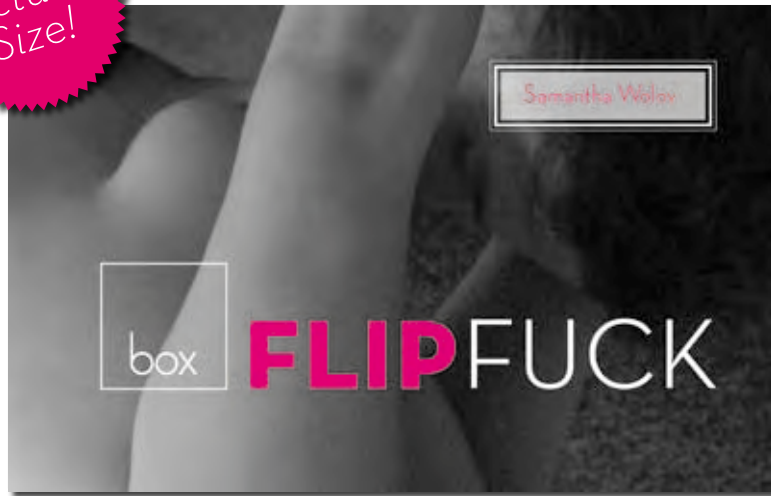


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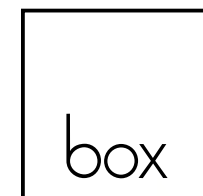


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ISSUE 6, PLAY JUNE, 2007

ME ON THE SET OF AMAZÔNIA. TWO MEN
FUCK ON THE BEACH WHILE I CONTEM-
PLATE MY FUTURE.

Editors' Note DEAREST READERS,

There comes a point in a young man's life when he must stop and ask himself one simple but important question. "What the fuck are you doing with your life?" The answer can be groundbreaking, but it can also be horribly disappointing.

About three weeks ago I was standing on a private stretch of beach an hour and a half North of Rio de Janeiro. It was a beautiful day; the sun was warm but not stifling. A cool breeze came off the ocean, sweeping a subtle mist across my skin. I was in town for work, so not only was I enjoying the beautiful view, but I was getting paid for it. It really doesn't get any better than that. I should have been happy, but when I looked down at my feet, the image of two, tanned and toned, supposedly straight, street hustlers engaged in hardcore anal sex spun me into a mini-breakdown.

The boys were the stars of Amazonia, a hardcore, white boy, gangbang sacrifice flick from the purveyors of fine South American smut, AMG Brasil. About a year ago, I wrote an article for Box called The Rise and Fall and Rise Again of AMG (The Athletic Model Guild). I initially contacted the studio about a job, so our interviews were mutually beneficial. I got the story and he got a new marketing director.

I had spent almost a year of my life in the office, and was now standing on my first porn set. It was about 2:30 p.m. We had just wrapped up rimming and were on to anal. I was standing behind my boss as he dangled his handheld digital video camera over the

point of insertion. I had been watching the display of gay for pay PDA for 5 hours already. I took a second to stare out at the ocean and thought to myself, "What the fuck are you doing with your life?"

As we flew into Rio the day before, it had occurred to me I had never stopped to consider what I would be doing in the coming days. It might seem strange that someone who runs a nudie mag would be anxious about being on a porn set, but as we touched down in South America, my nerves went haywire. And now, in the middle of it all, I had reached a breaking point.

The answer to my moral conundrum came after the pop shots had been captured. The boys came simultaneously and as the one of the boys rubbed their collective seed on his costars stomach, I thought to myself, "Fuck it, this is as good a job as any."

Life is too short to constantly question how what we do today will affect what lies in our future. It's time to live in the moment. Forget about the consequences, even momentarily, and make the best of today. When, I decided to let go, I actually had fun.

That's what Box No. 6 is all about – having fun no matter the situation. This issue is the first of a two-part project promoting Play in all of its forms. It can be coordinated, like the sexual escapades of swingers in NYC (pg. 76), or spontaneous like Katie Akana's revenge makeover tour of the Untied States (pg. 70). There are portraits of our favorite play things in Jocks as well as Autumn Sonnichsen's red-lit romp with the world's sexiest angel (pg. 86).

This summer, sit back, crack open a can of PBR, bust out a pair of Good Vibe's Leopard Restraints and enjoy the life that you are living.



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How To

Embarrass Yourself and Your Loved Ones



Cover photo by Natasha Papadolpoulou. Opposite page, from top: detail from Samantha Wolov’s ‘Oh’; illustration by Maura Murnane ; detail from Autumn Sonnichsen’s ‘Good Girl, Bad Girl.’ This page: Joanna Angel, courtesy Burning Angel.

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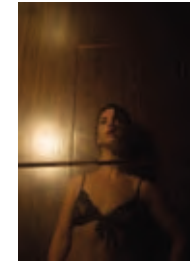
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Materials in Box Magazine are adult in nature and intended for readers over the age of 18.

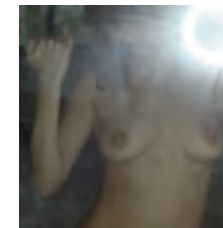
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AUTUMN SONNICHSEN

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 New York, Brazil, and anywhere else you'll pay me to go. I make really good martinis. 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



COLLEEN DURKIN

Colleen Durkin lives and plays in Chicago, she spends most of her time assisting other people take pictures. When she isn't setting up lights or making a thick black brew, she is shooting, riding her '74 Suzuki, baking cupcakes, or spending more money than she should on records. colleendurkin.com



LEO ZACHARIAS

Leo is a photographer based out of New York City. He really likes death metal. leozacharias.com



SAMANTHA WOLOV

Samantha Wolov is probably the most wholesome smut peddler you'll ever meet. She is proud that she has only been jizzed on once, but wishes she kept the pants to use as a scare tactic. She lives in the Bay Area. samanthawolov.com

BITS



LOST BOYS SLAVA MOGUTIN

PHOTO BY SLAVA MOGUTIN, COURTESY POWER HOUSE BOOKS

Ever fantasize about a place where skinheads would just as soon fuck you as punch your lights out? A place where fashion stands still, trash lines the street and dicks are never circumcised? Well, it doesn't exist, except in Slava Mogutin's *Lost Boys*. The photographer, who was exiled from Russia over ten years ago for his writing, brings together a collection of pictures from Europe and the former Soviet Union, that document a disillusioned generation of hooligans and hustlers. These boys are angry, horny and pissed. They are a group reacting to the capitalist compound with beers in hand and sometimes in their asses.



KIM KARDASHIAN SUPERSTAR

VIVID PHOTOS COURTESY VIVID

This is the type of movie you watch with your friends and take a shot every time Kim or Ray J says something stupid. Which is a lot. It starts off with Ray J welcoming us all to the “Kim and Ray J Show,” throwing the idea of this being a stolen video out the window. Then again, the way the two of them chomp on their gum (through oral sex!!) makes you think they came up with this amazing idea to revitalize their celebrity after a drug binge involving a kilo of meth, coke, and ecstasy. Ray J's cock is the real star here - huge with this massive crook in the middle of it, and looks like he added a prosthetic extension. Yeah, like Kim said, “you fuck me so good Ray J.”



BIG BOOK OF BREASTS TASCHEN

EDITED BY DIAN HANSON, PHOTOS COURTESY TASCHEN

This oversized book celebrates big breasts and the women who have them. The carefully selected photographs from the fifties, sixties, and seventies, before silicone, hail the time before implants were the norm for pinups and starlets. Not every woman's body would be considered perfect by today's standards, but every woman here is beautiful, full of life, and most of them are naturally endowed. The *Big Book of Breasts* also features interviews with some of these models, including Tempest Storm, Candy Barr, and Kitten Natividad. The layout of the book is so stunning you wouldn't mind leaving it out even if your mother was coming over.



PORNSCAPES GOLIATH

PIERRE RADISIC

In *Pornscapes*, body parts morph together, shifting and undulating in such a way one never quite knows what's in front of them. It tells the story of two lovers divided by thousands of miles reunited for only a brief time. Looking at any set of photographs in *Pornscapes* one can't help but feel like both a creepy neighbor spying on a couple, and like one of the lovers themselves. Many of the photographs are graphic, sometimes almost shockingly so. Interfused with gentle images of the two kissing and details of landscapes, they remind the viewer of what lies behind the passion illustrated in these photographs—intense longing and a deep love.



ELEELA

PHOTOS COURTESY ELE ELA

Translated directly from Portuguese, this magazine is It It. And really, once you've seen It, you'll agree there's nothing like It. Hailing from São Paulo Brazil, this men's magazine is one of a kind. With stunning pictures of radiant women that suggest the style of the original Playboy, *Ele Ela* presents women in a light unseen in American pornography. There is an underlying femininity that is both carnal and withdrawn. Perhaps that is why It's fast become a favorite amongst our lesbian friends. Maybe it's the fact that most of the photographs are taken by a woman, maybe it's the culture that It emerged from, whatever it is, It It is alright by us.



VANESSA DEL RIO FIFTY YEARS OF SLIGHTLY SLUTTY BEHAVIOR

TASCHEN EDITED BY DAIN HANSON AND VANESSA DEL RIO, PHOTOS COURTESY TASCHEN

While this may be the best book we've ever seen about a porn star, it's also the most expensive. The bio of the world's first ethnic porn star, has 2 editions, the art edition (\$1000) and the collectors edition (\$400). And, while we wish we wouldn't have to sell a kidney to buy it, it's worth every penny. The pictures alone tell the story of a woman of Amazon proportions, who actually did it for the sex. She is a rarity in her field, not only in stature and appearance, but in her ability to embrace her inner-slut. Co-edited by former men's magazine tastemaker, Dian Hanson, this book reveals a gem in a world of undersexed sex workers.



Vanessa Del Rio in an interview for Al Goldstein's Screw sex paper, circa 1980 (above). The cover of Vanessa Del Rio (left).

TOY BOX

Sisterhood of the Traveling Cuffs



GOOD VIBRATION'S LEOPARD RESTRAINTS

Photo courtesy Good Vibrations

When Good Vibrations sent over these Leopard Restraints all of our friends wanted to review them. They all wanted to slip their hands through these faux fur-lined cuffs. After casting aside the “ewww” factor, three of them decided to try them out and pass them on. To be diplomatic we selected three people of different sexual persuasions and experience. They had four days to pass the cuffs amongst themselves. Here’s a look at what Joel, Sarah and Brooke had to say about Good Vibration’s Leopard Restraints.

SARAH

My boyfriend isn’t the most adventurous guy in the world, so it took a lot of cajoling, sweet nothings, and foreplay to get him to even think about playing with these. To show him how fun it was, I let him cuff me

first. He had me lie on my back and put the cuffs around the slat in my headboard. The cuffs I used previously always chafed or scraped a bit, so I was pleasantly surprised at how soft and comfortable these were. The only problem is I have incredibly small hands – one really good pull and I was free.

My boyfriend, on the other hand, doesn’t have such problems. After assuring him I would let him go if he said our safe word, he let me bind him the way he had bound me. The cuffs fit comfortably and stayed on the entire time, even when he was writhing underneath me. He had such a good time it was almost difficult to get him out of the cuffs.

It was hard for my boyfriend and I to say goodbye to these cuffs. Nevertheless, I sadly passed them onto

Joel at the bar the next night.

