god; Tahitian feast on the beach with music; James Samuela at work on a traditional Tahitian-style tattoo; stay at Te Nunoa Bungalow on the island of Moorea, just behind Samuela's shop.

4 Flight Arrival: MOOREA, TAHITI

INK: James Samuela's Moorea Tattoo, mooreatattoo.com

Tahitians didn't just help invent the tattoo, they also invented the word. The traditional Tahitian tattoo is created using a comb with three to 20 needles carved from shell, bone, or shark's teeth that is tapped with a wooden stick to drive the needle and the ink into the skin. The sound created by the process ("tat tat") inspired the Tahitian word *tautau*. James Samuela is one of the few remaining tattooists still practicing traditional Tahitian methods. At his shop on the island of Moorea, a seven-minute flight or 30-minute ferry ride from Tahiti, Samuela fabricates his own instruments from a tree branch, fiber string, and wild boar tusks acquired from a local hunter. Although he was born in Tahiti, Samuela studied art in Paris before returning to his homeland to learn Polynesian tattoo methods. "The most important point is that I learned the basics from them, like symbolism and the ancestral traditional technique," says Samuela. "However, the way I tattoo today is the result of developing my own technique. The technique I developed to carve the tools allows me to be more creative in my work. I think I've created a better and sharper tool." And once Samuela is finished pounding in your ink, he'll even give you the handmade comb as a souvenir.

STAY: Te Nunoa Bungalow, \$250 per night, mooreabungalow.com

Tattoo Travel Tip No. 109: Try to stay near the shop you're visiting. That way, you won't wind up lost in a back alley and miss your appointment while searching for someone who speaks enough English to give you directions. Tattooist James Samuela and his wife, a Tahitian travel agent, opened Te Nunoa, a private rental bungalow located next to their Moorea Tattoo shop on the island

of Moorea. The bungalow includes private access to the beach, a barbecue, kayaks, and bicycles. Visit Samuela for some fresh ink and you'll only be a few steps from a hot shower and some painkillers when he's finished.

SEE: Marine Life Tour, \$50 to \$300, truetahitivacation.com

The waters around Moorea are loaded with marine life, including several species of shark, and the island is considered the best in French Polynesia for whale watching. Several companies offer boat trips for about \$50 that will let you observe sharks, stingrays, and even whales (during humpback whale season from July to October). If you want to get closer, sign up for a snorkeling excursion where you'll feed stingrays (\$75) or visit the Moorea Dolphin Center and swim with dolphins (about \$300). Don't like water? Register for an ATV ride around Opunohu Bay and up to Belvedere Lookout, a peak offering a 360-degree view of the island.

DRINK: Tahitian Feast at the Tiki Village, about \$130 per person, truetahitivacation.com

Playing with rum, fire, and knives usually ends in a trip to the emergency room, but Tahitians are pros at mixing all three. The Tiki Village on Moorea is a recreation of a thatch-roofed Polynesian village built on the edge of the Lagoon of Haapiti. The Village plays host to nightly Tahitian feasts, complete with performers who carve Tiki idols, make leis, and demonstrate traditional Polynesian dances and music. Fish, chicken, and pork are cooked in an underground oven while you down rum punch and prepare for the finale—a performance by Tahitian fire and knife dancers.

5

Flight Arrival:

CAIRO, EGYPT

INK: Street Tattooers of the Cairo Souk

When it comes to tattooing, Egyptians are the true old-school. Wall paintings in tombs and temples suggest that tattooing there dates back to 2000 B.C., and Egyptologists have discovered female mummies adorned with blue-black markings. Street tattooists in the souks (street bazaars) of Cairo date back to 1800 A.D., and many of the stalls there today have been in the same place for centuries. These tattooists line the streets with design sheets and prices laid out on carpets, which also serve as their workspace. Designs are mostly Christian, including the Coptic cross and images of Mary, Christ, the crucifix, and various saints—each for a few dinars. Tattoos are crude at best, applied in the same manner they have been over the last three centuries (a single needle dipped into a mixture of Indian ink is tapped into the skin), and there are no safeguards against blood disease. That's not your only risk. The souks are dangerous places, for locals and foreigners alike. Learn to say "La" ("No" in Arabic), be firm with the locals, and remember: No street vendor or bathroom attendant will ever have change. Keep in mind that in the Arab world there is a potential fee for everything. Even taking pictures of a quiet street will lead to palms held out for money. And remember what mom always said: Don't go with anyone you don't know, don't take items from strangers, and stay off the camels (their owners charge one fee to get on and a significantly larger one to get off).

STAY: Mövenpick Resort, \$200 per night, moevenpick-hotels.com

A mile from the Great Pyramids and Sphinx at Giza, the Mövenpick Resort at the Cairo Pyramids will quickly become your sanctuary after a day in the chaotic streets of Cairo. The unique layout features a bungalow village buried amongst lush gardens, providing an oasis of calm where you can relax by the

pool, hit the sauna, and play tennis or racquetball. Throw yourself into a long day of sightseeing in the frenzied streets then enjoy dinner at the garden restaurant or rooftop bar with a full view of the pyramids laid out in front of you.

SEE: Nile Cruise

Cairo is crowded with cool and creepy things to see including pyramids, tombs, and temples. To cover as many as possible, take one of the many Nile cruises. Available in a range of 7- to 14-day adventures, cruises are all-inclusive, with adequate sleeping quarters, meals, translators, guides, and ground transportation to each site. Begin in Cairo, where a private car will escort you to the incredible Cairo Museum and the Great Pyramids at Giza, and then board the boat where you will travel by night and sightsee by day. Stops include the temples of Ramses II at Abu Simbel, the Temple of Horus at Edfu, the temples at Karnak and Luxor, and the Valley of the Kings, where 500 years of rulers are buried.

Nightlife: Sound and Light Show at the Giza Plateau Pyramids, \$8

Cairo is one destination where you'll want to save your drinking for the hotel bar and instead put your evening to good use by taking in the Sound and Light Show at the Giza Plateau Pyramids. The hour-long show plays three times a night in multiple languages and tells the history of ancient Egypt through the use of floodlights, lasers, and special effects set to a booming soundtrack. It sounds hokey, but there is something eerie about sitting in the moonlight near these monuments and listening to their story. Bring a sweater or blanket since the desert cools off at night, and pack some booze to toast the thousands who died building these suckers.



Clockwise from above: Boat trip down the Nile; poolside at the Mövenpick Hotel with pyramids in the background; the Cairo markets are filled with street tattooists.



Clockwise from top left: Inside the Old Melbourne Gaol, where Ned Kelly was jailed; Melbourne skyline at night; tattoo legend Bev Nicholas in front of her original pin-up photo at Moving Pictures Studios.

Flight Arrival: **MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA**

INK: Moving Pictures Studios

Australia's tattoo history is traced through the life story of 65-year-old Bev Nicholas. In the '60s, a 19-year-old Nicholas (then Robinson) received four tattoos in a single night and toured the country as "Cindy Ray," a pinup girl and sideshow attraction billed as "the classy lassie with the tattooed chassis." Later, she married and stumbled into tattooing. "I really didn't have any choice," she remembers. "My ex-husband had a tattoo shop on the waterfront and he got into a fight one night. He broke his hand and said, 'Well, you can tattoo.' It's quite ironic, really." She has been tattooing for 46 years and owned Melbourne's Moving Pictures Studios for 38. Over the years, Lyle Tuttle, Ed Hardy, and Ms. Mikki have all made the pilgrimage to see their friend. Kenny McPharlane, who bought the studio from Nicholas three years ago, decided to show his admiration for her with a large mural depicting her modeling days. Its artist, Mark Walsh, is now an apprentice, joining tattooist Adam Tibbitts. Nicholas, an animal lover, is passionate about tigers: "Every time somebody comes in and says they want a tiger, I run out and get the folder of them!" Nicholas is the first to tell you she doesn't act her age, and at the party for her induction into Lyle Tuttle's Tattoo Art Museum's Tattoo Hall of Fame, at the St. Louis Old School Tattoo Expo 2006, Nicholas was dared to ride down a five-story slide. "They said I wasn't game enough to do it, but I went off like a rocket in my ball gown," she laughs.

STAY: Jasper Hotel, \$170, jasperhotel.com.au

Flopping on friends' couches and floors is easy on the finances, but sometimes traveling in style is worth it, especially when you can afford it. Melbourne's Jasper Hotel is an affordable boutique hotel within walking distance of the city's best sites, such as the Queen Victoria Market, the largest

open-air market in the southern hemisphere, and the National Gallery of Victoria. The Jasper is all about atmosphere; the corridor on each floor is saturated in a different color, while the rooms are done in relaxing neutral tones. Plus, the hotel's Jasper Kitchen serves better food than you'll find in your friends' fridges.

SEE: Old Melbourne Gaol, \$16, oldmelbournegaol.com.au

Victoria's oldest surviving prison was built between 1841 and 1864, closed in 1929, and now stands as one of Australia's most haunted sites and the scene of 136 hangings, including the country's most infamous outlaw, the bushranger Ned Kelly. Try the Crime and Justice Experience where you'll be arrested in a police station, put on trial, and walked down the road to the gallows. Later, view the hangman's box, and don't miss the death masks, which are used to predict criminal behavior based on the study of phrenology. Think you're tough? Test your constitution on an eerie candlelit night tour.

DRINK: Madame Brussels, madamebrussels.com

Madame Brussels is named after one of Melbourne's original and best-known brothel owners, a former sweetheart of the Duke of Edinburgh who opened her first brothel in 1879 at the age of 28. Now a bar, Madame Brussels gives off a wacky British vibe, including lawn tennis and fruit punch among the fake indoor grass, little pathways, and a hedged bar. Hit the Grotto, a room just beyond the garden gate that boasts more than 20 of the world's finest rums. Host Miss Pearls oversees regular events including barbecues and garden parties, an Alice in Wonderland bash, and useful workshops, such as "How Not to Drink Wine Like a Wanker."

