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Let's Ride! COOL BIKES HOT GIRLS SICK TATTOOS Inked Girl Stefani Chapman

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On the cover: Stefani Chapman; photo: Chris Fortuna; stylist: Neva Kaya; hair: Sienree at Celestine Agency for UNITE; makeup: Alexis Swain at Celestine Agency for NARS. Vintage tee; DKNY underwear; model's own jewelry.



R nineT



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THE NEW BMW R nineT. #FeedYourRestless



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INKWELL

















Welcome to our Motorcycle Issue. If your veins course with motor oil, I'm sure that you will appreciate every inch of the bikes featured on these pages as much as you'll appreciate the frame of our Inked Girl, Stefani Chapman, who was shot by Chris Fortuna (1). But just as Chapman is about more than looks, so too are motorcycles. They are about power and independence, and until we all get jet packs they're the best form of personal transportation with the coolest riders, many of whom you will meet on the following pages.

One guy who helped us put it all together is Mark Buche (2). There are some companies in the motorcycle world that, to put it nicely, don't "embrace" their tattooed fan base, but Buche is an independent thinker. In his communications position at the Motorcycle Industry Council, he has been a friend to the tattoo community and helped facilitate many of the moving parts in this issue. He also introduced us to Ashmore Bodiford, cofounder of the all-female excursion Babes Ride Out, who is featured in INKED People, with accompanying photos by fellow rider Lanalika MacNaughton (3). Lani Buess (4) profiles Six Feet Under, the shop that *LA Ink* owner Corey Miller rides to every morning.

To keep the creativity flowing, we approached ridiculously talented tattooers, including Jime Litwalk (5), to turn motorcycle helmets into canvases, with stunning results. Staying in gear, Thomas Liggett (6) shot motorcycle-friendly accessories, proving that biker fashion has swerved far away from the leather daddy look.

Speaking of leather daddies, I handed our own Nick Fierro (7)—just kidding, Nicky!—a harrowing assignment: Learn how to ride a motorcycle in a week's time. His journey was illustrated by Danielle Otrakji (8). For those who don't ride and are thinking of giving it a go, check out his tale. If he can do it, anyone is capable.

Rocky Rakovic Editor editor@inkedmag.com

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TATTOO OF THE MONTH Want to be a Tattoo of the Month? E-mail your ink to editor@inkedmag.com.

> BY: KEN KILE, BLOOMSBURG, PA ON: JULIE

From INKED'S Creative Director's

Instagram @toddinked: TODD'S TATTOOED GIRL OF THE MONTH:

MAIL



SOME PINTEREST I absolutely loved the Pin-Up Issue! The girls looked so glamorous in their outfits, but still edgy with their ink—it was the perfect combination. Pin-ups, like tattoos, stand the test of time. If I have one complaint about the magazine it would be that I think every INKED issue should have a pin-up. **Max Dumont**, Santa Ana, CA

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CARA MIA HULA GIRL PIN-UP Tammy Poore Hula and pin-up,

it cannot get more perfect than this.

Casper Stevens

The ink work is so sexy **Patrick Phelps** She has got to be the most beautiful woman that I've ever seen and that's not a lie! Perfect in every single way! My good God, breathtaking! Whoever her old man is, is the luckiest man on the planet. Jodee Moody My grandpa used to have her on his dash

Justin Harrington Makes me thirsty for some Sailor Jerry!

SHANNON M.

Victor Hernandez I'm in love again.... John Pope

She very much reminds me of Bettie Page!

LIZ COOK'S TATTOOS Tonilee Baker Wow, unbelievably beautiful!!

NIKKO HURTADO'S TATTOOS Miranda Roberts His stuff looks so real that you want to touch it.

KATIE'S PIN-UP ON A WOODEN FENCE Ryan Liberty Classic sexiness Gary Belcher Tweezers are at the ready for them splinters

CARA MIA: CHRISTIAN SAINT



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INKED LIFE

DRINK. PLAY. RIDE.

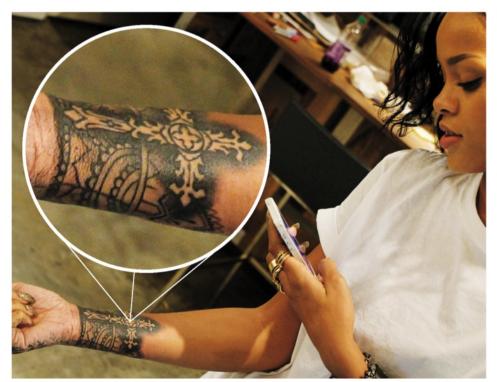
MY FAVORITE INK

NAME: Chelsea Gabriellee OCCUPATION: Dancer HOMETOWN: Tampa, FL

"My most meaningful piece would probably be the one on my side. It has a masquerade theme, with a young girl wearing half a mask of an older woman. The tattoo itself has some deep significance with my mother, which is

interesting because my parents don't really appreciate tattoos. The girl with a mask was started by a tattooer who moved out of town so I am going to have Nick Stegall at RedLetter1 finish it up. The overall theme for my tattoos is eternal youth, and I will probably have the majority of my body tattooed eventually."

photo by GAVIN THOMAS



A Cross for the Crossover Artist

Rihanna has been adding to her tattoo collection. And unlike Miley and Justin, the pop starlet expresses a thoughtfulness with her ink. "I like hanging out in tattoo shops," she told *Atlanta Peach* magazine. "I am so intrigued by tattoos. It's an entire culture, and I study it." In January she walked into Bang Bang's shop at midnight and left at 5 a.m. with a tight negative-space cross.

ICP VS. FBI

Insane Clown Posse, the horrorcore rappers, filed a suit against the FBI and the Justice Department for classifying their fans—Juggalos and Juggalettes who often sport Juggalo tattoos—as a "loosely organized hybrid gang." At a press conference, rapper Violent J said, "The FBI gang designation has caused real and lasting harm to the lives of the Juggalos. That's insane, if you think about it."



The amount of time Fort Worth tattoo artist Bobby Doran spent inking in order to break the Guinness World Record for the longest tattoo session with multiple clients.



Peck on the Neck

Lead singer of Against Me! Laura Jane Grace flew out to Japan in February. While there she got a raven hand-drawn and then inked on her neck by the masterful Gakkin, of which she posted on Instagram: "Fucking incredible work!"

Wheels Dollbaby EST. 1987 2

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INKED LIFE | drink





their rye mash holds up to the quality of the distillery. With this new-ish rye (the first run was in 2011) we like to shake it into the most classic of rye drinks, the Sazerac, created by Thomas H. Handy in pre-Civil War New Orleans.

HANDY'S RECIPE: 1 barspoon (about 1 tsp) Herbsaint

2 oz rye 1 barspoon water 1 sugar cube 4 dashes Peychaud's bitters

SAZERAC *with* BULLEIT RYE 4 dashes Peychaud's bitters Lemon twist Coat a rocks glass with the Herbsaint then toss. Stir remaining ingredients in a shaker until chilled and strain into the glass. Garnish with a lemon twist.



GEORGE DICKEL RYE WHISKY This charcoal-filtered whisky is smoother than glass. Because of the mellowness, it's a good sipping rye, but it also works well in cocktails, like 16-Bit's Tom Selleck, which highlights the liquor's minty note. And helps you beat BurgerTime.

16-BIT BAR'S RECIPE: 1½ oz rye whiskey ½ oz amaro ½ oz dry vermouth 1 splash Maraschino liqueur

2 dashes orange bitters 1 maraschino cherry Combine all ingredients except cherry in a collins glass with ice, swizzle for five rotations, drop in the maraschino cherry, and strain through your full moustache.



MONTY BURNS — with — TEMPLETON RYE When Prohibition hit, lowans got creative and started mixing up batches of what they called "The Good Stuff." Now almost 100 years later, Templeton uses the same recipe and ages its hooch in new oak barrels. It is so tasty that you may prefer to drink it neat—or in the Monty Burns, from INKED's bartender, Joe Donohue.

DONOHUE'S RECIPE:

1½ oz rye ¾ oz Bénédictine ¾ oz freshly squeezed lemon juice ¼ oz honey syrup 2 dashes orange bitters 1 dash Angostura bitters Have Smithers combine all ingredients in a shaker with ice, shake, then strain, and garnish with an orange twist.





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Zombie Nation

Lora Zombie's works are a whirlwind of war, sex, and drugs with a touch of humor. When looking at a piece by Russian grunge artist Lora Zombie, you are struck with questions like, *What? Why?* and *Where did this come from?* She answers, "It's just current information that I receive into my brain-pot like anyone else. After processing, it comes out as ideas and themes for my work."

Her inspiration comes "from everything and everywhere" and includes a mix of music, pop culture, nature, animals, colors, cartoons, movies, friends, bubble gum, and unicorns. Even TV has served as her inspiration, for a piece she contributed to the "*Breaking Bad* Art Project" exhibition at Gallery 1988 in Los Angeles, which had some highprofile attendees, including actor Aaron Paul.

One of her favorite pieces is *Creator of the Universe*, a work that depicts a young girl with a panda bear companion riding a bicycle into a colorful, swirling outer space. "It's the perfect mix," explains Zombie, who sells through eyesonwalls.com. "Humor is just a part of me that finds its way into my paintings."

When asked if she thought she would be a successful artist, she answers, "I thought I would become a rock star, actually." Is that the same sense of humor apparent in her works? *—Lindsay Rittenhouse*

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INKED LIFE | spend

BELL

HEAD CASE

Bell commissioned one hell of an artist—INKED Icon Corey Miller—to blast their Rogue helmet (\$299, bellhelmets.com), which features a detachable muzzle.

GRIP IT AND RIP IT

Save your hands from calluses while you rip the throttle in Lee Parks Gloves (\$90, jane motorcycles.com), in tan, black, or yellow deerskin.

DEER O'CLOCK

Happy Hour Timepiece's The Ish (\$150, happyhourtimepieces.com) is a godsend for 9-to-5ers. The only the numeral 5 is visible to serve as a reminder of when you can slide down the Brontosaurus.



This is sure to turn a few heads. UD Replica's Star Wars Stormtrooper Motorcycle Suit (\$1,276, udreplicas.com) is a set of CEapproved body armor that will keep you safe on the road and keep the rebel scum at bay.



SPORTS HIKE

Spend a weekend camping with your baby: The Redverz Series II Tent (\$449, redverz.com) comes with a motorcycle bay to shelter what really matters.

THE MORE I LEARN ABOUT WOMEN THE MORE I LOVE MY MOTORCYCLE



From Feltraiger's "Polite as Fuck" capsule collection comes the More I Learn T-shirt (\$42, feltraiger.com) that speaks for itself.



INKED LIFE | look



SUBJECT: Ben Hittle **SPOTTED:** Bushwick, Brooklyn WHERE HE GETS INKED: Hittle, who describes his job as "vagabond," says his tattoos are from "everywhere." The latest piecehis favorite until the next onewas done by El Monga Sasturain at the 10-year anniversary party of Tattoo Paradise in Washington, D.C. It is a reaper holding a cop as a marionette that has a lot of black and traditional colors like red, green, yellow, blue, and brown. "To me it means A.C.A.B.," Hittle says. All Cops Are Bastards. WHAT HE'S WEARING: Roland Sands Ronin Jacket, \$620

THE BRAND

Roland Sands grew up riding: He was given his first dirt bike at age 5, and within minutes he'd broken a bone. He went on to become a professional rider—and break 32 more bones. When he retired from the pro circuit, he founded his namesake label that makes riding gear. The line has cool tees for guys and girls, but his armor-ready riding jackets are a thing of straight badassery. It would almost be a shame to scuff one.





CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Peristyle glove, \$75; Convoy wallet, \$85; Chandler Overshirt, \$200; MFG Tee, \$30; American Steel Cap, \$30.





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> FEATURE PRESENTATION

A Daunting Task

We chatted with production designer Andy Nicholson, who designed the tattoos that play a prominent role in the new movie *Divergent*.



> MOVIES



CAPTAIN AMERICA: THE WINTER SOLDIER

Steve Rogers (Chris Evans) returns in this sequel to Captain America that also follows the cataclysmic events of The Avengers. While trying to adjust to living in the 21st century, our hero finds himself entangled in a world-threatening conspiracy after S.H.I.E.L.D. comes under attack by a new baddie. Joined by Black Widow (Scarlett Johansson) and a newly recruited hero called The Falcon (Anthony Mackie), he must take on a formidable new foe called The Winter Soldier-an enemy with a surprising origin. Marvel villain Crossbones (Frank Grillo) also makes his big-screen debut. -G.M.



