

# Inked

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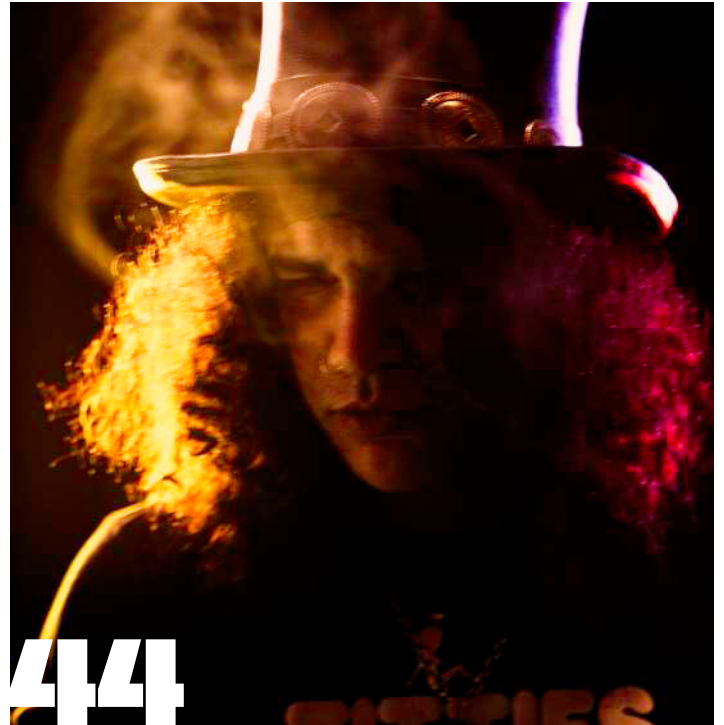


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# Inked

**creative director** todd weinberger  
**editor-in-chief** enrique pinchazo

**editor-at-large** erich weiss  
**contributing editor** jennifer chapman  
**web master** steven intermill  
**copy chief** aly walansky

**photo director** marya gullo  
**fashion director** risa knight  
**fashion assistant** britney wiser

#### contributing writers

rachel aydt, ariel brown, abigail bruley, jason buhrmester, meredith lindemon, joy manning, philip mccluskey, mike supermodel, george polgar, scott steinberg, emily warren

#### photographers

marisa berard, craig burton, michael dwornik, nabil elderkin, paul elledge, sarah a. friedman, lani lee, shane mccauley, beatrice neumann, david shadi perez, dan saelinger, matt salacuse, joshua scott, tyler shields, geoffrey sokol, kelly turso, fabian villa

#### stylists

mary catherine, wendy schelah, megan terry

**publisher** nathalie ramirez  
 nathalie@inkedmag.com

**advertising sales** kenyon clemons  
 kenyon@inkedmag.com  
 bree heyne  
 bree@inkedmag.com

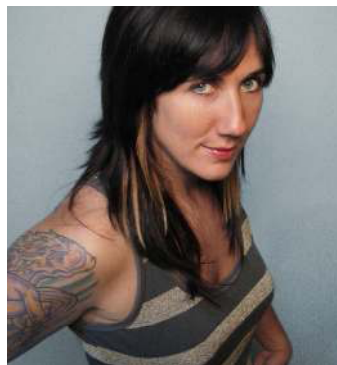
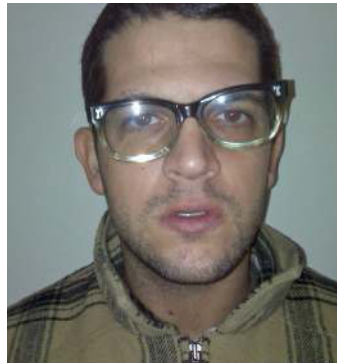
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 inked magazine  
 326 canal st., suite 3a  
 new york city, ny 10013

**main number** 212-537-9347  
**website** inkedmag.com

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



# contributors



Top Row: Photographer **Beatrice Neumann** shot most of the gorgeous women featured in this issue of *Inked*, and many would say that's her specialty (her work is featured in Taschen's *The New Erotic Photography*). Neumann, who was born and raised in Germany, has numerous tattoos, including a back piece by Berlin's Slim D and a neck tattoo by California artist Jeremiah Barba. Her work has been published in *GQ*, *Vice*, and *YRB*.

Photographer **Nabil Elderkin** shot our cover and feature story on Slash (page 84). Of the experience, he says, "I smoked a cigarette with Slash and managed not to tell him how I used to stand in front of my TV and air guitar to G N' R, which I think was for the best." Elderkin, who was born in Australia, now lives Los Angeles and has worked on music videos for John Legend, Kanye West, and will.i.am. His photography has appeared in *Maxim*, *Dazed & Confused*, and *Nylon*.

**Lani Lee** didn't just photograph Malice getting inked by Chris Garver (page 84); she set the whole thing up. "Malice is a friend of mine and he asked if I could link him up with my tattoo artist," she says. Lee, who grew up with the guys of *Miami Ink*, has been tattooed by Garver and Ami James. She regularly shoots for clients such as Microsoft, Red Bull, and Jeepney Clothing, but the Mal-

ice story is her first magazine feature. "I promised myself that I would be published in a magazine before my 25th birthday, and the issue will come out the month before I turn 25," she proudly points out.

**Mike Supermodel** has put out punk, hardcore, and hip-hop music on his label SuperModel, and spread terror across America as a member of The Bad Luck 13 Riot Extravaganza. He invested his ill-gotten gains in Jinxed, a Philadelphia retail shop that has the city's best selection of designer vinyl, as well as books, art, and the Jinxed clothing line. In this issue, Supermodel shares what's next in the exploding world of artist-based figures (page 21). Find out more at [jinxedphiladelphia.com](http://jinxedphiladelphia.com).

Bottom Row: Consumer electronics and gaming guru **Scott Steinberg** regularly contributes game reviews (page 23) to the Inked Life section. He's a managing partner at technology site [digitaltrends.com](http://digitaltrends.com) and the author of three books, including the free-to-download *Get Rich Playing Games* ([getrichgaming.com](http://getrichgaming.com)). A veteran of both radio and TV, Steinberg has contributed to the *New York Times*, *Playboy*, *Rolling Stone*, and *TV Guide*.

Photographer **Sarah A. Friedman** was thrilled to shoot the men's fashion feature "Warning" (page 72). "I don't

normally shoot fashion, but this story came out very much in my style. ... Real people, portrait meets reportage," says Friedman. "Working for the magazine even inspired me to get some fresh ink, since I haven't been tattooed in more than ten years." Friedman, who teaches at her alma mater, The School of Visual Arts, in New York City, has also contributed to *ESPN the Magazine* and *Fortune*.

David Perez, or **Shadi** as he is known, has directed music videos for bands such as Cypress Hill, House of Pain, and the Beastie Boys. For this, his first issue of *Inked*, Shadi shot the Dyslexic Speedreaders (page 32). In addition to his work in film, Shadi's still photographs have appeared in magazines such as *British GQ*, *Vibe*, *Huge* (Japan), *I-D*, and *The Face*. Shadi is currently putting together a fine art book, *The Good Old Days*, which will be released in the fall, and working on his feature film debut, *Midnight City Playboys*, a raw portrayal of life on the streets of the Bronx in the '80s.

**Britney Wiser** is still trying to figure out what she wants inked on her body for the rest of her life, but she's got time, seeing that she's still a student at the Art Institute in Philadelphia. For this issue, Wiser served as market editor for most of the fashion pages in *Inked Life* (begins page 9).

# letter



Behind the scenes at the Malice shoot in Miami (page 84).

What the hell happened with Guns N' Roses? There are probably five sides to the story, but the one we care most about is of course Slash's (page 44). I'm still a little confused about what went down, but does it really matter? These days, Slash is tearin' it up with Velvet Revolver, and at 42 he can say he's recorded with everyone from Alice Cooper and Sammy Hagar to Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder. Not bad for a guy everyone thought would succumb to drugs and alcohol.

And on that note—alcohol, not drugs—don't think of visiting another city without consulting our roundup of the best bars in the country (page 62). I'm not saying all of these places will appeal to all of the people all of the time, but your chances are better with one of our picks than they are with a suggestion from the hotel concierge or your old roommate who now considers dinner at Olive Garden a night on the town.

Finally, I can't end this letter without pointing you to my new favorite feature on [inkedmag.com](http://inkedmag.com): Click on the "Put Yourself on the Cover of Inked" link to see a gallery of reader-submitted covers, and I promise you will not be disappointed. From the hot models and half-naked girls to the dogs, bikes, and tattoos, I have to say, our readers fuckin' rock. Check it out.

Enrique Pinchazo, editor-in-chief



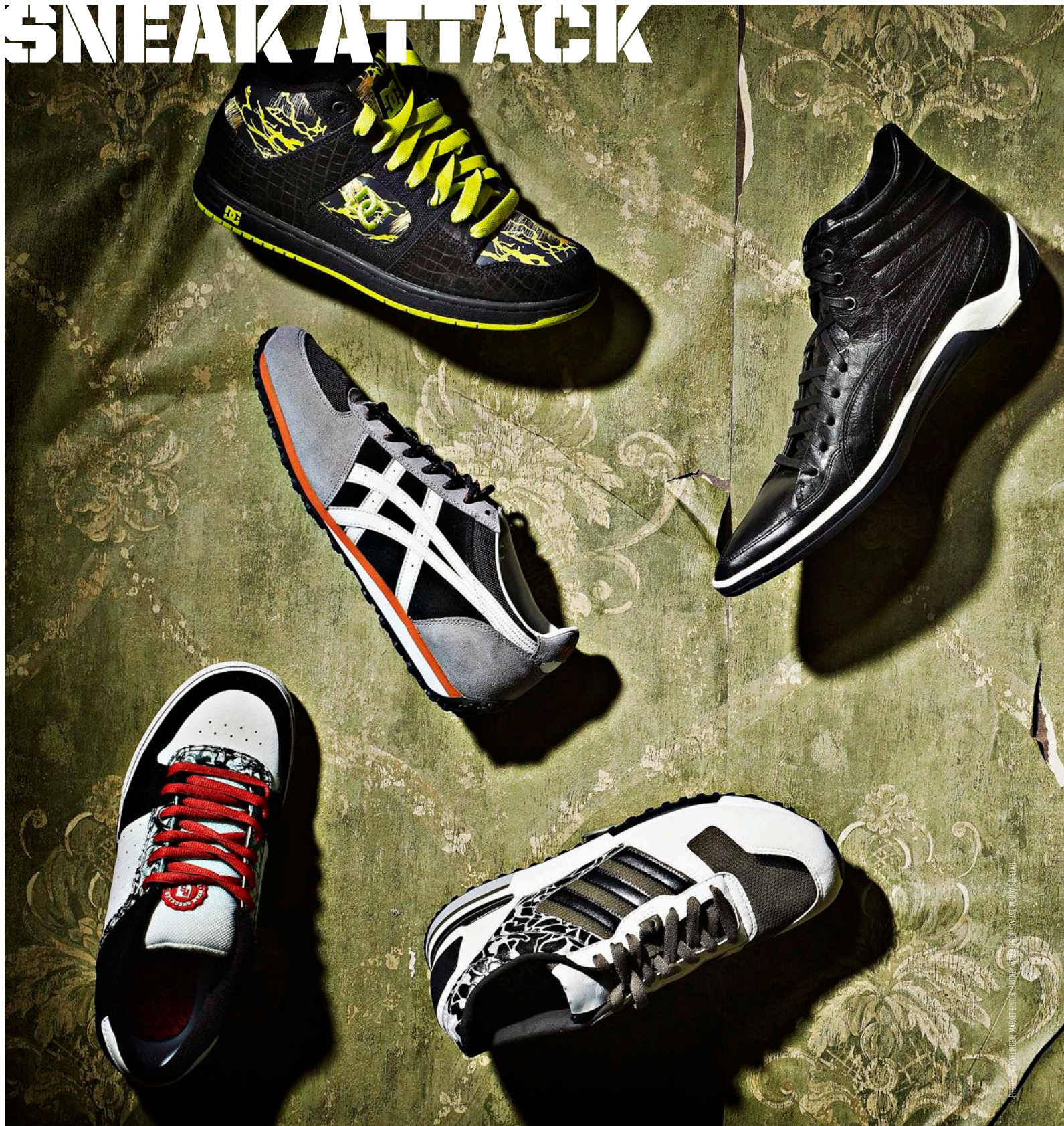
Just one of the reader-submitted covers you'll find at [inkedmag.com](http://inkedmag.com).

# INKED LIFE

## MY FIRST INK

"Melanie Fishers of Mantis Tattoo, in Pittsburgh, did all my tattoos. My first was a drawing by Brandon Boyd on my hip. I get shit all the time for having a tattoo that has to do with Incubus, but I don't regret it. Besides, people love my other tattoos, especially the circuit board on my back. I also have an EKG heartbeat on my arm. I think for my next tattoo I'm going to expand the circuit board to go around the EKG part." —Nicole Mucciola

# SNEAK ATTACK






Clockwise from top left: DC black and lime green Manteca 3 sneaker; Alexander McQueen for Puma black sneaker; Vans Prison Issue Da Maze sneaker, available at [karmaloop.com](http://karmaloop.com); Nike University Collection black and yellow University of Iowa sneaker; Zoo York black Louis sneaker; Onitsuka Tiger by Asics grey and black Fabre BL-L sneaker; Air Jordan black Classic 87 sneaker; Adidas green, black, and white ZX 700 sneaker; Etnies black, red, and white Sheckler 2 sneaker; Onitsuka Tiger by Asics black, gray, white, and orange Zion sneaker.

# POP A CAP

From top: Zoo York Zoo Tooth houndstooth beanie; Zoo York Bubble Zoo beanie; Rome black, white, and red Poster beanie; DC dark gray beanie; Burton navy beanie; Etnies eggplant Stagefright beanie with visor.



PHOTO: JAMI SAGEL/NER; MARKET EDITOR: BRUNO; WISSE; PROP STYLUS: WENDY SCHLAIH

A collection of wallets and chains is displayed on a light-colored, patterned background. At the top left is a large, dark leather wallet with a prominent, embossed skull design. Below it is a long, ornate silver chain with a dagger-shaped end. To the right of the skull wallet is a smaller, dark leather wallet with a repeating pattern and the words "ZOO YORK" in red. Below that is another dark leather wallet with a textured surface and the word "BUFFALO" in gold. At the bottom left is a dark leather wallet with a gold-colored interior pattern. To the right of this is a silver chain with a large, ornate clasp and several oval links. The background has a subtle, repeating floral or damask pattern.

Clockwise from top: Travis Walker Double Cross flaming skull shark skin wallet with Travis Walker Double Cross dagger wallet chain; Zoo York black wallet; Royal Underground Ganesh wallet chain, available at Neiman Marcus; Buffalo by David Bitton black wallet; Vestal black and gold wallet; DB Clay black Stampage wallet.

PHOTO: DAN SAEIINGER; MARKET EDITOR: BRITNEY WISER; PROP STYLIST: WENDY SCHELAH

# CASH STASH

# DARK AGE

Clockwise from top left: Etnies black denim jeans; LRG Silver Bullet jeans; Jean Shop black long skinny-fit jeans; Diesel charcoal Paddom Special jeans; Puma black Evisu jeans; Buffalo by David Bitton gray jeans; WeSC black Kelvin jeans; available at [karmaloop.com](http://karmaloop.com).

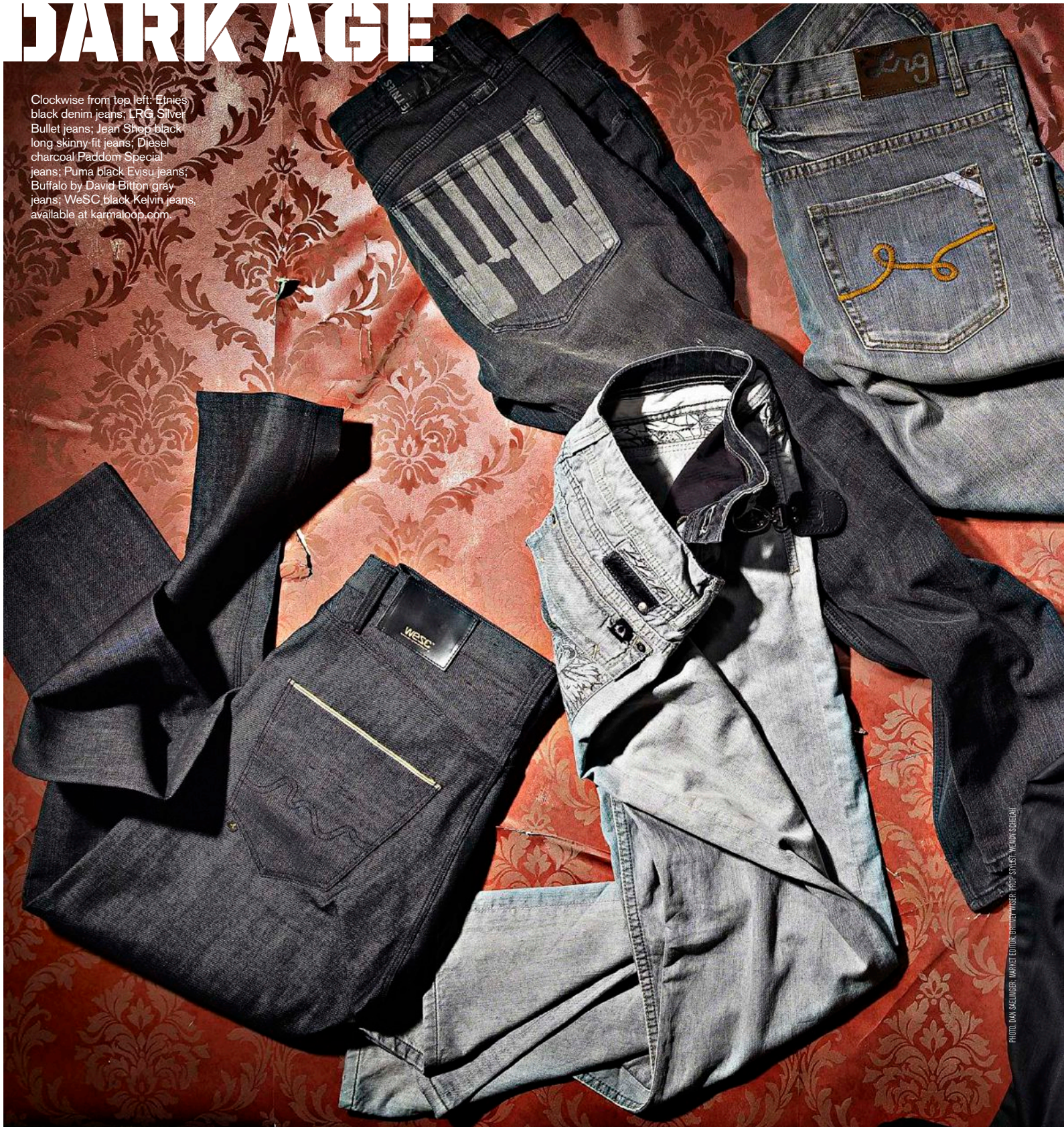


PHOTO: JAM SAELENGER, MARKET EDITOR: BRUNNEN WINSER, PROP STYLIST: WEAR SPEAK





Scandyna's striking new "The Drop" speakers (podspeakers.com) feature colored shells made of acrylonitrile butadiene styrene (ABS), the same stuff that gives certain tattoo inks their vivid color—who knew? But these funky, 20-inch-high drops do more than look cool, they also handle up to 100 watts of power and have a respectable sensitivity rating of 89 dB.