7

Flight Arrival:

AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS

SHOP: Tattoo Peter, tattoopeter.nl

Throughout history, any seaside port crawling with sailors, from Hawaii's Hotel Street (see page 48) to Amsterdam, was rife with places to get stewed, screwed, and tattooed. Amsterdam's legendary Red Light District is one of the few of these areas still operating. Along streets where prostitutes dance in windows sits Tattoo Peter, one of Europe's oldest tattoo parlors. The storefront was opened more than 50 years ago by Pier de Haan, a one-legged artist from a small fishing town outside of Amsterdam, who set up shop here after years of lugging a battery pack and a tattoo gun to bars in a search for sailors who might be talked into an on-the-spot tattoo. Haan sold the business to Eddy Wertwijn in the '80s, and Wertwijn still runs the basement shop in its original location, a short walk from Centraal Station. These days, Henk-Jan Teunissen and Bill Loika lay on the old-school work, pulling from panels of original hand-painted flash covering the walls of the tiny shop, while Peter Toornvliet specializes in modern lines and abstract ideas. Visit the shop early (it closes at 8 p.m. most nights) then hit the streets to take in the eye candy.

STAY: Hotel Arena, \$250, hotelarena.nl

Throughout its almost 120-year history, the Hotel Arena has played host to everyone from orphans to the elderly to Iggy Pop. The original building opened in 1890 as a Catholic orphanage, was taken over by Germans during World War II, and later converted into a home for the elderly in the '50s. In 1982, the Amsterdam Municipality transformed the building into a youth hostel with 600

beds and held concerts in the former chapel (acts included Oasis and Iggy Pop). Now a private hotel, the site contains ToStay (the hotel), ToDrink (the café), ToDine (the restaurant) and ToNight (the nightclub).

SEE: Bulldog Coffeeshop, www.bulldog.nl

The streets of Amsterdam are filled with "coffeeshops," local speak for a place where you can smoke pot, and the Bulldog chain is like Starbucks. You can find better and cheaper weed but you won't beat Bulldog for convenience and consistency. Fill your pipe at the Bulldog Palace location in Leidseplein, the city's nightlife district. In the ultimate pothead irony, the two-story Palace is built in a rehabbed police station and first opened doors on April Fools' Day in 1985. Tolerate the tourists long enough for a quick laugh (or stoner giggle), then puff, pass, and hit the streets.

DRINK: Absinthe

Thanks to the hallucinogenic, additive wormwood, the alcoholic drink absinthe has been blamed for brain damage, mental problems, and Van Gogh's ear-chopping mishap. Banned worldwide in the early 1900s, the original version of the licorice-flavored liquor is once again legal in the Netherlands. Absinthe Bar, located in central Amsterdam, serves a variety of the mildly mind-bending versions, but if you want the real experience, visit Boorsma, Overmars, or other local liquor stores and pick up a bottle of Duplais Verte. Just don't blame us if it's a bad trip.



Clockwise from above: A view of the Amsterdam canals; satisfied customers leaving Tattoo Peter; the Bulldog Coffeeshop, for all of your pot needs.

HOTTEL



STREET

THE BIRTHPLACE OF “STEWED, SCREWED, AND TATTOOED” IS DISAPPEARING—SEE IT BEFORE IT’S GONE. BY DAVID FARBER

BEFORE ANYBODY KNEW THAT MEN WOULD PAY TO watch ping pong balls fly in Patpong or silicone shake on the Strip, crumpled one dollar bills by the millions rained down on Honolulu’s Hotel Street, the place more American boys in the span of an hour lost their virginity, had their first drink, and got tattooed than any other narrowly circumscribed spot on Earth. Bound by River, Beretania, Nu’uanu, and Hotel Streets, in a corner of Honolulu’s Chinatown, the Hotel Street vice district was where more than 200,000 men every month during World War II came to get drunk, to fuck, and to get inked. Stewed, screwed and tattooed is how you said it back then. The Army newspaper columnist Hotel Street Harry called it “the Street of Lonely Hearts.” Men lined up by the hundreds to pay three dollars for three minutes of the only kind of intimacy they were likely to find. And because Hawaii was officially in the war zone it had an all-night, total blackout curfew so everything everybody did was done in the open sunlight. No hiding in the shadows. This was daytime vice.

During the war, a million men came and went through Hawaii. They were mostly soldiers, sailors, and marines, but also war workers: welders, pipefitters, stevedores, mechanics, and other men who could work fast with tools or carry big loads. Back from Tarawa, off to Iwo Jima, stuck on the Rock, at anchorage at Pearl, waiting for orders, riveting half-inch steel plates, loading ammunition, burying the dead, running live-fire maneuvers in the red dust, manning guns, waiting for the enemy to return, or waiting to go back and fight and kill and maybe die. A million men with war nerves.

Hotel Street was where they went whenever they could to release that fear and anxiety and anger. Some went only once, boys really, who never thought their first time—and

for some of them, the only time—would be with a *wahine* who was a long way into her day’s quota of 100 three-dollar sex acts. Most days at least 10,000 men paid their three dollars for three minutes with a woman who fucked you or sucked you or jerked you off in time to a little wind-up clock. Three minutes come rain or shine.

During the war, the brothels were legal, and fifteen crowded Hotel Street: the Rex, the Rainbow, the Senator, the Bronx, the Service, and others. Some 250 women, officially licensed as entertainers, took care of business. Under the rules, sanctioned by the police and then by the Army, no men worked in the brothels in any function. Effectively, there were no pimps. Women owned the houses and managed the houses. Big women, often Hawaiians, worked the door and they worked it hard. Nobody fucked with them. A female doorkeeper at the Rex made \$125 a week while a woman working overtime in the pineapple canneries was lucky to take home \$30.

The women who ran the brothels got really rich. Out of every three dollars a man paid they kept one. Jean O’Hara, the most famous madam of Hotel Street, who had been a working girl since she was 17, made the contemporary equivalent of more than \$2 million during her best year and made sure everybody acknowledged her status. She wore a huge diamond watch and drove the streets in a custom Lincoln Zephyr convertible complete with massive fog lights (there was no fog in Honolulu; it was a San Francisco demimonde thing). Another madam quietly and quite voluntarily paid income tax in 1943 on the equivalent of \$4.5 million. The madams during those years were probably the best paid women in America, making more than any Hollywood star. Altogether, during the war, the broth-





Every month during World War II, more than 200,000 soldiers and workers packed the streets of Honolulu's vice district to get drunk, to fuck, and to get inked.

els brought in about the same amount of money tourism had produced right before it. The prostitutes could easily gross the equivalent of \$500,000 a year.

Most of the women were white and from the mainland. They were, in every sense of the word, pros. They had all been sporting women before they arrived. Most stayed less than a year. The work wore them out. They picked up every disease you would expect them to. Because the business was regulated, they had medical exams at least once a week and when they got sick they had to stop working until they tested clean which could take up to two weeks. They had to pay for the tests (it took them six and a half fucks just to pay for the weekly exam) and then pay for the medical costs. The madams charged them for their rooms, for towels, for maid service, and for anything else they could think of. About a third of the women were addicted to morphine and some smoked the opium that was widely available in Chinatown (it cost a sporting girl the equivalent of five fucks for one shot of morphine and most women needed more than one a day to get through their business). The madams controlled the morphine supply, which meant they pushed it so they could control the girls.

To get through the numbers as fast as possible, most of the brothels had a bullring system. The bullring consisted of three linked cubicles. While a john stripped in one little cubicle, the prostitute took care of business in another, while in the third a man dressed while a maid hurriedly cleaned up after him. The prostitute moved rapidly from one cubicle to the other. Bam Bam Bam. As one regular put it: "She'd lay on her back and get you on top of her so fast, you wouldn't even know how you'd come on your own power. She'd grind so that you almost felt like you had nothing to do with it. Well, after that, she had you. She could make it go off as quickly as she wanted to ... and she didn't waste any time."

That was Hotel Street sex. For the men, what choice did they have? They outnumbered women on the island by an absurd ratio. For almost all of the fighting men and war workers, real intimacy with a woman on Hawaii was never going to happen. So they took what they could get.

To get ready for their three minutes of ecstasy, most men got drunk (though not too drunk). Here, Hotel Street also had its special ways. At bars like Two Jacks, Just Step Inn, or Trade Winds men jammed in. Signs warned: "We LIMIT our customers to 4 DRINKS PER PERSON." Usually, the four drinks were served all at once. Typically, it was four shots of cheap rye whiskey. During crowded times—which was most of the time—the men had to down their drinks one right after another. If you didn't, the bouncer, almost always a very large Hawaiian man, let you know that you had to move along. Most men got instantly drunk and then walked out into the bright sunlight. Soldiers jostled sailors, and war workers got shit from anybody in a military uniform. Every day was fight day on Hotel Street.

Mostly, the men got their four drinks, sobered up a bit waiting in line at the brothels, had their three minutes or less, and then some of the men, especially if it was their first time or if they were shipping out, or just because they felt like it, walked a few steps to one of Hotel Street's eight or so tattoo parlors,

which employed around 33 artists. Like the brothels, all tattoo shops had to be in the Hotel Street district. Every day about 300 to 500 men got tattooed. "Remember Pearl Harbor" was huge. So were anchors, American eagles, hula girls, and women's names (sometimes with a heart and sometimes not). Just to keep things simple: they also cost \$3. A few men would spend up to \$25 to get a big, elaborate design on their chest or leg. Almost every tattoo artist was Filipino or Filipino-Hawaiian. The biggest shop, right in the middle of several brothels, was Miller's Tattooing Emporium run by Eugene Miller. He had a huge sign outside his place claiming that he was the "World's Greatest and Youngest Tattoo Artist." In 1944 he was supposed to be 15, and he looked it. Others claimed he was much older. He didn't talk much but he did good work, had three guys working for him, and always had a line waiting outside his door. Years later, just a few blocks over on Smith Street, Norman "Sailor Jerry" Collins invented and refined the idea of American tattooing.

