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May 2009
inkstinct

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Cover Photograph
© David Hindley

H₂Ocean
The first in First Aid

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1-866-420-2326

Photography by: Sean Hartgrove
Eleven years ago, in December of 1998, my father received his first tattoo: a red rose to represent my mother. He wanted to surprise her with the tattoo on Christmas, and my job required keeping this secret from her. I bubbled with excitement in the weeks before Santa’s arrival, thinking my Daddy was the coolest guy for getting a tattoo, which made me cool by association.

Over the next seven years, I watched my father’s collection of tattoos spread around his right arm (the only “allowed” tattoo area specified by my mother). I also met his friends and business acquaintances in the Bay Area tattoo and piercing communities. While my seedling interest in tattoos and body modifications always brewed within me, these new contacts kindled my love and desire for adornment.

Around the time I received my first tattoo, in November of 2005, I met my close friend Ryan Kerr, whose own skin hosts an extensive collection of tattoos. Now four years into our friendship, his opinions on tattoos and culture have intertwined with my own, and I trust his opinion for all ink choices (second only to my father’s).

You now hold in your hands Inkstinct, the culmination of these influences, a lifelong interest in tattoos and body modifications, and two years of undergraduate work. This magazine serves as not only my Honors Capstone Project (and graduation requirement), but as a reflection of my passion for the ancient art of tattoo — represented in journalistic form.

Within these pages live personalities I met and interviewed, experiences I collected coast-to-coast and overseas, and an assortment of tattoo related information collected from myriad sources, filtered through my particular perspective on life and adornment.

May you enjoy all the pleasure I felt while creating Inkstinct (and none of the anxiety experienced in tandem). I believe the best way to commemorate reading this would include a tattoo...

With all my Ink
Celina
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With an average of about 30 posts per week, ModBlog hosts a wide selection of posts on piercings, tattoos, scarification, and suspension. The blog covers fresh work, profiles, news and art. Recent posts included La Negra’s implant “nipples,” moustache tattoos, and shop hygiene news. Check them out at modblog.bmezine.com.
Inked Nation, the world’s largest tattoo networking site, brings together tattoo artists, piercers, shops, and enthusiasts to share pictures, join chats about tattoo lifestyle and design, invite each other to local events, post classifieds, and much more. Open to adults 18+, and free to join. inkednation.com

Lars Krutak began his tattoo research over 10 years ago as a graduate student at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks. Since then, Krutak has traveled the world as a trained archaeologist and cultural anthropologist to record “the lives, stories and experiences of tattooed people around the globe.” Several international and national magazines have featured Krutak’s work, including Skin & Ink, and all his articles are available on his Website. Krutak’s most recent work can be seen on the Discovery Channel’s newest show, Tattoo Hunter, as he travels to exotic locations in search of traditional tattoo secrets. larskrutak.com

Esoteric Body jewelry embodies one essential principal: to preserve and amplify the raw beauty of wood, specializing in jewelry custom-made from materials like bloodwood, katalox, tiger ebony, narra burl and olivewood. Esoteric uses dried, exhibition-grade cuts of wood and polishes all pieces with 100 percent organic Jojoba Oil (the chemically closest to sebum, the body’s naturally produced oil). For a durable finish, jewelry is coated with organic vegan-friendly wax, a secret formula developed with Jojoba and Carnuaba waxes. esotericbody.com

if myspace and facebook had the balls to get inked

Inked Nation, the world’s largest tattoo networking site, brings together tattoo artists, piercers, shops, and enthusiasts to share pictures, join chats about tattoo lifestyle and design, invite each other to local events, post classifieds, and much more. Open to adults 18+, and free to join. inkednation.com
As early as the 1700s, Captain Cook’s sailors explored the native art of tattooing in Polynesia, and the art of what the Tahitians called “tatau” soon spread across Europe’s navies. The tattoos featured ancient symbolism mixed with Western designs, and created a new breed of tattoo that represented life on the high seas. Sailor tattoos became so popular that Samuel O’Reilly, the inventor of the tattoo machine, once said, “A sailor without a tattoo is like a ship without grog: unseaworthy.”

Tattoo shops spread around seaports worldwide, and sailors who learned the art of tattoo abroad would ink fellow seamen. Among many obvious sailor tattoos, like anchors and lighthouses, other clever and unique designs exist: a pig on one ankle and a cock on the other protected a sailor from drowning, since both animals lack the ability to swim and would “carry” him ashore quickly. “Hold” and “Fast” found homes on a sailor’s knuckles to encourage him to lace and knot his ropes better.

To see Sailor Jerry clothing, go to page 25!

MortonManley.com
The Mentawai believe that in order to keep their souls “close,” their bodies must be beautiful; tattoos, among other decorations, make the body attractive to the soul, and help bring their wealth to the afterlife. Tattoos also help protect the Mentawai from the evil spirits that prowl the jungles in which they live. They also help ancestors identify their relatives in the afterlife.

