



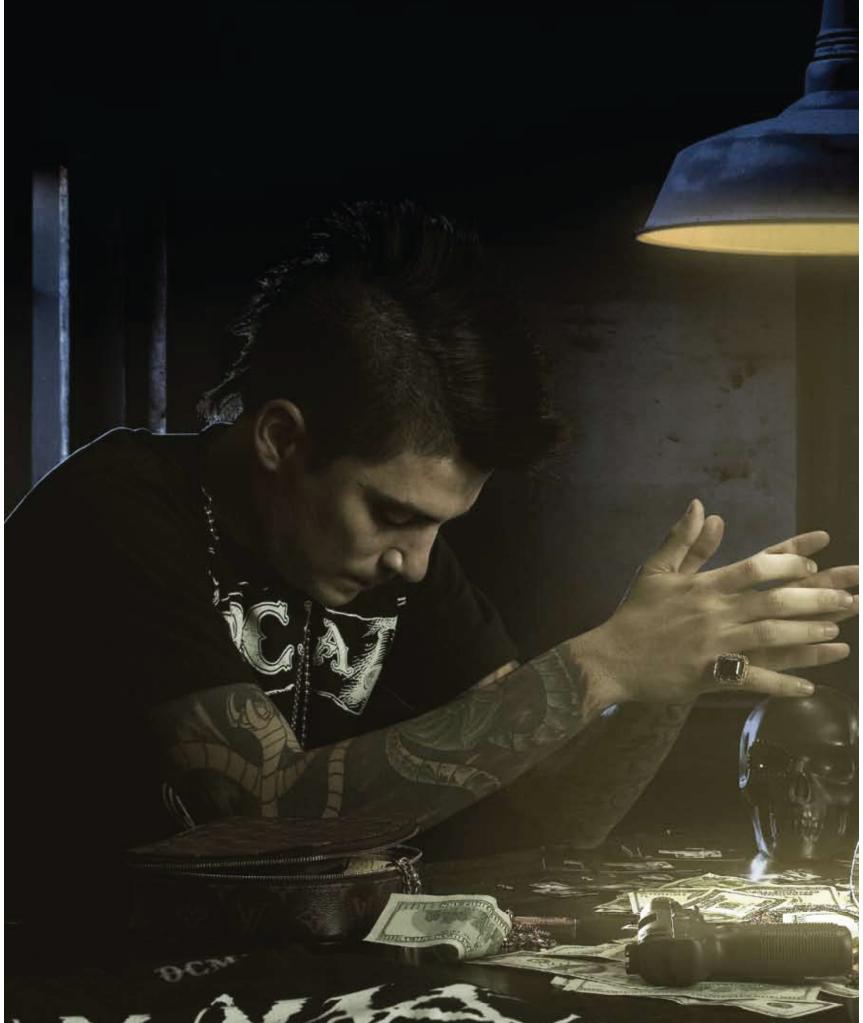
PLAYSTATION 3





April 29th 2008 www.rockstargames.com/iv





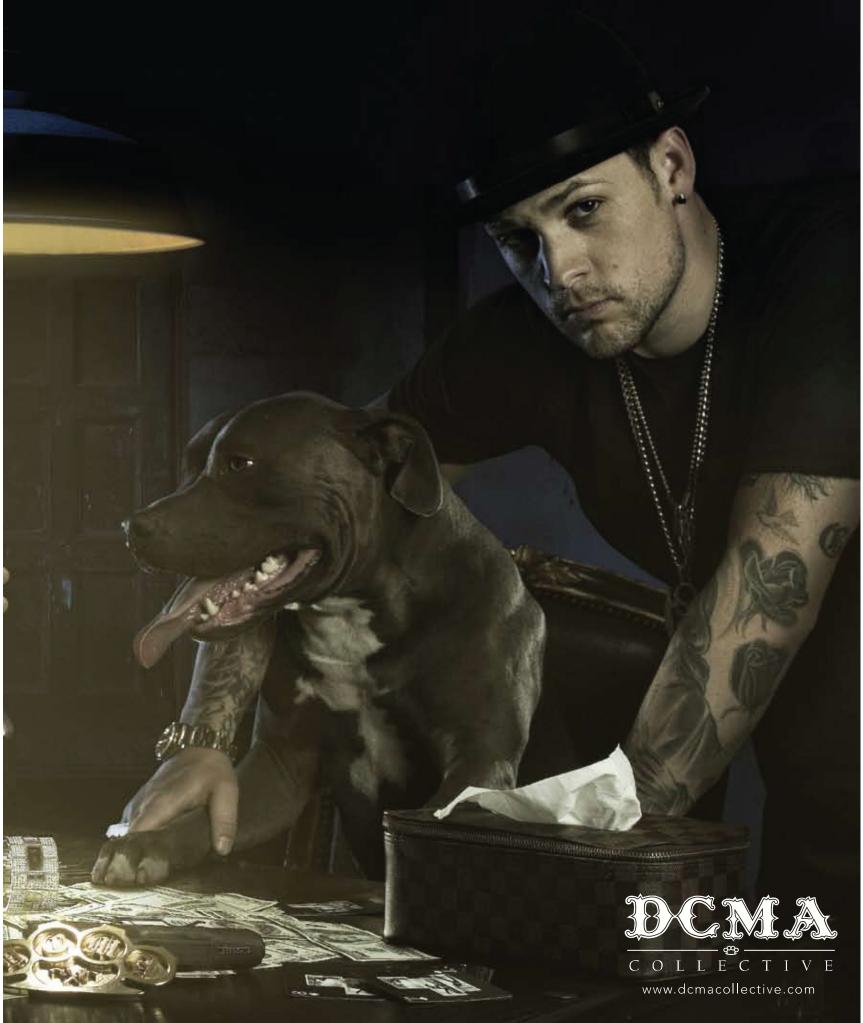
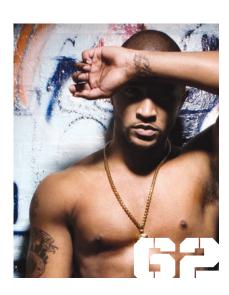


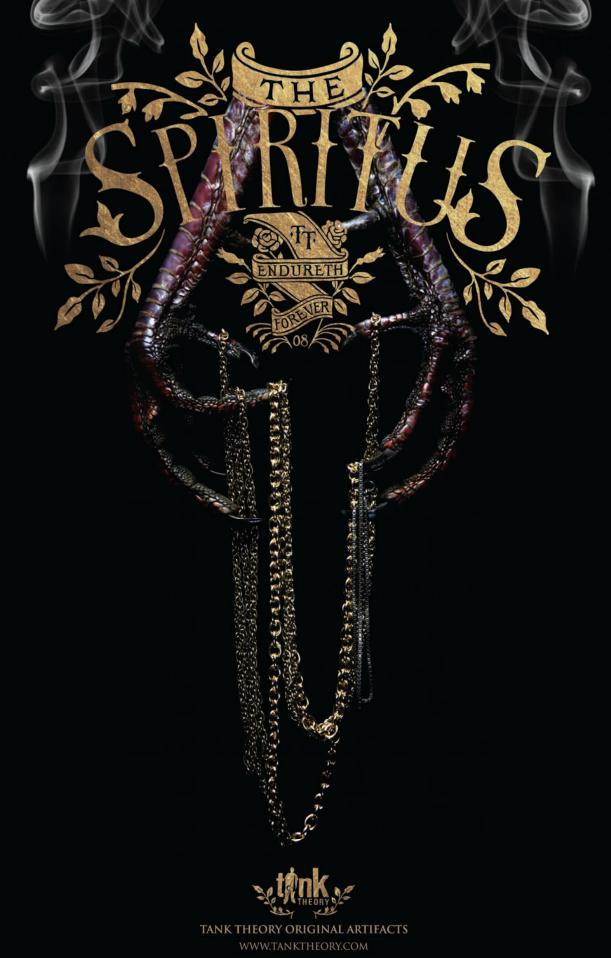
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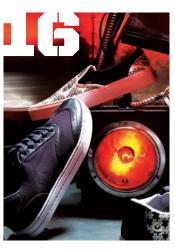


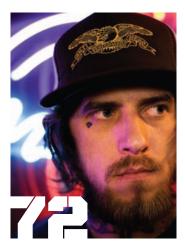
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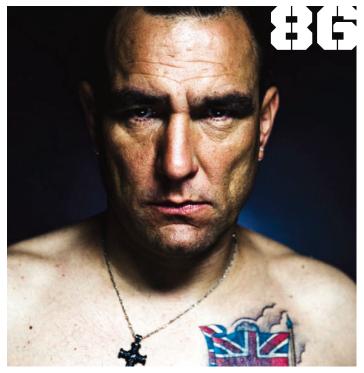
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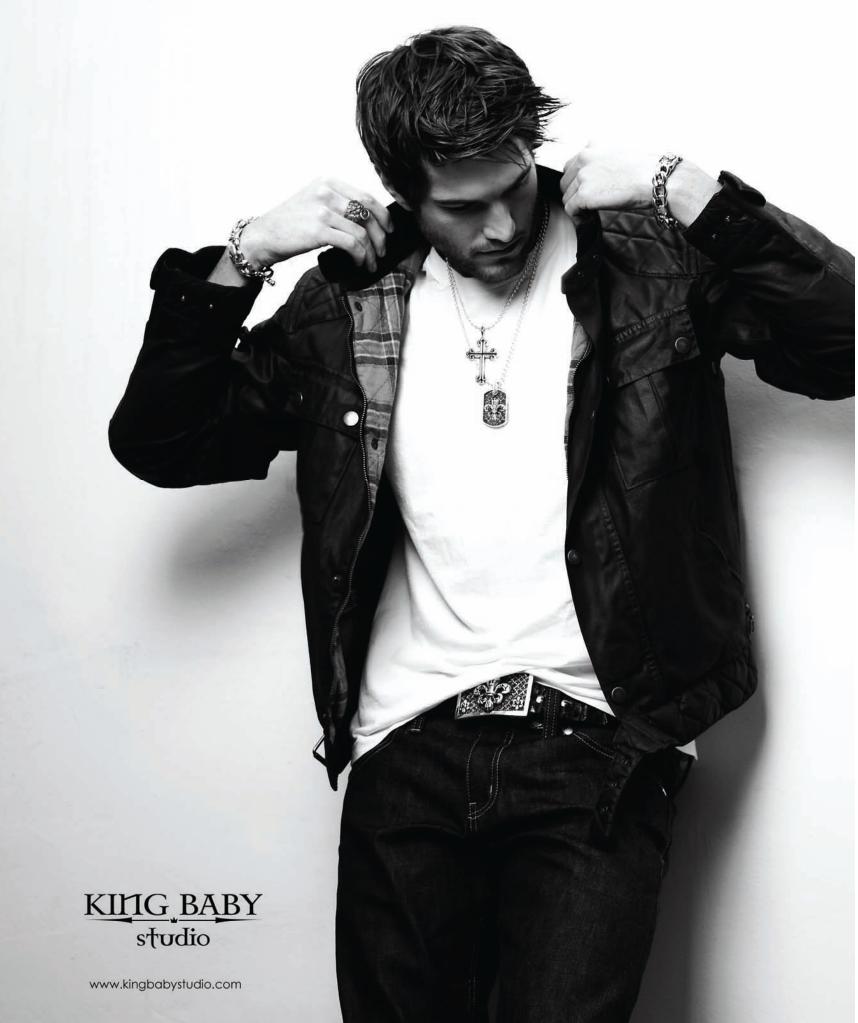














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Top Row: "I once shot an album for Bad Boy Records, and the whole crew got shot at by a semi-automatic machine gun," says photographer Zach Wolfe. "My street cred went up a couple notches that day." For this month's issue, Wolfe shot R&B star Tweet (page 90). "I really wanted to shoot outside but it was getting dark and stormy. I rolled the dice and took her outside for 15 minutes as the sun was going down and the rainstorm was rolling in. Luckily, that ended up being the best set-up of the day." Wolfe's work has appeared in XXL, Spin, Mass Appeal, and Vibe.

"Not what I expected from a guy nicknamed 'Psycho,'" says writer Tom Conlon of his interview with actor Vinnie Jones (page 86). "Based on the characters he plays, I definitely figured he'd be difficult, to say the least. But just the opposite-probably the funniest, nicest guy I've interviewed." Conlon's articles have appeared in Blender, Boston, Maxim, Men's Journal, and Wired.

Photographer Joseph Cultice ("At the Brink," page 48) grew from a rock 'n' roll-obsessed teen, who had floorto-ceiling KISS posters papering his room in Phoenix, Arizona, to a New York City photographer who was behind the award-winning cover of Marilyn Manson's Mechanical Animals. His work has appeared in Vogue, Interview, Entertainment Weekly, ESPN, Revolver, and others. He is currently working on the documentary Bastions of Immaturity: The Meat Puppets Story.

Born in France in the middle of the disco-crazed '70s, graffiti artist Sébastien Gorey fell in love with street art at 13. Gorey's pieces have popped up on Parisian walls and trucks for the past decade, and after years of dedication to aerosol painting he recently brought out his pencils again. Gorey's designs are all about graffiti and its universe: trucks, moving targets, markers, and hand-made productions on the urban city landscape. For this issue, he created the mural and typography for our fashion shoot "Tha Block Is Hot" (page 62).

Bottom Row: Photographer Jeffery Salter has shot everything from bonefishing in the Bahamas to political conflict in Haiti, but he was not sure what to expect from Sick of It All's guitarist Pete Koller ("Built to Last," page 56). "It began with [Pete] dutifully putting on his seatbelt and then telling me how he likes performing in Europe because there are no rules at the concerts," Salter remembers. A former staff photographer for The New York Times and Sports Illustrated, Salter's photographs have appeared in Rolling Stone, Men's Journal, and Vibe, and his work has been exhibited at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, The Smithsonian, and the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Our shoot with tattooist Devon Blood ("There Will Be Blood," page 72) turned into a tattoo session when photographer Jason Madara jumped in the chair and

got his daughter's name tattooed on his wrist. When not with his wife and newborn daughter, the San Francisco photographer hits the golf courses and shoots for Surface, Esquire, BlackBook, Interview, Entertainment Weekly, and The New York Times Magazine.

In This Moment's Maria Brink has a gift for turning heads, and not just because she's a looker, writer Jon Wiederhorn discovered during his interview with the singer ("At the Brink," page 48). "She came in dragging a suitcase behind her and seemed kind of awkward. Wiederhorn says, "But she turned out to be endearing and her quirkiness is a large part of that." Wiederhorn is the editor of MTV2's Headbangers Ball Blog and is a senior writer for Revolver. His work has also appeared in Rolling Stone, Spin, and Entertainment Weekly.

Photographer Sarah McColgan shot this month's fashion feature "Tha Block Is Hot" (page 62). The New Jersey native started shooting at 16 and later graduated from the School of Visual Arts. She worked as a photojournalist before getting into fashion photography. "My work is constantly evolving and changing. I try to avoid getting stuck on one idea and let my ideas grow and expand," she says. Her friends and family still wonder when McColgan will get a "real job." Her work has appeared in Marie Claire, Esquire, Redbook, Interview, and Vibe, among others.

INKED REGRETS: "Cotton Brawl" [March, page 10] mistakenly identified two T-shirts. The T-shirt listed as Stüssy was actually the To Die For Cothing Ink & Daggers shirt (todieforclothing.com). The T-shirt listed as DKNY was actually the Me Against The World Crest Metallic shirt (meagainsttheworld.net).



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In This Moment's Maria Brink gets smoked out on the set of her INKED photo shoot.

When I was 15, my boss at the liquor store yelled at me for not mopping the floors. "People see my name on the sign," he spit. "So when these floors look like shit it makes me look like shit. What are we gonna do about it?" I told him to put my name on the sign and walked out. When I got home, I played Sick of It All's "Pushed Too Far" over and over.

Years later, I have an amazing job that let's me write about Sick of It All, Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags, and other bands I love for this issue's look back at New York hardcore ("Built to Last" page 56).

For this month, our Music Issue, we were also lucky enough to lure In This Moment singer Maria Brink away from writing sessions with her band for our photo shoot. Check out the amazing shots and read about how Brink is one of the new faces of metal in "At the Brink" (page 44). Elsewhere, we caught up with sultry R&B singer Tweet to talk about her new album ("Return of the Southern Hummingbird," page 90) and photographed Anne Lindfjeld, the former host of Headbangers Ball on Danish MTV ("Red Alert," page 76). Of course, we also brought you the latest T-shirts, books, music, and even tattoo aftercare.

