

box

XOOD

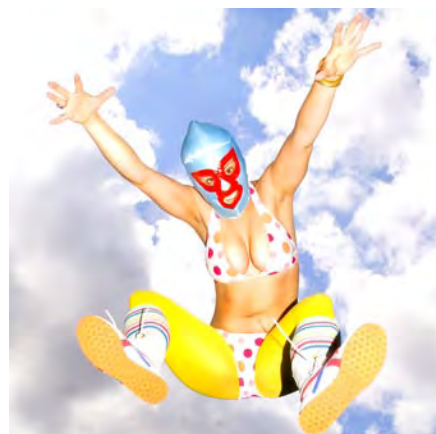
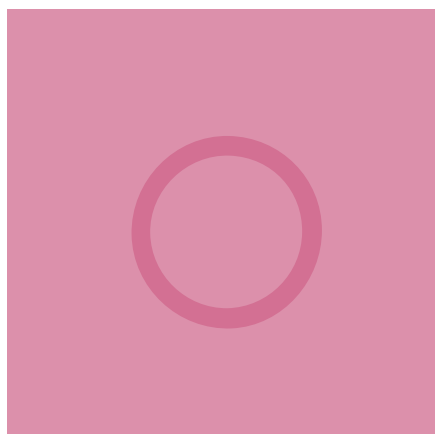




Editors Note



Dearest Readers,



Looking over the mounds of trash in my shed I was blown away by the amount of crap people keep. I had lived in this house for two years, and this was the cumulative garbage from people who had lived in the house the past six years: three futons, four lamps, a walker/bed pan, two antique vacuum cleaners, a camping stove, bookshelves, plastic light sabers, croquet sets, coffee tables, an unbelievable amount of boxes and their packaging people had been keeping for God knows why, and more real trash than anyone could imagine. It took three days to clear it out and bring to the curb for bulk garbage day. Neighbors and scavengers took most of it before the city ever came. One man's trash is another's treasure, eh?

In the months spent producing Issue 4, the Box editors have fasted five times, given up dairy, given up alcohol, stalked ex-boyfriends via online social networks, moved twice, drank like a sailor, gambled, fucked for hours (if not days), consumed more all-you-can-eat BBQ in one sitting than a competitive eater, and used over 600 rolls of toilet paper.

What's up with all the extremes? While a true hedonist would tell you happiness is a product of a well-balanced life, going all the way is fun, okay. Moreover, no matter how much one binges or purges, the opposite is really accomplished. Spending a thousand dollars shopping offers a return of clothing. Drinking like a fish may drain pockets, and perhaps dignity, but leaves a wealth of memory. Dropping a drug habit allows time for anything productive.

However, people keep an enormous amount of stuff, emotionally or otherwise. And often, the extremes people go to rid themselves of that baggage can be damaging or offer some surprising side effects.

In this issue, Box examines the new wave of coke abuse, the joys of silicone, the sad truth about eating disorders, looks into what's really on that comforter at the hotel and skimming on top of the swimming pool, and offer our first spread of ass, pussy, and cock.

After reading this issue, I hope you can drop some annoying habits and go all the way with something you've been scared to do. Living well takes a little feast and famine.

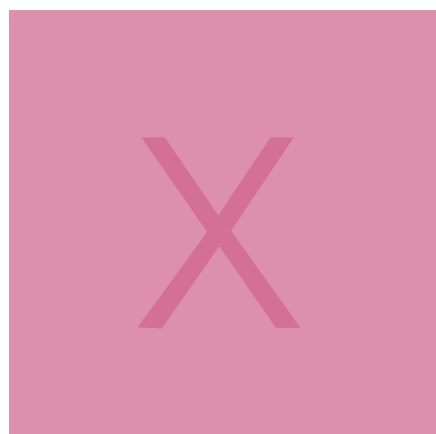
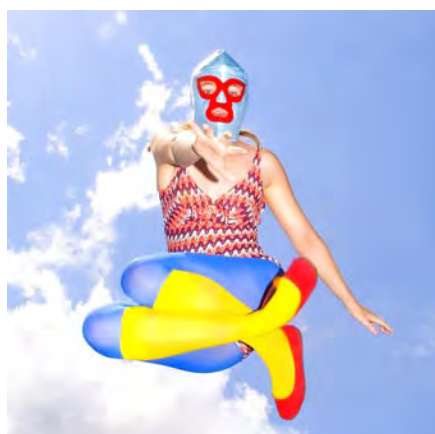




Photo By Natasha Papadopoulou
Cover Photo By Aubrey Edwards

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Editors

Fifi D'aubigne
Ginger
Bunny Le Roi
Randy Loveland
Vix Dupree
Baby

Production

Tara Bouley
Ryan McManus
Christopher A. Trout

Copy Editors

Laura Balch
Loryn Hatch
Charlotte McManus
Heather Riley



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Box Magazine
P.O. Box 4354 Austin, Texas
78765-4354

Contributors



Finney

A ghetto fabulous rock star from New Orleans-
what more can I say?



L.H.

L.H. is a world-renowned love maker and a vegetable
and fruit juice pusher. She is taking Manhattan by
storm.



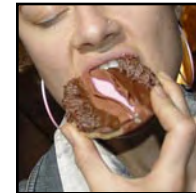
Tara Bouley

Tara is a graphic designer, musician and pizza
thrower. She loves chicken hats and Japan. She also
has a thing for Skater Boys. Check out her work at
youthoftomorrow.net.



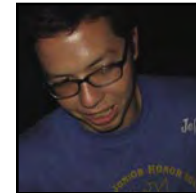
Aubrey Edwards

Aubrey is currently working on a portrait series
of Dirty South rappers and continues to use her
skateboard and her camera to wander the world.
aubreyedwards.com.



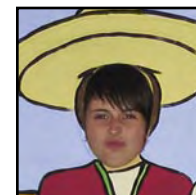
Ginger

Ginger likes kitties, cupcakes, kites, and rainbows.
When she isn't looking for the pot of gold she's
smoking it.



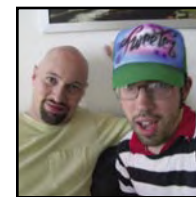
Jeffrey Bab

Jeff recently expatriated from the unholy hell
of the Bible belt to the unholy hell of no jobs.
Loves housewarming parties and becoming a total
legend.



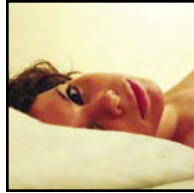
Colleen Durkin

I'm not a photographer, I'm a light scientist. I'll bend
the waves and touch the alpha channel in ways it's
never been touched before. Check her work out at
rit.edu/~cmd9290/361/index.



Kevin Parks Hauser

Kevin Parks Hauser is an artist that lives and works
in San Francisco, California. You can find more of
his work at exittheonramp.com, or at his boyfriend's
house.



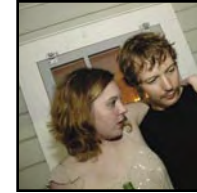
Lola LaRoux

Lola Laroux is a medal-winning markswoman. She has many lovers, but no known* exes.



Strappy McStrapon

Strappy resents this picture but, since he won't send one in, we had to find the gayest shit possible. Take that Strappy! McStrapon!!



Bobbi Ryde

Does not tolerate spousal abuse. She strongly urges battered women to visit the closest safe place, or cut off their offenders' dicks.



Mary Sledd

Mary likes blogging and sewing tiny cat clothes. In her free time she takes pictures for magazines. marysledd.com



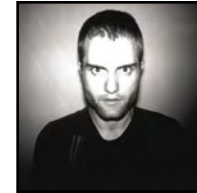
Sean O'Neal

Sean is the front man of Austin power-house, The Arm. They are pretty good and his writing isn't bad either. In this issue, he explores the world of indigestion and antacid abuse.



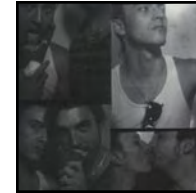
Baby Cakes O'Reily

Baby has graduated and is now a formal member of the Box editorial staff. When she is not eating frozen coconut juice she spends her time sewing plush hamburgers and admiring miniature food.



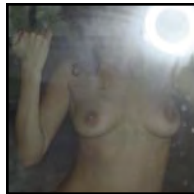
Ryan Tomorrow

Ryan assigned himself the last name "Tomorrow" because he has a real problem being anywhere but the future. Except when paying bills, then he's totally past due. What's an invoice, papa?



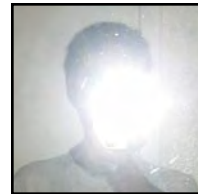
Christopher A. Trout

Christopher is moving to California and looking for a job. If you have any leads, he has experience in marketing, journalism, design, and giving head. Please feel free to contact him at onesorrysucker@gmail.com.



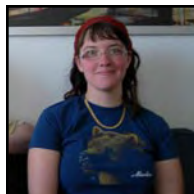
Natasha Papadopoulou

Natasha was born in Thessaloniki, Greece, which was too small for her. After a stint in London she moved to N.Y. to attend SVA. She graduated in 2001 with a BFA in photography. She divides her time between photos and Haitian dance .



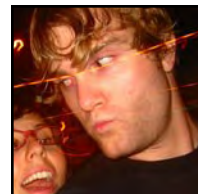
Tuan Phan

Tuan designs every now and then but teaches design more than not and thusly knows who Baby Cakes really is.



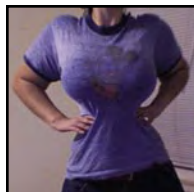
Frances Reade

Frances is a freelance journalist who has the mentality of a naughty librarian. She doesn't normally step out of her character, but she did us a favor and interviewed Mister Mark anyway. She had a good time doing it, too.



Kinky Vanilla

A boy of contradictions, no doubt about it: Kinky can accurately recite entire passages of Finnegan's Wake yet hasn't learned to skate. Girls like boys who can skate. Kinky is oblivious.



Heather Riley

At the age of 13, something very bad happened to Heather Riley. She doesn't want to talk about it. Okay, it has to do with a banana and a box of Kraft Macaroni and Cheese.



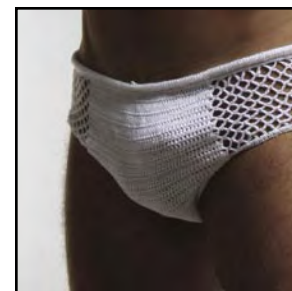
Morgan Riley

Morgan Riley is a Senior Dharma Teacher in the Kwan Um School of Zen, a licensed Acupuncturist and operates an independent recording label in Bellingham, WA. He is doing together action with his wife Christine and their 1-year old son, Samuel.

Special Thanks To:

- VCA vcpictures.com
- Extreme Cock extremecock.com
- Feathers Boutique feathersboutique.com
- Goodie Two Shoes 512-443-2468
- Good Vibrations goodvibes.com
- Johnny Giovanni Righini finddesirenotdemise.com
- Mondo Tees mondotees.com
- Prototype prototypevintagedesign.com
- Super Eight super8.com
- Vain Salon vainaustin.com
- Youth of Tomorrow youthoftomorrow.net

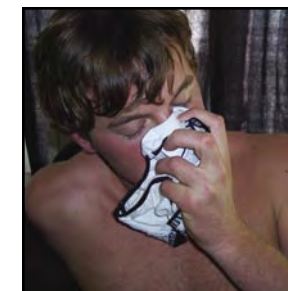
Bits



Butch

getbutch.com

There is a thin line between flamboyant and debonair. When it comes to men's swim wear, the line is so thin it's almost transparent. Butch, a Brazilian menswear company, rests right on that line, revealing almost everything with just the right panache. In its S/S '06 collection, the house uses crocheted cotton to weave a pair of trunks that are sophisticated and scandalous.



Deuce La Cock

deucelacock.net

Deuce La Cock knows dick and it's obvious. His site is a collection of close-ups of just about every part of the male anatomy with the penis taking center stage. They come covered in silk, stuffed into cotton panties, poking out of wet briefs and dangling out of denim cutoffs. No matter their manner, Deuce's dicks are the bee's knees.



Pimm's Cup

1 part Pimm's No. 1, 3 parts lemonade or ginger ale, sliced cucumber and mint garnish

No one can keep a secret. That's why it is amazing that the secret ingredient of Pimm's No. 1 is still secret after 150 years. This gin-based liquor is infused with aromatics and is the perfect drink to sip while sunbathing. Whatever the secret ingredient is, it's makes Pimm's the No. 1 drink of summer. Substitute champagne for an extra fun time.



Grafuck

grafuck.com

Grafuck is a pocket-sized book chock full of over fifty artists' fantasies and sexual desires. It's like a high designer's pervy sketch book. It's erotically graphic, not graphically erotic. The art spans from figurines to collage, manga to sketch, with some post-modern photography thrown in for good measure. Their second issue will be coming out later this year.



Shocking Roulette

shockingfun.com

The premise is simple. Two to four people stick their fingers in holes, press a button and wait for one of them to be shocked. I know it doesn't sound like much, but once you've played you're hooked. It's like Russian Roulette without the clean up.



Heidi Braids

Prim Librarian + Fun Shepherdess + Ellis Island circa 1910 = Best Hair Ever. Some people might think this is a permanently dorky hairstyle because it is what the nerdy girl wears in 1980's teen movies before they take her glasses off and convert her into the prom queen. But after the 30 years of non-updo's, isn't it time for a change?



Cocoa Butter Stik™

Woltra Cosmetics

This stik™ was aquired on a dismal trip to Sulphur, Louisiana last December. It was the highlight of the experience, to say the least. The stik™ is essentially a push pop of cocoa butter that is really fun to use and smells like chocolate. Look, just because it was 99¢ doesn't mean it lacks value.



Nike + Apple

apple.com/ipod/nike

Ever hope your best friend's dad would marry your mom so you two could be real sisters? That's how I felt when this project was announced. A little embedded sensor that sends my heart rate, pace and other vitals to an iPod, triggering a pre-chosen 'power song' to drive me through the climax? Fuck running, I need one for my mattress.



Four Little Kittens

Harry Whittier Frees

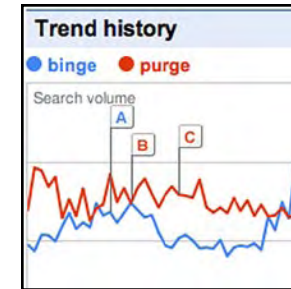
I found this book at a second-hand store in Amsterdam. At first it is really cute and all. The kittens go to the fair and make breakfast together, as well as a lot of other activities. Then it dawns on you: kittens can't hold eggs. Or fishing rods. And why are the kittens all facing the same direction in every shot, with glassy blank eyes? These kittens are DEAD. At least I think so.



Tintype Shoes

anthropologie.com

Of course these shoes are almost 300 dollars, and therefore make me angry more than happy. I can't run in the mud or sit cross-legged on asphalt. But they fit my fashion mantra perfectly: if you can't be beautiful, be interestingly ugly.



Google Trends

google.com/trends

Big brother is watching! Actually not, but a bunch of little brothers are. Google, known for just giving away free stuff, created this section of their website that lets you track and analyze trends by city, region or language, based on search data. Best of all, you can cross reference multiple terms, like how often anilingus + austin + sxsw was looked up. I hope I'm not the only one.



American Vagina

Unknown Artist, Austin, Texas

When I saw this puss, I had to do a double-take. Some aspiring urban artist had pasted 12 charcoal drawings of straight-up vaginas on a utility box. The expressive sketches, which celebrated every nook and cranny, were as refreshing as a summer's breeze, and left me with a smile on my face. Show me yr cooter.

Toy Box



By Kinky Vanilla

Toy Courtesy of Good Vibrations
goodvibes.com

Ecsta-Sleeve Good Vibrations

I always thought it strange how men, despite being dedicated and fervent masturbators, are often left on the sidelines when it comes to sex toys. There's the odd vibrating cock ring or pleasure glove, but the selection pales in comparison to the cornucopia of jack-off tools ladies have at their disposal. Is it a machismo thing, or are the boys just more satisfied to spend their money on strippers and go manual when it comes to release? I ached to find out.

Good Vibrations answered my distress call and sent the excitingly titled Ecsta-Sleeve to road test. The Ecsta-Sleeve was the purple 'Vulva' model (there's also the Anus option, if you simply can't fuck a fake pussy). I was immediately intrigued by the 'cyberskin,' a rubbery material that actually is a pretty close approximation to the real thing. I flicked at the faux labia, and was shocked to discover the absence of a proper clit (maybe that's what they mean by 'semi-realistic'). I feel this is a severe design flaw, or at least a missed opportunity to educate some boys for the benefit of their actual female partners. If I had the chance, I would've made the whole thing vibrate and had the clit be the on/off button so those motherfuckers would HAVE to find it.

I popped in a DVD and grabbed a bottle of lube. GV recommends using plenty of water-based lube with the toy, and also wearing a condom for maximum sanitation. I can oblige the lube, but since I have to wrap my dick in latex when I stick it in anything else, I figured I could risk some unsafe sex with a toy. I'm not much for sharing my toys, anyway.