JOEL

I was already drunk when Sarah gave me the cuffs the other night at the bar. This guy wearing all denim and floppy dirty-blond hair had been buying me drinks all night, either to impress me with all the cash he had or get me drunk enough to sleep with him. I convinced him to buy me and Sarah shots of Jager. That’s all I remember until the ugly lights came on, and he asked me to come over to his house. I think Sarah gave me this look like, “are you sure you want to go home with that guy?” but she can kind of be a bitch when she’s drunk and I didn’t take her too seriously.

Anyway, so this guy in his Canadian tuxedo takes me to his apartment in downtown Oakland. We headed straight to the bedroom. It kind of looked like a Pottery Barn discount center in there, except he has this giant Bob Marley tapestry hanging over his bed. I was too drunk to care. We started making out, we were naked, and then he tried to fuck me without a condom. I threw this guy on his back and grabbed the cuffs from my backpack. He didn’t struggle at all—in fact, he had this sick smile on his ugly face. I puked in my mouth a little, but that didn’t keep me from slapping a condom on his knob and sitting

on it. I bucked real hard to get him to cum as fast as possible. Then this dude passed out.

I finished myself off and dismounted. Part of me wanted to vomit all over him and leave him there cuffed, but I knew Brooke would be pissed if I didn’t get them to her. I took them off and the guy woke up. I asked him for some cash for a cab and he gave it to me along with his number. Before I tossed it into the gutter, I looked down. I hadn’t even asked him his name.

Marty. I had just fucked an ugly motherfucker named Marty.

BROOKE

I called up my girlfriend Katie as soon as I got the cuffs from Joel on Monday. My bed consists of a mattress on the floor, and as much as I would have enjoyed half-hogtying Katie, we had access to a mahogany four post bed at the place she was housesitting in the Berkeley hills.

Katie’s up for anything, but as I packed up my things I knew a bottle of red wine would really loosen her up. I threw my stuff in the passenger seat of my Honda and was off to the liquor store. By the time I got to the place Katie was staying at, I had the whole thing mapped out in my mind. I told her the plan over a joint and

a couple of glasses of wine but I knew she wouldn’t say no. In fact, she was the one who suggested we get down to business.

She stripped down and offered up her hands for me. I pulled apart the cuffs and extended the length between the cuffs by linking up the metal clasps they provide with my roommate’s dog’s collar. (Hey—I’m crafty. Don’t judge). I jerry-rigged the cuffs around the post so Katie was standing with her arms stretched above her head.

I kissed her roughly. I nibbled on her nipples then ran my hands around her hips and up and down her thighs, teasing her. I slapped her on the ass so hard I left a mark. She was more than ready when I stripped down and stepped into my harness. When I finally had it on, I started fucking Katie from behind, stroking her clit with my right hand and pulling her hair and squeezing her breasts with my left. Katie has never had a problem reaching an orgasm and this was no exception.

I gave her a moment to relax while I squeezed some lube into my hand and slipped a finger up her asshole. Soon, I was fucking her in the ass and she loved it. We were exhausted by the time we got into bed—I don’t think I’ve slept so well for a long time.

HE SAID SHE SAID

JOANNA ANGEL'S GUIDE TO HUMPING

PHOTOS COURTESY BURNING ANGEL



HE SAID: BY RYAN MCMANUS

Oh, Joanna. No one can blame you for trying.

In *Joanna Angel's Guide To Humming* (changed from its working title, *Joanna Angel's Fucking Guide To Fucking*, which was considered too vulgar), America's favorite hipster porn star plays a sex-ed teacher looking to educate a class of comically stereotypical students. We have *The Nerd*, *The Bad Boy*, *The Jocks*, *The Foreign Girl*, etc. This is no how-to film, however, as the education in this video is just a plot device – nothing in the video will leave you a more informed lover unless you or your partner enjoys

SHE SAID: BY LOLA LA ROUX

If Joanna Angel walked into my classroom wearing a tiny pink plaid skirt and clear plastic stilettos and said I could fuck her if I got the highest grade on her quiz, I'd probably get a little melty between my legs, too. But since that didn't actually happen, I had to settle for watching her sub-par acting skills (yes, even for a porn star) on a TV screen, hoping against hope that at some point the pain in my head would stop and the movie would redeem itself.

Alas. The first sex scene, between Julius Ceazher and Sierra Sinn, is totally nothing new -- bony white

choking on cock. Think less Nina Hartley and more, well, Joanna Angel.

Like the other Burning Angel films, a thick load of humor is injected into the proceedings, which is a welcome change if you actually set out to watch one of these movies, not just masturbate to it. At its best, *Guide To Humming* harkens back to porn films of the 1970s, which were still considerate of things like character and plot. In particular, Joanna's acting scenes thread that line between pleasure and discomfort, all while maintaining her character with the sublimity of Sacha Baron Cohen.

While the plot-driven scenes might be trying something new, the sex in *Guide To Humming* isn't particularly revolutionary or unconventional. The first scene, featuring Sierra Sinn and Julius Ceazher, is so generic it could easily have been taken from any one of the ubiquitous "blacks on blondes" websites clogging the internet. Other scenes fare better, though many follow a familiar and formulaic structure. The only lesbian scene in the film (featuring the painfully attractive Kylee Kross and Chapel Waste) comes off as mismatched and awkward. One would hope that one so revolutionary in her filmmaking would affect change in these otherwise predictable proceedings.

Though most of the stars live up to the attractive, tattooed standards of alt-porn we've come to expect from Burning Angel, the true standouts are still Tommy Pistol and James Deen. James, especially, is a fine specimen, easily injecting humor into even the most hardcore of scenes. When he fucks Joanna in a *Gangster's Paradise* spoof finale, he shows her who's the teacher and who's the student.

girl gets fucked by a big black dude. But wait, isn't this alt porn? I guess that explains said unnecessary belt. Seriously, whatever hipster cred you get for wearing a hot belt during sex is completely erased when its jangly bouncing even annoys the people in the scene, which it clearly did.

I'll give credit where credit is due, though. Tommy Pistol made me laugh throughout, both as a lovable geek who doesn't know the first thing about sex, and as a general goof during interludes of a video sex guide Angel shows her class. Kylee Kross is totally bad-ass when she shows Chapel Waste what's up with her strap-on. And Haley Paige's pouty lips and toned legs might even convince me to watch her scene with James Deen again, although I'd have to do it on mute.

In my last review, I credited James Deen with having a magnificent cock. I don't take it back, but I noticed something in this film that made it decidedly more difficult to watch him in action; the boy will not shut the fuck up. (And yes, I mean boy -- the kid is 20 years old.) Throughout his scenes in this movie, he's murmuring incessantly through a clenched jaw. Most of the time it's indecipherable, but when you can understand it, he's saying some really unoriginal shit. Either way, I couldn't get past it, which is unfortunate since he also stars in the climax of the movie.

I can't say this movie is unwatchable by any means, but it did feel wrong to enjoy the between-sex scenes more than the fucking itself. There's something too self-congratulatory about alt porn, which is especially annoying when it doesn't deliver. I don't care about artsy lighting or how punk rock you are for doing ass-to-mouth; if I use the fast-forward button more than three times, we have a problem.

“I AM ONE OF THOSE CLASSIC SAD SORRY BASTARD TYPES THAT HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO REVOLVE HIS LIFE AROUND ART. SO, IF I QUIT THAT, I’D HAVE TO PULL A VINCENT VAN GOGH AND CUT OFF MY EAR.”



Left: White Whale and Frozen, Right: Winter Wolves Breath

ORIGINAL ARTWORK BY EVAN B. HARRIS
SURVEY CONDUCTED BY HEATHER RILEY

EVAN B. HARRIS

Artist Survey No. 6



How do you like your eggs?

Over medium, lightly salted with pepper, on a bagel with cream cheese, with some fakin' bacon.

What's the last dream you remember?

I had a dream that my roommate brought a goat home and it lived inside the house. It walked up to me as I was sitting on the couch. Then he stood up on his hind legs like a man, bent over, picked me up and sat it my spot. Then it just stared at me with its strange eyes. Then I woke up, and there was a goat in my bed.

Describe your dream vacation.

My dream vacation would be a permanent one. I don't have to drive in traffic, I don't have to go grocery shopping, no dishes, no dirt, no shit. Just sleep and relaxation.

Who was your first kiss?

I can't remember her name, but it was in the summer of 1991. We went to the drive-in to see Robin Hood Prince Of Thieves. I waited to make my move until it was the perfect moment, and then whispered in her ear... "Don't tell me it's not worth tryin' for. You can't tell me it's not worth dyin' for. You know it's true, everything I do, I do it for you." OK, I didn't really say that, but we did kiss.

Have you ever thought what it would be like to be a girl?

I must say girls have a lot of great clothing options, especially when it comes to shoes. I don't have the legs for high heels though.

When was the last time you showered?

I can't afford hot water at the moment, so I just lick

Do gnomes scare you?

Are we talking real gnomes or the ones you see in old people's yards? I don't have a problem with real gnomes, but the ceramic ones are pretty freaky.

Where do babies come from?

I know it has something to do with birds and bees, but no one has ever taken the time to explain it to me. So, in that case, I guess I would have to say... I just don't know.

What's the one song you don't want your friends to know you listen to (and love)?

Everything I Do, I Do It For You by Bryan Adams. The theme song from Robin Hood Prince of Thieves... Great, now my secret is out.

SALT & SEA PIANO KEYS



myself. It seems to work for my cats.

Which Golden Girl are you most like?

Sophia Petrillo. I had to look that up. I haven't seen that shows since I used to sit around with my Grandma eating grilled cheese and watching People's Court. That was back when Judge Wapner laid down the law.

What's your favorite position?

I'll take what I can get and that ain't much.

You're the only person who knows Earth is going to explode tomorrow. What do you do?

Fuck, that's a heavy question. I'll have to think about that and get back to you tomorrow.

Playboy or Playgirl?

Neither. They both suck. Easy Rider is the way to go. There's nothing better than choppers and chicks.

What's the best teen movie: Heathers, Fast Times at Ridgemont High, or the Breakfast Club?

Heathers for sure. I still want to be Christian Slater.

GARDEN GROWS PIANO KEYS



Wynona Rider was hot in those days. It had all the best one-liners... "Fuck me gently with a chain saw." Point proven.

If you had to sacrifice sex or art, what would it be?

I would have to say, as sad as it sounds, I'd have to go without sex. I am one of those classic sad sorry bastard types that has no choice but to revolve his life around art. So, if I quit that, I'd have to pull a Vincent van Gogh and cut off my ear.

Without looking do you know who is on a twenty-dollar bill?

Andrew Jackson?? Hold on, let me look now. Ahhhhhwww shit! I was right.

Is circumcising a male child cruel and unusual? Or just sanitary?

I would have to say that it is cruel and unusual not to. No guy wants to walk around the locker room with a turtleneck on. Boys can be cruel, if you know what I mean.

BARNACLES & BUTTERFLIES



LADIES OF THE BIRD'S MOUTH



TEA FOR BIRDS



REGIMENT OF THE HIVE



WOLVES' TEETH



6 SHOTS JOANNA ANGEL

BY RYAN MCMANUS
Photos Courtesy Burning Angel



Joanna Angel is a busy girl. It's not easy, juggling a successful website, a film career, a mainstream sex advice column for Spin, not to mention being bisexual, bicoastal, and having to keep up being the alt-porn poster child.

