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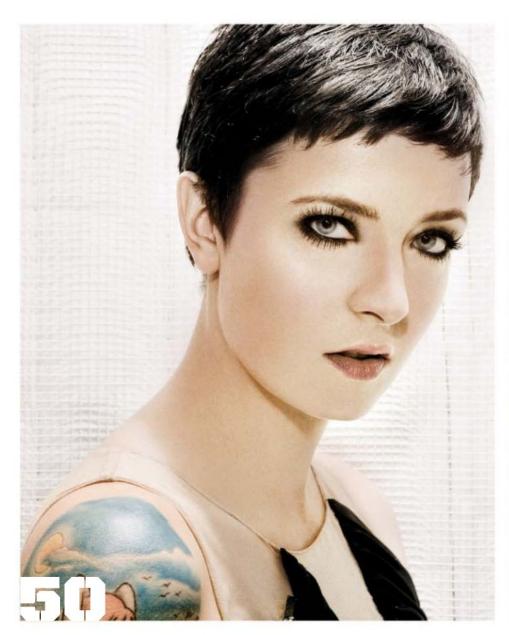
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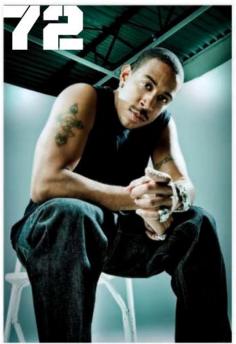
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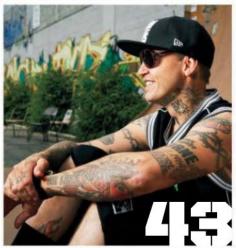




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"ORIGINATING, NEVER IMITATING."

-NORMAN "SAILOR JERRY" COLLINS

THE FATHER OF OLD-SCHOOL TATTOOING. NORMAN SAILOR JERRY COLLINS WAS A MASTER CRAFTSMAN WHOSE ARTISTRY AND INTEGRITY REMAIN AS TIMELESS AS THE RUM THAT BEARS HIS SIGNATURE.

OUR RUM IS MADE THE ONLY WAY RUM SHOULD BE - STRONG. SPICED. &
SMOOTH. MIX IT. OR JUST POUR IT OVER ICE AND
LET OUR WORK SPEAK FOR ITSELF.

RESPECT HIS LEGACY. DRINK SAILOR JERRY RESPONSIBLY.



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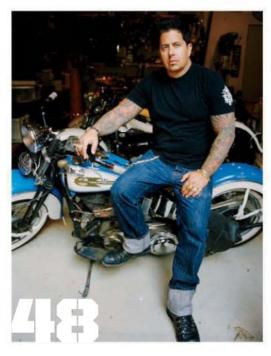








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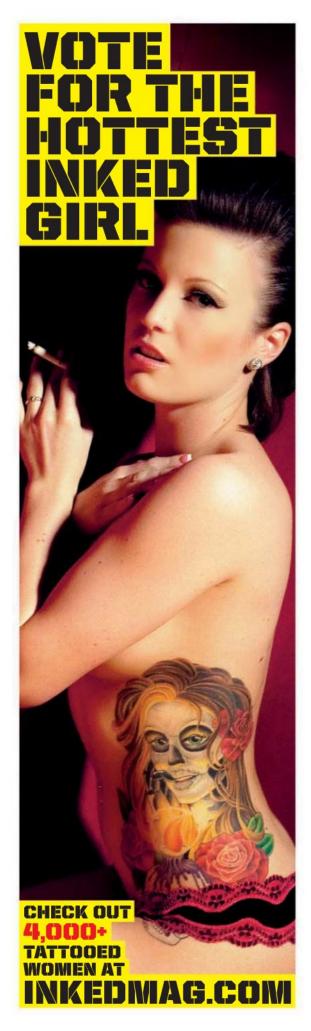














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We love that photographer Patrick Hoelck sports a Che Guevara-style beard and military cap and that he can tell you how much a million dollars weighs in \$100 bills. We also love his photography, which is why we were stoked to have him shoot the lovely Diablo Cody ("Diablo Cody Says No," page 50). Hoelck has one tattoo that we've never seen. "I had Danny Well do a pachuco cross on my left arm many years ago," he explains. If he weren't shooting for Rolling Stone, Vanity Fair, Interview, Vibe, Maxim, Paper, and others, he would be "traveling the world, smoking Cubans, and throwing billions of dollars out of helicopter windows." Seems fitting.



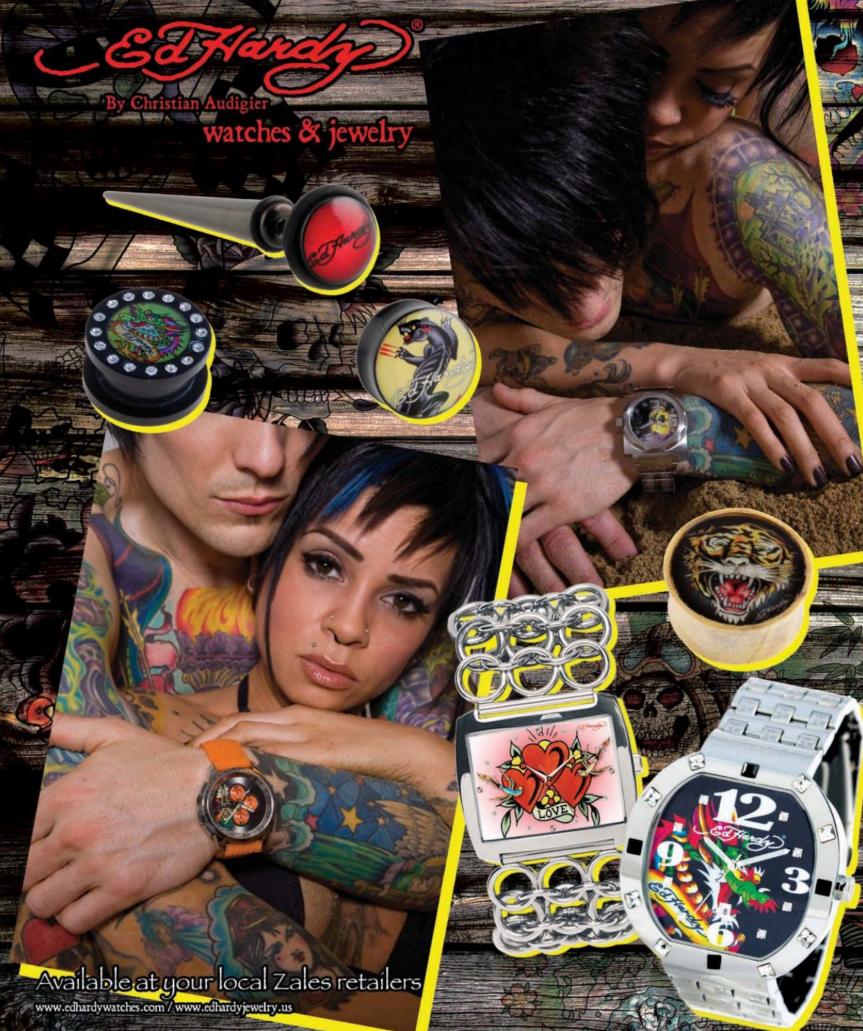
Writer Marisa Kakoulas is a heavily tattooed New York lawyer and writer who has worked undercover at international law firms and blogged extensively about her bod mod obsession. For this month's issue, she interviewed tattoo legend Leo Zulueta ("Icon," page 93). "It was surprising to learn that the godfather of tribal tattooing, someone who pays homage to indigenous tattoo cultures, is an avid Rock Band fan," she says. Kakoulas has written for Salon, Glamour, Bust, and others. Her book, Black Tattoo Art, will be published this month.

Photographer Alex Thompson landed the lucky spot for this month's issue: shooting models for our "Inked Girl" (page 60) and "Shop Talk" (page 102) features. It's an assignment he was well prepared for, having shot for publications such as Nylon, Blackbook, Spin, and I.D. Thompson has tattoos from Michelle Myles and Brad Fink, owners of Daredevil Tattoo in New York City. "One of my favorites is from Mike Perfetto from Bay Ridge," Thompson says. "He does great traditional tattoos." If he weren't a photographer, Thompson would be "lying on the beach in Mexico, drinking margaritas and swimming in the ocean all day."





Writer Brandon Geist did two interviews for this month's issue: one with Suicide Silence frontman Mitch Lucker ("Inked People," page 46) and another with Lucker's 2-year-old daughter. "I could hear her laughing and screaming during the entire interview," Geist laughs. "At one point he asked her, 'What does Daddy do?' so that she could do some death-metal-style grunts over the phone for me." Geist has two Japanese-style half sleeves, both by Kaz at New York Adorned. "I also have the I Ching hexagram for 'Revolution'-my first tattooon my back, right below my neck, also done at New York Adorned." Geist's writing appears in Revolver, Outburn, Law of Inertia, and others.



letter



INKED editor Jason Buhrmester's self-portrait, tattooed by Tim Kern at Tribulation Tattoo. Bottoms up!

"B sure 2 ask about her band Yak Spackle," read the text message from a Chicago friend after I told him I was interviewing Diablo Cody for this month's cover story. "I think she played in The Brewsers [note the spelling]" read a message from another friend. It seemed that everyone I knew from my days growing up around the Chicago punk scene had crossed paths with Diablo Cody, herself a young Windy City punk. When I finally did connect with her for this month's cover story, we started out comparing notes on McGregor's, the Fireside Bowl, Screeching Weasel, and other parts of Chicago music lore.

These days, Cody is the Oscar-winning screenwriter for the movie Juno. She teamed with Steven Spielberg to create the TV show United States of Tara, and this month she'll release her latest creation, Jennifer's Body, a gory horror flick staring Megan Fox as a teenage cannibal. She was one of the first names to pop up when we at INKED started talking about who belonged in the magazine—a funny, talented writer with tattoos who stage-dived into Hollywood and knocked it flat on its back. We back her and you should too. For further proof, check out my interview with her (page 50).

We also caught up with Taking Back Sunday (page 56) and Suicide Silence (page 46) to talk about their new albums, hooked up with Christopher "Ludacris" Bridges (page 72), and interviewed the godfather of tribal tattooing, Leo Zulueta (page 93). This month also includes what everyone around the INKED office agrees is the best article we've ever run: "The Art of War" (page 84). When Pfc. Marcos Sierra began telling me about his days tattooing in Iraq, I knew this was a story only INKED could tell. There's a damn good chance that by the time you read this, Sierra will be in Afghanistan. We wish him and the rest of the troops the best.

Enjoy the issue!

Jason Buhrmester Editor editor@inkedmag.com



GALLOWS, TREVOR PAULHUS

mail



GALLOWS POLL

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I loved the Gallows cover and story in your June issue. They are one of the best bands around right now, and Frank Carter rules. He's a tattooer, a punk rocker, and a guy who doesn't hold back his opinions.

Emily O'Neal

Rockford, IL

Frank Carter is a fucking dumbshit! "I just don't see any point in protesting. ... People think they're achieving something, when really they're not." Are you shitting me? Protesting makes a huge difference! It gives a voice to the public and all of civilization that doesn't have a first hand in what the government decides. We may not change their decisions but we rattle their thoughts, shake up their perspective, and, with luck, we make them think. That's the power of protest. It's the only way an average

person has a voice. It makes a big fucking difference and will achieve more than Gallows ever will. I'm not convinced Carter is a true punk after that statement. Punk is about change. Carter may be labeled punk for his image and the chaos at his shows, but he's not punk. He's just angry to be angry, like a bully or a spoiled brat.

Chevenne DeMarco

Nunda, NY

STAY GOLD

Don't change! Pound for pound you have the best tattoo magazine on the planet. I buy a lot of magazines (I subscribe to yours!) and nothing comes close to the quality-everything from the editorial to the photo layout, to the music features and the gadgets and gear. Keep it up!

Dale Robertson

Coquitlam, BC

Your magazine is my absolute favorite! I always look forward to seeing who's on the cover. I was so happy with your recent [May] issue with Brody Dalle on the cover. I just wanted to say thanks! **Shannon Leary**

Wilmington, DE

YOUNG LOVE

First, I want to say I loved your May issue. It has inspired me to try to get an apprenticeship. Second, I want to let you know that Victoria, from the Vegas Inked Girls feature in the June issue, has my vote for sexiest tattooed girl yet! What I wouldn't do to meet her.

Nick Piserchia

Hartford, CT



INK THINK

Just received the current issue with the Kim Saigh interview [June]. I think Kim was being diplomatic when she said that she and Hannah were let go from LA Ink because they "didn't fit the profile of the characters they were looking for." They have been on the show since the beginning and are hugely popular. That was why they were dropped-Kat could not stand the competition! Too bad, the viewers lose also. Kim and Hannah will survive; and without having to devote so much time to the show, they will probably be better off.

Bill Towey

Philadelphia, PA

WRITE TO US! Got something to say? Send all letters of praise, notes of complaint, story suggestions, and other comments to letters@inkedmag.com. All submissions should include the writer's



NEW YORK I VANCOUVER I BOSTON I TORONTO I SAN FRANCISCO I SEATTLE I CHICAGO I LOS ANGELES I MONTREAL I GASTOWN







PROP STYLIST, JOSH CLUTTER





PROP STYLIST, JOSH CLUTTER



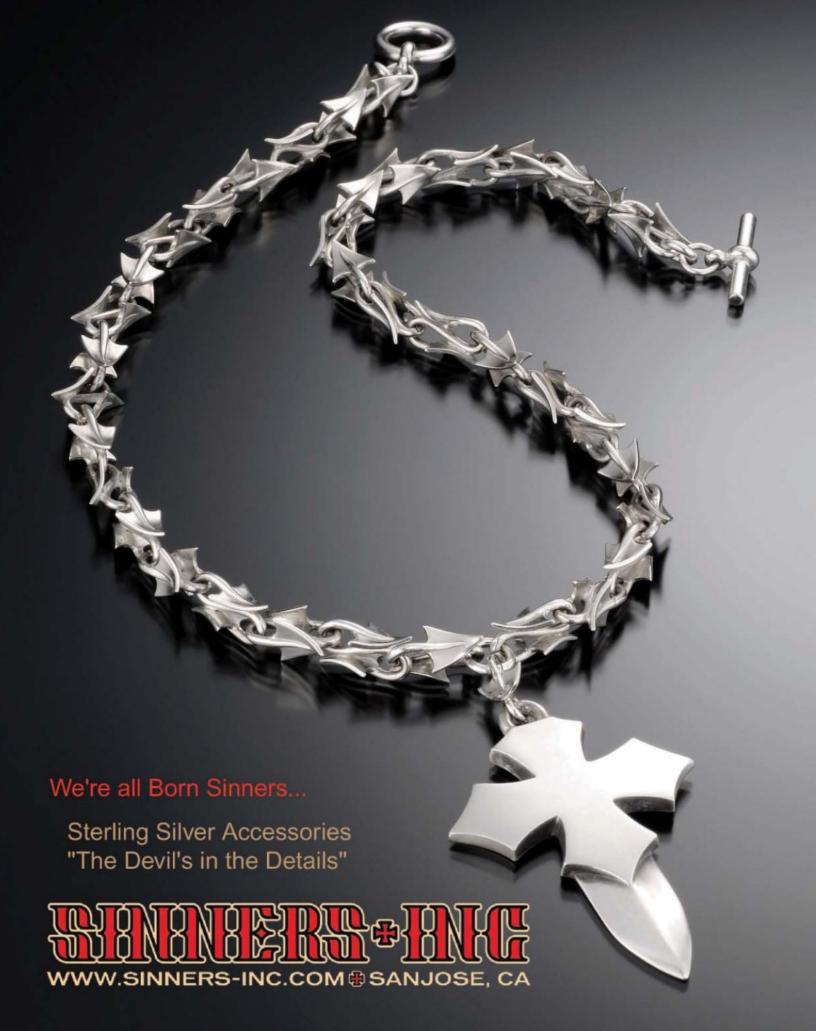


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PROP STYLIST, JOSH CLUTTI



inked life | DRINK



Delicious Japanese rice wine is the next big spirit. Here's everything you need to know to go from sake novice to sake sensei.

What vodka is to Russia and bourbon is to Kentucky, sake is to Japan. Although you've probably ordered this rice-based spirit only at Japanese restaurants, sake is now gaining popularity everywhere from fancy hotel bars to dingy local watering holes. According to Mariko Honda, a bartender at Philadelphia's Raw Lounge (which stocks more than 50 sakes), "Sake is gaining popularity in the sense of people are eager to learn about the quality and the process itself. Our cocktails are designed for those who aren't sure if they like sake. It eases them into believers."

There's a whole world of sake options beyond the house version you're used to ordering. Keep two things in mind when choosing: First, sake averages 10 to 20 percent alcohol by volume (good to know when counting your empties). Second, there are essentially three different types of sake; in order from lowest to highest quality they are junmai, junmai ginjo, and junmai daiginjo. Quality, in sake terms, is measured by the amount of outer husk that's polished from the rice kernel before it's fermented. The less outer husk, the smoother and cleaner the sake should be. In bar-ordering terms, if you're getting a mixed sake cocktail go for the junmai or junmai ginjo (sometimes called ginjo). If you're looking for a sake to sip on, it's worth coughing up a few extra bucks for the junmai daiginjo (sometimes called daiginjo). It will be much smoother, and your taste buds will bow in your honor. —Cory Jones



DEWATSURU KIMOTO JUNMAI

This old-style sake is produced in the original *kimoto* brewing method that uses no additives, giving it a great mellow flavor. Its high acidity stands up to grilled chicken, soups, and fried foods. Serve this one cold.



