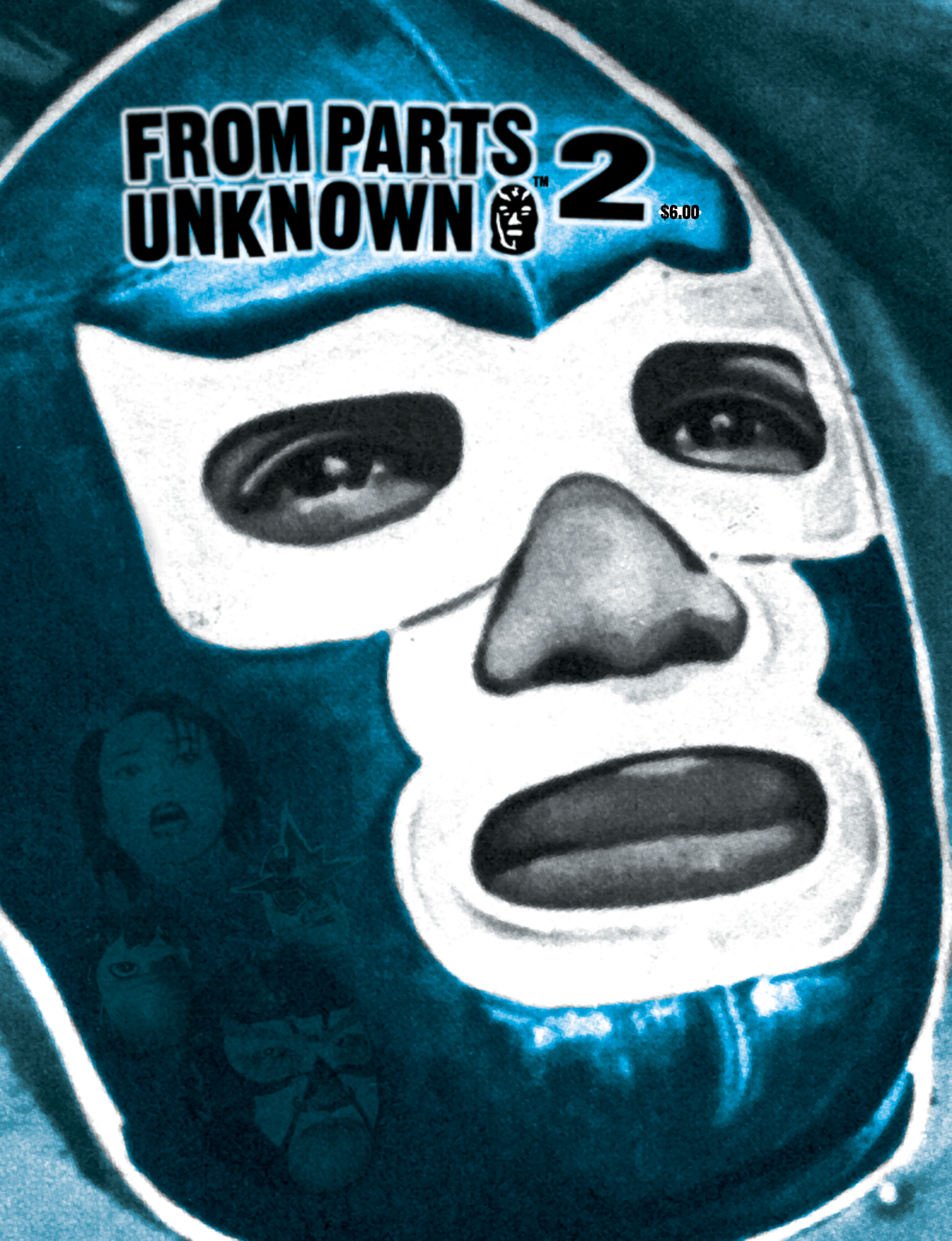



# FROM PARTS UNKNOWN 2

\$6.00






THE RASSLIN' MAGAZINE

FROM PARTS UNKNOWN

ISSUE TWO



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Keith J. Rainville - Publisher  
Kurt Stichler - Rice Marshall

Anthony James Figueroa - Translations  
Kurt Dolber - Back Cover Artist

**SPECIAL THANKS TO:** (in no particular order) Arthur L. Rainville & Rainville Studios, Sheldon Goldberg, Ken from Video Wasteland, Miriam from Norton Records, Mike Bochicchio, Brian Moran, Phil Berry, Masaki Sato & Astutomo Ishigaki-the *Itadakimasu Express*, Christa Faust, Bob Barnett, Ron Rivera, Los Dolbers, Chris Ciaschini, Paul Beatrice, Susan Beale, Kim Pierce, John Carpenter, Steve Ross, Rafael Navarro, Dave Hutzley, Seth Rainville, Dianne Turnbull, J. Michael Kenyon, Adscape Communications, and Thai Diane wherever she is...



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MR. UNKNOWN

EMPEROR-IN-CHIEF

**Drives:** Black ‘65 Jag , and a ‘59 Nash Rambler on Sundays  
**End Moves:** Unknown Clutch, or the Space Flying Mystery Drop

“I’ve got a degree... in masked wrestling!”

DR. ACID

CHEMICAL WARFARE

**Drives:** ‘58 Nomad w/ portable chemistry lab & leopard-skin air mattress in back  
**End Move:** “I dump acid on the poor bastard!”

“Acid: disfiguring? Yes. Unethical? No!”

EVIL DICK, JR.

INTERROGATIONS

**Drives:** Primer-black ‘76 Montego MX w/ Kragar mags  
**End Move:** The Dick Slap

“I can’t believe you paid \$6 for this crap! Hell, I’d have kicked you in the balls for only \$3!”

PURPLE TITAN

FASHION EDITOR

**Drives:** Cushman Scooter  
**End Move:** The Purple Murple

“What’s this black boots/black trunks thing? Let’s bring the glam back to wrestling Adrian Street style! Do you think Neutron was hung?”

REINA ARAÑA

DOMINATRIX-ON-CALL

**Drives:** Black ‘56 Aston Martin Spider w/ patent leather interior  
**End Move:** The controversial Spider-Strap-On aka ‘The Ten Inch Tap-Out’

“Quit whimpering and take it like a man!”

EL SUPER FREAK-OUT

ART DIRECTOR

**Drives:** Late model Pinto with Levi’s denim interior.  
**End Move:** The Freaky-Plex

“Bacon sandwiches on a llama ranch tour, and me without my scuba gear. Oh, hey, I’m not wearing any pants!”





# DEAR MR. UNKNOWN...

*You too can join the From Parts Unknown Society and maybe have your photos and letters printed right here! Candied photography welcomed... Send non-returnable material only to:*

**UNKNOWN PUBLICATIONS**  
**P.O. BOX 3061**  
**NEW BEDFORD, MA 02741**

## RASSLIN' HONEYMOON!!

Dear Mr. Unknown,  
Donn Lewin used to wrestle around here with the mask as "The Masked Executioner." On my honeymoon in Niagra Falls in 1974, my wife and I went to the matches. I introduced her to Donn and he was wearing his mask. After talking for awhile, he pulled us over to a secluded spot to show my wife what he looked like without the mask. My wife swooned, as Donn is quite handsome. She told him, "You're far too handsome to hide under a mask!"

Bob "Dr. Wrestling" Bryla, Utica, NY

*Well, Doc, you are indeed a brave man to introduce yer new bride to a studly masked man. She might of left you right then and there!*

## NO... SLEEPER...'TIL BROOKLYN!!!!

Hey knuckleheads! Dig ya zine... if you want the tale to end all tales of great wrestling/rock 'n roll, let me hep you to Wade Curtis, aka *Master Curtiss*, most evil awful super nasty unfriendly manager ever (R.I.P.)... He managed the **Pink Panthers** (masked!) and was in all the wrestling mags in the early 70's. In the 50's and early 60's he was in one of the best wild primitive insane garagey rockabilly combos ever in the world-bar none—the **Rhythm Rockers**. We're doing a full length [LP] on Wade's insane stuff, and just released *PUDDY CAT* (answer song to *Surfin Bird*) circa '64-insane-back features a pic of Wade as wrestling manager w/the Pink Panthers. Did I mention that he was handicapped—er, handicapable?—yes, born unable to walk, no use of legs at all, and his arms were on BACKWARDS, yes, facing every which way. The disabilities which took his life last year would have been insurmountable to a mere mortal, but wade, despite his handicaps, was a great evil wrestling fan and manager (married a 16 year old fan who became his life long companion!) who made the wildest, most wrath driven rock 'n roll ever!

We have Caribbean wrestling (Puerto Rican) here in Brooklyn, it's nutty as hell, mucho enmascadero. Unlike the classic stance of Mex Flex, the PR's go for the jugular. It's terribly messy, scary, blood-lust driven mayhem (serious— the Red Cross oughta be at these street matches!)

that really confuses and probably insults el Mexicanos... Last year we had **El Tigre**, a beautifully muscled Mex Flex guy with awesome maneuvers, one cat mask gave way to another... back flips, the whole deal (all Xena's moves and more!). The dear man got in the ring with PR's **Mad Dog**, a big fat slob who just wants to break bones and draw blood. It was heavenly! Tigre flippin' and Mad Dog floppin'!

Miriam Linna, Norton Records - Brooklyn, NY

*Miriam rocks our world, literally, with her amazing record label and Mexiluchahero posters & lobbies. See Norton in our Directory, and when in Brooklyn, check out those Caribbean street matches!*

## OREGON NEEDS SNACKS!!

Dear Mr. Unknown,  
Wow! What a unique publication you guys have - and the design and layout is cool as well as the snappy writing. Hey! I LOVE Drakes Funny Bones, but I can't get them here in Oregon. I grew up in New Jersey on Tastycakes from Philly. I'd watch your back if you're working in close quarters with Dr. Acid—I mean his end move is dumping acid on you!

Sincerely  
Dr. Squid - Covallis, OR

*You don't know the half of it when it comes to Acid. I was so appalled by your Funny Bone-less predicament, I sent him out to the store for an emergency box to send you. On the way back, he ate them all! This has happened four times now, so I guess your S.O.L. on the FB's.*

## ONE FOR THE FOOT FETISH SET...

Dear Sir,  
I am a freelance writer based in England, and I am currently writing a book to be published by Robson Books (London) in 1998, which will be a guide to unusual leisure activities. 'Leisure' [is] defined broadly to cover the whole field of minority pursuits and highly specific special interests, including lesser-known sports, unusual clubs and societies to join, specialist publications for collectors, fan-zines and so on. I would be interested in including a piece about **From Parts Unknown...**

I thought, too, that you might be interested in hearing of a personal connection I have to masked wrestlers. In Britain, the most famous masked wrestler was a guy who wrestled under the name of **Kendo Nagasaki**—he came to prominence in the 1970's. Well, anyway, one of the unusual sports that I'm covering in the book is the peculiar British sport of TOE-WRESTLING. It's like arm-wrestling, only you link big toes. It's played in one pub in Derbyshire, England. I've entered the toe-wrestling championships four times, but on the first occasion I entered as a *masked* toe-wrestler, parodying Kendo Nagasaki with the name 'Kentoe Nagasocki. I lost, but a couple of years later I entered as 'The Son of Kentoe Nagasocki - here to avenge the *de-feet* of his father.' On that occasion, I not only wore a mask, but dressed up as a samurai warrior!

Yours sincerely,  
Stephen Jarvis - Herts, England

*Wow, what a story! Next year you should enter the contest in a black t-shirt as the 'nWtoe' or paint your face as 'The Great Mutoe' or wear a one-eyed skull mask to the ring as Dick Toego...*

*As for Nagasaki, to the best of my knowledge, he wrestled here only as a face painted heel, but this is the second time I've seen him referred to by a European wrestling fan as a masked man.*

*We'll keep all you **FPU** readers updated on the release of Mr. Jarvis' great sounding book.*

## WE'RE DOWN WITH THE OLD SCHOOL!

Dear Mr. Z, P.T. Acid, Evil Dick,  
"I enjoyed you magazine... I hope you guys remember some of the great American masked men of mayhem. [In **FPU #1**] you barely touched upon some of the greats (Destroyer, Convict, Spoiler, The Great Bolo(s) etc). I'd like to mention one of the greatest unsung masked men from the 60's, **THE Original ZEBRA KID!!** The man got nowhere as George Bollas, but when he donned the famous zebra-skin mask, that was his ticket to fame and fortune. He was an Ohio State All-American, a 5'9" 360-400 pound human cannonball that was unstoppable in rings throughout the Southwest, Japan, Europe (especially England and Greece), and Australia. He brawled with Killer Kowalski in Texas, and he was literally bodyslammed *through* the ring by him in one of their classic pier sixers.

He was imitated but never duplicated by wrestlers in Nashville (mid 70's) and a lighter ariel type in the Windy City (late 80's - early 90's). None could match his savagery and charisma!!!

So don't forget the old-timers, they are truly the life-blood of the brotherHOOD.

Good luck, and may your mask not chaffe your cheeks,

Kidd Piranha, Saugus, MA

KP,  
*We fully acknowledge the pioneering roles many American masked grapplers took in making the wrestling mask what it is today, however legends like the Zebra Kid are all too few and far between. Spend a week trying to list all the masked men and women you can think of that had any degree of permanency under a hooded gimmick. Now take that number, multiply it by 10, and that number of masked luchadors worked in Mexico Friday night. Sad but true.*

*While American wrestling's masked history is one of side-show-style gimmicks and general shame, those who did stick it out in the hood are the coolest of the cool. The Apollo space capsule may not be much when compared to the modern space shuttle, but does that diminish the Apollo astronaut's contributions any? We're looking forward to talking with guys like the Destroyer and the Spoiler about hooded life in American wrestling in future issues. If **FPU #1** was a little top heavy in the foreign mask department, it's because all the films and comics are from Mexico and Japan, and at the time, who knew American broadcasters like Mike Tenay would be doing such a fine job educating the American public to the wonders of foreign flyers. You'll find future issues on a more even keel.*



**Wrestling correspondent Dave Cameron gets roughed up by the "5'9" 360-400 lb human cannonball" Zebra Kid, circa early 1960's. Special thanks to Kidd Piranha for this amazing pic!**

DESTROYER FAN FROM JAPAN!

Dear Mr. ?  
Thank you very much for your sending me #1 of the **From Parts Unknown** magazine. I enjoyed reading it from cover to cover and recollected my childhood days. About thirty years ago, one masked wrestler from USA made a great sensation in our country. His name is The Destroyer —a real destroyer from parts well-known! He was an incarnation of fear. On the other hand, he was the object of respect. After all we, Proresu-loving kids of the 1960's, loved him. (And even now we love him.) Since then I have been interested in masked wrestlers.

I hope more and more prosperity of the **From Parts Unknown** magazine and wish happy days for you, your friends and all the **FPU** readers.

Sincerely yours,  
Aizu Shingo - Arai, Japan

Aizu bridged the language barrier with great skill in sending us an inquiry to issue #1. We were so happy to have a Japanese fan, we sent him a few copies of #1 and a bunch of **CITO's** free. The response we got was this politer than polite letter, and two squarebound books on Japanese masked wrestlers as a gesture of thanks! These books will be reviewed in a future issue, and man are they awesome.

For his dignified manner and generous swag, we hereby crown Aizu Shingo **From Parts Unknown All-Asia Fan Champion!**



Here's your very own championship belt, just cut this out, enlarge it on a photocopier, and wear it all day!

LUCHA LIVES IN AUSTRALIA!?!?

Dear Mr. Unknown,  
Thanks for the copy of **FPU**, it's a beautiful thing!  
Pro-wrestling, and in particular its masked practitioners, looms large in my cultural corner—as the photos of my apartment's decor attest. Which isn't to say it's easy to come by locally—unfortunately not. Apart from one visit to our shores by Jushin Liger in 1993, Australia has been sadly bereft of regular pro-wrestling (masked or otherwise) since the early 70's when Jim Barnett folded the local chapter of W.C.W. For live excitement, I've had to travel to Mexico and Japan - “Where the Lucha is easy and the flying is high!”

So what a delight your masked-mag is, particularly since you realize that the influence of masked wrestling

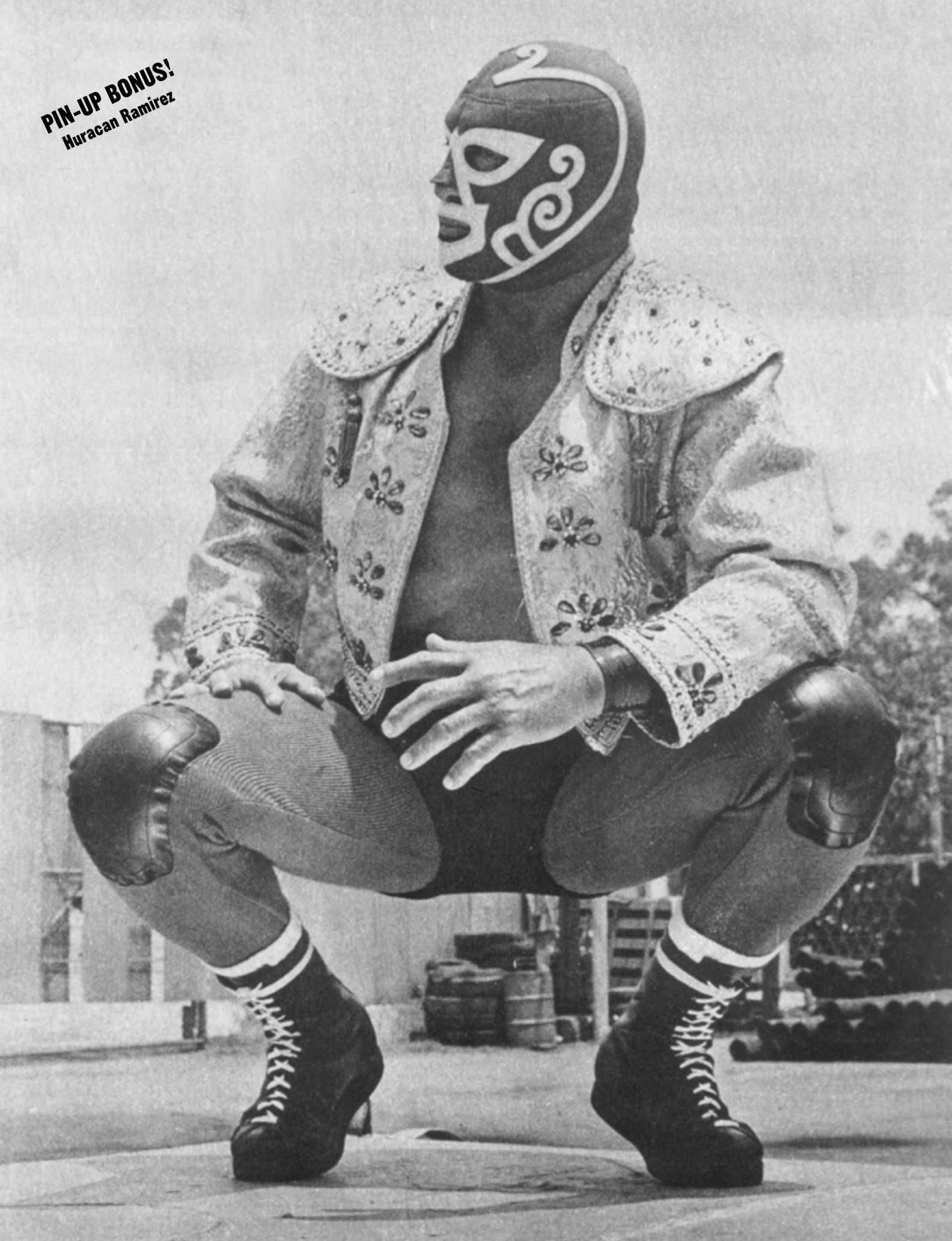
isn't just confined to the ring, but spills over into other disciplines. As a collector of most peripheral paraphernalia, I'm hoping your zine will alert me to other 'masked' artifacts.

Regards,  
Phil 'Mascaras' Berry  
South Brisbane, Australia

Phil Mascaras is what you'd call 'into it.' Despite living a hemisphere apart from Mexico, his apartment is a shrine to Santo and the luchadors, never mind his enviable collection of Japanese stuff—plush Bull Nakano dolls, Liger models, Tiger Mask book n' records... He's also a fan of masked rock n' roll, and has great stuff from the many Japanese bands who use masked wrestlers as part of their motif. Below are some of the many pics he's sent us, including one of his great Aztec lucha pyramid lamp, made of wood scraps, munecitos, and lobby cards transferred to acetate transparencies!?



PIN-UP BONUS!  
Huracan Ramirez





# LET ME TELL YA SUMTHIN'!

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one man to don a tight-fitting head mask and kick the ass of the periodicals market, it is I, who with a finely hooded elite staff, the hopes and prayers of the masked minority, and a large cache of chocolate-covered snack cakes at my side, endeavors to do so. I've got a Master's Degree in masked wrestling, a two-seater European sports convertible gassed up and ready to go, and I just ran out of bubblegum!

Let me bring you up to speed on the whole masked wrestler phenomenon. Wrestling as sport has existed since the Ancient Greeks. Grappling tournaments met the flashy Art Nouveau movement in France in the 1870's to create a colorful spectacle, and in Paris, 1873, a man walked into a contest as *Le Lutteur Masque*—the first hooded wrestler. Masked wrestlers became an ingrained part of wrestling in the 30's in America, and especially Mexico, based upon the popularity of Lee Faulk's superhero comic strip *The Phantom*. Whereas masked men were primarily sinister villains in America, heroes such as El Santo were bigger than Elvis in Mexico.

By the 1960's, the first wave of masked mega-celebrities were retreating from the ring and found work in Mexican cinema. Masked wrestlers were established superheroes, had their own costumes, could do their own fights, and their ring popularity was like free publicity for a studio's films. Wrestlers fought every type of menace in a wide variety of genres—monster movies, spy flicks, westerns, jungle epics, gangster noir, and zombie horrors.

Japan got into the act in the 80's, spawning real-life wrestler versions of popular cartoon and comic book characters such as Tiger Mask and Jushin Thunder Liger—the Divine Beast. Japanese costuming was on a higher level than the rest of the world, and has retro-actively influenced the current crop of Mexican superstars.

In the mid 1990's, the formerly rigid barriers between the worlds of American, Mexican and Japanese wrestling were brought down. American promoters have infused their ranks with foreign masked men, and the internet has aided a growing underground fan base dedicated to the exploits of overseas hooded heroes.

