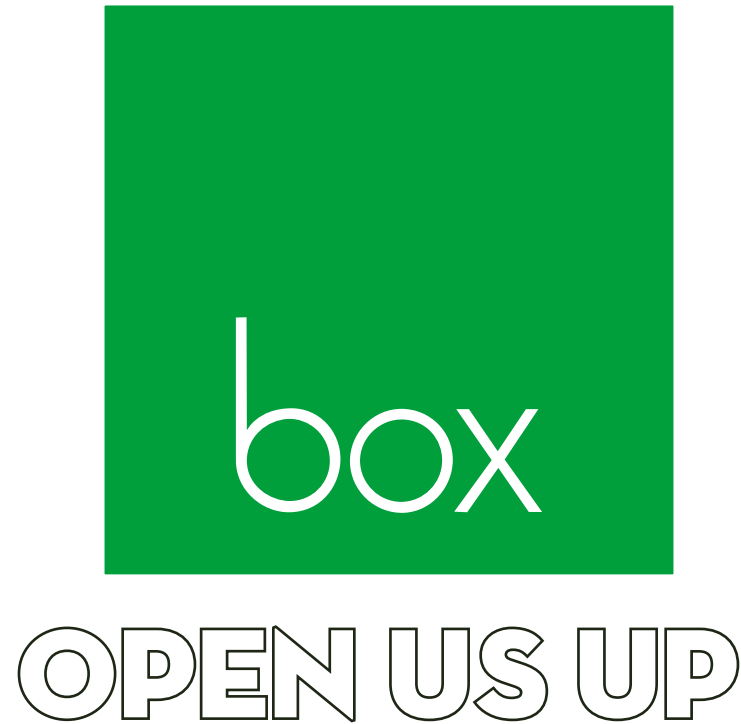




box

ABRIDGED



# EDITORS' NOTE

## DEAREST READERS,

Let's face it: most of us hate to work. Some people say it's their job they hate, but by its very nature work is a total bummer. Occasionally work can be rewarding, like a doctor saving a patient, an artist completing a project or even a football player making a touchdown. However, most people don't have such defining moments of work-related glory. Hell, most people are just happy to get a five-cent raise. And that's why Box is bringing you a more titillating look at "Work."

Not all jobs blow, and some work is even great. Christopher A. Trout looks at the history of the Athletic Model Guild and its founder, Bob Mizer, in "The Rise and Fall and Rise Again of AMG." Heather Riley gave Dian Hanson, former *Juggs* editor, a call to discuss her new job as Taschen Publishing's "Sexy Book Editor," Hugh Hefner and the state of porn today. Lady Sovereign took a break from her hectic tour to talk to Ryan McManus about Pernod, her first stage name and pushing donuts. Wiley Wiggins gives advice on how to turn sex from work into play again and Miranda Brown mixes business and pleasure in "Kinda Big in Japan."

In "Man's Best Friend" Deuce La Cock follows San Francisco's real-life dog boy through a day of fucking and playing. Leo Zacharias tells us how to "Work It" in his spread of dancing nudes. Dutch Redd looks back on some of porn's finest moments in "The Masters." If that is not enough visual stimulation, keep an eye out for Box's first Vanitisement. Foxy DeShaunda is the first in a line of Box readers who just want to be seen. If you want to be in the pages of Box but don't know how. You can! Watch eBay for our quarterly Vanitisement auctions.

For our debut print edition we wanted to give you a little history lesson, so we've included a retrospective of our first year of work. It's been a long road to the printers. We've seen a man with melon-sized testicles and a woman made of Latex; we've unearthed the secret lives of the first ladies and what really happens in hotel rooms; and we've tackled anorexia and cum on our tits. What can we say? We love our jobs.

So, hey, take some time off to curl up with Box. Rememeber: it's NSFW.



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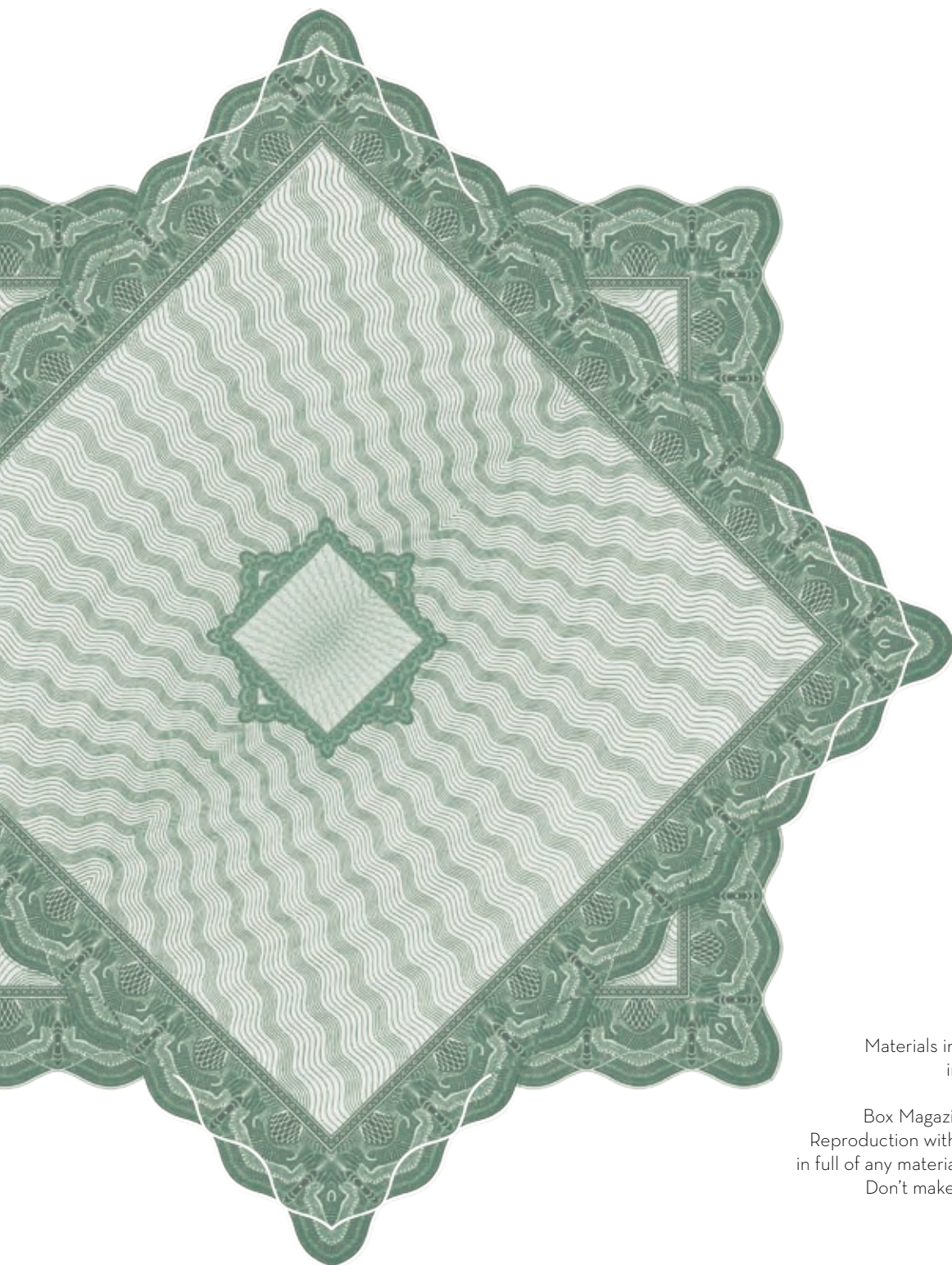
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Cover photo by Leo Zacharias. Opposite page, from top: stock photo from Athletic Model Guild; detail from Diana K.'s "Fringe Benefits"; cover photo from Tashcen's *The Big Book of Breasts*. This page: Ryan McManus' photo of Lady Sovereign smoking a fag.





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Dutch Redd is an international man of mystery. Actually, he is so mysterious that we are not even sure he is a man. Check out his recreation of classic porn scenes in *The Masters*.