GODZILLA

Director Gareth Edwards made an awesome little flick called Monsters in 2010 (if you haven't seen it, check it out) that makes it apparent why he got hired to do a Godzilla reboot. The trailer is breathtaking. Godzilla actually looks like Godzilla. So far, everything seen and heard about this flick tramples on the atrocity that was Roland Emmerich's Godzilla-byname-only movie that starred a sad, giant iguana. This one looks like it will make Toho proud. Aaron Taylor-Johnson (Kick-Ass), Ken Watanabe (Inception), Elizabeth Olsen (Oldboy), David Strathairn (The Bourne Legacy), and Bryan Cranston (Breaking Bad) star. -G.M.

INKED: What kind of research did you do for the tattoo designs? ANDY NICHOLSON:

This film is set 150 years in the future, so I didn't want it to refer to existing tattoo art. All of these people have been isolated from the world for 100 years, so anybody who was alive and had tattoos has died. I was really keen on using some Russian constructivist imagery, and I'm a huge fan of an English tattoo artist named Nigel Palmer. His stuff is some of the most interesting. nonrepresentational abstract art I've seen applied onto a body. That was sort of the starting-off point.

What elements did you take from the book, and what did you add? The tattoos on the character Fouryou only see them in a

X-MEN: DAYS OF FUTURE PAST

This looks like the most ambitious

combines the cast from the well-

X-Men to date. Days of Future Past

done prequel X-Men: First Class and

the cast from the original X-Men tril-

ogy. With the aid of older, present-

day Professor X (Patrick Stewart),

Wolverine (Hugh Jackman) wakes

up in a younger body in the '70s.

With his knowledge of the apoca-

lyptic future, he must seek out and

McAvoy) and Erik Lensherr, the

warn a young Charles Xavier (James

soon-to-be Magneto (Michael Fass-

bender), about the fate of mutant-

kind in order to change the past in

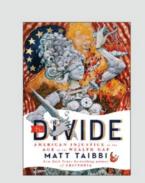
hopes of altering the future. Bryan

Singer returns to direct. -G.M.

couple of key moments in the movie—they're part of his culture and represent so much about what he stands for. We started off with just the tattoos down his spine [that are described in the book], but then we thought it would make his character better if you could see hints of them on his neck or over the back of the hand. It's obviously some kind of massive tattoo.

How many tattoos designs did you do before getting it right? Many designs—30 or 40, at least. We spent a lot of time on the ones for the characters Four and Eric because they're so obvious and important [in the books]. What we're doing is serving the story, and that's more important than anything else. —*Gil Macias*

> BOOK



FREEDOM AIN'T FREE

Matt Taibbi is the Hunter S. Thompson of high finance. In *The Divide: American Injustice in the Age of the Wealth Gap*, he focuses his unique brand of financial fear and loathing on America's newly emerging caste system, in which the super rich are the only ones with civil rights. It is a scathing indictment of the current climate of income inequality and corporate welfare that labels the poor as second-class citizens who can be locked up for minor offenses while taxpayers bail out the biggest robber barons in history, who will never see the inside of a prison cell. —*Anthony Vargas*

> DVD



STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE—THE COMPLETE SERIES

If you're a Trekkie who hasn't gotten around to getting any previous seasons of Star Trek: Enterprise on Blu-ray just yet, now's your chance to get them all lumped together in this amazing four-pack. It includes the newly released season four, with all 22 episodes and loads of features. Don't miss the exclusive In Conversation: Writing Star Trek Enterprise, which is a 90-minute reunion special featuring the writers, and a newly produced, four-part documentary, Before Her Time: Decommissioning Enterprise, which includes in-depth interviews with the cast and crew. -G.M.

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TIMMY B





ANDY ENGEL





BIG GUS



FREDDY NEGRETE





TENEILE NAPOLI



ROMAN ABREGO



JEFF GOGUE



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2014



STEVE SOTO



BJ BETTS



MIKE DeVRIES



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> VIDEO GAMES



THE ELDER SCROLLS ONLINE PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 4, XBOX ONE, PC, MAC

The Elder Scrolls games have always featured vast worlds to explore, which made it a natural candidate for migration into the massively multiplayer online role-playing genre dominated by World of Warcraft. You adopt the role of The Soulless One, whom the prophecies say must prevent a dark deity from pulling Tamriel into oblivion. It's a job made difficult by the three-way warring over control of the throne. If you want to get into the middle of this spat, you pick a side and square off against other players for control of the lands surrounding the capital. If you'd rather stick to the more pressing concern, you team up with friends or roll solo through the open world, gathering new skills and weapons for your ultimate showdown with fate. **PLAY IF YOU LIKE:** The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim, *Game of Thrones*, Dark Age of Camelot —*Matt Bertz*



MLB 14: THE SHOW PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 4, PS 3, PS VITA

Baseball seasons are ridiculously long-you have to slog through 162 games before the do-or-die situations. So for MLB 14, Sony added the ability to carry over your saves to later editions of the game. Instead of starting over every year, you can pick up where you left off last time while still enjoying brand-new features. This year's biggest gameplay change is the inclusion of online franchise and the introduction of Quick Counts, which simulates the first three pitches of an at-bat so you can cut to the pivotal moments of the pitcher-hitter duel. The PlayStation 4 version kicks up the fidelity to full high-definition graphics and a silky smooth 60 frames per second, which makes the crotch grabs look more realistic than ever before. PLAY IF YOU LIKE: Major League, R.B.I. Baseball, Moneyball - M.B.



SUPER TIME FORCE Platforms: XBOX ONE, XBOX 360

If you love '80s cartoons and NES-era games like Contra, pick up Super Time Force. This throwback to the era of unrelenting side-scrolling shooters gives you control of a time-traveling organization on a quest to save the dinosaurs. As you hop through history, you assemble a crew of colorful characters, each of which is a hilarious take on an '80s pop culture icon like Rambo, Bart Simpson, and Arnold Schwarzenegger. Each hero can reverse time, so when you die (which you'll do a lot) you can rewind and choose another character to fight alongside the ghost of your previous playthrough. By stringing together several characters at once, you can conduct a symphony of destruction unlike anything else in games. PLAY IF YOU LIKE: Contra, Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure, Super Meat Boy -M.B.



THE INKED PLAYLIST BY JONAH BAYER

BECK "Blue Moon"

Beck gets introspective and melancholy on this *Sea Change*-esque musical meditation.

THE HOLD STEADY

"I Hope This Whole Thing Didn't Frighten You" The Hold Steady takes its inspired rock sound to seedy places.

MANCHESTER ORCHESTRA "Top Notch"

If this post-hardcore rocker doesn't get your heart rate up, make sure you still have a pulse.

MOGWAI "Remurdered"

Mogwai defy genres with this instrumental opus that's so muscular it should come with dumbbells.

OFF!

"Void You Out" This minute-long circle-pit-starter is exactly what you've come to love from the punk supergroup.

^ CHUCK RAGAN "Non Typical"

He is more of a man than you'll ever be, and this gritty love song proves why.

THEE SILVER MT. ZION MEMORIAL ORCHESTRA "Austerity Blues"

Trust us, you've never heard a blues standard as psychedelic as this 14-minute opus.

TAKING BACK SUNDAY "Flicker, Fade"

TBS puts their younger peers to shame with this orchestral anthem.



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e

Pin Up Gready







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Nice Package Get grooming supplies delivered right to your door.

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YOU ALWAYS RUN OUT OF RAZORS at the most inopportune time. You have to be at that big, important thing in 15 minutes, so you dash out to the store and get to the razor aisle with seven minutes to spare, but your replacement blades are locked in a Lucite case. You frantically track down a manager, but by the time he figures out the right key, you've blown the biggest break of your life. Luckily, the grooming business has taken an envelope from Netflix with subscription razor clubs.

But the home-delivery convenience isn't limited to blades. Now there are monthly services for other grooming stuff—the types of things you might not necessarily *need*, but that you'd be psyched to get, like cologne. "The idea of going to a department store to figure out what types of fragrance you like is overwhelming," says Gabe Klein, founder of a new cologne subscription service called ScentMonthly. "And even if you get there you can only try on so many scents at the store without mixing them together and forgetting which is which." Very true.

Check out some of our favorite subscriptions below. We promise they're all better than the moss of the month club (yes, it's a thing). *—Jennifer Goldstein*



MANPACKS Personalize a kit of brand-name stuff you already use (Calvin Klein underwear, Gillette razors, Gold Bond powder), then have it sent quarterly-or whenever you want, with a click of the mouse or a tap of a finger on this site (manpacks.com).



BOORAZORS The great thing about this service (800razors.com) is not just the convenience, but the savings. The handles and cartridges are the same quality as your favorite 3- or 5-blader, but cost up to 40 percent less than those sold at the drugstore.



SCENTMONTHLY A subscription to this site (scentmonthly.com) gets you two new 3 ml colognes (about 90 sprays' worth) every month, along with a card that describes the notes in the scents so you can learn to identify what you like.



BIRCHBOX Sign up for this site's monthly men's box (birchbox.com) and you'll feel like you're getting a present every 30 days. Each box is full of highquality surprises, such as The Art of Shaving supplies, Kiehl's products, iPhone cases, and even ties. Linked Magazine 12 W. 27# St. 10# Ac New York, NY 10001

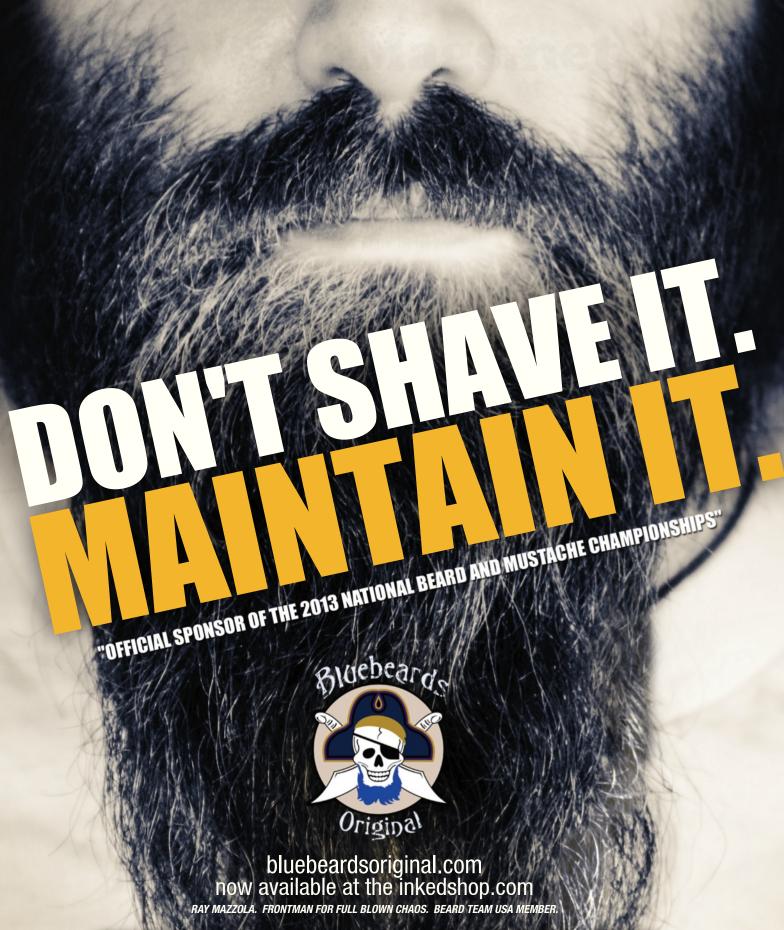
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QUALITY CARE FOR A GUY'S FACIAL HAIR

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Birmingham

Alabama's largest city puts the metal to the pedal, and vice versa.



Birmingham has been called The Magic City and The Pittsburgh of the South, but we're going to call it a damn fine place to tool around on a motorcycle. This city in the heart of Dixie is also the home of upstart brand

Motus Motorcycles and the Barber Motorsports Park and Vintage Motorsports Museum (above)—a nationally ranked track and one of the world's largest bike exhibits. Tattooist Aaron Hamilton, one of three talented artists at Aerochild Tattoo Shop, shows that his sometimes underappreciated hamlet has everything from rich food to a positive punk scene. When you visit, take in the town and then take home a Motus and a new piece from Hamilton. —*Charles Walsh*



^ FOOD ADDICTION Just because you run a bar, that doesn't mean you need to drink. "One of the owners of the Black Market Bar & Grill [2011 Highland Ave. S. and 3411 Colonnade Pkwy.] is an old-school straight edge punk," says Hamilton. With dishes like 4 Horsemen Fries (topped with bacon, cheese, and ranch dressing) and a Dixie Po' Boy, it's clear the owner gets his fix from food instead.

✓ SPIRITED BAR In Southern folklore, a bottle tree is a garden sculpture featuring "branches" with inverted bottles that trap ghouls and demons. Although the Bottletree Café (3719 3rd Ave. S.) isn't home to evil spirits, it does host "some of the best acts in the South," according to Hamilton. Everyone from The Black Keys to Social Distortion has played the live music venue.