# DROP KICK

# REVIEWS



**Dengue Fever**  
**Venus on Earth**  
[M80 Music]

Cambodian rock is not a term one hears often when describing a band's sound, but the term applies perfectly to Dengue Fever, the '60s-psych, surf-lounge, world-music outfit from Los Angeles. *Venus on Earth* marks the band's third full-length album, and it follows the release of the popular *Escape from Dragon House*. Their notable eclectic sound is still there, courtesy of

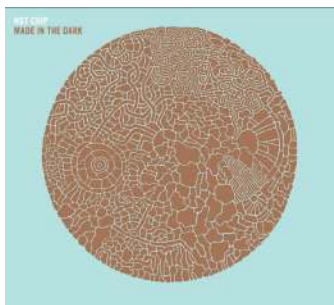
four American musicians and Cambodian lead singer Chhom Nimol, who often sings in her native Khmer. As Dengue's first attempt at an album that contains only original music, the 11 tracks smoothly transition from moonshine bebop to drugged-out garage jams to jet-setter swing without even breaking a sweat.



**Estelle**  
**Shine**  
[Homeschool/Atlantic Records]

Roscoe's Chicken and Waffle House, that's where it all happened; the young and bright-eyed Estelle marched right up and introduced herself to Kanye West, who hooked her up with John Legend. Fast-forward several years and she's the first artist signed to Legend's Homeschool Records, marking her U.S. debut, and even being touted as the next Lauryn Hill. It's easy to see why

*Shine* is getting so much attention; with backing and production by established hit-makers such as Wyclef Jean and will.i.am, and guests such as West, Legend, and Cee-Lo, there is little room for error. But this British singer-songwriter-rapper does more than fine on her own with a blend of finesse and attitude.



**Hot Chip**  
**Made in the Dark**  
[DFA/Astralwerks Records]

Brit-pop electro band Hot Chip counts *Made in the Dark* as their first album recorded in a studio, not a room or basement. Yet the overall sound of this (their third) album retains a sound that is more concrete and drywall than studio padding. After the brilliant success of 2006's *The Warning*,

the ambitious blokes decided they would take their sound away from the computer and focus more on instrumentation, going for something more "rock-y." The 13-track album will certainly surprise Chip fans with its heavy Sabbath-like metal mixed and somber soul ballads, but no worries, there's still the sonically dense, ball-bearing dance anthems that they do so darn well.



**Die! Die! Die!**  
**Promises, Promises**  
[SAF Records]

Forget computer-generated beats and dance-club anthems; sometimes you just want hard, derivative rock. New Zealand's Die! Die! Die! are going to give it to you, whether you like it or not. *Promises, Promises*, the band's second full-length album is a pummeling, emphatic version of what will no doubt garner references to the '80s Dunedin sound. But, make no mis-

take, these boys from down under slash through any pop diddy ever written by The Clean. Produced by Kiwi songwriter Shayne Carter and recorded in the Walkmen's famed Marcata studio in upstate New York, *Promises* is well-primed and well-grounded enough to turn any rhythm into pure, vulgar noise.



**Foxy Brown**  
**Brooklyn's Don Diva**  
[Koch Records]

Everyone's favorite inmate is back on the attack with her first new album in six years. *Brooklyn's Don Diva*, a collection of songs Foxy recorded before being sentenced to prison, is a brazen diary of everything that's happened to Miss Brown in the past few years: assaults on manicurists, court appearances, losing and then regaining her hearing, and, just for

kicks, some troubled childhood recounts. The diva stomps and spits her way through explicit gutter anthems and incessant gloating proving the only thing more angry and frightening than a scorned woman is a scorned woman in solitary confinement.



**Xiu Xiu**  
**Women As Lovers**  
[Kill Rock Stars]

Xiu Xiu's sixth album release is not the tense, glooming sound that you've come to expect from the experimental Oakland, CA, band; but that doesn't mean it comes anywhere close to an easy, accessible listen. The looming feedback, pick-heavy guitars, and repressed emotions are all still there, along with front man Jamie Stewart's malign

whispers. *Women as Lovers* borrows its title from a novel by Nobel Prize-winning feminist writer Elfriede Jelinek, whose work is often dismissed as pornography (which happens to suit Xiu Xiu quite well). With songs like "In Lust You Can Hear the Axe Fall," and guest vocals by the bawdy Michael Gira (The Angles of Light), *Women as Lovers* is downright naughty. —Abigail Bruley



# FLAVOR ICE

**Bartender William Crane, of Magnetic Field, in Brooklyn, shares his favorite drinks made with flavored vodka.**

If the drink you order says something about you, then what exactly does flavored vodka say? Plenty would argue it says, "I don't appreciate the rich, storied history of this spirit, so I'll take the inauthentic, artificially flavored version." But the truth is, almost as long as there's been vodka, there have been people messing with the way it tastes. Eastern Europeans began adding flavors like cinnamon, ginger, and red pepper as early as the 15th century. And Scandinavians in the Middle Ages used herbs, fruit, and spices. Americans didn't really become vodka drinkers until the 1960s, but as the spirit's popularity grew, distillers began experimenting with flavors. In 1986, Absolut introduced Absolut Peppar (flavored with roasted pepper, green tomato, and spices) and Stolichnaya came out with Ohranj. Since then the number of flavored vodkas on the market has exploded. So what's the best way to enjoy them? According to bartender William Crane, the owner of Magnetic Field, in Brooklyn, it's an expertly mixed cocktail, of course. Here he shares four of his favorites.



**PROMENADE**

3 parts Van Gogh Pineapple Vodka  
1 part lime juice  
splash of cranberry juice  
In a highball glass over ice, add the pineapple vodka, lime juice, and cranberry juice. Fill the glass the rest of the way with seltzer, then serve.



**LEMON MARTINI**

6 parts Absolut Citron  
3 parts lemon juice  
1 part simple syrup  
1 part triple sec  
Pour ingredients into shaker filled with ice, shake vigorously, and strain into a martini glass.



**ESPRESSO MARTINI**

4 parts Van Gogh Double Espresso vodka  
1 part Baileys  
Pour ingredients into shaker filled with ice, shake vigorously, and strain into a martini glass.



**CREAM SODA**

3 parts Stoli Vanil  
2 parts lemon-lime soda  
splash of cola  
Add all the ingredients in a highball glass over ice, then serve.

CRANE PHOTO: MARTI SANCHEZ



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From left: Oster Fast Feed, Sally Beauty Supply; BaByliss Pro Forfex Silver, bestclippers.com; BaByliss Pro Forfex GT Gold Titanium, bestclippers.com; Andis Improved Master Clipper, Sally Beauty Supply.



# CUTTING ROOM

# TOY STORY



## Bob Dob Luey Vinyl Figures

*strangeco.com*

Bob Dob has worked as a freelance commercial artist for such clients as Aflac, American Airlines, and ABC Family Channel, while building a solid rep as a fine artist showing in galleries coast to coast. A fixture in his paintings, Lueys (his name for these minions of the devil) are out to stir up trouble wherever they can. They're available participating in three kinds of questionable behavior: smoking, drinking, or waving a gun around.

## Upper Playground Walrus by Craola, Blue Argyle Edition

*ningyoushi.com*

Artist Greg "Craola" Simkins transforms Upper Playground's walrus character into this extraordinary vinyl figure, which will be limited to 500 pieces. The ultra-creepy 7-inch rendition of the walrus incorporates a sophisticated top hat and stitched bunny hand puppet that could induce nightmares in the slow kids. Think Dr. Jekyll meets Captain Kangaroo. Awesome!

## Gama-Go Deathbot Wooden Toy, Suit Version

*ningyoushi.com*

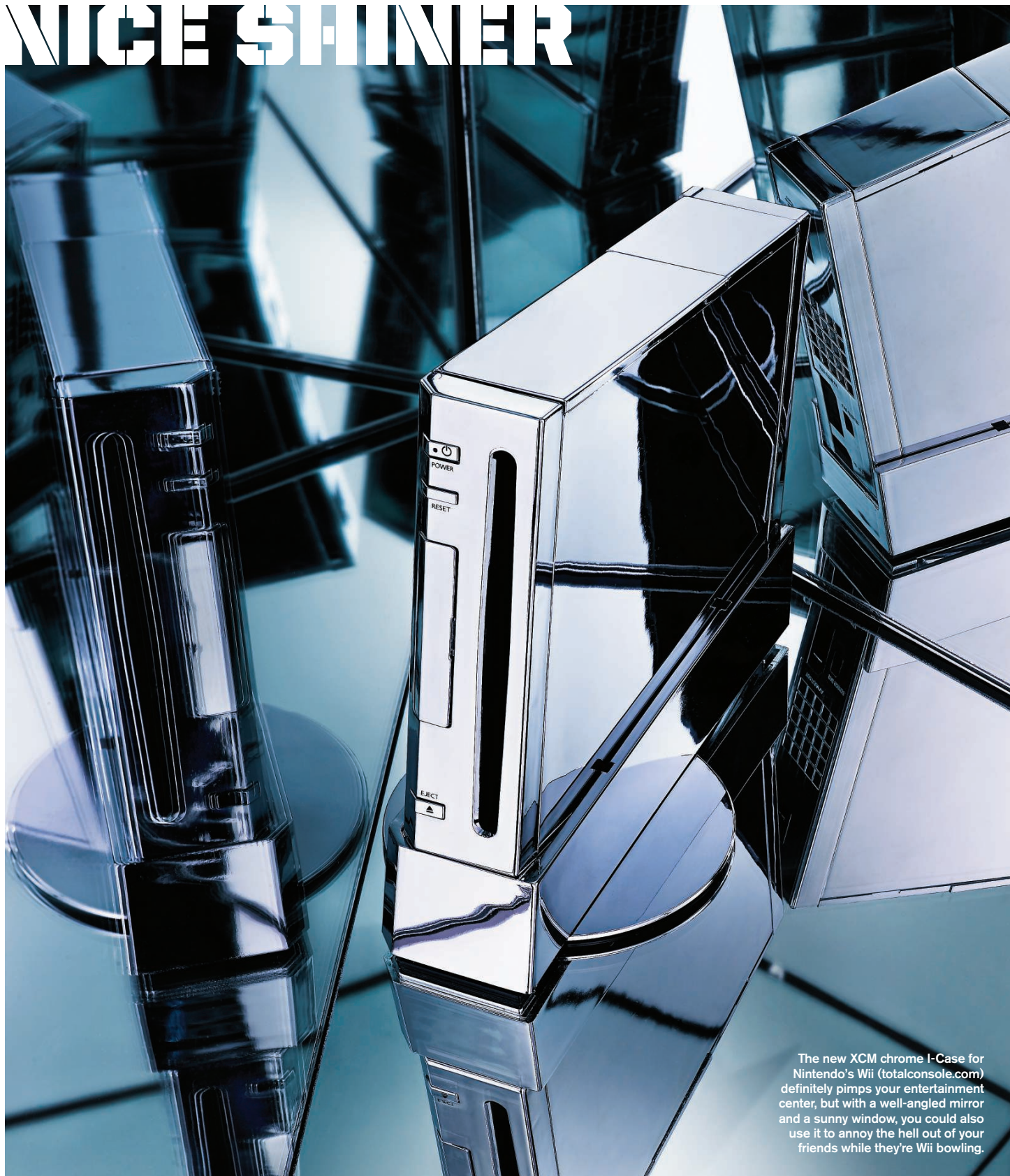
Gama-Go brings its popular Tim Biskup-designed Deathbot character to life as a cool limited edition (400 pieces), 5.5-inch wooden toy. It's nice to see the company taking it back to wood, when just about everything else these days comes in rotocast vinyl. Deathbot features a powerful stance with bendy arms, legs, and neck—perfect for terrorizing your other figures.

## Fatima Vinyl Figure, Bird Hair Edition

*upperplayground.com*

Pay close attention: This is the last version of Sam Flores' Fatima figure you're going to see, and only 275 pieces are being released. If you missed out the first time, don't sleep on getting this one. The way Sam's gallery shows have been going, this will be a collectors' item from day one. The Bird Hair edition comes in two colorways and looks like the most detailed version yet. —Mike Supermodel

# NICE SHINER



The new XCM chrome I-Case for Nintendo's Wii ([totalconsole.com](http://totalconsole.com)) definitely pimps your entertainment center, but with a well-angled mirror and a sunny window, you could also use it to annoy the hell out of your friends while they're Wii bowling.

PHOTO: JOSHUA SCOTT; PROP STYLING: MEGAN TERRY



# GAME ON



## Unreal Tournament 3 [Midway]

Platform: PC, PlayStation 3, Xbox 360

Show that special someone you care this Valentine's Day by shoving a shock rifle or flak cannon up his or her wazoo, then lovingly pulling the trigger. Letting sci-fi gunmen rampage solo or connect for furious on-foot or vehicular online scraps, this futuristic splat-'em-up truly is the gift that keeps on giving. Rocking sick visuals, even for a mile-a-minute shooter, and offering finely balanced matches that allow you to slaughter friends using tanks and robotic walkers, what's not to adore? Apart from, naturally, the mockery you'll suffer when a buddy's errant shot leaves you a crimson stain on the wall.



## Devil May Cry 4 [Capcom]

Platform: PC, PlayStation 3, Xbox 360

Should you choose only one heady cocktail of demon-slaying swordsmanship and gunplay this winter, make sure it's this Japanese import, which sees pretty boys Nero and Dante making sashimi of unholy beasts. Joining an arsenal that includes a revolver named Blue Rose and a blade called Red Queen (plus a script full of black humor) is the "Devil Bringer" arm. Use the supernaturally powered limb to smack enemies before finishing them with epic combos. Notable for melodrama and furious melees, this is sure to be the goth's new best friend.



## Burnout Paradise [Electronic Arts]

Platform: PlayStation 3, Xbox 360

If you're into vehicle porn—and given the stunning, photorealistic crashes gaming's most violent racing franchise is renowned for, who isn't?—better pack extra lube (Jiffy, natch) before squeezing behind the wheel of this stunning open-world adventure. Offering hundreds of hood-crumpling challenges that can be tackled at leisure, you'll be riding extra-dirty in Burnout Paradise's new stunt-driven or knockout events. Play for the nut-shriveling near misses and vicious pileups, stay for the seamless multiplayer options, and definitely compete with the USB camera option that records the crushed look on your opponents' faces when you beat them.



## Turning Point: Fall of Liberty [Codemasters]

Platform: PC, PlayStation 3, Xbox 360

Talk about revisionist history: In this game, Winston Churchill croaked early, and the Nazis invaded America. In response, you'll use combat shotgun or bolt-action rifle to prevent an atomic holocaust and bullet-riddle the goose-steppers at familiar landmarks like the White House. Despite introducing several novel mechanics, such as face-to-face melee kills and action sequences where you leap between rooftops, this World War II-themed first-person blaster is a mite too familiar. Sadly, generic stage designs (Find the switch? How original!), brain-dead adversaries, and hokey voice-acting make the otherwise well-crafted tour of duty not quite worth your enlistment. —*Scott Steinberg*



Thanks to the Blood Red Project, your next tattoo can have meaning not just to you, but also to someone living with HIV/AIDS in an impoverished area of South Africa. Started by Stable Color and Workhorse Irons, the parent company of today's top tattoo machine builders, the project gives 100 percent of the sales of Stable Color's Blood Red tattoo ink to HIV/AIDS projects based in South Africa. So ask your tattoo artist to check out Workhorse Irons and purchase the ink for use in your next piece; you'll be able to say giving back really is in your blood. *Stable Color Blood Red ink and Workhorse Irons machine kits are available only to professional artists at [workhorseirons.com](http://workhorseirons.com). —J.C.*

# INK FOR AFRICA

PHOTO: JOSHUA SCOTT; PROP STYLING: MEGAN TERRY



Clockwise from above: Lit Lounge; a collage by Jack Walls; "Evolution," a piece by Ferris Plock and Kelly Tunstall from the "Subterranea" show at Fuse Gallery this past fall.



# ART BAR

Eric Foss has me worried. I'm waiting at his bar, and he's texted me, "B thr shortly." But that was nearly an hour ago. After multiple e-mail attempts, we're finally scheduled to talk about Lit Lounge and Fuse Gallery, the bar-gallery combo he opened with his business partner David Schwartz in 2002.

Foss shows up profusely apologetic; he leaves for Miami tomorrow and he's dealing with his dog, who has cancer. With a bulky cardboard box in hand, he unlocks the see-through door to the gallery in the back of the bar. We sit down, and he rifles through the box, cursing all the while. It turns out to be newly printed business cards, which he then dumps onto the floor. "Shit!" he says. "They're all fucking mixed up!"

Eric Foss has been sober for two years, but looks like he could use a drink.

Of course, I don't say that. Instead, I ask him what his mission is. "My mission is to stay open." He goes on, "Most galleries are run by trust-fund

babies, which is fine. They love art, support art, and that's great. But I came from a trailer park in Chandler, Arizona, where I had nothing. And our goal is just to stay open."

He's justifiably optimistic; after all, shows at Fuse are booked through 2010. The current display of work by Patrick O'Dell is gritty, beautiful, and real, just like Lit Lounge, which is as divey as bars get in the East Village anymore. The walls and ceiling are painted black, and the mirrored backbar is covered in hundreds of skating stickers. But for all its rocker vibe, there are earnest red holiday bows hung throughout, creating a healthy dose of needed cheer. The bar is also transformed regularly by visiting artists, celebs, and DJs. "Chloë Sevigny was in here with friends for hours last night," says Foss. "I don't drink anymore, but I still want this to be a haven where artists can hang out and be naughty."

Foss, himself one of those artists, is completely self-taught, yet he's made connections in the art

world that would stymie the most pretentious Ph.D. candidate. "Figurative work that's conceptual and narrative isn't hot right now, but I don't care. It's important. We were raised on TV, movies, computers. It's all about pop culture and the animated world."

His reverence for pop culture and the gritty is reflected in his lineup. "Homies," which ran through January 12, was curated by renowned skateboarder photographer Tobin Yelland. "Skateboarding saved my life when I was growing up," says Foss. And beginning February 23, there's a show of collages by the late Robert Mapplethorpe's lover Jack Walls. His pieces are made from photographs Mapplethorpe took of his muse Ada. "Jack made these collages when he was trying to quit smoking so he could have something to do," says Foss. "In a way, this is the most romantic concept for a show ever. He took photographs taken by his dead lover and created art so that he can live longer." —Rachel Aydt

# EURO SPLASH



Those European fashion houses know a thing or two about cologne. Bulgari's new Aqua Pour Homme Marine is a crisp and refreshing spray in a paperweight-worthy bottle. Armani Code, a warm, woody blend, is now available in a limited casino edition that comes packaged with cards and stamped with an ace of spades on its backside. And Escada offers up a cocktail of citrus and spice that smells amazing despite its unfortunate name, Moon Sparkle for Men.

PHOTO: JOSHUA SCOTT; MARKET EDITOR: JENNIFER CHAPMAN; PROP STYLIST: MEGAN TERRY

Clockwise from top left: Skeem Mandarin Sake, skeemdesign.com; Votivo Red Curreant, votivo.com; Space NK Behind Closed Doors, spacenk.com; La Compagnie de Provence Marseille Ylang Noir Pur, lcdpmarseille.com; Acqua Di Parma Cinnamon, bergdorfgoodman.com; Sailor Jerry Flash, sailorjerry.com; Comme des Garçons Parfums Incense Avignon, luckyscent.com, DL & Co. Memento Mori black skull and D.L. & Co. Modern Alchemy Opium Den, unicahome.com.



PHOTO: JOSHUA SCOTT; MARKET EDITOR: JENNIFER CHAPMAN; PROP STYLIST: MEGAN TERRY

**WAX ON**



Clockwise from top left: Chevy Tahoe Hybrid; GMC Yukon Hybrid; BMW X6 Active Hybrid. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Mercedes ML450 Hybrid; Cadillac Escalade Hybrid; BMW X6 Active Hybrid.



# ROLLIN' IN THE GREEN

The Toyota Prius hybrid might do it for Leonardo DiCaprio and Cameron Diaz in Hollywood, but it's not going to fly with the wide array of Americans, from NFL players to PTA members, looking for something bigger and badder. And that's the riddle of the alternative-fuel auto marketplace: we are not a one-size-fits-all culture—as the tattoo community knows quite well.

Getting into the game early with passion and innovation—and two generations of the Synergy Drive gas-electric power plant system—Toyota has seized the lion's share of publicity and sales in the now mercilessly fashionable hybrid movement. In the early part of this decade, Toyota continued fiddling while other carmakers burned. Even Honda, in a rare show of business and technological ineptitude, bobbled the hybrid initiative after its first-to-market 1999 Insight was deemed too weird-looking for people to buy. And its second-generation hybrid system, introduced just a few years ago, drew raspberries from the eco peanut gallery when it produced stirring power and performance but not much in the way of fuel savings.