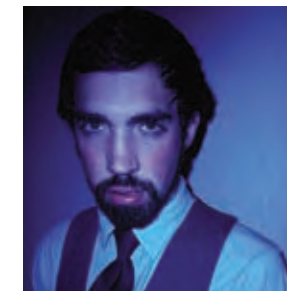
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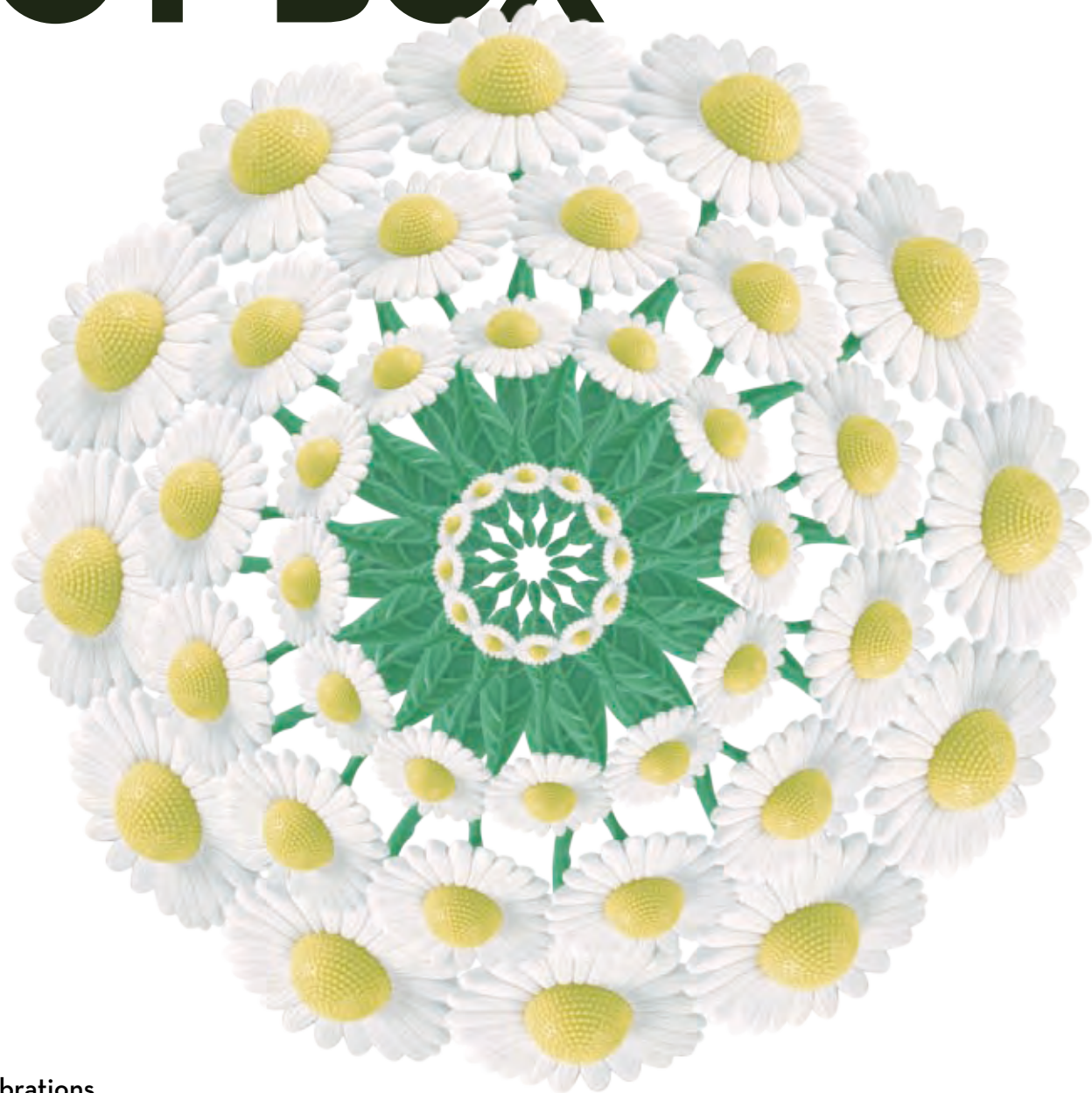


Diana is a graduate of the California College of the Arts. She currently lives and works in Oakland, CA. In addition to her artistic pursuits in photography, Diana is a founding member of a Racontour a clothing company.

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# TOY BOX



Good Vibrations  
**FLOWER POWER**

Photo courtesy Good Vibrations

Flowers have never been my forté, so I have to admit that when I pulled the “Super Flower Power Two Piece Bouquet” out of its box I was more amused than I was turned on. Then again, I am the kind of girl who has always been partial to sex toys that resemble modern day torture devices. At first glance, the Flower Power looked like the kind of kitschy vibrator you would give your best friend at her bachelorette party, or perhaps the kind of vibrator a progressive mom would give her daughter in conjunction with that uncomfortable talk about the birds and the bees. Baby’s first vibrator, if you will. The device is shaped like a giant daisy. The button for adjusting the eight different “play modes” is even artfully shaped into a tiny ladybug. The Flower Power gets its “two piece” status by sharing its packaging with a smaller, and more discreet, key-chain version, which you can take to work to get your 9-to-5 fix. Nearly everything about the Flower Power screams non-threatening, but in reality this unassuming little flower packs a wicked punch, and holds several surprises for both novice and expert.

Feeling coquettish in the presence of my new friend, I initially tested the Flower Power’s different speeds on my cheek. I am accustomed to some pretty damn big dildos that run on solely one speed, so the variety of pulses the Flower Power offered was a bit jarring. I wondered how I could I ever make it through all eight. Almost instantly, the seemingly innocent toy took on an intimidating stature. No matter, I said to myself, I have stuffed myself with things more ridiculous than this. So I took my flower out of the sunlight and into the damp cave of my bedroom to get down to business.

I ask you now to recall the very first time you ever had sex. You started out hopeful, maybe even with a slight smile on your face? So I began with the Flower Power, with just a smidgeon of lube. “This can only get better,” I chuckled smugly to myself.

And it did, in spades. I can liken the first three speeds, in varying degrees, to sexual partners I have had for a considerable amount of time. The first speed, which one could label the standard vibrator speed, felt like the first boyfriend who spent hours upon hours getting to know every crevice of my body, every tiny little button to push, and knew how to hit them just right. The subsequent two speeds merely added a dash of spice—a little faster, a bit more intense—comparable to the guys I had slept with later in life, after we had both figured out just exactly what it

was we wanted out of a good old fashioned fuckfest. But, as we all know, it is only so long before one tires of the familiar; it becomes so comfortable it begins to border on sheer boredom.

My comfort zone soon deteriorated. After I had passed the third speed, I began to feel like my new friend the Flower Power was mocking me. It was conjuring up one-night stands and barely tolerated two-week flings I had not thought about in years.

Fourth Speed: the slow, steady, methodical and tragically mind-numbing pulses of a sensitive “DJ” I dated sophomore year of college. Think Trance music. I dozed off with the vibrator in hand. Seriously.

Fifth Speed: I can lump at least a handful of guys into this speed. I would suggest skipping it, as in the case of boys it caused much wear and tear on my vagina, and in terms of the Flower Power, much exhaustion on the clitoris. This was about stamina, right?

Sixth Speed: Fast, spurting speed of the premature ejaculator who entertained me for about six years back when I was taking bong rips for breakfast. The disparity of the situation was not lost on me, years after the fact. I was not pleased to be reminded of it.

Seventh Speed: Reminded me of mid-twenty-something local musicians who had enough sense to vary their rhythm but somehow just could not get it right. This play mode seemed forced, and a waste of concentrated effort, much like their musical endeavors.

Eighth Speed: The jackhammer. I fear the day I lay the personification of this speed.

After taking a few days of R and R, I knew it was time to return to the source: the luscious green shaft, bright yellow pistil and the glistening white petals, which, surprisingly, can be taken off to use as a cock ring. I threw the cock ring on a third party, added some alcohol and a substance, hoping that ever-elusive orgasm was just around the corner. But honestly, I cannot figure out if I have too much imagination or not enough for this toy. In the end, I just could not get past getting fucked by a petal cock ring while masturbating with a flower.

– Coco Canal





Illustration by Maura Mumane

## HE SAID, SHE SAID **DEBBIE DOES DALLAS**

### HE SAID

*Debbie Does Dallas* was the sort of pornography flick that I knew about even before I had actually seen one. For a while, my friend Bill swore up and down he had seen it multiple times and the plot always varied in his stories. “Dude, Debbie is this hot cheerleader and the whole football team bangs her in the locker room.” Bill wouldn’t have been too far from the truth except that Debbie only does one person and it’s not Dallas. I think the phenomenon of this movie subsided once I had seen a porn, which unfortunately wasn’t “DDD,” but it is still incredible that at the ripe old age of 25, I had yet to see it.

The movie is great. The premise being that Debbie, who has a chance to try out for the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders, needs enough money to go to Dallas. Debbie and the cheerleaders at her high school all agree to take on jobs so they can all go to Dallas in support of Debbie. Fortunately, the plot makes a quick turn from being a *Babysitter’s Club* special episode into a good old-fashioned male wet dream. Of course, the girls aren’t making enough money, but poor little naïve Debbie quickly finds out the easy way to make the money is performing special sexual services, but certainly not the ones that would take her virginity. Soon all the girls join in and the only virgin left is the 12-year-old kid watching this ancient video from his grandfather’s porn stash.