So you'll forgive her if she needs to multitask from time to time. And you'll have to excuse her if she answers her Sidekick with her mouth full.

"I'm eating a sandwich," she manages, half giggling.

We finally caught up with Ms. Angel in L.A., her home away from home these days. While she began her now-infamous career in her homeland of New York City, and has been responsible for popularizing the oft-overlooked and misunderstood east-coast beauty, the left coast is just, well, warmer.

It's also the seat of power for America's porn industry. Last year, Joanna wrote, directed and starred in multiple films for VCA, a division of Larry Flynt's Hustler empire. When we spoke, she was on the eve of releasing Porny Monster, an X-rated remake of

2003's Party Monster. The film itself brings to mind Young Frankenstein, less a parody of its subject that a loving homage.

Ms. Angel, herself known for her in-depth, unorthodox band interviews on Burning Angel's website, is known for being a bit, well, hard to nail down. While she has no problems talking frankly about what gets her off these days ("I like to take random things from around my house and stick them in my ass. Knives, Ketchup Bottles, Power Tools."), she can be surprisingly guarded about more mundane subjects. On the matter of her relationships, she hesitantly reveals she's in one, but "doesn't like to talk about it in the press."

We decided to begin our time with her by tackling the most controversial subject: her height.

BOX: So, you're the second-tallest person I've interviewed for Box.

Joanna Angel: But wait, I'm really short!

(In point of fact, Ms. Angel is, by her own account, 4'

11” ‘and 3/4”! ‘ Before you jump to fetish fantasies, we should point out a dwarf is legally 4’ 10” or shorter.)

That’s true. But really you’re only my second interview, and Lady Sovereign is 5’ 1”

Well, thank you. No-one ever uses my name and “tall” in the same sentence.

So how was AVN and Vegas?

Great! I love Vegas. I had so much fun there.

The only strip club I’ve ever been to, believe it or not, is there. Olympic Gardens?

Really? that’s where we had our party for Porny Monster.

Do you find, as far as those industry events go, you’re welcomed and accepted?

Yeah, I am. It’s pretty weird-I mean, I guess it was a little hard at first. A lot of people think, because of the type of porn I make, that I’m against mainstream porn or trying to take over. But I’m just kind of doing my thing, and everybody’s been really supportive. I mean, you can’t exactly work in an industry where you don’t want to be friends with anybody, you know?

Obviously there’s been some weirdness, and some people get competitive. I notice the more successful you get, the more competitive people get with you, and the more people kind of try to push you down. But for the most part I’ve got a lot of friends that are directors, friends that are performers, friends that work in projecting company offices and file the papers and whatnot.

I think everyone’s been pretty welcoming to me. At first it was a little bit hard, because we were doing Burning Angel, and then we made Joanna’s Angels, our first movie for Hustler, and it got a lot of attention. People really loved it.

Well, it was really good.

Oh, you liked it?

Yeah. I do a lot of porn reviews, and honestly yours are the only ones worth writing about.

Have you seen Joanna Angel’s Guide To Humping?

Yes I have. The review is in this issue, actually.

Did you like it?

I did. Now that I live in NYC I tried to identify some of the exterior shots in the hopes of working myself into a cameo.

Maybe in the next one...

How was the Porny Monster Party?

Great. James St. James (one of the club kids featured in Party Monster)and I co-hosted our Porny Monster party. I actually heard Seth Green wants a copy. It was fun! It was at a gay bar. It’s really funny to have a party at a gay bar.

That’s the only place to have a porn party, I think.

Me too! Because it’s not creepy.

How’s the internet? Is it still useful for promotion?

I think it’s very useful.

I ask because it seems like sites like MySpace [are] reaching this saturation point.

It’s true, but I don’t know. It still helps. I think if you put effort into doing anything, it’ll work. You really need to spend all day on the internet, hitting message boards, hitting MySpace. It helps to a lot more if you have other people doing that kind of marketing. And it also helps if what you’re promoting is actually interesting. You can do a lot of viral stuff on the internet.

It’s a good place to start, to see what sticks. You can track everything, who’s looking at the site, where

they are, what they want, what they’re doing. And you can use that information to do more strategic things offline.

You’re sounding like Malcolm Gladwell.

Well, I read a lot. I’ve been reading the Starbucks’ book, on how the corporation started, and I know it sounds really dorky, but it actually is a really valuable book. I think anyone starting their business should read it.

I mean, Starbucks may be evil and stuff, but it’s a very efficiently run company that was started from nothing. But all their employees get health benefits, and people are treated well.

And they make money selling a ubiquitous product!

Yeah! They make money selling coffee, you know? Which is available everywhere! And it doesn’t even taste good! And it makes a lot of money.

You’re pretty smart.

Thanks! I actually just got turned down to be on Howard Stern because I’m too smart. I have the letter, it’s pretty funny.

Do you find the limits of DVD porn constraining? I know your contract with VCA is up in March...

Actually, it might be up today. I think they might fire me in 2 hours.

How do you feel about like that?

I’m alright. I’m good. I’m going to take it like a man.

Yeah, take it like a man. Take it standing up.

I’ve had a lot of fun with them. It’s been an interesting ride. They gave me a chance when they probably shouldn’t have, when I didn’t know what I was doing. I mean, you saw Joanna’s Angels, you saw the nice finished product. But you have no idea how bad it

was. Our QC Report [a document in film production that calls out errors in the production] was 10 pages! And they were writing small! Joanna Angel’s Guide to Humping was 1/2 a page. Porny Monster didn’t have a single error. We were used to making porn for BurningAngel.com, so we’d leave cords in the background and mikes in the shot. We didn’t realize what it took to make a professional looking movie.

It’s a fine line between punk and sloppy.

Yeah. Joanna’s Angels was supposed to be a movie movie. A clip on Burning Angel of people fucking in a living room is OK if someone walks in a shot. It’s actually better. Some people complain that our stuff doesn’t look as sloppy anymore, so I find myself doing stuff on purpose.

What do you want to do next?

I don’t know. I don’t want to say. I’m selling myself to the highest bidder.

I’ll let all my friends know.

The problem I’ve had with porn, even some of the stuff you’ve done with VCA is there’s a formula to porn. There’s a formula to sex scenes, a formula to the film. Do you see that being challenged?

Well I usually just put two people together, and tell them fuck. A lot of times when people are having sex, they like to make out for a little bit, give a blowjob, then start having sex. Sometimes a guy likes to go down on a girl, sometimes he doesn’t. Which I think is pretty accurate to people have sex in real life.

I mean, I’ve done scenes where the people start of fucking, and the blowjob comes later, but those scenes are a little more rough, a little more intense. A lot of girls don’t like that, they don’t like getting thrown down and fucked right away.

Do you write all of your movies?

I write all of them. Parts are ad-libbed, I don’t write



every single line, but I tell them what to do and they run with it.

Sometimes I find myself laughing at a scene while still being turned on.

Yeah, Adam Corrola actually complained about that. He said he didn't want to laugh while he's jerking off. Some people don't want that, but I don't know, I think people always wanna laugh.

Can't Tommy (Pistol) and James (Deen) kiss in just one scene?

I wish. That's not going to happen for a really long time. There is bisexual porn, but most actors in straight porn won't be in bisexual porn. People are scared...It's a little bit segregated.

Is that an industry thing?

Sadly, it's an STD thing, more than anything else. People in the industry are more scared of STDs than being perceived as gay. And a lot of porn viewers aren't ready for it. You take a risk - there's a chance that if someone's watching a porn that all of a sudden shows two guys making out for a second, they might stop watching and throw the porn away. Most people trying to sell the movie won't risk that. I don't want to risk that, either.

I mean, we definitely try some stuff in our movies that's a bit homoerotic. Tommy (Pistol) wears a dress in Porny Monster for an entire scene.

I definitely have to see that.

I wanted to ask you about evolution: There's a theory called Punk Eek, or Punctuated Equilibrium, which is the idea that most evolutionary processes are long periods of stasis punctuated by spikes of massive evolutionary change. I think that the whole alt-porn movement you helped found is one of these spike moments in porn's evolution, breaking

it out of its stagnancy. I was just wondering what you thought the next big event would be, or what would you want it to be...?

I don't know. There's a lot of companies coming out with weird things where a girl can be doing a webcam show, and you can have a remote control, and you can touch her remotely...I think things like that are going to happen in porn, I think interaction is the next step.

Are you looking forward to being part of that?

No.

No?

I don't know. I just want to keep making funny porn. If that stuff becomes necessary in porn, you know, I'll find a way to make it in a movie that's funny.

On the grand scale, you've talked about bringing the porn industry back to New York...is that still part of the plan?

I don't know...I'll see where the world takes me. Right now I really like warm weather.

Are you still having fun?

I'm having a great time.





I CALL MY FATHER, TELL HIM I'LL BE COMING HOME TONIGHT, TELL HIM NOT TO WORRY—AND THEN I TAKE ACID.

Illustration by Maura Murnane

I have the best intentions. I call my father, tell him I'll be coming home tonight, tell him not to worry—and then I take acid.

The guy in the piazza tells us it is “proprio fresco.” As soon as we enter the train station a few minutes later, I understand what he means: a metallic taste forms in the back of my mouth, reminding me of blood. Spiniferous sensations pass over my body and I begin to laugh hysterically.

The grumble and bright lights of the oncoming train overtake all of my senses in a powerful whoosh of air. Led through the train door, I strain to lean back before it can shut, marveling as the tunnel rotates around me in a kaleidoscope of patterns and colors. Seconds split, emotions rise and fall as I dance back and forth on the border of sanity. And then we were off, up, and out of our minds. It has only been 15 minutes.

We get off the train in Pozzuoli and step onto the sidewalk. I freeze in fear at the rushing lights of oncoming traffic. Someone leads me by the hand to the square where we are supposed to meet our friends.

The hordes of people packed into the piazza look like wild creatures

lurking in a dark, tropical jungle. Shadows dance across faces in a startlingly sinister way and I find that I cannot understand anything. Frightened by the growls of hungry tigers, I rush out of the chaos muttering to my friends about the madness we have just witnessed. I get halfway back to the train station before I realize that I am alone, talking to the voices in my head. Amused by the trick my mind has played on me, I confidently return to the piazza, assuring myself that I will not get the better of myself again.

I find my friends sitting beneath the squat palm tree that even when I'm sober looks like a giant pineapple. The usual people are in the mix, and I feel drawn to no one—until I see my friend Melissa sitting alone with what appears to be a miniature Sesame Street Doll. It is Bert! And I love him. I sit beside her and begin to play with the doll, seamlessly becoming the child whose loss I have mourned all through adolescence. Though my seventeen-year-old self is somewhat conscious of the transformation, it feels no shame and I play with Melissa and Bert freely. “Oh,” I exclaim, “what happiness!”

A few moments later, Melissa and I are making a pact in all seriousness. We will never destroy the bridge that has reconnected

us to our spirit. If it takes acid to get there, so be it. We will use it as needed, every weekend, every day, whenever. It is essential to recognizing the value in life. I pronounce it as important as education, as necessary as arithmetic. I will campaign to put it in school lunches. I will find a way to tap the water supply so that everyone can know. I will...