A “man who makes the needle,” or sipaniti, creates these tattoos. He may work with a sharpened piece of bark from the karai tree, or a lemon thorn stuck through a bamboo stick and tapped with a wooden mallet. Whatever the tool, the Mentawai receive their tattoos in several stages of life, beginning at the age of 7 with the tattooing of the back. Then, after a few years, come the upper arms, backs of the hands, upper thighs, chest, and neck. Around the age of 40, a Mentawai would complete their tattoos with the calves, shins, and forearms.

Dangerously Beautiful
Far north in Alaska, the Artic’s indigenous cultures practiced skin-stitched tattoos for more than 2,000 years. Commonly done by respected elderly women, the Sivuqaghmiit tattooed without any sketches or guides. They made their inks by mixing the soot of an oil lamp and urine, sometimes with graphite or seal oil added as well. The tattooist dipped a sinew thread from a reindeer into the ink, and made 1/32-inch stitches under the skin that would become dots, then lines and decorations.

Family designs and ornamental tattoos cover the face, arms, torsos, and hands of the Sivuqaghmiit; however, they also tattooed medicinal designs as a type of ancient acupuncture on joints. §

Frozen Decoration

While both men and women received tattoos in Papua, female tattoos served ritualistic and erotic functions, as well as a prerequisite for marriage. Beginning between the ages of five and seven, a Papuan girl received her first ink from the backs of their hands to the elbow, and from the elbow to the shoulder.

Around the age of eight, girls collected their next tattoos on the face, lower abdomen, vulva, and front and outside of the thighs. At 10, they received tattoos on the armpits and chest area reaching the nipples, with the throat following shortly thereafter.

During puberty, they obtained tattoos on the back that reached from the shoulders down to the buttocks, thighs, and calves. Finally, when ready for marriage, a Papuan woman would receive “V” shaped tattoos from the neck to the navel.

Marital Prerequisites

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C'est le Rock and Roll

Central London’s Hepcats and Pinups welcome a new one-stop-shop to coif their curls and puff their pompadours.

“C'est le ‘i’s Something Hell’s’ located in the heart of Soho's Carnaby Street in Kingsly Court, hosts two of France’s hippest haircutters — Mr. Ducktail and Miss Betty, one of the hottest haircutting couples in the European rockabilly scene (the shop’s name plays on the rock-and-roll classic, Eddie Cochran’s ‘Somethin’ Else’).

Mr. Ducktail’s Galaxie Famous Switchblade Haircut became one of the couple’s claims to fame, seemingly by fate. After Mr. Ducktail posed with a switchblade for publicity in a French magazine in 2000, a local television station wanted to catch the knife haircut in action — something Mr. Ducktail had never done.
After completing his first switchblade cut on air (with nothing more than a cut on his finger), the legend of Mr. Ducktail’s rockabilly style began.

Of course, safety remains a concern at “It’s Something Hell’s,” and Mr. Ducktail pulls out the blade only for longer retro styles, to keep his rocker and greaseur customers’ ears right where they belong (attached!).

Mr. Ducktail’s wife, Miss Betty, takes her client’s heads back in time to rock and roll’s hey day, complete with finger curls and pin-up bangs. Before joining with her husband to work together in one shop, Miss Betty owned a vintage store in Toulouse, France, that hosted a collection of second-hand and vintage store, as well as salon services such as hairstyling and makeup.

Miss Betty’s experience in vintage style combines with her timeless smile and avid attention to detail to leave her ladies feminine and glamorous in her signature Hollywood style.

While best known for their retro stylings, Mr. Ducktail and Miss Betty also offer contemporary cuts for those who enjoy their rocking salon but want to leave their leather jacket at home.

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myspace.com/something_hells
Years ago in Honolulu, there lived a legend by the name of Norman “Sailor Jerry” Collins. A sailor and an artist, Sailor Jerry captured a generation’s lifestyle in bold-lined, nautical-themed tattoos—filled with grit, romance, and heartbreak—becoming the master of the old-school style.

Today, Sailor Jerry’s iconic flash adorns clothing, housewares, accessories, shoes, and his famous Original Spiced Navy Rum. Prices range from $18-$150. Find them all at sailorjerry.com.
Founded in 1997, Morton Manley Custom Earrings began with Manley’s boyhood dream of pulling jewelry and art back to 2000 B.C. All things new and shiny left Manley unenthused. He sought to explore the personal adornment that extended beyond small holes or body placement.

As a Gemini, Manley possesses a fondness for working in pairs, which fueled his fascination with earrings. When friends started asking for earrings in oversizes and showing interest in organic material, the amateur anthropologist and professional jeweler began turning the creative wheel backward. Forty years of art, craft, jewelry, sculpture, anthropology, native feelings, tribal family, carving ivory, and working metal blended to become the Morton Manley collection created for your wearing pleasure (for prices and more information, go to mortonmanley.com).