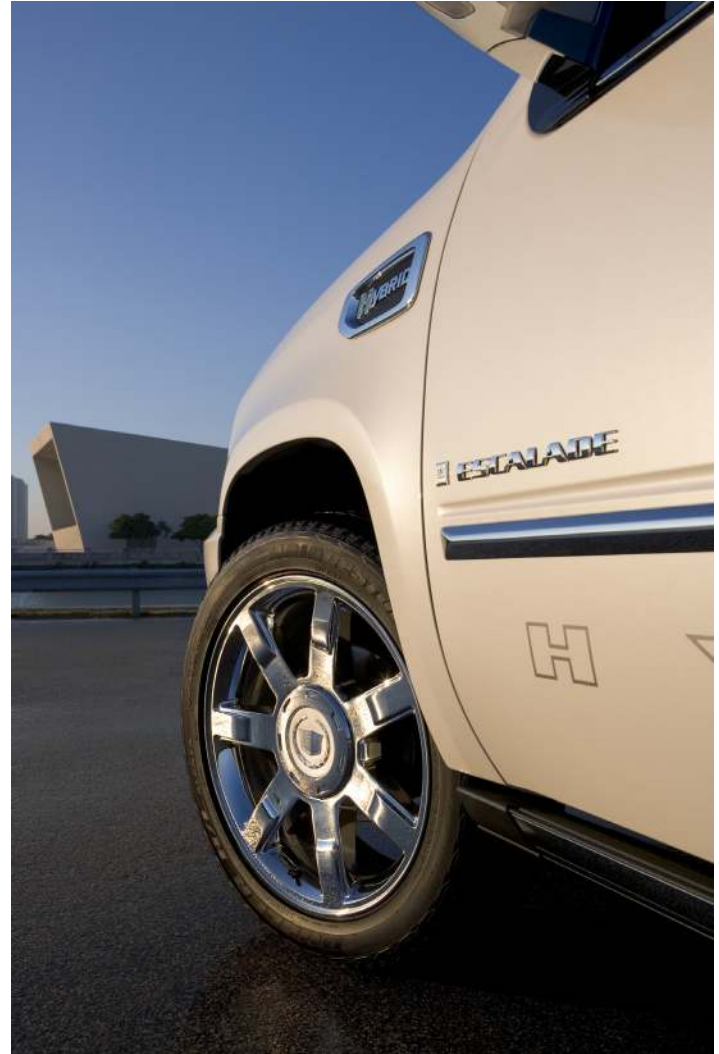
Still, despite Toyota's success, the evolution of the hybrid has been complicated by several factors. First, there is the horsepower sweepstakes: The only way to up the ante in luxury and performance cars is to offer stats north of 300 hp. Though real off-road vehicles actually do better with smaller, more-efficient engines, urban road warriors demand SUVs with enough power to accelerate 5,000 pounds plus at sports car speeds. And the U.S. demand for light trucks (includ-

ing pickups and SUVs) peaked at 55.7 percent of vehicle sales in 2004 and still constitutes the largest segment of the overall automotive market. These facts are evidence that changing the habits of a nation weaned on wide-open spaces, both outside and inside its automotive transport, is going to be very hard.

But that doesn't mean it will be impossible. Buyers who want to be conspicuous in their lesser consumption—without giving up beauty and grace—are falling for the exquisite Lexus LS600h, which has EPA ratings of 20 mpg in the city and 22 mpg on the highway. It's no Prius, but to its credit, the hybrid Lexus flagship is still the only car in its super-luxe class that qualifies as a Super Ultra Low Emissions Vehicle (SULEV).

Not to be outdone, GM, Daimler/Chrysler, and BMW decided a few years ago to get into the game. Though the companies' executives may once have grumbled that the hybrid fad was a cruel but brilliant marketing trick by Toyota, they eventually banded together, forming an unlikely troika (now a foursome because of the breakup of Daimler and Chrysler) whose goal was to create a new hybrid system that would challenge Toyota.

The thesis of the GM, Daimler, Chrysler, and BMW approach is that customers want to reduce their fuel consumption, not the size and power of their vehicles. And while the Toyota hybrid synergy drive system turns excellent fuel savings with the Prius, and even the small crossover Highlander, the same system on larger vehicles has had mixed results.



But now, a new crop of 2008 and 2009 two-mode or dual-mode hybrid system vehicles offered by the consortium essentially doubles up on the Toyota hybrid technology. These vehicles will feature a main gas engine with an electric motor powered by batteries that are recharged with regenerative braking, which captures and converts the energy of deceleration to continually top off the batteries. They also have the “engine at rest” feature, which cuts the gas engine when the vehicle stops at traffic lights—since stopping and starting in city driving is the most egregious waste of fuel. In addition, these vehicles share their own version of the gas-engine-versus-electric-power decision-making technology that made the Toyota Synergy Drive hybrid more than just a gas engine with an electric assist.

The results of this dual-mode approach are reduced fuel consumption and more efficiency at highway speeds, thanks to a cylinder deactivation that drops the V8 down to 6 or 4 cylinders depending on power demand. The new two-mode hybrids also take advantage of more compact and lightweight components (and the space available in large SUVs and trucks to incorporate the systems).

Look for this new hybrid system first in GM products, including large SUVs like the Chevrolet Tahoe and GMC Yukon, which are appearing now in showrooms across the country. There is also a Cadillac Escalade version—standard wheelbase edition only, no ESV version planned—that will follow by next summer. Also arriving soon is the Dodge Durango and Chrysler Aspen, large SUVs

with the powerful 5.7 liter V8 Hemi. Hedging their bets on fuels savings, GM and Chrysler are reporting 25 percent improvement on fuel economy over the gas-powered versions of these models.

Mercedes is also putting the dual-mode hybrid system into the much-improved, new-generation ML series, with the ML450 expected by 2009. The combined gas/electric power output of the ML will be 340 horsepower with combined fuel efficiency of up to 30.5 mpg.

And BMW is also expected to offer its X6 hybrid concept using the jointly developed technology. But the company, which does not comment officially about future products, is already trying to peel away from the joint-venture pack by presenting its hybrid as part of an overall engineering update that emphasizes their strong suit, rousing performance.

Ultimately, the new dual-mode hybrid approach echoes the sentiments of early dissenters on the best application for hybrid technology: making small, lightweight, modestly powered vehicles fuel efficient is easy, even with conventional gas powered engines. And though the pendulum has swung in that direction, Americans are still culturally disposed to choose larger more powerful vehicles. So, with this approach, we can cut 25 percent of the fuel consumption on the cars, SUVs, and trucks that most Americans drive, rather than trying (and often failing) to get everyone into small, fuel-efficient cars. Do the math. —George Polgar



Clockwise from top left: an artist at the 12th annual Milan Tattoo Convention; Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie; Filip Leu working at the 12th annual Milan Tattoo Convention; the bar at Una Hotel Tocq; Duomo di Milano.



There are thousands of reasons to visit Milan (the food, the art, the women, to name just a few), but the reason to visit now is the Milan Tattoo Convention, which takes place February 8 through 10. For the 13th annual convention, planners are expecting some of the world's best artists. So check in with your favorites, but definitely make time to meet the Italian greats, like Angelo Colussi, of Milan's Quetzal Tattoo, and portrait specialist Andrea Afferni.

Once you've made the rounds, take in more inspiring art (and architecture) around the city. Start by booking a visit to the world's most famous mural, Leonardo da Vinci's *The Last Supper*. The 15-by-29-foot masterpiece graces a wall in the refectory of the Church and Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie. And you can't say you've really experienced Milan until you've stepped inside at least a few churches, so make time for the Duomo di Milano, too. The Gothic cathedral will most likely be obscured by scaffolding during your visit, but

don't let that stop you from taking the elevator to the rooftop, where you can wander amongst the spires and take in the amazing views.

After your tour, head to Pizzeria Spontini, where the slices come in two sizes, *normale* and *abbondante* (if you're really hungry). When you're ready to rest, you'll be happy to have booked a room at Atahotel Quark, where the convention is based. But if you can't get a room there, make a reservation at Una Hotel Tocq. Situated near Corso Como, home to some of the city's best bars and restaurants, this hotel features sleek modern rooms and a pop art bar where you can enjoy a glass of Chianti and some people watching.

And don't worry, even if you can't get your shit together to make it to Milan in time for the convention, the sites, the flavors, and the stylish natives will still be there when you get a chance to go—and by then the Duomo's scaffolding might finally be down. —Jennifer Chapman

**The Church and Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie**  
Piazza Santa Maria delle Grazie  
cenacolovinciano.it

**Duomo di Milano**  
Piazza del Duomo  
www.duomomilano.it

**Pizzeria Spontini**  
Corso Buenos Aires, 60  
pizzeriaspontini.it

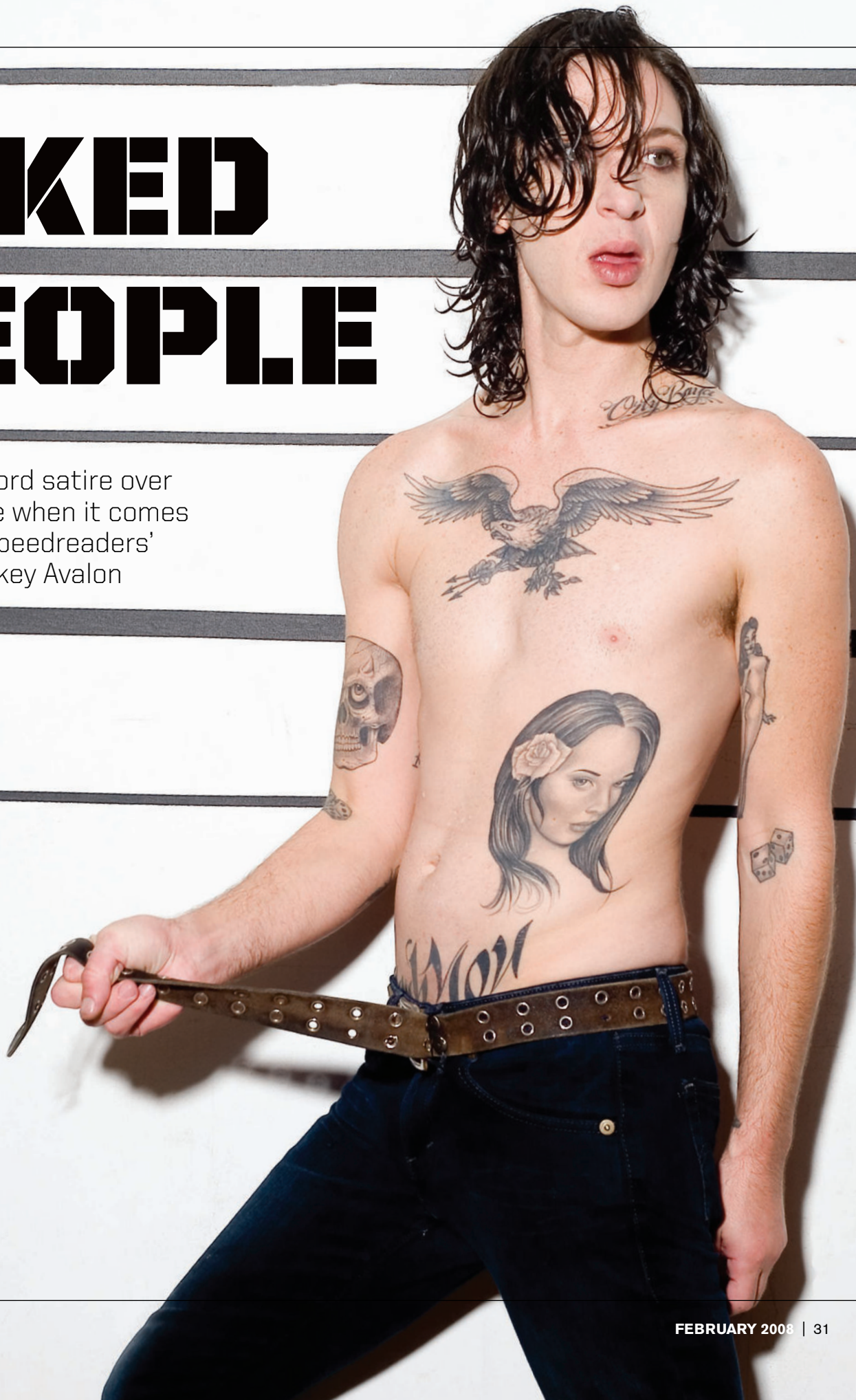
**Atahotel Quark**  
Via Lampedusa, 11/A  
www.quarkhotel.com

**Una Hotel Tocq**  
Via A. de Tocqueville 7/D  
epoquehotels.com



# INKED PEOPLE

"I'd use the word satire over the word joke when it comes to Dyslexic Speedreaders' music." —Mickey Avalon



# DYSLEXIC SPEEDREADERS

What does it take to be a flash in the pan? Apparently, a combo of the right drugs, locker room references to genitals, and blatant pride about things that common sense would tell you to keep quiet. And Paris Hilton never hurts.

Right now, I'm on the phone with Dirt Nasty and Andre Legacy, two thirds of the Los Angeles-based, white shock rappers Dyslexic Speedreaders, which also includes Mickey Avalon. The two are frenetically discussing their fifteen minutes, transsexuals, and of course, groupies. "We appeal to a different crowd. They're crazy, affluent suburban kids who are usually skaters, punk rockers, and surfers. They're not your typical rap crowd," says Nasty. "They're young, and a lot of them are girls."

"We have a good demographic," Legacy adds. "Like, ages 15 to 35."

"A lot of people come to the shows to see the girls there," adds Nasty. "The girls get crazy, crazier than guys. Yeah, we have hot dancers. It's a sexual tone through the whole thing. It's funny. It's sexual. It's crazy. It's different. It's a freak show, you know?"

The trio's act grew out of a friendship between Legacy and Avalon, which began when the two were in the sixth grade. About six years ago, they met Nasty and started recording at his house and making demo tapes. "We never really had any intention of this happening," Nasty says. "I'm sorta in the Hollywood scene, so I would get a show at these Hollywood clubs and all of a sudden we got Paris Hilton and all these people coming to our shows so we got exposed on a larger level." He thinks the success that followed is due in part to the fact that no one else is really doing they same type of music. "We're just talking shit and having fun, and by default people like our stuff," he says.

Or it could just be access. By his own admission, Nasty explains that after ten years of doing what he's doing, he knows a lot of club promoters and has connections at a lot of venues. "In Hollywood everyone knows everyone, so I know all these people and my resources were pretty good to get my music out to people like [Entourage's] Kevin Connolly, who's a friend of mine. He loved the music and put it on the show. Things like that happened." It probably helps that Nasty is also a minor actor, formerly known as Simon Rex, who got his start in adult films.

"It's all about who you know," Legacy says. "And who you blow."

All name-dropping and who's-who crap aside, the three put out some interesting music. Most memorable was "My Dick." Lyrics like, "My dick is like supersize/Your dick look like two fries," make you laugh in a what-the-fuck kind of way. In the video for "My Dick" the three are shown in what seems to be like a doublewide packed with generically clad blondes and Tom Green. Legacy looks like he's drowning in a sea of 18-year-old girls, Nasty is wearing a hoodie and aviators, and Avalon is wearing a black shirt and a fedora.

The conversation at this point turns inexplicably to transvestites, with whom Nasty is very down: "Trannies are the dopest thing ever, post-op, pre-op, whatever. That's the shit. I'm not into them sexually, but aesthetically, as an idea..."

"Fun to rap about," says Legacy.

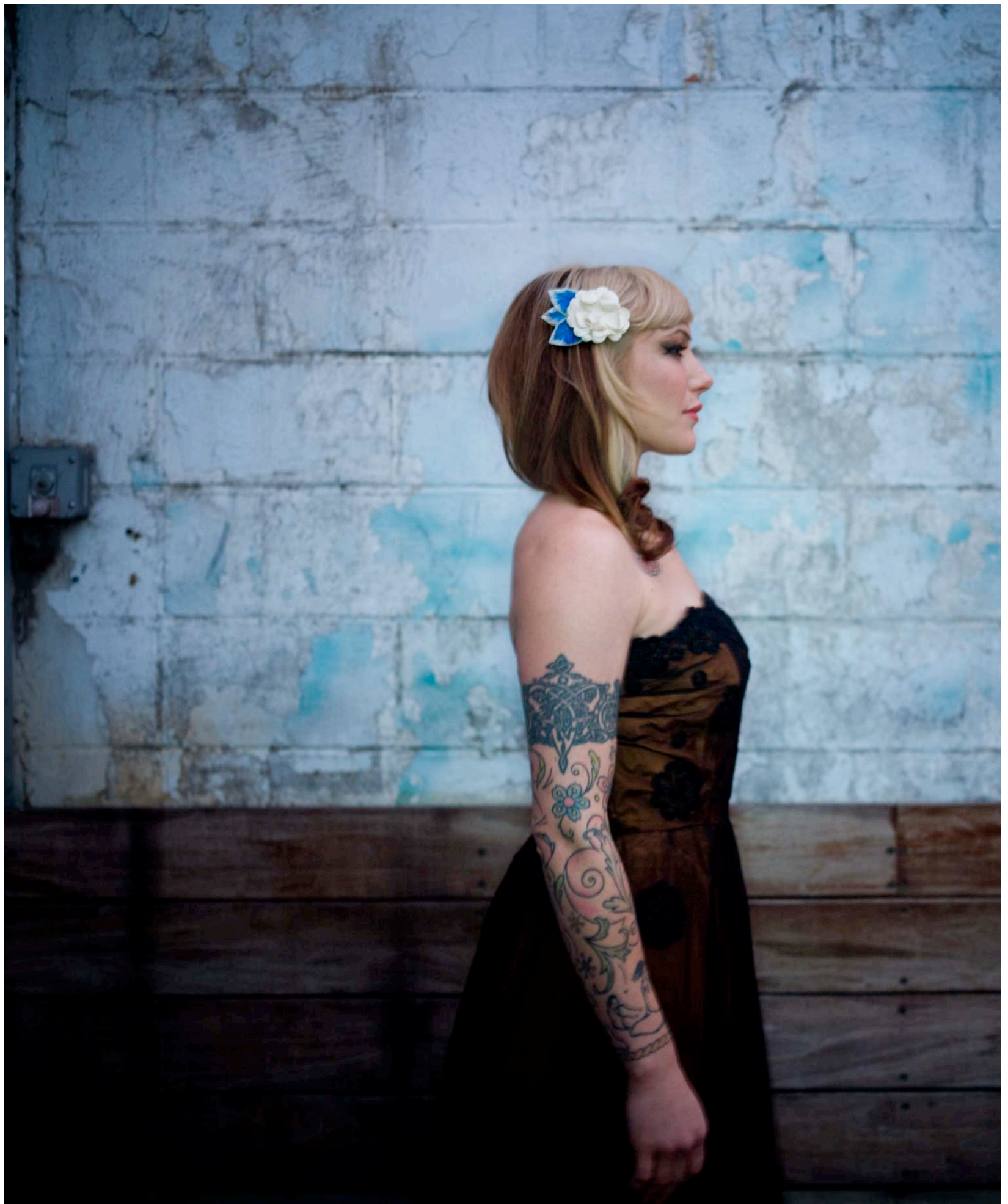
After a while, the conversation winds down, and we say goodnight. Then Avalon calls me from his car to tell me he'll be calling me back later so we can be alone together. When he calls, he gives me a much better analysis of what Dyslexic Speedreaders is all about.

"I'd use the word satire over the word joke when it comes to our music," he says. "The songs and the writing we take seriously, as far as having it be good and having it entertain, but we don't take ourselves seriously at all." This is the first relatively sober-sounding exchange I've had with any of these guys. "We feed off each other in a lot of ways. If I have to write, I hope they're available to write with me, so we thrive off each other."