Yes, the acting is laughable, primarily Debbie’s (Bambi Woods). The women and men are somewhat unattractive. But, hey man, it’s 1979, and the hair on your body stays. The movie is pretty light-hearted and quite funny at times, which is why when an intense girls’ shower floor orgy happens, two girls and four guys, it’s a little too much to take. Highlights include a cheerleader who gets caught doing herself with a candle, only to get done by Mr. Hardwick, the owner of the candle store she works at; and Mr. Greenfield’s final accomplishment of bedding Debbie while she wears a Cowboy’s cheerleader outfit and he wears a football uniform.

Score one for Mr. Greenfield.

– Jeffo

### SHE SAID

I first did *Debbie Does Dallas* in college. My roommate was this chubby, redheaded communications major with a nasally voice who dreamed of being the next hi-energy morning show radio DJ. To say this guy was a piece of work is a gross understatement. He’d come home from the mall where he worked at a Sunglass Hut proudly modeling a shiny black shirt with tribal fire and dragon designs that he got on sale at Gadzooks. He sold Mexican brick weed out of a mini-fridge in his bedroom and dug ingrown hairs out of his chest in the shower with my eyebrow tweezers. He was also the first to introduce me to Debbie.

The badass plot is this: Debbie wants to be a Dallas Cowgirl, but she hasn’t the money to get to Dallas for tryouts so her co-cheergals decide to all get jobs to raise the funds. Quickly discovering that the pay in the late 70s sucks, they turn to tricks. Yee Haw!

Back then, I didn’t know if a porn was turning me on—I’d just wonder why my panties were damp when I went to go pee—so I remember finding it hilarious. For porn, there’s a very well developed plot. Bambi Woods, as Debbie, is worth the watch. To say it was “bad” wouldn’t at all explain it. She has an air of dumb yet super crazy that just isn’t written into the character. In fact, no one knows what became of Woods after her fourth and last adult film made in 1985. Some say she died of a drug overdose in 1986, but that is highly disputed.

The second time around I still found it funny, and I DID get totally turned on by one scene. It took me by surprise, and made me feel more naughty than if I got turned on by an actual sex scene. The girl who gets a job at the library is found canoodling with a boy when she should be shelving books, so the old man librarian takes her into his office and lays her across his lap and gives her a healthy spanking. Every time he gave her booty a little squeeze and a shake before slapping it again, I found myself getting more aroused.

I’ve been a very bad girl.

– Fifi D’Aubigne





Photos and Text by Kevin Parks Hauser  
Original Artwork by Keith Boadwee

## ARTIST SURVEY No. 4

# KEITH BOADWEE



Keith Boadwee once told me, "You just need to get your dick sucked and your ass licked."

At the time, it sounded like some really good advice. When he's not busy consoling friends, he's DJing at all the hip spots from New York to San Francisco to L.A. He parties with the likes of Franz Ferdinand and Chicks on Speed and has been quoted in *The New Yorker* as being a self-proclaimed "rock fag."

After studying at UCLA in the late 1980s, where he worked with Paul McCarthy and Chris Burden, Boadwee gained some attention for his anal target and enema paintings. He currently works in photo, collage, drawing and video, and has recently shown at PS 1 in New York City and a group show at the Heather Marx Gallery in San Francisco. He lives with his husband in the East Bay and teaches at San Francisco Art Institute. If one really wants to step into this guy's mind, or any other orifice, check out his blog at [keithboadwee.blogspot.com](http://keithboadwee.blogspot.com).

**What are you working on right now?**  
Collage, drawing and photos

**What brings home the bacon for you?**  
Teaching and my husband

**Chinese massage or turkish bath?**  
Turkish bath

**Have you ever masturbated in a room full of people?**  
Yes

**If you could only say one word for the rest of your life, what would it be?**  
Fuck

**Did you see *Brokeback Mountain*?**  
On an airplane

**List your 5 favorite celebrities:**  
Joe Orton, Truman Capote, Freddie Mercury, Jarvis Cocker, Werner Fassbinder

**What is your guiltiest of pleasures?**  
Spending too much money on records

**What is the first dream you remember?**  
I can't remember

**Beatles or Rolling Stones?**  
Both

**Mustard or mayonnaise?**  
Mayonnaise

**If you had to live without one sense, what would it be?**  
Smell

**Would you rather be completely insane or bored?**  
I am completely insane

**Zombies have just taken over...where do you go?**  
A cocktail lounge

**What is your idea of the perfect Sunday?**  
Brunch with friends followed by swimming and a nap

**What's your personal hell?**  
Going to Burning Man...**MORE**

**PURPLE SQUIRT**  
(1995)







# 6 SHOTS LADY SOVEREIGN

Despite UK grime being lauded for years as the next big thing, UK artists have had a hard time sticking in the US. Maybe it's the sometimes impenetrable accent with which they spit their rapid-fire lyrics, maybe it's the often painfully simplistic beats. Or perhaps it's just that the UK hip hop scene is always being overshadowed by the juggernaut of US rappers with their platinum-selling albums.

So it comes as a bit of a surprise that the one artist to really stick here has been the one no one would've seen coming: a petite little white girl from Chalkhill Estate in London. She'll have to forgive the constant, knee-jerk comparisons to Eminem the media keeps tossing her way; her style is her own, and her single "9 to 5" (shedding her grime influences for more of a hip hop sound) landed her across the desk from Hova himself.

Her new single, "Love Me or Hate Me" is showing up on dancefloors (and in commercials) all over the place. Add that exposure to her impressive MySpace profile and Sov's on the brink of transforming from blogger (and critic) darling to mainstream heavyweight. Not bad for a girl who still can't buy herself a drink in the States.

Box caught up with Sov during her recent US tour with The Streets. Feminem? Nah. Miss Sovereign? Yeah...

**BOX:** We brought you a present...don't tell your manager.

**LADY SOVEREIGN:** Ah, Pernod! And traditional Lemonade...see, that's one of the things Americans get

backward, 'cos in the UK 'lemonade' is fizzy.

**Oh, like a Limonata?**

Yeah, I guess. The thing about Pernod is... [Sov pours me a shot of Jäger, out of hospitality], if you drink enough, and you drink water in the morning, it recycles the alcohol so you get drunk, again. I've woke up dehydrated, drank a whole bottle of water, and then been like, "oh shit, I'm drunk again."

**Did you just come off another interview?**

Yeah, with [a Cable TV channel]. It was alright, but it was a "hip hop" channel, and I'm not "hip hop." I do my own thing. I want to do a bunch of different things.

**I was going to ask you about that—since you're on a US label now, is there a bunch of pressure to be traditionally hip hop?**

Actually, my new single, "Love Me or Hate Me" is produced with Dr. Luke, and that's more traditionally hip hop than stuff I've done in the past, yeah. I like it, but it's definitely a different kind of Sovereign.

**The last time we saw you, it was at South by Southwest, playing with Ghostface [Killah]. There were a lot of dudes who came out to see Ghost who left talking about you. How was that whole experience?**

It was good, but it was a bit overpowering...the stage was too big for me, and it was just me and my DJ. I got to meet Ghostface, though, man.

**The girls want to know if you get to meet any cute boys on tour...**

Eh, cute boys, cute girls, cute everything. We have parties on this bus all the time. My sound guys gave me this, like, drunk alias, and it's "Psycho Pico."...**MORE**

TO

Photos by Aubrey Edwards







# WHAT HAS BECOME OF YOUR SOUL AFTER FIVE YEARS OF WORKING HERE?



Illustrations by Maura Murnane

My brain has gone numb. Spots, spots and spots—they're dancing across the room. His words fade in and out. Am I processing this information? Feign attention. Do a Kegel to stay awake. Nod to appear engaged. Ask a question to prove that I am hungry for this assignment. Who cares if he already explained the answer? Maybe we can get off topic and I can uncover his unprofessional personality. Maybe after we discuss his love for Phish (I saw a sticker in his drawer), his desire to go back and get that PhD and how, amazingly, we both love arugula with pancetta, I could ask what I really want to know: "What has become of your soul after five years of working here?" Then, through a hideous, spirit-shattering laugh, I'd hear him gargle, "What soul?"

His skin looks sallow in this fluorescent light. My make-up probably looks garish. I hear laughter in the hall. It's stifled and hushed, and the renegade comics are most likely fleeing to an office where they can really let loose. If I had a comrade I might do the same. Behind the safety of a closed door we'd be breaking pencils, shredding envelopes, spinning in the swivel chair, burying ourselves in books, stapling each other's thumbs.

The guy next door kills that maniacal energy by taking a smoke break every thirty minutes. When he steps into the blinding sunlight, he heads to the center of the sidewalk and lets the hordes of people rush by him. They weave past, oblivious to who or what he is, aware only that there is an obstacle blocking the course. They move by instinct, their eyes focused on their cell phones and iPods. The dumb ones run into him and give no apology, treating him as if he were a rock, or a pole, or an insignificant web-guy, and in retaliation, he "accidentally" burns them.