The 90's has also seen a crystallization of fandom for the old Mexican wrestling movies. It goes beyond nostalgia for a quirky B-movie genre, as the films are being recognized for their uniqueness, charm, and similarity to the much beloved superhero comic books of the 40's and 60's. Some folk love these films enough to publish a magazine about them...

only in this outlandish world could a competitive athlete with a hidden identity exist. A mask is a coordinated part of both a wardrobe and a wrestler's athletic gear. It is made of the same material as his or her trunks and boots, and is usually color and design coordinated to match. Just as a football helmet matches the uniform and is decorated, so too is the wrestling hood, and that decoration helps create a wrestler's motif, or *gimmick*.

Masks and gimmicks are particularly ornate in Mexico, where a vast majority of the wrestlers wear hoods of an accomplished artistic nature. Art traditions going as far back as the Aztecs are drawn upon in creating these gimmicks, which are often sacred to the wearer. Some wrestlers wear their hoods both in and out of the ring, never letting anyone see their real face. The image of a burly man in a three-piece suit taking in a show at a night club while still wearing his sequined wrestling mask is one of the most endearing in masked wrestler fandom.

The masked wrestling vocabulary includes terms from around the world. *Lucha libre* is Mexican wrestling, a

*luchadore* is a Mexican-style wrestler, and a masked luchador is called an *enmascarado*. Luchadors typically use spectacular acrobatic moves such as *planchas*—body tackling dives from above. In the English-speaking world, wrestlers are often referred to as “workers” and a wrestler's skill, athleticism and spirit can be summed-up in the term “work rate.” A “jobber” is one of those underling wrestlers who loose every match to established

superstars. In wrestling, heroes are “faces” (or *technicos* in Mexico) and villains are “heels” (or *rudos*). In Japan, where the sport is called *puroresu*, a lighter-weight wrestler (who also typically uses high-flying maneuvers) is referred to as a “Junior,” a weight class referred to here as “Cruiserweight” or “Light-Heavyweight.” Those dangerous flying moves are often referred to as “high spots.”

Some new terms we and other superfans have coined are *Mexiluchahero* for the star of a Mexican wrestling film, and *Japanolucha* for the hybriding of puroresu and lucha styles.

If you want more background, seek out our 1996 “All-You-Can-Eat-Sampler” issue—32 pages of the above in more detail with tons of great pics in tow. Otherwise, sit back and enjoy. The beauty of rasslin' and the masked wrestler films are their inherent simplicity. We never said it was rocket science, it's just a darn good time. So whether you're a fan of classic American badmen under the hood, the shiny superheroes of Japan, or the Mexican cinema of yesteryear, you've got a haven here in *From Parts Unknown!*

Mr. Unknown

# OOOHH! I'M EEEEVIL!!

Evil Dick, Jr. presents an exclusive excerpt from his soon to be published best-seller *From Under the Hood*

## Chapter 3: Why I'm Evil

I didn't plan to be evil. I didn't plan to wear a mask. I didn't plan to be feared by millions or have women throw themselves at me pleading for the wild ride that is Dick Mountain. No, in the beginning my plans were very different. I planned to marry my highschool sweetheart. I planned to join the Peace Corps and bring good health and prosperity to the poor people of the world. But my dreams were shattered by fate.

For about three years my girlfriend, we'll refer to her as... *Bubbles*, and I planned our life after graduation, finally deciding that we would go to Africa (or France) and help the native people. We were so sure that we had a lot to offer the world, but things changed. Bubbles changed, more specifically her *mammaries* changed. As they grew, she began to receive attention from other guys at school, and eventually she started to date other boys. I wasn't worried because I knew we were meant for each other and that she felt the same way. But she wanted to be popular, and saw this as the best way to get there. However, as always when more than one guy wants a girl, it always leads to a confrontation. A fight.

This was actually my first fight and it was really a very odd experience because of the way it ended. What I mean is, you'd expect a fight to end one of three ways: a win, a loss, or a draw. That's what you would expect. My first fight was odd because it ended in a *boner*.

It was after gym class in the locker room. Our class president and starting quarterback, we'll call him *Chad*, was upset with me. We were dating the same girl. He was jealous, and probably felt threatened by my manliness. He was saying things like, “Dick is a bastard. He is evil. I hate him. My girlfriend is pregnant.” And he was talking very loud because he wanted me to hear him and be provoked into a fight. I did not want to fight, not because I was afraid, but because rolling around on the locker room floor with a naked guy was never on my list of things to do. Oh yeah, did I mention that he was naked? Anyway, I said something back like, “Well if you weren't such a big puss, then you could've nailed her right and she wouldn't have been sniffin' around my dick!”

Then, *and I still have nightmares about this part*, the Senior Class's presidential quarterback lunged naked at me. Even at that young age I was fearless, except for touching naked guys, so I quickly tried to step aside. I was too slow to avoid him completely, and he managed to get me in a head-lock from behind and proceeded to slap at my face when somebody yelled “Gross! Chad has a boner!!!” He instantly stopped hitting me, and looked down at his monument, covered it with his hands and ran to the back of the locker room.

He never graduated. I left town and never saw him again. I was told once that he had or was giving some kind of job at the bus station. You know, kind of making ends meet.

You're probably wondering what happened to Bubbles. Well, during the time that she had decided to become popular and join the cheerleading squad and date football players, I had decided to have some fun and formed a gang to beat up drunks and bums. I can still fondly recall the first time I hit an old alcoholic with an empty gin bottle. It must be the same feeling Ken Griffey gets when he belts a homer, or Tiger Woods when he sinks a putt for an Eagle. It's a great sensation, and you spend all your time trying to relive it. And I did relive it, many, many times as I smashed drunks, bums, and the occasional jogger, with empty bottles or bricks.

So, just before graduation, the gang and I were pounding this unfortunate boozer and going through his wallet when Bubbles' father came upon us. He was probably going to say something like, “You young hoodlums are going to pay for what you have been doing to the poor citizens of our city.” *Probably*, because we'll never know. We had the old fart beat senseless before he could get two words out. But he didn't fall, he kind of stood there in a beaten stupor. And to me, It just looked like a great opportunity to try out my new finishing move. *So I let him have it!*

The next day I saw Bubbles. She was really steamed, “How could you treat Daddy like that? Are you an animal?”

Of course I denied everything, “Baby, you know I love you.” Although I was beginning to wonder about that. And I was starting to have doubts about the Peace Corps. I mean, if beating people could bring me so much happiness, could it really be wrong?

So I told her, “Sweetie-Pie, you know I wasn't there.” “Yes you were. Daddy recognized you before you hit him with a bottle, and then you.....you.....”

“How does he know it was *me*, there are a lot of guys in town. It could have been any one of a hundred.”

She said, “No, he's sure it was you. You're the only boy in town who wears a *mask* all the time!”

“Oh, okay. But hey, let's forget about him, you and I can still have a life together. We can go far away.....”

She cut me off and said, “*Richard, I could never love a man that Dick Slapped my father.*”

And that was pretty much it. Without Chad or myself to keep her in line, Bubbles became a crack-whore in no time, and her father lost all the family's money investing in an expansion U.S.F.L. team.

I signed-on for the next seal-clubbing expedition leaving town. I had a taste for blood and knew how to defend myself from an aroused naked male. Was the squared circle to be far ahead.....

Dick

At the heart of it all is the *wrestling mask*. What a unique garment it is. The mask is an icon of professional wrestling, for

EDITORIAL FROM THE MAN YOU DON'T WANT TO LOVE

# WHY I WANT TO TAKE A BUBBLE BATH WITH MASCARITA SAGRADA, JR.

by La Reina Araña-Dominatrix Queen of the Mystery Spiders

Ladies, which luchadore do you fantasize about while wallowing in the steamy tarpit of auto-erotic pleasure? When you do the *Red Shoe Diaries* montage sequence, who's center stage in the squared circle inside your head? Latin Lover? Hector Garza? Well those blowdried porkchops will have to take a number, because I've got a hot new heartthrob who makes them look like leftover Spam. This dynamic, highflying champion has got the moves that make all the guapas melt in his mouth. He's 36 inches of rock-hard manmuscle, *Mini Campeón Del Mundo*, **MASCARITA SAGRADA JR.**

Having started his wrestling career as Baby Rabbit, a demented acid-flashback of a gimmick that was just what you think, only worse, Mascarita ended up joining the "Sacred Mask" clan. This endlessly squabbling group includes several incarnations of Mascara Sagrada and Mascara Sagrada Jr., as well as another Mini named Mascarita Sagrada, all of whom wear the same white costume and the "Sacred Mask" itself. This of course has lead to much confusion and even several lawsuits, but for the intrepid Mascarita fan-girl, a simple rule. *Just look for the JR.* Although Mascarita Sagrada is also a talented worker and is physically very similar to Mascarita Sagrada Jr., he just doesn't make me want to go run the bath. So don't be fooled by those other midgets in white masks! Only Mascarita Sagrada Jr. has what it takes to make this girl glad her mask is made of water-proof vinyl.

Of course, when I heard this bite-sized beefcake was coming to the US, I had to change my panties. I couldn't wait to see him and that great mini rudo Espectrito (AKA "Mini Vader") working in the WWF. I had no idea what was in store for the Mexi-minis at the hands of Vince "It's Funny, Dammit!" McMahon. Obviously, he figured the only way that the ball-scratching, beer-swilling Yee-



Haws that make up the American audience could relate to Mexican midget wrestlers was to make them the butt of excruciating humiliation and tired Benny-Hill-esque bimbo gags. (See... it's funny because she's so sexy and he's a midget. Get it?) Forcing Espectrito to do the Pee-Pee Dance in Port Authority was bad enough. But when my dream-lover had to do the Macarena with one of the gratuitous blonde auto-sucks while some tone-deaf meathead sang a stunningly lame and offensive "tribute" song that committed such heinous crimes against the English language as rhyming midget with "idjit", I was ready to go to Vince's house and teach him about real

humiliation. [Editor's Note: Refers to pre-Royal Rumble '97 skits on Shotgun Saturday Night and other lame-ass WWF TV.]

I can only hope that Vince and the other WWF muppets will be able to get past the Little Rascals mentality and let the minis do their thing with dignity. Don't they realize that they've got a smoldering-hot lovegod on their hands, a Lilliputian Lothario with more sex appeal than the whole stable of WWF steroid-steaks put together? Women everywhere would kill for tickets

to see him strut his stuff in the ring. There would be riots, catfights. The valets would have to be restrained by security officers. *Playgirl* would be begging for a spread, but *FPU* beat them to the punch.

So, for all you aspiring ring-rats out there, I offer up the sensational, sexy, and muy suavecito - Mascarita Sagrada Jr. And the next time you feel the need, do what I do, run yourself a nice hot bath and then lay back, close your eyes, and let Mascarita Sagrada Jr be your tag-team partner of love!

Araña's bulletproof corset is by Varla Vortex, photo by El Murcielago Sangriento. Illustration at right by Chopper Lang. All © 1997.







*In a world where movie makers have forgotten what real heroes are, Mexican's laugh at Americans who love old lucha-hero flicks, and rumors like 'Robert Rodriguez is making a new Santo movie starring Antonio Banderas' fly around the internet - WE GOT SICK OF IT ALL! So here it is, OUR PLAN on how to make the best masked wrestler superhero action pic given today's ring stars, modern automobiles, contemporary musical acts, and 90's women. Obviously, we're the most qualified people on the planet for this task, so sit back and enjoy...*

# IF WE WERE MAKING A MASKED WRESTLER FILM...TODAY

**A From Parts Unknown Elite Roundtable with:  
MR. UNKNOWN - DR. ACID - LA REINA ARAÑA - PURPLE TITAN - EVIL DICK JR.**

UNKNOWN: Okay boppers, let's start-off with the lesser details, like **the plot**. Obviously, some mad scientist and his midgets are up to no good, and try to kidnap some deb at just the wrong moment and the masked wrestler kicks all their asses. O.K. - that was easy enough... The hard part is *who to cast*.

## OUR HERO?

ACID: **Psicosis** is the real guy for this—he's ready to jump to the front and lead the lucha libre stars into the future. And, most importantly, he's not a Hollywood sissy who needs a hair-dresser and a stunt double. That's what's wrong with movies today—too many sissy-boys. In the old days if the script called for the

star to jump off a cliff, a couple of stagehands would club him and give him a toss. Now that was real action!  
DICK: The hell with ahero, I'm casting **RUDOS! Pierroth** is the man, especially for that menacing ring voice. **AND**, if a mad scientist cloned an anti-Pierroth, like they used to make evil Blue Demons all the time, the real Pierroth would take pleasure in kickin' the ass of the wimpy *technico* version of his fine bad self!  
ARAÑA: It's all about **Mascarita Jr!** That mini stud would have no problem taking out an army of evil doers while still keeping his white tights clean and pristine for his hot date with Brigitte Nielson. However, I gotta say, I'm with Dick on the subject of Pierroth. That voice makes all the other luchadores sound like Mike Tyson.

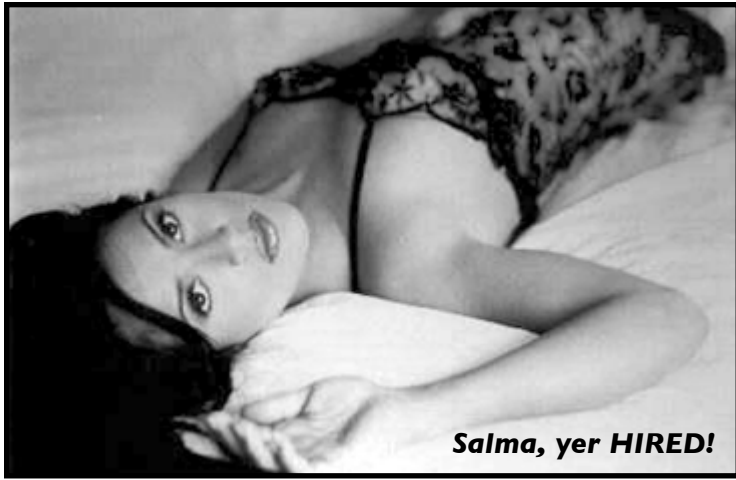
TITAN: I say **Ultimo Dragon**, because of that *killer* wardrobe! Shiny lavender masks, gold trim, pink shoulder armor - and those eyes! Uh, what I mean is, he'd really kick some ass. Sure, yeah, he's good... and manly! RRRGGGHHH!!! What are you all looking at me like that for?  
UNKNOWN: My pick is the **Great Sasuke**. First - availability - he's taking a year off from the ring to recover from knee surgery, just like Blue Demon did at the start of his career on screen. Second, the guy is a superhero waiting to happen. When we were hangin' in Boston, he was standing in a lobby near a cop, and I was looking at the two of them thinking 'If a big gorilla or animate mummy burst in here right now, who'd be more suited to take him out? Deputy Donutz, or Sasuke - the lucha nihon superman!'

## THE EVIL MENACE?

ARAÑA: How about a hideous zombie mutant ape-man with the transplanted brain of [AAA promoter] **Antonio Peña**, along with his army of cadamites dressed as drag-queen Power Rangers? Or maybe an evil scientist who secretly wires mind-control devices into the breast implants of the **Nitro Girls**?  
ACID: Hey, what about **Nazis**! Nazi's are *seat-fillers*. Just look at the History Channel, their ratings go through the roof during Nazi Week.  
TITAN: How 'bout cloned armies of **Newt Gingrich, Jesse Helms**, and the hordes of bible-belt televangelists?  
DICK: **Hacksaw Jim Duggan**, tag-teamed with **O.J.**  
UNKNOWN: Man, that's a horror movie! Unknown would like to see **infomercials** stopped once and for all, and **Richard Simmons** while they're at it. And that 23 year old millionaire shyster punk, and that seven foot tall big-faced financial advisor guy who looks like Richard Keil's lost brother, and **Spivey** and **Dionne Warwick's Psychic Friends**! Bring 'em all on!!!

## ONTO THE WOMEN...

UNKNOWN: **Salma Hayek**.  
ACID: Salma Hayek.  
ARAÑA: Salma Hayek.  
DICK: Salma Hayek.  
TITAN: Salma Hayek.  
UNKNOWN: And if we somehow can't get Salma Hayek? Remember the historical context here—making a lucha hero film probably wasn't the most prestigious gig an actress could get, nor were the actresses the most talented Mexico had to offer. So, we're casting for curves, hair, and a career with not-too-lofty aspirations. In that vein, we can look to the **Anna Nicole Smith's** and **Julie Strain's**, or anyone who's ever been on one of the new *Star Trek* shows. The cast of *Baywatch*, any USA Network original show, or any of Prince's old girlfriends are open season.



ACID: How about a pre-Lois & Clark **Terri Hatcher**... not much of a career there, and big hair! Or how about the blonde who fought Terri Hatcher in *Two Days in the Valley*? I can't remember her name, but she was in *That Thing You Do*. I can't believe you guys haven't thought of her!  
DICK: I can't believe you went to see that crap. Was it a double feature with *The Bridges of Madison County*? You big stupid puss.  
TITAN: I Think that's enough, Mr. Insensitive.  
ARAÑA: Dick, you dick! If you would have gone to see that "crap," you might have a clue what you were talking about. *Two Days in the Valley* is no *Ship of Monsters*, but it ain't no hanky movie either. Besides, any flick that features a great bloody spandex catfight is ok by me.  
DICK: OK, OK... my pick is **Elizabeth Berkley** from *Showgirls*. I can't recall what the flick was about, but that tramp showed her talents in that one. I was sportin' a semi all through it....oh yeah baby!  
ARAÑA: Elizabeth *Berserkly* was about as sexy as an epileptic iguana in that film! She wasn't fucking Kyle in that swimming pool, she was beating him to death with her pelvis. The whole time I was watching her dance, I kept waiting for someone to shove a spoon in her mouth so she wouldn't swallow her tongue. Now **Jennifer Lopez**, she was rather booty-liscious in that masterpiece of modern cinema-*Anaconda*. My anaconda don't want none unless you've got buns, hon, and she's got em in spades. You see, an unapologetically voluptuous derriere is vital for any luchaflick heroine. She's gotta have that Lorena Velasquez hourglass going on, or all the casting couch sessions in the world won't help her. Santo wouldn't pick his teeth with any of these modern supermodel stick-insects.  
So if you ask me, who we really need is to get LA's hottest retro-burlesk striptease goddess and catfight queen, the one and only **Ms. Bootsy Kaboom**. She puts all these silicone Barbie-robots to shame and she'd be more than a handful for any masked luchadore. She can bump my grind anytime!  
TITAN: Hmmm... OK, **Jodie Foster**! No. **Rosie O'Donnel**! No. **Ru Paul**! No. **Ellen Degeneres**! NO! **Martina Navratilova**! Aw screw it, **BILLY ZANE**! That's who I want in there! Billy Zane and Santo - what a couple!  
DICK: Oh, before I forget... we're going to have to put **Wendy Whoppers** in there somewhere... I, uh... kinda told her I was a casting director. Oh yeah...it was worth it...heh..heh.... but if I don't get her a job she could release some really embarrassing Polaroids.

UNKNOWN: Nice... Well, my personal picks are **Jennifer Tilly** or **Sherylin Fenn**—both are brunettes, both have classic curves, and both have done some offbeat material and would really pour their souls into an on-screen grind with a sweaty masked man in a sequined cape.

## THAT SPECIAL MUSIC

TITAN: Now we're talkin' **LIZA**, LIZA, LIZA!.... What...?

ACID: We could save money by using the **Spice Girls** for the musical number, AND to fill the bimbo, uh supporting actress category.

DICK: Yeah, I can support using the Spice Girls for somethin'...

ARAÑA: I can't believe none of you knuckleheads suggested the obvious choice - **Los Straightjackets!**

However, we would also need a chunky chanteuse to be menaced and rescued. I just can't see this latest wave of whiny pop dumplings such as Jewel or Fiona Apple filling the gold lamé cocktail gown of Santo songbirds past. What we need is some barely-legal **Selena wanabee** who'll do anything for a film career.

UNKNOWN: I'm thinking **Beck**, **Pizzicato Five**, or **Cibo Matto!** Apart from the musical interlude, who'd do the original film score?

ACID: Uh, you mean like violins and horns and stuff... is Sebastian Beethoven still around?

ARAÑA: Accordion virtuoso **Dominic Frontiere** - he did *The Outer Limits* and *Hang 'Em High* to name a few - is still alive. We could get him to compose the score and **Dick "Daddio" Contino** could get the old Stomach Steinway out of mothballs to perform it.

DICK: The blonde Spice Girl with the pig tails... she could play my-TITAN: Billy Zane could play MY-

UNKNOWN: Alright shut the hell up both of you! With Danny Elfman getting too predictable, the only cool soundtrack artists left out there are **Mark Mothersbaugh** or **Stu Copeland**. Maybe **David Byrne** could revive his *Rei Momo* phase. Titan, you say one word about John Tesh and you are fuckin' wasted!

## THE CAR

ARAÑA: Of course, given the sad state of the modern automotive industry, the only answer is to hire a super-selective crackerjack team of East LA **Lowrider** vatos to custom design and build the ultimate heroic ride from the ground up.

TITAN: How about the **Plymouth Prowler**? It's a nice shade of purple, and shaped like a tear drop - like the tears of my soul, crying because Unknown won't let me express my valid opinions of John Te-

UNKNOWN: Oh my god, you are SO dead...

ACID: That **Dodge Viper** could *almost* pass as a worthy vehicle, but only if it's that rally version in dark blue with the two white racing stripes down the middle. Hurican Ramirez would've looked cool hopping out of that gem.

DICK: I like the **Hum-V**, or 'Hummer' as they like to call it. And that blonde Spice Girl could give me a hu-

UNKNOWN: *AND...* on that note I'll throw in the new **Porsche Boxster**. Small, powerful, agile, it even sort of has tail fins, and fits the Parts Unknown Hero Commission's recommendations for two-seater Euro sportcars.

I know we were trying to create this film with only the most modern of trappings, but the vehicle issue is where it all breaks-down. Mid-60's Bentleys, Jags, Aston Martins, Ferrarri's, maybe

a Shelby Cobra - that's where it's at!

ACID: Yeah, and these small new cars suck in a fight. I mean with a '67 Impala, you could plancha a zombie from off the trunk and really catch some air! Try the same dive off that new BMW roadster and you only end up three feet in the air - what good is a groin-level plancha?

DICK: I used to plancha guys in the crotch all the time! And kick and stomp and knee to the crotch, and topé and double-axe-handle and judo chop and elbow drop and senton and-

UNKNOWN: Dick, what the hell good is a plancha into an undead mummy's groin?? Or an iron-balled robot of death or a cross-bred human blowfish creature?