The vice district was officially shut down on September 22, 1944. The respectable people of Oahu had finally had enough. The hot-tempered Jean O'Hara helped pushed them over the edge when she put Hotel Street into the headlines. She had tried to kill a man with her Zephyr, and her trial made big news, even on the mainland. With the war winding down and civilian control returning to Hawaii, the military brass saw no percentage in making a public stand defending legal, regulated prostitution. The day the brothels closed, one of the madams, as she shuttered her place, told her last customers: "Okay, boys, now I can go home and take care of papa. I have nothin' to worry about. Thanks for everything."

Hotel Street began a long decline. For decades it was still the place to get a tattoo on the island, and for many years strip clubs and porn arcades lined the streets. And when motorcycle clubs from the mainland visited the islands they often found Hotel Street a congenial night spot. Pakalolo and then Ice were widely available on the Street, as were Mahus (just what you think they are) and every other kind of prostitute. It was an easy place to get hurt late at night. By the '90s real estate developers and city officials were desperately trying to turn the district around—it was one of the last undeveloped parts of the center city. They began to tear the heart out of the historic district, pushing out the clubs and cleaning up the vice.

Today, Hotel Street is part old Chinatown, part hipster haven, and part misdeveloped failure. Most of it still looks good; the patina is there. But now during the day you can go to a Yoga class instead of getting a \$3 blow job.

Go there at night. Walk around, taking your time. Right on Hotel Street between Nu'uauu and Smith are most of the best bars in Honolulu. For old time's sake, start at Smith's Union Bar. It's been there since before the war and it looks it. Ask for four shots of rye whiskey. The rest is up to you.

David Farber is the author, with Beth Bailey, of The First Strange Place: Race and Sex in World War II Hawaii.



HOLDING FAST: TATTOOS ON HOTEL STREET

During World War II, the tattoo machines of Chinatown, Honolulu, buzzed incessantly, marking green sea salts' and lowly privates' first adventures away from home. Whether a cartoon shellback turtle, which marked the passenger of a sub crossing the equator, the fabled "pig and chicken on the foot" to ward off drowning, or a heart-shaped ode to a lost love, the ritual of getting "stewed, screwed, and tattooed" was perfected on that wild strip known as Hotel Street, deep in the heart of the Pacific theatre.

Predominately run by Filipino nationals, the shops were initially housed in arcades complete with hula girl photo ops and heavily house-favored

games of chance. Tattoo artist Al Miller (whose six brothers and father all tattooed) got his start in the arcades pushing ink at the age of 12. The story goes that one slow day young Al was watching his uncle Valentine's arcade station, when a sailor rushed in demanding a tattoo on the spot. Alone and unafraid, Al obliged; and as he was finishing up his uncle returned, amazed to see that the boy did indeed have some talent. Thus his career was born. Later, he was upstaged by his youngest brother, Eugene, who began tattooing at 9.

By the '60s, the tattoo shops on Hotel Street began to dwindle. Even so, signs like "Lou Normand"

and "Tattoos by Rosy" glowed in neon, advertising artists ready to etch quick memories in each new shipment of young recruits. Of course, the most famous tattooer of that era was Norman "Sailor Jerry" Collins, the man who symbolized the rough and tumble life of men far from home. From his shop at 1033 Smith Street, Collins changed contemporary tattooing as we know it, and is credited with blending the Asiatic styles of the Far East with the traditional bold lines of American tattooing. That shop, later inherited by Mike Malone and renamed China Sea, would remain open for more than 30 years, carrying on the pirate tradition of Hotel Street.



Clockwise from top left: The view today from inside Smith's Union Bar; the remains of 1033 Smith Street, once the home of Sailor Jerry's tattoo shop; more than 30 tattoo artists operated on Hotel Street during World War II.

badlands

Photos by Warwick Saint
Styled by Risa Knight



Motion Picture Costume
Company black leather
vintage holster; Victoria's
Secret black fishnet
stockings; Wacoal black
underwear.





Tankus black vest; Brave
Beltworks black leather
belt; Frederick's of
Hollywood black fishnet
stockings; Steve Madden
black leather boots.

John Varvatos black
wool cardigan;
Wolford black
fishnet stockings;
Steve Madden black
leather boots.





Motion Picture
Costume Company
black leather
vintage holster.





Motion Picture Costume
Company black beaded
cape; Donna Karan black
underwear; Steve Madden
black leather boots; Motion
Picture Costume Company
vintage black leather cuff.

Motion Picture Costume
Company black silk cape;
Wacoal black underwear;
Steve Madden black
leather boots.

Hair: Yiotis Panayiotou
for Kerastase Paris/
celestineagency.com
Makeup: Sammy Mourabit
for Smashbox Cosmetics/
celestineagency.com
Model: Sabina Kelley









Margaret Cho

The comedian tells us her favorite joke and tries not to dis the Tweety Bird tattoo on your hand.

BY PATTY LAMBERTI PHOTOS BY NABIL ELDERKIN

Nothing about Margaret Cho made it look like she had a chance in hell in Hollywood. Chubby, Korean, and bisexual (she admits to all three) in a business that typically has a hard time swallowing that list, Cho's rank as one of the biggest female comedians on the planet is the result of a one-woman battle, built from her first stand-up comedy gigs in a club near her parents' book store in San Francisco to tours with Jerry Seinfeld and a showcase full of awards.

For a while, Hollywood won. After a failed TV show attempt, where suits told her she was "too Asian" then hired a coach to train her to be "more Asian," Cho battled with an eating disorder and alcohol abuse. She returned with a vengeance in 1999's *I'm the One That I Want*, her first truly hilarious special, which savaged the suits she experienced in Hollywood. Her follow-up, 2002's *Notorious C.H.O.*, spawned a best-selling book, DVD, and CD, as did follow-ups *Assassin* and *Revolution*. Along the way, she dated Quentin Tarantino and Chris Isaak, launched a clothing company, and took up belly dancing.

Over the last few years, the 39-year-old comedian has also become increasingly linked with the world of ink. She sports original tattoo work by Ed Hardy, LA Ink's Kat Von D, and Chris O'Donnell. We chatted with Cho about her tattoos (about 50 percent of her body is covered), her spring comedy tour, *Beautiful*, the secrets of joke telling, and her theories on the proper way to get trashed.

INKED: Your new tour is called *Beautiful*. What can we expect?

CHO: I got the idea for the show after a radio interview. The DJ asked me, 'What would you do if you woke up tomorrow and you were blonde, with blue eyes, and 5'11" and you weighed 100 pounds and you were beautiful.' I said, 'Well, I probably wouldn't be able to get up because I'd be too weak to stand.'

What an asshole.

I know. But I feel bad for him because that's the only kind of person he thinks is beautiful. If he doesn't think I'm beautiful, he is fucking missing out. So the whole show is about wanting to be taken seriously as a beauty. And tattoos are a part of the show. A lot of women my age in Hollywood are getting plastic surgery. But instead, I decided to get tattoos. I want my body to be completely covered when I'm 70 so people won't be looking at my wrinkles. They'll be like, 'Oh my God. Look at her lizard tattoo.'

When did you get your first tattoo?

Just a few years ago. Ed Hardy did it. It covers most of my stomach, my back, and my ribs. It was a huge, ambitious piece for a first tattoo. Since I was a kid, I wanted a Japanese body suit. A guy who worked for my dad has a body suit from Ed. He's the guy who put me in touch with Ed when I wanted my own.

Are you good at getting tattooed?


I'm a really long sitter. I can sit for five, six, seven hours because I'm really impatient and I want it done. I don't want to have to keep going back. But tattooing is so hard on the artists' eyes and their backs. Ed said that he didn't want to tattoo anymore because he absorbed the pain that people felt. He didn't want to hurt anybody anymore. It's sad because he is the greatest, but you can understand that.

When you're getting tattooed, do you feel like you have to entertain the artist by telling jokes?

Not at all. I try not to distract the artist in any way. I do my best to be quiet, and avoid pulling away or wincing. That's why I make crazy faces.



"I'm certainly not as famous as Britney, but I have learned some survival techniques. Like when you get fucked up, just take one poison at a time."



Were you worried about the faces you were making while being filmed for *LA Ink*?

No, it was great. I love that show and I love Kat. And I love that there are these great women tattooers so I was totally willing to do anything.

Have you ever seen a tattoo on someone and thought, 'That is the worst tattoo ever'?

Well, my manicurist has this Tweety Bird on her hand. I don't agree, but I'm never going to say it's bad. I just wouldn't do that. Don't get me wrong. Hands are great to tattoo. Tattoos are great everywhere, even the face, but some tattoos don't seem to have any emotional resonance, like a Tweety Bird. It's just a weird choice, but people get what they get. I love most people's tattoos, even if they're faded and blurred and old.

You talk a lot about your parents in your routines. How do they feel about your tattoos?

They were really freaked out, my mom especially. My dad saw it coming because the people who they hung around with when I was a kid were tattooed. My mother was like [in Mom voice], 'Oh! I no like this. I don't like tattoos.' But she has her eyebrows tattooed, her eyeliner, her lipstick, so she's familiar with tattooing too. I mean how do you get your eyelid tattooed? She has eyelid tattoos!

Your dad wrote joke books and you're a stand-up comedian, so being funny is in your DNA. Give us some tips about telling a joke.

Know the joke you're telling and don't laugh while you're saying it. It's very important not to laugh.

What's your favorite joke?

