

box

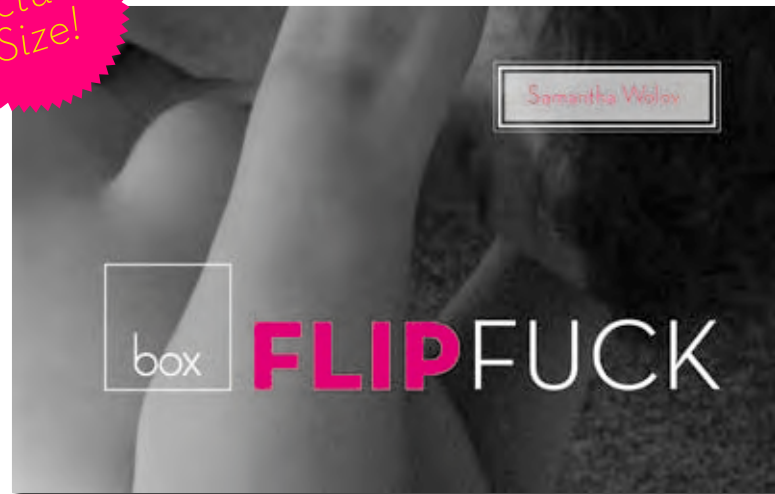


EVERYTHING IN STOCK NOW \$5

New From The

**BOX STORE!**

Actual  
Size!



The First ever hard core flip book from Samantha Wolov and Box Publishing LLC. This book is an homage to the birth of modern animation. Featuring a real life couple in the most intimate of moments, this flip book is the perfect pocket companion for any girl or boy, on the go. Hours of entertainment in just 32 pages.

**\$5.00**

CLICK TO BUY





\$5

*Sale*

*All merchandise in the Box Store now only \$5.*



QUEENING  
BIG TITS  
DIAN HANSON  
**CUM EATING**  
AMG  
VINTAGE PORN  
DOG FETISH  
LADY SOV  
PAINT ENEMA  
FLOWER POWER

BOX ISSUE 5  
NOW ONLY \$5



# PLAY

box

ISSUE 6.2, **PLAY**  
SEPTEMBER, 2007

## Editors' Note

### DEAREST READERS,

Here we are again. At the close of another summer that we wished would never end. What is it about this sweet season that makes us want to stay out late, wake up late and drink all day long?

Is it the temperature? Perhaps.

Is it the extended daylight? Possibly.

Is it a mid-year slump? Maybe.

Whatever it is, summer is the time to play and play hard. For me summer has always been about putting my body to the limit and putting my mind on hold. However, with the launch of our new blog, *Les Petites Morts*; the release of our biggest issue to date; and the Box/Babeland/Burning Angel/Rated-X Panty Party just days away, I was too busy to fully appreciate the last days of our laziest season.

Not to say that I didn't have fun. I've been to Rio and back twice; co-wrote my first porn script; made friends with a couple old guard pornographers; drank twice my weight in frozen margaritas (is that a lot?); and overseen the next stage in Box's progression. It was a summer to rival any other, and hey, temperatures are just heating up south of the Equator.

Despite having to turn in my Speedos and pull out the sweater collection, Fall holds a bevy of Box

delights. First there's the new issue, Box 6.2. In this, our lengthiest issue, we revisit a few of our favorite stories from 6.1. La LaRoux returned to NYC's sex scene for the *Swinging Life*, and we follow Katie Akana back to the Rimmel makeover bus for more lessons in backwoods beauty, in David and the Wig. Also back for another round, Box favorites Autumn Sonnichsen and Natasha Papadopolou.

Feel a little de ja vu coming on? Don't worry, we haven't taken the sequel too far. 6.2 also sees content from brand new contributors, like the original rough-trade photographer, David Hurler (aka Old Reliable), who gives us a glimpse in to his love for men serving serious prison terms in *Old Reliably Prince Charming Might be On Death Row*. Mark Valasquez shows us what's inside that dirty little mind of his. And Texas-based Rose and Olive prove that there's more to the Lone Star State than tumbleweeds and BBQ in their ode to blood letting.

Also on the horizon, Box *Les Petites Morts*, our new blog, featuring everything you've come to know and love about Box, in a short daily format. Well, almost daily, you didn't expect us to give up our weekends did you? Oh yeah, and there's that party to end all parties happening this weekend, but you'll have to check *Les Petites Morts* for more details.

So enjoy, and remember, it's always Speedo weather somewhere.



PG. 50



PG. 102



PG. 108

# Contents

## THE FEATURES

PG. 30

### Destination Vergie

Heather Riley sits down with Vergie, a breast fetishist with DDs.

PG. 34

### The Swinging Life

Part two of Lola LaRoux's adventures in the NYC sex scene.

PG. 38

### The Triplets of Hallville

Tara Bouley grills Leslie, Arecee and Hiland Hall about Internet fame, future plans and their siblings (psst...they're not really triplets).

PG. 44

### If This Rug Could Talk

Giorgio has a stomping fetish. One that's lead to a pretty interesting side project. Christopher A Trout chats with him about getting walked over.

PG. 50

### Old Reliable's Prince Charming

Old School pornographer, David Hurles recalls the most special men in his life including a batch of convicted murderers.

PG. 56

### Da Showboat is Comin'

A personal history of black face in the United States by Christopher A Trout.

PG. 62

### David and the Wig

The second in a series of essays about Katie Akana's days giving free make overs to the Country's most demanding customers.



## THE PHOTOGRAPHS

PG. 72

### Game On

By Pierre Radisic

PG. 84

### Girls on Film

By Autumn Sonnichsen

PG. 94

### Inside Mark Velasquez

By Mark Velasquez

PG. 102

### Black and White in Full Color

By Natasha Papadopoulou

PG. 108

### Blood Letting

By Rose an Olive

## THE REGULARS

PG. 12

### Bits

PG. 16

### Toy Box

OhMiBod

PG. 18

### He Said, She Said

Squirts Illustrated

PG. 22

### Artist Profile

Raymond Uhlir

PG. 118

### Sex in the Shitty

by Coco



Cover photo by Pierre Radisic. Opposite page, from top: detail from David Hurles; detail from Natasha Papadopoulou's 'Black and White in Full Color'; detail from Rose and Olive's 'Blood Letting'. This page: photo by Samantha Wolov from Creative Commons Porn Project.



**EDITOR IN CHIEF**  
CHRISTOPHER A. TROUT

**MANAGING EDITOR**  
HEATHER RILEY

**CREATIVE DIRECTOR**  
TARA BOULEY

**STYLE EDITOR**  
GINGER

**PRODUCTION MANAGER**  
MAURA MURNANE

**N.Y. BUREAU CHIEF**  
RYAN MCMANUS

**COPY DESK**  
LAURA BALCH  
KATIE PFEIL

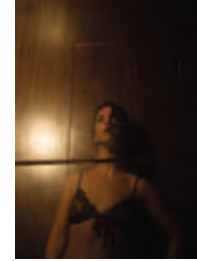
**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**  
LORYN HATCH  
COURTNEY STOUTAMIRE



**Box Magazine**  
P.O BOX 29455  
Oakland, CA, 94604

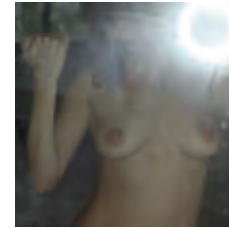
Materials in Box Magazine are adult in nature and intended for readers over the age of 18.

Box Magazine is a division of Box Publishing, LLC. Reproduction without express written consent in part or in full of any material found herein is strongly discouraged. Don't make us come over there and kick your ass.



## AUTUMN SONNICHSEN

I am fascinated by anything that dances and I stare a lot, which unnerves people that I don't know that well. The camera is a way of tempering that. So is going to strip clubs, where you have license to stare. I shoot fashion and naked girls, in NYC, Brazil, and anywhere else you'll pay me to go. I make really good martinis. [autumnsonnichsen.com](http://autumnsonnichsen.com)



## NATASHA PAPADOPOULOU

Natasha is a wild Greek woman living in NYC. She's worked for Playgirl, WAD, and a million other publications and she loves Grace Jones. She is currently working on a series of tampon still lifes. We love her. [natashapapadopoulou.com](http://natashapapadopoulou.com)



## MARK VELASQUEZ

Mark Velasquez received his BFA from Cornish College in Seattle in 2000. Since then he has been through Costa Rica, Panama, Mexico, and more than enough of the continental United States spreading his unique sense of humor and creative energy where needed. [markvelasquez.com](http://markvelasquez.com)



## PIERRE RADISIC

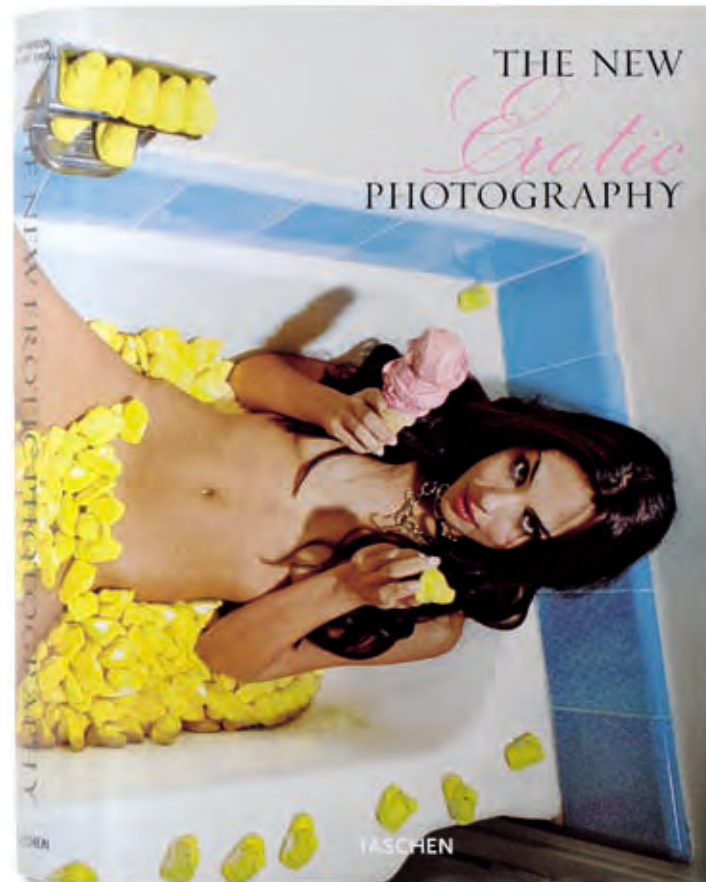
Pierre is a photographer who lives in Brussels. Just by the fact that he hates beer and loves wine, he's not really representative of the average Belgian. [pierreradisic.com](http://pierreradisic.com)



## ROSE AND OLIVE AKA TETHEREDTOTHESUN

Rose and Olive are a couple of adventures souls from Houston, TX, who have a passion for photographing themselves and others the nude. They will sleep on your living room floor if you'll let them take pictures of you. [tetheredtothesun.com](http://tetheredtothesun.com)

# BITS



## THE NEW EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY ED. DIAN HANSON; ED. ERIC KROLL

PHOTO BY PETER GORMAN COURTESY TASCHEN

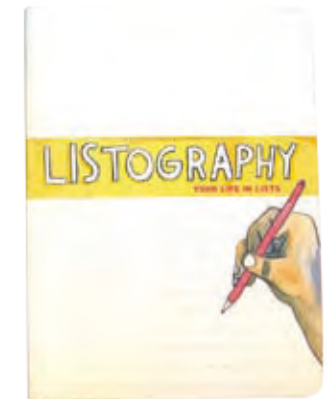
The New Erotic Photography is a collection of some of the world's top contemporary erotic photographers. The 82 photographers featured represent the "fresh new talents currently redefining eroticism." Photographers include well-known favorites like Terry Richardson and Richard Kern, but the book also features the work of equally fabulous but perhaps lesser-known photographers like Naomi Harris, Peter Gorman and Derek Caballero. And the book is enormous at 608 pages! You're bound to find something, and someone new, to love.



## RACHEL GOLDSTAR ROLLER DERBY RECORDS

PHOTOS COURTESY ROLLERDERBY RECORDS

Rachel Goldstar is still best known for her work fronting Austin space rock mainstays Experimental Aircraft, though she has also loaned her hypnotic voice to England's Monster Movie. This new solo project is about to change all of that. As a solo artist, she crafts studies in wistful shoe-gaze pop with electronic sensibilities. This similarly dreamy territory is perfect listening for cloudy days, melancholy musings, and falling in love. This limited edition, clear 45 features an untitled instrumental, as well as the songs Christmas Day and Fourteen Hours.



## LISTOGRAPHY CHRONICLE BOOKS

PHOTOS COURTESY LISTOGRAPHY

Lisa and Adam started the website Listography in 2006 as an easy-to-use tool for creative list writing and sharing. According to the Listography philosophy, making lists over the years helps you simultaneously create timelines, capture eras, and shape an autobiography as revealed through your thoughts, your experiences, and your favorites. Listography: the Book takes the website analog. It's sort of like a baby book for an adult; a way to track your history, your life, your memories and your hopes. And there are some truly nifty illustrations by Nat Russell.





## RETROSUPERFUTURE PIG

PHOTO BY RYAN TOMORROW

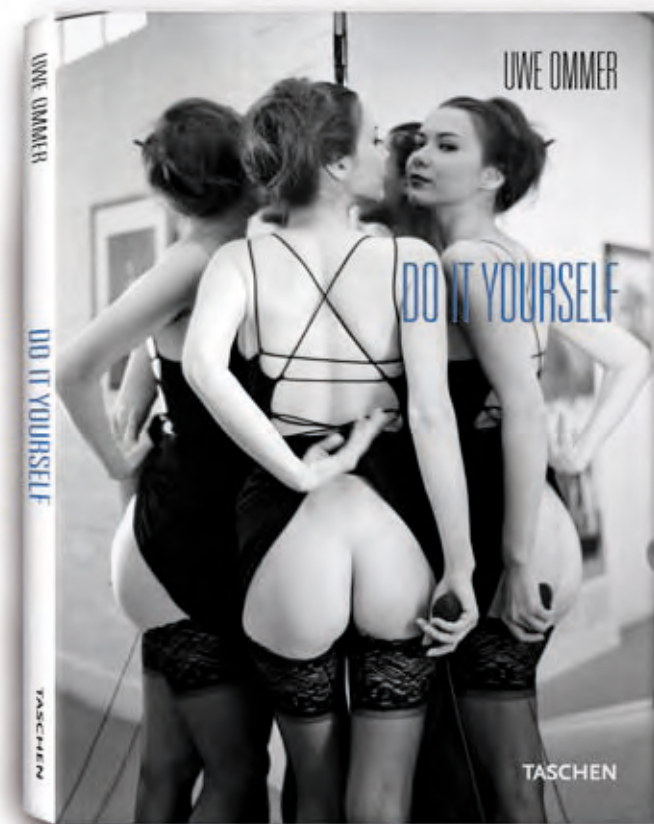
Those mischief-makers at Pig Magazine have been branching out. They took a look at the Wayfarer craze this summer and decided to step up with some serious quality options. Far from the average neon-armed Bar Mitzvah Specials you've seen around town, these are hand-made in Italy using Zeiss optics, and come in a variety of color combinations for whatever outfit you pair them with (or no outfit at all, our preferred style).



## SOUTH AMBULANCE ROLLER DERBY RECORDS

PHOTOS COURTESY ROLLERDERBY

Ah, thank God for Sweden. It's like the new seat of pop music. This Stockholm band, formed in late 2003, combine the best of Swedish pop and shoe gaze. If Television Personalities had been melancholic Swedes who released records on Creation in the early 90's they might have sounded something like South Ambulance. It's energetic, happy-sad and most infectious. "Die 5Times Times5" (you may have heard it earlier on the Swedish label Labrador's compilation Labrador 100: A Complete History of Popular Music) was making the rounds on iPods everywhere earlier this year, but the full length album was available only as an expensive import until now. This remastered and enhanced also comes with a bonus video.