MANABITO JUNMAI DAIGINJO

An extra year of maturation in the bottle adds incredible depth and complexity to this junmai daiginjo. Layered aromas of licorice and white pepper give way to an exceptionally smooth finish. This one's great served on its own; if you like to eat when you drink, pair it with oysters or leafy greens.



HORIN ULTRA PREMIUM JUNMAI DAIGINJO

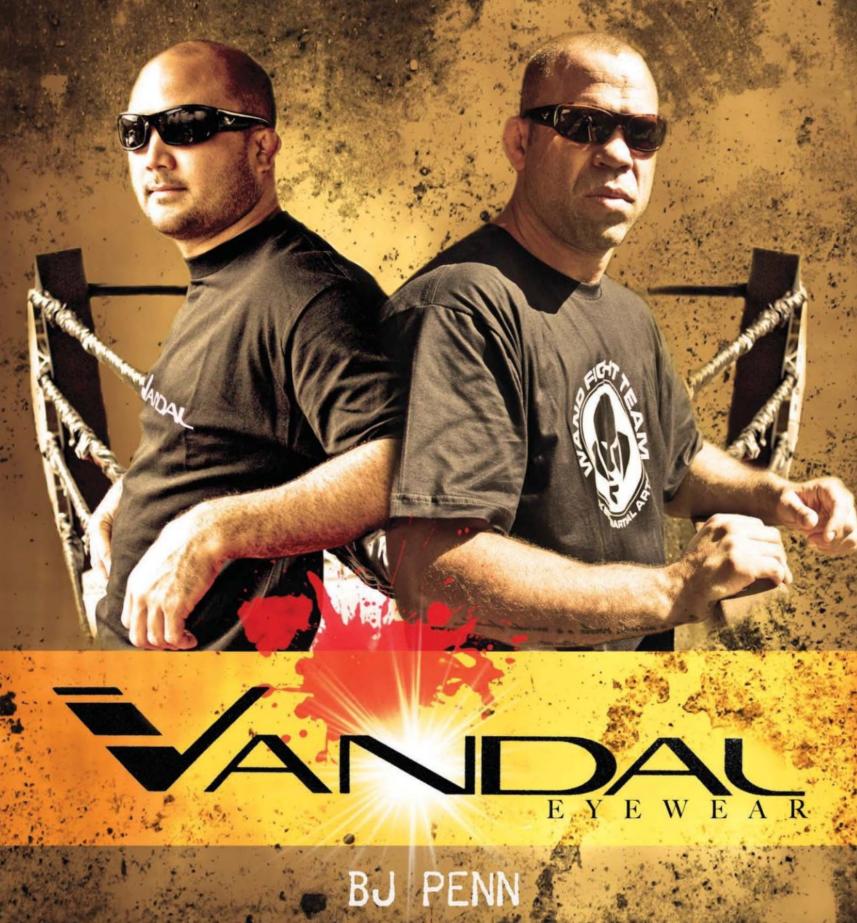
Horin is fermented slowly at very low temperatures—the perfect way to make a clean, refined, and smooth sake. Its subtle fruity flavors of pear and melon go well with salads, shellfish, and fish. And no one would fault you for drinking it on its own.



KIKUSAKARI TARUSAKE

This isn't your normal sake. Aged in cedar barrels, it's one of the few sakes that has hints of rich wood to complement notes of floral and citrus. Its unique flavor profile and powerful full-bodied richness make it a rare experience. Plus, it's available in a cool wooden cask.

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WANDERLEI SILVA

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SOUND ADVICE



BEASTIE BOYS Hot Sauce Committee Part 1 [Capitol Records]

While classic Beasties albums covered everything from hip-hop to punk to acid jazz, the trio's latest release focuses mostly on the B-Boys' backbone-beats and rhymes. Hip-hop's early days influence the throwback beat and crowd cheer of "Make Some Noise" and the track "Too Many Rappers," a teardown of the state of hiphop that's loaded up with references

to J.J. Fad and Stetsasonic and topped off with an appearance by Nas. The brilliant "Don't Play No Game That I Can't Win" is a dub thumper featuring vocals by Santigold and the Beasties' wild rhyme style that should serve as the blueprint for the Boys' future.



EVERY TIME I DIE New Junk Aesthetic [Epitaph]

Our winner for best tattoo? Every Time I Die singer Keith Buckley, for his portrait of Maury Povich with the words "Keith, you are not the father." Buckley's biting sarcasm is what makes ETID more than just a band with big riffs and brutal tempo changes. On "The Marvelous Slut" the drums thunder behind scratchy guitars as Buckley screams, "Where you lay your head is

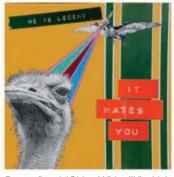
a matter of pride," while the stop-start riff on "Host Disorder" is the best example of ETID's sound—a car crash of American hardcore and rock 'n' roll. "Goddamn Kids These Days" is a raging temper tantrum of jittery guitars and skull-pounding drums that could easily trash a Povich set and send the audience scurrying.



LA COKA NOSTRA A Brand You Can Trust [Suburban Noize Records]

We can already hear hip-hop critics calling new supergroup La Coka Nostra the white Wu-Tang. It makes sense. With members including Mr. White (a.k.a. Everlast), DJ Lethal, Danny Boy, III Bill, and Slaine, the crew is a throwback to the wild ruckus days when MCs spit lines back and forth over loud beats. Opener "Bloody Sunday," built around a Black Sabbath-style

guitar riff, outlines Coka's philosophy of guns, women, and drugs, while guest Snoop Dogg pimp leans on the hustler anthem "Bang Bang." It's not all thug; on "I'm an American," Everlast spits about oil and imperialism between samples of JFK and Richard Nixon. Don't miss this.



HE IS LEGEND It Hates You [Tragic Hero]

Just who is He Is Legend? The North Carolina band used to play pounding post-hardcore, but these days they sound more like a sludgy southern rock band. The transformation definitely suits singer Schuylar Croom's voice, which swoops between an Alice in Chains howl and a low growl. That range goes well with the string-bending riffs and rock crunch of tracks such as "Stranger

Danger" and "China White III," which show off the band's Stone Temple Pilots influence, and "Party Time!" with heavy guitars that rage like their early hardcore days. But this album is more about showing off the band's new rock sound, even if that means shedding the things they once did so well.



JET Shaka Rock [Real Horrorshow Records]

The turbine-powered riffs of Jet's raggedy rock stalled out somewhere over their last album, which was more Oasis than AC/DC. Shaka Rock is a return to form even if it's not obvious from the start. Opener "K.I.A. (Killed in Action)" is a jerky, half-time track about being disillusioned with commercial society that leads into the dub-heavy "Beat on Repeat." It's a rough takeoff until "She's

a Genius" kicks in with the boogie-rock guitars Jet do so well. "Seventeen" starts with a mellow piano riff before being obliterated by overblown guitars, while "Let Me Out" delivers perfect '70s rock, including muted guitars, self-righteous lyrics, and up-front drums. It's a party record, sure, but not until much later in the night.



CHUCK RAGAN Gold Country [SideOne Dummv]

When they come out from behind the amps, some of your favorite punk rock singers can actually, well, sing. Last year's Revival Tour proved it by featuring stripped-down performances by members of Against Me! and Avail along with Chuck Ragan, beloved singer for Hot Water Music. On his third solo album, Ragan lends his gritty howl to folky tracks such as the foot-stomping anti-

war song "Glory." The revival really starts with "Done and Done," a sing-along jam about friends and good times that carries through to "Get Em All Home," an ode to life on the road complete with fiddle and pedal steel that still feels punk, even without the power chords.



www.edhardyvodka.com
DRINK RESPONSIBLY



UNCOMMON SCENTS

Mix things up with a new fall fragrance.

David Beckham's Signature Story For Him

The world's most photographed footballer has apparently never heard the maxim "Everything in moderation." Already with six fragrances to his name, he's launching Signature Story (\$50, beckham-fragrances.com), an herbal, woody cologne with notes of wild basil, rosemary absolute, and cedar. Maybe this latest fragrance will be his last—after all, 7 was his lucky jersey number back when he played for Manchester United and only had, like, three colognes to his name.

Victorinox Swiss Unlimited

Although the Swiss Armed Forces don't actually see action with other countries, they are one of the best-outfitted armies in the world. Now the maker of their iconic knives has a new creation: Victorinox Swiss Unlimited (\$75, swissarmy.com). A blend of absinthe, silver fir, and génépi (a rare alpine plant), the scent brings to mind the winds and woods of the Alps. Will it become part of the standard-issue Swiss Army kit? Doubtful. But its cool rubberized canister is certainly worthy of a spot in your survival pack.

Ecko by Marc Ecko

After supporting the rights of graffiti artists to posses the tools of
their trade (Valspar, Krylon) and
starring in a video where he tagged
Air Force One, designer Marc Ecko
knows his way around a spray
bottle. And while fragrance isn't
exactly paint, his new Ecko by Marc
Ecko (\$59, Macy's) proves he
knows what he's doing with an eau
de toilette too. The mix of ginger,
grapefruit, and musk is great to
spritz on when you're just chillin'—
or tagging.

John Varvatos Rock Volume One

John Varvatos made his name designing clothes, but his real passion is rock 'n' roll. Don't believe us? Check out his Sirius XM Radio show, Born in Detroit. That love of music inspired his new fragrance, John Varvatos Rock Volume One (\$82, Bloomingdale's). "Like a great song, the right scent can also trigger a secret memory," he explains. Spray on this mix of rose and coffee and see if you have a night as memorable as the first time you heard Appetite for Destruction. —Jennifer Goldstein

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PRIDE [prahyd] noun, verb, prid-ed, prid-ing.

TO HAVE A SENSE OF ONE'S OWN PROPER DIGNITY OR VALUE; SELF RESPECT.

IN COLLABORATION WITH INKED MAGAZINE, JEEPNEY HAS CREATED A LIMITED EDITION TEE CELEBRATING A UNION OF BOTH BRANDS' RICH SUBCULTURAL ROOTS, VISUAL INSPIRATION, AND CREATIVE SENSIBILITIES.









GAME ON



MADDEN NFL 10

Systems: Xbox 360, Wii, PlayStation 3, PlayStation 2, PSP

Madden NFL fans have spent years kneeling on the Astroturf and begging for an online franchise mode. This year, EA Sports delivers. For the first time in the series' history, you and your friends can choose teams and build a complete league, including player trades, live drafts, and the ability to track your league from a PC or iPhone. Elsewhere, a revamped pass-blocking system eliminates the need for 25-yard drop-backs, head tracking makes it easier to see the field, tweaked player ratings further separate the scrubs from the stars, and a weekly highlights show recaps all of the action. Madden may have retired from broadcasting, but the fat man still has a few all-star moves.



DIRT 2

Systems: Xbox 360, PlayStation 3, PC, Wii, PSP, DS

Months after the original Dirt was released, the game's namesake, Colin McRae, tragically died in a helicopter accident. The famed rally racer's spirit lives on in Dirt 2, which fittingly culminates with the Colin McRae Memorial Cup. To get there, drivers must survive races on the most extreme off-road tracks around the world. Dirt 2's motto? Pavement is for pussies. These gritty tracks favor winding roads and deadly jumps on courses composed of gravel, mud, and shallow water. Code masters packed the game with a huge selection of rally cars and off-road vehicles, and an overhauled physics system to help them stay on track. If you blow a turn and chop that tree into firewood, hit the Replay button to correct your fatal error.



BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM

Systems: Xbox 360, PlayStation 3, PC

Batman is a box office superhero, but the Caped Crusader has suffered through a Bat Cave full of shitty video games. Arkham Asylum breaks the shame cycle with a brooding tale that plays to the Dark Knight's strengths. After Batman escorts the Joker to the famed psychiatric hospital on the outskirts of Gotham City, Harley Quinn and the Joker free the inmates and lock Batman inside. With the inmates running the asylum, Batman must use his detective skills to foil the plan while coming face to face with many of the super-villains he sent to Arkham to rot. With foes like the Riddler, Penguin, Scarecrow, and Two-Face, this explosive game packs a punch in line with Batman's brand of vigilante justice.



WOLFENSTEIN

Systems: Xbox 360, PlayStation 3, PC

Nazis are heartless bastards-which is exactly why they make great video game fodder. In the latest title of this long-running series, super-soldier B.J. Blaskowicz battles Nazi occult researchers who have opened a gate to an alternate dimension in hopes of exploiting a new power source called Black Sun. As the Allies' most renowned ass-kicker, Blaskowicz jumps through the portal to dispatch the SS troops and their paranormal comrades. For the first time in the Wolfenstein series, Blaskowicz isn't fighting alone; fellow fighters offer side missions and upgrade your arsenal to include disintegration beams, particle cannons, and other weapons that turn German troops into sauerkraut. - Matt Bertz



CASH & CARRY



DIESEL DOLL

Say hola to Señor Blanco. In honor of the 15th anniversary of 55DSL, the clothing line partnered with famed toy design house Kidrobot to create this limited edition hombre (\$70, diesel.com). The chubby plastic dude comes decked out in a 55DSL shirt designed by Italian art studio Vasava, red spectacles, gold-capped tooth, bandage, and a toughlooking "Fifty-Five DSL" tattoo across his stomach. Only 1,555 will be created for toy and fashion geeks everywhere. Snatch one up now, amigo.

EASTERN MASTER

Japanese artist Shige ranks as one of the foremost tattoo masters in the world. Considering his waiting list, this book might be the closest you're getting to his art anytime soon. Published by State of Grace Tattoo, where Shige makes frequent guest appearances, Shige (stateofgracetattoo. com) is a gorgeous 328page tome that includes a foreword by Japanese tattoo godfather Horiyoshi III and photos of Shige's work and travels. The \$240 hardcover version is already sold out, so watch for the softcover coming soon.

SWEET SHIRT

Designer Johnny Cupcakes started his T-shirt line as a joke and sold it out of the trunk of his car. Now there are bakery-themed Johnny Cupcakes stores in Boston and Los Angeles where kids line up to buy limited edition shirts and standards like this Crossbones Classic (\$35.99, johnnycupcakes. com). Johnny has expanded the line to include everything from belts to board shorts, and recently offered a one-night cruise in Boston complete with a limited edition shirt and a buffet that (we're assuming) included cupcakes.

EAT THIS

You need dishes even if most of your meals come wrapped in paper or stuffed in Styrofoam containers. Tattoo artist Paul Timman, known for inking celebs such as Angelina Jolie and Mark Wahlberg at Sunset Strip Tattoo, in Hollywood, collaborated with Ink Dish to create these tattooed dishes (\$14-\$22 for individual pieces, inkdish.com). The set is currently available in the Irezumi and Tribal Lines pattern (shown), and Cherry Ink patterns will be available in October. That double bacon cheeseburger never looked better.

PLAYERS ONLY

Add video game discs to the list of endangered technologies. Just as MP3s gave CDs the dinosaur treatment, new download setups will send games straight to your system with no discs required. Sony's PSP Go system (\$249, playstation. com) uses Wi-Fi to download games to 16 GBs of internal memory or a Memory Stick. Compared with previous models, the redesigned PSP is 50 percent smaller and 40 percent lighter. The same can't be said of our waistband. We gotta put down the video games and get outside more.



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SPACE N

Mark Zeff designs interiors that rock. Now he's creating "the sexiest hotel in the world."

Mark Zeff has a rep for building sexy spaces. If designing Carey Hart's Wasted Space lounge at the Hard Rock Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas didn't already do it for him, Zeff's two newest projects are on track to cement his status as the rock world's go-to guy for decadent, vice-inspired interiors.

Hired to conceptualize a nightclub called Voyeur, which opened this summer in West Hollywood, Zeff's firm, Zeff Design, drew from such roguish influences as Eyes Wide Shut, the photography of Helmut Newton, old-school men's clubs, and, says Zeff, "that crazy, scratchy, underground, obsessive-compulsive mass-murdery thing" that characterized the movie Se7en.

"The club's name was important, so we created this place that is overtly sexual," he explains. "I think what is missing in the world is an understanding of the sensuality that people have. We've all been taught that it's illicit and that our inner self can't come out, but I really love to use that craziness to design."

Meanwhile, in Las Vegas, the Hard Rock enlisted Zeff to rebrand it as "the sexiest hotel in the world." The aesthetic starting point for this \$600 millionplus, five-years-in-the-making project? Rock 'n' roll, of course. Sex, naturally. And tattoos. "I used tattoo [culture] as an inspiration in everything that I did," says Zeff, who grew up in South Africa and lived in Australia and London before settling in New York City. Some of the hotel rooms, for example, have oversized, mirrored panels with elaborately detailed designs. "It's like you're looking through a medieval gate," says Zeff, "but it's really a tattoo."

Creating a sensual space that caters to visitors of all stripes and, uh, taste levels is not easy. "I'm trying to find a way to bring a 60-year-old guy with a mullet who thinks he's really cool together with a group that have traveled in from Detroit, have 17 pounds of piercings, and are in for a drinking, sexy weekend at the Hard Rock," says Zeff-and you can almost hear him start to perspire. Time to call in the textiles. "My work is very textural, so we've got beaten metal next to silk. We've got shiny, almost motorcar-style elements next to rough-hewn wood. We've got patterns that you would think you'd find in a Tudor castle next to very modern, sleek stuff. The lighting is very moody." He pauses. "This is not a bright, twinkly Vegas joint. This is a very dark and nasty, sexy place." -Kristina Feliciano



A Brazan Brazel,
Perfectly Balanced With
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Your tattoos may attract attention when you travel, but they will go largely unnoticed in Prague. After all, this is a city whose most famous artist, David Černý, has decorated the streets with sculptures of upside-down dead horses, men pissing on each other, and giant crawling babies with coin slots for faces. Welcome to Prague, where hundreds of years of history, soaring Gothic churches, and picturesque river-spanning bridges don't get in the way of having one hell of a good time.

