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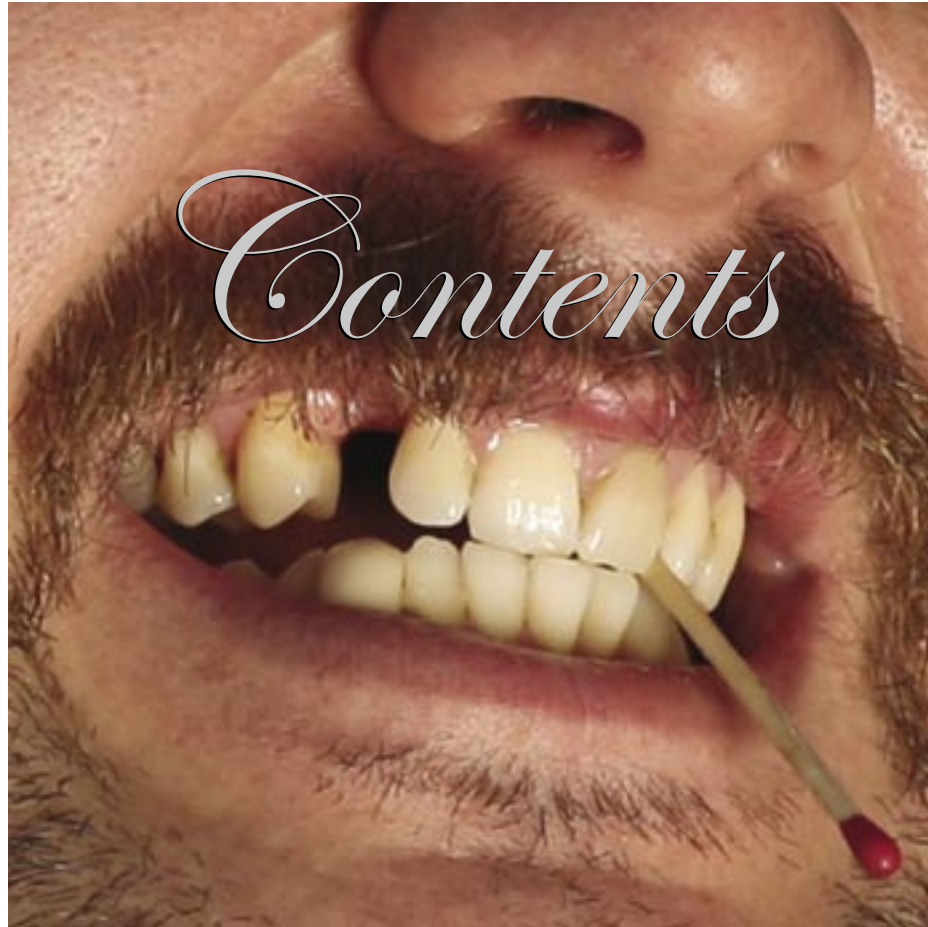
# Editors Note



Dearest Readers,

For our sophomore effort, we are hitting you with our best shot. When you do something once and it turns out to be great, it's hard to believe that it can be done again. But our second issue is bigger and better than the first. It's only up from here.





12

**Bits**

16

**Toy Box**

18

**Have Your Cake and Eat It**

20

**Porn Review:** Edward Penis Hands

22

**Artist Profile:** Matthew Rodriguez

31

**6 Shot Interview:** Death of a Party

36

**Glamour Shots 1**

42

**Dial-a-Ho**

48

**Shootin' Skeet**

52

**Naked City**

62

**Searching for Dr. Feelgood**

68	<b>Hoop Shots</b>
76	<b>Model Vs. Photographer</b>
82	<b>Glamour Shots 2</b>
86	<b>Big Game</b>
92	<b>Afterglow</b>
98	<b>La Vita Amara</b>
100	<b>Injection Molded</b>
110	<b>How To:</b> Kill Your Boss
114	<b>Last Shot</b>

## *Editors*



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

## *Contributors*



**A.A.**



Lives in Houston. She hates talking on the phone.

**L.H.**



Repatriated to the United States. The world needs to give her a hug.

### Heather Riley and Christopher Trout



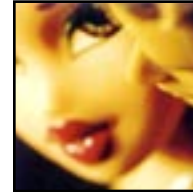
Founded Big Cock Kitchenware in Spring 2005. Look for their gravy boats in early 2006.

### Bobbi Ryde



Is still on the quest for female ejaculation. Buy her a Jack and Coke when you see her next.

### Samantha Wolov



Takes amazing erotic photographs of real people, too. Check her photos out at [samanthawolov.com](http://samanthawolov.com).

### D.T. Magee



Loves his Grandma. He's also one of the most amazing karaoke hosts in the world.

### Strappy



Spends his time between the U.S. and south-east Asia. He knows all the words to "I Will Survive."

### Emily Harrison



Loves Oakland, cats, and the Cure. This is her with Usher. Did I mention she likes cats?

### Dutch Redd



Has eaten nothing but purple Skittles for the last three months. She likes it in the butt.

### Mary Sledd



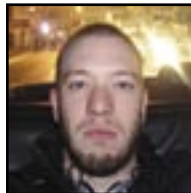
Is a professional photographer living in Austin, Texas. You can find more of her work at [sleddphoto.com](http://sleddphoto.com).

### Ginger



Someone called her Ginger once and she felt like a lady. She's no lady. However, she is a woman of many talents, colors, and vices. And some people call her Chaz.

### Leo Zacharias



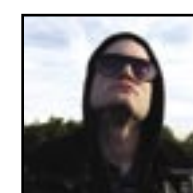
Leo is a photographer based out of New York City. He really likes death metal.

### Tara Bouley



Clearly loves chickens, mini salads, and Old Fashions. You can find her on the Interweb.

### Ryan McManus



The almost-kid. He showed his cousin how to load film into a camera; now that cousin's an internationally-renowned photographer. Figures.



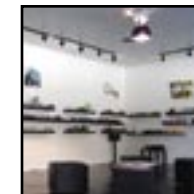
# Bits



## Cool Hunting

[coolhunting.com](http://coolhunting.com)

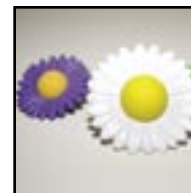
Cool Hunting sounds like a made-up job. We only wish we would have thought of it first. Josh Rubin and Co. find the coolest of the cool in every aspect of modern life, and serve it up nice and pretty for you. (He is a fan of BOX so he totally knows what's up.)



## Motive 807

[motive807.com](http://motive807.com)

Motive 807 is an Austin carbon-copy of the sneakerhead experience you'd find in NYC or LA. Proprietor and #1 fan, Fahad carefully selects his inventory from hard to find JB and Callous, to everyday-wear Vans, and overseas Nike and Stussy gear. He'll happily do mail order, too. Respekt!



## Good Vibrations

[goodvibes.com](http://goodvibes.com)

San Francisco-based Good Vibrations has books, toys, and movies for everyone. Their service is stellar and their toys will make you feel good all over. And as a worker-owned, woman-owned co-op, you'll feel good about buying from them, too.



## Progress Coffee

[progresscoffee.com](http://progresscoffee.com)

Progress Coffee house is the perfect place for a start-up magazine to meet and make progress. The cozy atmosphere and cool style inspire creativity. And one of the cute owners will always greet you with a smile and a wave.