One of my favorites is from *The Marijuana-Logues* with Doug Benson. He says, 'I just got some Marvin Gaye weed. It's called Marvin Gaye weed because after you take one hit, you're like, 'What's going on?'' And I love how Chris Rock responded when someone asked him, 'Do you think America is ready for a black president?' He replied, 'Well, why not? America was ready for a retarded president.'

Are comedy tours anything like rock 'n' roll tours?

They're nothing like rock tours. Last year, I did a rock tour and shared a bus with the Dresden Dolls. On comedy tours, it's just me and my tour manager on a plane flying between cities. In rock 'n' roll, you're on a bus watching *Jackass* 'til six in the morning with the crew. Rock tours lend themselves to alcohol, sex, and drugs.

You perform all the time in front of thousands of people. Our readers usually only have to stand up in front of people at work or AA meetings. What are some tips on getting over stage fright?

Put yourself in the audience. Think, 'If I were sitting down I would totally listen to me. I'd be interested in what I was going to say.' It takes the sting out of it. It becomes less scary. And if you know what you are going to talk about it's less scary. A lot of times people aren't prepared, and that's when they get nervous. It's too nerve-racking to pull something out of your ass.

You run in celebrity circles. So many stars are screwed up these days. What is going on?

Fame has changed a lot. It's invasive. Stars are under constant surveillance. There was a picture of Britney Spears online that showed she had a huge period stain on her underwear. I was so pissed. That's happened to me so many times. In fact, that's why I haven't moved in so long, because I have the most period-stained mattress in the world. It looks like I killed somebody on it. If I took it outside, cops would put up "Do Not Cross" tape.

So how do you deal with fame?

I'm certainly not as famous as Britney, but I have learned some survival techniques. Like when you get fucked up, just take one poison at a time. Don't mix pills with alcohol. Just take pills or drink. If you're going to smoke something, just smoke one drug. Don't cross breeds. And don't smoke pot and drink at the same time. That's a disaster waiting to happen.



Carol Malony bra and
panties, carolmalony.com;
Nola butterfly rings.



LONG EIGHT ACT

Photos by Shane McCauley
Styled by Alexis Tracy at alexistracy.com





Above, Stylist's own vintage eyelet dress; Carol Malony bloomer panties, carolmalony.com; Stella McCartney satin heels, available at Madison, Beverly Hills; bangle, available at Forever 21, Los Angeles; Kenneth Jay Lane leopard ring, available at Diabolina, Los Angeles. Left, Carol Malony bra, carolmalony.com; Nola butterfly rings.



Above, Ashley Paige bathing suit, available at Ashley Paige, Los Angeles; Stella McCartney blouse; stylist's own jewelry. Right, Miss Sixty polka-dot trench coat; Nina Ricci platform heels, available at Madison, Beverly Hills; Made Her Think gold studded cuff; Marni belt, available at Madison, Beverly Hills.







Carol Malony teddy,
carolmalony.com;
vintage silver sequined
cape; Alaia booties,
available at Madison,
Beverly Hills; Erickson
Beamon cuff.



Above and right, Carol Malony teddy, carolmalony.com; vintage silver sequined cape; Alaia booties, available at Madison, Beverly Hills; Erickson Beamon cuff.

Model: Charis B.
Hair: Ramon Fuentes
Makeup: Michelle Mungcal
Location: Siren Studios Locations,
Hollywood, CA, sirenstudios.com







IMMIGRANT SONG

Pitbull is Miami's biggest party starter— but is there an activist inside him dying to get out?

BY SHAUN HALL PHOTOS BY LIONEL DELUY

THE OTHER SIDE OF MIAMI LURKS JUST BEHIND THE SANDY shores and sweaty nightclubs of South Beach. From the proud Cuban communities like Little Havana to the mean streets of Liberty City, the city has another side that isn't all sunshine and martinis. Like his hometown, there's another side to Pitbull.

Somewhere behind the bling and club bangers, the Cuban-American MC wants to be more than a party-starter known for the hypnotic beats and infectious hooks of club anthems like "Culo" and "Toma." And like any artist, the line between art and commerce has left him conflicted.

"What I do is make hit records," Pitbull says flatly. "As an independent artist, I can't gamble what I would love to give the public with the fact that I don't have that major [record label] push. I have to be in the clubs and on the radio in order to survive in the game."

Pitbull's struggle to survive started before he was even born. He crossed the ocean from Cuba in a 1980 boatlift while still in the womb of his pregnant mother and arrived on the shores of South Florida where he was born Armando Pérez. His first-generation immigrant parents insisted that their son learn the ways of his Cuban culture, but by the time Pitbull was a teenager he was embracing another culture—hip-hop.

He renamed himself Pitbull and began popping up on mix-tapes. He also got his first "hood" tattoo at the age of 15. "I just felt like if I was gonna be serious about my career and naming myself Pitbull then I might as well get it tatted on me and make it that stamp," he says of the piece which reads "Pitbull spits flames."

And underneath the party beats, Pitbull's other inspiration continues to creep into his music, whether club-goers on the dance floor know it or not. In 2006, he released his sophomore album, *El Mariel*, deceptively named after the boat that brought his family from Cuba. His recently released third studio album, *The Boatlift*, is even more directly named and included a DVD about his family's journey to the United States. Pitbull also recently branched out beyond music and into television. He's currently working on an adult-themed cartoon called *Rock, Pepe, Scissors* and last year, popular Spanish cable channel mun2 debuted *Pitbull Presents La Esquina*.

"*La Esquina* was done to show people my upbringing and the people I have grown up around—to show them how multicultural Miami is and, at the same time, how surprising it can be," he says. "When you can see black boy down here full of dreads and gold teeth speaking Spanish, you're like, 'Oh shit! What the fuck?' So, I just wanted to show people a different perspective of Pitbull."

That doesn't mean Pitbull is ready to open up just yet.

"The day I cut a classic I will let niggas know, 'Ah, look dawg! I have given you so many albums but this one right here ... *This* is the one that I put my heart, my soul and everything into,'" he says of his dream project. "I am going to be talking on so many different points of view that in time I think it will only win a lot of respect from a lot of people out there who may look at Pitbull from a different perspective."

There are already a few topics on the list, including Pitbull's anti-Castro and anti-Bush feelings. While *El Mariel* and *The Boatlift* spoke to his Cuban roots and the struggles of his people, the MC has been hesitant to truly lay down his

"I am going to be talking on so many different points of view that in time I think it will only win a lot of respect from a lot of people out there that may look at Pitbull from a different perspective."

"[Tattoos were] definitely looked down upon," says Pitbull about the role of ink in the Cuban community. "[If you had a tattoo] either you were in jail or you were some type of hoodlum, at least that's what they thought."

Although he has several tattoos, few of them are visible when Pitbull wears a long-sleeved shirt. "It's like I can be a gentleman and a goon at the same time," he says with a laugh.

The newly tatted MC caught his first big break when he teamed with Luther Campbell, the 2 Live Crew founder and Godfather of Miami hip-hop, on the single "Lollipop." The track caught the attention of producers and led to an introduction to Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz. The two became fast friends, with Pitbull appearing on Lil Jon's *Kings of Crunk* and later joining Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz as an artist onTVT Records. His timing couldn't have been better. Pitbull's 2004 debut *M.I.A.M.I. (Money Is A Major Issue)* dropped alongside Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz and the Ying Yang Twins just as crunk exploded. Pitbull-featured remixes of Lil Jon's "Get Low" and Ying Yang's "Salt Shaker" dominated the airwaves and nightclubs.

"I love to make club records that are endless," Pit says. "You can easily go into any club and run into a 10-15 minute Pitbull set. My inspiration comes from the clubs. I am in the clubs and I'm feeling what people are moving to."

feelings in music. In 2006, when Cuba announced that an ailing Castro had transferred his power to his brother Raúl, Pitbull recorded "Ya Se Acabó (It's Over)." The song spun heavily on Miami radio and on Pitbull's MySpace page but the MC neglected to include it on *El Mariel*.

"I have those records in the can but I don't feel like its time for that," he says. "I am waiting for them to confirm Castro's death. I am waiting for a new [U.S.] president. I am waiting for different things that socially I can speak about and people can be like, 'Wow, he makes the type of records that I shake my ass to but he's got a head on his shoulders and he can put it on a track!'"

Until then, Pitbull will smuggle his message into the club, buried within his party records.

"Even the music that I put out now has a message behind it. It may not be in the music, but it shows you that music is the universal language. It brings people together no matter what culture they from," he explains of his love for party records. "I love making them because I know the impact that they have. They become global records that are heard in Latin America, Central America, Europe, Australia, Korea, Japan ... That shows you the power of good music. I want to be able to put together good music with a powerful message—whether that message is hidden or not."



