

Inked

CULTURE. STYLE. ART.

LA INK'S RUTHLESS

INSIDE THE
GATHERING OF
THE JUGGALOS

PLUS:

GOOD
CHARLOTTE

NOVEMBER 2010
DISPLAY UNTIL NOVEMBER 30, 2010

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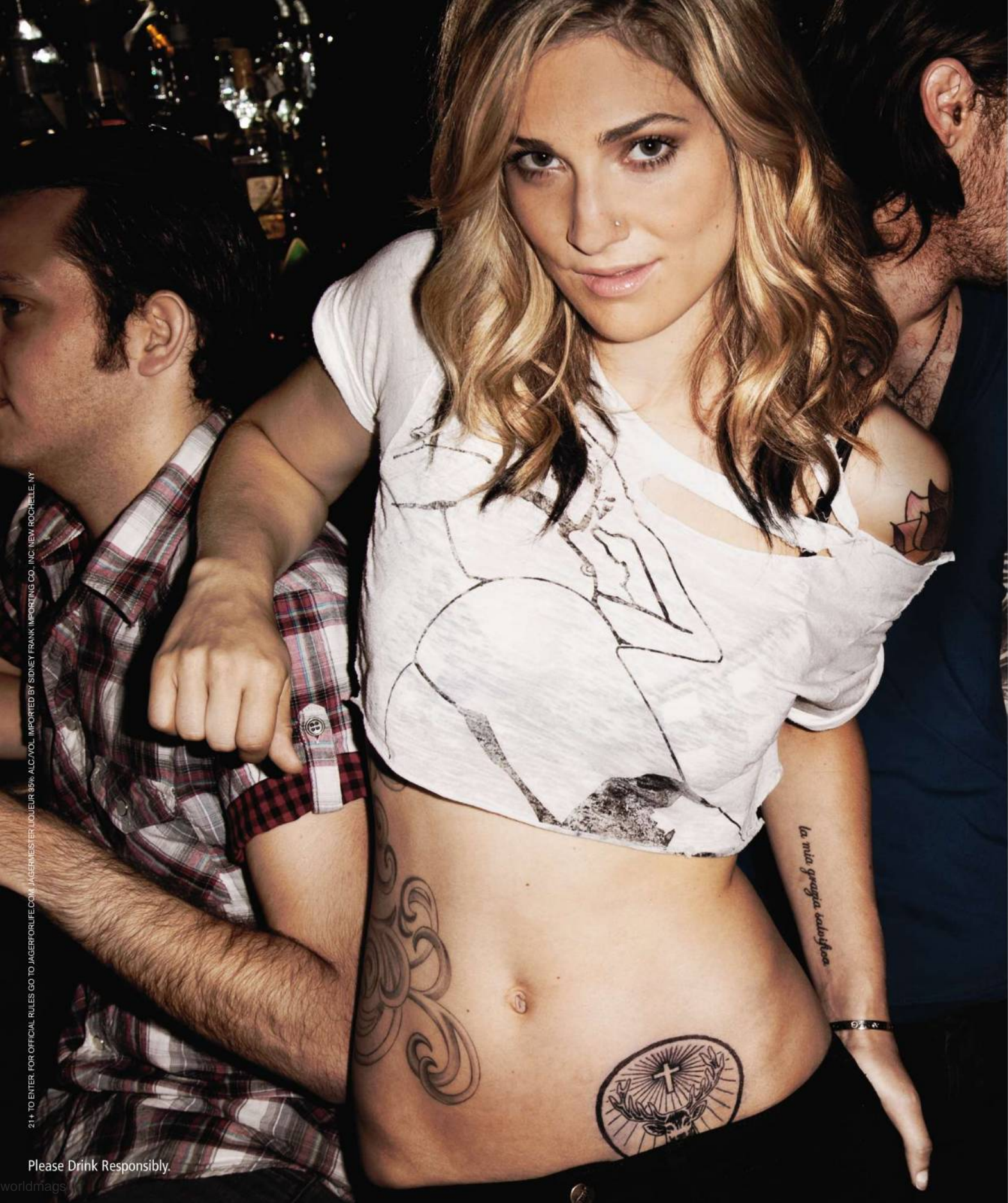
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On the cover: photo by CHRIS FORTUNA; stylist: ANNA SHIMONIS; hair: BENN JAE at opusbeauty.com; makeup: DORIT at Next for MAC Cosmetics; location: IMAGELOCATIONS.COM; retouching: MARIA ESZTERGALYOS. American Apparel bikini top; Junker Designs skirt.



JÄGER FOR LIFE

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Bare skin is boring skin. Visit JagerForLife.com and show your tattoos to the world in our online tattoo gallery. You could also win a sick Jäger-inspired design from one of three living ink legends: Mario Barth, Ruthless, or Josh Lord. Most people would give their soul for a chance to get inked by our artists...all you have to do is enter now at JagerForLife.com.

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JOSH LORD

JOSH LORD

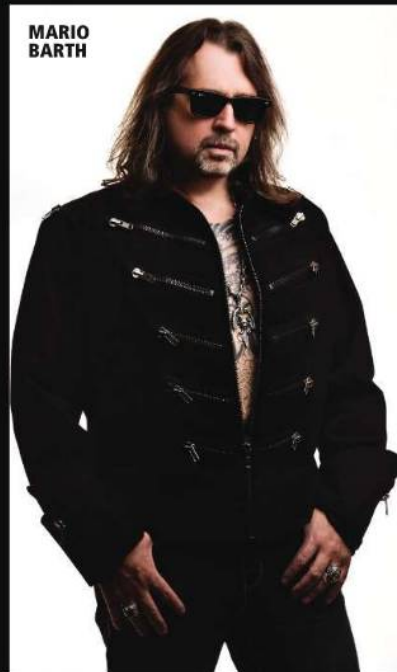
East Side Ink's artist of the intricate was tapped by Hollywood to create the tattoos for *The Last Airbender*

MARIO BARTH

The rockstar and undisputed king of Las Vegas tattooing

RUTHLESS

The hottest new tattoo talent in Los Angeles blowing up on *LA Ink*



MARIO BARTH



RUTHLESS



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photo editor joshua clutter
digital imaging specialist justin solitrin

contributing editor jennifer goldstein
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contributing writers
 scott alexander, jonah bayer, matt bertz, lani buess, zac clark,
 charlie connell, sam jemielly, marisa kakoulas, gilbert macias,
 robert mccormick, kara pound, melanie rud, lindsay silberman,
 rebecca swanner, anthony vargas, leah welborn

contributing photographers
 christopher beyer, john dole, chris fortuna, frey + martin, gray hamner,
 angelina hobbs, thomas liggett, shane mccauley, tom medvedich,
 meinmyplace.com, bryan miranda, nicholas routzen, harper smith,
 sarah wilson, tom winchester

interns
 christine davitt, hannah eisenstein, roxanna finamore, brittany ineson,
 mary mendenhall, amanda peeples, kelly webb

publisher don hellinger
 don@quadramediallc.com
 215-901-7448

advertising coordinator abigail van dam
advertising sales abi laoshe
 abi@quadramediallc.com
 philip welsch
 philip@quadramediallc.com

west coast vp marketing and sales jody sigmund
 jody@quadramediallc.com

sales assistant kristine cummings
 kristine@quadramediallc.com

digital marketing coordinator jason hellinger
software engineering eric g. elinow
brand licensing kelly payfer, 646-454-9100
international licensing john cabell, 505-466-4826

magazine office inked magazine
 12 west 27th st., 10th floor
 new york, ny 10001

corporate office quadra media llc
 174 middletown blvd., #301
 langhorne, pa 19047

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accounts receivable chris watson
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KEEPS OIL OUT
AND BLOOD IN



ink well

This is our art issue, though technically all of our installments are “art issues.” As tattooing has transformed from a craft to a fine art—and a viable career—many talented artisans who would have tried their hand at, say, painting, architecture, or even advertising 30 years ago are instead picking up the needle. To gauge how popular tattooing is compared to more traditional arts, I called a few households in Lebanon, KS, a town that is literally in the middle of the country, and asked the people on the other end of the line if they could identify the following names: Jeff Koons, Shepard Fairey, and Kat Von D. Guess which one they got right?

Ruthless, the new tattoo artist on *LA Ink*, is also becoming a household name and was shot for our cover by Chris Fortuna (1). Kara Pound (2) profiles five inked artists who also put their own creative touch on the INKED logo, while Sam Jemielity (3) highlights the art of automobile design. In *Inked People*, photographer Harper Smith (4) shows how *So You Think You Can Dance*'s Sonya Tayeh cuts a pretty visual with nothing but the human body and rhythm for Tayeh's profile, written by Leah Welborn (5). Jennifer Goldstein (6) pens a piece about *Top Chef* winner Michael Voltaggio—a man who uses the plate as his canvas. Then writer Lani Buess (7) takes you to Saved Tattoo's art gallery in New York City. Our Inked Girl, Brooklynite Justine Konik, also makes New York one of the most stunning cities on the planet, as you can see in the photos, shot for us by meinmyplace.com (8).

In this issue, we also sent writer Charlie Connell (9) far away from Gotham—and civilization, really—to infiltrate Insane Clown Posse's rabid fan base at the Gathering of the Juggalos. And a music more universally adopted, British punk, influences our fashion feature, shot by Nicholas Routzen (10).

Do you think that when the Sex Pistols or the Clash started making noise they thought their music would spawn a popular genre? Hell no. In the same respect, I don't think Sailor Jerry or Horiyoshi III knew they were setting off an art movement. But I truly believe that in a few years art schools will be teaching realism, impressionism, and cubism alongside black-and-gray, old-school, and Japanese-style tattoo art.

We're living amidst an art renaissance, and tattoos don't go away.

Rocky Rakovic
Editor
editor@inkedmag.com

etnies

M METAL M MUSHRA

FOOTWEAR COLLECTION



THE CHROME 02



THE FADER



THE FADER



THE FADER



THE VENGEANCE

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FASHION COLLECTION

Funny enough I was at this party in the hills of Silver Lake and met Greg Chapman from Schott Leather; we were introduced as sharing a spread in INKED! We got along great over some drinks and it looks like there may be a pretty crazy collaboration between Schott and Cast of Vices. INKED may have to have the exclusive!

Christopher Glancy
Los Angeles

UNITED WE STAND

I read your article "Right to Ink Arms" and then I called the shop to see what they are doing to beat these zoning laws, and they are

keeping me posted. I'm in Garfield, NJ, and my shop, Big Apple Tattoo, is not welcomed by the city of Garfield so I'm going to appeal and fight for my amendment rights! I'm also creating a referendum for the people of Garfield who love tattoos to sign.

Amaury Sanchez
Garfield, NJ

THAT'S A DARLING DRESS

I love Gala Darling's dress! Where's it from? I want it!

Tami Blasnek Rhoton
Mesa, AZ

Editor's note: That would be Betsy Johnson's pink Guns Fit and Flare Dress.

facebook

RE: COVER OF JACK RUDY, BRITTANY O'CAMPO, AND TERRY RICHARDSON

Elle Pereles Stein

Love the cover you guys. My oh my she is hot.

Janna Beard

I'm all about Jack Rudy! But I would rather see Kari Barba or Megan Hoogland on the cover. They are amazing female artists who have been around for years!

Claire Mixson

To be honest I think it's a little bland. I think it would be good for the start of an article but for a cover it's not very dynamic.

Nicole Gonzo

Bland? Yeah, bland my ass! Do you even know who Jack Rudy and Terry Richardson are? Anything else you would add to this "not very dynamic" cover would ruin it.



READER OF THE MONTH

TARA RUSSO
Middletown, CT

Want to be a Reader of the Month?
E-mail photos to inkedgirl@inkedmag.com

MILLER TIME

Great Icon interview! Corey Miller was definitely taken for granted on *LA Ink*. I love Kat Von D but she could have made just a little more effort, considering Corey helped build her shop to what it is today.

David Duerksen
Belen, NM

INK ON THE GROUND

A couple of my buddies and I get

INKED every month here in Afghanistan. We are part of the Vermont Army Guard B BTRY 1-101st FA Battalion 86th IBCT and we are heavily tattooed, so it's nice to read and look at pictures in your magazine. Thanks for being there to keep our spirits up. Keep up the great work ... more pictures of tattooed girls wouldn't hurt, though!

SPC Ryan Richard
Afghanistan



WRITE US. Got something to say? Send all praise, notes of complaint, story suggestions, and other comments to letters@inkedmag.com. All submissions should include the writer's name and address. Letters may be edited for clarity, length, and content. **Also join the party at [facebook.com/inkedmag](https://www.facebook.com/inkedmag).**

My First Ink

Name: Holly Allison Thomson

Occupation: Bartender

Hometown: New York City

My first tattoo was done in South Africa at Electric Eye Tattoo by this guy named Bugsy. I was 14 and wanted to be the first person in my family of 11 to get a tattoo. I failed that mission. It's three stars in brown ink on my hip and it looks like freckles. Scott Campbell started the real tattoo bug four years later when he did the "esperança" (hope) on my left arm. My right arm says "paciencia" (patience) in matching script. I love when people ask what my upper forearm tattoos say because squeezing my arms together in front of my body makes for great cleavage.

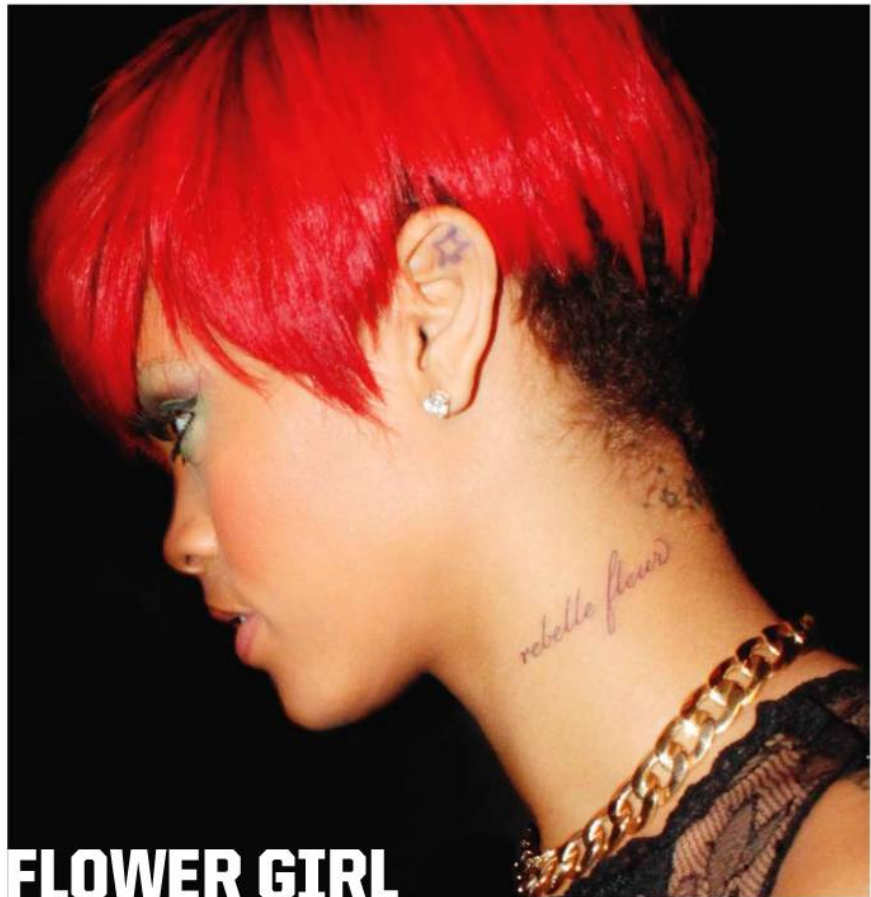
PHOTO BY TOM WINCHESTER





TEMP JOB

With the '80s coloring contemporary fashion, **Betsey Johnson's** time has come again—and during this resurgence she's designed temporary tattoos. The skin art looks to be part tattoo, part jewelry and, like her line, it incorporates the use of skulls, bows, spiders, and hearts. The temporary transfers are \$25 for 96 designs. If you like a particular design enough—and you're willing to gamble that audacious '80s style will never fade—take it to your local shop and have it put on you permanently.



FLOWER GIRL

Rihanna's two new body adornments created buzz around the blogosphere. When pictures of her "rebelle fleur" neck tattoo surfaced, it was argued that the French translation of *rebellious flower* was incorrect, as the adjective usually follows the noun in the French language. But she put our French tutor at ease with a text to her tattoo artist,

Keith "Bang Bang" McCurdy of East Side Ink in New York, in which she wrote: "Rebelle fleur translates to rebel flower, NOT rebellious flower, it's 2 nouns so in that case fleur does not HAVE to be first!" She was also seen rocking a new full-scale pistol on her hip, but apparently it was only temporary ink for her debut movie role in *Battleship*.



New-School Ink

Remember when back-to-school shopping meant begging for a cool lunch box or fresh kicks? Kids these days ... are asking for tattoos. According to an American Express survey, **9 percent of parents were in favor of buying their child a new tattoo** as part of back-to-school shopping this year. Sure beats a G.I. Joe Trapper Keeper.

RIHANNA, JOHNNY NUNEZ/WIREIMAGE; SCHOOLGIRL, TYLER CLINTON



Introducing our most colorful headphone yet, the Mondrian, with creative direction from Aerial 7 ambassador Josh Madden. Inspired by the artwork of Dutch painter Piet Mondrian, Madden set out to create a bright patterned, sharp and sophisticated headphone.

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Wine Seller

A few words with Vivian Holliday of wine bar Crú, in Austin, TX.

INKED: Do you have a favorite variety?

VIVIAN HOLLIDAY: I'm in love with so many, but I think Petite Syrah is probably one of the most delicious grapes I have ever had. Spicy, meaty, smooth, and well rounded. Kind of like I like my men!

What are your thoughts on box wine? I have no issues with box wine. I actually like Black Box wines. And you get way more for your buck!