ARAÑA: Look, while this discussion of diving into guys' crotches may be amusing, we really do need to stay on topic. We can talk about Dick's sex life some other time.

## AND FINALLY, LOCATIONS

ACID: **Vegas**, that's my town...

DICK: Hey, how about **Chrenobyl** - we could use all the resident mutants and irradiated freaks as monsters and spend our FX budget on liquor instead!

UNKNOWN: That's evil! Thrifty, but evil. If we want to save money, we could convert all the empty **Euro-Disney** rides into a Dali-esque nightmare set. Or, I hear **Montseratt** tourism is somewhat down lately, too, and hey, free volcano!

ARAÑA: Anywhere but Canada. I know it's cheap and every low budget, direct-to-video horror flick and cheesy whitebread sci-fi series seems to be required to shoot up there lately, but you know they've got that Canadian content law so we'd end up having to use Chris Benoit. Or maybe we could cover it by getting Vampiro in for a cameo. Still, I don't think we'd be able to explain why the Spice Girls were wearing parkas over their bikinis. Nope, it's gotta be **LA**. Two words for you-**Bronson Cave**. From *Night of the Blood Beast* to *It Conquered The World*, more classic monster battles have taken place in that venerable locale than anywhere else on the planet.

TITAN: I suppose if I said anything about **Branson, Missouri** you'd all kick my ass, huh?

UNKNOWN: Alright, this didn't go so well, and apart from Salma Hayek, we didn't agree on anything, so I'll use my VETO power here and say that our perfect modern wrestling hero film would star... **ME!** And I'm driving that nice Porsche, and Araña, Jalisca 3000 and Nova Grrl 3000 play a biker gang of sex hungry chicks looking for explicit love scenes to get into, with **Insane Clown Posse** performing a score written by **Morissey**, and the rest of you slobs play extras in the climactic Unknown vs. **Jenny McCarthy** jello-shoot fighting scene. So there! 

*Unknown is ready!*

# FILM RUMOR?

## ARE WE ENTERING AN AGE OF AMERICAN-MADE MASKED WRESTLER FILMS?

We get quite a bit of e-mail here at the Parts Unknown Embassy, and enough of it has been inquiries into current film rumors that we thought addressing the issue here would be a good idea.

### RUMOR 1: Robert Rodriguez is making a Santo movie starring Antonio Banderas?

This one was first brought to me by an **FPU** subscriber in Spain, who read it on a Banderas fan club's net posting. We just have not been able to find anything concrete on the matter, however, keep in mind that both Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino are each directing sequels to *From Dusk 'Til Dawn*. Tarantino's film centers on the Gecko brothers, while Rodrigues gives us the origins of vampire queen Satanica Pandemonium. There's certainly room in there for a Santo presence, and Banderas has a history with Rodriguez (*Desperado*), so this is *possible*.

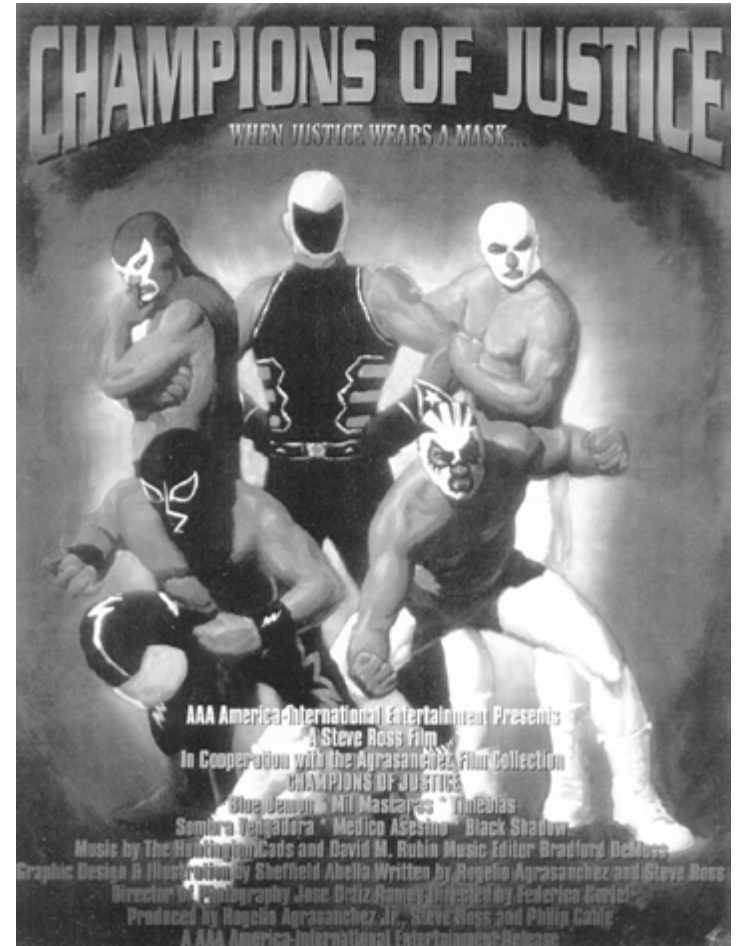
My theory—amidst the vampire carnage there's a token scene with a mysterious silver masked wrestler. Those of us that know of El Santo go nuts, those who don't may get the jist of this being some weird Mexican superhero. Hopefully any scene is done in a way so it's understandable by anyone. Just maybe, Banderas is under the mask in a tongue-in-cheek sort of uncredited cameo. Rodrigues is a lucha fan, so who knows...

### RUMOR 2: Some indie film studio is making a Blue Demon movie in LA.

Here's where I've got some facts, but they are contrary to the rumor. There *is* a masked wrestler movie that was recently finished, and the hero is indeed in a blue hood. However this picture is called either **Atomic Blue Masked Wrestler** or **Super Blue Atomic**— a quirky indie with a pretty cool sounding plot. Seems some kids get into some barrio trouble, and look to an estranged former masked wrestler for help, thinking he's part of the old school Mexiluchaheroes. Los Straitjackets did some of the music for this film, which is where we first heard of it two years ago. The only other info I can offer is Buena Vista has been mentioned as the studio, and there was a brief write-up in *Variety* magazine at some point in the last year or so. If this one sees the light of day, expect it as a direct-to-video release.

### RUMOR 3: Someone's redubbing *Champions of Justice* for domestic video release.

NOT RUMOR, BUT FACT!!! The lucha Justice League epic could soon be yours in remastered glory! A gentleman by the name of Steve Ross has secured the rights (and original negative!) to the Agravasanchez masked wrestler superteam classic (see **FPU #1** for mini-review), is dubbing it into English, and has a new score complete with surf music by the Huntington Cads! He's shooting for a direct-to-video release sometime in 1998.



The Americanized **Champions of Justice** will be the first time a Blue Demon or Mil Mascaras film gets dubbed into English. The other wrestlers in the team, originally Sombra Vengadora, Tinieblas, and Medico Asesino, have been renamed for the benefit of non-lucha-literate audiences as "Live Wire," "Dark Sun" and "MediCommando," respectively. I'm not sure if Black Shadow remains Black Shadow, but the villain is now Dr. Blackfinger.

Steve Ross is the creator of the well-done lucha-oriented Antarctic Press comic **Chesty Sanchez**, and is a real fan of the Mexiluchahero genre. In short, he's one of us mask marks, and the project could not be in better hands.

His relationship with Antarctic may lead to a toy line of the Champs! The company has produced several successful action figures (*Warrior Nun Areala*) and has displayed interest in figures of Blue, Mil and the gang. We want toys of the atomic midgents and the beauty contestants, too!

For more info, you can contact: **Steve Ross, 5817 North Camellia Ave., Temple city, CA 91780**. Ask him about the film, and buy some of his **Chesty Sanchez** comics, they're great! Tell him Unknown sent ya...

*Mr. Unknown*



# JAPAN-O- LUCHA U.S.A.

**or:**

***What a Japanese promotion based on Mexico's style of wrestling can do for the United States.***

Not all wrestling in Japan is Japanese, and not all Mexican-style wrestlers are Mexican. While puroresu is primarily composed of strong-style grapplers in understated dress, there has long been a fascination in Japan with lucha libre, and the color and splendor of the Mexican art has given the Japanese market a much needed shot in the arm on more than one occasion.

The "Junior" or "Cruiserweight" class is the most cosmopolitan facet of professional wrestling; the Mexican Mil Mascaras paved the way for the Japanese Tiger Mask and Jushin Liger. Ultimo Dragon followed as the perfect Mexican/Japanese hybrid. Liger's costume influenced a generation of Mexican stars, who are now infiltrating U.S. markets, and even get prime-time TV coverage. Will a wave of colorful North American juniors follow?

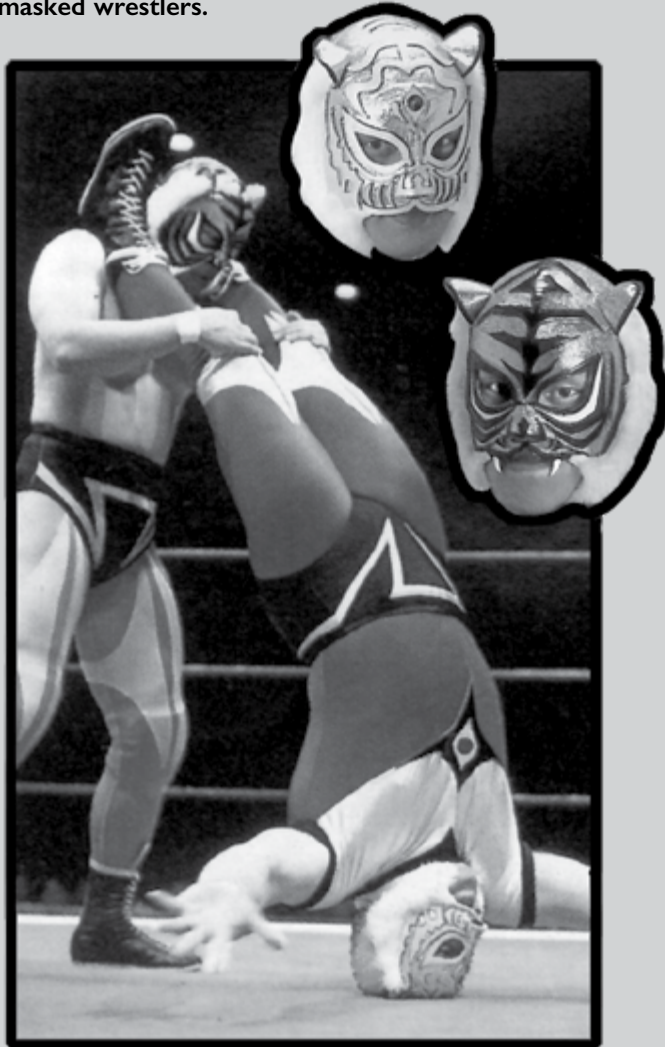
El Gran Hamada made his mark by taking the best elements of wrestling technique from the various international traditions, and fusing them into a style all his own. He was daring enough to bring a Mexican wrestling promotion to the often insular Japanese market with his version of the Universal Wrestling Federation in 1990. He made a lot of waves, and introduced the world to wrestlers who would become Ultimo Dragon, Super Delfin, and the Great Sasuke. Three years later, Sasuke would add Mexican costuming and showmanship, *mascara contra mascara* feuds, 6-10 man tag team wars, and lucha-style dramatic conflicts to his regional promotion Michinoku Pro. Sasuke and M-Pro became a sensation throughout Japan, bringing their crazy new Japanolucha even to the hallowed halls of New Japan, and gaining an underground following in the States. 1997 saw the Michinoku stars invade American promotions for the first time, where we had the good fortune to speak with Hamada, Sasuke, and upcoming star Gran Naniwa during a mini-tour with ECW and Northeast independents:





# PRIMER NOTES:

- While the Destroyer was the first masked star in Japan, Mil Mascaras was the first masked ring hero for the country's youth.
- Ikki Kajiwarra created a popular comic and cartoon in the 60's called *Tiger Mask*, heavily influenced by foreign masked wrestlers.



- In the early 80's, promoters brought the Tiger Mask character to life in the form of Satoru Sayama, a light-weight wrestler with excellent martial arts and acrobatic skills. He wrestled in Mexico, adapted many lucha moves into his own unique style, and made the Junior weight class the rage in Japan.
- Sasuke puts a lot of Tiger Mask elements into M-Pro. the latest incantation of TM wrestles here under the tutelage of the original. The Convict, Giant Zebra, Sultan Gargola and others have all been brought to life in the past four years.
- Great Sasuke took the Japanese juniors by storm, with legendary matches against Jushin Liger and Chris Benoit. He united the J-Crown in 1996. He has a history of injuries from dangerous high-spots.

- Michinoku specializes in lucha-style theatrics, with the promotion divided between their versions of rudos and technicos. Kaientai DX is the band of thugs opposed by Sasuke's heroes—the Seikigun group. Michinoku's strength is in six, eight and ten-man tag matches - full of high spots, intense drama, and sometimes slapstick comedy.
- Michinoku is a regional promotion at heart, spending six months of the year doing local shows, and the rest of the year touring and wrestling with other promotions.
- Mexican star Super Astro is often credited with having the most style influence on M-Pro stars.
- Sasuke is hated by many in New Japan, especially Otani and Kanemoto, perhaps seen as promoting the bastardization of Japanese wrestling.
- Liger hates Kaientai DX, and has publicly boasted that he could beat their entire ranks by himself in a handicap match!
- The promotion, along with other Japanese leagues, is currently suffering financially. Sasuke is taking 1998 off to have long overdue knee surgery, and the '98 tour is cancelled. This may mean the end of Michinoku, or the start of another phase begun back with the UWF. Either way, look for stars like Taka Michinoku to wrestle more and more in the U.S.

## DOS CARAS

Sasuke has a history with Mexican legend Dos Caras. Caras is part of lucha libre's royal family so to speak, being the brother of Mil Mascaras and El Psicodelico. Getting Caras involved in a Michinoku card was both a great honor for Sasuke and a boost of legitimacy for the promotion.

Caras won Michinoku's 1995 Mask Tournament by powerbombing Sasuke from the ring apron onto the floor, causing one of his many life-threatening injuries. A year later, Sasuke suffered a fractured skull in the finals of the J-Crown tournament, but still wrestled the following Michinoku *These Days* nostalgia supercard. There, he teamed with Mil Mascaras and Tiger Mask I against former British Bulldog Dynamite Kid, long-time TM rival Kuniaki Kobayashi, and Dos Caras. Caras once again powerbombed Sasuke, this time in the middle of the ring for a high profile loss. Two days later, a beleaguered Sasuke dropped the J-Crown to Ultimo Dragon.

Sasuke and Caras have openly challenged each other to *mascara contra mascara*, but let's hope this never happens, as regardless of who wins, the world loses a legendary masked man.



## On Michinoku's Potential Impact in North America

**FPU:** Gentlemen, our sincerest welcome to the States and a grateful thank you for wrestling here and granting us this interview. Despite your very limited TV and magazine exposure in America, Michinoku is a well known group with many better educated fans. Have you been recognized by many fans at the live shows here?

**Sasuke:** Maybe five to ten percent of the fans knew who we were before the matches began, but afterward... 100% knew us.

**FPU:** Do you have a desire to work with any other promotions in the U.S.?

**Sasuke:** We will come back and show any promotion anywhere in the U.S. that Michinoku is the best! We are not here for the money, but to show the world Michinoku.

**FPU:** The big two here—WCW and WWF—seem to be having problems bringing kids in and keeping them interested. The focus is certainly more adult oriented, now. Maintaining a devoted younger audience has been Michinoku's forté. Do you think your example will be followed?

**Sasuke (with Hamada agreeing):** WCW, WWF... it doesn't matter what they do, they are looking to make money. At Michinoku, if children come to our shows, we are happy.

**FPU:** Can you tell us about anyone on the horizon, a future star we should watch for?

**Sasuke:** At this moment, Michinoku Pro is... flat, level. Everyone is at the same level. Tomorrow, who can tell? One of the reasons for coming to the States is maybe to find the next star.

## The Men in Their Own Words:

**FPU:** Michinoku Pro is relatively young, correct?

**Sasuke:** Five years, now.

**FPU:** And how long have each of you wrestled?

**Sasuke:** Eight years.

**Naniwa:** Five years.

**Hamada:** Twenty-five years, now.

**FPU:** Naniwa, where did your gimmick and costume originate?

**Naniwa:** Ever since I was a kid, I've liked crabs... *We had to have been the first people to ever ask him this, because he was totally caught off guard by the question, and found it amusing. The amazing one line answer came as sort of a hands in the air candid retort.*

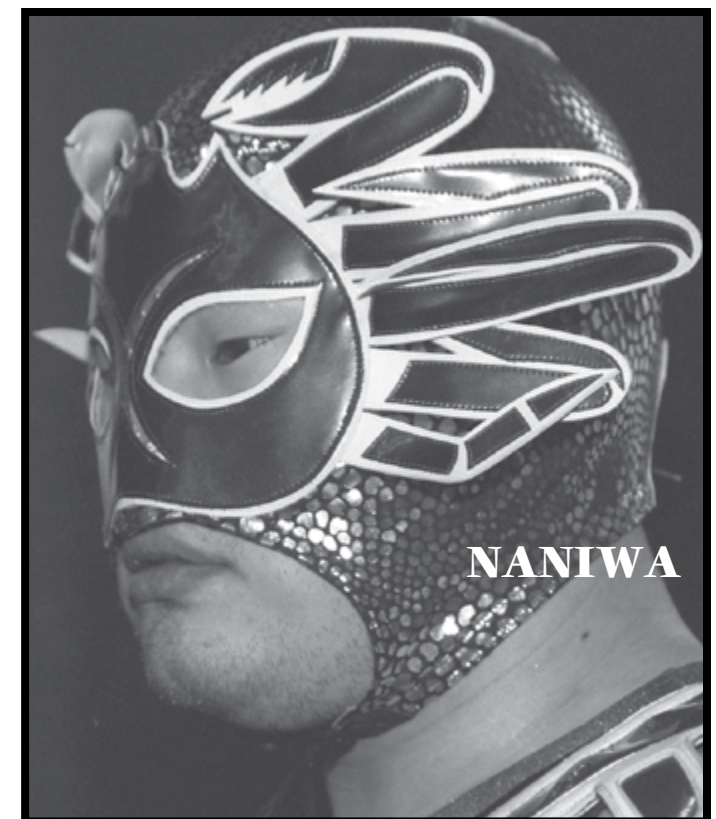
**FPU:** Describe the influence lucha libre has had on you.

**Sasuke:** Whatever the style—Mexican, Japanese, American—doesn't matter... this is Michinoku.

**FPU:** Michinoku has always had a connection to *Tiger Mask* - both the cartoon & comics and the wrestler himself. You have Tiger Mask IV, and Giant Zebra appears also. Was this a childhood obsession with you?

**Sasuke:** I didn't watch or read much, but the first impression was a lasting one. It interests me right now. Tomorrow... maybe something different.

**FPU:** Hamada-san, you have faced the best wrestlers from both Japan and Mexico. Can you pick







out anyone who stands out as your toughest opponent.

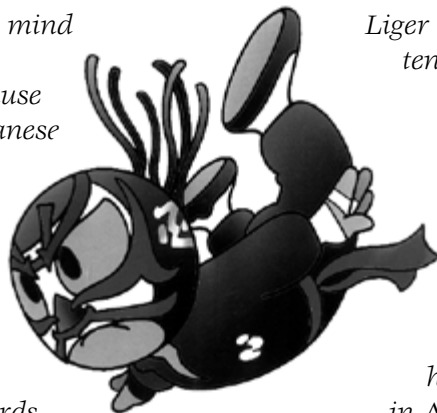
**Hamada:** In Mexico, Perro Aguayo. He and I met in a great "Legends Match." In Japan... Jushin Thunder Liger.

*While Perro came quickly to mind as his premiere lucha rival, there was somewhat of a pause when he considered the Japanese ranks. We were somewhat surprised to hear Liger's name then, and at that moment, Sasuke's face went a little blank. Henceforth, any mention of Liger got Sasuke's blood pressure a little up. Afterwards, when we were going over our audio tapes of the interview, we were thinking of just how many legends of the sport Hamada must have mentally inventoried during those moments - from Tiger Mask to Ultimo Dragon to the current crop of Michinoku legends-in-the-making.*

**FPU (to Sasuke):** On the subject of Liger, now that he has the J-Crown, does that add

another dimension to your rivalry? Do you plan on chasing him again?

**Sasuke:** *IN ENGLISH* - Yes, of course... it is my destiny.



*Sasuke is brilliant in interview. He hears Liger and J-Crown in the same sentence and doesn't even need the translator to answer. Our level of mark-out is at a fever pitch! He is totally in character, totally absorbed in being perceived as the thorn in Liger's side. He does this somewhat ominous nodding and rubbing of his head here, sort of like Marlon brando in Apocalypse Now or Takashi Shimura in Seven Samurai. Liger will die by this man's hand!!!*

**FPU:** Sasuke, in October of 1996, you challenged Dos Caras to mascara contra mascara. Will this happen?

**Sasuke:** *IN ENGLISH* - Definitely! Mascara contra mascara... this year.

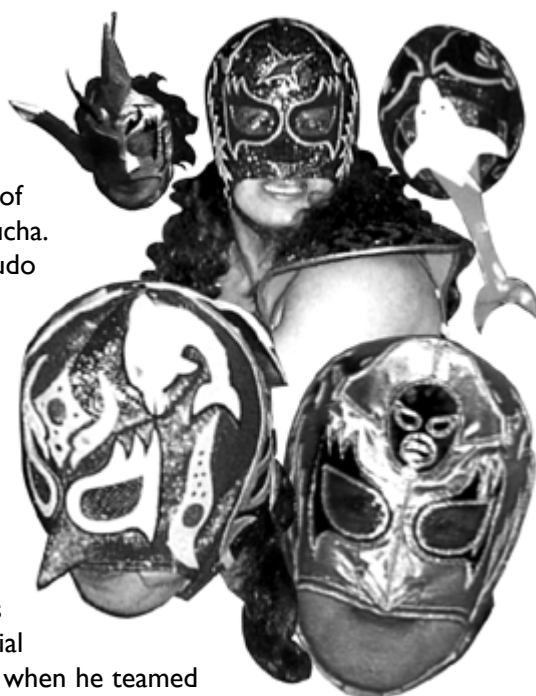
*Once again Sasuke floors us with his ability to instantly become a living breathing*

## SUPER DELPHIN

Once known as "Monkey Magic Wakita," Super Delphin (sometimes translated Super Dolphin) was Michinoku's premiere heel and a master craftsmen of comedy matches, where age-old arts of slapstick and sight gags met with dynamic Japanolucha. When Togo's Kaientai DX became Michinoku's rudo threat, Delphin turned face and joined Sasuke.