Organized into tourist-friendly neighborhoods and bisected by the Vlatva River, Prague is easy to navigate on foot. Even if you get lost (it's bound to happen in a city with street names like Valdštejnské and Vyšehradská), you'll eventually run into the river, which will reorient you, or a square where helpful Praguers can set you back on course. And about those Praguers: They're insanely friendly and speak English better than you do. Just one word in Czech (try prosim, which means "thank you"), no matter how poorly pronounced, will probably get you invited out for a beer.

Before hitting the bars, check out some of the city's spectacular art and architecture, which remained largely untouched by WWII. Černý's sculptures are everywhere, but it's easiest to spot the huge slotfaced babies crawling up the television tower that pierces the skyline west of the river. East of the river, a much older tower rises above the city; it's St. Vitus

Cathedral's Great Tower, which sits inside the walls of Prague Castle, a hilltop collection of churches and buildings pieced together between the 9th and 19th centuries. Prague's other iconic structure is the Charles Bridge, a majestic, statue-dotted expanse that has withstood floods and traffic for more than 600 years, and now supports rows of vendors selling crappy magnets, amber jewelry, and Czech pottery.

Save your money and spend it on a more authentic-and lasting-souvenir at Tsunami Tattoo, tucked down a little alley just minutes from the bridge. Make an appointment with Bára, who graduated from Prague's Václav Hollar Art School and has been tattooing for more than 12 years. She can ink you with almost anything, but curling, ornamental designs and insanely detailed biomechanical tattoos are her specialty.

When you leave her chair, you'll probably be famished. Stop at any street cart for the heartcloggingly delicious Czech specialty smažený sýr (basically a fried cheese patty smothered in mayo and served on a hamburger bun). For a biggernot necessarily healthier-dinner, head to Hostinec Hloupý Honza, where you may be asked to fill in for the house band's percussionist in between typical Czech dishes such as potato dumplings and salty fried pork schnitzel. Wash it down with one of the many Czech beers on tap or hit any bar nearby for the city's famous absinthe.

Whether or not the green fairy pays you a visit, you'll be wiped out after a day of walking and a night of partying. If you're smart, you'll book a room at Hotel Josef, a gleaming, glass-walled cube that somehow blends seamlessly with the city's baroque buildings. Inside, the only thing more inviting than the slick white bar and the cool, minimalist rooms is the mini spa on the top floor, where you can get a foot massage for about \$25. - Jennifer Goldstein

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FORD TAURUS SHO Starts at \$37,170 3.5-liter V6 twin-turbo

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BEST IN SHO

After more than a decade, the revered Ford Taurus SHO is back. German automakers had better watch their backs-and check their rearviews.

On his first night hosting The Tonight Show, Conan O'Brien did a bit about his car. As Billy Ocean's "Get Outta My Dreams, Get Into My Car" bumped, O'Brien motored around town, letting his sexy ride work its magic on Angelenos. He impregnated a hot pedestrian with nothing more than a sexy glance out of his passenger-side window. He granted sight to a blind guy while stopped at an intersection. He even sent Fabio into an oiled-up fit of jealousy. The ride of choice for the new king of late night? A jewel-green 1992 Ford Taurus SHO.

Sure, O'Brien was joking about the fact that he still drives his old Taurus (seriously, it really is what he drives). And it's true that the standard Taurus became a rental-car staple and a synonym for bland back in the 1990s. But when it debuted back in 1989, the SHO-which stands for superhigh output-earned unironic respect as both a legit threat to higher-priced European sedans and a really fun car to drive.

Car critics already expect the all-new 2010 reboot to eclipse even its celebrated predecessor. It starts with the engine: a 3.5-liter V6 twin-turbo that pumps out 365 horsepower and 350 lb-ft of torque seemingly anywhere on the tachometer. The EcoBoost power plant-a Ford technology that delivers V8-level performance with V6 fuel economy and emissions-is mated to a speedy auto-manual tranny that delivers power to all four wheels. The suspension is specially tuned to be soft enough for shuttling Granny to her stripaerobics class, yet stiff enough to dodge wayward toddlers as you slalom through your subdivision's twisties. And, oh yeah-it has paddle shifters.

The car's styling makes it look something like a Toyota Camry that's mainlining human growth hormone. It's subtle enough to not irritate the boss when parked in the company lot, but its twin tailpipes and 19-inch wheels also make it clear that you have no intention of being outraced to happy hour. The comfortable interior has heated and cooled seats that offer fullbody massages-a delightful surprise coming from Detroit, which tends to be interiorly challenged.

The SHO doesn't come cheap, but it does run about \$10,000 less than a comparable Euro sedan. And that's the thing: The SHO is a great car, period, but it's also American. Since there hasn't exactly been a ton of good news from the U.S. car industry lately-though Ford is doing far better than GM or Chrysler-it's nice to see the Taurus SHO prove there's still plenty of fight left in Detroit. U-S-A! U-S-A! -Ky Henderson



inked people

RICK THORNE

Rick Thorne should be dead. In his BMX career of more than two decades, the 40-year-old legend has broken legs, torn ligaments, wrecked his jaw, and lost countless teeth. Once, after coming up short on a gap, he awoke in the hospital to find that doctors had filleted him from ear to ear and pulled the skin of his face down to drain fluid and implant permanent screws and plates that still hold his head together. Another time he tore his urethra.

"They put a camera in my dick to check it out," Thorne remembers. "They injected it with some dye for an X-ray, then slid a catheter up into my bladder. Now when I piss, I'm like a Toro sprinkler."

Today, Los Angeles is home, but Thorne originally hails from Kansas City, MO, where he began riding as a kid to escape a broken, lower middle class home life. "I rode 14 years before I had an endorsement deal," Thorne says. "It wasn't until the X Games came to TV in '95 that a lot of us started generating sponsorships." These days, he's backed by Monster Energy, Boost Mobile, Draven Shoes, ESPN, Fender, and others.

But Thorne's tattoos still manage to outnumber all of those injuries and cor-

porate sponsors. His first piece, inked when he was 19, is the vine on his right biceps. "I thought some thorn vines would be a creative way of doing my name," Thorne says. "Everyone thinks it's barbed wire—but whatever." The rest of his body reads like an inspirational self-help book. "Dedication," "Defiance," and "Dignity" circle his right arm. On the left there's "Seek and ye shall find" and "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Thorne's neck preaches "Love and respect" and "No pain no sorrow." Elsewhere, you're reminded to "Pray Hard" and "Don't Worry Trust God." Most of it is the work of Mark Mahoney and the Shamrock Social Club crew in Hollywood.

Regrets? "No. I had a couple of girls' names on me, but had them covered up," Thorne says. "Besides that, I don't regret any of them." Not that everyone agrees, though. "I had John Cougar Mellencamp tell me once that I was going to regret all of my tattoos. We were on the Tony Hawk Secret Skatepark Tour and he said, 'Watch. One day you'll regret them tattoos.' Then he lifted up his shirt to show me one on his arm—I forget what it was—and he said, "Cuz I regret mine.' It was pretty funny." —Tom Conlon

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SUICIDE SILENCE

Extreme-metal band Suicide Silence made their name delivering wild live shows that often left members with bleeding cuts and chipped teeth. But even they were shocked by what transpired the first time they played Russia.

"There were kids pouring lighter fluid on their sweaters and lighting themselves on fire and moshing," recalls vocalist Mitch Lucker. "And then the other 300 kids had sparklers, and everyone just started lighting those and running around. We're onstage, like, 'Jesus!' It was fucking crazy."

The shows should only get crazier now that Lucker, guitarists Mark Heylmun and Chris Garza, drummer Alex Lopex, and bassist Dan Kenny have new, more ferocious material to play live. Their recently released sophomore album, No Time to Bleed, will likely stand as the defining work of deathcore, a hot-ticket hybrid of death metal and hardcore designed to drive mosh pits. Says Lucker, "We just want to push extreme music as far as we can."

In that guest, Suicide Silence face their share of hurdles. Perhaps foremost among them is Lucker's obsessive-compulsive disorder, which was diagnosed when he was a kid. The condition is hardly conducive to life in a down-and-dirty metal band. Paranoid about hygiene and sanitation, the vocalist has nearly had panic attacks when confronted with such staples of the underground music circuit as filthy dressing-room showers and microphones covered with the spit of opening bands.

Lucker's OCD has also made it harder for him to pursue another love: tattoos. "I overthink taking care of [a new piece]. I'll spend whole days fixated on making sure it's not scabbing or not bubbling up weird," he says. "It's stressful." But that hasn't stopped the 24-year-old from getting most of his body covered with art, the vast majority by San Bernardino, CA, artist John Montgomery, who gave Lucker his first tattoo when the singer was 16. "I like having him draw right on me, not take flash, not take anybody else's ideas," Lucker says. "He just takes a red marker and draws the whole design-to get a one-of-a-kind piece, it's really cool."

As he tries to rectify his OCD with a life of tattoos and touring, Lucker's biggest relief is performing onstage. "As soon as I get out there, all of my anxieties drop, and I just feel like myself," he enthuses. "I feel more comfortable onstage than I do at any other time in my life." Which is saying a lot, considering that sometimes the crowd is setting itself on fire. -Brandon Geist





BILL WALL

Bill Wall cultivates the aura of the badass outlaw biker for his brand, Bill Wall Leather, but this soft-spoken 44-year-old designer could hardly be more Zen. Sure, he looks the part of the rebel-arms covered in tattoos, including a One Percenter emblem, which he got back when he did consider himself among the supposed one percent of bikers who live outside the boundaries of the law. But those were the old days, when arrests and jail stints were routine. Today, he is the owner and designer of one of the best-known brands in custom-designed luxury leather and silver jewelry, rocked by everyone from Jay-Z to ZZ Top.

"I've always been good with my hands," says Wall. "I probably sewed my first piece in home economics during junior high." He especially liked working with metal and machines (he builds custom cars and bikes for fun). But when an injury rendered him unemployed in the early '80s, he got an apprenticeship at Leather Waves, a boutique in Malibu, CA, owned by Jackie Robbins, who had noticed a leather jacket Wall had designed and sewn with needle and thread. It wasn't long before Wall launched his own brand. At first the silver was a side business. "It impressed the girls, and the money helped support my new business," says Wall. Now he is as sought after for his distinctive silver jewelryrich with dark images, especially skulls-as he is for his leather creations.

This aesthetic extends to his own extensive body adornment, including a bracelet that is permanently riveted to his arm. Like Wall, it looks hard-core from a distance, but on closer inspection the piece is engraved with gentle words like love and hope. "It's a constant reminder of all the positive things I could be thinking and bringing into the world," says Wall. Unlike most others with this much ink, Wall didn't start getting tattoos, many of which were inspired by his love of the ocean, until well into his 20s. "Before that, because of my old lifestyle, I didn't want to be, you know, identifiable." - Joy Manning







IABLO

When she was an unknown, tattooed stripper she inked the word "Yes" on her wrist. Then she published a book, wrote a movie called Juno, won an Oscar, and created a hit TV show with Steven Spielberg. Now she's back with the horror movie Jennifer's Body and a middle finger for her critics. Is "the most open-minded person in the world" learning to say no?

> BY JASON BUHRMESTER PHOTOS BY PATRICK HOELCK



here is a tornado in the room but Diablo Cody doesn't notice. While a hairstylist buzzes around her, clothing stylists lay out a spread of dresses and jewelry, and various people, including a movie studio representative and photography assistants, run in and out of the room, Cody juggles three conversations, all without turning her head away from the makeup artist. She discusses ideas with the photographer, talks about a tattoo on the clothing stylist's foot, and, from across the room, she overhears someone use the word reportage. "That's a good word," she says to no one in particular.

Cody is a word person. She grew up a punk rock girl in Chicago and started her writing career blogging about her days as a Minneapolis stripper, a gig that led to a book deal for her memoir, Candy Girl. She wrote the script for the breakout movie Juno, a screenplay loaded with the quirky phrases that have become her style, and won an Oscar. Fans loved her for being an unknown and outspoken tattooed woman from the Midwest who conquered Hollywood, a city overflowing with would-be screenwriters huddled in workshops. Critics derided her for the same reasons. Cody didn't notice. She stuck to the words. She created the Showtime series United States of Tara with Steven Spielberg and wrote Jennifer's Body, a horror film about a teenage cannibal, played by Megan Fox, that hits theaters this month.

As she lounged on a couch in an L.A. photo studio, Cody, 31, talked tattoos, the dark side of Bono, partying at the Playboy Mansion, and why she's finally adding a new entry to her word list: no.

INKED: Tell us about Jennifer's Body.

DIABLO CODY: I don't know what could be more appealing than a movie in which Megan Fox plays a teenage cannibal who preys exclusively on boys. [Laughs.] It was an idea I had after I wrote Juno but before Juno was made. I was feeling experimental and I felt like writing a horror movie. I grew up on horror movies, especially those classic '80s horror movies with teenagers in peril, adults who don't listen, women who are either incredibly heroic or incredibly sexy or both. You'll notice that the last person standing in a horror movie is typically female, which is an interesting part of the genre. I didn't want to write a modern horror movie. I wanted to write a classic horror movie. I wanted the whole vibe to be 1983, and I think we pulled that off.

Why a cheerleader instead of a cannibal goth girl? She's actually not a cheerleader. That's a misunderstanding. She's on the flag team. If you've ever been in high school you know there's a distinction. Honestly, I think Jennifer is the kind of girl who knows that she looks good in the skirt. She wants an opportunity to be front and center. The other girls are like her backup dancers.

We've heard that she is possessed. I don't want to give away the whole plot to your readers, but she is possessed by a demon and there is a villainous rock band in the film.

Is that idea of the evils of rock music a reflection of your Catholic upbringing? That's interesting because all of the action takes place in this kind of Minnesota Lutheran town. Those are the kinds of people who make you burn your Kiss records. But, really, I was inspired by these earnest, cheesy eyeliner emo bands out there. They come off as so cuddly and sensitive. What if one of those bands was secretly totally fucking evil?

How much Slayer did you listen to while writing this? The funny thing is I was listening to stuff like U2 and Coldplay. Everybody looks for the dark influences with a band like Gwar, but nobody thinks to look for the dark influences in somebody like Bono.

Were you forced to tone down any of the gore in the film? In the first draft of the script I wanted somebody to be completely disemboweled. I wanted to see the intestines strewn about the forest like party streamers. I think I even used that exact phrase. It didn't make it. I think people thought the party streamers comparison took it too far.

Why a cannibal? Are zombies and vampires over? No. Vampires are very much in style right now. Look at Twilight. For me, it was the blatant symbolism of a female cannibal. Ever since Hall & Oates wrote "Maneater" we've had this idea of a beautiful woman preying on the souls of men. I wanted to do a literal version of that.

We read on your Twitter that you were at a party with Robert Pattinson from Twilight and didn't recognize him. Awww. I'm old. [Laughs.] That anecdote was merely meant to illustrate the fact that I am out of touch. He's a beautiful man and I would certainly recognize him now.

So what happened? He wouldn't remember this happening. I honestly just went up and borrowed a light from him and I couldn't understand why there was this vibration in the crowd like, You're talking to him! I thought, You mean that guy with the cigarettes? Aw, this sounds terrible. You know what I love about Twitter is the spontaneity, like you can share an anecdote like you would with your friends-but then there's always the risk that this brilliant, beautiful man is going to think I'm a douchebag.

Did you and Megan Fox talk tattoos on the set of Jennifer's Body? No. Megan is super professional and I think she was pretty consumed with the character. Plus, I try to keep my nose out of shit. I'm kind of like the leopardprint ghost on set. I drift in and out.

When did you get your first tattoo? I got my first tattoo right after I turned 18. I had been counting the days. I went to a shop in Lockport, Illinois. I brought my friend with me and she had a fake ID because she was not 18. I was very into Led Zeppelin at the time so I wanted something with a celestial theme.

What did you get? I got a fairy on my left ass cheek. It was flash that I chose from the display. She has purple wings and blond hair. Honestly, I have no regrets. It makes me smile and remember the person I was at 18-just completely pure of heart.

How long was it until your parents found out? I showed my mom immediately. Part of the fun was tormenting my parents. She was really upset, but she realized that it could not be undone, so she was cool with it eventually.

You also have a Sailor Jerry pinup girl on your thigh. I had it done at Chicago Tattoo on Belmont. I woke up and it was a rainy day. I was feeling kind of tragic overall. I just got the idea to jump on the El, go down to Belmont Avenue, and get a tattoo. I chose this one spontaneously.

Tell us about your arm. Originally, the tattoo was a pinup girl with a banner that read "Jonny's Girl"-Jonny being the name of your exhusband. Nic Skrade at Uptown Tattoo is really talented. It was originally just the girl and the banner. The roses are a cover-up that was done kind of spur of the moment because it's difficult to wake up after a breakup and see. So there wasn't a lot of strategy that went into it.