About 15 minutes into the movie, I was lubed up and turned on enough to give it a go. I started to slide in and noticed the Ecsta-Sleeve's secret weapon: the canal is ringed with pronounced ridges, ribbed for HIS pleasure! Before I knew it,

I was balls-deep in purple pussy, and a few strokes later the sensation was just too much.

At this point, I noticed another of the toy's design issues. As I came, the head of my cock popped out the other end of the toy and streams of jizz flew across the room onto the floor. GV tells us the opening goes all the way through for easy cleaning and so someone can pop in a bullet vibe for a little extra oomph.

I was determined to make my second encounter with the Ecsta-Sleeve last more than 15 seconds. This time I started my escapade with the sleeve in place. I slowly slid it on and off. Despite being hand-held and lavender, this is a pretty good approximation of a (fairly tight) pussy. I began to think that the Ecsta-Sleeve may have another use - a training tool, as I found myself not giving in to the first orgasmic twinges, but holding back and making it last.

For the third round I popped in a GV Itty Bitty vibe into the open end of the toy and settled back for a new (and improved) ride. The cyberskin broadcast the vibrations through the entire toy like a tuning fork. I slid all the way inside, and the tip of my cock nestled against the little vibrating bundle of joy. I closed my eyes and had a google-eyed, hands-free orgasm.

Well, I'm not going to lie to you, because we're friends: The Ecsta-Sleeve is a near-perfect simulacrum for a good sex partner. It intimidated the hell out of me the first time I saw it and I was overwhelmed with its abilities the first time we fucked. But when the initial jitters wore off we really clicked, and every encounter left me both satisfied and wanting more. Best of all, its guilt-free, utterly safe, and I can be greedy when I want to be. Does it come in black?



Neu Wave Hookers

VCA

Porn Review

By Kinky Vanilla and Lola La Roux
Photos Courtesy VCA

She Said

Eon McKai's *Neu Wave Hookers* had just a single flaw, but it was fatal: it never turned me on.

The *Neu Wave* women are off-the-charts hot, Kurt Lockwood's muscles make me squeal, and James Deen's cock is magnificent. So it's astonishing that, when these people start going at it, the film goes flaccid.

The first sex scene, between Angel and Lockwood, begins with tender, romantic promise. Yet the scene is ultimately disappointing for several reasons, the biggest being McKai's fascination with gagging on cock. As a woman who loves giving head, I don't understand how this fits into the equation. Angel looks and sounds miserable and the only enjoyment Lockwood seems to get out of it is the power trip. There's nothing wrong with surrendering power once in a while, certainly, but if it means there's a solid chance of throwing up on someone? Just... ew.

Sadly, that first sex scene ends up being the best in the movie. There is so little chemistry between Riley Mason and Deen in their swing-set scene I started fast-forwarding, only slowing down when Lockwood turned Mason upside-down, held her by her hips and administered a standing 69 (because that's just remarkable). I did it again during what the back cover mistakenly touts as "the most provocative blowjob in DVD history" - Dana DeArmond may be hot as hell, but Tommy Pistol can barely keep it up. There's nothing sexy about that.

Now, I'm not much of a porn aficionado, so this may be my naïveté talking, but I thought the sex was supposed to be hotter than the soundtrack. *Electrocute*, *Avenue D* and *Dirty Sanchez* contribute some stellar songs, and the original music by Gold Chains and Sue Cie is definitely no bow-chicka-bow-bow. I wouldn't mind making my own porn to this stuff. At least I know it would get me off.

He Said

If hipster porn were a revolution, Eon McKai would replace Ché Guevara on t-shirts worldwide. McKai is obsessed with updating the image of porn stars from Pamela Anderson archetypes to something more familiar - that girl who would never talk to you at the goth club. Eon and his stars are seemingly accessible through their MySpace profiles. "*Neu Wave Hookers*" star Dana DeArmond's MySpace popularity is actually touted in the film.

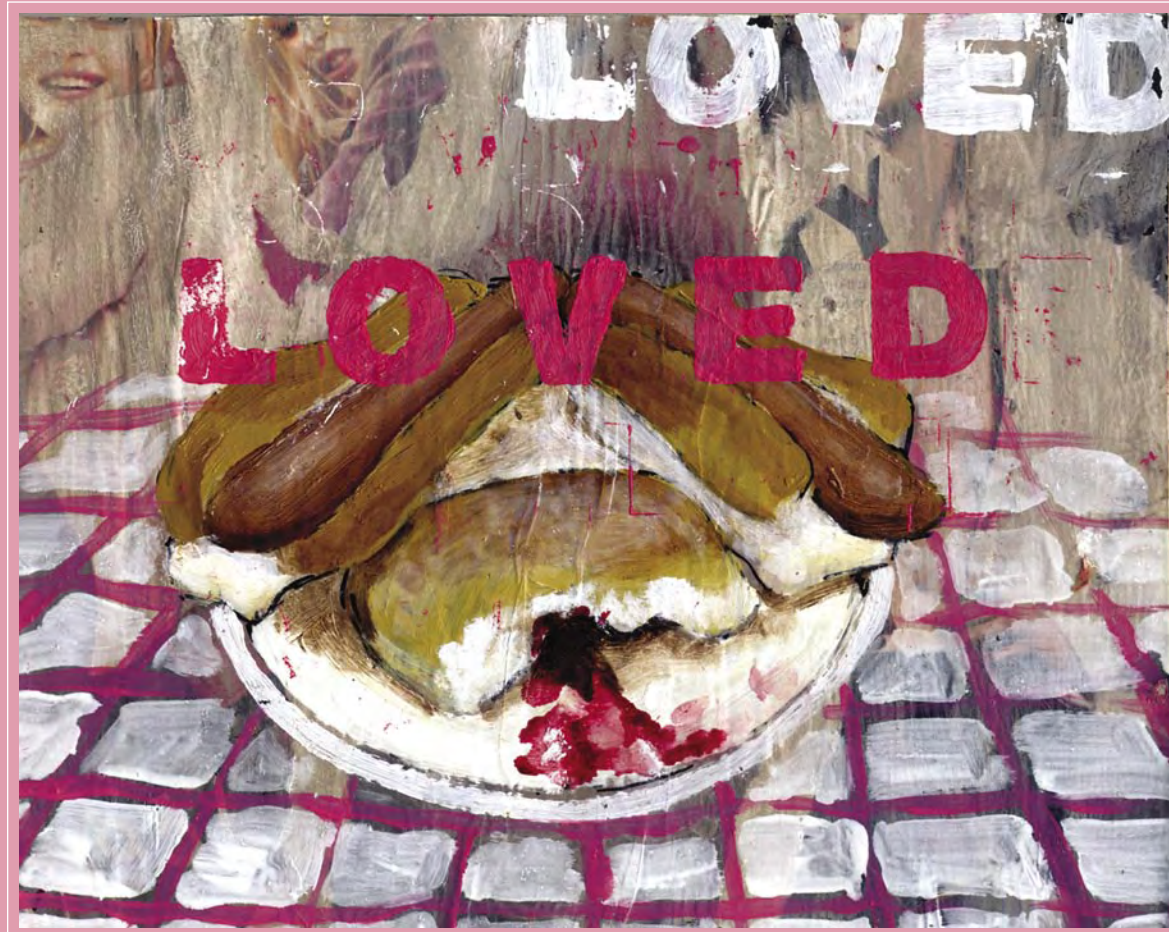
This is, in the grand tradition of pornography, mostly illusion - the idea that the performers are somehow real and accessible. No matter how familiar Joanna Angel seems on first glance, the reality portrayed is always an idealized and sexualized one; there is a consistent and pervasive lack of reality. This is disappointing because McKai teases us with the possibility of a truly erotic scene, one with OC-esque music and well-chosen camera work. This soon degrades, however, into the sounds of gagging and slapping tits.

The film itself is achingly postmodern - the sets are minimal and props are two-dimensional. The performances are sporadically hot and, with the exception of the ubiquitous and throat-gagging blow-jobs, are accessible to both men and women. Most of the actors have yet to acquire the greasy polish of professionals, and this is both refreshing and entertaining. The sad exception is Kurt Lockwood, who slaps co-stars legs open in obsessive awareness of the camera angle, and can't muster a sensitive moment even when required (James Deen and Tommy Pistol, however, are cheeky and entertaining). Viewing the out-takes is therefore oddly rewarding: he really does get it in the end.

Eon McKai's "*Neu Wave Hookers*" represents a film-school attempt to reinvent the current porno archetype established in the 80's and 90's. One can only hope that if Mr. McKai continues to be the self-styled leader of this revolution his ideas will become more revolutionary.

BOX Artist Survey No. 4

Josh Wallis



Original Artwork, Josh Wallis
Josh lives and works in Brooklyn, New York

Immortality or shape shifting?

Shape shifting. For sure. I'm really curious to find out what it's like to be somebody or something else besides me. I guess shape shifting means that I would still be me. I'd just look like something else, but it's close. Unless you mean shape shift like a werewolf, which might be cool, too. I just think this immortality thing is overrated. I work better on a deadline.

Name three things that make you laugh.

My philosophy is that the purest form of comedy is somebody falling down stairs or poop jokes. So, I guess three things that make me laugh are: bad things happening to deserving people, really absurd stuff like Wonder Showzen, and Bill Hicks. There are other things too, but those are three worth mentioning here.

What do you never have time for, but wish you did?

Sleep.

What book are you reading?

I'm flipping between a few right now: "The Image: A Guide To Pseudo Events In America" by Daniel Boorstin; "Relational Aesthetics" by Nicolas Bourriaud; and "Against Nature" by Joris-Karl Huysmans.

The most underrated song?

"Fun Fun Fun" by The Beach Boys. Formally speaking, it's a perfect pop song.

Do you believe in any mumbo-jumbo?

Sure, lots of mumbo-jumbo. Ghosts, for one thing. I've got some pretty spooky stories. But in general I'm a pretty mumbo jumbo-ey kind of guy. I think I put more stock in

mumbo-jumbo than I do in newspapers or TV. I might even say that that stuff is the real mumbo-jumbo.

What do you enjoy?

Being with my family. Camping in the mountains. Barbecuing with friends. Beer and baseball. Learning new things every day. Good books and good movies. Sex. You know...the usual stuff.

What would your superpower be?

I used to say, "I'd open my mouth and bees would come out." I first said that when I was tripping my balls off seven years ago and someone asked me the same question. It's time to revise the answer. I think now I'd like to be surrounded by an enormous bubble of silence and when people enter the bubble they completely lose their train of thought and just blank out. My superhero name would be Stillnacht.

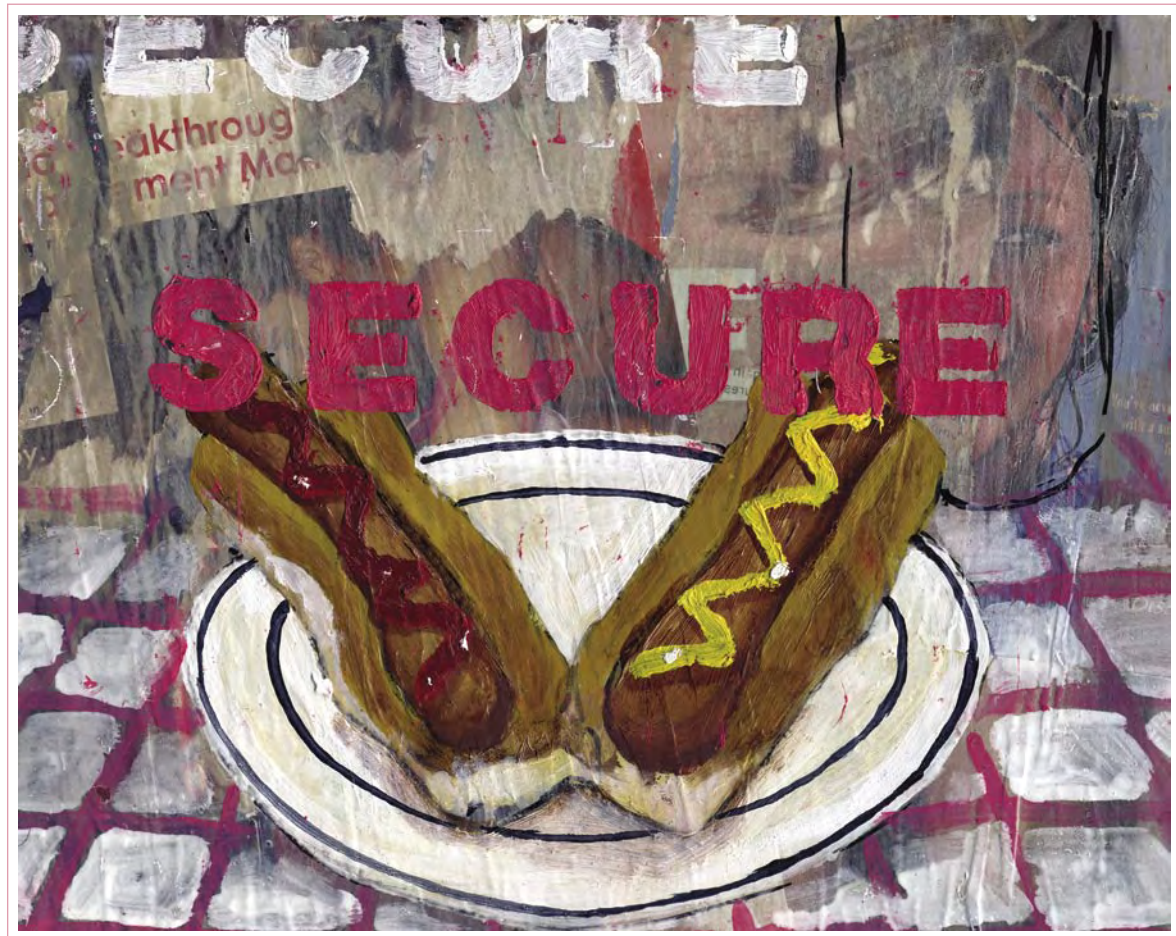
What question should I be asking?

You should be asking me what pisses me off. That would be a lot easier for me to answer.

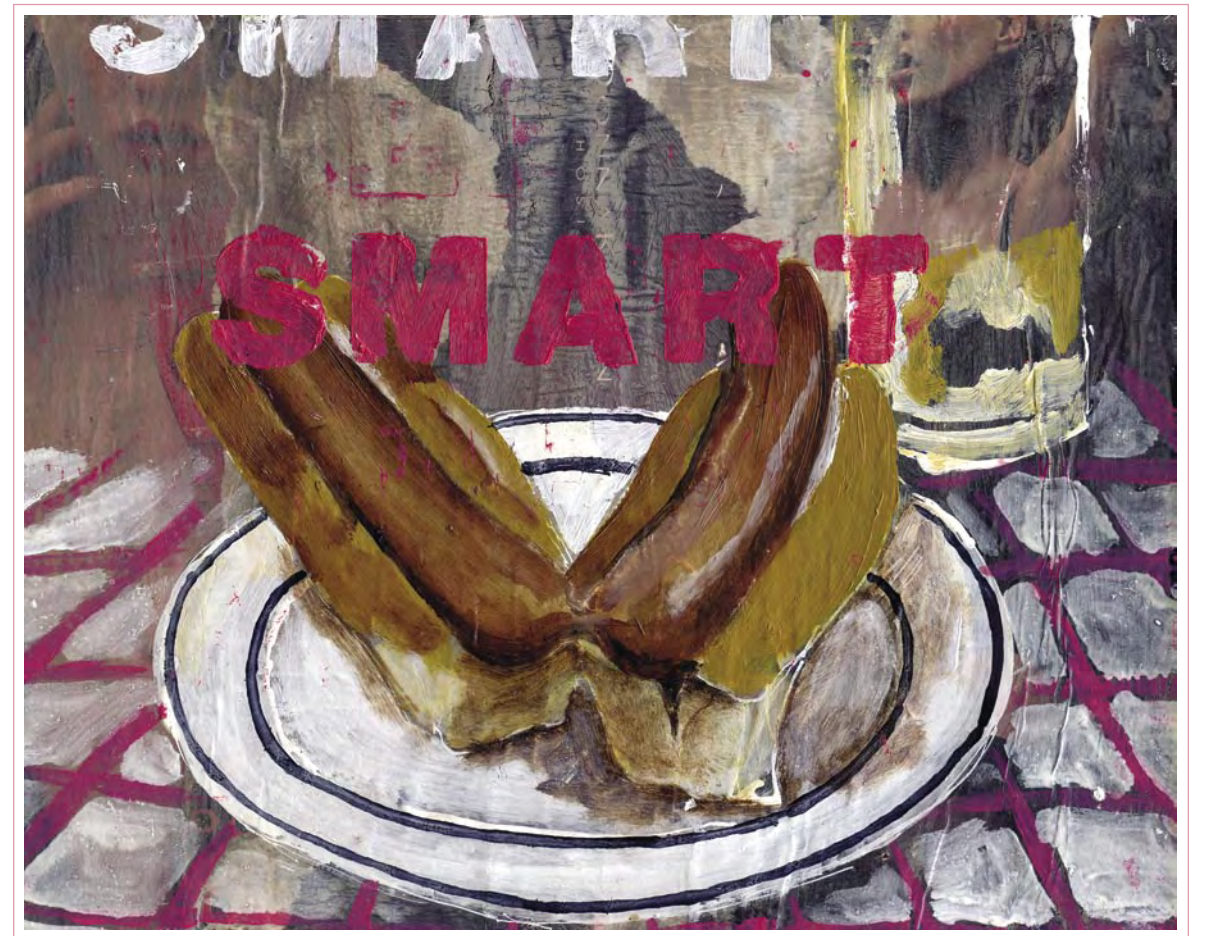
What moves you?