## DO IT YOURSELF TASCHEN

UWE OMMER, ED. RENAUD MARCHAND PHOTOS COURTESY TASCHEN

Do It Yourself is a collection of erotic self-portraits taken by inexperienced photographers. The idea for Do It Yourself came to Uwe Ommers after he caught a babysitter taking photographs of herself with his Polaroid. Ommers assisted some of the photographers by acting as a "ghost photographer," setting up lights and such, but many didn't need his help at all. The result is a book full of photos taken by women as they want to see themselves sexually and sensually. Many of the photographs are full of humor, but all of them are smoking hot.



# TOY BOX

OhMiBod  
**OHMIBOD**

By Lola LaRoux  
Photo courtesy Babeland

*When I went to make a playlist for my trial run of the OhMiBod, a vibrator that plugs into your personal music player and uses a song's low-end to generate the rhythm and intensity of its vibrations, I realized how rarely I listen to music during the deed. Let's just say I am a visual creature, and that I really had no idea what I would respond to. In the end, my little playlist went something like this:*

Anywhere Anyone-**Dntel**  
In a Sentimental Mood-**John Coltrane, Miles Davis and Duke Ellington**  
Dael-**Autechre**  
Enjoy-**Bjork**  
Double Shadow-**Junior Boys**  
Crystalline Green-**Goldfrapp**  
Milkshake-**Kelis**

She Woolf Daydreaming-**Kid Loco**  
Silent Shout-**The Knife**  
Modern Romance-**The Rapture**

Not my most cohesive playlist ever, but these were extenuating circumstances. I was trying not to be too presumptuous about my own musical tastes, plus I had to remember that my song choices would affect me emotionally and physically. I thought my selections might lead to an interesting and varied little test run, but when I started up my Nano, I quickly realized that the direction of this experiment was out of my hands; I was at the mercy of a tiny, evil machine.

My regular go-to vibrator is a straightforward, bullet-sized affair, so picking up the wand of the OhMiBod

was definitely a departure from the norm. I needed to get to know it better; you know, share some quality time before really letting loose on the thing. After attempting a little self-wooing to Dntel and the jazz greats, though, I couldn't help but feel ridiculous about trying to caress myself tenderly with eight inches of rigid white plastic. The love songs were quickly disposed of.

I moved on to Autechre, whose beats came faster but weren't too strong because I kept the volume low. Not bad. The intensity of the vibrations was even sensitive to volume variations within the song, not just the volume of my iPod. The OhMiBod and I were really reaching an understanding of one another, so I turned it up as the next song began.

Here's where things started to fall apart. As soon as I reached what I'd consider a medium decibel level, the balance between the volume of my music and the volume of the actual vibrator was irreversibly tipped. The vibrator hummed loudly enough that once I noticed it, I couldn't ignore it. I tried concentrating on the music and thinking sexy thoughts to no avail. Kid Loco came on, and I turned it up louder.

At this point, I had reached my normal maximum volume level.

But OhMiBod responded in kind; it buzzed unceremoniously all through the song. Bastard! So it finally became clear that the only way I'd be able to get off without distraction, like it or not, would be to find a song with a persistent enough beat that at its loudest would drown out the sound of the vibrations completely.

There I was, with the Knife cranked up to full volume, risking going deaf for the sake of an orgasm. I'm still not sure if it was actual pleasure or just sheer determination that got me there, but finally, at the peak of a frenetic synth-pop explosion, I followed suit and forgave the OhMiBod all its shortcomings for one glorious moment.

Was it worth it? Definitely not. The OhMiBod's novelty wore off quickly once I discovered its many faults. For one, there's no possible way to use this thing discreetly. I was definitely thankful my roommate was not home, or she might have thought I was blending a smoothie or, I don't know, riding a Vespa around my room. Secondly, its vibrations vary so much at regular volume levels that it just gets annoying after a while. Most of us would agree that consistency is the key to orgasm; you find something that feels good, and you stick with it. But the only way to get a constant buzz with the OhMiBod is to

crank your volume up to a barely tolerable volume, and I don't care how sexy you think a song is—bleeding eardrums do not feel good. Finally, the toy is unwieldy. The vibrator itself is sizeable, plus two cords are required for operation. At one point I went to pick up my Nano to adjust the volume, and I actually became entangled in the damn thing. In the end, the setup made me feel both silly and frustrated by its complexity, given that my mission was so simple.

If music is an important factor in how much you enjoy sex, using this toy is actually likely to ruin that for you. My recommendation? Listen to whatever music you like through some regular old speakers, get a vibrator that doesn't require soundproofing, and go to town.



# HE SAID | SQUIRTS SHE SAID | ILLUSTRATED

PHOTOS COURTESY VCA

## HE SAID: BY RYAN MCMANUS

I'll be the first to confess—I see a lot of porn. Most of the titles that come across my desk don't hold my attention for more than a second, but rarely, very rarely, a title makes me stiffen up and take notice.

Squirts Illustrated, by VCA pictures, is such a title.

Now, I have some experience in this field. The first time I was ever squirted on (by a lady, that is) was kind of shocking. Being the well-informed pervert that I was, I knew that it was a rare thing indeed, but it still shocked me like going off the high dive and having water shoot up your nostrils.

The cover of the DVD is a little misleading—it has the feel of some Hawaiian getaway, so I had my hopes up for some outdoor jungle fucking. Sadly, this never did materialize, though there were plenty of waterfalls (har har).

The sex in Squirts Illustrated, directed by Axel Braun, is pretty tame by most porn standards. There is no anal, no lesbian action, only one three-second rimjob and a little by-the-book deep-throating. But Squirts Illustrated makes up for this with solid, genuine girly orgasms.

I'll admit it—I'm jaded. Most times when a girl comes in a porn I roll my eyes. The artificial screeching is about as erotic as dolphins being slaughtered by the Japanese. There's nothing genuine about it. Maybe that's the appeal of squirting—we've become so conditioned to the payoff of a man shooting his load to signal success that the female equivalent is shockingly reassuring.

And orgasms are aplenty in Squirts Illustrated. Katrina Angel (all unfortunate hurricane metaphors aside) straight up drenches her partner with pussy spray

## SHE SAID: BY LOLA LA ROUX

After reviewing a handful of feature-length porn movies and not being satisfied with a single one, I started to think that maybe I just wasn't the feature-length porn watching type. So when I popped Squirts Illustrated into my computer and saw that it was over two hours long, I was ready to head for the hills. Luckily, SI follows an age-old formula that many new alt-porn directors have swept aside: to hell with plot, characters and dialog; it's all about the fucking.

There is no time wasted on setup at the beginning of SI. Bianca Dagger is talking to someone off-screen when Nick Lassiter saunters into the frame and shuts her up with his cock. OK, then. The ensuing scene turned out to be my favorite of the movie, probably because these two genuinely seem to be having fun. I even laughed out loud when the camera cut to a close-up of Dagger sucking Lassiter's cock in a 69. She is more than enthusiastic about it, and her gagging sounds and sniffing gave me a tickle. "Hey", I thought, "Doing that makes my nose run, too." It doesn't hurt that I think Dagger is kind of a fox, and whether or not you believe it's her first time as she asserts, watching her squirt has a certain charm.

Sadly, it all goes downhill from there. I wrote off the next scene in four seconds, partly because it contained a little too much man-asshole for my taste, but mostly because Desire Moore was wearing all pink. Pink French manicure, pink shoes, pink undies, pink shirt. After Bianca Dagger's dark locks and cute little tits, I just wasn't in the mood for Barbie.

Gwen Diamond is featured on the movie's cover, so I looked forward to her scene (shared with Lassiter), thinking it would be somehow extraordinary. Instead, she screamed so much that I could barely get through thet. Some of it's hot; instead of taking the typical submissive "Ooh, yeah, fuck me" route, she's more





that any kid with a super-soaker would be envious of. Likewise, Bianca Dagger and Gwen Diamond give enthusiastic performances, rewarding their generic male suitors like coaches getting Gatorade dumped over them at the end of a championship game.

Okay, right, I'm running out of "soaking wet" metaphors. Suffice to say, if squirting is your thing, this is pretty much straight up action. If you're looking for context or plot or education, this one is going to leave you high and dry (har!).

A small but persistent technical issue—the authors of the DVD made the Chapter cuts after key sex moments, instead of just before (as most studios do). This sounds nit-picky, but for someone who uses the SKIP button on his remote to get to the action, it was frustrating to have to fast forward.

Continuing the "more fuck for your buck," added-value practice of packaging a second film, Squirts Illustrated includes the full-length film, Edge Play. I'm no psychologist, but if I starred in a porn that was given out as a freebie, I'd feel a little rejected.

assertive, yelling stuff like "My cock! All mine!" But for the most part, it's just too obvious that it's for show. Plus it's disappointing when you can't hear the squish of a post-squirt fuck.

The most impressive squirt of the movie goes to Jamie Tyler in her scene with Johnny Sins. I watched the scene with no particular enthusiasm until Tyler, lying on her shoulders with her torso in the air and getting fucked from above, suddenly lets loose a damn river. It happens when you'd least expect it—Johnny Sins has pulled out for a moment and Tyler isn't even playing with herself. And then, voila! There it is, in great abundance, and she splashes it around until it covers pretty much everything in the shot.

The last scene, between Katrina Angel and Mikey Butders, is about as anticlimactic as you can get. It happens on a recliner that's been plopped down in the middle of an outside patio somewhere. The whole thing has the air of a two-person frat party (think Dockers and blondes with self-esteem problems). Rather than recount any of the scene in greater detail, I'll just share the part that pretty much embodied my viewing experience: as Angel waits for Butders to come on her face at the end of their scene, she does nothing at all to hide just how much she doesn't want to be there. She blinks and flinches as he wags his junk in her face, looking totally repulsed, and when he finally comes she makes every possible effort to avoid swallowing it.

The obvious discomfort of the last scene negates what I found good about the first, so I can't say I'd go out of my way to watch all of this again. I guess the beauty of a porno that's dropped all pretense of a storyline is that you can fast forward straight to what's good and forget the rest of it. But if the good parts add up to a sum total of only 10 quality minutes, you might as well just stick to your illegal downloading habit.



# QUEENING BIG TITS DIAN HANSON CUM EATING AMG VINTAGE PORN DOG FETISH LADY SOV **PAINT ENEMA** FLOWER POWER

BOX ISSUE 5  
NOW ONLY \$5



*The Land, Before Time* • Gouache and Ink on Paper • 11 x 15 in. • 2006

ORIGINAL ARTWORK BY **RAYMOND UHLIR**  
SURVEY CONDUCTED BY HEATHER RILEY

# RAYMOND UHLIR

Artist Survey No. 7

## **Peanut butter and jelly or bologna?**

Bologna. Peanut butter makes me want to vomit. Smell. Taste. My Mom and brother share the aversion.

## **What was your favorite cartoon as a kid?**

It was G.I. Joe until I discovered Muppet Babies. Muppet Babies had a huge influence on me - really, really smart and post-modern. I watched reruns until I was in high school. It'd be fun to get high and watch all of them again.

## **Why are people so afraid of clowns?**

I've never actually understood this one. I think people are more afraid of the clown concept than the physical clown. That kind of happy is unnerving and unstable. Calls to mind "serial killer."

## **Describe your macking skills.**

Stalking girls on MySpace. It worked with my lady.

## **Would you prefer breakfast in bed or a morning bj?**

Blo J!

## **If you could be one fictional or screen hero, who would it be?**

Fuckin' Han Solo.

## **Would you rather celebrate Christmas or Hannakuh?**

Christmas. You get way bigger presents. Hanukkah is a minor Jewish holiday anyway. It sounded good in elementary school, though. "Presents for days?!" But you find out it's just a dreidel or some coins, and you secretly thank your parents for being Presbyterian.

Then you get to college and realize religion is a sham, and you might as well have believed in Narnia.

## **What's so special about twins?**

We can read your mind.

## **Have you ever been in a three-way (or done it) with your brother?**

No.

## **What's the difference between masturbation and having sex with your twin?**

I just threw up in my mouth. If it was true that twins could feel what each other felt, probably nothing. But we're not like the cobra twins from G.I. Joe. I think that's where this myth began.

## **What's your favorite summer fruit?**

Watermelon

## **You can come back as any person or thing when you die. Who or what would you be?**

I'd be a black hole. Or I'd come back as myself, but with a boatload of money so I can realize some of my larger projects and visions. Fitzcarraldo scale stuff.

## **What's your favorite line from *Heathers*?**

"I love my dead, gay son!"

## **Playboy or Hustler?**

Old Playboy. Just for the articles. (Secretly? Hustler.)

## **What's the best thing about having a penis?**

Standing to pee is a cliché, so I'll say "putting it in stuff."



**What's your biggest pet peeve?**

"Everybody Loves Raymond." Just don't say it. You are not the first person to think of it, so control yourself. Same thing with my last name. I'm not Ferris Beuller. It's Uhlir. You-ler.

**Why was Frasier on television for so long?**

The literate writing, and Kelsey Grammer's addiction to blow. It made him a machine. When he cleaned up the show went downhill.

**Is it okay to wear flip-flops out of the house?**

Sure, as long as it's only to the beach, to walk your dog, or go to the grocery store. Samurai fought in them, so why not?

**Who was the 23rd President of the US?**

I looked this up in Wikipedia and it gave me "fictional presidents" as the best match. The 23rd president on that list is Raymond Becker, the president in the movie The Day After Tomorrow.

**If you had to, which Golden Girl would you have sex with?**

Blanche. I'm not a Bea Arthur fetishist.

Opposite Page:  
*Shame Torments Him, and Rage is Mingled With His Grief*  
Gouache and Ink on Paper  
22.5 x 15 in. • 2006



This Page: *A Bear Victorious, Happy and Glorious*  
 Gouache and Ink on Paper • 22.5 x 15 in. • 2006  
 Opposite Page: *They Danced to Celebrate*  
 Gouache and Ink on Paper • 15 x 11 in. • 2006







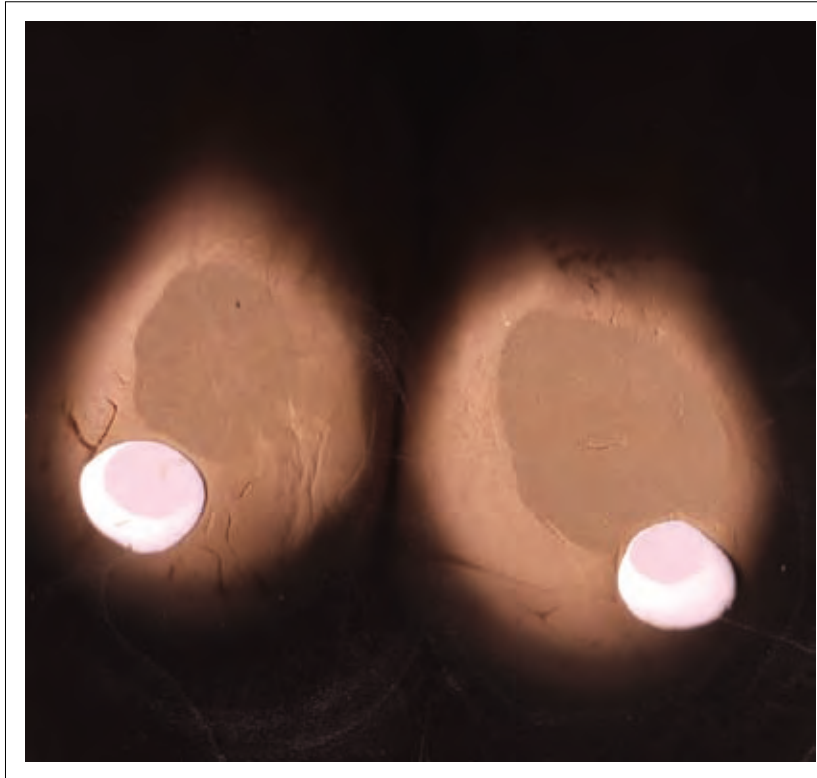
This Page: **The Cape**  
Oil Enamel on Canvas • 48 x 66 in. • 2005



Opposite Page: **Verdant Valley Hara-Kiri**  
Gouache and Ink on Paper • 48 x 78 in. • 2006

# DESTINATION: VIRGIE

BY HEATHER RILEY • Illustration by Maura Murane



I first met author Virgie Tovar at a breast-centered art show earlier this summer. As usual, I had approached the event with the usual dread (I mean, how many pseudo-pagan-hyper-sexual paintings can one see in a lifetime?) but was blown away by her reading there. Virgie was funny, candid and above all had a completely refreshing outlook on her personal preferences. I bought Destination DD immediately, and made plans to interview Virgie as soon as I had finished the memoir.