Be sure to visit inkedmag.com. With our new Tattoo Your T-shirt contest you can design a shirt, upload the art, and win \$2,500, plus a royalty if we choose to distribute it. Want to be an Inked Girl? Upload your photos and let INKED readers vote. The winner will be photographed in a professional shoot, and the photos will run in an upcoming issue of INKED.

It's our Music Issue. Turn something up and enjoy!

Jason Buhrmester Articles Editor

P.S. We finished this issue on St. Patrick's Day. That night, we went to see The Pogues and drank plenty of whiskey. Sorry if our June/July issue is a little late.



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MY FIRST INK

NAME: Jessica Tong

OCCUPATION: Industrial Designer **HOMETOWN:** New York City

"I got my first tattoo when I was 17 as an act of freedom. It's a phoenix on my back, and it was done by the late, great Todd Vargas at Village Pop, in New York City. In reaction to my first tattoo, my mother got a frog tattoo. But she has all her makeup tattooed on, so technically it wasn't her first tattoo. I also have chrysanthemums on my back by Luke at Anubis Warpus, in San Francisco, roses on my hips by Joey at Anubis Warpus, and script on my inner arm by Noee at Addiction Tattoo, in New York City. But my favorite is a girl on my upper ribs that's not finished yet. As soon as it's finished, and the weather is warm, I plan on getting swallows on my right thigh by the kind and talented Sweety at East Side Ink."

photo by EDWARD SMITH



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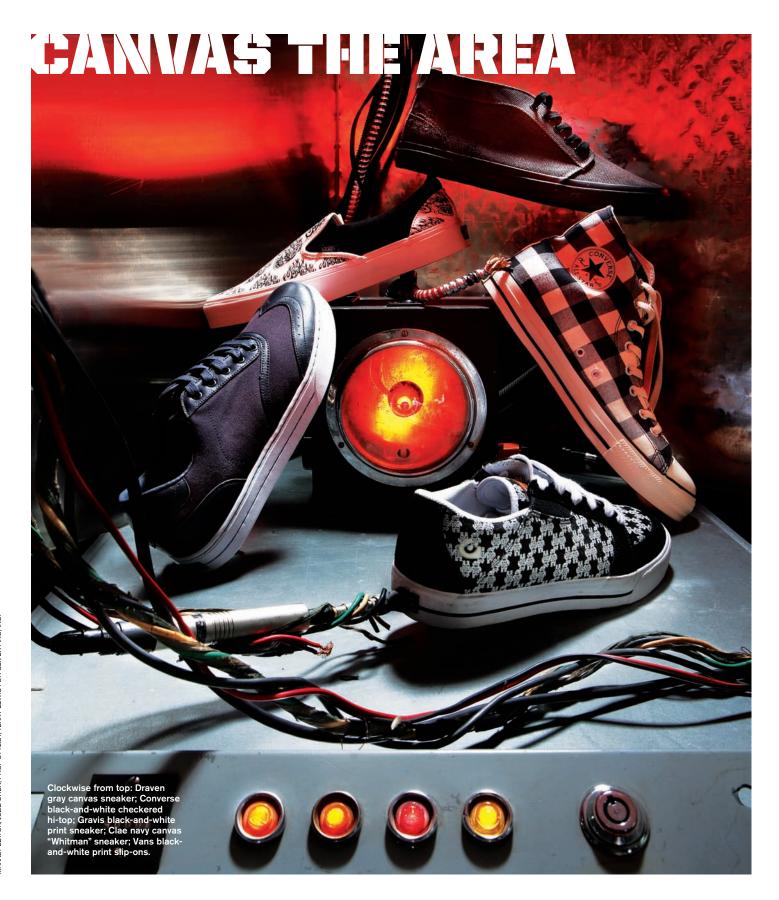
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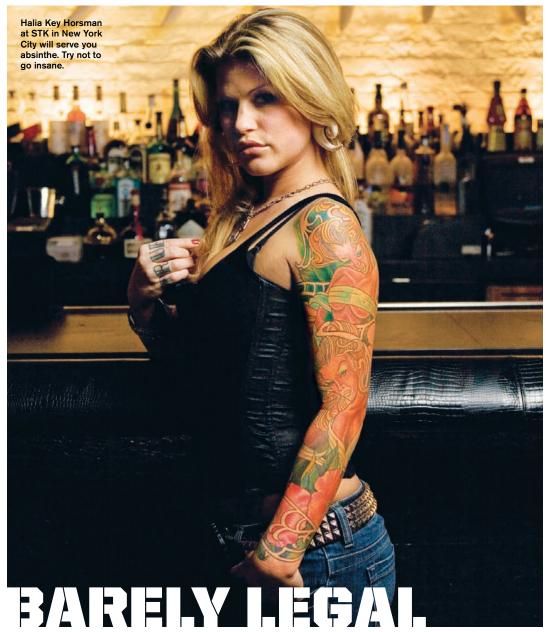
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MARKET EDITOR, JULIE CHEN; PROP STYLIST, TERRY LEWIS FOR OLIVER PIRO, INC.



inked life | DRINK



With the ban lifted, we peel back the myths about absinthe, the world's most mysterious spirit, and give you the truth about the Green Fairy.

For a long time, absinthe was much like pot in Vancouver and health food in Alabama; it was legal for you to own and consume, but frowned upon to sell. The notorious spirit is distilled from a mixture of herbs and spices developed by the Swiss, and it's known for its high alcohol content and distinct licorice flavor. But what sets absinthe apart from vodka and gin—and the reason it was banned for nearly 100 years—is its use of wormwood, a little shrub that contains a supposedly mind-bending chemical called thujone. That's not the whole story behind the ban. As absinthe gained popularity with bohemian Parisian culture in the late 19th Century, French winemakers created a propaganda campaign against the green spirit that claimed it "provoked epilepsy," and it was later blamed for causing Vincent Van Gogh to chop off his ear (although that incident is now believed to be the result of dementia caused by a raging case of syphilis). A few petitions later and absinthe was banned throughout Europe and the United States. After lobbying in 2007, the hallucinogenic booze is now legal everywhere. Is it dangerous? Not really. These days there's such a small amount of thujone in absinthe you would die of alcohol poisoning before you blew your mind. To drink it properly, pour one ounce of absinthe in a glass, hold a sugar cube in a spoon (preferably an absinthe spoon) over the glass, and slowly pour ice water over it. Down it and wait for the Green Fairy to arrive. —Cory Jones



ABSENTE

Absente has been around since before the ban. The company found a loophole by using a less bitter cousin of wormwood called "southern wormwood," which still contains thujone but is a little easier to drink than the original.



SEBOF

At 110 proof, this Czech Republic absinth (the Czech heritage is why this brand drops the "e") uses the highest legal amount of wormwood. Its rich licorice and anise flavors make this perfect for sipping without overpowering your palate.



LUCID

The first classic version of absinthe to be sold in the United States after the ban was lifted, Lucid is a powerful 62 percent alcohol, so mix it with a little water and sugar. If you use this for your next round of body shots, you'll end up in a body bag.

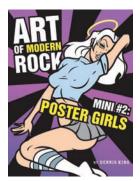


SUISSE VERTE CLANDESTINE

With 72 percent alcohol, this worm-wood-infused absinthe is made in the Swiss region where absinthe was invented. The green spirit turns milky when water or ice is added (a trait of most absinthes), and at this proof you should be sure to add plenty.



BOOK DROP



ART OF MODERN ROCK: MINI #2 POSTER GIRLS

by Dennis King (Chronicle)

Poster collector Dennis King, co-author of Art of Modern Rock, complied this miniature coffee table book that contains reproductions of 200 rock 'n' roll posters, many featuring voluptuous vixens, sexy librarians, and alien sexpots. Most of the posters date from the '90s and feature classic artists such as Coop and Frank Kozik and their posters for shows by Social Distortion, Supersuckers, Reverend Horton Heat, and others. The collection unequivocally proves art-

ist R. Black's theory that, "There is nothing more tempting than a scantily clad woman hawking a product." It also proves that in many cases, like U2, the poster is better than the band.



RAD SEX-

WE DID IT. SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO

by The Writers of Nerve.com (Chronicle)

Sometimes sex sucks. No one knows this better than the 26 writers who contributed essays to this book. For example, Steve Almond always fantasized about having his girlfriend wax his chest, thinking the pain would be "awesome, in an S&M kind of way." In reality, it left him bloody and smelling like a "giant crayon." Other highlights in this book include Neal Pollack's essay about the time he accidentally jizzed on his cat; Jonathan Ames' story of acciden-

tally having sex with a virgin, and Sarah Hepola's tale of accidentally electrocuting herself with a vibrator. After reading about these accidents and more, the answer to the age-old riddle that's stumped everyone from Greek philosophers to Gandhi, "Is bad sex better than no sex at all?" seems obvious. Sometimes, yes.



LIKE A ROLLING STONE

by Steven Kurutz (Broadway)

Just because tribute bands are imitators doesn't mean they're any less rock 'n' roll. For this true tale about two Rolling Stones tribute acts, Sticky Fingers and the Blushing Brides, the author spent years touring with them. Along the way, Sticky Finger's "Mick" is arrested for beating up two fraternity brothers and later he fires, then rehires, several bandmates, including a "Keith" who always dresses in character, even at his day job with the NYPD. In case you forgot why tribute bands rule, this book will remind you. As Kurutz

so eloquently puts it, "[They] are a happy compromise. The musicians onstage would probably rather be in Black Sabbath, and the audience would rather be at a Black Sabbath concert, but in the absence of those options, 'Sabbra Cadabra' is a fine substitute."



TOUCH ME. I'M SICK: THE 52 CREEPIEST LOVE SONGS YOU'VE EVER HEARD

by Tom Reynolds (Chicago Review Press) Millions of lovesick fools croon along to "Every Breath You Take" without truly picking up that the sweet-sounding lyrics are actually disturbing enough to warrant a restraining order and a shotgun. To prove the point that love songs can be scarv, writer Tom Revnolds collected 52 love songs from Paul Anka to Slipknot, gave them a spin, and dissected the lyrics to gauge the creepiness factor. Sinéad O'Connor's "I Am Stretched on Your Grave" definitely sends a chill, and Motley Crue's

"You're All I Need" is downright twisted ("I loved you so I set you free/I had to take your life"). There are creepy classics such as "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" and "(You're) Having My Baby," but the thought of an omnipotent Clay Aiken (as he portrays himself in "Invisible") scares us the most.



SNUFF

by Chuck Palahniuk (Doubleday)

Only Fight Club author Chuck Palahniuk could make porn this un-sexy. His ninth novel takes place on an adult film set, where XXX film star Cassie Wright is attempting to break the world record for a gang-bang-600 men in one day. There is just one problem: One of the men wanting to help Cassie reach her goal believes he is the son she gave up for adoption years ago. As he waits in the green room, he debates the pros and cons of having sex with his mom. Later, he and the other guys discover that Cassie's real

goal isn't about banging 600 guys; she really wants to die in front of the camera. We won't tell you what happens at the book's, er, climax.



THE COMPLETE PIRELLI **CALENDARS: 1964-2007**

by Edmondo Berselli (Rizzoli)

No pinup calendar impacted the world quite like Pirelli. In 1964, the Italian tire manufacturer created the sexy calendar to send business associates, and in the decades since it has become an icon, known for featuring worldfamous models and photographers. Gorgeous celebs such as Gisele Bündchen, Kate Moss, Penélope Cruz, and Selma Blair have graced

the pages, and famed photographers such as Herb Ritts and Annie Leibovitz have shot for it. The exclusive calendar is only sent to a limited list of connected people so this book is your chance to see them all. The collection even includes the rare 1963 calendar the company never released. - Patty Lamberti

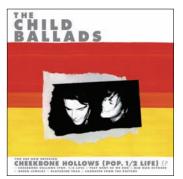


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24 | INKEDMAG.COM photo by NICK FERRARI

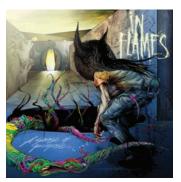
SOUND ADVICE



THE CHILD BALLADS Cheekbone Hollows (Pop. 1/2 Life) [Gypsy Eyes]

In the late '90s, singer Stewart Lupton swaggered and swayed on stage with Jonathan Fire*Eater, one of New York City's most electrifying bands. After the band's implosion the remaining members formed The Walkmen, and Lupton walked off into a supposed drug oblivion. Ten years later, the singer resurfaces with The Child Ballads. Over strumming guitars and drums

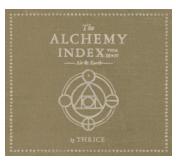
from John Spencer Blues Explosion's Judah Bauer, Lupton rediscovers his slurred delivery and stream-of-conscious lyrics about transients who "huddle around puddles." And in too-cool Lupton style, he shrugs off his disappearance: "Thanks for being good to me. I'm sorry if you were scared."



IN FLAMES A Sense of Purpose [Koch]

Heavy metal fans don't like change. Tweak your sound too much and metalheads will drop you like an unwanted stage diver (we're looking at you Metallica!). Yet over a string of albums, Sweden's In Flames have grown from grind-and-growl death metal into a band with melody. The trick is the way the band throws down a flurry of heavy riffs and pounding drums then broad-

sides it with melody. The metal chug of "Alias" lurches behind singer Anders Fridén's growl then opens up into the chorus. "Sober and Irrelevant" charges with wide-open drums and galloping riff. Somehow, In Flames has become one of the best metal bands on the planet-just don't tell anyone how they did it.



The Alchemy Index, Vols. III & IV: Air & Earth [Vagrant]

We cringe every time we hear the term "concept album," even when it's uttered by one of our favorite bands. So when rockers Thrice announced they would be releasing four thematic EPs built around earth, air, fire, and water, we nearly curled up in a ball. Released in pairs, the final chapter Air & Earth

is Thrice at their mellowest. Think of it as part Refused, part Pink Floyd, and count on only occasional bursts of the loud rock where Thrice started. The twin set starts with Air, the louder of the two, then transitions into Earth, a mostly acoustic set built around piano, acoustic guitar, and even banjo. The noisy "Broken Lungs" and somber closer "Child of Dust" are highlights. Overly ambitious? Definitely. But still worth checking out.



CONSTANTINES Kensington Heights [Arts & Crafts]

Ask any Constantines fan what the Canadian band sounds like and he's sure to say Bruce Springsteen and Fugazi. The comparison isn't totally crazy. The Constantines play blue-collar rock crashed up against D.C. post-rock, but what fans are really picking up on is the passion. They sound like they actually care about channeling something through the decibels. "Hard Feelings"

builds around a twitchy riff and singer Bryan Webb's grizzled howl that "Some people's love isn't strong enough," and later the singer promises "I Will Not Sing a Hateful Song." By "Do What You Can Do." the Constantines sound like they've found a balance between what they hope for and what they can expect.



NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!! [Anti]

Last year, Australian weirdo Nick Cave ditched his piano for a guitar and launched Grinderman, his noisy-as-hell side project. It awoke something in Cave, and for his first album with the Bad Seeds in four years the singer sounds more like the twisted soul who sang "Stagger Lee" and less like the balladeer behind "Still in Love." Reconnected with his sinister side, Cave

sneers "Night of the Lotus Eaters" and rants across "We Call Upon the Author" (which sounds like a Grinderman leftover). Elsewhere, Cave begs you to be his girl over the squelching feedback of "Lie Down Here" and slithers and moans through the sexually ominous "Today's Lesson." The bad guy is back.



BILLY BRAGG Mr. Love & Justice [Anti]

Leftie singer Billy Bragg got his start in the late '70s by standing solo on stage to sing songs about labor issues and socialism to rowdy British crowds. But in the States he's probably best known as the guy who teamed with Wilco to record leftover Woody Guthrie lyrics for the amazing Mermaid Avenue albums. On "Mr. Love & Justice," the

elder statesman lays down all he's learned from the protest rallies, tours, and accolades. Backed by his band, The Blokes, Bragg sounds loose as he brings an old-time revival feel to "Sing Their Souls Back Home" and the jumpy "The Beach is Free." But later, when he bemoans the fate of political prisoners on "O Freedom," it's all business as he sings, "O Freedom what liberties are taken in thy name." - Jason Buhrmester

inked life | PLAY



PAYDAY

n8vandyke.com

San Francisco artist Nate Van Dyke has created artwork for a wide range of companies, from Scion and Old Navy to Slayer and Bullet For My Valentine. His latest creation is Payday, a simian stick-up artist. You might recognize the gun-toting future primitive ape from the pages of Heavy Metal magazine or T-shirts from Upper Playground designed by Van Dyke. This 5.5-inch vinyl version comes with a Glock, a bag for carrying stolen loot, a pair of sneakers and a walrus mask (not shown) to ensure a clean get-away. Keep an eye out for more from Van Dyke as he just finished concept art and storyboards for Sega's new Iron Man video game.