Who did the roses? I actually don't remember. And now I've been building on it and it's really turned into a piece that I love. I'm a theme park enthusiast so that's why I have the roller coaster and the Ferris wheel and the clouds, all of those elements. The amusement park and the water and the new work is all being done by Dana Clinton at Studio City Tattoo.

How did you get connected with Dana? I had been looking around. I had been looking at books and meeting with artists. I looked through his book and saw all of this bright, beautiful work. This is about fun. I love color. I know a lot of people don't like my tattoos because they think they're too cartoonish or too innocent, but that's what I like. That's why I have the Sailor Jerry on my legbecause I love the feeling of a tattoo being something spontaneous and fun.

How good are you at getting tattooed? I do well for the first couple of hours because the adrenaline is protecting me, and then I turn into the world's biggest baby. I was kicking and crying when the blue sky was being filled in on my shoulder. That was the worst part, that I could feel it in my bones. I was really a handful that day. There was a woman next to me getting her foot tattooed and she was being totally stoic. I thought, Aw, man, I'm a baby.

What do you want to get next? I'm thinking of doing a tribute to sweets on my forearm. Maybe a partial sleeve with cake and cookies and candy. My friends laugh hysterically every time I tell them about this because they think that only I would get baked goods tattooed on my body. But I really love sweets! I feel like that would certainly be in keeping with my innocent tattoos theme. Just childlike things. Then maybe this arm will be all dark, biomechanical shit. [Laughs.]

Or vegetables. Yeah! Vegetables and healthy things. Or, like, a cubicle. Things that are necessary but unpleasant.

What does it say on your wrist? It says "Yes." It's one of my favorites.

What's the story behind it? I'll say yes to anything. The funny thing is that as I've matured, I've contemplated getting "No" inside the other wrist. I have boundaries now.

What kinds of boundaries? How can you tell that they're developing? I used to actually be the most open-minded person in the world. I would go anywhere with anyone and try anything. Now, in the interest of self-preservation and continuing to live, I need to learn to live within boundaries.

Did this concept of "no" only begin once you arrived in L.A.? I've been thinking about it for a couple of years and I think now is the time. But honestly, I don't want to cancel out the "yes" because it means a lot to me.

Has any celebrity ever said anything to you about your tattoos? We have this vision of someone like Harrison Ford pulling you aside and saying, "Maybe you should cover that up." No. [Laughs.] What's surprising to me is that I don't have that much ink, at the risk of using the much-maligned "ink" phraseology.

At least you didn't say "tatts." Ugh! My tattoo artist really hates "tatts." Don't say "ink." Don't say "tatts." So I'm acknowledging that that's lame. I don't have that many tattoos but the reaction when I came onto the scene-you would think I have a fucking suit of tattoos. People mentioned it in every article and interview. Why? It's just a little thing on my arm or on my leg. It's not a big deal. I know tons of people with tattoos. I think of it as a fairly common thing. It was such a strange thing for them to fixate on. It kind of made me want more. I thought, If I have to be the tattooed girl then I want some cool ones. I want to start on some big pieces. I love tattoos.

Have you seen any Juno-related tattoos? No. I wish! You know what's a funny story? Right after I won the Oscar, I got in the press room backstage and some guy goes, "Are you gonna get any new tattoos?" Like I said, because tattoos are always the topic of conversation. I just won an Oscar, by the way, but we're gonna talk about my tattoos. But I sarcastically said, "Yeah, I'm gonna get Ellen Page's face tattooed on my leg." And it was reported everywhere! I could not have been more sarcastic. But it wouldn't have made a bad one.

If you were going to get a band tattoo, what would it be? I still want to get the Screeching Weasel emblem. I know so many people with the Operation lvy or the Screeching Weasel logo. That was the tattoo to get in the '90s in Chicago.

What are your parents like? Are they creative too? They aren't creative

at all. They are very right-brained. My mom is an office manager and my dad works for the Illinois Tollway. I had a totally normal, middle-class, Midwestern upbringing. I don't think they ever dreamed that they would have a child who wrote films, or had tattoos, or stripped, or any of those things.

What did your parents think that you were going to do for a living?

I was always into writing and my mom would say, "You'll be an English teacher! You'll teach high school English!"-which is a wonderful profession. But I was not raised to believe that wild careers like screenwriting were within reach. That was something other people did-people from other parts of the country who had magic and money and connections. Nobody ever led me to believe that I could have this life.

You recently remarried. Does your husband have tattoos? He doesn't have one. And I won't let him get any.

Do you typically date guys with or without tattoos? I've done both. I've never dated anyone who was heavily tattooed. But I'm not averse, although I'm taken now. So, no, he doesn't have any tattoos at all. I like the polarity of his perfectly clean flesh and my cartoon body. I keep telling him not to get any.

Has he considered getting one? He's been thinking about it. He never considered it before. I think he's got some envy. You never know. I'm actually trying to get my mom to get one and she's in her 60s. Tell me how cool this is-her maiden name is Dice. I said, "You and I should get little matching dice tattoos, like a mother-daughter thing, and it would actually be a tribute to our family.' I've got her considering it.

If Suicide Girls existed when you were 19, would you have been involved? Oh my God. I always say that if the Internet had existed when I was a teenager, there would have been more naked pictures of me floating around the universe than anyone ever wanted to see. I was such an exhibitionist at that age and I was so irresponsible. My friend and I used to go into the photo booth at the mall, take our shirts off, and then hand the photos to strangers. So you can just imagine what we would have done with the Internet.

You would have been that girl who has naked photos of herself sent to everyone at her high school. And they would have been sent by me! [Laughs.] I'm generally covered up all the time now. For some reason I've become extremely shy in my advanced age. But yeah, I would have been a Suicide Girl.

How soon after the success of Juno did Playboy ask you to pose?

I heard about it. I really love Mr. Hefner and have been lucky enough to meet him. I would absolutely love to pose for Playboy, but I promised my mother I would not. When it came up, she looked me in the eyes and asked me very sincerely, "Please do not do this." I said, "You know what, Mom? You've suffered enough." I gave her a pass.

You had your 30th birthday party at the Playboy Mansion. What was that like? Amazing! You know what has been so fun about this whole experience? I'm honestly still very Midwestern. I still consider myself a pretty sheltered person. So to be able to try this crazy persona of Diablo Cody who has her birthday party at the Playboy Mansion, that's been a trip. I'm really more likely to have my birthday party at a bowling alley. But I had to do the Playboy Mansion thing once just to see what it's like to have a fucking bouncy castle on the back lawn of the Playboy Mansion and go in the Grotto with my friends.

What is the one thing that you are tired of hearing from critics? To be honest, I often agree with my critics. I've certainly been very lucky and I definitely haven't earned all of the accolades that I've received. So that criticism, I understand. But I think after the 400th person has said it, it ceases to be fresh or interesting so let's just accept that I'm a lucky motherfucker and move on. M





NEWAGAIN

How Taking Back Sunday were reborn as the rock band you should be listening to right now.

BY STAN HORACZEK PHOTOS BY JASON O'DELL

just hours before Taking Back Sunday's soldout show at the Water Street Music Hall in support of their latest album, New Again, and the band's
members are doing something they would not have
done together just a few years earlier—gathering for a
friendly meal. "We spend more time together outside
of the band now than we ever have," says bassist Matt
Rubano as he opens the door for a little old lady. "It
sounds weird to say that we actually hang out now, but
it's true, and that didn't happen with other lineups."

The band's history, which began a decade ago in the fertile musical breeding ground of Long Island, NY, is filled with the names of so many ex-members, it reads like a verse from the Old Testament. They've shed six members during their three-album career, with exmembers going on to form bands such as Brand New and Straylight Run. Rubano is counting on the current lineup to stick around, especially since TBS's latest





album debuted at number seven on the Billboard 200. "I hope this lineup lasts forever," laughs Rubano. "This is the most prolific group we've had by far, and it's definitely the most socially adept. We don't waste time fighting."

These days, TBS arguments are more likely to be about tattoos-or Rubano's lack of them. "We have been trying to get Matt tattooed on every single tour we have been on," says guitarist Eddie Reyes. "He's just a wuss. We wanted to get this brontosaurus Mark drew on the last tour, and he kept saying he would only get a temporary one."

Rubano blames the appropriately ridiculous subject matter of the average tour tattoo. Past tours have left TBS members with what was dubbed the

Reyes admits he has his own fair share of sketchy tattoos, but they're sprinkled in amongst more than 20 other pieces. "A lot of my first work was done by my good friend who passed away," he explains. "I didn't touch it for a while, but it was unfinished and people were telling me to get it fixed. These days, I get work done at Ink Addiction in Cleveland. Adam [Lazzara, lead vocals] and I both get work done by Danielle Distefano at Only You Tattoo in Atlanta too."

Thanks to their tour manager, some of the guys even have gnarly-looking stick-and-pokes. "He taught everyone to give themselves tattoos with some ink out of a pen," Rubano says. "Adam gave himself a smiley face, but the mouth ended up going straight across instead of smiling. He calls it the quiet face."

"THERE'S A GUY WE HAVE BECOME FRIENDLY WITH NAMED RUDY WHO TRANSCRIBED THE BASS SOLO FROM THE SONG 'CARPATHIA' AND GOT THE MUSICAL NOTATION AND THE LYRICS TATTOOED ON HIS ARM. IT KIND OF BLEW MY MIND WHEN I SAW IT." -MATT RUBANO

"Team Handsome" tattoo, which featured a comb, sunglasses, and hair gel in front of a crest. "Some of the guys have a pair of cowboy boots with an umbrella over them, and it's raining," says Rubano. "I don't even know what that means."

When Rubano is looking for more inspiration to keep him out of the tattoo chair, he doesn't need to look further than the skin of drummer Mark O'Connell. "Mark has horrible tattoos," says Reyes in his distinctly Long Island accent. "He has what we call the stinky can of tuna. It's supposed to be a flaming snare drum, but it looks like a tuna can with a smell coming out of it. He also has a nine-volt battery for the Metallica song 'Battery.' He knows that's not what they meant, but we dig into him about it all the time."

Over time, fans have graduated from posting the band's lyrics on their AIM profiles and MySpace pages to having them etched into their skin. "There's a guy we have become friendly with named Rudy who transcribed the bass solo from the song 'Carpathia' and got the musical notation and the lyrics tattooed on his arm," Rubano says. "It kind of blew my mind when I saw it. It was a really heavy thing to see."

"I've met married couples who, for a wedding present to each other, get lyrics tattooed on them," says Reyes. "The husband will get the first half of a line on his back and the wife will get the second half."

The guys are typically flattered, if not a bit worried. "One girl came to a







signing with a huge picture of Adam with a microphone tattooed across her entire side," says Reyes. "It must have been 20 hours of work. He was honored, but a little worried about when she has kids in the future and she has to explain her tattoo about a crappy band she liked when she was a teenager."

That kind of fanaticism comes along with the level of success TBS is currently enjoying. "It has been a really long and steady road for us," says Rubano. "There was no moment when all of a sudden the band was everywhere. It has been a real steady incline of accomplishments. We're still kind of the biggest little band that no one has heard of."

Even if not many mall-dwellers have heard of TBS, they've definitely heard their music, since the band's songs have been featured in Transformers 2: for it-Taking Back Sunday's Grilled Chicken and Sausage Quesadilla.

While having a quesadilla named after your band is clearly a benefit of being on a major label, their transition from Victory Records to Warner Bros. has come with advantages that don't involve cilantro-lime ranch sauce. "The general consensus is that the indie is the good guy and the major is the big, bad corporate guy," says Rubano. "But in our case, it was the exact opposite."

Their new spot also allows them more time to focus on charity work. Every year, the band creates customized holiday cards, with the sales proceeds going to various cancer-focused charities. The band also recently played a show to benefit a New Orleans children's hospital. "It's something we all personally think is really important. The support from the label helps, but it's something we



Revenge of the Fallen, Spider-Man 2, Fantastic Four, and other blockbusters. If anything, New Again is the TBS album that rock fans need to hear. They've stripped out the melodrama and smoothed the rawness, leaving the newest batch of songs sounding like a straight-up pop-rock record. Every chorus is huge, as if written in anticipation of an arena performance-even if the band isn't quite there yet.

"The real TBS fans can hear the growth and development in the band and can feel where we're going with it," says Rubano. "The music on this record was written naturally and organically. It came out of us pretty effortlessly."

While many other bands are still settling for selling T-shirts and hoodies, TBS has branched out in all kinds of surprisingly innovative and even delicious ways. Hungry fans can head into their local Denny's after 10 p.m. and pick up one of two TBS-themed menu items: the Taking Back Bacon Burger Fries and-get ready would be doing no matter what," Rubano explains.

That attitude has helped them maintain some of the indie cred associated with being on a smaller label. Unfortunately, they haven't been able to shake the now-dreaded emo label that latched onto them after their first album. "That word is the bane of our existence," says Rubano. "Emo stopped having anything to do with music years ago as far as we're concerned. It's something you buy at the fucking mall now. It's all about having a stupid haircut and wearing supertight jeans."

While there are definitely TBS fans who fit that description to a white-belted T, the band still wishes they could get over the label. "We consider ourselves a rock band because that gives us the most latitude," says Rubano. "If I read a review of New Again and it uses the word emo, that's a surefire sign to me that this asshole didn't even listen to the record." M







PHOTOS BY ALEXANDER THOMPSON STYLED BY ANA STONE

Crystal Barnidge knows how to move her body. Of course, it helps that this petite Texan gal has been dancing since she was 3. In fact, it's what led her to relocate to New York City at 18. There, she studied at the Martha Graham School of Contemporary Dance with the hopes of following in the footsteps of her idols. But along the way, her knee gave out and she had to rethink everything. So these days, this hot 22-year-old spends her time figuring out a new performing arts-related path at a local college, working at the sultry lingerie shop Agent Provocateur, and, of course, getting inked.

YOU'RE AN ENGLISH MAJOR. WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE BOOK? Right now I'm reading Truman Capote's Answered Prayers, but my favorite author is Roberto Bolaño. I just read 2666. I love his writing. He's one of the really great Latino poets.

ARE YOU LATINA? I'm half Mexican and half white. My features have this general ethnic look so no one can pinpoint what I am off the bat. San Antonio has a very large Latino base, so everyone assumes you're Mexican. Here in New York there are all sorts of ethnicities, so no one makes that assumption. But the one thing that I miss, coming from San Antonio, is a good breakfast taco place!

DID YOUR EXPERIENCE WORKING AT AGENT PROVOCATEUR HELP YOU ON THE INKED PHOTO SHOOT? I'm comfortable being in panties because, as a dancer, they put you in some of the craziest stuff.

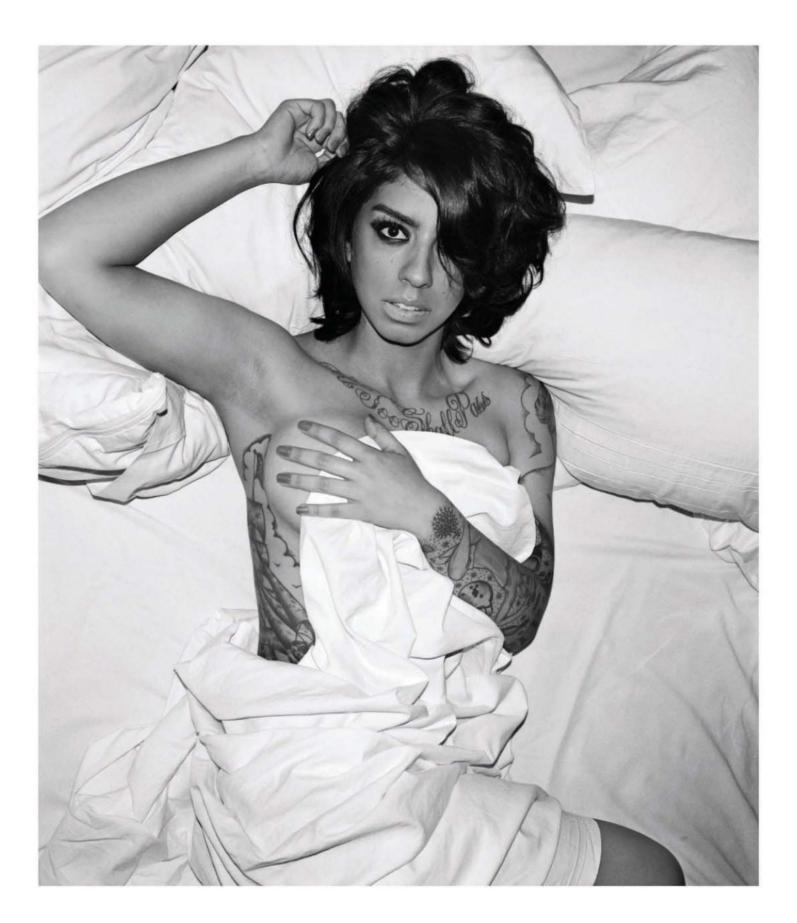
LIKE? I remember one time me and five or six other dancers were all trying to fight for this big red sweater onstage. Our legs were in the arms, someone was tangled in it, and we were in these skintight nude bodysuits. For the same choreographer I once also had to be body painted.