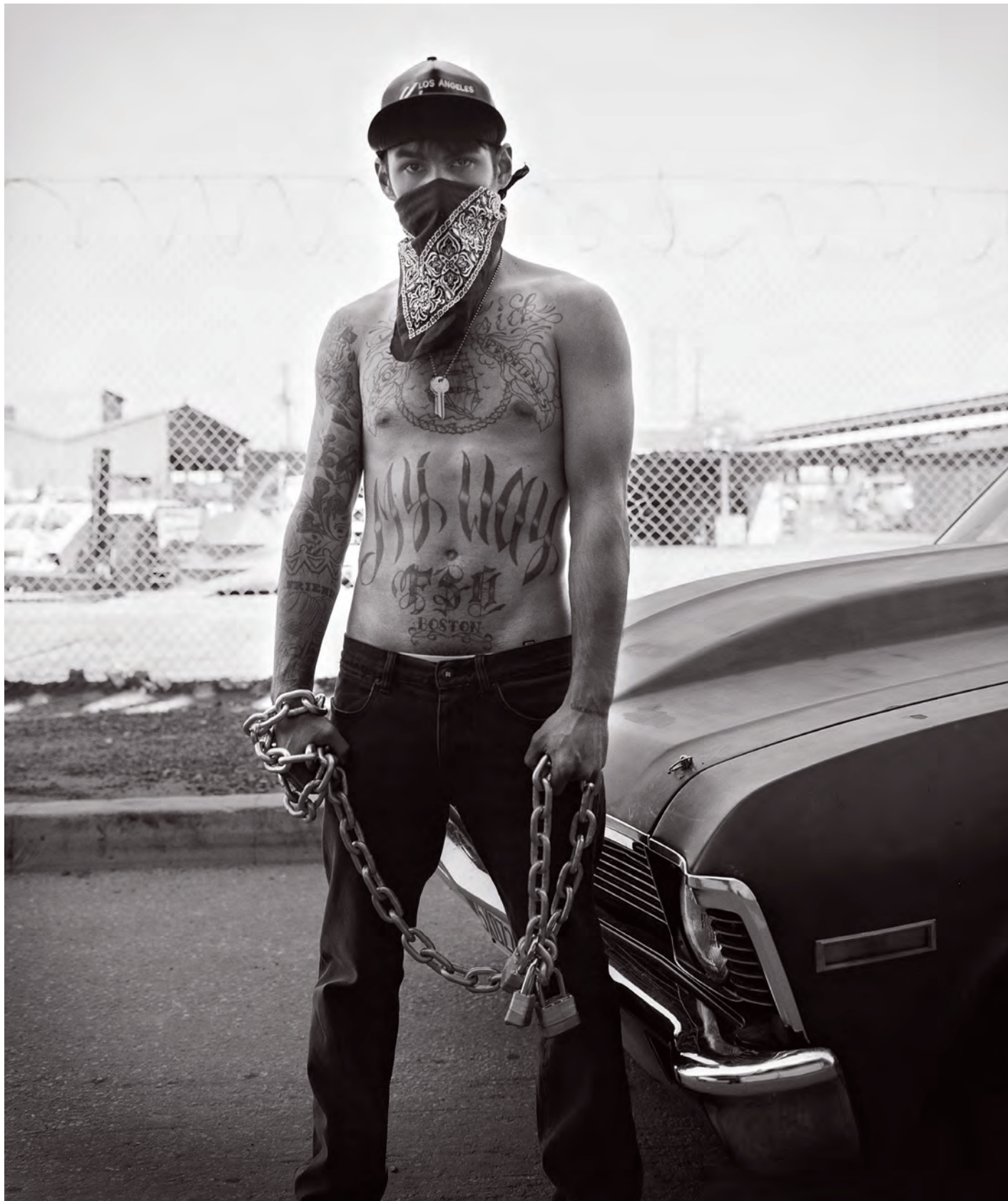


Junker Designs denim vest; Denim & Thread jeans; Fuct shirt; VonZipper sunglasses.

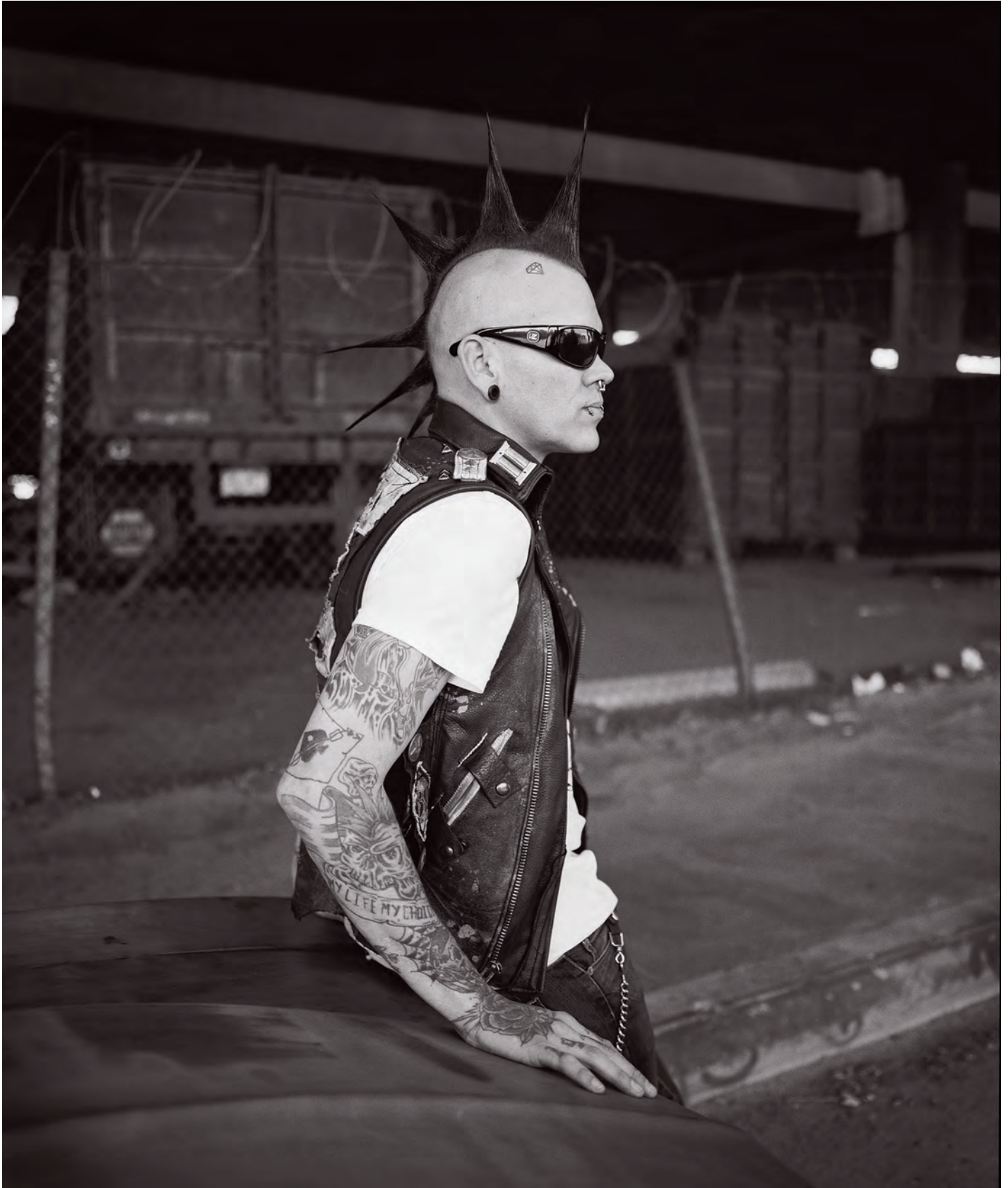


WILD IN THE STREETS

Photos by Chris Glancy
Styled by Jaime Less and Autumn Steed



Kr3w jeans; stylist's own bandana; model's own hat.



Junker Designs leather vest; Denim & Thread jeans; Hanes T-shirt; VonZipper sunglasses.