**inspotla.org**

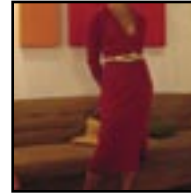
Did you go to the STD clinic and get some bad news? Are you too embarrassed to tell your last few partners? As long as you have their email address, inspotla.org will send an e-card to make breaking the bad news a little easier. Please don't abuse it the way I do.



**Chappelle Theory**

chappelletheory.com

When Dave Chappelle abandoned his \$50 million contract, rumors abounded. But here is the definitive answer. Oprah and her band of Dark Crusaders ran him out. If you think the Lunar Landing was a hoax, read on.



**Feathers Boutique**

1700 B S. Congress, Austin, TX.

If you are looking for the finer side of 70s and 80s fashion, look no further. They've got big bags, tiny heels, and designer sunglasses that could devour a pair of Ray Ban wrap-arounds. Added bonus: it's connected to an awesome vintage furniture store.



**Bing Bang Jewelry**

bingbangjewelry.com

Anna Sheffield designs two-finger rings and vintage charm necklaces that make over-accessorizing look classy, not trashy. Her prices are not what you'd expect for someone who's been commissioned by designers like Marc Jacobs. Hot Damn!



**JB Classics**

suite2206.com

Jason Bass is the ultimate fan turned artist. His sneaker/clothing line, JB Classics, is a combination of fresh design and studied homage to sneaker history. And at very limited quantities these are as close to wearable art as you're likely to afford.



**Big Cock Society**

bigcock.com

BCS is a literal meat market where dick from around the world is bought, sold, and bartered. Big Cock customers recommend a night of begging and gagging with Cain Savage in Sydney. But stay away from Joe in N.Y. 'he talks on the phone during sex.'



**Completely Naked**

www.completelynaked.co.uk

Completely naked makes me want to get completely naked. It's a gallery of raw, sexy, beautiful, and honest images from hundreds of artists. Mostly nude but far more than porn.



**Black Hole**

Charles Burns

Some of the most convincing teen dialogue we've seen in any book, comic or not. This hardcover book collects all twelve issues. It's dark, beautiful, and strikingly real.



# Toy Box



By Ginger

Toy courtesy of Good Vibrations  
goodvibes.com

## I Rub My Penguin

Big Teaze Toys



I finally have a job that I love: Box added a new feature and asked me to review sex toys. I've had my favorite vibrator for over 5 years and have recommended it to all of my friends. I was pretty happy with its service and hadn't considered switching it up...but maybe that's just what my personal pleasing sex life needed: a new player.

The recently released I Rub My Penguin was my first new playmate. I initially installed him in my shower, as he is waterproof and comes with his own iceberg that suctions to the wall, but soon remembered that masturbating while standing hasn't worked for me in a long time. I wasn't about to give up, as I got a nice vibe from my penguin, and couldn't wait to take him to bed with me.

I never thought I would name one of my sex toys, but after playing with I Rub My Penguin, I may reconsider. You know, for his sake. To show him the respect he deserves. I'm not saying that I'm in love with my toy, but multiple

speeds equals multiple orgasms. I had to take a nap afterwards. I wanted to give a thorough review, so I tried all eight speeds and play patterns on my clit. Vibes I've played with in the past only had the even vibration you make faster or slower, but the penguin has pulsing functions with ebbs and flows of orgasmic delight. The bulky body was just the right size to hold in my hand without cramping or discomfort. I couldn't wait to play again.

On our next play date, I tried a little internal tickle. The head and beak are small enough that the little guy can just slip inside. I realized the amazing potential of my new toy when it gave me different orgasms on each vibe cycle. I moved my penguin back on my clit and tried to see how many more orgasms I could have. After building and building without a climax, I squirted. I've been told that I've squirted before, but I never tried to do it myself. Without really trying I had wet my bed. I immediately showed my roommate and called everyone to let them know.

# Have Your Cake & Eat It



By Heather Riley

## Piece of Cake



Melinda Gallagher, M.A. and Emily Scarlet Kramer started CAKE in 2000 as a way to “cultivate a community of women who share our belief in the importance of sexuality in women’s daily lives.” In the past five years the website has grown to over 25,000 subscribers. It was high time they put out a book.

A Piece of Cake examines and celebrates female sexuality. Based around an eight-point philosophy, this book combines medical facts, testimonial, present-tense fantasies, and quirky writing to show the ways women experience pleasure.

The strength of the book is that it tells women over and over again not only is it okay to get off, but you deserve it. While the more sexually savvy may get little from this book, any woman who has ever doubted her desires will be encouraged and inspired to act upon them.

The book’s heterosexual leanings often point to more traditional roles of ‘woman’ but the ‘Cake Gaze’ manages to redefine this. One

of the more striking passages reads, “We can derive a lot of pleasure and power from playing the role of ‘object of desire.’ The crucial point is that we knowingly choose this role as part of an equal sexual interaction.” A Piece of Cake shows a woman that as long as she’s okay with it, anything goes. You want to initiate sex? Go for it. You think about sex all the time? Great. You want to have an orgasm? Well, good, because sex isn’t over until you do.

A Piece of Cake sometimes falls into the trap of being too cute, too Carrie Bradshaw, but all in all the writing is engaging and supportive. This is definitely a book I would recommend and trade with my girlfriends.



**For More Information about Cake, their book or thier next big event visit them at [cakenyc.com](http://cakenyc.com). Also, shop the Cake boutique for classic toys like the Rabbit.**

# Sticky Fingers



## Porn Review

By D.T. Magee and Kiki Vee

**Edward Penishands**  
Directed By Paul Norman

### She Said



Edward Penishands, originally released in 1991, stars Jenna Fine and Nikki Sixx. Yes, after extensive Googling, I found that the consensus is that it is truly Nikki Sixx.

We are introduced to Jenna when she stumbles in the house with her friend. They have the big Jersey-girl tidal wave hair and Jenna wears rose suede knee-high scrunch boots and her friend, who is like that girl in high school who, what she utterly lacks in style, she makes up in fad perfection and skinniness, L. A. Gear high-tops, acid-washed cut-offs and a big cropped white sweatshirt, people. Respect.

This porn is hilarious, but I admit if the porn industry got sucked into an alien vortex, I wouldn't know the difference. I really like the whole live action penis in my vagina thing; you word me? I only have one criterion for good porn: is the girl genuinely enjoying it? Jenna Fine is my kinda girl. She makes anything she sticks in her holes hot. Finger, penis, penis-hand, vibrator, smurf, anything.

### He Said



There's a saying that goes, "the bigger the hands, the bigger the penis." Well, how would that saying go if your hands were, in fact, big penises? In the case of our lead role in this feature, his well endowed 'penishands' dwarf the penis between his legs. Fortunately for him, the ladies can't get enough of his freakish appendages.

From the moment the neighborhood marital aid (dildo) saleswoman finds Edward cowering in a dark corner of his attic she doesn't hesitate to let him put his 'hands' all over her. Then, doing what any good Christian would do, she takes him home to join the family for supper. It's here that I realized that having schlong hands may not be all it's cracked up to be. The poor guy couldn't get a single strand of spaghetti in his sorry pale face.