Do tattoos pair well with wine? Tattoos and wine are an odd combination, but Austin is a very laid-back, young city. The clientele at Crú is so versatile; we serve everyone from young, trendy folks to the businessman with a sophisticated palate looking to show his clients a good time.

Do you have a favorite piece? My favorite is my chest piece, which was done by Jose Palacios at True Blue Tattoo. Everything is Texas-themed: yellow roses, bluebonnets, the state seal, and flintlock pistols. But I think my favorite is the tiny outline of Texas with the heart where Austin is. I have some major Texas pride!

JUICE BOXES Drink inside the box.

Conventional wisdom would have you believe that if any culture takes wine too seriously, it's the French. That same wisdom holds that over here in the U.S. we're a bunch of unreconstructed heathens, swilling wine from the jug. Allow us to make a counter-argument: We aren't heathens. We're extremists! Like we've done with so many things (democracy, pop music, fashion), we've taken a good thing and gotten all weird and hyper about it. If you saw *Sideways*, you know that we certainly like our high-end wine enough. And it's also true that we produce some of the most God-awful crap to ever make it into a bottle (Night Train,

anyone? Anything to keep the imaginary bugs from burrowing under our skin). But the middle ground had eluded us. In the meantime, France, while it may be the birthplace of wine snobbery, has the concept of *vin de table*, table wine—plentiful stuff that's for everyday drinking. It's not fancy, it's not expensive. It's what you have with dinner. Which is why we think the recent advent of halfway decent boxed wine is pretty wonderful. Just as it's now acceptable to put high-end wine in screw-top bottles, many quality producers are putting their fermented grape juice into boxes. The result is decent wine at a decent price. —Scott Alexander

JENNY & FRANÇOIS FROM THE TANK RED

Jenny & François specialize in "natural wines" and bottle the exact same big, earthy Côtes du Rhône blend of Grenache, Syrah, and Carignan that comes in this box and sell it for \$15 a pop. This one holds the equivalent of four bottles and goes for \$40. Even we can do that math.



Y+B MALBEC

Y+B stands for yellow and blue, which forms a color associated with environmentalism. See what they did there? And while that's adorable, it wouldn't be worth a hippie's dirty, patchouli-smelling drawers if the Malbec inside weren't good. But it is big, round, and jammy—great everyday stock.



BLACK BOX CABERNET SAUVIGNON

It's not the best cab in the world, but it is competent and you can serve it to friends and not look cheap. And with this three-liter bag-in-box going for \$22 (the equivalent of less than \$6 a bottle) you can afford to get three times as many people drunk.

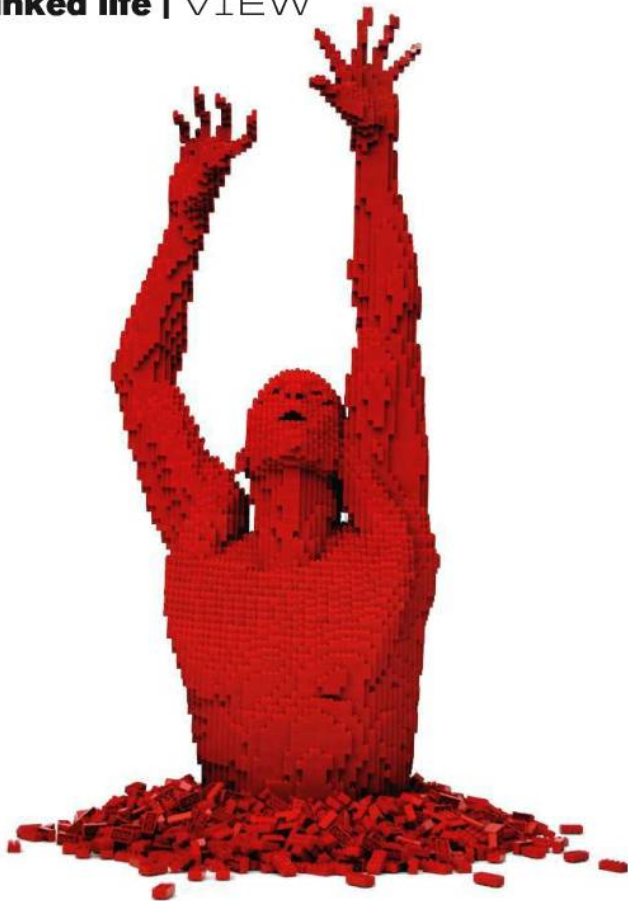




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SHOULD
NEVER
FIT *a*ll**

SNUS

WARNING: Smokeless tobacco is addictive.



BRICK BY BRICK

From Trump to Pete Wentz, NYC-based Lego artist Nathan Sawaya delivers.

When Donald Trump needed an elaborate way to promote plans to build a hotel in Dubai, he called on Nathan Sawaya. Over 10 days, with about 100,000 rectangular Lego bricks, Sawaya built a 14-foot-tall replica of the proposed structure. Sawaya's also the guy Pete Wentz called on for the perfect wedding gift for his wife, Ashlee Simpson: a larger-than-life yellow and black Lego bumblebee.

Sawaya wasn't always an artist. A decade ago, he was an attorney on Wall Street. While his coworkers would blow off steam at the gym or the bar, he went home to sculpt. "That was my release," he says. "That was my therapeutic relief." He started with traditional media (clay, wire) and moved on to more unusual materials like Necco's Conversation Hearts and Legos.

"It's additive sculpture. You're using these little pieces to create these larger forms," Sawaya says. "I like to say my art is just like life. Up close, it's one thing. Back away, you see something else." His pieces started garnering attention, and within a few years the artist was able to quit Wall Street, set up shop in a Manhattan studio, and start fulfilling commissions from around the world.

His studio houses some 1.5 million plastic bricks and is a Lego nerd's wet dream. He spends six figures on Legos—his largest capital expense—

per year and orders directly from the Danish toy company, which now recognizes Sawaya as a "Lego Certified Professional."

"I order by the pallet, and I'm not talking about the color palette. I mean literally a wooden pallet of bricks shows up on my sidewalk," he says. "That's how it is when you're a Lego artist."

Being a Lego artist is also lonely. Sawaya has assistants to help with marketing, shipping, and traveling, but when it comes to the actual artwork, he's on his own. A life-size Lego person takes about 200 hours and roughly 25,000 to 30,000 bricks to complete. He has to glue the pieces together too. "The galleries can be kinda grumpy when they open up a crate and it's just a box of loose bricks."

Sawaya's a multifaceted artist. In addition to his commission work, he has multiple exhibitions currently touring North American museums and just debuted his new autobiographical coloring book at Comic-Con (*The Art of the Brick Coloring Book*, a collaboration with artist Len Peralta). To prove his Lego loyalty, Sawaya just had Jasen Workman at King Ink in Las Vegas tattoo his left thumb with the imprint of the bumps from a standard 2 x 4 brick. "I thought it'd be fun to give everyone at my exhibitions a thumbs-up and show them my devotion." —Kara Pound



Clockwise from top: Red; Bee; My Boy 2; Nathan Sawaya in his studio; Yellow; Sawaya with his Lego-inspired thumb tattoo.



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TAJ BURROW | BIONACLE



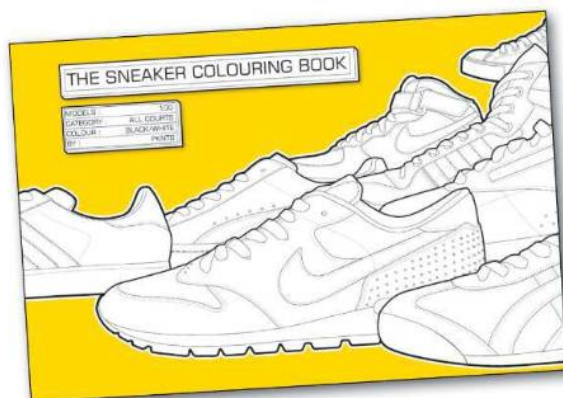
VONZIPPER.COMIT'S A BUDDHIST'S WISDOM.....
.....WITH A WARRIOR'S SPIRIT.....



The Next Big Shades



Everyone and especially his father has a pair of Ray-Ban Wayfarers. So it's high time the brand's **Clubmaster** (\$145, ray-ban.com) frames make a comeback. (Don't tell the hipsters.)



Get Your Kicks

The Sneaker Colouring Book (\$20, laurenceking.com) lets you play around with iconic styles from the major footwear makers. Just please don't draw Velcro straps on the Chuck Taylors.



The Wall Is Your Canvas

The kid in us feels that walls are for scribbling, but the adult in us is sick of repainting our joint. The perfect compromise: **Idea Paint** (\$30 for 6 square feet of coverage, ideapaint.com), which turns any wall into a dry-erase board.

FLIGHT SIMULATOR

Crafted in leather and aluminum after World War II bombers, the **Aviator Chair** (\$1,295, restorationhardware.com) tells people that you control the remote and, no, you will not flip to *Two and a Half Men* during commercials.



Knuckle Head

How would you like five across your face? Retire the pillowcases your ex-girlfriend picked out and man up your bedroom with these **Good Nite pillowcases** (\$28, urbanoutfitters.com). Go ahead, knock yourself out.



ABOUT TO BLOW UP

Kikai and Kiki (\$29 each, mocastore.org) are plush toy versions of two characters created by Japanese artist Takashi Murakami that will be included as balloons in this year's Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. "Fangs are very hot right now," said the parade's executive producer, Robin Hall.



Sculptures From Scrap

Dick Cooley, a.k.a. **The Spark Plug Guy**, fashioned this ill business card holder for us. His imaginative world is a place filled with scrap metal where spark plugs are people. Commission your own quirky and affordable sculpture at sparkplugguy.com.



Stick It to the Man

We are all for safety in air travel, but the TSA could use a laugh. **Suitcase Stickers** (\$15 each, thecheeky.com) give you an air of someone who is fun—or someone who is smuggling cocaine, sex toys, or wads of cash. You'll get a rise out of the TSA worker, or at least a pat down.



YOUR MONEY IN 3-D



Like some 1950s B-movie monster 3-D has taken over everything, so why not your wallet? **Timo's 3-D wallets** (\$20, karmaloop.com) feature nude female photography and come with 3-D glasses that you can keep in the billfold so you don't need to wear used glasses when you go to see *Jackass 3-D*.

MOVIES



APPALACHIAN TALE

The Whites are the new Hatfields; there is no McCoy's.

The American rebel spirit is alive and well with at least one family, the Whites, subject of Julien Nitzberg's superlative-studded documentary *The Wild and Wonderful Whites of West Virginia*. The doc (produced by Johnny Knoxville and Jeff Tremaine)

follows the White clan of Boone County for a year. Genetically the Whites are predisposed to be fighters, drug users, murderers, boozers, shysters, and tap dancers of national renown. Over the course of a year of filming, cameras caught the Whites' involve-

ment in a stabbing, a criminal sentencing, attempted murder, death, and birth. They live an interesting existence both on the edge and nestled into the Appalachians, where some locals laud them as hillbilly celebrities and others see them as evil incarnate. On

the revered side, some fans even entered a promotional contest to win a chance to have the film's logo tattooed across their back at Ace High Tattoo in Knoxville, TN, and meet star of the picture and family patriarch Jesco White. —Robert McCormick

MOVIES



DUE DATE

Robert Downey Jr. and Zach Galifianakis star in this road comedy that might be the *Planes, Trains & Automobiles* of our time. Downey plays an expectant father who is in a hurry to be by his wife's side for the birth of their first child. Certain circumstances lead him to cross paths and hitch a ride with an inspiring actor named Ethan (Galifianakis). We've seen this formula before—and so has director Todd Phillips (he directed *Road Trip* and, better yet, *The Hangover*)—but we'd take Galifianakis over Tom Green any day. —Gilbert Macias



UNSTOPPABLE

Director Tony Scott (*True Romance*, *Domino*) reunites with leading man Denzel Washington in this nail-biting thriller about a massive runaway train nicknamed "The Beast" that's loaded with toxic cargo. A veteran engineer (Washington) and a conductor (Chris Pine from *Star Trek*) team up to stop this unmanned locomotive before it causes a massive disaster. Scott is no stranger to top-notch thrillers, and with stars like Washington, Pine, and Rosario Dawson along for the ride, we're thinking it could be *Snakes on a Train*. —G.M.

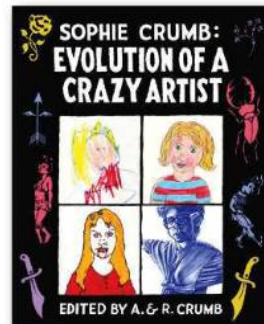
DVD



CENTURION

Neil Marshall's *Centurion* is a ruthless and gory survival epic set in 117 A.D. The gorgeously shot film centers on a conflict between the Roman army and a Pict tribe in the Scottish Highlands. Quintus Dias, one of the survivors of a bloody ambush, must lead his fellow soldiers through unfamiliar territory with hopes of reaching a distant Roman settlement, all the while trailed by a ruthless bunch of Pict savages. It's *Deliverance* meets *Gladiator* with the gore and brutality of *Braveheart*. We highly recommend it. —G.M.

BOOKS



Family Portrait

Sophie Crumb: Evolution of a Crazy Artist is collection of works from tattooer and cartoonist that offers a constantly shifting portrait of Crumb through her rebellious coming of age in New York and Paris, culminating in her entry into marriage and motherhood. Prepared in collaboration with her parents—world-renowned cartoonists Aline and R. Crumb—the sometimes poignant and often hilarious volume is Sophie's unique take on the trademark trippy Crumb style of dark, subversive humor. —Anthony Vargas



ART RELAY

Inspired by the Exquisite Corpse game (think the telephone game but with really creative adults), 100 indie artists pass the narrative baton page by page. *The Exquisite Book* is bound accordion-style—allowing for each of the 10 chapters to be viewed as a continuous whole—what they create is a conversation more interesting than the linear story itself. —A.V.



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My List
1. All Skoopdogg
2. The White Stripes
3. All Star
4. Anything The Nuge likes to
5. Anything Sammy Hagar likes

Every Revolution
Needs a Soundtrack



TELEVISION



ZOMBIES > VAMPIRES

Since George A. Romero's breakthrough film, *Night of the Living Dead*, zombies have been a fixture in American pop culture. But of late they've lost their luster to blood suckers, thanks to *True Blood*, *Vampire Diaries*, and something called *Twilight*. This fall, the brilliant people at AMC, the channel behind *Mad Men* and *Breaking Bad*, give brain eaters their proper due with *The Walking Dead*. Hollywood heavyweight Frank Darabont (*The Shawshank Redemption*) is working on the series based on Robert Kirkman's Eisner Award-winning comic about a cop searching for his family in a postapocalyptic world ruled by the undead. Let's recap: One of the most critically acclaimed comics of the last 10 years is being adapted by the director of *Shawshank* for the channel that currently makes the best shows on TV. And it's about zombies. Sundays this fall, Robert Pattinson can suck it. —Charlie Connell

VIDEO GAMES

ASSASSIN'S CREED: BROTHERHOOD
Platforms: PlayStation 3, Xbox 360

The most badass killer in video games speaks Italian, collects Renaissance art, and does most of his dirty work with sleight of hand. Brotherhood picks up where Assassin's Creed II left off, with master assassin/debonair playboy Ezio hunting down the Templars and pissing off the corrupt papacy in the process. For the first time in the series, Brotherhood also features a multiplayer mode that pits your assassination skills against others. Be careful as you stalk your prey—that inconspicuous bystander minding his own business in the piazza could be wielding the dagger that will send you to your grave. **Play if you like:** *Backstabbers, the Italian Renaissance* —Matt Bertz

CALL OF DUTY: BLACK OPS
Platforms: PlayStation 3, Xbox 360, Wii, PC

If you run your mouth about reaching the prestige ranking, puff your chest about handling digital firearms like a special forces vet, and talk shit to anyone within earshot about your superior fragging skills, man up with Black Ops' four new wager-based multiplayer modes. True ass-kickers who effortlessly gun down opponents like they're the Iraqi Republican Guard will rack up the points in a hurry and unlock new weapons. If you play like a noob, hone your skills by jumping into the Cold War-era single campaign, where you'll pilot an SR-71 Blackbird spy plane and crawl through dimly lit Vietnamese tunnels in search of worthy adversaries. **Play if you like:** *Skill wagering, Cold War intrigue* —M.B.

THE Inked
PLAYLIST

BY JONAH BAYER



ENVY

"Dreams Coming to an End"
Japan's best scream act achieves the perfect balance of tunefulness and aggression.

SENSES FAIL
"Saint Anthony"

The New Jersey post-hardcore stalwarts showcase a welcome pop-punk sensibility.

COLOUR REVOLT
"Our Names"

Call it indie rock or call it neo-folk—either way you'll be captivated by this deceptively dark track.

JIMMY EAT WORLD
"My Best Theory"

Don't be alarmed if a dance party breaks out when you play this one.

WEEZER
"Memories"

The geek's alternative anthem off of *Hurley* (above) rocks.

NO AGE
"Glitter"

The first single from No Age's latest disc sees the noise-pop band effortlessly embrace the gift of melody.

BOTTOMLESS PIT
"Winterwind"

The surviving members of Silkworm's latest project flex their inventive instrumentation and wit.

THE SWORD
"Arrows in the Dark"

It's part stoner rock, part sludge, and all heavy.

TERA MELOS
"Frozen Zoo"

The idiosyncratic indie-rock feel of this song takes freak-pop into directions we never knew existed.

UNKLE
(FEATURING THE BLACK ANGELS)
"Natural Selection"

If you don't think organic and electronic elements can musically coexist, check out this song.



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Ollie's offers choice cuts.

AMERICAN CHOPPERS

Barbershops: They do make 'em like they used to.