A phone rings. I answer. “Hello?” (There are voices coming through the phone, my father, I'm responding...I don't know how.) “Yes, I'll be home tonight. I'm bringing my friend Melissa.” The strangeness of talking to my father in such a moment leaves me a little ruffled.

Melissa and I begin to talk. We don't stop. I have never talked like this before. Our mouths move incessantly, our excitement never peaks, our secrets no longer frighten us. We aren't high, we are alive: keen, perspicacious, clairvoyant. Our conversation begins with the individual, moves to humanity, touches the universe.

As our mouths travel miles, a chariot named Fiat carries us without question or demand, from one delight to the next... We go down by the bay and pass the Egg Castle. Horns honk, lights swirl, we move up a hill and reach a lookout

Everything and everyone exists only to be observed by us. We sit above and view the people below as animals, as ants, and we are gods. Explosions go off across the sky and I know that life can be understood entirely by me.

on top of the bay, across from Vesuvius. We imagine it erupts. We pretend to be petrified. I see the sky above me and confuse it for the ocean below me. Up, up, up. I leave the car to pee on the side of the road. I pee all over my legs and Melissa laughs. Out of the car, a hike through the woods, and we land in an ancient amphitheater. We jump from one tier to the next and run in circles. A fire burns in the center, beckoning us to come close. Friends and strangers dance to music, drink, and leave us alone. It's like we're invisible. Everything and everyone exists only to be observed by us. We sit above and view the people below as animals, as ants, and we are gods. Explosions go off across the sky and I know that life can be understood entirely by me.

Just before dawn we take the train to the city. Everyone else is tired, they go home. We arrive in the city and it is morning. Bulbous nosed fishmongers are setting up their stands. Short, hunched hens cackle and call to us, questioning our foreign presence at such an early hour, offering us their goods.

My father calls yet again. He is angry, I apologize, but really, what can I say at this point? I tell him, "I had the best intentions." He hangs up. Feeling somewhat guilty, I buy the family a bouquet of wild flowers at the market. That should smooth things over.

Flowers in hand, we make our way to the church in Piazza del Gesu. It is built with stones that are shaped in points to ward off evil. We do not feel evil, so we enter. At the altar Mary points a massive cobalt sphere to the heavens. Our feet echo as we hear the whispering of sins. Spooked, I bolt outside and Melissa follows. We make our way down to the water.

Sitting on the one patch of luxurious grass in all of Naples, we talk calmly, about our reality. Melissa tells me terrible things about her life and I realize that mine isn't so bad. An angry Neapolitan scolds us for sitting in the grass, asks us if we think we're at home. Like I said, it's the only nice grass in the city, and it's almost sacrilege to enjoy it.

Finally, in the afternoon, we make our way home. Melissa sees someone she knows and we ride to my parco in a convertible. They drop me off at the gate and I begin to climb the hill to my house, just as my parents are rounding the bend in the station wagon. They stop. They stare. I look down at myself and I am completely disheveled, filthy from playing outside all night. I put forth the bouquet, which by now is wilted and sad. My mother sighs and I elude their questions. They drive away and act as if they are writing me off. I make my way home and collapse in bed. Everything is wonderful. -L.H.

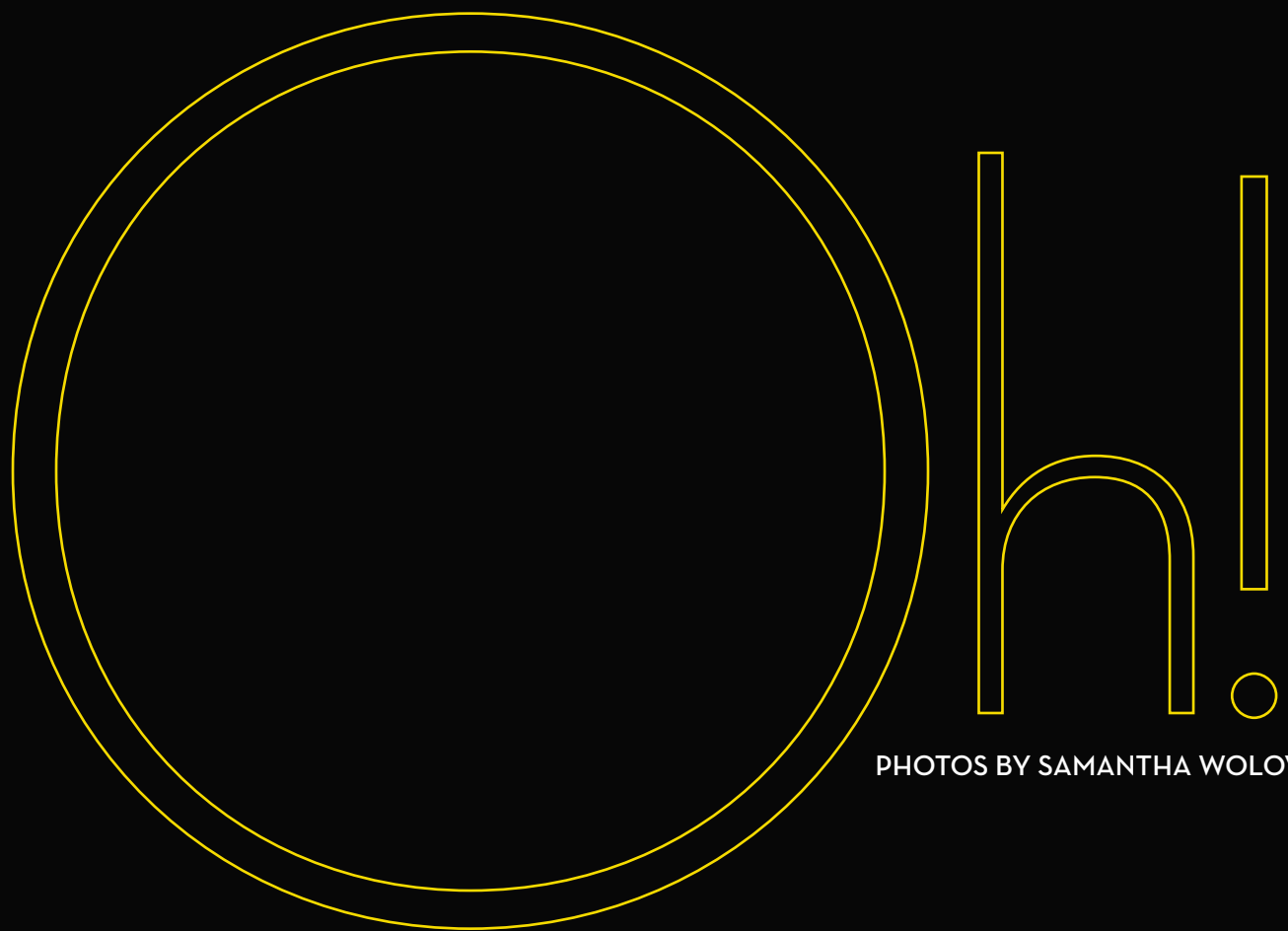


**CELEBRATE THE SUMMER OF PLAY
(CLICK THE RED DOT TO PLAY)**



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SAMANTHA WOLOV



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STEAL
THIS
PICTURE

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JOCKS



THIS PAGE AND OPPOSITE: PHOTOS
BY NATASHA PAPADOPOULOU



THIS PAGE AND OPPOSITE:
PHOTOS BY DEUCE LA COCK





THIS PAGE AND OPPOSITE: PHOTOS
BY SAMANTHA WOLOV



BUTT

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FANTASTIC HOMOSEXUALS BEHIND THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS GAY MAGAZINE

BY HEATHER RILEY
Photos Courtesy TASCHEN



Illustration by Maura Murnane

When Jop van Bennekom and Gert Jonkers started BUTT Magazine five years ago, something completely different was born. Here was a magazine from the gay world that wasn't just reviews of the latest Bette Midler CD, didn't have day-glo colors on the cover and actually had interviews you wanted to read. Collette in Paris sold out in one day, ordering more immediately.

The little pink magazine was even written up by indie powerhouses I-D and Dazed and Confused. In the five years since, Gert and Jop have released 18 issues featuring conversational interviews with everyone from a janitor to Michael Stipe. Stephin Merritt, Helmut Lang and Terry Richardson are just a few on a long list of past contributors—a roster that reads like the most exclusive of guest lists. Every issue has sold out completely.

Gert and Jop are busy men. In addition to the regular issues of BUTT, they put out Fantastic Man, a fashion mag for the discerning gentleman. As Gert puts it, “we make one magazine about undressing and we thought it would be fun to make a completely different magazine about dressing up.”

Their office employs only one other person, and the trio handles everything from daily e-mails to

distribution, design to interviews and whatever pops up in between. After fielding an enormous volume of e-mail regarding past issues, and needing a few more reasons to throw parties, Gert and Jop decided to put out a collection of their early issues. With the

help of their good friend and regular contributor, Wolfgang Tillman, the BUTT boys were put in contact with art book mogul Benedikt Taschen, who loved the book. The rest, of course, is history. I called up Gert and Jop last November to talk about their new book, shit spaghetti and, of course, their favorite part of the male body.

Box: How did you guys come up with the idea for BUTT?

Jop: Um, maybe little a bit from our experience of doing it, but other giant magazines. Because we felt...a necessity to do something we both find really interesting. So from the very beginning...the project was really meant to

be what we both felt was really necessary. You know what I mean? It didn't start as a business enterprise, it didn't start as a gay magazine. It started with the idea “wouldn't it be interesting to have, to publish, all the interesting conversations we have with people around us into a magazine? And wouldn't it be nice to make a magazine that is a gay magazine but would represent us instead of the other?” It's almost how it felt like five years ago...I mean us, and we, and our



Gert Jonkers and Jop van Bennekom, Editors of BUTT Magazine. Photo by Andreas Larsson

group of friends and the people we, you know, work with, the people we would like to work with, so... it was how it started. We wanted to make a magazine we were dying to read ourselves.

I think that's how all the best magazines start, actually.

J: Right, yeah yeah.

Gert: Why doesn't everybody do it then? That's kind of curious, isn't it?

People get scared and it's so much work, you know. I mean a lot of people do the zines, which are actually the same kind of format as BUTT, but they're all made at Copy Center or Kinkos, you know, and not very well put together and nobody wants to read it. But I think that, you know, it's the same thing with blogs, too, in a sense. You know, people are trying to say things that they want to read, I think. Does that make sense?

G & J: Yeah. Absolutely.

G: No, it's true. From the experience of working with a publisher, and working with marketing assholes and like everything, it's like you're sort of stuck into a formula that you really don't want to do, and then one day you think, "Why don't we actually make a magazine that we do want to make?" That's literally the reason.

As a magazine, BUTT is totally refreshing. Jop tells me the layout came about after months of work. Finally, they came up with the small pink magazine. "I wouldn't say it's so fantastic," he told me modestly, "but it's extremely generic, and because it's generic and works it seems a bit vain...to change that and become also a design vehicle." However, it's hard not to admire how beautiful each issue looks, on its own or compiled in the anthology. It's bold and without pretense. The name, too, speaks volumes about who Gert and Jop are, and what their intentions were for the magazine.

How did you come up with the name for BUTT?

G: What is the best part of the male body?