▼ TREASURE CHEST What's on 2nd? (2306 2nd Ave. N.) is an "awesome antique and odd collectibles shop," Hamilton promises. You'll find unique grabs ranging from midget western films to political memorabilia like Obama Chia Pets. For the non-nonsensical, this shop houses instruments, vintage video games, movie props, collectibles, and more at bargain prices. The real question is: What's *not* on 2nd?

> PUNK-RUN The Forge (5505 1st Ave. N.) is like a community center, only instead of a basketball court and Ping-Pong tables, it has microphones and a PA system. This rockin' DIY punk venue is all ages and run by volunteers. Tickets start at \$6 for shows ranging from local acts to artists like Comeback Kid. "It's a rad place with rad people running it," Hamilton promises.





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INKED LIFE | ride

INKED'S BIKES OF THE YEAR 💐

These are the best new two-wheeled titans of 2014.

2014 HARLEY-DAVIDSON STREET Not content to rest on its laurels in the wake of a 110th anniversary, Harley-Davidson has unveiled its first all-new platform in more than a decade. Designed with the city rider in mind, the Street models feature the new liquid-cooled Revolution X engine with a quick throttle response that's well-suited for stop-and-go traffic. But how can something so new still pack so much Harley into every twist of the throttle? Simple—Harley is the bike of the people, and the people have spoken. Not everyone can house a Fat Bob or shell out the scratch for a Street Glide, so Harley went and made a bike for us.



2014 HONDA VALKYRIE The Valkyrie is as powerful and beautiful as its Norse moniker implies. A staggering 1832 cc engine is mounted super-low on the curvy aluminum frame. Everything about this bike is streamlined and smooth; the lightweight wheels and a modified rear suspension offer otherworldly handling for a bike this size. The position of the engine allows for a lower saddle and a fluid, more relaxed ride. A tough, easy-on-the-eyes cruiser that can throw down with the heavyweights, the Valkyrie is here to guide you through the battlefield while you blast some Wagner in your helmet.

2014 TRIUMPH SCRAMBLER This ain't your daddy's bike, even though it kind of looks like your dad's motorcycle. Triumph has been upgrading the Scrambler since the model's inception only eight years ago, and this year it's back to basics. In keeping with the '60s style of this modern classic, the 2014 upgrades include a more comfortable, lowered seat, wide handlebars, and a slick suspension. With appreciable ground clearance and gritty, knobby tires, the scrambler is just as smooth on the city streets as it is on country roads. The engine timing has also been tweaked to emit the low rumble.





2014 NORTON COMMANDO Well, look who decided to show up. Thirty years ago, Norton went out for a pack of smokes and left us high and dry. Fortunately, life's too short to hold grudges, especially against a ride like this one. After a noticeable absence from U.S. dealerships, the U.K. manufacturer rolls onto the showroom floor with three Commando models featuring a 961 cc parallel-twin engine perched in a sleek café racer frame. Please keep an eye on whichever Norton model you pick so it doesn't "go to the kitchen for a beer" and slip out the back for an extended absence. Things will be different this time. *—Nick Fierro*

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INKED PEOPLE

BIKER BABE. BAND. RUGBY PLAYER.



ASHMORE BODIFORD

The cofounder of Babes Ride Out is the queen of the road.

"When you say 'biker girl' I picture Gemma from *Sons of Anarchy*, who doesn't exist in real life—I hope," says Ashmore Bodiford. "If people think that is what female motorcycle enthusiasts are, then I'd like to dismiss that notion." Last year, Bodiford, an online marketer by day, along with Anya Violet, a designer at RVCA, founded Babes Ride Out, an all-female motorcycle camping trip from Los Angeles to Joshua Tree, CA. They welcome all ladies who ride or want to know more about riding to join them on their next trip, in October. "This project is not only about getting to know each other without distractions but also to encourage girls who may be 'moto curious' to hop on one and give it a go," Bodiford says. "At the end of the day, we want more and more women to feel comfortable going to events and being a part of the moto world."

As a rider for many years (and the wife of Biltwell Inc. general manager Mike Ellis), Bodiford is very much a part of the motorcycle world. She even rode from Seattle to Sturgis, SD, for Harley-Davidson's 110th anniversary with a GoPro camera strapped to her helmet. "My favorite memory was the night we arrived. Journey was playing and they had this harness system that allowed you to literally fly over the stage while the band was playing. The camera guy from GoPro rigged me with equipment and we jumped off the tower at the same

time. We both had Coors Lights in our vests, and as we flew over the stage we shotgunned them over the crowd during 'Don't Stop Believing.' It was the most American I had ever felt."

The thrill-seeker was first tattooed at 18 and now has a full sleeve. Most of her work is done by Will Lollie at Empire Tattoo in Asheville, NC, and she doesn't plan on starting another sleeve. "I really like having one arm clear and one tattooed," she says. "I feel it reflects my personality best." Her favorite piece is the skeleton arm holding its own skull in a casket on her lower arm. "It stands for being self-reliant and reminds me that I am responsible for all my actions and to never blame anyone else for my failures or shortcomings," Bodiford says. "Some people think it means I worship the reaper, which is fine with me too."

As someone who works in marketing, she is cognizant of evoking the right reaction from the right people. While some may find the word Babes in "Babes Ride Out" a bit derogatory, she says: "I think it's fitting for this event because it is eye-catching and lighthearted. Ladies Ride Out sounds like a bagger ride to Old Town Temecula for a burrito, if you get my drift. We are young, we are now, and it's exciting. The word *babe* isn't made to be taken too seriously, and that is why I like it." *—Rocky Rakovic*



THE DOUGH ROLLERS

The next-generation bluesmen are entertainers by blood.

There's nothing typical about The Dough Rollers. Originally started by Jack Byrne (whose parents are Ellen Barkin and Gabriel Byrne) and Malcolm Ford (the son of Harrison Ford) in 2008, the band has toured with acts as diverse as Bob Dylan and Queens of the Stone Age, bringing their unique brand of bluesinspired rock to scruffy-faced masses across the country.

"We met in New York when I was in high school and Malcolm had just dropped out of college," Byrne explains from his home in New York, adding that the duo bonded over their mutual love of marijuana and Call of Duty. "I started giving him guitar lessons, he paid me in weed, and a little while later we started a band."

Now, plenty of celebrities' kids start bands, but we can't think of any others that have an impending EP on Jack White's Third Man Records that features a song produced by QOTSA's Josh Homme. "Day to day, things feel pretty gradual when you're sitting around practicing guitar," Byrne confesses about the band's five-year rise. "That said, when Bob Dylan comes up to you and says, 'Keep on rolling'—that blew my mind."

When asked when the band-which now features drummer Kyle Olson

and bassist Nate Allen as well—was first exposed to southern music, Barkin jokes: "I don't know, from all the old bluesmen who were hanging out around 14th Street." Still, it's clear that the group has a keen understanding of the dynamics of the genre, as proven by the palpable emotion that drips from "Little Lily" and "The Sailing Song," which were released on vinyl last year via Third Man. Another thing that's immediately evident upon seeing the band live: Byrne's and Ford's tattoos. And even though the two share matching "TDR" and "TCB" insignias (tributes to their own band and Elvis's band, respectively) neither is too keen on discussing them.

"I gave myself my first tattoo of some dots on my leg when I was 15 because I looked too young to get a tattoo in a shop," Ford finally admits. These days the duo lets the professionals at Shamrock Social Club in Los Angeles handle their ink. "My approach is not to plan for a tattoo. Usually I know what I want and figure something out on the way there," Ford says. "If I wanted to remember anything that badly, I don't think I'd need to get it tattooed on me." *—Jonah Bayer*



STUART REARDON

This rugby player is a champion on the field and off.

Stuart Reardon may be a fantastic rugby player, but he gets more recognition for his modeling than the fact that he's been playing his sport professionally since 2000. Like Anna Kournikova, Danica Patrick, and Lolo Jones, his appeal isn't only about his athletic abilities. But he hasn't let the fact that he's sometimes treated like a hunk of meat deter him from seeking the spotlight. In fact, he's embraced his acclaim for a good cause, using the attention to speak out on behalf of gay athletes.

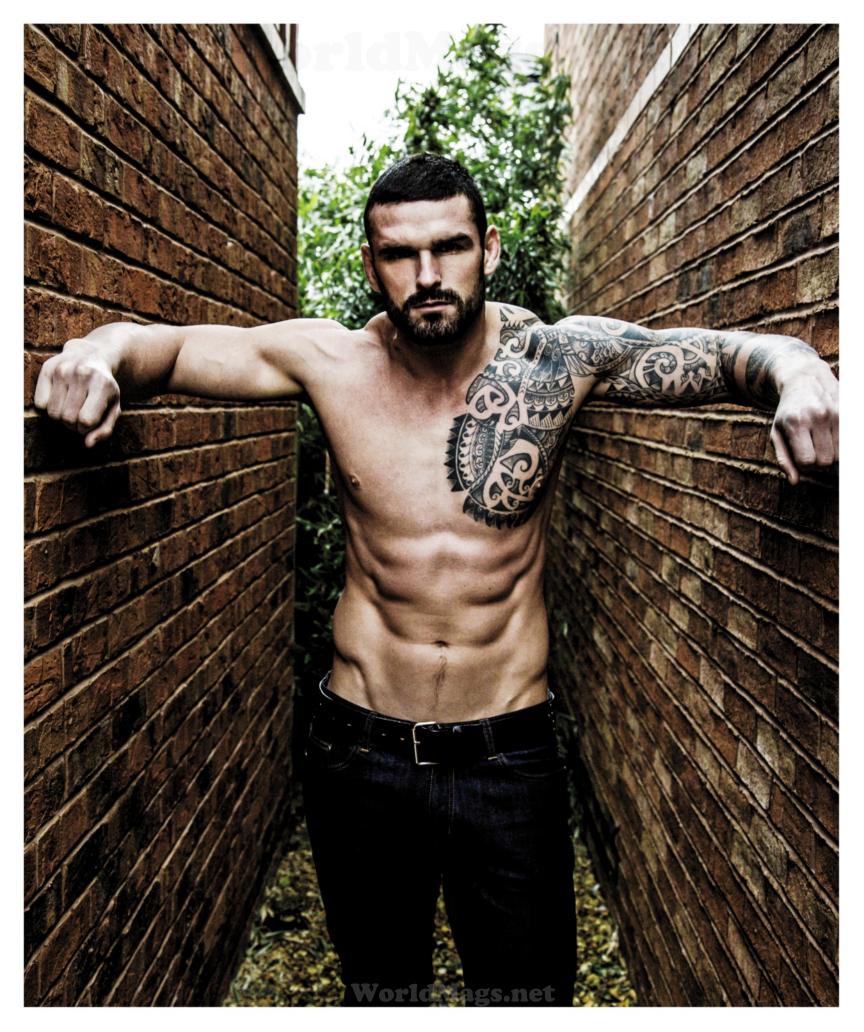
"I think it is disgusting what's going on in Russia," he says about the country's anti-gay propaganda laws. But he agrees with the countries that chose not to boycott the Olympic Games, which took place in Sochi in February. "I'm an athlete and I live to compete at the highest level like all athletes do, but it would not have been right to boycott. The athletes had been training for four years for that one chance. I think a stronger message was sent by competing and winning, which gave us a better platform to be heard from."

Reardon's own shot to be on the victory platform comes this month as his French squad AS Carcassonne sets out to capture the Elite One Championship, the ultimate prize in the French professional rugby league for which he plays. "We won two trophies and a promotion last year, so the club has confidence and a winning mentality," says Reardon, whose 2013 season ended early due to an injury. In his case, it's his Achilles tendon that is his Achilles' heel. "It's always tough coming back from a long-term injury, and this is my third Achilles rupture. It's been physically and mentally tough the third time around."

The rest of his body remains impressive, and last year it helped him to become the spokesmodel for The Navy Diver, an Australian underwear and swimwear company. He's also picked up a new gig modeling for Axiom for Men, a skin care company. "I sort of fell into modeling four years ago," Reardon says. "I am fortunate my rugby career keeps me in really good shape, so it makes sense to do a bit of fitness modeling. It's always a great compliment to be the face of a brand."