EAST 3 MUGSY

east-3.com

While most graffiti masters come up on tough inner-city streets, East 3 was raised just off the radar in Honolulu. In 1994, he was recruited by street art icon Crazy Legs and joined the legendary Rock Steady Crew. Since then, he has done design work for Rawkus Records, Adidas, and GQ. Now he's turning to toys. East and his clothing company, Anomalies, teamed with toy and fashion powerhouse Kidrobot to produce this spray-can vinyl figure, limited to 500. The 8-inch mutant comes with two markers, three cans of spray-paint, a fat gold chain and a visor. Use his swivel head to keep a sharp lookout for the cops.

TOKI CATS

strangeco.com

Italian artist Simone Legno's adorable Japanese-inspired Tokidoki characters grew into an international phenomenon, popping up on purses, tote bags, and clothing. The latest additions to the Tokidoki line are Skeletrino & Skeletrina (sold separately), a new toy series from Strangeco. The story goes that after being kicked out of hell for being too good-natured, these cats and their owners are condemned to live forever on Earth. They come with cool scythe tails and the female is printed all over with the Tokidoki heart-andbones logo. Taking care of them should be easy; there's no litter box. Watch for them to pop up on a line of merchandise soon.

DJ PANDA & **OFF WORLD CREATURE**

mindstyle.com

Chinese cartoonist Michael Lau's comic strips first popped up in Hong Kong fashion and street culture magazines and were later turned into best-selling artist figures. The latest release is destined to become one of the most sought after series ever. Lau continues his work with U.S. company MINDstyle to release a new Gardener (his name for them). The black-on-black figures are designed with a mix of matte and gloss finishes and are limited to 200 pieces. Pictured here are Off World Creature and DJ Panda. They're probably selling out everywhere while you're reading this. -Mike Supermodel



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HEAL THYSELF

"There are about 10,000 tattoo artists in this country, and 10,000 opinions on how to care for a tattoo," says Jeff Matera, president of Lakeview Laboratories, a company that makes tattoo aftercare products. He's right; care instructions for fresh ink vary from shop to shop. But, in general, you want to wait at least a few hours before removing the bandage then clean the area with a mild

anti-bacterial soap. Next, most artists suggest applying some type of ointment or lotion to keep the skim moist as it heals and possibly scabs. Other artists say you can prevent your tattoo from scabbing at all by keeping it completely covered (usually with plastic wrap) until it peels. We say respect your artist's work by following his or her chosen healing method. —Jennifer Chapman





TATTOO GOO

This natural moisturizing salve (tattoo goo.com) doesn't contain petrolatum or lanolin, which some say can pull the color from your new tattoo.



BLACK CAT TATTOO CLEANSER

Mild and fragrance-free, this spray soap (tattooaftercare.net) takes the sting out of that all-important cleansing step.



H₂OCEAN OCEAN FOAM

This non-greasy foam (h2ocean.com) helps keep your tattoo moisturized, but won't get your clothes all greasy.



NEXCARE ABRASION COVERS

Create a *breathable* waterproof seal with these abrasion covers (at drugstores) that are great for protecting small pieces in the shower.

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photo by JOSHUA SCOTT MAY 2008 | 29

inked life | DRIVE

Clockwise from below: The leather interior and deep bucket seats; the 2008 Corvette Convertible; the shortthrow six-speed manual shifter.







GOING TOPLESS

CORVETTE COUPE

Engine: 6.2L V8, 430 hp Starts: \$46,950

CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE

Engine: 6.2L V8, 430 hp Starts: \$55,425

CORVETTE ZO6

Engine: 7.0L V8, 505 hp Starts: \$72,125

One surefire way to start a fight: tell a gearhead that the newest generation of Chevrolet Corvette might challenge the sports car supremacy of the Porsche. It's the type of argument that will probably end with a tire iron to the head. It's also true. The new generation of Chevrolet Corvettes have ushered in a whole new approach to building the American sports car.

The best time of the year to experience the new Corvette is the summer, when you can drop the top and feel the wind at an eyelid-peeling 150plus mph. Corvette offers three topless options: The Coupe with removable roof panels, the onetouch Convertible, and the king of the Corvette convertibles-the new Z06.

The Corvette has always been about speed, and the new Z06 edition includes a 7.0-liter, 505horsepower engine that goes from 0 to 60 mph in 4.3 seconds on the way up to a top speed of 190 mph. The engine comes mated with a revamped six-speed manual transmission or an automatic trans with steering wheel-mounted paddle shifters for electronic shifting.

To handle all that speed, the Z06 body is five inches shorter than the previous edition. Designers shed the front and rear overhangs and used superstrong, lightweight carbon fiber fenders. Those design elements, coupled with enormous engine power and impressive body stiffness, lets the Z06 hug turns at high speeds.

Pounds aren't the only the thing the new Vette lost. Designers also dropped the Corvette's signature hideaway headlights. The Z06 is the first Corvette with fixed headlamps since 1962. It's far more attractive, lightens the load, and makes way for the brighter HID Xenon system with low-beam projector-beam lens and a tungsten-halogen high-beam projector lens.

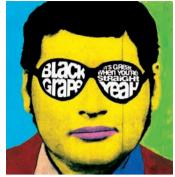
The longstanding complaint that the Corvette interior was just warmed-over plastic is also a thing of the past. Thanks to an innovative design that sets the cockpit deep into the chassis, the Z06 has a much cooler low-slung profile, and a blend of metal-type and carbon fiber finishes on the trim gives the Corvette cockpit a cool flair as you hit hyperspeed. -George Polgar



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Clockwise from right: Happy Mondays' Pills 'n' Thrills and Bellyaches cover art; Black Grape's It's Great When You're Straight... Yeah cover art; Happy Mondays' Greatest Hits cover art; Portrait of comedian Ken Dodd by Central Station Design; Leonard Cohen at the Richard Goodall Gallery

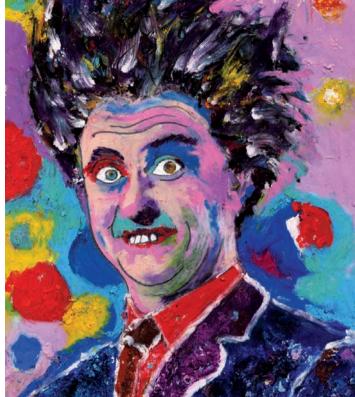












Ten years ago, after suffering a heart attack and undergoing a bypass surgery, Richard Goodall woke up and realized he hated working in the family textile business. All stitched up, he decided to extricate himself to open up an art gallery.

Goodall, an avid photography collector, had built up relationships with galleries and artists, and he used those to drum up a business that would seed him not one, but two galleries under his name. Richard Goodall Gallery opened in Manchester, England, in 2000 with a show by famed photographer/videographer Anton Corbijn. "The building was tucked into north Manchester, the SoHo of Manchester," Goodall recalls. "In 2000, it was a lofty area full of artists. Now, it's a quarter littered with bars, delis, and condos.' After doing a rock 'n' roll photography show in 2003, Goodall decided he could expand, so in 2007, he opened up Richard Goodall Gallery: Underground, which has hosted exhibitions such as a Decemberists European Tour poster series and the solo show of Emek, a three-time winner of the Pollstar award for the music industry's poster of the year.

Next up (through May) is a retrospective of the design trio Central Station, which is made up of brothers Matt and Pat Carroll and Karen Jackson. The trio, who moved from London to Manchester over two decades ago after commuting to the northern city to party every weekend, are best known for their vibrant Happy Mondays album covers. "Back in the Madchester days, anyone could spot a Happy Mondays album from across a crowded record store," says Goodall. The show will remind visitors about Greater Manchester's hallowed grounds, home to the Happy Mondays, but also Joy Division, New Order, the Stone Roses, and the Charlatans. "Launching the exhibition in Manchester was very important to us," says Jackson. "It will be a tribute to our late great friend Tony Wilson [founder of The Hacienda nightclub, and a co-founder of Factory Records, who passed away last year]. It will feature artwork produced for Factory Records, as well as series of fine art portraits of mad British film and TV personalities such as Benny Hill and Ken Dodd."

At once angst-ridden and euphoric, Madchester's back! -Rachel Aydt

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GAME ON



Gran Turismo 5: Prologue [Sony]

Platform: PlayStation 3

While Forza Motorsport for the Xbox 360 is now in the pole position for realistic racing games, don't count out Sony's stylish racer yet. Gran Turismo 5: Prologue is just a taste of what gamers can expect when the company unleashes the complete GT5 sometime in the future. To tide you over, Sony released this preview that includes five tracks, 50 cars ranging from Alfa Romeo to Volkswagen Golf, and 16-player online races. Racing fans who don't know the difference between a transmission and a C-clamp are better off getting into the driver's seat of arcade racers like Burnout Paradise, but grease monkeys who get off by tweaking torque won't find a better option on the PS3.



Haze [Ubisoft]

Platform: PlayStation 3

In this shooter, you're a near-future super soldier who shoots up a performanceenhancing drug called Nectar that hones your killer instinct while fighting for your employer, a private military contractor that just happens to be your pusher. What could go wrong? The drug will come in handy when you're surrounded by soldiers gunning for your dog tags, but if you juice too much, the hallucinations may put you down. The brain-dead Al soldiers on your team aren't much help in an intense firefight, so call some friends to help you grease baddies via the four-player online co-op play. Drugs, guns, and a crew of friends? Sounds like the last Wu-Tang Clan tour.



Grand Theft Auto IV [Rockstar]

Platform: Xbox 360, PlayStation 3

Forget Halo. The real video game kingpin is the badass mofo who isn't afraid to beat a hooker or steal a cop car. GTA IV follows Eastern European immigrant Niko Bellic as he rises through the ranks of the underworld to make Liberty City his bitch. The redesigned city takes all its cues from New York City and Jersey City, with graphics that are switchblade sharp. The new animation system looks incredible; no two characters move the same way, so hit-and-runs are better than ever. No doubt overzealous bible thumpers and parent groups are already up in arms over this satirical ode to America's underworld. Just wait until they hear about the new drunk driving mini-game.



NBA Ballers: Chosen One [Midway]

Platform: Xbox 360, PlayStation 3

These days, the focus of the NBA feels less about hoops and more about pampered athletes and their arrest records, fights with front-row fans, and illegitimate children. With NBA Ballers, it's your turn to experience the luxury of living an over-the-top life on and off the court. Build a character, face off in one-on-one or two-on-two hoops against 80 NBA players and legends, then blow your cash on cars, mansions, and bling. The first next-gen version of the game features a new dribbling system and graphics so realistic you can almost see the look of disgust in Vince Carter's eyes as he realizes he's still in a New Jersey Nets jersey. - Matt Bertz

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Clockwise from top left: The Drake Hotel's lounge; the Biker Room at the Gladstone Hotel; Circa; last year's Northern Ink Xposure; the Toronto skyline.



Toronto is known for its welcoming attitude (49 percent of the city's population was born outside of Canada), and that hospitality extends to the tattoo community when Northern Ink Xposure takes over the downtown Hilton June 13 through 15. For the Canadian expo's 10th anniversary, there's plenty going on: the Museum of Contemporary Canadian Art will host "Art of the Human Canvas," a show featuring artists such as Bob Tyrrell and Paul Booth, and a wide range of tattooists will be in attendance, including Canadians Paul Oliver and Cory Ferguson. After the convention, hit the galleries of Queen Street West, then swing by The Drake Hotel to check out its sitespecific installations. Be sure to stick around for dinner. Executive chef Anthony Rose's menu features regional dishes like Ontario rabbit stewed in Armagnac and locally raised strip steak with a wild mushroom ragout and black truffle aioli. And

don't think the visual stimulation ends when the sun goes down. You can enjoy live music at the Cameron House, a lounge and gallery in a building adorned with colorful murals and oversized sculptural ants, or head to over-the-top nightclub Circa, which features digital paintings and a room designed by Paul Budnitz, the founder of Kidrobot. Spend the night at the Gladstone Hotel. Each of its 37 rooms has a different designer, so you can lay your head beneath the woodland mural and antler chandelier of Jenny Francis's Canadiana Room or slip between the sheets in Andrew Harwood's glossy, black-and-red Biker Room. Need fresh air? Take a trip to the top of the CN Tower before you head home. Its website still claims it's the tallest structure in the world, but you can politely (it's Canada) inform the staff that the Burj Dubai skyscraper now holds that honor. Sorry, Canucks! - Jennifer Chapman

NORTHN INK XPOSURE

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THE DRAKE HOTEL, thedrakehotel.ca 1150 Queen Street West, 416-531-5042

CAMERON HOUSE, thecameron.com 408 Queen Street West, 416-703-0811

CIRCA, circatoronto.com 126 John St., 416-979-0044

GLADSTONE HOTEL, gladstonehotel.com 1214 Queen Street West, 416-531-4635

CN TOWER, cntower.ca 301 Front Street West, 416-868-6937







KERL

Five years ago, just before Estonian pop singer Kerli turned 16, she asked her conservative mother to let her get a tattoo of a "little Chinese hieroglyph" on the back of her neck for a birthday present and reward for her academic prowess.

"She said, "No fucking way" Kerli remembers. Instead, her mom challenged her to find every book in town about China, read it, and report back. If she thought the teenager knew enough, she could get the tattoo. "She thought I was never going to do it, and of course I did. So that was my 16th birthday present. It cost \$10 from this little shitty salon in Estonia."

It wouldn't be the last time Kerli would set her mind on something. Born Kerli Koiv, the 21-year-old singer grew up in a tiny communist town of 5,000 people in Eastern Europe that she describes as a place where "you were not supposed to cry or laugh. You were not supposed to show real feelings." She dreamed of being a pop singer, something unimaginable for most in Estonia, and launched her career on a Baltic version of American Idol Just don't ask her about it. "It was like seven years ago and it was the very beginning of my career," she says.

With dark eye makeup, porcelain skin, and white-blonde hair, the blue-eyed singer looks a little like Avril Lavigne crossed with the sweet prettiness of Kate Bosworth. She describes her debut album, *Love is Dead* on Island/Def Jam, as "a diary of five years of my darkest moments." It sounds like something that could be featured on a "If you're a fan of Fiona Apple and Pink" page on iTunes. Cross all that with a chick who has serious piercings (two in her lip, one nose, one eyebrow, her tongue, below her lip, and one nipple) and five tattoos and you've got Kerli.

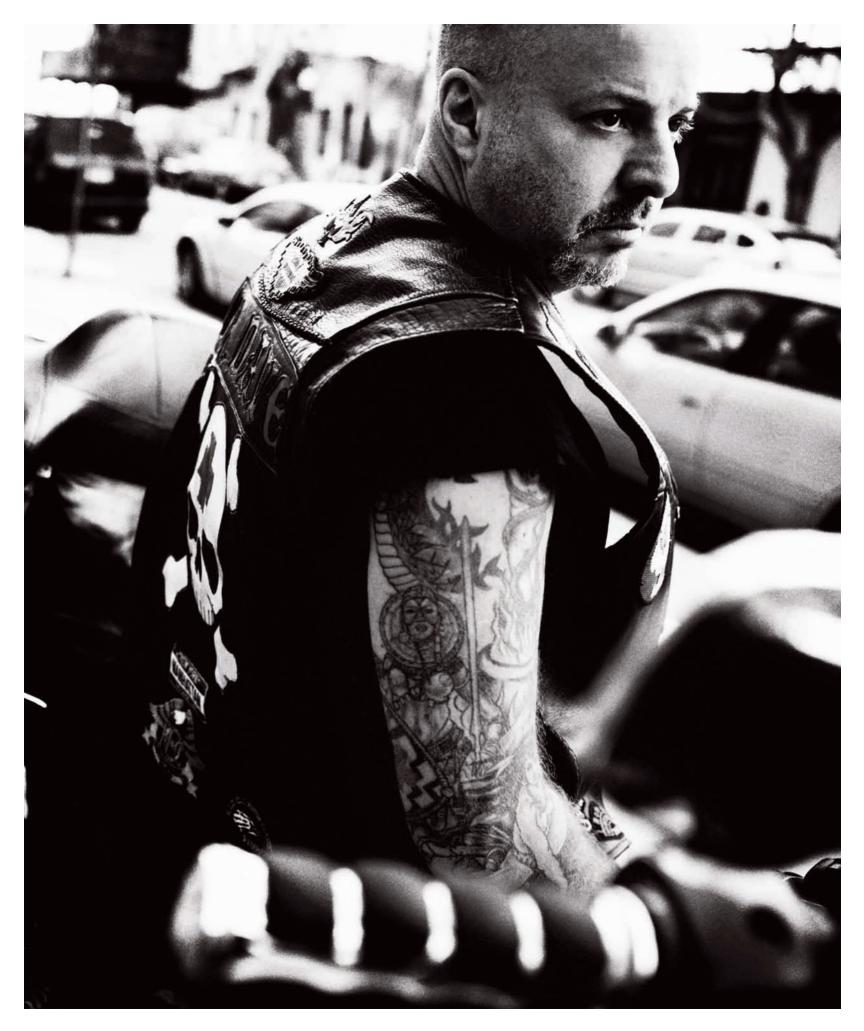
The tattoo on her ankle is the letter "E," the first initial of an ex. There's also a butterfly that symbolizes "living every day as if it were my last," and two Latin phrases etched inside her arms. "My right hand is my hello hand. This says [I'm] a friend of a human race, and that's how I greet people," she explains. "My left hand is my heart hand; this is for me to never forget who I serve. This means the lamb or servant of God and is where my art comes from. It's about channeling something beautiful into this world."