I bring up the well-known song "So Rich, So Pretty," which a lot of his audience has taken as a compliment. "All these girls come up to me and say, 'That song's about me!' But it's a song about a girl who pukes herself. It's a dis and people don't get it. People used to be embarrassed about [bulimia], but now, not only are they not embarrassed, they're proud," he says.

I think about this, and I have to say if I were a messed-up 16-year-old girl, I might be into them too. But for most of their fans, it's even more enjoyable when you're in on the joke. —Meredith Lindemon





# TARA MCPHERSON

Sitting down with artist Tara McPherson you're likely to get a lesson in physics these days: "When you take a super bright object, like a quasar, and place it in front of a massive object, it creates the illusion of four identical objects surrounding the original. That's called Einstein's Cross gravitational lens." To hear this pouring so fluidly out of the mouth of an artist who is known more for gothic characters and insanely beautiful rock show posters than for having a keen acumen for science is surprising. McPherson, a California native who transplanted to New York three years ago, speaks of this as she sits in her storefront studio in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, burning the midnight oil in preparation for her show at the Jonathan Levine gallery, which begins February 23.

McPherson's work is prolific and easily recognizable. Her gothic-vibed characters have been growing a steady following for nearly a decade, and her work is regularly transformed into tattoos, as well as an impressive collection of toy figurines (though it was duly noted that her own tattoos are designed not by herself, but by other artists).

McPherson's new series of paintings is inspired by the aforementioned Einstein theory, and it will be added to an already-other-worldly collection

of work, where characters with names like Orion come from distant planets wearing sexy school uniforms. The five new paintings feature girls with identical facial features (think huge, watery doe eyes and heart-shaped faces, not unlike McPherson's), but each has a unique anomaly growing from her head. "I'm really interested these days in the body internal manifesting itself as external. ... Of showing thoughts becoming physical," she explains. Out of one head sprouts a branch with leaves resembling pink tongues; another is growing a "skull flower."

For this series, McPherson has abandoned her usual acrylic medium in favor of slower-drying oil paint, which has changed her process completely. "I used to work on only one piece until I was completely finished, but now I find myself working on one layer of one painting, then on to another, and then back again." Her signature wallpaper backdrops show up in floral and fleur-de-lis, and the series also features some of her other regulars, like Mr. Wiggles, the "emotive defender" balloon head whose roll is to warn people of things to come and speak for those without words. "My work is supremely personal," says McPherson. "I'm not making any political statements. It's just how I absorb and understand my life. It's my process." —Rachel Ayt

# SIRI GARBER

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Siri Garber, founder of Platform Public Relations in Los Angeles, has a groovy voice—a raspy, powerful one that probably makes some of her male clients think about pleasure, rather than business, when she picks up the phone. But this celebrity publicist's throaty purr isn't a result of barking orders. "I think some of us [in the public relations industry] are seen as pushy, bitchy bulldogs, that's not me. I don't believe in raising voices or screaming," says Garber. Her approach for dealing with stars? "I don't overstep my boundaries, but I'm there if they need me, like when someone starts asking inappropriate questions."

Even when faced with an ugly, public disaster she maintains a level head. "I was Paris Hilton's publicist when the sex tape scandal broke," she says. "Even though it was hell for me, I kept my cool and called her mother to break the news." Garber's current client roster isn't quite as scandalous—Cole Hauser, Taryn Manning, and Lacy Chabert, to name a few—but she works just as hard for them. "I get in early to make my New York calls. Then it's off to a photo shoot or junket. From there I'll head to an event at night and get home around 2 a.m."

Her long days dealing with producers, pushy journalists, and needy clients understandably require a sense of fearlessness; but Garber admits she does have at least one fear—needles. Still, that hasn't stopped her from getting five tattoos. Her first was on her ankle. "It's a protection fairy that shields me from harm," says

Garber. Then there's the heart with tiger stripes through the center. Located on the back of her right shoulder, it was meant to keep her heart from getting broken. "I just got married in October," she says, proving the tat did its job. She also has a red star on her left shoulder with the word *courage* written in kanji. "That one got me through a rough time when I thought I wanted to get out of the business," says Garber. Her fourth tattoo is an S-shaped dragon with a star on each side symbolizing courage and power—a common thread to all of her ink.

But her favorite is the "pegicorn." Reminiscent of Napoleon Dynamite's "liger," this creature is a combo of her two favorite mythical figures, a Pegasus and a unicorn. "I like the fantasy world, and I used to have recurring dreams when I was little that a Pegasus would fly into my room and take me away." Is it any wonder she wound up in entertainment? In the future she plans to get a tattoo in memory of her cousin who passed away in April 2007. "She wanted to get a sacred heart tattoo before she died, so I'm getting it for her," says Garber.

And her plans for the future don't stop there. Early next year she enters the world of production with a movie called *10,000 Doors*. "It's a cool homage to '80s horror movies," says Garber. And the girl who gets paid to party is also hoping to open a clothing boutique by 2009. Something tells us both projects will be successes, and well-publicized ones at that. —Emily Warren



STANTON ST

AT

BOORS  
LIGHT





# CHRIS SANTOS

---

By 3 p.m. on Saturday afternoon in Stanton Social's kitchen on New York City's Lower East Side, there's a muted roar of polyglot jabber punctuated with the staccato clang of pots and pans. The restaurant's team of chefs and line cooks are readying themselves for the onslaught ahead: 3,000 plates will be passed through the service window before quitting time.

Executive chef Chris Santos is at the helm of this focused frenzy. He knows it's a work day foreign to nine-to-fivers; for cooks, late afternoon is mid-morning. It's an alternative lifestyle, and Santos cultivates an atmosphere of convivial profanity, serious work ethic, and after-hours debauchery among his staff. "These guys need to blow off some steam at the end of the night," he says. "We're like a dysfunctional crew of bad asses that takes over the city every night when we get off work."

This unorthodox formula has proven successful for Santos, whose broad frame, tattooed forearm, and bald pate are more suggestive of the boxing ring, his other passion, than an upscale Manhattan restaurant. And when he isn't cooking, you're likely to find him at Gleason's boxing gym, in Brooklyn. "I get my nose bloodied," says the chef of his precious hours in the ring. In fact, he has a tattoo planned, a huge back piece, to honor that part of his life and family history. "My grandfather was a prize fighter," he explains.

Artist Michelle Myles will create the tattoo, but her collaboration with Santos

won't end there. The pair is also developing a new line of chef wear called Daredevil Chef & Street Wear. The rock and roll-inspired line will include bandanas, wristbands, chef pants, and knife rolls. "Every apparel catalog has one page of designs that are supposed to be edgy. It's like barbed wire or skulls, and it probably seems edgy to whatever Martha Stewart type is running the company. But Daredevil will have a real tattoo aesthetic," says Santos.

His zeal for that aesthetic has been evolving since he got his first tattoo more than a decade ago, in the fog of young love. "It's now obscured under a lot of dark black ink," Santos says. In fact, it would be impossible to find any trace of it under the sleeve that pays tribute to his work in the kitchen with a collage of flames and stars. The fire refers to his cooking, "and the star is from when I first came to New York, a young chef who wanted to be a rising star in the city," says Santos.

With a restaurant that's garnered critical acclaim, consulting credits on Hollywood movies like *Hitch* and *No Reservations*, and a TV project of his own in the works, Santos has realized much of the vision he had when he got that first star on his arm. Though it now seems that knocking out the dining public may not be enough of an accomplishment for the chef. "If I could change one thing, I might go back 20 years and take boxing even more seriously," he says. "I could have been a contender." And with his drive, Santos still might be. —Joy Manning

# SILVER STAR



Some people seem to have a natural talent for ending up in interesting situations. Charis Burrett, of Silver Star fashion and lifestyle company, is one of these people. After graduating with a jewelry design degree from the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, she decided that life held more possibilities for her and she headed out to become a *Playboy* model. Her life took off from there.

When she moved to California, she met her husband, Luke Burrett, founder and designer of Orange County-based Silver Star. "It was love at first sight," she says. "I was hired to be Silver Star's spokesmodel, and [our relationship] grew from there."

While their relationship was developing, she was testing to become a Playmate, which she says is much more than having a pretty face and great body. "Being a Playmate isn't just about taking a picture, it's about being real and personable. It's a very particular type of girl who has a very particular type of attitude, and they want to make sure that you're a good representative of the company."

Does that mean becoming one of *The Girls Next Door*? "Definitely not. I never had any interest in being one of [Hugh Hefner's] 18 girlfriends. At that time, I was too much in love with [Luke] to waste my time there."

Being a Playmate does, however, require a somewhat clean-cut image, so Charis had to wait until after her modeling days to begin working on her ink. "I started adding to a butterfly tattoo I already had, and bit by bit, my work went from the underside of my left arm to the top of my breast," she says. Some of the artists who have worked on her include Franco Vescovi, Phil Holt, and Twig, from Hart & Huntington.

Says Luke of his tattoos, "I got her name across my neck after we were together for three months ... I knew I was going to be with her forever."

"We weren't married or even engaged when he got that," says Charis. "He's crazy!" Luke also has a piece on his left side going from his hipbone to his underarm. "It's a portrait of Charis from the February '03 issue of *Playboy*. I thought it was sexy, and she liked it. It's a pin-up style, and I just thought it was really cool."

Now, after being married for five years, Luke and Charis are still going strong, and Charis still leads a charmed life. She gets her son off to school every morning, rides horses three days a week, and handles whatever needs handling for Silver Star, which could be anything from dealing with trade show booths to outfitting a rock star. Her husband remains a huge part of it all. Says Luke, "She decides what she wants, and I make it happen." —Meredith Lindemon



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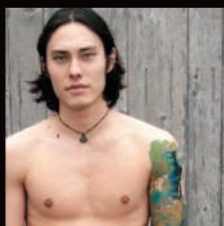
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## PUNKYTHECAT

**NAME:** Rebecca  
**AGE:** 25  
**SEX:** female  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

**MY MINDSET IS:** Depends on the day  
**MY STYLE IS:** Exactly that, my style  
**MY CULTURE IS:** Tattoos, hot girls, good music  
**MY ART IS:** Acting/Modeling  
**WHAT I DO TO PAY THE BILLS:** Act  
**LAST 3 MOVIES I RENTED:** Immortal, Rebel Without a Cause, Rules of Attraction



## NARAKAWA001

**SEX:** Male  
**LOCATION:**  
Brooklyn, NY  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

**MY TATTOOS:** Hokusai prints  
**WHAT I DO TO PAY THE BILLS:** Model/waiter  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:** Music  
**LAST 3 MOVIES I WATCHED:**  
A Scanner Darkly, Lunacy, Talladega Nights  
**LAST 3 CITIES I VISITED FOR VACATION:**  
DC, Berlin, Paris



## ANNICK\_EVE

**SEX:** female  
**LOCATION:** Montreal  
**COUNTRY:** Canada

**MY TATTOOS:** Burning star  
**MY MINDSET IS:** free  
**MY ART IS:** photography, writing  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:**  
Tour photographer  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:**  
Crazy, Wild, Disorder, Sweet, Passionate



## ANBERLIN SUICIDE

**SEX:** female  
**LOCATION:** Toronto  
**COUNTRY:** Canada

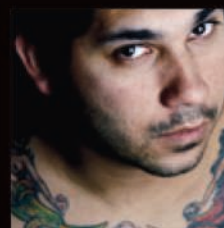
**MY TATTOO SHOP IS:** always changing  
**MY MINDSET IS:** take care of yourself first  
**MY CULTURE IS:** indie, intelligent typed  
**MY STYLE IS:** eclectic  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:**  
great genetics and adequate hygiene



## XSICKXPLEASURE

**SEX:** female  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

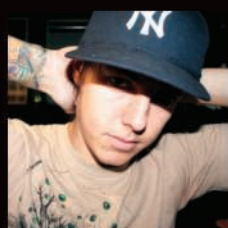
**MY TATTOOS:** My tattoos have gotten me fired from my job, make me the center of attention when I don't want it and I always itch for more.  
**TATTOOS FEEL GOOD.**  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:**  
Have a job where I can look the way I want to.



## RAPSTAR

**SEX:** Male  
**LOCATION:** Ft. Worth, TX  
**COUNTRY:** United States

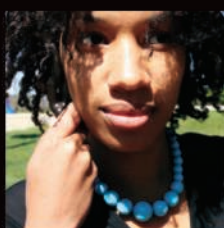
**MY TATTOOS:** Mostly pin-up style women  
**MY MINDSET IS:** Creative  
**MY STYLE IS:** Rock & Roll  
**MY ART IS:** Photography  
**LAST 3 CITIES I VISITED FOR VACATION:**  
Telluride, Moab, Austin  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:** I am tattooed 4 life



## GOTNINELIVES

**SEX:** Male  
**LOCATION:**  
San Diego  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

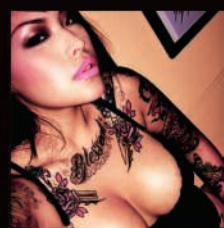
**MY TATTOO SHOP IS:**  
Chronic Tattoo, BrentHefner.com  
**MY MINDSET IS:** focused?  
**MY CULTURE IS:** well diversified  
**MY STYLE IS:** sloppy drunk  
**LAST 3 MOVIES I RENTED:**  
freedomland, bandits, reservoir dogs



## ISN'T LIFEJUICY

**SEX:** female  
**LOCATION:** Boston  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

**MY TATTOOS:** are outer expressions of inner truth  
**MY CULTURE IS:** inherited, learned, acquired  
**WHAT I DO TO PAY THE BILLS:** non profit  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:**  
travel writer, small business owner, and part time dj  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:** unique creative, copacetic, dreamer, brave



## BETTYLIPSTICK

**SEX:** female  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

**MY TATTOO SHOP IS:**  
black heart tattoo (sf), true tattoo (los angeles), one shot tattoo (sf), chameleon tattoo (cambridge, mass.)  
**MY TATTOO IS:** I have a couple lol  
**MY STYLE IS:** all over the place.

# INKED WELL.



“Over the years I’ve seen a ton of amazing Guns N’ Roses tattoos, Snakepit and Velvet Revolver stuff, a lot of elaborate portraits of me. ... It’s flattering in a way.” —Slash

# SLASH

With his Velvet Revolver success, Slash has proved the naysayers wrong, but we're still wondering what the hell happened with Guns N' Roses. Here, the guitarist takes us behind the scenes and shares the stories of his iconic ink.

By Jason Buhrmester  
Photos by Nabil Elderkin



**B**ACK WHEN THE SCRAGGLY MEMBERS OF GUNS N' ROSES stumbled from the gutter and laid waste to the Sunset strip, no one expected the volatile band to last, and everyone expected their live-fast-and-die guitarist Slash to drop dead. G N' R did implode nine years after *Appetite for Destruction*, but everyone was wrong about Slash. Now a well-preserved 42, the guitarist, rehabbed and recovered, still walks.

These days, he's also talking, having recently published his autobiography, *Slash*. In the 480-page book, Slash spills all on his BMX-crazed adolescence in Los Angeles, the early days of the band, the arena-filling success, and the band's messy demise. He also shares the details of his own appetite for destruction—involving legendary helpings of booze and heroin, OD scares, and rehab stints—without ever losing his fuck-it-we-had-fun grin.

Slash's ink tells the story too, from the "Slash" tattoo on his right arm to the self-described "pseudo Guns N' Roses tattoo" on his left arm made up of a pistol, roses, a top-hatted skull and the initials D.T.U.D. —"drink 'til you drop." Below is the word "Forever" and, in wasted-rocker style, a very misspelled "Untill." Elsewhere, Slash has tattoos of his sons' names, the cover of the first album from his solo project, Slash's Snakepit, the cover of the first album from his latest band, Velvet Revolver, and a few other pieces. *Inked* recently caught up with Slash to talk about his life.

**INKED: Did you have a difficult time remembering the stories in your autobiography considering all of the booze and drugs you've ingested?**

**SLASH:** I was surprised at the amount of information that came to me once I got into it. I was actually sort of daunted by the concept of having to remember all that shit. We started doing interviews about basic stuff like remembering my childhood, and I remember being a kid pretty well. Then we moved up to when I started playing guitar, and that was pretty easy. Then we got to where the band gets together, and that came pretty readily. I knew that information. Then we got into the touring. [Laughs] There's so much stuff that went on from the time that Guns got together up to the last year the band was together. The book is really only about 20 to 30 percent of the goings-on.

**Were you nervous about publishing any of the stories?**

I didn't want to incriminate anybody or use my opinion or judgment on anybody. I got away from venting any personal differences about certain characters. I avoided that. All things considered, I didn't dwell on too much negative stuff.

**One story that comes to mind is a scene you wrote about that describes James Hetfield from Metallica receiving a very enthusiastic blow job from a groupie.**

[Laughs] I actually forgot about that. Yeah. That was one time where something was too entertaining [not to include]. I haven't heard from anybody over there [at Metallica]. But it was ages ago, and anybody who is dating one of us lifer musicians, with the reputations that we're known for, has to accept that past. But I do remember looking at that [part of the book] and thinking, is there going to be an issue with that?

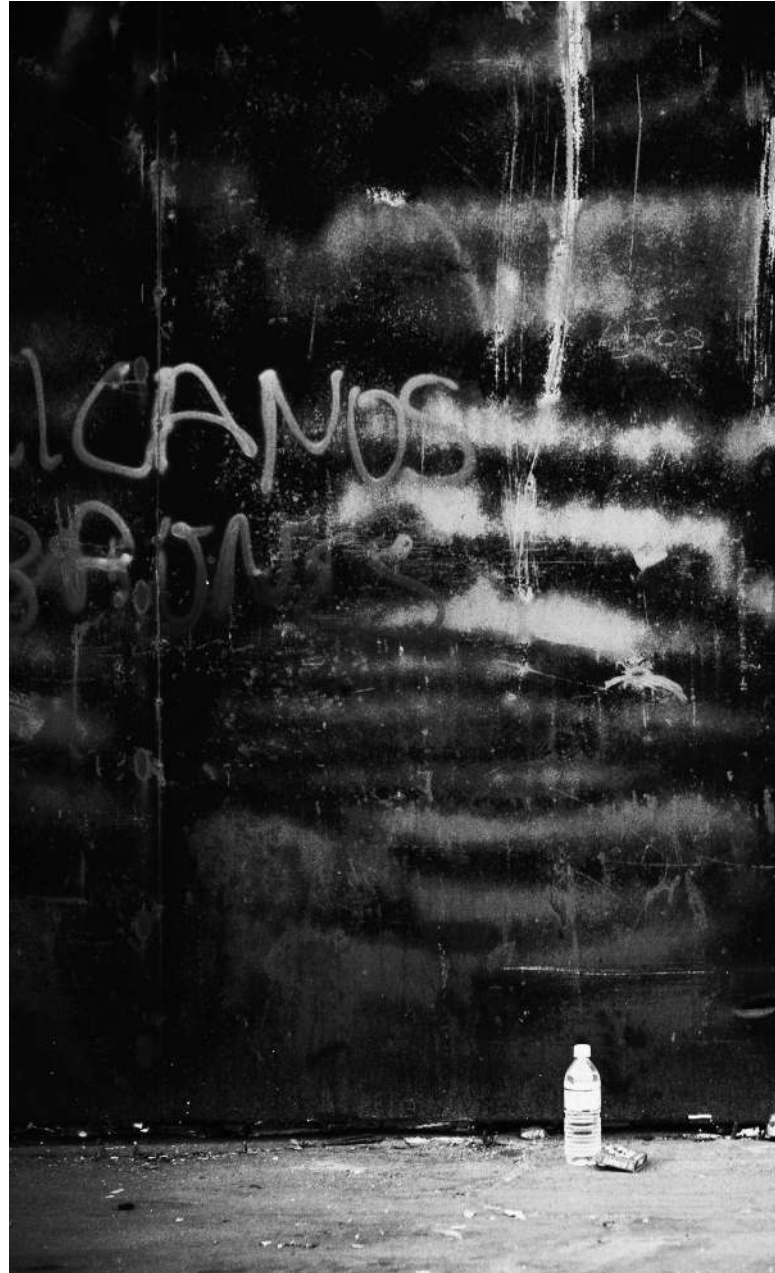
**Is there one great story that you remembered later and wish you could have included in the book?**

Nothing major. The only reason I wrote the book was to get the Guns N' Roses information out where it ... could be easily obtained by fans who have been misled about so many different things. They've had to read into all this bullshit that has been going on through the media and the Internet. That's really why I wrote the book. For a long time, you can let that stuff slide off your back and you can ignore it but in the last couple years the real far-fetched Guns N' Roses fantasies got to the









point where they started to hit home and become really intrusive. I realized that I couldn't just use the media as an avenue to get the truth out because it doesn't work that way. So I wrote the book to give Guns fans at least get one-fifth of the story.