J: Exactly. And it's a great word. It really puts a smile on your face, which I think is important. Also, immediately it's kinda sexy, you know, but it's also ridiculous, it's silly, kinda ironic. And also, in Dutch, people say "butt" for things like they use an English word, like "I had a butt night." Like, "oh it was a terrible night." There's something kind of negative about it.

G: Negative but silly.

J: It's slightly tongue in cheek and it, in a word, came together a lot of the things we thought a magazine should be. So...

G: One thing we really didn't want is that kind of extreme seriousness about sex which the gay scene tends to have sometimes. I mean not in... I mean I love drag queens and comedy nights and cruising, but especially if you go to... I mean, everywhere in mainland Europe...cruising is such an extremely serious business. And everybody's trying to look as serious as possible, which I don't understand. It's kind of good to have a laugh about sex.

Well, it should be fun.

J: Exactly. It is fun.

G: It should be fun, why be serious about it?

I think so many people get caught up in, "I want him to really like me" "I need to look better than everybody else," yet when you try to do it, everyone knows you're faking it...

J: It's like performing. In the club, you're performing when you go home with someone. There's a lot of pressure. I think there's a lot of pressure on a lot of people. And I think we wanted to make something that's not about keeping up appearances. It's almost about being uncool.

Almost. You're too cool for that. That's part of what makes it cool.

J: That's probably it. I mean, we love to interview farmers and accountants and people who, you know...

G: Garbage men.



Lernert, a model in BUTT Numer 1, reclaims the skinhead-fag imagery ripped off by David Beckham in an *Arena Homme* shoot displayed on the wall behind him. Photo By Jop Van Bennekom

J: People who are not, for instance, cool.

Not necessarily the peacock.

J: What's the peacock?

The people who are always showboating, who are like "I'm the best in the world."

J: We also have them sometimes—if they're ridiculous enough. There's always people who have a story to tell, you know. I love drag queens, to talk with them, and to me it's emotional, to me they cut off with their act.

G: Drag queens are exactly keeping up an experience anyway. That's what it's all about. Sometimes, you're on a night out and everybody's so extremely boring that you sometimes think, "Well, I'm dying for a drag queen."

Haha.

G: For the magazine we're not really looking for people who just invent the blah blah story. We're so much more interested in what's deep inside them.

While in the world of magazines BUTT may be considered a small run publication, it's a massive undertaking for just two people. How do they do it?

[It's] interesting that you only print twelve thousand, right?

J: Fifteen, right now.

Fifteen? Do you plan on going higher?

J: Well, it's just that, every issue we sell...we basically do everything ourselves. We also do the distribution. We almost know exactly who buys every issue...we set up our distribution so we always sell out. So we just print as much as needed. But of course we would love to go higher.

Do you think that would change the magazine?

G: No.

J: No, because, of course... it's kind of good to do our distribution ourselves because... Well, it's not good. I mean it's a drag, of course. All those issues and boxes, but then again it's better than all those issues just disappearing to distribution networks...We also

know that story, so it's thankful that a shop orders 50 and always sells out. That's a good feeling as well.

G: But also, I mean, if the circulation would grow, there's no reason to, I wouldn't know why the magazine would change because we never thought about decisions like that anyway. It's never been like, "oh let's do this so we will sell more." Or, "Let's not do this because it will offend people."...I think every issue that we've made is really the issue we want to make at that point. And of course, I mean, it's part of our idea of the magazine, that there is somebody super-famous next to somebody completely unknown; or somebody old next to somebody young. But it's not like we say we can't go to print because we don't have a celebrity yet.

HAHA!

G: I guess having celebrities in the magazine like Michael Stipe or like Marc Jacobs, or like Rufus Wainwright sometimes helps the magazine sell as much as it sells, but it's still...it's never been the reason to feature those people because of that.

I also don't think that's why people buy your magazine, you know. It's definitely...I think people are tapped into your sort of idea of living. So I feel like there's almost this sort of BUTT lifestyle going on, too.

G: Yeah, although we've always sort of shunned away from that word, "lifestyle." But it's true. There's definitely a BUTT lifestyle.

I mean... like you were saying earlier, it's not a gay lifestyle at all, it's just how you choose to live your life, and I think that's sort of kept you from being pigeon-holed as a gay magazine.

G: It's a lifestyle that isn't really attached to the product. Which...the word for lifestyle usually stands for a certain type of product you can buy.

J: But maybe it could stand for a set of values. Maybe our lifestyle...

G: Yeah, I hope it does.

J: You see almost with the whole pornification of the gay world, you can always see how it gets into

the language that people use. And the way they're changing sex, for instance. I think we bring a little of another kind of language which is a little bit more witty, a little bit more secure and honest about things.

BUTT manages to find some of the most interesting people in the world to interview. In addition to conversations with the crème de la crème of gay culture, they often publish articles with almost completely unknown, but no less unique or interesting, people. I had to know how they found them.

What do you think makes somebody, I mean I know there are many answers to this question, but what do you think makes somebody a good interview for BUTT?

G: Well, they have to be

gay, but that doesn't make them... that's kinda the starting point. We don't really discuss a lot of gay issues, but the starting point is that they're gay and they're men. And then, I don't know. There's the obvious things, like someone has to be kinda vocal, because if they can't talk it's kind of hard to interview them. And then people have to be interesting, but it really depends also on the interviewer.

J: What is interesting? I mean it's really difficult... We



Fashion designer, Bernahard Wilhelm from BUTT Number 1, irons nothing in holey briefs. Photo by Wolfgang Tillmans

had an interview about this last week. And the more I talk about it, the dumber it gets.

Hahaha.

G: It really depends on who interviews. Because it all comes back to being intrigued by somebody. Because sometimes people say, "Oh I have this friend, he's the perfect BUTT interview for you and you have to meet him." And then when we meet that person, you think, well, why? Why is this person interesting? Somebody else may have the perfect click with it, and the perfect intrigue, and have ten thousand questions to ask. I mean it really depends on the chemistry between the interviewer and interviewee. I mean we hardly ever commission people to do something. You know, if I'm interested in Gore Vidal, I probably wouldn't

ask you to interview Gore Vidal, because I don't know if you're interested in Gore Vidal. See what I mean?

Yeah, I know. It's like trying to set somebody up on a blind date.

G: Exactly!

Oh, you'll love them!

G: Why don't you go on a blind date...

Yeah, it never works out.

J: But that's how most magazines work anyway.

With BUTT, there's always a sense of spontaneity.

J: I also know for the best interview, you meet somebody and you say, "oh can we meet tomorrow and I'll bring my tape recorder." There's not a lot of planning behind it. It's just, let's meet again tomorrow. Let's do the conversation.

In its Summer 2005 issue, BUTT published an article that sort of changed my life forever. The interview shocked me and made me understand in many ways that, in terms of sexuality, it really is "whatever floats your boat." The appropriately titled "Disgusting Interview with a Toilet Cleaner," highlighted a conversation with a young German with a very special recipe.

Have you ever had shit spaghetti? I have to ask.

G: Shit spaghetti?

Shit spaghetti.

J: Oh, that's what you're referring to...but no. We were also, ourselves, pretty disgusted by that. But really we thought, "Should we publish that?"

G: That was definitely the most disgusting story we've ever published.

J: Lots of people were shocked by it, but also...I never heard anybody being offended, but it was ridiculous. We had to ask the writer, "Is this true?" You know, for Christ's sake.

G: Can we get proof?

J: You know, and it's true...He was serious. The guy has no sense of humor.

G: So no, we didn't have shit spaghetti. I never had a wank sandwich either.

It's the only thing I've ever read where I've been like, "oh my god! That's not right."

J: That's not right at all. I've also...when I think about it now I get a little bit nauseous, or something.

G: There's that. And wasn't it your interview with Matmos that I find so offensive? How they make music to that fisting movie and they described that

whole movie. That was kind of... not really up my alley. That was sort of graphic. The two graphic moments. **It's funny that it's things like that. But everybody feels the same way. Everybody is like "NO!"**

J: That's a good thing though, if you can say to yourself "this is too disgusting to publish." We publish more stories and more things that we are not into ourselves. But it's interesting when someone speaks and everyone has the same kind of experience of complete disgust.

G: It's one of those things you can hardly believe.

Such as?

G: I don't know... I think everyone has a dark side in that.

What's your dark side?

G: I don't know.

I don't think anyone knows really.

G: It kind of becomes a bit boring if people speak out to what it is. Because then it becomes some sort of a trademark fetish. It doesn't have to be.

It's personal.

G: Exactly.

J: Also, not everybody has a dark side... lots of people have just preferences.

G: Yeah, but, I'm not saying it's a dark side. You'd be surprised at how suddenly somebody has a very submissive side or a very sort of dominant side, which wouldn't come across in normal life.

It's always the people you least expect, too. I guess it's probably why. It's always the person who is always shouting the most, they're the ones that end up being submissive.

G: That's why I'm kind of into plain guys... I always fantasize that somebody not so outspoken in real life sort of explodes in bed. That's the fantasy you have. And somebody who is too explosive already can only be a disappointment.

J: That's sexy, when people are different than you expect them to be. Because a leatherman, you see them and you maybe expect a certain kind of sex, a certain kind of treatment, so to speak.

G: A certain kind of room where it's supposed to happen.

J: And finally it's all set up and it's boring as well...I recently had sex with this really young guy who was into really kind of dirty kind of sex, which I'm not really into, but I was completely surprised because he almost took me on a trip of his own personal preferences. Which I think is really interesting, especially with someone who is 21.

And I'm 36, you know. So those kinds of surprises are really nice. I think that's what makes sex exciting and fun.

So, a friend of mine really loves BUTT and wanted to know if he had a chance with the editors.

What kind of men you're into?

G: I think I'm into extremely normal men.

J: I don't know, what is a normal man?

G: What is a normal man? I'm kind of in to normal bodies, as opposed to... I mean I find gym bodies extremely awful. Like if somebody has a six-pack, I'm so turned off, I can't even tell you...there's a certain blandness I like about people.

Sort of an anonymous...

G: Yeah, I would say anonymous. Cute, of course, but that sort of speaks for itself.

With a big butt?

G: Um...

I'm teasing.

G: A bit of a good butt isn't bad.

J: Oh, my...

[Gert and Jop talk over each other and laugh. Clearly, Jop has a type.]

J: What am I into? I like... I do have a kind of a type. Which is a more Mediterranean type...I like guys that are always like guys. Kinda masculine. That's not a surprise, of course, if you're gay. But a little bit butch, but they have a very good sense of humor. And very sweet. I was kind of fond of Mediterranean teddy bears, really my type of guy. Like really sweet but

also kind of butch, in a way. It sounds ridiculous, but I do have a body type.

G: Yeah, you like stocky.

J: I kinda like bit chunky... how do you say that?

Chubby?

J: Not chubby, more like stocky... in America. In America there's a lot of guys with this kind of very good physique...this kind of, like, everything is kind of big on them. You never see such... so much thick neck, for instance, in America as you do in Europe.

There are more thick necks there?

J: There are more thick necks. I always think that that's because people in high school and college do so much sports [in America], that's why. At least more than in Europe. That they have a little more muscle on them. And they become almost more...A lot of guys in America, I think, have more masculine bodies. Um, so, yeah...I think I like men.