Morton Manley’s Custom Earrings blend human history, mechanics, and a tribal interest in aesthetics to produce his unique lines of ivory and silver pieces.

By Celina R. Tousignant
Arm and A Leg Collection

Morton's grew up at a time when hot rods ruled the roads, and cruising took priority over going to church. Morton's passion for spark plugs and pistons propelled him through the backrooms of assorted jewelry stores around the Bay Area in search of items of adornment that reflected his tribal tastes. Frustrated, he began Morton Manley Custom earrings.

Manley's workspace surrounds him with influences, both motorized and personal. While working in his studio, which doubles as his one-car garage workshop, Morton shares the space with an old Moto Guzzi, a new Suzuki, found art collected over the years and around the world, homemade altars, and an assortment of vinyl records. Along his creative journey, these icons and images mixed up together and became a box of jewelry parts. Morton's new sparkplugs, wrenches, and pistons joined together with bones and skulls. The Arm and A Leg Collection uses silver, the whitest of all metals, to convey Morton's tools of the trade and parts of the heart.

Fossilized Ivory Collection

Consumers and connoisseurs consider fine, museum-grade fossilized walrus ivory the finest available for aftermarket designer earwear. Being a tooth and not a tusk or a horn means that the material provides a hard, tight surface and thick enamel layer. The diet of a walrus also helps to create a much more dense material. Unlike their herbivore relatives with softer tusks, walruses use theirs to open the skulls of seal pups and forage for clams and oysters.

As opposed to its illegally poached elephant counterpart, authorities consider fossilized ivory completely lawful, and consumers consider it a great way to go 'green' (as Morton essentially recycles ancient tools to craft his jewelry). As for the fossilization that takes a minimum of 1,000 years or more (walruses have roamed the arctic 32 million years), the minerals in the soil surrounding the buried tusk infuse it with colors that range from cream to dark-chocolate brown. Sunlight amplifies the fossil opalization that occurs in fossils. Archaeologists and bone hunters find ancient fossil walrus ivory in abandoned ancient Yupik Inuit's hunting sites and travel camps that existed at least 15,000 years. It also washes up on beaches along the Arctic Alaskan coast. Many of the pieces used came from broken or near complete tools, ice picks, fishing weights, or sled runners made by the Inuits.
Inkstinct Crossed the Pond
(so you don’t have to)

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David Hindley, a personality in the British Alternative Scene and Lenny Kravitz’s photographer for more than two decades, talks on work, life, and being different.

**Alternative**

Thanks to dyslexia or an alternative inner drive, Hindley views the world differently. He accredits his ability to connect with people of all walks of life due to the fact that he views the world on a four-degree tilt. That attraction to odd angles began in college. Hindley went to Goth or punk clubs. Not because he identified as a Goth or Punk, but because he enjoyed something different to society, culture, and youth. However, Hindley notices contradictions in alternative culture, such as the “mainstreaming” of an alternative way of dressing, and points out a really freethinking person would go to an alternative club in a suit.

**The Mrs.**

Hindley describes his wife as extremely straight. In his past, he dated artists and models, but found that they only held his interest a short while. Hindley thinks the marriage of “chalk and cheese” or of opposites, works best. She keeps him level, and he spices her up.

**Photos © David Hindley**

*By Celina R. Tousignant*
SHOCKING

For Hindley, the technical process of photography overrides any shock and awe that might accompany those attending his photo-shoot events, like meat-hook suspensions or bleeding acts. Whatever or whoever sits in front of his camera becomes irrelevant, and the right place and the right image garner all of Hindley’s attention. Whether he shoots a horribly bloody affair or a baby in a pram, the same picture-taking process clicks through his mind, working around the subject until he finds what works.

INFLUENCES

Collecting photographic books or attending galleries bored Hindley. He thinks carelessness leads to seeing something interesting and directly plagiarizing it. His influences come down to training and a belief he can get the job done. Give Hindley a week and a studio, and he’ll give you a picture. But give him 10 minutes and a toilet, and he’ll give you a picture.

FILM

Digital cameras shamed the photography business; everyone suddenly became a photographer. Hindley comes from an old-school way of working — all film, no retouch — learning to get it right the first time. The world now accepts lower visual standards because digital cameras produce poorer quality than film. Lenny Kravitz, a gifted photographer himself, allows Hindley to shoot film because he recognizes its quality and distinction.

AUTHENTICITY

Photography’s phoney reputation also bothers Hindley. Magazine covers display women so retouched they lack enough eyelid to blink and have no armpits and no movement in their arms. Worst yet, people accept this as normal. Before the digital rage, Hindley cross-processed much of his film, and created a portfolio full of untouched photographs. Those scanning his work tried to prove Hindley wrong, to find some clue about the photographs’ deception.