Fairy wings on her shoulders and a lotus flower on her back are next, but she is pacing herself.

"When I go back to Estonia I can't show my tattoos to my parents or grand-parents. They would freak out," Kerli says. "My mother once saw my arms and she said I look like a Russian prisoner. I have to comfort them and say, 'Oh, it's easy to remove it one day if I want to.' But I never would. I never regret anything. Even if I grow out of this in 10 years, and think this is ridiculous. This was who I was."

For now, Kerli is a singer who escaped Estonia to live in the United States, enjoy her pop stardom, and gain guidance from L.A. Reid, who signed her with Island Def Jam. "I just had the best conversation with LA. I said, 'We should spend more time together because I really want to get to know you.' And he said, 'I'm a sick motherfucker just like you.'"

"Off the record!" her rep yells in the background. "Really?" says Kerli. "But that's what makes L.A. cool." —Shira Levine



DR. DAVE

The Lower East Side was once the exclusive domain of New York City's poorest immigrants and most brazen drug dealers. Over the years, the neighborhood has been co-opted by million dollar condos, but Dr. Dave Ores (or Dr. Dave as locals have known him for 13 years), isn't beating the anti-gentrification drum. Instead, in his street-front medical office—which looks like a lowbrow art gallery because it is—Dr. Dave powers up his laser equipment and offers expensive services like body hair and tattoo removal, facial rejuvenation, and wrinkle reduction to LES's wealthy new residents. It's these luxury services that help fund his family practice while he provides free or low cost medical care to the uninsured and low-income locals, people who live in the projects a few blocks from \$700-a-night hotel rooms.

"This isn't some altruistic thing," he says. "Health care is a basic human right." Get the good doctor talking about the state of health care in American and he can go on for hours. And he has, as host of *Medically Incorrect*, a popular medical show on NY cable TV where he blasted the insurance companies for "complicating the health care system, making billions for themselves, and having no real purpose."

Cameras may soon follow Dr. Dave around his office too. A reality show pilot called *Dr. Dave of the Lower East Side* is in the works, and plans to feature patients walking in with various problems, health puzzles that Dr. Dave must solve.

The show seeks to capture the country doctor vibe in the big city—one that is very real and not played to the cameras. Dr. Dave runs his practice virtually solo, like doctors did in the days before insurance companies, when patients could call the office, reach the doctor directly, and come in for a visit to get treated. Except he doesn't have the folksy annoyance of Dr. Phil. Plus, Dr. Dave is a heavily tattooed New York-born biker whose custom Harley is adorned with images of Suicide Girls, Gods Girls, BellaVendetta, and a host of naked and inked women.

Dr. Dave has a thing for tattooed pin-up girls. And pin-up girl tattoos. You can see it when he rolls up his white shirt cuffs and reveals his naked ladies lounging amidst snakes and dragons covering both arms. He also has "MD" in large Gothic letters on his back and a headless samurai on his left calf, among other tattoos. The tattoos have never been a problem for patients of the Columbia-educated physician. "When people are sick and need help, they don't care about the tattoos," he explains.

Being heavily tattooed, in fact, helps add street cred to his Fresh Start Program, a community service project he runs with local activist Carlos lansen where he removes visible gang and prison tattoos for free; tattoos that could get in the way of employment for former gangbangers trying to turn their lives around. A fresh start in the new Lower East Side where one tattooed doctor is keeping the balance. —*Marisa DiMattia*

photo by SHANE MCCAULEY MAY 2008 | 41

inked people

TWINKIE CHAN

There's something different about San Francisco scarf designer Twinkie Chan. Several things actually. First, there's the way she talks. Twinkie doesn't say things like "Look at that" and "My parents said." Instead, she says, "Take a gander" and "The parental response was." The speech pattern is most likely the result of her San Francisco day job. She works (using her legal name, which isn't Twinkie Chan) in San Francisco at a job that requires more than passing knowledge of the literary world.

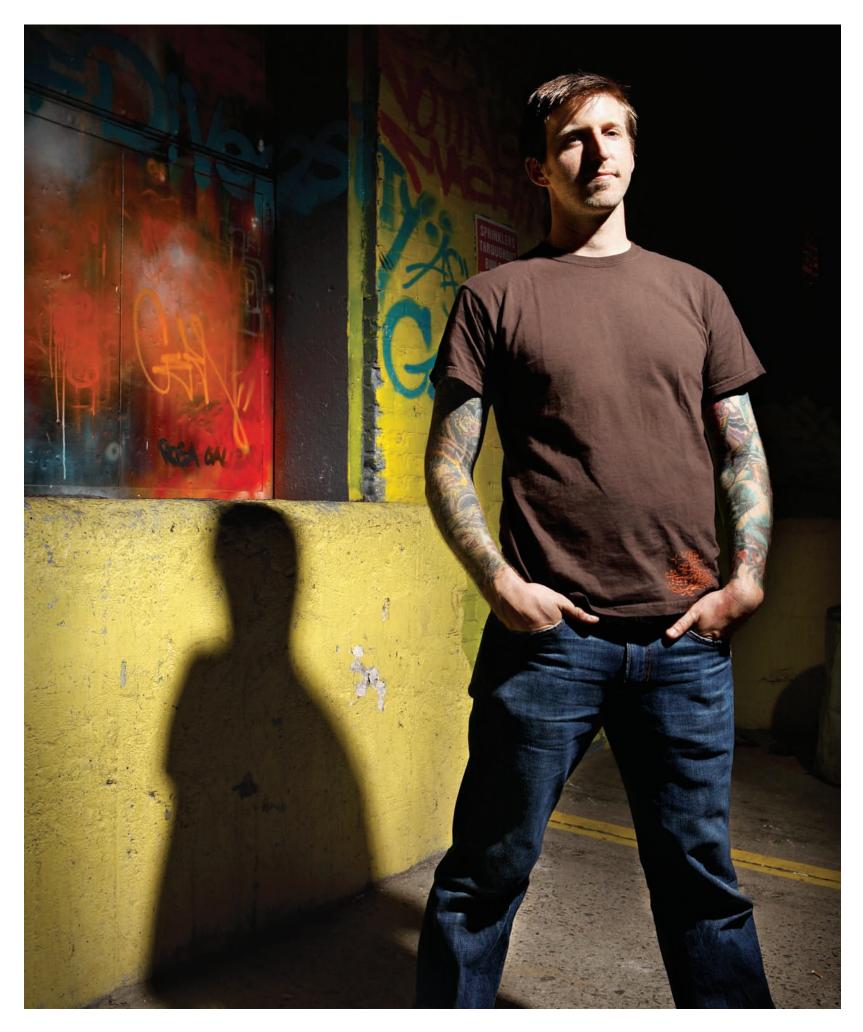
Next, there are her tattoos. Holly Ellis, at Idle Hand in San Francisco, did the cupcakes on her stomach and most of her sleeve, which features flying strawberries, circus animal cookies, and frozen desserts. Misha, at Zulu Tattoo in Los Angeles, gave her a red licorice bow on the small of her back. And Clifton Carter, at Tattoo City in San Francisco, did the hearts on the backs of her calves. "I appreciate typical tattoo art on other people," says Twinkie. "But I do like showing people it doesn't have to be scary. Tattoos can be cute, and you can make this medium your own."

Finally, there's Chan's work with yarn. "I learned to crochet from my friend's grandmother when I was 8 or 9, but I didn't start making scarves until a few years ago, after I got addicted to buying hand spun, hand-dyed yarn," she says. Now she crochets and sells colorful scarves, mittens and pins that look like sushi, salad, spaghetti and meatballs, and every other food you can imagine. "I think it's the way my brain works, but some of the yarns, to me, they already looked like food. Like a yellow fluffy yarn just looks like scrambled eggs."

Her crocheting "hobby," has spawned a retail website, international sales, an appearance on the TV show *Uncommon Threads* and even a feature in *Glamour Italia*. And while her custom designs, such as the Wavy Bacon Strip Scarf and heart-shape Sugar Cookie Pins, sell out quickly, success comes as a surprise to Twinkie Chan, who hasn't considered pursuing her crochet business full time. "Sure I'll spackle breakfast cereal onto a picture frame ... and I once made a turkey hat for an ex-boyfriend. But I don't think of myself as an artist," she says. —*Jennifer Chapman*

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SETH WODD

Landing an appointment with famed New York City tattooer Seth Wood is tough. Finding him is the really hard part. Although he works a booked-solid schedule at Daredevil Tattoo and his own home studio, Wood spends more time traveling to conventions and guest spots at shops around the world, such as Invictus Custom Tattooing in Oslo and LTW in Barcelona. The past year alone has taken Wood to London, Milan, Montreal, and Moscow.

"I'm winding that down a bit, considering that there was one point that I was on the road for 13 months straight," Wood explains. "My favorite conventions to work are London and Milan, mostly because they're organized and promoted so well. There's also an unusually high percentage of good tattooers who attend and a lot of the visitors want high-quality, cool work."

As a kid in South Jersey, Wood was always drawing but didn't consider becoming a tattoo artist until a friend suggested that it would be an interesting way to make a living. "I didn't pick it up easily," he admits. "I spent a long time doing some pretty poor work on friends while I was still learning. And then, after a lot of practice and a degree in sociology, I was lucky enough to get a legit job in a shop."

Now with more than nine years of steady tattooing behind him, Wood's work is filled with vibrant colors and modern lines. He tackles the straightforward and the abstract (a zombie drinking coffee?) but he's reluctant to put a specific label on his style. "I get ideas from lots of places, it's not like I'm a go-to guy for traditional flash or Japanese woodblock work. But I do try to take an illustrative approach to design and keep the end result as simple and readable as possible."

To commemorate his frequent quest spots and convention appearances, Wood began creating limited-edition prints to sell based off his watercolor paintings. He also recently contributed his art and set-design skills to Seul Contre Tous: Art for Cure, a pinup calendar sold to benefit the American Breast Cancer Foundation.

Wood won't take full credit for his success. "At the most, I'll accept partial credit," he concedes. "Because I do a lot of tattooing out of a private studio in addition to working at Daredevil, most people I see come to me with ideas that just need some fleshing out. If someone knows what they want, it's usually not too much of a problem to come up with what makes them happy." —Carrie Estok

photo by JONATHAN PUSHNIK MAY 2008 | 45



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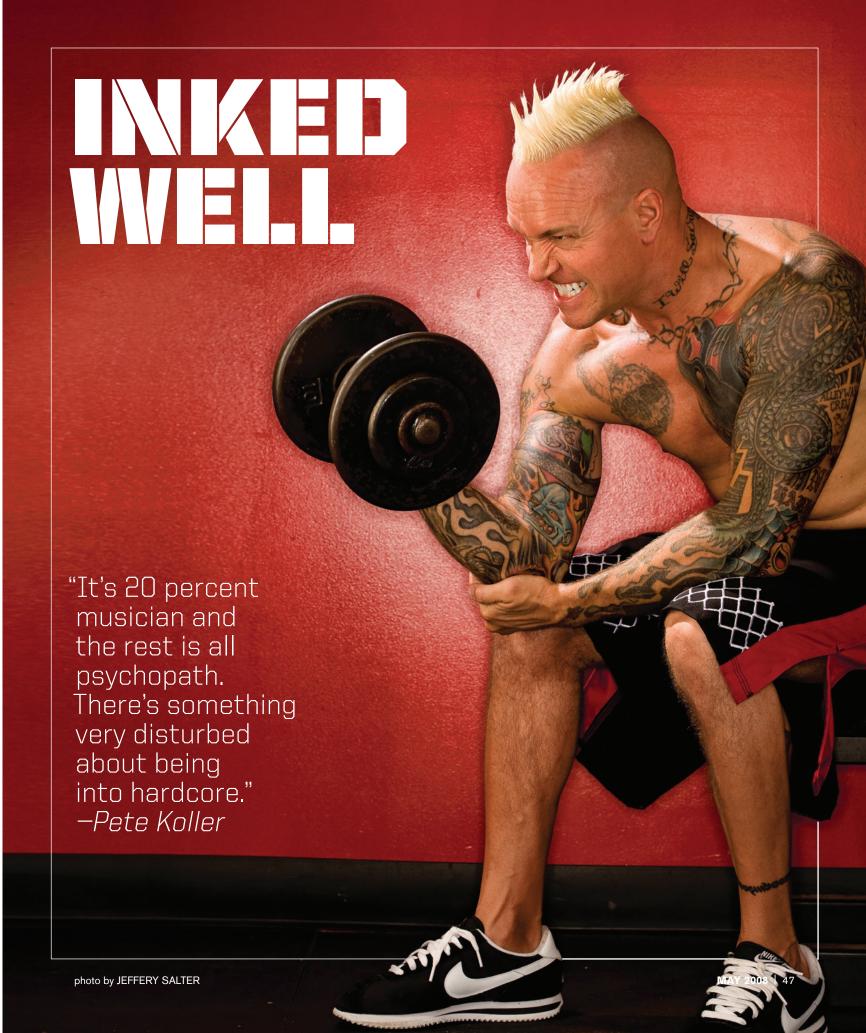


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In This Moment singer Maria Brink rocks, spits, screams, and sweats. Meet the new face of metal. By Jon Wiederhorn Photos by Joseph Cultice

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couple of years after moving from Albany, New York, to Los Angeles, In This Moment frontwoman Maria Brink almost gave up on her dream. It was mid-2004 and she was living alone, had no friends, hated her day job, and none of the groups she called to audition for would call her back. But instead of following her judgment, packing up her car and heading back east, the singer drove to a local tattoo shop and had the words "We Will" inked on the underside of her left wrist and "Over-

come" on her right one. The phrase, once the slogan for the civil rights movement, became a mission statement for the tenacious singer.

"Another time when I was down and frustrated, I had the word 'Believe' tattooed over my knuckles, which was the most painful thing ever," she says from the table of a cozy coffee shop in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, between sips of a soy latte. "I did it for the same reason; to give myself motivation. It's visually in front of me all the time, pushing me on."

For Brink, a self-admitted romantic and fan of The Secret, "belief" isn't a marketing slogan to spit out between royalty checks. It's a means of survival, a force that has sustained her through childhood abuse, teenage pregnancy, severe depression, and frustrations as a musician. It has also given her the strength to persevere.

Today, after a half-decade of pavement pounding, she's one of the most charismatic and endearing singers in heavy metal and the primary reason for her band's success. In This Moment's debut, Beautiful Tragedy, came out in 2007, and the title track peaked at number three on Billboard's Heatseekers chart. The band was one of the highlights on last year's Ozzfest, and the Os-

"Me and Chris are so brutal and we fight so bad we sometimes want to kill each other," Brink says, hands clasped like a child in prayer. "We're both Sagittarius and we're really stubborn. He's the metal crazy dude, and I love all the heavy stuff, but I also love U2, Ani DiFranco, and Death Cab for Cutie. So when we write, there's some intense, psycho shit going down with all this yelling and throwing things. And, neither of us get what we originally wanted. But in the end, that's what makes our music different."

The only child of a hippie mom who raised her on Black Sabbath, Patti Smith, and Rolling Stones, Brink first showed an interest in performing at age 5, when she would recruit local kids from her trailer park to act in versions of Annie and The Wizard of Oz. But that was the end of the "good times." Her father bailed on the family, she was sexually abused "a few times," and her mother became heavily addicted to drugs. In response, Brink became surly and rebellious, severely depressed, even suicidal. Then, at 15, she became pregnant with her son, Davion.

"Getting pregnant gave my life a whole new meaning," she declares. "There was suddenly this bright light where there had only been darkness. I really think my son saved my life. I couldn't feel sorry for myself anymore because I had to take care of this baby."