Hello? Wake-up! It's instruction time! My boss telepathically tells me to repeat what he has just explained: "So, I find these numbers, check that they match the numbers in this file, then copy and paste them into a new file, and then send it back to you. Got it. I'll check back in when I'm done and start copying those forms...Super!"

Maybe that "Super!" was a bit much. Maybe he could detect my sarcasm.

I am disoriented when I step into the hallway. It is bright, yet the colors seem muted, and all I hear is the low hum of electricity. Goosebumps crawl up my arms and legs, and I begin to shiver from the cold. Suddenly, I feel as if I've

been transported to a carpeted Antarctica, a barren and desolate land where survival is nearly impossible and if I don't die from exposure to the elements, then surely a copy machine gone haywire will eat me.

Here comes that girl. We don't exactly fit in the hallway together and like always, we're going to hit shoulders. Smile and say, "Excuse me." What is she wearing? Might as well be sweatpants. I feel like a fool. Romantic notions of working on 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue have me dressed like I'm auditioning for an Antonioni film. I should be dressed like Darlene on Roseanne. Memo to self: everyday is flannel pajama day.

Inside the office. Headphones on, check my email, check the news, do everything I can think of before starting this task. It'll probably only take 30 minutes, but I could take two hours to do it. Break time? No, just start. Get it done.

I'm starving. How is that possible? I've been sitting the whole morning straight, burning no calories. Well, let's be fair; I've been blinking, typing, thumping my feet, sighing with boredom. Maybe I should go for another iced coffee and cookie. Gotta fill out those sweatpants.

Attention!

Now, the number is 340987565409764326. Scan for it, do a search. Not there? Now what? Call him to ask what to do? No, I'll send an email. That's how it's done. As little direct communication as possible. These people are hermits.

I can't do this. Five days a week, for 52 weeks and only then do I get vacation. No way, José.

Shutup. Just stick it out. Everyone starts with administrative assignments and then things become more interesting. More responsibilities, more creativity, more control over the heating and cooling systems...

Bullshit. I don't think it's true. I heard those people in the meeting; every idea they put forth drowned in a sea of doubts, red tape and apathy. No matter what their work is, or how creative or smart they are, they're still here, for every fluorescent and frigid day, retreating to their windowless caves, avoiding contact, going numb.

I'm breaking free. Right now. I'm gong downstairs and taking every book I want and then I'm leaving.

Yeah right, sucka. The next one is 87593029345875909...



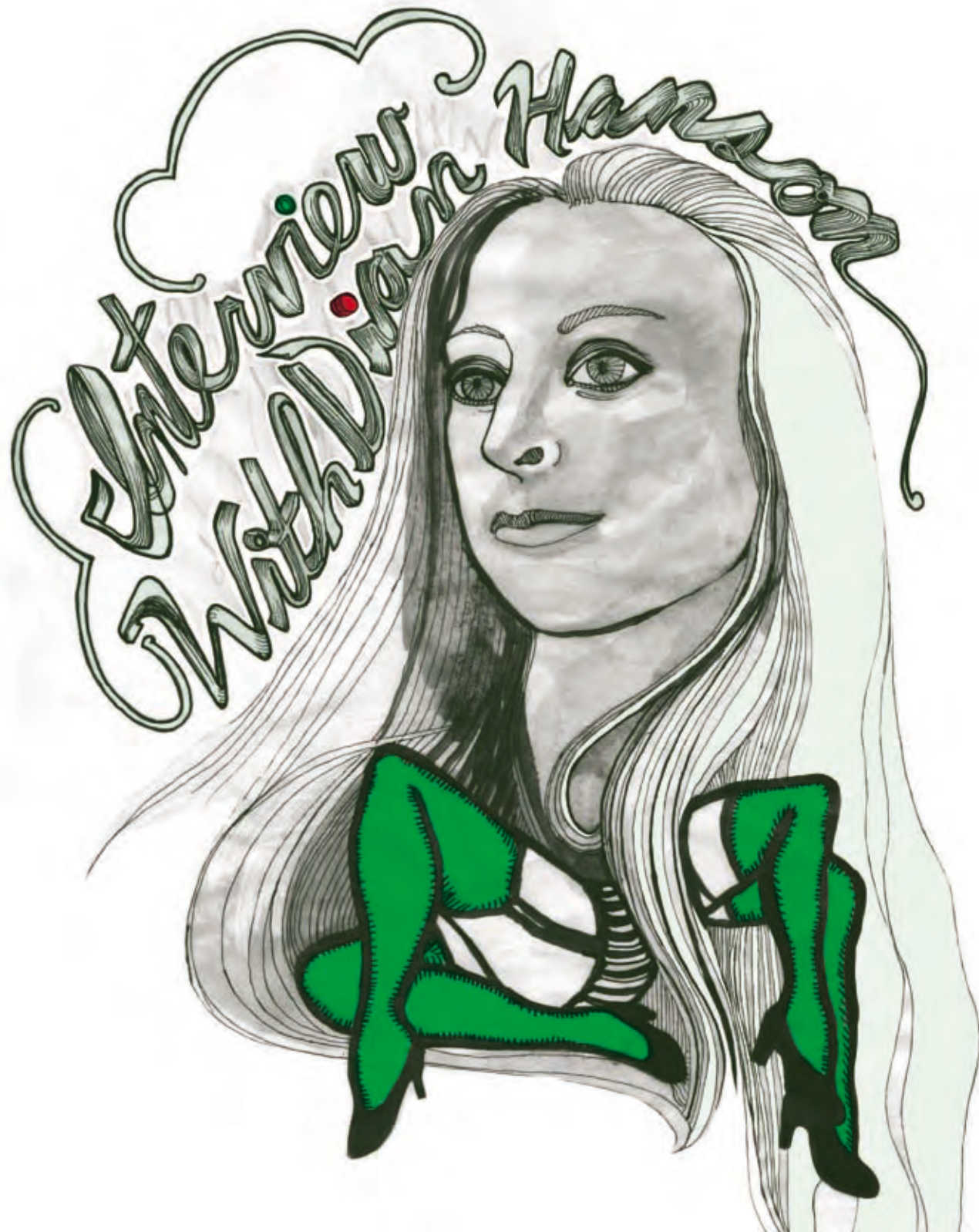


Illustration by Maura Murnane

## OUR SACRED LADY OF SMUT

by Heather Riley

Dian Hanson began working at the publishing house, Taschen, in 2001 after an extended courtship. She had already been a pornographer for over 25 years, during which she learned to titillate, turn on, tease and satiate men of all tastes. Her first magazine was *Puritan*, which she co-founded in 1976. Later, Hanson continued editing adult magazines including *Oui*, *Bust Out*, *Juggs* and *Leg Show*. Her work with *Leg Show* propelled the magazine's readership, creating what some consider the greatest fetish rag ever, and this is most likely what sparked Benedikt Taschen's interest.

Three years earlier, a colleague told Hanson the young publisher wished to meet her. Having been warned that he was "bored and decadent," Hanson arranged dinner at Lucky Chang's, a Manhattan eatery staffed entirely by Asian transsexuals, in an effort to impress him. The dinner was a disaster until Taschen suggested they go somewhere he could smoke a cigar. At a small Mexican restaurant down the street, the publisher opened up. As Hanson puts it, "it turns out he's not decadent, he's not bored—he's shy. He's young, he's shy and we became friends."

Over the next few years, Hanson met Taschen a few times annually, always picking "terrible restaurants...trying to impress him." She didn't have to worry. He clearly already respected her. Many of the regular *Leg Show* photographers, like Eric Kroll, Roy Stuart and Richard Kern, had already been collected in Taschen books. Benedikt Taschen is considered a tastemaker—one Hanson says while not mainstream manages to strike a lot of public interest with his projects. This is not dissimilar to the work Hanson does analyzing sexual desires and making them palatable for men. Both people deal with esoteric images and bring them into the public sphere.

Hanson wrote the introductions to a few of Taschen's books, but always declined doing an entire book, telling him, "Hey, I'm a pornographer. I like being a pornographer." However, after her publisher at *Juggs* and *Leg Show* passed away,

leaving the business to some extremely unsavory people, Hanson went to work for Taschen.

Hanson took to her job as Sexy Book Editor at Taschen extremely well. Her experience managing three monthly magazines taught her the value of hard work and multitasking, which was incredibly useful, as Benedikt Taschen likes people to work on many projects at once. Hanson's first book with the publisher was *Naked as a Jaybird*, a survey of a nudist magazine from the 1960s and 1970s. The book was neither a dry history lesson about the nudists, nor a salacious recount of the magazine. Instead, it treated *Jaybird* as it was: bacchanalian and liberated. She went on to produce the six volume *History of Men's Magazines*, which was lauded for its scope and for Hanson's brilliant ability to place sex and sexual imagery in the context of history.