Moments when a bigger pattern reveals itself, or I'm removed from my normal perspective, or I see how things interrelate. Like sitting in a restaurant and seeing two people, unbeknownst to either of them, are making the same gesture. Or when people walk next to each other and, unconsciously, their feet are moving in unison. Things like that break me out of my normal habits of perception and point to bigger, mumbo-jumbo.

More of Josh's work can be seen at hugemagazine.com.



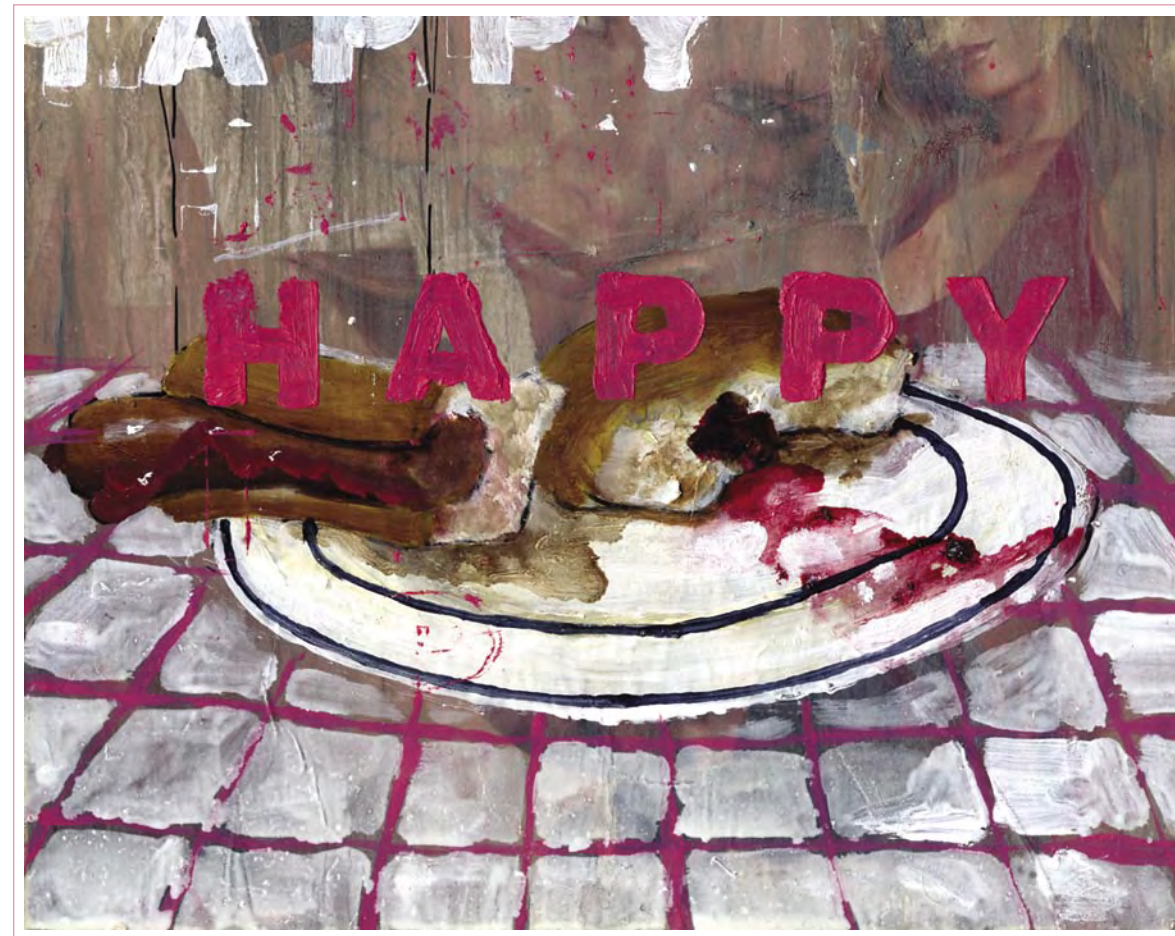
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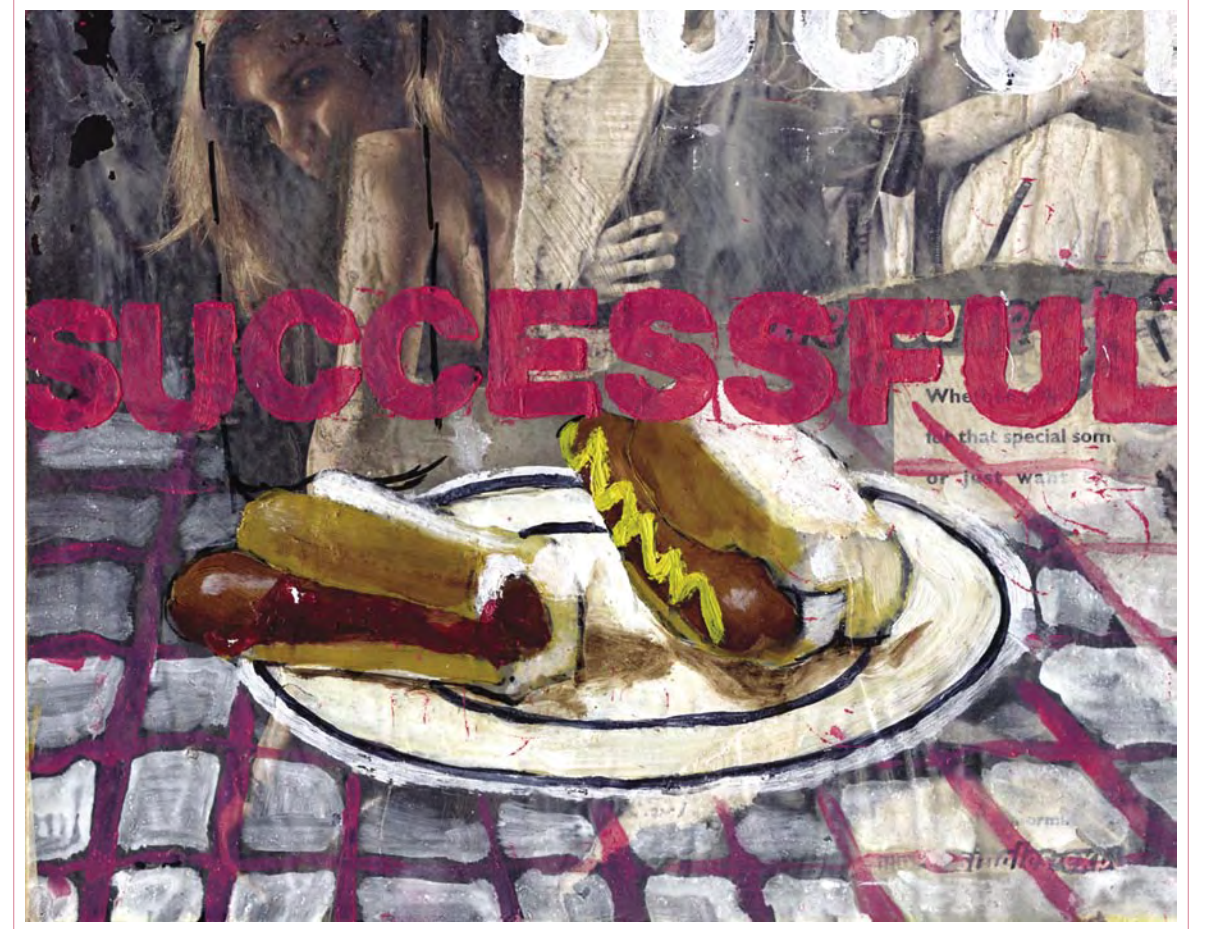
box 23

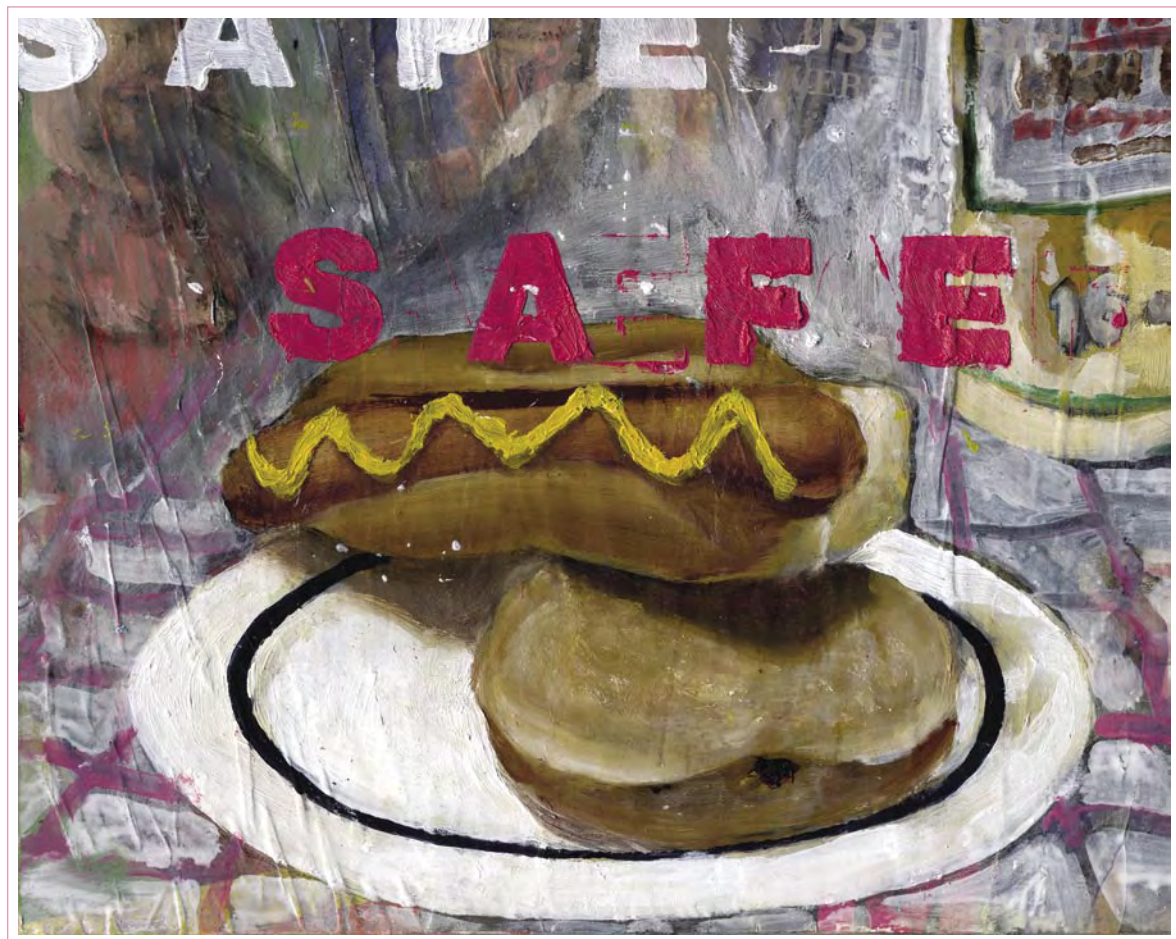


box 24



box 25







Six Shots

with Hank Williams III

By Finney

First off, let me inform you that I'm as giddy as a school kid as I stand in the rain and look in awe at the illuminated staircase on the tour bus. Almost like the light one might see at the end of a tunnel, should you choose that path. Except in this situation, I have not bitten the big one, although I do feel a bit less than lucid. "I am about to fuckin' get on this bus with my favorite fuckin' musician!" I say out loud to myself. The guys on the bus hear me. I nervously step up on the bus to a cloudy welcome from a motley crew of rock stars and roadies, humored by my stumbling of words. One guy points to the back as I try to maneuver my way through anonymous legs and a month's worth of bottles and cans.

I arrive at the door as it really hits me. "Holy shit," I say again, the guys laughing behind me. "Come in," I hear before I even knock on the door.

There he is, the man himself. I nearly pass out when that hand extends my way and the raspy voice says, "Hank III." I almost lose it. This is the grandson of one of the most influential musicians of several generations [Hank Williams, if you didn't know]. I grew up with Hank Sr. playing daily on the old record player, but Hank III is as

much as an influence to me as his father and grandfather. I admire Hank III's rebel attitude, he has done a good thing for country, rock and life as I, a musician, know it. I'm not one to get star-struck, but for a minute I am speechless.

Fortunately for me, a couple of shots and a nice bowl or two outta the "bus stash" later, I can barely remember my name, much less that I am sitting in front of Hank III about to get personal.

We pack another bowl and I start the questions.

Should I call you Sheldon or Hank?

I prefer Hank, Hank III as far as out in the media goes.

Okay. Hank III, who are your biggest influences?

Shoo! Well, that's a tough one because there's so many: Black Flag, The Melvins, Breadwinner, Karp. Then the faster stuff: of course, Slayer, Pantera, Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags. On the country side of stuff, all the legends: David Allen Coe, Johnny Paycheck, Willie and Waylon. The list goes on and on. As far as the younger generation: Wayne "The Train" Hancock, Johnny Dilks, Dale Watson. As far as in the Bluegrass world, Jimmy Martin, Bill Monroe.

This is a question that I've always wanted to ask but didn't really know how to ask it right. Being a Hank Williams, living in Nashville, do you feel pressure being an independent artist in a "dependent" style city? And living under the light of your grandfather and dad, playing the type of music you do, do you feel any pressure?

Uh, (he takes a hit and coughs), all I can say is, we don't get the respect from Nashville as far as on music row, and that is fine with me. But whenever I go to a local show or music store there's always someone that says, "we appreciate what you do." Even though we don't get it from the big wigs. Somebody's gotta be the black sheep, the rebel, nowadays, cause it's so clean and pretty and perfect and all that stuff, so somebody's gotta talk some shit about it.

(I take a hit and a shot of Jack and start coughing.)

So, on that note, you kind of feel that you're helping Nashville see a different light?

Uh, I don't know if I'm helping Nashville, but I think I'm helping others see that there needs to be more rebels. I hate to use the term outlaw 'cause it's used so much, but I think there needs to be more outlaws...we're talking about country music, not the whole spectrum. In country, there's not enough rebels, male or female, like there was 15-20 years ago.

Amen to that. (As I cough)

Very clean, very white and right, and all that bullshit.

Do you plan on staying independent?

The day I get outta the Machine... (takes a hit and coughs). Boy, I sure hope to. I just wish I could work with a label that respects us. You know, it would be awesome, like, for instance, what Mike Patton does, deals with his people. He lets them do what they do, then they spit 'em out whenever they want, you know? Or one day I might get hooked up with Housecore records. But when I get outta the majors, I hope to be independent the rest of my life.

Did you pick up music on your own, or did being around your dad and his friends help you get into it?

I was really never around my father. [My parents] divorced when I was two years old, so I'd go out and see him for a week. It was like a fantasyland or something. All the loud stages and the lights and people, just being on the road. But nobody ever forced me into it. My first set of records, my aunt bought me, they were Black Sabbath, Ted Nugent, and Kiss. Drums...I got my first drum kit at ten-years-old. A month and a half ago, I recorded a project with Phil Anselmo, Mike Williams from Eye Hate God, and a kid named Colin on bass, so I still play to this day. That's my first love and that's all I'll be in the end is just a goddamn drummer!

Hell's yeah!

(We take a shot before my last question.)

Do you plan any more tours?

Well we never tour as much as we just keep playin' wherever the road takes us! I'll keep playing 'til I die!

Later, watching Hank III live for the first time, I'm giddy enough to see that light again. His live show is a whole new experience from the albums, and his performance has as much fire in it as his personality. I highly recommend making it to any show of Hank III, Assjack, Superjoint Ritual or any of his other projects.



For future tour dates and more information about Hank Williams III check out Hank3.com.