The book is a candid glimpse into the life and fantasies of one Mexican/Iranian woman as she looks back on her experiences with having a breast fetish. Unlike many books of this sort, Virgie's comes from a place of acceptance and humor. Indeed, over the hours we spoke, we giggled so uncontrollably that my little tape recorder could barely handle it.

## MILK DOES A BODY GOOD

Breastfed until the age of four, Virgie attributes the roots of her fetish to her extended access to mother's milk. "My fetish is...hair-triggered on the nipple sucking. Like the nursing part is a big part of the fetish, so that's why I think a lot of it came from that." Unlike in America, where not pulling the nipple from the babe after a year may seem sort of abnormal, in other parts of the world, breastfeeding older children is not so uncommon. I have a Greek cousin who was breastfed until six. Virgie's grandmother (who is Mexican, not that it matters) encouraged her daughter to continue nursing; not really a surprise given that granny started lactating during her daughter's pregnancy. Virgie calls it "re-lactation."

In any case, Virgie was the firstborn, and her family absolutely adored her. "I was... the center of the family life so it doesn't surprise me that I did whatever I wanted... When I was young we used to go to McDonalds, like as a family, and I only wanted to eat the meat so everyone had to give me their meat. And all they ate was bread and pickles and stuff." Virgie loved breastfeeding. She didn't want to stop, and anyone who would willingly give up their McDonald's hamburger patty to a kid and eat the pickles would be unlikely to say no.

## HOW TO TURN VIRGIE ON

It's important to realize that Virgie is not a lesbian. Kissing a woman, while not entirely unappealing, is like kissing a wall for her. She loves looking at their breasts, which turns her on, but it stops there. She's just not into the ladies; she more interested in her own titties.

"I always say my breasts are the main course,"

Virgie tells me, "Because a lot of time foreplay is considered like an appetizer or something. And I'm like, 'no they're the entrée, the appetizer and the dessert.'"

Virgie's fetish centers on the nipple, nursing in particular, so it's no surprise that she's into playing mommy. "I like submissive men. I like a man who when he gets too aroused starts crying and begging. That turns me on a lot. Like a man who begs for my tits is totally hot to me."

But her sexual fulfillment is not dependent on being in control. She also needs to be objectified to feel truly turned on. "I'm always the object... I'm oddly threatened by men's nipples. Like, 'there's another pair of nipples in the room, it's freaking me out.' You know, it's hard to explain it exactly. I know it doesn't make sense, it just is."

The way Virgie enjoys having her breasts played with ties into this objectification. Her breasts have lost some sensitivity over the years, but this doesn't faze her. "I like the idea of them being kind of like fully objectified. I play with the fantasy of them...of not being able to feel anything so...they're fully existent for the pleasure of someone else. And that's hot for me."

Still, some boob-play is more enjoyable than others. She likes to be bitten around the titty. Her nipples still retain a ton of sensitivity, and she loves a lot of suction in that area. When she's describing it, she gets a look similar to a kid talking about a trip to Disneyland; you can even hear the excitement in her voice.

"If you take your mouth and wrap it around the areola and you suck really hard [Virgie makes a loud sucking sound to demonstrate] and you make your mouth smaller and smaller and smaller, and you like, then you when you're right at the base of the nipple



*“I have this thing called the nipple game...where I sit on your lap and I put my breasts in your face and no matter how much you beg, no matter how much you want to suck on them you have to resist, because if you suck on them you lose like five minutes of titty time.”*

you suck really hard until your mouth pops off. And if you just do that over and over again the blood and the tissue like all... the areola gets small and the nipple gets big.”

Oh, and of course she loves titty-fucking, but only if it's done right. “It's slow. It's well lubricated. It's not like you would see in a movie where it's a dude actually fucking a tit. It's a sensual thing. There's not a whole lot of sensation between the boobs, honestly, so you're going to have to create the sensuality for the woman. So in that way, talking, sighing, letting me know you're aroused, letting me know you like the way it looks, play with the nipples. Tell me what I should do to make the whole experience that much easier. Communication is really important. And then, the biggest thing, like rule number one is to take it slow. Go slowly.”

Virgie also enjoys something called “nipple 69” with some of her smaller lovers. Nipple 69 involves laying head to toe, and playing with each other's nipples. If the man's torso is small enough, Virgie even enjoys

sucking on the head of his penis while he plays with her boobs.

“One of my favorite things to do is to tease,” Virgie says, her eyes lighting up. “I'm such a tit tease. If I have a breast fetishist or someone who's really into boobs I can tease them for like thirty, forty-five minutes, an hour or whatever. Just bring them to the edge and do all sorts of things. Like the ‘Boob Virgin’ story [a thrilling two chapter story in her book!]. He was just a total boob virgin and I was able to tease him for forty-five minutes, an hour, just rubbing my breasts all over his back, showing him my nipples, slapping his hands away. I have this thing called the nipple game...where I sit on your lap and I put my breasts in your face and no matter how much you beg, no matter how much you want to suck on them you have to resist, because if you suck on them you lose like five minutes of titty time.”

## COMING TO GRIPS WITH TITTY LOVE

Virgie has never felt any shame about her fetish. She dated a couple of men when she was younger who acted as if they owned her orgasm, and looked at her inability to climax strictly through vaginal or clitoral stimulation as something that was wrong with her. “That was the time...when I didn't understand, I understood my breast fetish, but I didn't understand my sexuality as a whole and as a result of my confusion and lack of direction I was all over the place and I was attracting... every kind of man who's attracted to a woman who doesn't know what she wants and doesn't have great self-worth. And unfortunately, I feel like most women are in that place.”

Over time, though, Virgie learned to give her lovers a little more direction. “As I came into my adulthood I was like, ‘hey, he's not a mind-reader, shit-I got to get my nut somehow.’”

The Internet, Craigslist in particular, has helped many a fetishist find people with similar interests and desires. Virgie likes it because it cuts all the bullshit. She says it's sort of like posting a mini-resume-and you need to be a breast-fetishist to apply. Unlike normal dating, which moves sort of slowly and where people aren't always upfront, online dating, according to Virgie, speeds things up. “I've noticed there's no beating around the bush. I've noticed I don't like beating around the bush. And I think that's something I've had to come to terms with because it's expected that women are supposed to want all that ridiculous crap before anything else happens.”

Because her sexual pleasure is really dependent on her breasts being loved and admired, Virgie has learned to be upfront about what she wants. According to her, “If there's going to be sexual interaction they need to know. And I need to know. Because honestly, I'm not gonna put up with somebody who doesn't....there's no point in us wasting each other's time.”

Virgie feels that there's a huge lack of material for breast fetishists. At the Adult Entertainment Expo last year she met the King of Booby Porn, and that was no more enlightening. “I was sitting with him-and I hate booby porn because it sucks, nobody gets it. The men who are making it don't understand the men who are into boobs, the way that they are into boobs, you can tell, it's really obvious. And so most booby porn is really low-quality-and this guy, the booby empire guy, I'm talking to him and I'm like so...do you like boobs? He's like no. Like literally, not even half a second passed and he was like no.”

[That's the problem with the porn industry, folks, but that's a whole different article.]

“I feel like a lot of times there's not a lot of diversity in the voices that are speaking in the sexual

community.” Virgie goes on. “It's frustrating to me. Like a lot of the voices are older, upper-class white women who are queer in a very specific way and, I don't know, I just have a huge critique about it.”

## GRAND TETONS AND BEYOND

Now that she's finished her book, Virgie has plenty to keep her busy. When she's not working as a phone sex operator, she's working on one of her many other projects. She's working on completing a book about the “Ugly Revolution” as well as gathering up interviews for her project, “American History Sex,” an oral history about sex and sexuality. Her book about her experiences with phone sex and male fantasies is damn near completed.

All of these projects promise to be as fulfilling and enjoyable as Destination DD, in part because Virgie is so unapologetic about her behavior and her past. Throughout Destination DD it feels like there's a sort of journey going on; like the reader is looking at a photo album of Virgie's sexual development. Virgie, however, didn't write the book to work out her feelings. All she wanted to do was to publish a book about breast fetishes by an actual fetishist.

“I didn't write from a place of ambivalence or ambiguity, I wrote about when it used to be these things, it used to be negative, it used to be this, it used to be that. I meant that. It used to be those things, and chances are there's a possibility it will happen again, but I, for the most part, have come to grips with it. For the most part it's been amazing and wonderful. For the most part I embrace it fully for what it is, and don't want to change it, you know?”



# THE SWINGING LIFE

IN THE SUMMER OF 2006 WE ASKED LOLA LA ROUX TO EXPLORE THE WORLD OF NEW YORK CITY SEX CLUBS. AFTER HER FIRST TIME SHE WAS HOOKED. THESE ARE HER TALES FROM THE NYC SEX SCENE.

BY LOLA LA ROUX  
ILLUSTRATION BY MAURA MURNANE

It's late Saturday night and I am at a party, dancing with my friend C. She is brandishing a paddle she picked up at the door, spanking any ass that presents itself to her. There are a lot. She's very good with a paddle. C wears her sexuality well—that, and the half-shirt she has on, which has a keyhole cut-out down the middle of her cleavage that makes me want to bury my face in her tits—and as I watch her dance I almost forget where we are.

It's dark. The walls and ceiling are dressed in swaths of gauzy fabric, and sex is radiating from every corner of this place: the bartenders are topless, vintage porn is being projected on the wall, and all around us electricity gathering from the friction of skin on skin. The party is still young, but I have already watched a woman I've just met and three of her friends fuck on a bed draped with sheer netting. I had been watching them without reservation until this woman swiveled herself toward the onlookers and let one of the boys fist her. As she rocked against his arm, she looked up and made eye contact with me, and suddenly I was acutely aware that there was no fourth wall to stand beyond here. Tonight, even if I elected to do nothing but watch, I would be a participant.

Now, the couches around the perimeter of the room are slowly filling up with people in various states of

undress. The beds are all taken. A boy I met earlier, who had repeated the same story to me so many times that I wished he would go away, is now safely occupied getting head from a dark-haired woman. Someone else is straddling her partner, who I don't even see because I am too busy ogling the woman's ass like a frat boy. There are knots of three and four people making out with one other, and in the back, two women are bent over and braced against the side of a bed, taking turns getting whipped with a riding crop by a man with a prosthetic leg. C and I dance in the center of all this, and it really is a beautiful sight. Not that everyone is magazine-cover stunning or engaged in particularly extraordinary sex acts, but this is a room full of people distilled into their purest, basest forms; all insecurity and pretense have been dropped, and on a Saturday night in New York City, that's a rarity.

The collective pulse of all these heaving bodies has sent my head spinning (the alcohol probably helps). The music is so loud that I can't think, which I suppose is exactly the point of all this—don't think, just do. I turn my gaze back to C. While she is dancing, she slaps the open palm of her left hand with the paddle, scanning the room for her next willing victim. When a man approaches her, she squeals and presses against the middle of his back to bend him at the



*There are probably five or six people on the bed. It's hard to tell in the dark, what with all the entangled limbs. It is impossible to tell whose head is where, whose hands are doing what.*

waist. The crack of the paddle is loud enough to be heard above the music. C responds in kind with an unadulterated belly laugh, and the joy in it is contagious. It's simple, but I am happy to be here.

We dance and make friends and smile and laugh. Right now is so good, I am not giving any thought to what will happen next. But then I spot my friend L, in nothing but panties and leaning against the wall by a bed in the back, considering the scene playing out in front her. I lean into C and say I'll be right back; I'm going to kiss her. This is how I dive in.

There are probably five or six people on the bed. It's hard to tell in the dark, what with all the entangled limbs. It is impossible to tell whose head is where, whose hands are doing what. Not that it matters. I walk around the bed to L and say hi. We smile and talk for minute, not looking at each other but at the bed. Then I turn to her and ask if I can kiss her. Surprised (we have never done this before), she says sure. Her mouth is small and soft.

We are still standing when I realize after some time that people are watching us. A boy that L knows, who is wearing a glove with vibrating fingertips (really), crawls over the bed, kneels next to where we are standing, and asks if he can touch me. Nothing

below the waist, I say. I don't want to fuck any men, but I cannot pass up vibrating fingertips. His hands are on my shoulders and collarbone and back but I don't care, because L's upper lip is sweating and I can taste it. Her kisses are stronger than I expected. I like her insistence. L lets go of me for a moment and I put my hands on a beam above my head. She is taking off my shirt. A shiver runs through me and I feel amazing, standing in my skin. Now that small, soft mouth is on my tits.

I've dug my fingernails into the beam and am watching L when I feel hands on me. C has realized I will not be right back and comes over here instead. I'm between the two of them now, my back arched and my eyes closed. I am barely aware of what is happening in any specific sense, but there are hands and mouths on me and I like it. It's almost too much. I turn to the boy (whose batteries are dying) and say I need a drink. This whole time, it turns out, another friend has been fucking someone on the bed next to us. I find my shirt. There are tits out all over the place, but suddenly I can't believe my own are among them, so I cover up.

When I come back, L is on top of the vibrating boy and C has found a spot underneath a woman who is getting fucked from behind by her partner. I sit down

next to C and giggle. Suddenly I am very aware I am surrounded by people whom I both love and am attracted to. What wondrous fortune. I talk to T, who has been shy all night, about Catholic guilt. L is over her right hand shoulder, getting fucked. Just let go of it, I want to say, just for now. But I understand it is not that easy; it has taken me four previous tries before spending longer than three minutes in the vicinity of one of these beds. Something has just clicked tonight, so I tell T that someday I am certain something will click for her, too. Ten minutes later, she is kissing L.

C is still on her back, and I lean in to say a mischievous hello when the woman kissing her says something to me. I don't really know what because I am listening to her velvety French accent. It seems her date came-maybe a little too quickly. She moves away from him when I ask if she is going to kiss me. She presses my shoulders into the mattress, lying on top of me, kissing me, unbuttoning me. I touch her hair. Her face smells like herbs and soap.

This woman and I do not speak to one another. The music is still pulsing in my ears and the world is only as big as her lips and breasts (which rest perfectly in the palms of my hands) and the warmth between her thighs. I do not know how long we go on. Somehow, though, it has not occurred to me that this might have to end at some point. This is all the more unfortunate when suddenly the lights in the loft are flipped on. Someone is yelling that it's almost five AM. The party was supposed to end at four.

I lie back and groan, not having realized until now that I am physically exhausted. The French woman raises herself onto her elbows and wipes the corners of her mouth with her thumb and forefinger. Blinking in this new light, we stand up, stretch, tend to our respective wardrobes, and then turn to one another. She thanks me. I do the same and, because it seems

a little silly not to, we exchange first names. I can't help asking if she will be at the next party. Yes, she says. Then it is clear there is nothing more to say or do. I smile at her and say goodnight as her partner nuzzles against her shoulder.