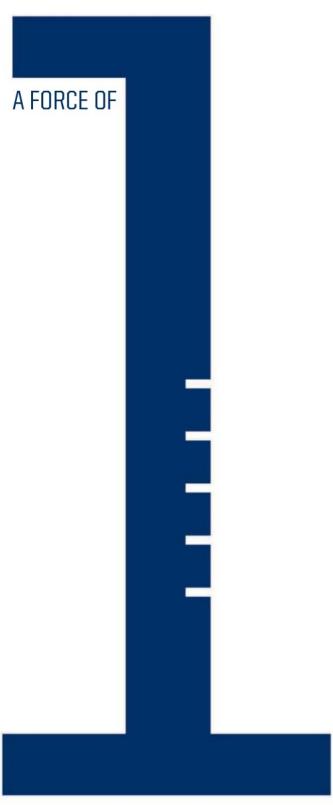
THAT'S SORT OF SIMILAR TO GETTING TATTOOED. WHAT INSPIRED YOUR FIRST TATTOO? My stepdad has traditional tattoos, and when I moved to New York, I worked at Urban Outfitters and there was a guy there, John Mohawk, who was learning how to be a tattoo artist. I told him I wanted a Colt .45 because I'm a big fan of spaghetti westerns and Texas. He's like, "I want to do it."

WHY DID YOU GO THE TRADITIONAL ROUTE? I've only gotten my tattoos done by John Mohawk [Three Kings Tattoo, Brooklyn, NY]. I really dug his style. But when I got the three Vargas girls on my arm, I told him not to take any freedom with them. Vargas is my favorite pinup illustrator. I love that culture. I like the pomp and circumstance of being a woman in the 1950s. I want to get my other rib done with a Mexican revolutionary soldier and this illustration from a pinup label called La Pachuca.

WHAT'S UP WITH YOUR CHEST PIECE? The chest one was cathartic. I was really confused with my career, I was meeting bad people, and I had just broken up with this guy. I really needed someone to talk to. So I called my mother. She is very religious and told me the biblical story from which "This too shall pass" originated. I held on to that mantra. I remember when I went to get it, John was like, "Are you sure you want to get this on your chest forever?" He'd always joked around about me getting watermelons on my chest. I'm like, "It's better than your idea!" [Laughs.] -Rebecca Swanner







PHOTOS BY MICHAEL DWORNIK STYLED BY RISA KNIGHT PAGE 64



English Laundry blue vest; Levi's jeans.







DKNY gray jacket and white shirt; Levi's plaid pants; Lost Art black belt; Converse black sneakers; Bailey black hat.







Rock & Republic jeans; English Laundry black belt; Spragwerks silver necklace, Trash & Vaudeville.

Model: Jonathan Kroppmann at RED NYC Grooming: Sacha Harford at TheArtistLoftNyc.com using Umi hair products and Korres makeup Location: Root Brooklyn, Brooklyn, NY



Chris "Ludacris" Bridges

The rapper-turned-actor-turned-Gamer is out to conquer the world and-what the hell-set the record straight about Jeremy Piven's mercury poisoning while he's at it.

BY ERIC ALT PHOTOS BY KEVIN OU @ THE LOYALTY CREATIVE

If you can talk financial experts off the ledge long enough to ask them the key to a successful future, they'll almost all say the same thing: "You've got to diversify." It's a philosophy that few have embraced as earnestly as the rap community, and few have done it so thoroughly and successfully as Christopher "Ludacris" Bridges. Multiplatinum records? Sure. Critically acclaimed hit movies? Okay, great. Restaurants, charitable organizations. and his very own brand of cognac? You've officially hit "above and beyond."

"It's smarter to branch out. You have a whole new generation of people who are basically entrepreneurs instead of just being rappers," he says. "It's important because we are a brand, and we are a business." This month, he stars alongside Gerard Butler in the video game-based thriller Gamer. With business savvy and mic skills in his arsenal, and God on his side (as well as on his arm), there's no doubt Ludacris will be blowing up cineplexes, radios, and high-end drinking establishments for a long time. No matter what Bill O'Reilly has to say about it.

INKED: How many tattoos do you have?

CHRISTOPHER BRIDGES: I don't really have that many tattoos. I only have three. And it's crazy because I've been meaning to get more, but my life has sped up so rapidly that I'm finding it hard. I know it sounds crazy, but I hardly ever find the time. My tattoos are pretty self-explanatory. One is the Disturbing Tha Peace symbol, which is my record company. It's the original symbol that I trademarked when I was, like, 19 years old. So that goes around my left arm. And above that are some praying hands, which is just about praying before you go to sleep and when you wake up every day, and thanking God for everything that I have and how fortunate I am because prayer saves, and prayer is very important. And on my right arm there's a cross with a face that's my perception of what Jesus looks like. So it's a black Jesus in the middle of a cross. And those are my three tattoos, man.

Which one did you get first? The very first tattoo I ever got? Damn. [Laughs.] I think the praying hands was the very first one I got, if I'm not mistaken.

Do you remember what inspired you to get it? I was probably, like, 18 years old. And it was just the symbolism of where I felt like I was going and how I knew I got an early start on life and just being thankful. The first step in trying to achieve is having gratitude for where you're at in the present point in time. So I think it had a lot to do with that—knowing that prayer is important.

How were you in the chair? Everybody kind of overexaggerates how painful it is. So when I got in the chair I found it to be a little painful but nowhere near as painful as people will try to make it out to be. So I was a man about it. And I think when it's on your arm it's a little easier as opposed to when it's up against a bone, from what I hear. I haven't had any tattoos where it's up against a bone-I'm sure that hurts more. So where there's a little bit of flesh and some meat, it didn't hurt as much. It just felt like a little needle and somebody trying to stick it in you a whole bunch of times. It hurt a little bit, but it didn't hurt that bad.

Did you get them all done at the same place, by the same person? The tattoos that I have were done about eight years ago. In Decatur, Georgia. Two of them were in Decatur, and it's been so long I don't even remember the name of the place. But if I were to get some more, I would love to go to that legendary dude, Mister Cartoon. I've seen a lot of his work and I'm a fan.

Have you seen anybody with a really shitty Ludacris tattoo? Man, if somebody has a Ludacris tattoo, nothing is shitty about it. [Laughs.]

Are there any kinds of tattoos you think, as a rule of thumb, are almost always a bad idea? Yeah, I always say putting someone's name on your body that you've started a relationship with. A lot of people do that when they're in love and they kind of fall out of love with that person-I just see a lot of people, women and men, regretting that they got somebody's name and trying to change it. I would definitely say that would be the number one thing. You really need to wait a little while before you get somebody's name on your body unless you really know you want to stay with them for the rest of your life. And the point at which you usually make the decision to get the tattoo, you don't know if you want to stay with that person for the rest of your life.

It's been said that you used to hit up house parties when you were 3. Is that true? Yeah-my parents had me when they went to the University of Illinois, at Champaign, and there were, like, house parties and stuff, and they would bring me. I have pictures and stuff from it. I remember it was just me trying to be like I fit in, you know? Like I was the life of the party. Everybody would be paying attention to me.

A born entertainer. Exactly. That's exactly what I was trying to get at.





"I saw [Bill O'Reilly] at the White House Correspondents' Dinner and I walked up on him and we had a brief conversation. ... I just went up to him and I said, 'I wanted to meet the man who has so much to say about me but knows absolutely nothing about me.' That's how the conversation started."

Do you see acting as a natural bridge from rapping, or did it happen more randomly than that? I see it as a natural bridge, because when we're doing videos, it's a form of acting. We're acting out the words that we've already written. So the next logical step would be to go ahead and start acting.

Your music and your videos are always done with a sense of humor. Did that make it easier to do comedies like Fred Claus? I've always been a fan of comedy, ever since I was growing up. Before I was even able to curse, I always watched Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy Raw and all these different kinds of comedies. I guess you could say a part of me is always a very humorous side, and I love to laugh. Apart from my music being comedic, I also felt like I wanted to do a comedy. But Fred Claus was more for my daughter to get a kick out of-which she does. I wanted to do a kid-friendly movie for her.

What did you learn from Hustle & Flow? I didn't want to play a rapper at first, but John Singleton kind of begged me up and down-wanted me to read the script and really consider it. I learned not to think in stereotypes about certain roles because if it's about playing a person I may not want to play, I should still try and understand it and get into it. I learned not to be pessimistic about certain roles until I'd really read the role and [figured out] the personality.

Is going one-on-one with an experienced actor like Terrence Howard intimidating, or does it make things easier? Makes it easier for me. Because when you have someone giving you the energy you need in order to reciprocate it, it's always a good thing. Any time there's a great actor it's easier in my opinion, because if you have a terrible actor and you're trying to feed off of them you can't get any reciprocation.

Care to name names? I've been lucky enough to be in scenes with a lot of great actors. I can't recall a time when I wasn't. In RocknRolla I was with Jeremy Piven in most of my scenes, in Crash I was with Terrence Howard and Larenz Tate, in Hustle & Flow I was with Terrence Howard, in Fred Claus I was with Vince Vaughn... So to be honest with you, if I could tell you about a terrible actor, I would. [Laughs.]

In Hustle & Flow you had to play drunk, which is hard to do well. Just to give you an inside tip, all you got to do is spin yourself around a couple of times right before they call action. It'll give you the same effect.

What was the set of RocknRolla like? It seems like Guy Ritchie keeps things light. It was a light set, and he'll tell you himself that writing a script is fairly hard, then from that point it gets easier. So he already has in his mind exactly how he wants things to play out. So as a director he is extremely on point and focused and very opinionated, and I think that makes it easier sometimes. When he knows exactly what he wants. And it just flows a lot quicker.

So how did you get involved in a British gangster film? Guy Ritchie specifically wanted me for the part. He called and I was like, Hell yeah, because I'm a Guy Ritchie fan-from Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels and Snatch.

You seemed to have an easy rapport with Jeremy Piven. Did you guys know each other before or did that just happen on the set? No, we had just met, man. But whenever I start shooting a movie and I know I'm going to have scenes with somebody, I try to hang out with them and get to know them so that the chemistry is already there once we do scenes together. But Jeremy is a real down-to-earth person, and I still talk to him today. I remember telling his ass to stop eating so much damn fish all the time. [Laughs.] When that thing happened with the mercury [poisoning], he hit me and said, "You were the one to tell me to stop eating all that damn fish." And I was like, "I told you, man!" [Laughs.] He'd be eating fish for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

So that was true? A lot of people thought he was making up the mercury poisoning thing. I'm telling you, as his friend trying to look out for him, when he was around me, he definitely OD'd on fish.

You also did the video game-based movie Max Payne. And now there's Gamer. How much of a gamer are you? I don't really have time to be a gamer, but I used to be a hell of a gamer back in the day. But it was about getting a lot of versatility on my résumé. Did the action flicks, did comedy, did drama-so I'm just trying to make sure that, before I get that starring role, that I feel like I got my feet wet.

Now, the guys who directed Gamer also did the Crank movies. Is this going to be as bat shit as those were? Oh, hell yeah. They're cutting-edge. They have an unorthodox way of directing and I love it. It's just a whole new, young, fresh energy to directing, so absolutely. It's Crank on steroids.

Do you have your sights on the ideal starring role? I wouldn't know until it came, man. But generally speaking, it would be something that is completely outside of the character people know me as. So I'll be able to surprise everybody by doing something totally unexpected.

In addition to music and acting, you also have your own brand of cognac coming out, right? Yeah, it's called Conjure. I actually went to Cognac, France, and blended it myself along with a master blender from my business partners, Birkedal Hartmann. They've been in business since, like, the 1800s. I just wanted it to be an experience, because I know that there are other entertainers coming out with liquors. But in my opinion there hasn't been a new cognac in a very, very long time. And I'm not saying this just because I blended it, but it is phenomenal.

A while back, you had a war of words with Bill O'Reilly. Do you ever regret engaging in those kinds of fights? They seem to be a no-win. I never regret anything that I do. It always makes you a stronger person. But with Bill O'Reilly, a lot of people don't know, I saw him at the White House Correspondents' Dinner and I walked up on him and we had a brief conversation. And it actually led to some good. Exactly what happened and what was spoken about I can't necessarily disclose, but I can say we talked about my foundation-the Ludacris Foundation. And after all this time of him saying all these things, I just went up to him and I said, "I wanted to meet the man who has so much to say about me but knows absolutely nothing about me." That's how the conversation started. And I think he gained a new appreciation for who I am, and now we're trying to work toward doing some positive things.

Finally, does it suck that your birthday is September 11? Not at all, man. I celebrate my birthday the whole month of September, so just that one day doesn't ruin anything for me. M

PHOTOS BY STEVE SHAW STYLED BY RISA KNIGHT







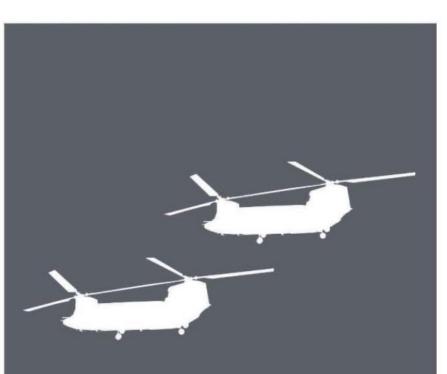












THE ALT TARE OF TARE

When Private First Class Marcos Sierra joined the U.S. Army, he didn't expect to be fighting his way across Iraq while tattooing the band of brothers around him. *Hooah*.

BY CHAUNCEY HOLLINGSWORTH
PORTRAIT PHOTOS BY SHANE MCCAULEY







From top: Spc. Christopher West in the back of the troop's Stryker at Fort Lewis: Pfc. Marcos Sierra tattoos Sqt. Ronni Grant at Fort Lewis.



pproaching Fort Lewis on highway I-5 just outside of Tacoma, WA, beneath relentless sheets of rain and a steel-gray sky, you could forget that you're driving to an army base. Just off the highway, the massive ranks of pine trees open onto the façade of a fort circa 1849. It's the visitors' entrance, a massive open gate set in a stone wall flanked by two "guard towers" with a ceremonial cannon standing sentry. The effect is more quaint than menacing.

Then you feel a low rumble in the air, a bass percussion that vibrates from far beyond the trees. It doesn't grow louder so much as stronger, resonating deep in your chest, as a black Chinook helicopter arcs across the sky, huge and faceless and grim as only military hardware can be. It moves under the clouds, dual propellers pounding, as the air around it shudders and deforms. Then you remember that America is at war and this is the third largest army base in the country. On the other side of that wall sit more than 30,000 soldiers and several tons of heavy weaponry ready for hard combat. There's nothing quaint about it.

This is where U.S. Army Pfc. Marcos Sierra lives, works, trains, and tattoos. The helicopter is just like the one 29-year-old Sierra and the other soldiers in the 2-1 Cavalry deploy on missions in Iraq. And the road that brought him here is as dusty and windswept as any in Basra.

"The first time I went over to Iraq, I was scared shitless," says Sierra, driving his Ford Explorer down the road that leads to his barracks. "It's two in the morning, it's raining, all my gear on, my weapon-and everything is just quiet. No one is talking, everyone is ready and focused, and I'm freaking out and pray-

ing. I started asking God, my uncles, my grandfather, and those who have passed for strength, guidance, and to be with me everywhere I go. I wasn't religious before, but every time I went on missions. I had to be."

Thickset and Hispanic, Sierra has the easygoing air of a high school friend, a regular guy in a T-shirt featuring artwork by tattooer Nikko Hurtado, nice jeans, and immaculate white kicks who makes self-deprecating comments about his ride. He is a mixture of tidiness and street wisdom, a clean-cut, responsible thug. A tattoo of two yellow roses on his forearm flanks a blue star with the outline of Texas burning through the center. A buxom pinup cowgirl smiles from the ditch of his arm onto his biceps. He tells stories casually, punctuating them with swears at just the right moments.

"My first mission was an assault mission," he says. "Everything was quiet. It's pretty loud on the Chinook helicopter but you've got earplugs in because you don't want to fuck up your ears if you come out of the plane firing. It's so dark in there that everybody's got their night vision goggles on, NVGs, and all you see is green in the plane. Then they'll say, really loud, 'Two minutes!' Everybody starts grabbing their shit. Then, 'One minute!' And then we're all like, Fuck, here we go."

The Chinook slams to the ground and the soldiers prepare to charge into the darkness without any idea of what is waiting for them. Then the hatch door drops.

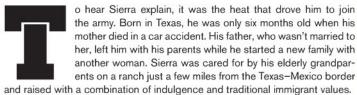
"We don't know if people are going to be waiting for us just spraying us as soon as we get down there. Once the hatch door comes down, everybody hauls ass and pulls security around the Chinook. As soon as the last guy's out, the helicopter's already taking off. We're trying to get our minds collected because you've got all this dirt and debris flying in your face, and it's dark because you've got those stupid NVGs on. You hear the commander and other guys on radios but it's quiet out in the field. All you hear is fucking crickets, and it's hot and humid as fuck. You're breathing heavy, you've got your adrenaline pumping, but you just hear dogs barking in the distance. And then you hear the voices yelling from the earpieces, 'We got contact on this side!"









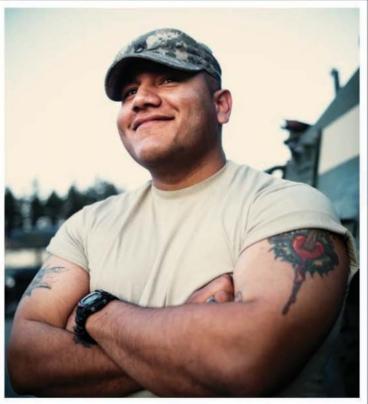


"I didn't really get any guidance because they adored me-they gave me everything I wanted," says Sierra. "I was getting Social Security from my mom's death, so anytime I needed something they'd go to town." He was spoiled but with old-school values; new shoes were bought three sizes too big, to grow into, and were always taken off after school. "Are you familiar with the comedian George Lopez? The way that he grew up is pretty much exactly the way I grew up."