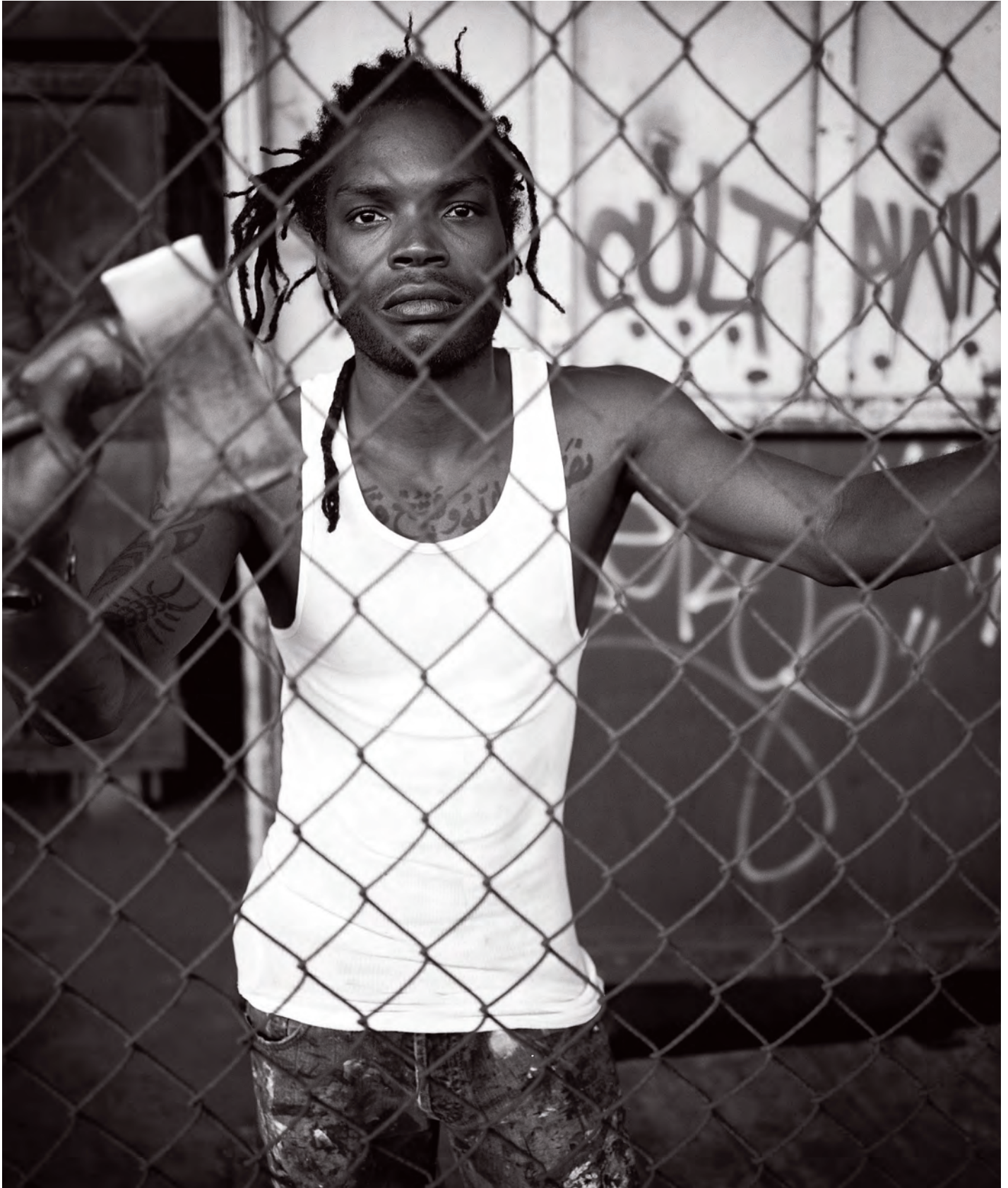




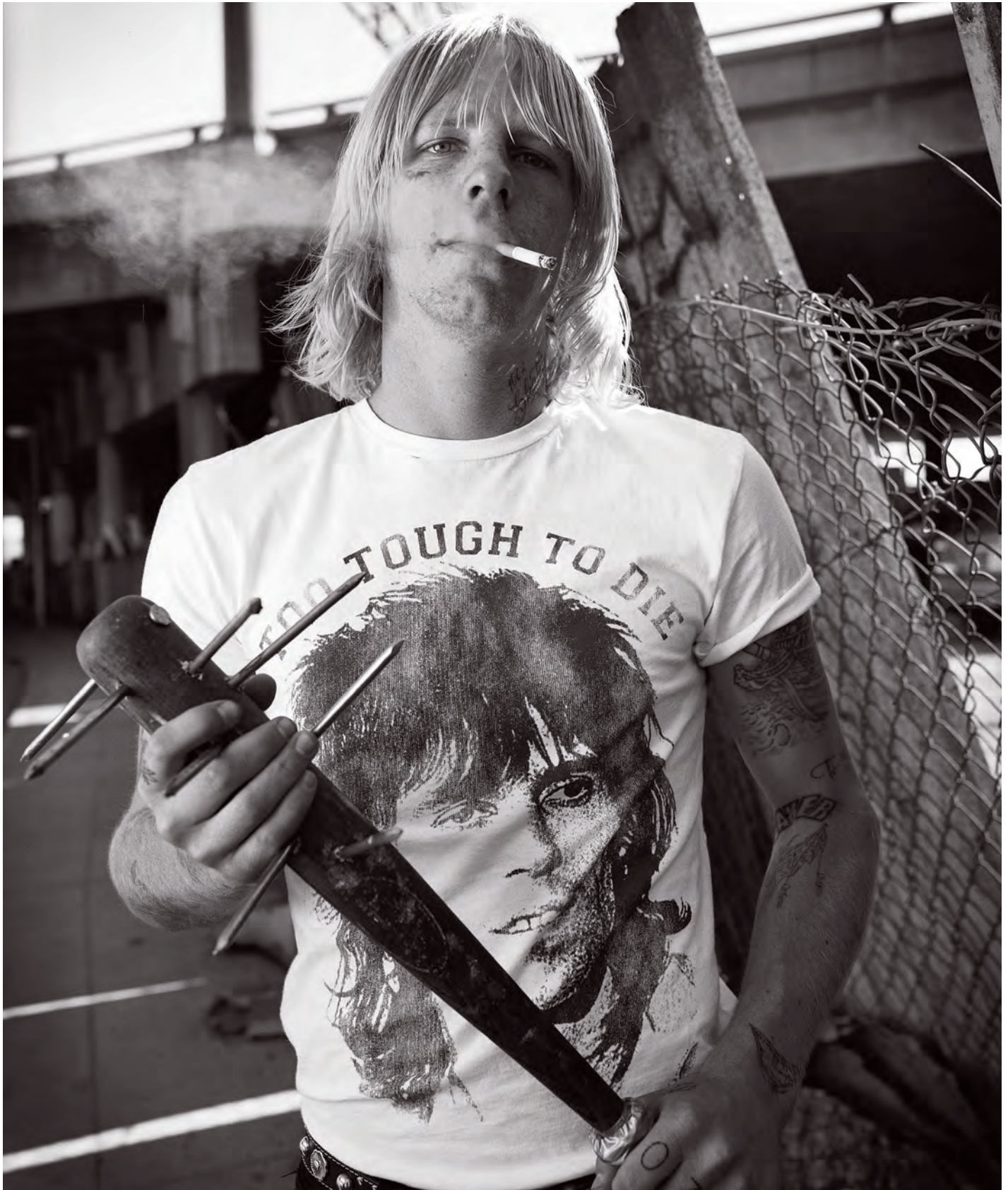
On Daryl, Junker Designs leather jacket and jeans; Puma sneakers; Hanes white ribbed tank. On Mike, Junker Designs leather vest; Denim & Thread jeans; Fuct shirt; Von Zipper sunglasses; Converse sneakers.



Kill City shirt; Levi's jeans; Converse sneakers; Ray-Ban Wayfarer sunglasses.



Junker Designs jeans; Hanes white ribbed tank.



Fuct shirt; vintage belt; Levi's jeans.



On Eric, Kr3w jeans;
Penfield jacket; model's own hat;
Clarks Wallabee shoes. On Ron,
Endovanera jacket; Levi's jeans;
Converse sneakers.

Models: Daryl Muldrow,
Brayden Szafranski, Ron Pruitt,
Erik Santiago, Mike Gunn

H₂Ocean

2 First in First Aid

Introducing the Finest Products in the Industry

- Ocean Foam Tattoo Aftercare
- Ocean Care Tattoo Aftercare
- Piercing Aftercare Spray
- Arctic Ocean Rinse

H₂Ocean combines the benefits of traditional aftercare methods with the newest technology to provide you safe, effective and easy-to-use products.

The proper care and maintenance throughout the life of your tattoos and piercings is our sole mission.



1-866-420-2326
www.h2ocean.com

Alex
Photo: Karl Geers

INKED SPOTS

AUSTIN

Meet some of our favorite artists and tour the best shops in the city, then check out our picks of where to eat, drink, and spend.

DIABLO ROJO
ROCK OF AGES
TRUE BLUE TATTOO
PERFECTION TATTOO

Outside True Blue
Tattoo in the Red
River District

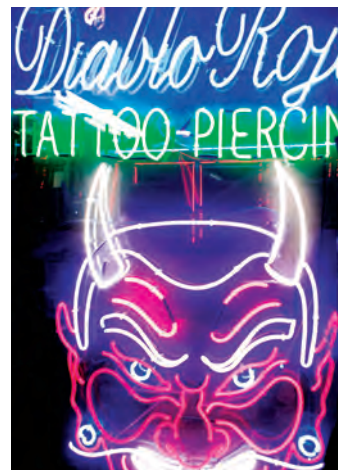


Mike Belzel, Doug Curtis, Brian Dodson, Johnny Cash Curtis

DIABLO ROJO

2604 Guadalupe St.
Austin, Texas
512-476-7656
diablo-rojo.com
Established: 2001

Artists: Doug Curtis, Raul Arevelo,
Ryan Dodson, Leo Calleros,
Mike Belzel, Jai Devore



At 26th and Guadalupe Streets, right across from the University of Texas campus, Diablo Rojo has “probably one of the best locations in town,” according to owner Doug Curtis. Though it’s within earshot of the school, the shop is for the most part custom, according to Curtis. But the weekends do have a tendency toward a “street shop atmosphere.” The shop itself is spacious and well-designed, featuring two floors with large, neon red crosses at the doorway entrance and an elaborate mosaic tiled floor. A vast selection of body jewelry (tribal, stretch, and fitted) is sold right alongside the veteran crew of tattooers plying their trade. “We have a range of artists that vary in style from Japanese and portraits to traditional,” Curtis says. All the artists in the shop have been tattooing for at least 10 years, since seasoning and experience are key at Diablo Rojo. “We don’t have any new kids or apprentices,” Curtis explains.

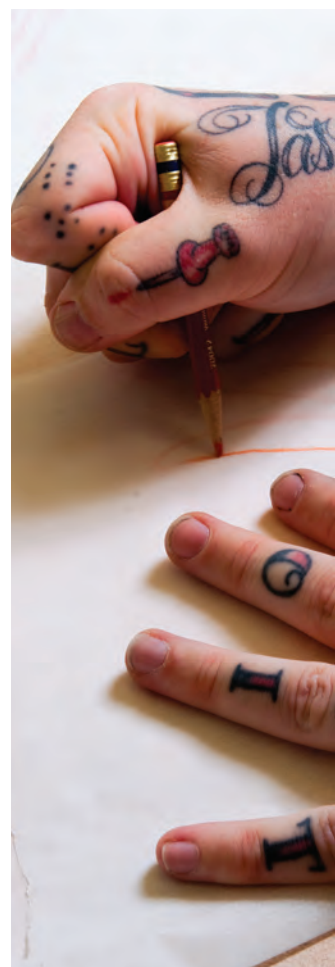
DRINK: Hole in the Wall, 2538 Guadalupe St., 512-477-4747. With a well-earned reputation for good times and great music, this campus-area institution hosts live music every night. A large front room plays host to a stage surrounded by portraits of regular patrons, and the back room has pool tables, booze, and shuffleboard.

EAT: Kerbey Lane Café, 2700 S. Lamar Blvd., 512-445-4451. Migas, omelets, and gingerbread pancakes make the South Austin location of this chain the place for homegrown Texas grub. Plus, it’s open 24 hours a day.

SHOP: Toy Joy, 2900 Guadalupe St., 512-320-0090. Caution: If you bring a kid (or a kid at heart) here, he may explode. Filled to the brim with retro, new, and hard-to-find toys, candy, robots, wind-ups, and mobiles hanging every which way from the ceiling, this is Austin’s version of Wonkaland.