Don't assume Hanson has given up being a pornographer, though. She is quick to point out how Taschen differs from other art book publishers. "Taschen has a long history of making sexually oriented books for heterosexual men, and if that sounds like, 'duh' you know...when you think about other art book companies they generally make books that [are more politically correct]. It's a very brave thing to actually make sex books for straight men."

The books Taschen produces are often oversized and beautiful anthologies. They are coffee-table books. They are books to be shared and displayed. These books are made for the public, unlike the mostly private and intimate functions of many of the publications Hanson had worked on previously. " ...The whole point of making sexual books and making them beautiful and high quality, wrapping them in the high production values that we do... [is] we make something that is perhaps as arousing as what's in the magazines but we help you to come out of the closet with it. [So] that you don't have to hide it, that you feel comfortable with it. We make it acceptable without sanitizing it."

Need an example? Her upcoming book, *The Big Book of Breasts*, celebrates America's fondest mammaries from the fifties, sixties and seventies. This oversized book collects 400 photographs of some of the most famous breasts, including Virginia Bell, Candy Kane, Norma Stitz (Get it? Enormous tits!) and Kitten Natividad. The book also features interviews with breast icons like Tempest Storm and Candy Barr. "Many women are not...**MORE**



# KINDA BIG IN JAPAN

TOUR NOTES FROM TOKYO – by Miranda Brown



## “WHY DON’T WE JUST DROP YOU OFF AT THE FINISH LINE?” THE EMAIL READ, ONLY HALF-KIDDING.

My friend Chris, a musician and road warrior of many U.S. tours, had just discovered that I was about to go on my first tour, and it was the rock and roll Holy Grail: the Japan tour. I know people who have been professional musicians for ten years who haven’t even been to Europe, and my introduction to life on the road had been practically gift wrapped. The man I was touring with, Eric Bachmann, had

heard some vocals I had done on someone else’s album, got my number and asked if I would like to be on his new album and tour Japan with his band, Crooked Fingers. It was the rock and roll lottery, and I had picked the bonus ball. It was too easy.

I was thrilled and terrified and full of questions. Would I be able to get a passport on time? What if I hated touring? What if I hated the rest of the band? What if they realized they just asked a woman whose crowning “professional” music moment had been, until this point, getting invited to a sleep-over by three adoring eleven-year-old fans at a benefit concert where I had impersonated Alanis Morissette?...**MORE**



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## THREE YEARS OF PAT RESPONSES

by Sean O'Neal

The woman at my temp agency was usually excited, but you'd have thought she was sending me to work as an assistant to the Director of Blowjob and Chocolate by the way she pitched my new assignment to me. "Market Researcher," is how she termed it, "analyzing trends in the technology industry." It sounded a little advanced for someone whose only other careers had involved delivering pizzas and fetching prescription drugs for uppity housewives, but I guess I assumed my temp agency was taking a chance, that my brilliance was self-evident. I foresaw a bright future with "Intelliquest." The pay was modest, of course, but the promise of "getting in on the ground floor"—not to mention the lack of any dress code—was enough to sell me.

Its offices were located in a generic strip mall—not the I.M. Pei-derived, glass-and-steel monument to forward thinking I'd envisioned—but the receptionist and the orientation leader who greeted me seemed like the kind of hip slacker savants news magazines couldn't stop crowing about in those days. The class of new recruits, conversely, was a mixed bag of kids just out of high school, grumpy retirees and people who barely spoke English. Suddenly it began to dawn on me that my job skills were much less specialized than I had been led to believe.

After a masturbatory opening speech about the "importance of information" by the company's "Vice President" (a pimple-faced girl who looked like she would be more comfortable debating the merits of shots in liquid vs. Jell-O form), we were turned over to our "team leader," a gangly guy in a Primus t-shirt and ponytail. (I later confirmed my suspicions that he played bass, and that this was just his "day job.") Mark was an affable sort who seemed embarrassed by the flood of bullshit from his supervisor's mouth, so he cut right to the chase.

"This job is easy, if you can learn to tune it out," he said. "All it really requires is that you don't have a nervous breakdown. Because, um, some people do."

With that bravura introduction, Mark showed us The Floor, a claustrophobically arranged pen of tiny cubicles containing obsolete computers, telephones and a spindly headset slung across every chair. Every shift we would arrive at these cubicles and log into these systems and put on these headphones. The computers would then kick up a random telephone number culled from a database. All we would have to do is hit "dial" and, if we were lucky, someone would answer on the other end, at which point we would begin reading The Script, like so:

"Hello, my name is \_\_\_\_ and I'm calling from Intelliquest, a market research company specializing in the technology industry. I'm calling today to find out if you or anyone in your household has purchased any high technology products in the last 6 months, or plan to purchase any high technology products in the next 6 months?"

Mark stressed again how simple it all was. Of course, he neglected to mention that the top three responses to this intro were likely to be:

1. "Huh?"
2. "Not interested!"
3. <click> somewhere around "I'm calling from"

Necessitating us to respond in kind with:

1. "I said my name is \_\_\_\_ and I'm calling from Intelliquest, etc," until they hung up
2. "Oh, I'm sorry. Would there be a more convenient time that I could call and ask you just a few questions?" or some similar form of scripted pleasantries, provided they hadn't already hung up, which anyway led to...
3. Scheduling them for a callback, to be attempted ad infinitum until the person finally threatens to find the Intelliquest office and burn it to the ground.

Mark emphasized that The Script had a designated, tried-and-true response, called a "pat," to every version of "no" they could throw at you. (He neglected to touch on proper protocol for "fuck you, asshole" and "I'm an old person and I can't even wipe my own ass let alone use a computer" and other such curveballs, but these were things we would learn in the trenches.) After a little bit of role-playing, we were ready to hit the phones.

Role-playing was one thing, but the reality of calling people in their homes and asking them to take a survey

about technology was something else altogether. It didn't help that we were cold-calling based on a random number generator, just as likely to hit a payphone in a mental hospital as we were to hit anyone who could so much as point to a picture of a computer. The survey, too, was a sprawling game of word association, meant to "measure brand recognition across a broad spectrum." This consisted of asking open-ended questions like, "What manufacturers come to mind when I say 'high technology'?" to which people inevitably blurted out what kind of car they drove (if they hadn't already hung up on you). You also had to read from a list of over 50 companies, resulting in the following exchange:

"How familiar are you with Intel? Very familiar, somewhat familiar, not at all or don't know?"

"I don't know! I keep telling you I don't know anything about technology!"

"Ma'am, as we're trying to examine a broad spectrum, 'don't know' is a perfectly acceptable response."

"Don't know, don't know, don't know! Just put me down for don't know on all of them!"

"Ma'am, unfortunately I'm not allowed to fill in the survey. If you can just answer 'don't know' after each question, you won't qualify and I can leave you alone in, like, under five minutes."

If by God's grace (or the caller took the hint) their answer was "don't know" or "not at all" for all of them, you'd be onto the next victim. If you got someone familiar with the brand "Sony," however, this could go on for upwards of 45 minutes; some surveys lasted an hour and a half, as each brand they were familiar with bloomed outwards in increasingly specific subsets of questions. The truly knowledgeable were given interminable opportunities to rate obscure chips on scales of one to 10, and the only thing worse than people who didn't want to provide their opinions were the ones who really, really did. Many of them did it for the sheer joy of talking; still others did it for the promise of the chance to win a free printer or Hawaiian vacation-the drawing for which has still, to my knowledge, yet to be held.

Specializing in the technology industry only took Intelliquest so far, however, which is why-after a merger

with the less quixotically named Millward Brown-we began to tackle consumer goods. Now, instead of the esoteric knowledge gleaned by saying "Apple" and having some poor sucker grunt affirmatively to indicate they'd heard of it, we were asking fun, totally relevant questions like:

"When you reach for a paper product to clean things in your house, is it likely to be a) a paper towel, b) a facial tissue or c) toilet paper? Why?"

"If you were aware that NASCAR driver Dale Earnhardt Jr. eats and enjoys Purdue brand chicken would that make you more likely to buy that chicken, less likely or no difference?"

"Does the ongoing ad campaign featuring the Backstreet Boys in any way affect your desire to eat at Burger King?"

But after two years, I had long since grown dissatisfied with my work. Nevertheless I had maintained a healthy quota of completed surveys, primarily because I always arrived stoned out of my gourd. My best night-seven surveys completed!-came after a friend goaded me into drinking a fifth of Jack Daniel's before my shift. Based on my stellar performance, I threatened to quit unless they promoted me to supervisor.