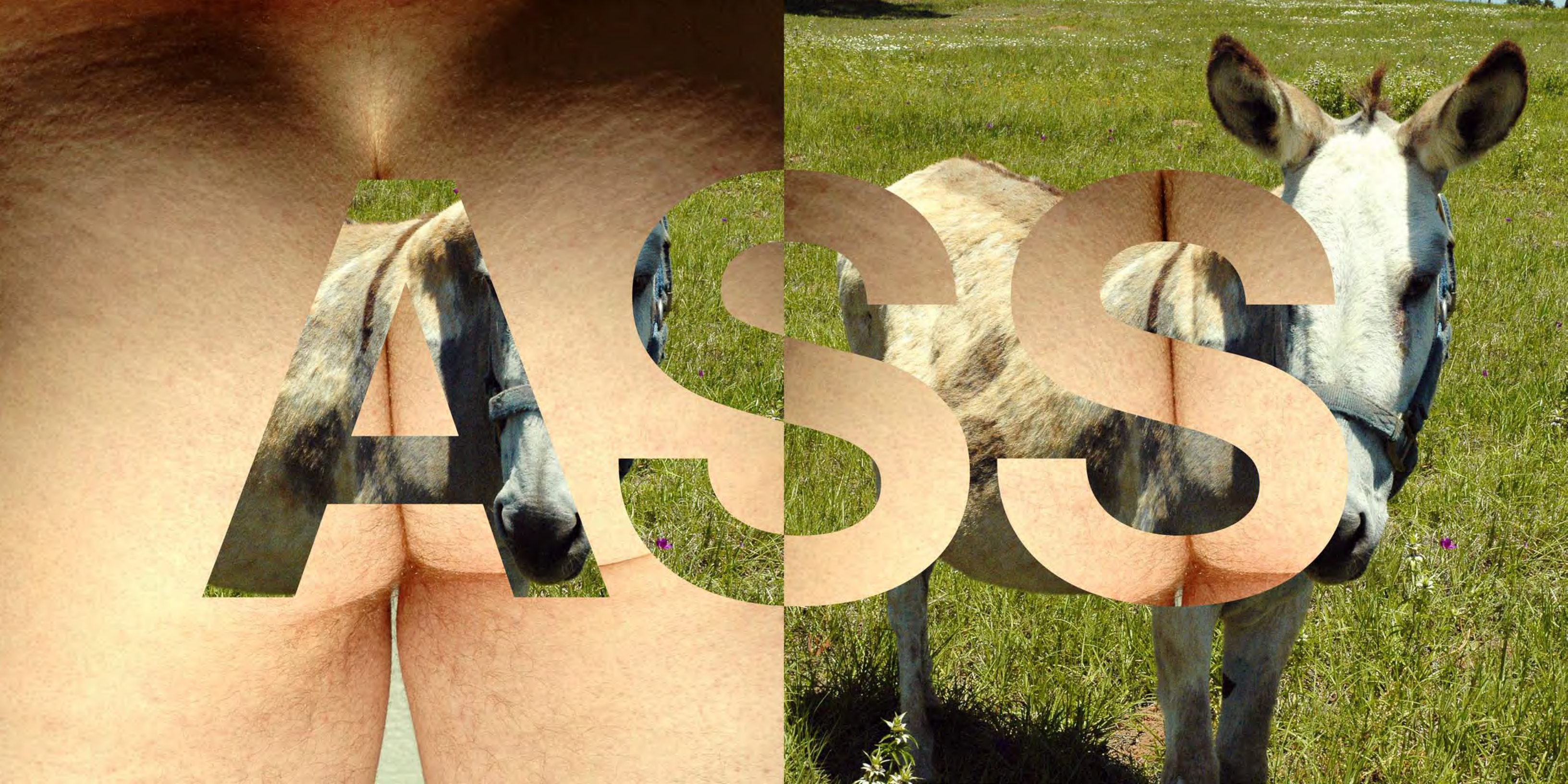


**Pussy
Ass &
Cock**

Photos By Youth of Tomorrow

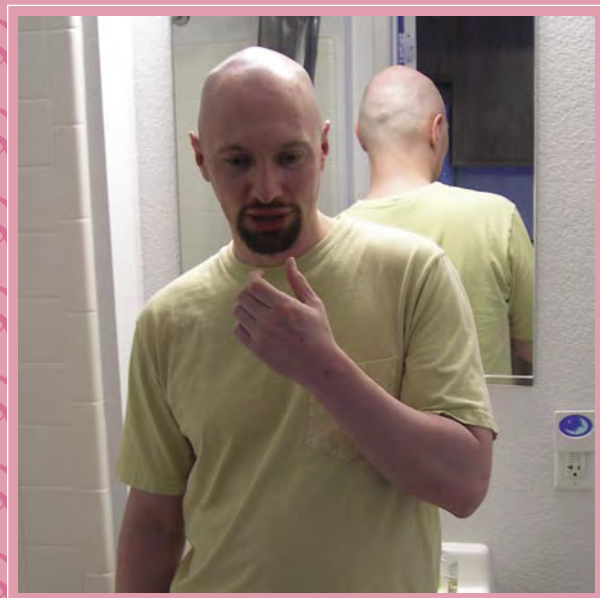


PUSSY





Super Size Me



The Man with the Silicone Penis

Interview with Mr. Mark

By Frances Reade

“I sometimes refer to it as ‘The Blob,’” Mister Mark says cheerfully as he hoists his package free from his loose jeans for the benefit of a British laddie website.

Perhaps “package” is an understatement (in this case pretty much everything in the English language is an understatement). Thanks to the wonders of modern medicine and inorganic-polymer science, Mark has silicone-injected balls the size of honeydew melons and a cock like a bocce ball. “I’d like my balls to be at least 20 inches in circumference,” he wrote recently on his website www.extremecock.com. “They’re currently 18 inches, but I... have no limits. I will continue as long as I find it interesting and fun, and as long as my skin can handle more.”

Mister Mark, a sweet-natured 36-year-old San Franciscan, recently sat down (gingerly) with Box for a chat about Mexican doctors, bike riding and modern art.

What were you thinking when you started?

I came across someone else on the Internet who’d been injecting silicone. My first thought was, “Oh my god, what a freak show!” And my second thought was, “That’s something I would do!” It wasn’t about insecurity. My desire was to go freak show and not just enhancement. I was younger; I kind of wanted to be the center of attention. I thought it was erotic and it was something artistic.

Artistic?

[When] you look at modern art, often you don’t know what it is [you’re looking at]. If someone just saw a close

up of [my groin] they’d know what it was they were looking at, but they’d see it was morphed. I’m interested in taking something familiar and altering expectations and challenging minds to think about if it’s wrong or right.

How does one go about getting silicone injections?

I contacted the guy I’d seen on the Internet. He’d been into [silicone injecting] since the early ‘80s. He’d seen various people, I don’t know if I’d call them all “doctors,” but he swore by this one guy in Mexico who used good silicone.

Is there bad silicone?

Oh yeah. There are people who aren’t so well connected; transgender people living underground lives, who want shapely bodies and, sadly, “doctors” will take industrial-grade silicone from Home Depot and heat it up and shoot it in. People have died.

Yikes. What’s your doctor like?

He’s patient, professional, down to earth. I was nervous going into it, but he knew what he was doing and he was so calm. I guess little silicone injections are easy after being a general surgeon in a Mexican hospital.

How has this affected your health?

Hard spots [where bits of the silicone harden] are the main health complaint. I’ve had doctors say I might be decreasing my testosterone, but I’ve had it checked and it’s still normal. It can be difficult to check for testicular cancer, but that’s more a concern for men in their twenties. And I still get erections, but of course silicone doesn’t get “hard.”



[According to Mark's website, when he got seriously sick earlier this year, some doctors initially attributed his symptoms to Silicone Embolism Syndrome, a sometimes-fatal condition that occurs when injected silicone breaks free and gains access to the pulmonary vein. Mark recovered fully and he and his doctor now believe he'd suffered a serious case of pneumonia.]

How does it affect your day-to-day existence?

Exercise is not a problem, [neither is] self-consciousness. Maybe it's just getting older; I care less and less what people think. I certainly haven't ridden a bike in a while. I guess jogging might be a problem, but jogging is boring.

It's definitely affected your career.

[Before the injections] I had been seeing clients for several years, doing some mainstream adult movies and was performing at gay strip club, but I was getting older and getting tired of it.

Extremecock.com started with the idea of [showcasing] other guys who'd been injected. But the process is long, and it turns out a lot of [silicone-injected] people don't want to be on video. Why in the world would you do it if you didn't want to show it to everybody? It's mystifying.

What is the community on Extremecock like?

Some of them are socially inept, and it's perplexing that someone would go through this and then be uncomfortable with the tension it creates. [Extremecock members] are mostly down-to-earth guys. You might think they're all wackos, but a lot of these guys are just doing it for themselves or to share with their partners. They don't look as deeply into it as I do as an artistic process.

And now, after building this website around yourself and your artistic process, you've started branching out into directing porn movies.

I don't want Extremecock to be my identity. I have directed one full-length porn. It's very different [than the website]. It has nothing to do with silicone; it's about aggressive oral

sex. "Gag the Fag." I enjoy being behind the scenes and not being in front of the camera anymore. I used to be thrilled to have anybody take my picture; now I need more motivation than just being an exhibitionist.

Our minds become more complex as we get older. The time that I spent in my twenties wanting to be the center of attention, it was just one-dimensional [satisfaction], as opposed to creating and producing. And hiring others to perform for me is fun.

Is there any going back?

It'd be difficult to get it reduced. It can't all be removed, though some of it could be sucked out. But I barely know anyone who's had silicone removed.



Photos By Kevin Parks Hauser

For more from Mr. Mark and the Blob visit his site at: extremecock.com

4 WEEKS TO A BETTER YOU

I'm not going to lie to you. I still haven't lost that freshman fifteen. And I graduated from college years ago. Sure, I have a gym membership, and I go about three or four times a month. Sure, I diet-I alternate between macrobiotic and deep fried. So, maybe, it's not surprising that nothing seems to work.

Late night infomercials featuring fitness celebrities like John Basedow promise nothing but results, results, results. Yet, everyone I've met who has tried one of these programs has been disappointed. The fitness industry is booming and there must be a reason. Those saps on TV can't be the only people who have been successful with their fitness goals. How real is their weight loss?

Rather than wasting money on DVDs I'll never watch, much less work out to, I gave a few friends a month to find out what program produces the best results. After four weeks of complaints, the results were in. Turns out that creepy guy with the blonde pony-tail who does all the infomercials is not a crock after all.

Hamish Johnson
Tony Little Ab Workout



Age: 30

Occupation: Screenwriter

Favorite Food: Meat Pies

Weight Loss: 7 lb.

I always thought things of this nature were a bit of a crock. I mean, how many sit-up techniques can there really be? Answer: four. But when you have a condom full of walnuts barking at you and a ninety-second countdown, you simply do more. And in doing this, one learns what it takes to be a no limits person.



*1st
Place*



Mary Posa
Winsor Pilates



Age: 22
Occupation: Dental Technician
Favorite Food: Peeps
Weight Loss: 4.5 lb.

At the end of the workout Mari Winsor guarantees that if you combine a sensible diet with this regular workout that you should see dramatic results. Such vague instructions caused me to rationalize why I did or didn't need to workout everyday. And also, I find chocolate to be an exceptionally reasonable food to eat every day.



*2nd
Place*

Laura Balch
The Firm



Age: 24
Occupation: Managing Editor
Favorite Food: Campari and Soda
Weight Loss: 2.5 lb.

There were three instructors in the set of videos I was using, though I understand that there are many more videos with other instructors that can be added on. The women in the workouts I used were very robotic and looked like they had been surgically altered. They had cute accents, though.



*3rd
Place*



Swarms of SXSW attendees hook up with tipsy co-eds downtown.

South by Excess

Photos By Ryan Tomorrow

Every year, tens of thousands of rock's denizens descend on the sleepy college town of Austin, Texas like swallows to the mission (or, more accurately, locusts to a crop field) for SXSW, a showcase of the best 'independent' music acts in the world. What transpires over the next 5 days is an orgiastic explosion of free beer, unfortunate haircuts, ill-advised hook-ups, cell-phone photos, port-o-potty drug use and thousands upon thousands of (mostly) mediocre bands. Basically, your classic cocktail of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, served up 24/7.



Peaches comes prepared with dicks of her own.



Amateur show-offs at the Stolen Transmission party.



Bands like Forward, Russia! kept kids dancing into the night.



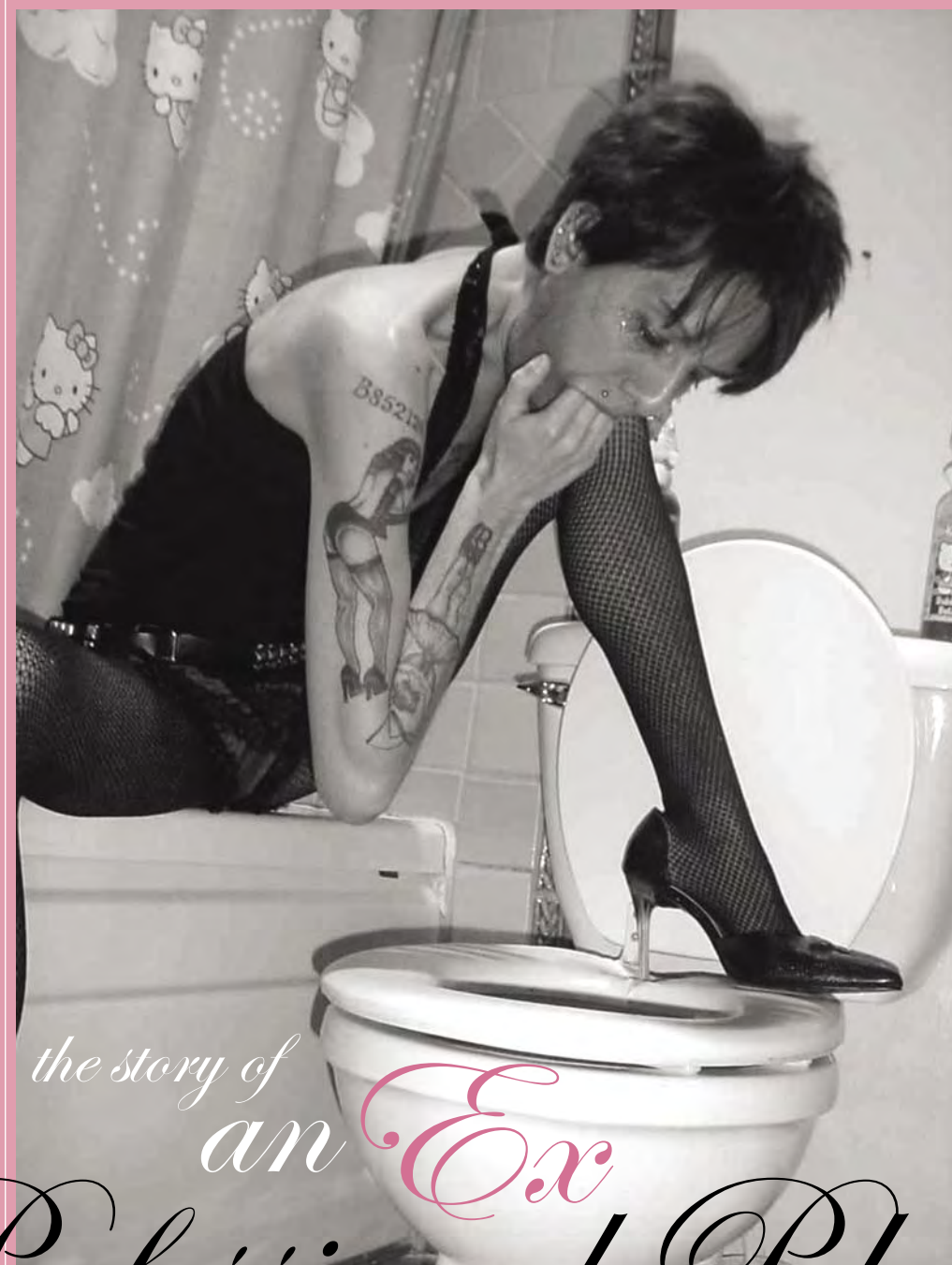
Sleep when you can, during the shitty bands.



RedBull + MySpace + Vodka = Fucking Awesome.



Blurry, dimly-lit cell-photos are all the memory a person needs. See you next year!



the story of
an **Ex**
Professional Piker
Interview by Maura Murnane

“Stop shovelling food into your mouth, you greedy fuck”

(AN EXPLICATION OF THE PRO-ANA MOVEMENT)



It is not possible to do a Binge & Purge issue without talking about food. Eating disorders have garnered a lot of attention recently because of the internet: pro-e.d. sites are numerous and controversial, with many being silently taken down by their servers as part of the “clean up the internet” crusade. Most offer tips and tricks to maintain an e.d. (usually misinformed: for example, eating ice chips or other cold things to burn calories is completely untrue) while also providing a community and sense of normalcy; to them, it’s not a disorder, it’s a lifestyle choice.