**Did any of the ex-Guns members, such as Duff McKagan or Matt Sorum, contribute stories?**

I kept the book pretty close to the chest. I didn't tell anyone I was writing it until Harper Collins put out their calendar of upcoming releases and it was on there. Even then we didn't really discuss it. I didn't want to go to people for research because it would have ended up a different kind of a book. It would have been less personal.

**It seems, after reading your autobiography, that from the beginning of Guns N' Roses, Axl Rose wasn't really around that much. Would that be a fair assessment?**

It's definitely one way of looking at it. There definitely were issues with lack of communication. ... It's a very complex situation and I can't write it all down to the depth that it actually is, because there are too many different angles. At face value, it looks like we weren't in synch and we got progressively less [in synch] as the band wore on. Some of the idiosyncratic differences that we had are really up to the reader to decipher.

**So, let's talk about your ink. What was your first tattoo?**

My first tattoo was the "Shirley" on my right arm. Shirley was this character I



drew in Social Studies class. I was supposed to be doing some term paper or something. I flipped it over and started doodling this sketch of a crazy girl yelling at her guitar-player boyfriend who is ignoring her in this room that is overrun with guitar strings and beer bottles. It's just a mess and he's sitting on the bed with his head down, oblivious to her. She's standing there in a teddy and some panties and fishnet stockings screaming at the top of her lungs. I named her Shirley because at the time I was in this band that used to rehearse at the drummer's house, and his mother's name was Shirley. She was always yelling at us for being too loud. The real Shirley didn't look anything like the character; she was a middle-aged Jewish lady.

And I admit I also had a habit of ignoring girlfriends ever since I first picked up the guitar. So, at some point, I think when I was about 16, years after I did

the original drawing, I decided I wanted to get a tattoo and she just came to mind. I went to Robert Benedetti at Sunset Tattoo back in the day and got it done. I put the word Slash underneath it. I never really thought about it, but it's kind of funny because a lot of people think it's a self-portrait, even though she's got these humongous tits.

**Have you ever been tattooed when you were completely loaded?**

Well, I never did anything completely sober. [Laughs] There's only one tattoo that I got when I was really loaded. That's the tattoo on my stomach. It's a little cat with a top hat. My wife has a matching one. We were out drinking one night and the bars closed. We went looking for something to do and got tattoos. I remember she passed out while she had hers done. I was so drunk that mine



kept bleeding profusely the whole time the guy was doing it. He had to wipe off a pretty thick layer of blood with each pass that he did. That was back in the day when my alcohol level ran pretty high on a regular basis. I wasn't passed out or reeling drunk, I was on an even keel. I never walked into a tattoo parlor stumbling drunk like a sailor.

**Have you seen a lot of amazing Guns N' Roses tattoos over the years?**

I've seen a ton of them. I've seen some amazing artwork. Renderings of photographs, album covers, and iconic Guns N' Roses images all tattooed on people. I've seen Snakepit stuff and Velvet Revolver stuff. There are a lot of elaborate portraits of myself and Axl, and a couple of the other guys. The main thing that happens now is people ask me to sign their arm or leg or whatever and then the next time I see them and they've got it tattooed. That's something that I didn't see in the old days that I'm seeing now. It's flattering in a way. It's a bold statement. But then you feel obligated to always be *that* cool. Heaven forbid that you should lose your mind and turn into some ... axe-wielding maniac or something.

**What's the worst G N' R tattoo you've ever seen?**

The worst one I ever saw was a homemade tattoo of my name on some girl's ankle. I was like, you gotta be kidding. Did you do this last night? [Laughs] It was all scabby. Like I said, I've seen some that are better than others.

**Does it seem strange to you that Axl Rose has a caricature of you and the other G N' R members tattooed on his forearm?**

No. Any time you get a tattoo, even if it's a girlfriend's name or a band's name, if you have any brains whatsoever you know there's no real way of predicting the future. Anything that you get that represents something in the now could change in the future. The tattoo is supposed to represent something that's important to you in that period in your life. You have to be able to stick by that. I think Axl knew full well that getting all five guys tattooed on his forearm was a statement. Even though the outcome of the band could be something that he wasn't really expecting in the future, it still meant something at that time.





# RINSE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSICA

A full-page photograph of a woman in a wet, shimmering yellow dress posing in a shower. The scene is lit with a soft pink glow, and water droplets are visible on her skin and the glass. The word "CYCLE" is printed in large, white, outlined letters across the lower half of the image.

# CYCLE

Photos by Beatrice Neumann   Styled by Risa Knight  
Models: Micheline Love and Sabina Kelly   Shot in Los Angeles at The Standard, Downtown LA



STEWART-BROWN WHITE DRESS







BRAUN LICHTBERG WHITE FOAM DUCHESHAUM, BRAUNLICHTBERG.COM



STEWART-BROWN WHITE DRESS



BACKLASH WHITE PRESS



Makeup: Cheri Keating  
for Artists by Timothy Priano  
Manicure: Beth Fricke  
for Artists by Timothy Priano  
Photo Assistant: Jordan Freid



BROWN LICHENBERG WHITE GLOVES UNDESIGNED BEAUMARCHAIS/REXUS.COM





## DUFF'S

Duff's bar in Brooklyn's Williamsburg neighborhood is a bigger, riverside version of the Bellevue Bar, Jimmy Duff's old bar in Hell's Kitchen.

# THE LUCKY 13

What makes the following 13 cities so charmed? They're all home to drinking holes that get the *Inked* stamp of approval. Here, 39 spots where we'll throw one (or more) back—in no particular order, because we don't like ranking things. BY PHILIP MCCLUSKEY





You never know what you're going to see at Duff's, in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

**NOTHING MAKES A STRANGE TOWN FEEL MORE LIKE HOME THAN A GREAT BAR.** It gives you a sense of the city, a feel for the locals, and—perhaps, most importantly—it can supply a nice buzz. The problem in many cases is picking the right spot. So many cities are overrun with mainstream, cookie-cutter places that it can be tough to find a watering hole with real character. Luckily, you have us. *Inked* has cut through the clutter to present you with some of the best places in America to have a drink.

## LAS VEGAS



**DOUBLE DOWN SALOON**

**DOUBLE DOWN SALOON** 4640 Paradise Rd., 702-791-5775, [doubledownsaloon.com](http://doubledownsaloon.com). Festooned with murals ranging from erotic to apocalyptic, this dark bar lives by an austere code: you puke, you clean. Double Down is a gritty counterpoise to the glitzy strip, a place where thirsty sinners come to escape from the greed and gaudiness. A small corner stage showcases surf, punk, and rockabilly bands, and a jukebox boasts artists ranging from Black Flag to Frank Sinatra. The signature Ass Juice shots (ingredients unknown) and bacon martinis—that's right, bacon—are ingested with abandon. Still not entertained? Pool, pinball, and an Asteroids video game are available, as well as video poker and Keno. But the best reason to visit the Double Down is the unmatched people watching: Says one bartender, "A guy once gave me his glass eyeball as collateral for a taxi ride."

**DISPENSARY LOUNGE**, 2451 E. Tropicana Ave., 702-458-6343. In Vegas, obscurity is practically a virtue, at least for a bar. You need a place where the sounds of bells and coins disappear (or recede a little). Just a simple spot where you can sit, drink, and—provided you have brain cells remaining—think. Dispensary Lounge is just such a place. Owing to its

auspicious location behind a coffee shop, this less-crowded lounge is a perfect place to get away from the pomp and pretense of the Strip. Shag carpeting and fake plants foster a '70s feel, and the waterwheel (look, but don't touch) completes the anachronistic environs. Drinks are cheap, the food is good, and service is friendly. It's a place where you can sit back, talk with some friends, and tend to your wallet's wounds before you return to gawk at the green felt for another few hours.

**PEPPERMILL FIRESIDE LOUNGE** 2985 S. Las Vegas Blvd., 702-735-4177. This place is Old Vegas, where cocktails are king, waitresses serve you in full-length gowns, and you know that the Rat Pack would feel at home. It is the original Vegas lounge, full of brass rails, exotic-looking drinks with umbrellas, and an actual pool of fire. Upon entering, you'll immediately understand why it is regularly placed on lists ranging from best margarita to best bars in which to make out (and why it was used as a backdrop in movies such as *Casino* and *Showgirls*). Plush booths, fake foliage, and soft lighting create a cozy, if kitschy, feeling. It's a warm and welcoming atmosphere you'll appreciate, especially after Lady Luck has made you her bitch.

# LOS ANGELES



**RED LION TAVERN** 2366 Glendale Blvd., 323-662-5337. The Red Lion is perpetual Oktoberfest—a Bavarian oasis in the land of the lifted and tucked. At this comfortable beer garden in sunny Southern California climes, waitresses wear traditional dirndls and serve authentic German fare including schnitzel and bratwurst. The tudor-style decor, including stained glass windows, is authentic

and welcoming. And as you might expect, beer is the beverage of choice here—classics like Bitburger and Warsteiner are served in vessels roughly the size of cinder blocks (including a 1.5-liter “boot”). In addition to the cozy downstairs, where entertainers sometimes perform, the upstairs provides a slightly more festive atmosphere in which to raise your glass in a hearty German toast: “Prost!”

**IVAN KANE'S FORTY DEUCE** 5574 Melrose Ave., 323-466-6263, fortydeuce.com. Combining a speakeasy feel and a see-and-be-teased vibe, this Hollywood lounge is famous for a reason. Plush surroundings and lascivious dancing are the order of the day here, with the semicircle bar also serving as a runway for burlesque shows that will melt the ice in your Dewar's on the rocks. Dry martinis are more common, though, and they fit the cabaret environment well—tasteful and intoxicating. Live jazz bands play during the shows, and it's not hard to see why the Deuce draws luminaries like Matt Damon and Mark Wahlberg; can't blame the guys for being fans of the erotic arts. If you visit, arrive early so you can avoid the velvet rope rigmarole.

**SAINTS & SINNERS** 10899 Venice Blvd., 310-842 8066, saintsandsinners.lounge.net. When in heaven, do as the hellions do! This themed bar incorporates the best of good and evil, a decorative celebration of prurience and purity. With music ranging from house to indie rock and the lounge atmosphere—black leather seats surrounding a white fireplace, chandeliers, faux-bordello wallpaper, buttoned vinyl ceiling, angel and devil statues—Saints & Sinners creates an appealing environment unlike any other you're likely to find. The intimate space is perfect for mingling and generally attracts a diverse, fun crowd. Order up a “Holy Water” high-end martini or get the juices flowing with a Hell Fire (Bacardi 151 and cinnamon schnapps mixed with Monster energy drink) and let the best and worst in you battle it out.

# ATLANTA

**CLERMONT LOUNGE** 789 Ponce De Leon Ave. NE, 404-874 4783, clermontlounge.net. Underground and overwhelming, this strip club-cum-dive bar might scare some at first, but after a one-night initiation, it's likely to be their best night out in Atlanta. Clermont Lounge is the city's oldest continuously operating strip club (opened in 1965) and has been praised by the long-haired likes of Kid Rock and Marilyn Manson. Set in the basement of the Clermont Hotel, the legendary bar's dingy environs are brightened daily, from 1 p.m. until 3 a.m., with dancing ladies (some seemingly as old as the bar itself). PBRs can be had for \$2.50, and the bar offers karaoke on Tuesdays. Part-owner Kathy Martin—herself a former bartender, manager, and dancer—is proud of the clientele. “It's all walks of life, like a Fellini movie,” she says.

**NORTHSIDE TAVERN** 1058 Howell Mill Rd., 404-874-8745, northsidetavern.com. Northside Tavern is a story of blues-and-booze evolution. Originally a grocery store, over the years it's gradually succumbed to its destiny—that of a gin-soaked blues den. Bikers, warehouse workers, students, and music mavens flock to this grungy Atlanta institution bearing a simple stone facade with the promise of “Live Blues.” Wednesdays feature Northside legend Mudcat Duke, and the famed Monday night Blues Jam has seen the likes of Taj Mahal and Tinsley Ellis take to the stage. A faded-felt pool table adds to the bar's divey personality, and low to no cover means you can save your cash for the cheap drinks and the tip jar.

**STAR COMMUNITY BAR** 437 Moreland Ave. NE, 404-681-9018, starbaratlanta.com. Maybe it's the wood-paneled walls, the photo booth, or the Olympia beer served in cans. Perhaps it's the live punk, alt-country, or straight-up honky tonk music. Or it could be the potent shots served in paper medicine cups—a

daily dosage for the Dixieland dipsomaniac. But most likely what makes the Star Community Bar stand out is the Grace Vault, a shrine to Elvis complete with kneeler, candles, and a King visage worthy of veneration. Whatever the reason, Star Bar is a good-time bar with a friendly staff and all the necessities for a memorable night. In addition to the raucous environment upstairs, the Little Vinyl Lounge downstairs sports all-red ambience and old-school country music.



# SAN FRANCISCO

**ZEITGEIST** 199 Valencia St., 415-255-7505. Some days you just need to be saved, from boredom, listlessness, work ... whatever. Enter Zeitgeist—a place in San Francisco's Mission district where bikers, bohemians, ne'er-do-wells, and do-nothings can enjoy grimy environs, tasty pub food, and 30 different kinds of beer. The walls inside are haphazardly covered with signs, paintings, and posters—which are cool, but not the reason you're here. Rather, the draw is the spacious area of picnic tables in the backyard. This is the reason that Zeitgeist is great: a wide-open, airy swath of anything goes. "I was here one time when there was a backyard-wide game of spin the bottle going on," shares on local. "Classic San Francisco," she adds. Should you get blitzed or lucky, hotel rooms can be had upstairs for a reasonable rate.

**500 CLUB** 500 Guerrero St., 415-861-2500. This is a neighborhood bar, not a scene. It doesn't put on airs, it doesn't have a tagline, and its suspicious-looking carpet seems to be vacuumed very rarely. What it does have is a fireplace, plenty of cheap booze, and a lively and loyal clientele. Arrive early enough, and you may be able to snag the 500 Club's holy grail—a booth. From these vaunted, padded thrones you can witness everything that's great about this place: the interesting mix of people crowding around the circular bar, regulars playing pinball, and perhaps a dog sniffing for discarded popcorn on the floor. Show up with just \$20 for the night and you should be able to amply self-inebriate. Plus, your booth status marks you as veritable royalty—people may come up and talk to you simply because you have a seat.

**HEMLOCK TAVERN** 1131 Polk St., 415-923-0923, hemlocktaVERN.com. Sandwiched between gritty Polk Gulch and the watch-where-you-walk neighborhood known as the Tenderloin, Hemlock's vibe is suitably unrefined. Cheap drinks can be had at the spacious two-tiered, wraparound bar, and

a buck buys you a bag of warmed peanuts (shells go on the floor, not the bar). Faded landscape paintings and amateur taxidermy create a kitschy, oddly welcoming setting. The tiny back room features unique (and often experimental) live acts in an intimate atmosphere. And in smoke-free San Francisco, the Hemlock's comfortable smoking lounge sets it apart from other bars that make customers stand outside for a drag. A grungy yet homey aesthetic pervades this gem where underground music fans and thrifty drinkers convene.



# AUSTIN



**THE JACKALOPE** 404 E. Sixth St., 512-472-3663, jackalopeaustin.com. Set on famed Sixth Street—that miracle mile of liquid courage and live music—the Jackalope is a place where the drinks are big and pretense is nonexistent. Velvet pictures of nude women line the walls. Cult movies flicker on three different screens. A bust of the titular mythical creature is mounted for all to see. And, unlike some of the student-heavy bars on this stretch, the Jackalope draws a crowd that's as diverse as it is lively. Patrons are treated to great food—the bar

has a full menu, and on Wednesdays there are two-for-one burgers from the wood-fired grill. Lone Star Beer and Jameson whiskey are also staples here, as is the signature Helldorado. When asked what was in this Jackalope exclusive, the bartender simply replies, "Magic."

**CREEKSIDE LOUNGE** 606 E. Seventh St., 512-480-5988, thecreeksidelounge.com. If you're looking to break away from the Sixth Street vortex, head to this haunt in the Red River district. A true neighborhood bar filled mostly with regulars, Creekside features the best of both worlds—laid-back lounge and lazy outdoor oasis. Inside, two-dollar Lone Star tall boys as well as pool and pinball are always available. The outside deck, lined with lights and canopied by trees, offers a view of the creek below. Stop in for DJ on the weekends, and look out for the live music venue that's opening soon. Or, for something a little different, visit on a Tuesday night when games of *Guitar Hero* become larger than life on a projection screen.

**LALA'S LITTLE NUGGET** 2207 Justin Lane, 512-453-2521. Take a look around this roomy bar—wood paneling, wagon-wheel chandelier, pool and foosball table—and you immediately think you know what you're dealing with. Look closer, and the picture gets more confusing: cigarette smoke fills the place (Lala's was grandfathered out of the local no-smoking ordinance) and there's year-round Christmas decor, complete with impish dancing elves and a bedecked tree. This is not an ordinary neighborhood dive, it seems, but an ongoing experiment—an epicenter for the trenchant Keep Austin Weird movement. The small menu offers basic food like burgers and dogs, and beers actually still come in pull-tab cans. It's also cheap—happy hour well drinks can be had for \$3. And in its strange, North Pole-meets-*Twilight-Zone* way, Lala's is pretty cozy, too.

# PHILADELPHIA



**TATTOOED MOM** 530 South St., 215-238-9880. Nestled in among the sneaker shops of South Street, this bar brings a welcome irreverence to one of Philadelphia's most famous thoroughfares. In keeping with its motto ("Beer. Food. Fun."), the bar offers an extensive menu, plenty of beer choices (including local micro brews by Yards and Yeungling), and toys. Yes, toys. Things like spinning tops, plastic jumping frogs, and temporary tattoos are left out to keep customers entertained while their malted beverages take effect. The first floor of Mom's is a bit tame, so head upstairs; every inch of the walls is covered with graffiti and posters, and metal and punk music fills the space. A haven for musicians and out-of-town tattoo artists, this is a unique spot in the midst of the tourist throng.

**BOB & BARBARA'S LOUNGE** 1509 South St., 215-545-4511. Every night, Bob & Barbara's offers a drink special: \$3 for a can of Pabst and a shot of Jim Beam. This exquisite pairing—bound to engender some questionable decision-making as the night wears on—is reason enough to visit the Philly mainstay. During the day, regulars belly up, reaching for new blood-alcohol-level heights. At night, the lounge takes "mixed crowd" to a whole new level, drawing a diverse medley of professionals, students, and revelers of every size and stature. On Wednesdays, Bingo is only \$3, and Thursdays feature the infamous drag show. Although bands and singer/songwriters also play here, jazz music is what it is known for—house band the Crowd Pleasers takes the stage several nights a week for what is described as "liquor-drinking music."

**SILK CITY DINER** 435 Spring Garden St., 215-592-8838. Mixing a classic '50s diner with a nightclub atmosphere, Silk City serves up delicious comfort food with a unique, modern twist. Black velvet is in evidence throughout, whether it be the paintings on the walls or the signature Black Velvet (espresso) martini. Depending on the night, you may run into hipsters, rockers, or Rastafarians, since the eclectic music runs the gamut. But whatever the music, the food is sure to impress at Silk City. Thai chili-glazed ribs, a BLT made with Wild Boar bacon and fried green tomatoes, and organic chili dogs are just a few of the options available. People considering a new tattoo may want to visit Silk City, too—the diverse display of body art here is inspiring.