TATTOOS

Inked on the top of Hindley’s shoulder sit the crosshairs of a camera’s film plane, suggesting the line of sight runs right through the middle of his head. Behind it hides an infinity sign, and on the other arm Hindley tattooed the circle of Zambezi. After a friend of his lived in Africa, he returned and gave Hindley a little ebony serpent meant to protect travelers. Hindley cast the serpent — 10 in brass and three in silver — and gave them as gifts to his closest friends. The image became like an insignia for Hindley, and soon found its place on his body as a tattoo.

Tattoos that seem out of place bother Hindley. Some of his friends have fantastic ink, but he considers them a bit off because they wear them poorly. On the other hand, others have really dodgy tattoos, but because they wear them wholeheartedly, they work. Hindley says you have to prepare to wear a tattoo for

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the rest of your life. So if it displeases you, you only fool yourself.

**SUBLTLEY**

Hindley credits working with Eve Arnold, Marilyn Monroe’s photographer, as the inception of his photographic subtlety. In fact, he created many of Arnold’s photographs because at the age of 75, she lacked the ability to focus — let alone hold — the camera. Hindley served as her human tripod with eyes. She told him where to point, and he would shoot. Once, in Cuba, Hindley entered a room and searched about for the best shooting angle. But Arnold just said, “What are you doing there? Just stand there and point it that way.” That moment helped to instill an honest point of view in Hindley. When trying to find a certain angle, get funky, or make magic colors, this integrity gets lost. The best pictures for Hindley involve trying to show something earnestly, and just snapping an image without too much thought.

**MONEY**

The industry hosts an unfavorable market for all except the big, big name photographers, and Hindley considers himself a not-so-big name. He needs more money, and his photography becomes a bit whorish. The camera follows whoever offers money. Although Hindley would love to shoot his own style of realistic advertising, this work remains undone until the ideal client hires him.

**STANDARDS**

Hindley finds size-zero 15-year-old fashion models sick, and fucked up. He rejects working with them and considers the whole concept unattractive. If he works with a model and can’t use a sexual reference to elicit a certain response, he sees something wrong with that. Other than that, Hindley thinks there exists very little else at which he would not point his camera.

**FUTURE**

After working together more than 20 years, Hindley and Kravitz would like to publish a book of their work. Hindley looks forward to capturing inspirational people — like Kravitz — until he goes out of focus. Taking a great picture feeds itself and makes him feel like a child again. This energy, this exciting mentality, keeps Hindley going.
A Gentleman & His Needle

By Celina R. Toussignant

Molloy's mum was an artist and a painter, and she dragged him around to every museum and art gallery in the United Kingdom every other Sunday during his childhood. One such Sunday in Liverpool's Walker Gallery, Molloy saw a painting depicting the battle scene of Trafalgar. Because of his young age, Molloy's nose barely reached the base of it. He noticed all the bodies strewn about along the bottom of the scene had tattoos, and this struck a little chord for him.

He asked his mother and uncle what tattoos were and how they worked, but every question received "You don't want to know," as an answer. The more times Molloy heard these responses, the more interested he became. As he saw it, you could put pictures on your arms that never washed off—and this fascinated the young Molloy.

Eventually, by hook and by crook, Molloy found out how the tattoo process worked around the age of 10, and he gave himself a small dot tattoo on the back of his hand. His mother beat the living shit out of him when she saw it, but to this day he treasures this little dot as his first tattoo ever.

Q&A with London Ink's lead artist, Louis Molloy.

Photos: Below: Shoot for FHM by Adam Laurence  Tattoos: Middleton Tattoo

inkternational artist profile
How did you start tattooing?
It was me and this pal of mine, and we patched this plot together to actually build a tattoo machine. I was 14 at the time. Cast primitive are words that spring to mind, barbaric is probably another one, but I built this tattoo machine and then I started tattooing some of my friends at school with it.

In that time, which would have been 1979, you couldn’t just go into a tattoo studio and say, ‘I’ve come to have an apprenticeship.’ I went in tattoo studios, one, to get tattooed. Two, to ask questions. I think the only thing that I received for my efforts was a black eye and a fat lip.

People wouldn’t tell you anything. And this was at the time when there was no Internet. There were no tattoo magazines, the number of books that you could actually find in libraries you could count on one hand; information was just nonexistent. It was a learning process of trial and error, practice and perseverance. There was just simply no other way to do it. And at the grand-old age of 18 years old, I opened the Middleton tattoo studio, which is where I still am to this day.

Have you made any grand mistakes?
Oh God, yea. Let’s start with the obvious ones first: the first spelling mistake I made. I think I was about 16 years old, and the guy just wanted the name ‘Gene Vincent’ written on his arm, and I put ‘Vincent’.