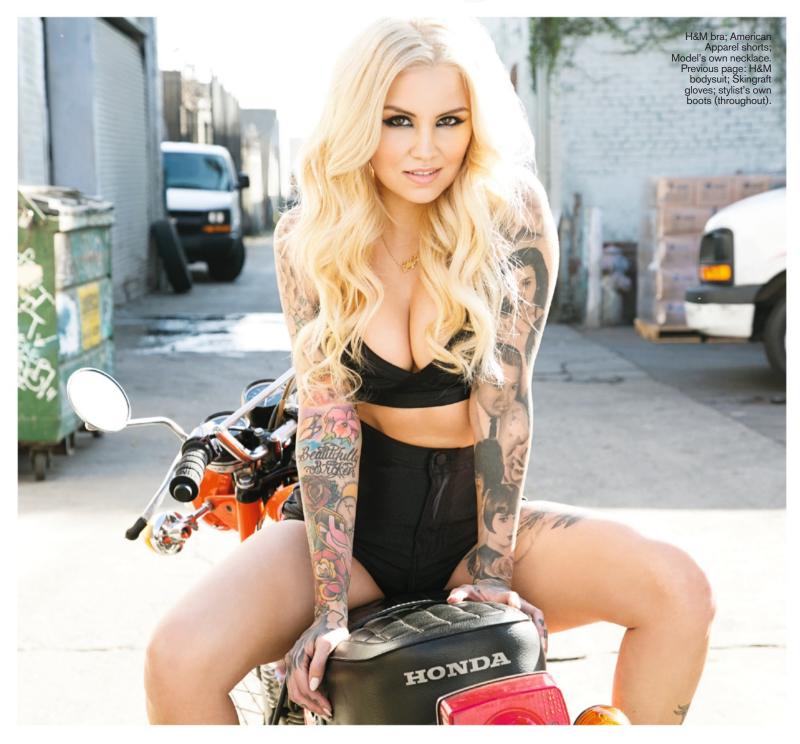
More than just a face, Reardon is also showing off his tattoo in ads. The piece was done six years ago by Roy Priestley at Skinshokz, in Bradford, England, and it's a mix of different tribal patterns. "I was always interested in different tribal cultures, and it has a wide range of those influences running through it, right back to the Maya and Aztec empires," Reardon says. "I originally got the tattoo when I was recovering from two really tough Achilles reconstructions. It reminds me of the tough times I overcame and got through."

Tattoo enthusiasts have been clamoring for Reardon to get more ink, and he says that he will—but on his own time. He treats the coming-out process the same way: "I don't know why a gay athlete wouldn't come out because it's not a big deal anymore, but I also don't think it is my place or anybody's to give advice about that," he says. "I think it's up to people to do what's best for themselves at the stage they are in their own life. Only you can truly know what you want, or what you want to do in life." —*Robert McCormick*









The girl you see before you is the amazing Stefani Chapman,

the ultimate multitasker: She's a makeup artist (for the past nine years), clothing designer (MSTKN), reality star (the first heavily tattooed woman on MTV2's *Wild 'N Out*), Instagram star (@Stef_lova1), and model. That last job started out as more of a hobby, but after finding success, she's been taking it more seriously. "Modeling has allowed me to do things I used to only dream about doing," she says. "Now whenever I do a shoot, I motivate myself by thinking, Work it like this is going to be your last photo shoot!"

That means she's often showing off her tattoos for the camera—although she prefers not to be called a "tattoo model." "It's hard for some people to look past my body art, so I have made it a point in my life to show women that, yes, you can be extremely feminine, classy, elegant, and edgy all while being heavily tattooed," she says. "I never let my body art get in the way of anything I want to do or wear—it's actually my best accessory. I can't wait to get more!"

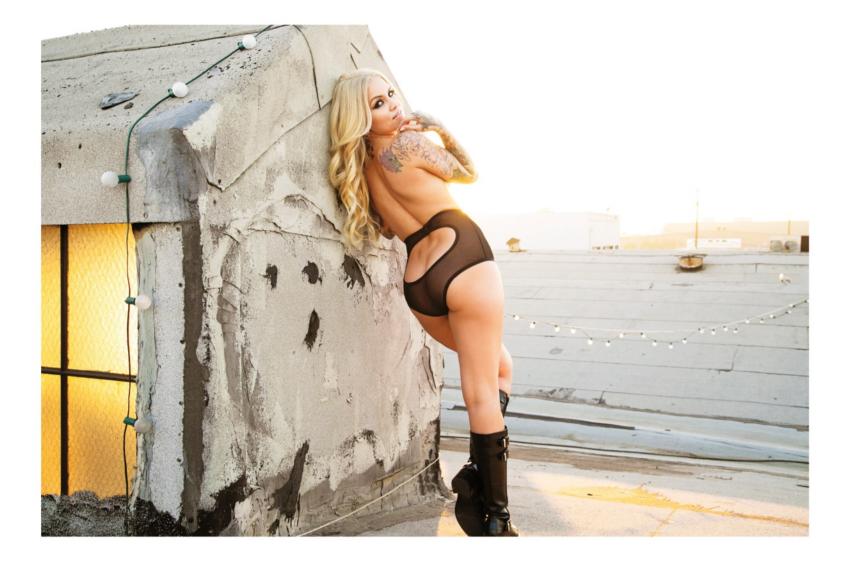
Most of Chapman's tattoos were done by artists who work or have worked at Ink Slingers in Alhambra, CA. Both of her hands, her neck, and the por-



trait of her dog Popeye were done by artist Fernie Andrade; the realistic black-and-gray work on her right arm is a collaboration, featuring work from Andrade, Brian Gonzales, Bobby Serna, and Tommy Montoya; and the Marilyn Monroe portrait and roses on her thigh are from her boyfriend, Hi-Tone Valenz. "That piece is actually a very well-known image done by the amazing Steve Soto," she says. "I have always admired his work and thought that the women he drew were so glamorous. I was always so drawn to the Marilyn Monroe portrait, so my boyfriend tattooed it on me." Chapman gets her own artistic fix working for MSTKN (Mistaken Society). "The fact that tattoos have become much more accepted and appreciated works to our advantage, but we try to make designs and clothes for everyone to wear, not just people with tattoos," she says. "A girl who wears MSTKN doesn't care what other people think of her. Being mistaken for something you are not, especially something negative, sucks big-time. That is what gave us the idea for our name. We know what it is like firsthand to be mistaken for something we're not, just because of the way we choose to look." —*Anja Cadlek*

"YOU CAN BE EXTREMELY FEMININE, CLASSY, ELEGANT, AND EDGY ALL WHILE BEING HEAVILY TATTOOED."





Hopeless lingerie underwear; Threads on 17th boots. Stylist: Neva Kaya Stylist assistant: Marili Bravo Hair: Sienree at Celestine Agency for UNITE Makeup: Alexis Swain at Celestine Agency for NARS Locations: Redwoods, Los Angeles; Atlantis Motor Corporation, Los Angeles

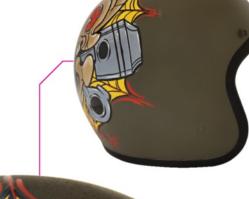


<u>SCRATCHERS//</u>

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Amazing tattoo artists transform Biltwell motorcycle helmets into works of street art.





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SHOP: Hart & Huntington Tattoo Co., Orlando, FL GENRE: illustrative/cartoon/animation HOMETOWN: Detroit WORK OUTSIDE TATTOOING: wrote four books and worked on posters, T-shirts, toys, and clothing for Steadfast Brand PREVIOUS AMBITION: wanted to become a Disney animator













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A KUTTE ABOVE Left, from top: Biltwell patch, biltwellinc.com; Studs and Spikes badge, studsandspikes.com; David Mann for Leatherpatch com patch, leatherpatch.com; Loser Machine pin, losermachine.com; Glamour Kills patch, glamourkills.com; Feltraiger patch, feltraiger.com; B Solitario patch, elsolitariomc.com. Right, from or Dime City Cycles patch, dimecitycycles.com; The Hundreds pin, thehundreds.com; Iron and Resin patch, ironandresin.com; Lowbrow Customs pin, lowbrowcustoms.com; Legendary USA pin, legendaryusa.com; Scumbags and Superstars patch, shop.scumbagsandsuperstars.com; VNM

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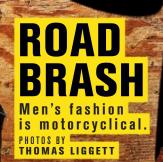
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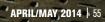
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GIVE 'EM THE BOOT Clockwise from top left: Chippewa boot, chippewaboots.com; Harley-Davidson boot, harley-davidson.com; Icon boot, rideicon.com; Red Wing boot, redwingheritage.com; Dingo boot, bootbarn.com.





NEW YORK

WorldMags.met Q & A

MIKE NAPOLI

One the most bearded members of the Boston Red Sox has a World Series ring and some punny tattoos.

BY CHARLIE CONNELL PHOTOS BY SONYA REVELL

When the 2004 Boston Red Sox won the World Series and gave their fans a taste of success after 86 years of bitter failure, Boston fans thought there would never be a team as much fun to watch as the self-appointed "Idiots." Fewer than 10 years later, a team of hirsute ballplayers who actually looked like they were having fun out there proved the city—and the country—wrong, winning the 2013 title in spectacular, nail-biting fashion. One of the team leaders, thanks to his play and his mighty beard, was first baseman Mike Napoli. Since Sox fans hate the clean-cut New York Yankees almost as much as they love their own team, it was only natural that the tattooed first baseman would become the hair-covered face of the Boston franchise.

Napoli cemented himself as a fan favorite when he celebrated the World Series championship by getting behind the bar at McGreevy's (the Boston joint owned by Ken Casey of Dropkick Murphys) and, later, drinking shots while shirtless at another bar down the block and roaming the streets of the city stripped to the waist, as evidenced on social media. His simple take: "I was hanging out with the people and having a good time."

Napoli spends a good portion of his time off the field sitting for tattoos. "I actually like sitting down for a session," Napoli said. "If I can sit down for a three- to four-hour session I almost enjoy that. I like to watch the artist work."

Before Napoli got back on the field to defend the team's title with his bearded brothers, he took some time to talk to INKED about his transition to first base, the hidden jokes behind some of his tattoos, and what it's like to play for some of the most demanding fans in sports.

INKED: When you signed with Boston this past off-season, you announced on Twitter that the beard was back. So how's it doing? Mike Napoli: It's good, man. This thing is getting *looong*. I love it, though. It's a lot of maintenance, but worth it.

What prompted the entire team to start growing their beards? I think it all started with Jonny Gomes. He had a big beard going already. [Dustin] Pedroia, Gomes, and I were talking about how we would just grow out our beards. We all ended up doing it and before you know it most of the team was doing it. Some of the trainers and front office people did it too. It became a big ol' thing.

Who had the toughest time growing one, and did you mock him accordingly? Our young third baseman, Xander Bogaerts, had a hard time growing one. We messed around with him and said that he hadn't hit puberty yet. Everyone tried to grow one—it was awesome. Are you ever going to get rid of it? I'm pretty sure I will eventually, but I don't see it being cut in the near future. Who knows? I don't really make plans; I just go day by day. If I wake up one morning and want to cut it, I probably will.

So you aren't afraid of some sort of Samsonesque consequences if you shave it? Nah, I like it so I'm going to roll with it. Plus, the ladies like it so I'm definitely keeping it.

Do you think the great chemistry in the clubhouse pushed you over the top to win it all? To be able to win it with a group of guys like we have here in Boston made it really special. I don't think you could ever put together a group of guys like that again. Of course, we're going to have a lot of the guys back this year, but I don't think you can really repeat the kind of chemistry that was in the clubhouse last year.

It was a special season for you. Yeah. We weren't expected to do really well from everyone on the outside, but when we got together as a group we believed. We worked to get better as a team every day in spring training, and going into the season we kept working hard together. We built confidence over the year and knew we were a good ball club, and everything just rolled together.

You came pretty close to winning it all with both the Rangers and the Angels but ended up coming up short. What was it like to finally be able to push through and win a championship? Two years ago, when I was with Texas, we were one strike away from winning the World Series. That bothered me a lot. I had to think about that every day that I went to the ballpark, and my goal is always to go to the ballpark and win the World Series. Obviously it was on my mind a lot. To be able to actually win the World Series this year took a lot off of my shoulders.

In the regular season the Sox crushed the ball, but the team struggled mightily at the plate in the postseason. Even with the offensive struggles, you were still able to come up with timely hits to win games. How were you able to prevent yourselves from getting frustrated and losing focus? I think a lot of that came from the veterans in our clubhouse. You get to the play-offs-especially when you get deep in the play-offs-it's going to be those 1-0 and 2-1 games. That's just how it is. The pitchers are really good and they're not going to give in at any time. That's just play-off baseball. We took every at bat seriously even though we were getting shut down. A

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"DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN ESKIMO BROTHER IS? WELL, TWO OF MY OTHER BUDDIES GOT THE SAME TATTOO."

lot of credit has to go to our pitchers. Our pitchers were amazing. I think a lot of it had to do with knowing that we had good pitchers that were going to keep us in the game, so we weren't panicking or forcing anything at the plate. When we got an opportunity we were able to come through.