Brink moved out of her mom's place and got her own apartment. She worked in a laundromat to pay the rent and was too occupied with raising a child to think about her career. Then, when Davion got older, Brink was consumed with her mom's ever-worsening drug habit. Eventually, Brink was forced to check her mom into rehab. However, as with most of her past traumas, the singer looks back at the ordeal as a learning experience, and her mother's struggle with drugs (which she's since kicked) as her motivation not to use.

When her mom had finally detoxed, Brink suddenly had more time to worry

"Another time when I was down and frustrated, I had the word 'Believe' tattooed over my knuckles, which was the most painful thing ever. I did it for the same reason—to give myself motivation."

bournes were so impressed they invited In This Moment to join Ozzy's winter tour, which ended in early 2008 with a string of dates in Japan and China.

"The shows over there were amazing, but the food was so crazy," says Brink with characteristic fervor. "In China, I had a bowl of soup that I thought was going to have an arm floating in it. We went to a restaurant where they served raw horse-and I'm a vegetarian. But it's a different culture, and you gotta accept it I guess. I mean, they probably think the stuff we eat is weird.'

Sitting across the table from Brink, it's easy to see how she has charmed everyone from Sharon Osbourne to her current boyfriend, DevilDriver bassist Jonathan Miller, who recently moved with her back to Albany to live with her son and mom. Spirited, quirky, and spontaneous, Brink is also a mass of contradictions. Today, she wears a pink knit sweater and a purple daisy in her hair, and carries a frumpy handbag that makes her look more like a Phish fan than a metalhead. But the full-sleeve of tattoos on her right arm and the tattoos of sad children with bleeding eyes (from a Mark Ryden painting) reveal a darker side.

Onstage, she often wears an ornate flowing dress with a studded wristband, carrying herself with the grace of her hero Sarah McLachlan one minute and banging her head like another of her inspirations, Pantera's Phil Anselmo, the next. Her singing encapsulates both of these influences. Throughout Beautiful Tragedy, Brink whispers, coos, groans, shouts, and growls, expressing a range of emotion from tender vulnerability to raw-throated rage. Her schizophrenic style complements the band's music, which combines elements of thrash, numetal, and anthemic rock. As seamless and natural as the amalgam sounds, it was achieved only after hours of begrudging compromise between Brink and chief songwriter and guitarist Chris Howorth.

about herself. She went into therapy, then embarked on a motivational book and video kick that helped boost her confidence and gave her the strength to follow her dreams. She turned 18, decided she wanted to be a singer, and formed a band called Pulse with some musicians in Albany. The group opened local shows for Coal Chamber and Sevendust, then broke up. Convinced she would have better luck in Los Angeles, she packed up her belongings in a U-Haul, towed her car behind her, and spent four days driving to Los Angeles.

"I was terrified, but at the same time, it was liberating," she says of the 2002 pilgrimage. "I got there on the Fourth of July, and there were all these fireworks going off, which was amazing. And then suddenly I was like, 'Okay, what the hell do I do now?"

For six weeks, Brink crashed at the homes of various people she met before getting her own apartment. Then she flew out her son, who had been in Albany with her mom. To support the family, Brink worked in clothing stores on Melrose, walked dogs, and tended bar, all the while searching for a band. Unable to find one, she tried to teach herself keyboard and sang at coffee shops and upstairs for free at the Rainbow, but nobody seemed too impressed. Rejection seemed to be following her like a stalker. Even her current bandmate Howorth, who first met her in 2004, wouldn't audition her because she was a woman. Refusing to be dismissed so easily, Brink snuck into one of his jam sessions two weeks later, grabbed the mic, and started to sing a cappella.

"The second I started letting it out, he looked at me like, 'Oh, my God,' and immediately apologized for underestimating or stereotyping me," Brink says. "That felt so good."

The two formed the hard rock band Dying Star with drummer Jeff Fabb, but









Howorth's heart wasn't in it, and after just two gigs he quit to focus on another project. "He just called me up and said, 'I don't think I can work with you anymore," recalls Brink with a hint of resentment in her tone. "And I said, 'No way. I can't take that for an answer. I don't have a band. I've been here for years. We have to try this.' And he said, 'Okay, well then let's do something completely new."

Embracing his metal roots and her whisper-to-a-scream dynamics, Howorth and Brink quickly wrote six songs that capitalized on their individual strengths, then brought in Fabb, guitarist Blake Bunzel, and bassist Josh Newell to record the band's first demo. But before they got a chance to start touring, Newell left the band. "He didn't want to give up everything as far as finances go," Brink recalls. "He wanted to keep his apartment. You can't pay bills if you go on the road. You have to basically throw everything into the wind."

In This Moment quickly replaced Newell with Jesse Landry, then piled in a van and toured the country with just their MySpace site to promote them.

"We'd book our own shows anywhere we could get them," says Brink. "We'd end up driving eight hours to get \$50 and play in front of one person and a bartender. One time we broke down by the side of the road and didn't have enough money to get the van fixed."

Undaunted, In This Moment kept touring and gradually created a buzz. They received an email from Ozzy Osbourne bassist Rob "Blasko" Nicholson, who offered to manage them. At first, they thought a friend was playing a joke, but Blasko was persistent, so they wrote him back and scheduled an impromptu showcase at the apartment where they used to jam. Though the performance was rusty, Blasko signed on, and with his name behind them, In This Moment suddenly had more leverage. After fielding several label offers, they eventually signed with indie metal powerhouse Century Media, which achieved success with Lacuna Coil, whose contrast between celestial pop and crashing metal is vaguely similar to that of In This Moment.

The band spent 18 months writing and fine-tuning *Beautiful Tragedy* before entering the studio with producer Eric Rachel (Atreyu, God Forbid), who worked with them to create an album heavy enough for diehard

metal fans, but melodic enough to appeal to those who favor groups like Evanescence and Linkin Park. The band's first two singles, the piledriving "Prayers" and the metalcore-thrash attack "Daddy's Falling Angel," were well received. But it was the softer, more dynamic title track, with its blatant hooks and pretty, yearning vocal harmonies that broke In This Moment into the mainstream.

"I always knew that was a special song," Brink says. "When I first heard them play that at practice it gave me goosebumps, without having lyrics or anything."

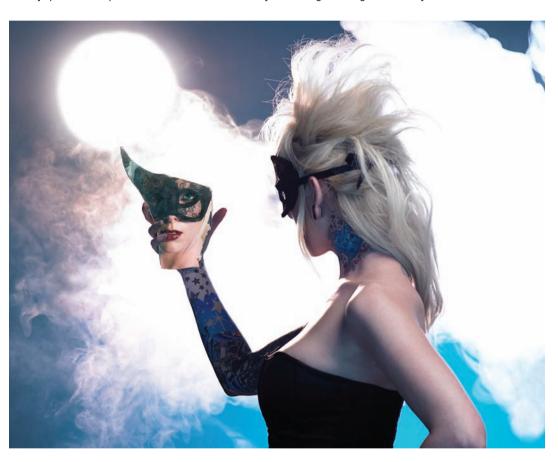
Brink originally wrote lyrics about feeling betrayed by a boyfriend who cheated on her, but then she decided to make the song more about how things are often taken for granted until they're lost. "I kept thinking of these funerals where there are family members who haven't talked to each other for years," Brink says. "And then, when they lose someone, suddenly everyone loves each other. Sometimes, something dark brings out something beautiful."

Since Brink draws from her past tragedies in her lyrics, including being

abandoned by her father ("Daddy's Falling Angel") and the death of her best friend ("Legacy of Odio"), the band's music tends to attract listeners who have suffered similar ordeals. Rather than being content to know her words are helping to soothe and heal, Brink takes an active role with her fans, talking to them after shows and carrying around the numbers of crisis hotlines to hand out to those in need.

"Sometimes, teenagers who are going through a hard time just need to know that people like me care and that they're not alone," Brink explains, adding that she plans to help set up a center for abused children when she's in the position to do so.

For now it will have to wait. In this particular moment, Brink and her bandmates are preoccupied with the follow-up to *Beautiful Tragedy*, which she and Howorth started writing in the back of their bus while on tour last August. The band is currently fine-tuning the songs before they enter the studio later this



year with a yet-to-be-determined producer. Brink says the record will be even more atmospheric and melodic than the band's debut without abandoning its core heaviness. And once the album is done, In This Moment will head right back out on the road so they don't lose any momentum.

For now, Brink is thrilled to be building the band one single at a time, however she'd eventually like to expand her role to other areas of the entertainment business, getting into acting, displaying her paintings in a gallery, maybe even owning her own label. And whenever she has doubts about her future, she remembers everything she has overcome to get to where she is today. Then, if she still needs reassurance, she looks at the words inked on her fingers.

"If there's one thing I've learned, it's that you have to focus on the positive and believe in the good energy," she says, sounding more like the hippie girl with the flower in her hair. "The more you believe something's going to happen and the more you visualize it and work toward it, the more things will go your way."

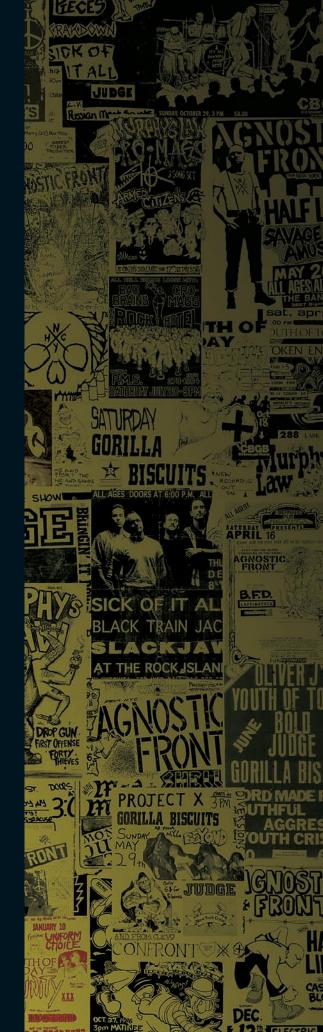


BUILT TO LAST

A LOOK AT THE LEGENDS WHO BUILT NEW YORK CITY'S HARDCORE MUSIC SCENE.

BY JASON BUHRWESTER

ew York City hardcore could never have been born anywhere else. The music was built in the city, for the city. It came stripped-down, muscled-up, and overloaded with all of the frantic energy and violence of the streets. It was designed to intimidate. The musicians were homeless, AWOL, and just plain crazy street kids who felt fed up with the chaos of early '80s New York. President Reagan's economics had knocked the poor to their knees. Unemployment and a raging drug epidemic tried to finish the job. New York hardcore gave that madness a voice. It took form slowly, in shitty clubs and even shittier rehearsal rooms. Agnostic Front built the sound and the snarl. The Cro-Mags gave it spirituality. Murphy's Law made it fun. Every word meant something. When Cro-Mags vocalist John "Bloodclot" Joseph sang, "Strugglin' in the streets just trying to survive/ Searchin' for the truth is keepin' us alive," you felt it. The handful of bands took over clubs such as Rock Hotel, Max's Kansas City, A7 (where the motto over the door read "Stay in peace or leave in pieces"), and later moved to the Mudd Club, Pyramid Club, and CBGB's. Other kids picked up the sound and built on it, giving birth to Sick of It All, Gorilla Biscuits, Madball, and others. INKED caught up with a few of the faces that built New York City hardcore at the tattoo shops, temples, and beaches they now call home.





PHOTOGRAPHED: New York Hardcore Tattoos, New York City RECOMMENDED LISTENING: Agnostic Front Victim in Pain

THEN: "I always used to talk shit with Johnny Thunders about making meatballs," Agnostic Front guitarist Vinnie Stigma (real name Vincent Cappucchio) jokes about the deceased musician. "I still make better meatballs than him." Nearly ten years older than most of the musicians in hardcore, Stigma is the godfather, a true New York City character and one of the few from the scene old enough to catch the city's '70s punk scene. "I saw everybody," Stigma says. "The Dead Boys. Johnny Thunders. Everybody." Raised in Little Italy, Stigma played with his first band, The Eliminators, before forming Agnostic Front with musicians he hand-picked, including iconic frontman Roger Miret. "We played our first show in 1981," he says, remembering the when but not the where. "It was probably in some basement on the Lower East Side.

Maybe the 2+2 Club or A7." Agnostic Front appearances were notorious for chaos. "We had a big riot at the Palladium once," Stigma says. "The bouncers were being assholes to the kids, so we flipped on them. They had to call in the police. It was one of many riots." In 1983, Agnostic Front released *United Blood*, considered the first New York hardcore record, which led to a string of tours, albums, break-ups, and reunions. "I had other bands but once I started Agnostic Front, after all these years, it's my life."

FIRST TATTOO: "I was about 16. I got a dragon on my arm. Over the years, I've seen tattoos come and go, change styles, and even change the way they're made. Forget about it."

NOW: Co-owner, with Murphy's Law singer Jimmy Gestapo, of New York Hardcore Tattoos on the Lower East Side. They are currently filming a TV pilot about the shop. Stigma's acting debut in the gangster movie *New York Blood* premiered at the 2008 New York International Independent Film and Video Festival and is now on DVD. He performs with his new band, Stigma.



JIMMY GESTAPO » MURPHY'S LAW

AGE: 40

PHOTOGRAPHED: New York Hardcore Tattoos, New York City **RECOMMENDED LISTENING:** Murphy's Law *Murphy's Law*

THEN: "I've been hanging out on the Lower East Side since I was 13," explains Murphy's Law singer Jimmy Gestapo (real name Jimmy Drescher). Born in Queens, Gestapo was still a teenager when he worked the door and the DJ booth at A7. "It was an illegal after-hours club," Gestapo says. "Myself and Raybeez, from Warzone, worked the door. We spray-painted on the wall above the stage, 'Out-of-town bands, remember where you are!" During a 1982 New Year's Eve show featuring MDC and Reagan Youth, Gestapo jumped on stage with friends and made up songs. "It just kept rolling from there," he says. "That was my first and only band." With songs such as "Beer" and "Panty Raid," Murphy's Law became New York's party band with Gestapo appearing on stage with a chainsaw, giant dildo, and other props.

Their wild shows led to a tour with the *Licensed to Ill*-era Beastie Boys and plenty of out-of-town trouble. "We had a full-scale riot in Fort Lauderdale," Gestapo remembers. "The kids threw everything into the pool. The cops beat the shit out of me and threw me in jail. We had to play lots of shows to pay that off. The funny thing is that the opening band was Marilyn Manson." **FIRST TATTOO:** "I got my first tattoo in Vinnie [Stigma]'s kitchen. It's a duck on my ass. It was the second tattoo that Elio Espana [of Fly Rite Tattoo Studio] ever did. I got it on my ass because I was 14 and my father didn't want me to have a tattoo. But by the time I got home he already knew because my friend ratted me out."

NOW: Co-owner, with Agnostic Front guitarist, Vinnie Stigma, of New York Hardcore Tattoos on the Lower East Side. The shop is currently filming a TV pilot. "Our shop is the way it's supposed to be, where you begin a friend-ship with the artist and you hang out with them and have a relationship with them. It's a scene and a family."







RECOMMENDED LISTENING: Sick of It All Built to Last

THEN: "None of us fit in at school," remembers Sick of It All guitarist Pete Koller about his introduction to hardcore. "One day Armand [Majidi, Sick of It All drummer] told us to come with him to CBGB's to see some bands play. That was it. You put up with shit at school and at home, but Sunday was when you met up with your friends. It was the one place where we all belonged." Born and raised in Queens, Koller started Sick of It All at 17 with his brother, singer Lou Koller. "I learned a barre chord and thought, 'Let me see what I can do with this,' and I wrote 'Friends Like You'," Koller explains. A year later, in 1986, they played their first show in Long Island, sharing a bill with Youth of Today and Straight Ahead. Koller also saw some legendary shows.

"The record release show for Agnostic Front's *Victim in Pain* was absolutely fucking insane," he laughs. "As soon as I saw the crowd I knew, 'This is where I want to be.' That was the first time I saw people with tattoos on their heads. It was fucking great." Nothing about the crowd surprised him. "Listen to the Cro-Mags demo or Agnostic Front's *United Blood*," says Koller. "It's 20 percent musician and the rest is all psychopath. There's something very disturbed about being into hardcore."

FIRST TATTOD: "I was 18. It was still illegal in Manhattan so I went to Long Island. I got a crappy skull on my chest that cost me \$10 and I had to scrape around for that \$10. Later, me and Toby [Morse] from H20 let Civ [singer, Gorilla Biscuits] practice tattooing on us."