I remember once, oh, it was horrible, my assistant put the sheet of designs down and I was at the front, and the guy moving his lips he said, ‘This is my fiancée, and we’re moving his lips. ‘So I said to him, while she was going, ‘Are you sure?’ She said yes. ‘You told me to have it done. ‘You go in the tattoo studio, one. You could have this thing clothed? Do you want it female one? Do you want well, what kind of angel? A well, an angel, ‘ and I go, ‘Yea, I want this tattoo, I want it. ‘I want something, and they see it in their mind in a particular way, and you’ll draw it out, and it’s not quite what they thought it was going to be, and then you have to go through this lame process of trying to decipher what is actually in their head. That’s where you get into sticky territory.

Now, I just turn them away, because I really can’t be bothered. I can’t be dealing with people who I would term as complete dickheads, because they can’t even be bothered to have the trouble to do just a little bit of research to just bring me something visual, something so that I can have an idea of what they want.


A couple of years down the line you’d see them on TV. ‘God, I wish I had never had these tattoos, the tattooist told me to have it done. ‘You are lying bastard, no I didn’t. ‘You thought they were making a mistake. ‘Classic example: this guy came in with this girl. ‘She says, ‘He’s having my name on, and I just said, ‘That was fucking amazing, you said that without even moving your lips. ‘So I said to him, while she was standing next to him, ‘Are you really sure you want this done and next week you could split up. ‘And without moving his lips he said, ‘This is my fiancée, and we’re getting married in three weeks. ‘I said to the guy, ‘Are you sure?’ She said yes. ‘Their marriage lasted something like, 3 hours 20 minutes. ‘I shit you not, this is the God’s honest truth.

How do you make money if you refuse too many tattoos?
As much as I’m an artist, for want of better words, I’m running a business. And I can’t really forget that, because I have to pay my bills. I’ve got to pay my taxes and all that kind of shit. It’s all well and good to say I want to do all this la-di-da fancy shit, but there’s the bread and butter stuff as well. If somebody comes to me for a tramp stamp or a tribal tattoo, I will burn a hole in their pocket for it, because I hate doing it. If it’s so boring, there’s just no inspiration with it, it’s shit, it’s tedious, and if they want me to do that kind of tedious boring shit, then they’ll pay me a lot of money for it. So then I refuse to tattoo people who are not sure about what they want. I would also refuse to tattoo people if I thought they were making a mistake. ‘Classic example: this guy came in with this girl. ‘She says, ‘He’s having my name on, and I just said, ‘That was fucking amazing, you said that without even moving your lips. ‘So I said to him, while she was standing next to him, ‘Are you really sure you want this done and next week you could split up. ‘And without moving his lips he said, ‘This is my fiancée, and we’re getting married in three weeks. ‘I said to the guy, ‘Are you sure?’ She said yes. ‘Their marriage lasted something like, 3 hours 20 minutes. ‘I shit you not, this is the God’s honest truth.

What’s your favorite tattoo ever?
It’s one of the few things that they will take to the grave with them. Beyond that, I’ve not really made any monumental cock-ups, and I really shouldn’t be saying this now because you know what’s going to happen tomorrow don’t you... I’m just going to make some huge monumental cock-up.

What kinds of tattoos do you refuse?
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They’ve got to make a program that’s entertaining to the kind of person who’s got an IQ somewhere between a slug and a lettuce leaf.

I’ve come to the point now where I’m subconsciously taking the advice that I always say to people when they’re getting a tattoo for the first time: if you get a tattoo done, put it somewhere you can show or cover it at your discretion. Most people when they meet me for the first time don’t even know I’m tattooed.

I dress in a way that I like, that I’m comfortable with, that presents an image and persona that is not going be intimidating to my clients. I dress in a way that I could meet anybody from your ordinary blue-collar worker up to royalty, and they would all form the same opinion of me: this guy knows what he’s doing, he’s classy, he’s confident, he looks good, he dresses well. It inspires confidence in your client, which is what you want.

What’s your story with London Ink?

I was being approached almost on a weekly basis by different production companies saying that they were going to do this program on tattooing, but none of them had any money. One day this company comes along called World of Wonder, and they said this has been financed by the Discovery Channel. Ding! They make Miami Ink.

A lot of it’s really difficult, though. On the one hand, Discovery wants me to make this program about tattoos, but really, I think they don’t give a flying fuck about the tattoos. They’re just making TV. I can see it from their side. They’ve got to make a program that’s entertaining to the kind of person who’s got an IQ somewhere between a slug and a lettuce leaf.

I’m using the program as a showcase for me: showcase my work, showcase my industry, showcase what I can do what I’m capable of.

So where do you see London Ink going after the second season?

I’ve been asked to be written out of it at the end of this series. Discovery has three tattoo shows. It’s too much. Something will give somewhere, and ours would be the one to get the chop first, because you can only show so much of a certain thing. We should just quit while we’re ahead.

What effect has London Ink had on your business?

It’s just increased everything on a ratio. Instead of having a six-month waiting list, I’ve got a 12 to 18 month waiting list. Instead of having three or four ego stroking knobheads everyday, I’ve now got 12 dickheads coming in everyday, and so on and so forth.

But?