My friends are by the door already, coats on, cars called. C and I decide to walk. It's not that far. We walk down a deserted street toward our neighborhood and ignore the livery cabs that slow down, hoping we will decide against walking in the cold and give them a fare. The fresh air is intoxicating. We say goodnight on C's avenue and I make my way home from there, reeling.

When I get home, I brush my teeth in the dark. I feel my way into bed, under the down comforter, naked against clean sheets. My room starts turning gray and shadowy with sunrise and, despite the exhaustion, I can't help myself. My hands, still working off the walk home, are cold against my skin. But I do not care, and as the first birdsongs begin outside, I am ending the night on a high note of my own.

# THE TRIPLETS OF HALLVILLE

BY TARA BOULEY

Illustrations by Maura Murnane



**O***h, the Internet. What it has done to our world. Allowing people to create their own fame and promote their art and music. My oft-unemployed roommate is an amazingly deft internet stalker, and she turned me on me to the subjects of this interview.*

*Hiland, Rich (aka Arecee) and Leslie Hall grew up in Ames, Iowa. Hiland is an artist living in Hollywood, Arecee is a rapper in NYC and after art school in Boston, Leslie is back in Ames continuing her online fame with [gemsweater.com](http://gemsweater.com) and planning a worldwide tour with her band Leslie and the Lys.*



## ARECEE

Photo by Noah Kalina

**If you could collaborate creatively with anyone, who would it be?**  
I thought about this way too long. There's so many amazing people I would love to work with. Call me indecisive. I'm a Libra.

**Are you working on any projects right now?**  
I always have a million projects going. But I try not to talk about them because most of them don't see the light of day. Talk is just talk. My latest project was just released though. It's called Background. You can pick it up at Amazon and iTunes in the near future.



**Do you have any pets?**

I have an army of robots. They'll be dancing in a future video.

**What's really fun for you currently?**

Skateboarding will always be really fun. Being creative and productive. Traveling would be fun. I need to work on doing that more. It's tough to pull myself out of this studio.

**You live in NYC? Do you like it?**

NYC is a constant hustle. It can be a difficult place to live. But I like challenges. Where else can I be around so many artists and skateboarders in the street without catching problems from the boys in blue??? I'm a liberal individual and NYC harbors a population of many others like myself. Muslims, gays, aliens, whatever. There's every kind of person here. We're all different yet we all coexist together side by side as human beings. It's a model for the world in that sense.

**What is your biggest passion?**

I wish I knew. I'm passionate about too many things to just declare that ONE THING. But I guess you could say that I can't stop creating things.

**What's the first album you ever bought?**

I don't quite remember to be honest. The Beatles were always getting spins around our household. I remember playing my Bon Jovi, Slippery When Wet and the Beastie Boys, Paul's Boutique cassettes quite a bit. My Beastie Boys cassette was green. I think they made them in quite a few colors. One day I found it emerged in a full cup of iced tea. BUMMER. I think I dried it out and it still played. Oh...and I remember my first CD purchase was Anthrax, State of Euphoria. I was obsessed with that song they did with P.E.

**You and your siblings seem...special...was there****anything special about your childhood that set you guys apart from the status quo?**

I'm the oldest of 4. I got in trouble quite a bit and followed fringe culture through skateboarding videos and magazines. So I probably influenced my other siblings with my lack of respect for authority and eagerness to break away from Iowa conservatism. Ha. Rules suck. No wait. What about this? I remember being in elementary school when a person in a gorilla suit ran through my classroom and gave everyone bananas. Weird right? My mom was in that gorilla suit. Crazy runs in the family.

**What do you think about the state of hip-hop today?**

I try not to think about it anymore. Everyone calls everything "hip-hop" now. Part of me wants to move on to something new because this shit is so played out but there's another part of me that's married to this music that I've been making. Break ups are difficult.

**What do you wish you knew how to do?**

I wish I knew how to quit you.



# HILAND

Photo booth self-portrait

**If you could collaborate creatively with anyone, who would it be?**

John Mark Karr, John Waters, Paul McCarthy, Don Coscarelli, Jim O'Rourke, its funny how this list changes.... ten years ago I would have said Tim Burton or Crispin Glover, but they've become such bores.

**Ames, Iowa, right? What was it like growing up there?**

It's safe. I assumed I would live & die in Iowa the whole time I was growing up. It wasn't until I got some scholarships for schools in Boston & Chicago that I thought my life would take me anywhere beyond Iowa. We grew up right outside of town... 1/2 a mile from a pig farm in one direction, and 1/2 a mile from a drive-in in the other, literally smack dab in between two cornfields. We didn't really have neighborhood kids to play with, which forced us to kill time in other ways, usually creatively. My parents refused to get cable, so I certainly consider myself a child of PBS.

**So, you live in Hollywood? Do you like it?**

Don't get me wrong, Hollywood is a shithole. But living in Hollywood is sorta wonderful. It's not unusual for me to see someone dressed up like Shrek or The Cat in the Hat smoking pot in their car before they go take pictures with tourists. The typical small town "actor" person who moves here, you can spot a mile away if you've lived here six months.

**What's really fun for you currently?**

The card game FLUX. Skee-Ball, Disneyland, corndogs. Elvis records.

**I had some trouble stalking you online, although I have to say, your website is enigmatic. Did you forge the Janet Jackson Fan Club letter or find it?**

I found that posted on a wall on Hollywood Blvd. It's just truly wonderful, and if for some reason that guy ends up hooking up with Janet Jackson, he'll have nobody to thank but me! Could you imagine? I could end up a side note in US WEEKLY. I have just been very bad about updating my website... So I tend to just post nonsense up there and not have it link to anything. Rather than show the shame I have for not updating my site on a timely manor.

**Your sister Leslie and brother "Arecee" are both performers. Are you a performer as well?**

I really don't like to speak in front of more than 4 people at a time. One good thing about being able

to work with Rich or Leslie, is I am able to tell him or her an idea I have and watch someone else act it out. I have absolutely no desire to perform. I was in an art show a couple of years ago and couldn't even get out of the car for the opening. It was just too intimidating for me.

**Are you working on any projects right now?**

I'm always working on projects. Mine just never get completed. I procrastinate too much more than likely on purpose. (You can point out that I turned in my part of the interview a few days late if you like.....)

**How do you feel about the internet?**

I was online very early in the late 80s at my friend's house, his dad worked for Iowa State University. He would log us on to the newsgroups and let us read dirty jokes. (obviously it was all text based then.)

I'm seeing a girl I met off of Myspace nearly two years ago (she picked MEEEE up thank you very much.) It's funny to see record and film companies complaining about losing money because of downloading etc. etc.... But the fact is people just have a greater selection of entertainment to choose from now because of the internet. All of those dollars spent on Arecee & Leslie records could have bought Beyonce's kid some new jeans.

**You seem funny. Are you funny?**

Not really. I'm just not boring. I like to put myself into uncomfortable situations, cause I know something fun will come out of it. In college I was interning at The Jerry Springer Show & working at GAYMART at the same time. I would go to my internship and tell them about some customer jacking off in the greeting card section and then go to my job and tell them about helping a 6 year old into KKK costume.

**What is your biggest passion?**

Art.

# LESLIE



Photos Courtesy Leslie Hall

**If you could collaborate creatively with anyone, who would it be?**

OH MY GOODNES I WOULD LOVE TO collabe (I'm saying this with extreme excitement) the guy who did Britney Spear's Toxic song. I mean for being a lost and confusing lady (Ms. Spears) I love her music. It's my guilty pleasure without guilt. If I'm at a club and Toxic comes on I drop everything to sweat shake and move in that lovely sound.

**I read somewhere that as a young girl you just wanted to be famous, and you didn't care how? Do you care now?**

WOW good questions. Well no. But you won't catch me getting nude or talking about my vagina. Not my thing. But an eating contest or giving birth to 9 children, I'd do that for fame and glory.



**What's really fun for you currently?**

I haven't written a GOOD song in months so song writing is a little painful right now. I'm hoping even the Backstreet Boys had a time when they were writing crappy songs. Then they came together and wrote "BACK STREETS BACK ALRIGHT!" Right now I'm watching a lot of tv, and getting ready to tour the world. I'm REALLY REALLY HAPPY AND HAVING FUN!

**What do you want to be when you grow up?**

When I grow up I'd love to live on a organic farm and sell eggs and fresh milk at market. And continue to sing and dance for money. OH and I want a really hot body and get a big offer to pose in Playboy. Like one of those layouts where...look SHE'S STILL GOT IT!

**Do you have any pets?**

Yes a Rescued Dog and a stray cat. I love them very much. The dog has come on tour with us but the cat stays with grandma and grampa.

**Do you have a permanent location for you gem sweater collection for people to view them in their full splendor?**

Well they are being housed in storage at the moment. I'm waiting for a sponsor to come in and say let the world see this art let the children view the magic. Like Taco Bell or Hardees. I really don't care. I just need help. Money is tight... my music is not paying for all the 1974 RV bills I was hoping it would.

**Are you back living in Ames? How is that?**

YES I am back in Ames, Iowa. I love it. HUGE CRAFT STORES, cheap rent lots of food why would anyone want to leave the midwest is beyond me.

**What are your plans for world domination?**

I'm gonna tour... see what that brings me. Keep inspiring people to wear shinny sweaters with tight pants. Get some large insecure ladies out on the dance floor remind them to shake what they're mama gave them and then leave them in a cloud of glitter and moon beams.

**What question should I be asking?**

I really think you got to the soul of my being. Good questions. I would have like to share my recipe for peanut butter rice krispies but that can wait for another interview.

**Are you working on any projects right now?**

YEA actually... more photos more promotional products for the band... OH IT'S EXCITING IN AMES!! Swing by I'll give you a tour of the Mobile Museum of gem sweaters. Call first though. OH and vote for me on VH1'S 40 greatest webstars. If I'm 40 you'll know where I stand. At the bottom. Of a really shitty list.



# IF THIS RUG COULD TALK

A CONVERSATION WITH GIORGIO, THE HUMAN CARPET

BY CHRISTOPHER TROUT

Photos Courtesy Giorgio • Illustration by Maura Murnane



*The first time I ran into Giorgio, I literally ran into him. I was in my underwear waiting for drinks at a bar in NYC. It was the X-Rated Panty Party at Luke and Leroy's, so I was full of two-for-one whiskey and cokes. I stumbled my half-naked ass up to the bar but before I could get close enough to order, I hit something with my foot. At first I thought it was someone's bag, so I tried to kick it out of the way.*

Then I heard it sigh. It scared the shit out of me. I realized that the bag was breathing. Then I saw a little paper sign sitting on the bar.

“Please Step on the Human Carpet”

I looked down again, searching the area where I expected his eyes to be for approval, and then I stepped up. It felt good; weird, but good. I couldn't stop thinking about it for the rest of the night. What kind of person spends their Saturday wrapped up in a rug on the floor of a bar?

So, I stayed close by, watching people just like myself come to the realization that they were not in fact stepping on someone's purse, but stepping on someone. I watched this go on for about an hour before I saw the human carpet stand up. He worked

his way out of his long, black tube of carpet, and started to pack his things.

I approached him and told him that I loved what he was doing. He handed me his card and told me to give him a call. A couple of weeks later I decided to follow through. It was almost impossible to catch him at the right time. Every time I called, he was on his way to 'carpet' at another event.

Damn, I thought, this fucking carpet's more popular than I am. We spent about two weeks trying to find the right time for an interview, but our schedules always conflicted. So we decided to talk while he drove to one of his parties.

**Hi, Giorgio?**

Yeah?

**Hey, it's Chris.**

Hi!

**What are you up to?**

Driving to another private gathering to be a carpet there.

**What's the party?**

I don't know if you want to call it, like, a bachelorette get together, or...it's some sort of someone getting together having a little brunch. There will be about, maybe seven or eight ladies there, and they think “Well! Wouldn't it be nice entertainment to have a guy to walk on?”

This is like an earlier, daytime type of brunch. They happen once in a while, about once a week.

**Is it just large groups of women, or is it guys and girls?**

It's normally girls, but it's not large. It would be in the order of six girls. But I know several people and groups that do it, and you know, word of mouth;

people tell each other about me and I will get them about once a week. Luckily there are enough people who think that this is a fun thing to have.

**Did you work last night?**

Yes, I went to two parties. One was—I'm not sure this was a fetish party—the show was fetish-y, but there wasn't a lot of audience participation. It was just merely a show. That started at eight and ended at one. Then there was a pool party at a hotel, which has a very nice bar at the pool.

**You set up your stuff there?**

Yes, I set up there. There was no carpet whatsoever. Everyone was in their swimming suits, so uh, the carpet would have been drenched in water.

**You would have been a bit overdressed.**

I was in my swimsuit, too.

**And you laid down for them to walk on you?**

I laid down at the bar, yeah.

**Were people receptive to that?**

Yeah, they were. It worked out nicely because of the sign that I have that says, "Step on Human Carpet," and everybody got it.

**So how often do you go out for these things? It seems like you're pretty busy.**

Oh, I would say about three or four days a week. Saturdays and Sundays, maybe Friday. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays work out almost every week. I would say a lot of times [on] Fridays and Saturdays there are two parties each.

**What types of parties do you usually do?**

They are different. A lot of fetish parties and goth parties. These are usually the easiest crowds; they're into that scene to begin with. On the other hand, you might have a rock party where the crowd has not

been exposed to this type of entertainment. Usually the sign does well. They think of it as a burlesque or acrobatic sort of thing and they go for it, too. In a bit of a different way, a lot of people will ask me first, like, "Are you sure? Are you sure you want me to step on you? I don't want to hurt you."

**Well, do you talk back to them?**

I do if they want to find out something, if they want to make sure that it's okay to step on me, sure. I can have three guys standing on me at once. I can handle it, no problem.

**Have you ever felt like you had too much weight on you?**

Hardly.

**Really?**

Very, very rare occasions. For example—and it's only lasted for a few seconds—there was a security guard at one of the bars that I was at. I could tell, just by looking at him. He was huge; I'm sure he was over 300 lbs. And I saw him approaching, and I thought, well, he's bluffing. He's not going to step on me.

I wouldn't have minded him stepping on me like every other person, but he jumped immediately.

**Oh.**

It was okay. Again, it was one jump, it lasted for a split second, but it was very painful. Imagine 330 lbs, 350 lbs, I don't know exactly, but jumping.

**So what's between you and the people that are standing on you? When I was at that party you were wearing sort of an all black...**

Yes, there is an outer shell of rather thin carpet. That is for show, it's what people see. It's one rug that's stitched in the back. I go in and out of it like a big dress. And then there is the padding between that and my body. It's two more layers of carpet.

*You know, big people stand on me, women with very sharp heels. Just a thin carpet would not be enough, but with that much padding, it's no problem.*

**Actual carpeting?**

Yeah, so there's a total of three layers of carpeting. You know, big people stand on me, women with very sharp heels. Just a thin carpet would not be enough, but with that much padding, it's no problem.

**Is this, like, a fetish thing for you?**

It is a fetish thing. It started as a very fetish-y thing. But, if you're doing it four or five times a week, it stops being as special as it used to be.

**It's like a day job, kind of...**

Yeah, very much, but I still enjoy it, very, very much in a fun way and in a fetish way. Some of the girls think, oh gosh, he must be getting a hard-on out of this. Not really.

**Not always?**

Unless, they get very, very playful with me and spend a lot of time with me. Sure, that's a little different, but a few girls standing on me for a few minutes, or even 15, 20 minutes; I do that all the time.

**How long have you been doing this?**

A couple of years. I started going to fetish parties and looking at what people were doing there, and

some people liked laying down and having girls walk on them, without having any carpet on. And then I saw one guy do almost the same thing. His carpet was little bit different—it's bigger, it has a lot more carpeting in it and it has mesh on the top. I figured, "oh boy that's a great thing, first, for me to enjoy this action, and to put on a show too."

Sure enough I started doing this at the fetish parties and I met some people who were promoters for goth parties. So I started covering those parties and then I met people there who were promoters of other parties.