NDW: After 22 years, Koller is still touring and recording with Sick of It All. The band recently released *Death to Tyrants* on Abacus Records. "This is what we do and this is what we like to do. It's in the fibers of our body."

photo by JEFFERY SALTER MAY 2008 | 59



RECOMMENDED LISTENING: Gorilla Biscuits Start Today

THEN: The frontman for one of New York City's most-treasured hardcore bands almost missed his chance to join. "I never thought about starting a band until I was asked. I had no real musical aspirations," explains Civ (real name Anthony Civarelli). "Walter [Schreifels, guitarist] moved to New York and told me he wanted to start a band and asked if I wanted to sing. I thought, maybe." When someone else offered to take his place, 17-year-old Civ joined rather than be left out. Born in Queens and raised on metal and early '80s hip-hop, Civ drifted into new wave ("Because the chicks were hot") before finding punk and hardcore. "The first show I went to was at CBGB's in 1985. The bill was Agnostic Front and Youth of Today," he remembers. "I saw what was happening at the shows and thought, this shit is

for me." He bought his own stereo and his first record, Murphy's Law's debut album. "Playing that for the first time on my own stereo sticks out in my mind. I played it a lot." After overcoming his stage fright, Civ performed in a basement for a friend's birthday party before Gorilla Biscuit's first official CBGB's gig with JFA and Token Entry. "There wasn't a formula or a protocol or a way to act," Civ explains. "It was just people doing what they felt. You never knew what was going to happen. The rules were just being written."

FIRST TATTOD: "The cover art from the Gorilla Biscuits seven-inch was my first tattoo. Hot Cindy from Peter Tattoo in Long Island did it. Then I started tattooing and all the guys who hung around wanted to get tattoos because it was free or really cheap."

NDW: Tattoo artist and owner of Lotus Tattoo in Long Island, NY. "I've owned Lotus for 14 years," says Civ. He hasn't given up hardcore. A Gorilla Biscuits reunion show before the closing of CBGB's led to a U.S. and European tour. "We're doing everything leisurely. It's just us. Want to do it? Cool. Let's go."



PHOTOGRAPHED: Sri Sri Radha Govinda Temple, New York City RECOMMENDED LISTENING: Cro-Mags Age of Quarrel

THEN: Cro-Mags singer John "Bloodclot" Joseph is the product of nearly every social institution. Born in Queens, Joseph (real name John Joseph McGowan) bounced from foster homes and orphanages to the Navy and prison." I was so crazy that the night we shipped out, I bought three bags of angel dust and went to boot camp dusted," Joseph remembers. He went AWOL in Virginia and plugged into D.C.'s punk scene before returning to New York City as a roadie with the Bad Brains. "Nobody ever could or ever will fuck with those guys when they are burning on all cylinders," says Joseph. The band encouraged Joseph to sing. "I was trying to be a drummer but I sucked. [Bad Brains vocalist] H.R. told me in a nice way, 'You got too much energy to be behind that drum kit."" He hooked up with ex-Stimulator Harley Flannigan and the

original Cro-Mags lineup. Their groundbreaking album Age of Quarrel mixed Lower East Side menace ("Street Justice") with Joseph's growing dedication to the Hare Krishna faith ("Seekers of the Truth"). Cro-Mags shows were infamous for their violence. "There wasn't none of this moshing or whatever they call it now," Joseph explains. "It was brutal shit. Stage diving feet first and taking motherfuckers out. It was insane. Totally fucking chaotic."

FIRST TATTOO: "I was in boot camp in Great Lakes, WI. Me and this dude escaped and went all the way to Chicago. I got a tattoo on the outside of my left biceps that says "Death Before Dishonor" with a skull. We came back right before the morning muster. The Chief Petty Officer called me into his office and said, "Let me see it."

NDW: Last year, Joseph published his autobiography, *The Evolution of a Cro-Magnon* (available at punkhouse.org), which details his turbulent life in orphanages, foster homes, jail cells, and his days in the Cro-Mags. This year, his new band, Bloodclot, released their debut CD, *Burn Babylon Burn*.

photo by STEPHEN K SCHUSTER MAY 2008 | 61



Photos by SARAH MCCOLGAN Styled by LEGENDARY DAMON & KILLERFR3\$H Wall Graffiti and Type by SÉBASTIEN GOREY MAY 2008 | 63



















There Will Be Blood

Shot in the head and left to die, San Francisco artist Devon Blood lived to tattoo again.

By Jason Buhrmester Photos by Jason Madara

he didn't want to sleep alone. It was July 2006 and almost midnight, closing time at Sacred Tattoo in downtown Oakland, and 26-year-old tattooist Devon Blood was working on a back piece for another artist at the shop when his cell phone rang. His girlfriend Tanya [not her real name] wanted him to sleep at her East Oakland apartment. So when the shop closed, Devon rode his bike along the quiet streets to her live/work loft on 20th Avenue. Boxes filled the apartment. It was their last week in San Francisco. On Monday, the couple planned to move to Olympia, Washington, where Devon would tattoo and Tanya would attend college. The going-away party with family and friends was scheduled for Sunday.

They were asleep when a thumping noise woke up Devon. It was almost 1 a.m. As he listened, something crashed against the building's freight elevator doors. Feet shuffled on the concrete loading dock and voices whispered. Then another loud thump vibrated from the heavy wooden doors. Tanya sat up in bed next to him.

"What was that?" she asked.

"Robbers," Devon said. "Somebody is breaking in."

Thieves had recently robbed a nearby building. Rumors around the neighborhood claimed the break-in was aimed at a marijuana operation. This was probably them returning to the area to look for more. Maybe they had the wrong building. Devon and Tanya sat quietly and listened, hoping whoever was outside would pass by or give up. Suddenly, the voices were inside the building, right outside the apartment door. Devon and Tanya dressed quickly and Devon leaned against the bedroom door listening. When he heard voices inside the apartment, he turned to Tanya.

"Get out the window!" Devon yelled.

It was a long jump from the second-floor apartment, but they could drop to the awning over the first floor and climb down. Devon listened against the door as the robbers, nine in all, moved through the apartment. He turned around, expecting to see Tanya climbing out the window. Instead, she stood frozen in panic.

"The windows are barred," she said. "We can't get out!" Footsteps stopped in front of the bedroom. Someone on the other side turned the handle and Devon leaned his shoulder against the door, pressing with his weight.

"Oh shit!" a voice on the other side yelled. "There's people here."

Devon was still looking back at Tanya when a loud pop rang out on the other side of the door. The bullet slammed into the back of Devon's head, just above his right ear, severing his right eardrum. Tanya heard water running and realized it was Devon's blood. She screamed.









His body slumped forward, and Devon crumpled to the ground. He felt something warm against his face. A pool of his own blood spread out in a ring around him, three full pints stretching nearly four feet across. The person on the other side of the door continued firing. Bullets zinged around the room. Tanya stood frozen in the corner screaming. The shooter shoved hard against the door but Devon's body wedged against it, preventing the door from opening. An arm with a gun in its hand snaked through the opening. *Fuck*, Devon thought, they're trying to finish me off. The person on the other side fired wildly. Other shooters joined in. Bullets ricocheted around the room, shattering the window and lodging in the ceiling. Police later found nearly 50 rounds in the hallway.

Devon never even saw the shooter's face.

Devon's mother, Linda Blood, arrives for our interview in a vintage, black two-seater Volvo. She's a pretty 52-year-old with bright red hair and well-manicured nails. Born in the San Francisco area, Linda was a teenager during the city's cultural revolution in the late '60s. She hung out at concerts by Black Sabbath, the Grateful Dead, and Led Zeppelin and talks about "positive energy" like someone raised in the Haight-Ashbury district. She has nine children, seven girls and two boys. Devon, the oldest boy, was conceived in the back seat of her ex-husband's car in the parking lot of San Quentin. "We were just feeling it, I guess," she laughs.

Linda gave Devon his first tattoo. "I told him how my girlfriends and I used to tattoo each other with a sewing needle and some India ink," she recalls. "He wouldn't let it go." She finally relented and hand-poked "Devon" vertically on her son's calf with a cross at the top and the bottom. He was still in the seventh grade. "His teachers flipped out," she remembers.

After bouncing through a series of schools and adult-education programs, Devon dropped out of high school. He started tattooing in '99 and eventually moved to the Bay Area to work at Industrial Tattoo in Berkeley. Later, he relocated to Sacred Tattoo in Oakland. When he wasn't tattooing, he painted and played drums in local bands at Gilman Street and other clubs. But no matter how well his life in San Francisco felt, Linda saw a black cloud. "I always knew that he would be my project," she sighs. "I just knew something would happen."

Linda was home in Fairfeld when she received the call that her oldest son had been shot; she was 45 minutes from Highland Hospital where Devon would be taken.

After the shooters fled the apartment, Tanya, following the instructions of a 911 operator, knelt on the side of Devon's head, covering the bullet hole with a towel and applying pressure. A pair of ambulance drivers from nearby Freemont, in the area for a burrito, heard the call and arrived at the scene before the police. "They saved his life," Linda explains. "They said they'd never seen that much blood."

As the ambulance drivers unloaded Devon at the hospital, one of them told the tattooed driver of another ambulance to check out the guy they just brought in. He figured maybe the two knew each other. They did. Devon had frequently tattooed the ambulance driver. The tatted-up driver quickly put a dazed but slightly conscious Devon through a series of sensory tests. *Move your right hand. Move your left hand. What year is it?* Through those responses, it was determined that the bullet hadn't left Devon paralyzed, information that would give his family hope when he later slipped into a coma. "Thank God for [those tests] or else I never could have made it through this," Linda says. "The driver quit after that. He couldn't handle it anymore."

At the hospital, Linda found Devon lying on a gurney in the emergency room hallway. "He looked at me and started screaming in pain. Then he passed out," she remembers. He wouldn't regain consciousness for a month.

Hospital administrators, worried that the shooters would arrive at the hospital to finish off Devon, checked him in under the code name "Realism 31." After a CT scan and an x-ray, doctors determined that Devon's brain was swelling to a dangerous size. Normally, surgeons drill a hole in the back of the skull to relieve the pressure. But the bullet lodged in the back of Devon's skull was dangerously close to his brain stem, the part of the brain that controls involuntary actions such as breathing and heart beating. Drilling would kill him. Instead, surgeons sawed off part of Devon's skullcap and sewed it inside his stomach to preserve it. Then they gave him medication to keep him in a coma while his brain healed.

While Devon was healing, Linda focused on keeping the energy in the room upbeat and positive. When an assistant to a neurosurgeon, convinced that Devon would never survive the coma, asked the room of family and friends if the tattooer had a living will, Linda flipped. "I lost it," she remembers, still visibly angry. "I dragged her out of the room and told her, 'No negativity in this room. He will make it. He'll be fine.'"

Linda brought a boom box to the hospital and blasted Metallica ("Enter Sandman," she laughs.). Friends filled the room, often posing Devon's hand in devil-horns across his chest. As a tribute to the diamond tattoo below Devon's



eye, friends and family-including all eight siblings and Linda-had diamonds tattooed somewhere on their bodies.

After 21 days, the swelling in his brain stopped, and doctors began backing Devon out of his coma in five-minute increments then testing his responses. Thumbs up. Thumbs down. Everything seemed okay. But Linda noticed something unusual. It seemed her right-handed son was now left-handed.

It had been nearly a month since Devon had been shot. During that time, his family and friends sacrificed their own lives to be at the hospital. Linda was even forced to close her successful salon to be with her son. "The impact on this family has been tremendous," she says. "That fucking bullet hit everybody."

The Left Hand Path was hearing the song from The Wizard of "Right before I woke up out of the coma I

Oz," Devon grins, showing off two gold-capped teeth. "It's the one before Dorothy wakes up. 'You're out of the woods/You're out of the dark/You're out of the night/Step into the sun/Step into the light.' I opened my eyes and I was surrounded by friends and family, just like the movie."

It's easy to like Devon. He laughs a lot, often at himself, and talks passionately about things he cares about such as tattooing, art, and the city of San Francisco. The walls of his apartment in the Mission District are covered with a mix of his paintings from before and after the shooting along with tokens of his recovery such as a bass guitar signed by the members of Green Day and a series of Real Skateboards decks designed by Devon and sold with proceeds going toward his medical expenses. A drum set sits in the corner. He walks with a slight shuffle and twitches his fingers as he talks.

After coming out of the coma, Devon moved to a rehab facility where he relearned simple motor skills, including walking, talking, brushing his teething, and throwing a ball. Micro-tremors racked his right hand, so he started using his stronger left hand for writing and drawing. He laughs about his early drawings of stick-figure people and houses, "They looked like crap. They were so bad."

"I had to wear a hockey helmet because half of my skull was in my stomach," Devon says about his days in rehab. "They told me I wouldn't be able to walk out of rehab. ... I was pushing a walker. I really looked like an old man. I had the helmet on, I was covered in tattoos, pushing a walker, and wearing a helmet. Plus, I'm anti-social. It was bad."

Two months later, Devon was released. He moved to Petaluma and spent most days at outpatient rehab. He suffered seizures, causing the city to take away his driving license ("It sucks because I had a handicapped placard. It was fantastic."). Later, he had nightmares about the shooters finding him to finish the job. Security-camera footage from the night of the shooting shows nine teenagers breaking in through the building's freight elevator doors, but no one has ever been arrested. "The nightmares passed," he explains. "I knew there was no way. They never saw me and I never saw them."

In January 2007, doctors reattached his skull. Because of the damage to his eardrum, Devon has no equilibrium. He can no longer skateboard and has to ride a three-wheeled bike (which he laughingly calls his "tricycle"), and even



then he must wear a helmet. He had one failed attempt at swimming. "When I think about it, it feels like I could do it," he says, sounding amazed that the movements he visualizes don't materialize. "I just sank."

Eight months after the shooting, Tanya moved to Olympia without him (they later broke up). "I did my first painting in March when she moved," Devon says. "The shooting definitely influenced my art. I did a painting called 'True Colors.' It's a girl's head with half of its face ripped off and a devil horn sticking out. There's another that I did of a girl with half of her face ripped off that says 'Now you're just a memory. Another one of my boring stories."

Many of his paintings feature the words "Left Hand Path," a reference to Devon's switch to being left-handed. Others are dated "200B," a solution Devon came up with since he has trouble drawing eights. He didn't try tattooing.

"The most frustrating part was knowing that the people who visited me were going to back to work to tattoo because that's really what I wanted to do," Devon says. "I loved it. I never knew if I would tattoo again."

One month later, he did tattoo. It was Friday the 13th, his mother's birthday, and Devon volunteered to tattoo Felix the Cat on Linda's ankle. It's shaky at spots but looks more like an apprentice's first tattoo than the work of someone who has been shot and nearly killed. Even so, it still wasn't good enough for Devon.

"Look at the pupils, man," Devon laughs. "That thing is fucked."

It's a warm Saturday night in downtown Oakland, Working It Out and customers line the counter at Sacred Tattoo.

Tattooers work on clients at every station and the buzzing can be heard through the open door and out into the street. Devon shuffles up the sidewalk, leaning on a gold cane with a glass handle. As he moves through the door and into Sacred Tattoo, everyone greets him.

"Hey Devon," says James Oey, one of the owners. "I was just telling somebody about the time we pulled the fire alarm at the hotel in Philly. Remember that?"

Devon laughs loudly, and the two joke about tattoo convention pranks until Oey prods Devon to show off the tattoo he did on Devon's leg. Devon grins as he pulls up his pant leg. The bright tattoo is Beavis from Beavis & Butt-Head dressed as a geisha girl. It's fantastic. They both bust up laughing.

An apprentice sets up Devon's station while he shows off the case of lefthanded tattoo machines given to him by an old mentor. It's been nearly a year since that first Felix the Cat tattoo and Devon is back to work at Sacred Tattoo, confident that his skills are back to where they were before the shooting.

"Everyone at Sacred has always been really welcoming," he says. "They let me know I could come back whenever I wanted."

His appointment arrives and Devon lays out the stencil on the customer's forearm. It's a portrait of a pirate girl Devon drew before the shooting. A panel of flash hangs framed above his head with the name "D. Blood" signed in the corner. Devon feathers his pedal a bit with his foot and adjusts the cord to his left-handed machine. He loads up with black ink, leans in, and starts tattooing the first black arching line. His two gold-capped teeth glint in his grin. His gold cane leans against the counter behind him.