This season you played first base exclusively, despite having been a catcher for the majority of your Major League career. What was it like to have to learn a new position at

this level? To be honest, it wasn't that tough. The physical part about moving to first base from catcher was so, so different. For me, health-wise, it's like night and day, and now I'm able to stay on the field. Brian Butterfield, our third base coach, gave me tons of ground balls, and he taught me a lot of things that were good for me and helped make me comfortable over there. Ultimately he helped me make a lot of plays that I wouldn't have made when I was playing first base every so often. The transition has been great. I've been able to work really hard at it and I feel that I've become a pretty good first baseman.

As catcher you are involved in every single pitch, while at first base you're a bit less involved. Do you miss playing catcher?

That's the big difference. Sometimes I can go a whole game without even getting a ground ball, when before I was catching the ball pretty much every play. I think that I adjusted to that, and as the season went on I was more capable at first. I do miss catching. I miss preparing the game plan and working with the pitchers. I like the different personalities and working with those personalities to get them through games and the chess match you have with opposing hitters the second and third time through the order. That's what I really miss. But the physical part, not one bit. Unless you have really done it you can't explain how it feels to go through a nine-inning game of squatting and then trying to be able to hit in your fourth at bat when your legs are dead. I definitely don't want

to catch any more. I'm fortunate that I am able to play first base.

Tell us about some of your tattoos. I have some pretty interesting tattoos—a couple on my feet, one on my chest. I have a full sleeve on my left arm and one on my back that was the first tattoo that I got when I was 17.

What's on your back? I'm probably going to get it covered up. I keep on talking about how I need to do that. It's a tribal design with a scorpion in the middle and tribal stuff on both sides. It's a really awesome tattoo— I'm being *very* sarcastic. In fact, I'm glad that I can't see it.

You have more positive feelings about your

sleeve, right? From my upper arm to my shoulder I have some art with a bunch of men riding horses. That was my second tattoo. It's just art with three horses, guys riding them, and skulls all around. When you go down my arm I have an eye on the front of my elbow, a nice pretty little eye looking out. Then on my forearm I have a rose.

Is there any significance to the rose? It's for my mom. Her middle name is Rose and I call her Donna Rose. Under the rose it says "Donna Rose" in her handwriting. My mom has been a huge part of my life. She brought me up and worked two jobs to make sure that I got to practice on time and had all of my stuff. So that tattoo is something special to me.

Not all of your tattoos are serious, are they?

I have a tattoo of a camel on my big toe on one foot, and on my other foot I have a moose tattooed on the toe's knuckle. On my chest I have a small little Eskimo tattoo.

Is there an innuendo behind the Eskimo one too? Do you know what an Eskimo brother is? Well, two of my other buddies got the same tattoo.

With all of the time spent on the road, do you end up getting tattoos in many differ-

ent places or do you have a go-to guy? I got most of my lower arm done by Olmy Rosenstock of Zebra Tattoo in Berkeley, CA. I got the Eskimo done in Toronto with my two buddies. We had the day off and got to talking about how we were Eskimo brothers and just decided to go out and get the tattoo. Jonny Gomes has a guy that comes into town, J.J. Osman, who comes into the hotel and does work, so it's pretty cool.

Speaking of Jonny Gomes, I've heard that he spent a lot of time harassing you into signing with the Sox again. He was on me. He and Pedroia were definitely calling me every day to see what was going on and they definitely wanted me back. That's the type of group we are. We have this bond together and we all love each other so we want to stay together. We know that we have a good thing going. They were just checking on me because they wanted me to come back, which is a pretty cool brotherhood thing.

How is playing in Boston different from the other places you've played? Man, it is so passionate there. You go to the ballpark and the fans are expecting you to win every day. When you don't do well they give it to you. I love that and I have embraced it. I remember going in as an opposing player and thinking that I could definitely play here one day and completely love it because of the history. It's a packed house every single night, "Sweet Caroline" comes on, it's just really cool. When I started my negotiations as a free agent this year I basically told my agent, "I want to play in Boston so get it worked out." I love it there so much. I love the town-great food, people are awesome there.

Can you explain the new trend of ballplayers wearing enormous goggles when they are spraying champagne in celebration? I think that it has become a marketing thing where Oakley just gives everyone the goggles. It started a while back when guys were wearing the really small swim goggles—now it has escalated to ski goggles. Some of the guys, including John Lackey and myself, think that you need to feel the burn of the champagne in your eyes, that's the whole thing. A lot of guys just don't want to feel that burn because champagne in your eyes is not fun. Most of the time while I'm spraying champagne my eyes are closed because it burned so badly.

Do you have any sort of celebratory tattoos planned after winning the World Series? Yeah, Jonny [Gomes] already got one. We were talking about getting duck boat tattoos and Johnny already got his. It's pretty cool. I'm probably going to get mine soon— I'm just waiting and trying to think of a spot. Maybe I'll cover up that tribal on my back with a big ol' duck boat.

Did your teammates give you any sort of trouble after your celebration blew up on social media? None really. I think they expected it to happen, to tell the truth. I was just having a good time celebrating and it just happened. The guys laughed about it.

It's becoming incredibly rare to see a professional athlete in an unpolished moment. I'm real, man. I've been single my whole career and I like to have fun—that's just who I am. I don't ever really hold back. I like to have fun and

sometimes these things happen. I don't regret it; it was just a good time.

Do rivalries mean anything to the players or is that something that only matters to

fans? I think that rivalries are definitely more of a fan thing. We try to win every day no matter who it is. I think that when Boston and the Yankees get together the atmosphere in the stadium might get you up a little bit more. That's just our fans; they would rather us win every single game against the Yankees and no one else.

What should we expect from the Sox this year? Our goal is to defend our title. I'm pretty sure once the 25 of us get together and mess around we'll come up with something crazy.

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ANGRYMOO PAGE 60

Boba Fett: Seven 'til Midnight underwear; Agent Provocateur stockings; Stormtrooper: Victoria's Secret bra and stockings; American Apparel garter and underwear; Darth Vader: Marlies Dekkers underwear.

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One Teaspoon bikini top; Seven 'til Midnight underwear.

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BY NICK FIERRO ILLUSTRATION BY DANIELLE OTRAKJI

A LONG, STRANGE TRIP OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE ROAD

IT ALL STARTED WITH AN, "UM, NO." THAT WAS MY response when my editor approached me in the office last summer and asked, "Have you ever ridden a motorcycle?" He followed that up with, "Do you want to?" Learning how to ride a motorcycle is something that I had planned on doing, eventually. It was right between finishing up half-done tattoos and training the raccoon that lives in my backyard to open a beer can. So I said, "Eventually."

He shot back: "Well, Harley-Davidson thinks they can train someone who has never been on a bike to ride over the course of a few weekends, in time to join a long ride celebrating the company's 110th anniversary. And there is no way I am doing that, so your 'eventually' is next month."

So it was decided. A few weeks later, I packed a sturdy pair of boots, a shirt that I thought would be thick enough to prevent road rash, some drinking money for the airport, and not much else. I was a humble travelogue of a weirdo from Jersey on his way to Los Angeles for a chance to saddle up with Harley-Davidson's Rider's Edge program. Whatever was about to happen on this escapade would have to stew in my memory banks until my hands stopped shaking long enough to get it all down on paper.

WELCOME TO L.A. I caught some well-deserved shut-eye on my cab ride from LAX to the hotel where I would meet the Harley crew for the first time. Any notion of sleep the night before had been a pipe dream. Up until now, my experience on a motorcycle consisted of being toted around my yard as an infant on the back of my dad's bike. Needless to say, I was a bit unsettled. My only comforting thoughts were: A) I love to drive, and B) I love to ride bikes—of the pedal sort.

I'd packed inexcusably light; I'm pretty sure I had to buy a comb in the lobby, maybe a toothbrush. I felt like Pretty Woman as I checked into the W in Hollywood, dangerously out of place and clearly worse for wear. I was unshaven, unwashed, and carrying a duffel bag containing three pairs of socks, two hats, and some T-shirts. I also had a pair of broken sunglasses.

The other newbie riders I met were no ordinary group. It was an Avengers-like task force of writers, artists, and extreme athletes, all of whom were about to saddle up and ride after a 24-hour crash course in all things Los Angeles. We got acquainted with one another and hit the Sunset Strip. Los Angeles can be a strange place for a first-timer. In New York, the streets are filled with a mishmash of folks. Some of them are normal, some are completely and unashamedly demented; it's not unlike a gigantic bag of Chex Mix, where the weirdos are the pretzels and the normal folks are the tasty bits.

L.A. was different. In the wee hours of the morning, the streets were empty and quiet, except for a few people who were bold enough to brave the late-night exploits of a town too crazy to apologize. They were the pretzels. I remember briefly pressing my face against Alfred Hitchcock's star on the Walk of Fame before being ushered into a club for a night that resembled that crazy-ass dance scene from one of the Matrix movies. We bounced around L.A. until we practically deflated, then piled into a caravan of taxis and hit up a drive-through. With a spinning head and a gut full of In-N-Out Burger, I headed back to the hotel. So far, the city and I were doing all right. But the next day, I was going to start a 48-hour motorcycle boot camp. It was time to pony up and learn to ride.

RIDING SCHOOL Learning to ride a motorcycle in your 30s is a lot like trying to become a trapeze artist in your 30s. My teachers had been doing this their entire lives. The folks from Harley-Davidson who invited me on this trip had been riding since before I even had my crappy high school job at the mall. I was 30, thirsty, and tired, standing on a crispy tarmac in Glendale, CA. Luis "Tico" Chacon, one of my instructors, didn't even own a car. He and the other instructor, rode their bikes day in and day out, rain or shine, with smiles on their faces. The ease with which they operated the machines was a mystery to me; they might as well have been headlining cellists at Carnegie Hall, and I the second-chair cymbalist.

Harley had set us up with everything we would need to become world-class bikers: the best teachers in California and head-to-toe gear. Over the next two days, we eased out of first gear and ran a course of cones and tight turns in the blazing July sun. Southern California reflected up from the black asphalt, and the dry air and slow breeze convinced us all that we weren't burning to death, as we riders—gloved, helmeted, leather clad, and goggled—slowly dehydrated as hours faded into days. At the end of each session, we would stumble back on the bus back to the Rider's Edge headquarters for some much-needed book learning.

In 48 hours I learned how to handle every possible catastrophe the road could throw our way, from gravel to ice to stray dogs. We completed the course so many times that we could ride it blindfolded. It was time for the open road. We were street-tested and DMV-approved, and after a celebratory commencement inside the airconditioned riding school, we were shipped back to our respective locales, thirsty for more.

The course took place in L.A., a mad dash and crazy-fest in a new place, with new people, miles away from responsibility and familiarity. It had been isolated and self-contained, and the experience was very, very learning intensive. But I live in New Jersey, one of the few states that doesn't honor all the hard work I had done while cutting my teeth on the other coast.

With the aid of Harley I saddled up once more, in my ancestral homeland. I took the course again to get a New Jersey license, and it was a foreign affair. L.A. was all smiles and laughs, I had been part



of a crew I jabbed at and joked with, my instructors had been SoCal bikers without a care in the world. (Also, Jay Leno drove by about three times in one afternoon, in three different ridiculous cars.) My course in New Jersey, however, took place at an armory up the highway from my parents' house. It was led by a paramedic and an ex-motorcycle cop from Paterson, NJ; these guys had seen some shit. Where my L.A. tutorial had overflowed with stories of the freedom of the open road and the lifestyle associated with bike ownership, my Jersey class, as informative as it was, mostly included cautionary tales of split skulls on the highway and busted drug runners. Instead of Leno, my only sighting on this occasion was a fox coming out of the woods behind a Wendy's, and he looked kind of sick.

RIDING AT LAST After earning my stripes on both coasts, I was ready to ride. I had roughly a month before the Harley-Davidson 110th anniversary bash in Milwaukee. With my license in hand, I headed to Bergen County Harley-Davidson to rent a bike. I had been riding for days in empty lots and abandoned landing strips, and I knew the fundamentals like the back of my hand (which should always be at a ninety-degree angle from the throttle), but I had never hit real pavement.

Having never driven on an actual street, let alone a New Jersey highway, I chickened the hell out and let my buddy Brian Shapiro lug the Iron 883 back to Jersey City, where I could ride the congested streets of Hudson County.

The last thing I wanted was to look rusty in Milwaukee, so after sundown on a Sunday evening in Jersey City, I dragged my bike out of the garage and decided to explore my backyard on two wheels. I bundled up and grabbed anything reflective before heading out. I remember barely being able to hear the pep talk I was giving myself over the sound of the engine. I made it about a mile from home before a minivan with no side mirror almost ran me off the road, then another one. What started as a white-knuckle torture-fest up U.S. Truck Route 1-9 soon melted into a tranquil biker spree across the bridges and expanses of the Meadowlands.