# CHICAGO

**MARIE'S RIPTIDE LOUNGE** 1745 W. Armitage Ave., 773-278-7317. Change is so overrated. This bar prefers to stick with its original decor—circa 1961—and to stick with the things that have made it great over the years. First, an inexplicable location under a freeway, in between Chicago's Lincoln Park and Bucktown neighborhoods. Second, no draft beers—just a limited selection of bottles. And, of course, a 4 a.m. liquor license that guarantees late nights and the characters that go along with them. Most of all, though, it is Marie that never changes; if you're lucky, this septuagenarian proprietor may even come downstairs in her housecoat (she lives above the bar) to have some Jaeger shots with you. She decorates the place for every holiday from Easter to Independence Day, and may even show you a magic trick if you're lucky. It's like going to your grandmother's house—if your grandmother were a bootlegger.

**DANNY'S** 1951 W. Dickens Ave., 773-489-6457. Behind a wooden facade, under the stark neon glow of a "Schlitz On Tap" sign sits a prime example of the don't-judge-a-book cliché. Originally an apartment, Danny's still boasts a homey feel inside, with upstairs alcoves featuring leather furniture, small chairs, and candlelit tables. Beers (there's a decent selection on tap) and a mind-bending

mix of cocktails are available, but it's the music that sets the tone here. A low-key blend of hip-hop, rock, soul, and jazz (spun by a rotation of DJs) usually creates a dancing atmosphere. Special events include Danny's Reading Series, a poetry session that's followed by a DJ set. Dark and sometimes crowded, Danny's cozy space requires early entry if you want a prime seat. Oh, and despite the sign, they don't have Schlitz on tap; Danny's keeps you on your toes.

**CLUB FOOT** 1824 W. Augusta Blvd., 773-489-0379. Club Foot is part pop-culture time capsule, part people-watching drinking den. Looking around the bar, it's almost as if someone set off an M-80 at a garage sale. Random trinkets are strewn everywhere: action figures, Billy Beer cans, magazine covers, and punk and rock and roll memorabilia. There's even Tetris, that beloved game of raining puzzle pieces. Music varies from Arcade Fire to The Who to Motley Crüe, and is played next to a welcoming dance floor. Like most good bars, the drinks are cheap and accessible, and the staff is friendly. Due to the myriad musical styles and quirky surroundings, this bar attracts all types and makes most feel right at home. Extra points are due for a name that blends the nightlife with a podiatric ailment.



at  
ULAR  
ICES

Pabst Blue Ribbon

**FRANK G.** | Bob & Barbara's, Philadelphia | "A shot of Jack and a cold Pabst: Three bucks!"

PHOTO: KELLY TURSO

# PORTLAND



**BASEMENT PUB** 1028 SE 12th Ave., 503-231-6068, [basementpub.com](http://basementpub.com). This place has some great beers and some cheap beers, and neither will disappoint. A Pabst can will run you \$1.50, but if you happen to find yourself in this mecca of micro brews, you're better off splurging for local options, like a \$3.25 Full Sail Amber or Slipknot IPA. The "Big Ass Monday" special of 20-

ounce beers at regular pint prices transforms the first night of the weekday into the best night of the week. While you're enjoying your beer, take in some of the understated ambience; the atmosphere is a bonanza for those with ADD, with a fish tank, pinball, board games, encyclopedias, a Dig Dug machine, and, of course, a generally easy-going clientele. If you're looking for liquor, though, you'll need to move on—the Basement offers only beer and wine.

**SPACE ROOM LOUNGE** 4800 SE Hawthorne Blvd., 503-235-6957. If Captain Kirk and Jane Jetson opened a bar together, there's a good chance it would look like the Space Room. Diner-style booths, flying saucers for light fixtures—it's as if you've stepped into distant-past version of the space-age future. The quirky decor, combined with good bartenders and rocket-fuel-stiff drinks, means this place is often crowded. If there happens to be a show at the nearby Mt. Tabor Pub, it can be nearly impossible to find a seat. To entertain the mix of 20- and 30-somethings, the jukebox features soul and lounge favorites. All in all, Space Room is a great spot to sit with friends and launch yourself into the stratosphere.

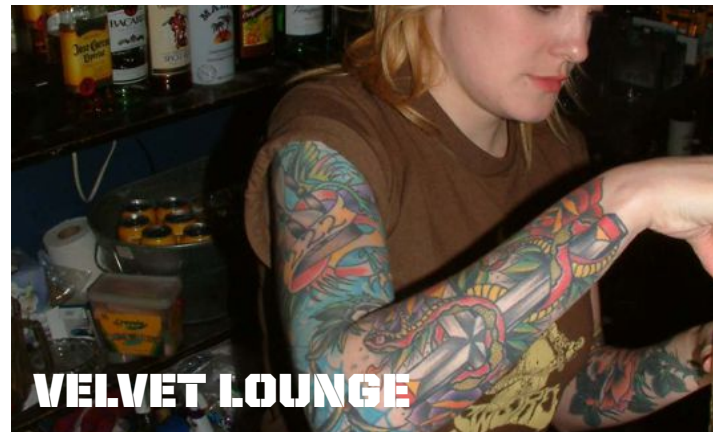
**DEVILS POINT BAR**, 5305 SE Foster Rd., 503-774-4513. Oil lamps, red carpet, and soothing upholstery give Devils Point a haughty Hades feel. And in addition to the standard bar elements that you'll find here—pinball, pool tables, video poker—you will also find something less common: strippers. Monday nights include a fire dancer—and the flaming feats on display go well beyond the typical exotic routine. Sundays are Stripperoke nights, a no-cover free-for-all of amateur singing and nakedness. Regularly recognized as one of the top erotic clubs in Portland, Devils Point also features a small stage for bands, meaning you can see a crowd whose attention is tugged between dancing ladies and rock and roll. With strong drinks, a fun staff, and enthralling entertainment, this is Portland's polestar for pole-dancing.

# WASHINGTON, D.C.

**VELVET LOUNGE** 915 U St., NW, 202-462-3213, [velvetlounge.com](http://velvetlounge.com). A tiny outpost in the burgeoning U Street corridor, Velvet Lounge's red drapes and warm lighting make you feel welcome as soon as you walk up to the door. As a self-respecting lounge, it bears the requisite neon martini glass on its sign, and that's supported by well-made martinis from the bar. Once inside, you can proceed to the downstairs area, which, while diminutive, provides a cozy setting to enjoy those martinis or other expertly made cocktails. Live music is the claim to fame here, with up-and-coming bands ranging from alternative rock to experimental acts (past players have included Gene Loves Jezebel, Earlimart, and We Are Scientists, among others).

**WONDERLAND BALLROOM** 1111 Kenyon St., NW, 202-232-5263 [wonderlandballroom.com](http://wonderlandballroom.com). The dark, shabby-chic setting at Wonderland isn't a manufactured conceit—it's just designed for comfort. This is a low-key bar, after all, a neighborhood place where you should be able to sit and enjoy an evening with friends. So, what does that entail? Well, good music for a start: Sunday nights feature live acts, and the best-in-class jukebox includes drinking soundtracks from Buena Vista Social Club and Johnny Cash to Outkast. A good happy hour is necessary, of course, so Wonderland takes \$2 off their impressive list of world-class beers, which you can put toward a \$2 chili dog if you're so inclined. And a neighborhood hangout should feel a little like home, so the free Wi-Fi and a Ms. Pac Man machine don't hurt. Of course, in providing this type of environment to its Columbia Heights neighbors, the Wonderland now attracts swarms from all over the city—the inevitable curse of doing things right.

**MADAM'S ORGAN** 2461 18th St., NW, 202-667-5370, [madamsorgan.com](http://madamsorgan.com). Upon seeing the mural of an amply endowed woman on the side of



this D.C. institution, you may not be quite sure what you're getting into. She looks weather-beaten and wily, as if she's been around the block a few times. Which, in fact, makes her the ultimate introduction to Madam's Organ. This is a wood-and-neon, blues-and-soul, soul-food-and-sour-mash kind of place, the standard-bearer for the Adams Morgan neighborhood. Inside it's decorated with mounted animal heads, wagon wheels, and local art, and the sign out front says "Sorry, We're Open." Live music plays seven nights a week, and spans genres from alternative rock to zydeco (with an emphasis on blues). The bar's motto, "Where the Beautiful People Go to Get Ugly," may seem funny at first, but it's oddly appropriate after a long night here.

## TWIN CITIES

**CC Club 2600** Lyndale Ave. S, Minneapolis, 612-874-7226, ccclubmpls.com. CC Club is a quintessential dive bar: crowded and somewhat shady, with plenty of pitchers of beer and more than a few haggard souls. Around the room you'll find dartboards, pool tables, beer signs, punks, and drunks—all staples of a true hole-in-the-wall ethos. There is no posturing here, and drinkers from all walks of life are welcome—the stumbling daytime regulars to evening buzz-seekers. Today's inked-and-pierced-musician set appreciate the cheap and strong drinks, just as they have in the past (CCs was reputedly once a haunt of The Replacements). Inexpensive food comes in copious portions, and the decor could best be described as retro cabin in the woods. It all adds up to what may be the defining characteristic of a great dive: what you see is what you get.

**Memory Lanes** 2520 26th Ave. S, Minneapolis, 612-721-6211, memorylanesmpls.com. As a full-service restaurant, bar, and bowling alley, Memory Lanes combines a remarkable array of Americana under one roof. Young and old, blue-collar and white-collar, gutter-batters and league-leaders all descend on this Minneapolis venue not only for the thirty lanes, but for the live music and libations. Drink specials are always available (cheap pints and pitchers—this is bowling alley, after all), and bands play everything from rockabilly to punk. What makes Memory Lanes special is not just the live music—but the fact that said music is offered on the lanes themselves, with a portable stage that's positioned right over the paneled alleys, so bowlers can rock while they roll. It all brings to mind the sage words of Walter Sobchak in *The Big Lebowski*: "Come on, Donny. Let's go get us a lane."

**Half Time Rec** 1013 Front Ave., St. Paul, 651-488-8245, halftimerec.com. We all have different sides: Mellow and excitable, active and lazy, whiskey and beer. Luckily, Half Time Rec is a bar split in two—each side appealing to a dif-

ferent need. One side is your basic neighborhood bar, full of diversions: pool tables, dart boards, bocce ball courts, and even weekly Texas Hold 'Em. The other evokes the bar's Hibernian roots—offering a "bit o' the craic" by way of authentic Irish music and karaoke. An extensive list of beers and no-frills surroundings make this an appealing stop if you find yourself in the Twin Cities. And considering the Irish reputation for hospitality and the Midwest's penchant for friendliness, you're bound to feel welcome.



## MIAMI

**Mac's Club Deuce** 222 14th St., 305-531-6200. Club Deuce is open until 5 a.m., it's been around since Calvin Coolidge was President, and if you ask for a frozen drink, the bartender will tell you the blender is broken, and then someone will probably hit you with a pool cue. It's shady in the best way, sketchy for its own sake, the antithesis of what you might expect from a Miami Beach bar. This is a local's hangout where anything can happen—including a transsexual throwing an iguana against a cigarette machine (this actually *did* happen). Happy hour is from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., and the jukebox is as likely to

belt out Billie Holiday as it is Rage Against the Machine. Melissa, one of Mac's straight-talking bartenders, sums it up this way: "If you're a good drinker, it's a great place for you." So stop in, and keep an eye out for projectile lizards.

**Pawn Shop** 1222 NE Second Ave., 305-373-3511, thepawshoplounge.com. Its exterior lives up to the name—from the outside, this Miami nightclub looks like a pawnshop (in reality, it once was). Once inside, the theme becomes even more clear; with old dentist chairs, a school bus, and a carnival photo booth, this is a rag-tag collection of accoutrement. The two bars proffer premium cocktails, and a comfortable lounge (created from the fuselage of a jet) provides respite from the pulsing energy of the dance floor. The outdoor lounge features shag carpeting and great opportunities for people watching. This is a place to see, be seen, and apparently sing—on the opening night a number of celebrities took to the stage to sing their favorite covers. Live bands play here weekly, and DJs spin a range of musical styles.

**The Nightcap Lounge** 15544 W. Dixie Hwy. North, 305-940-6700. The Nightcap Lounge is a bit like an old, curmudgeonly neighbor—it's been around for a long time, has seen just about everything, is friendly to locals, and wary of interlopers. After more than 40 years, the North Miami Beach dive still sticks with what works: jukebox, pool table, good times, and great people. Happy hour is from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., and between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m., you get 50 cents off what are already inexpensive prices. The lounge has live rock or country music on some Saturday nights, but the Open Jam on Tuesdays is the signature event. This is where musical styles can blur, and musicians have the freedom to let loose. Sure, the Nightcap is a bit idiosyncratic and maybe a bit rough around the edges, but it's chock full of stories once you get to know it.



# DETROIT

**HONEST JOHN'S BAR & GRILL** 488 Selden St., 313-824-1243. This is the story of Honest John and his bar: Honest John's mother was a prostitute who died of an overdose when he was a boy. Later, Honest John bought a bar from man who was in jail. And though it has moved locations over the years, that bar—Honest John's Bar—is still a Detroit stalwart. Drinks are cheap, John still has to kick people out on occasion, and the signature drink is still the H.A.A., an acronym for one of John's former customers, "He's an Asshole." The bar sponsors several offbeat fundraisers, including the Moon Drop (a charitable collective mooning) and the Dippys for Tots, an annual toy-drive fundraiser that involves dressing up in costume and wading into the Detroit River.

**BRONX BAR** 4476 Second Ave., 313-832-8464. With only candlelight and muted Tiffany lamps to illuminate Bronx Bar, it's earned its unofficial title as the "darkest bar in Detroit." The good news? There's not much to see. Bronx Bar is a triumph of simplicity. The walls are not adorned with campy flair or neon beer signs. There is no live music, no tap beer, and very little to distract the regulars other than a pool table. For more than 70 years, this has been a neighborhood, shot-and-a-beer bar, and the shot of choice is overwhelmingly Jameson. "We can't keep it on the shelf," says one bartender. If it's the whiskey that gets the crowds in the door, however, it's the music that keeps them coming back. The dual jukebox spins everything from classic hip-hop to indie rock to soul, from G.G. Allin to Paul Anka. The food isn't bad either—the signature Arabic ciabatta bread helps give each of Bronx's sandwiches inimitable flavor.

**THE OLD MIAMI** 3930 Cass Ave., 313-831-3830. Though its name may indicate pastels and jai alai, that couldn't be further from the truth. Owner Danny Overstreet opened The Old Miami as a place for returning Vietnam Veterans,

and Miami is an acronym for Missing in Action Michigan. Inside, the comfortable couches, pool table, and fireplace create a family atmosphere, but it's the stage that's famous here. The Miami has had nearly every Detroit band of note grace its stage since 1975 (and quite a few national acts as well). The good times don't end inside though—the huge outdoor area has a deck, a grill where customers can cook their own food, and even a koi pond. Though it may sound like a relative's home, it still has earmarks of a true dive bar: Old Milwaukee in a can, cheap shots—even bathroom graffiti. "My favorite is, 'You're all whores,'" says one bartender of the scrawls on the walls.



# NEW YORK CITY



**MOTOR CITY BAR** 127 Ludlow St., 212-358-1595. An automotive-themed tribute to Motown, this Manhattan staple is still infused with Lower East Side spirit. Hubcaps adorn the walls and rock and roll fills the air. Though you'll find musicians and mechanics in the crowd, it is by no means exclusive—all drinkers are welcome. The booths are reminiscent of an old-school Ford's backseat, the pinball machine and Ms. Pac Man add diversions for your amusement. The bartenders are friendly, spunky, and slick as a gear shaft—when ordering two beers here you might get the response (as this reporter once did), "Seven dollah, make you hollah!" All in all, this is a great place to drink with friends, even if

they arrive late; buy your absent pal a drink, and the barkeep will put his name up on a board so he can collect it later.

**DUFF'S** 28 N. Third St., Brooklyn, 718-302-0411, duffsbrooklyn.com. Jimmy Duff's bar in Brooklyn's Williamsburg neighborhood is a bigger, riverside version of his old, gritty bar in Hell's Kitchen, the Bellevue Bar. Bearing all the marks of its former incarnation (including red lights, doll parts, and an Elvis bust) the new place also features some upgrades—most notably an outdoor deck. Here you can cook steak on the grill, smoke a cigarette, and take in the Brooklyn sunshine; it's a (relatively) fresh-aired Eden near the East River. Garnering awards both for best outdoor bar and best dive bar, this drinking hole never forgets its roots: hard rock (one of the best jukeboxes in the five boroughs), hard drinking (\$1 PBRs and enough shots to make your liver shiver), and hard-core loyalty (pictures of Dancing Dominick, the bar's smooth-stepping mascot, still grace the place despite his passing).

**MAGNETIC FIELD** 97 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, 718-834-0069, magneticbrooklyn.com. Just a brief train ride away from the madding Manhattan crowd, this warmly lit haunt offers a little something for everyone. Vintage 45s spin in the classic jukebox, and a regular rotation of bands (from prototypical punk to faux '50s harmony groups) play on stage. If that doesn't work for you, DJs spin a few times a week—including an open turntable night on Mondays—and you can always keep yourself entertained at the Ms. Pac Man machine. Order the bubbly French 75, the rum-happy Dead Elvis, or choose from the unique list of local and legendary craft beers. The subtle Wild West milieu adds just the right amount of camp, and nights like Rockstar Wednesday (\$5 for a beer and a shot) remind you what deals can be had on this side of the Brooklyn Bridge.





PHOTO: MARTY SALACUSIS


**KRYSSY KOCKTAIL** | Magnetic Field, Brooklyn, NY | "My occupation is professional drinker. I think most people call it, "bartender."



WARNING  
RIDE ONLY AT  
YOUR OWN RISK!

ROCKIN'B

Photos by Sarah A. Friedman  
Styled by Risa Knight

A man with extensive tattoos is shown from the chest up, looking down. He is wearing a black leather tank top and a red bandana with a white paisley pattern. The bandana is tied around his neck and partially covers his eyes. His tattoos include a skull, a woman's face, and various other designs. The background is dark.

Hugo Boss black  
leather tank top;  
Burton red bandana;  
Uniqlo jeans.






Buckler black shirt;  
Nudie black jeans;  
Hugo Boss black  
patent-leather boots.

WARNING  
RIDE ONLY AT  
YOUR OWN RISK

ROCKIN' B





Buckler black-and-gray-striped chain vest; Nudie black jeans; Hugo Boss black boots.

G-Star black V-neck  
shirt; vintage red  
bandana.







Juicy Couture  
black tank top;  
Levi's jeans; Still  
Life brown hat.





Buckler black  
shirt; Pepe  
Jeans London  
jeans.



Groomer: Patricia Longo for  
Exclusive Artists Management  
Models: Drew Adams, Fade,  
Sean Riseley, Zach Palmarini  
Location: Mason Dixon, NYC.  
Retouching: statikdigital.com  
Lighting: K&M Tribeca



WARNING  
RIDE ONLY AT  
YOUR OWN RISK

Buckler shirt  
and white  
pants; Hugo  
Boss shoes.





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MIAMI

MALICE

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*Inked* tags along as **Malice**, of the Virginia-based hip-hop duo **Clipse**, gets tattooed by 305 Ink's **Chris Garver**.

By Erich Weiss Photos by Lani Lee



**“Is this it? Is this it?”** asks a pink-skinned vacationer in a sequined tank top as she shakes a flabby arm frantically in the air. Next to her, a younger version of Ms. Pink-Skin presses her nose to the glass window of 305 Ink, leaving a streak of sunblock under the “No food, no drinks, no kids!” sign. Their chaperone (let’s call him Mr. Pink-Skin, of which he shows ample amounts), fidgets with a digital camera, ignoring his family.

As mother and daughter gawk, a cartoon embodiment of the classic beach bum pulls himself off his curbside perch and stumbles toward the wide-eyed out-of-towners. Shirtless, with a tan verging on burnt sienna, he makes a stark contrast to the pale Midwesterners. Flexing his tattooed biceps, he lowers his weathered face to the little girl. Then in a gruff, Marlboro-flavored voice he opens his cracked lips and says, “Yep, that’s it. And you are shit.”