Some of the things your granddad was into as a young man are best left in the past (dance marathons and the adjective *neat-o* come to mind). But the classic men's barbershop? That deserves a comeback. And thanks to barbers like Adam Hedgespeth, of Louisville, KY, it's in the works. "It's cool how barbershops are being resuscitated and molded into something fresh and new," he says. His Derby City Chop Shop, for example, is more than a place to get a haircut. "We incorporate tons of art, music, and culture. ... It's a place guys come to because they want to, not out of necessity."

That's not to say the barbering is an afterthought in this revival. Brian Poskin, owner of Ollie's Barber Shop, in Denver, used to work at a mega-chain

salon but left his gig to open a shop where he could offer more personal service. "I have the time to get to know my clients and give them the cut they want. Plus, lots of guys go for the old-fashioned shave too." Belmont Barbershop, in Chicago, also offers the classic straight-razor shave with hot towels and face oil, and clients often stick around after the warm lather has been wiped off to play a game of pool and enjoy the music.

In addition to the pool tables and straight razors that are de rigeur at many of these shops, there are also the striped barber poles of yesteryear, old-fashioned reclining chairs, and, more often than not, tattoos. Who gives the best shave and a haircut? Here's our two bits. —Jennifer Goldstein

Cutting Crew

AVENUE BARBER SHOP

Austin, TX
avenuebarbershop.com

Stocked with hot rod mags and a vintage Coke machine, this shop's barbers keep it real in their classic white jackets.

BELMONT BARBERSHOP

Chicago, IL
belmontbarbershop.com

Josh Cooley's three-seat operation offers meticulous trims, with old-school barber paraphernalia, a pool table, and a mounted sailfish to keep you entertained during your visit.

THE BLIND BARBER

New York, NY
blindbarber.com

Get a gin and tonic to go along with your hair tonic at this East Village shop that features a full-service bar—and a free drink with every shave or haircut.

CURRENT TRENDS HAIR STUDIO

Lake Forest, CA
myspace.com/currenttrends

Home to MTV-featured Strikes da Barber, this shop offers new-school fades and tapers with the same attention to detail you'd get at classic shops back in the day.

DERBY CITY CHOP SHOP

Louisville, KY
facebook.com/derbycitychopshop

With signage designed by tattoo artist Adam Potts, this shop's rock 'n' roll vibe is helped along by a retro jukebox playing everything from Johnny Cash to GN'R.

HAWLEYWOOD'S

Orange County, CA
hawleywoods.com

High and tight cuts are the specialty of this mini chain in Orange County that's also the birthplace of smooth and shiny Layrite Original Pomade.

OLLIE'S BARBER SHOP

Denver, CO
olliesbarbershop.com

Named for owner Brian Poskin's dog, Oliver, this tiny shop does a mean flat-top blowout and offers rockabilly-worthy products like High Life Degreaser Shampoo.

PATSY'S BARBER SHOP

Albany, NY
patsysbarbershop.com

Not necessarily a revival shop (it's been around since 1930), Patsy's makes its own bay rum after-shave so you leave smelling like a man, for real.



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DESTINATION:

THE BAYOU

Two things the oil spill didn't kill in the Gulf: **Bobby Pitre's** spirit and NOLA nightlife.



Southern Sting Tattoos is the base of operations for **Bobby Pitre** and his band of tattoo artists and gearheads in the Louisiana bayou. Combining a tattoo parlor and a hot rod shop, "I go into the garage in between appointments when it gets slow," Pitre says. Complete with pool tables, this shop also serves as a spot for relaxing and as a central location for meeting up before a night's unwinding session. The fellas cruise the town regularly for entertainment as well as drinks. And while their rockabilly style may make them look like outsiders, they are very much part of the community, as evidenced by Pitre's mural-statement depicting BP as the grim reaper. —Zac Clark



BEST MUSIC IN ALL OF NOLA

Just past the galleries of Jackson Square and around the corner is The Parish at House of Blues (225 Decatur St., New Orleans), which serves as the smaller venue foil to the House of Blues, with its larger touring acts. Pitre has caught rockabilly acts, such as Tiger Army, HorrorPops, and Mike Ness, here. "I saw Hank [Williams] III a while back," he says. "It's just you and the band; the stage is really close so it's very personal. You'd never want to see a show at a larger venue or arena show again."



MOST CHARGED MURAL

Pitre never fancied himself a painter, and he's no American master, but he has much to say and a canvas of matching proportion. He and his friend turned the exterior of his shop, Southern Sting Tattoos (13004 West Main St., Larose), into a review of BP's handling of the oil spill that has choked his habitat and his business. As he explains, "Out-of-work sailors and fishermen can't afford a tattoo."



BEST ASPHALT

Pitre and the boys regularly get over to a strip of road in the sugarcane fields of Lafourche Parish after a long day. This is a spot where they can play with their hot rods. "We burn out tires and blow off steam," Pitre says. "Stress gets too high and we burn it down."

BEST PO'BOY

You haven't had New Orleans-style fare until you've had a po'boy. D & D Drive Inn (12410 Highway 1, Larose) has the best Creole cuisine. This is Southern Sting's lunch spot throughout the week, except Tuesdays and Wednesdays, when the restaurant is closed. "There's a guy who came midweek from Lafayette to get tattooed here and eat there—he got pretty upset," Pitre cautions.



BEST BAR/TIME MACHINE

One Eyed Jacks (615 Toulouse St., New Orleans), two blocks off Bourbon Street, is where the Southern Sting crew go for live music and to see Fleur de Tease—a local burlesque group specializing in vaudeville-style variety shows that include sword swallowing and fire eating. "Some of the girls dance at our car shows," Pitre adds.



SWAMP: ©ISTOCKPHOTO/COMDENCE BREAU; PO'BOY: SARA ESSEX BRADLEY, COURTESY OF THE NEW ORLEANS CVB; BURLIQUE: HAMPTON VAN METER



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Clockwise from top: Renault DeZir; Porsche 918; Audi E-Tron; Kia Ray.



NOT JUST FOR SHOW

Concept cars are a creative pissing contest between automakers that serves as a catalyst for wild innovation and, every so often, a treat for consumers.

It takes years for a new car to go from idea to showroom reality, so the auto industry has gotten adept at predicting the future. And as shown by the spate of gas-guzzling muscle cars hitting the market right around the time of \$4-a-gallon gas, they're not always perfect. But the business requires vision, and the result is the futuristic concept cars that appear at auto shows every year. Some never make it to production, while others—like the famous 1961 Corvette Mako Shark concept that spawned both the great '60s Vettes and the Stingray—lend their DNA to bona fide real-world vehicles. Here are some of the latest jaw-dropping concept cars we can only hope to see on the road in the future.

RENAULT DEZIR It's only fitting that French automaker Renault aimed to make a splash at the 2010 Paris Auto Show with a head-turning concept car, the Renault DeZir (the name is phonetically spelled like the French pronunciation for *desire*). This slick red two-seater has gull-wing doors, an electric drivetrain, and, huh, no rear window. No worries: Two back-up cameras give a panoramic view so you don't squash the neighbor's cat.

AUDI E-TRON In the last few years, Audi has introduced a series of electric car concepts under the

E-Tron badge, none sicker than the Audi two-door E-Tron introduced at the 2010 Detroit Auto Show. The refined and sleek coupe will do 0 to 60 in under six seconds—that is, if it ever gets made. Audi plans to produce a limited number of an earlier E-Tron concept and gauge consumer interest. Fingers crossed.

KIA RAY For mainstream prestige, Hyundai came out with cool cars like the Genesis coupe, and Kia decided to up the ante with the Kia Ray concept that debuted at the 2010 Chicago Auto Show. This plug-in hybrid has Prius-level eco cred with styling borrowed from boy-racer rides like the Mitsubishi Evo and Subaru WRX. Its production status is to be determined, but it's an awe-inspiring machine—no need to add "for a Kia."

PORSCHE 918 They say form follows function, but nothing would want to follow the Porsche 918 Spyder concept, so we saved it for last. With three electric motors supplementing its V8 engine, the 918 should deliver 0 to 60 times in the low three-second range and a top speed near 200 miles per hour. The best thing about this jaw-droppingly gorgeous mid-engine machine? It's going to be produced, in a limited run. Start saving your pennies. —Sam Jemielity

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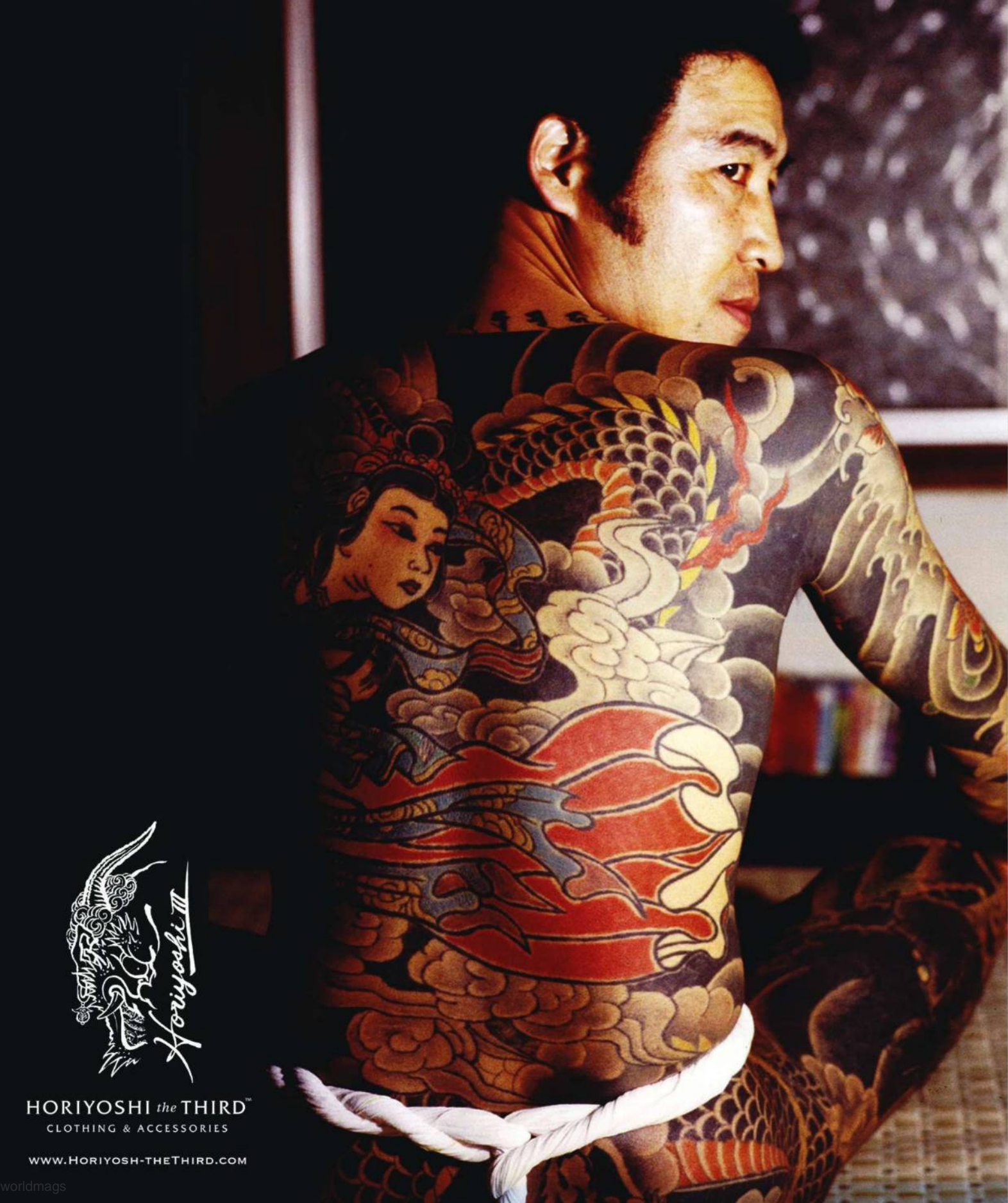
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With her punk rocker meets Demi Moore sex appeal and her unmistakable, gorgeously grotesque choreography, Sonya Tayeh is one of the most brilliant new stars in the dance world.

PHOTO BY HARPER SMITH



SONYA TAYEH

With her punk rocker meets Demi Moore sex appeal (those eyes! that raspy voice! that Mohawk!) and her unmistakable, gorgeously grotesque choreography, 33-year-old Sonya Tayeh is one of the most brilliant new stars in the dance world.

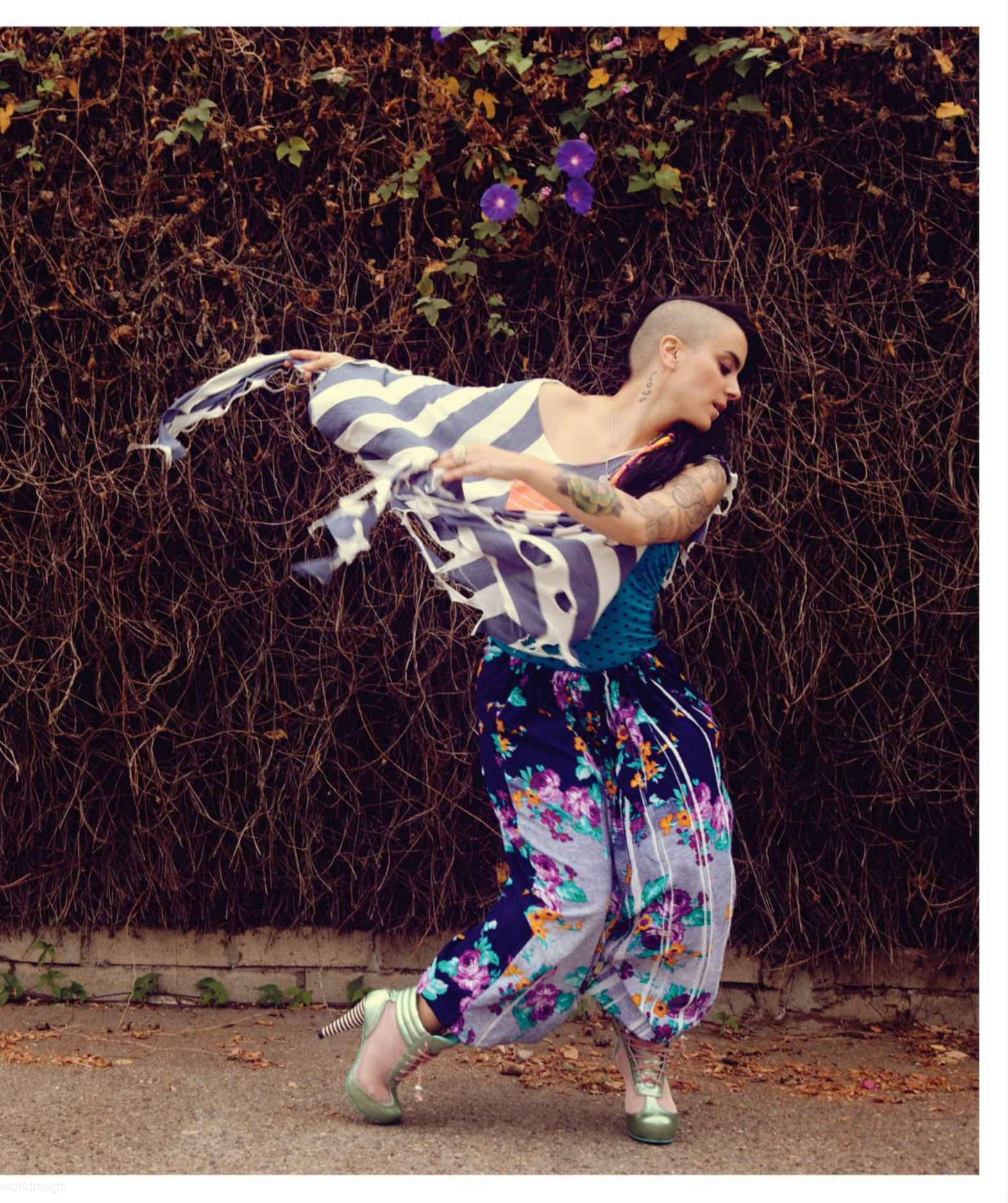
If you've seen Tayeh's work, it was probably on Fox's hit *So You Think You Can Dance*, where one of her compositions, to Jeff Buckley's version of the perennial tearjerker "Hallelujah," was praised by all three of the show's judges (one even went so far as to call it the best dance featured during the show's seven-year international run).

What differentiates her work from that of other choreographers is her distinctive style, which she's dubbed "combat jazz." Tayeh describes herself and her work as "fiery" and refers to "an underlying aggression" in the way she lives her life through her choreography. This translates into dances full of convulsive, sometimes spastic movements that could at first be mistaken as ugly, but eventually transcend their awkwardness to become pure physical expressions of raw emotion that even non-dance enthusiasts can really feel. It's that rawness that made Tayeh the perfect choice to choreograph *The Last Goodbye*, a new rock musical that debuted in August at The Williamstown Theatre Festival in Massachusetts. It's a modern retelling of *Romeo and Juliet* that incorporates the music of the late, great Jeff Buckley. If the show's stellar reviews and sold-out performances are any indication, *The Last Goodbye* could be Broadway-bound.

Tayeh says each of her 11 tattoos is a significant artistic expression full of personal meaning. She got her first, a "very fluid, jumping woman" on her back, when she was 17 or 18, around the time she started studying dance formally. Other tattoos honor one of Tayeh's heroes, Frida Kahlo, including an iconic Kahlo self-portrait on her arm and another depicting the bright flowers the artist famously wore in her hair. The tiger on her right shoulder recalls the close relationship she had with her late father, who was nicknamed Tiger.