REDALERT

Photos by Michael Dwornik Styled by Risa Knight and Ariane Dallal

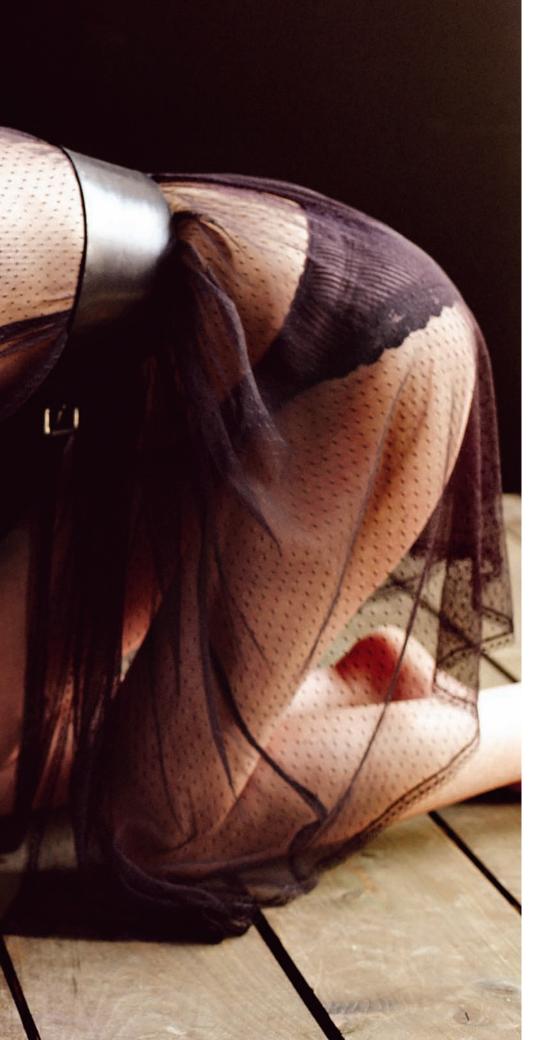




Above: Rick Owens black sheer jacket; American Apparel black bathing suit; Sexes black leather choker; Martin Margiela black mesh wristband. Right: Givenchy black sheer top; Supreme Dream Girl black high panties; Demask black patent leather belt.







Oscar de la Renta black robe; Jezebel black panties; Sexes black choker and belt.



Above: Givenchy black sheer top; Supreme Dream Girl black high panties; Demask black patent leather belt. Right: Rick Owens black sheer jacket; American Apparel black bathing suit; Martin Margiela black mesh wristband.





Vinnie Jones

The former soccer "Psycho" sounds off on *Rambo*, Paris Hilton, Hollywood, and playing a hammer-wielding maniac.

BY TOM CONLON PHOTOS BY NABIL ELDERKIN

VINNIE JONES IS A PSYCHO. It's the nickname he earned himself as a pro soccer player, and if you had to pick just one word to describe the roles he's pursued in his second career as a Hollywood bad-ass, "psycho" would fit the bill quite snugly.

The 43-year-old British expat first came to notoriety in the '80s. Though his skill and heart on the soccer field were undeniable, it was his brutality that made him stand out. Headbutts and career-ending tackles aside, it was one very legendary act of viciousness that catapulted his name to the top of the sports page. During one match, Jones "distracted" an opposing player by grabbing the poor guy's balls. A now-famous photo of the incident turned Jones into a soccer legend.

Years later, with his reputation as the quintessential soccer nutjob cast in stone, Jones was a logical choice to play a gangland brute in Guy Ritchie's *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*. With a gift for timing that transforms innocuous dialogue into classic, quotable lines, Jones parlayed the bit part into a role in Ritchie's follow-up, *Snatch*, and then into a full-fledged Hollywood career.

As Jones puts it, "There are thousands of pieces in the great big jigsaw puzzle to get where I am now." That sentiment is directly reflected in his choice of tattoos. On one leg, an ink rendering of the Football Association Cup trophy celebrates Wimbledon's 1988 win. When he took Leeds to the division championship in '90, Jones had the team's crest needled onto his other leg. The famous Wales dragon on his chest celebrates his run as that team's captain. But, as in his life, the marks of soccer achievement are joined by those from acting. A famous quote from Lock, Stock has been etched across his back, while his trusty Desert Eagle .50 from Snatch has been replicated on the top of his left foot. "I think my last one is going to be the Capricorn sign on my right foot," Jones says. "Well, everyone says 'last one.' It'll probably just be my 'next' one."

INKED: What was the first ink job you ever committed to skin?

JONES: When I was 15, I got a little swallow on my forearm because that's what all the lads were having at the time. But as I got older, it was too small and looked a bit silly. So, I had the English rose put around it to make it look a bit bigger. But you know what? It still looked a little small. So, I had stars and sunrays and clouds put all around it. Now it's my whole forearm.

You've had several since then-got a favorite? When I did Lock, Stock, obviously everyone loves at the end of the movie when I say, "There's one more thing. It's been emotional." So, I've had that written across the bottom of my back and everyone always wants to see that one. But my favorite at the moment is my angel.

What's her significance? I'd done this Tarantino movie *Hellraiser* where I wore a pair of Mark Nason boots. He always puts a little something on the bottom of his boots, and this pair had a picture of a cowgirl on them—but she was like an angel cowgirl. She's got the halo above her head, but she's got cowboy boots and a holster with a gun in it. I had it done by Mark Mahoney at the Shamrock Social Club on the Sunset Strip.

You mentioned Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels, which most people think was your first movie. But your debut was actually in the '92 football documentary Soccer's Hard Men, right? I had a little piece in that. There was about 20 of us in the movie and, unfortunately, I told the truth and was the one that got in trouble.

A 20,000-pound fine from the English Football Association is quite a bit of trouble. Yeah, and that was a long time ago—that's like 200,000 pounds now. But, it was all innocent. They asked me about the dirty tricks that





"I think it's all fucking overrated. ... I'd rather sit at home in a T-shirt and shorts, have a beer, and watch soccer on TV."

go on [on the field] when the cameras aren't looking. Being a young lad and very gullible, I spilled the beans. The FA went crazy at me, but that's now one of the best-selling documentaries of all-time in Britain. The bastards sold it on the back of me getting in trouble. A dirty trick.

Speaking of dirty tricks, there's a famous tale about you grabbing another man's testicles on the field. Is that the one that cemented your reputation as a tough guy? Well, I was a bit reckless in them days, I must admit. But, I never came up from the ranks properly. I held jobs working on building sites. I was also a gardener and a window cleaner. Then I came into the spotlight and was a bit crazy, without a doubt. I'd get into fights and I'd go into some full-on challenges. And, you know, the press at the time in England, the papers loved writing about that kind of stuff and that's where we got the name Crazy Gang. [Fans] used to always yell from the terraces "Psycho" and then the lads used to call me The Butcher and things like that, but it was all a long time ago.

How did the soccer spotlight turn into the film spotlight? After grabbing Gazza [footballer Paul Gasciogne] in the balls, I kept getting invited onto chat shows, like the equivalent of your David Letterman or Jay Leno. At the same time, Guy Ritchie had written *Lock, Stock*. He and the producer saw me on TV and thought it would be a good idea to give me a small part. I only had three scenes I was supposed to do, but when Guy saw what I did he loved it. So, he basically wrote more as we went along.

And the rest is cinematic history? The British public just absolutely loved it. The timing was superb for that sort of a movie to come out. I won Best British Newcomer and I was still a full-time professional soccer player.

But now you're a full-time movie star. The move from England to Hollywood must have been a shock to the system. I think it's all fucking overrated. If you want to be like Paris Hilton or someone like that, it must be exhausting to have to go out every night. I'd rather sit at home in a T-shirt and shorts, have a beer, and watch the soccer on TV, or spend time with the family. I can't think of anything worse than going out and flaunting yourself at all of these clubs and red carpets. You know? I'm here to go to the meetings. There's nothing glamorous about driving from one side of town to the other, going to meetings and being treated like a nobody sometimes.

Vinnie Jones gets treated like a nobody? You go in for a meeting and these girls at reception haven't a clue who you are. My favorite when I go in is:

- "Name?"
- "Vinnie Jones."
- "Billy Who?"
- "No, Vinnie, Iove. Vinnie Jones."
- "OK, Billy, take a seat."

It keeps your feet firmly on the ground. You go into these casting meetings with producers and they're like, "Oh, I love your work, man. I'm a big fan." Then you never hear from the fuckers again. That's the reality of Hollywood—it's a big facade. To me, it's a factory. I'm there because I'm going to work.

Which has the bigger bastards: Hollywood or English football? I think they're very similar, to be honest. The guys you're working with—the actors or

teammates—they're great. Sure, you get a few wankers, but you do in everything. Then there are the people who run it and sit in their high chairs looking after their money. They're the same whether it's soccer, Hollywood, or a big company. The people I made all of that money for in soccer, I never get them phoning me saying, "Hey, how you doing, Vin? Let me take you to dinner." And it's the same thing in Hollywood. You do movies for people and you earn them a hell of a lot of money and then they move on. They don't give a shit about you. While you're earning money for them, you're family. But as soon as the gig is over and they've got their money in the bank, it's basically like, "Who are you?"

Your new flick, Clive Barker's *Midnight Meat Train*, is a bit of a departure. How did that role come about? Well, I chose this over the numbertwo role in *Rambo*. I just thought that *Rambo* would be all about Sylvester, which it was. Even if I did a great job, it would all be about Stallone, you know? One of the producers called me recently and was like, "Oh you're fucking crazy. You should have done *Rambo*. Look at the money it's earning." And I said, "Yeah but it wouldn't have helped my career." *Midnight Meat Train* is more for my career than my bank balance. It's different.

How did you like playing a serial killer? I got right into it. What the director has done with this movie is unbelievable. I think it takes horror to a new level. Some of the stuff is unbelievable. When I saw it, I was like "Oh ... my God." I've got this big steel-spike hammer in the movie, which is like my killing machine. In one part you actually see the hammer hit the back of someone's head, then you see it go through the skull and everything comes out—eyes, teeth, and everything. It's mental.

Are you a fan of horror movies? I'm a fan of the old-fashioned horror movies. I feel that the new ones are just trying to come up with the most vulgar and unbelievable stuff just to shock you until you drop. That's fine, but there's got to be a little bit of a story there. I think horror movies were losing that a little bit, I really do. Or maybe it's that some of them were so shocking that you forgot there was a plot ... I don't know. But this is all in the story. We're not cutting fingers off with pliers just to make you turn away.

Do you think you'll ever return to football? Just this season, I've started my own soccer team in Hollywood. I was playing for another team with Steve Jones from the Sex Pistols and guys like that, but they're getting a bit old. They've put on a few pounds in their old age. We were getting our asses kicked the last couple of years so I formed a new team called Hollywood All-Stars FC. We play every Sunday down at Santa Monica airfield. We're a friendly bunch and after the games we all go to the King's Head for a few beers in true English style. If any of your readers are interested in playing soccer and they're any good, they can contact us through the Web site, hasfc.com.

What about a return to the English Football Association? I'm living over here now and I'm not getting any younger, you know? There were some rumors that people wanted me to go back and coach, but I've left lock, stock, and fucking barrel.

Nice. Thanks for your time, Vinnie. It's been emotional. It's been emotional. bro.



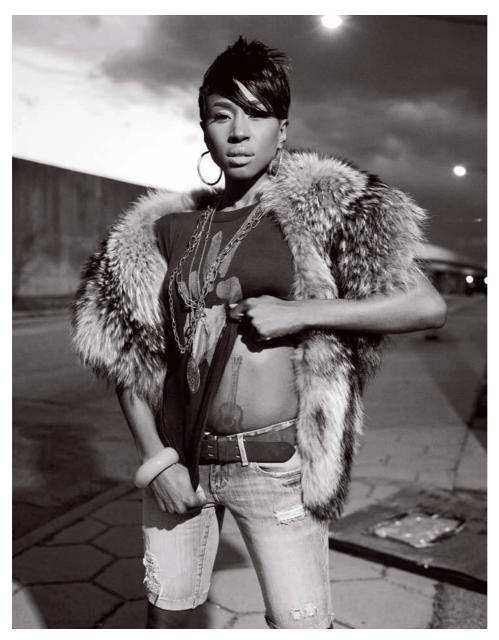




After three years away, Atlanta singer Tweet is heating up.

By Shaun Hall Photos by Zach Wolfe

T STARTED WITH A SONG THAT MIGHT BE ABOUT MASTURBATION. It was 2002 and R&B singer Tweet [born Charlene Keys] had spent time behind the scenes as a backing/guest vocalist on a few Missy Elliot tracks before pairing with Elliot producer Timbaland. The resulting track, "Oops (Oh My)," found sultry Tweet moaning lines such as "I was looking so good I couldn't reject myself" and "Oops, there goes my shirt up over my head." The ode to self-pleasure became a No. 1 hit on the Billboard R&B chart and her Elektra Records' debut *Southern Hummingbird*, soon followed. Just like that, Tweet had become a major name in R&B.



But because of label problems her 2005 sophomore set, It's Me Again, took three years, a lifetime in the R&B world. And while songs like the single "Turn Da Lights Off" were infectious, the album never garnered the commercial success of its predecessor. Frustrated, Tweet disappeared, determined never to do music again.

"I had started recording my second album when Elektra merged with Atlantic," says Tweet of It's Me Again. "People at the label that I worked with the first time around were no longer there. The new team wanted me to make changes to the album, make it sound more hip-hop-which I did, but that wasn't enough. They had me make more changes. I just didn't want to do music anymore because of that."

So, she didn't. She was released from her con-

tract and Tweet was free. The Rochester, NY, native went back to being full-time mom to her teenage daughter Tashawna, but couldn't deny her own passion to make music. When her manager at the time, Violator Management President Mona Scott-Young, called with an indie label deal from music veteran Jheryl Busby (Patti LaBelle, New Edition) and his Umbrella Recordings, which included Tweet owning her own masters, it was an offer she couldn't refuse.

"Being on an independent label, there are not too many people to answer to," Tweet says of Umbrella. "It's great for me because it's more intimate. I also get to be a business woman. I don't have to have my life and my career in other people's hands. I now own my own masters, which everyone should."

With her faith in the music biz partially restored, Tweet headed back into the studio for her third album, Love, Tweet, "It's a love note to the fans that have been there for me throughout the hiatus. The true fans-they inspired me to get back in."

She began writing new songs and completed six or seven using material she had already written and tracks that producers built around them. She teamed with a host of producers for the album, including Nisan Stewart (Missy Elliot, Nelly Furtado), Warren Campbell (Brandy), and Novel (India Arie, Joss Stone), to craft an album about love and loss that showed a side of Tweet other than the one from the over-sexed single that made her. Missy Elliot and T.I. are already rumored to appear. The Charlie BeReal- and Craig Brockman-produced "Love Again" is one of Tweet's favorites

"It's about being confused after you've been hurt by love," Tweet says of the song. "It's like, 'Do I want to get back in the game? Should I? Would I? I could.' It's number one on the album because it's that type of record."

According to Tweet, another standout track is "Alone." "That's my Marvin Gaye record. It's about having a lover be unfaithful and realizing that even when relationships don't work out you're never alone as long as you have God in your life."

That theme isn't new to Tweet's life; she got her start singing in church and later joined Sugah, a female R&B group that was part of the Swing Mob. a collective that included Timbaland, Ginuine and Magoo. It was there that she met her future mentor, Missy Elliot, and got her first tattoo.

"I got my first tattoo, my name with a mic and a star, on my right upper arm," she says of her first piece. "I was in a group called Sugah and we all went to get tattoos at a place on Sunset Boulevard in L.A. I don't even remember the name of the place, but I know it's still there. I actually never thought I would get a tattoo. I just didn't think it was me."

In addition to that first tattoo. Tweet has a hummingbird on her left upper arm (a reference to her nickname "The Southern Hummingbird"), a guitar on her stomach, and a set of Flintstones-inspired Bam Bam drums on her right shoulder. She also has a pair of eyes on her back. "I got those when I was mad at love. I decided to get the tattoo to show that I could watch my own back." Most of her tattoos were done by Miami artist Gino, at Illustrated Ink.

"He's just so good because he free hands everything," says Tweet. "I actually want him to touch up [the hummingbird] because she seems lonely. I may get [the guitar] fixed up, but not a lot of people have seen it because that's just not my style. And, the Bam Bam drums I want to get that covered with an angel and my daughter's name."

As far as new pieces, Tweet only has one more in mind. "My sister got my name tattooed on her wrist like a bracelet, so I think I am going to get Gino to do her name in the same spot."