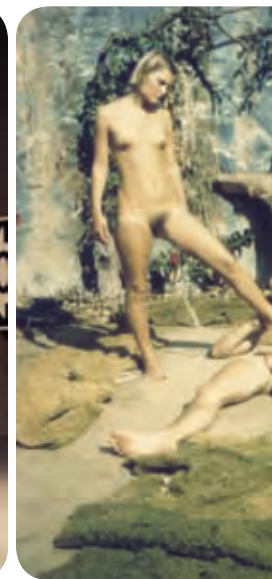
Once I got some authority, what had been my worst job suddenly became my best. The other supervisors were just as jaded and lazy as me, and we spent most of the day playing ping-pong, surfing the Internet and firing people to keep the discipline. During breaks we'd gossip about the underlings, pick out whom we wanted to fire next, and-always-talk about the insanity of our job. My fellow managers included a part-time stripper, a full-time weed dealer and a filmmaker whose pet project was a Brazil-esque satire of Intelliquest that we (and only we) found hilarious. There was also a polite, gay Brit who always went bat-shit crazy after two drinks and tried to make out with everyone; one night he lured me to his house, introduced me to poppers, and tried to suck my dick. They were good people, if a little ill suited to be in charge of anything. Intelliquest was perfect for us.

The night we were told that our branch was being liquidated was a sad one; somehow all of us knew we'd never have a job this cushy and pointless ever again. People talk about how war makes brothers out of every soldier, and the same could be said for Intelliquest. Five years...**MORE**





# THE RISE AND FALL AND RISE AGAIN OF **AMG**



by Christopher A. Trout

## HE SPENT FIVE WEEKS IN THE HOSPITAL BEFORE DYING ALONE OF KIDNEY FAILURE. IN FIVE WEEKS, HE HAD ONLY FOUR VISITORS, ALL OF WHOM WORKED FOR HIM.

He had made few friends over the past 30 years, and the nurses at White Memorial Hospital in downtown Los Angeles, California were no exception to this rule. Health care professionals avoided his room like the plague. It had become a small white storage space of negativity, until one day a hesitant caregiver came in with a message.

“Mr. Mizer, you have a phone call,” she said.  
“Who is it?” he replied from his sterile deathbed.  
“Mr. Gore Vidal.”  
“Put him through.”

The two men spoke for twenty minutes. What they talked about no one knows. Whatever Vidal said, it was the only time in five weeks Bob Mizer seemed remotely interested in the outside world.

Mizer died May 22, 1992 at 8:15 p.m. His legacy was that of a very successful and very bitter man. He was a pioneer of male nude photography with an archive of millions of photographs, multiple adult feature films and a groundbreaking men’s magazine to his credit. Mizer was a tastemaker in his time, but his campy imagery failed to compete in the increasingly shock-driven porn industry. As his work lost its relevance, he retreated to the walls of his three-building compound in downtown L.A.

Wayne Stanley, the man who would eventually inherit Mizer’s estate and the rights to the millions of photographs and films, said he died a lonely man. “Bob didn’t have any friends when he died,” Stanley said. “He was badly burned in the 1960s by the LAPD and a couple of his models. After that, he became paranoid and suspicious. Bob was hard to get close to.”

In the years leading up to his death, Mizer kept the company of the people who had always been there for

him. He spent most of his time in his home office, only occasionally breaking away from his work to entertain or chastise the band of junkies, drifters and hustlers who acted as his models and tenants.

### BIRTH OF AN EMPIRE

In 1938, long before hardcore pornography or curbside recycling, Mizer was living the life of a normal 12 year-old boy. He lived with his slightly slow brother, Joe, and his widowed mother, Delia. He took out the trash when asked and played with fire in his spare time. Luckily for the young Mizer, doing his chores and setting things ablaze were not mutually exclusive.

In the late 1930s, many Americans burned household trash in same way bums today warm their “homes”—they would drop a pile of garbage in a 55-gallon barrel and put a match to it. One typical summer day, Mizer was in the backyard burning a barrel of trash when a gust of wind passed over and swept the embers from the fire into the sky. Within moments, the Mizer’s house was on fire.

His mother called the fire department and started looking for her sons. Bob was nowhere to be found. She began to panic and ran toward the two-story wall of flames. Before she reached the door, she spotted Bob in the street. While most young pyromaniacs might be drawn to the flame like flies to shit, his attention was focused elsewhere. He grabbed his \$2 camera and started snapping shots of the virile men quelling the flames he had created. Mizer’s fixation with men in uniform and stereotypically masculine roles did not end there. He would go onto build an empire of iconic symbols of American masculinity.

Between 1942 and 1946, when he was in his early twenties, Mizer left his mother’s home to photograph life on Venice Beach. The beach was like a carnival. Men, women and children from all over the country would come there to collect slideshow fodder. They would laugh at the mimes, clap for the musicians, gawk at the meatheads and trip over the junkies like clockwork. Soon after renting a beachfront apartment, Mizer became a staple. He was the guy that other guys went to for glamour shots. The apartment doubled as a studio where Mizer would photograph beefcakes and other, more desperate, men in compromising situations...**MORE**



Not all of Bob Mizer’s subjects were criminals. He photographed, fitness experts, actors and future politicians. Mizer’s a-list models included Andy Warhol’s superstar Joe Dallesandro (right and above), Jack La Lanne and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

All photos courtesy AMG. Opening page: Unknown models shot by Mizer in the 1970s and 1980s. Previous page: Unknown model poses at the AMG compound.





Leo Zacharias

WORK IT









# fringe benefits

Photos by Diana Krell

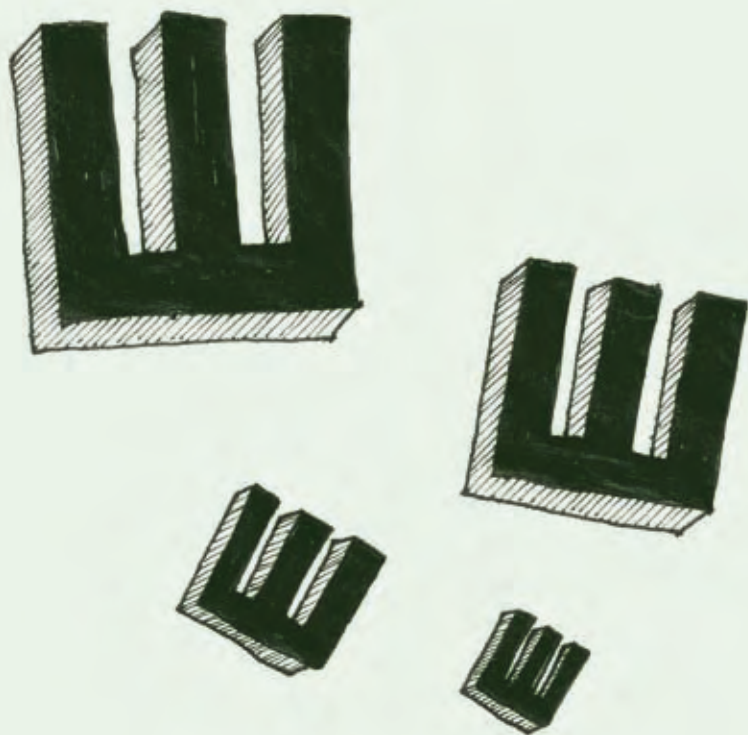






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What would Wiley Wiggins do?



## WHAT WOULD WILEY WIGGINS DO?

**My boyfriend has recently discovered video games and now he's COMPLETELY OBSESSED. I'm not a needy girl but I feel like we're not really communicating anymore. I only want a decent conversation here and there, plus I want SEX of course. My friend recommends that I get naked and step in front of the television...not a bad idea, but what if it doesn't work? What should I do Wiley Wiggins?**

Co-habitation is one of those final frontiers of a relationship that tends to trip a lot of people up—myself included. As intimacy leads to familiarity, it's difficult not to take your partner for granted at times. It's inevitable that we are all going to do things that will hurt, annoy or bore those we love in these situations. The most irritating part is that it is basically a mistake to try and modify your partner's behavior. Such attempts will, more often than not, just antagonize them and make the issue worse. The only real control you have is over your own behavior.

So what do you do when the person you live with and love retreats into a self-induced coma of video games, internet porn, cable TV, smoking pot, macramé or just staring out the window and bitterly weeping for their lost freedom? Do you grab them by the collar and tell them to snap the fuck out of it? Do you send them to therapy? Do you sit down and play videogames or masturbate or cry right along with them? Do you strip down to a thong, oil up and do the booty clap right in front of the TV while he's trying to play Halo?

You can try to play along with his vegetating, but there's nothing sadder than a couple sitting on a couch together all the time watching cable and not actually talking. Getting naked and wedging yourself in front of the object of distraction will probably work the first couple of times, but

it could get annoying quick, and dear God, what if he picks Grand Theft Auto over you? How utterly humiliating. Let's cut to the real meat of the problem. The terrible question nobody wants to ask: is he getting bored? Are you? Is he so used to seeing you that when he gets home from work he'd rather diddle a joystick all night than diddle you? Are you so sick of seeing him staring at a screen that maybe it's being blown out of proportion?