Not surprisingly, family is a big part of Tayeh's life. She grew up primarily in Detroit with her Lebanese, Muslim mother and stepfather, but also spent time with her Palestinian father in New York. So how did they react to their youngest daughter's penchant for body art and Mohawks? "They've always been incredibly supportive of me," she says. "I was a good girl. I made good grades. They weren't going to worry about the other stuff." —Leah Welborn







MATT & KIM

If you happened to be roaming the streets of Brooklyn late in the summer, you might have heard Matt & Kim cruising around blasting their new album, *Sidewalks*. "You can't jam to your own music once it's on the radio," Matt Johnson says of the record, which drops November 2. "So we wanted to just drive around blasting the album before it was released."

"We're excited for it," Kim Schifino continues with a grin as she unabashedly explains the goofiness of pumping one's own music. "All we really do is embarrass ourselves." The infectious vibe that they give off transfers to their impossibly catchy and upbeat songs. Take, for instance, the most popular tune off their last album; it was as cheery as Schifino's glossy green eye shadow but titled "Good Ol' Fashion Nightmare."

Johnson and Schifino met in college at the Pratt Institute and have been making music together ever since. "My mom said she would pay for college or breast

implants," Schifino says. "I chose college, but she didn't even have to pay for it because I got a track scholarship. I actually wanted my first tattoo to be the Road Runner because of track—boy, am I glad I didn't follow through on that one."

Instead of a cartoon bird, Schifino's got a realistic feathered creature holding a banner with her brother David's name. Her other arm reads "Dad," a little skateboard girl sits on her hip, and hot rod flames adorn her lower stomach. "When I met Kim she had all these tattoos and she was hitting on me," Johnson says. "It was kind of intimidating but kind of hot too."

All of Schifino's ink has been done by friends, many of whom are also supportive fans of her music career. "A tattoo artist friend of mine heard about our music and he said, 'I'm really glad you got your life together,'" Schifino relays, laughing.

"Well, yeah," Johnson chimes in, "after all the stories I heard about you peeing your pants on your way home from bars. ..." —*Brittany Ineson*

Michael Voltaggio's Canned Tuna 2010

6 two-ounce pieces high-quality tuna
Maldon sea salt, to taste
1 teaspoon piment d'Espelette
1 canning jar
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 bunch basil leaves
2 cups extra virgin olive oil

Preparation: Season tuna with salt and piment d'Espelette and place in canning jar. Place the garlic and basil in the jar. Heat oil to 150°F. Pour the hot oil in the jar so that the tuna is submerged in oil. Leave out until it is room temperature, then seal and place the jar in the refrigerator overnight.

Suggested meal: Slice bread and tomatoes. Remove tuna from the jar and scrape off most of the oil. Flake the tuna. Spread some vanilla mayo (recipe at [inkedmag.com](#)) on the bread. Lay slices of tuna over mayo and place a slice of tomato on the tuna. Lay a few pickles over the tomato. Season with Maldon sea salt. Add another slice of bread and enjoy the best tuna sandwich ever!

MICHAEL VOLTAGGIO

Working in a hotel or restaurant basically breaks down like this: There's the front room staff of fawning maître d's, suave managers, and polished hostesses, and there's the back room staff, including the (more often than not) tattooed guys and girls working in the kitchen. And then there's Los Angeles-based chef Michael Voltaggio, a back room guy who's been thrust into a front room situation since capturing the grand prize in Bravo's Emmy-winning season of *Top Chef*. "I'm a cook, not a 'personality,'" he says, aware how ironic the statement sounds considering that he's making it in the swanky Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel while waiting to have his photograph taken by someone who routinely shoots people with last names like Affleck and Phoenix. "Really, I just like to make food that tastes good," he explains. "I started working in kitchens when I was 15 and I've worked hard for everything I've earned ... I haven't even had my own restaurant yet."

That'll change in early 2011, when he plans to open his first restaurant with his chef de cuisine, Cole Dickinson (pictured on page 4), in Los Angeles—a city where people like to call restaurants "projects." But despite the attention and high-profile locale, there are signs Voltaggio's brand won't end up Batalified or Riperted into some slick, celebrity chef operation. For example, after incorporating MV Ink, a company that will handle "lifestyle stuff" and the restaurant—which he plans to make "more accessible and affordable than the other places I've worked"—he promptly had the name of it tattooed on his arm. "I just got the tattoo yesterday," he says excitedly. "It's *Ink*, which is my little play on incorporated, because I'm more inked than an Inc., you know?"

A glance at the enviable collection of tattoos under his chef's whites is all

it takes to know exactly what he means. There are sentimental pieces, like the lion representing one of his daughters (a Leo) and the Day of the Dead-style ram's head in honor of his other daughter (an Aries), as well as more intricate designs, like the koi fish on his arm, which looks a hell of a lot better than the shamrock he got on his leg when he was 15. And, of course, there are the food-related tattoos, including the little fork and knife on his left hand that resembles a prison-yard special and a dolled-up Morton salt umbrella girl on his left biceps, which was done by Jason Stores at the Tattoo Lounge in Mar Vista, CA. "Jason's amazing; he gave her some character, like fishnets and tattoos," he says of the piece, which is not just an homage to his favorite ingredient, but also a reminder to coworkers. "This guy used to work to the left of me on the line and he would always forget to season," he says incredulously. "I would just hold her up when that happened. ... I mean, how do you forget to put salt on your food?"

Anyone who's watched *Top Chef* or eaten at Pasadena's Langham Huntington Dining Room when Voltaggio was chef de cuisine knows perfect seasoning is just one small step in the meticulous process he uses to create inventive dishes that look like works of art and actually taste damn good too. "I like to challenge myself," he says. "Like, tell me what ingredient you *don't* like and I'll find a way to make you like it." He thinks about this some more. "You know, it's sort of like tattooing. You bring an idea to your artist and let them interpret it, draw it, and give it back to you as this piece of art for your body. Well, give me an idea for a meal, even if it's just ham and cheese, and I want to be able to turn it around and make it into something amazing for you." —Jennifer Goldstein







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**MEET RUTH "RUTHLESS" PINEDA,
THE NEW FIRECRACKER ON *LA INK*.
LOOK OUT KAT VON D:
THIS ONE HAS CLAWS.**

**BY REBECCA SWANNER
PHOTOS BY CHRIS FORTUNA**

D

n the surface,

Ruthless is as lovely as can be. When she opens the door to her condo in Huntington Beach, CA, she's all smiles and laughter in her skintight pants, despite the fact that there's a menagerie of cats and dogs at war with each other in the background, and that INKED is about to take over her life for the next 10 hours to do a shoot and interview. But Ruthless, who's gained the reputation of being a tough chica on *LA Ink*, has good reason to be practically giddy.

For the past few years, the 25-year-old petite tattoo artist has been bouncing back and forth between guest tattooing in Hawaii and her hometown, Los Angeles, but thanks to her hardworking manager, some luck, and one life-changing Skype conversation, she's landed a gig on *LA Ink*. Working alongside Corey Miller, Amy Nicoletto, and Paulie at Craig Jackman's American Electric Tattoo, the rival parlor to Kat Von D's High Voltage, Ruthless will be staying on the mainland for the foreseeable future. As the new artist in the shop, she's had her share of tension with coworkers, especially Amy. Things have even escalated to the point where Ruthless threatened to knock Amy's teeth out.

Is this the same girl who confessed to us that she can't believe all of this is really happening? Certainly. Despite a conservative upbringing by a first-generation Filipino family in the Los Angeles suburb of Eagle Rock, Ruthless acquired a sharp edge that suggests more is going on underneath her bubbly demeanor. It's an edge as sharp as the claws of the tiger that wraps around her right arm. In high school her interest laid in athletics, namely track and field and, surprisingly for her size, basketball. "I played every sport and was the captain," she explains. But it was the opportunity to go through police training boot camp

that really held her attention. "When they came into my classroom and talked about the boot camp and police training stuff, I was like, 'Heck yeah,'" she says. Ruthless succeeded in the program, graduated at the top of her class, and became a drill instructor. But while it's important for a 5'2" woman to know how to defend herself, the training wasn't without its drawbacks.


Ruthless was 18 the last time she was in an actual fight, and during the scuffle she went into a trance-like state, she says. "When I snapped out of it I had ended up breaking a lot of her teeth out," she remembers. "I broke her nose, I broke several of her ribs, and she got expelled from school. I'm not proud of it. Ever since that I try my best not to [fight], and I haven't fought anybody since then. That girl recently added me on Facebook."

Just because Ruthless hasn't fought in years doesn't mean she's a pushover. But you probably already knew that from her brief time on *LA Ink*. Born Ruth Pineda, she earned her nickname while working at the Vintage Tattoo Art Parlor in Eagle Rock a few years back. "This prostitute came in with her pimp," Ruthless starts the story. "He had given her money to go get tattooed, and she had lost it. She did something with it and couldn't remember. Then, all of a sudden, she turned around to everybody and started accusing us, that we stole her money. She was saying all this crazy stuff—like, 'I'm gonna kill you.' I had to physically escort this person out. I was really pissed off because they were threatening everybody and I'm like, 'This is not going to happen. Not when I'm around.' When I came back in everyone was staring at me with their eyes all huge. They all started saying to me, 'Holy crap—ruthless, you're freakin' ruthless.'" The moniker stuck.

The boot camp training paid off in ways other than giving her confidence in combat. Her intense discipline—





A woman with long, dark hair with blonde highlights is sitting on a wooden deck. She is wearing a light-colored, fringe-trimmed bikini top and denim shorts with a fringe belt. She has numerous tattoos, including a large floral design on her right arm, a peacock feather on her left forearm, and an anchor on her left ankle. She is wearing high-heeled shoes with a brown, textured pattern. The background is a wooden deck with a railing.

Lost Art leather bikini top and belt; Current, Elliot jeans; Raphael Young shoes; Ben Amun bracelet. Pages 36-37: American Apparel shirt; Sheri Bodell shorts; Jerome C. Rousseau shoes; Ben Amun earrings; Ugo Cacciatori ring; vintage belt. Pages 38-39: Eres bodysuit; Junker Designs corset; Ben Amun necklace, Ruthless's own boots;

Stylist: Anna Shimonis

Hair: Benn Jae at opusbeauty.com

Makeup: Dorit at Next for MAC Cosmetics

Retouching: Maria Esztergalyos

Location: imagelocations.com



combined with a passion for the art form—is what got her through a grueling apprenticeship under her then husband, Tattoo Joe at Physical Graffiti in Bridgeport, CT. Ruthless, who loved art from a young age, says, “As soon as I found out that you can put art on you permanently, I was like, *Wow*. Even when I saw my first piercing on somebody’s tongue in high school I was like, That’s so awesome, I want that. I never thought it could be a career for me.” She used to hang out and draw in her husband’s shop. She says, “He saw my drawings and was like, ‘You can draw. Do you want to learn how to tattoo?’ I’ve never looked back since.” That’s when her trial began. “It was a very hard apprenticeship. Before we entered the shop, he’d be like, ‘You are not my wife and I’m not your husband when we’re in the shop. You’re my apprentice.’ I had to shovel snow, rake the leaves, scrub tubes, do push-ups and sit-ups, vacuum, and paint the walls of the apartments next door—these things that you’re like, What does this have to do with tattooing? But it has everything to do with it. It teaches you discipline. It puts your heart in the right place.”

And now she’s inking on prime time cable television every week. Regarding her involvement in the show, Ruthless is still learning the ropes and how to keep up her stamina on days when the crew is shooting for 17 hours. Unlike real life, reality shows require takes and retakes and more, and when coupled with tattooing it can get exhausting. She’s also cagey about saying anything about any of her coworkers—including Amy, whom she’s flared up with on camera—as she’s still finding her place in the shop. But she does admit that it is strange being recognized on the street. “Before, no one knew who I was,” she says. “Now people are like, ‘You’re Ruthless.’ It’s so trippy. You don’t really know how to react to it.”

Speaking of reactions: When Ruthless’s mother first saw that her daughter had gotten inked, she was beside herself. “I used to tease my mom and be like, ‘I’m going to get that tattooed on my face. I’m going to get that tattooed on my hand, my fingers.’ And she’d be like, ‘No! Don’t do that!’ She’d get worked up and it was funny.” When Tattoo Joe did tattoo a 19-year-old Ruthless, her mom was distraught. “The first tattoo I got was pretty much half my arm. She was like, ‘You’ve ruined your life forever.’ I had to tell her, I haven’t changed. But from where she’s from in the Philippines, the only kind of people who get tattooed are gangsters and murderers—unless you’re from the South, then it’s more of a tribal thing. I had her come into the shop to show her what it was really like, and now she totally understands. So does my dad. They watch the show and they’re very proud of me. My dad will joke around about getting the footprints of my sister’s kids on his chest.”

Still, Ruthless’s mom would prefer her days of getting inked were over. “She’s like, ‘No more tattoos on yourself, but you can keep tattooing people.’” She likely wasn’t too delighted when Ruthless inked “L.A.” onto the back of her ankle. But then again, neither was Ruthless. “During the whole thing I was like, Man, I wish somebody else would do this. I was screaming and yelling at myself. ... It’s one of those things that’s just better for somebody else to do.” Hence, Mark Dupp of *Unbreakable Tattoo* is inking the traditional-style sleeve on her left arm. She says that the piece, which starts with the swallows on her hand and features skulls, flowers, and water further up her arm, “is based on my spirituality and how I view life. The real meaning behind the swallows is how far you’ve gone in the sea. But since I’m not a sailor, I have them because I’m a free-spirited person. The flowers and skulls are for life and death, and the main skull has tribal on it because tribal means you belong somewhere, and I believe you belong somewhere after death, like heaven. I hope I make it up there.”

In the meantime, Ruthless will have to hold her own, both offscreen and on, with the likes of Kat Von D, of whom she’s not a fan. She explains that despite meeting Kat numerous times, the star of *LA Ink* still doesn’t remember who she is. “I’ve met her throughout the six years I’ve been tattooing—and I’m not anybody to remember—but if you meet someone so many times, how can you not remember them at all?” Ruthless finally cracks about her fellow cast member: “It came to a point where it’s just insulting. I don’t care how famous you get. I don’t think it’s right to treat anyone like that.”

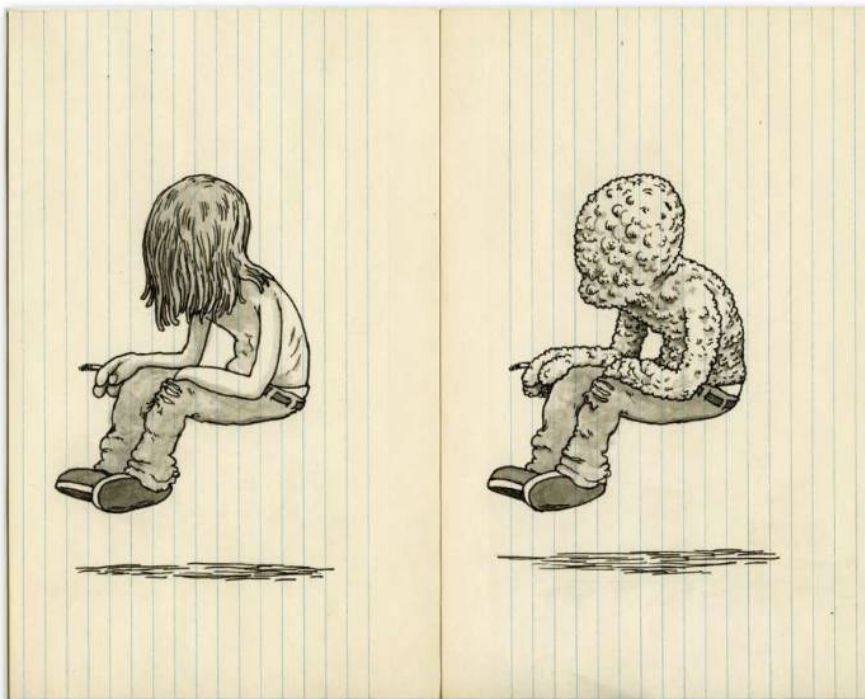
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We display the best artists* working in pen, pencil, paintbrush, and digital design.

BY KARA POUND

* What would our logo look like if these artists had their say? See one version above—and more throughout the story.



Travis Millard has his fingers in many pies. He's a skateboarder, illustrator, and ziner. A Missouri native who lives and works in L.A.'s Echo Park, a hilly neighborhood that's perfect for riding, Millard is the quintessential do-it-yourselfer. He prefers pen and ink on paper—sometimes even old envelopes—and doesn't take himself or his art too seriously. "I feel like I have to keep a lot of different sticks in the fire," the full-time freelance artist explains. "I mean, I'm not selling out fine art shows. I'm just trying to do what makes sense to me." For now, commercial illustration work is Millard's bread and butter (clients include Volcom, Cartoon Network, Burton, Vans, and Hewlett-Packard).

Although it has slowed in recent years, his underground zine work is well known under the moniker Fudge Factory Comics. "It started as me taking drawings in my sketchbook and turning them into photocopied zines to give to my friends," Millard says of the company he sprouted in '97. "I just kind of think of zines as mix tapes, going through the drawing drawer to see what makes sense, giving them a very loose theme."

Amongst art critics and adoring fans, the word that comes up most often when describing Millard's work is *sarcastic*. "I don't think I try to set out to be sarcastic," Millard laughs. "Maybe it's just my subconscious nature." But deep down, Millard's all heart.

For a decade, his brother was disturbed by a botched home tattoo he wanted to cover up. So the siblings got similar vans (yes, the automobile, not the sneaker) sketched by Millard inked on their hands. "I'm tempted to go further," the artist says of his tattoos. "But I'm trying to go slow with it. I mean, once you hit your hand there's kinda no stopping from there. It's not like a dolphin on your fucking ankle. You're kind of going for the gusto."