Largely unsupervised, Sierra ran wild, spray-painting in his grandfather's shed, lighting things on fire, and breaking his toys. "I was kind of a bad little kid," he says with a sly smile. Hanging out with cousins who were "cholos and gangsters," he became acquainted with the artistic expressions of Latin gang culture, a lexicon ready-made for tattooing.

"By the age of 6, I already knew how to draw the whole Old English alphabet because I'd seen them do it all the time," says Sierra. "I knew how to draw roses and ribbons, so all my girlfriends always had decorated love letters. I'd seen my cousins doing tattoos but they used homemade guns, with a little motor and Indian ink."

Moving in with his birth dad was never an option. "In south Texas, if you



Clockwise from top left: Sierra tattooing Sgt. David "Big Papa" Bokor; Sierra tattooing Sgt. Zac "W.D.S.T." Darras; Sierra; Staff Sgt. Robert "Nighthawk" Ayers.

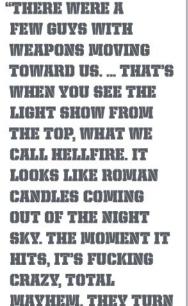
don't work for the school district or work for the city, you're dealing [drugs], so that's what he got into doing." Sierra's father spent the majority of his time with his other family, reappearing only when Sierra landed in trouble. "He'd come

around and bitch me out if I was suspended from school, or he'd come and whip my ass. Other than that I didn't really talk to him."

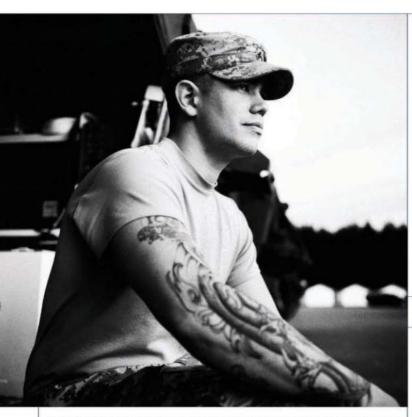
In 1990, after spending the better part of a year hiding out in Mexico from U.S. law enforcement, Sierra's father returned to south Texas to visit his family. Sierra made an effort to spend the weekend with him. "We got up on Sunday morning and started giving the dog a bath, and next thing you know there are eight cop cars speeding up in the back, five in the front. raiding the house. Someone had told them that he was there."

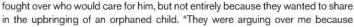
While Sierra and his siblings, ages 9 to 12 at the time, watched the action, officers stormed the house, "I guess they thought there was going to be some real shooting going down. He was a pretty big player at

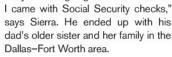
That would be the last time Sierra saw his father outside of federal custody. A different kind of custody battle kicked off when Sierra's grandparents passed away. His extended family



INTO RED CLOUDS."







By then accustomed to the volatility of being uprooted, Sierra had become a sharp observer, a survivor absorbing knowledge from his environment. Following his south Texan cousins, he had already learned to tattoo, building his first rudimentary tattoo gun from a motor and guitar string at the age of 12.

"I just started tattooing on myself, poking around to see what it felt like," he says. "This is back when I was in gangs down in south Texas. We were called the South Side 13. So I started tattooing those guys. Back then there was no stencil paper, no carbon paper. I'd just draw with a pen first and then tattoo it. I did a lot of single-needle work at that time."

Though he had artistic talent-he was offered a scholarship to the Dallas Art Institute that was later revoked because of bad attendance and a disciplinary record—he says he never passed art class. In high school, he worked at a Six Flags amusement park as an airbrush artist, honing his skill drawing portraits. After gradua-





From left: Sgt. Travis "Dragon" Hoops; Sgt. Mo's memorial tattoo of his brother who was killed in action in Iraq last year, done by Sierra; Day of the Dead portrait for Pvt. Jerimiah Fenix, done by Sierra.

tion, he found an apartment but not a direction.

One day while out job-hunting, he visited a local tattoo shop to get an estimate on a portrait he wanted. "They asked if I had an example so I went out to my car and grabbed a canvas that I had airbrushed," he says. "They were like, Holy shit, do you want a job?" The 17-year-old Sierra was hired on as an apprentice under Dale Livingston, a 75-year-old tattooer. "He was an oldschool guy so I learned a lot of old-school techniques-all single needle. He didn't use mags; all he used were rounds, so I had to adapt to that."

Though his newfound profession brought perks-"Going out to clubs and drinking at 17, hanging out with the local scene, everyone knowing you"-he was doing more flash than custom work, and money was sporadic.

"Tattooing wasn't as big as it is now," he says. "It wasn't accepted. Now you have all these reality shows, Miami Ink, LA Ink, but back then you had those times of the year where you didn't really do much. Constantly sitting at a shop getting fat until someone came in took its toll. Lots of times I was broke and had to pay the rent, and I'm thinking, Fuck, I gotta make money."

He cycled through jobs: chef, personal trainer, fueling private planes at an airfield. He did sports paintings, mostly portraits of Texas Rangers and Dallas Cowboys players that he sold or donated for charity. And he played baseball regularly, a passion he'd pursued since Little League. He befriended Ray Burris, a former major league player, who placed calls to teams on his behalf.

He got married. (Or as he puts it, "This girl came in, I got distracted, and we got married.") He was 24 and she was 10 years his senior. They moved to her hometown of Odessa in west Texas. He was working as a chef when fate called in the form of the Texas Rangers. The team's bullpen catcher had torn his rotator cuff and they needed a replacement. How soon could he come in to be measured for a uniform?

He'd be paid \$120 for each home game and \$190 for each away game, with the players tipping him out at the end of each game and at the end of the year. The position would only last through the end of the season. After that, his future with the team would be up in the air. But most importantly, he'd have a foot in the door of the major league system.

He went straight home to discuss it with his wife. She hated the idea, especially the prospect that the family would be leaving home for \$190 a game. "My heart broke," Sierra remembers. "I was so upset. Why do you think I played baseball my whole life? To one day get into the pro system." He called the Rangers and told them the bad news. His marriage ended three months later.

He moved back to Fort Worth with nothing but his truck and his tattoo equipment and found work at a friend's pizza restaurant. On weekends, he did



SERGEANT ACTUALLY ORDERED WE TO GET MY [TATTOO WACHINE BACK FROM THE STATES. **SO I CALLED** WY FAMILY THEY SENT WY STUFF OVER. AND HE WAS THE FIRST ONE I TATTOOED."





Clockwise from top left: Pvt. Joey Adreano's tattoo from Sierra; Sierra tattooing good friend Spc. Michael Darbonnier, who was shot in Iraq shortly after this photo was taken-he survived and they finished the piece after returning to Fort Lewis; Spc. William McDowel; Sgt. Zac Darras.



graffiti writing at flea markets and custom airbrush work on cars and trucks. He worked as an assistant builder, dealing with contractors and city inspectors. And then he experienced a moment of reckoning: He would pursue another high school dream.

"I was in my truck, sitting outside, it was hot as hell and I'm in Plano, Texas, and I'm like, Man, this sucks," he says. "I'm making money and it's okay, but it's not what I enjoy doing."

Without telling his family, Sierra started working out and then met with an army recruiter. "I thought I could put my life to something meaningful. I didn't tell my family until the day before I went to basic training."

Nine weeks later, he had gone from 240 to 205 pounds and was wearing a uniform. He spent two weeks on leave with his family and spent another two weeks at Fort Lewis before boarding a plane to Iraq. There, in the desert sands thousands of miles from anything he'd known, he would rediscover his love of tattooing amid the terrifying intensity of war.



ack at Fort Lewis, Sierra flips through a stack of photos from his time overseas. He pauses at a shot of several men from his squadron around a ruined building with white sky in the background. "Flying into this village, we knew that something was going on," he says. "When we got there, we started hearing gunshots. We thought we were getting fired on so we started shooting back. We lit it up! All you saw were tracer rounds in the middle of the night. Next thing you know, it's quiet. We started to move in, and as soon as we got to this building, we kicked in the doors, doing security, and it's a fucking massacre. An Iraqi torture house: probably eight or nine bodies that were being held captive by insurgents. Iraqi townsmen and young guys they thought might have connections with our forces. They shot 'em all to hell, blood everywhere. The gunshots we heard were these guys getting killed. It was crazy.'

Sierra's job is to select targets for air strikes. He describes the pitchblack nights and the AWT-air weapons team-an Apache and a Blackhawk helicopter that circle battle zones, ready to attack targets. Then he describes the devastation they bring.

"There were a few guys with weapons moving toward us, and that's when they give the command, go ahead and spray 'em. That's when you see the light show from the top, what we call hellfire. It looks like Roman candles coming out of the night sky. The moment it hits, it's fucking crazy, total mayhem," Sierra says, imitating the roar of the blast so it sounds like a stadium cheer. "They turn into red clouds."

Sometimes the squadron isn't so lucky. One of Sierra's friends was shot through the shin, breaking his leg, just as he exited the Blackhawk. Another was shot through the arm, blowing out his biceps. Sierra shakes his head. "It can get pretty bad."

Along the way, soldiers photograph it all: the stray dogs, the IED explosions, and sometimes, the corpses. After prayer, forensic curiosity and gallows humor keep things in perspective.

"There was a floating dead body that had been rotten for a while, all bloated, the skin peeling off, the back of his face looking like it was just hanging. We called him Skeletor."







Clockwise from above: Sierra works on a full sleeve for Spc. Christopher West at Fort Lewis; Elvis Presley tattoo for Spc. Donal Brown; Sgt. David Bokor shows off his black-and-gray rose rib piece last year after returning from Iraq.

He doesn't have trouble sleeping like he used to. Not like back in Iraq when it was impossible to tell if rifle and mortar fire was outgoing or incoming. "One time I was sleeping, and all I remember is someone yelling, 'Sierra, get the fuck up!' All of the sudden we're hauling ass out of the tents with all our gear in our hands, and all you hear is URRRRRRR!, and it's a mortar round coming in. By the time we're clearing out, we've got radar at brigade level that's already detected where that came from, so they just start blasting shit, five, six rounds. Boom! Boom! Boom!

Time not spent on missions was time spent waiting for something to happen. During the long hours of downtime, Sierra would draw. His growing reputation as an artist led to an encounter with a sergeant who wanted to know if Sierra also tattooed. "He asked, 'You got your shit with you?' I said I didn't know there'd be time to do stuff like that around here, and he said, 'Fuck yeah! We'll set you up with a little spot.'"

With the support of higher-ups in the field, Sierra started tattooing his fellow soldiers. "That sergeant actually ordered me to get my stuff back from the States," Sierra says. "So I called my family, they sent my stuff over, and he was the first one I tattooed."

Boredom, unspent paychecks, and combat fatigue did the rest. "Boy, as soon as people heard that gun, everybody was pulling out money. There were times where that was all I was doing for days and days! Sometimes the staff sergeant wouldn't make me go on a certain patrol so he or one of his buddies could get tattooed. I was tattooing my ass off."

Sometimes Sierra tattooed straight through the day until 2 or 3 a.m. Fellow soldiers would bring him chow so he could eat in his tent. "It'd be pitch black and there'd be this little bulb on with my tattoo gun going, Neeee. All you hear is this buzzing. Nobody ever said shit to me about the noise because everybody wanted to get tattooed."

The medic captain was impressed with Sierra's work and liked that it boosted morale, so he volunteered to fly in whatever Sierra needed. (He

pays for his own supplies.) Though the setting is hardly ideal for tattooing, the supplies and gloves were prepackaged and sterile. Sand sometimes collected in the doorway of his tent, but with precautions and common sense, Sierra's tattoos healed without any problems.

Contrary to popular belief, a tattoo will not disqualify you for a rank promotion. "I know this because I've tattooed some bigwigs in the military, like colonels, commanders, lieutenants, officers. These high-rank guys, they're normal guys, regular dudes. It's funny because I've got commanders coming up to me and guys you're supposed to stand at attention to and salute, and of course I salute them but then they shake my hand and pat me on the back."

Soldiers weren't the only ones getting tattooed. "I actually tattooed an Iraqi interpreter," Sierra says. "It was, I guess, his family crest. It was a golden peacock. It almost looked like a turkey. He gave me this pendant and he kept telling me it was a peacock. I was like, It looks like a fucking turkey. Finally, I told him, 'Okay, I'm going to draw exactly what you have right there.' And I put it on him. Surprisingly he didn't move or nothing."

Other Iragis failed to convince Sierra to tattoo them, including a teenage helper at the Combat Outpost Blackfoot in Diyala, roughly 60 miles north of Baghdad. "He was just the help at that little base, which is no bigger than this building, but he'd clean, sweep, run errands. If we were barbecuing and we didn't have any buns for bratwurst, we'd make him get us falafel bread. We'd give him some money, have him grab us some smokes and bread, whatever we need from the Iraqi town."

The young gofer obsessed over Sierra's tattoo machine. "The anguishing thing was that I didn't understand shit of what he was saying so it was just hand gestures and stuff." The boy found an interpreter to tell Sierra that he wanted to be tattooed. Sierra refused, claiming the boy was too young. "I know there's no law over there, but I don't want him to get his ass beat by his parents, because I know over there it's way different."

Clockwise from left: flag portrait on Sgt. Josh "Sandman" Collins, completed by Sierra; staff photo on Stryker at Fort Lewis. Top row, from left: Sgt. Zac Darras, Sgt. Donal Brown, Sgt. Travis Hoops. Bottom row, from left: Staff Sgt. Robert Ayers, Sierra, Spc. William McDowel





"TVE GOT A PIECE THAT I SHOW EVERY-**BODY, JUST A HEART WITH A CROSS AND** THORNS WITH MY **EX-WIFE'S NAME, AND** I SAY. THIS IS WHY YOU DON'T GET A **CHICK'S NAME! IT'S FUNNY BECAUSE NOW** THAT'S WHAT I CALL MY WEAPON, MY M4. CYNTHIA. YEAH, THIS IS THE WEANEST BITCH RIGHT HERE YOU DON'T WANT TO PISS HER OFF!"



ierra's room in the Fort Lewis barracks looks more like a professional tattoo shop with a bunk bed. Inks and tubes stand at attention as if waiting for inspection. Concentrating as he wields the buzzing rig, he connects a previous black-and-gray flame piece on a customer's forearm to a new phoenix screeching as it rises across his biceps and shoulder. The soundtrack is Queens of the Stone Age punctuated by bursts of semiautomatic rifle fire from a nearby range. An airbrushed Audrey Hepburn dominates the wall, her black-and-white realism startling against a backdrop of hot pink flames. A Vida Guerra pinup composition looks back from her canvas, her curves luscious and full, hair twisting and wild. Kat Von D and her flower-bikinied breasts stare down from a poster, a gift from one of his clients. A steady stream of young men with buzz cuts mill around the door, imagining their own epic pieces as they watch him work.

"It starts with one little piece, but now everybody who knows me wants full sleeves," Sierra laughs. "Our troop is probably the heaviest tattooed troop in all of the brigade. We almost look like a Harley gang."

He prefers Asian and Day of the Dead themes, but sometimes his pieces hit

closer to home. The most popular design is a pair of praying hands holding dog tags instead of a rosary. He regularly counsels against getting the name of a girlfriend or wife. "I've got a piece that I show everybody, just a heart with a cross and thorns with my ex-wife's name, and I say, 'This is why you don't get a chick's name.' It's funny because now that's what I call my weapon, my M4, Cynthia. Yeah, this is the meanest bitch right here, you don't want to piss her off!"

He acknowledges that after he redeploys to Iraq this fall, he might recognize one of his pieces for all the wrong reasons-on a fallen comrade. Other soldiers share his realization. "A morbid way of looking at that is, if you see a piece of somebody, they don't have any more problems," says Spc. Christopher West, one of Sierra's regular customers. "The only people who have problems are the families that are left behind. Not everybody here is as old as Sierra and myself. I'm sure a lot of the young kids aren't thinking like that."