For now, she's focused on Love, Tweet. Having tackled self-pleasure on the track that made her, this time Tweet is writing about loving one another.







inked spots | HAWAII



Matt Cox, Richard Schwartz, Dave Coronada

A TIKI TATTOO

2229 Kuhio Ave.
Honolulu, HI
808-923-4100
atikitattoo.com
Established: 2001
Artists: Robert Hackney, Josh Flinn,
Matt Cox, Paulo Manabe, Richard
Schwartz, Dave Coronada

When owner Robert Hackney opened A Tiki Tattoo, it effortlessly blended right in with colorful Waikiki. Unlike many of the tattoo parlors on the island, A Tiki embraces island lifestyle with its laid-back, open atmosphere and friendly staff. The shop feels like a tropical oasis complete with bamboo light decor and paneling. With more than 30 years experience, Hackney plans on making A Tiki Tattoo a household name.

Each of the five full-time tattooists (three born and raised in Hawaii) brings in his own clientele, whether locals, tourists, or celebs such as Reverend Horton Heat, Mike Ness of Social Distortion, and members of Alice in Chains. With diverse backgrounds, their focus is versatile, ranging from realism to old school Polynesian. "It's a good place for people visiting Hawaii—they can bring a souvenir home," says Hackney. "Who needs a shell necklace? Get a tattoo."

DO: Hans Hedemann Surf School, hhsurf.com. Spread throughout Waikiki, these popular surf schools get you out in the water and riding the waves with rented gear. Impressively, pro Kainoa McGee is a teacher.

DRINK: Kelley O' Neil's, 311 Lewers St., 808-926-1777. An Irish pub in Hawaii? It happens, and this cozy (yet often rowdy) pub reels in locals, tourists, and military members looking for a pint.

GD: Island Seaplane Services, 85 Lagoon Dr., 808-836-6273. The best view from any vantage point on the island is from the sky. Chartered flights start at \$125 and routes soar over the movie sites for *Jurassic Park*, famous surf spots like the Banzai Pipeline, and the Diamond Head volcanic crater.



Mike Ledger

MIKE LEDGER TATTOO

930 McCully St., #203 Honolulu, HI 808-945-9797 mikeledgertattoo.com Established: 2004 Artists: Mike Ledger

"No one knew who I was when I moved to Hawaii," says Mike Ledger. "I really had to work my way up from nothing again." Originally from Farmingdale, New York, Ledger went from having a three-year waiting list to starting from scratch. "I had to prove myself and get accepted by the locals in Hawaii," he remembers. Now he's back to a waiting list.

Inspired by his grandfather who had a full body suit, Ledger began his apprenticeship at 16 and has been inking for almost 20 years. His specialty (thanks to Granddaddy) is large-scale body suits, mostly Asian-inspired, and the occasional portrait work and photo-realism. Mike Ledger Tattoo resembles an upscale gallery setting, as Ledger's paintings decorate the walls, creating an ambience that's less tattoo parlor and more modern chic. But it's really not about the shop. "My clientele needs a private, secure setting where they can feel comfortable spending the number of hours they do with me," says Ledger. "I want them to walk away not only with a great tattoo but also remembering it as a great experience in their life."

GO: The Hideaway Bar, 1913 Dudoit Ln., 808-949-9885. Armed with the island's best punk jukebox, the Hideaway is reminiscent of a New York City dive bar. The clientele is mostly old-school, fully tattooed punks and hardcore kids.

EAT: Kochi Restaurant & Lounge, 1936 S. King St., 808-941-2835. This relatively new diner and late-night establishment has emerged as a neighborhood favorite for cocktails and great local Japanese cuisine with a new-wave twist.

SHOP: Chinatown Boardroom, 1160 Nuuanu Ave., 808-585-7200. This gallery combines two Hawaiian favorites-surfing and art. Shop for lowbrow art, custom surfboards, and other cool stuff.

inked spots | HAWAII



Geoff Brown, David "Dr. Dave" Bentley, Kevin Mokuahi

TNT TATTOO

99-016 Kamehameha Hwy. Aiea, HI 808-486-4TNT tnttattoo.com Established: 1993 Artists: David Bentley (a.k.a. Dr. Dave), Kevin Mokuahi, Geoff Brown

"We worked hard to get to where we're at," says tattooist Kevin Mokuahi. "It's the quality of our work that has given us our reputation." And it's true. Located off a major road between Waikiki and North Shore, the TNT shop is not in the most tourist-driven area, but its steady client base (primarily military and surfers) proves it's worth the drive. Everyone from Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E. to 'N Sync and Sugar Ray's Mark McGrath have been inked here.

Mokuahi has been tattooing for more than 12 years and takes the work seriously, from apprenticeship to culture. "The first thing we do with apprentices is give them books on tattoo artists. How do you want to put a tattoo on someone when you don't even know where the craft came from?" he wonders. "This is a business where you can never stop getting better. Any artist who says they know it all-you probably don't want to get a tattoo from him."

EAT: Wally Ho's Garage & Grill, 98-380 Kamehameha Hwy., 808-488-2220. There's no pun to this restaurant's name. After 41-years as a Chevron Station, you can now get your car fixed while you eat in one of the better restaurants in the hood. Enjoy fresh fish while waiting for your car inspection.

GO: North Shore Beach. Just 20 minutes away from the TNT Tattoo studio you can see why this famous beach is the surf mecca of the world. Sign up for lessons or lay back and watch the locals.

SHOP: Jelly's, 98-023 Hekaha St., 808-484-4413. Sandwiched between a porn store and a Goodwill, this packed store is a pack rat's dream. The maze of shelves inside overflow with CDs, books, DVDs, rare comics, and other goodies. Count on killing a few hours here.



Thomas "Wondo" Wondoloski

SOUTH PACIFIC TATTOO CO.

345 Saratoga Rd. Honolulu, HI 808-924-2198 tattoowaikiki.com Established: 1995 Artists: Thomas "Wondo" Wondoloski, Colby Long, Mike Castillo You might get a little claustrophobic in the small space of South Pacific, but it's worth it. Owner Thomas "Wondo" Wondoloski, a Hawaii resident for 15 years, has been tattooing for 22 years and knows tattoos well. After all, his inspiration was the late tattoo legend Asa Lee Crow III. "He was like a carnival strolling down the road. I sure do miss him," says Wondoloski.

The shop's tattoo artists are versed in everything from tribal to traditional, color, or black, and they're confident that their work speaks for itself. Most of the designs are painted in-house, and you can get an idea of their work from the flash that covers every corner of the walls.

Wondoloski has been an inspirational asset to the industry, whether he believes it or not. Some would even say legend. "Must be my good fucking looks and charming personality!" he jokes. "It's a curse I was born with."

STAY: Waikiki Parc Hotel, 2233 Helumoa Rd., 808-921-7272. Major renovations have given this boutique hotel a face-lift, turning it into a favorite crash pad for the jet set. It's close to the beach and Honolulu Zoo.

EAT: Tiki's Grill & Bar, 2570 Kalakaua Ave., 808-923-8454. Enjoy fresh seafood and stiff drinks at this bar and grill where the ambience is very Hawaiian. The second-floor restaurant provides an amazing view of Waikiki Beach and the interior is filled with fish nets and lava rock walls.

SHOP: In4mation, 226 Lewers St., 808-923-0888. The custom clothing and skateboard company owns several locations in Honolulu stocked with custom T-shirts, decks, hoodies and other stuff all worthy of emptying your wallet.

inked spots | HAWAII



KEONE NUNES

Honolulu, HI pauhi.com 808-216-2594

Don't even think about asking Keone Nunes to tattoo a dagger or dolphin on you. "All I do is Hawaiian tattoos, designs inked for various cultural reasons," says Nunes. These designs (bold, geometric shapes) have names, meanings, prayers and can reflect the genealogy of the individual.

Nunes, who has been tattooing since 1990, works nontraditionally—he has no shop (he works out of a Hawaiian healing center) and he doesn't use machines (he taps, which he assures is faster and less painful). "In the process of getting tattooed in the '70s, my tattooist and inspiration, Kandi Everett, recognized the fact that I knew a lot about Hawaiian tattoos from a cultural view," Nunes explains. "She encouraged me to bring that back out to the community." Since then, he's been inking people who come to him by word of mouth. He speaks with the client, finds out what's important to them and why they want the tattoo then he inks a design he seems fit. Though he tattoos regularly, he's very selective of his clients.

"If people want to get a tattoo just because they want it, I will say no. If they want it for their journey and growth and own understanding of their family and who they are, I'll consider it. I don't want to tattoo the world. I want to tattoo the people that are more aware of the significance of their tattoo."

DRINK: Indigo, 1121 Nuuanu Ave., Honolulu, HI, 808-521-2900. This Asian fusion restaurant is the place for mingling, tropical drinks, and trendy crowds.

EAT: Hanohano Room, 2255 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, HI, 808-922-4422. Visit this eatery atop the Sheraton for tasty dishes and a view of the Waikiki beach.

SHOP: Kailua Sailboards and Kayaks, 130 Kailua Rd., Kailua, HI, 808-262-2555. This shop has everything from stylish board shorts to sunglasses. Rent a kayak for a trip to the Mokulua Islands for some impressive scenery.

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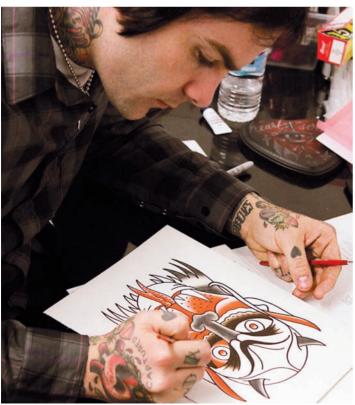
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MUSINK TATTOO AND MUSIC FESTIVAL

TV darling Kat Von D hosted the Musink Tattoo and Music Festival at the Orange County Fair and Exposition Center on February 22-24. Along with Kat and the artists from High Voltage, more than 200 tattooers set up shop, including Ben Wahhh, Tim Kern, Horitaka, and Clay Decker. The festival included seminars on machine mechanics and portrait drawing taught by Hannah Aitchison, Bob Tyrrell, and others. When class ended, everyone hit the stage to check out performances by The Used, Tiger Army, and Metal Skool while drinking off the sting of their new ink.

For more photos, go to inkedmag.com.











Clockwise from top left: Convention goers; the cast oLA Ink; hand tattoo by Juan Puente of Spotlight Tattoo; smiles in the aisles; Dan Smith draws the guy downstairs.

102 | INKEDMAG.COM photos by CRAIG BURTON











Clockwise from top left: Back piece; Bert McCracken from The Used rocks the crowd; fully-sleeved; forearm by Meg McNeil of Lowed Hate Tattoo; hand-poked goodness.

inked spots | CONVENTION WATCH



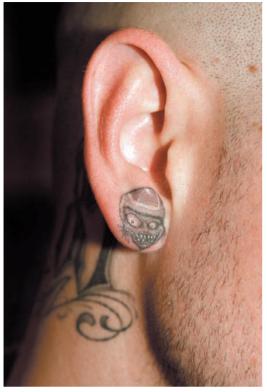






Clockwise from top left: Killer back piece; state of grace; skull leg by Meg McNiel; Ben Grillo of Good Time Charlie's Tattoodel gets a view from the top.











Clockwise from top left: Ear tattoo by Ben Grillo; Munster tattoo is a prize winner; bodysuit; leg work.



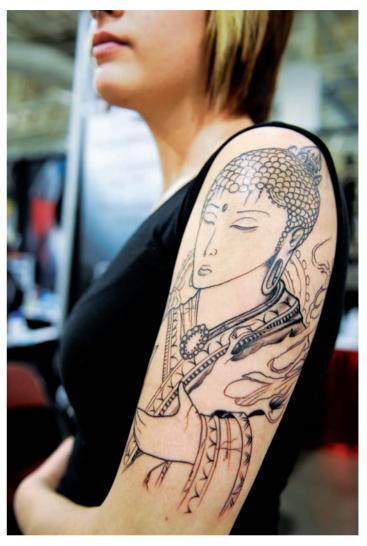
SALT LAKE CITY INTERNATIONAL TATTOO CONVENTION

Who says Utah can't be a party? The fifth annual Salt Lake City International Tattoo Convention, held February 15-17 at the Salt Palace Convention Center, showcased major tattoo talent including Seth Wood, Jack Rudy, and Keone Nunes, alongside international artists such as Lal Hardy and tattooers from InkRat Tattoo (Japan), Spring Tattoo (China), and more. The Jim Rose Circus performed and the Board to Lose art show set up to show off 100 decks designed by tattoo artists. SLC rocks!

For more photos, go to inkedmag.com.









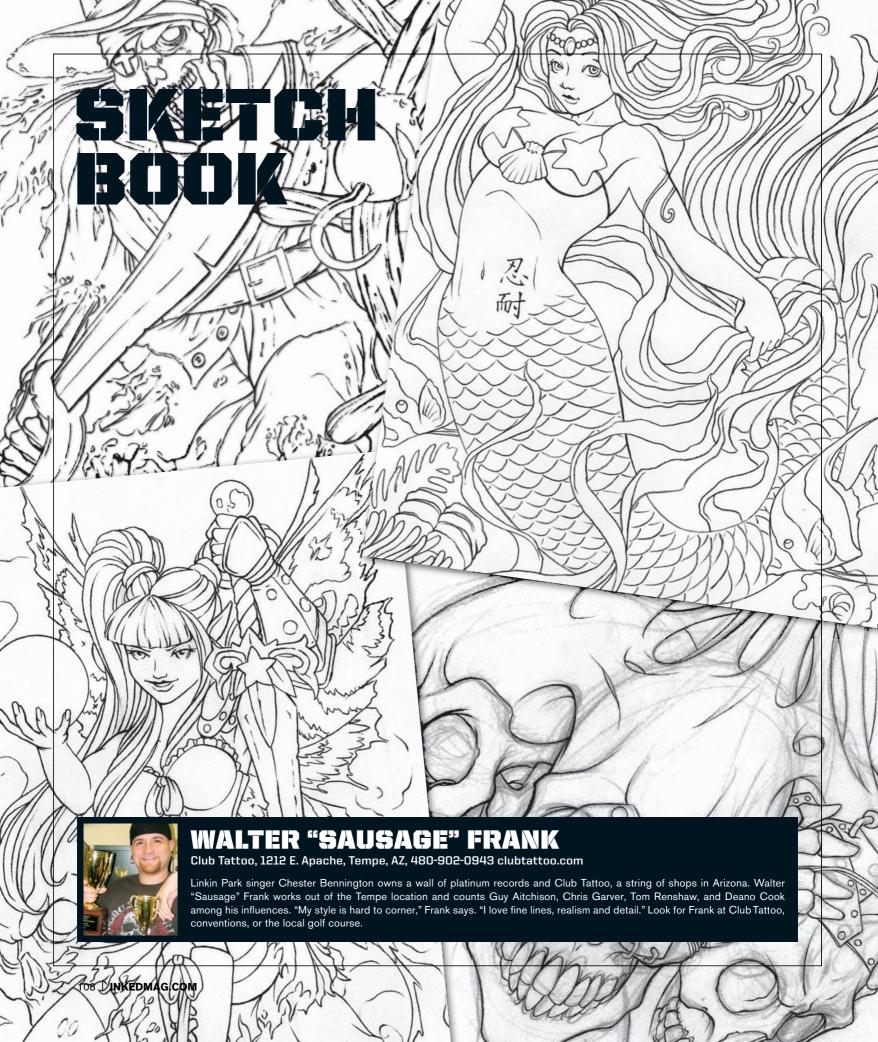


Clockwise from top left: The scene on the convention floor; arm by Vic Back of Good Times Tattoo; Kenny Dreamboat of Jack Brown's Tattoo Revival; tattoo by Mike Pinto of Thick As Thieves; weasel by William Thidemann of Th'ink Tank Tattoo.

106 | INKEDMAG.COM photos by DAVE WEISS



Clockwise from top left: Work in progress by Chad Soner of Non Stop Art; contestant for tattoo of the day; crow by Hannah Aitcison of High Voltage Tattoo; Spring of Spring Tattoo in Beijing; ink by Lisa Schmoldt of Otherside Ink Tattoo; devil stare by Jon McAffee of Oni Tattoo Gallery; Chad Soner hits the dest.

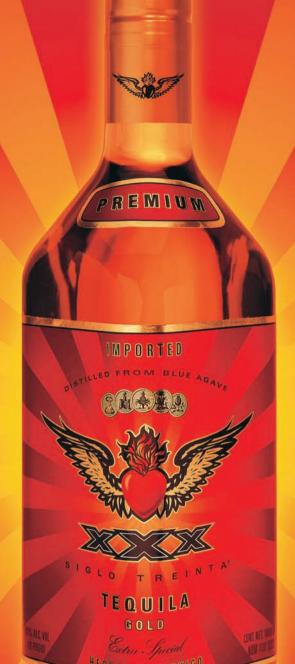




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