TRAVIS MILLARD



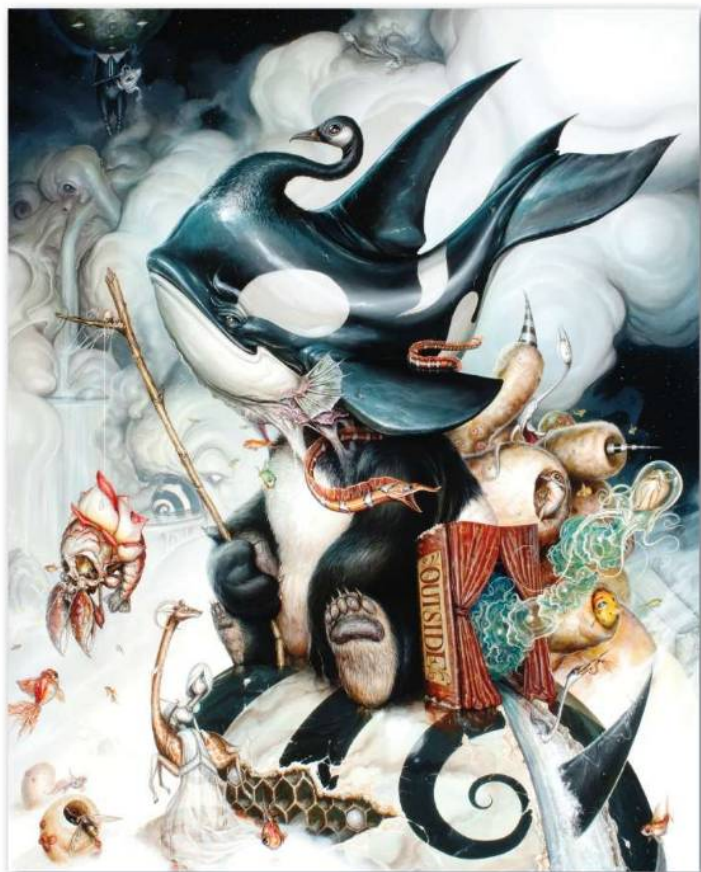
Opposite page: Millard's INKED logo. This page, clockwise from top left: *Abandoned Geyser*; *Kenny 1 & Kenny 2*; Millard; *Brawl*; FYF.



Clockwise from below:
 Simkins; *Flotsam and Jetsam*;
 INKED logo by Simkins;
 Hunter; *Finding Home*.



GREG "CRAOLA" SIMKINS



For as long as Greg Simkins can remember, he's had an overactive imagination, creating mystical worlds inspired by pet rabbits, Disney cartoons, and fantastical books. And at 35 years of age, now a husband and father, Simkins has no intention of shedding his boyhood enthusiasm. Like Peter Pan, this mixed-media artist, born and bred in Torrance, CA, plans to stay young forever.

He got his start in high school as a graffitist under the name Craola. "It was a good way to learn to paint really big and bold," he says of those formative years. After high school, Simkins received a B.A. in studio art and got a job as a video game illustrator for Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 2X, Spider-Man 2, and Ultimate Spider-Man. He left in 2005 to try his hand as a full-time freelancer. It paid off. Clients include Disney, Mattel, Converse, and *Juxtapoz* magazine. He also started to fine-tune his fine art voice by creating a world he calls "The Outside."

"It's basically my take on Narnia, Wonderland, and Never Never Land," Simkins says. "People find themselves creating these other worlds for their imagination to go to." Each painting is a snapshot from this mystical, surrealist world full of freakish creatures and pop culture references, a world he says is still tied into reality. "Things that I'm painting are just a piece of what you see in the natural world."

Like most artists, Simkins can't stand a blank canvas—even his own. His first ink came as payment for spray painting work he did in a tattoo shop. Over the years he's been worked on by some of the top artists in the industry, including Nick Rodin, Sparky, Mark Landis, Matt Shamah, and Joe Capobianco. Some of his favorite tattoos include multiple "Craola" crayons marked on his body—a constant reminder that childhood never has to end.



INKED



Clockwise from top left: Frankie; Octavia; Houtkamp; Marie; Houtkamp's INKED logo.



ANGELIQUE HOUTKAMP

Dutch tattooist and visual artist Angelique Houtkamp mixes old-school imagery with Hollywood glamour. Her subjects—almost always female—practice the art of seduction. Posed with themes ranging from nautical to carnival to military, heroines like Amelia, Marverine, and Octavia lure the viewer with the arch of an eyebrow or the pursing of lips.

In her late teens, Houtkamp, a self-described "crafty kid," moved from small town Uithoorn to Amsterdam. It wasn't long before she realized she wanted to tattoo. Back then the city only had a few shops, and they were "mostly biker-run." Finding an apprenticeship was nearly impossible. It took a decade of working odd jobs, but Houtkamp finally got her foot in the door.

"I realized that in order to make tattoos, like the old-school ones I really like, the best thing would be to make flash and put it on the wall in the shop," Houtkamp says of her decision to pursue painting. Bold lines, black shading, and a

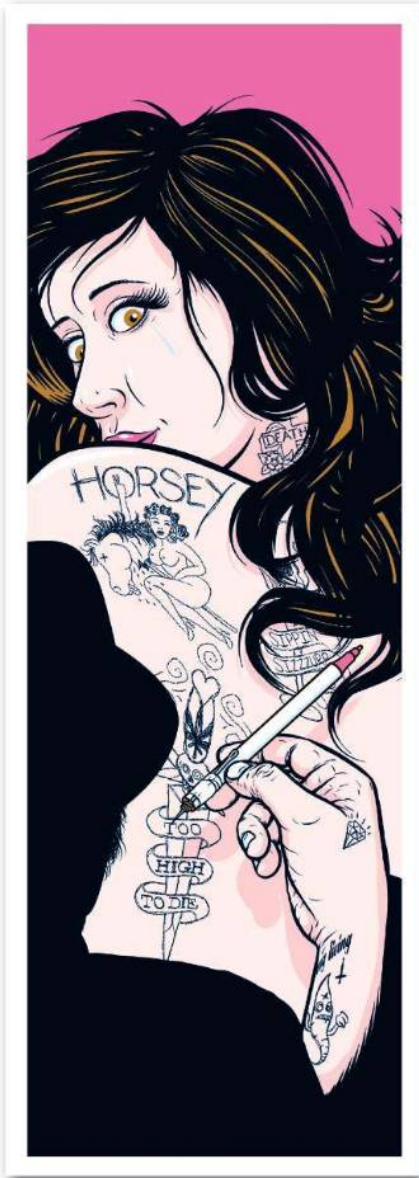
handful of colors became Houtkamp's signature style. She worked in colored pencils until a friend taught her the old-timey method of painting flash with watercolors. "I just loved that and picked it up really quickly," she reminisces. "Every moment of the day when there was nothing to do in the shop, I would be painting."

Houtkamp has been steadily making a name for herself working at Admiraal Tattoo in Amsterdam and exhibiting her art from Sweden to Seattle. She just released her third book, *All-Killer-No-Filler: Black and White Linedrawings*, this past summer and has been collaborating with Billabong on a line of apparel due out next spring.

For now, Houtkamp is enjoying the flexibility of a brush stroke. "Tattooing can be so difficult sometimes because each person's skin is different," she says. "People heal differently, so the outcome is not always the same. With painting, you know the paper and you know your medium. You always know what the end result will be."



Clockwise from top left : INKED logo by Bratrud; Skate Brain; Todd Bratrud; Teddy; Chase It; Horsey.



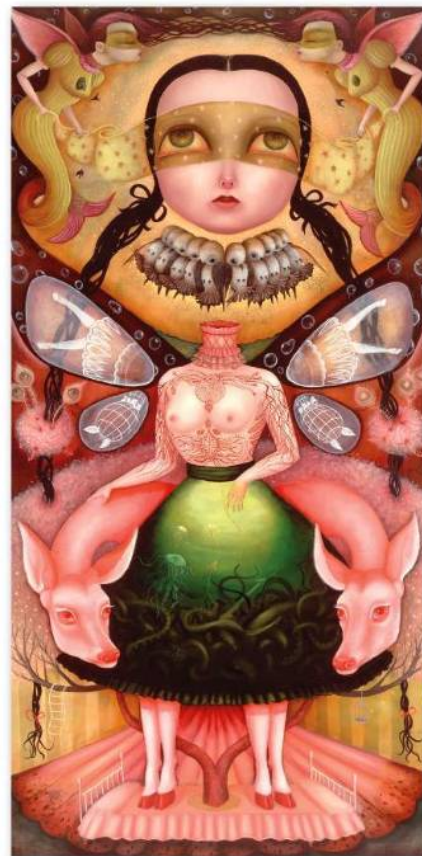
TODD BRATRUD

Todd Bratrud's imagination is brimming with well-endowed lime green lizard ladies busting out of teeny, tiny yellow bikinis. This ability to conceptualize a teenage boy's dream is what makes him one of the top illustrators and graphic designers in the skateboard industry, producing art for big names like Volcom, Consolidated Skateboards, Nike SB, and Gatorade. He's also cofounder of Burlesque of North America, a design firm in Minneapolis, and recently helped start a skateboard company called The High Five.

Born and bred in a rural farm town in Minnesota, the 35-year-old fell in love with skateboarding as a young tween. But it was the industry's art that really spoke to him. "It was unlike anything I'd ever seen," he says of the raw, gritty graphics in skateboard magazines and on decks. "It was all I wanted to do, and it came to me way easier than the actual skateboarding did."

In '99, Consolidated Skateboards offered Bratrud a full-time gig. So he abandoned the Midwest for California dreams. Around the same time, he was hit by a drunk driver while riding a bike and got pretty busted up. He spent the recuperation time working on art. Everything Bratrud did, especially the green lizard ladies, started garnering attention. He explains, "I just kind of liked the idea of showing a girl that's overly attractive, but at the same time this highly disgusting lizard that you just can't help but look at."

Bratrud moved on to freelancing and did an apparel line featuring the sexy reptiles for Volcom, went on a worldwide art tour, and collaborated with some of the biggest pro skaters: Mark Appleyard, Geoff Rowley, and Sean Malto, to name a few. He currently divides his time between Costa Mesa, CA, and North Dakota. "Most of my ideas come when I'm on the road," he says. And he's enjoying the autonomy that comes with being his own boss. That's *the* dream.



JENNYBIRD ALCANTARA

A female-fawn hybrid with wings protruding from her neck, a blue octopus-lady surrounded by forest life emerging from a pond under a night sky: Jennybird Alcantara's world is like nothing you've ever



seen. The attribution of human characteristics to animals or nonliving things has existed in literature and films for hundreds of years (picture the fawn in *The Chronicles of Narnia*), but Alcantara carries the contemporary creative torch for anthropomorphism.

She focuses on themes of duality—light and dark, good and bad, life and death—and nearly every central figure is some kind of a human-animal. It's the same with her name (Jenny + bird) and her favorite tattoo (a deer hoof on her forearm). "I'm not trying to use darkness as a tool to be shocking or weird," she explains of her offbeat paintings. "It's just part of nature." It's this sense of self that makes the artist so successful; she commands shows around the world, from Rome to Brooklyn, and garners spreads in top outsider art publications.

As a teenager, Alcantara made a conscious decision to be an artist. She received her B.F.A. from the San Francisco Art Institute and immediately got to work. Over the years, her art has evolved from narrative, expressionistic, and loose to a tighter, more specific message. "I don't need to be adored by the masses. I've never compromised what I want to do," she says. "I think you have to be completely honest with what you want to portray; otherwise people are going to see that it's thin. That it doesn't have depth."



Clockwise from top left: *Swooning at the River of Oblivion*; *Talisman*; *Sleepwalker*; Jennybird Alcantara; INKED logo by Jennybird; *Truce*.



INTO THE WOODS

GATHER THESE HUNTING LOOKS.

PHOTOS BY THOMAS LIGGETT

ON THE TRAIL

From top: Ben Sherman hat, bensherman.com; Alexander Olch scarf, olch.com; Billy Reid sweater and red union suit, billyreid.com; Won Hundred pants, wonhundred.com; Obey Field Guide belt, karmaloop.com; Vans Alomar sneaker, vans.com/etw; Timberland X Stussy boot, stussy.com.



HELLO MCFLY

From top: Penfield Outback vest, penfieldusa.com; Thirty Two Bass Assassin vest, thirtytwo.com; G-Star vest, g-star.com; Adidas vest, shopadidas.com; DKNY Jeans vest, lordandtaylor.com; Affliction Black Premium vest, afflictionclothing.com.
Prop styling: Angela Campos





INKED
GIRL

JUSTINE
KONIK

PHOTOS FOR INKED BY
MEINMYPLACE.COM
PAGE 53





We're in geek love. This Brooklynite, Justine Konik, may not look like the typical Trekkie—but trust us, she's well versed in all things Captain Kirk-related. And while she dreams of being at Comic-Con or in deep space, the enterprise of this self-proclaimed "barista extraordinaire" is a coffee shop.

Rivaling her devotion to sci-fi is her coffee-nerdiness. "I can't help nerding out on espresso and home brewing in my free time," she says. And she is discerning, calling Dunkin' Donuts and Starbucks "the McDonald's and Applebee's of coffee," and imbibing well-made cappuccinos and high-quality espresso instead. How far will she go for some good joe? Well, there are plenty of places in her borough, but being an avid traveler (she spent most of last year wandering through India and Nepal) Konik also makes it a point to taste international brews during her trips.

Konik's ideal day would involve both coffee and a little

Star Trek: "You can't go wrong with coffee and some DS9." That's *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* in case you aren't in the know. And there are many who aren't, as it's her Trekkie-inspired ink—the Trill spots on her face and head—that elicit the most questions. "I have moments when I wish I didn't have those even though I love them," she says. "Most people can't grasp the idea of a *Star Trek* tattoo, or they think it's leopard print, so I end up explaining it a lot. It's the explanations I don't care for."

Still, she plans on adding to her collection of ink with more spots on the bottom of her feet. And while her personal favorites are the pieces on her thighs, the senior set is more drawn to her colorful sleeve, created by Portland artist Brian Wilson. "Old ladies love my arm! They say it's like watercolors," she explains. Finally we have a nerdy Inked Girl you can bring home to your grandmother. —Melanie Rud

"I HAVE MOMENTS WHEN I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE THE
TRILL SPOT TATOOS EVEN THOUGH I LOVE THEM.
MOST PEOPLE CAN'T GRASP THE IDEA OF A *STAR TREK* TATTOO,
OR THEY THINK IT'S LEOPARD PRINT."







Helmut Lang top; La Fée Verte boy shorts.
Opposite: VPL bikini. Pages 50 and 52: The
Lake & Stars romper; Ruby Kobo necklaces
and bracelet; Shashi gold wrap bracelet.
Page 53: Enza Costa cardigan; Ruby Kobo
necklaces. Page 54: VPL underwear; The
Lake & Stars bra; Shashi gold wrap bracelet;
Ruby Kobo bracelet.

Styling: Sara Cooper

Hair: Karmela Lozina
for Sahag Workshop

Makeup: Erica Whelan
using Nars Cosmetics





BENJI AND JOEL MADDEN

Good Charlotte's frontmen are certainly brothers: While discussing their new album, *Cardiology*, and what clothes look cute on girls, Benji manages to bust on Joel's ink.

BY LINDSAY SILBERMAN

Ten years ago Benji and Joel Madden burst onto the scene with Good Charlotte. The single "Lifestyles of the Rich & Famous" put the band on heavy radio rotation and the two scrappy kids with a bunch of tattoos and a boatload of charisma into the spotlight. The Maddens, in location and mind-set a long way from their bedroom community of Waldorf, MD, became pop-punk princes in Hollywood. The twins even dated the duo atop the celeb-butante pecking order: Paris Hilton and Nicole Richie (Joel is now engaged to Richie, with whom he has two children). In between coverage in *Us Weekly*, the Maddens created the clothing line DCMA Collective (with their brother, Josh, and friend Tal Cooperman), were tapped by Macy's to vet a women's fashion collection, and put out two more albums that climbed the *Billboard* charts. Now rock's royalty is back and poised to please Good Charlotte fans with their fifth studio album, *Cardiology*.

INKED: Good Charlotte has been around for 10 years now—seems like a good time to drop an album.

JOEL MADDEN: It doesn't feel like it's been 10 years. I don't feel we've been doing this that long. I still feel like I don't know what I'm doing yet.

BENJI MADDEN: It flew by. I definitely appreciate the last 10 years because a lot of times when

you're young you're kind of naive and excited—and it's good to be that way—but there's also a lot of valuable things you learn along the way that you really appreciate.

Joel: Yeah, our band's been through a lot of shit. A lot of people don't see all the things that we've been through. Sometimes the time feels longer and sometimes it doesn't feel like it's been that long

between albums. There have been sacrifices you make for the band—you miss people's weddings and birthdays because of it.

Benji: I appreciate the lessons we learned and appreciate that we are still here. Now it feels right too. We're definitely having more fun than ever.

Benji, you were quoted last January saying you didn't feel comfortable about the initial stages of recording this new album.

Benji: Yeah, I think sometimes when you get a feeling and your gut tells you something you've got to listen to it. We were with the wrong producer and I could just feel it. The record didn't have the vibe that I was kind of wanting it to have, and it wasn't really about the songs—I liked the songs—it was just the vibe of the record. And so it was kind of a hard decision because we had worked for a long time on it, and I definitely punched a couple walls. Then we were like, yeah, we need to start over. So once we did, we started the record with Don Gilmore, who did a couple other records for us. It immediately felt right. And then it was like, okay, good, we're on the right track. And now I love the record, so I'm really happy we did that. Because it's everything I wanted it to be.

PHOTO: COLIN JACOB





That must have been a tough decision.

Benji: It was a scary decision but it was the right decision. It's like a tattoo, you know? If you're going to get a tattoo and you don't fucking like the drawing, don't get that shit. You know? Like, you learn as you get older. When you get tattooed you kind of learn how it works. I don't want to laser any tattoos off—I'm not going to. So if you're going to put a record out, you fucking better back that shit. Once it's out there, it's out there. So it is kind of like a tattoo. You got to go with your gut.

Moving on to another body part: Why name the album *Cardiology*?