**So what was your first party like?**

The first party was a fetish party. It was a very well attended party. There was a crowd of about 200 people. I was covered with people. Of course this was a fetish party so they are into these things. So they immediately jumped on me. I was covered with people for the first two hours, and after the two hours I just couldn't take it anymore. I was not used to it (laughs). I had to politely ask people to get off me. I told them I needed a break. I felt very, very squished.





kept saying, “No, no, no, be careful, be careful.” And it took him just about a minute, the whole minute, to just get that into his mind.

What’s the party like that you’re going to tonight? Have you worked with them before?

The first one is group that I had seen about a couple of months ago. It’s a very fun group of girls. They just get together play some DVDs and they have a very nice kitchen counter. They’ll have their drinks, or they’ll have their meal while they’re standing on me. They last about four hours.

**On the weekends you are pretty busy, so you’ll do almost a full eight-hour day. Is that right?**

I’ll be there from two to six and then I’ll go do Lucky Cheng’s, and I’ll be there from seven until, maybe midnight. I leave Lucky Cheng’s when it winds down, and if I have the energy I’ll go to the Panty Party again.

**Do they pay you to go to the X-Rated Party or do you do that just for fun?**

No, that’s my own fun. After the first e-mail I sent them they said, “You’re more than welcome to come, we’d love to have you, but we can’t pay you.” I’ve been there a couple of times. If somebody pays me, I have to be there at a certain time, and basically follow their arrangements-however they want to use me. This is open, it’s up to me, I can show up basically anytime.

**How old are the people that hire you out for private parties, typically?**

There basically not older than 35. Between 20 and 35.

**Are they usually fetish-minded people?**

It’s a small group, mainly bachelorettes or women who just find it fun.

**So it’s like girls night out with the human carpet?**

Basically, yeah.

**Where do you live?**

I live in CT. I am about an hour away from [New York] City, so travel time is a factor. If somebody wanted me for just two hours, with maybe just four or five people, a small gathering, I’d have to think about that. By the time I park in NY, it ends up being just about two and a half, three hours of my day.

**What’s your house like? Is it an apartment?**

I live in a house. I built it myself, seven years ago. It was one real estate project that worked very well for me. If you walked into the house you wouldn’t guess that I was a carpet at all. I have some really nice rugs there, but they have nothing to do with the carpet fetish.

**So it’s not a fetish thing, having a nice rug?**

No, they’re nice Indian and Persian designs. You can tell I love carpets, but in a very different way than a human carpet would.

**Do you have a day job?**

I am a massage therapist. I work in CT.

**What kind of massage?**

Swedish.

**Is that private practice, too?**

I did have my private practice for years. Right now I work at a big spa, with many, many other employees.

**So the life you lead outside the carpet is very different.**

Definitely.

**Do you think people are more receptive to you in NY than in CT, for example?**

Yes. It’s the atmosphere of the city itself. NY has a reputation for providing alternative fun and being very, very open in the nightlife and fun scene.

**So you think people just see it as fun, as opposed to getting a sexual kick out of it.**

I’m sure some people do, and then again, between fun and getting a sexual kick, there’s a range. Somebody could be having a rather kinky fun.

**Have you ever made an unspoken connection with somebody while they were standing on you?**

Yeah, it’s hard to, but it has happened.

There was a couple dancing on me at the very same party that you met me at, a young couple. They started talking to me like, “Oh, we think what you’re doing is great. It’s very neat. We’ve never danced on somebody before, it’s an awesome experience.” They started asking me a lot of the same questions that you’re asking. Like, “How did you get into this?” and “How fun is this for you?”

**So, where are you driving right now? Are you driving to the city?**

I am in the city right now, and I guess I got carried away in the conversation. I took the FDR instead of Westside Highway, and now I need to figure a way to get on the Westside.

*With that, I let Giorgio the Human Carpet go on his way. New York City has a lot of opportunities for someone who is ready and willing to have someone walk all over them.*

# OLD RELIABLE'S PRINCE CHARMING MIGHT BE ON DEATH ROW

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY DAVID HURLES AKA OLD RELIABLE

I've been a very lucky guy. I've always liked sex, sex with men, gay men of course, but I've had a particular liking for sex with straight men. Something about them has always excited me. Many straight men having sex with a gay man likely define the experience as something other than sex, if they overly concern themselves with thinking too much about it at all. Labels don't really much matter. If there are orgasms involved, then it's sex.

The sixties were great. San Francisco was unbelievable. I was young (and assumed I always would be), and I found my calling laboring in the vineyards of erotica. I started shooting pictures of naked men, mostly straight, and have kept on doing it for forty years.

From time to time someone has said to me that I probably shoot the type of men that populate my work because they are "what's available." Uh, not exactly. In fact, I've spent most of my career avoiding the standard issue gay porn-star, actor, model, and escort. It's nothing personal, since I would gladly sleep with most of them. But as for working with them, it's just too much like work for me. I like to approach a subject as a blank slate, and listen to

him, and learn. And this very frequently leads to sex-exciting sex.

The artist Rex, writing about Old Reliable men [the moniker Hurles used with his photographs] in the book *Speeding*, said "His models were the detritus of the American dream: dropouts, drug addicts, ex-cons, and schemers. Homeless and just passing through...Year after year Hurles...documented their courage and bravado....Their dangerous personas held a hypnotic allure."

Actually, my most recent sex was a homeless man, living on the hillside near the Hollywood Bowl. I don't chase after grungy encounters. This man was someone you could eat without washing first. He was lean and sleek and muscular, blatantly tattooed, an amazing specimen for a 47 year old man. Straight, but had been around. Soon we identified several people and places in common from years gone by. He brought a joint and we did fantastic things until the sun came up.

A review on the Bijouworld.com site out of Chicago of one of my videos, possibly overstates the matter when the reviewer refers to my models as "....the

lowest of the lowlife hustlers....the kind of men not normally seen in porn. Hurles likes them rough, doped-up, criminally insane, and straight."

Same reviewer, different video, allows that "this is pretty amazing stuff, unlike almost anything else—not so much pornography as a peek inside a dark universe where the presented pleasures are not what most people would imagine....it's also terrifically hot...bound to blow a few minds."

There have been several thousand models. When they are not in prison, or very married, it has been my practice to stay in touch with many of them, often over decades. They are my friends. People change, but relationships usually become more familiar, more intimate. I maintain that if sex is good the first time, it can only get better. In fact, perfect can replace ordinary every time once a person accepts that pleasure and gratification require something from each participant.

I could tell tales about practically every man I've worked with. They would not all be equal. Some tales would be very dark, others bright and exciting and hot, none of them dull. But there could never be enough time. Here are tales about a couple men, and a few of life's lessons.

## A HOLLYWOOD STORY.

Mike was discovered by Tom Ewell, who won the 1956 Golden Globe for Best Motion Picture Actor in a Musical/Comedy for the *The Seven Year Itch* with Marilyn Monroe. Mike wasn't even born yet. For some reason, Mike's presence made Tom uneasy and Tom felt certain that Mike was a powder keg, ready to explode, a clear danger. So Tom did the honorable Hollywood thing: he paid for a week's rent at The Hastings, a dive hotel on Hollywood



Mike was discovered by an old school Hollywood actor. David thinks he's perfect

Boulevard, and abandoned Mike there. I guess his loss was my gain. This photo doesn't fairly do justice to this beautiful man. Mike had shredded muscular definition, hard fit-in-you-hand buns, glowing taut smooth skin. He also had a great imagination, and with very little encouragement he showed a flair for physical aggressiveness and verbal domination, too. This photo was taken in March 1982. I can't convey how often my mind takes wing and I wish Mike was back if only for a brief time. He was straight. He was perfect.





## JUST A GREAT MEMORY.

All Cherokee needed was a little speed, and he could fuck all night. He might be a serial killer.

Cherokee was brought to me in 1987. I saw him many times, for photos, video, an audio tape, a roll in the hay (more than once), and some personal wrestling. He was 27 years old, 5'6" and 150 or so muscular pounds, a son of the South. My journal has the notation "Wow!" next to his name in August of 1988. On one visit he bragged that if he did some speed he could fuck all night. I'd heard that one before, and knew the odds weren't all that great that it would play out like that. Still, I'm an optimist, so we got together the next week, got high, and remarkably enough he really stayed hard and fucked for eight glorious hours. I was so proud of him. I surely smiled. A couple more superb couplings followed, and then he vanished for two years, joining the Away Team

for a period of reflection. As I cruised down Santa Monica Boulevard in November 1990, I spotted a hot shirtless man with a tan muscular chest, and he spotted me. So I was blessed with a few more encounters, each better than the one before. He was physically powerful, and took pleasure plying his partner with his strength, physically calling the shots. Then he left the state, headed for Virginia. I never heard from him again, never will. Sometime in the next few years I received in the mail a plain envelope with no return address. That envelope contained a newspaper clipping from the Norfolk newspaper, with Coroner style photos of 5 or 6 young men, free-thinking independent types, luckless hoodlums perhaps, all victims of a still-at-large serial killer.

## NORTH DAKOTA BREAKDOWN.

In the spring of 1984, Lone Wolf Bronson (as he styled himself) was discharged from the Army for drinking or insubordination. Soon he was spreading cheer in Los Angeles, and some fine cheer it was, too. He modeled, he wrestled, and he kept people company. We drove to San Francisco for a week. He was strong, self-assured, had a carefree easygoing nature and I never tired of his company; when I got bored, well, it was a good kind of bored. Lone Wolf was never greedy, never complained. Just 22 in 1984, he was 6'3" and 165 pounds, his physique was tight and hard, with almost no body fat, and boy did he have a cock worth remembering. As for sex, he loved experimenting, and he loved being top man, and being in control just came naturally to him, as nature clearly intended. He also loved a challenge, since that gave him something to do. After about six months, Lone Wolf just sort of disappeared. Twenty years passed. I never stopped thinking about him, and he had other fans, too. I stalked around on the internet in search of some clue. When a fan, who also had an obviously sincere appreciation for this man, asked me if I knew where he'd gone, I gave him what little info I knew about his origin in Alabama. It was only a short time later that I heard from the fan again. He had contacted Lone Wolf's mother. And with a mother's broken heart she explained that Lone Wolf was now serving a life sentence for murder, in North Dakota, far from home. I'm sure there are details I'll never know anything about. I certainly felt safe with him many nights, totally vulnerable, even far from home. Life can be a long time, done day by day. I hope he's making someone happy in North Dakota. He's just 45 now.



Lone Wolf Bronson was an anything goes kind of guy. One of his fans told David that he is serving a life sentence in North Dakota



Louis loved to fuck. He is also in prison.

## MURDERERS.

I spotted Louis walking on the street in Hollywood one day, and cruised around for a better look at him. He was dressed in a long sleeve thermal, revealing nothing, but I was certain he was someone of interest. Louis was 5'11", 180 pounds, and a former US Marine. The first time I photographed Louis I was captivated by the way the afternoon light reflected off of his silken pale skin and his light psycho blue eyes sparkled. Louis was open to everything, sexually and otherwise. He liked young men, old men, queens, and certainly liked women. He was fantastic sex, however brief (he usually got off too soon, although that never dampened his enthusiasm, and he could keep right on pressing on). About 2001 he got into some trouble here in LA; shots were fired, the victim was also armed. Louis is doing more years than I can count in the California prison system. There have been a lot of murderers among my models, certainly higher than their representation in the population as a whole. But speaking for myself, I would rather hang out in a room full of murderers than a room full of politicians any day.



Doug liked to break the law. He might have stolen David's heart.

## DEVILS ISLAND.

As I was remembering some of these men, my mind wandered and I found myself wondering just which one of the thousands I might hope to accompany me if I were banished to Devils Island, but permitted a single companion. (I didn't question whether the companion would have had any input in the matter.) The usual suspects, the stars of 40 years, all crossed my mind, but roaring up from nowhere was this man from the beautiful spring of 1983, Doug Stevens. He seemed an unremarkable man at first, but when he was gone, the memory lingered. He was just about 5'7", and 150 Indian brown hot blooded pounds. He was born in 1953, so he would now be over 50, although he was just a lad of about 30 back then. His rap sheet ran from San Jose to Long Beach, from attempted murder (dismissed), vehicle thefts, various shades of disorderly conduct, to presenting false identification. Details aside, I remember the solid feel of his body, how his more than adequate throbbing member got as hard as a rock, as needed, and even though he only did what he was led to do, he followed where I led, did as he was asked and did it with enthusiasm. A man of few words, those few were all that were required. Doug was quietly self-confident. He understood that we're all made up of parts, and he knew the value of those parts, his parts, my parts. He had remarkable stamina, endurance. This man planted a little seed, and then was gone. The seed has grown. Although many could make the eternity of the island bearable, this man would make it agreeable.





# DA SHOW BOAT'S A COMIN',

BY CHRISTOPHER A TROUT • Illustration by Maura Murnane

S

he was completely yellow—well, mostly yellow. Her hair resembled deep-fried thread. The roots were like canned corn and the tips, haystack blonde. Her skin was jaundiced from years of cigarette smoke. The yellow skeleton that hovered over me submerged her bony fingers in what looked like a jar of brown shoe polish.

“Sit still,” she said. “This is stage makeup. You get it on your costume and there’s no taking it out.”

She smeared the contents on my forehead and squealed.

“It’s perfect!”

The yellow skeleton grabbed me by the shoulders and spun me around to a floor-length mirror leaning against a pink stucco wall.

At first, the makeup didn’t faze me. I was still pink all over, except for the dark brown smudge on my hairline. I stood and stared in the mirror a little while longer. I thought about my “big break” and the flowers that would shower me as I bowed gracefully from above the orchestra pit. I would wave at the teeming masses, blow them a kiss and walk back to my private dressing room. I snapped out of my

adolescent megalomania long enough to assess the matter at hand. I imagined my entire body covered in the brown goop.

That is when it struck me—the yellow skeleton was going to turn me black. With the help of a crack-team of trailer park beauticians and coaching from a couple of self-loathing homosexuals, I would be transformed.

It was 1993 (the same year that Ted Danson went coon for the Friars Club Roast of Whoopi Goldberg) and I was an effeminate 9-year-old butterball with a Dorothy Hamill bowl cut and a passion for musical theater. I had auditioned for a local production of Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein’s *Showboat* and was cast as Boy #1, a kid from the bayou drawn to Cap’n Andy Hawk’s dazzling Cotton Blossom showboat. I’m not sure that I knew what the role entailed at the time, but in a matter of months I would be a hootin’ and hollerin’ Southern black boy.

The audition was a cakewalk. I went in, crooned on Kermit the Frogs *The Rainbow Connection*, and was hired on the spot. It was the first time I had been hired without a call back. I had finally arrived. The previous summer I portrayed Clem Tate—a precocious Mormon boy—in a period musical about the Trail of

Tears. They called a month after my audition when the skinny Aryan boy originally chosen for the role came down with pneumonia. For the first time I was the one they wanted-just me.

*Anasazi the Ancient Ones* was a long-standing tourist attraction in the cultural toilet that is Farmington, NM. Every night a mob of middle-aged tourists would come from all over the world to see the spectacle unfold. Upon arrival, the guests would be treated to an authentic western meal of beans and cornbread served on speckled blue-tin camping dishes.

After dinner, the floor staff, who wore matching polo shirts embellished on the left breast with a dream catcher, would empty the crowd into a dusty outdoor amphitheater where the historical butchering would commence. A bouncy blond Master of Ceremonies would greet the audience, offer a brief and biased history lesson of Native American repression and give shout outs to the sojourners.

“I hear we have a couple from Spain in the house tonight...”

Once the hostess put down the microphone the slaughter would ensue. There were Indians with Tomahawks screeching, innocent white women desperately clutching their helpless children, musket-wielding soldiers and horses-lots of horses. This cowboys-and-Indians tale was further degraded by the addition of Broadway-style musical numbers. *Anasazi the Ancient Ones* was a stinking pile of white, racist shit and the audience lapped it up.