But gives me a little of financial security, when you’re in so much demand, but at the same time it increases all the stress and pressure. It doesn’t make your life any easier, because people see you on TV and you become public property, and people expect you to sit there and listen while they absolutely bore the tits off you about why they want this stupid fucking tattoo of some bum antler’s ass with 16 stars around the fucking back of their earlobe. It’s like, fuck off.

How have you seen the social acceptance of tattoos change since you began?

Tattooing definitely has become more socially acceptable. You go back 20 years, and if you had said then that the Spanish Tourist Board would use tattoos in an ad campaign, they would have said you’re insane, you need locking up, but it’s happened. That’s how much it’s changed. It’s come socially more acceptable, but I don’t think it will ever become totally socially acceptable. And I’m not sure it would be a good thing if it were, because then it would become part of the mainstream. I like to always think that little bit of a rebellious streak for it.

The greatest scenario, hypothetically, would be middle manager John talking about his tattoo, and the CEO of the company comes along and says, ‘That’s f*ck all look at this, dude’ and whips his cock out that’s got 16 piercings in it and has got the tattoo of a fucking dragon where the end of his cock is its tongue, and the it wraps around his body. The CEO says, ‘Now that’s what you call a tattoo!’ That would be the greatest scenario.

I had this huge erection, especially when Victoria [Beckham] came in the room… you’re insane, you need locking up, but it’s happened. That’s how much it’s changed. It’s come socially more acceptable, but I don’t think it will ever become totally socially acceptable. And I’m not sure it would be a good thing if it were, because then it would become part of the mainstream. I like to always think that little bit of a rebellious streak for it.

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As crazy as it sounds, I know people who are like that—I’ve tattooed the like of them. Times have changed.

What’s in the future for Mr. Molloy?

I’ll never retire. I’ll carry on working till I drop dead. But I’d like to think that if I could ever leave a legacy, it would be something along the lines of the man who made a step toward making tattooing socially acceptable, to be remembered as somebody who made a difference. Couldn’t really ask for more than that.

Any parting thoughts?

That was interesting, because that was the first interview that I’ve done in seven or eight years where I’ve not been asked about the Beckhams. That is such a huge refreshing change, because normally when I get asked about that my eyes glaze over and I just start talking complete horseshit, because you’re asking me about them you deserve to be spoken horseshit. People can’t see beyond that. I feel like slapping them. There’s a lot more to my repertoire than the bleeding Beckhams.

What was it like tattooing David Beckham?

Well, I had this huge erection, especially when Victoria came in the room… §
How a mackerel, a sheep and a crown fulfilled one American's dreams.
While studying abroad in London last spring, I saw a short notification on Facebook from the “Here Comes London Ink” page. “Get Inked by the Tattoo Crew in London Ink: Series 2” said the message. Suddenly, my long-standing dream of receiving a tattoo on a Discovery Channel series resurfaced. Oh, yes, I thought to myself, I would like to get inked by the tattoo crew in London Ink. I duly wrote a short e-mail, describing myself and the tattoo I wanted.

As I wrote in my e-mail to the World of Wonder production company, my concept combined the Underground circle with the Union Jack, to represent all things British and my passion for all things travel, a sheep (to remember when my Indonesian friend first saw sheep in Wales, and how thrilled she felt), and a crown (to represent all things British and royalty), along with the original tube circle and crest quote, “Honi soit qui mal y pense,” which ran a banner, reading “Honi to represent my travel and circle with the Union Jack, combined the Underground, and my passion for all things travel.”

I suspected that “processing my application” marked only the first step in the selection procedure.

A few weeks later, I received an invitation to travel north to Kentish Town, just past Camden Road on the Northern Line, for a screen test at World of Wonder’s office. I fretted over what to wear, wanting to appear edgy and cute, feeling first-date anxious, and settled on dark eye makeup, graffiti high-top sneakers, jeans, a crocheted tank top, my “safety blanket” cardigan and a skull scarf. I arrived at the office a sweaty, nervous mess, but a friendly American receptionist greeted me with a glass of water. I sat fidgeting on the edge of the sofa, thumbing through some celebrity news magazine but incapable of reading a single word. The researcher, a petite young Londoner by the name of Lauren, asked me to follow her up to a room where we would have a short interview on tape. I spoke — or rather stuttered — but managed to formulate complete sentences that somehow described my tattoo vision, my fandom of London Ink, and my passion for all things London Ink.

On the day of filming, I woke early to put my face on and prepare myself for my London Ink debut. The train ride from Kent lasted an hour, and it fit around the production schedule perfectly. Again, I found myself scouring Oxford Street for something to wear, and felt quite adorable and TV ready in a white blouse and floral skirt.

After only 20 minutes, I finished my World of Wonder interview and returned to my flat. I soon received another e-mail: “You are on our shortlist of possible clients, and we therefore need you to fill in the attached forms so that if you are chosen to appear on the show, we will have all of your details.” I screamed. My flatmates knew about London Ink, and after crying and calling my family, I felt elated with the thought of receiving my dream tattoo.