Benji: No one can explain why they love music or hate music or why people are always so pas-

sionate about certain bands. They love them, they hate them—no one can explain why you could be in the shittiest mood and a song can change your whole day. Or a song can make you think of one person, or a memory or a band can just inspire everything else you're doing. I'm a fan. I'm still a fan through and through. I'm a fan of so much music that moves me and really does so much for me. That's all kind of connected to the heart. They have doctors and medicine and science all explaining how the heart works and all that stuff, but they can't explain how when you love someone and they break your heart you physically feel pain. They can't really explain that. And music is all wrapped up in that notion; music is really at the heart of everything. Through the process of

making *Cardiology* I kind of fell in love with music all over again.

Do you have a favorite track on the album?

Joel: I'd have to say "Harlow's Song" is my favorite because I wrote it for my daughter. It wasn't going to be on the record, but my brother was like, "We have to put this on the record." It's a little lullaby I wrote for her and it turned into a real song, so that's probably my favorite. There's some fun ones, though. There's a song called "Last Night" that I feel has good vibes.

"Last Night" makes us think of *The Hangover*.

Joel: Right on the money. It's like the continuation of the first single off the album "Like It's Her Birthday," but only it's the next morning.

“I LIKE A LOT OF MY OLD, SHITTY [TATTOOS] BECAUSE THEY REMIND ME OF A REALLY GOOD, INNOCENT TIME IN MY LIFE.” —JOEL MADDEN

“Like It’s Her Birthday” has been out in front of the album. Does that help you gauge the reception to your new work?

Joel: We’ve already gotten a great reaction online. I guess I’m pretty calm because we’ve been getting such a good reaction from the fans. It’s weird how 10 years after our first record, we’re closer to our fans than we’ve ever been because of things like Twitter. We talk to our fans every day. It’s cool. Our whole career was built off of our relationship with our fans. Back in the day I would write them letters.

How old-school.

Joel: That was before MySpace or anything like that. Before, we didn’t have cell phones or even a computer—we just drove around in a van. Now I can just jump on Twitter and reply to fans all day. A lot of times I’ll direct message fans on Twitter saying, “Hey, your comment means a lot.” It’s so easy, it takes 30 seconds. Back in the day we’d have to seek people out during a show to find a place to crash. Now, if we needed to, we could jump on Twitter and ask, “Where are we staying tonight?”

And now you’d get millions of offers. How else have things changed?

Joel: I think the band has been pretty consistent—we’re pretty straightforward. GC is GC. It’s not like rocket science or anything. It’s not like some precious kind of music. Good Charlotte to me is a blue-collar band, as in we all kind of show up to work and do our job. We’ve personally grown over the years. No complaints here. It’s been a fun ride and we’ve got a lot of good tattoos and met a lot of really good tattoo artists on the road too.

What’s been the biggest change in your life, and has it influenced your music?

Joel: My kids. But I don’t know that they’ve changed our music. The family has given me some different things to write about and you can hear it in some songs, and they definitely make me work harder. When you have kids you try to become more responsible and have more urgency to work as hard as you can and as long as you can.

And you two have been working for Macy’s as well, with your Mad Picks collection.

Joel: [Macy’s] has the American Rag line, and before the season we went through and picked out pieces that we’d like to see on girls.

Benji: It’s no secret; Good Charlotte has a lot of girl fans. And we really, genuinely love our girl fan base. So Macy’s came to us, and we were like, “Really? Sure! Hell yeah!”

Did you bring your style into the thought process?

Benji: My style? I would describe it as a lack thereof. ... If you look at pictures of me over the last 10 years there isn’t really an effort made. Maybe a lot of black.

Joel, did your other better half, Nicole Richie, have a say in the line?

Joel: She definitely had an influence since she knows more about women’s fashion. And Nicole has her own style. But now I’m starting to really notice what chicks are wearing. I like it when I see girls with their own style. I mean, there are tons of different styles and tons of different girls who all have their own flavor. I definitely notice that more than maybe I used to.

Anything else you are passionate about?

Joel: I’m not good at anything else. I don’t have any kind of skill sets. I wish that I could draw and do tattoos. It always looks like fun. But I’m terrible at art. I’m not even creative when it comes to drawing and stuff like that.

When did you first get into tattoos?

Joel: Our brother, Josh, was living in North Carolina when we were about 17 or 18, and we went down and all got the Irish flag at some random tattoo shop that I can’t even remember the name of.

After that did you feel compelled to get more right away?

Joel: I think that Benji and myself kind of always wanted to get covered. We were from a really small place and we didn’t know where to go to get tattooed and we didn’t know any artists or anything. And then when we moved out of the house to Annapolis, in Maryland, we started hanging around in D.C. and became friends with some guys who worked at Jinx Proof in D.C. They saw us getting more and more into tattoos, and I got some really bad tattoos in the beginning—

Benji: Doesn’t everybody get shitty tattoos in the beginning?

Joel: The guys at Jinx Proof were like, “Okay, guys, you got to get serious about this. You got to come

and start getting tattooed by some good artists and stuff.” That’s when we started getting into tattoos and actually learning about artists and more about tattoos themselves. So it was kind of like we got taken in by a bunch of older guys that showed us the right way.

Do you have a favorite piece?

Joel: I like a lot of my old, shitty ones because they remind me of a really good, innocent time in my life. But I have a back piece that my friend Grant Cobb did, and that’s probably my favorite one. He did a rendition of the Maryland flag for me and it covers my back. That’s really cool.

How long did that take?

Joel: It’s probably taken about 20 hours total, and I probably have a couple hours left of touching up. Every time I see him it’s like, “Yeah, we should touch that up.”

Benji, why did you get a Benjamin Franklin back piece?

Benji: It’s all about the Benjis, man! It took, like, 36 hours, somewhere around there. Actually, of all Grant’s customers I hold the record for the longest sitting; I sat for 12 hours.

Damn, 12 hours.

Benji: When I get tattooed my friends are usually hanging out so I have to act like I’m not pissed off. But as long as there’s good music playing I can sit for a long time.

Do you have a next tattoo planned?

Benji: I wanted to get wolf heads on the tops of my feet. I did my right foot but I have to have my left foot done.

Joel: I like Mark Mahoney’s work, and I’ve never been tattooed by him. I haven’t gotten tattoos for my kids yet, so I’m planning on having him do that. I think I want to get them on my neck.

You talked earlier about liking some of your sketchy tattoos. Which is your baddest?

Joel: When I was, like, 18 I got a horrible, horrible dragon on my leg. It’s terrible but it’s awesome!

Benji: You mean the sea horse?

Joel: Whenever we’re standing around with new people comparing tattoos I’m like, “Oh yeah? Check *this* one out!” It’s such a terrible dragon that it’s a really cool tattoo.

Benji: It looks like a sea horse. 🐎



On Harvey, Levi's jeans; Clu leggings; Dr. Martens shoes; vintage suspenders. On Emily, Arielle de Pinto chain vest; MTWTFSS Weekday tank top; MP Black skirt; Dr. Martens boots; Hemlove bracelet; earring, available at New York Adorned.

Sweet and Vicious

Some clothes just get better with rage.

Photos by Nicholas Routzen

Styled by Julie Brooke Williams



page 65

On Harvey, Levi's jeans; Clu leggings; Dr. Martens shoes; vintage suspenders. On Emily, Arielle de Pinto chain vest; MTWTFSS Weekday tank top; MP Black skirt; Dr. Martens boots; Hemlove bracelet; earring, available at New York Adorned.



On Harvey, General Idea black tank top; Trovata black shorts; Wood Wood brown belt; London Underground gray leather boots; vintage suspenders. On Emily, MTWTFSS Weekday tank top; vintage skirt and belt; bracelet and earring, available at New York Adorned.



On Harvey, General Idea blue wool jacket and gray wool shorts; Nice Collective T-shirt; Armadillo black leather belt; Dr. Martens black velvet combat boots; Hemlove bracelet; stylist's own necklace.
On Emily, Frank Tell white leather jacket; Christian Wijnants black beaded skirt; vintage T-shirt and leggings; Hemlove necklace; Jeffrey Campbell shoes.



General Idea black jacket; MTWTFSS Weekday T-shirt; Levi's black jeans; vintage sweater; London Underground blue suede shoes.

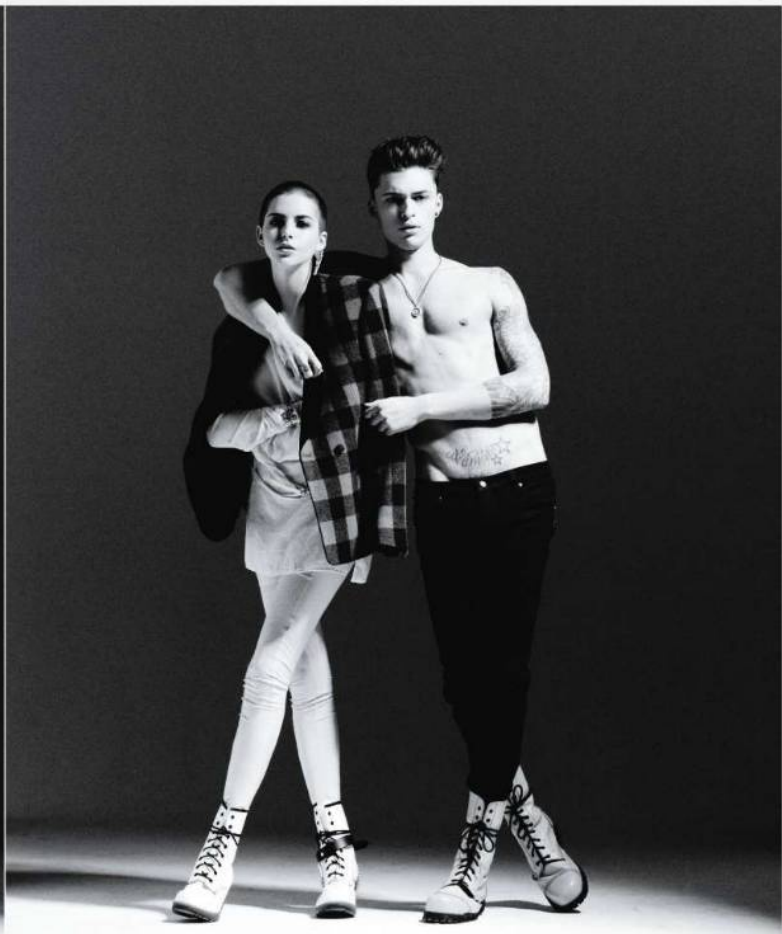
On Harvey, Tripp black-and-red plaid jeans; Bespoken white oxford; London Underground shoes; vintage bracelet. On Emily, Tripp black-and-red plaid jeans; vintage jacket; Kelsi Dagger black leather boots; Pamela Love ring; Fiona Paxton bracelet.





Trovata olive coat; Wood
Wood jeans; vintage
suspenders; vintage
Fendi plaid coat; London
Underground suede shoes.

Opposite: On Harvey,
Bespoken black-and-red
plaid jacket; Trash and
Vaudeville black jeans;
London Underground
gray leather boots. On
Emily, Camden Lock
top; Monki leggings;
Dr. Martens white
leather boots; Trash
and Vaudeville bracelet;
Arielle de Pinto earring.





On Harvey, Riviera Club T-shirt; Nice Collective black leather pants; London Underground blue suede shoes; vintage jacket; earring, available at New York Adorned. On Emily, Act 1 black jacket; Shrine dress; Levi's black jeans; London Underground leather boots; Arielle de Pinto necklace and earrings.

Photographer's representation:

Traction Artist Management

Models: Harvey with Adam NYC,
Emily with Rocket Garage

Hair: Staci Child

Makeup: Christine Cherbonnier

Stylist assistant: Alexis Ramsey

Photo assistant: Greg Aune

Location: Fast Ashleys Studios

General Idea black wool
jacket; Prince Peter
T-shirt; vintage pants;
stylist's own scarf.

Even crazier than being a Juggalo—a diehard fan of Insane Clown Posse—is not being one but going to the Gathering of the Juggalos. Our reporter spends four days

Inside the Dark Carnival.

BY CHARLIE CONNELL
PHOTOS BY SHANE MCCAULEY





JUEGALO

IT IS 5:15 A.M. SATURDAY MORNING and I'm standing in a tent with a can of Stroh's in my hand, my eyelids getting heavy from the time and the drink. To my left is a heavysset girl wearing nothing but a bikini bottom. To my right is a shirtless man taking a hit out of a bong shaped like a human skull. On the stage in front of us Vanilla Ice screams that he still loves the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and he doesn't give a fuck what people think, thus whipping the crowd into a frenzy as everybody screams "Go ninja, go ninja, go!" I'm inside the Gathering of the Juggalos, and I'm in deep.

Juggalos are the fiercely loyal fans of Insane Clown Posse. The Insane Clown Posse perform a genre of music known as horrorcore, which is a form of rap that consists of lyrics mainly about murder and mayhem. The two members of ICP, Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J, perform while wearing black-and-white clown makeup. Those not in the scene may have become aware of ICP after *Saturday Night Live* did a parody of the band based on their recent single "Miracles." My perspective is that the song is either ignorant people marveling over elementary science (for instance, one choice lyric is: "Fucking magnets, how do they work?") or a genius debate between faith and reason. Either way, few people with a 401(k) take the two middle-aged men who resemble Kiss as dressed by P.T. Barnum and produce songs such as "Imma Kill U," "Murder Go Round," and "Bitch Slappaz" seriously. Yet thousands of others vehemently disagree. If Insane Clown Posse is the ringmaster of the dark carnival, the Juggalos are the carnies.

My journey to meet the Juggalos started a few weeks ago, when a friend of mine was online and found a 17-minute-long infomercial about the Gathering of the Juggalos that promised a four-day festival of helicopter rides, wrestling, dudes on stilts, comedy, seminars, a screening of *Big Money Rustlas* (a Western starring ICP), performances by others on their label, Psychopathic Records, the imminent possibility of getting laid, carnival games, Vanilla Ice, Tila Tequila, Method Man, and the comedian Gallagher. They had me at "dudes on stilts."

Did I decide to go for a laugh? Undeniably. Was it to laugh at the pageantry of ICP? Perhaps. But more than anything I wanted to figure out the fandom. Jimmy Buffet's Parrot Heads make sense to me; who wouldn't want to wear a Hawaiian shirt and drink daiquiris? But why, with so many fringe subcultures out there, does this seemingly ridiculous one thrive? The only way to find out would be to drive seven hours south of Chicago to a remote location in the woods and gather with upward of 10,000 Juggalos. Family, most friends, and my gut plead with me not to go, but my one buddy George was intrigued. So we packed a car with camping equipment, clothes we wouldn't mind ruining, and what we hoped would be enough beer to last the weekend, and took off.

ABOUT A HALF HOUR OUTSIDE OF CAVE-IN-ROCK, IL, the "town" of about 300 people that is closest to the Gathering, our cell phones—our connection to the outside world—lose their signals. Then the trees open up to reveal an endless parking lot packed with cars and tents. The license plates aren't homogeneous, but nearly every car has at least one sticker depicting a Hatchetman, the logo of Psychopathic Records and ICP, and many have more than one. By the looks of the vehicles, the stickers might be holding the bodywork together.

After obtaining our bracelets and maps of the sprawling grounds—on which I make sure to note the location of the "Burrito Man"—we take a lap of the environs. The initial Juggalo color comes from a couple of topless women, a guy with a sign offering to trade pot for pain pills, more than a few painted faces, and countless people yelling "Whoop whoop!"



George and I set up our camp, and I arm myself with a small cooler full of Stroh's for a walk toward the main stage. On the way I pass a bunch of carnival rides—a Tilt-A-Whirl, a Ferris wheel, and that thing with the swings that spins around. Across from the Tilt-A-Whirl a couple of people have set up a card-table lemonade stand. It seems a little quaint for this crowd, so I take a second look at the cardboard sign leaning against the table. Out in plain sight it reads "Mollies and Dro" (i.e., MDMA and hydroponically grown marijuana). I look back toward where I think George still is and realize that even perfectly sober and with a map, it will be an impressive feat of navigation to find my way back to camp through the maze of tents—and it will be a minor miracle if impaired by drugs and alcohol. Damn leaving bread crumbs.

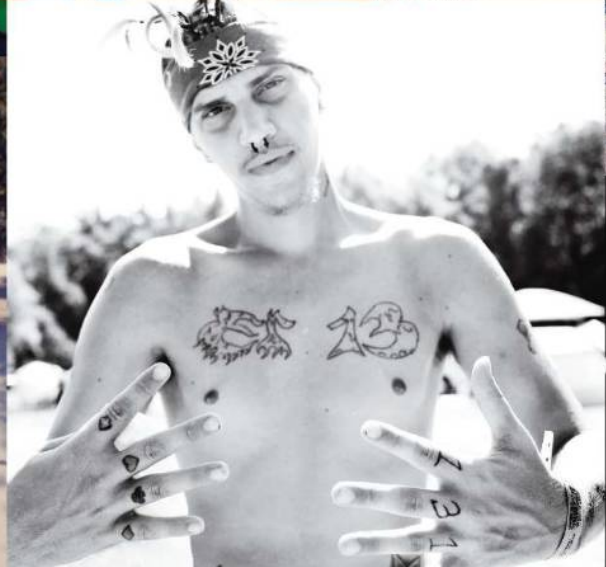
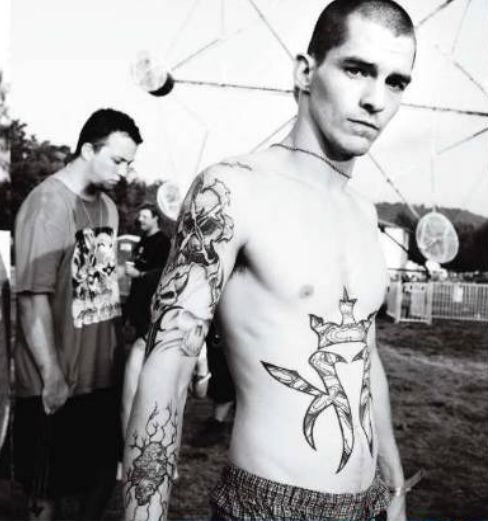
I continue on to what the Juggalos uncreatively call the Drug Bridge. Lit up by searchlights on both sides and teeming with dealers, it serves as an open-air pharmacy. As I cross the bridge I'm offered every drug I have ever heard of and a few that I haven't. A kid who could be no older than 17 holds up a Ziploc freezer bag half full of coke and offers a bump for \$5. Next to him, a girl is selling pipes while someone who may be her lover sells the pot to smoke out of them. I see a member of the security staff coming toward the bridge in his golf cart and expect the crowd to scatter. But they don't and he just drives on, minding his business.