Tony Hundahl, Hector



ROCK OF AGES

2310 S. Lamar Blvd., No. 105
 Austin, TX
 512-804-1213
 rockofagestattoo.com
 Established: 2005
 Artists: Jason Brooks,
 Tony Hundahl, Hector Fong

Producing high-quality, specialized work is paramount to Jason Brooks, Tony Hundahl, and Hector Fong—the three diverse artists who make up Rock of Ages in South Austin. Opened in October of 2005, Rock of Ages is a pure custom shop specializing in traditional American and Japanese tattooing. Hailing from an artistic family (his father was a professional illustrator), Brooks began making his bones some 15 years ago, working the street shops of South Florida. Now he is sought out for his specialty, traditional Japanese designs and imagery. Entering its third year of existence, the shop's drive for creative excellence is emphatically summed up by Hundahl: "We're constantly pushing ourselves and each other to do the best tattoos we possibly can."

DRINK: Horseshoe Lounge, 2034 S. Lamar Blvd., 512-442-9111. With its colorfully lighted disco-era ceiling, U-shaped bar, and glass-encased Lone Star flag, the Horseshoe serves a mix of rowdy rednecks, grizzled old men, and young adventurers looking for a few cold beers, George Jones on the jukebox, and memorable (if a bit hazy) nights.

EAT: Maria's Taco Xpress, 2529 S. Lamar Blvd., 512-444-0261. This fantastic Tex-Mex joint's patio overflows with rustic charm and folk art, not to mention huge tacos that range from vegan to *al pastor*. Highlights include the breakfast taco and the handmade sauces—just be wary, as the liquid heat can pack a punch!

SHOP: Lowbrow Emporium, 2708 S. Lamar Blvd., Suite 1C, 512-462-3739. A cascading indoor fountain sets the tone for this odd mix of toys, skateboards, longboards, underground art, and various bric-a-brac, knickknacks, kitsch, and tchotchkes.

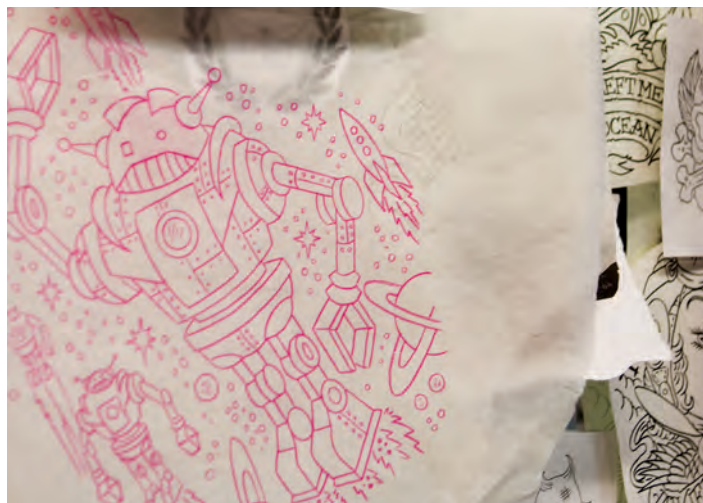


José Palacios, Mike Condon

TRUE BLUE TATTOO

607 Red River
Austin, TX
512-472-2783
truebluetattoo.com
Established: 1997

Artists: Jim Chiavaroli, Chip Telano,
Rachel Kolar, Rebecca Hendriks,
Briza Camacho, José Palacios,
Jon Reed, Mike Condon, Lee B.



Smack in the middle of the Red River District, glows the cool neon of True Blue Tattoo. Founded by the late Vanessa Alvarez, this two-floor ex-carriage house (the first floor is for tattooing; the second floor, known as “Glory Hole,” is strictly for piercings) is home to nine full-time tattoo artists and three piercers. The shop can get slammed on the weekends due to the foot traffic out on busy Sixth Street. “We get our fair share of walk-ins who want tattoos from the flash on the walls,” says artist Jose Palacios. “But a lot the flash here is drawn by our artists, and most of our customers expect us to draw custom pieces for them.” Due to its location, True Blue is open until 2 a.m. on the weekends; but no matter how hectic, quality is assured. “I’ve spent the last 10 years in Austin, the last five here at True Blue,” says Palacios. “And I can truly say it has been the best experience.”

DRINK: The Side Bar, 602 E. Seventh St., 512-322-0697. Tucked away on Seventh Street, the Side Bar is a much-needed oasis from the loudness that is Sixth Street. Laid-back and inviting, it offers a chill backyard area, cheap pool tables, and as much beer as you can handle.

EAT: Gene’s New Orleans Style Poboys and Deli, 1209 E. 11th St., 512-477-6600. Owner Gene Tumbs brought family members to Austin after Hurricane Katrina and gave them all jobs; this T.L.C. is translated into his menu, which features unbelievably delicious homemade jambalaya and po’boys.

SHOP: Gallery Lombardi, 602 W. Seventh St., Suite A, 512-481-1088. This gallery has a relaxed atmosphere and features exhibits from Texas artists in all different mediums. Best of all, you’ll find art you want that you can actually afford to buy.



Carlos Truan, Bob Moreau

PERFECTION TATTOO

4205 Guadalupe St.
Austin, TX
512-453-2089
perfectiontattoo.com
Established: 1978

Artists: Chris Treviño, Carlos Truan,
Bob Moreau, Marnie



Perfection Tattoo is definitely a custom shop. Located in Central Austin, and surrounded by an eclectic residential area, Perfection was opened in 1978 by Bob Moreau. Moreau passed the shop to his student Dave Lum, who then passed it to Chris Treviño, the current owner, in 1992. Treviño, known worldwide as Horimana, has garnered a well-deserved reputation for his amazing, full-body Japanese work. "For the most part, our clientele is looking for larger scale tattoos, serious tattoos," says artist Carlos Truan. "Every week there are people flying in from all over the world to get tattooed by Treviño. It keeps things serious and interesting." Staffed with four tattooers, the shop also attracts guest artists, both from the states and abroad. The shop has an impressive tattoo art collection hanging on its walls that features signed original flash and some pieces dating as far back as the early 1900s. And breaking a long held tattoo shop norm, Perfection keeps what Truan calls "regular business hours," opening up at 10 a.m. and closing at 9 p.m. "It keeps me focused," says Truan.

DRINK: The Parlor, 100 E. North Loop Blvd., Suite B, 512-454-8965. This punk rock, indie pizza joint features slow-baked pies, cheap beers, and live music shows that are "always free and always all ages."

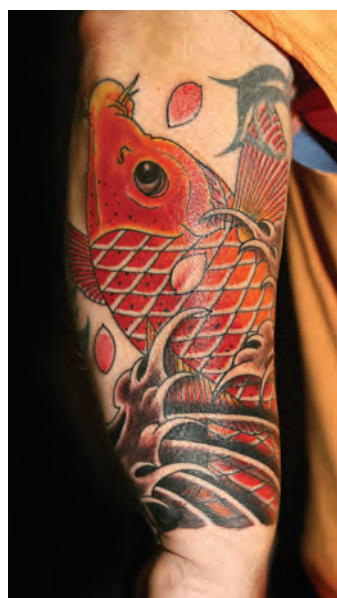
EAT: New World Deli, 4101 Guadalupe St., Suite 100, 512-451-7170. This relaxed Hyde Park deli meets European café has floor-to-ceiling windows, walls covered with the wares of local artists, and an interesting menu featuring salads, wraps, and sandwiches for both vegetarians and meat-eaters.

SHOP: Austin Books, 5002 N. Lamar Blvd., 512-454-4197. Hot-off-the-press comics, Japanese manga, anime action figures, and hard-to-find Japanese graphic novels make this place a geek's playground.

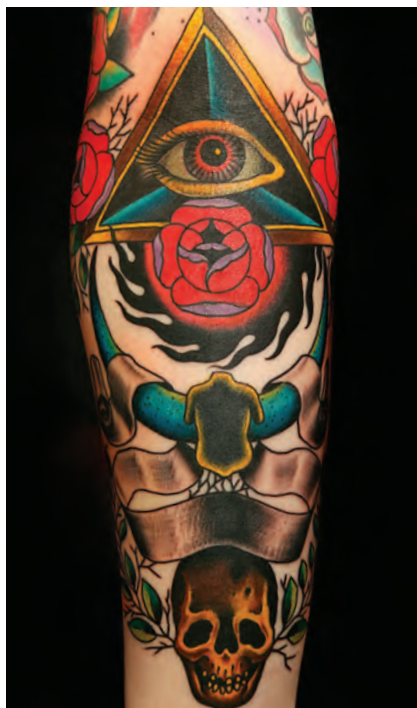
BRIGHTON TATTOO CONVENTION 2008

The Brighton Racecourse on the southern coastline of England hosted the First Annual Brighton Tattoo Convention on January 26 and 27. More than 4,000 people hit the show to check out 130 artists and shops including Frith Street, Jo Harrison, and Phil Kyle. The event was organized by Woody from Blackheart Tattoo Supplies, who says the show was such a success he's already reserved the location for next year's show. Cheers to that!