You think? You're not sure?

J: Yeah, just man.

J: I don't want it to be some sort of butch cliché, or some kind of clone, or something. It's very sexy when people are not, you know, they're not only the cliché they represent. Or there's more to what meets the eye.

Unfortunately, it was well past the end of their workday. It was time for them to start their nights and me to start my day. But one more question.

What do you intend to do with the magazine over the next few years? Just keep going on the way it's been going?

J: It's a really boring answer, but the answer is, yes. Just carry on what we are doing. There's so many people to talk with, so many sexy guys to shoot, so [many] people to meet.

A Pelt of One's Own

PHOTOS BY COLLEEN DURKIN











A CHINK IN THE CHAIN, AND OTHER STUMBLES ON THE RACETRACK

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY KATIE AKANA

Illustration by Maura Murnane



TWO UNWITTING MAKE-OVER RECIPIENTS GOT MORE THAN THEY BAR-GAINED FOR, WHEN THEY CROSSED THE WRONG CHINESE MAKEUP ARTIST.

*“Me Chinese, me make
joke, me go pee-pee in your
Coke!”*

- OLD PLAYGROUND PROVERB

Let’s just say I did a bad thing in Los Angeles. And while I’m not particularly proud of my actions, I can’t say I’d never do it again. As I’m sure we all know, there’s that old Confucian saying that goes, “Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two graves.” Ah so. Obviously, Confucius never did event marketing.

But first, a little history as to how I came to do these aforementioned bad things... For a year and a half, I was the featured make-up artist for a promotional company. Myself and my two managers, Brendan and Shannon, traveled all over the United States 11 months of the year in a 1978 London Double Decker Bus giving free makeovers at Walmarts. I know.

The general procedure for such makeovers is as follows: a person, usually a woman, usually a mother, usually suffering from physical maladies ranging from chronic obesity to facial psoriasis to club feet espies our giant bus parked next to the store. She is confused by this sight, doubly so by the gouts of house music pumping out of the giant speakers flanking said bus. She climbs aboard, marveling at the steering wheel

on the “wrong” side, and reads the sign directing her to begin her makeover upstairs. She then inquires as to where to start said makeover. I direct her upstairs. Once up said stairs, Shannon takes her picture with a digital camera that automatically loads into the bus’ computer system. This woman is then directed to one of three kiosks where she can digitally apply virtual make-up to her photo. The idea is that the finished digital look can be replicated in the real world: downstairs, a professional make-up artist, me, applies the colors and styles she has chosen. Can you believe it?!! Technology!

However, the major caveat to all things free is that you get what you pay for; the virtual aspect of our free makeover is problematic indeed. The computer make-up never looks like the real thing, and most of the styles are dated and creepy. At best, people look exactly the same. Often, though, virtual portraits make customers look like forsaken ghouls from Satan’s own bordello. Evil leftovers. Sure, there exists a select few who believe their pictures provide an aesthetic improvement; however most people, after examining their virtual selves, claim to look “cheap”, “insane” or “Chinky.”

It’s hard for me to know how to react when people are feeling Chinky. I am half Chinese, so as far as I’m concerned, I’m the only one on the bus who should be complaining. And yet, there is no shortage of Black, White, and Latina women whose gripe is that their portraits look Chinky. Huh. How about that? They articulate this within earshot, and when I turn around, the self-ascribed Chink in question invariably smiles at me and asks if her face is an oval or a heart. Is blue eye-shadow really a “don’t”? I am never associated with the Chinkiness they so disdain. What do you say to that? If I was all, “Hey, that’s a fucked up thing to say,” the subsequent makeover would be an awkward experience of extended apologies and moist fingertips worrying t-shirt hems.

I would pity the accidental ignorance of my hopeless customer. And I don’t want this. If you’re the kind of person who’s comfortable slinging around racial slurs like so many fistfuls of monkey shit, I just want to just hate you and leave it at that. Calling attention to the issue is pointless - I might as well explain race relations to a ham sandwich.

So, yeah, there we were in Los Angeles, swamped with customers. People were pouring into the bus like ants, like greedy roaches, and I was sweating, trying to keep up. But busy as we were, I suddenly sensed the very tangible change in otherwise convivial atmosphere. Women like to chat with each other when they’re waiting to get their make-up done. Mostly, the conversation consists of corny gripes over weight gained, new wrinkles discovered, and the onslaught of adult acne. “She’s really gonna have a time with me!”, “Gosh, I hope she has power tools!” Cue elbow jab to neighbor. Cue nervous twittering. It’s the kind of jovial self-deprecation that begs to be contradicted. One voice, however, bullied its way through the natter, hogging the spotlight, paying no mind to anyone else’s personal space.

“Hey, this is some bus, don’t you think? When I woke up this morning, I knew that something cool was gonna go down, and I said to myself, ‘Jan, you gotta go for it! You’ve got the goods, and there’s something out there just waiting for you!’ I was just gonna get a box of tampons from the Walmart! Fuckin’ A, that’s the power of positive thinking for you.”

I felt the bus sag. It’s cramped quarters for that kind of maniacal energy, and everyone was immediately exhausted with this woman’s disturbing enthusiasm. People began shifting in their seats uncomfortably, clearing their throats in claustrophobic agitation. I heard paper being snatched. “Hey! You look great! I think these colors are perfect for you!” chirped Jan.

“Oh, I don’t know. I just look so fat”, said another woman sheepishly.

“Nah, you look awesome!”

“Um, but I don’t think this eyeliner is right for me. It makes my eyes look kind small, you know?”

“Get out of here!” shouted Jan. “Your eyes look fine! They don’t look Chinky or nothin’!”

I turned around, ready to lay into Jan for her epic stupidity, but was caught unprepared. Jan was a sad sort of a specimen. Thick in both the shoulders and abdomen, her whole body, like her jeans, tapered abruptly below the calves. She had tiny feet, piglet tiny, wee hooves that barely reached the floor. Her entire outfit was acid-washed denim, every pleat filled to bursting. Just behind her bangs, sunglasses balanced unsteadily against a gold lamé scrunchie from which burst a fountain of Ramen perm. I wanted to hate Jan, but she sucked too much. This was obvious to everyone.

The shame-faced woman next to her was well aware of the fact that she didn’t look Chinky. Everyone on the bus knew without Jan bringing it to our attention. The woman was Latina, deeply tanned with long brown lashes to her long, naturally wavy hair. She spoke with a soft Spanish accent. Nothing Chinese about that. People say that too, which always makes me feel weird and conflicted. It’s like getting groped in the subway, then turning around to see a retarded kid palming your ass. You can feel angry and violated all you want, but what the hell do you do about it? Chinese. There’s nothing wrong with that. I’m pretty into it, in fact. But the way people say it... It’s like, “I look fat.” “I look stupid.” “I look Chinese.”

The Latina woman looked up at me apologetically. “I’m not with her!” she telepathically communicated.



ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER

She folded her plump hands in her lap and looked at them.

Jan smiled at me, obviously making no connection between Chinky eyes and myself. She had no idea. Again, it’s hard to get mad at people when they don’t know any better, and she was a weak sort of enemy.

I tried to forget about it.

But Jan, stupid, stupid Jan soldiered on. “See, you gotta be nicer to yourself. I heard Oprah

say that the first step to feeling beautiful is telling yourself that you are beautiful. Not Chinky. You don't look Chinky at all! If I thought you looked like a Chink, I'd come out and say it because that's the kind of woman I am, 'cause I tell it like I see it. No sir. You don't look like a Chink at all."

That was about as much straight shooting I was willing to deal with. I told Shannon that I was going to use the restroom, and jumped off the bus to have a cigarette around the back. I hoped that my stalling would make Jan restless, that she would leave. I didn't want to do her make-up. I didn't want to make her prettier. I didn't want anything except for Jan to get sick of waiting on the bus, hop off, then get hit in the parking lot by a Chinese driver. That is what I wanted. But when I got back on the bus, there was Jan, balanced in the makeover seat like some horrible denim-clad ham.

"Hey! We've been waiting for you!" she chided, making exaggerated taps on her wristwatch.

In my head, it was like a scene from a Sergio Leone movie. Hollow footfalls on loose floorboards. Ominous creaks from the rusty hinge of a dilapidated sign. The train is coming!!! Extreme close up of my Chinese eyes, squinting. Cut to: extreme close up of Jan's eyes, also squinting in a way that projects an inner monologue indicating she thinks my eyes are squinting in a Chinky sort of way.

"OK! You've got your work cut out for you, I'll tell you what!" she chuckled, rubbing her meaty paws together in greedy anticipation.

I spritzed brush cleaner on a paper towel and methodically stroked my brushes against it. Back and forth. Wax on, wax off.

"Would you like something more natural, or

something more dramatic?" I asked icily. Mine was the still patience of a coiled snake. Her face, a blank pink canvas. The face of a delicious baby mouse. I was ready to strike, but... I would give her one last chance to make right.

"Oh, I'm gonna go for it, gimme DRAMATIC!!! But don't go all nuts, especially around the eyes."

Oh, how we laughed.

There are about a hundred different ways I could have handled this situation that would have been more poignant, more productive, less passive aggressive and petty. There are ways that I could have got my point across in a direct sort of fashion where Jan would understand the error in her ways, and I would feel like a better person for having taken the time to help someone who was in clear need of some social elucidation. Perhaps Jan, unaware of her racist bullshitting, and would be more careful with her words in the future. However, I'm not a teacher. I am a make-up artist. And because Jan felt free to make joke, I felt perfectly free to pee in her Coke. I started with Jan's eyes, taking my time. Pencil after pencil. A little sparkle shadow. Some blush. More blush. How about a little more blush?

One of the ladies who had been waiting for at least 20 minutes made a big show of checking her watch after watching me work. She was suddenly very late for something important and excused herself from getting a makeover as she hurried out of the bus. Jan shook her head, feeling sorry for her.

"I'm really getting the royal treatment, huh?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"Wow, lipstick on the cheeks, huh?" she said, settling her haunches deep into the plush seat.

"Uh-huh. It's an industry secret." I said.

I continued. One woman after another suddenly remembered that there were kids to be picked up at soccer practice, that there was dinner charring on the stove, that there was hair to be washed. "Maybe some other time," they'd say, and rush like hell out off the bus.

Jan paid no mind, soaking up her special day of pampering, glad she had decided to treat herself to a free makeover.

She opened her eyes and surveyed the empty bus. "Suckers," she said, "they don't know what they're missing."

I think they had a pretty good idea.

Finally finished, I surveyed my handiwork, and, thoroughly satisfied with a job well done, handed Jan the mirror.

A choking sound came from deep within her throat as she clutched for her aviator glasses, mashing them over her eyes. She tried to cover her face first with her hands, then her virtual printout before bolting out of the bus, tearing through the parking lot in a desperate search for her car. Customers steering their overloaded carts dodged her in alarm, looking as she did like some kind of amphetamine luck dragon tarted up for the New Year. I stood at the door of the bus watching her flee, the gold scrunchie atop her head bobbing up and down, catching the remaining glimmer of sunlight like a glorious beacon unto my handiwork.

I hummed a merry little tune as I cleaned my brushes and put away all the products I had used. I disinfected my hands. Tra-la-la. Jan's make-over had cleared the entire bus, so as there was no one

else left downstairs, I went outside to have another smoke.