Farmington is surrounded on all sides by Indian reservations but for some reason, all the Indians walking the line during the big finale were white losers wearing brick red paste. It always seemed strange but it barely registered on my radar. I was a star, and that summer my acting money would afford

me my first adult purchase—a jumbo trampoline.

I may have been an old-pro in my mind’s eye, but race trading is hard work. If I wanted to uphold my reputation in Farmington community-theater, I was going to have to reach deep to find my inner picaninny. It could be my big breakout performance. The only other person I had seen approach a role like this was Shirley Temple in *Dimples* and that was in 1936. I would out shine that washed-up munchkin, even if it meant dying my hair and getting a perm.

## NOT SO NAPPY

The yellow skeleton and a group of older thespians stood over me with furrowed brows. My hair was straight, and fluctuated between milk chocolate and dirty blonde. What they wanted was kinky and black. After crimping, curling and spraying my hair with a can of aerosol color, the team was ready to give up. It was time to consider other options. Maybe they should find someone with curly hair to play my part. Maybe they could just drop the part all together. If my hair wouldn’t cooperate—I could be in the white chorus instead.

“No way,” I thought. “You said I was going to be black and besides, I have lines. Okay, one line. But no one else in this pile-of-shit production under the age of 35 has a speaking part.”

I was born to play Boy #1 and I wasn’t going to give it up without a fight.

“I’ve got it,” someone from the canopy of faces above me exclaimed. “A hat!”

After long deliberations, the band of idiots landed on a wide-brimmed straw hat. The rest was simple—a pair of distressed denim overalls (one strap broken), a thermal under shirt (to save on makeup costs)

and a long piece of straw dangling from my mouth. This process was repeated with at least a quarter of the cast. *Showboat* was a musical set in the deep South and there wasn’t a biologically black person in sight. According to my mother, there weren’t any black people involved in the production, nor did she remember any in attendance during our four-show run.

## MY PROCESS

Every performer has his own special and very personal process. Mine started in the bathroom. I would sit on the edge of the sink with my feet in the basin and stare at my reflection. First came the sad face. Tears would well up in the corners of my eyes as my chubby little chin quivered. Next, fright, which looked more like panic or hysteria. I bulged my eyes, pulled at my hair and jerked my head from side to side. Fright organically turned to excitement and from there, the faces lost their meanings. It turned into pure unadulterated vanity. My mind would wonder back to the stage and the roses, and my personal stretch limousine – no driver – just me.

The next day at school those dreams would be destroyed. Aside from being light in my ox-blood penny loafers, I was a little on the heavy side. I am not talking Maury Povich fattest-baby-in-the-world shit. It was more like Charlie Brown fat – big head, no wrists and a bell-shaped torso. I hung out with girls, sang first soprano and always did my homework. Everyone hated me and I knew it. I was hypersensitive, which attracted those wicked little brats like moths to a flame. They called me “faggot” so much I started answering to it. “Faggot” was the school me, the real me was Christopher A. Trout, international superstar. I’d show those little fuckers – one day I’d have a fan club, and a charity for orphans with my name on it. Until then, I would cry my fat ass to sleep and eat marshmallows to ease the pain.

## SHOWTIME

They had succeeded—the yellow skeleton and her flunkies had made me black. While in normal lighting I looked like a chocolate covered marshmallow in overalls, from under the harsh stage lights I was passable. Hair and makeup had done their job, now it was up to me to show the world that I was as dark inside as my skin.

I spent the next for months trying to find the perfect way to say, “The showboat is coming” and singing *Ol’ Man River* in my best Soprano. The singing came naturally but acting was another story. I channeled Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy but inevitably turned up with Bill Cosby. All I could do was pray for the best and hope the makeup would float me. Besides even if I sucked, my false sense of self-confidence could over come any shortcoming.

Opening night was upon us and I was big brown ball of nerves. I stood in the dressing room of the Totah Theater sweating through my makeup. I had spent the past four months learning to be the best darn Negro I could be and I was ready to show the world. Move over Dimples—there’s a new Sambo in town!

Deep inside my fat little head I was confident, but I was shaking all over. It was five minutes until the first show and I was losing my cool. What if I couldn’t remember my line? What if I tripped on my overalls or if all of a sudden I had to pee? What if someone rubbed up against me and the makeup came off? I paced around the entrance to the theater anticipating my demise.

A short fey man in brown polyester slacks sat at the piano in the Orchestra pit playing *Ol’ Man River*. The theater was packed. Like I mentioned before, Farmingtonians take what they can get in the form of live entertainment.



It was finally time. White folks in turn of the century garb poured down the isle to the stage. Over-active chatter filled the air as the merry mob clapped and threw their hands up with delight.

I was supposed to be out there with all of them but I couldn't move. Despite all of my confidence and preparation, I always froze up on the first night. I was stuck in the shadows-invisible due to the makeup. Thirty seconds late and just moments before the first song was to start, the yellow skeleton pushed my little black ass down the aisle. I was on. I threw my hands up, clicked my heels and screamed.

"Da' Show boat is comin'. Da' Showboat is a comin'!"

I spent the rest of the show day dreaming and waiting for the next chorus number. Naturally, boredom lead to fantasy. I imagined that the audience-bored with the third reprise of *Can't Help Lovin' Dat' Man*-had shifted their eyes to that stunning young man sitting at Magnolia Ravenal's feet. I envisioned a short Jewess in a bright red power suit sitting directly in the middle of the third row. The woman, a tightly-wound Hollywood agent, would be so astonished by my chameleon-like ways that she would offer to represent me that very night. I would turn her down 5 times before signing her on at a 90/10 split. The rest would be history. Oscar, Grammy, Emmy-I would have them all.

The next day at school my arms and neck showed signs of vitiligo. I was like the incredible morphing King of Pop-Michael Jackson. The only difference was, I hated little boys and he was astonishingly rich. As one might imagine, those little fuckers had a field day with my stained skin. I had gone from just plain "Faggot," to "Shit Stain Faggot."

Eventually the makeup would wear off and so would the nickname. In fact all of this would disappear from

my memory and it would seem, the entire collective conscience of the San Juan Basin. People would never stop to think of the weight of their actions. It was as if a tree had fallen in the woods and no one was there to hear it.

Not a single person protested or even questioned the use of black face. In fact, there was nothing but positivity surrounding the production. In a time when race relations in the media were under a social microscope, it seemed like the natural solution to produce a mixed musical in an all-white community. The same year Ted Danson was nearly lynched for donning black face, the Farmington community theater cast of *Showboat* received a standing ovation for their minstrel masterpiece.

It was as if we lived in a land where black people didn't exist. They were like mermaids or jackalopes-many believed but no one had ever seen one. I imagine we would have garnered the same reaction dressed as leprechauns. In retrospect, there were probably better musicals for the time and place like the *Music Man* or even *West Side Story*, but at the time only one thing mattered-I was a star and all I had to do to make it was paint my face, bug my eyes, kick up my heels and scream:

"Da Show boat is comin'. Da' Showboat is a comin'!"



# QUEENING BIG TITS DIAN HANSON CUM EATING AMG VINTAGE PORN DOG FETISH LADY SOV PAINT ENEMA FLOWER POWER

BOX ISSUE 5  
NOW ONLY \$5

# DAVID AND THE WIG

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY KATIE AKANA



*“It’s time to make a conscious effort to be a better person”*

- JOURNAL ENTRY JULY 29, 2004

*“Last day of the week. Fuck these people.”*

- JOURNAL ENTRY AUGUST 4, 2004

*The real trouble began in Albany. It was like a scene from “Night of the Living Dead”. Right around 3:15, clumps of Walmart shoppers surrounded the bus like zombies hungry for human brains: banging on the doors, trying to pry open windows, moaning and wailing with indignation. Shannon and I sat downstairs, in full view, flipping through magazines, watching these people press their faces against the filthy windshield. In a different movie, we would have held shotguns.*

“They swear I’m doing this just to torture them,” said Shannon, my manager, her lips thin with exasperation. She wandered over to the nail polish station, and picked up a flashy red number.

They know it starts at 3:30, but I’m the asshole for not letting them in. Would they do that at a movie? Would they do that to Walmart?”

“Walmart is 24 hours.” I said.

Shannon shuddered. “Stop being so morbid,” she said.

We could hear the muffled complaints of those outside.

“I’m tellin’ you...” she muttered, not telling me anything in particular. She stormed over to the closed doors and shouted,

“3:30! We start at 3:30!”

The mob protested.

“But my watch says 3:30! You ain’t doin’ nothing, I can see y’all just jawin’, reading magazines!”

Shannon pressed the face of her cell phone flush against the fiberglass window.

“See that? By my clock, it’s 3:28pm. 2 minutes, people. Deal with it.” She walked back to her stool, ignoring the protests from the outdoors, and continued to messily swipe at her thumbnail with the polish.

“Maybe we should open the door, but yell at them if they step inside.” I suggested absently. I was perusing US Weekly’s 5 worst dressed awards. Mariah Carey, as ever, did not disappoint.

“We’re not doin’ that.” Shannon screwed the top back on the polish, checked her watch and sighed. “Ready?”

She took a deep breath and opened the doors.

For someone so totally over it, Shannon’s really friendly to the customers when on the job. At 3:30 sharp, she appeared cheerful and friendly, smiling at the waiting mob.

“OK, we’re open now. Just start upstairs and have a seat, and I’ll explain what we do.”

Because we were living a B-grade horror fiasco, crickets chirped. A tumbleweed blew out of the bus and rolled dramatically toward the coyote that was howling in the distance. Cue slide whistle.

“What we doin? What is this thing?” someone hollered from the back of the pack.

Shannon’s shoulders slumped. This is how it always is. The doors are closed, people need to come in. Once the doors are opened, it’s all suspicion, inertia, and gnashing of teeth.

“We do make-overs. I’ll tell you all about it, just go ahead and start upstairs.”

“Where?”



“Upstairs.”

“Wow! There’s some stairs there!”

“I ain’t never seen that before!”

And with that, everyone flowed up the stairs like so much hot lava, slow and insensible. Destructive and terrifying. A few people occasionally paused midway, taking in the view from the second step of a real London Double-Decker bus, seeing how it suited them, causing one jerky pile-up after another.

“All the way up, all the way up, “ Shannon kept repeating, always looking at me, shaking her head ruefully as she herded people up the stairs.

Among the most indignant of the bunch was a thin white woman with small porcine eyes and hair like dead grass. With her were her 4 children, none of whom looked vaguely related, save their uniform filthiness. The eldest was a boy of about 12 who held an infant so dirty it looked like the world’s smallest chimney sweep. The woman herself was wrangling 4 and 2 year olds, shouting at them to hurry the hell up the stairs so she could get this the hell over with. Personally, I found this irritable urgency confusing. These makeovers are completely voluntary. And free. I had seen this raggedy crew wandering aimlessly around the parking lot throughout our set-up, so I knew it wasn’t as though they had appointments to keep. This family was accompanied by a large, jolly black woman and her two girls, aged 8 and 6 respectively. The black woman wore a hot pink shirt that read “SASSY!” in wet paint font. They were an alarming crew, and given the extreme surliness of the white woman, and the extreme good cheer of SASSY!, I marveled that they were friends.

After a few standard make-overs, 2 dramatic, one natural, the 12 year old boy shambled down the

stairs, lugging the infant under his arms like a bag of gravel. The 12 year old had a nose that wouldn’t stop running, and he declined when I offered a Kleenex. I’m not hip to local customs, so perhaps I offended the boy. He stared at me square in the eye with intense malevolence, and palm-up, dragged his hand from middle finger to wrist along his slimy nose, finishing up with a guttural slurp from deep in his sinuses. He wiped his hands on the baby.

I shrugged, and went back to putting mascara on a teenager, when, hey... is that? Yup, I smelled poo. After checking each of my shoes, I noticed that the stench was coming from the baby. The mottled filth covering her footie pajamas was, in fact, the result of a diaper that had gone unchecked for what must have been hours. The 12 year old noticed this smell, as well, and laughed it off casually draping the baby all over the plush bench.

“Yuck!” said the 12 year old, waving the baby in my direction, teasing me with threat of said shit-smearred pajamas.

I leapt back. “Why don’t you hold onto that kid, “ I suggested.

“Naw, look, she likes it, dontcha, Baby!” he swung her into the air, and Baby screamed angrily, which caused the 12 year old to laugh merrily, “Phew! That stinks!”

“It sure does.” I grimly agreed, “PS, my man, that diaper’s leaking all over the place, so if you want to stay on the bus, hold onto that baby, and keep her off the furniture.”

He slumped onto the bench facing me and sulked, trying to antagonize me with a finger in his nose. Baby continued to cry. There was a crash at the front doors.



If the makeover bus is a rockin’, get ready to party!

I turned, and saw a pudgy, mildly retarded man of about 35 picking himself up from where he had fallen on the front steps of the bus. Printed on his shirt were a dozen happy fish, and the phrase, “The Cool School”. He wore a nylon witch’s wig tied into a ratty ponytail.

“Wow! Wow!! Wow!!! Who are you guys?!!!” he screamed.

“Um, we do free make-overs.”

“Yessss!” he bent one knee and punched a fist enthusiastically. “Would you like a free make-over?” I asked

“Yes!”

“OK, well, just start upstairs, and they’ll explain everything for you.”

“He’s gonna get a make-over?” blurted the incredulous 12 year old.

“If he wants to, sure”, I said.

The man introduced himself to me as David and gave me a sticky, bone-crushing handshake. I led him to the stairs as he pumped my hand vigorously, again and again introducing himself to me as David. “OK, David,” I said, peeling my hand from his grip,

“what you’re going to do is go upstairs and do a virtual make-over, then you come downstairs, and I’ll do your make-up.”

“I want purple cheeks!”

“That’s fantastic, but you have to go upstairs first, because that’s where the line starts.”

“Yessssss!” he pumped his fists again. This was a day of many victories for David.

He swept his wig back a la Diana Ross and climbed up the stairs. I smiled. This kind of weirdo customer always cheers me up, as it breaks up the monotony of just plain strange or sad.

However, like some creepy kind of changing of the guards, the surly white woman and SASSY! Were coming down the stairs at the same moment. Instead of either party waiting for the other to go first, all polite and such, everyone tried to squeeze past each other mid stairwell. There’s only room for one averaged sized adult on these stairs, so trying to wedge three overweight adults and 3 small children on the stairs would have called for the aid of shoehorns and butter. David finally backed himself down, gingerly fishing for each step with the toes of his sneakers. The 2 women and all their kids, virtual printouts in hand, huffed down the stairs, because it was about fucking time. The surly one paused to gawk at David.

“He’s gonna get a make-over, Mama!” said the 12 year old.

“Oh, yeah?” she watched David slowly climb the stairs. “He must be funny.” She surmised.

“Yeah!” exclaimed the 12 year old. “He some kinda faggot!”

“Maybe,” the woman considered, chuckling, as she plopped herself into the make-up seat and glared at me. I’m not sure what had pissed this family off, but according to them, I had done something very wrong. Or maybe this is just how everything always with them. One lost battle never started after another. Her face bore the expression of a person forever cheated.

I looked at her printout, and asked her if she would like something more natural or something more dramatic.

“I don’t wear no make-up.”

“So, you’d like something more natural?”

“I guess,” she huffed, letting me know that she was really getting the raw end of the deal.

“Um, OK, well can do more of a night look if you want.”

“I’m no dummy, it’s sunny out. I told you I don’t wear no make-up.”

I agreed to whatever this meant, and decided to give her a natural look.

As I did her make-over, her 2 year old daughter pawed at my hands, trying to clutch at the brushes. The woman smacked her, told her to wait her goddamn turn.

When I was finished, I gave her the mirror, and she shrugged, disappointed.

“You look really pretty,” I said.