Welcome to Miami.

It’s an American cultural phenomena; things once considered taboo will inevitably be embraced by the mainstream. The tattoo world is no exception. And nowhere is that more apparent than the curb outside of 305 Ink, the tattoo shop known by most of America as “Miami Ink.”

As the tourists and sightseers peek through the windows to eye “those guys on TV,” it’s business as usual inside the shop. Machines buzz and people wait anxiously on benches, sweating and smiling nervously. A group of young guys loudly chide their friend as he sits riding out a rather detailed neck tattoo.

“I think I see a tear coming out of his eye.”

“Shut up, man, he’s on a nerve!”

In the back room, Chris Garver, considered by many to be one of the top artists in the country, works on a sketch for his next appointment.

Garver has a long list of celebrity clients, and today brings another. As the crowd outside shifts from beach-goers to the clubbing set, a young man from Virginia Beach enters the shop. He’s instantly recognized by the young bucks who just moments ago were teasing their friend about his tolerance level.

“Yo, that’s Malice from Clipse!”

Malice, a.k.a. Gene Thornton, flashes a smile to the crowd. With a cool,

friendly demeanor, he walks through the small shop to settle in at Garver’s station. Extending his left forearm, he shows off his Clipse tattoo, which features the logo designed by Mister Cartoon. Around his neck sits a nice hunk of metal: “Re-Up Records,” the label he and his partner (and brother) Pusha-T created after leaving Jive Records.

The Clipse have been on the scene since recording their 1997 Neptunes-produced debut album, *Exclusive Audio Footage*. Five years later, the duo found commercial success with the Arista release *Lord Willin’* and broke into the pop world by rhyming on Justin Timberlake’s “Like I Love You.” In 2006, they released the critically acclaimed *Hell Hath No Fury*.

These days, Malice is working with the Re-Up Gang, a group featuring his brother, as well as Ab-Liva (of Major Figgas) and Sandman. They plan to release their first studio album in March, and to celebrate the occasion Malice impulsively decided to come down to Miami for a new piece.

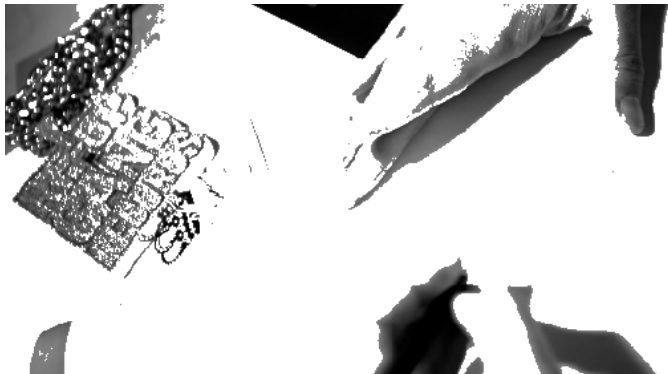
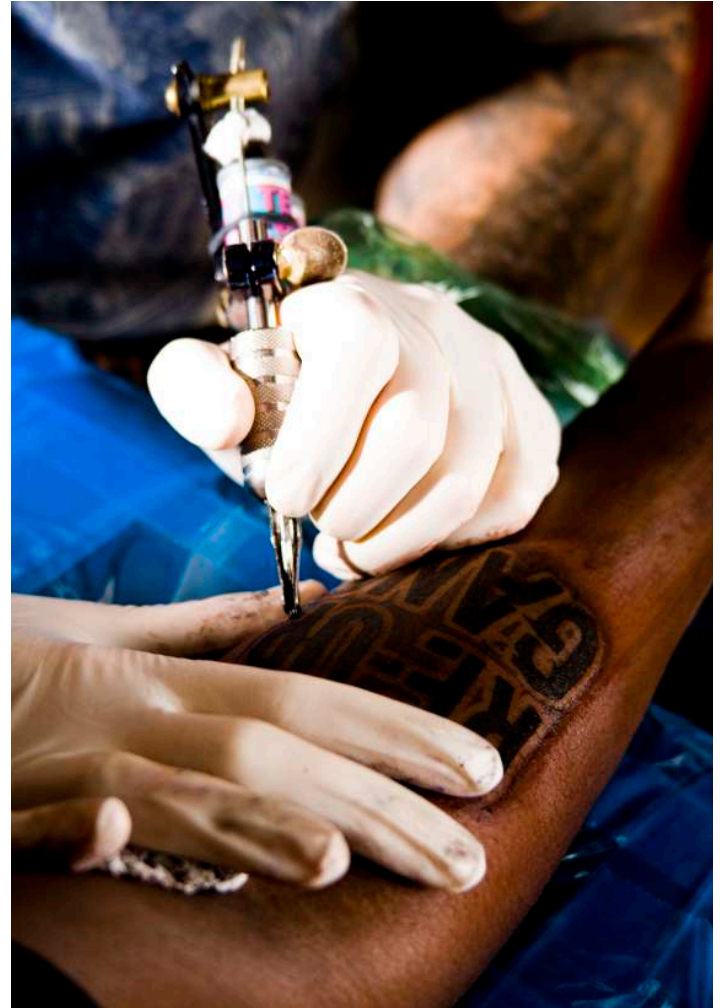
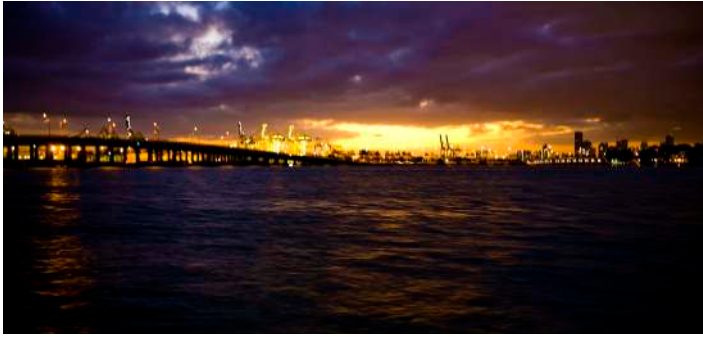
Acknowledging the hype and talent of the artists at 305 Ink, Malice says, “If I’m gonna do this, I gotta do it right. So that means coming down to Miami to have someone with status scribble on me.” That’s not to say Malice hasn’t been scribbled on many times before. “I got my first tattoo in ’94,” he explains. “And the rest of them? Well ... yesterday,” he jokes to Garver.

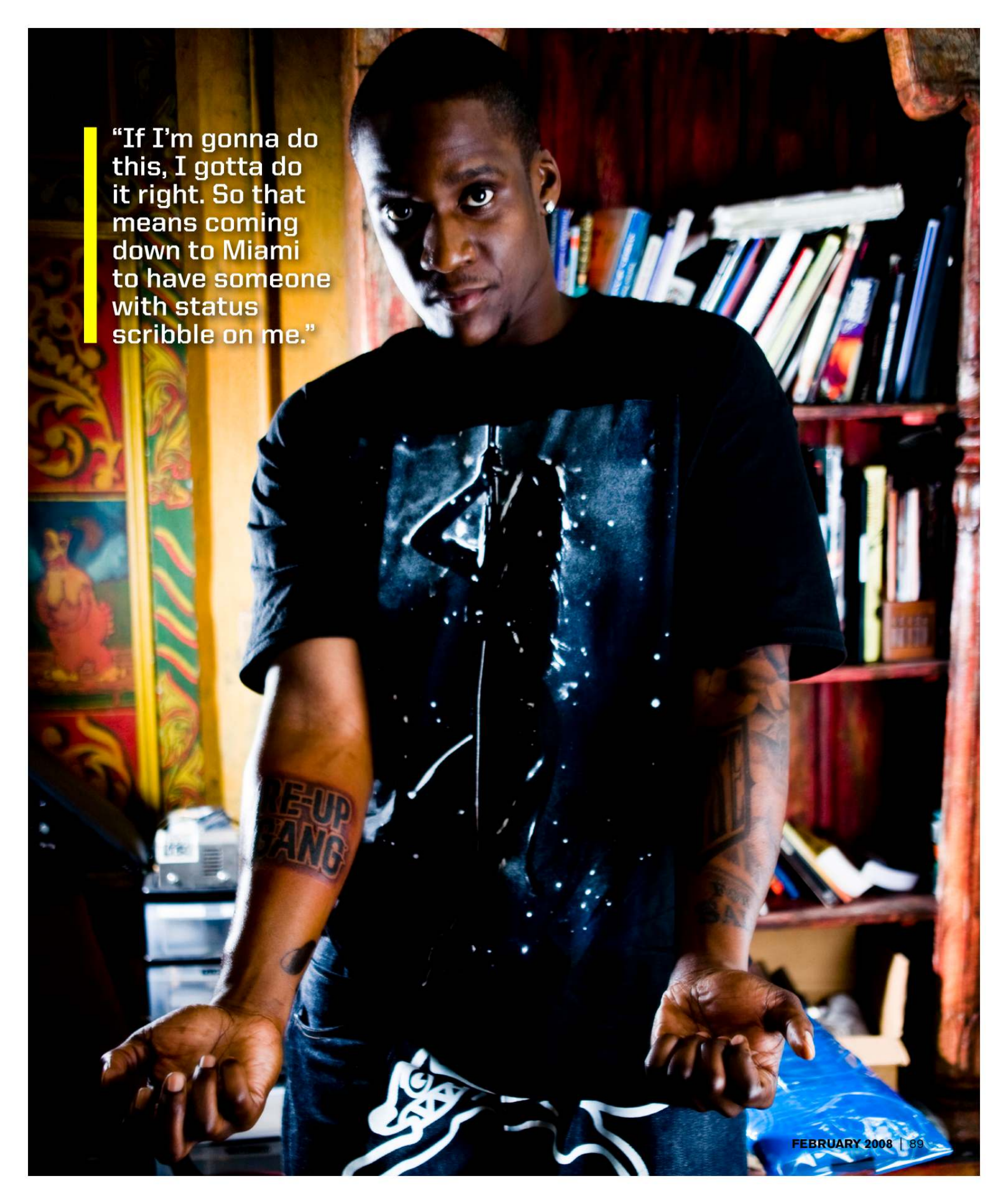
As the night rolls on and the tourists move away to gawk elsewhere, Garver inks the Re-Up logo on Malice’s right forearm. While he sits, Malice jokes with his crew about some of today’s more ludicrous hip-hop acts, and after several impressive imitations, an impromptu comedy sketch based on *Cribs* is met with raucous laughter all around.

At that moment it becomes clear that getting tattooed is no different for a celebrity than it is for the average guy. If you take away the TV show, the albums, and the status of the players, you’re left with the same thing that happens in shops all over the world: a normal evening spent goofing around that ends up marking a special event in someone’s life. It’s an un-serious scene to remember a serious decision, and both Garver and Malice seem more than content with that.









"If I'm gonna do this, I gotta do it right. So that means coming down to Miami to have someone with status scribble on me."



out

siders

Photos by Michael Dwornik  
Styled by Mary-Catherine at Veritas

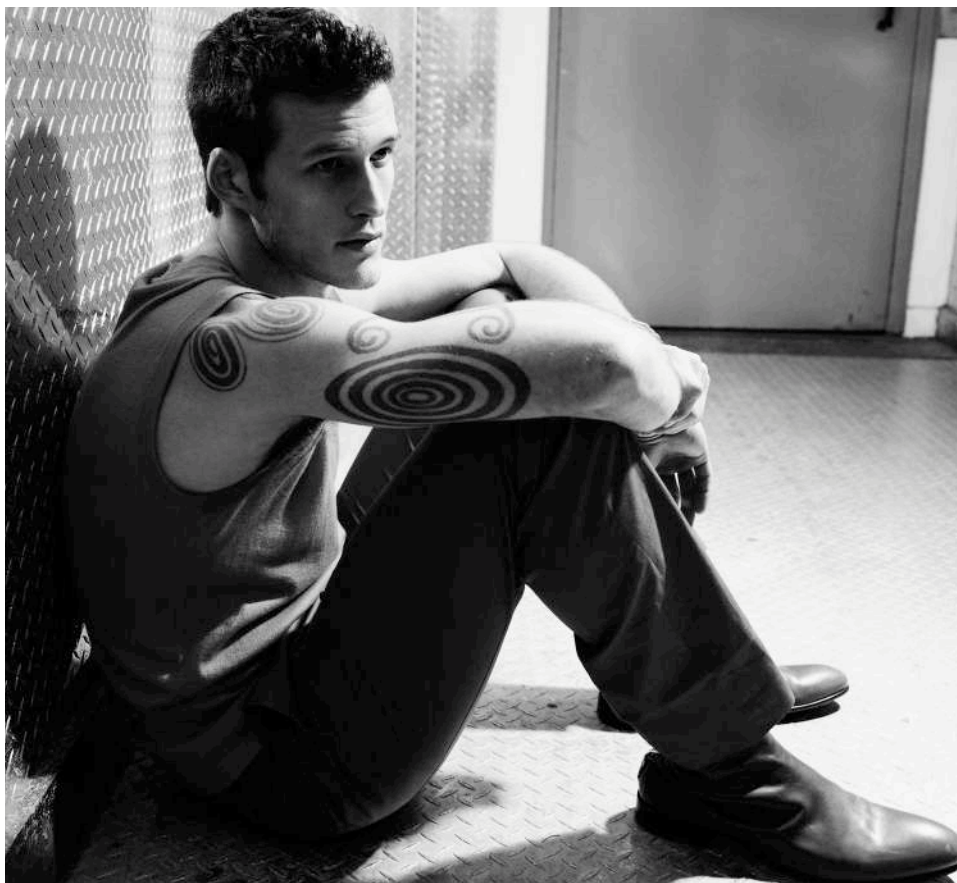


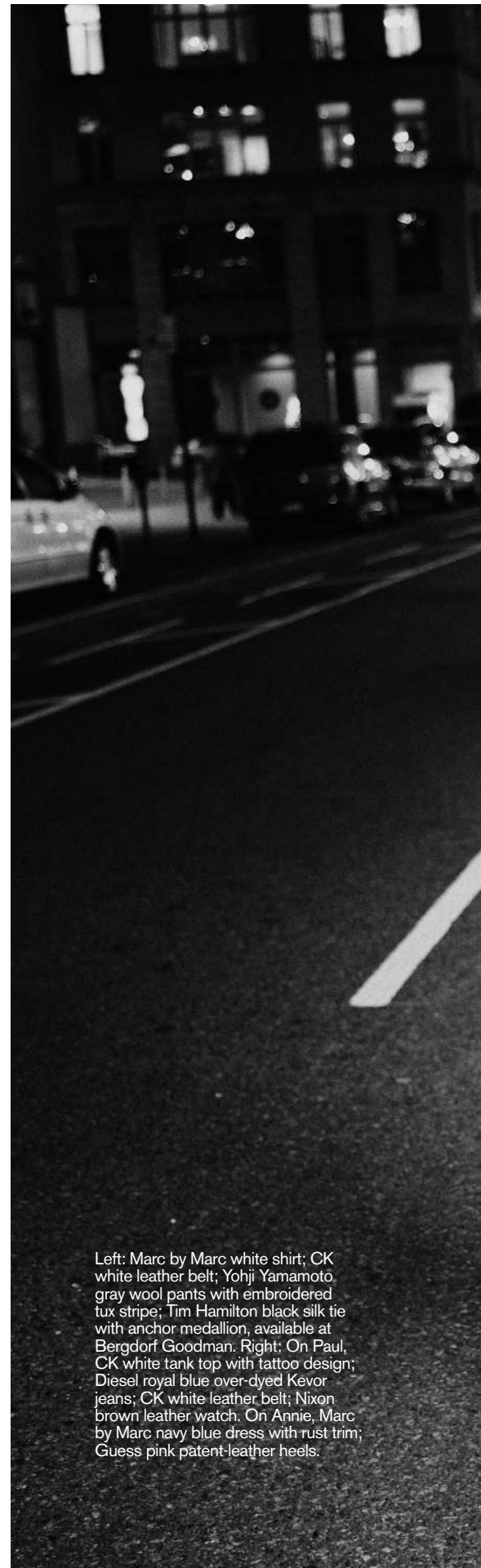
Left: Marc by Marc white shirt; CK white leather belt; Yohji Yamamoto gray wool pants with embroidered tux stripe; CK white lace-up shoes; Tim Hamilton black silk tie with anchor medallion, available at Bergdorf Goodman. Right: On Paul, DKNY white T-shirt; CK denim jeans with gray key hook; CK white leather belt. On Annie, Abaeté peach-and-white-striped dress; CK men's black leather belt.





Left: CK white tank top with tattoo design; Diesel royal blue over-dyed Kevor jeans; CK white leather belt; Nixon brown leather watch. Right: CK orange-red sweater tank top, maroon pants, brown leather belt, and gray leather boots.





Left: Marc by Marc white shirt; CK white leather belt; Yohji Yamamoto gray wool pants with embroidered tux stripe; Tim Hamilton black silk tie with anchor medallion, available at Bergdorf Goodman. Right: On Paul, CK white tank top with tattoo design; Diesel royal blue over-dyed Kevor jeans; CK white leather belt; Nixon brown leather watch. On Annie, Marc by Marc navy blue dress with rust trim; Guess pink patent-leather heels.







Left: On Annie, Abaeté peach-and-white-striped dress; CK men's black leather belt; Guess pink patent-leather heels. On Paul, OK Uniform Co. Pointer Brand navy-and-white-striped jacket; DKNY white T-shirt, CK denim jeans with gray key hook and gray boots. Right: CK peach mesh shirt and tan zip-front jumpsuit.





Left: Yohji Yamamoto gray wool blazer with side embroidery and gray wool pants with embroidered tux stripe; Marc by Marc white shirt; CK white lace-up shoes and white leather belt; Tim Hamilton black silk tie with anchor medallion, available at Bergdorf Goodman. Right: On Paul, CK orange-red sweater tank top and maroon pants; Nixon watch. On Annie, Marc by Marc denim jumpsuit.



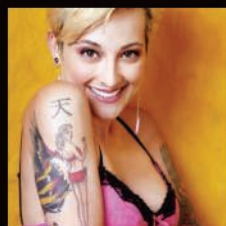
Hair and Makeup: Amanda Shackleton for Kiehl's  
Models: Paul Anthony at Request Models and Annie at Rocket Garage



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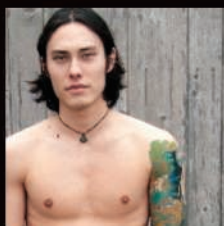
Create a Profile. Upload Photos. Meet People. Share Your Ink.



## PUNKYTHECAT

**NAME:** Rebecca  
**AGE:** 25  
**SEX:** female  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

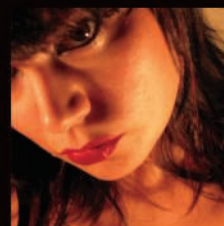
**MY MINDSET IS:** Depends on the day  
**MY STYLE IS:** Exactly that, my style  
**MY CULTURE IS:** Tattoos, hot girls, good music  
**MY ART IS:** Acting/Modeling  
**WHAT I DO TO PAY THE BILLS:** Act  
**LAST 3 MOVIES I RENTED:** Immortal, Rebel Without a Cause, Rules of Attraction



## NARAKAWA001

**SEX:** Male  
**LOCATION:**  
Brooklyn, NY  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

**MY TATTOOS:** Hokusai prints  
**WHAT I DO TO PAY THE BILLS:** Model/waiter  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:** Music  
**LAST 3 MOVIES I WATCHED:**  
A Scanner Darkly, Lunacy, Talladega Nights  
**LAST 3 CITIES I VISITED FOR VACATION:**  
DC, Berlin, Paris



## ANNICK\_EVE

**SEX:** female  
**LOCATION:** Montreal  
**COUNTRY:** Canada

**MY TATTOOS:** Burning star  
**MY MINDSET IS:** free  
**MY ART IS:** photography, writing  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:**  
Tour photographer  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:**  
Crazy, Wild, Disorder, Sweet, Passionate



## ANBERLIN SUICIDE

**SEX:** female  
**LOCATION:** Toronto  
**COUNTRY:** Canada

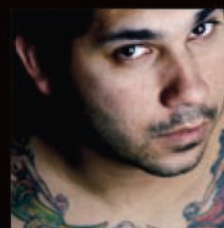
**MY TATTOO SHOP IS:** always changing  
**MY MINDSET IS:** take care of yourself first  
**MY CULTURE IS:** indie, intelligent typed  
**MY STYLE IS:** eclectic  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:**  
great genetics and adequate hygiene



## XSICKXPLEASURE

**SEX:** female  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

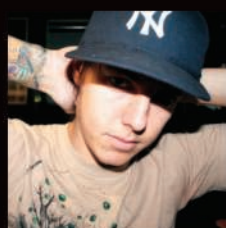
**MY TATTOOS:** My tattoos have gotten me fired from my job, make me the center of attention when I don't want it and I always itch for more.  
**TATTOOS FEEL GOOD.**  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:**  
Have a job where I can look the way I want to.