It was beautifully clear and warm. The day was fading, and the sky was turning from vibrant pink to swollen purple. I watched the smoke from my cigarette curl in the rich bruise of twilight. A Technicolor black eye. How gorgeous. How perfect. I looked out into the vast Walmart parking lot... Man oh man, all those cars just waiting to get caught in LA traffic! Tsk tsk, what a nightmare!! Just a couple miles during rush hour on any Los Angeles freeway can mean, gosh, sometimes hours just sitting in the car, breathing in the exhaust, nothing but time and thoughts to keep a girl company. I took a long, satisfying drag from my cigarette. Yup, that would be plenty of time. Plenty of time for Jan to wonder what would motivate a person to cover her eyes in a greasy rainbow of blue and green eyeliners, extending all the way to her temples. Why were her frosted lips lined in black? Was that really gold glitter on her forehead? Racing stripes? Really? In short, why would I fuck her shit up so goddamn crazy?

These are all questions that Jan would be able to consider on the long drive home, hands white-knuckling the steering wheel, purple brows furrowed in consternation. Thoughts darting hither and thither like scared clown fish in a glittery reef of brain coral. What did she ever do to deserve this? Think, Jan, think! Was it something you said...? But at least there was one load off her mind. One thing she knew for sure. In no way did she look Chinky, not even a little bit, not at all.



THE SWINGING LIFE

BY LOLA LA ROUX
PHOTOS BY ADRIAN BUCKMASTER

IN THE SUMMER OF 2006 WE ASKED LOLA LA ROUX TO EXPLORE THE
WORLD OF NEW YORK CITY SEX CLUBS. THIS IS WHAT SHE FOUND.

I was at a party with some friends on a Saturday night in September, sitting on the roof, having some drinks, and enjoying the company. It was a little windy and a little cold—you could tell the real fall weather wasn't far off—so I was pretty surprised when a woman walked out of the stairwell and onto the roof in nothing but a set of football shoulder pads, cotton panties, and cleats. That my first thought upon seeing her exposed to the elements was to wonder whether she was warm enough is a testament to the anything-goes atmosphere of the party.

It's called Chemistry: "a party of playful abandon, both cosmopolitan and bohemian, where great music, exciting atmosphere, and beautiful, sexy people act as catalysts for a variety of spontaneous reactions—dancing, colorful conversation and intimate connections," according to its website. In fewer words, Chemistry is a sex party. It happens monthly in a loft space in Prospect Heights, Brooklyn, and September's theme was Back to School. Naughty schoolgirls abounded.

When I was assigned this piece, I barely knew sex parties existed—let alone how to find one or what the fuck to do if I ever made it there. Luckily for me, I have friends who had already done some exploring and were more than happy to initiate me. When I

wrote one to ask for tips, she excitedly replied that just the month before, she and her man had attended a party that had been their best experience to date, and it was happening again that coming Saturday. She pointed me to Chemistry's website, where I found a description of the party and a few simple questions to answer in order to be considered for the list.

Chemistry was launched in May of 2006 by SheilaMonster and Kenny Blunt, a committed couple of eight years with "post-post-graduate degrees in multiple New York party scenes." Though they are participants as well as hosts in the sex party scene, neither of the two had been in a non-monogamous relationship before they met. SheilaMonster explains that it wasn't until they got together that they could put what they had been feeling into language. After trying to explore this newfound dimension to their relationship by dabbling in what SheilaMonster calls an "abysmal" scene of "old tired clubs with old tired people" in both San Francisco and New York, she and Kenny Blunt were frustrated by the limits of the swinger lifestyle. (SheilaMonster explains that at that point, she and Kenny Blunt were in their early thirties, while your standard swinger averages a good fifteen years older than that.) That's when they decided to take matters into their own hands

and join a wave of party hosts who were catering to an emerging demographic of sexually explorative people in their twenties and thirties.

New York City has become host to a number of recurring sex parties for the younger crowd, many of which have emerged just since the turn of the millennium. Chemistry is brand new compared to what is probably its most well-known counterpart, One Leg Up NYC (OLU), which was founded in 1999. Run by a woman who goes by the name Palagia, OLU generally caters to a wealthier, more exclusive crowd. It runs three types of events: Side-Dish, Take-Out, and Eat-In Soirees. Side-Dish and Take-Out events happen at bars and clubs in the city and don't involve live play-though at the latter, they encourage "lots of tongue action and getting topless!" OLU's main event, the aptly named Eat-In Soiree, serves guests a full dinner, and everyone is required to strip to their skivvies by 12:30 a.m. My guess is the skivvies don't stay on for long.

What's remarkable is that these days, there are actually choices regarding what kind of sex party you can attend. In addition to parties specifically geared toward live play, which can run the gamut of sexual preference and kink, there are slightly-and I mean slightly-less explicit parties like CAKE (the pro-woman pro-sex website), Motherfucker, and the weekly Rated X: The Panty Party, whose crowds read like studies in the spectrum of human sexuality. But where the latter parties are overflowing with scenesters and photographers from Last Night's Party, parties like OLU have been created in part to eliminate that feeling of being scrutinized.

A common thread that runs through live play parties is a stress on exploration, but not at the expense of safety and comfort. Condoms and drug-free policies are standard issue, and let there be no doubt about it: no means no. At the more hetero-focused parties,

single women are welcome, but a single man must be accompanied by a woman. (SheilaMonster explains that at Chemistry and other live play parties, the lifestyle is motivated by the woman's desire. In other words, the idea is to create a space that is first and foremost comfortable for the female guests, counter to the atmosphere of a lot of clubs and bars in the city). Parties geared toward the gay/lesbian/trans community generally don't allow straight couples to attend. The prevailing philosophy of the scene is that the exploration of human sexuality can only happen in earnest when people are provided with a chance to bring everything out in the open, and that is much less likely to happen when some skeezy dude thinks it's okay to go ahead and caress your inner thigh without asking.

When my boyfriend Z and I arrived with our friends at Chemistry's Back to School party, we were greeted by a beaming woman dressed as the world's hottest Army recruiter. She took our coats and handed me a little black velvet bag that contained condoms, lube, an individually wrapped Summer's Eve feminine cleansing cloth, and a container of Tic Tacs. Whatever nerves I had about being there evaporated as soon as we walked inside, when I realized that all pretense had gone out the window completely. There were no games to play here, no pick-up lines to use or rebuff. Everyone knew why I was here, and I knew why they were here-and that was one hell of a refreshing feeling.

Z and I did much more talking than anything else at our first party, but according to SheilaMonster, that's part of the draw. "The party is about the chemistry between people, not the end result," she says. "Sex is the icing on the cake; it has to be cooked and cooled first." As it happens, there is quite a bit of crossover between the attendees of Chemistry and the local Burning Man community. The result is that many attendees already know one another, and those that



don't can feed off an atmosphere of familiarity that helps calm the nerves.

We spent the first part of the night talking with a woman our friends had met at the previous party, which she had attended with one of the co-creators of a little something called Cuddle Party. Cuddle Party is a self-described "boundary-appropriate workshop and social event for exploring touch, affection, and communication," and it has gained increasing recognition in the press since its inception in 2004. A few other people mentioned Cuddle Parties that night, and I wondered if the crossover was just coincidental. SheilaMonster explains, "We appeal to a particular demographic that's comfortable with sensuality without necessarily reaching the final act of sex. The human heart is a muscle, and it needs to be exercised."

Okay, but when it comes down to it, is the Chemistry experience really as touchy-feely as that all sounds? Not that I could tell. Later that night, Z and I were sitting on a couch, and as we were kissing I caught a glimpse over his shoulder of the silhouette of a man beating off next to one of the beds at the back of the loft. A curtain obscured the rest of the scene he was clearly a part of, but my guess is there wasn't much cuddly about it. People were fucking in the bathroom stalls, going down on one another on the roof, and playing with toys inside a tent. I don't doubt there was communication and respect involved in all of that, but what makes sex parties as hot as they

are is that, in the right environment, those things become second nature and partygoers can spend more time thinking about... other stuff.

The playful environment also has a lot to do with the hosts of a party, whether the attendees realize it or not. "A good chef never sits down and eats a meal with his guests," says SheilaMonster. She and Kenny Blunt make a point of not participating in their own parties so that they can ensure that their guests are taken care of at all times. After all, those little gift bags of condoms and Tic Tacs don't materialize out of thin air, and such things are indicative of the responsibility good hosts demonstrate toward their guests. The hardest thing for SheilaMonster and Blunt? "Watching all our friends get laid."

Even though it has to come at the price of keeping our host and hostess from doin' it, there aren't many things that come close to the experience of being a guest at something like Chemistry. Z and I couldn't keep away from October's party, where we spent part of the evening on one end of a couch, breaking to steal glances at two stunning women and a boy playing together at the other. Later on, as I watched a guy bend his partner over and fuck her against the wall on the roof, I smiled to myself as I remembered that just two months earlier I didn't think there was any place where my watching them would be socially acceptable, let alone encouraged. Now it's just a matter of time before someone attending her first party thinks the same thing while watching me.