If it's a nice, hearty wank you're looking for, skip this. But if a dude with wangs for hands makes you giggle or grosses you out even the slightest bit, treat yourself to this gem.

## BOX Survey No. 2

Matthew Rodriguez



Original Artwork, Matthew Rodriguez  
Matthew lives and works in Austin, TX

### What is your favorite kind of cake?

Banana walnut bread muffin cake. But if I don't have to be healthy it would be German chocolate cake with coconut icing.

### If you could party with any 5 rappers, who would they be?

Velcrow, Trouble, also maybe I could give some high fives to Nawhwhatmsaying, Curtis, and Coupon. They are all gangster puppets I'm making that sing little bits of popular rap songs while talking to each other over a game of dice.

### What is your earliest memory?

I used to scribble with crayons on the wall and my mom would chase me around the house screaming, "No Matthew!" I remember running and laughing real loud then stopping to scribble on a different wall and being chased all over the house.

### If you could move to any country, where would you move?

Heapelhopperhopelallstead. I read about it in a Dr. Seuss book. You get to sleep as long as you want to in the morning there.

### What would your super power be?

I wanna be able to do bird dives. I used to jump off my house roof practicing to fly off it.

I made these wing things that I would flap real hard. That's how i broke my ankle last week.

### Are you poor? If so, do you like being poor?

I make \$9 an hour being the chief operator of a TV station called channel 40 oz. We sleep on the floor under our desks there and crank-call debtors all day. Being poor is hard work; you don't get any vacations on vacation day and an alarm clock wakes you up in the morning.

### How do you feel about buffets?

My mom use to line her purse with saran wrap when we would go to the Chinese buffet. She would make me fill up her purse with General Tso's chicken and lots of baby corn.

### What are your three favoritist things?

Astronaut bed I wish I had. The other two are secrets about girls.

### If you could be a spokesperson for any product, what would it be and what would your slogan be?

Sparks, the alcoholic energy drink. I'm going to redo the Kool-Aid commercial where the Kool-Aid pitcher crashes through the wall of graffiti, but instead it will be the Sparks, The Energy Malt Beverage crashing through the wall. He yells, "Hey, hey, hey!" just like Fat Albert does.

### What moves you?

Sometimes it's when Clay Aikens sings a love song on American Idol.

### Is your body a Wonderland?

A winter wonderland.





box 24



box 25



box 26



box 27

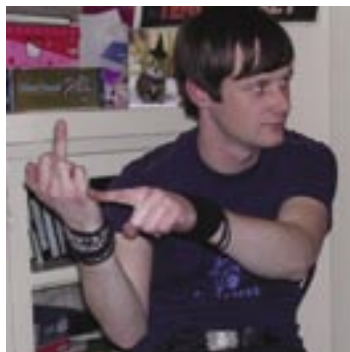




box 28



box 29



# Six Shots



with The Death of a Party

By Emily Harrison

Since forming in 2003, The Death of a Party has rocked house parties, shows in Oakland and San Francisco, and mini-tours all along California with their frenzied performances. Their catchy brand of post-punk gets all the kids dancing and has landed them shows with the Lovemakers, Bloc Party, and Drunk Horse. A recent tour with Metric took them across the country for the first time. They share their experiences over a bottle of Jack Daniels.

**10:33pm 12/11/05: SHOTS 1&2**  
(Trainspotting soundtrack - Gareth's pick)

**Emily:** Highlights from your tour with Metric.  
**Alex:** A high and a low was playing El Rey

to like, 800 people and having them be pretty unresponsive. But then Austin was an awesome crowd. They were even shouting out song titles. They were very enthusiastic.

**Gareth:** Just getting to play shows every night and traveling around, hanging out with Metric and The Lovely Feathers and stuff. Every day the low point was spending a lot of time in the van really bored. But then every night you get to play a show and have fun afterwards.

**Adam:** Highpoint was dancing in Metric's bus, low point was getting stoned and paranoid while Patrick was driving.

**E:** Where was that?  
**G:** In Austin.

Patrick: What about your ticket?

Adam: Oh yeah. Getting a ticket in Texas. I drove for ten minutes. I'm not legally allowed to drive, and ten minutes into driving I got a ticket for it.

Alex: How much was that ticket?

Adam: It was a \$250 ticket, or something like that.

**E: Couldn't they arrest you for that?**

Adam: They probably could have.

G: He was like a caricature of a cop.

Adam: The guy was scary. He had this gigantic red nose with all these pockmarks in it. It was so gross.

G: Patrick, answer the question.

P: I don't know. The low point was probably that slice of pizza I had in Fort Lauderdale. That was the worst piece of pizza I've ever had.

**E: No high points, Patrick?**

P: I can't think of any one thing that was any better. I can think of lots of things that sucked.

Adam: Cracker Barrel!!!!

Alex: Yeah, eating a home-cooked meal after three weeks of fast food.

G: The Portland and the San Francisco shows were really fun, too. Portland, SF, and Austin were the funnest shows for me.

Adam: The Texas shows were the best for me.

G: Well, Houston kind of sucked. Dallas was fun. That was a pretty rowdy one.

They start questioning how many shots they've had so far and how many they have to take. I explain the six shot plan, but also mention Jeff Klein consumed the entire bottle during his interview for the first issue of BOX. This was admittedly to challenge them a bit.

Adam: Driving home on my birthday and not getting to stop and do anything sucked. We went to Cracker Barrel and no one said 'happy birthday' to me.

G: 'Cuz nobody cares.

P: I bought your fucking meal.

Adam: The band fund bought all of our meals.

Alex: Patrick, you liar.

P: But who's in charge of the band fund?

**E: Patrick? The treasurer?**

G: Old people are good with money.

Adam: Me and Gareth are horrible with money. I don't know about Alex.

Patrick puts on the Faint's Blank-Wave Arcade. He pours shots for everyone...

**E: Who got the most wasted on tour?**

Everyone first points to Patrick and then acknowledges Alex as a runner up.

G: Alex got to the point where he was like, "I feel sick if I'm not drinking."

Adam: These two, they woke up in the morning

and popped open a beer at like ten.

P: What about when we were driving and we were still in California? It's late at night, Alex is sitting next to me and all of a sudden you hear a little (mimics sound of beer can opening). It's quiet in the van and I see Alex taking a little sip. Adam's like, "Did you just open a beer?" and Gareth's like, "You asshole." Alex's response is, "What? It's dark. No one's going to know." Two minutes later we pull around a bend and there's a border patrol inspection site. Adam: Bright lights.

P: So we pull up to the thing and the officer's all, "Pull over here." So Alex is like, "Oh shit!" He puts his beer in a bag and sets it on the floor. We all have to get out and they bring a fucking search dog. The dog knocks the beer over in the process but somehow doesn't smell alcohol. [The cop] pulled me aside and he was like, "Is there anything in the van I should know about?" All I could think about was your beer. He was like, "Come on, be honest with me. Who in the band smokes pot?" I was like, "Well, a couple of the guys do, but we don't have any on us."

Adam: The whole time he was over there I was just like, "We're all going to jail because of Alex's fucking beer."

P: I thought for sure he was going to bust us.

Everyone launches into a discussion about people getting wasted and vomiting out cars.

**E: What band do you think you guys could take in a fight?**

Adam: It's got to be an all-girl band.