“You ain’t even gonna put brown liner on my lips?”

“I thought you wanted a natural look.”

“Well, if you can’t do it...” she sulked.



More future America’s Next Top Model contestants strike their fiercest poses after visiting the Rimmel makeover van.

I heavily lined her lips with brown eyeliner, and she seemed pleased. I was disturbed, finding myself looking at a talking butthole.

“OK, Shalya,” said Butthole to her 2 year old, “now it’s your turn!”

She handed me the printout, and I saw a tiny prostitute. Heavy winged eyeliner, red lipstick. Crazy.

I have a few sparkly roll-on shadows that I use for kids. It’s fun and doesn’t look like much. It also doesn’t give the creepy connotation that these babies are trying to look sexy.

I got within about a foot of Shayla’s face, and she was already squirming to avoid me. I looked at Butthole,

who gave me a look that said, “Bitch, you better try.” So, with this toddler scrunched as far as she could into the corners of the seat cushions, I gently applied the purple sparkle shadow.

“Oh, Shayla! You look so beautiful!” I exclaimed, trying to navigate the shadow applicator around her swatting hands.

Shayla blinked uncomfortably through the glitter that was falling through her lashes, unconvinced.

I finally swiped a bit of clear lipgloss on her lips and gave her the mirror. Shayla seemed to like it, and proceeded to eat the gloss off her lips.

Butthole put her weight on one leg, and punched a small fist into her torso.



“Shit,” she said, “You ain’t even gonna put no eyeliner oner?”

“I don’t think she likes having make-up on her face.”

“Yeah she do! Dontcha Shayla!” Butthole smacked at her baby, gruffly trying to encourage her.

“Easy! “ I said, “Ok, I’ll try again, but I’m telling you, she kind of hates this.”

Sure enough, Shayla shrank from the eyeliner, squeezing her eyes into tiny bundles of creases.

“I don’t think it’s going to happen”, I said.

Butthole looked mournfully at the printout, “Shit, she looked so pretty...”

Thankfully, David barreled down the stairs before I had to hear more lamentations regarding Shayla the 2 year old sallying forth into the world without eyeliner. He spotted the nail station.

“Yesssss! Nail polish!” More fist pumping.

I smiled at him, and then turned to invite the jolly black woman to sit down to get her make-up done.

“I want nail polish!” he demanded.

“ Ok,“, I said, “well, you can do it yourself.”

“I don’t know how!” he whined.

SASSY! looked at her 2 girls, and nodded her head towards David, “Go on, help that poor man get his nails did.”

David smiled broadly as 2 little girls did his nails, one



David strikes a pose, post-make over bus.

for each hand. He was very particular about what he wanted.

“Purple on the Thumb, but red on the other nails, except for the pinky.”

“He crazy, Mama!” one of the girls said, giggling.

“You hush and just do them nails.”

Butthole scowled at the spectacle. The 12 year old snickered evilly.

“Faggot.” He muttered behind the stink baby. Once David’s nails were done, he leapt towards the

bench, pushing past one of the girls who did his nails.

“Hey! David!” I said, putting a hand in front of him, “The girls are first. You have to wait your turn.”

“But...”

“No, those girls were nice enough to do your nails, so you just sit there and wait for them to dry while they get their make-up done.”

David slumped into the couch, and blew on his nails. The girls had their hands over their mouths to keep from shrieking with laughter at the fat crazy man who was blowing slobber all over his freshly painted nails.

The girls got the same sparkle treatment as young Shayla, and both were pleased with the results. Both of them were really cute when I showed them their pictures, almost shy of the beautiful sparkly reflection that smiled back at them.

Then it was David’s turn.

I had my digital camera out, and I took a before picture. I placed it back on the counter.

I was ready to begin, but when I saw David sitting there, still blowing on those damn nails, I called upstairs.

“Hey, Shannon! I think we have some after pictures that you should get. Seriously. You should come downstairs right now.”

I needed someone to share this with me, to document the goings on. Sometimes on this bus, I am not convinced that I’m experiencing what’s actually happening. It’s too weird. Too much. She

came downstairs and surveyed the scene.

“I want purple cheeks and red red lipstick,” said David.

“I know, David. But I just want to be certain you’re sure. This isn’t like the virtual make-over, you have to wear the make-up. Outside. Of the bus. You’re fine with this?”

“Yeah!” he raised his hands in the air in praise of his decision. “It goes with my hair. But it’s not my real hair, it’s a wig.”

“I had no idea.”

“It’s true. I got it on sale at the Halloween store. Five dollars!”

I found the darkest lipstick I could, one of those very creamy, staining numbers that promises to be ‘kissproof.’ It wasn’t an easy application, as David kept following the path of the lipstick with his tongue. Same for the lipliner. I handed both to Shannon when I was done. “Get rid of these!” I hissed. Shannon held them away from her, as though they were a couple of hypodermic needles she had just found on the floor of a crackhouse.

“What are you doing with those? Can I have them?” asked David.

“No, David, we’re just putting them in storage, I said, “Quickly!” I mouthed to Shannon, and she chucked them in the garbage.

I finished with David’s make-up, and, to no one’s surprise, he looked totally insane.

“Ha!” guffawed the 12 year old, “We should take a picture!”

“I drank a soda.”

So I put some more lipstick on David again, and he slobbered all over it again, so I threw it out again.

He left the bus and did a little dance to show he was pleased.

David returned to the bus about 3 more times, and by the last time, I no longer found the situation charming. I was irritated. It was just so dumb. Why’s he drinking all this soda? Why is he so crazy? Why did that lady steal my camera? Why am I on this bus in the first place? What the hell is going on?

I looked at David as he sat in the seat, eyes closed, mouth hanging open slightly, a strand of drool bungeed off his lower lip, and splashed on the hem of his shorts. I placed the lipstick on the counter and crossed my arms sternly.

“David? Um, yeah. I think we need to have a talk.”

He opened his eyes.

“I want lipstick.”

“I know you do David. But that’s the thing. You’ve been back on the bus 5 times. That’s too much. You see this?” I picked up the lipstick, and shook it at him. “This is lipstick. Women and sometimes men like to wear it to feel pretty. Do you feel pretty when you wear lipstick, David?”

“Yes! I love it!”

“David, if you want to be pretty, you have to wear your lipstick like a lady. You either have to get a straw, or be a little more dainty when you drink your soda. Stop mashing your mouth on that can.”

“Well, you could just give me the lipstick.” said David, seriously. “You’re not going to use it again, because I put my mouth on it. I don’t want to buy it. Just give me the lipstick.”

I blinked. That was the most lucid thing he’d said the whole time, and it pissed me off because it was so manipulative. And why not? Why couldn’t I just give him the goddamn lipstick? Because. Because he was being dick, a crazy dick. And fuck that.

“No, David. I will put lipstick on you one last time, but after that, you’re done. No more bus for you.”

“Ugh, fine.” He huffed. After he got his lipstick done, he lumbered off the bus, and stood just outside the doors. He took another soda out of his bag, drank the whole thing, letting most of it trickle down his neck, making sure he spread as much lipstick around his face as possible. And when he was finished, he hucked the can against the windshield.

So ended my first week on the Rimmel Makeover tour.