I had free run of the road, swerving in and out of each lane, speeding up to see how fast I was brave enough to go, then slowing back down to 65 because I thought for sure I was going to die. It was all starting to feel natural, and by that, I mean having my ass fly off the seat every time I hit a bump feels natural. I got lost on roads I'd driven for 13 years, I sped up side streets and looped around back home, almost forgetting to refuel. I made it as far as a reservoir 30 miles from home, then turned back and called it a night. I tucked my bike away and limped to my front steps still wearing my helmet, with a sore back, a leg on fire from the exhaust, hands frozen in the throttle position, and a terrified girlfriend on the couch.

It was time for a reality check. I had taken the Rider's Edge course twice and passed both times, but by the skin of my teeth. My mind replayed a montage of instructors' raised evebrows and averted glares. I hadn't been a star pupil, but I blamed crummy turns and missed marks on the fact that my feet (size 13) were too big and kept getting stuck under the shifter, or the fact that I forgot to put on my glasses. Still, I had convinced myself I was a decent rider: Those weren't mistakes, they were blue notes-I was riding jazz and everybody else was riding classical. Yeah, that's the ticket. My delusion was not at all helped by the fact that I had no reference point as to what kind of rider I was. I was alone on the highways of New Jersey, so graded on a curve, I had earned nothing less than an A.

MILWAUKEE, THE GOOD LAND Had Frank Sinatra grown up in Sheboygan, WI, instead of Hoboken, NJ, we'd all be singing "Milwaukee, Milwaukee," my kind of town indeed. The land of beer, cheese,

"LEARNING TO RIDE A MOTORCYCLE IN YOUR 30S IS A LOT LIKE TRYING TO BECOME A TRAPEZE ARTIST IN YOUR 30S."

and meat became a dear friend all too quickly. Within minutes of landing, I called my pal Pete Clemens, who had moved here a few years back, to grab a drink and kill some time before a meet-and greet-with the Harley crew. After chasing beer with cheese, and vice versa, for what seemed like only a few moments, Clemens received a phone call from an unknown number and headed outside. Returning moments later, he handed me his phone, and with a ghostly stare, he said, "It's for you."

Clemens and I had been listing each other as emergency contacts since high school, which is the last time we shared residency in a state. On this sunny day in Milwaukee, our 10-year-old tradition finally decided to make itself useful. I'd been jotting down Clemens as my emergency contact on tattoo waiver forms, dentist appointments, and kayak rentals. Not my mother, not my girlfriend, not my editor ... Clemens. And never once, in all the years since this tradition's inception, had he received a call, until I flew to the city where he lives and sat next to him at a bar. The Harley-Davidson representative who was to be my keeper for the weekend had misplaced my number, but luckily he still had my waiver form. The weekend had begun.

The Taste of Freedom Tour was designed to introduce the Harley-Davidson brand to a new crop of soldiers, ready to hit the road and spread the word to the herd. The riders were a slew of young, influential nomads in multiple disciplines, from extreme sports to the arts, and a bunch of stir-crazy journalists itching to ride. Before our bikes arrived, we met at the Harley-Davidson Museum to celebrate the company's 110th anniversary.

Early the following morning, I dusted myself off and went to meet the bike I would be riding. It was a 1200 Custom the color of a rich Cabernet that had skulls on it and also a strap across the seat where I could keep my hat. I was the happiest I had ever been at 7 a.m. The plan for the day was to visit the Queen Bee—Harley-Davidson's engine plant, which had red-hot cinders, molten metal, and, from what I'd heard, a decent cafeteria.

It was my first time on a bike in more than a month, and I was confident, eager, and possibly still 30 percent asleep. We hit the streets in tandem, out of first gear and into second. A few seconds later, out of second and into third. The engine made a sound that I'd only heard in the movies. This was the second time I had ever been on an actual street, and within the first minute of my first real ride, I had exhausted all of my training. I had never been out of third gear, and had yet to enter a Milwaukee highway. But there I was on the Fond Du Lac Freeway with just seven hours of road time under my belt. **ON THE ROAD FOR REAL** "Milwaukee is a bit windy," is something I might have said if the 110th anniversary of Harley-Davidson also included a contest for understatement. Within my first 30 seconds as a real biker, my helmet, guided by the laws of physics, shot about two inches off the top of my head like a parachute at the close of a funny car race. To remedy this, I compensated for the slack on my chin strap by opening my mouth as wide as I could. This transformed me from a timid first-time rider into a screaming bug vacuum on two wheels.

Before I could conjure the strength to free a hand and tighten my helmet, everyone I knew in the Midwest was a mile down the road. My bike was capable of flirting with 120 miles per hour, but at a mere 75, my brain tried to turn my hands off. This was the fastest that I had ever gone, and I loved it. I calmed myself, hummed a tune in my head while simultaneously screaming it out loud, and tried my best to catch up. No worse for the wear, I arrived at the plant about 30 seconds after everyone else.

The next few days were just like that: getting the shit scared out of me, then learning how to ride for real. I was a student of the best riding school in the world, and it still took a few days on the open road, hand shaking as the needle hit 90, before I understood what I was doing. We zipped past Lake Michigan, headed into the farm country, stopped for burgers, and sat on the road's shoulder and soaked in the view from the hills of Wisconsin. And then, just to keep us rookies in check, the rain came.

A CHANGE IN PERSPECTIVE We waited about two hours for the storm to pass, and then we dried off our bikes and burned up the wet country roads on our way back to the highway. Since day one of riding school, both the Harley team and my instructors had been talking about that "aha" moment when everything I'd learned would click. They would usually mention it after I'd botched a turn or stalled out, or when they'd watch me ride with a scrunched up face that made me look like a chaperone in a mosh pit. I can't say that I ever really reached motorcycle nirvana, but on the way back to town, I definitely caught a glimpse of it.

Everyone gunned it down the open, flat roads of the farmland. I rode as fast as I could, still about a quarter of a mile behind everyone else, but I was gaining ground. Once I was back in formation with the group, I looked to my left and saw one of the photographers who had been riding with us that day, Josh Kurpius. With a camera around his neck, and flying close to 80 miles per hour, he let go of the handlebars and snapped a few photos. In a show of solidarity, I let go of one of my handlebars, waved politely, then realized what I was doing and quickly put both hands back on the bike. A few moments later, he zoomed past me again. This time, his hands were on the bars, but he had kicked his feet up under him and was crouching on the seat. In response to his display, I nodded, as if we had made an agreement that one of us was going to surf the bike, and he'd beaten me to it. But I was cool with it. Then he let go of the bars and surfed down the freeway like Teen Wolf on top of the van, if the van had two wheels and Teen Wolf was taking pictures.

As I watched him go, he snapped a photo. I saw it later, and I'm making a face that has no earthly presence on a human head; it's as if all of the faces on that pain chart they make you point at in the doctor's office had coalesced into one. Obviously, I had more to learn before I'd be comfortable with all the things that could be done on two wheels. I was watching a man surf past me on the freeway and all I could think of was that scene in Wizard of Oz where Dorothy's house is spinning around in the tornado and the witch flies by while laughing. But when we got back to home base, everything was in color. I said good-bye to my ride, wanting nothing more than one last lap around town. But maybe it was for the best; if I had gotten back on at that point it would have been like trying to take a final swing after getting someone pulled off of me in a fight that I was losing.

THE FINAL HOURS That night, we toasted our triumph at the Up and Under Pub. Outside, in celebration of Harley-Davidson's 110th anniversary, the road had been shut off to cars and through the windows, I watched the spectacle, which included bikers, greasers, and a young couple that seemed to be screwing on a bike at 10 miles an hour (the bike was going 10, not them).

The next day, with a few hours to spare, I decided to commemorate the weekend with a tattoo. A guy named Drew Ladwig, at Horseshoe Tattoo, was going to draw a mean-looking cat with spiky hair on my leg. Why not? I left Milwaukee in the most fitting way possible—with the crap kicked out of me, but victorious. I'm still far from being a biker, but thanks to Harley, I know how not to die on a bike.

Now every time an engine revs or I see some dude at a bar with a helmet sitting next to him, I feel part of the club. I will remember the way I felt tearing down a farm road in Wisconsin, terrified and thrilled at the same time. Harley-Davidson had really taught me to ride, which I'd thought was improbable. Thanks to them there's one more safe rider on the road—jittery, sweating, and screaming, but still safe and competent.





Ernest Alexander key chain; Bruce L. Lewis custom pants and belt; Bar III shoes. Bike: Bolt by Star Motorcycles. Previous spread: Vintage Margiela jacket; Bosideng shirt; Rascal turtleneck; INC pants; Bar III shoes; Bruce L. Lewis custom shin guards and belt. Bike: Victory High Ball.



Bruce L. Lewis custom vest, T-shirt, and scarf; vintage blue Jil Sander T-shirt; Shipley & Halmos jeans; vintage boots. Bike: Suzuki GSX-R750.

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Grooming: Michael Moreno for LVA Artists using Oribe Model: Ratael Lazzini for FORD Models Location: Fast Ashleys Bikes: Motorcycles.org

Bruce L. Lewis custom sweatshirt; PRPS shirt; G-Star pants; G-Shock watch; Stars & Perfect Tens belt; vintage boots. Bike: Honda Grom.

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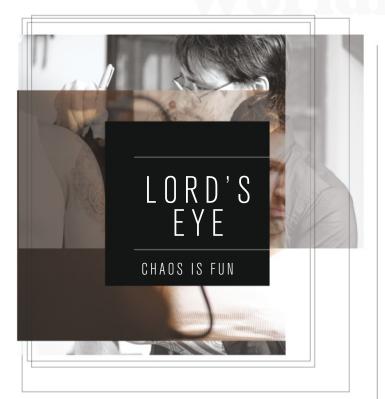
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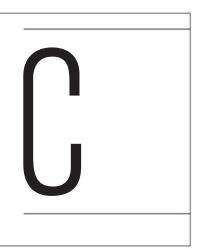
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PART 5 OF ONE MAN'S JOURNEY INTO THE ELITE WORLD OF TATTOOING ART AND CULTURE.

BY JOHN BUFFALO MAILER PHOTO BY KATRINA EUGENIA



haos is fun," Buffalo said in response to Josh Lord's statement about enjoying working in the midst of chaos. Which was a good thing, as chaos was suddenly all around the tattoo artist as he filled in the white of the new cherry blossoms on his client Buffalo's left shoulder. It was after hours at Josh's shop Graceland, and a guy named Steve was about to get a spontaneous, freehanded tattoo of holly leaves and berries up and down his sleeve. Far from a paying customer, Steve was best friends with tattoo artists Patrick Conlon and Jonah Ellis, which accounted for the party-like atmosphere in the shop. Patrick and Jonah had set up right next to Buffalo and Josh. Buffalo's girlfriend, photographer Katrina Eugenia, documented the scene with diligence.

Graceland was hopping after dark, but you could only attend this party if you were a friend, or in Buffalo's case, doing a magazine piece on one of the artists for INKED. Steve raised his bottle of whiskey high in the air. "Gentlemen!" he shouted. "Tattoo me!" He took a swig from the bottle and sat down in the chair as Jonah and Patrick looked at his arm, deciding what they were going to do to it this evening.

Josh stopped his machine. "You've got a mole here."

Buffalo looked down at the mole. It was right in the line of fire of one of the Celtic squiggles Lord was putting on his shoulder. "I was wondering about that. What do you do about those?"

"You're pretty much not supposed to go over them," Josh told him. "Why not?"

"Well, say if it's a bad mole, the doctor's got to be able to see them."

"This is a funny canvas you've chosen to work on, Josh. There's already marks on it before you begin."

"I love that, though. That's what I love about working on skin—before you've started, you're already working around things. You already have your challenges."

They talked about *Game of Thrones* and how awesome it is. They talked about the performance artist Matthew Barney, and the odd similarities between the effect Twitter has had on the English language and the effect Big Brother had on it in George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four.*

Their conversation was all over the place, and yet the themes kept coming back, as if there were some sort of cosmic scenario that promised to play itself out by the end of this journey.

Josh subscribed to the notion that every man has an inner woman, and every woman, an inner man. Buffalo agreed and they quickly deduced that both of their inner women had to be lipstick lesbians, due to the fact that each of them looked at women in the same way lipstick lesbians do, with simultaneous respect and savage desire.

"Bethany frequently tells me I dress like a lesbian," Josh said, referring to his partner at Graceland, Bethany Paul—a tough, sexy lesbian herself whose inner man looked like he might be Elvis. Come to think of it, Buffalo was friends with more than one tough, sexy lesbian whom he'd seen rocking a similar style over the years, but he decided to keep that remark to himself as Josh went over the outlines close to the sensitive part of his armpit.