Alex: The Donnas. They just came in my store [Villains in San Francisco] yesterday. They were really nice.

G: Menudo circa '87, when they were all really young.

P: Even that is questionable.

G: I could take Menudo.

Adam: You could not take Ricky Martin, you dumb-ass.

G: If he was ten, I could. I'd fuck him up.

Alex: The White Stripes. They're only two people.

G: Jack White will fucking knock you out, man!

**E: Did you see what he did to Jason's face from the Von Bondies?**

P: Here's a better question. What band would you like to beat the shit out of?

G: Devendra Banhart! We could take Devendra Banhart!

Adam: Devendra Banhart's good, though.

G: He's a fucking, bullshit hippie who thinks he's Jesus.

Adam: But he writes good music.

P: Maybe Louis XIV.

Adam: I've never heard them. I've only seen their stupid ass pictures.

P: That's reason enough to just punch them in the face.



Patrick hooked up  
with a fucking Klingon.



G: I could take CocoRosie.  
P: But who would you like to beat up?

G: Courtney Love.

Adam: Whatever. That's so passé.

G: She doesn't even write her own albums.

Adam: Neither did Britney Spears.

G: And she sucks, too.

**E: Spice Girls...**

G: I'm not going to fight them. I like them!

Adam: I'd kind of like to take a shot at The Who.

G: My Chemical Romance! They are such douche-bags. Fuck those guys. They are so full of shit.

At this point, nobody knows how many shots they've had except for Adam, who's had five "half-shots" because his girlfriend doesn't want him drinking too much.

P: We're not leaving here until that bottle is finished.

Adam: Well, you guys are all drinking it because I'm not getting yelled at.

P: Oh my god!

**E: So, ladies on tour...**

Adam: Only Patrick met ladies on tour. And Gareth, a little bit.

G: I think the whole hooking up a bunch on tour is a myth because you're too tired and groggy to really do anything. I did makeout with a really cute Asian girl...

P: That nobody witnessed!

Adam: We all saw him walk her home.

G: At least she didn't have fucked up eyebrows! Patrick hooked up with a fucking Klingon.

Adam: What was funny was my girlfriend saw a picture of her and was like, "She needs to tweeze her eyebrows."

P: Hey, she colors them in!

The interview erupts into chaos as Adam and Patrick start fighting about girls, girlfriends, and talking over each other. Gareth attacks Alex with a notary stamp, covering his entire back. It all ends when Patrick throws a glass of whiskey in Adam's face. Any final thoughts?

Adam: My eyes are burning.



**The Death of a Party The Shame of the Sweet EP is out now on Double Negative Records.**



# *Glamour Shots*

1



Photos By Mary Sledd









# Dial-a-ho



By A.A.

Olympia, Washington October, 2002



When I worked at the Phone Sex House we called our callers 'guys' and we called each other by fake phone sex names. Our phone sex name was used all the time so we wouldn't slip up when we were on the phone with a guy and to make everything semi-anonymous. And giving your phone sex name a use and real-time life made you feel like it actually existed.

## Pimps

The owner, Wayne, was a divorced middle-aged man who was living with his fulltime sub and star employee, Carly. They met on the internet. She was also divorced and had recently gotten skinny with gastric bypass. Wayne was also routinely playing with the manager, Tanya (she was a spitting image of The View's Joy Behar). There were always ads in the paper saying "Phone Hostesses Wanted: Female Only." I had called once before but got a little squeamish when the lady went on about being "real." "We're really into being

real. We give you a bedroom and we want you to bring your toys." When I called again I was expecting the same, but the conversation went better and the lady instructed me to meet her for an informal interview.

Over pie and decaf at Sheri's, Tanya and Wayne asked me questions like, "What are some fetishes?" "What does BDSM stand for?" "Are you open minded?" Tanya called later and told me to come by The House the next day to start training.

## Call Girls

The House was a split-level ranch house off a major street. It smelled like dogs and cigarettes and TV dinners. Tanya lived there fulltime with her toy poodle. The biggest room was her bedroom and office. I was being trained along with a tweaked-out lady in her thirties who was currently living with a dom she met on the internet and attending court-mandated parenting classes in order to get her kids back.

——  
**She's the real thing.  
Kinky but not gross!**  
——

While we sat in the designated smoking room, she took the new name Kathleen and I took Lilly. Tanya and a few of the working girls filled us in on the regular callers, the other girls, the house rules, and how to work the phones and credit card machines. She showed us the room sign-up board and a cabinet of bed sheets where she told us to put a sheet over the beds while we worked. We picked out softcore photo sets for our online profiles (I chose a cross-eyed redhead with old hands) and signed up for AOL accounts under our new names. Then Tanya gave us a five-minute lesson on picking up callers in chat rooms.

We sat in while Melissa, a pudgy lady who had eagerly given us her Avon catalogues, did a call with a guy who wanted to hear her fuck a dog. Tanya brought her dog in and prompted him to bark and growl for effect. Melissa sucked on her fingers and talked about sucking on a dog's cock.

Tanya set me up with one of her regular guys to do a pro bono training call. Brian had thirty free minutes and wanted to know what I was in to and other things about me. I told him that I was a switch, about a trip I had taken to Croatia, and about tying a guy up and fucking him in the ass. He told me about living in the Chicago suburbs, being in the Navy, and how he had hooked up with a married couple.

He sent a review of my work to Tanya: "She's the real thing. Kinky but not gross!"

The final part of my training was going over to Veronica's house. Veronica worked out of her trailer and was the only girl allowed to have more than one persona. Veronica was her main girl, a Native American dom. She also had Tori, a blond with a high voice, and Lisa, a rough, older woman. She held my hand and told me, "We are the sacred whores!" and shared her own story of getting into phone sex and the lifestyle.

## Tricks



Over the next two months, I worked at the house nearly fulltime. There were balloon fetishists who stayed on the line while you blew up balloons and got off when you told them you were rubbing balloons between your thighs and popping them with your heels. There were shit guys who got off when we dropped ice cubes in the toilet and grunted for them. I got to hear all about Tanya's alcoholic sister, Olivia's problems with her dad, and Kathleen's master. Kathleen showed me pictures of an orgy she had hosted. Bree talked about her

dreams of making fake snuff films. As with most other shitty jobs in that town, there were townies who needed the work and college kids who didn't. While the college girls were good for spreading gossip and mocking the old timers, they were irritating and trashy in their own way.

Two-girl calls were a big racket because you both got paid more and you could usually keep the guy on the line for at least half an hour. Two-girl calls made it clear who took it seriously and who didn't. The older ladies and the ones really into the lifestyle would try to get you to actually fuck on the phone, or at least not object to getting down. The college girls would roll their eyes with you and act pissy afterwards to prove that they didn't like doing it.

## Johns



We only got paid in commission and the company didn't advertise. We were supposed to troll for guys in chat rooms, which was thankless and humiliating. Mostly, we got pestered by the regulars who wanted to chat with us for free. The worst was Sissy Slut Julie, a heartland part-time transvestite who

had sent a video to The House showing off his outfits, size 13 heels, and wigs. I took the video home and watched it with my roommate. We were both appalled and amazed by the hour of costume changes, simulated blowjobs, and details revealing a tract-house dwelling married man whose interests also included Metallica, beagles and football. Julie called every girl about once a week and we would talk about pantyhose, high heels, and blowjobs.