PLAY GIRL

PHOTOS BY LEO ZACHARIAS
JEWELRY BY DIRTY LIBRARIAN CHAINS







BY AUTUMN SONNICHSEN

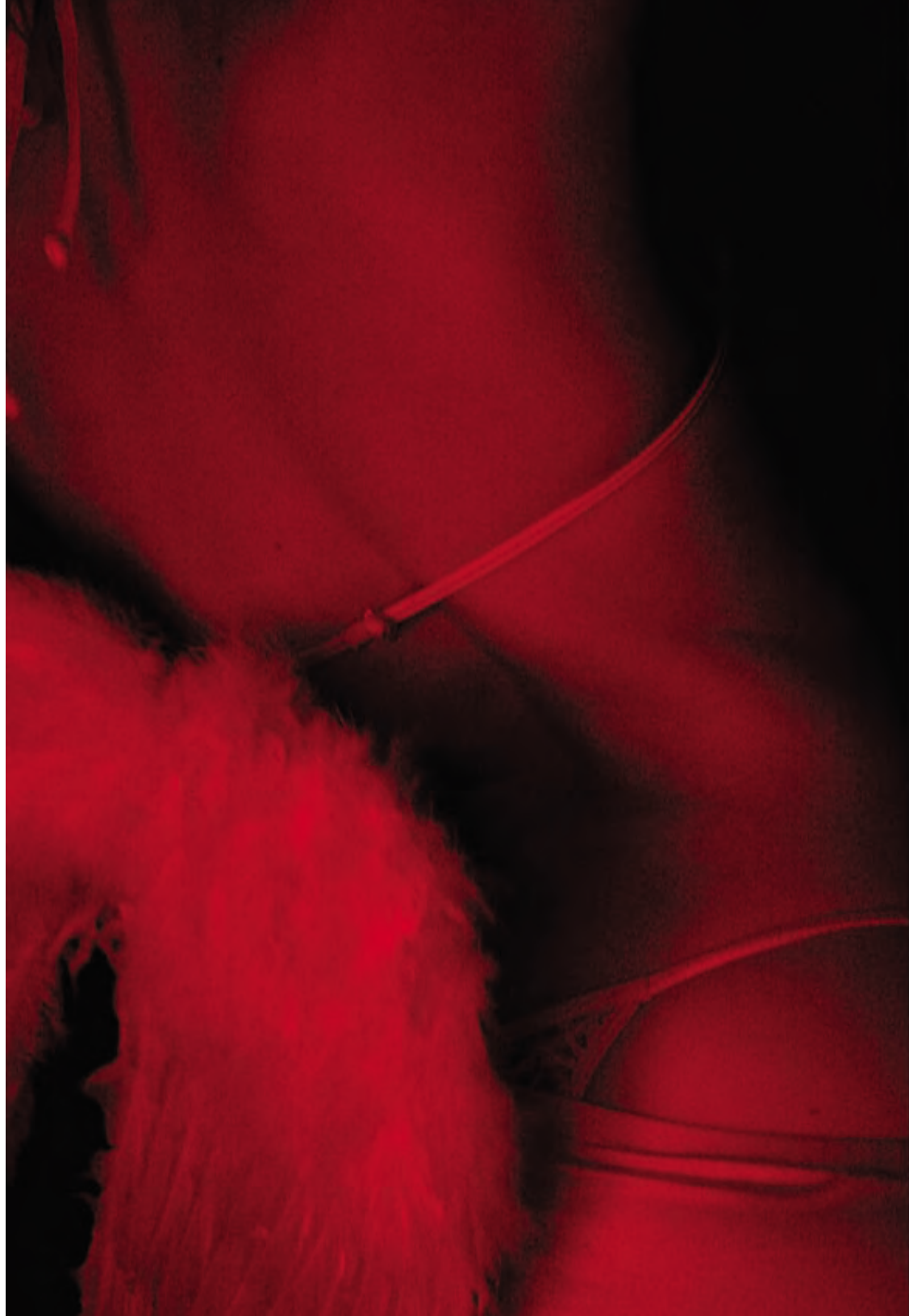
GOOD GIRL BAD GIRL

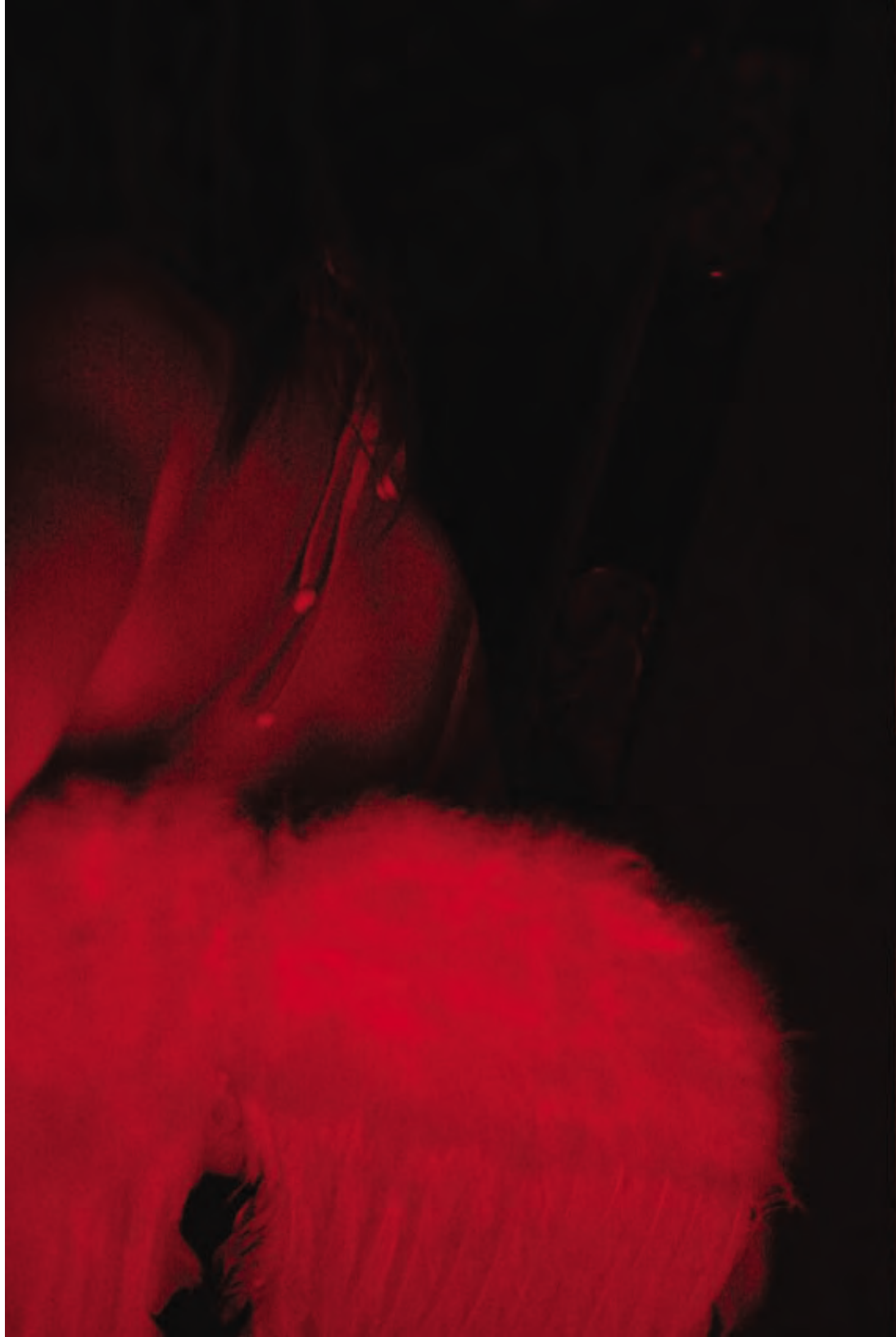














HOW TO: EMBARRASS YOURSELF & YOUR LOVED ONES

BY LAURA BALCH

ILLUSTRATION BY MAURA MURNANE

Spring break. If you've ever been a college student, you know that there are folks to whom this phrase means something very specific, and those to whom it means absolutely nothing. I had always counted myself squarely in the latter category until my junior year of college, when everything changed.

Dana was a freshman in my French class at the University of Texas. The first day of class she saw right through my shy child, eyes glued to the desk routine, and walked over to invite me out for lunch. From that moment on, we were joined at the hip, and nothing ever challenged our friendship of a semester and a half until the week before Spring Break, 2002:

Dana: Oh, my god. I can't believe it! Every girl I invited to South Padre for Spring Break totally bailed! I'm freaked out. I'll be alone with, like, five guys! Do you think you might want to come? It will be super fun!

Me: Right, Dana. No fucking way! Do I look like Spring Break material to you? I don't own a bikini, I've never done a shot out of a test tube and I don't have any money.

Dana: Come on! I really need you to do this for me. We'll have a really good time, and don't worry about the money. My parents will pay for everything.

Me: No.

Dana: Just think about it, OK?

Several days later, I was sitting on a plane in Dallas Love Airport, waiting to be transported to South Padre Island, a bevy of blond-haired, big-breasted, tanning bed-going Texas beauties surrounding me on every side. It was heavenly.

When we arrived, I was shocked. I've never considered myself a prude, but I didn't realize the extent to which Spring Break represented the

complete abandonment of all human decency. You couldn't walk one block down the street without seventeen drunk frat guys telling you how much they would appreciate a blow job. You couldn't go swimming at 4:00 in the afternoon without seeing people fucking on the pool stairs while you did your laps. You couldn't walk out of your bedroom door without someone pouring a shot of coconut rum down your throat. This was debauchery of a kind I had never known.

Despite this, Dana and I were having a pretty fun vacation. True to her word, she was paying for everything. And everything was extravagant. We went jet skiing and bungee jumping, we ate dinner at the nicest restaurants, we inhaled Blizzards from Dairy Queen at an alarming rate, and we went dancing every night.

I was the only person in our group actually of legal drinking age, so although most everyone was drinking all day long, when it came to the clubs, Dana and the rest were screwed. One night, however, when a girl got so drunk she passed out while waiting in line to get into Senor Frog's, Dana managed to get into a club with no underage marks of any kind. This was the night that changed my life forever.

Dana was not normally a drinker, but high on the notion that she could if she wanted to, she headed straight for the buxom brunette selling body shots at the back of the club.

"Midori or tequila, hon?" the waitress asked an excited Dana.

Dana never had either, but the enticing green glow of the melon liquor mesmerized her. Before I could get word out, she was sucking down a shot from a test tube planted squarely in the firm bosom of the waitress. Dana gagged. I did too. And then she

bought me a shot of tequila, which I also drank from the scantily clad fun facilitator's cleavage. No one likes to drink alone.

About an hour later, Dana was totally trashed. She claimed she hadn't had anything to drink other than that one shot of Midori, but who knows. She certainly had a drunken sparkle in her eye when she told me she was planning on signing up for the wet t-shirt contest.

Me: No you're not.

Dana: Yes, I am! This is really important to me! And I need you to do it with me. I can't do it alone!

Me: No.

Dana: Come on, Janie!

Laura: No!

Dana: I'm paying for this whole vacation, and you won't even do this for me!?

Oh shit. Well, she had a point. Dana had the power in her drunk little hands to make the rest of this vacation miserable for me if I didn't do her this one eentsy weentsy favor. What could I do but agree?

Fifteen minutes later we were being herded into a bungalow on the premises, which I suspected had been built for the sole purpose of preparing girls for wet t-shirt contests. The thirty girls who were participating first stripped down to bare breasts. Then, a man and a woman came around and put us in oversized t-shirts. Brandishing a pair of scissors, they made several incisions. First, they cut the t-shirts so our breasts hung ever so slightly out of the bottom. Next, they cut out the neck to about half an inch above nipple level. The sleeves were the next to go, and after, they made a quick cut up the back, so that they could tie us in extra tight. The final step was to reach into our shirts and pull up each supple tit individually so that they burgeoned from the improvised tops just so.

After we were prepped, they paraded us out in a line, across a catwalk, and into a waiting area, where they divided us into heats of 5 girls each. When your heat was up, you walked up the stairs to the catwalk, all the while being sprayed with hoses by frat guys who had, through some unbelievable luck, been afforded this very special honor. At the top of stairs, the music started. My heat danced to "Tootsee Roll."

At the end of the round, the winner was decided by applause, and if it can be believed, my A cups made it to the final round, at the end of which every girl in the line ripped off her rag of a shirt and let her assets fly free. I was the one at the end, clutching my chest with a look of shock and awe gracing my glistening features.

Needless to say, I didn't win. I thought it odd that Dana, who had been so keen to sign up, hadn't made it past the first round, and I had made my uncomfortable way to a line of half-naked women who would no doubt be getting paid \$500 to be photographed for the Playboy Spring Break Edition. And me? I just couldn't wait to get back home.

Life after South Padre was the same as it had always been. It was easy to forget what had taken place there - until people started telling me they "thought" they "may have" seen me on a Girls Gone Wild infomercial. It didn't take long to confirm that everyone was right. Dana and I purchased the video advertised in the commercial, but it seemed that though they saw fit to put two seconds of my tequila induced dance moves on the ad, my lowest moment hadn't actually made it to the video. Whew.

So if you're ever up at 3am, and see a girl who looks suspiciously like a librarian grinding to "Tootsee Roll" on your favorite Girls Gone Wild commercial, know that that girl is me. And know the true story of how I came to be there.