"Yeah, she doesn't mean it as a compliment," Josh went on. "She's gotten me clothes out of sympathy."

This made Buffalo think about his mother, who had passed away only a few months before. He was still at the stage where he almost welled up with tears from something as mundane as thinking about the fact that she was the one who had always made sure he had enough underwear, socks, and shirts. He had always grudgingly gone shopping with her. Boy, did she love to shop! She was a master shopper, among all her other extraordinary qualities and talents. Buffalo had certainly enjoyed having the items to keep him warm in winter and cool in the summer. So why had he, more often than not, taken some of the joy away from her by looking bored or wanting to rush through the time they spent together shopping? He felt guilty about that now and he could not get it out of his head that she would never make him go shopping again.

It came out before he realized what he was saying: "I used to take it for granted that my mom would always get me the essentials. I sure don't anymore." Buffalo looked over at Katrina.

Without Katrina, I would have been dead by now. He knew it was true. There had been too much heavy shit too close together for someone with his proclivity for pushing the limits of his body to their extremes to have been able to walk without going over the line. His mother had died in November, when Buffalo had two fulltime jobs, one as an editor for a new Native American magazine, the other playing Renfield in a new off-Broadway production of Dracula. Katrina moved in with him in December and had Buffalo to herself only one night a week, as he worked during the day and did the show at night.

He had somehow convinced himself that he could maintain both jobs in spite of his mother having just died, and perhaps he needed to for his sanity as much as his pocket.

Most relationships don't go through the test of all tests—the truly hard shit that leaves couples with no choice but to reveal the limits of the full extent of love one has for the other, like seeing one

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through the death of his second parent—until they have been married for years and bonded by children and half a life of memories. But Buffalo and Katrina found themselves running just that gauntlet when they were no more than four months into their relationship.

Buffalo's mother, Norris Church Mailer, had liked Katrina upon first meeting her, when they shared a bowl of pasta for lunch at a local Italian restaurant in Brooklyn where Buffalo insisted they meet for the first time. It had been important to Buffalo that they get to know each other, as he knew his mother did not have long left and he wanted Katrina to get a tangible sense of how magnificent Norris was before it was too late.

Although they did not get to spend a great deal of time together-barely three months before Norris's health rapidly deteriorated-the time was well spent, and long enough for Katrina to truly come to love Norris and understand Buffalo on a profound level. But before she knew it, Katrina was holding Buffalo's hand at a funeral home as the undertaker explained cremation, which had been his mother's wish. Later they would learn that the time Katrina and Norris got to spend with each other was enough for Norris to see what she needed to see, being an extraordinarily sharp judge of character. On the day of Norris's funeral, his mother's best friend from Arkansas, whom Norris had shared an e-mail correspondence with every day, took Buffalo aside and told him about the last e-mail she would ever receive from her best friend. It read: / know / don't have long now. Maybe a matter of days. So much left I wanted to do. So much more I wanted to see. But I think John has found the One, and that makes it easier to go.

It made it easier for Buffalo too, knowing that in spite of what her doctors had told her 12 years before, his mother had held on to life long enough to see him truly in love. And what a love. It had somehow seen them through all of it. A passion neither of them had ever known before. Buffalo was smart enough and had been around the block enough times to know that such love is not something one is blessed with time and time again, but rather once every few lifetimes or so, if you're lucky. So the thought of cheating on Katrina or doing something that could fuck it up in any way was insane to him. The only area in which he was blind to this was his excessive drinking. He wasn't able to see how it frightened her, for truly he was taking it too far, even for a hairy writer like himself. But, as with all souls who walk that perilous line between adventure and substance abuse, Buffalo always had an excuse.

Despite this one thing, Katrina was there for him, putting together their home while he was at work with the Indians or at rehearsal or having a few with the cast when his long day was finally done. She'd be waiting at home with that seemingly bottomless well of love that always blew his mind. It was never lost on him that she managed to figure out how to run a household while nourishing her first relationship at just 22, only a few months out of college.

Dracula ended up receiving what some might consider the worst reviews any piece of art in existence had ever seen, and closed in under a month. The day the show ended, Buffalo went to an all-staff meeting for the Indian magazine and saw their first issue for the first time, as he had been gone for the past two weeks due to rehearsals. It didn't take long for him to notice that he was not included on the masthead. Wow. Two jobs in one day. Could that be a record? The next month, February, his grandmother died. Once again Katrina found herself holding Buffalo's hand at the same funeral parlor with the same undertaker they had seen three months before, only now he was explaining the process of how one ships a body to Arkansas, where his grandmother wanted her final resting place to be. Not the easiest few months

Buffalo had ever experienced, but he was always trying to grasp the silver lining of any situation, and so he took stock of the fact that all of the chaos had made it easy to see that he had found his true partner in crime, his real love, the One. Buffalo had known all along, really, which is why he'd asked Katrina to design the tattoo he was now getting back when they had just started dating, before all that shit went down.

When Katrina had sat down to sketch out what she imagined he wanted on his shoulder using the elements he had provided for inspiration, she decided that the piece must begin with words, as he was a writer. She called the piece *Vagina Fireworks*. Her original notes read as follows:

You don't want to break the circles because they are everlasting. The solid Celtic designs symbolize your strength, courage, and wisdom. The cherry blossoms are a celebration of life. They are vagina fireworks, protected by solid Celtic circles, representing how protective you are of those closest to you.

All of this together represents love. It is the balance of these elements that makes it so beautiful. You are a gentle, organic beast, created to serve and protect those you love. You bring joy and comfort and excitement to the world. This tattoo shows the balance of those elements within you. Visually, the piece is balanced, but not exactly, because you are organic, and everyone and anyone—even a hairy animal like you—can only try to be as balanced as you can. But we're not perfect. None of us are.

The Celtic elements Buffalo had asked her to include in the design were a shout-out to the great lady and all of Buffalo's ancestors, descended from Vikings, who had braved the Southwestern frontier in the time of the pioneers.

What had their sigils looked like? Buffalo wondered.

"This is looking cool." It was actually looking more than cool. Buffalo was a ruminant in shit.

"It looks way cooler with all this stuff filled in, huh. Now let's do that to this section over here. With a little bit of shading over there, this is going to look sick. That really makes it. This should stay subtle, but this should be nice and dark. That okay with you?" "Sure."

Patrick passed Josh a beer and looked at Buffalo. "You all right, Buffalo? You want another beer?"

"I would love one." What a great guy Patrick turned out to be.

The party atmosphere was intoxicating. Who wouldn't want one of these guys to fuck around and make some art on your body? They were all tipsy and tired and so comfortably in the zone that it almost felt as if a misstep could not be taken. Almost.

They talked about how Buffalo had introduced Katrina to the edi-

tor of *Playboy*, and how millions of red-blooded Americans were now enjoying the beauty of her naked form. Buffalo explained that it would have been hypocritical for him, as an actor, to try to keep her from doing it. How could he do a love scene for a movie, then turn around and tell her she couldn't take her clothes off for the camera?

"You're both very artistically supportive of each other." Josh seemed to read Buffalo's mind. It made Josh think of his own relationship. "My girlfriend was already a model when I met her. So I had to deal with incredibly sexy pictures of her being out there when we got together."

This was one arena where Buffalo had become an expert. "Yeah, but if you look at it right, that's an awesome thing. I mean, you're the guy who's with her. Everyone else just gets to look at her. I take comfort in the fact that I'm the guy who's rubbing Katrina's belly at night."

"I never thought about it that way." Josh was beginning to hope that Buffalo might actually be able to understand enough about him to pull off at least a somewhat decent magazine piece.

Buffalo was hoping for the same. He looked at the tattoos Josh had. There were a great many. Tribal markings on his neck and arms were the most prominent, but Josh had all sorts of other work on his body. "Who did all these? You didn't, did you?"

"No, the only ones I did on myself were from a very young age, from the ages of 12 to 16 maybe. The rest are either from people that I've worked with over the years and really got along with well or, actually, I have a lot that I've just gotten from friends of mine, a lot of first tattooers. My friend Ellen did that. My girlfriend did that. It was her first tattoo. My body is basically like a scrapbook."

Josh was suddenly distracted by something. "Hey, you see what Jonah is doing?"

Buffalo looked over to where Steve was getting inked. Jonah was tattooing his arm with nothing to trace, creating the line as he went. "That's called a freehand."

"Freehand!" Jonah screamed as if it were a battle cry.

Weeeeeentz. The needle was back on Buffalo's shoulder.

Over the course of a year INKED will be serializing John Buffalo Mailer's literary tattoo memoir. If you missed the earlier installments visit inkedmag.com/buffalo.



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STÉFANO ALCÁNTARA

The tattooer without borders talks about the universality of art.

BY **ROCKY RAKOVIC** Portraits by **Chad Griffith**



Does this guy look familiar? If you've been to any tattoo convention in the past five years you have had an 87 percent chance of seeing Stéfano Alcántara. The realism wizard spends as much time in folding chairs as a soccer mom because he likes to soak up different tattoo art scenes. Originally from Peru, he now gets his mail delivered to New York City, where he takes clients at Paul Booth's Last Rites Tattoo Theater.

Alcántara's pieces are spellbindinghe's simply one of the best realism tattoo artists in the world. One of his life goals is to advance tattooing to a place where the medium gets its rightful respect in the art community. When the 20-plusyear veteran first tried breaking into tattooing, he wasn't welcomed in by the old guard, but in the past two decades he's seen a change in the culture and thinks that tattooers are set to unite and propel the form forward. "For once I think all tattoo artists are on the same path," he says. "We are all in the same mission: to bring tattoos to where they have never been and become artists validated by our counterparts in fine art."

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INKED: How did your journey begin? Stéfano Alcántara: I was in art school in Peru and I saw the tattoos in American magazines and I knew that is what I wanted to do. I ordered some equipment online and tried to teach myself. Luckily in art school I had those free-spirited, art-loving friends who were willing to let me try on them.

Did you have any type of mentoring

early on? Not really. This was over 20 years ago when there wasn't much tattooing in Peru and tattooing in the States was really closed off to people not really on the inside. I would travel to the U.S. and try to get people to show me how to tattoo, but the trade was really kept a secret, especially to some Peruvian kid like myself. So I would visit the United States, and go to conventions or get tattooed by the guys that I thought had really good work. Back

in Lima when they would tattoo me I would be watching the whole time and asking them all these questions. Because I couldn't find a place to pay my dues, I paid for sessions. When you try to hang out at a shop it takes months for tattooers to talk to you seriously, but when they are tattooing you, you have their attention.

You worked for a while in Peru. Yes, 14 or 15 years.

And then you landed at Last Rites in New York City. Yes, I set up a guest spot with the shop manager through MySpace—so you can guess around when that would have been—and my first day there I met Paul, and we have been friends ever since.

The shop moved recently, right? It

is a lot different than before. It looks more like a high-end gallery. It is three stories: The street floor is an

"I THINK TATTOOING NOW DEMANDS ITS RIGHTFUL RESPECT IN THE ART WORLD."



art gallery, the basement is the tattoo shop, and the second floor is a VIP waiting area and Paul's studio for work and painting. I think it brings tattoos to a different level, as the emphasis is on the art.

Are you at Last Rites full-time?

consider myself a traveling artist. When I'm not traveling to tattoo at conventions and everywhere else, Last Rites is my home base.

In that case do you consider your home Peru, New York, or an airplane somewhere in between? New York is now my home. Peru is my roots and I don't want to forget that. I want to bring something back for my country—it deserves to have a goodquality tattoo shop.

Is that one of your missions? I never closed my shop when I moved to the States, and I am opening up another tattoo shop that is going to be different than anything in the world. I bought a house and remodeled it to be good for tattooing. When you walk in, there will be a store, a big gallery, and a waiting area with a movie theater. With this I am going to bring good tattoo artists to Peru to enjoy the good food and the culture. I see it as a destination in South America for high-level tattoo artists to work and hang out. I don't even see it as a business; it's just my dream concept for a shop come true.

Are there any good artists working in Peru now? Hell yeah—Peru is not known for tattoos but you'd be surprised at some of the tattoo artists. If they come to the States they will get really famous right away.

Are you trying to keep the spotlight for yourself or are you going to facilitate them coming to America? |

INKED SCENE | icon

"BECAUSE I COULDN'T FIND A PLACE TO PAY MY DUES, I PAID FOR SESSIONS."

will be bringing them. I think art is for everybody, that we are doing a disservice if we aren't sharing the best art in the world. The problem is they need a work visa to tattoo and that isn't always the easiest thing to get.

Does Peruvian tattoo style differ from the stuff we are used to see-

ing? American tattoo styles influence the whole world, so they take what they can see online or in magazines and put their own flavor on it. It doesn't look like anything you've seen but it isn't so different that you wouldn't recognize it.