My most profitable customer would call for hours on end and concoct fantasies about the New York social scene. I became his favorite very quickly just because I compared one of his fantasy characters to Aerin Lauder. The name he used was the real name of a Manhattan banker and New York Social Diary footnote, but I really think he was just assuming this identity of nominal importance for the purpose of his scenarios. It was always four hours of "I'm so rich! I'm so powerful!" Very rarely did these involve much sex, just mulling over complicated and sadistic rituals of the rich and their domestic help.

Working at The House was depressing not just because of my surroundings but because I learned all about the specific conditions of fantasy life. For a legal and fake activity, it's full of courtesy and hassle. It is easier to have pretend sex for free than it is to pay for it.

Eager long distance strangers from chat rooms and dating hotlines are more than willing to act out lame fantasies with you without having to supply credit card billing addresses. Webcam girls will do real filthy things in real time for the same price. Nevermind real porn and physical sexual things for money. Most paying phone sex customers get off on the act of buying it: "Will my wife see the charges?!" and in the fact that it is so mildly gratifying.

Phone sex is pretty much a scam for everyone involved. It is rare that anyone makes much money off of phone sex, especially for any length of time. Unless you are a master at connecting with strangers and manipulating them, there is little way to ensure that the good days balance out the terrible days and that you are not left with paychecks that average out to less than you would make waiting tables. Even if you could do okay, you probably wouldn't want to. Phone sex rewards the emotional qualities of unlovable people. Phone sex isn't sex work like stripping, porn, or prostitution. If you are a good stripper or hooker, you'll be able to use that anywhere. If you're good at phone sex, you have to travel in a set that keeps their proclivities on a leash and who relish how naughty they think they are.

## The Future



I quit the Phone Sex House right before Christmas and left town. I stopped thinking about it and, for the most part, forgot about it. I still look at the website, which lists who is working there. Tanya and Carly are gone, and it makes me wonder what Wayne is up to. All of the college girls are gone and some of the younger lifers have obviously moved up the ranks. For phone sex operators there is a sort of cheesy and dramatic thrill to be part of a dying industry. Old hags I worked with bragged about the phone sex heyday of the 80's when business was booming and regular customers sent them jewelry. I suspect they were lying.



# Shootin' Skeet



By Bobbi Ryde

## The Amazing Race That Never Was



These kind of grandiose schemes are inevitably hatched at a bar. Friends gather, cocktails are consumed, tongues loosened, and before you know it, some drunk asshole throws out the idea: “Hey, let’s have a race to see which one of our female friends can squirt first.” No one ever bothers to define what the reward would entail; it is a reward in and of itself, right?

I, like many of my male friends, always believed female ejaculation to be just a myth, a hoax, a carefully calculated and executed performance in porn. That is, until the night it actually happened to me. My boyfriend at the time thought I had peed on him. This is a common misconception, but I knew better. I knew I had reached a watershed moment in my life. And, in the words of Andrea True Connection, I wanted “More, more, more.”

Hence, the contest. It began with vigor. I imagine we all went home that night and finger-fucked ourselves into a frenzy. Knowing it was a contest and knowing that I am the sorest fucking loser on the earth, I had my greedy eye on the prize. I obsessively searched every website, whether reputable or not, starving for information. Had I heard of

a G Spot? Sure. Had some guys I have fucked found it? Pretty sure. Had I? Nope. Truthfully, masturbation has never been an empowering exercise in my mind. Rather, it has seemed like the epitome of loneliness - I associate it with the sad shuffle to the fridge for that last cold drink, the muted sigh as I turn off the bedside lamp and find myself dreadfully alone with idle hands I am too intimidated to occupy.

Here was an opportunity and a true challenge to alter my stilted mentality. I viewed this as a voyage of discovery, as cheesedick as it sounds. I would try anything to be the first to gush. Upon the pearls of wisdom of one friend, I even peed on myself so that I could pinpoint exactly where my urethra and urethral sponge were (FYI, ladies - this is the source of that fountain of youth). Sadly, I have been having sex for a decade and I became more familiar with my body that night than I have ever been.

Guys and girls unanimously agree that the most effective technique is the come hither: while the girl is laying on her back, place two fingers in, palm upward, and make that universal motion. One site even recommended vinyl sheets in the event of excess moisture - I decided to take the chance without them; I’d revel in it if that were the case. I primed my partner and hoped for the best.

What ensued was the most peculiar combination of pain and pleasure I have ever experienced. It is akin to someone wrenching something out of you and you're so resistant and reluctant but at the same time so willing. It's a common problem for women who have a hard time letting go and although I didn't cross the finish line that night, I certainly felt like I made astounding progress. I was optimistic and ecstatic at this point. Feeling lucky (and a bit cocky I must say) I shared the news with my cohorts and competitors.

This is where it all began to slide downhill, and at an alarming rate, I must add.

To my chagrin, no one was as eager as I was. What had begun as a drunken experiment in their minds stayed that way. It never gathered momentum, never came to fruition. A slew of excuses were thrown my way:

"I'm tired, I don't feel like masturbating this week."

"That seems like too much work."

"Aren't guys grossed out by that? What a freak show."

And my ultimate favorite, "I have better things to do."

"What, my friends, could be better than attaining the most intense orgasm of your life?" I wanted to scream.

Alas, I succumbed to the same defeated mindset. Maybe the boys were right. Maybe it is something that only happens in porn because they are paid to concentrate on that, paid to prove it.

The rest of us? For the most part, we are too lazy, too broke to afford the toys that could aid us in this indefatigable quest to so-called ejaculate enlightenment, too sapped of all creativity and extra energy by our soul crushing jobs. Besides, we would rather just meet at the bar and discuss our next project. C'est la vie.

### Post Script



**In the end, ingenuity won out over our collective sloth. Maybe the sympathetic sales rep could hear the note of pleading desperation in Vix Dupree's voice as she explained the nature of our research, but within a week we were fortunate enough to receive a virtual grab bag of G-spot stimulating goodies from our new best friends at Good Vibrations.**

### Our results:



#### Third place

Goes to me, Bobbi Ride, who spent my entire Thursday off in bed with the G-Twist Vibe from Good Vibrations. I was so lazy and intoxicated by the very nature of this toy that I never even made it to the point of insertion. It's that good.

By 5pm, squirting was an afterthought.

#### Second place

Awarded to Ann, who took a night off of drinking, opting for a painkiller instead, and "flicked the bean" with her hands and had three (count them, ladies) orgasms in a row. No squirting, but a valiant effort, nevertheless.

#### The gold medal

The penultimate goes to Ginger who, after suffering through a massive migraine all morning, decided to take matters into her hands with her I Rub My Penguin (see review in this issue). I can't deny my anger and jealousy when I heard the voicemail that detailed that she had, at the most surprising of times, indeed won the race.