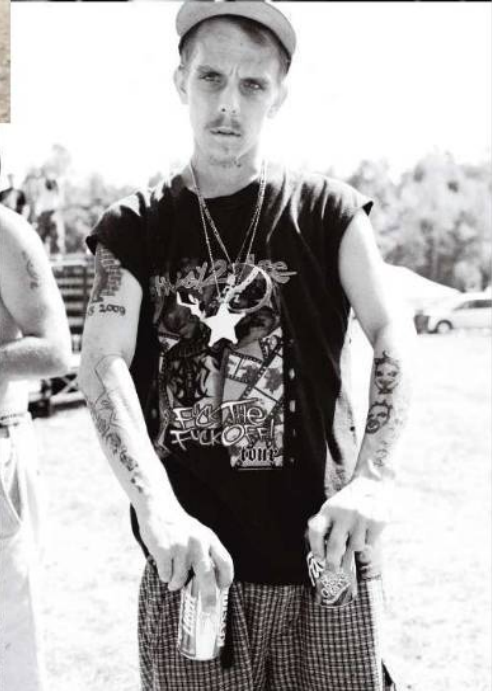
A few nights later I witness the comedian Gallagher buying pot in the middle of the night off the Drug Bridge. Shocking? Not at all, considering that he's a man who makes his living destroying food with a giant hammer. But it was surreal. Also surreal is the fact that Gallagher is on the Gathering bill at all. From all appearances he is the prototypical hippie, and I figure that someone from the peace and love generation wouldn't have a lot in common with ICP fans. Boy, am I wrong. For starters, there isn't much "peace and love" left in Gallagher's act. Have you noticed how he isn't on TV very much anymore? So has he. Being out of the spotlight seems to have made him really bitter. At least half of his act turns out to be him complaining about how he is "too real" for the establishment, and the crowd eats it up. Then it takes a turn toward the unexpected, and Gallagher gets incredibly racist, raunchy, and offensive. There's a joke about Ted Kennedy being happy about getting brain cancer so that he could die with a hole in his head like his brothers. This is followed by a joke about how there aren't any Mexicans in the audience, at least not until everything needs to be cleaned up. When he smashes a plate full of collard greens that he mentions should contain some slices of pineapple to represent our president, I'm left wondering if smashing watermelons during his act has actually been a metaphor for all these years. Crude "humor" aside, watching someone take the Sledge-O-Matic and smash a plate of creamed corn mixed with sauerkraut in person is exactly what you would imagine: totally fucking awesome.

My next celebrity run-in is also jarring. It's late and I'm talking with a Juggalo from Arizona who has saved up all year to make it to the Gathering. His buddies from home weren't able to take the trip, so he is making a video for them. As we are talking, Ron Jeremy sidles up to us, looks at me for a second, and asks, "Hey, you're the Jewish guy I was talking to last night, right?"

"No, and lapsed Catholic," I say. I begin to ask him if he will be at the Miss Juggalette contest, but he slips into the night like a hedgehog.

The Miss Juggalette contest is just one example of the odd air of permissiveness and sexuality that hangs over the entire Gathering. If one wanted to make the argument that objectification of women is a staple of hip-hop culture in general, attending the Gathering would not dissuade him. Some of the more popular daytime activities include wet T-shirt contests, oil wrestling, and dirty tent sex. Breasts





are currency at here. Many girls have cardboard signs offering to flash certain body parts for certain prices, and on multiple occasions girls walk up to me and offer to show me their boobs for a dollar, a beer, or a bottle of water. I feel like a bizzarro Joe Francis, the *Girls Gone Wild* guy.

When it is eventually time for the Miss Juggalette contest I assume it will be much like spring break in that I will see some boobs, people will hoot and holler, and that will be about it. Again, I am wrong. Eight girls are seated on stage, all of them dressed quite provocatively with short skirts and revealing tops; most have dyed hair, piercings, and tattoos. The MC starts the contest off with a mundane challenge: Each girl is asked to showcase a secret talent. The first girl immediately pulls down her panties and masturbates for the crowd. About 15 seconds later it becomes abundantly clear what her secret talent is.

FOR THE MOST PART it's all love at the Gathering. At one point I find myself bullshitting with some people (they broke down near Indianapolis, hitchhiked the rest of the way, and don't seem too concerned about how they will get home) when a tweaker runs up on us. "Ya'll have got to be careful!" he says. "There are some little ninjas walking around here and cutting into people's tents and stealing their shit." Then he grabs the arm of one guy next to me and points to the Hatchetman tattoo on his forearm: "Don't fucking trust anyone without a tattoo!" he says. Seven out of every 10 Juggalos has a Hatchetman tattoo or one of ICP's albums on his body, and all in all the Juggalos are a well-inked tribe. I spot tattoos ranging from skulls to crosses to text reading "Cravin Asian."

If the tweaker is a prophet, then Jesus, the "Burrito Man," turns out to be my savior. Jesus has spent his last 14 summers on the road following bikers around the Midwest, and whenever they set up to rally for a few days Jesus is there cooking burritos out of the back of his truck. It is tough to find food that is edible and affordable at the Gathering, but for a mere five bucks Jesus offers the "Jumbo Combo," a sizeable burrito stuffed with onions, peppers, meat, potatoes, sour cream, hot sauce, and an American cheese slice. Don't question the American cheese; just have some faith in Jesus.

The only thing with which to wash down the burrito is the Faygo. For the unfamiliar, Faygo is a cut-rate soda from ICP's hometown, Detroit. And for some damn reason, Juggalos love Faygo—both to drink and to spray all over each other. Grape Faygo tastes just like liquefied Pez, it is undeniably the best of the 40-something flavors. On Saturday there is even a wet T-shirt contest utilizing Faygo. I also find another use for Faygo when I happen upon a small, dirty pond a couple of hundred yards north of the Drug Bridge that the Juggalos and Juggalettes are treating as the beach. Unlike the bridge, this area has a clever moniker, Hepatitis Lake. A group on the shore are playfully pelting people in the water with empty bottles of Faygo, which they fill with pond water and throw right back. As I watch, one man gets hit in the face with a full bottle of pond water then, in one motion, he picks up the bottle, drinks from it, and throws it right back.

Throwing things seems to be another favorite pastime of the Juggalos, and, in the end, one that will gain them a great deal of notoriety after this particular Gathering. I was not at Tila Tequila's performance when it was halted after fans reportedly pelted her with bottles, rocks, and, according to the blogosphere, feces, but descriptions of the incident were all over the internet. And as I read them it seemed to me they were remarkably biased against the Juggalos, putting me in a very strange spot. I had wanted to write about what a shit show the whole Gathering was. I wanted to report lightheartedly about what a strange group they are, but I find myself in the awkward position of wanting to defend a whole subculture. What happened to Tequila is indefensible. A crowd acted badly, as crowds often do, with the anonymity of the mob encouraging people to behave in ways they never would by themselves. However, more than one



media outlet reported the Tequila story with the point of view that no one should be surprised that this happened because ICP fans represent society's lowest common denominator and they are stupid, rude, and violent people who would attack anyone for no reason whatsoever. But the bloggers weren't there.

During my trip to the Gathering I did not witness a single fight or act of violence that wasn't in a wrestling ring. Not one—and I can't think of the last time I sat in the so-called Friendly Confines of Wrigley Field for more than four innings without seeing fisticuffs break out. In fact, the vast majority of people that I meet at the Gathering are polite, welcoming, and warm. I might go so far as to call them sweet under all their clown makeup. And it's not like they take me for a fellow Juggalo, but they are gracious nonetheless. They want to know why I have come to the Gathering and make sure that I am having a good time, and they usually offer me something to drink or smoke while we shoot the shit. Cricket, one woman I

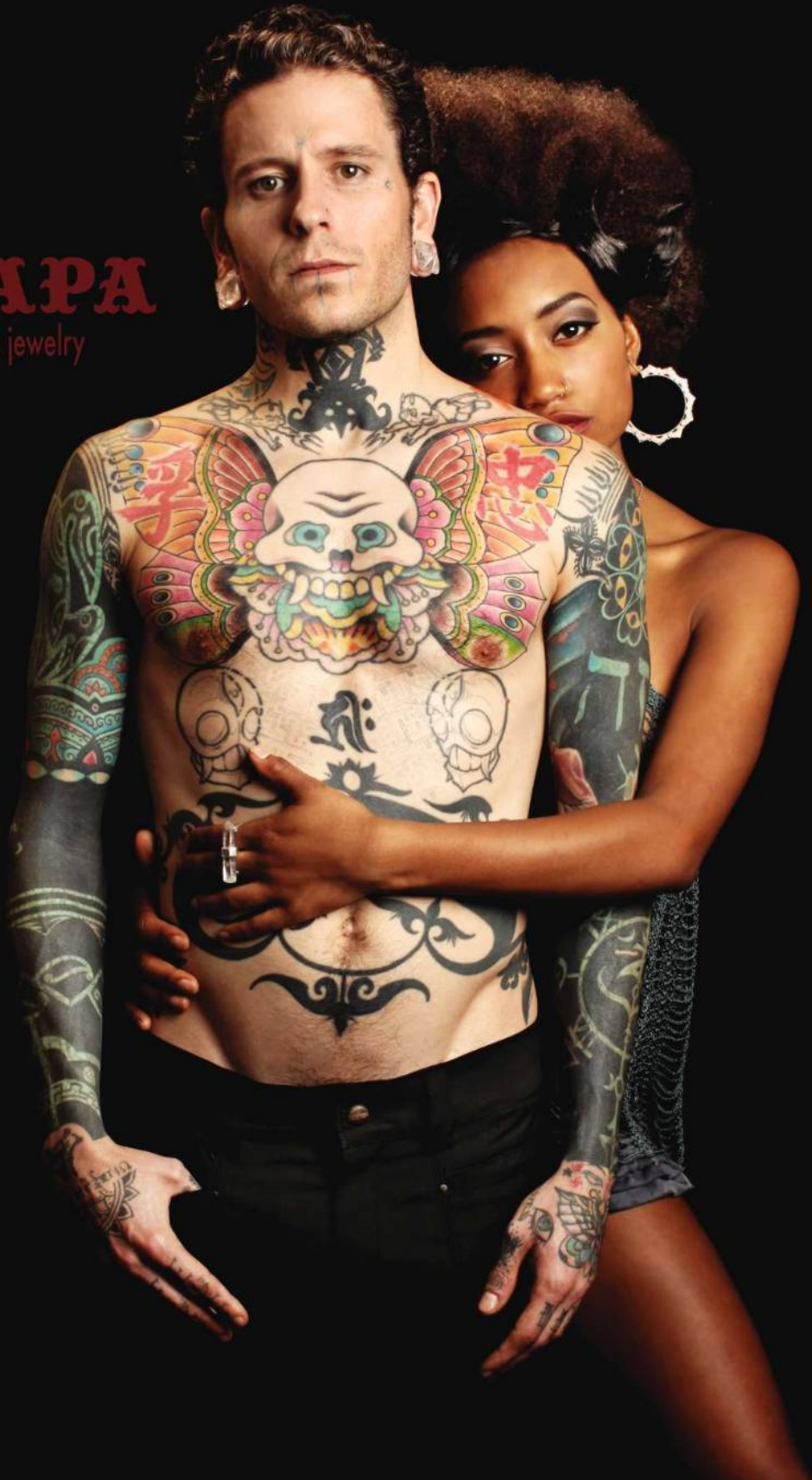
encounter, turns out to be one of the nicest people I've ever met. In fact, when one of her friends fell on hard luck and became homeless, Cricket took her in and paid for her ticket to the Gathering. Although the friend has since stolen most of Cricket's money to buy drugs, Cricket says the most egregious act this "friend" committed was telling her, "The Juggalos ain't got no love."

BY MIDAFTERNOON SUNDAY, after three days of temperatures in the mid-90s mixed with booze, lack of sleep, and general debauchery, George and I are running out of steam. I'm sitting outside of our tent in a tiny sliver of shade with a wet towel on my head and a thousand-yard stare while giving myself a pep talk to make it to the culmination of The Gathering, ICP's performance at 11 p.m. On my way to the main stage, sans passed-out George, I decide it would be a great idea to get my face painted. I scramble to find someone willing to transform me into a Juggalo for the evening, to no avail. I am told by a few people that if they were to paint my face it wouldn't be genuine. I haven't earned it. I would just be a poseur. I'm disappointed, but I do see their point.

As I wait for ICP to take the stage, I'm charged by the energy, surrounded by people who have come from hundreds, if not thousands, of miles away for this very moment. The chaos that ensues once ICP hits the stage is fever pitch. Glow sticks fly into the air, Faygo is spraying in all directions, fireworks are being shot off in the crowd, and everyone is hooting and rushing forward. Up on stage a bunch of guys in clown makeup spray the audience with more Faygo and make chicken feathers rain on the crowd (the ol' "Faygo and feather") while Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope rap around them.

Toward the end of the performance, while ICP plays "Fuck the World," a girl puts her arm around my shoulders and screams the words in my face. Such a pretty face and smile shouting such grotesque lyrics makes something click. Sure, I can't stomach horrorcore rap or Faygo, but it's not about me for once. Although dudes on stilts are pretty excellent, what makes the Gathering of the Juggalos so special is that this is their family reunion. For 361 days a year Juggalos are, for the most part, on the fringes of society. They have a fanatical devotion to a band that has never even come close to having a mainstream hit or the slightest critical acclaim. These are the kids who spent their high school years being beaten up and the rest of their life being avoided. Yet for these four glorious days they congregate in a field in the middle of nowhere with thousands of their family. For four days they all get together without being hassled for doing drugs, getting drunk, listening to their music, wearing face paint, talking in Juggalo slang, being naked, and showing off their tattoo-covered skin. They are family, and with family you can be yourself and know that the family unit will have unconditional love for the real you. It is a miracle that the Juggalos found themselves. ■

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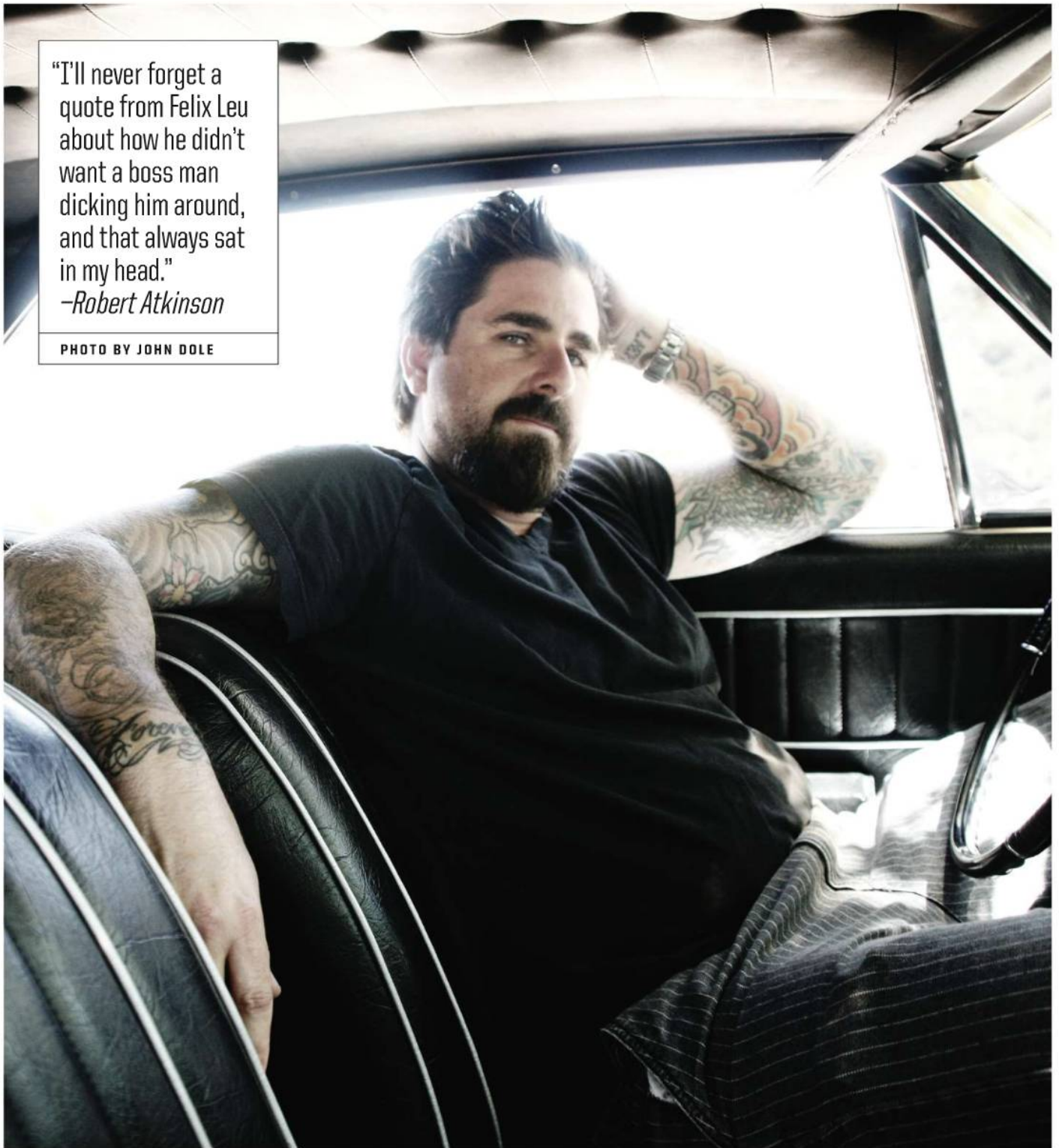
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San Francisco

"I'll never forget a quote from Felix Leu about how he didn't want a boss man dicking him around, and that always sat in my head."