If social media and the internet had been prevalent when you started tattooing, do you think that you would have traveled as much? |

would not change anything I did; I liked the way that it worked out. I strongly believe that everything happens for a reason. While I learned from seeing things in magazines and then online when I was in Peru, I learned much more quickly when I got the guest spot at Last Rites and was around other artists. If I never had that experience I wouldn't be the same artist I am now. I think art is something that you can't just look at-you have to experience art. And art is a never-ending learning process, so I try to experience it as much as possible.

Which is why you still travel often?

Exactly. I like the fact that I can be everywhere, and I feel it is way more interesting to experience different people and places which have their own way of informing your art.

Do you consider yourself a fine

artist? Tattooing is my number one art for sure. It is the one that gives me so much in my life—it gives me confidence and a career. From there I go to different types of art but they are always to strengthen my tattoo career. When I paint or try to create in another medium it gets me better at tattoos. Painting taught me so much about realism, like depth and lighting. I feel like the first time I am able to bring all the other mediums into tattooing.

Were you always drawn to realism? Yes, that was the kind of art that I was doing in art school.

Were there realism tattoos when you decided to go into tattooing? No, that's the funny thing—realism

is my natural art but I was drawn to tattooing, which was all images with bold lines. Then as the equipment got better and I started trying to do realism in tattoos, it blew my mind.

In your opinion is there a particular element that makes a good realism tattoo? You have to do every single

thing right. There is nothing more important than the whole piece. I think you should pay close attention to detail in order to have a really accurate piece. Values are something that a lot of tattoo artists forget about. You really need to make an effect on the whole image in order for the tattoo to stand out or be brought to the next level.

How does one set him- or herself apart in a genre when you are copying an image or an object? |

think that lately I have finally been defining my style. Right now people can recognize my tattoos as being a piece done by me more than they could five years ago. A lot of people talk about how detailed my pieces are or how I use more textures than other artists-like when I do a hand I put fingerprints, while other artists don't think to do that. I try to go for that extra mile in the tattoo to be a little bit different. But also I go for realism and then add something that is not exactly in the picture, so I don't exactly copy. I try to bring something from my own style and flow them in to make my client a unique piece. The image looks totally real but I interpret it in my way and add different textures, so in the end maybe the tattoo is more than what it actually is.



What fine arts do you like?

Rembrandt and Sargent are artists who do realism in such an incredible way, but the ones that inspire me lately the most-those who influence my paintings—are the ones that are alive, because I don't want to paint in too much of a traditional style. Right now my influences are illustrators like Casey Baugh, David Kassan, Donatto Giancola, and Martin Wittfooth. Also direct influences are the artists that I know and meet in New York because I am able to ask them questions about their work, their approach, and their process. To me art is very personal. I want the work to evoke an image that grabs my attention.

It makes sense that a tattooer who specializes in a newish genre would be drawn more toward the works of contemporary artists. Is art timeless or does it evolve? Art definitely evolves. The next generation is always better than the old ones. Someday I am going to be part of the old ones and the new kids are going to be doing amazing things. I am excited to see what is coming in every field, not just tattooing but painting, architecture, everything.

What do you think will be the next step for tattoo art? That is a really hard question. I don't know what



the next style is going to be. I don't think anybody does yet. What I do want for tattoo art is for it to be recognized as a fine art on par with painting. Tattoos got popular from a bad background, and I don't think they have a bad name anymore, but I think tattooing now demands its rightful respect in the art world. I don't even think that we should treat tattoos that separately, like how we have art galleries in front of our tattoo shops. I think that across mediums we are all artists.

What is your take on fine artists' opinion of tattoos? They are fascinated with tattoos, but only to the point where they comment, "That's cool." What I would really like is that our craft gets the appreciation on a higher level.

Would you be shocked to see tattoos in museums in five years? Yes, but I don't even think we'll have to wait this long. Tattoo artists get interviewed in magazines, we are a bound hardcover books, we are already deserving of the ink, and that makes me so happy and proud. Street art is getting into museums why not tattoos?

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116 N. 2nd Ave. Upland, CA sixfeetunder.com Don't let his past *LA Ink* days fool you; Corey Miller may be comfortable in front of a camera, but he would rather keep a low profile. His shop didn't even have signage for its first few years. Six Feet Under Tattoo Parlor, located in Upland, CA, is a historic and haunted building that once served as a jail, and it's always run on reputation and referrals, not advertising. "I put up a sign in 2007. Only three days before they started filming *LA Ink* there," says Miller. "Well, we see how that worked out—so much for underground."

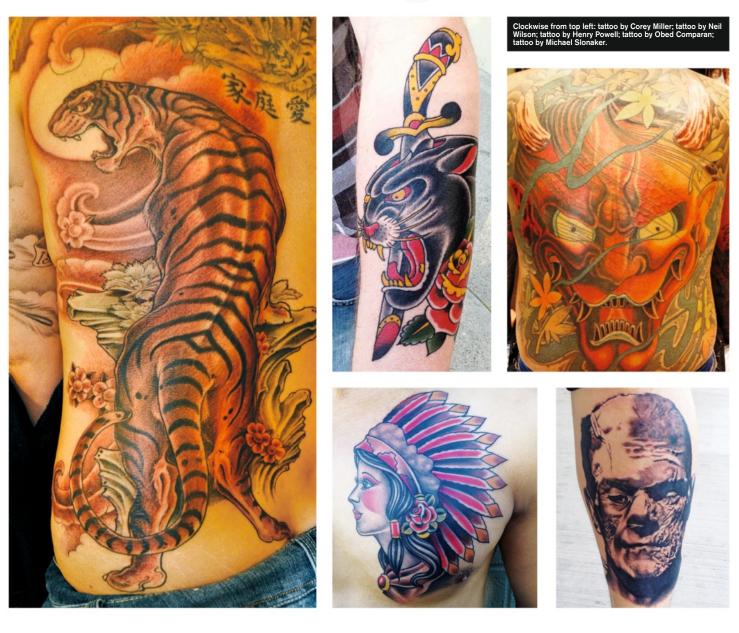
Miller opened the shop in 1992 and has been tattooing in Upland for more than 30 years. "I've tattooed friends growing up and now their kids—in a couple cases three generations," he says. "I don't think we really have a scene out here; people just want and get cool tattoos. Upland is only 45 minutes east of L.A. but way more down-home. The best thing of all is that now that I'm home I can do multiple-sitting tattoos again, whereas during *LA Ink* it was one tattoo a day for me because of the interviews and other TV production."

But being a TV personality with exceptional artistic talent has its perks. It's landed Miller some impressive commercial art assignments, such as designing the label for a Tuaca liqueur bottle, as well as customizing a 2014 Toyota Tundra and a Bell Rogue motorcycle helmet—a pet project Miller's especially proud of, since he's been an avid biker for 35 years. "It's pure freedom and a rush. If you ride you just know," says Miller, who got his first bike at 21, in exchange for a tattoo. "Tattoos and motorcycles have always possessed a rebellious attraction that we can all relate to or deep down feel."

Though Miller and his shop have gotten great exposure from his celebrity, that hasn't altered how the business is run. "The shop philoso-

BY LANI BUESS Portrait by Joaquin Palting

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phy is stay humble, work hard, and kick ass," says artist Henry Powell.

Miller started off small, giving himself a tattoo with a needle at 15. He went on to create his own machine using a Bic pen, the motor of a fish tank pump, a guitar string, and a toothbrush. But he quickly learned what a serious business tattooing could be. His first shop job was at Fat George's Tattoo Gallery, in 1987. "In the beginning I was a young kid and the outcast lifestyle was fascinating to me," says Miller, who has been tattooing predominantly black-andgray Japanese work since. "As I grew as a person and an artist, I started to appreciate life a little more, and how tattooing is constantly changing. There was so much secrecy, and now there's so much accessibility. Tattooing is alive and always changing, as are we, but we still have our personalities that shine through, just as tattooing has its distinctive styles that will always come through."

Miller's own metamorphosis from an artist to a shop owner took place in 1992, when he opened his first spot in his hometown to "make a stand" before someone else did. "It was incredibly territorial back then, so you were kind of fueled with a little desperation," he recalls. Support from peers didn't come easy. But now, Miller has steadfast artists at Six Feet Under, which has been at its present location since 1997 and houses an art gallery.

Powell has been Miller's righthand man for 24 years. "He designed a cool piece for my arm, and from watching him do his work I knew I wanted to tattoo like him," says Powell, who specializes in large-scale work. "He taught me all that I know and made me the artist I am today." As manager, Powell operates Six Feet Under like a family business. He makes sure the staff stays abreast of new ideas and mediums. "We pride ourselves on our custom tattoos and years of experience," Powell says.

"We all have a different style here, which allows each artist to stand out independently," says Neil Wilson of the artist roster, which now includes Mike Slonaker and Obed Comparan.

Though Miller's signature style has graced everything from skin to sheet metal, he's humbled by the pride his crew takes in Six Feet Under. Because at the end of the day, he says, the team doesn't believe the hype that came from Hollywood. "We are glorified carnies. We are not saving lives—we just make life a little more colorful."

INKED SCENE | profile







MEGAN HOOGLAND VISIT: MEGANHOOGLAND.COM

INKED: What drew you to black-and-gray? Megan Hoogland: For some reason, my brain works better in black-and-gray. I don't think it was a conscious decision. When I started, tattooing was all flash and tribal—lots and lots of tribal. But everything else we did was in color. I guess ever since I was a kid I was doing reproduction art in pencil and it was all I was good at, all I wanted to do. My super-ADD, perfectionist mind likes the challenge of reproduction. It's meditative, I guess. **Do you have a particular piece that you are most proud of?** All of my Aaron Horkey reproductions. I'm just so honored to have his blessing to re-create his prints in another form.

What do you think tattooing lacks these days?

I think more tattooists need to trust their intuition. If something doesn't feel right, don't do it. And love what you do! One of the biggest things I contribute to my success is that I still care, I still love what I do—a lot.

Have there been people who have seen your work and been shocked to find out it was done by a woman? Yes. A lot. Do you feel you get more attention because of your gender? I used to, but not anymore. I've actually turned down promotions geared toward female artists just because I've worked so hard to be equal with my peers. I don't want to be treated differently because of my gender; I want to be treated dif-

ferently because I made my mark.

What mark do you hope to leave on the world? To be considered a good teacher and a good mother. Those are really the only two ways to make exceptional human beings. I have a feeling the world may need more of them in the future.

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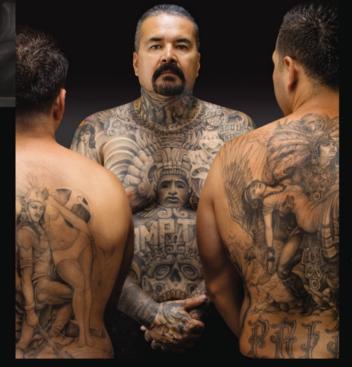
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NAME: Theresa Cardella

SHOP MANAGER AT: Body Graphics Tattoo, South Windsor, CT

I started working at Body Graphics in 2010 and was shy, being the noob in the shop. To make me more comfortable, the guys asked me if I had a nickname. Before I could answer they start throwing out nicknames for me: "T-Money, T-Pain, Ice T..." Me being the ditzy person that I am, I blurted out, "My friend's boss calls me T-Bag." It had no relation to the sexual move but they all started laughing at me. I really threw myself under the bus with that one. To this day, the guys and even some customers call me it on occasion.

One day this lady called and asked if we finish cover-ups. I said we'd have to see it. So she came down to the shop, and it was a tattoo on her chest of a heart with a name, and the cover-up was the makings of a skull wearing a bandanna. It looked like it was done by someone wearing a blindfold and tattooing with his foot. I asked, "You want to get that finished?" She said, "Yeah, I couldn't hold up the mirror anymore." Turns out, she had been tattooing the cover-up herself while holding up a hand mirror!





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BRANDON ROBERTS

The Painted Lady 1726 E. Speedway Blvd., Tucson, AZ paintedladytattoos.com

In his preteen years, future tattoo artist Brandon Roberts was blown away by the artwork on the Magic: The Gathering trading cards and started tracing it. Now he sketches his own custom designs at the super-slick shop The Painted Lady in Tucson, AZ. "Lately, I've been working a lot with earthy textures such as detailed stone, wood, and water," he says. Roberts hopes that people don't just appreciate his creations on a visual level, but that they connect emotionally. "If people can find the hidden messages, whatever they may be, then they can carry with them these profound reflections of our own reality," he explains. "I like my work to reflect things like struggle, loss, and solemnitythat way people are looking at something that isn't flowers, anchors, and unicorns." And when his days are up, Roberts wants his gravestone adorned in custom heraldry or "some classy shit like that." Also: "Wolves-lots of wolves."

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