Dan Gold, the artist who would give me my tattoo, called later that day to discuss my design. In the previous season of London Ink, Dan established himself as the black sheep of the crew. He often made minor mistakes in his work. One could say I lacked enthusiasm for his work, but our conversation put me at ease. He shared my vision, and even knew of my favorite comic, Bizarro, and liked the idea of adding in a hidden image from his cartoons. We chatted about my design, which aimed to encompass a mackerel (a delicious gift from our Egyptian estate agent and inside joke among my friends), a tube train (my common mode of travel), a sheep (to remember when my Indonesian friend first saw sheep in Wales, and how thrilled she felt), and a crown (to represent all things British and royal), along with the original tube circle and crest quote.

After speaking with Dan, I hung up, tried to blow my mind, and my passion for all things London Ink. Lauren asked to see my other tattoos. I panicked. That required taking off my cardigan, since my two-rose, yin-yang tattoo sits on the inside of my right arm. At that point I wished I had shaved my armpits.

After waiting days (an hour, in reality), I needed to use the loo. Lauren directed me to the toilet in the back of the tattoo shop. I dashed through the shop, past Louis tattooing one of London's body-glamour models, bulldog Marsh. Lunchtime soon came, and I knew that I needed to leave the underground waiting room and eat something to avoid passing out mid-tattoo. I slurped the last bits of a Frappuccino when Lauren called, asking me to return because they were ready to start shooting.

Next thing I knew, I stood at the desk in the shop, talking to Dan about my concept, repeating our first conversation. Ignore the cameras, the crew called, told me. I had shaved my armpits. I tried to keep my legs from flipping and flopping instead. My stomach insisted on flipping and flopping instead. I tried to keep my legs from shaking as I sat on the black stool, and Dan began his work. I heard the buzz of the needle. Dan remained quiet most of the time. As I sat, I asked Louis, Phil, and Nikole to draw something in my sketchbook to keep as a memento of the tattoo shop. I woke up cried of again.

My shoot date was scheduled for May 7th, the week after classes ended. Fortunately, I planned to stay in England an extra month, and it fit around the production schedule perfectly. Again, I found myself scouring Oxford Street for something to wear, and felt quite adorable and TV ready in a white blouse and floral skirt.

On the day of filming, I woke early to put my face on and prepare myself for my London Ink debut. The train ride from Kent lasted an hour, which amped up my nerves. It irritated me that the studio stood a 20-minute walk from where I lived on Edgware Road in Central London. Even though I had some familiarity with the area, I still managed to stray off the map, lose myself on a side street, and arrive late.

As I walked up to the studio, I recognized the show’s artists. Outside, Dan, Nikole Lowe, and Louis Molloy (whose interview you can find on page 43) stood, and my heart pounded through my ears as I passed them. Lauren led me downstairs, robbing me of any opportunity to peek in the tattoo shop, to a small waiting room next door. She offered me tea and snacks. But my stomach insisted on flipping and flopping instead. I tried to keep my legs from shaking as I sat on the black stool, and Dan began his work. I heard the buzz of the needle. Dan remained quiet most of the time. As I sat, I asked Louis, Phil, and Nikole to draw something in my sketchbook to keep as a memento of the tattoo shop. I woke up cried of again.

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souvenir. Louis drew a beautiful face to resemble mine, with two braids and glowing cheeks. Phil created an old-school-style raven and skull, and Nikole made me laugh with her page full of penises and naughty words.

When Dan began writing the script, “Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense,” we made sure to double-check the spelling, as his dyslexia caused misspelled words before. Luckily, the spelling passed our test, and Dan soon finished my tattoo.

Before they filmed the finished tattoo and wrapped me up, I needed to wait as they filmed their prospective apprentices. I told them I could wait all day and loll about until sundown to take the tattoo’s final shot and be bandaged.

When the day’s filming finished, Louis invited me to join the crew for barbecue around the corner. There I sat, at a Tex-Mex-style ranch-house booth in a London restaurant, with Louis, Dan, Nikole, Phil, and the director. I listened through most of the meal, taking in the crew’s conversations about the show, their gripes with the producer, previous clients, drinking habits, and romantic histories. After eating, I hopped a ride in a cab with Dan to the train station and returned to Kent well past midnight.

The memory of that day remains a foggy blur, but I luckily own a permanent memory of it in the skin of my back (along with ink and blood stains on the white floral skirt I opted to wear).
Cecelia
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Spider Murphy’s shop in downtown San Rafael creates legendary tattoos.

By Celina R. Toussignant
In 1996, Theo Mindell, 39, opened Spider Murphy’s as a small, one-man studio on a downtown side street in the Marin County city of San Rafael. Thirteen years later and one block over, the shop continues to serve as a beacon for quality craftsmanship and consistent style for a tattooed following from the Bay Area and around the world.