This past summer, Delphin was so viciously thrashed by Togo that he was forced to submit to puroresu's ultimate disgrace—crawling on hands and knees under an opponent's spread legs. Delphin had seemingly lost his fighting spirit, and even appeared at shows without his ornate mask. By the fall, however, he had beaten Togo in a rematch and regained his warrior dignity.

Delphin might possibly have as many masks as Mil Mascaras! He wears custom masks on all special occasions. The hood in the lower right was worn when he teamed with El Hijo del Santo, notice the mini visage of Santo on the forehead. Delphin also mixes masks, cutting his in half vertically, and wearing half of either a tag partner's or opponent's hood on the other side. He did this to taunt Jushin Liger in a famous match (see above left) and infuriated the great champion.



*comic book hero. Certain words, whether English or Spanish, hit a nerve, and we did it again with another chilling response. Dos Caras will die by this man's hand!!!*

**FPU:** Is there one wrestler in the world each of you would want to face, maybe in a dream match sort of capacity?

**Sasuke:** Answering right away and looking appreciatively at the man to his left - Gran Hamada!

**Naniwa:** After a nanosecond's reflection on the world's wrestlers he takes cue right on Sasuke's heels - Hamada, yes!

**Hamada:** Pauses to chuckle to himself, and with nowhere else to go, answers by gesturing to the men on either side of him, which gets the whole pack of us laughing.

**Sasuke:** That's my teacher...

**Hamada:** Seriously, though. I've done this for 25 years. These are my students, and now they've grown up. They now compete at the same skill level as me, sometimes even higher. That is why I must keep going on, keep working, so I can go on for another 25 years with them.

*continued next page*



ABOVE: Sasuke moonsaults onto Dick Togo and Mens Teioh. LEFT PAGE: Michinoku magazine articles and event programs feature cartoon caricatures of all the stars.

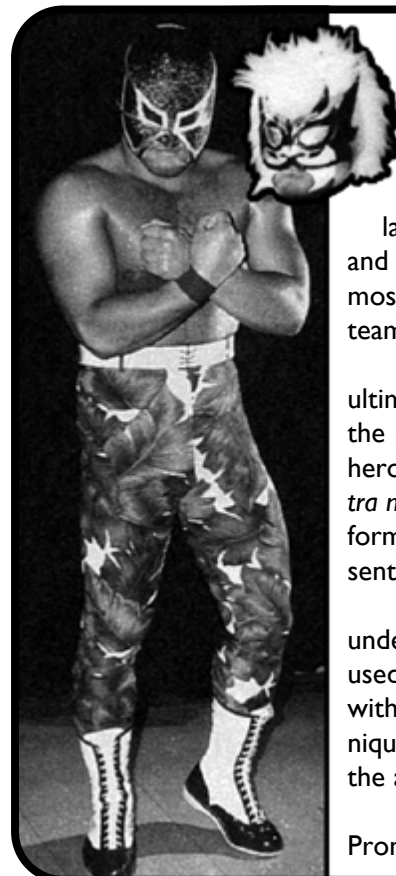
## COOLER THAN COOL VILLAINS

The current crop of Japanoluchadors have absolutely mastered the Mexican-born art of being the *rudo*! This is best illustrated in the 6-10 man tag bouts, wherein the villains isolate the weak link of the good-guy team, and gang-beat him nearly to death with the most original repertoire of double and triple team moves ever devised.

Pictured right is Dick Togo, Michinoku's ultimate heel, and the highest flying fat guy on the planet! He used to be the gorilla-masked hero Sato, but lost his hood in a *mascara contra mascara* bout to Delphin. He turned heel, formed Kaientai DX, and his 20 megaton senton splash is feared planet wide.

Pictured left is arguably one of the most underrated workers in wrestling—Shiryu. He used to wear a big-haired demon mask, but with DX, toned his image down. His technique is sound, he can do it on the mat and in the air, and kicks ass at all times.

Shiryu is currently working in Mexico for Promo Azteca.





## Goodbye For Now and Peace in the Future:

**FPU:** Is there anything you want to say in closing?

**Naniwa:** I can't wait to come back.

**Hamada:** Yes, I very much want to bring Michinoku Pro back to America.

**Sasuke:** I want to break down the walls between the WWF/WCW and the other promotions, and then bring the Peace. That's what we're going to do.

*Sasuke ended the interview with the notion of making American, and hence world wide wrestling a more unified effort. By breaking the walls between the big two and the indies, he is envisioning an American wrestling scene similar to that of Japan—big promotions coexist with smaller ones, and both thrive off each other. Whereas Michinoku and W.A.R. are small regionals compared to New Japan, all combine to form a wrestling ecology. While the reality of this eco-system concept is often more like a carnivorous food chain, it is still an ideal we can strive toward. The WWF/ECW angle could work, and old intra-NWA rivalries were always great. Antonio Inoki tried to show the world this could still be when he held the World Peace Festival in Los Angeles two years ago. Sasuke wants that to be just as well. "The Peace."*

Special thanks are in order for Mr. Koji Hirai for his patient translation during the interview, and to Sheldon Goldberg of Mat Marketplace for setting-up the whole thing. We must also gratefully acknowledge Phil Schnieder's *Unofficial Michinoku Pro Homepage*. Go to **[www.eagle.american.edu/users/phil/mpro](http://www.eagle.american.edu/users/phil/mpro)** for some great pics, links, and crucial English-language biographical data, without which we would have been sunk.



This Chelsea, Massachusetts alley cat was the only one not impressed by Sasuke's Michinoku...

## GRAN HAMADA

As much as we like to talk about the mixing of international wrestling styles being a recent thing, El Gran Hamada has been doing it himself for over 25 years! Here is a man who is a legend in two countries, is faster at age 46 than most wrestlers are at 19, and whose decades-honed repertoire of moves and perfection of execution makes him pure poetry to watch. Here also is a man who despite his status, will still give 110% for a crowd in a suburban police armory who've never heard of him before. Here also is a worker in his late 40's still willing to do top rope huricanranas and spinning bulldogs from the apron to the concrete floor!

Hamada's career began in the early 70's, when Tatsumi Fujinami's mat-based Junior wrestling was the norm. He worked within that system throughout the 70's, becoming one of New Japan's top J-stars. However, he was concurrently becoming a popular luchador, wrestling in Mexico using a lucha libre style. He is best known in Mexico for a brutal feud with everyman brawler Perro Aguayo.

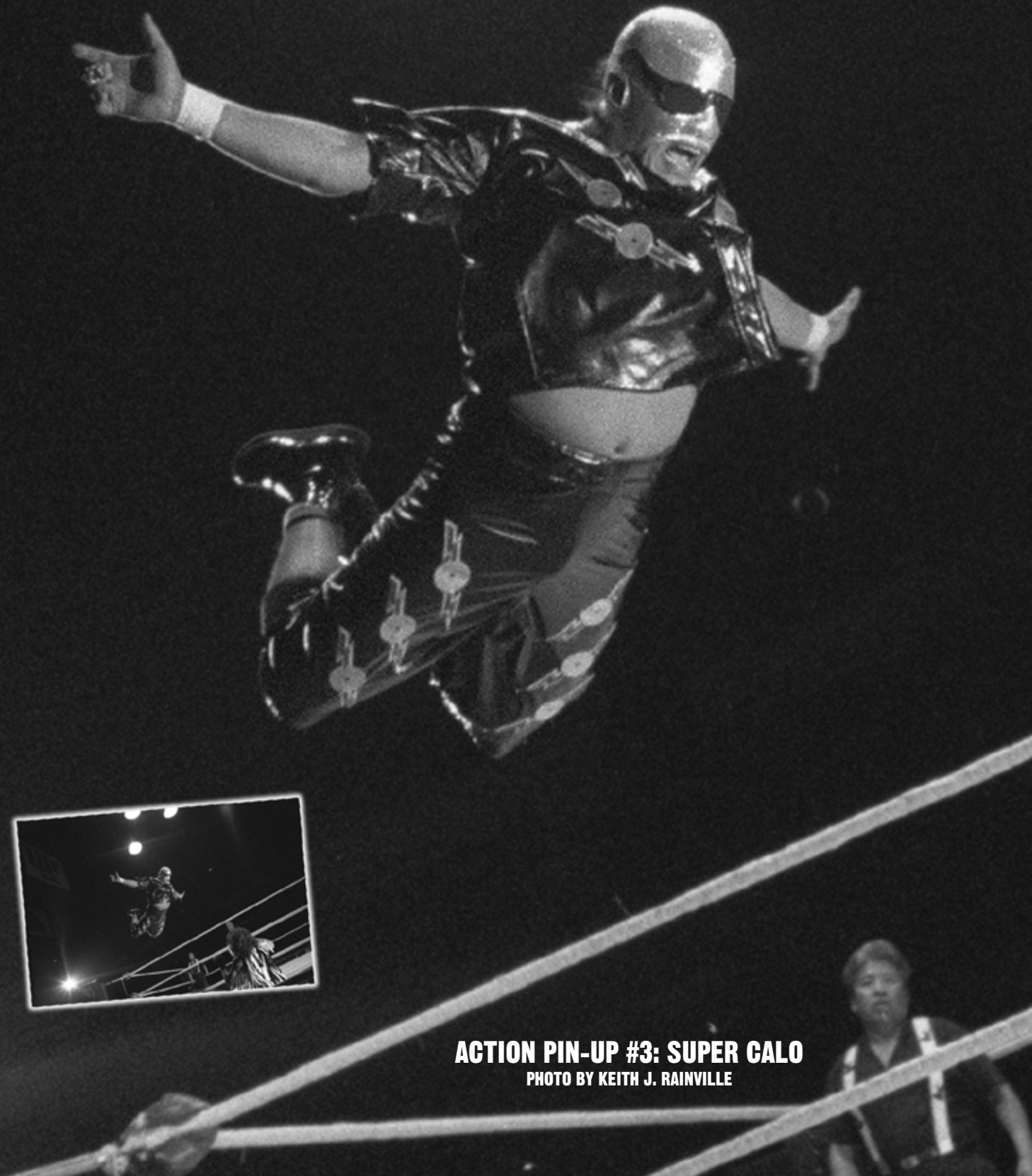
The ultimate showcase for Hamada's Japanolucha style came in 1990 when he formed the Universal Wrestling Federation, Japan's first lucha libre promotion. It was a wild new sensation and a radical alternative for both fans and up and coming wrestlers. Mexico's martial arts-based stars were naturals for the UWF—Kendo, Kung-Fu, Takeda, etc. The UWF also bred it's own Japanolucha stars, who were inventing their own moves. Yoshio Asai was Hamada's ace, invented the Asai Moonsault, and today wrestles and promotes in Japan, Mexico, and the U.S. as El Ultimo Dragon. the family name is carried into this generation by his daughter Xochitl Hamada, who is also a star in Mexico and Japan.

We weren't expecting to get a word out of Hamada, thinking he'd be above talking to an American masked rag, but the opposite was true. Hamada couldn't talk enough about his students, and about how exciting it is to see the world accept the Michinoku style. He carried himself with a dignity and passion that is all too rare, and we were all quite taken by his presence.

This may be a masked wrestler magazine, but El Gran Hamada has forever cemented his place in our pages. **ARIBA HAMADA!**



# FROM PARTS UNKNOWN



**ACTION PIN-UP #3: SUPER CALO**  
PHOTO BY KEITH J. RAINVILLE





**ACTION PIN-UP BONUS!**  
El Santo

CINEMATOGRAFICA  
DEL UNKNOWN  
*presenta:*

“la bella  
sobrehumana  
del espacias”

# NOVA GRRL 3000

*contra*

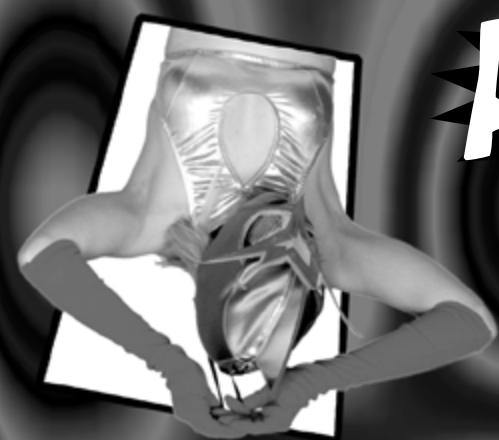
## EL PRIMATE COSMICO

*Argumento: Murcielago Jones  
Adaptacion: El Super Freak-Out  
Prod. Ejecutivo: Mr. Unknown  
Photographica: Arturo Rainville  
Artístico Computadora: Carlos Rainville*

**A NEGRO Y BLANCO**

**UNKN  
OWN**

# ALERT



NOVA GRRL 3000 - THE GALAXY'S PREMIERE SUPERHEROINE, RECEIVES AN EMERGENCY DISTRESS CALL AT HER NEBULOUS BACHELORETTE PAD. A DISTANT WORLD IS IN TROUBLE, SO IT'S QUICK, FAST, AND IN A HURRY - ON WITH THE EXTRA-SHINY SPACE CLOTHES AND LOCK 'N LOAD THOSE RAYGUNS...



EVERYONE KNOWS A SPACE GRRL'S BEST FRIEND IS HER RAYGUN, AND THE LOVELY NOVA HAS QUITE A COLLECTION HERSELF. THE ONLY PROBLEM IS MATCHING YOUR ARSENAL TO YOUR WARDROBE, AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T HAVE THE CHROME ON YOUR BROWNING AUTOMATIC PLASMA RIFLE OR LADY-SMITH PARTICLE BEAM ACCELERATOR CLASHING WITH YOUR HOOD AND HEELS!





NOVA LANDS HER 'ASTRO MARTIN' ON THE PLANET JUGUETO, WHERE SHE IS IMMEDIATELY BESIEGED BY FRANTIC FAERIE-BOTS AND IRRITATED IRON IMPS. THIS OTHERWISE PEACEFUL WORLD OF MISFIT ROBOTS HAS BEEN INVADIED BY A BIG STINKY SPACE GORILLA, LOOKING FOR DONUTS AND PEZ.

THAT CHROME-DOMED SPACE CRITTER IS IN FOR THE BEATING OF HIS LIFE! NOVA GRRRL 3000 UNLEASHES HER ARSENAL OF PLANCHAS AND FLYING ELBOWS, AND ENDS THE PIER SIX-ER WITH, YOU GUESSED IT, A GORILLA PRESS-SLAM. THIS MALEVOLENT MARS-MONKEY SHOULD HAVE TAPPED OUT AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF NOVA'S SPIKE HEELS.

**AN ATOMIC-POWERED  
DONNYBROOK!**





THE GARGANTUAN GEEK  
GETS LOST QUICK! YOU  
DON'T THINK NOVA'S  
ACTUALLY GOING TO  
LET HIM ESCAPE...



NOVA GRRL'S ASTRO MARTIN BECKONS, AS ONE  
DOESN'T WANT TO STAY ANY LONGER THAN  
NECESSARY ON SUCH A DIVE PLANET. TIME TO  
CELEBRATE AND GO BUY SHOES! SO IT'S...

**"ADIOS, YOU  
DWEEBERS!"**





**NOVA**  
**GRRRL**  
**3000**  
From  
Parts  
UNKNOWN



KEITH RAINVILLE  
INTERVIEWS  
JAIME HERNANDEZ...

# COMICS

are often set in worlds much better than our own—alien utopias, mechanized futures, peaceful cities, or in the case of *Love & Rockets*, a world where it's okay to dig fat chicks, you can get a summer

job repairing robots and spaceships, and a woman can spend her husband's millions to live the fantasy life of a sci-fi superheroine. It's also a world where hip urban debs are into pro-wrestling and girls compete for the marriage proposal of aging white-masked luchadores!

**JAIME HERNANDEZ** has never been afraid to introduce the things he loves into his comic work, nor afraid to inject them into a setting where they might not belong. Thus, we see retro robots, goofy monsters and women wrestlers, next to the punks, goths and urban gearheads of 80's Los Angeles.

After ten years of great comix, Jaime wound up *Love & Rockets* with the masked wrestler romance mystery known as "Chester Square." It was this run of *L&R*, the women's wrestling follow-up series *Whoa, Nellie!*, and the *Love & Rockets* audience's reaction to all that rasslin' that I discussed with Jaime Hernandez:

**KR - You were raised with wrestling in the house?**

**JH** - Oh, yeah, I've been watching since I was five. We watched matches from the Olympic Auditorium [in L.A.]. Wrestling's been around as long as anything else; as long as rock 'n roll, comics, and anything else...

**KR - Was this Mexican or American wrestling?**

**JH** - It was American, I think it was NWA. Some of the bigger stars were Bobo Brazil, The Destroyer, [Freddie] Blassie. It was great. They had been doing it from the Olympic since the 40's with Gorgeous George.

**KR - LA is an interesting mixed market for wrestling fans, with lucha libre head to head with the American locals and the inevitable big two. Growing up there, were you exposed to both worlds of wrestling, which are a lot of times very different and isolated from each other?**

**JH** - Actually, I was introduced to Mexican wrestling in the Santo movies. We were already into wrestling, and then one day we're turning the channels and there's this guy in a silver mask! There, he was called "Samson." We just thought "WHOA! Wrestling and monsters!" I think the first one we ever saw was Samson vs. the Vampire Women and we couldn't believe it; wrestling with monsters, the combination was too good to be true! After that we saw Doctor of Doom and more Santo movies, and that was pretty much how I was introduced to Mexican wrestling. Then in the late 60's and early 70's, a lot of Mexican wrestlers started coming to LA—Mil Mascaras and guys like that. It started mixing, and then they would do them live from LA on the Spanish station. I don't remember when I first started seeing wrestling from Mexico, though.

The Mexican stars became household names after a while. I had a neighbor across the alley, and it was rumored that his sister went out with Mil Mascaras! That wasn't too hard [to believe] because they would come to wrestle nearby. And of course all the kids were like "Did he wear his mask?!?" No one ever found out though if it was true, and to this day I haven't seen that guy...

**KR - It's kind of better that you don't know... makes it legendary.**

**JH** - It was all over the neighborhood. "Your sister went out with Mil Mascaras!"





**KR - So you were into the Santo films early on.**

**JH** - Oh, yeah, cause those just fit in And it was all by mistake. They were on TV, and we saw monsters and wrestlers, and that was it. It was too perfect. Someone was watching to see what you wanted!

**KR - Do you have favorites?**

**JH** - I think for me its *Samson vs. the Vampire Women*. It's the Bible of that stuff. That was the one that had it all, and it actually had kind of a budget. The other one I really like is [*Santo & Blue Demon vs. The Monsters*]. Every five minutes they're in a room saying "What should we do now?" and the monsters bust in! That one I enjoy a lot. I also saw the original movie with those monsters [Uk and Utirr]...

**KR - Ship of Monsters?**

**JH** - Yeah. That one I also found by mistake. It was on the Mexican station, and I go 'Ooh, space girls.' and then I go 'MONSTERS!' well, I guess I'd pass out if it had wrestling, too. That's the stuff dreams are made of...

**KR - Do you still watch wrestling?**

**JH** - Oh, yeah. Mostly I get the Mexican wrestling. There were times I would watch Japanese wrestling, some channel would just put it on at the weirdest hours. I pretty much avoid WWF and WCW most of the time. ECW's on too late at night so I always miss that. I don't know, after seeing it so long if just takes time to find someone new. You've got the same six guys wrestling each other in Mexico [over and over], but I'm always afraid to miss something! I'll think 'not watching for a month, maybe they'll have new guys.' Sometimes they do something behind my back and I'm like 'Oh, I missed that!' They also have SO many shows - I can't keep up so I just catch it when I can.

**KR - Did you watch wrestling on television more than seeing it live?**

**JH** - Yeah. Most of the time [growing up] we didn't have a car, so all of my friends always went to the Ventura Fairgrounds, right next to Oxnard, where all the LA wres-

tlings would come. They would go "Mil Mascaras got cut up! And Blassie and Tolos were going at it. It was all bloody. It was great!" But then we were 'Oh, we'll see it on TV... one of these days...'

**KR - Do you think there's a difference between how people relate to wrestling who've seen it live and those who mostly see it on TV?**

**JH** - I kind of dug it when wrestling finally came back to Oxnard. By that time the NWA was pretty much fading. There were these two guys who were really exciting; a young guy by the name of Roddy Piper, and his partner Keith Franks, who became Adrian Adonis. Hoo, boy they just tore the place apart! I was just 'God, I wonder if people know about these guys?' and sure enough, five years later, Piper's running the WWF. So that was fun. Oxnard was really small, they just filled up this little meeting room at the local community center, and they gave it all they had.

**KR - But it was traditional lucha that served as inspiration for the El Diablo Blanco character.**

**JH** - Yeah, cause I didn't start watching Mexican wrestling regularly until the mid to early 80's, when I finally got cable and they started broadcasting from Mexico. And then it just became a regular thing for me. Seeing all the white-masked villains is where El Diablo Blanco comes from.

**KR - There's a lot of white-masked guys down there.**

**JH** - And they're all BIG like that!

**KR - It's true, none of them are in shape, it must be a pre-requisite. Even the muscular guys still have that spare tire. El Gran Markus is like 400 lbs!**

**JH** - Aw he's HUGE! I pretty much got Diablo Blanco from those guys, I thought it was a cool look. And they've all gotta be bad guys for some reason.

**KR- Why did El Diablo Blanco surface in L&R when he did?**

**JH** - I think at first Maggie was going to end up marrying him. By the time #50 came and it was the end, she was

going to end up marrying this guy and that would be the end. Until you saw her next time and maybe she would be divorced or something. But it just took a different turn.

I guess I just needed a weird husband for her. I hadn't had a masked guy for a while, and I had never made one a main character.

**KR - There was the House of Raging Women collection, with the dragon-masked mug on the cover...**

**JH** - It's always good to have a masked wrestler on the cover! I've heard them say "If you put a gorilla on the cover of your comic, it's sure to sell." Well I say "Put a masked wrestler on the cover and it's sure to sell." You don't even have to explain it's a wrestler, because you see the guy's mask and you know.

**KR - You can't wear a mask like that and not be a wrestler, masks are one of the icons of pro wrestling. As Diablo Blanco's adventures progress, there's a theme of him showing or not showing his face.**

**JH** - That goes right back to Santo. And recently I watched WCW with the big NWO thing... I thought it was real charming when Rey Mysterio, Jr. is on the stretcher and they have to cut his mask off. Tony Shavonne's like "No, not the mask, not the sacred mask, sacred in Mexico." See, he knows...