**It just goes to show, my friends, we may take a while to get her done, but we are relentless in our quest. Come laziness, alcoholism, substance abuse, and straight up pain, we will cum. Mark our words or risk a spritz in the face.**



# *Naked City*



Photos By Tara Bouley

Clothing Courtesy of Feathers Boutique  
Hair and Styling by Charlotte Belle

**At 11:27 on a Saturday Night...**



box 54

**Male. 35-45. Sitting in bed, on top of sheets. Bed slightly ruffled. Wearing only boxers and glasses. Right arm out to side, left resting on hip. Twenty to thirty photographs along either side of body. Photographs of young people late-teens to mid-twenties, male and female.**

box 55



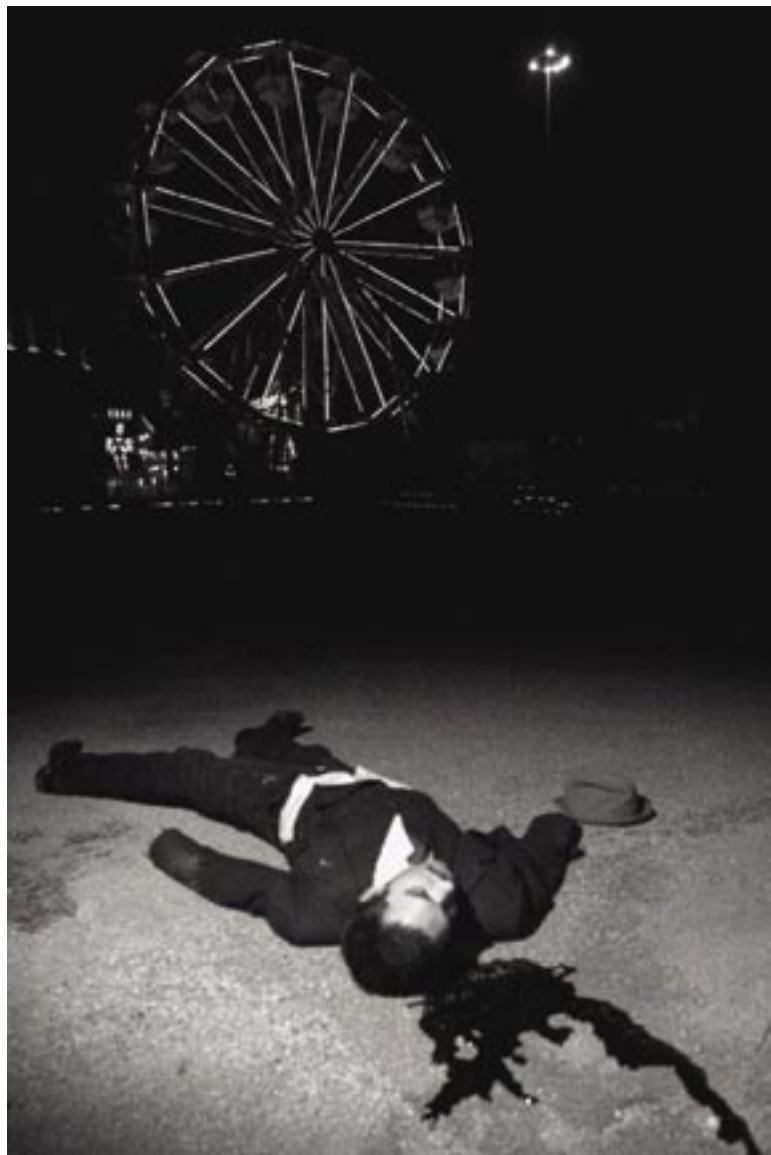
box 56

**Female. 25-30. Found in kitchen. Body prostrate on floor in front of stove. Oven door open. Strong smell of gas in room. Fully clothed. Dress somewhat disheveled. Doll found laying face down near body.**

box 57



**Female. 20-30. Found on her back on sofa. Right arm and right leg hanging towards floor. Fully clothed, one shoulder bared. Mouth slightly open. Small stream of blood from right nostril. White powder found on table with rolled up bill. Lights on.**



box 60

**Male. Early forties. Dressed in suit. Vest closed, jacket open.  
Hat found near right arm. Arms at side. Body found in parking  
lot behind carnival. Blood congealed near head.**

box 61

# Searching for Dr. Feelgood



By Heather Riley and Christopher Trout

When Grace Slick sang “White Rabbit” in 1967, presidential candidates weren’t hocking libido enhancers, parents weren’t giving their kids speed, and the whole country wasn’t on Prozac. Drug use has moved from LSD to Ecstasy. A lid of grass used to cost \$20, but now KB from Canada costs \$50 an eighth. America’s failed drug war bred a nation of addicts that can justify anything as long as it doesn’t interfere with their work, their relationships, their health, or whatever.

Americans want to feel better, hotter, and stronger, and they want it now. To facilitate the changing atmosphere of drug use, online pharmacies, friendly family physicians, and cannabis clubs are making it easier and more acceptable to get high.

## The Good Dr.



According to the American Association of Retired People, an estimated 2 million Americans had drugs delivered to their door via online pharmacies in 2005. But any MD can make a couple of scratches and have your ass comatose. If you know the right people and have \$40 to spare, your family doctor can push those pills faster than any tried and true mail

carrier. Medical standards may seem to have killed Dr. Feelgood in the U.S., but there are still a few old pros that can sign a prescription faster than you can yell, “NURSE!”

In a horribly dated office buried deep in a neighborhood littered with Frat houses, sits Texas’s best-kept secret. The Good Doctor keeps Austin’s hairdressers, burger flippers, and late night party girls supplied with the pills of their choice. He’s about 70-years-old, uses Petri dishes as opposed to test tubes, and provides waiting room reading material fit for young Christian eyes.

While the Good Doctor himself may fit perfectly into the Rockwell painting that is his office, many of his clientele stand out like sore thumbs. They’re young and hip and they don’t go to the malt shop to have a good time. One of his patients, Buffy, a 28-year-old hairstylist, refers to him as “the service industry doctor.”

“He charges \$40 cash, and if you’re sick he gives you samples,” she said. “He understands that we don’t have money and he wants to help.”

Buffy says that with a legitimate story, the Good Doctor will have a prescription in your hand in about 5 minutes, sometimes at no cost at all. Buffy has even called in prescriptions.



“He’s the Kris Kringle of doctors,” she said. “He’s like Santa Claus, goddamn it!”

Buffy said she was recommended to The Good Doctor by friends who were using him like a gumball machine. Insert your money and an array of multi-colored pellets are at your disposal. She may not use the doctor for her fun drugs, but Buffy said if she wanted them, they wouldn’t be hard to get. Another of The Good Doctor’s patients can attest to that.

Amber is a friend of Buffy’s who went to The Good Doctor and hit the jackpot.

“I was going on a trip to N.Y. and wanted some pills for when I got there,” Amber said. “He gave me Xanax and said take two on the way there and two on the way back. I said I didn’t want to take too much, and he said, ‘It won’t kill you.’”

## Pill Mills

Not everyone is as lucky as Amber and Buffy. If there’s no Dr. Feelgood in your neighborhood, a slew of websites offer prescriptions and pills on demand.

Pill mills received their title from the Food and Drug Administration (FDA). People seeking prescription medications go online and buy them just like any other purchase. In order to keep operations somewhat legitimate, some sites will schedule a quick “interview” with a doctor in the Mid-West; one who does hundreds of telephone consultations a day. Others cut out the hassle of human interaction entirely and send the patient to a quick survey. After checking a few boxes the prescription is sent to a pharmacy outside the United States where it is filled and shipped out.