Spider Murphy’s artists find inspiration and influence in styles between 50- and 100-years-old. They look to American tattooers from the ’30s, ’40s, and ’50s, such as Owen Jensen, Sailor Jerry, Lee Roy Minough, Zeke Owen, Paul Rogers, Bert Grimm, and even more recent artists like Ed Hardy. For Japanese tattooing, Horiyoshi II serves as the shop’s main influence.

Tattoo enthusiasts in San Rafael love to talk about legendary rejections at Spider Murphy’s, and the demand for their artists require patience (Theo’s waiting list spans several months). The shop turns away people for a few reasons, but mostly for bad manners or unwillingness to listen to what they advise for a nice tattoo. Drunkenness, belligerence, and rudeness lead to a surefire boot, too. Spider Murphy’s also refuses to tattoo hands, faces, and necks. If someone complies with the shop rules, but still wants to ignore the artists’ advice about their tattoo, the customer earns directions to another shop that may better suit their poor taste.

Since the shop’s opening, the clientele has evolved to an elite bunch — serious collectors, shop friends, and international travelers seeking Spider Murphy’s signature ink and a glimpse of the shop. While the shop accommodates walk-in clients, larger-scale or multi-session appointment work makes up most of what gets inked at Spider Murphy’s.

At the old, small location, Spider Murphy’s housed three artists. In the new Lincoln Street shop, six artists stretch out in a large space and offer different specialties, giving their clients plenty to choose from and serving to most
people's tastes. As for decor, Theo wanted to create an environment that reflected the history of tattooing and showcased Spider Murphy's art, as well as the art of their influences and forefathers—all while maintaining an ultra-classic feel that sits between New York Bowery barber shops and '50s Saigon by night.

At the core of Spider Murphy's greatness lies the shop artists' love of tattooing, and respect of the history of their craft and of those who did it before them. These artists challenge themselves to make every tattoo made at Spider Murphy's better than the last, without expected egos or attitudes that accompany the skill and fame of their caliber. The artists invest time researching and referencing their drawings, a venture that pays off in the final product with a memorable experience and a perfect tattoo.

Spider Murphy's
1006 Lincoln Avenue
San Rafael, CA 94901
415 460 6979
spidermurphy@hotmail.com
spidermurphystattoo.com
If Inkstinct had to pick one tattoo artist to have and to hold until death do us part, we surely would pick San Francisco's Cecelia from Warlock Tattoo (she was the first to tattoo my mom, dad, and me).

Cecelia’s attention to detail and whimsical sense of color, along with her steady hand and consistent quality, create one perfect tattoo after another.

Check out more of Cecelia’s work at ceceliatattoo.com. She books out 8 weeks or more in advance and can be contacted through Warlock Tattoo for appointments and consultations.

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Why I Hate Ed Hardy by Christian Audigier

By Celina R. Tousignant

I'll admit, when I first saw an Ed Hardy by Christian Audigier (EHbCA) shirt, I wanted it. I love old-school and new-school style flash, and enjoy wearing my Sailor Jerry shirt (not every day, of course). However, as a tattooed person, I try to avoid wearing too much flash in fear of looking like a walking shop wall.

The expensive price of EHbCA ($150 plus for a t-shirt!) immediately put me off. And let's not forget the wequins, rhinestones, and other over-the-top embellishments that made me gag. Now words that come to mind when thinking of EHbCA include: pretentious, poser, trashy, and trend-whore.

The popularity of Miami Ink influenced a new trend: the "edgy" tattoo bad-ass look. Ed Hardy made clothing, Kat Von D made makeup. The discovery channel made two spinoff television shows. However, I find that he people who wear EHbCA or similar garb would never invest the same amount of money on a good tattoo. In fact, they probably have tribal arm-bands and butterfly tramp stamps.

Flash on clothing and accessories have been around for years. These items traditionally stayed within the tattoo community and maintained a level of credibility and "belonging" to the proper identity. What one remained a fairly closed culture of tattoo artists and enthusiasts became horribly bastardized with the rise of EHbCA.

Just as I refuse to wear Abercrombie & Fitch because of the identity and lifestyle it represents, I remain adamant against EHbCA to avoid being associated with people like Bret Michaels and his Rock of Love whores.

The SU campus makes the avoidance of EHbCA even more difficult. This school is full of wealthy clones. It grinds my gears that many of my peers refuse to get tattooed because of personal or religious reasons (within Judaism tattoos are forbidden), but these are the same people that spend hundreds of dollars to adorn themselves with this crap. To top things off, EHbCA sells at a boutique near campus that also fills itself with polo shirts and UGGs. Lots and lots of UGGs.

I respect Ed Hardy's flash; I like it a lot. But — and this is a huge but — those who wear EHbCA suck, and I refuse to follow suit. Christian Audigier, you have forced the social acceptance of tattoos a hundred thousand steps back. Sure, you made a lot of money. Whoopdie doo. But stop it now. Or else...