**KR - Most American audiences just don't get it. A guy comes out in a mask and they just want to see it ripped off.**

**JH** - Exactly. It's like when Spider-Man, years ago, unmasked Electro. And he's supposed to say "Oh! It's..." but [instead] it's "I don't know who this guy is..."

**KR - It didn't matter who the man was, it was the Electro identity that counted. Don't unmask him, we want to see some more fights!**

**JH** - So many Mexican wrestlers when they get their masks torn and they get all bloodied up—their face is right there, but I don't know who that guy is... I remember in the early 60's there was this character that I'm sure they put together really fast called the "Baby Destroyer." There was the Destroyer, and then there was the Baby Destroyer. It was a real big deal around my friends—"Baby Destroyer got unmasked last night!" Now, he was [exposed as] a guy that everyone knew, because it was local wrestling, and there's only so many guys.

**KR - In Chester Square, Diablo mentions Rena's past, almost suggesting that he has a past too. A riotous bar fight with armed punks is run-of-the-mill for them. Does he have past adventures as well?**

**JH** - Yes. Actually, I want to do stories about him as a young guy, where he kind of idolizes his sister. He follows the path, but he's not as famous as her until he dons the mask. At first he's just an unknown jobber kind of guy, and he goes with her on her adventures, in the old days. Then after a while, fate separates them, and he dons

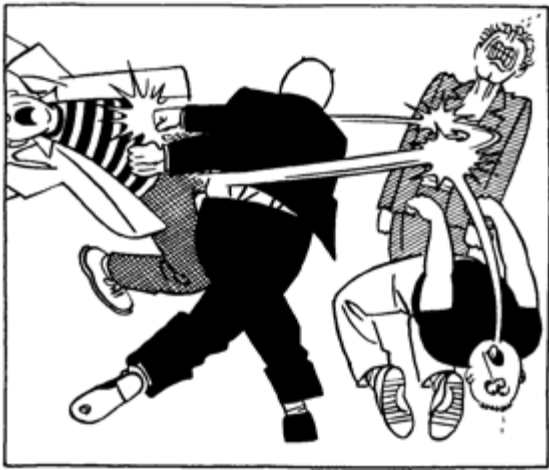
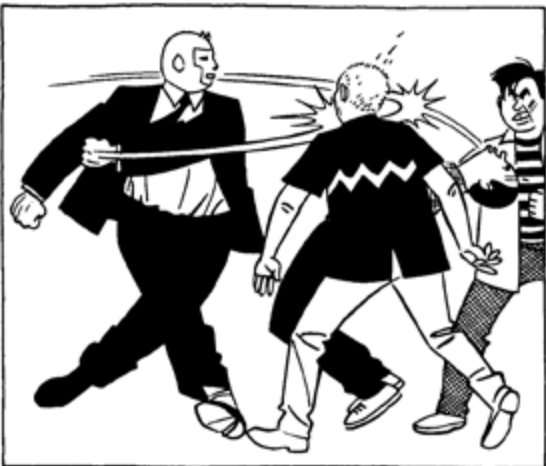
the mask and becomes El Diablo Blanco. By [now] he's a promoter and runs the ring. But, at first, he's kind of with Rena and follows her wherever she goes, idolizes her. I just haven't done those stories yet, because I made him up recently.

**KR - So we can look forward to seeing those?**

**JH** - Yeah, I'm looking forward to them, too.

**KR - What would your forum be for those stories?**

**JH** - I was thinking of a *Whoa Nellie! Presents: Queen Rena* and just have adventure serials with her. Women fighting mad doctors and all that... OR, I was thinking of making her a realistic wrestling legend who then became a movie star and did the typical monster [movie] thing.





**KR - Either way you get the monsters vs. wrestlers on the page!**

**JH** - I just have to do it really clever without blatantly ripping [the films] off. I have to change things just a little bit, so people aren't like "He just rented and took from those videos."

**KR - *Whoa, Nellie!* was all women wrestlers, did you grow up watching a lot of women's stuff?**

**JH** - I took what I could get. There would be one women's match in among the men's. I just waited for them. I got into them, as it became my thing where I wanted to see the women more than the men. And so after a while, I would watch wrestling for months, just waiting, and they wouldn't come... So I took what I could get. Then in the early or mid 70's I read in a magazine that in Japan they have ALL-WOMEN wrestling, and I was like "Whoaaa!" Then [years later] out of the blue, this local LA cable station had Japanese wrestling, but I was embarrassed cause here I am watching it with the family all around. My mom - "Uhh, it's Japanese girls, uuhhh!" I was like "Aw, mom.."

**KR - "Go away so I can enjoy this."**

**JH** - YEAH, heh heh. So, I just waited, and the women got more exciting for me. But then I noticed the talent [in America] was rare, too. There were few women who could really pull it off.



**KR - And that hasn't really changed. The style clash between old school North American womens rasslin' and Japanese girl wrestling is immense.**

**JH** - But at least over there a foreign villain can win a belt, and hold it for a while before they have to lose it. But it's hard anyways to tell who their villains are. It's like, who are we watching? Are we watching rudos or technicos? At least in Mexico, they tell you. "This is Rudo vs. Rudo!" so you're like 'Okay, I know what I'm in for here.' But [the Mexicans] could care less about the realistic aspects.

**KR - I always loved the era of Japanese women's wrestling when the stars were all pixy-type decorated pop star teen idols.**

**JH** - Like the schoolgirl next door.

**KR - Nowadays that's gone in favor of more buff girls and all the martial arts kickers...**

**JH** - I find it interesting that's there was always this lesbian thing. The way it's separated—you have the schoolgirl with the nice long hair and then you have the brush-cut bull dyke, and nothing in-between, and they don't hide it. It's one of the stranger worlds of wrestling... I think I prefer the wrestling here and in Mexico. But here, the only thing women can be are like... these sluts. "You

fucked my partner, and you deserve to be slapped!"

**KR - Or get pile-driven through a table.**

**JH** - I know! I heard somewhere that they just go pick these girls up at Scores... [in swaggering deep promoter's voice] "Are you willing to be... uh, pile-driven?" [in high-pitched bimbo voice] "Sure, I'll do anything!"

**KR - Now, in *Whoa, Nellie!*, the women wrestlers aren't like men, in that they don't have a lot of gimmicks or schtick. Apart from the one masked girl—Sister Sin—there are no aliens or cross dressers or lunatics or anything. You went for more human characterization.**

**JH** - Right, though it wasn't planned that way. I noticed that when I started drawing Sister Sin. "Ah! She's the only masked one!" So she was kind of lost. I think I was looking toward more continuity, because a lot of those wrestlers were mentioned in past issues, so they kind of turned out normal. When I was over with it, I went 'Oh, I really didn't go nuts on it' and I had no out-of-this-world personalities.

**KR - The retro pin-ups are decoration on issues #1 and 2, but the back cover to #3 shows the main characters in a similar "Hall of Fame" setting. Is that where those characters are going?**

**JH** - It's kind of like the future. Like Xo and Gina do become the greatest tag team of all time, and they hold two different federations' belts. As for future stories, I don't know... It could end here, or not. The way I do this comic is to always leave it open.

**KR - So in the ongoing *Penny Century*, will we see as much of a wrestling presence as *L&R*?**

**JH** - Less. Instead, every once in a while I'll do a *Whoa, Nellie!* special, like a one-shot or color special. I'm going to try to separate them, because I found I have two separate kinds of fans—some that loved *Whoa, Nellie!* and some that liked *Love & Rockets*. There's very few that jump both ways.

**KR - We are in the same boat with our readers—who want either all-wrestling or all-movies. They just don't cross-over enough. Me, I don't see where Jushin Thunder Liger fighting La Parka in the ring and Santo fighting a guy in a cave dressed up like a wolfman are all that different.**

**JH** - People never understood that when Gilbert and I started *Love & Rockets*. Movies, TV, wrestling and rock n' roll all somehow *fit* together,

yet people were for some reason resistant to that. It just seems so natural, they're all the same to me!

**KR - You were always notorious for continually increasing Maggie's weight over the course of *L&R*. Now with the wrestling women, who are mostly big, too, did you get that flack all over again?**

**JH** - Well, for one thing they hated it when I made Maggie fat. But they never seemed to care when someone like Penny Century was always a big hefty girl. They wanted their main girl Maggie to stay cute and thin.

The first thing with *Nellie* is wrestling women need that flesh and weight to absorb it all, cause they really get blasted!!! That's why I was amazed when I saw the Japanese girls, they were all so thin...

**KR - Whereas there were wrestlers as characters in *Love & Rockets*, in *Whoa, Nellie!* there is wrestling - it's really pure, with textbook moves you can easily identify.**



**WHITE-MASKED DOCTORS LIKE EL GRAN MARKUS RARELY EXHALED FOR PICTURES.**





Why was this such a technically literate book?

JH - [It comes from] drawing it forever, but never having the courage to put it in *Love & Rockets*. I never thought anyone would understand it. A wrestling fan would say “Whoa, look at em’ go into that abdominal stretch!” but a *Love & Rockets* fan would say “Eewww, they’re wrestling...” So once again I want to separate them. If I do wrestling, I want you [the reader] to already know what wrestling is, or learn, or want to know what it is. With *Love & Rockets* it’s a broader thing, people only know it’s wrestling because they’ve seen it on TV. I hate to do it, but this way, no-one’s turned off, and I can actually reach more people than if I put it all together.

KR - The only pure wrestling move I can remember from *L&R* is when Rena german-suplexes the Crusher outside the bar on the pavement. I remember thinking ‘Man, that would kill a guy!’

JH - Well, he was kind of a jerk, plus Crusher had a hard head. When I did that, it kind of served both points. You knew what the move was, yet you didn’t have to know what the move was. The way it happened, she just sort of took the guy out. So a real wrestling



fan says “Ah ha, she’s using her wrestling know-how!” but someone else just reading the story knows “Ooh, she just knocked him out!”— that’s all that’s important. So sometimes, I can combine the two.

KR - So after all those years, you must have had a great time doing *Whoa, Nellie!*...

JH - Aw, it’s the most fun I’ve had in years! For the last couple of years, *Love & Rockets* was driving Gilbert and I up the wall. It became the job, and it was never supposed to. So we thought if we finish it, maybe we’ll have room to breathe. So with *Whoa, Nellie!* I was like ‘Oh, good! No continuity, just slam-bang action! No one can write a bad review about it because it’s something so different. Sorry to the *Love & Rockets* fans, but right now I’m just bored with it. You can go have your *Love & Rockets*, I want my *Whoa, Nellie!*

KR - At the same time, there’s still the same story-telling craft and characterization.

JH - With everything I do, I still try to keep the humanity in there.

If you keep the humans in there, you’ve got nothing to apologize for. ?

Jaime Hernandez’s ongoing *Penny Century* series should be on shelves by the time you read this, and stay tuned to *FPU-CITO* for future *Whoa, Nellie!* projects as they’re announced.

RECOMMENDED READING:

- *Love & Rockets Book 13: Chester Square* collects the entire El Diablo Blanco story arc in one volume, on better paper than the original comix. There are a dozen or so other collections, reprinting every issue of the series, and all are highly recommended.
- *Whoa, Nellie! #1-3* are still easy to find, but if you can’t, just contact the publisher. This is the most visually literate wrestling comic you’ll ever see, and the story can be followed by anyone, even those who never read *Love & Rockets*. Absolutely essential!
- *Love & Rockets Book 5: House of Raging Women* has some back-up material to *Nellie* starring Gina, Xo, Rena, and the occasional hooded stud. It also contains Gilbert Hernandez’s fantastic biographical account of wrestling fandom and the life of Keith ‘Adrian Adonis’ Franks.

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MUSIC FOR THE MASKED

*Santo Swings* by Southern Culture on the Skids, 2 disc 45r.p.m. set in illustrated sleeve with color inset bonus, from Estrus Records.

Too infrequently, you go into a store and find an item so meant for you, so embodying what you love in life, that you lose bowel control and love every stinkin’ minute of it. Masked wrestlers, power-trio American trash-rock, chicks on bass with big hair, Mexican B-movie monsters, trading cards, surprise bonus inserts in records —*Santo Swings* has all the above in one inspired package!

Two 45’s yield six rockin’ tunes, including the crucial “Viva del Santo!” and “Meximelt.” The painted sleeve front features Mexiluchahero lobby card-styled art of El Santo, the band in their white trash glory, and a simulated insert photo of Mexicinema’s finest B-monsters and baddies. Flip the package over to reveal a silver (5th color metallic ink) and black collage of vintage lucha libre trading cards of classic greats—Santo, Blue Demon, Rayo de Jalisco, Tinieblas, Hurican Ramirez, Mil Mascaras, Anibal and others like Karloff Lagarde and Frankenstein. Inside, you get the two records in paper sleeves *and* a sheet of punch-out Mexicinema character standees! So while the rock-n-roll plays in the background, you can play with 3” tall full-color cutouts of Santo, Blue & Mil (in pink sombrero even), steel masked villain Orlak, a curvaceous Vampire Woman, the famed Aztec Mummy, a 70’s style Wolfman, Ook the Cyclops (from *Ship of Monsters* and *Santo & Blue Demon vs. the Monsters*) and the amazing-tongued fellatio master The Brainiac! Cutouts of the band members in action make the play scene complete. Use these as tokens for *Clue* and create yer own masked wrestler murder mystery complete with musical numbers!!!



We can’t merely recommend this Holy Grail of vinyl and pre-punched cardstock, we simply must insist that every **FPU** reader buy it RIGHT NOW! In fact, if we find out that any of you haven’t bought it, we’ll kick yer damn ass, and don’t think we won’t, because most of you are subscribers and we know where you live. So save yerself the beating of yer pencil-necked life and contact the label: (Order # ES796/7-\$5.98)

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**WORKER,  
CHAMPION,  
HERO...**

# BLUE DEMON WE LOVE YOU



◀ What's the best way for a masked wrestler to escape the heel of a lumbering death robot? Why an ankle-lock submission hold, of course. This is how Blue Demon approached most of the supernatural and science-spawned menaces he faced in his films—with pure wrestling technique. That technique transformed him from railroad worker to ring star, and made his subsequent films the most lucha-literate of any in the genre. If you think Blue was merely El Santo's sidekick, think again, or get ready for a brainbuster! We are here to champion the grappling artistry, stoic heroism and understated charm of the man in the blue mask. VIVA AZUL!



## IT'S A DEMON'S LIFE...

Born in the small town of Rinconada in April of 1922, Alejandro Munoz would become restless early in life. The beginning of World War II saw a boom in railroad building in Mexico, and Alejandro followed his uncle to the tracks of Monterrey, where his strong physique first formed. In 1946, fellow railroad worker Rolando Vera, who was involved with lucha libre, first suggested wrestling as a career path for Munoz, who then took three years to prepare his body and train for the ring. Munoz trained in collegiate and Olympic style wrestling, a much more demanding discipline than the more theatrical lucha libre that was the norm. By the time he entered his first match, he was more fit, mentally sharper, and light years ahead of any possible opponent's technique. Munoz wrestled his first match without a mask, but for his second, he donned a blue leather mask Rolando Vera had come up with, and on March 31, 1948, the Blue Demon was born.

As was custom of the day, rookie luchadors got their lumps in the many bush leagues of smaller towns surrounding Mexico City. The closer you got to the capital, the more developed you were becoming, and finally getting to work in one of the city's major arenas meant you had arrived. Early on, the burly Blue Demon was noticed by promoters such as Don Jesus Lomellin

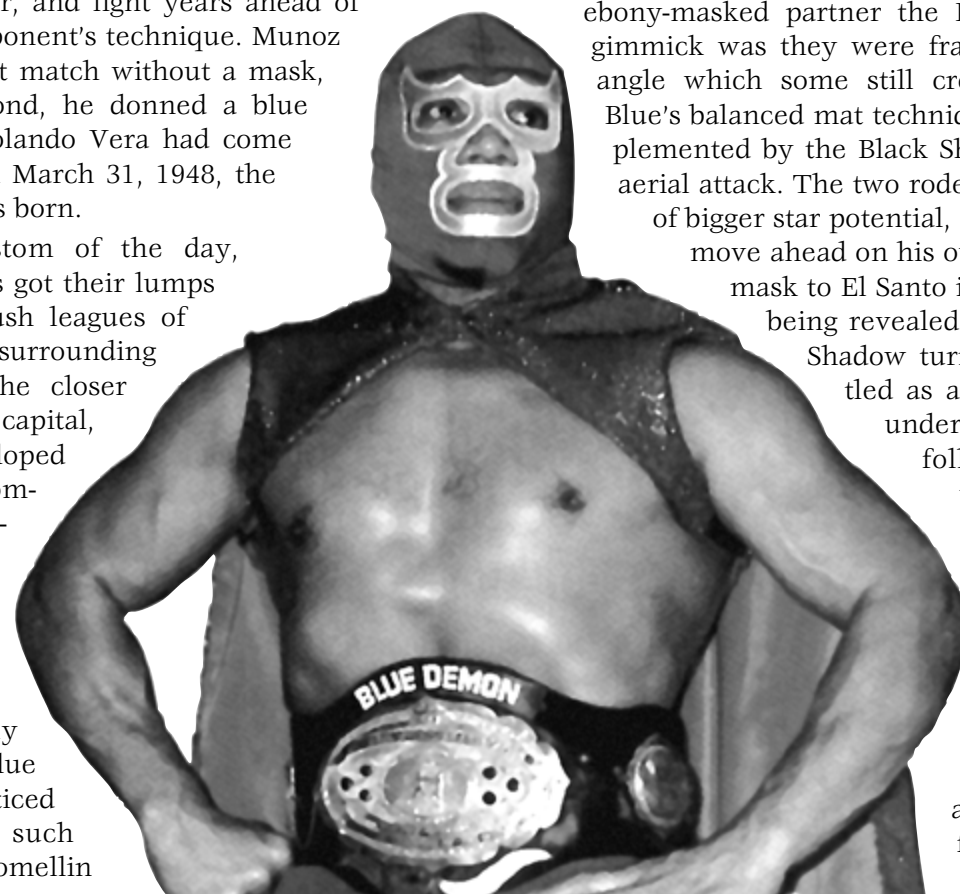
and the godfather of it all, Salvador Lutteroth—men who expedited his journey to the limelight. Blue's Mexico City debut was a victory over contemporary ring star Valentino Romero.

Blue Demon was appreciated because his rudo aggressiveness was tempered by accomplished mat technique. Fans loved to watch him dole out beatings with the fervor of a ruffian and the skills of a surgeon (similar to fans of Chris Benoit today). The man had big, powerful hands, and Popeye-like forearms from years of driving spikes into railroad pilings. He was now spiking heads through canvas mats, and earned the nickname *Manos de Pala*—"Shovel Hands."

In the 1950's, Blue became part of the era's most infamous tag team—Los Hermanos Shadow, with ebony-masked partner the Black Shadow. The gimmick was they were fraternal brothers, an angle which some still credit as real today. Blue's balanced mat technique was finely complemented by the Black Shadow's spectacular aerial attack. The two rode high, but Blue was of bigger star potential, and was destined to move ahead on his own. Shadow lost his mask to El Santo in 1952, and despite being revealed as Alejandro Cruz,

Shadow turned face and wrestled as a tecnico for years under his old name. Blue followed suit, and turned tecnico soon after. When he turned his sights on El Santo's welterweight title, his solo career was set to take off.

When Santo and Blue Demon first began to draw lines in the sand,







promoters knew it was gold. They delayed the actual match for a full year to build up the feud's heat. This was Ric Flair vs. Harley Race, Hulk Hogan vs. the Ultimate Warrior—a dream match that was actually going to happen! It was the best type of feud in wrestling; two stars with years of reputation behind them and legions of loyal partisan fans to enhance the conflict. Blue won their first meeting with two of three falls, Santo submitting in the end to Blue's signature end move—El Pulpo—the “Octopus Hold.”

Blue would hold the belt until 1957, a title reign that saw him beat El Santo once again, and a legendary series with roughneck Tony Borne. Borne actually pulled Blue's mask off as the ultimate degradation, leading to a mask vs. beard match which saw Blue take his revenge.

Most every Mexican ring star has a collection of hoods from opponents beaten in mascara contra mascara matches, and Blue Demon is no exception. His most famous unmasking was that of legendary rudo El Espectro.

Blue's film career began as a result of a severe wrestling injury in 1965. While leaving the ring after a victory, bitter opponent Cavernario Galindo (or as K. Gordon Murray called him in *Samson vs. the Vampire Women* - Caveman Wellington) attacked him from behind. The spot went wrong somehow, and Blue was kicked off the ring apron onto the cement floor. Despite a visible acclusion on his head, he somehow walked away from it, but later that night, a blood vessel in his brain ruptured and he took a header down a flight of stairs at his hotel. Five hours of surgery were required to save his life.

Blue Demon always believed in predestination, and that no matter what, it wasn't your time until it was your time. A 1955 cervical vertebrae fracture that

should have paralyzed him only put him on the shelf for a year. The 1965 skull fracture, which should have proven fatal, meant only a three year absence from competition. The period of ring inactivity gave Blue the opportunity to explore a screen career, and the Vergara studios gave him a four-film deal.

Blue had made in-ring cameos in two films in 1961—*Assassins of Lucha Libre* and *Fury of the Ring*, but now he would assume the lead role of action hero, and battled a rampant werewolf in his feature debut *Blue Demon: El Demonio Azul*. Right away, Blue's films differed from those of El Santo—the man who was making the genre all the rage. While Santo had a secret lab, closed-circuit TV links with authorities, and a flashy 2-seater Bentley sportscar, Blue needed none of these. He simply showed up, beat up the monster with a series of technical wrestling moves, and went on his way.

El Santo, however, was the bigger media celebrity, with years of comics and films ahead of Blue, so when they were finally paired together in 1969 (*Santo & the Blue Demon vs. the Monsters* and *Santo and the Blue Demon in Atlantis*), Blue had to play second seat.

In 1970, Blue was contracted to make *The Mummies of Guanajuato*, along with rising phenom Mil Mascaras and rookie luchador Manuel Leal (aka El Gigante Tinieblas) as a rudo turned zombie. At the last minute, the studio changed gears and brought in El Santo for a cameo. The film is essentially a long series of fights with Blue and Mil battling hordes of mummies, only to be bailed out in the end by a passing Santo, who loans them flamethrowers and saves the day. Santo ended up getting top billing by default of his fame, and what would otherwise have been a great vehicle for the other wrestlers ended up just another Santo flick. Blue may have been the master in the ring, but Santo's place as champion of the silver screen was never in doubt.