Heather, a 25-year-old socialite, likes to keep Valium on hand for crazy nights and hard days. On her last quest for delayed emotional response, she turned to cyberspace. When she wanted some Valium, she simply googled a website.

“I found one that said you didn’t need a doctor’s prescription. All I had to do is fill out a survey that said I didn’t have a liver disease and was a little anxious.”

Within two days of visiting [pharmacybliss.com](http://pharmacybliss.com), Heather had a small, dark blue bottle that contained 30, 10 mg. pale blue pills. A doctor in North Carolina filled her prescription and her money was transferred into an offshore account in the Caribbean.



“I ended up paying a whole lot more for my pills because I was afraid they wouldn’t fill a large prescription. Like, \$120 for thirty pills.”

Clearly she had nothing to worry about. Since ordering her first pills, pharmacybilss.com has sent her eight reminders to refill her order.

## Behind the Green Door



Unlike pill mills, Cannabis Clubs are illegal. Ostensibly for the sick, these clubs provide an array of marijuana for prescription holders. In the few states where clubs exist, liberal laws make federal drug laws difficult to enforce.

For example, in 2004, 65% of Oakland voters passed Measure Z, a measure that makes the investigation, arrest, prosecution, and imprisonment for private adult marijuana offenses the lowest law enforcement priority. That means if you were smoking and jaywalking in Oaksterdam, as the kids call it, you’d be more likely to get a ticket for the traffic misdemeanor.

Now most clubs cater to people who have a prescription from a doctor, so how do you get one? Some doctors will recommend it

to severely ill patients, often people with late stage cancer or degenerative diseases. Montel Williams, who suffers from MS, is a huge proponent of medical marijuana. In an article written for The New York Daily News, Williams discussed the clear advantages of marijuana over prescription medication:

“The strongest painkillers available - Percocet, Vicodin, OxyContin, and even morphine - brought me no relief...All these heavy-duty narcotics made me nearly incoherent, turning me into a zombie. And all are highly addictive.”

Obviously, a talk show host with MS will have an easier time getting access to medical marijuana than your garden-variety pothead. Younger people who just like the way it makes them feel tend to find doctors through word of mouth, or by way of fliers being handed out on the street. Even some websites, like potclubs.us, can point you in the right direction.

California’s medical marijuana laws are considered the least stringent of any state. A doctor can prescribe cannabis for AIDS, anorexia, arthritis, cachexia, cancer, chronic pain, glaucoma, migraine, persistent muscle spasms, seizures, severe nausea, and any persistent medical symptom that limits one or more major life activities. Pretty much

everything is covered.

The three most common claims are severe pain, muscle spasms, and nausea. With such difficult to diagnose maladies at the top of the list, targeting false claims is pretty tough.

Ken Dahl, who was once a member of a club, said less than 5% of members actually need medical marijuana. The first time he went, “there were a couple of hippies, some people that looked sort of counter-culture, and one guy I’m pretty sure had MS.”

Until the federal government started cracking down in June 2005, you didn’t need a prescription to be a member. Many are invited to join by other members. In one extreme case living across the street qualified as the sole requisite for membership to a club.

“I just went as a guest of a member,” Dahl said. “I didn’t have to fill anything out.”

The quality and upkeep of clubs varies. Barbie Dahl, a long time smoker, visited an old warehouse with black light posters.

“It was like being in your stoner friend’s basement. There were couches everywhere and coffee tables with pipes and bongos.” Ken says the first time he went to a club he

was disappointed, too. “It was just a café with a secret room. The entire club consisted of one suitcase.”

Many potheads see clubs as a smorgasbord of marijuana. There are various types for sale, complete with descriptions of strength and how and where they are grown. The benefits of joining a club are clear to members: “You have a choice of different brands and the amounts you want,” Mrs. Dahl said. “And you don’t have to chump it up with some loser drug dealer and have a pretend friendship.”

Ken Dahl prefers going to his own dealer, but says he “joined to make it easier for the people that really needed it. Having a lot of members makes a club more legitimate....and I also don’t want some sorority girls going into East Oakland and getting into trouble.”

While drug laws may seem more restrictive today, there are new suppliers pushing new drugs to consumers looking for a quick fix. If Jefferson Airplane’s Alice was a 21st Century girl, she’d be hopped up on Ritalin and Redbull, and she wouldn’t have to ask a smoking caterpillar where to get her pills.

# Hoop Shots

Photos By Ryan McManus

Hair and Makeup by Charlotte Belle





Anisa wears  
Miami Getlo  
by JB Classics Lab  
suite2206.com

box 70



Jonas wears Delta  
Force 3/4 Mita  
by Nike  
hufsf.com

box 71



Marlayne wears  
Metro Attitude  
by Adidas  
motive807.com

box 72



Dustin wears  
Court Force "Joga Bonito"  
by Nike  
foot-patrol.com

box 73





Sam wears  
Freestyle  
by Reebok  
reebok.com

box 74



Charlotte wears  
Court Victory by  
Reebok  
reebok.com

box 75

*Model  
vs.  
Photographer*

A decorative flourish consisting of symmetrical, swirling scrollwork and floral motifs, positioned below the title text.