A simple Google search will provide you with all you need to know about pro-eating disorder sites (expect a lot of dead links), but be as careful as you would in a Scientology tent - the negativity is so profound and contagious, you might find yourself looking askance at your next meal. Some pro-e.d. groups use a point system to quantify “winners” and “losers,” or shall we say, “losers” and “better losers.” They might get 10 points for staying under 500 calories a day and 50 for staying under 100 a day, with additional points for exercising.

Often, “Ana” and “Mia” are treated as godlike entities who accompany the disordered person throughout their day. They are prayed to for support and are strict taskmasters with undertones of S&M. The disordered person has to feel guilt, has to be punished to gain salvation, even when the price of salvation is death. Another aspect of pro-ana culture is that some people like to wear color-coded bracelets to identify one another in public. This seems like it could cause a lot of confusion because many people wear bracelets just because they like jewelry. At one pioneering web site, you can purchase \$20.00 e.d. bracelets for ana, mia, ednos, clarity, and self-injury. It’s just another facet of this bizarre world where an illness is treated as a style.

People who espouse this “lifestyle” might consider themselves a different sort of rebel- one who doesn’t take drugs or listen to loud music, but who reacts against a society based on consumption. The inevitable questions arise: have eating disorders become mainstream? Has the movement sold out? And can something that is so antithetical to the idea of wanting to stay alive really be considered a lifestyle choice?

TERMINOLOGY

E.d. = eating disorder

Pro-ana = encouraging or supportive of anorexia

Pro-mia = the same, with bulimia

Ednos = eating disorder not specified

Thinspiration = pictures of Mary-Kate, Nicole, Mischa, etc... YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE



Johnny Giovanni Righini is an expert on eating disorders, with a history of anorexia, obsessive compulsive disorder, bulimia (including anal purging), and orthorexia (obsession with the idea of healthy eating). He went from a low weight of 65 lbs. as the crown prince of e.d., and has since begun an extremely difficult recovery, aided by self-expression through artwork. He now speaks of his disease as an entirely separate entity from himself.

How old were you when you started?

I feel I have been eating disordered my entire life. I grew up with anorexia as my primary eating disorder. By age 15 it had manifested itself into bulimia and then orthorexia in my early 20s. I learned the terminology at age 12 when my Mother approached me and asked, "are you anorexic?" I looked at her clueless but after she explained what this meant, it hit me straight to the heart.

Is there an initial trigger you can pinpoint, or have you always felt this way?

Numerous triggers have helped me unlock the underlying issues of my eating disorders. I have found my main factors to be the following: genetics, childhood upbringing and environment, dependency on my mother, fear of growing up, trauma, abuse and gender identity issues.

So you don't think it is always nurture over nature? People always blame the body images projected by the media.

The media is part of a generalized society that has conditioned us on a surface level by putting up aesthetic standards and stereotypes to determine beauty and acceptance. Thin is glamorized. We are often led to believe that we must fit a Barbie or Ken cookie cutter image. Viewers can easily internalize this false feedback on a deeper level, which can influence the development of low self esteem, perfectionism and eating disorders. People can blame it on the media but there is always more to the story.

What was the worst binge and purge episode you ever had?

The breakfast binges were always the worst. I had the toaster, microwave, blender and stove on power at the same time, often popping the circuit breaker. The binges included large amounts of fruit, yogurt, cottage cheese, toast with butter, salted sunny side up eggs, bacon, sausage, bagels with cream cheese, brown-sugared oatmeal, crumb doughnuts, muffins and assorted beverages. I'm sure there was more. At one sitting, I would scarf all of this food into a body the size of a child's. Then I would go barf it back up and do it again exactly three hours later.

Wow. That sounds like it takes a lot of stamina to keep up. And money.

It became a "detrimental daily routine." Trapped in the mentality of the disease, the only joy of waking up each morning was to start the binge/purge cycle. At my sickest, my binges cost \$1,200 a week with every bit of it being vomited back up. I was vomiting 15 - 20 times a day and barely alive at this point.

Is someone with a long-term eating disorder and an active Internet user, how long do you think there have been e.d. sites online?

I think e.d. sites have been around for a long time. However, I know that with time comes education and awareness. Eating disorder websites of the past may not have been as abundant as they are now due to lack of knowledge. People that were uninformed then were less likely to make websites how we are now.

Have you ever been pro-e.d. in your online presence?

Yes. When I was very deep in the mentality of the disease I joined a pro-eating disorder community looking for support. What I found was a community of other people that were also very sick. I didn't pick up on this back then though. The pro-e.d. community was like a contagious clan. Together we allowed our diseases to speak for us while teaching each other behaviors and enabling our deaths. I learned to master the art of puking. The disease wore a crown on my head and glorified the fact that through the disease, I had become a professional puker.

It sounds like you felt you were accomplishing something, and competing with others in the community. Did you have a point system or any way of quantifying who was winning?

My disease felt very accomplished, we were on our way to being the thinnest. I never competed with anyone else on the pro-eating disorder community. My disease liked to document my weight loss through pictures and share them with the community. Members used to idolize my pictures as what they call "Thinspiration": pictures used to glorify and promote the disease. The praise made my

disease quite proud which kept me going, losing, and dying. When you're sick, you don't realize these sorts of things.

Do you think the online community is helping or hurting people? For example, a lot of (probably very young) people write posts asking how to become anorexic/bulimic - as if it were something you choose to be.

I feel the online community can be helpful and also harmful, depending on the community's subject matter and how it's used. It can be a catch-22. People run communities but not every person will utilize the power of their own voice. I see a lot of people in the state of mind that I used to be in. I want to reach out to them so badly. I encourage others with eating disorders to stay clear of pro-eating disorder communities. They will get you nowhere except closer to death. Eating disorders are not a choice and those who are victimized by this disease do not deserve this.

A lot of the "thinspiration" photos on pro-e.d. sites are obviously stretched in Photoshop. So even models couldn't get that thin, really. Thoughts?

Images can be tweaked. The sad thing is that people in this disease can get even thinner than these tweaked pictures. Most of them don't even see it either. The disease is distorting. You must realize that these people are sick. I strongly believe that it's not the weight that kills; it's the mentality and the behaviors of the disease that kill. Anyone with eating disorders is suffering regardless of weight and body size.

Very few people go into the exact details of their rituals like you do - even in the pro ana/mia world. Does your history of anal purging (laxatives, enemas, and hand/fist) intimidate some of the less extreme members of the community? Or do other people come forward with their stories as well?

The extreme measures I've taken have intimidated other's diseases. The honesty of my experiences has helped many people though. The people that are intimidated are being influenced by their eating disorder. The disease likes to manipulate people to believe that because they are not as

“sick or thin” as other people, they do not have a problem. This is not true. We are all struggling. Help has come to the beautiful souls that have stepped forth with open minds. I have been able to connect with them by sharing my raw story.

Are you going to be forced to have surgery to recover from anal purging self-abuse?

I will only be forced to have anal corrective surgery if I continue to abuse my anal area with laxatives, enemas and alternative methods to aid in evacuation. My body is physically dependant, which leaves me in a very ambivalent position.

From what I read in your blog, don't you have to do that to evacuate now? Or will it happen naturally if you give it time?

Unfortunately, the anal purging has damaged my rectal area. I am at a point in my life where I literally can't evacuate without artificial aides. I am in a 6-week process of anal rectal biofeedback at UCSF medical center, where they hope to retrain my brain and body to evacuate on it's own. If I do not respond to biofeedback treatment then my next option will be surgery. I am working hard to reduce the addictive behaviors that are destroying my rectum every time I perform them. If I don't stop I could permanently damage or loosen my rectum or colon in the process of trying to heal them.

Do you feel connected to your body?

At times I feel connected to my body while other times I don't. It all depends on the moment and which part of my brain I have given power to, the logical mind or the diseased mind. Eating disorders are a part of self but not our entire being. In recovery, I am working on loving and balancing myself as a whole. The happiest connection between mind and body is a healthy one.

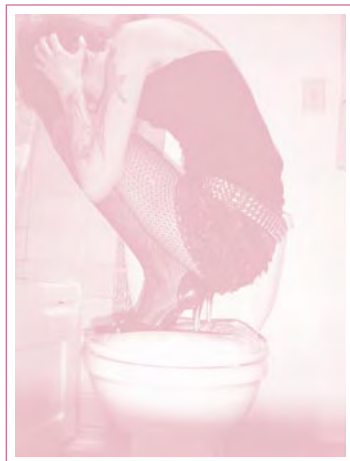
Is it really ever just about losing weight?

I never thought so. Things can be sugarcoated but I believe there will always be underlying issues to the development of this disease. I use to say, “I'm not killing myself, this disease is,” and then I realized it was all a slow form of suicide. The disease is taking lives as I write this; it's time

we get to the root of the problem and stop only focusing on the surface issues.

But why are the majority of people suffering from e.d.s young (as in the last 50 years) and American? Is there a connection with American consumer-based culture?

Eating disorders have become a malicious parasite, infecting innocent people all over the world. We are dealing with a psychological disease here that manifests the brain and body. If a majority of the people suffering from e.d.s are young and American then one should analyze what's influencing these people and what's really going on inside of them. The deeper one dives into this detrimental death trap, the harder it will be to get out. People suffering from eating disorders should be getting their influences from positive figures such as trained professionals in this field and pro-recovery advocates, not negative media imagery and pro-eating disorder communities.

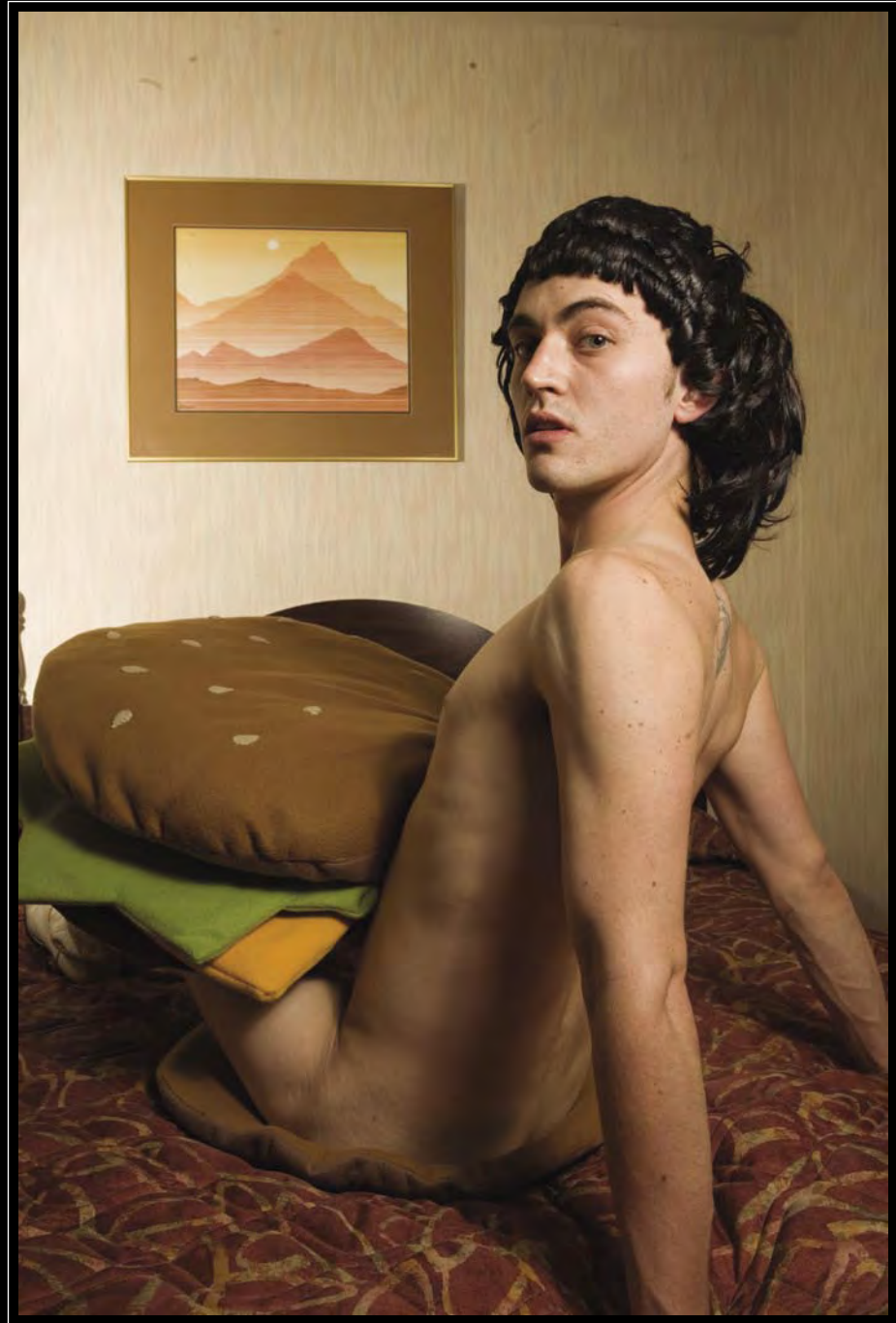


Photos By Johnny Giovanni Righini.
See more at finddesirenotdemise.com



Room | 222









La Vita Amara



By L.H.

Reno never stops, never rests, never lets it go. Each day he fills his growing belly with more and more, binging on the pleasures of life 'til they make him sick, when they become the thing that's ruining him. He doesn't care, and really, none of us do. We choose to live the same as Reno and try not to notice how things wear on him differently.

Reno is thirty-three, I am seventeen, and everyone else is somewhere in between. At thirty-three I hope to be nothing like Reno. Not that he's so bad, but living with your parents as an adult seems like a drag and I can't imagine having kids my age as best friends. I don't even like the kids my age now. But hey, if you don't analyze the situation too much it's easy to forget what's strange, because really, we all have our reasons for not making the best choices, for calling each other every night. Besides, most of the time, Reno's not so bad. He can be pretty funny, drives a new Alfa Romeo, showed me a Maradona video, and took me to a wild soccer game where we smoked foot long joints and threw firecrackers on the field. Also, he always has drugs and a place to do them.

Sometimes there are 10 or 15 of us in his parents' basement and sometimes he, Brian, Ciero, and I will drive places I've never been. Naples is huge and they know where everything is. One time we went to this mansion overlooking the bay and hung out with another older guy living in his parents' guesthouse. The guy was half Swiss and half Italian and had once been some kind of competitive skier and then, later, a gigolo. He was excited to speak English and told me stories about older women looking for love at ski resorts, the children he had with them but never sees, how he almost went to the Olympics, and how now he has nothing.

All of this was pretty interesting until it hit that point of no return, the point when I realize I don't really know or like the person in front of me. It usually happens when they get too high. When they start wanting things I don't have to give. The ski-gigolo kept playing Bruce Springsteen's "Sad Eyes," making me recite the lyrics along with him, and forcing me to dance a slow, awkward shuffle around the living room with

everyone watching. It was pretty weird and I asked Reno to take me home.

Oftentimes, Reno hits that point of no return, but it's not always predictable. It can be in the middle of the day, when we're by the beach and all of a sudden he pulls me close. But usually it's at night, after he's snorted too many lines and has had too much whiskey. His round, balding head turns a purplish-red, like he's straining and ready to pop. He'll grab my hand and stroke my face and tell me I'm "bella." He asks why I'm so cold, why I have to be an Ice Princess. That's his name for me, because as he puts it, I do not melt. He doesn't know that I do melt. I am like an ice cube in his warm glass of whiskey.

Reno has a baby with a woman I've never met. I've never met the baby, either, and I don't think Reno gets to see her much. He's not the kind of guy you would trust with your kids, and that's why I've never introduced him to my parents. They'd flip if they met him. But they never will.

Looking at Reno I see nothing but waste. That's all he produces. Mounds of trash. He throws empty cigarette containers, bottles of Peroni, his parents' money, and the best parts of his life out the window, into the toilet, up his nose. The world is his trashcan and whatever he can't use to satisfy himself gets discarded. If I don't give him what he wants soon, I'll be thrown out, too - but maybe that's a good thing. I'm starting to see the value in the life he throws away, and I'm not sure how much longer I can stand the stench of a man rotting from the inside out.

The other night I felt like that, like I couldn't smell or see anymore waste, of Reno and all his friends. So I took off, started walking home. I wasn't afraid to be out alone at night. I didn't mind the cars stopping and honking and swerving. I didn't care that no one would care that I left and wasn't coming back. I felt good, I felt high, and I felt like there was hope for me. That I could change who I am and what will become of me, and that maybe if I could, then Reno could, too.



Blown

A Brief History of Cocaine in Hollywood

By Christopher Trout and Heather Riley

The “It Drug”

Like a Halston dress or a pair of Ferragamo heels, cocaine was one of the hottest status symbols of the 1970s. Everyone had to have it. It was the perfect accessory. Like platforms and Lycra body suits, cocaine died with disco, but it is being resurrected. Electroclash and Reggaeton have paved the way for dance music in the twenty-first century, so it is no surprise that cocaine use is on the rise. In a culture where chemical dependence is the norm, cocaine has established itself as the old standby.