"They're just thinking, It's badder than fuck, mayon!" Sierra says, doing a dead-on southern accent. "I feel a lot of responsibility to these guys. I don't charge crazy-ass prices." He points to his friend. "It's West, I'm with him all the time. We're going to be together again in Iraq. He's going to be watching my back. I'll be watching his. I'm not tattooing for the money." N

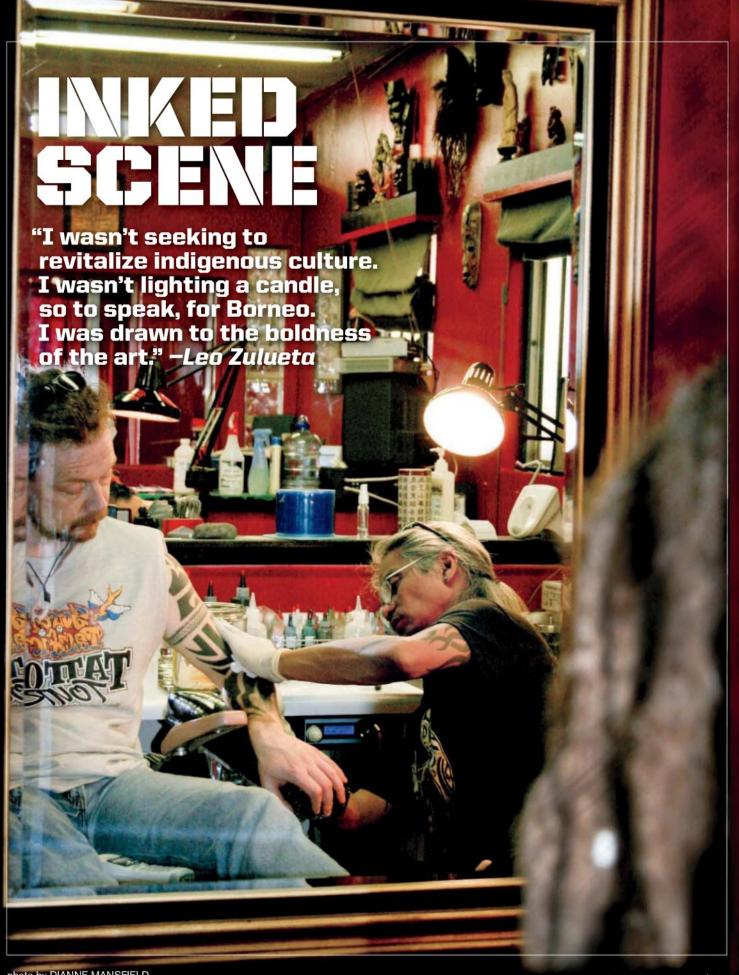


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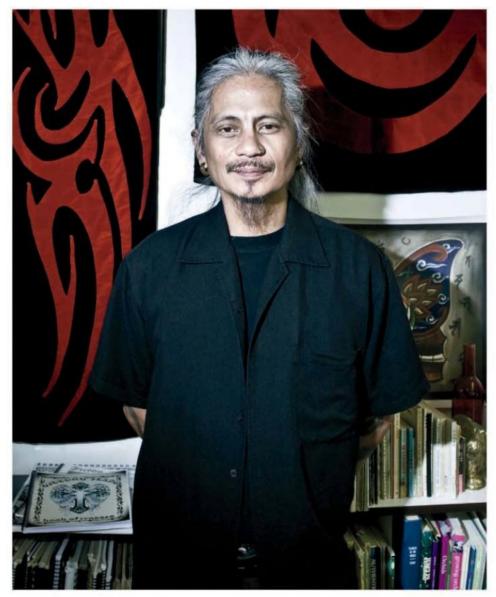
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inked scene | ICON



LEO ZULUETA

The godfather of modern tribal talks about his art and influences.

INKED: When were you first attracted to tattoos?

LEO ZULUETA: My family emigrated from the Philippines to the U.S. And growing up in Hawaii, I saw a lot of Filipino relatives with tattoos, which fascinated me.

Were they indigenous Filipino tattoos? They were actually western style, like faces of pinups, which were popular at the time. They weren't Filipino tribal tattoos.

How were you introduced to the tribal art that you're now known for? The main attraction was that I found it to be the biggest, boldest, blackest tattooing. I spent a lot of time in the library studying indigenous art. Even in high school, I'd look through books on Native American artifacts; I once even found a children's book on Hawaii that had tattoos in it. National Geographic was the greatest source of actual photos of tribal-style tattooing from Borneo, Polynesia, New Zealand. ... But I wasn't seeking to revital-

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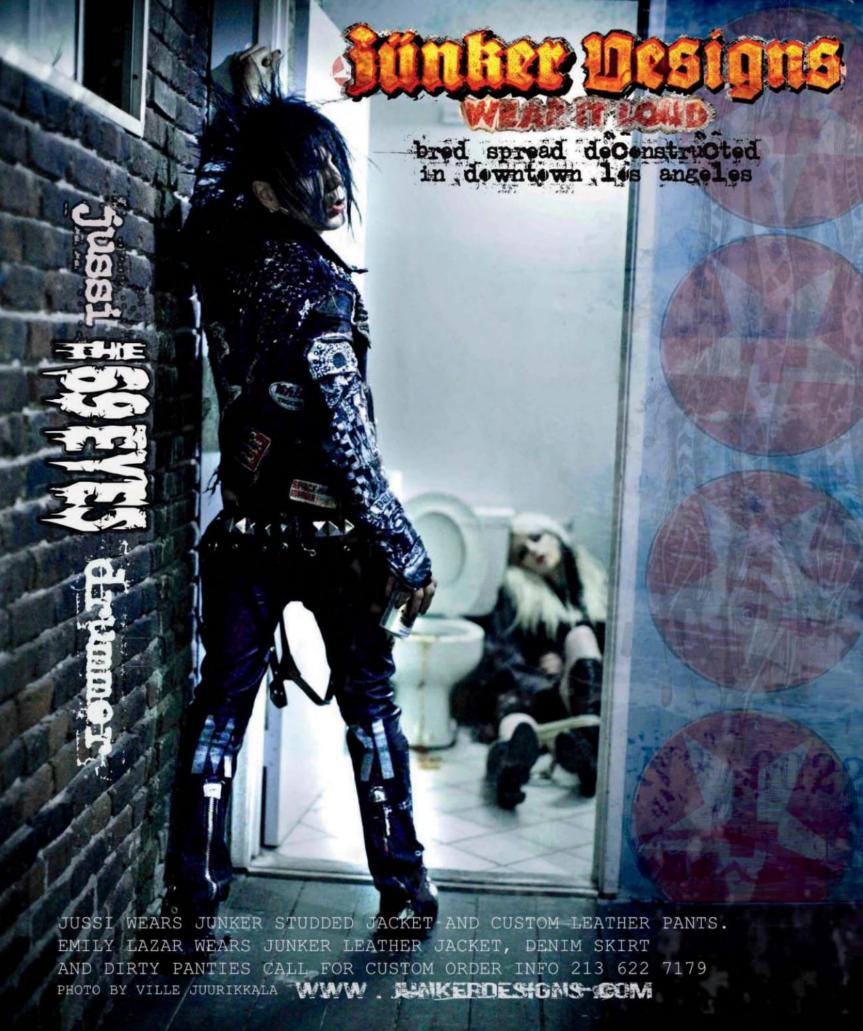
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ize indigenous culture. I wasn't lighting a candle, so to speak, for Borneo. I was drawn to the boldness of the art.

Let's talk about how you began your life as a tattooist. I'm joking, but I often say Ed Hardy tricked me into it. Ed was extremely encouraging. In 1977, I asked him to tattoo a small Borneoesque design inside my forearm. He insisted that I come up with the design myself and he would then tattoo it. He encouraged me to keep researching



inked scene | ICON



"I think it's obvious that it is disrespectful to copy a culture in any way and perform it irreverently. My works are recreations, and I do my best not to ever copy."



and studying the designs. I'd hate for this to sound arrogant, but Ed saw something in me, in the tattoo world. Ed continued to tattoo my designs on my arms and my back.

Around 1981, he encouraged me to participate in a local monthly art show at a tattoo shop in San Francisco. At the time, I was working at a printing place, so I would photocopy books and magazines that showed photos of indigenous tattooing and then show my own drawings inspired by them in conjunction. At one of the shows, Ed asked me if I would tattoo myself with one of my drawings, and I agreed. I did it at his Realistic Studio. I stenciled a scorpion on my calf and tattooed myself. I didn't intend to become a tattooer, but once I did the tattoo, that was it. That's why I say Ed tricked me into it. He knew.

What was it that clicked for you and made you decide to pursue tattooing? The excitement of not just seeing the tattoo on myself, but this style that I could really do on other people-a different style that didn't have a place in tattooing at the moment.

So it was really the tribal art itself that brought you to the craft? Yes. Absolutely.

Did you have a formal apprenticeship with Hardy? No-he would give me advice but I didn't have a formal apprenticeship. He'd loan me his studio when he was out of town so I could practice on my friends. I rode motorcycles in San Francisco, and my biker friends had no reservations about me learning on them. I essentially learned through trial and error, trying out different tools and techniques.

My first [professional] shop was Dean Dennis's place. At the time, several artists were working, like Chuck Eldridge, and as tattooers are famous for their shoptalk, I also picked up more there.

Then I went to Hawaii to work with Rollo [Mike "Rollo" Malone] in 1985 or 1986 and he was a big influence as well. ... I was doing tribal but I had great respect for the western Americana the studio was known for-carrying on Sailor Jerry's work. It's a difficult craft to get it simple, bold, and effective.

In fact, I just came back from Rollo's memorial. I'm honored to have known him and have work

Who else influenced your tattooing? Cliff Raven. In 1982, a lot of Cliff's customers had neotribal-although he didn't call it that-black,

graphic work, and that inspired me. I could imagine seeing more of that kind of tattooing. Also, Leo Brereton, who was a curator for Lyle Tuttle's Tattoo Museum in the mid-'70s. He had lived in Micronesia and had great books, particularly on Borneo.

Your style is not a copy but an interpretation of tribal cultures. Is that important? I think it's obvious that it's disrespectful to copy a culture in any way and perform it irreverently. My works are recreations, and I do my best not to ever copy.

And yet, many collectors and tattooists do copy indigenous tattoo work exactly. Less so today. I think there's more awareness and education now.

Let's talk about tattooing today. It's achieving heights of popularity in mainstream media, with a number of TV shows, one of which you were on: Tattoo Wars. What was that like? Tattoo Wars was fun. In the beginning, the directors were trying to see if they'd get me to say anything bad about Rory [Keating, his competitor on the show], but I wouldn't. He's a phenomenal artist. We had fun with it, filming the competition at the Seattle Convention.



inked scene | ICON

"Ed [Hardy] asked me if I would tattoo myself with one of my drawings, and I agreed. ... I didn't intend to become a tattooer, but once I did the tattoo, that was it. That's why I say Ed tricked me into it.

He knew."









Would you do it again? If it was a show that I agreed with its goals and purpose, yes. A lot of my older peers don't see the virtue of going on TV. It does seem like it's almost too much—too many shows. Accessibility creates trends, so now everyone wants a memorial tattoo after watching TV.

Yet I think there's always going to be a stigma to tattooing. Even as accepted as it is today, there's always a stigma, which goes back to deeply rooted church morals in society—although I have tattooed a Catholic priest twice at Bob Roberts's shop. Modern society will never accept something too primitive.

It's too painful to be truly popular. That's true. The pain brings it to a rite of passage.

How popular is tattooing in Michigan, where you have your studio, Spiral Tattoo? What's

your waiting list like? My waiting list is about two months, and in the summer, 10 weeks.

How often do you tattoo now? I tattoo five days a week, one a day generally. I freehand draw the designs on the skin, so there are usually two or three hours of free-handing before tattooing.

How does a client go about making an appointment with you? The best way is for a client to call the shop, Spiral Tattoo. We discuss the work, the scale and wear, and make the appointment accordingly. For example, I have a guy coming in from Japan for a back piece, so we scheduled six days in a row for drawing and tattooing.

After so many years of tattooing, how do you keep finding inspiration? I like to travel. I just returned from Hawaii and I visited the shops there,

picked up magazines and books to see what's going on. A big component of island tattooing today is shading in the bars.

I've incorporated more shading in my own work. On my apprentice, Jared [Leathers], I worked on a new type of design, which is inspired by Polynesian island designs with a coat of shading on top; inside that design are my tribal stripes.

You mentioned your apprentice. What's the greatest lesson, outside of technique, that you are teaching him? Do your best job at the tattoo shop. Please the customer. I've been tattooing 30 years and that seems to keep people happy.

What makes you happy? What do you do for fun? I play Rock Band! I also play acoustic guitar but recently took interest in the electric guitar, and I'm having fun with it. —Marisa Kakoulas





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DELUXE TATTOO

1459 W. Irving Park Rd. Chicago, IL 773-549-1594 deluxetattoo.com Ask the owner of any tattoo shop about the path that led him to his business and you'll get a story about hard work, happy coincidences, friendship, and plain old luck.

"You know, there's a great quote about luck," says Deluxe Tattoo owner Ben Wahhh (who explains his last name is spelled W-A-H with "as many H's as you want to throw on there"). "The quote says that luck is the ability to see an opportunity and take advantage of it. And that's basically what happened." In 1993, after a rocky relationship with art school, Wahhh started tattooing out of friends' houses, which allowed him to hook up with veteran Chicago tattooer Bob Oslon and meet emerging tattoo heavyweights like Guy Aitchison and Paul Booth.

Wahhh snagged a spot at Aitchison's shop, Guilty & Innocent Productions (he says he is still humbled by the experience), where he worked alongside a young Kim Saigh. Several months and thousands of dollars later, Wahhh had assembled a solid crew and was able to open the doors to his own spot, Deluxe Tattoo, in 1997.

Open seven days a week, Deluxe is the small home to a large family of nine extremely talented tattooers, including Harlan Thompson, Jason Longtin, Tim Biedron, Miles Maniaci, Zach Stuka, Jason Vaughn, Chris Smith, and Hannah Aitchison (Guy's sister), who has returned to the shop after her stint on TLC's *LA Ink*. "It feels like I've taken two years off from tattooing," Aitchison says. "So it's nice to get back to Chicago and not feel like I'm working in a vacuum."

Deluxe is anything but a vacuum. Located on the north side of Chicago, the storefront space can

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feel crowded (or intimate, depending on how you see it), with nine artists working at various stations. "There are dingy street shops and then there are those open, airy, art studio-type places," Aitchison says. "And then there's Deluxe! It's kind of like function over form and I think people almost feel a certain affection for the chaos.'

That friendly chaos, mixed with the lengthy waiting lists of many of the shop's artists, hasn't stopped Wahhh from finding time for walk-ins. "You've gotta value everyone that walks through the door," he stresses. "You've got no reason to be a dick to anyone."

With its large and diverse artist roster, Deluxe isn't defined by an overall style. Each artist tries to spend significant time fleshing out a client's idea, whether it's Wahhh's signature biomech, Aitchison's portraits and pinups, Biedron's distinct painterly quality, Smith's twist on traditional American, or just a simple flash design. "There really is a sense of creativity," Aitchison explains. "We all support one another and we're always interested in what everyone else is doing, no matter what the tattoo is. Today's little kanji could be tomorrow's Japanese sleeve."

"I like doing everything," Wahhh says. "I would never want to find myself in a corner just tattooing one thing. Honestly, we just like doing good tattoos on good clients."

If anybody can wax philosophic on the ebb and flow of tattoo culture, it's Wahhh. He's worked seven days a week for over 13 years to ensure the success of his business and talks with a no-nonsense attitude about the boom in Chicago tattoo spots that employ tattooists with little experience who may only be concerned with doing tattoos that they want to do. "Some guys lose sight about the old days and all the day-to-day waiting, just hoping you actually get to tattoo something cool," says Wahhh.

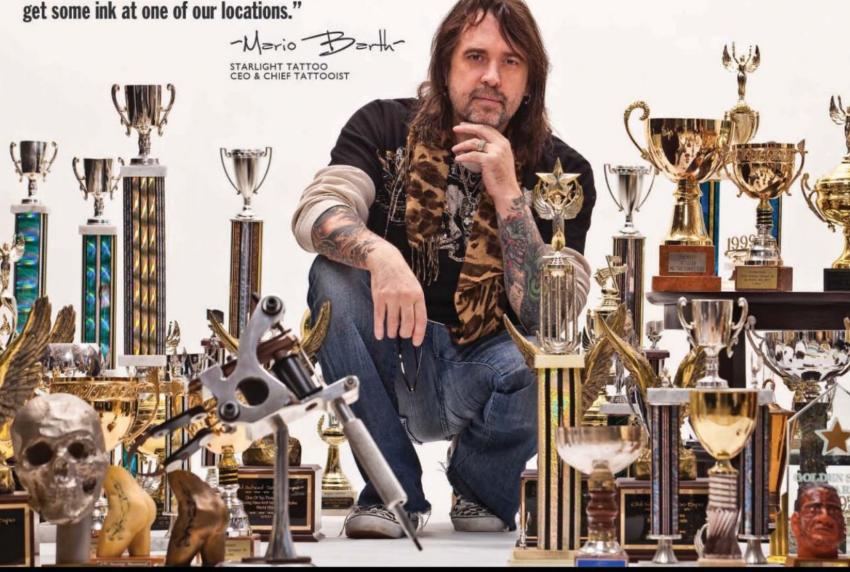
The advent of tattoo television could be partially to blame. There are more customers who want instant gratification (Wahhh calls it "fast food tattooing"), but with more customers than ever and a roster loaded with talent, Deluxe is thriving. Just don't mention expansion. Wahhh knows better than anyone that running a tattoo shop in Chicago is not for the faint of heart. He bemoans the city's "jigsaw of zoning" and hints at the political maneuvering he'll have to go through before he even thinks about expanding the current location. He sighs, "Chicago politics, you know?" -Patrick Sullivan

inked scene | SHOP TALK



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When you fly into Las Vegas, you normally get the view of the Grand Canyon, followed by Lake Mead, and then the glorious Strip rising from the desert like a phoenix. And just like the miles of neon lighting up the sky, Vegas is all about excess. With a nickname like Sin City, would you expect anything less?

But if you're coming to Vegas for Las Vegas BikeFest 2009 (October 1-4) and the Biggest Tattoo Show on Earth (October 2-4), a long weekend of debauchery is in order. Consider this your guide to all that rocks out in Las Vegas.

DRINK No trip to Vegas would be complete without a trip to old-school downtown Las Vegas and the **Fremont Street Experience**. Under the 12.5 million lights of Viva Vision reside a couple of the city's hippest bars. Over at **Beauty Bar**, killer live bands and hipsters make this spot a must-visit during your stay. On Fridays you can even sip on martinis while enjoying a manicure.