# QUEENING BIG TITS DIAN HANSON CUM EATING AMG **VINTAGE PORN** DOG FETISH LADY SOV PAINT ENEMA FLOWER POWER

BOX ISSUE 5  
NOW ONLY \$5





# GAME

# ON

*photos by  
Pierre Radisic*



























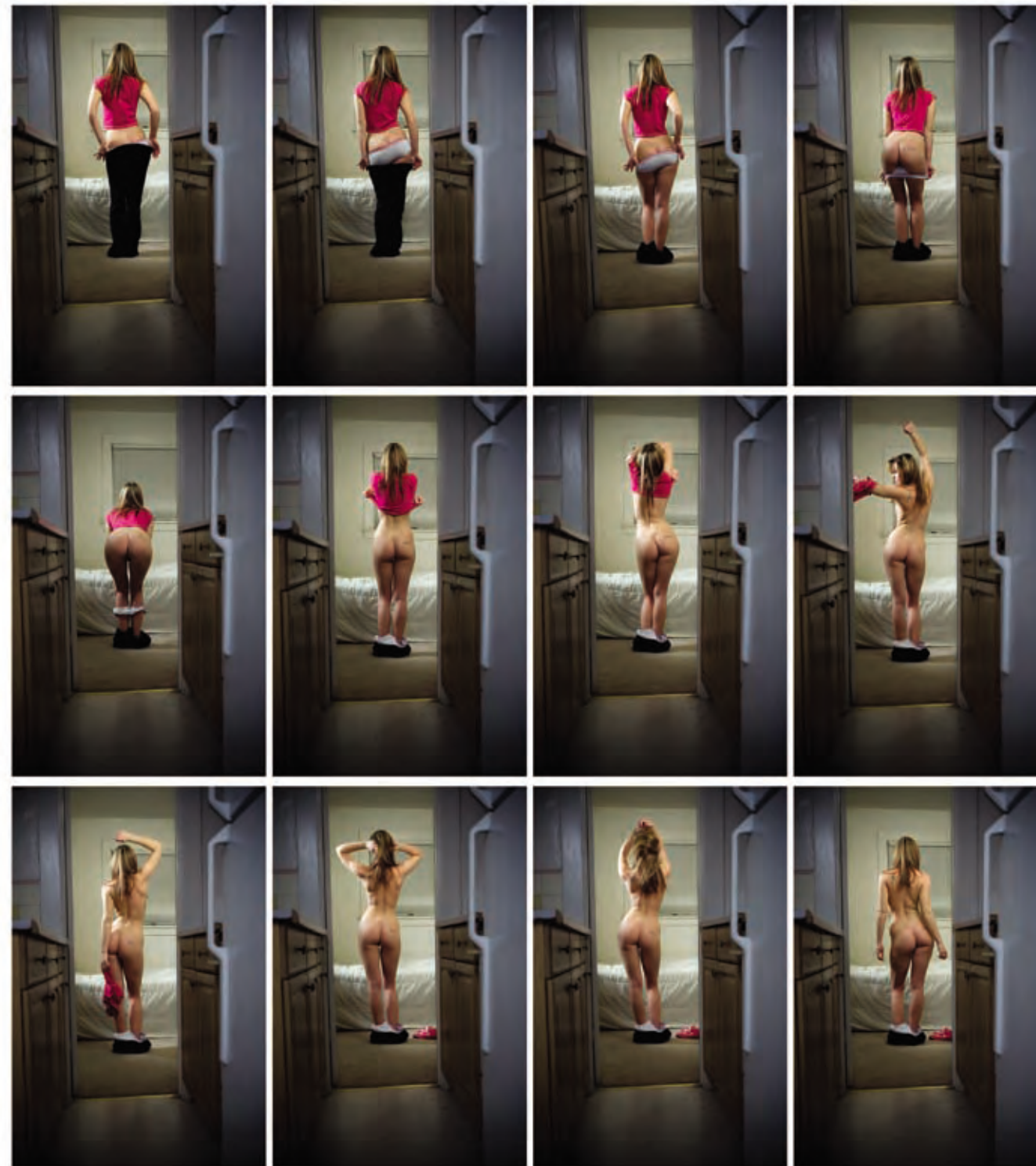
















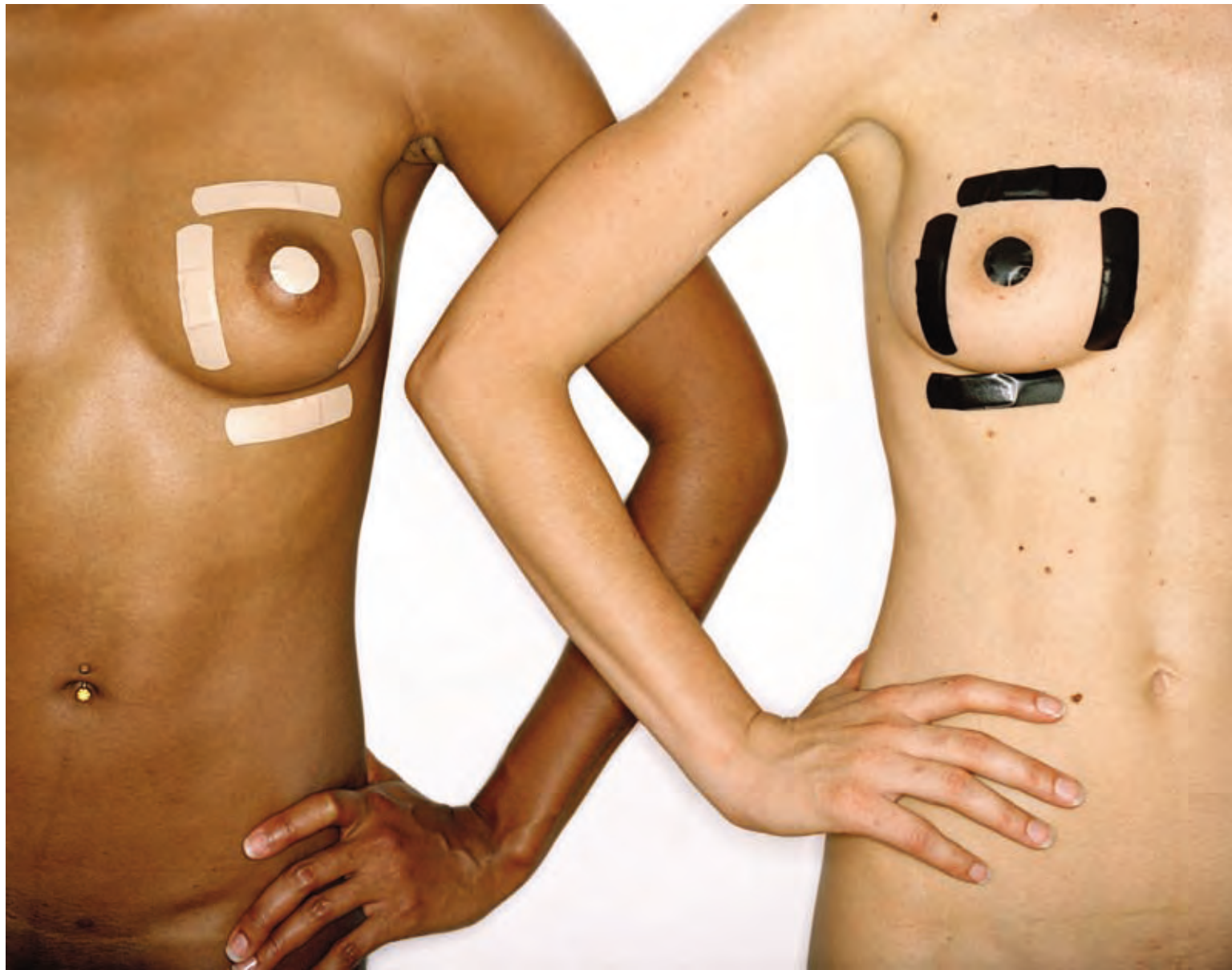








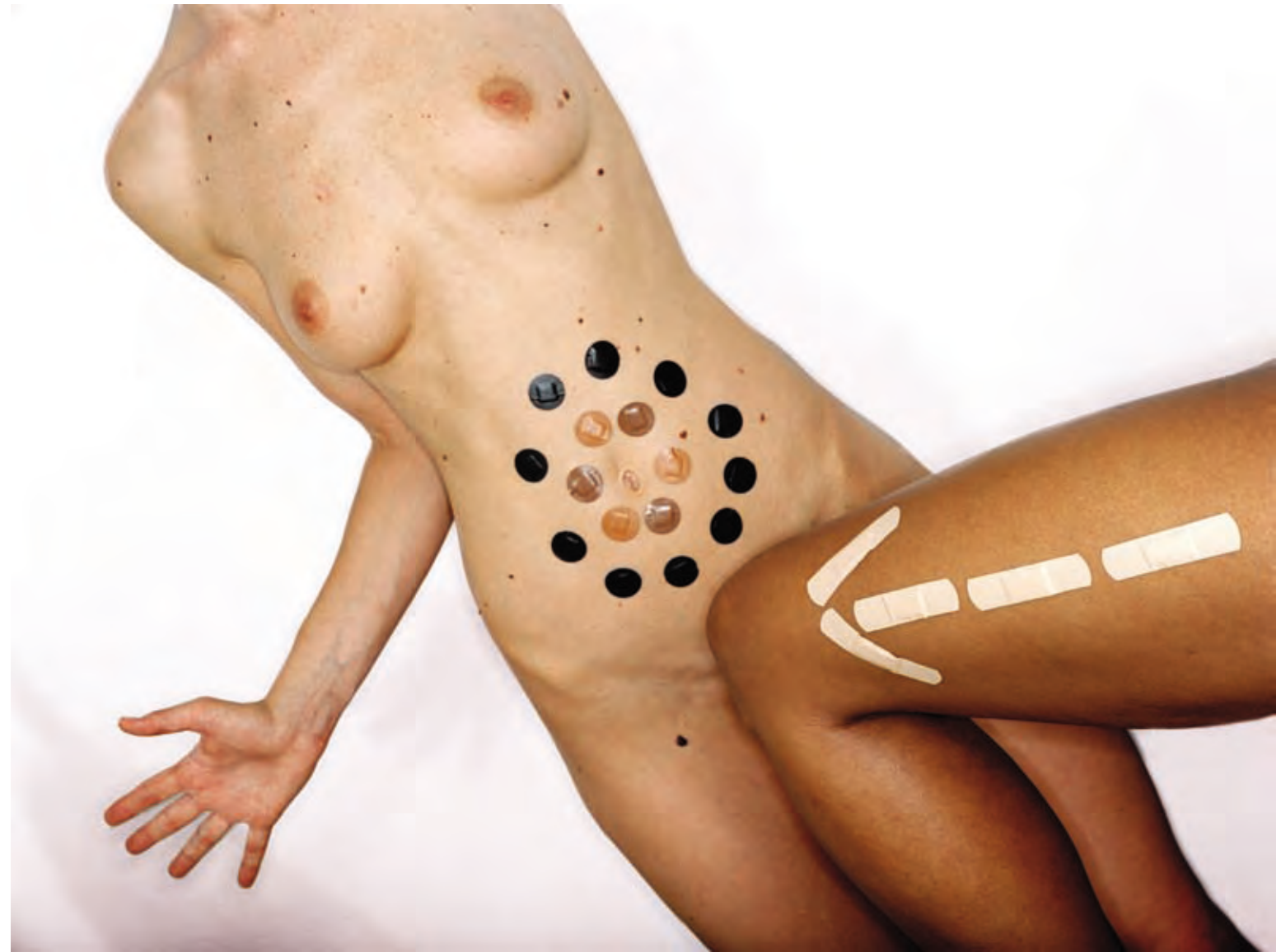




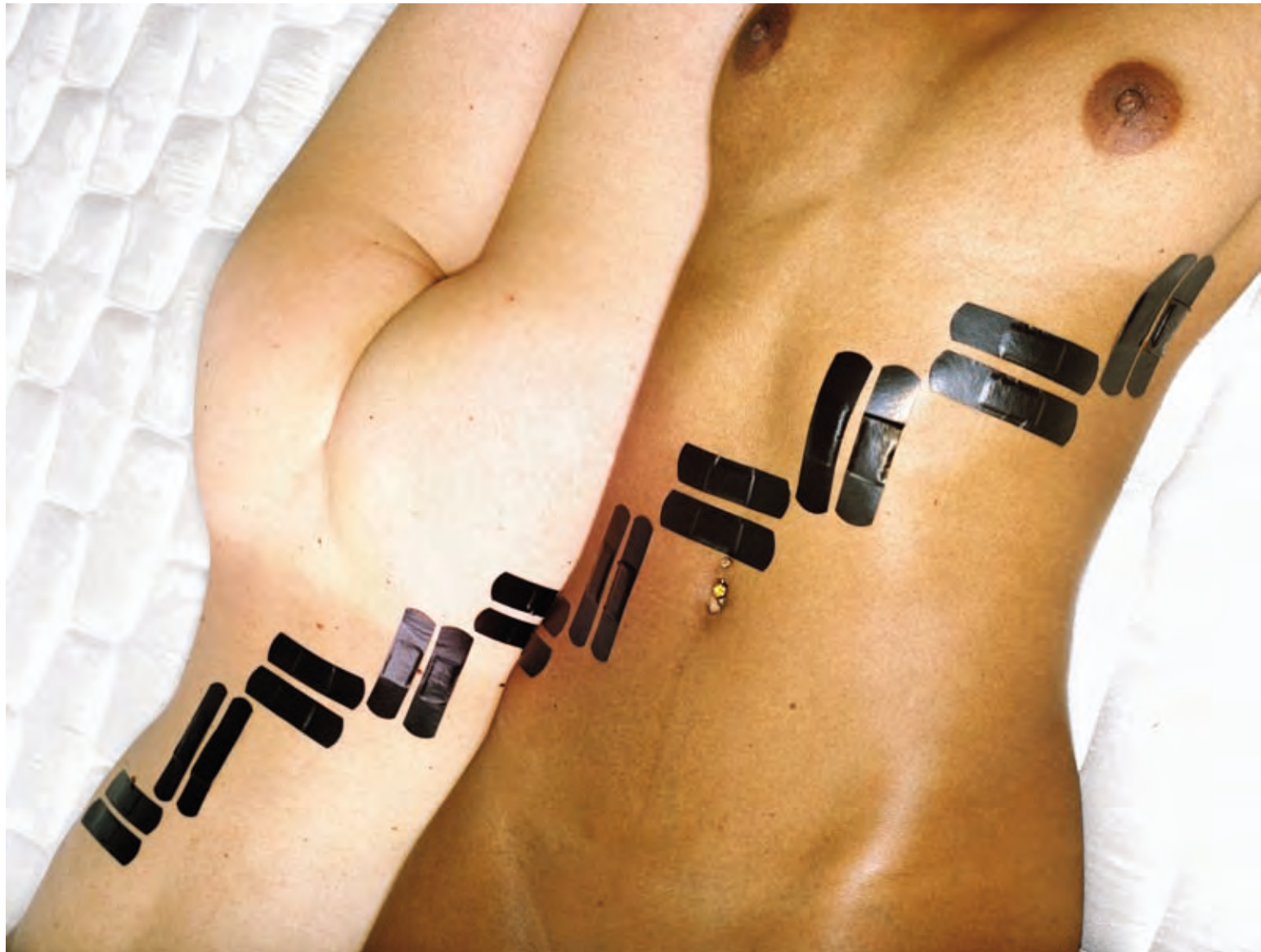
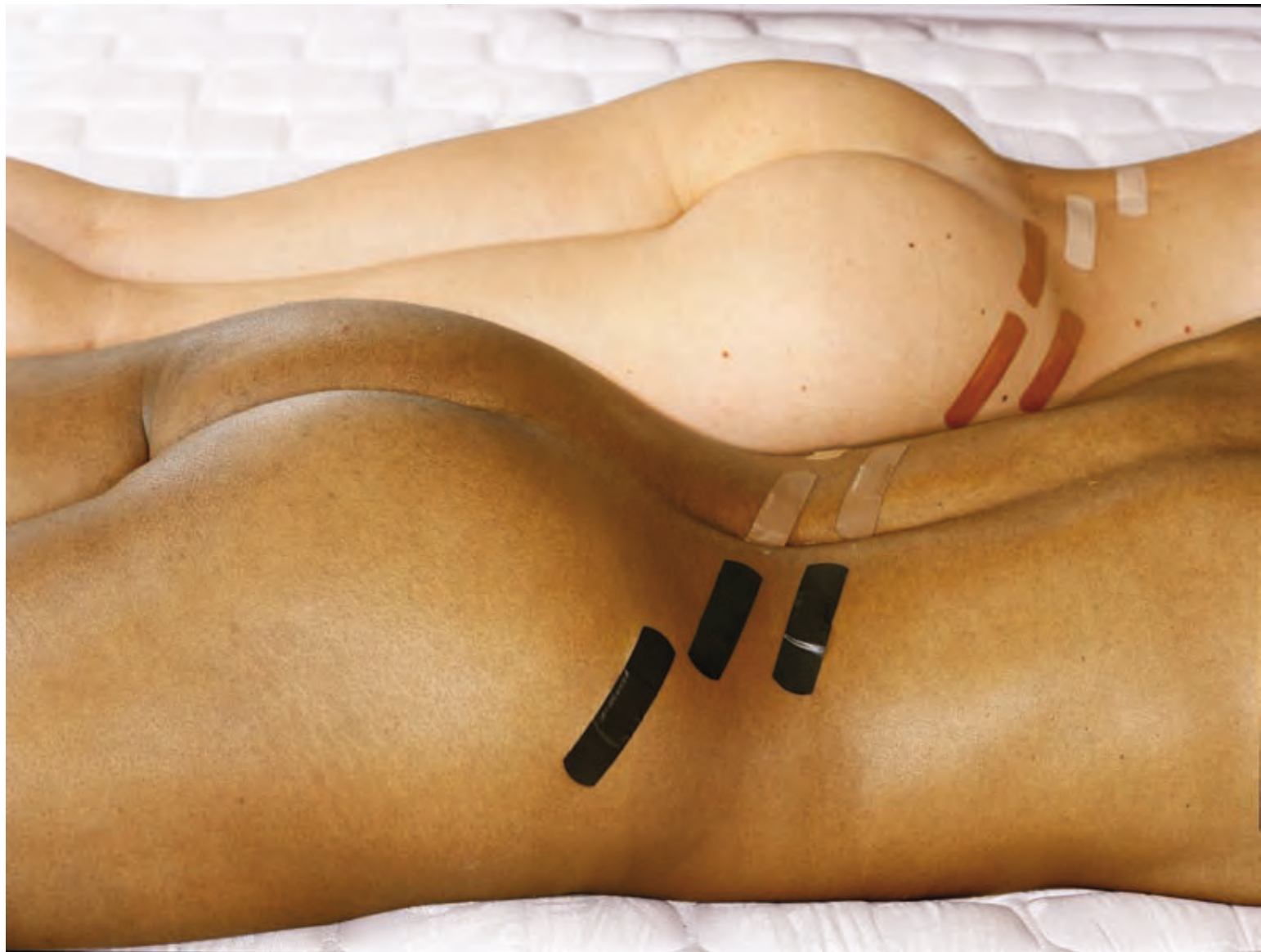
**BLACK AND WHITE  
IN FULL COLOR**

Photos by Natasha Papadopoulou











“The Leech, when filled, contains from half an ounce to an ounce of blood...”  
Johnson, James Rawlins. *A Treatise on the Medicinal Leech*

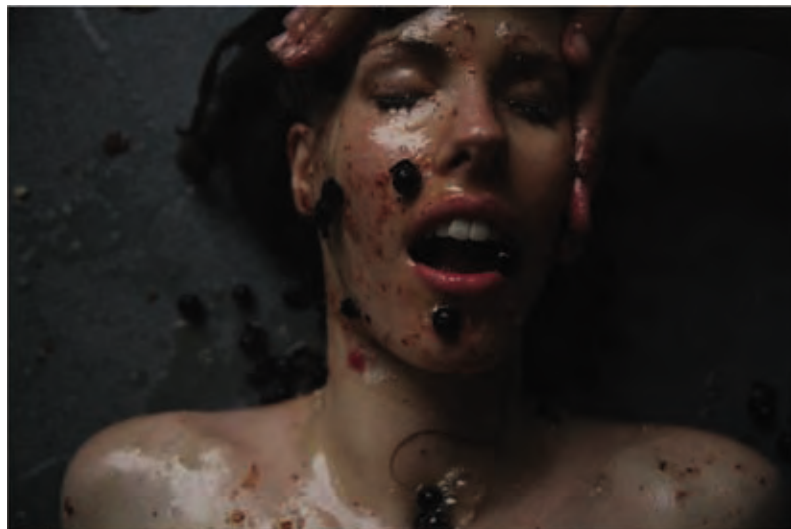
**PHOTOS BY ROSE AND OLIVE**

















# SEX IN THE SHITTY

BY COCO

Illustration by Maura Murnane



*David the Hasid saved me from a certain unsavory ending. Not quite wasted, but flushed and flustered, I was wandering around a slightly unsafe and unfriendly neighborhood on the eve of a West Indian Pride Parade. I had walked a few blocks into this uncharted territory before the catcalls and hostile remarks began. I'm not a pussy, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't on the verge of a minor panic attack.*

And just like that (deus ex machina comes to Brooklyn), a car pulled out of a nowhere and a voice behind a scruffy beard called, "Hurry, get in, I'm getting you out of here." You'd think after five months of living in New York, I'd realize there's no such thing as a bona fide good samaritan, but I needed a way out, and David was my Jewish pony come to the rescue.

When we reached my apartment, however, we also got to the catch: I asked how much I owed him for the ride, and he in turn responded, "I'm a lonely man looking for a nice girl who needs a man in her life to give her pleasure. You need someone to make you feel good, no?"

Although I was initially disgusted (just because I walk

the streets at night doesn't make me a hooker), his plea for company got me thinking about the nature of this city and its inhabitants in terms of dating and hook up protocol. Was it any different from some scenester sidling up to me at Union Pool at last call and asking if I wanted to have an "after-party"? At least the Hasid was brutally honest.

It's a given that the city is a meat market; a wasteland of carefully disaffected artifice. You can bet your ass everyone has an agenda, but the true art lies in hiding it. The pout on every hipster's face, the perfectly mussed bedhead, and the slouching posture may all scream "I don't give a fuck." Oh, but they do.

Unless I'm deeply entrenched in the shackles of a long term relationship, I'm a fuck-and-run kind of girl.



I mean, let's call a spade a spade. I figured that kind of pace would fit the city's just fine. So imagine the horror of discovering pretty much every man in New York that I've attracted thus far didn't want to just git 'er done. They wanted to get off, don't get me wrong, but what they asked for afterwards was so much more insulting than "can I cum on your tits?" They wanted to spoon. They wanted to talk. They wanted to basically pretend that for one night, we were close-knit confidantes with the caliber of inside jokes it takes certain couples years to formulate. I was in over my head, and frankly, I made more than one trip to the bathroom for intimacy-induced nausea. I was dumbfounded: why is it that in a city known for its cold, brisk, and alienating nature, all the men wanna do is cuddle?

Get a guy behind closed doors and he turns to mush. I suppose this is the case in any city, but here the disparity between show and tell borderlines on ridiculous. The same man who says he's not looking for a relationship is more than willing to nuzzle your neck, rub your shoulders, and smell your hangover breath for hours. I've never been more repulsed by the phrase "I love the way you smell," cuz I know at 4am, it ain't pretty.

So why the lies? Why the forced intimacy when, as the next day dawns and the song and dance are done (and the mask goes back on), you're dead certain he's never gonna call? Maybe it's because you can date someone for years and still wake up everyday next to a stranger. Maybe it's because no one really knows anyone. Maybe I'm knee deep in platitudes. Maybe there's something to be said, after all, for friend-fuckers.

It's a city where anything goes, and honestly, I think a lot of men want to be abused (or maybe it's just the ones I can tolerate these days). I have let a guy send my puke-covered friend home in car and buy

me drinks all night, only to give him blue balls and steal a Goodfellas DVD on way out of his apartment at 6 a.m. the next day. Honestly, I've berated men for having the balls to show any affection whatsoever.

In essence, New York City has turned me into everything I have bitched and moaned about for years—the stereotype of an asshole male. It's an absolute melting pot of fuck ups, but, hey, that's why I'm here, and that's why I'm staying.

Someone get me a goddamn I Heart NY t-shirt already.