While the recent discovery of a vaccine to stop cocaine addiction may threaten its popularity, there is still no cure for its tragic hipness. And while some former celebrity addicts wear their sobriety like a badge of honor, a new generation of stars are snorting their way to fame. In honor of the rebirth of the “it drug,” it is time to take a look back at the life of everyone’s favorite upper.

The Early Years: 1800s-1920s

Cocaine was introduced in the late 1800s as an ingredient in cold and hay fever remedies, wines and even Coca Cola. It fast became an American favorite, and by 1906, 80 million Americans were consuming eleven tons of the drug a year. Cocaine was the everyman’s fix.

It wasn’t until the drug became illegal that the rich and famous took interest. In 1914, the Harrison Narcotics Act created a black market for coke and made it a hot item in Hollywood. In the 1920s, comedienne Mabel Normand spent \$2,000 a month on cocaine; Barbara La Marr kept it on her piano; and Brazilian sex-pot Carmen Miranda stored her blow in a special nook in her platforms.

While popular in the 1920s, cocaine all but disappeared in the 1930s and would not regain popularity for some time.

The Golden Years: 1970s

After decades of marginal use, cocaine was ready for a comeback. The 1970s were the perfect time. Glamour was king, with disco ruling the charts and rock stars like David Bowie putting a shinier finish on rock and roll. The stage was set for the status drug to make a reappearance.

“The Cocaine Scene,” a 1977 article written for Newsweek, painted a picture of a country obsessed:

“Cocaine’s popularity has spread so vastly within the last few years that it has become the drug of choice for countless Americans. Businessmen use it to get going in the morning and entertainers use it to keep going at night. College students and housewives use it, stockbrokers and fashion designers use it, rock singers and used car salesmen use it.”

Cocaine was part of everyday life for some. The drug was so popular that Maxferd’s, a San Francisco jeweler, was custom designing diamond encrusted razor-blades and coke spoons, while other stores were selling coke “How to” books as well as “coke kits,” which contained a mirror, razor blade, spoon, and cocaine container. A gold coke spoon even appeared on the cover of Esquire, and The New York Times ran an article titled “Cocaine: The Champagne of Drugs.”

The glamorous image of cocaine made it an ideal drug for the upper class. The hottest hostesses on either coast made sure to have cocaine on hand at their gatherings. Some would provide it on a silver platter, while others would fill empty ashtrays with the powder.

Cocaine had become the perfect party drug. It was glamorous, expensive and easy to get, especially if you were a celebrity. It would later come out that just about any actor or singer alive in the 1970s had at least experimented with cocaine. In his book, “The Last Party,”

Anthony Haden Guest recounts the amount of drugs done by celebrities at the infamous Studio 54. While he never directly implicates any of the club's guests, he makes it clear that along with an abundance of famous faces came an enormous amount of coke. Studio 54 was frequented by Andy Warhol, Truman Capote, Grace Jones and Liza Minnelli, and played host to first lady Betty Ford, Mick Jagger and a slew of other guests including princes, movie moguls, artists, writers and rock stars. Just as disco was the music of the decade, cocaine was the drug.

Time of Confession: 1980s

When the 1980s rolled around, America was ready for a change. Disco lost its popularity almost overnight, Studio 54 was shut down after problems with the IRS and cocaine was under attack. With Ronald Reagan in the White House, and the "War on Drugs" and "Just Say No" campaigns well underway, cocaine and the decadence of the seventies were under attack. These campaigns, coupled with the rise of crack cocaine, lead to the smearing of coke's image.

"When crack came along, the image of cocaine changed dramatically," Harry Shapiro wrote in one essay on the drug. "Goodbye \$100 bills and silver spoons, hello those coke-crazed black men so beloved of turn-of-century tabloids."

The new look of cocaine birthed a slew of celebrity clean-ups and confessions. Since the 1980s, rock stars, movie stars and other celebrities have been kicking their habits and confessing to their pricey addictions. Producers, actors, musicians and models have admitted to cocaine habits that cost tens of thousands of dollars a week. Steve McQueen, Richard Dreyfuss, Richard Pryor, Robin Williams, Steven Tyler, Ray Charles, Marianne Faithfull, Stevie Nicks and even Paul McCartney have all come forward about their use of cocaine. However, musicians and actors weren't the only celebrities speaking up about

their habits. In her autobiography, Julia Phillips, producer of *The Sting* and other 1970s films, disclosed that by 1979 she was supporting a cocaine addiction that cost her \$15,000 a week.

The Next Generation: 1990s

While older, more established stars were cleaning up and going straight, a whole new breed of rebellious young actors and musicians were starting to cause trouble. Their use of heroin was the focus of much media attention but cocaine was still going strong.

Scott Weiland of the Stone Temple Pilots was arrested in 1995 for possession of cocaine and heroin. The following year the lead singer of Blind Melon, Shannon Hoon, died of a cocaine overdose. Also in 1996, Robert Downey Jr. had one of his many run-ins with the police. He was pulled over for speeding, and the police found crack, heroin, and cocaine in the car. This first offense resulted in probation, which he promptly broke, landing him in jail and a drug rehabilitation center for six months.

The Second Coming: 2000s

In the 1990s, cocaine was the sign of a celebrity's fall, but in the new millennia, something strange is happening. Just like those women who still haven't given up on feathered hair, or tube tops with spandex pants, there are still a few celebrities holding on to the image of the cocaine era. For some, it is the way to keep a career going. Once out of rehab, Robert Downey Jr. went on to star in some fine films, including an acclaimed performance in 2005's "Good Night, and Good Luck."

Grunge queen Courtney Love's 2004 sentence to rehab for having cocaine in her bloodstream gave her five more



minutes of fame. In years to come, her drug-induced meltdowns and freak-outs may be more memorable than her music.

Lately, it seems stars are either using coke to cover up an eating disorder or using an eating disorder to cover up their cocaine abuse. Teen twin millionaire Mary Kate Olsen, of "Full House" and "New York Minute" fame, was rumored to be at a rehab center for cocaine addiction before she opened up about her anorexia. Actress and party girl Lindsay Lohan shrunk to skeletal proportions, sparking rumors of an eating disorder that most now chalk up to habitual drug use.

In September 2005, Lohan's friend, Kate Moss, was actually photographed cutting lines with the greatest of ease. It was no surprise she did coke, but what was surprising was the way Chanel, Burberry, and H&M cancelled her contracts when the news hit the mainstream media.

Models are commonly forgiven for their drug use. How else do they stay so thin? Moreover, Kate Moss's drug-addled boyfriend at the time, Babyshamble's front man, Pete Doherty, is celebrated for fitting into the sad, waste of talent, rock-star-drug-addict mold so well, it appears Kate is getting the short end of the stick. Fittingly, *W* magazine

ran a spread of Moss as movie star/pharmaceutical addict Marilyn Monroe just months later.

The End?

Pharmacies have been working on a therapeutic vaccine, TA-CD, to suppress cocaine addiction. While the TA-CD vaccine doesn't curb the desire for blow, it does prevent the user from getting high for up to six months when taking it. Most subjects in the primary tests were able to stay off cocaine for half a year. Unfortunately, the TA-CD vaccine is only helpful for recovering addicts.

Like leg warmers and roller derby, the 1970s are making a small comeback. According to the National Survey of Drug Use and Health, over one million people tried cocaine for the first time in 2001. This number most closely mirrors the figure for 1978.

While Nordie's won't be selling Baby Phat's diamond-studded coke spoons anytime soon, cocaine is still a prominent player in consumer culture. Slumming "it" kids, models, and Hollywood's bad seeds are keeping the connection between coke and celebrity alive.

Ms. Papadopoulou's Finishing School



Photos By Natasha Papadopoulou





Previous Page: Mac Paint Peintures in blue, This Page: Mac Cream Colour Base "Fresco "

Mac Gloss Creme Brilliance in pink



Yellow Mac Pigment and Lip Glass



Mac fluid eyeliner Gel "Blue Peep"



The Getaway

One Woman's Quest for Perfection

By Bobbi Ryde

A good friend of mine once advised that the only thing we can control in life is our reaction, whether to mundane events or to the curveballs that could potentially knock us on our asses. Yet, it is more convenient to dismiss that ability in favor of the excuse that life is goddamn ridiculous. It is something that everyone generally accepts and shrugs off. It seems much more simple and painless to let the reel of experiences and memories blur into a seamless haze. But then there are those moments where a scene from your life exists in freeze frame, those moments of contemplation that compel you to throw your hands up in despair and scream, "No, really, what the fuck!"

I was having one of those moments. It was 3 AM on a Tuesday night and I found myself chasing my boyfriend down the access road of I-35, barefoot, ragged kimono blowing behind me. Though it was difficult to catch up to him while shredding my feet on rocks, twigs, and maybe even some discarded crack needles, I could clearly discern that triumvirate of words I had grown so accustomed to: "Fuck off, cunt!" Apparently, some of the drivers on the road heard the verbal abuse as well, as more than one stepped out of their cars to have words with this monster I was running after. Usually I kept on going, leaving my dignity and sanity behind me, but as I absorbed the absurdity of the scene, I had to stop and think to myself, who, or what, exactly was I chasing? And more importantly, why?

This was the game we would play: He would hide something from me (usually another female), I'd sniff it out, we'd have it out, he'd run away, and I would pursue, doggedly. I often wondered how an educated, ambitious, and attractive person like myself could deteriorate into such a borderline psychotic and sniveling mess. I know the seed of destruction was planted when I caught him with his cock in his ex-girlfriend's mouth, but why on earth did I nurture it for a year and a half? Did I hate myself that much? Or was I just helplessly addicted to any sort of pain he would inevitably dole out?

I suppose all relationships are a binge in a way. There is a natural proclivity to immerse yourself in another individual and the craving rarely staves off, especially if you're in any kind of abusive relationship. You find yourself picking up habits that months before would have appalled you. Don't get me wrong, I have always loved to party, but I knew I had crossed a line when I was gulping down a six pack with ease every night and doing blow two or three times a week. My life equation could easily be understood as boy + booze + blow = absolute misery. The good nights were those in which I just blacked out.

I have come to think of it as emotional and psychological bulimia. I had purged him before but, of course, had taken him back once he divulged that he was depressed

And, oh, what a purge it was! Deleting his friends' numbers from my phone along with their insipid MySpace profiles, programming his number into my phone as "suicide, don't do it," limiting my bar visits from every night to once a week, quitting blow altogether, exercising on a regular basis for the first time in nearly a decade, and, of course, getting back on the couch into therapy.

and needed to change. Stumbling back to my house the night of that chase, though, I realized that he could not. And would not. And neither would I if I allowed this freak show to continue. I finally realized I had become a gross caricature of myself. He may have pushed me down that far, but I was the one responsible for letting myself linger at that level.

Cold turkey was the only way to go at this point. (Technically you could call it lukewarm turkey as I did allow myself some Xanax in case of panic attacks.) And, oh, what a purge it was! Deleting his friends' numbers from my phone along with their insipid MySpace profiles, programming his number into my phone as "suicide, don't do it," limiting my bar visits from every night to once a week, quitting blow altogether, exercising on a regular basis for the first time in nearly a decade, and, of course, getting back on the couch into therapy. Though these actions may appear as mere baby steps, they were an integral part of the process of regaining control of myself. Over the past year and a half I had drowned myself; cutting these ties to him allowed me to finally come up for air.

It was quite an ambitious heist I was planning—rapidly turning all of the negative things in my life into positive ones. Even my therapist gently warned that I was, "hmm, perhaps putting too much on my plate." Of course, I was too dizzy with my new and improved distractions to realize I was setting myself up for a huge relapse.

Fast forward to a week later. I'm sitting in a living room, snorting shitty cocaine, and swapping ex-boyfriend horror stories with some of my girlfriends. Upon leaving, a dim destructive light bulb flashed in my head and alerted me that the ex lives just down the street. How convenient! I just could not let the proverbial devil on my shoulder die. You already know the rest of the story. The fucked up, breathless reconciliation in the middle of the night, followed by that nagging sixth sense (or woman's intuition as some like to call it), the frantic scroll through his call history, the discovery that he too has found a late night

distraction, the screaming match, and yet another chase. The finish line for this particular one was in my bathtub, staring up at my pajama clad roommate and friend as they grabbed the bottle of pills from my shaky hand. The whole night had been a blur but I doubt I will ever forget the look of reproach and disappointment in their eyes. God bless passive aggressive text messaging.

Square one is a humiliating place to revisit, especially if you have been there what seems like a thousand times. You languish in bed and hide, become a hermit to avoid the contemptuous, "I told you so." You make the absolutely necessary decision to operate on autopilot. You begin to fancy the idea of robots replacing humans. You learn to accept that a little, maybe even a larger, portion of you has died. That's the real purge.

Relapses and recoveries are bound to follow in succession. I have already slipped up in terms of aforementioned distractions, including him. But it is comforting to know what a little time and hard earned knowledge can do to transform your perspective. Each time he looks a bit sadder, more pathetic, more haggard. And it is not necessarily because he is (though I never rule out that option). It is because I am not.

So ladies (and gentlemen, if you're still out there), don't let this cycle happen to you. There is something to be said for clichés, after all. Moderation is key, and it doesn't matter what kind of tenuous hold you have on your own identity; as long as a thread exists, don't let it slip through your fingers. Before you start running, figure out if the chase is worth what's waiting at the finish line. But, if you must, at least keep a pair of running shoes by your door. Take it from me - my feet still hurt.





Animal Instinct

Photos By Colleen Durkin









Tender Vittles

Binge and Purge Featurettes Drawings by Tuan Phan



HOW I SAVED MY BEST FRIEND'S LIFE

By Jeffrey Bab

2:30 PM. My truck barreled down the two-lane, slightly weaving whenever I lifted my knee to hold the wheel, sipping the tall boy that sat between my legs. Patrick sat next to me rattling on and on about his dumb cunt of a girlfriend. A quick flip of my wrist drowned him out.

We started early when he told me that the pharmacy was open. Narcos, somas, and bars. Patrick disregarded any notions of prescriptions and handed them out to my co-workers and me like free condoms at Planned Parenthood. I had a half a bar...or one whole one...the details are sketchy. I watched Patrick pop three different pills into his mouth and wash it down with his brown-bagged High Life.

3:00 PM. Patrick and I brought a six pack along to finish off the day at work, but since that wasn't exactly kosher with my boss, we had Marty listen for his grumbling diesel truck. Six foot four and modeled after a linebacker, Marty's intimidation skills were immeasurable since both Patrick's and my shit talking at bars would in any other circumstance lead to a beat down for the ages.

4:30 PM. The Xanax I took, coupled with three beers, started to take its effect. There was talk of going to the bar for darts and a "beer or two," or going to my house to drink...the bar won. We rode down the narrow back road to our watering hole, Last Call for Country. Its squat, red building was draped with old Christmas lights and one of those parked arrows announced to the passersby that it was Ronnie's birthday.

4:47 PM. Patrick and I stepped inside Last Call and were immediately greeted by Shauntae, the owner. Her toothy grin gave ease to my heart and cringed on my liver. She pulled two Lonestars from behind the bar and set them down. We took our spots in front of an electronic dartboard and continued to dull our frontal lobes. Putting

my foot to the marker took a little more concentration than usual. We played a couple of rounds and started our usual conversations of who was better at darts, which led to who was more of a bad ass, which led to conversations about taking the owner around the corner.

5:45 PM. Shauntae handed us another round, and it was gone after three turns at the board. With new beers on hand, Patrick really started to lay into me on the dart game. With each win, and beer, his ego floated higher and higher.

7:00 PM. The girls arrived. Leah and Samantha (the dumb cunt) made their entrance known to the whole bar. I was dating Leah at the time. She was a 21-year-old looker, ex-lesbian (bisexual), ex-coke head, ex-methhead, and current mother of a three-year-old. Samantha was a drunk, emotionally unstable, and had manic outages, or introspective conversations. It really depended on when you talked to her. She also got off on Patrick choking the living shit out of her with his arm, or a belt. Whichever one made her gag.

Sam and Patrick mugged down for their greeting, and Leah grabbed my crotch. Chivas Regal reeked from her body. The girls left to get another round, and Patrick handed me another Xanax with the promise that I'd be cool. Besides, he'd been popping them all day and he didn't feel anything yet. He believed all those years of heroin use in Portland made him immune to any kind of weak opium derived product like a narco.

8:30 PM. The night started moving like a play I was watching in which I had the only seat in the theater, and it happened all around me. Flashes of conversations start to appear in front of me.

"God, Jeff you need to fuck me now."

"What is that five games in a row? Fucking shit you suck."

"Hey, it's your turn to get a round."

"Nah man, I never use a condom with her."