—Robert Atkinson

PHOTO BY JOHN DOLE





ROBERT ATKINSON

DOLOROSA TATTOO STUDIO

11930 Ventura Boulevard
Studio City, CA
818-287-8842
atkinsontattoo.com

BY MARISA KAKOULAS
PORTRAIT PHOTOS BY JOHN DOLE

L.A. native Robert Atkinson went from airbrushing T-shirts at theme parks and fairs to outfitting tattoo collectors with body suits tailored in such a way to make the artwork appear organic on the body, as if the client had been born with his powerful Japanese-inspired art on them. Here he talks about how he went from tattooing tribal armbands to crafting his signature large-scale work, and muses about custom cars, the state of the industry, and how to make tattoos hurt less.

INKED: At what point in your life did you really get into tattooing?

ROBERT ATKINSON: Around 1990, I started getting interested in what was happening in tattooing. Magazines were coming out like *Outlaw Biker Tattoo [Revue]* and *Tattoo Revue*, showing work from artists like Guy Aitchison, Eddy Deutsche, and of course Ed Hardy and his *Tattoo Time* series. I thought, Wow,

look at what these guys are doing! Real artists doing things on skin that I hadn't seen before. It really attracted me. I remember in one of them Jonathan Shaw had an interview with the Leu Family. I was so fascinated by the whole thing: how they were living and what they were doing. I'll never forget a quote from Felix Leu about how he didn't want a boss man dicking him around, and that always sat in my head.

"[BACK PIECES] HURT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE—IT'S PAINFUL AND IT'S EXPENSIVE. ... AT THE END OF THE DAY, NO ONE IS GIVING OUT TROPHIES FOR BEING TOUGH."



When did you first pick up a tattoo machine?

In 1992 I had four friends chip in and buy me my first tattoo kit, a Spaulding & Rogers starter kit. I don't like to promote that, really, but at that time things were different. I remember going to the local tattoo shop and telling them I wanted to tattoo and they said, "Get the fuck outta here. Don't even think about opening a tattoo shop in this town or we'll blow the fucking windows off." So I was tattooing on my own for a couple years, tattooing everyone I knew. I also traveled between here and Seattle a lot at the time, airbrushing T-shirts at fairs. I met people along the way and tattooed them, but I didn't think of it as a career, just something I was doing at the time.

And when did you start on your career?

I started tattooing professionally in 1994. I had moved down here to South Bay and met a guy who knew a guy who owned a shop on Melrose. I ended up getting a job there. I was pretty nervous. I had never done a stencil tattoo; I was always drawing them on with a pen. I worked there for a few years, and then I met Henning Jorgensen [of Royal Tattoo in Denmark] around 1996. I wrote him a letter and told him that I always dreamed of going to Europe. When he was back in L.A. he invited me to come over to his shop, and six weeks later I had a one-way ticket to Denmark. It was cool.

We're sure you learned a lot in your experience working with Henning.

I learned how much I didn't know. [Laughs.] Where I was working on Melrose, it wasn't a super-busy place but it was perfect for where I was at. I did a few tattoos a day, mostly small. When I got to Henning's place, it was so busy. I had anywhere from 10 to 15 tattoos a day.

What kind of tattoos were you doing then?

I had a real knack for drawing tribal designs from studying Jonathan Shaw's and Leo Zulueta's stuff. The tribal thing was huge in Denmark at the time, and I was good at drawing it. After three or four months, I was drawing full arms in tribal. Everyone had seen that *From Dusk Till Dawn* movie and wanted that work all the way up to their necks. Guys getting their first tattoo wanted a full black sleeve of tribal because of that movie.

When did you get into the large-scale Japanese work you're known for?

I was always really attracted to it from the *Tattoo Time* books and all the Hardy work from the '70s and '80s—the crazy, westernized Oriental stuff, not a Japanese imitation, but his own interpretation, a bit more psychedelic.

Did working with Henning also influence your Japanese work?

Oh yeah. Henning was killing it.

This was about 15 years ago and he was doing shit no one was doing in Scandinavia. Henning's work is always big and clear and bold and beautiful. It's remarkable, actually. He doesn't overdo it and his designs hold up over time.

Any other tattoo influences?

Filip Leu is one of my biggest tattoo heroes. I went to Filip's in Switzerland to get tattooed; he did a big cobra on my leg. That changed everything for me. I watched him work all day and got a better understanding of doing things on a larger scale; how to lay things out on the body to fit in a way that looks natural. From Filip, I learned how to really see things, and I'm still learning. So that's when it all started for me to go toward the more Japanese style in tattooing.

What's your approach to Japanese tattooing?

What do you bring to it? Can I think about it for two days? Huh. I would say, first, that my work is not really Japanese tattooing but mostly Japanese subjects—Japanese imagery on some level. I don't want to do something I'm not. I'm from Los Angeles, born and raised here, and I'm not trying to do a tattoo that looks like a Japanese guy did it.

Where do you draw inspiration, then?

The *Hokusai Sketch-Books* have been a huge influ-

"IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA I SEE A LOT OF PEOPLE WITH COLOR TATTOOS AND IT SEEMS TO JUST GO; IT DOESN'T HOLD UP WELL UNDER THE SUN. BLACK-AND-GRAY JUST GETS BETTER AS IT AGES."



ence for me. It's sort of been my bible, a springboard for me in the beginning. But nowadays I try not to be too influenced. After years of doing similar imagery over and over, I try not to do the same thing.

How do you keep it fresh? My clients keep me on my toes. I will break out photos of what I've done so I don't repeat myself too much. You can tell it's from the same hand but I don't want my clients to think their work is similar to another client's. I try to keep mixing things up and use new combinations of a very small vocabulary of imagery. I believe in the "less is more" thing. I try to do things in a way that you will know what it is from 10 feet away.

Your clients seem to trust you with a lot of their skin. You've done a lot of huge back pieces. I've done about 35 to 40 back pieces in the past eight years. Large-scale tattoo work is a luxury, for sure. Any time you see someone with large work you know they paid for it. It's like wearing a Rolex or driving a nice car. It's luxury lifestyle shit, but it's not something you can just go buy. You have to deal with a motherfucker like me, show up for your appointments, pay a bunch of money, and get it done.

And it hurts. It hurts in more ways than one—it's painful and it's expensive.

There are a number of tattoo artists these days offering numbing creams and sprays that make the tattoo process hurt less. Do you offer

those to your clients? I keep a thing of spray for a few guys—not for someone who's going to sit for two hours, but for someone who will come in from out of town and wants to sit there and get four to five hours done. It makes it easier on him and easier for me. If people come in after wrapping themselves in Emla cream [to numb the area], I'm cool with it, but I'm not gonna say, "I have this cream and for 50 bucks extra I'll numb you up." I used it myself for the last sitting I had with Filip and it fucking helped, man.

Don't you think you lose some badass cred by taking away some of the hurt? At the end of the day, no one is giving out trophies for being tough. In the beginning I was like, "Oh no, fuck that shit." Then, at one point, I lined 18 backs in one year and all these guys were going to a spa to get numbed up before coming in, and they would lay as stiff as a board and get four hours out of that shit. So I started to think it wasn't so bad because they weren't moving around or pissing and moaning that they need to get up every 10 minutes. It's just another tool for big work, especially if you're looking at a 20-plus-hour ordeal.

You also have a lot of large-scale black-and-gray work in your portfolio. I love to do black and gray and have a bit of Jack Rudy influence in my work. I'm in southern California and I see a lot of people with color tattoos and it seems to just go; it doesn't hold up well under the sun. Black-and-gray just gets better as it ages. You use the skin tone

and it has a more natural look on the body. It's my favorite work and it's twice as fast to do.

Where are you working these days? After two and a half years at Victory Studios, I'm moving on to work with Chris Paez and Alex Garcia at Doloresa Tattoo on Ventura Boulevard in Studio City. I'll still keep working five to six days a week.

I heard that you have some merchandising deals in the works too. I have an old friend who owns a big company in San Diego that prints shirts, and she has a couple of her own lines as well. We've been talking about doing something over the past couple of years but just started to get it together now. So I've been working on about 12 designs and we'll see how it goes.

Are you still customizing Vans shoes? I'm still doing the shoes. More recently, I did a pair for Horiyoshi III and he sent me an original painting and hand-painted thank-you letter. That was really cool.

How did the shoe thing get started? One day, my sister came over with a pair of white Vans on, and I grabbed some Sharpies and started messing around on them. It was really fun. Next thing you know, I was doing more and trying different formulas to get the result I wanted with different pens and materials. I started posting pictures of the shoes back in the MySpace days, and people were ordering them from all over the world. It was really crazy. I'd just be smoking so much fucking weed all night and doing shoes after I tattooed all day. I've done over 200 pairs of shoes.

Would you ever encourage your kids to have a career in tattooing?

I don't think so. I'll let my kids make their own choices, but it's not something I necessarily want my kids to do. I think the industry is oversaturated. Everybody knows a tattoo shop and artist. People are comparing prices. I just see so many garbage tattoos these days—way more bad tattoos than good tattoos, done by people who don't know anything about it. I don't know if it's the TV shows, or people coming in and seeing our lifestyle and wanting that. It's attractive. It attracted me at some point. But it was a way, way smaller industry back then. I bet you anything that 90 percent of those tattooing in the last 10 years don't have a clue about making needles or mixing ink. It's big business now, but unless you are coming to the table with some serious fucking art skills and great people skills, you're never going to make a living. If you don't have a reputation for making good tattoos, you won't survive.

How long do you think you'll be doing it for? I have a good 10 years in me at least. Depends on the people: If they keep calling me for work, I'm ready to do it, and I really enjoy doing it. I don't know how to do anything else so I might as well stick with it—people keep telling me I'm good at it. 🐼

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Standing, from left: Matthew Adams, Brian Decker, Lalo Yunda, Shey, Kevin Wilson. Sitting, from left: Alicia LaCava, Bill Vegas.

SACRED TATTOO

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sacredtattoo.com

BY LANI BUESS
PORTRAITS BY TOM MEDVEDICH

You have to want to find Sacred Tattoo. Nestled between SoHo's upscale shopping district and the foreign flavors of Chinatown, the shop is housed in a second-floor studio on a busy commercial stretch of Broadway. Sacred is impossible to stumble upon, and you can easily pass it if you miss the inconspicuous sign reading "Tattoo" with arrows pointing up the staircase. The restraint on signage could indicate that they don't want drunk college kids piling in to get corny tattoos etched into their arms, or it could reflect taste level, as the modest exterior gives way to a high-end studio that could rival any avant-garde fashion shop in cobblestoned SoHo.

At 3,000-plus square feet, the studio, with its contemporary decor, looks more like a chic palatial apartment than a tattoo parlor. Renovated last summer to mark the shop's 20th anniversary, it now boasts a waiting area with a flat screen TV and a

series of red leather love seats surrounding a black table, where artist portfolios are placed like coffee-table art books. There's also a break room with imported coffee and enclosed stations for the artists' privacy. But what really makes the shop stand out is the 900-square-foot art gallery with built-in DJ booth that Sacred opened up a little less than a year ago. Don't expect flash lining the walls or the smoking accessories that are found in some stereotypical street shops; Sacred defies the "general stigma," according to manager Kevin Wilson.

"It's a top-notch shop," says artist Shey, who went from serving in the Israeli Defense Forces to specializing in tattoos of the macabre. Along with the physical revamping, new guest and resident artists were brought in. In addition to Lalo Yunda, who's earning a name for himself for himself with realistic work, the shop employs Matthew Adams, a Japanese tradi-



Clockwise from top left: tattoo by Bili Vegas; art gallery at Sacred Tattoo; tattoo by Lalo Yunda; tattoo by Matthew Adams; tattoo by Shey.



tional artist, photorealism specialist Bili Vegas, floating resident Nick Wilcox, who dabbles in all styles, and Shey, who joined the shop six months ago. All that and Sacred even offers henna art.

Dubious signage and all, Sacred isn't relying on people off the street to fill their seats. The artists have amassed ink lovers by word of mouth and have brought tattooing to members of the art crowd who walk through the gallery and into the studio. "Since the gallery launched we've done quite a few first tattoos on people who've come through the gallery," Wilson says. "You'll have a lot of suits that probably would never walk into a tattoo studio in general, and it kind of changes their perception on what tattoo studios really are."

The themed art shows feature tattoo-inspired art as well as sculpture, digital photography, and installation work that caters to outsider subculture,

from hip-hop to street art. With 750 people showing up for its initial opening, this fledgling gallery is a serious contender in the art scene but lacks the typical pretentious pseudo-intellectual vibe. "We don't want that snooty, ultra-controlled, shunning-everybody-away type of attitude that most galleries put off," Wilson explains. Shows run four to six weeks and spotlight up-and-coming artists as well as seasoned vets, such as Shepard Fairey, KMFDM cover artist Aidan Hughes, and Jordu Schell, character designer for the film *Avatar*.

Not bad company for Sacred, which started out sharing a basement on 3rd Street when owner Wes Wood first hung his shingle. He then rented a 600-square-foot space on Canal Street to tattoo and house the machines he made. "I remember looking at the place and thinking, Oh God, it's embarrassing—I'll never fill it," says Wood. At the

time he called his business Canal Street Tattoo, and that name would eventually be changed to Kaleidoscope when now-renowned tattooist Anil Gupta came to work there. After Gupta moved on, Sean Vasquez stepped in. Though he stayed for roughly a year, he left a lasting impression by renaming it Sacred Tattoo. Four years ago, Wood set up shop in the current location. Adding high-caliber talent, relocating, expanding studio space, and creating an art gallery comes with a heavy price tag, but it's all made possible through Wood's ownership of Unimax Supply Co., a tattoo equipment wholesaler on Canal Street that he has operated since 1989.

"If I was just a tattoo artist I'd never be able to afford this place in New York," Wood says. "When you're running a big operation it costs money to keep it going. I'm just really lucky." Or just really good at what he does.



YANN BLACK

FROM: Montréal, Quebec
VISIT: yourmeatismine.com



Why the simplistic, abstract work? It's more or less the continuation of what my graphic work consisted of before tattooing. Skin is just a different medium.

How did you get into tattooing? After art school I bought a machine to tattoo myself, and people started to ask me to tattoo them. From then on I eventually became a tattoo artist.

Your art seems to be Picasso meets Tim Burton. Who in particular would you say influenced your unique style? Personally I'd add Miró and Egon Schiele, as well as tattoo artists like Alex Binnie and Xed Le Head.

Your work is so unique—how often do clients come in off the street and ask you to tattoo whatever you feel like creating? It does tend to happen, but I'd rather tell them to come back with an initial idea. For me, good tattooing is about the exchange with the client.

Do you find being an artist rewarding? Yes, in the sense that I wake up every morning and do something I enjoy.

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CONNECTING TATTOOS



NAME: Michelle Marano

SHOP MANAGER AT: DaVinci Tattoo, Brooklyn

My boss, Gia Gurabanitze, had a piece of work done by Leo Krasnopolsky at another tattoo shop and loved the work so much that he plucked Leo and opened up this shop around him.

We've only been here a month and already the neighbors look at us like we don't belong here. This old guy comes up to me every morning, points at my sleeve, says "disgusting," and runs away. I think some people might be selling their houses right now.

But then again, a lot of people do come in off the street. They come in, hang out, and all of a sudden they're getting tattooed. I don't know if they necessarily wanted a tattoo but I talk them into it.



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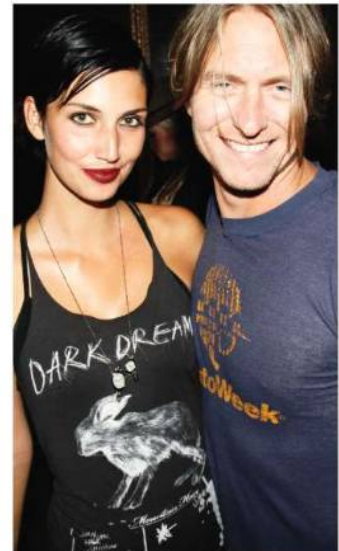
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KAT VON D'S WONDERLAND GALLERY

To showcase fine art next to body art, Kat Von D opened up Wonderland Gallery adjacent to High Voltage Tattoo in West Hollywood. While the gossip rags pointed out that this was the first time Von D and Jesse James announced that they are a couple, we were much more intrigued by the work of Kevin Llewellyn (directly above) and by Lemmy's hat.

For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



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POOL PARTIES

It was the summer of Jelly Pool Parties for New Yorkers too hip for the Hamptons. Jelly threw eight Sunday shindigs at Brooklyn's Williamsburg Waterfront. The parties were free, showcased great ink, and featured acts like Chromeo, Cut Copy, and Cap'n Jazz—and that's just the C's.

For more photos go to inkedmag.com.





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MINKA SICKLINGER

Graceland, 677 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, NY, minkasicklinger.com

"I love the one-on-one contact with my clients and being able to collaborate with them on a piece," Minka Sicklinger says of her love of tattooing. "It is an art form that is constantly moving. I like seeing something go from an outline on a page to taking form and shape on a body. And I love the honor of being able to give something to someone that they can walk away and have for the rest of their life and be happy with." The self-taught tattoo artist says that "aside from tattooing, I love ink on paper and installation art." And to leave her mark on the world, if she were to design her own tombstone it would be a scene involving crows and foxes.

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