The period of the 60's and 70's saw lucha films become less serious, lower budgeted, and lesser quality in general. Hokey plots used Blue getting cloned, and that evil clone facing El Santo in silver screen rematches from days past. While Santo was making derivative spy films and comedic tripe, Blue was more often teamed with other wrestlers and heroes. Although his latter films are more serious in nature, all the team-ups never let Blue establish the long legacy of solo films El

Santo had. Even though he was in better shape and did more physical work for longer than Santo, Blue's filmography will always rank as second to Santo's bloated body of work.

In 1984, Blue appeared on a now infamous talk-show panel with El Santo, Hurican Ramirez and Wolf (Neutron) Ruvinskis, wherein Santo suddenly unmasked himself for the audience. Blue was pretty freaked-out by the event, and when Santo died within the year, Blue attributed it partly to this breaking of his mystique.

The Blue Demon continued to wrestle, and opened a lucha gym, where he would eventually train his second son. That son trained for three long years before Blue would let him get in the ring, and adopted his father's costume as Blue Demon, Jr. Father and son would tag team for Blue's farewell tour in 1988.

He was interviewed by Jonathon Ross for the cable TV series *Son of the Incredibly Strange Film Show*—an often too tongue-in-cheek for it's own good showcase of psychotronic filmmakers. They centered an episode around El Santo, and Blue was there to look like a bitter old rival, harboring a grudge for Santo's top billing in *Mummies of Guanajuato*. While well intended, the often unflattering piece unfortunately remains as Blue's sole reference for many English-speaking fans of the Mexiluchahero genre.

## A DEMON IN THE RING!

The only real outlet for golden age lucha that exists now is the Mexiluchahero film. While many of these matches were staged strictly for the films, many were shot live during actual wrestling events, so we get a nice historical record of the period through the ring sequences of the movies. The Freebirds appeared on countless hours of World Class Championship

Wrestling, but who has access to those tapes? The opening sequence of *Highlander* ends up being the best Michael P.S. Hayes ever looked on any screen.

A Demon match in a film is typically full of holds and counter holds, sometimes erupting into a down-home beating. While his signature moves weren't as flashy as Santo's top rope splash, they are just as recognizable, and are very indicative of his ring style.

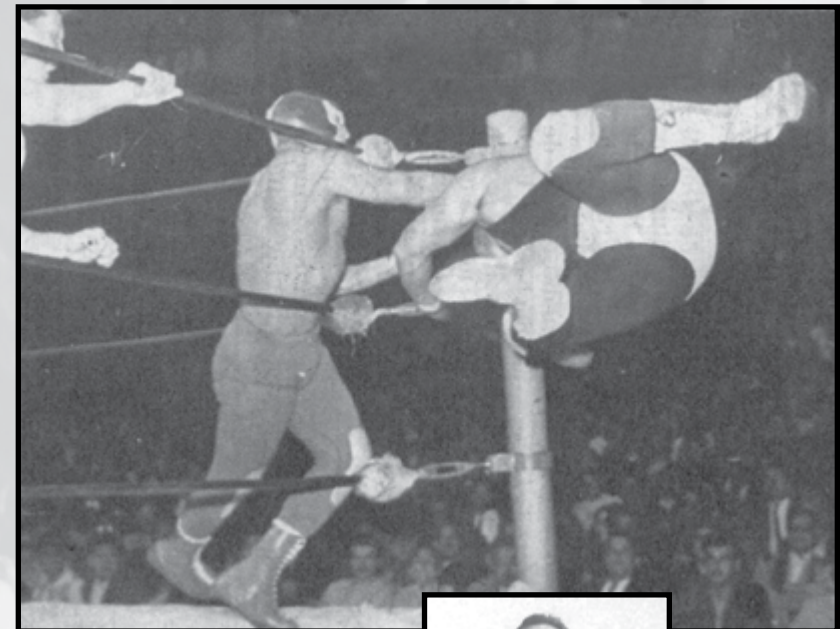
Blue Demon was what you would call a “shooter.” A common insider wrestling term, a “shooter” is the type of pro-wrestler who still infuses the moves and holds of classic Greco-Roman wrestling in his or her style—essentially, a ‘rassler’ who could still kill you because their moves could just as easily be for real (Dean Malenko was known as “The Shooter” before WCW coined him “The Iceman”). Blue, to this day, is fiercely proud of his technical skills, and considers other more spectacular lucha maneuvers to be little more than

“stunts.”

While he was no stranger to the Irish Whip or the head-butt, Blue's offense consisted mostly of classical grappling holds and counters. The El Pulpo Octopus Hold was applied by bending an opponent over, holding his arms behind him up over his head, draping one leg across the back of the neck, and leaning all of one's weight on that leg and thus across the opponents outstretched and very vulnerable neck and shoulders. Basically, this was a real-life world of hurt, and if you were some lucha fan's little

brother in the 50's or 60's, chances are you were tortured in homage of the Demon!

Another signature spot often seen in the films is the flying two handed tackle. Blue would come off the ropes, leap up at his opponent, and outstretch those “shovel hands” to create a powerful strike to the upper body. The victims were usually taken off their feet,



**ABOVE: February 1964 - Blue Demon throttles Espanto I. RIGHT: The rival Blue most respected was not El Santo, but rather Tarzan Lopez.**



**Still in the ring in 1988!**



and two or three repeat performances would pretty much secure a pinfall.

So what place did this ground-based classical attack have in the high-flying circus atmosphere of lucha libre? Well, first remember this was the lucha libre of the 50's and 60's, which resembled the American sport of the time. High flyers and acrobats such as Lizmark weren't far off, but this was by no means the age of Mysterio Jr. and Psicosis. Blue wasn't a dull wrestler by any means. He had a wide array of tactics so the surprises kept coming. This was his schtick—the lack of schtick. Blue was a rock, and stayed true to the old school. Even today, a guy like Brett Hart doesn't need a moonsault or corkscrew plancha to be a superstar. Blue's popularity was of a similar nature.

### BLUE'S FILMS...

If there's one thing you can say for sure about Blue Demon in his early B&W films it's that he looks better than Santo, mostly because his darker costume didn't wash out in the harsh film lights as much. Traditionally, Blue was quieter and meaner than Santo on film. He didn't bother with kids much, nor with chics, he just liked to kick ass. Blue was in better shape when he started making films, and his wider repertoire of wrestling moves translated into more dynamic fights on screen. When the wolfman in *Demonio Azul* just won't stay down for the count, Blue gives him a textbook fisherman's suplex/brainbuster. This is the same move Jushin Liger used to conquer the Junior world in the early 90's, but there it was on screen in 1965! Arguably the best wrestling ever showcased in a Mexiluchahero film is in *Blue Demon vs. the Shadow of the Bat*, wherein the very lucha-capable Fernando Osés plays a former champion, now scarred

and living the Phantom life. (Read all about their two-out-of-three falls climactic slugfest later this issue.)

Demon's color films aren't as flattering. He often looked like a chump in color because his clothes always clashed with his mask. If a guy knows he's going to be wearing a dark blue mask all the time, why does he even own an orange shirt, green and yellow ties, or a two-toned brown leisure suit? He never had a color coordinated car, either, like Santo's silver two-seaters. Instead he had some busted-up off-the-used-lot P.O.S. or maybe at best, a clashing red Corvette convertible. What the hey, Blue never needed a boss ride to prove he was mus macho anyway...

Lucha films got their own Justice League in Rogelio Agrasánchez's Champions of Justice series—known for the 3-5 wrestler teams, armies of mutated super-midgets, beauty contestants, and vehicles from dirt bikes to dune buggies. Blue served as the veteran rock of the teams, but he was often the least spectacularly dressed of the heroes. His simplistic 50's gimmick just couldn't compete visually with Mil Máscaras' flashy wardrobe, the psychedelic swirls of Avispon Escarlata, or the cool graphic design of Sombra Vengadora & Rayo de Jalisco's duds.

However, it is in these team-up films that Blue's true nature was preserved. While Santo was yukking it up with comedian Capulina, Blue was leading a crack unit of enmascarado commandos. The Champions films may have been of a cheesy vein similar to that of the Batman TV show, but Blue was never cheesy in them. Even in the barely tolerable Triumph of the Champions of Justice, Blue has a great fight scene in the beginning—dodging laser blasts and climbing around the girders of an Eiffel Tower-esque monument chasing aliens. Santo could hardly climb out of a speedboat toward the end of his film career.

Blue not only remained a more stoic character in

his films, he also never withered on screen. He had a ring career and a school left, so why bottom-out doing B-movies way past his prime? All-in-all, Blue's body of film work, from start to finish, reflects a more vital, down to earth type of hero.

### SO WHAT ABOUT SANTO?

Blue Demon probably didn't much care about Santo's popularity one way or the other. The opponent he most respected was Tarzan Lopez, another technically skilled matsman. Blue was probably more annoyed at always being asked about his rivalry with El Santo than anything else. It wasn't a real issue in his mind, why was it such a big deal with everyone else?

Demon was interviewed for a wonderful book published in 1992 by Marc Ediciones entitled *Sin Mascara ni Cabellera (Without Mask or Hair)*. Author Lola Miranda Fascinetti must have caught him on a bad day or just pissed him off with Santo questions, because he really went off! Forget about that *Incredibly Strange Film Show* stuff, and imagine that burly lug getting all froggy and spouting off this rant:

"What is so great about El Santo? I beat him as many times as I wanted to. In my mind, no one is a legend. He would be a genuine legend if he had beaten me.

Santo's fame was built on his appearance... [but] he had a variety of physical problems—an underdeveloped body, and skinny legs. The only thing about him that looked good was his natural torso. On the other hand, I built my body. Feel my biceps, they're real.

As far as I'm concerned, all wrestlers are rivals of each other. My rivalry with El Santo just happened to be played out in the limelight. In certain ways, he was my rival, but never my equal as a wrestler. He never beat me, but I beat him whenever I felt like it, sometimes two falls in a row. Why should I say anything good about him?"

Damn! ?

#### RECOMMENDED SOURCE MATERIAL:

**Santo Street #7 - Blue interview.**

**Ungawa! Magazine #4 - Blue & Jr. feature.**

**Lucha mags from December 1988**

**Blue Demon: El Campeón - Documentary**

### I HAVE NO SON! OR HOW TO RUIN YOUR DAD'S LEGACY...

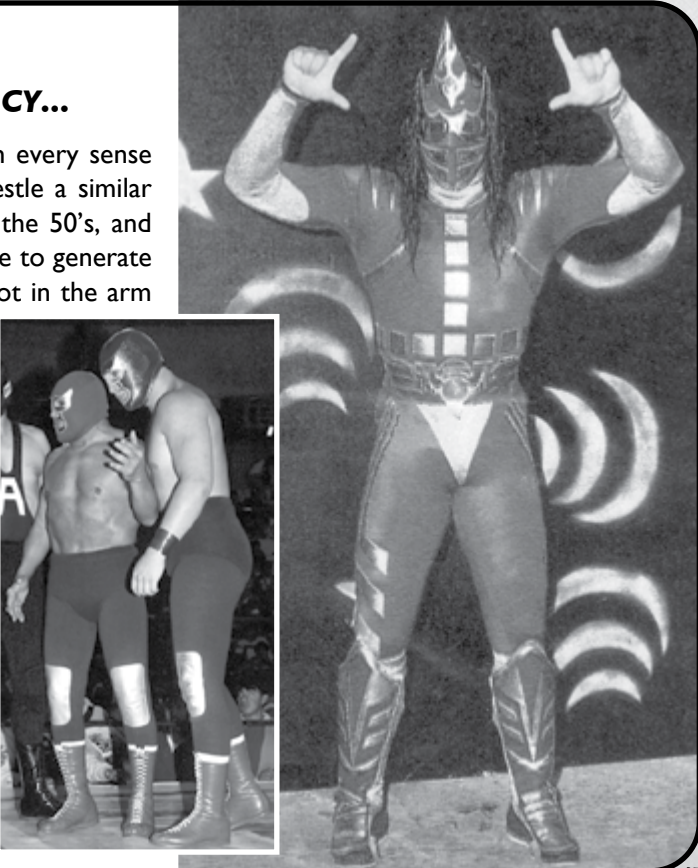
Blue Demon Jr. began his career filling his father's shoes in every sense of the term—wearing identical ring gear and trying to wrestle a similar shooter style. Magazines pictured him in poses right from the 50's, and his large hands were touted as well. However, he was unable to generate the star power of his father, and last year, looking for a shot in the arm of his career, Junior had the worst idea in the history of wrestling—shed the namesake image and go Space Cadet!

AAA promoter Antonio Peña has the world's worst case of Jushin Thunder Liger envy, and has forced Liger-esque shiny suits on many an up and coming luchador. The Mexicans just don't have the sci-fi demon hero schtick down like the Japanese do, and some of these Cadetes del Espacia's gimmicks are pretty lame. While Venum and the ill-named Frisbee look pretty cool, put four or eight of these over-done costumes in the ring all at once and it's just too much! Demon Jr.'s duds now look like scraps from the shop that makes Liger's gear, and he's just one of the crowd of gimmicks waiting for oblivion.

If you wanted an image update, take lessons from Lizmark, Jr. *L'il Blue, what are you thinking?!?!?!?*



**Even a snappy dressed Demon can throw a mean haymaker in the 1972 Santo & Blue Demon vs. Dracula & the Wolf Man.**





# BLUE DEMON *VERSUS THE* SHADOW OF THE BAT

**"La Sombra del Murcielago" B&W, Filmica Vergara/ Columbia-1965  
Produced by Luis Enrique Vergara. Directed by Frederico Curiel.  
Starring: Blue Demon, Fernando Oses, Marta Romero, Jaime Fernandez.  
'Murcielago' Velazquez, 'Cacama'. (Spanish - no dub or sub known to exist)**

One of the things often lacking in a Mexican wrestling superhero film is the *wrestling* itself. Even the most ardent fans of Santo and Neutron can get tired of the uninspiring bitch-slap fights all too common in the Mexiluchahero genre. If that's the case with you, I can highly recommend *Blue Demon vs. the Shadow of the Bat*—arguably the best wrestled of all Mexiluchahero films.

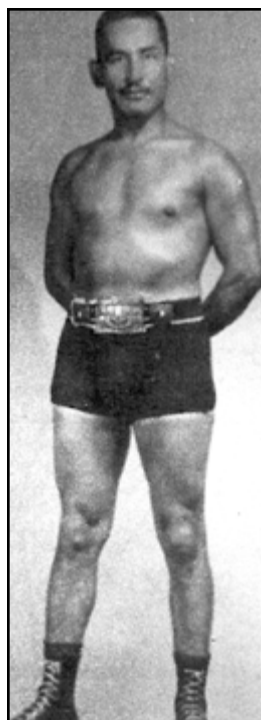
Written by legendary wrestler Jesus "Murcielago" Velazquez, and starring mat veteran Fernando Oses (the original Sombra Vengadora), the film uses lucha libre as a major plot device, pitting a villainous wrestler versus the grappling hero. The stiff technical matwork between Blue Demon (fresh from the ring and his rep as Mexico's finest shooter) and the maniacal Sombra Murcielago is a pleasure to watch, and a gym sparring scene between Blue and Velazquez as a lucha 'Maestro' almost steals the show.

*La Sombra del Murcielago* opens with the familiar *Phantom of the Opera* derived shots of the villain in a subterranean hideout, playing pipe organ and secretly monitoring the life of Marta Romero's lounge singer character. His mask is a standard wrestling hood with dimensional elements like bat ears and nappy hair taking it to a higher level of movie costuming. He is obsessed with his former career as a champion luchador, attested to by the main event poster hang-

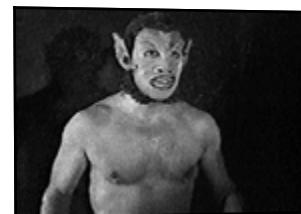
ing over his pipe organ and several workout scenes where he tests himself against kidnapped wrestlers fighting for their lives. He keeps a muscle-bound clod as a right hand man, and maintains a crew of defeated sparring partners turned into zombies.

The film yields several musical numbers, most seen from both the perspective of the cabaret patrons and Sombra's TV monitor. Romero is overly dramatic in her singing, and doesn't have the greatest voice. Her hairdo looks absolutely lacquered in place and she wears enough eye shadow to look undead. She also drinks a lot during her performances, prick-teasing the men in the lounge by taking sips of their Margaritas. No wonder Sombra is obsessed with her—a shapely starlet who likes to get liquored up and whose complexion won't change once she's been turned into a nocturnal cave-bunny!

Luckily, Blue Demon is there to break up an otherwise perfect romance. While driving back from a gig with her cop boyfriend, she's beset by Sombra's goons. Blue just happens to be passing by in his lame 64' Mustang (complete with busted tail light), and jumps into the fray. This fight scene has a nice plancha by Blue off the trunk of an old Ford, and ends with a pretty funny conversation between him and the assailed couple. First off, he has to introduce himself, as they don't seem to know who or what he is, and then he humbly shys away from their thanks. "Think nothing of it, it is my duty to justice!"



**"Bat" Velazquez  
at his peak during  
lucha's Golden Age.**



Blue's involvement in the situation transcends his typical role of masked-wrestler as requisite muscle, and he does some nice detective work to track down the former ring star gone mad. First, he goes to a genuinely creepy voodoo witch trying to trace the mysterious plant that Sombra uses to transform his victims. *This is the coolest scene!* Blue woos the crusty old hag with a fat wad of bills, takes a bad trip on her hallucinogenic cauldron of brew, and she practically leads him to Sombra's front door.

However, Blue is smart enough not to rush into anything too soon, and he stops by Sombra's old gym to consult his trainer. Here we get a good origin of the villain from his former Maestro, played by the film's author. A high-spot had gone wrong in a match and his face was messed up real good, driving him instantly mad—to the point of attacking even his teacher. The last the Maestro saw of him, he was in an insane asylum. Blue then inquires about Sombra's infamous finisher hold—the deadly "La Noria," which he knows he'll have to counter in order to defeat the madman. The Maestro takes Blue into a sparring ring, peppers him with some spin kicks to the gut, and shows him La Noria. Blue invents a counter on the spot, and tests it on the old man after slapping him around a little—WHAT A BASTARD! He then snaps out of his lucha-frenzy and apologizes to the veteran. This is such a great sequence, and the nice overhead angles of the matwork make it the best photographed of the film.

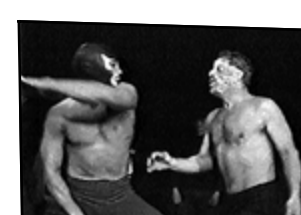
Following is a nice go-go jam to a Spanish version of "Whooly-Booly" and another Marta number, after which she's *finally* kidnapped. Blue plays pool (in full ring gear, which impedes his game), while we're treated to the obligatory madman-confronts-girl-while-playing-organ-and-getting-freaky scene. While fondling a voodoo doll of her, Sombra finally reveals his ruined face, all the while suffering along with the rest of us her incredibly annoying screams. She screams so much you want her dead. Blue Demon can't get there quick enough for this to end!

When Sombra Murcielago and Blue finally square off, it's one of the best fights ever captured in a Mexiluchahero film—in the ring or out. Sombra is pumped because he finally gets a worthy opponent, Blue is pissed, and throws a dazzling variety of offensive and counter moves. He does indeed escape La Noria, and ends the fight with a devastating torture rack.

Blue kills Sombra by tricking him onto a trap door which leads to a pit of ravenous rats. The castle/cave catches fire, as is obligatory, and Blue's final scene sees him trying to go back into the flames to rescue the evil flunkies. What a hero!

*Blue Demon vs. the Shadow of the Bat* is a mat-fest in beautiful black and white. It may not have cinematography as good as some of the early Santo films, the cars pretty much suck (a local Ford dealer is credited as providing vehicles - they look used to me!) and Marta Romero doesn't do much for the film, but Blue wrestles more in this film than Santo did in all his other movies combined! Highly recommended on that merit alone.

**Mr. UNKNOWN**



# A BRIEF HISTORY OF MASKEDMEN IN AMERICA

*J. Michael Kenyon is the publisher of the internet's finest resource on vintage wrestling, a free e-zine he calls Wrestling As We Liked It or The WAWLI Papers, if you will. He archives material from the late 1800's through the mid 1900's: the eras of Lou Thesz, Ed 'Strangler' Lewis, Gorgeous George, and for our purposes, America's first hooded celebrity—the Masked Marvel.*

The “original” Masked Marvel, Mort Henderson, first came to prominence at the famous Manhattan Opera House tournament in New York during December, 1915. Strangler Lewis, Wladek Zbyszko, Alex Aberg, Dr. Benjamin Roller, Ivan Linow, Sula Hevonpaa, Pierre LeColosee and the “strongest man in the world,” Demetrius Tofalos of Greece, were among the featured performers. George Bothner refereed the important bouts. Years later, New York Times columnist John Kieran harkened back to the event, remembering it as being “weird as a Wagnerian opus [but it] had a better plot than Verdi's Il Trovatore.”

Henderson's debut worked like this. One night, a man stood up in the crowd, howling that his man—Henderson, seated next to him, wearing a black mask, had been barred from the tournament. The crowd shouted him down.

The next night, the two were back, repeating the same allegations. This time, the crowd urged the entry of the masked man. Henderson, a circus strong man, was able to lift Tofalos with one hand, engaged in similar theatrics for a couple of bouts, and then was soundly trounced by Strangler Lewis. He hung around New York and the East for a while, losing to Joe Stecher in NYC during January of 1916 (straight falls). The next “important” Masked Marvel in North American history was probably Pete Sauer, aka Ray Steele (eventually to become the National Wrestling Association heavy-weight champion in 1940), a touring partner of Jim Londos in the 1920s. Londos and Sauer participated in a number of sham bouts throughout the land, especially in the South (and even were jailed on a couple of occasions for fleecing the locals, some of whom were foolish enough to be betting on the outcome of a professional wrestling match). Sauer often donned a mask.<sup>1</sup>

The 1930s and the ascension of Gus Sonnenberg to the “world title” brought a profusion of interest in the wrestling game. Coupled with the Depression, which brought people out in droves for a cheap form of escapist entertainment, the Sonnenberg influence led to a host of former college football players turning into pro wrestlers. They were big and bulky (for the time), but most couldn't wrestle any too well. So they often donned masks in order to create a little mystique about themselves and generally performed like thugs in the ring. At the same time, a number of aging wrestlers—whose ring styles were far too slow for the speeded-up era of the flying tackle and dropkick (introduced by “Jumpin'” Joe Savoldi, yet another ex-football star)—were forced to wear masks, again it was the only way they could draw any heat from the crowds.<sup>2</sup>

Marv Westenberg, who had been a high school teammate of Frank Stojack in Tacoma, Wash., during the late '20s, and then became a pretty fair journeyman mat professional in the 1930s, became the first masked man—as The Shadow—to win a “world” title, briefly gaining the Boston version of the title in the late 1930s during an interlude between the title reigns of Steve Casey and Gus Sonnenberg.<sup>3</sup> About that time, Maurice Tillet (the French Angel, and the first of wrestling's most successful “freaks”) appeared on the scene and was given the belt, which he held for a couple of years before finally surrendering it back to Casey.