"Yeah, and I told him...heeyyy Marty. What the fuck man!"

“Bull’s-eye mother fucker!”
“I fucked Leah.”

The last piece of a conversation snapped me back to reality. Patrick’s legs wobbled, his left hand pointed at me, and his right hand held a beer. I told him to fuck off and he laughed.

11:00 PM. The people started to blur around me. My head felt heavy. I caught a glimpse of Leah laughing at something Patrick says. The incoherence left me for a second and I got out of my chair to approach her.

“What do you mean you fucked Patrick?”
“What are you talking about Jeff?”
“Patrick just told me, you fucking bitch, what the fuck?”

Why I cared in the first place seems to have left me, Leah was there for a good time. We hung out a lot (had sex) and that was it.

“Why don’t you just do me a favor and fuck off.”
“I didn’t fuck him.”
“Yeah right.”

11:30 PM. Someone told me to make my way out of the door. I don’t think it was said nicely.

Something was going on in the parking lot. I walked out in time to see Sam hit Patrick in the face. He fell down on the gravel parking lot. He got up, yelled at Samantha to fuck off and walked down the road. Riding in the car next to Leah, I looked out the passenger window and saw Patrick walking on the side of the road. Leah murmured some curse and then swung the wheel towards Patrick. I moved quickly and grabbed the wheel, steering Patrick from a drunken death.

11:45 PM. I was lying in bed, Leah next to me, and drifting in and out of consciousness. I woke up to Leah grabbing my dick. End scene. Then woke up again to Leah crying. I figured she was fucked up, too. She hit me. Talking goes on, and on. It was something about her kid. She hugged me.

“Why did you say that?”
“Say what?”
“You told me all I was good for was a fuck.”
“Sorry.”

I slipped back down into the night’s darkness.



MY FRIEND MAALOX

By Sean O’Neal

I come from a long line of dyspeptics. Among other ailments, my mother, my grandfather and I all had to have our gallbladders removed at an early age. Something inside our guts just didn’t churn properly (or churned too much).

Of course, we were also given to compulsive overeating, and eating poorly. Even when my mother put us on strict diets out of some book, I still couldn’t go a lunch without buying the “freshly made” cookies from my school lunchroom. Until one day, when, after a cookie like any other, my chest began to hurt a little. Then a burning, battery acid taste fizzled up into my throat and made it hard to breathe. Panicking, I went straight to the water fountain to wash it down. I actually spit the bile out, right there in the shared drinking fountain.

“Maybe the cookies were baked wrong,” my young brain reasoned, “and this is what happens when you eat bad cookies.” I attributed it to the nastiness of the cafeteria and vowed not to eat them again.

As weeks went by, however, I continued to have what I called (to myself) “cookie aftertaste.” I wrote it off and tried to ignore it. One night after dinner, the acid swell doubled, and I felt for the first time what I recognized from commercials to be “heartburn.” I began to worry

incessantly (as I still do when even the slightest bit symptomatic) and told my mom. She seemed reluctant to believe that a 10-year-old child could be suffering from a grown-up ailment like indigestion, never mind the fact that years before I’d developed severe nearsightedness, mouth ulcers, and spontaneously sprouted strands of gray hair. She humored me by going to the medicine cabinet and getting down a bottle of Roloids.

She gave me this small, colored piece of chalk and told me to chew it up. It tasted awful, but fruity awful, like a Flintstones vitamin. Best of all, it created a bubble inside of me that let the air in, and it beat the raging fires back into my queasy little stomach. It was calming, this magical tablet. It whisked away fears of heart attacks or choking in my sleep. I suddenly realized that there was a simple cure to my problem and it was sold everywhere.

Over the next few years, Roloids became my tiny best friends. Every day my pockets would be streaked with a rainbow of a dozen pastels, and littered with little antacid half-moons. I would pop them at any hint of queasiness, their bitter flavor coating the back of my tongue all through gym class. My friends laughed at first but soon learned to accept it, even showing a sense of motherly concern as the years wore on. It also helped that at the time I vomited frequently, a social faux pas that was almost scarily casual for me to pull off. Who’s going to fault you a few Roloids here and there when your nickname is “Captain Puke”?

Fortunately for my social life, I learned to suppress my offhanded vomiting as I grew older. By high school I had it under control, but my acid reflux was stronger than ever. Shortly after my gallbladder exploded I was clocking up to twenty Roloids a day. I had one before, during and after every meal. Hearing this, my doctor suggested I graduate to the harder stuff. He recommended Maalox: drinkable antacid, with a smooth, milkshake flavor. He gave me a shot there in the office; I smacked my lips as though it were a well-aged Scotch. From then on I was hooked. Maalox came in several different flavors, but I

was partial to the cherry crème. The stuff looked like the purest of milks but smelled vaguely clinical, like the soap janitors use to wash the floors at schools. As a drink it was almost narcotic, a slow-moving wave of coolness spilling down my throat. I used to remove the cap and sniff it like a fine bottle of wine, even swirling it a bit to watch the light glimmer off its snowy surface. I carried Maalox around with me, in my backpack, in the car, everywhere. By the time I was in college I had a three-bottle-a-week habit. I even began to steal it from the drugstore where I worked.

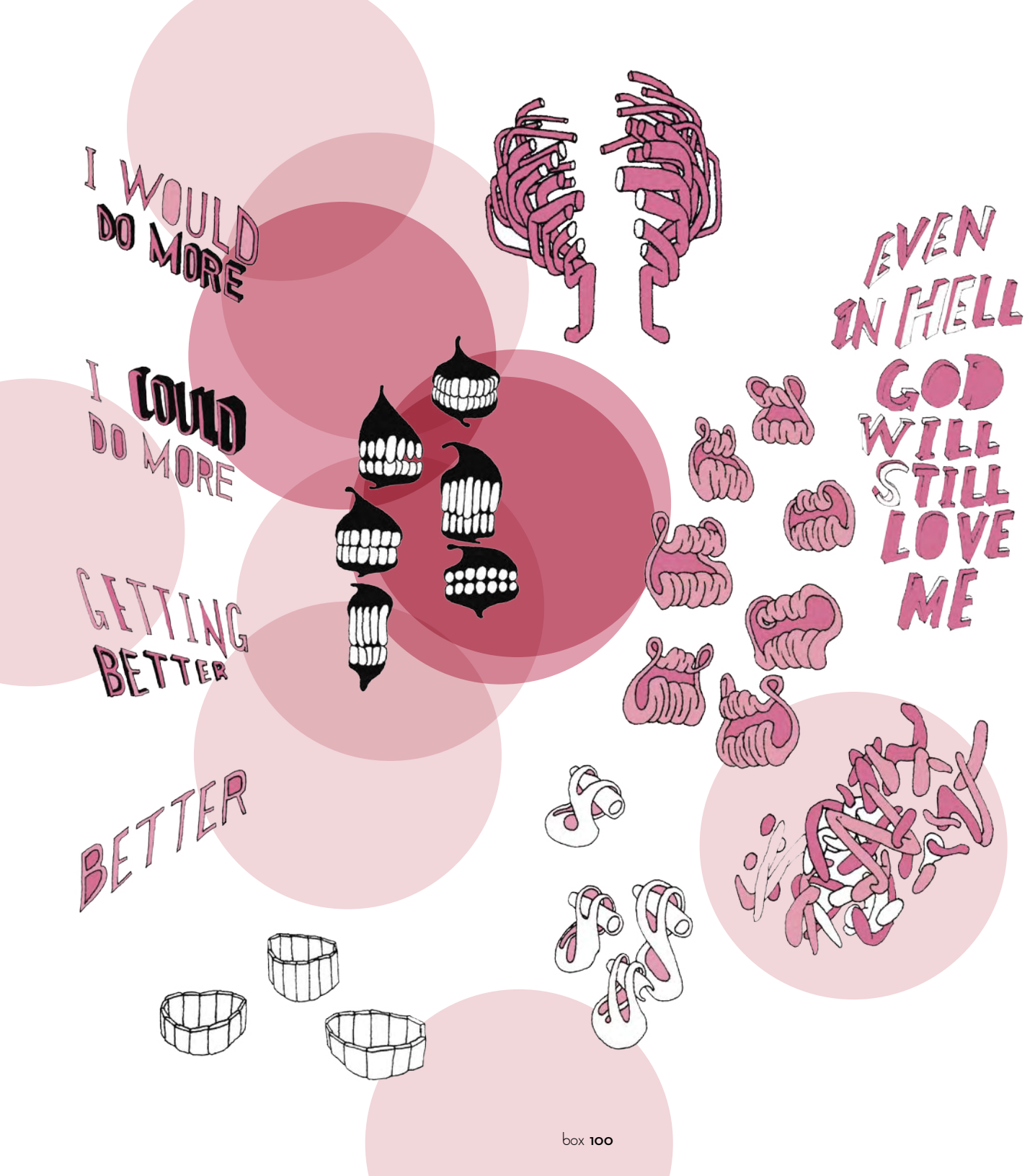
In my dorm room, where I lived alone, I could really indulge in it. Some nights I would leap out of bed and pound a bottle, closing my eyes and sucking at it like Ray Milland in “The Lost Weekend.” I would wake up and my sheets would have little white stains—ironic, since obviously Captain Puke wasn’t getting any. Some of my dorm neighbors stacked beer cans; I constructed a pyramid of empty Maalox bottles. Their bleached white bones grew before me and spread out in size, much like my burgeoning fear that something about this was wrong, that I was surely dying.

“It’s called GERD,” my doctor finally said one day. “Gastroenteritis Reflux Disease. You have it.”

He gave me a pamphlet (who knew that Hall of Fame pitcher Jim Palmer was a GERD sufferer?) and a sample of omeprazole, an acid inhibitor. One pill every morning, he promised, and no more Maalox. I took it obediently.

It worked. My acid reflux went away, and soon my Maalox pyramid fell to ruin. Though I’d told my friends that I was going to make some sort of art out of them, the bottles eventually went in the trash, and I never bought another one. These days I keep a bottle of Tums around for emergencies, but I’m officially off the sauce. Maalox and I have parted ways.

Sometimes though, when no one’s watching in the grocery store, I’ll pick up a bottle. Then I’ll give it a shake. Just to say hello.



BALI HIGH COLONIC

By Strappy McStrapon

After a summer of partying and generally not taking care of myself, I resolved that I would try for a clean start, whatever that meant. Basically, I just needed to stop drinking and doing drugs and eating crap long enough to purge my body of all the toxins I knew had built up over time and to regain some of my youthful vigor and health. What better way than with colonic irrigation and a cleansing fast?

I consulted a number of people on the subject: a massage therapist, an MD, the employees in the vitamin section of Whole Foods. I then went to the bookstore to read up on the various types of cleansing and fasting options. I purchased Loree Taylor Jordan's book "Detox for Life" which stated "it's your colon or your life." Yikes! I had realized earlier the importance of proper digestion and elimination after hearing an MD turned naturopath explain it during a yoga seminar, but this book sounded a very dire alarm indeed. Lastly, I went online in search of the type of program that would best suit me and was led to Colleen Reilly of Healing Waters Wellness Center in South Austin.

After a consultation with Colleen and through various readings, I settled upon a program that included a seven-day cleansing fast combined with daily colonic sessions. She explained that if I were to follow the schedule to the hour, I would never feel hungry and could easily stay the course for the week long cleansing fast. Given my less than hectic schedule, I did not have to take the additional steps of carrying around a small cooler for the cleansing ingredients and a thermos to carry the heated potassium broth. I could eat nothing else for duration of the week. Being close to home and kitchen makes the whole process easier and cuts down on the hassle factor overall. I personally would recommend the seven-day cleansing fast for someone taking a week off of work and sticking close to home. Oh, and it don't come cheap—the whole treatment (including the daily colonics) ran over \$500. You could substitute the daily colonics session for two enemas instead, and I guess

you could also source your own supplements and other ingredients. However, I thought it best to have someone supervise and arrange the whole process for me. Also, I had to be more accountable in such a process, not only to her but also to the guilt, because I paid \$500 to basically starve myself.

What happened during the seven days, you ask? Well, I didn't end up getting hungry except the one time I delayed ingestion of supplements by a couple of hours. The most uncomfortable part is the first two or three days. So much of our time is spent eating, thinking about it, preparing for it. The social aspect of eating cannot be underestimated. Besides the initial discomforts (and feeling a bit freakish), I could walk freely and without pain through a grocery store or calmly sit with friends in a restaurant. Of course, everyone asks if I lost weight or what came out during the process. The answers to the former is, "not as much I thought I would," and to the latter, "you wouldn't believe it if I told you."



BUDDHA OR BUST

By Morgan Riley

I can hear my teacher's voice, "If you don't make anything, what is there to purge?" This speaks to the Heart Sutra, the core of Zen Buddhist teaching. No eyes, no ears, no nose, no tongue, no body, no mind...if it were written in modern America it might say no cheese, no weed, no sarcasm, no video monitors, etc. Actually, this is a small joke because the Heart Sutra doesn't mean there is no this and that- it states that emptiness is the inherent reality of all phenomena so there is nothing to hold on to and hence no need to purge.

My first experience with Zen came from living in the Empty Gate Zen Center in Berkeley, California. Soon after, I

met my teacher Zen Master Seung Sahn. At this time I had dabbled in Yoga, the psychic arts, kung fu, and so on. Most of these forms stress some kind of purification, especially in the beginning. What drew me to Zen was the de-emphasis on gaining some new state and emphasis on the practice of letting one's clear mind manifest naturally. One method we practice is "together action." This simply is acting with others and letting our opinions and conditions go. So eating together, working together, meditation together, all serve as arenas to let go. Then there is no special purification needed. We can find our correct relationship with this world naturally.

This teaching is very practical and perhaps the most expedient. All of us these days suffer from a little too much individualism. I think this is why we must take in so much, physical as well as psychic, to fill the space meant to be shared by community. If we act with others, whether we're in a Zen Center or living in an apartment in a big city, we slowly get "enough mind." That is, eating simply, working with others towards a unified goal, resting when needed, letting our natural ease become clear. If we are confused we can humbly look around because we are always in relationship with this world. There is nothing esoteric going on here, just the same teaching our mothers hopefully tried to instill from an early age (in case your mother didn't, don't worry, the whole universe is always trying to show us harmony).

In my experience practicing Chinese medicine, Americans always think they are too toxic and must fast or take special cleansing herbs. While this is partially correct, more often than not there is more deficiency than excess. Our need to stuff ourselves again comes from a perceived lack. Often, it is the drain of our mental and emotional energies that makes us yearn for all that tequila and nachos. Mmmmm...

I hope I haven't sounded too Buddhist. People are often scared away from spiritual teachings because they seem apart from everyday life. Buddha only taught one thing. Don't make anything, don't hold anything, don't want anything and don't attach to anything. Okay, so he taught

four things, but these teachings don't require any special action, just let go. Then it is like walking by a restaurant with a very good smell. We don't have to go in, just take a good whiff, then go home and cook dinner for your loved one(s).

And if you have to throw up, then just do it!



ON PURGING MONOGAMY

By Lola La Roux

The word "lover" has never felt right. It's an exhausted romance novel synonym for sex or something they only say in old movies. So few people can get away with using it seriously that I wonder if I am woman enough to be one of them: "Hand me my pocketbook, lover. I need a cigarette." But unless there is another word - less dry than a "partner," more meaningful than a "fuck" - this is the challenge before me. Z and I have decided on an open relationship.

Now that I think about it, I should have known I was never cut out for monogamy. My first relationship was with L, a stunning Black Irish woman with a penchant for Keats, Shakespeare, and Mike D. I dangled my attraction to men over her like a cartoon anvil. We had desperate sex on the kitchen floor and fought like siblings, and it ended in disaster.

Then there was C, a computer scientist who was even left-brained about his recreational drugs: Robitussin DM, ephedrine. When we got too loud, his upstairs neighbor would bang on her floor with a shoe. When I told him I wanted to sleep with other people he thought it meant I had stopped loving him. I couldn't find the right words to explain it and we dissolved.

In the next ten months I slept with six people (for me,

an unprecedented number). The result was a muddy combination of shame and pride. After all, a little birdie had told me it was unbecoming of a lady to give it up easy, but to bed these people and not claim bragging rights? Impossible.

Then there was a second C. His couch was made for fucking. I fought constantly not to admit the lust I harbored for a mutual friend of ours, though, and I had to remind myself too often that giving my number to a cute stranger was not allowed. When our relationship ended, it was a relief.

And so it was that I finally realized I couldn't be in a relationship as I knew them to be. I still craved the emotional support but wanted nothing to do with the sexual confinements. Z and I almost didn't happen because of it.

From the beginning, I could tell that things would be different with him, but that was what scared me most. I knew I would be vulnerable to him, that he would know me better than anyone had, that if it happened, it would happen despite my flaws, not because I kept them well hidden. But how do you tell someone you care about that you're prone to thoughts of cheating on your partners?