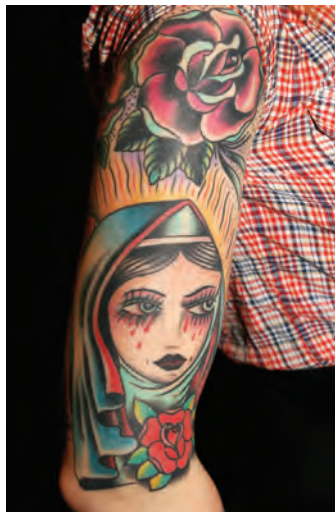
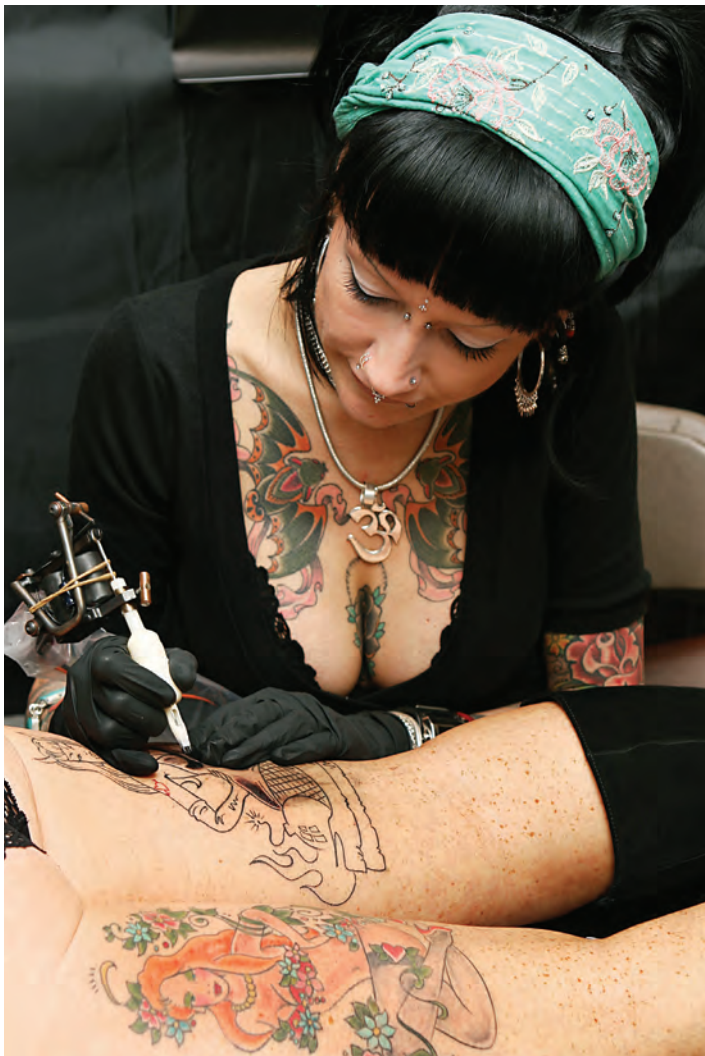
For more photos, go to inkedmag.com.



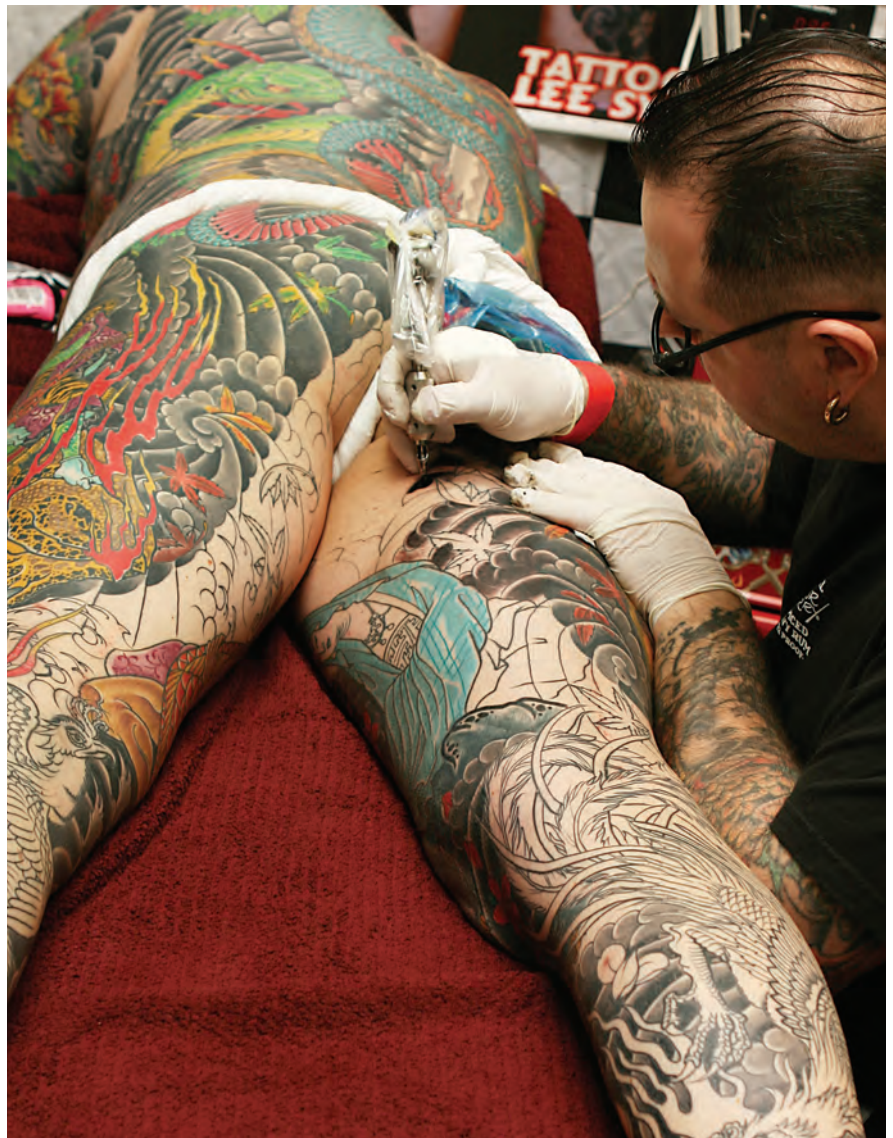
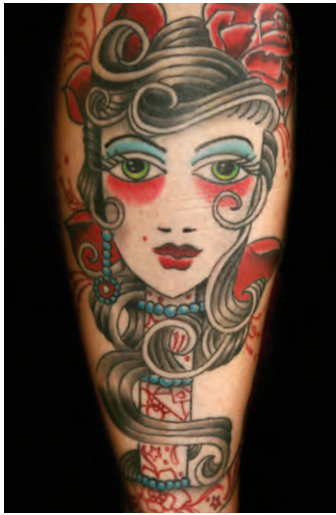
Clockwise from top left: Convention goes; meeting of the tribes; demon mask by Len from Harai Studio, in Belgium; fish by Aara Hewitt from Cult Classic Tattoo, in London; leg work.



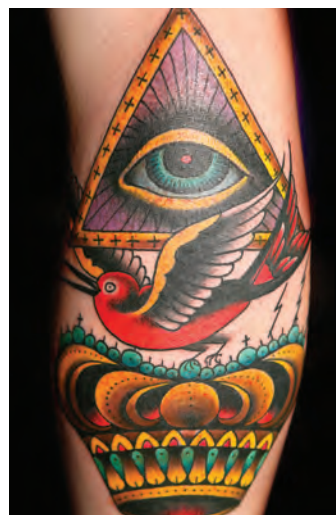
Clockwise from top left: chest work; tattoo by Amanda Toy of Original Classic Tattoo; girl by Rose Hardy; eye tattoo by Rudy Fitsch from Original Classic Tattoo; butterfly by Rudy Fritsch.



Clockwise from top left: Dawnii from Modern Body Art at work; two from Amanda Toy; hand tattoos by Thomas Hooper of New York Aðrned; Lucy from Into You Tattoo in London at work.



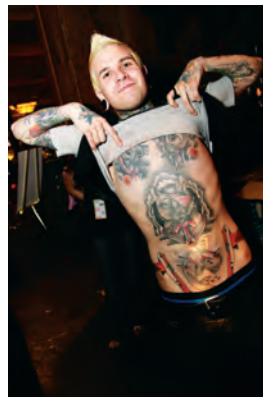
Clockwise from top left: Man's ruin; "Stay True" indeed; an artist from Into You Tattoo; the tail end of a body suit; Suicide Girls show some skin; Len from Harai Tattoo, in Belgium.



Clockwise from top left: Octopus by Into You Tattoo; hands by Thomas Hooper at New York Adorned; full sleeve; Rudy Fritsch's fie line; Amanda Toy: Jo Harrison at Modern Body Art.

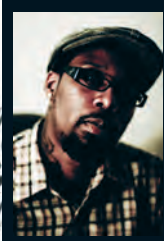


Clockwise from top left: Another one under the gun; Indian princess; skull by Jean from Harai; gypsy maiden; Brighton brain bu\$er; chest tattoo by Woody from Into You Tattoo, Brighton.



Clockwise from top left: The Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.; Tera Patrick; Evan Seinfeld and friends; skin show; Joanna Angel and friend; fisher; Chuck Zito and Shauna Sand; corner booth couple; private dancer; red carpet posers.

SKETCH BOOK



MIYA BAILEY

City Of Ink, 323 Walker St., Atlanta, GA, 404-525-4465, myspace.com/miyabailey

"When I was a kid my mother would sit me down and I would watch her draw Bert and Ernie," explains Atlanta tattoo artist Miya Bailey, who describes his own art style as "pure soul and freehand tattooing." When not working out of his shop, City of Ink, Bailey appears at Pinz-N-Needlez in Washington, D.C. (his "favorite shop outside of City") and has guest spots planned for London and Tokyo.

lust was the only thing that kept
her warm at night. lust always kissed
her lips when she spoke of

THE
SPIRITUS
WHISPER OF THE SPIRIT
FT
ENDURETH
FOREVER
08



TANK THEORY ORIGINAL ARTIFACTS
SPIRITUS - SPRING/SUMMER 2008

WWW.TANKTHEORY.COM

FROM THE WITCHING HOUR SERIES
BY ADAM AMENGUAL - WWW.ADAMAMENGUAL.COM



www.fluevog.com