There would not be another masked titleholder in the U.S. or Canada until the 1960s, when the Intelligent Sensational Destroyer (Dick Beyer) did a turn with the old W.W.A. belt in Los Angeles.<sup>4</sup>

For the longest time, of course, masked wrestlers were barred in New York State by the State Athletic Commission (which also held out against lady wrestlers). This kept

perennial masked men like the Golden Terror (Bobby Stewart), the Zebra Kid (George Bollas) and the Great Bolo (Al Lovelock) from appearing for New York promotions.<sup>5</sup>

Texas, given its proximity to Mexico, was always hosting masked men, many of them from across the border. The Original El Medico and El Medico II were two of the most famous and best crowdpleasers to work for Morris Sigel's Houston office in the 1950s and early '60s.

Masked men proliferated in the South, the fans there apparently being goofy for the hooded warriors. Promoters like Nick Gulas could barely put on a show without a masked man, and traded the hoods around to different newcomers and “greenies” almost on a nightly basis. It wasn't until people like Mr. Wrestling (Tim Woodin aka Tim Woods) and Mr. Wrestling II (Rubberman Johnny Walker) came along that any of them attained consistent main event status.

There were, however, jillions of masked tag teams (Assassins, Mysterious Medics, Masked Yankees, et al) who made a lot of dollars on top throughout the South in the 1950s and 1960s.

Tom Rice, a former San Francisco University football star, was always wearing masks out in Northern California (generally red masks, Red Hangman, Red Menace, Red Mask, you name it). Lou Newman was another who worked well under the mask and had a long run on top in Toronto-Buffalo during 1950-51 as the Masked Marvel. Benny Rosen, a couple of years earlier, had put on a yellow mask and reigned supreme in that same territory for nearly two full years.

Again, as in the above instances, these were guys who couldn't draw flies without a gimmick—and the mask did the trick for them.

Beyer, probably the best wrestler ever to wear a mask, was never able to gain main event status in nearly ten years as a pro before he donned the hood (his first mask was made for him by Mrs. Ox Anderson—a little tidbit I learned at a wrestlers' reunion at which Beyer appeared, with the Ox, two or three years ago).

J. MICHAEL KENYON - Wrestling As We Liked It

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**Also see Scott Teal's “Whatever Happened To...” site at [www.geocities.com/Colosseum/Field/9099](http://www.geocities.com/Colosseum/Field/9099)**

<sup>1</sup>Other “Masked Marvels” included Dr. John Bonica in the 30's and Ted Cox in the 40's.

<sup>2</sup>Salvador Lutteroth imported a Chicago grappler as El Enmaskarado in 1934. Texas worker Cyclone McKay wrestled as El Maravilla Enmascarado in 1936, following the popularity of the American syndicated cartoon strip *The Phantom*. Lucha libre's connection to the wrestling mask was hence cemented, with Rudolfo Guzman (El Santo) training by 1939.

<sup>3</sup>Westenberg also worked as the Masked Black Spider.

<sup>4</sup>Another *significant* or national title reign, that is, as several masked men held regional titles, such as a NWA Texas Title stint by Benji Ramirez, aka The Mummy.

<sup>5</sup>That ruling was finally lifted in December of 1972, when Mil Mascaras defeated the Spoiler in Madison Square Garden. The Spoiler had previously wrestled there without his mask, and was even pictured in contemporary magazines sans hood.

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(Annotations by Keith J. Rainville)



# FOREIGN OBJECT LESSON

## FROM OLDSCHOOL BADASS

I've been asked by the great Mr. Unknown to explain to all you chumps how an amazing masked wrestler (like myself) loads a mask with a foreign object. Why would a masked wrestler want to do such a thing you ask? Well, sometimes certain do-good-nicks need a quick study in the course of "being a looser," or need to be knocked off their high-horse for a bit. Others may call it cheating, I just call in "enhancing yer chances to win."

The best masked man to ever load a hood has got to be the Assassin. He had the technique down to a science, and I watched him until I had it down pat. Step by step, here's how it's done:

The first thing you do is find the proper object to load yer hood with. I myself prefer a small piece of scrap metal that can be found in most machine shops or hardware stores (see photo). Metal washers the size of a Silver Dollar will do as well. You want the object to be about 3 quarters (I'm talking .25 cent pieces) wide. Next you wrap the metal or washers with athletic tape. This makes it easier to handle and if it's a rough piece of metal, it will prevent you from cutting yerself. You don't want too big an object, 'cause that will get found by the ref to easily, and it may not fit through the eye-holes in yer hood.

Second, you find a place to hide the object. I usually hide it in my trunks near the wasteband and to the right or left side. Others use their boots or kneepads. No matter where you put it, you want to make sure it is in an easy place to get to, and most importantly-it's concealed from the ref.

Third, if you have a ref that is old fashioned and he insists on frisking or checking yer tights and boots, etc. don't put up too much of a fight, otherwise he will get suspicious. If he gets close to finding the object, quickly turn away and start yelling at a fan or draw his attention elsewhere. Works everytime.

Fourth, when you are in the match, and you decide the time is right to use the object on yer opponent, make sure the ref's attention is focused elsewhere. Try to injure your opponent or



throw him out of the ring so that the ref has to start a count. When the ref is occupied, quickly turn yer back to him, grab the object and insert it into yer hood through one of the eye holes (see photos below). It is best to have a mask with large eyeholes (similar to the Assassin's) that way you can just slip the object in with no trouble at all.

Ignore the fans..they'll probably see you do it and scream and yell trying to get the ref's attention, but the ref will be concentrating all his effort on counting. Once yer opponent is about to get back into the ring or recover, move toward him. Stun him again with a good kick or forearm, pull him up, and *let him have it with a head-butt!* After that, it's nighty-nite and time for the 3 count baby! Congrats, you just won the match!!

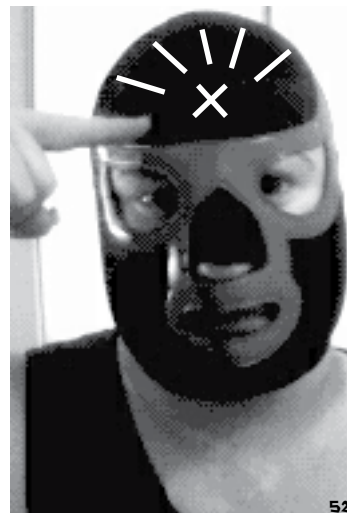
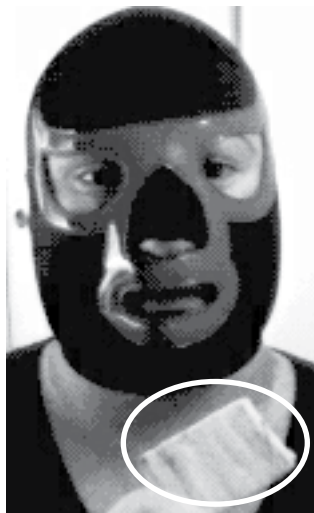
After the ref raises yer hand and you leave the ring, pull the object out of yer hood once you get back to the locker room.

In a nutshell that's how it's done kiddies. Sure some may complain again about it being unfair, but life ain't fair now is it? In wrestling some of us do what we gotta do to win, and I'm no exception.

Yer mileage may vary when using this technique, but take it from a Pro, having a little insurance never hurt anyone.

**SuperX**

Visit X's "Bodyslam" webpage at:  
<http://www.geocities.com/Colosseum/9254>



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TEARING-OFF A GUY'S MASK MAY BE A NO-NO, PILE DRIVERS AND CHAIR SHOTS MAY BE TABOO, BUT MAN, OH MAN DO

# MEXICANS LOVE GROIN SHOTS!

When you're evil, you take whatever shortcuts you can to victory. You're not as strong or muscular as the good guy. He has better technique and works harder at self perfection than you do, and face it, you're probably too hung over or maybe bloated from little powdered donuts to be fighting the good fight. So what do you do? You CHEAT of course, and in the world of lucha libre, there is no better way to cheat than to go for yer opponent's twig and berries!

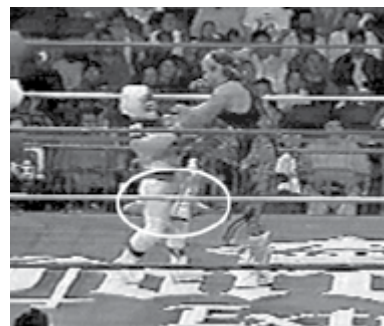


In the U.S. it's always been the *foreign object* (or the *international object*). Perfected by such maniacal villains as the Sheik and Abdullah the Butcher, a weapon was covertly introduced to the ring, and subsequently to an opponent's forehead, thus tilting the balance of power toward the Dark Side. What we're talking about is world class *schtick* here folks. The Noble Sheik never *needed* a sharp object to win a match, the man was a great wrestler. The Spoiler never *had* to load his mask with a metal disk in order for a headbutt to devastate some geek, but he did it anyway... Why? Pure evil, that's why, and it's intoxicating power over the crowd.

Fans love to hate the user of the foreign object here in the States, so the most flamboyant and successful villains do just that, making illegal weapon smuggling an artform. Similarly, the veteran lucha rudo has perfected the groin shot as fine theatre.

"FOUL!" is the yell, the plea. A hero takes a kick to the jewels while the ref's back is turned. Sometimes that's all it takes, but more often, a villain will use the hero's incapacitated state as an opportunity to dole out more pain. A nut crunch with a powerbomb or senton splash following it is both devastating and humiliating. NICE!

Another common variant of testicular treachery also involves the ref turning his back, but instead of going south on a tecnico, the rudo will grab *his own* package, and writhe around on the mat, pretending the good guy just fouled *him*. Brilliant! The ref sees the tecnico standing there, while the rudo is in the fetal position, and can only assume the worst. He disqualifies the good guy and the crowd is up in arms!



Of course, you have to have either a clueless or completely corrupt ref to pull this off. Sometimes, a rudo like Pierroth will take an Ultimo Dragon elbow to the upper chest, then start pointing at his crotch in a plea of mercy that falls on justice's deaf ears.

No one's nads are safe in luchadom. Mammoth villains, lightweight highflyers, even innocent midgets all have liabilities below the belt, and if women had external genitalia, they'd be prime targets as well. Short of a eunuch or Iron Balls McGinty getting in the ring, looks like the FOUL is here to stay. *Ariba Groin Shots!*

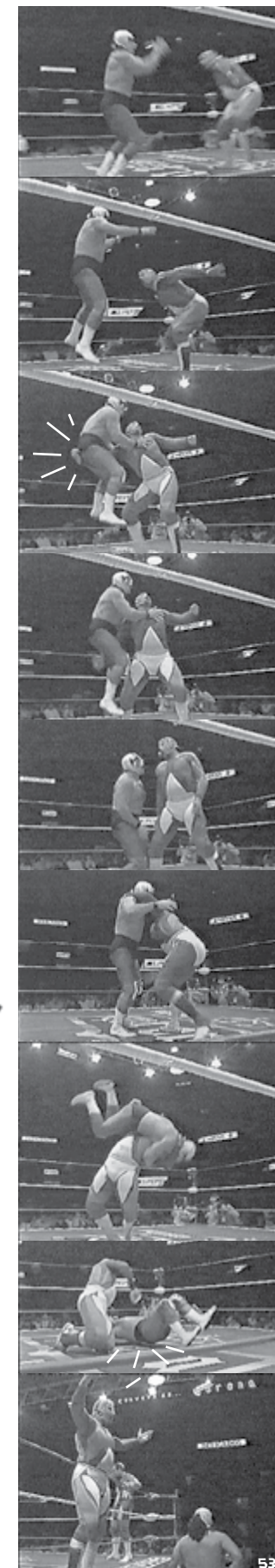
**Mr. Unknown**

**Top:** One of Los Destructorias fouls one of Los Villianos to prevent him from executing a Rita Romero Special.

**Bottom:** Jerrito Estrada punts Mascarita Sagrada's mini-manhood. *Is nothing sacred?*

**Right:** Mr. Unknown strikes the familiar victim's pose.

**Far right sequence:** Foreign Exchange gives a leaping Atlantis a vicious uppercut to his under-region and follows up with a powerslam for the win. Sweet!



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# Vintage Tiger Mask Toys

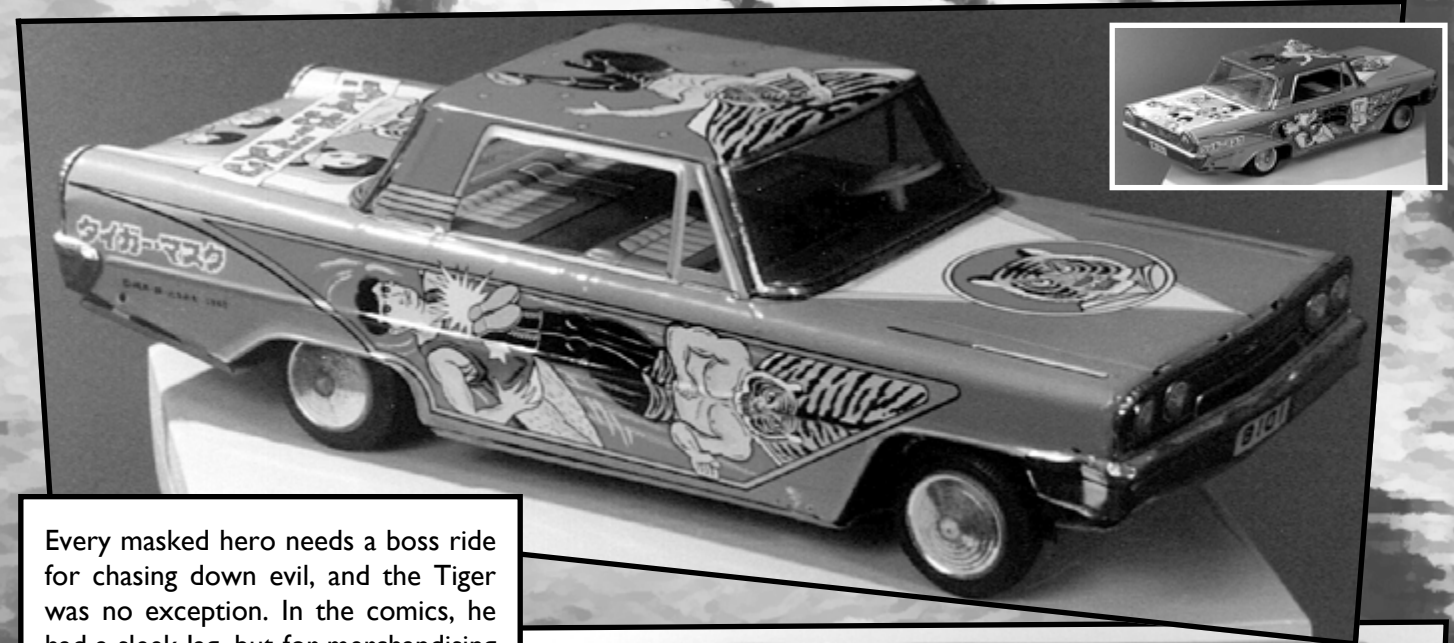
He's pretty much the reason masked wrestlers even exist in Japan—a cartoon and comic character originally from the late 60's, revived in the 80's, and brought to life by four different wrestlers over the past two decades.

Two distinct periods of *Tiger Mask* merchandise exist: the most toys were released in the late 60's - early 70's based on the popularity of the original Ikki Kajiwaru series. In 1984, an animated film revived the character, and was part of the 80's wrestling boom that also produced the prolific Chojin line (released here as *M.U.S.C.L.E.*).



All the *Tiger Mask* toys made in Japan are based on either the animated or comic book visage of the character. Even the occasional celebrity-based toy (such as Giant Baba) was done in a cartoon style. While souvenirs of the wrestlers have been produced, there has never been a toy line based on the real life Tigers.

Mr. Unknown's personal collection of *Tiger Mask* toys has been photographed here by Arthur L. Rainville. We're looking to follow this up in a future issue, so if you have any of the old vinyl dolls, die-cast vehicles, or any other cool merch, send us some pics!



Every masked hero needs a boss ride for chasing down evil, and the *Tiger Mask* was no exception. In the comics, he had a sleek Jag, but for merchandising purposes, this 13x5x4" long friction-powered blue and red tin sedan (a boxy late-60's Ford of all things) provided ample surface for lithography. We get images of the hero throwing a dropkick against a jobber, plus views of the requisite virgin girlfriend and annoying kids that made up the formula supporting cast. The car came in an equally illustrated box with particularly nice color and graphics. It was released in 1969.





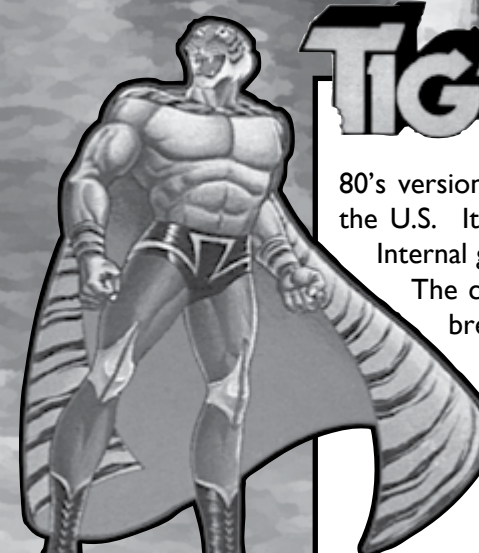


This series of 9-10" articulated vinyl dolls reflected almost every costumed character from the original cartoons and comics, and even some real life wrestlers, as well. The real strength of the series is Mr. X's stable of villains and the other guest stars, as the Tiger Mask doll itself kind of sucks. It has a vinyl cape and rubber mask

that can be removed to reveal that twerpy Date Naoto kid pictured above. I've collected six dolls of this large line, have seen the additional nine below, and can vouch for the existence of at least 4-6 more. There may just be Mil Mascaras or Fred Blassie dolls hiding out there, as they also appeared in the comics.



Courtesy Howard Weitzman and Wayne Browning

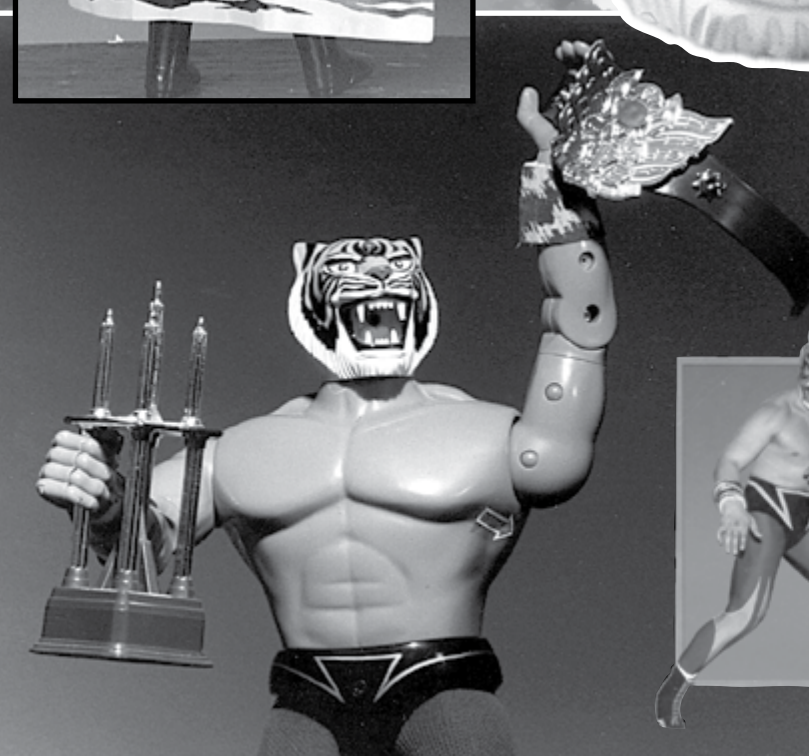
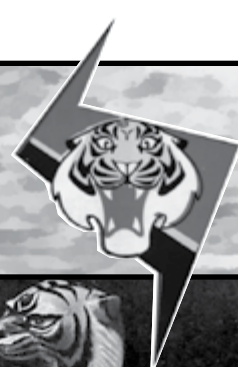


# TIGERMASK II

This 14" tall high-impact plastic juggernaut represents the buffer 80's version of Tiger Mask, and is the most common Japanese wrestling toy found in the U.S. It has a ton of articulation, including swivel arms and fully poseable fingers. Internal gear mechanisms in the torso allowed for spring-action chops and knee lifts.

The chops are quite forceful, and with the heavy weight of the limbs, you could break all kinds of stuff! The figure was released by Popy, and came in a 13x17" box with photos of second TM wrestler Mitsuharu Misawa alongside animé art. A secondary inner lid served as a window, displaying the figure and accessories: vinyl cape, trophy, championship belt, ring bell, double-ended battle mace (!?) and a booklet outlining various lethal wrestling moves.

There's not much else to this line, though. I've never seen any other wrestler or villain figures, but there were some smaller Corgi-style vehicles with the same "Tigermask II" emblem. ?





# TELL HIM YOUR DREAMS

*Would The Maltese Falcon have been a better movie if instead of Humphrey Bogart it starred a masked wrestler? Judge for yourself with Rafael Navarro's Mambo-laden, taco-eatin', Film Noir detective tale featuring the world's best retro-hip psychic-powered private dick in a wrestling mask.*

## SONAMBULO: SLEEP OF THE JUST

is the creation of writer/artist Rafael Navarro. By day, Mr. Navarro is a storyboard artist for animated series such as **Duckman** and **Doug**, but

by night he finds his muse somewhere between the worlds of Santo and Sam Spade. By effectively combining the Mexi-lucha and Film Noir detective genres, and adding some psychic-powered exploits (ala **Dead Zone** or **Dreamscape**) he has produced one of the best comics of recent years.