This may sound like a pat, generic advice column answer, but it's time to go out on a date. Get out of your den of distraction and get to a location where you are going to be making eye contact and be the focus of one another's attention. Go have a drink, go have dinner. People veg-out in their homes, and once you get used to being around one another all the time you are going to see one another in these states. Try and couch potato in harmony together at home, and make an event of being with one another outside. Dinner, drinks and when you get home don't let him pick up that fucking joystick. Take him in the bedroom and pick up his joystick.

Finally, if your partner really is retreating from you, getting angry or nagging them about it is probably going to make them retreat more. You need to have a talk in a non-confrontational setting. It's possible that they are experiencing a burnout that is totally unrelated to you: work stress, exhaustion, depression, etc. I know that I have mood swings that often leave me for weeks in a state of low-level functioning—watching movies in my bathrobe all night, difficulty getting out of bed or communicating—feeling like a blob. If he's medicating stress or depression with distractions (a healthier choice than medicating with drugs or alcohol, at least) demanding he service you instead is probably the wrong answer. He may just need someone to talk to about what is getting him down.

PS: The author would like to note that he is now accepting applications for a new girlfriend who is willing to oil up and do the booty clap while he plays video games.

**Erectile dysfunction? Inconsiderate lover? Cheating boyfriend? Itchy crotch? Have a question? He has the answer. Write Wiley at: [wileywiggins@box-mag.com](mailto:wileywiggins@box-mag.com)**





# TOP DOG

Photos by Deuce LaCock





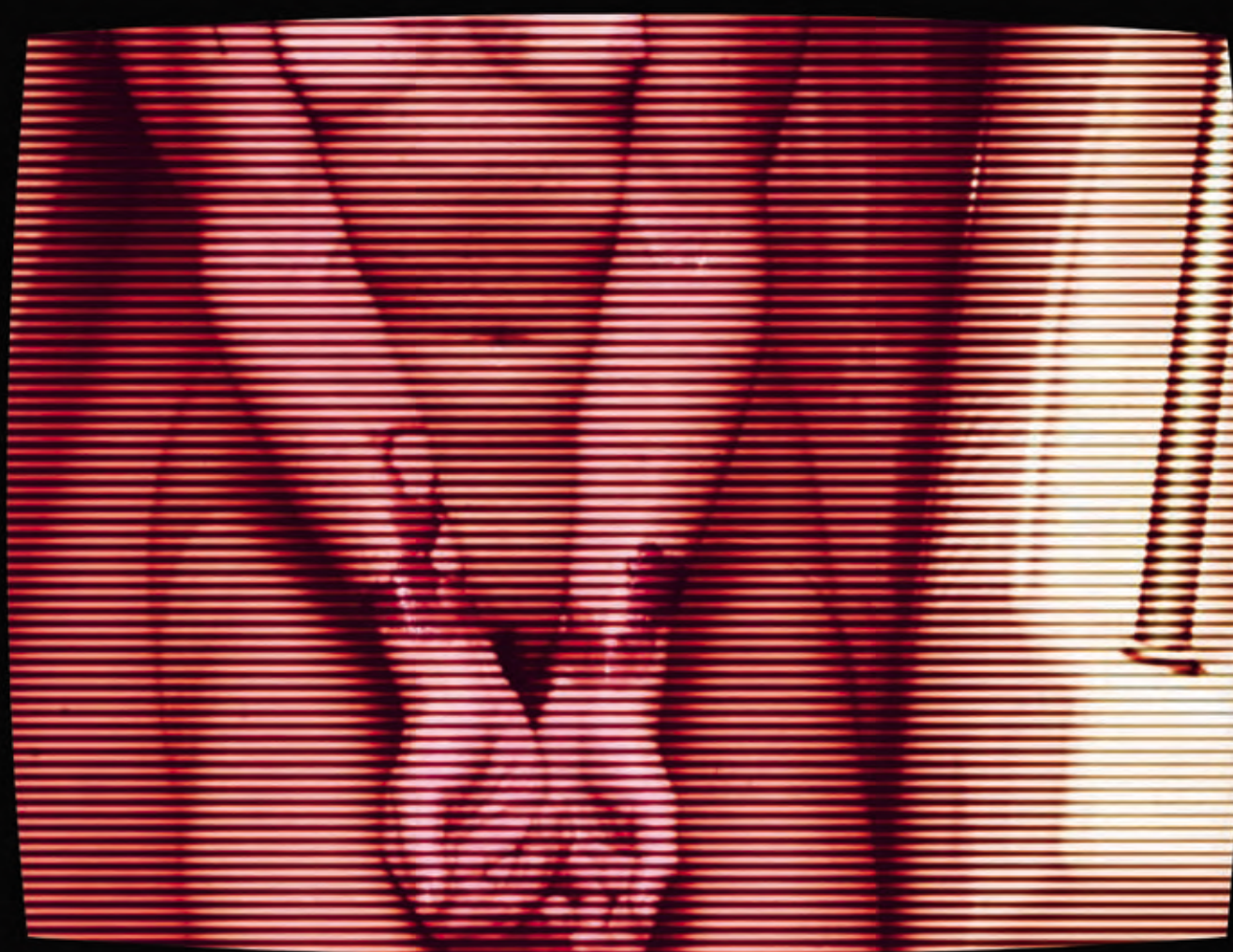
# the MASTERS

Photos By Dutch Redd  
Styling Tara Bouley  
Photo Editing Ryan McManus



Behind the Green Door  
**1972**





The Devil in Miss Jones  
**1973**

box

year in review



Issue 1 cover by Ryan McManus





Photos from *Victor's Secret* Issue 1  
by Tara Bouley



Photo from *Hoop Shots*, Issue 2  
by Ryan McManus  
Shoes: Metro Attitude by Adidas  
courtesy Motive 807





Photo from *Big Game*, Issue 2  
by Ryan McManus



Photo from *Fantaji*, Issue 4  
by Tara Bouley





Photo from *Fetish Dictionary*, Issue 3  
by Leo Zacharias



Photo from *Glamour Puss*, Issue 4  
by Aubrey Edwards  
Bathing suits courtesy Feathers Boutique



Photo from *Ms. Papadopoulou's Finishing School*, Issue 4  
by Natasha Papadopoulou  
Makeup by MAC



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# HOW TO: Retire in 27 Years

by An Ex-Workaholic

## ENTRY LEVEL

I was born working. Yep. The moment I came out of the womb I neglected to take a swig of breast milk from mom's breast cuz I was working. It was essential to my job function that I not take the luscious, life giving substance from the woman who had just forced me out of her uterus. Because, you see, my job was that of CAREGIVER. Sure I was crying out a mess of something, you know, my senses being awakened from the pre-life, but I sure wouldn't cause sweet mama any more discomfort than I already had. A shoddy career I was born with, I tell you. And mom wasn't my only account. As I grew up, the entire world became my clientele. My work had clockwork scheduling, a meticulous business plan, and relentless accountability. For anyone who was lucky (?) enough to cross my warm (read: warped) path, they were in for the most saccharine, sensitive and "let me catch that snot dripping from your nose"-type of royal treatment only a mother-or in my case daughter-could give.

## SUPERVISOR

Let me tell you a bit more about my ex-job, the job I grew to both love and hate. It was like a relationship that isn't working out, but it's so hard to wriggle out of its comfort zone that you end up staying months, even years, longer than you should. 27 to be exact. It was mostly love at first. The prospect of working since breath one is not so bad when you continuously reap the benefits of mass acceptance, positive behind the back chats about, never ending smiles and compliments and lauding your personality.

How hard can it be to give a shit (or by all means pretend, cuz you know, you're on the clock here) about every single scum of the earth piece of shit you come across in your lifetime? Well, it all seemed easy at first. There was always fake breast milk, right? It tasted okay. Mom's tits would stay perky. And when something bothers you when you're 10 years old, and God forbid Mom or Dad would be disappointed, distracted or put out that you may need to be tended to, you just adopt this nervous cough and masturbate fearfully in the bathtub and hope that you have somehow, unknowingly, purged yourself of discomfort. Hey, we all know Luden's cough drops taste like candy anyway.

## MANAGER

In middle school-hell, one of the most vulnerable and insecure times in anyone's life-work got really fun. When I really just wanted to put on frilly costumes and wear point shoes and be the skinniest and most graceful ballerina that ever was, it really wasn't that big of a deal to play basketball. Even when I pretty much sucked, I did it. I was insulted in front of everyone by the coach, I couldn't shoot a free throw to save my life, I dreaded game days. But, you know, that's what your brothers did, that's what made the folks happy, that's what got you the attention, that's what people respected, and geez, you weren't thin enough or pretty enough to dance even though you really wanted to. See, it all works out! Everyone is taken care of. What a career path I was on, and I hadn't even graduated high school!