## RAPSTAR

**SEX:** Male  
**LOCATION:** Ft. Worth, TX  
**COUNTRY:** United States

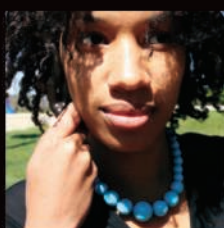
**MY TATTOOS:** Mostly pin-up style women  
**MY MINDSET IS:** Creative  
**MY STYLE IS:** Rock & Roll  
**MY ART IS:** Photography  
**LAST 3 CITIES I VISITED FOR VACATION:**  
Telluride, Moab, Austin  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:** I am tattooed 4 life



## GOTNINELIVES

**SEX:** Male  
**LOCATION:**  
San Diego  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

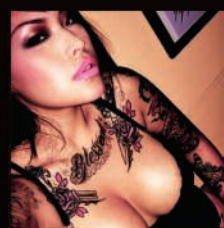
**MY TATTOO SHOP IS:**  
Chronic Tattoo, BrentHefner.com  
**MY MINDSET IS:** focused?  
**MY CULTURE IS:** well diversified  
**MY STYLE IS:** sloppy drunk  
**LAST 3 MOVIES I RENTED:**  
freedomland, bandits, reservoir dogs



## ISN'T LIFEJUICY

**SEX:** female  
**LOCATION:** Boston  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

**MY TATTOOS:** are outer expressions of inner truth  
**MY CULTURE IS:** inherited, learned, acquired  
**WHAT I DO TO PAY THE BILLS:** non profit  
**WHAT I REALLY WANT TO DO FOR A LIVING:**  
travel writer, small business owner, and part time dj  
**IN FIVE WORDS, I AM:** unique creative, copacetic, dreamer, brave



## BETTYLIPSTICK

**SEX:** female  
**COUNTRY:**  
United States

**MY TATTOO SHOP IS:**  
black heart tattoo (sf), true tattoo (los angeles), one shot tattoo (sf), chameleon tattoo (cambridge, mass.)  
**MY TATTOO IS:** I have a couple lol  
**MY STYLE IS:** all over the place.

# INKED SPOTS

## CHICAGO

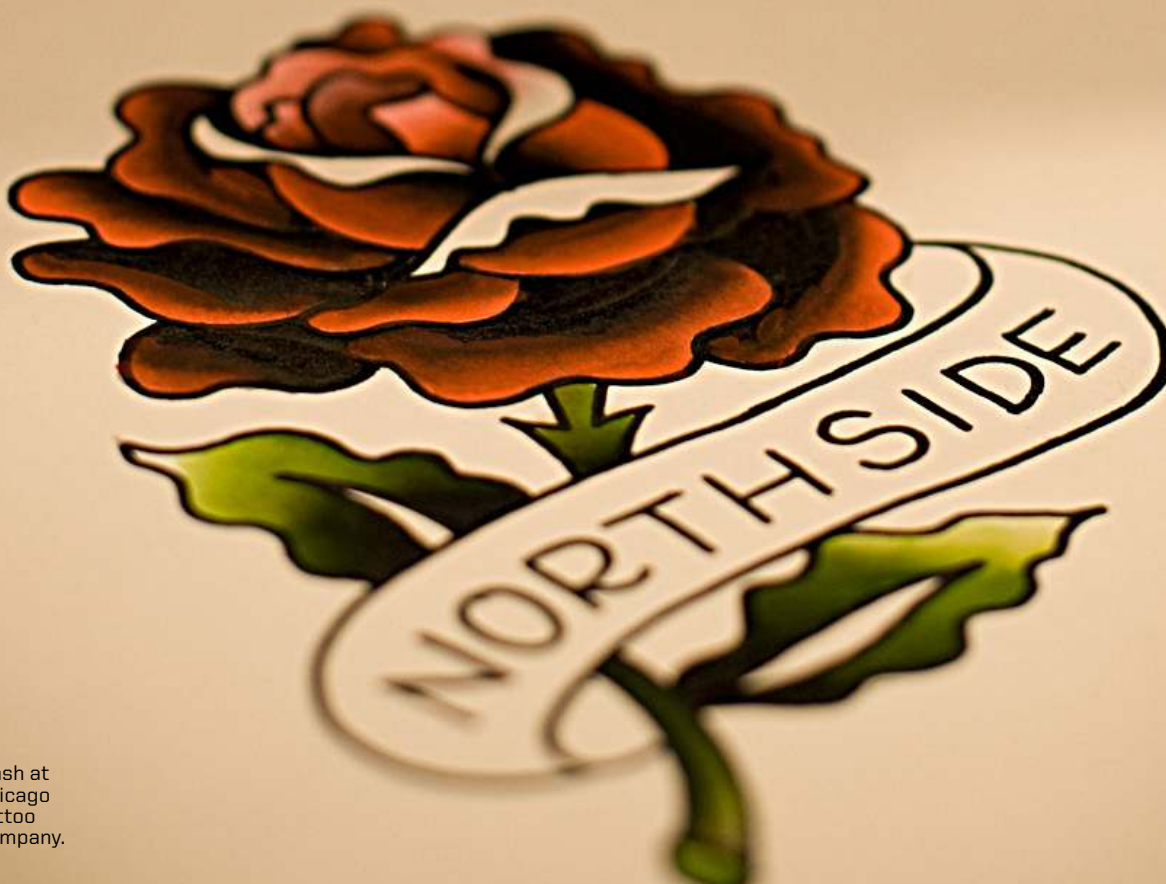
Meet some of our favorite artists and tour the best shops in the city, then check out our picks of where to eat, drink, and spend.

**Cherry Bomb Tattoo**

**Tomato Tattoo**

**Taylor Street Tattoo**

**Chicago Tattoo Company**



Flash at  
Chicago  
Tattoo  
Company.



## CHERRY BOMB TATTOO

1579 N. Milwaukee Ave.  
Chicago, IL  
773-645-1703  
cherrybombtattooohicago.com  
Established: 1999  
Artist: Patrick Cornolo

"Please note that I am a one-man operation so I am not always able to get back to people as quickly as I would like." This is the apologetic ending to the voice mail greeting of Cherry Bomb's sole artist and operator, Patrick Cornolo, who has had to deal with a lot of big changes this year. Located on the second floor of a building that also houses art studios and galleries, this "one-man operation" was founded in 1999 by Kim Saigh, of *L.A. Ink* fame. The two shared the space until May of this year, when Saigh handed the reins over to Cornolo so she could focus on her work in Los Angeles. While Cornolo explains that he and Saigh knew each other "from around" (their most direct link was through Deluxe Tattoo's Ben Wahhh), it wasn't until Saigh began working on Cornolo's right arm that the two really formed a friendship. When Saigh opened her own studio, Cornolo approached her about teaming up. "I was like, 'Hey. You have an extra room...'" he explains of his partnership pitch to Saigh. The rest is history. "Kim and I wanted a place where we could work on custom and large pieces without being interrupted by walk-ins," Cornolo explains about the appointment-only policy at the establishment. The off-the-beaten-path locale was also a conscious choice. "People really need to know where they are going," Cornolo says. This ensures that the clients who walk into the shop are there because they really want a tattoo from *him*. "I think that's pretty cool," says a humble-sounding Cornolo.

**EAT:** Francesca's Forno, 1576 N. Milwaukee Ave., 773-770-0184. Don't let the fact that this is a franchise scare you away; the unpretentious Italian restaurant has taken the idea of "small plates" to the next level. With its charming decor and informal setting, it's the perfect place to celebrate your new ink.

**DRINK:** Pontiac Cafe, 1531 N. Damen Ave., 773-252 7767. Bask in the sun on the outdoor patio of this artsy pub that's housed in an old auto shop. While they don't serve any draft beer (just bottles), the decor (think tables made out of old tail pipes) and the scene are so engaging, you'll hardly even notice.

**SPEND:** Quimby's Book Store, 1854 W. North Ave., 773-342-0910. Carrying everything from art books and contemporary fiction to vintage erotica and "hip lit," you're sure to find your personal reading pleasure at this bookshop.





## TOMIATO TATTOO

1855 W. Chicago Ave.  
Chicago, IL  
312-226-6660  
tomatotattoo.com  
Established: 1999  
Artists: Robert Hixon,  
Nuco, Erik Gillespie

When Tomato Tattoo owner Robert Hixon set out to name his shop, he jokingly suggested an unusual moniker to his girlfriend. "In our history, tomato is symbolic of love," he says. "So I threw it out there and the more we thought about it, the more it seemed to make sense." The name does seem perfect for the little shop, which emphasizes passion for the craft over big personalities. "We all love what we do. We all do what we do well, and we aren't about cutting each other's throats," says Hixon about himself and the other artists at the shop. And, he adds, "Nobody here has a rock-star mentality." The shop is a "local's place," where the clientele is as varied as the work they do. And an emphasis on personal attention helps keep the pace slow. "We feel no need to rush people in and out," says Hixon. While the shop does accept appointments, its street roots are maintained by setting aside one day a week exclusively for walk-ins. When asked why, Hixon has a surprisingly simple answer: "I would go crazy if I knew what I was doing every day for the next month."

**EAT:** Cleo's, 1935 W. Chicago Ave., 312-243-5600. Located off the beaten path, this dark, sexy pub and eatery features a winding bar and plenty of tasty bites. Grab one of the outdoor tables if the weather is nice.

**DRINK:** Nilda's Place, 1858 W. Iowa St., 773-486-4720. Only in Chicago can you find biker favorite Jeppson's Malort, a musty, bitter liquor distilled from wormwood—and there's no better place to try it than unpretentious Nilda's Place. After you throw one back, stick around for a game of pool on the table in the back.

**SPEND:** Rotofugi Designer Toy Store & Gallery, 1953 W. Chicago Ave., 312-491-9501. Stop by and pick up a D.I.Y. vinyl toy kit or the hottest kaiju figures at this shop that sells baubles from Eastern and Western designers.



## TAYLOR STREET TATTOO

1150 W. Taylor St.  
Chicago, IL  
312-455-TATU  
taylorstreettattoo.com  
Established: 2003  
Artists: Keith Underwood,  
Chris Smith, Lana Wingo,  
and Chad Ramsay;  
piercing by Tim Gooding

Opening up a shop in Chicago's Little Italy wasn't easy for Keith Underwood. In fact, the Taylor Street owner has become almost as famous for the battle he faced trying to get his business open as he has for his art. "You can't just rent and open here," says Underwood of his difficulties. Strict laws about property ownership, coupled with ambiguous, antiquated licensing and regulations edicts in the state of Illinois, meant that attempting to open a business centered around tattooing was not only a hassle, but a big gamble as well. Then, there was the trouble with the neighbors. "It was a real us-versus-them-situation," says Underwood about the college-prep and Catholic schools that showed up at his community hearing to voice protests and air concerns that the shop would bring violence and miscreants into the neighborhood. But what arose from the fight was an establishment devoid of any arrogance. "Tattooing is for the masses," Underwood says. "This is not an elitist thing. [Some] tattoo artists are more interested in what is going to make them look great than what is going to make the customer look good. I think tattooing is about the customer, not the artist." Although he describes himself as a "one-trick pony" specializing in traditional Americana imagery, he points out that the shop itself is known for its bold clean lines and solid color. "We can handle anything," he says. "But that's what we do best."

**EAT:** RoSal's Italian Cucina, 1154 W. Taylor St., 312-243-2357. You're in Little Italy, so you might as well chow down on some authentic Sicilian cuisine. Sample RoSal's famous frezzelle (it's kind of like bruschetta) or gather fifteen of your closest pals and gorge yourself on a six-course "Big Night" meal.

**DRINK:** Little Joe's Circle Lounge, 1041 W. Taylor St., 312-829-5888. With \$6 pitchers of PBR served by a guy who will remember your name after your first visit, this is just what a neighborhood bar should be.

**SPEND:** Ralph's Cigars, 1032 W. Taylor St., 312-829-0672. Stop by this cozy cigar shop and light up with one of the guys. Or, better yet, grab a box and take it home to celebrate.



# CHICAGO TATTOO COMPANY

1017 W. Belmont Ave.

Chicago, IL

773-528-6969

chicagotattoo.com

Established: 1969

Artists: Dale Grande,  
Nick Colella, Mike Dalton,  
Mario Desa, Matt Ziolk,  
and Josh Howard

"I would rather be here, than anywhere else," says Chicago Tattoo Company's shop manager and artist Nick Colella. "I don't care what kind of shit goes down, as long as I am in a tattoo shop." He adds, with a chuckle, "I'm lucky that I have a wife that understands that." Originally opened in the '60s by tattoo veteran Cliff Raven, Chicago Tattoo Company is not only the city's oldest shop, but in fact, once was its only shop. In the '70s, when officials upped the age limit for receiving a tattoo to 21 (it's only recently returned to 18), most of the shops in the city went under. But this place managed to keep its doors open. As a result, boasts Colella, "Every other shop in the city has some sort of affiliation with Chicago Tattoo." That feeling of tradition carries weight with the artists who work here. "We'll do whatever walks in the door," Colella explains. Why? "Because that's what a tattoo shop has always been." With no private rooms and consciously eschewing the appointment-only trend—"I'm not going to sit and pull out your dreams and put them on your arm," Colella says a little derisively—this establishment emphasizes egalitarianism and camaraderie. According to Colella, "We think everyone should be coming and hanging out here."

**EAT:** Cozy Noodle and Rice, 3456 N. Sheffield Ave., 773-327-0100. Decorated with toys and other whimsical items, this cheap and tasty Thai restaurant will not disappoint.

**DRINK:** Hungry Brain, 2319 W. Belmont Ave., 773-935-2118. Grab your cash and head to this funky neighborhood watering hole that's housed in an old improv theater. Expect to see a motley crew of artists, musicians, and comics.

**SPEND:** Strange Cargo, 3448 N. Clark St., 773-327-8090. Wigs, shoes, stick-on moustaches, odd gifts, and vintage clothes all pack this tiny, eclectic boutique. Shop on a "Live Art" night (past acts have included belly dancers) or design your own custom T-shirt (made in house) for added fun.

## INBORN NYC ART SHOW

On December 7, Inborn tattoo shop, in New York City's Lower East Side, hosted a reception in honor of its group art show. The lively crowd sipped beers and showed off their ink as they admired the work of artists Ray Jerez, Alicia Thacker, Nik Moore, Margaret Robs, and others.





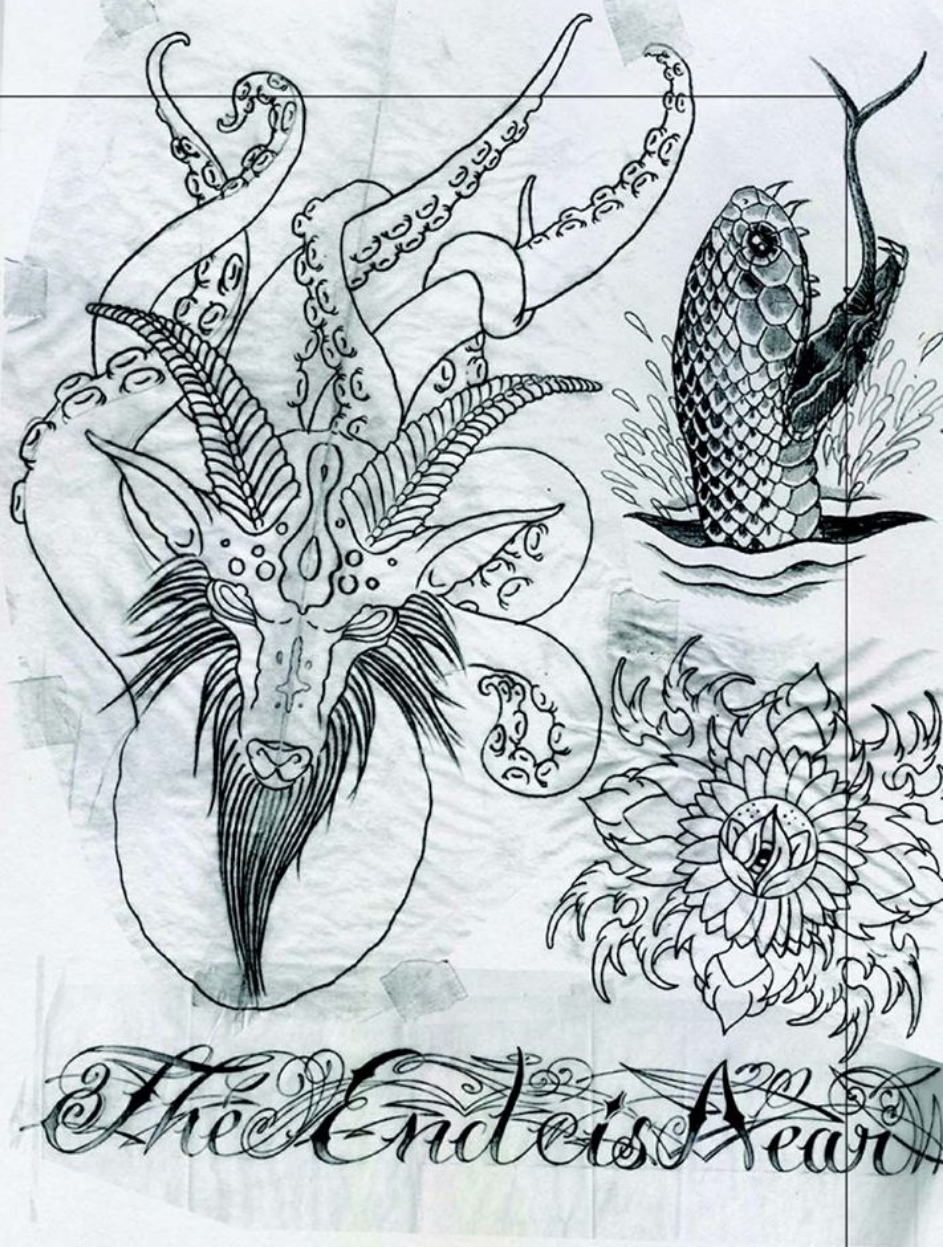
Clockwise from top left: Blek Le Rat and New York City graffiti legend Seen; "Cli-Che" by D\*Face; a piece by Blek Le Rat; the always friendly Space Invader in front of his work; gallery girls checking out the show.



## “THE STREETS OF EUROPE” AT JONATHAN LEVINE GALLERY

On December 1, New York City's Jonathan Levine Gallery hosted the opening reception for "The Streets of Europe," a show featuring the work of street artists Blek Le Rat, Blu, Bo130, D\*Face, Microbo, and Space Invader. The show continued the gallery's series on international street art, which began in February 2007 with "Ruas De São Paulo: A Survey of Brazilian Street Art."

# SKETCH BOOK



## HAND OF GLORY

429 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, NY  
718-832-5020 [handofglorytattoo.com](http://handofglorytattoo.com)

Hand of Glory Tattoo is located in Brooklyn, New York. Since the shop opened its doors five years ago, the artists have been tattooing all styles, with an emphasis on traditional Americana, neo-traditional, and Japanese designs. The sketchbook pages show here are just a small sample of works by artists Craig Rodriguez, Jeff P., Josh Egnew, and Paul Bosch.

# THE BRAND

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