If a classic punk establishment is more your style, try the **Double Down Saloon**, home to fabled drinks like Ass Juice, Bacon Martini, and Double Down Lager. On the weekends, expect to see punk, lo-fi, rock, or broken blues-style music live on the tiny stage. Or check out the only authentic tiki bar in Las Vegas, **Frankie's Tiki Room** 3. Featuring traditional carvings and Polynesian art, it's brought to you by the owners of the Double Down.





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Don't forget to stop at **Hogs & Heifers**, a classic country and southern rock 'n' roll bar with the feel of a gin mill where dancing on the bar was invented. See if you can find Julia Roberts's bra among the 11,000 hanging around the bar.

For kitsch, try the **Peppermill Fireside Lounge**, featured in films such as *Casino* and *Showgirls* and seen on TV in *CSI Las Vegas*. Try a martini around one of the sunken, flaming fire pits and you can pretend you're Ginger or Ace Rothstein—straight out of *Casino*.

For a touch of status and prestige, try **The Bank ?** at the Bellagio. This gold and black nightclub offers a lavish escape. And when it comes to exclusive, think the **Foundation Room** at the top of Mandalay Bay. Until recently, only members were allowed in this vintage glamour spot that has the feel of old-money mansions and features exotic, semi-private rooms. Now \$20 gets anyone in. Consider it a gift from the bad economy.

Or take in the only **Playboy Club** in the world at the Palms. The floor-to-ceiling glass windows at the Bunny Bar offer breathtaking views of the Strip. No stop is complete without the club's signature concoction, the Bunny Tail, topped off with a puff of cotton candy.

EAT Of course you're going to want to eat while you're in Vegas. When hunger hits at just about any hour, head to First Food & Bar U at the Shoppes

at the Palazzo. This joint stays opens 23 hours a day on weekends to satisfy your need for burgers and fries at 3 a.m. The tribal tattoo imagery embedded on the floor is just an added bonus.

You can find nearly any type of cuisine in this high-end dining scene, but we go for the hippest of hip when we're in town. Try **Firefly**, which just opened an outpost at The Plaza Hotel downtown. This tapas restaurant can drive you crazy with its killer sangria and a mac and cheese to die for.

When looking for hip places to dine, turn to the Palms. If it's red meat you're hankering for, check out N9NE to steakhouse. If it's sushi you love, look no further than Little Buddha. And the Palms is where you can almost be assured that you'll run into a celebrity.

For brunch, you could wait in one of the endless buffet lines, but no one serves it like **Simon** at the Palms, where every Sunday is a pajama party. Some of the inventive stations include a fun "White Trash" table, Sushi and Candy Bar, and a Bloody Mary bar.

Café Martorano at the Rio brings some how-you-doin' Italian to your stay in Vegas. And chef Steve Martorano is no stranger to tats. Fire definitely goes with dining at **Nove Italiano** at the Palms. View the Strip through see-through fireboxes and ask to sit in the Garden Room, where 12-foot-high topiaries shaped as voluptuous women surround you.





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For great Mexican cuisine with a California spin, check out **Pink Taco** at the Hard Rock Hotel. The spot, designed with a folk art theme, has classic low-rider bicycles and Mexican craftwork to accentuate the trademark *panuchos* made with homemade corn tortillas and black beans. Another choice on the Strip for good times with margaritas and Mexican food is **Diablo's Mexican Cantina**, in front of the Monte Carlo. Aside from the food, the location makes for incredible people watching—a sport in Vegas.

Of course, no trip to Sin City is complete without a little time spent at the **Harley-Davidson Café**, decorated entirely in the namesake's memorabilia, including a 28-foot-high, 15,000-pound Heritage Softail. The bikes of Elvis, Billy Joel, and Ann-Margaret and a replica of the Captain America bike from *Easy Rider* adorn the restaurant.

For an anti-nightclub spot, get a taste of the decadent rock 'n' roll lifestyle at Wasted Space of at the Hard Rock Hotel. Carey Hart handpicked some of his favorite Los Angeles artists to create a handmade mural of vintage rock show posters and flyers. Chug down a Hart Attack—named after Hart's famous record-breaking midair handstand on a 250 cc motorcycle. It's made with Jameson, Red Bull, cranberry juice, and a float of Jägermeister. Another option? The Sunday Bloody Sunday, named after the legendary U2 song, is the venue's signature Bloody Mary concoction. They even do a bike ride every Thursday night.





PLAY When you feel the need for flashy spandex and crazy hairdos, check out **Steel Panther ??**, a cover band that plays Def Leppard, Mötley Crüe, Poison, and Bon Jovi—just to name a few—along with original music. The band usually plays at Ovation at Green Valley Ranch on Fridays and Aliante Station on Saturdays.

Defending the Caveman, a one-man show that explains the difference between the sexes, is a must-see at the Excalibur. But if comedy isn't your thing, check out magic—or what locals like to call the best magic show in Sin City—**Penn & Teller** at the Rio. They need no introduction after their Showtime show, *Bullshit!*

Zumanity

is perhaps Cirque du Soleil's sexiest show with its take on the seductive side of Vegas. This adult-themed production at New York-New York Hotel takes you on a sexy thrill ride full of sensational acrobatics and naughty fun.

The Freddy Krueger of magic, **Amazing Johnathan**, does far less magic than he does comedy at the Harmon Theater, but his take will leave you in stitches. He combines the macabre with a few laughs.

Hypnasis Unleashed at the Tropicana is where the real stars of the show are the audience volunteers who do some of the craziest things you've ever seen. Two hypnotists alternate their performances—Terry Stokes being one of the more old-school Vegas types and Michael Johns representing the wilder rock 'n' roll contingency.





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BET INKED Las Vegas has plenty of superstar tattoo shops. At Mandalay Bay, look for Starlight Tattoo ♠, owned by Mario Barth. Carey Hart owns Hart & Huntington ♦ at the Hard Rock Hotel. Over at the Miracle Mile Shops at Planet Hollywood Resort, Chester Bennington, the lead singer of Linkin Park, just opened his Club Tattoo ♦ outpost with flash-driven computers that showcase artwork.





GAMBLE One thing no trip to Las Vegas would be complete without? Gambling. Every casino offers comps for its dedicated gamblers, and you too can get in on the rewards. Just join the casino's rewards program and be sure to insert that card before you start playing (you're typically required to play four hours before the freebies kick in).

Depending on the casino, if you bet \$10 per play, you can expect discounted weekday rooms and small tokens of appreciation, such as a beer mug or a cup. If you raise your average bet to \$25, look for free weeknight rooms, discounted weekend rooms, and even free food. Kick it up to an average of \$100 per bet, and you'll see free rooms anytime and some free meals. At the \$500-per-bet level, the perks get a little nicer; limos, free suites, shows, and airfare are included. When you get into bets of thousands of dollars, the casinos will lower your odds by returning half of your losses. Of course, you're not going to lose, right?

THE REASON YOU'RE HERE Yeah, that's right, there's more to this long weekend than just drinking, eating, and partying. Don't forget the Las Vegas BikeFest and the Biggest Tattoo Show on Earth.

During BikeFest, head over to Las Vegas Harley-Davidson for what very well could be your first opportunity to demo the 2010 models. The Master Builders' Bike Show showcases 20 of the hottest custom builders as they show off their latest bikes for this fifth annual master builders' competition.

At the Biggest Tattoo Show on Earth, Tommy Lee and DJ Aero will perform live. During the grand opening pool party, DJ Scotty Boy spins, while DJ Steve Aoki plays for the after-party. More than 1,000 of the world's top tattoo artists, including Stanley Moskowitz, Lyle Tuttle, and the Horitoshi family—are expected at the show.

INKED sponsors the first-ever ultra-lounge on the floor of the convention, featuring Sailor Jerry Rum, Ed Hardy Vodka, Route 1 Cigars, and Hornitos Tequila—all must-haves for a little relaxation between seminars and celebrity appearances. Vote for your favorite tattoo artist for the INKED Awards at inkedawards.com. Categories include the INKED Icon Lifetime Achievement Award, Tattooer of the Year, Breakthrough Artist, Favorite Tattooed Celebrity, and Most Tattooed City. The after-party, Mischieve, is sponsored by Hornitos Tequila.

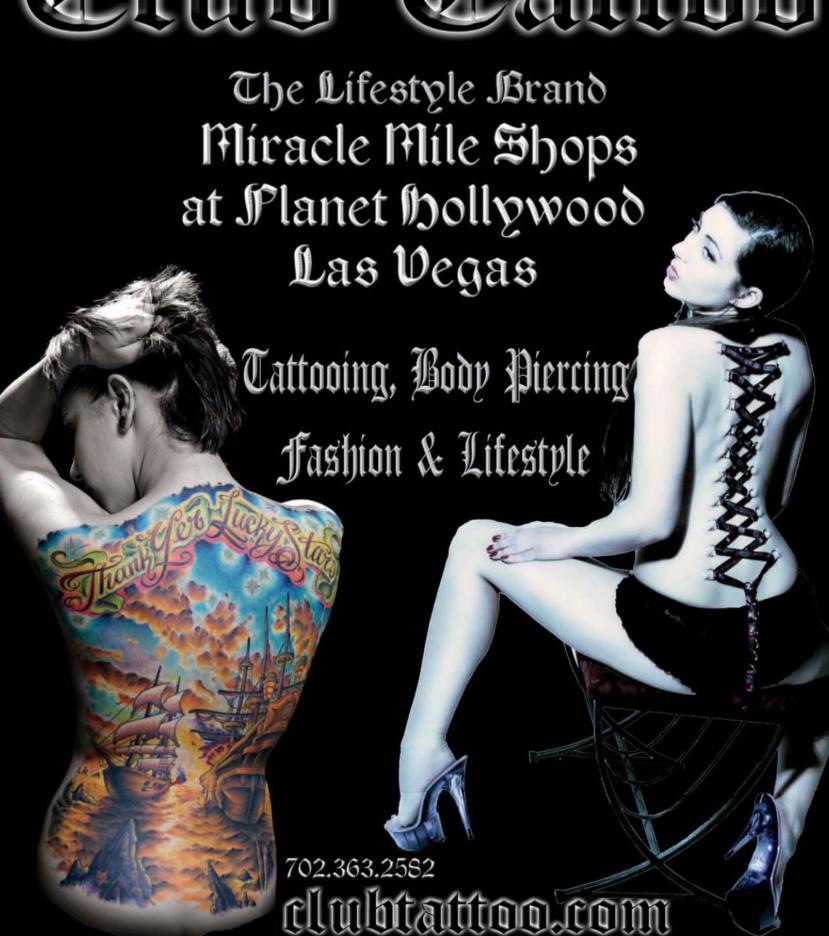
The Biggest Tattoo Show on Earth takes its own stab at crowning the best in ink as well, acknowledging the best color tattoo, best black and white tattoo, best back or chest piece, best tribal tattoo, and best overall tattooed person with more than \$100,000 in prizes.

If you're feeling charitable, you can take part in a Charity Slot Tournament benefiting People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals and a Charity Golf Tournament benefiting CureSearch, Childhood Cancer Research.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

INKED True Colors Awards: inkedawards.com Biggest Tattoo Show on Earth: tattooexpo09.com Las Vegas BikeFest: lasvegasbikefest.com Las Vegas: visitlasvegas.com

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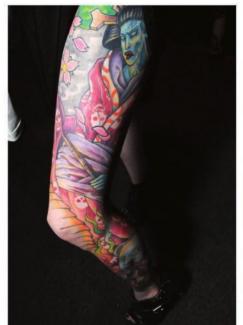




Hornitos Tequila!

















The annual New York City Tattoo Convention went down May 15-17 at the Roseland Ballroom. Icons such as Shanghai Kate Hellenbrand and Jack Rudy tattooed alongside artists from Taiwan, Sweden, China, and elsewhere while we turned readers on to INKED at our own booth-which was conveniently located close to the bar!





















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INK-N-IRON FESTIVAL

The biggest tattoo event of the summer is the Ink-n-Iron Festival in Long Beach, CA. This year, tattooers filled all four floors of the *Queen Mary* ship while the surrounding grounds hosted merchants, a classic car show, and a stage for performances by Eagles of Death Metal, The Bronx, The Sonics, and more. An opening party hosted by tattooer Juan Puente got everyone primed for a weekend of booze and tattoos.

For more photos, go to inkedmag.com.























AN EVENING WITH HORIYOSHI

The work of Japanese tattoo master Horiyoshi III is museumworthy, as proved by Canvas LA. The gallery hosted an Evening With Horiyoshi III event featuring paintings, scrolls, and 10 models with full bodysuits from Horiyoshi. The night also marked the launch of the Horiyoshi the Third clothing line. Amazing! For more photos, go to inkedmag.com.











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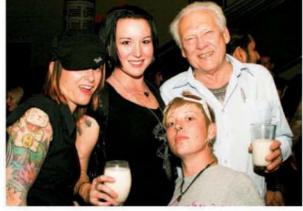
HELL CITY CONVENTION

We love that every Hell City tattoo convention is loaded with special events. This May's convention, in Columbus, OH, included a comedy roast of tattooer Chris Longo, an artist meet-and-greet, live painting, and screenings of tattoo films and TV shows, along with appearances by Guy Aitchison, Kim Saigh, Lyle Tuttle, and others. Be sure to catch the next Hell City event in Phoenix on September 4–6. For more photos, go to inkedmag.com.













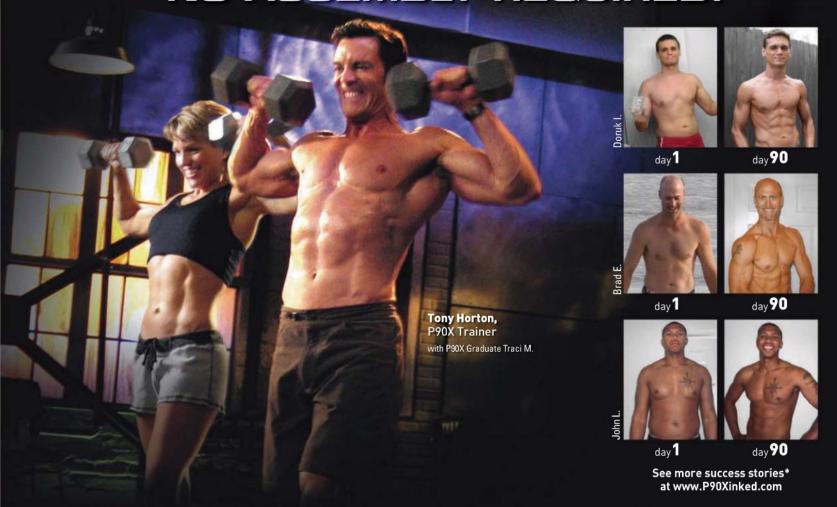






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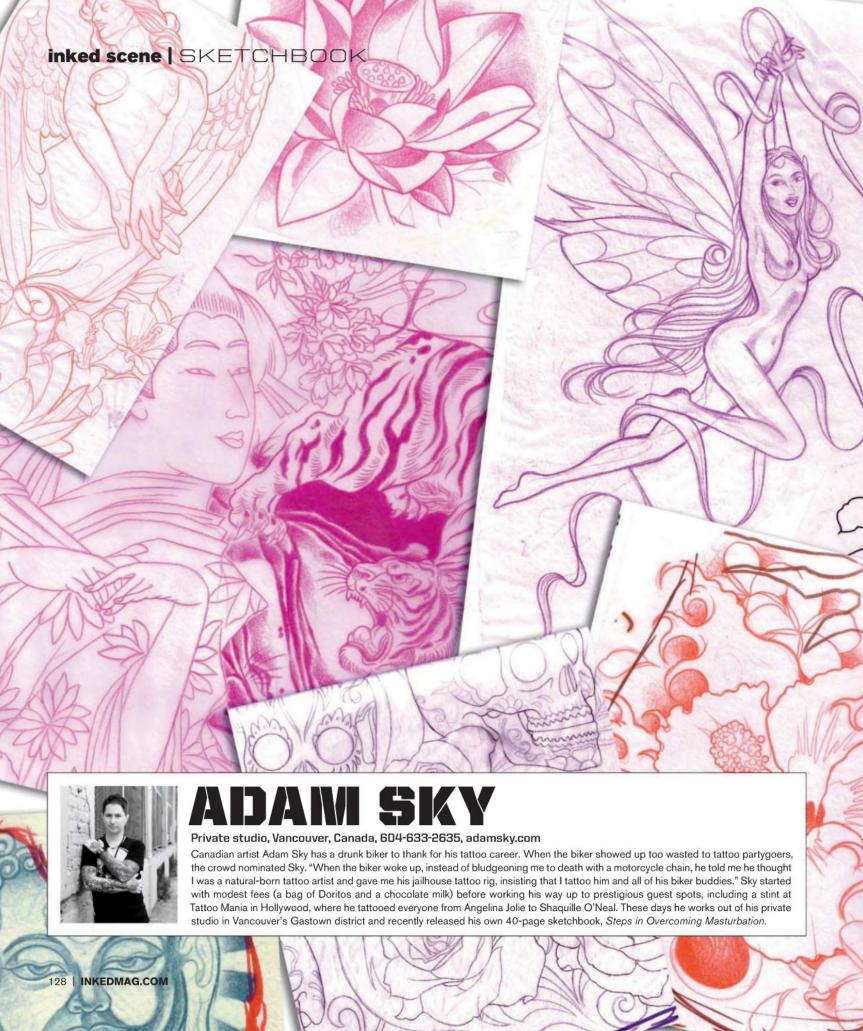


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