Like all paths to success, mine had its good and bad (synonym: excruciating, exhausting, unbearable) points. Thankfully, I went to that Christian retreat around this time, because, like most people at that age, I felt entirely alienated, unsure of my chosen career and craved change. But, for one, literally blessed, weekend, I was assured that my position was valuable, necessary and I was on the right path. It was like walking into your boss' office expecting to get reamed for your terrible stats, but instead getting kudos for a job well done. Essentially, the weekend was a business conference for caregivers. Only we didn't get out of our meetings at 5 to hit happy hour and paint the town...we spent the evenings sitting around and patting each other on the back for being such great servants. What a grand way to get back on track and focus. I wasn't about to jump off the ladder now.

## DIRECTOR

I knew how to promote myself: College! Maybe stay at home an extra year so mom doesn't have a heart attack when you leave. After all, that tiny twinge of fear of leaving is sure enough justification to stay put, keep the family life stable when nothing else seemed to be, to keep giving care. That is what you're best at, not pirouettes. Grow up a bit and, shit, offer to give someone a ride when you don't have gas money. Buy someone a drink cuz you're drunk already and, hell, they will never return the favor. And



that boy I met-and subsequently spent four of my most formative years with-he was in NEED of my care. Yep, that's what I knew. He wouldn't have been able to breathe another breath of air unless I was there to call, to absorb pain from and kiss fruitlessly. What did I know about taking care of my own pain or what it felt like to kiss someone with youthful passion and mysterious desire? Not a damn thing apparently, cuz even though I was curious, we let that one draw out for way too long. We loved each other, but we both knew.

As you can see, love had blended into hate. My thoughts and expectations were so severely distorted. I ended up cheating on said boyfriend. To keep him from getting hurt, I ended up hurting us both 10 times more than either of us deserved. I don't blame myself. Nobody ever taught me to take care of me. And I don't blame mother or father or brother or therapist, because nobody ever really hired me. If anything, I was told to take a vacation. I was awesome and deserved a vacation, they kept telling me. The company wouldn't crumble if I eased my workload. I never would, of course. Despite these requests, I figured everyone was pleased with my performance, and I kept plugging away. Even though it wasn't my dream job. I just hired myself at birth, found myself the tiniest office imaginable, and began to work for the benefit of all. I was terrified to go in any other direction...like those record store clerks from *High Fidelity* who just showed up one day and stayed for the next seven years. Seven years plus twenty more.

## CEO

So, 27 found me at rock bottom. That lovely age famous for suicides and being that time right smack between 25 and 30 when lots of people begin to feel like they should've found their place...their passion. If they hadn't, the future would seem a bit bleak. I was lower than low. I remember the exact shower, about an hour before I was to load in and play a show. I shook. I couldn't concentrate. My muscles went into spasms. I was scared. I didn't feel like myself, and I wondered if I would be able to get on stage. I'd entirely depleted the small amount of mental capacity I'd reserved for myself-cheating on the clock so to speak. It took a miracle for me to sit down on my bed, barely draped in a towel with beads of water dripping onto everything, and say "I WILL BE OK. I WILL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. I WILL QUIT MY JOB." It was like

a survival mechanism had kicked in-and pounded me on my head and my ass. It was time to quit this job-its stifling circumstances and life sucking tasks had drained me of all emotional and physical vibrancy as I ascended up the ladder of perfection.

## RETIREMENT

I immediately did something completely and utterly for myself. I got outta town. Alone, I wandered the streets above and below ground in New York City. I left my job, my band, my ex, my apartment and I quit caring about anything but myself.

I look back fondly on that month. I had luscious food, got wasted into oblivion, saw my dream bands, wandered around, had my first and only one night stand, laid in parks, stared at buildings, got massages, bought treats for myself. In NYC, I was virtually alone and caregiving was a foreign concept. I was having too much fun to even flirt with the thought. I had no emotional ties to unnecessarily tighten, no impressions to solidify with people, no million places to be all at once (because you can't say no), and absolutely no reason to believe that if I missed one step, someone's world would end.

It was the perfect vacation destination. No commitments except staying away from my old job, and reacquainting myself with my newly unemployed self.

And there you have it...retired at 27. And a retiree who, looking back, honestly, wouldn't change a thing about her career path. A retiree who wouldn't have learned her lessons any other way. Who is thankful for every person and experience that taught giving isn't always as helpful as taking can sometimes be. When you let yourself receive a little bit from the world around you, from the people you love and who love you, that's when work, relationships and life lose the hate from the previous equation. Now, I don't usually advocate the concept of "hitting rock bottom" to change careers, get off drugs or end a bad relationship, but I suppose when you are that wrapped up in something, and everyone except you is reaping the fruits of your labor, it won't happen any other way. After 27 years of caregiving loyalty, working holidays and overtime, I not only cashed in on much earned vacation time, but I retired. Oh shit! Shock! Horror! Will everyone be okay? Well, I know I will.



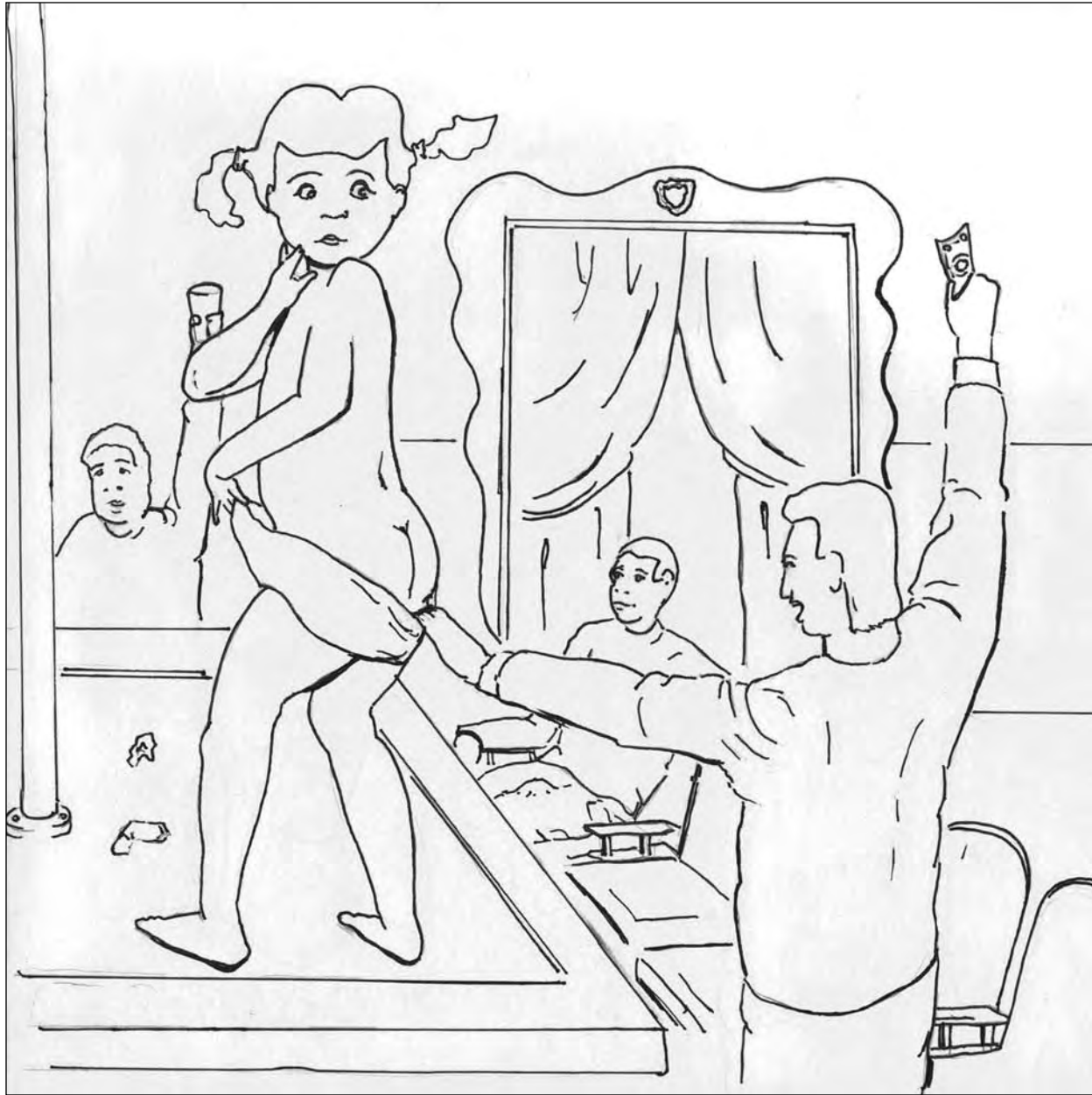
*Hey Pretty*  
-DeShaunda-

Photo by Diana Krell



VANTISEMENT





*There weren't many offers after the lotion money ran out.*

by Daren Magee



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