Neither of us remember who began talking about sleeping with other people first. We were lying in bed one night and it just came up. Not remembering who raised it was the first sign; if it was so natural that we weren't keeping score like that, we were probably on to something. Still, I was scared as hell. When I imagined myself sleeping with someone else it was simply about the sex, but when I imagined him sleeping with someone else... Would she be a better lover? Would she try to steal him from me? Would he fall in love with her?

First came the understanding that he was thinking the very same things about me. This was a risk we would take together. There were no victims here.

Then came the understanding that we would fuck up. Maybe

we were asking for it, but a very wise friend managed to explain it perfectly: comfortable relationships do not grow the way they should. It's the hard stuff that brings people closer to one another, or at least lets them discover what they are really about, so why not challenge ourselves? Why wait for something to present itself from the outside if we can explore the depths of our relationship on our own terms and then be ready to face something like that together? Maybe we would fuck up, but at least we wouldn't be bored.

And here we are now, at the terms. You'd think nothing could be more unsexy than figuring out what we're comfortable with one another doing to, for, or with someone else, but this has been the biggest surprise so far. One night not long ago, Z and I went to a bar with a friend who had come to town. I ended up flirting with that friend all evening. That night Z woke me from a sound sleep to manhandle me, to tangle me up in an urgent, sweaty, I-don't-care-that-there's-someone-sleeping-on-the-floor-right-there fuck. Let's just say if that's what sex is like just after the tease, I'm ready to know what it's like after the follow-through.

This is not to say there is no envy or unease. I expect to dissect the first woman he sleeps with, to weigh my whole against hers and grapple with my shortcomings. He struggles with the idea of me coming with someone else. And it is only so easy to redefine the word "relationship" - something that, until recently, I allowed to be defined for me. But, damn it all, I love a good challenge.

The defining moment of my last relationship came when I realized that I had been with C for a year, yet he still had no idea who I was. Similar epiphanies happened with the others, but it was not until I met Z that I understood what went fundamentally wrong with all of those relationships: I denied who I was to fit the mold of who I was expected to be.

And who am I? Well, it's a funny thing I've figured out: I am a lover. I love hearing what people do for a living and



learning about where they came from. I love that some people have red hair and some people have curly hair and that some have none at all. And I love breasts and cocks of all different shapes and sizes, and that some people bite and some people don't. Most importantly, I love Z for understanding this about me, and for acknowledging this part of himself.

So it turns out I already have a lover, and that he has one, too. And I don't have to sip a dirty martini to use the word properly. Purging something as significant to my life as monogamy might be frightening, but it helps to know I am not facing the challenge alone.



GET OUTTA MYSFACE!

By Ryan Tomorrow

Thinking back on it now, the relationship had died months before the break-up. When you're with someone for that long you just end up staying together out of familiarity, out of fear of being alone rather than any true sense of desire or affection. I'd think I was my own person, but I'd keep running back for that sweet, brief reaffirmation, that addictive little jolt of self-esteem. Eventually, that's all the relationship was: an addiction, and like a good addict, I'd come crawling back at my weakest, in the lonely hours of the night. When there was no one else awake, no one I could talk to, I always knew MySpace would be waiting.

Like many relationships, ours started while I was still involved. I had been on Friendster for months and, at the time, MySpace seemed a crass and ugly imitation. After weeks of Friendster's lackluster performance, however (is it still in fucking BETA?), I made the switch completely, and dedicated myself to this new ardor.

At first it was bread and roses with my new love. MySpace was open ended; it allowed me to express myself in ways I had yet to explore. It was everything I had loved about all the sites before it. I could blog like it was LiveJournal; I could surf for potential hookups like it was the summer 2001 heyday of Nerve.com; I could connect with long lost (and rightfully forgotten) high school lunch chums like Friendster; even post bulletins like I was 16 and on my BBS again. In short, MySpace aimed to be all things to all people, my one-stop shop for Internet socialization.

OK, so she ain't pretty. Actually, I probably would've jumped ship for MySpace sooner if it wasn't for the god-awful site design. This was well before all those MySpace customization sites popped up, which allowed users to make their pages gaudier than a Korean schoolgirl's cell phone. I have friends who are professional web designers who can't for the life of them make their profiles even halfway presentable. The site's ugliness is deep in its DNA, and no matter how much you tart it up, like a Wal-Mart with a forest-green roof, the ugliness inside seeps out.

The ugliest aspect of the site, however, is the particular ability to find out if a message you've sent has been read or not. In what context could this ever be used for anything positive? Imagine if this feature was implemented into Outlook or any corporate email program! Companies would crumble, whole industries would grind to a halt. It's the online equivalent to being able to read minds and it only increases one's insecurities and paranoia. You become obsessed with the idea of a reply, even if you were just dropping a comment. Suddenly, that read but unreplied message becomes a hidden symbol, a glaring red dot of disingenuous friendship.

The inherent problem with MySpace (and Friendster, and Consumating, and LiveJournal, etc...) is that it is NOT about building online relationships, but rather building up one's own (artificial) image. In the end, I wasn't logging on to MySpace in order to keep up with what my pals were up to; I was logging in to tell them what I was up to, or at

the very least to see if anyone had written about me in their blogs. This self-aggrandizing, pseudo-individuality is a trademark of the generation that populates MySpace. I would spend more time crafting and re-crafting my profile than actually writing to friends. I would exhaust more effort in photographing myself for my online images than I would inviting people out. I thought up clever pseudonyms when people were still using their real names. In short, MySpace became the ultimate exercise in vanity.

And that's the whole point—the entire social structure of MySpace, the whole order and system is set up to reward popularity. There are spam messages promising an increase of 500 friends with a single click—certainly this isn't for building lasting relationships, but simply a tool to market the individual to the masses. This is the banner of the new generation: The brand of Me, Myself and MySpace. Reality programming and Internet fame have instilled in us the idea that we are all MTV-ready, that we deserve our 15 minutes and ain't nobody going to fuck with it. We aren't subverting cliques; we're just creating new ways to group ourselves.

The ability to create a mini brand, a seemingly personal shrine, to one's ego is so important to modern youth that MySpace has become the new AOL. News Corp's (helmed by Rupert Murdoch) acquisition of MySpace.com, has made Tom, once my first and only friend in the bleak, ugly interface, fucking loaded.

But it was a report on NPR on my ride home a few weeks back that finally did it. MySpace had announced that they were hiring their first ever 'Chief Security Officer' to police the 50-million users of the site. I pulled into my driveway, walked into my studio, and deleted my profile. The revolution had become the institution. Time to move on.

Where does one go from MySpace? I'm sure there will be a new contender, but for now the competition seems bleak. Newcomers like Consumating are even more popularity-obsessed, and returning to LiveJournal or Nerve or even Friendster seems like running back to an ex despite their

own shortcomings (in order: too geeky, too slutty, too needy). For now, I'll just forget about all those Dashboard Confessional lyrics I've yet to post, leave my witty and tongue-in-cheek screen-name in my notebook, and go outside and say hello to the first person I see.



LEAVING THE NEST

By Ginger

"The wedding dress. We have to get rid of it," was the first thought to pop into my brain the morning of our wedding anniversary. I got up alone, leaving my husband in bed sleeping, like I do every morning when I go to work, only today was the last day of a three-day weekend. I went outside to read my fantasy novel and drink my kombucha tea, finding it much less enjoyable than I had hoped. I kept thinking of the off-white gown, wrapped in acid-free archival paper, encased in a much too large box. Waves of sadness and occasional nausea hit me over and over. I attempted to distract myself by eating some cereal and some chocolate and some nuts and anything else that looked like it could fill the void. Nothing helped. It was time to face my new life.

Two days earlier, my darling friend and I had realized that after living together for eight years, it was time we tried to live on our own. In separate homes. Maybe even separate states. It hadn't been an easy decision. Well, the decision was easy, but the emotional fallout hadn't been. "I'm not going to back down. I'm not going to give in to the fear of what it's going to be like on my own," I kept telling myself.

I'd tried to figure out what to call my husband. I couldn't call him "husband" as I did not feel like I was anybody's wife; at least not like any sort of wife I saw in pop culture. Except maybe Madonna. But I'm me, and I feel like I need to be alone. I feel like I need to be known as an individual. It wasn't easy to tell him this. When we married seven years ago, I

didn't think about becoming the "institute of marriage." It just happened. I didn't think about how unfair it is that only certain relationships are deemed worthy of legal matrimony. I was too young to understand how strong love is.

When my husband finally woke, I dropped the wedding dress bomb. I felt like it was a stronger symbol for him and told him that it was up to him to decide what to do with it since I no longer wanted to try to find storage for an expensive-enough dress in an unwieldy box. I gave him a chance to eat some breakfast before we went to work. I felt the sadness a lot deeper than I thought I would. While we both understood the symbol, we had both fallen in love with an ideal. Our wedding day was beautiful. The pictures are beautiful. Our relationship continues to be beautiful. It was time to take the dress out of the box and take the idea out of the dress. It hasn't been easy. Change never is. But the dress will get a new life—just like our marriage will.



SEX AND THE CITY MARATHON

By Heather Riley

"Sex and the City" has taken over my life. What began as a joke, "Hey, I'm going to watch every episode, ever, in a week," turned into some sort of hard to rid of disease like athlete's foot. It was one of those things like "Law and Order," or Stone Temple Pilots, I wouldn't ever turn off if it came on. I thought the show was clever, sexy, witty and honest about the way women were. What I didn't realize, though, was the show is based upon how men think women are.

The show is unbelievably misogynistic, and I can't grasp why I never noticed before. The women are crazy and obsessed with men and shopping. In particular, Carrie is bad with money and Charlotte is strictly concerned with babies and marriage. The show is built upon stereotypes.

The division of the women into archetypes (sex hungry, marriage hungry, money hungry, shoe hungry) which originally seems so novel, as if these four flawed women would make a cohesive whole, falls apart by the end of the show. Did the ending have to have all four women with men to be satisfying? Well, once I realized the show was a male fantasy, yes. What's worse, I ended up liking the men the ladies end up with more than the protagonists.

Why would the writers make the male characters more sympathetic than the female? Well, the show has more male writers than female, is produced by men and almost exclusively directed by men. So, really, it's a show for men. As I sank deeper into my "Sex and the City" induced depression, I wondered: Is the greatest show for women just what a bunch of men think their wives would be like if they hadn't married?

After Season Four, I began buying into it: I gave the same advice Carrie did; I found myself eyeing Samantha-style whore wear; I started planning a Charlotte style wedding in my head; and, like Miranda in Season Six's, "Great Sexpectations," I developed quite a relationship with my television. I must have bought at least three pairs of high heels. As I assimilated to the characters more and more I hated them more and more. Stranger still, I began to think they were better than me, which ultimately sort of fueled my self-hatred, and hatred of them. It's a very vicious cycle.

The problem with the show, as well as the characters, is that no one is willing to admit that maybe these stereotypes are true. Women like marriage, sex, food and shoes. Men like us to think that's what they think we like. I'm not saying every man wants some sort of trophy wife (even "Sex and the City" doesn't claim that), or that every woman wants to stumble around in Manolo's to snag rich men to shag. I'm just saying, as clever and novel as the show was when it first aired, years later it doesn't hold up as a paean of modern femininity, and it's sad so many women think it does.

Now, excuse me. I have to go watch Buffy.

Glamour Puss

Photos By Aubrey Edwards





Styling: Big Cock
Hair and Makeup: Vain Salon
Shoes: Goodie Toeshoes
Sunglasses: Prototype Vintage
Swimwear : Feathers Boutique





Sour Puss

Photos By Aubrey Edwards







HOW TO:

Lose a SkSr Boy in 3 hours

By Fifi D'Aubigne



1. Use alternate transportation.

Our story begins where my evening should've ended: waiting to catch the last bus home, in high spirits from the great night of band practice and warm and toasty from a couple beers. I sat next to a street musician on the bench. He offered me a cigarette and a beer. Actually, I asked for the cigarette. His name was something like Stoney or Bucky. He told me all about the three-month folk festival he goes to every year. We sat in the very back of the bus and drank our tall boys, chatting about the weather and his street music career. He got off a few stops later and was replaced by the crazy-yet-friendly-conspiracy-theory-cat lady. I was familiar with her work. I turned up my Shuffle and stared out the window. At the next stop a guy sat on the bench across from me. The Conspiracy Theory Cat Lady descended immediately upon him, waving pamphlets about toxic waste in his face and half yelling. I felt bad for him; he was obviously uncomfortable but too polite to tell this woman to shut up. Before I knew what I was doing...

2. Volunteer for community service.

...I sat down next to him and offered my other ear bud. I

said, "Would you like to listen to some music?" He smiled and shoved the thing in his ear. We sat there listening for a couple minutes, staring at our reflections in the opposite window. I was downright giddy. What had I done? That was so unlike me, to approach a guy...period. The song changed and I took the opportunity to look at him from the corner of my eye. He looked at me and grinned and I grinned back. We looked away and then looked back at each other. He was really cute. Damn it. Really fucking cute.

3. Put those public speaking classes to work.

Unable to sit in electrified silence, I struck up conversation. I think I asked him something inane like what he was doing on the bus so late. Turned out he also waited tables and had been having an absolutely terrible day. "Aww," I said, "I'm sorry. That sucks." Fuck, I thought, why am I even talking to this guy? But he's so cute and vulnerable, like a little puppy. I think of myself as a no-nonsense, tough chick who doesn't read fashion magazines, doesn't watch TV and does not own a closet full of pink products designed to make women into hairless dolls that smell like plug-in air fresheners with tiny, tiny pores. But, furry baby mammal things are like Kryptonite. I turn into a blathering, his and her towels, idiot female. I hate it, I really do. And he was pushing the big, red PUPPY button, and I was Number One Sucker.

4. Trust your gut instincts.

We had discussed our stops and when it came time to signal for his stop, he just looked at me and smiled. I feigned shock, "But it's the LAST bus! How are you gonna get home?" It was a three dollar cab ride, he assured me. We got off on my stop and sat down on the bus stop bench. After a hot 10 seconds, I said, "This is stupid. You should just come over, I live around the corner."

What's less safe, meeting a guy on the Internet or the bus? In my defense, I will say that I knew my roommates were home and I think that I am a fantastic judge of character.

I will, apparently, kiss a guy from the bus, but I will not touch his penis.

When we got to my place, my roommates were in the middle of a movie. I had no ulterior motives, but conversations and 5.1 Dolby digital surround sound don't mix. So I introduced him and invited him to my room. So we could talk. I really, truly thought we were going to be talking. And we did. I found out that he was 31 and his passion was skateboarding. He showed me his boo boo knee. It was really swollen. He had a bad day and a boo boo knee. I was just about gushing with empathy. I just wanted to cuddle him to my bosom. We were sitting next to each other and we must've leaned in too close because we bumped mouths. For about 2 hours. In between kisses, we would ask each other questions like, "<smooch> So <smooch> where did you <smooch> grow up?" It was altogether too cute. I was envisioning us doing the same thing in various tropical locations.

4. Know when to say when.

I really miss some things about the first two years of high school. You could make out with a boy for hours without either one of you going anywhere below the belt because you both were terrified of the other's genitals. All you heard was legendary tales and intimidating instructions on how to work the opposite sex's junk. The worst that could happen is you would dry hump until he rubbed the first layer of skin off his little buddy. But, when you make out in grown-up land, there is a definite boiling point because big boys have spoiled, cranky penises that know what it's like on the other side and they don't like regression. I will, apparently, kiss a guy from the bus, but I will not touch his penis. That's crazy talk.

Around 3 AM, I called him a cab and made-out with him outside on the sidewalk until it came. He got my number and said he was going to visit his family for the holidays and would call me when he got back into town.

5. Just don't do it.

Needless to say, he didn't call me. For the most part, I don't

blame him. Call the girl you met on the bus? I did have his number, but that's a fatal mistake no one with self-esteem ever makes. If someone you like says they are going to call and they don't, DO NOT, I repeat, do not call them. Don't text them. Don't speculate on possible unfortunate circumstances that could've kept them from calling you. Just don't do it.

6. Act like you like him.

Surefire way to get a skater boy not to like you. Hot bitches are to skaters as peanut butter is to bananas.

7. Romantic fantasies are just pending realities.

Whether or not I was aware of it then, I'm fully able to see now that despite my alleged wisdom acquired from time, self-analysis and a slew of failed relationships, I still hold on to all my romantic fantasies in a virtual death grip. I am "that" girl. My fantasies are embarrassingly banal and domestic. I have flashes of my true love waking up next to me, taking photos of our children, planting tomato plants in the backyard as I look on from the kitchen window and swell with love for such a patient and resourceful man. Just putting it into words makes me want to puke. But this is my fantasy, domestic bliss, outside of commerce and cities and satellite television. It's what our mothers, on their wedding days, naively aspired for. Something they failed at. But then again, no one told them they were believing in fiction.



Last Shot



Photo By Tara Bouley
Hair and Makeup By Charlotte Belle



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