The setting is a retrofit modern West Coast city, where vintage cars and yesterday's fashions co-exist with computers and walkmans. When the sun sets, the visuals are straight out of a hardboiled film: all-night mambo clubs open their doors, cheap hoods roam the streets, and a hard rain begins to pour. Navarro understands that the setting of a story is just as important as it's characters, and with his command of light and shadow, he captures a Film Noir-esque mood in the first six pages of the tale. A rain-slicked alley is the perfect place for the hero's debut.

Enter Sonambulo, a retired masked wrestler turned private eye. He is a burly, hairy-chested enmascarado, either straight from a lucha libre magazine, or an NWA ring from the 60's—whichever you prefer. He'd be equally at ease

shooting tequila with Sombra Vengadora as he would throwing back suds with the Destroyer. In the action scenes, Navarro gives Sonambulo a lumbering gracefulness.

Much of the character's charm lies in his wardrobe. From the two-toned shoes and argyle socks to the Varga-girl ties and classic Colt .45, he's a throwback both to an earlier age of hardboiled dicks and to an era of sharply dressed masked grapplers.

Besides his girth and pro-wrestling savvy, Sonambulo is gifted with a psychic power that lets him see into a person's haunted psyche. Pulling a victim close, he utters his trademark "Tell Me Your Dreams," and enters their mind, pulling out whatever confession he needs.

The supporting cast is also terrific. "Loma Vista" Peter Schenck is a former goon turned legit, and has a new career ahead of him as a sci-fi writer. Shauna Smith is a wrestling reporter after the Sonambulo scoop. She's a potential nuisance, but with a night of mambo and passion, Sonambulo satisfies her need for an 'interview.' Dave is Sonambulo's gearhead amigo, and maintains his

vintage rides. Xochti, his true blue Girl Friday, is a nurturing bookworm type, and is the only person who can get away with sassing her boss.

The enigmatic P.I. has been hired by Congressman Tiscareño to find his kidnapped daughter. Tracing a line of



thugs along a dangerous trail, it soon becomes apparent that this case is no "milk run." Was the daughter ever really kidnapped? Who is the mysterious Condor? After his 25 taco dinner is interrupted by gunfire, Sonambulo stumbles upon the "Cult of Eugene." With bonfires lit, pagan robes unfurled and Martin Denny exotica banging out on drums, things are set to get really weird.

Navarro has included many clever references to sleep in his story. Sonambulo's name itself, a derivative of 'sleep-walker', conjures visions of sleeplessness. His office bears the name "Nocturnal Investigations" and the logo on the door is a saw cutting wood. At the conclusion of the first issue, a song playing in Spanish says "Evil night, so dark and torturous, my eyes do not close, they only cry..."

Although **Sonambulo: Sleep of the Just** has a masked wrestler as it's protagonist, the narrative is more influenced by the classic Film Noir detective genre than it is from the Mexiluchahero films. From Sam Spade to Sonambulo, the private eye is on a lonely search for the truth. He navigates a world of penthouses, night clubs and



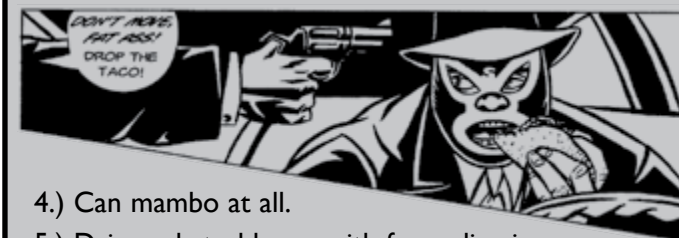
dark alleys with only his sense of justice as a compass. His motive is the only noble one in a plot filled with deception and danger at every turn. He looks for the truth others try to bury.

The best comics use a blend of great writing and art, and **Sonambulo: Sleep of the Just** has both in abundance. This book deserves our support, especially in this financially depressed comic market. A good concept carried out with skill and enthusiasm, with terrific wraparound painted covers, masked mayhem... and mambo! What more could you ask for?

**Anthony James Figueroa**

### 10 REASONS WHY SONAMBULO IS COOLER THAN P.I.'S LIKE BOGEY, OR EVEN JAMES GARNER:

- 1.) Sonambulo wears ties with Varga and Petty girls painted on front. Are they nude on the back?
- 2.) Great scene in issue #2 where he gets the late night munchies, goes through a Taco Bell drive-thru and orders 25 tacos, carne asada, jalepeños with carrots, and horchata.
- 3.) Can mambo in a wrestling mask.



- 4.) Can mambo at all.
- 5.) Drives that old car with fuzzy dice in the mirror.
- 6.) The chicks are all over him and his aging, overweight, dressed 50 years out-of-date ass.
- 7.) Eats pop tarts while watching animated series of Michael Aushenker's "El Gato: Crime Mangler."
- 8.) Carries a .45 like all real men, none of this under-powered 9mm crap!
- 9.) Possible romantic past with Ava Gardner!
- 10.) SA-WEET hood, man!



**Sonambulo: Sleep of the Just** is a three issue B&W comic book series available direct from the creator:

**Ninth Circle Studios**

**Rafael Navarro**

**P.O. Box 3555**

**La Habra, CA 90632-3555**

**sonambulo@aol.com**



# WE LIKE TO WATCH

## THE ADVENTURES OF EL FRENETICO AND GO-GIRL

You've got low-budget films, and then you've got *no-budget* films, and when a no-budget is cooler than most of the current big-money action films, it makes it all the better. Some friends get together, make some costumes, and throw out these terrific video shorts featuring an out-of-shape masked wrestler and his lovely (and more capable) sidekick.

El Frenetico is the reluctant hero—reluctant to leave the bar or his cheezy-pooof littered apartment, that is. However, when evil threatens, the more civic-minded red-tighted high-kicking karate-deb Go-Girl gets him off his masked ass and into the fray. They defeat menaces such as demented fashion moguls and snacky-cake tainters in some pretty darn cool fight scenes.



As much as the media has played-up the "no-budget" charm of this growing series, there's some pretty accomplished film-making here. Great characters, nifty costumes, and the endearing quality that any labor of love production has make these very enjoyable. Someone should give these guys 47 million dollars to make a big-time epic!

Get *The Adventures* direct from the artistes themselves:

**Amusement Films**  
153 East 87th St. 4A  
New York, NY 10128

## RON RIVERA'S LOST LUCHA VOL. I

Mr. Rivera is a well-known swap-meet and mail order video dealer with some real gems in his library of offerings. *Lost Lucha Vol. I* features the birth of "extreme lucha libre" - the garbage wrestling Konan brought to the Tijuana area. Handheld footage from November of '95 sees Rey Mysterio Jr. slugging rudos with a 3-foot dog bone! It gets really nuts during a December '95 cage match between Psicosis



& Halloween and Leon Negro & Ultraman 2000. A flaming barbed wire bat is used liberally, Psicosis senton leg drops Negro through a floor table from the top of the cage, and the rudos lynch him from the rafters of the building! Meanwhile, Psicosis seems to lose track of the flaming bat, it get's left in a corner of the arena, and a small fire starts. It's brutal FMV style drek, but if it's yer thing, this is a great tape.

Request Ron's mail order catalogs full of lucha libre, Japanese TV, and related merchandise:

**P.O. Box 3099**  
**Fullerton, CA 92834**

## LUCHA LOONEYS I

Bob Barnett is one of the premiere lucha and Japanese TV tape dealers around, and has an extensive web site offering foreign wrestling, special compilations, vintage American TV, and more.

*Lucha Looneys I* (there are now five volumes in the series) is chock full of up-close handheld footage of some wild lucha in Tijuana. Bob is in a front row seat, and gets lap dances from some of the lady rudos! We're treated to a savage tag war featuring Konan, Rey Jr., Tinieblas Jr., blue Demon Jr., Mysterioso, Zibernetico and more, plus some fine lessons in rudo-ship from Psicosis and brother Phobia.

The real strength of this tape, though, is the candid "shoot" interview with international superstar Vampiro Canadienese, who rips Konan a new orifice and rags on his WCW bario gangsta gimmick. Some grade-A dislike is displayed here, plus we get insight into Vampiro's early training with Abdullah the Butcher.

Purchase Barnett videos through his web site: [www.picaso.net/bobbarnett/](http://www.picaso.net/bobbarnett/)



# INK AND PAPER

Man cannot live by garlic bread alone, or at least not for that long, so following are some non-masked wrestler publications that we highly recommend reading. Even Santo had to take a dump once in a while, ya think all he read in the can was *Super Luchas* and *Weekly Gong*?

## BETTY PAGINATED

**By Dan Lennard, Helen Vnuk and their mates Down Under, B&W Xeroxed/stapled 'zine.**

BP is about two things and two things only - WRESTLING and NAKED WOMEN - making it Australia's finest export and a necessity to any fan of fights and flesh the world over. Lots of revealing and downright ribald photos complement intelligent and opinionated commentary, and the ads from Australia's finest prurient vendors make it a great read. How can you pass up a publication with features like "Fuck Racism! I Love Asians!" and "If Betty Page Were A Member of the Four Horsemen?"

Issues are for *adults only* and will run you \$3.00 each plus foreign postage. Inquire to:

**Dann Lennard**  
**PO Box A1412 Sydney South**  
**NSW, 1235, Australia**  
**email: danhelen@idx.com.au**

## GEARHEAD

**Ed. by Michael J. LaVella, B&W magazine w/ various inserts.**

There's certainly no shortage of 'zines out there about muscle cars and surf n' drag music, but this is one genre where the overkill is welcome! *Gearhead* is West Coast all the way (in comparison to the slightly odder Mid West genre, where the cars are a bit more prevalent and the unique surf music thrives in spite of the fact that *no one can surf there*), and is loaded with great graphics, terrific ads, and a hip 45 record for a tandem media overload. So whether it's info on the 1965 AMC Marlin Fastback, mail order plugs for the latest Ed 'Big Daddy' Roth merch or a review of Man or Astroman's latest disc yer looking for, find it in *Gearhead*.

**Gearhead Productions**  
**PO Box 421219**  
**San Francisco, CA 94142-1219**

## MANSPLAT

**Quarterly newspaper format from Hairball Press.** It's "Bathroom Litter-Ature For Men... But Chicks Can Read It, Too!" and we love this Seattle free press masterpiece almost as much as buffalo wings and Mexican midgets! Every word of every paragraph, from the legal crud to articles like "Super Heroes Whose Asses You Could Easily Kick," winds

you toward a twisted inferno of beer, porno, comic book, and bad movie inspired humor. Great writing, art, and layout, lots of great ads, and a healthy amount of irreverent wrestling coverage to boot. Highest possible recommendation!

*Mansplat* is free if you live in the Seattle area and find it at a coffee house, otherwise inquire to:

**Hairball Press**  
**2318 2nd Ave., Suite 591**  
**Seattle, WA 98121**

## MR. INCOGNITO'S FILM FACTS FUNNIES

**B&W digest-sized zine from Masked Man Inc.**

I said GodDAMN I love this mini mag! Wow, what a kindred spirit. Mr. I's collection of short comic stories star a buff

masked wrestler into hot chicks in red high heels. On the black, white and red cover, he's battling a GORILLA over just such a hottie! Inside, he provides film genre info and top ten lists of recommended wrestler, gladiator, sexploitation, martial arts and delinquent movies—many of which I own and also recommend. I think we come from the same genetic matter, probably a well-endowed milk man, or maybe mom jumped the fence. Either way, send the best \$3 you'll spend this week to:

**Masked Man Productions/Dave Goode**  
**600 Tuckahoe Rd. Ste. 102**  
**Yonkers, New York 10710**

## TIKKI NEWS

**by Otto von Stroheim,**  
**B&W digest-sized 'zine.**

Everyone knows masked wrestlers love exotic Tiki drinks, so of course we adore this journal of the Tiki in it's myriad incantations. The Pacific-spawned visages, so spiritually akin to the wrestling mask, are covered from serious artistic info to travel journals of surviving Tiki lounges throughout the U.S. to the latest in exotica reissue CD's. If you love Les Baxter's weirdest music, giant fruity drinks in godhead mugs, the digitally remastered reruns of *Hawaii 5-O*, and leftover decor from 70's lounges as much as we do, then *Tiki News* will be your Bible. Send \$2.00 for a sample to:

**Tiki News**  
**2215-R Market St.**  
**San Francisco, CA 94114**



# DIRECTORY

Spend all yer hard earned cash with these worthy masked-wrestler friendly folk...

## MERCHANTS:

**Figures, Inc.** - P.O. Box 19482, Johnston, RI 02919 • (401) 946-5720

Toy dealer offering an extensive free catalog of mostly American-made wrestling toys and merchandise.

**High Spots/Michael Bocchichio** - Wake Forest University, P.O. Box 7749, Winston-Salem, NC 27109  
www.wfu.edu/~bochicm/ • bochicm@wfu.edu/  
High Spots is a great *online* source for affordable masks and lucha figures. Three quality grades/price ranges of hoods are offered, with plenty of Mexican and Japanese stars represented. The dimensional hoods like Liger and Venum are great for the price! His line of hand painted 5" action figures includes both classic ring stars and more obscure folk. He's also got magazines, photos, and other merch available in this heavily illustrated site.

**Hollywood Book and Poster Co.** - 6349 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028 • (212) 465-8764  
Mexiluchahero lobbies and posters, masks, etc.

**Itadakimasu Japanese Market** - 4 Brighton Rd, Brookline, MA 02146 • (617) 264-7433  
Mr. Unknown's favorite place to by Japanese candy and C.C. Lemon soda! Video rentals and wrestling mags available, and a fluent English staff, most of whom are wrestling fans. We're indebted...

**Japan Book Center** - 37148 Six Mile Rd., Livonia, MI. • (313) 462-1130  
Has puroresu vids for rent and offers subscriptions to Japanese wrestling mags.

**L&H Ringwear/John C. Horton** - 864 Cooper Rd. Jackson, MS 39212 • (601) 371-7638  
Ring gear for workers—trunks, boots, masks, etc.

**Lab Safety Supply** - P.O. Box 1368, Janesville, WI 53547-1368 • 1-800-356-0783 • www.LabSafety.com  
Our favorite place to buy shoulder-length rubber gloves, asbestos suits, gas masks, and other great shiny stuff Ed Wood would have been proud to use as a space suit in a B-movie.

**Mat Marketplace** - P.O. Box 2371, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130-0020 - matmktpl@aol.com Available online through RingWarriors at www.ringwarriors.com/cybl.htm.  
"The World's Only International Wrestling Collector's Publication" - a great newsletter dedicated to wrestling memorabilia with a variety of mail order merch.

Of particular interest is their selection of *truly* Professional grade masks made by Deportes Martizez, the mask shop seen on Mike Tenay's docu-spots on WCW *Nitro*! These will cost you, but who else out there has El Samurai, Delphin, Psicosis, Halloween or Hayabusa ring-quality hoods? Also check out the amazing Japanese plush dolls.

**Network Enterprises** - P.O. Box 12468, Hamtramck, MI 48212  
Mail order videos with a selection of Mexilucha-hero films and some vintage mat action. Shiek and Abdullah the Butcher fans should inquire.

**Norton Records** - P.O. Box 646, Cooper Station, NYC 10003 • (718) 789-4438 24 hr FAX: (718) 398-9215  
Vintage lobby cards, great masked wrestler surf music on vinyl and CD, a smattering of Mexican merchandise, and more. Send for their cool "El Loco" catalog, profusely illustrated with masked wrestling pics you won't see anywhere else!

**Plymouth Rock Toy Co.** - P.O. Box 1202, Plymouth, MA 02362 • (508) 830-0364 • plyrocktoy@aol.com  
Want yer own ray gun? Better have some green, and call George for the coolest in collectible zappers and other vintage toys.

**Reign Trading Co.** - 13055 Ventura Blvd., Studio city, CA 91604 • (818) 788-7717  
Ramon sells Mexican folk art (lots of skeletons!), vintage lobby cards, and the occasional lucha item. Prices tend to be high, and he thinks the movies are 10-20 years older than they actually are, but still a cool shop.

**Sasuga Japanese Bookstore** - 7 Upland Rd., Cambridge, MA 02140 • (617) 497-5460  
Tiger Mask manga, subscriptions to Japanese wrestling mags, and language courses.

**Video Wasteland** - 214 Fair St., Berea, OH 44017 • (216) 891-1920  
Video rentals by mail and a great selection of Mexican goods priced to sell. They also have custom made masks, which while not being the most ornate in the world, are tailored to adult sized heads, and are stitched well enough to actually hold up in the ring. We love these, plus their other cool exclusives like Santo t-shirts, and amazing zombie dolls. Ken will talk yer ear off about ECW, too...

## PUBLICATIONS:

**Cult Movies** - 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 152, Hollywood, CA 90028 • cultmovies@aol.com  
Great movie mag covering a wide range of genres. Profusely illustrated, lots of good ads.

**Giant Robot** - P.O. Box 2053, Los Angeles, CA 90064  
Eric Nakamura's superb magazine is dedicated to Asian culture from a standpoint living in the U.S.; from softdrinks and snacks to Ultraman and John Woo, with irreverent wrestling coverage thrown in as well.

**Psychotronic Video** - 3309 Rt. 97, Narrowsburg, NY 12764-6126 • (914) 252-6803  
The mag that coined the most widely used term for describing the indescribable weird film genres, and always a friend to the masked wrestler film.

**Santo Street** - "The Santo Society" - P.O. Box 196215, Winter Springs, FL. 32719-6215 • (407) 843-0971  
Brian Moran's "Premier publication of Mexican wrestler, horror and science fiction films, posters and memorabilia" is a source of hard info. While the rest of us can talk about Blue Demon & Mil Mascaras, Brian has been to their houses, and has interviews with Hurican Ramirez, Lorena Velasquez, Tinieblas, and more. He's an authority on poster art as well, and sells toys and videos via mail.

**Scary Monsters Magazine** - Druktenis Publishing, 348 Jocelyn Pl., Highwood, IL 60040  
Great monster mag, includes features by *Santo Street*'s Brian Moran.

**Wrestling Observer Newsletter** - P.O. Box 1228, Campbell, CA 95009-1228 • 24 hr. message (408) 244-2455 24 hr. FAX: -3204  
**Pro Wrestling Torch** - P.O. Box 201844, Minneapolis, MN 55420 • (612) 854-4274  
The two most prominent weekly newsletters dedicated to pro wrestling, with extensive foreign reports, behind the scenes news, etc.

## WEB SITES:

**Los Straitjackets** - http://Los.Straitjackets.com  
The boys have new hoods, and the web site is better than ever. See the road pics with Link Wray, upcoming tour info for Spain and Russia, and don't you dare miss the new "Daddy-O Grande" link, where Danny Amis gives travel tips for seeing lucha in Mexico City! Invaluable stuff!!!

**Death Valley Driver Video Review** - www.photon.co.jp/sections/f\_staff/nCo/dvdr/header.html  
Dean Rasmusen's passion is watching lucha and puroresu tapes in bulk, and writing exuberant reviews for net posting. He's not afraid to mark out, and loves masks!

**From Dusk Til Dawn Page** - http://home.earthlink.net/~markstewart/DuskPage.index.html  
A great fan-page devoted to the brilliant vampire flick and it's pending sequels. Good place to watch for those Santo cameo rumors!

**Great Hisa's Puroresu Dojo** - www.albany.net/~hit/puroresu  
Top notch Japanese wrestling site with lots of window dressing and photos. Look for the new bios, and the amazing interview between Tiger King and Mil Mascaras.

**IWC Lucha Libre** - http://lucha-libre.com  
Great photo-loaded site of the West Coast promotion bringing exotic masked luchadors to the U.S.

**La Mascara - Travel Matters** - www.travelmatters.com/ 11/ mask.html will take you to a great page in the Moon Travel Handbooks site. Author Andrew Coe's history of lucha libre and the art of masks is a must!

**Pandora Station** - www.negia.net/~pandora/  
Our favorite West coast Goth-Grrls site has everything from poetry to fetish photography, Sandman to lucha libre!

**Pro Wrestling Online Museum** - http://Adscape.com/wrestling  
Includes our very own masked wrestler wing, tons of links, and a lucha photo gallery.

**Quebrada** - http://ohmygod.simplenet.com/quebrada  
Mike Lorifice reviews tapes and current events in Mexico and Japan in his very well written articles. 32 "issues" are online, each packed with tons of concise info and criticism.

**Ring Warriors** - www.ringwarriors.com  
Home of an internationally coordinated effort to bring you the best wrestling from around the globe. The site has a great new look, new bios and photos sections, awesome links, and Mat Marketplace online.

**Tigermania** - www.2f.meshnet.or.jp/~toshiro/TIGER.htm  
Japanese language site dedicated entirely to the Tigers, with lots of photos for the non-Japanese surfer. ?



# FROM PARTS UNKNOWN™

## PRESENTS STREET LUCHA

with Mr. Unknown and Dr. A!

HEY LOOK!  
IT'S MR. UNKNOWN  
AND DR. ACID!!

GLAD TO SEE SOME  
OF YOU KIDS ARE  
FANS OF **MASKED  
WRESTLERS!**

YEAH, THOSE  
BARE-FACED  
AND PAINTED  
WRESTLERS  
MAKE ME  
**SICK!**

AW, WHAT DIFF'ENCE  
WILL WEARIN' THIS  
**BAG** OVER M' HEAD  
MAKE TO MY  
**RASSLIN'  
CAREER?**

MY MAN, FOR  
STARTERS, IF  
YOU WERE A  
MASKED-MAN,  
I WOULDN'T  
HAVE TO...

**CRUSH YOUR  
SKULL!!!**

DUMP  
ACID ON  
THE  
BASTARD!

NOW IT'S **MY** TURN,  
ACID!

DO YA'  
SEE WHAT  
COULD'VE  
BEEN AVOIDED  
HERE, KIDS?  
**BUY A  
DAMN  
MASK!**

WHAT A  
TRAGIC  
TOUCH!

**A  
THIRD  
ROW-  
ER!!**

**OW SHIIIIIIIT**



"IF YOU WANT THE HIGH  
FALOOTIN' LIFE OF A  
MASKED WRESTLER  
SUPER-HERO PLAYBOY  
LIKE ME, MR. UNKNOWN,  
OR EVEN **EVIL DICK, JR.**,  
THEN YOU TOO SHOULD  
BE WEARING A **WRESTLING  
MASK!** CHECK OUT OUR DIRECTO-  
RY FOR RECOMMENDED SUPPLIERS  
LIKE **MAT MARKETPLACE**, **THE  
VIDEO WASTELAND** OR  
**HIGH SPOTS** TODAY!! AND  
DON'T BE TOO SHY WITH THAT  
CREDIT CARD, EITHER..."

I  
BELIEVE  
IT!  
I BELIEVE  
IT!!



AND THEY LOOK GREAT ON CHICS, TOO!