Photos By Leo Zacharias

**It's a sad truth, but sometimes  
photographers have to play  
babysitter, too.**





# *Glamour Shots* 2



Photos By Dutch Redd

Hair and Makeup by Charlotte Belle







box 84

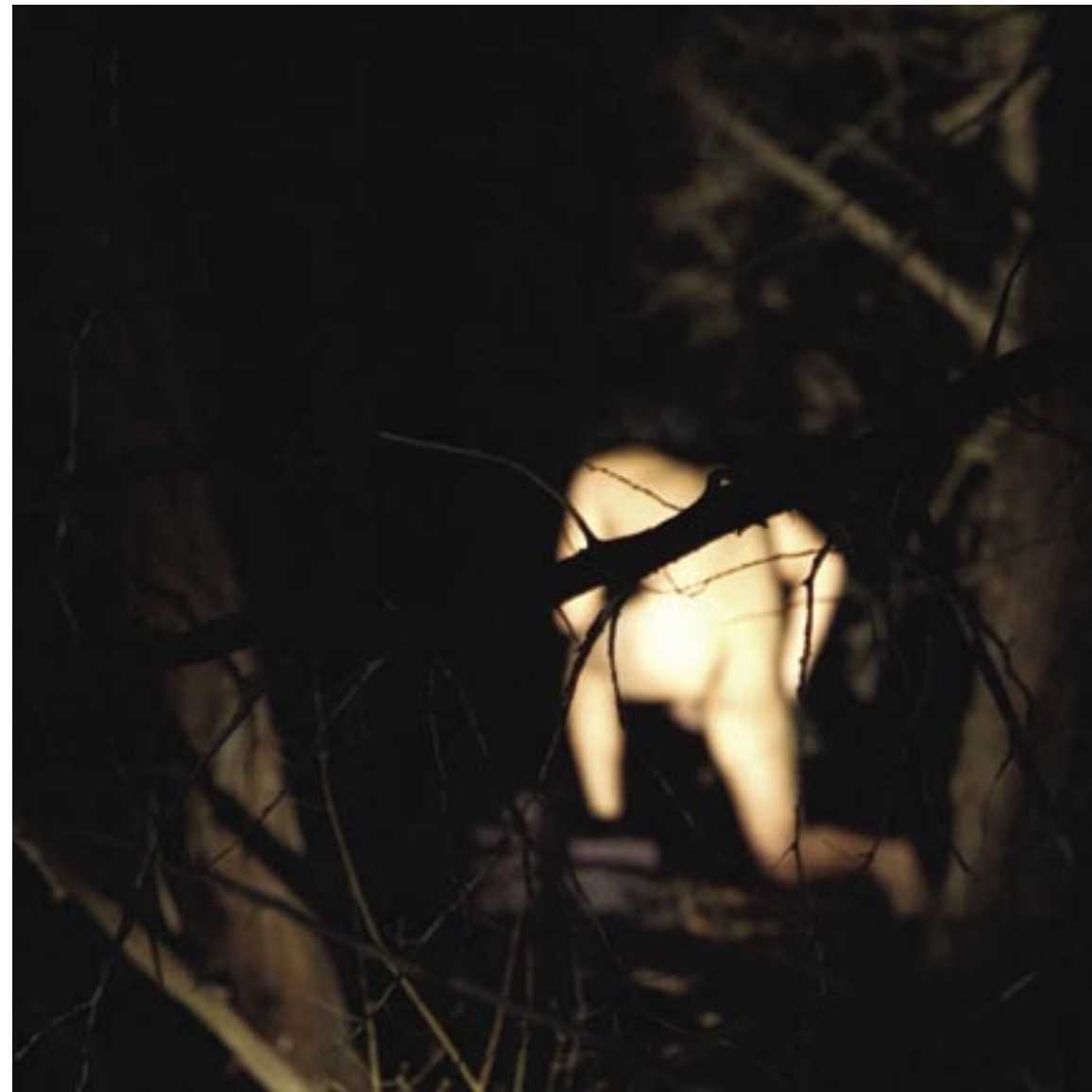


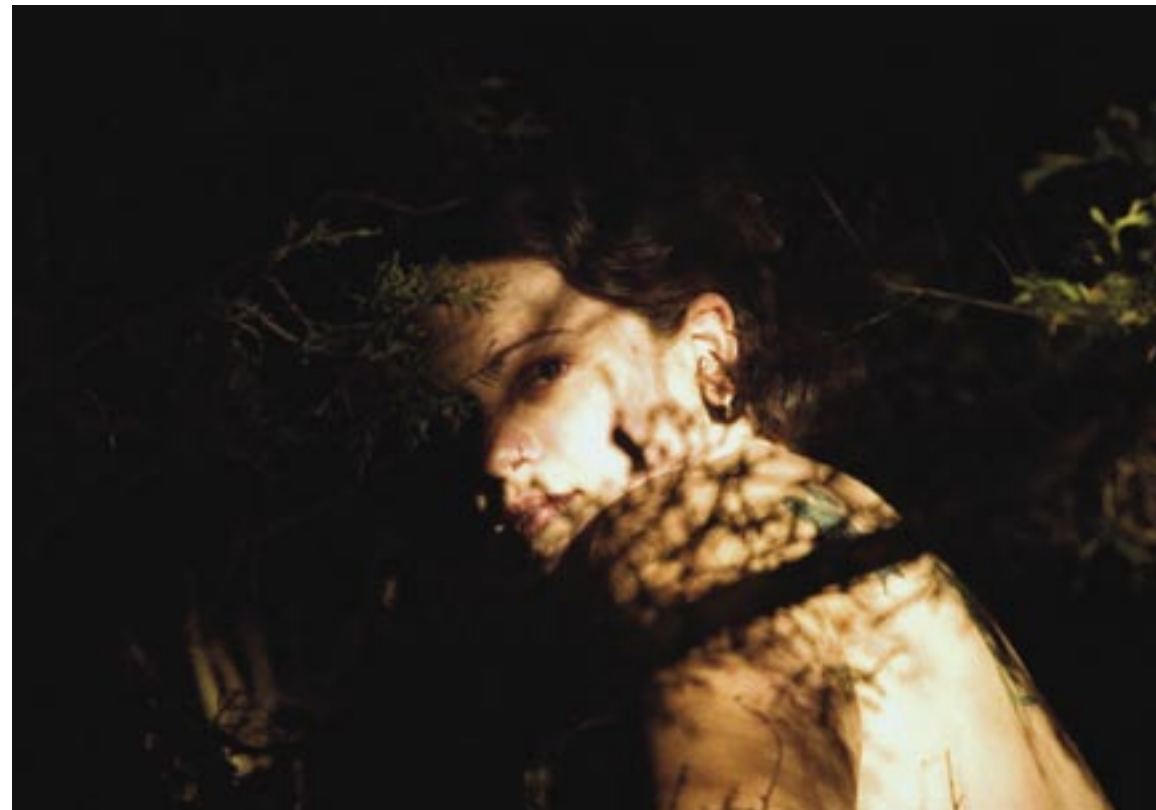
box 85



# *Big Game*

Photos By Ryan McManus







# *Afterglow*

Photos By Tara Bouley and Heather Riley





box 94



box 95





box 96



box 97



# La Vita Amara



by L.H.

You've never shot heroin. Well, me neither, but I've wanted to ever since I stepped on the carousel of scintillating stimulants and dreamy downers. It's getting boring, though. Up and down, up and down. I want more of a wild ride. I'm ready for a real horse; one free to run. You could come, too. We'll ride, side by side, and marvel at how we've found the perfect antidote to modern woes, a shot of vitality that transcends reality and shrugs off the weight of the world's mortality. We'll marvel at how good we are at making rhymes.

The way I see it, you and I have always been harum-scarum hedonists who revel in excess and experimentation. Imagine: pure pleasure galloping through the blood that circles our bodies, carrying bliss on its back, and dragging despair right behind it.

This would be life at its fullest. If you and I died after two years of shooting heroin, we, as Aldous Huxley said, would have passed "24 months in eternity," while all those who pilated, low-carbed, and organic-produced their way to 95 "lived only in time." What's more, two years is a severe sentence. Not everyone's fate is that grim. Think of Lou Reed—heroin was his life and his wife. They divorced and now he's playing at the Winter Olympics in 2006. People survive the most powerful pleasures and go on to do the same

mediocre to great things. Yes, some of them die young, but Lenny Bruce said "it's like kissing God," and I believe him.

Let's live more than a little. Cast aside your fears and open up your veins. Think of yourself as an adventurer ready to climb Mount Everest or explore Antarctica. Only you won't need to go to REI, you won't need a plane ticket, you won't need a thing besides an experienced guide and someone to stick it in.

Not working? Just think of the notoriety we'll achieve amongst our cowardly friends. They'll see us as Lewis and Clark or Bonnie and Clyde. We'll have a stylishly moribund appearance that hints at the mystery of our divine knowledge. People will stand in awe at our deviant brand of spirituality. They will believe we are vampires.

I knew you'd like that. But before you agree I want to get one thing straight: We are not going to be here for the Winter Olympics in 2046. We are never coming down. There will be no rehab, no desperate attempts at returning to the life we left. We're moving into a different realm. We must be ready to surrender. Tomorrow, my friend, worry will be gone. Tomorrow, my friend we're going to blast off. Tomorrow, my friend, we're going to shoot up heroin and won't stop 'til we die!

# *Injection Molded*



Photos By Samantha Wolov





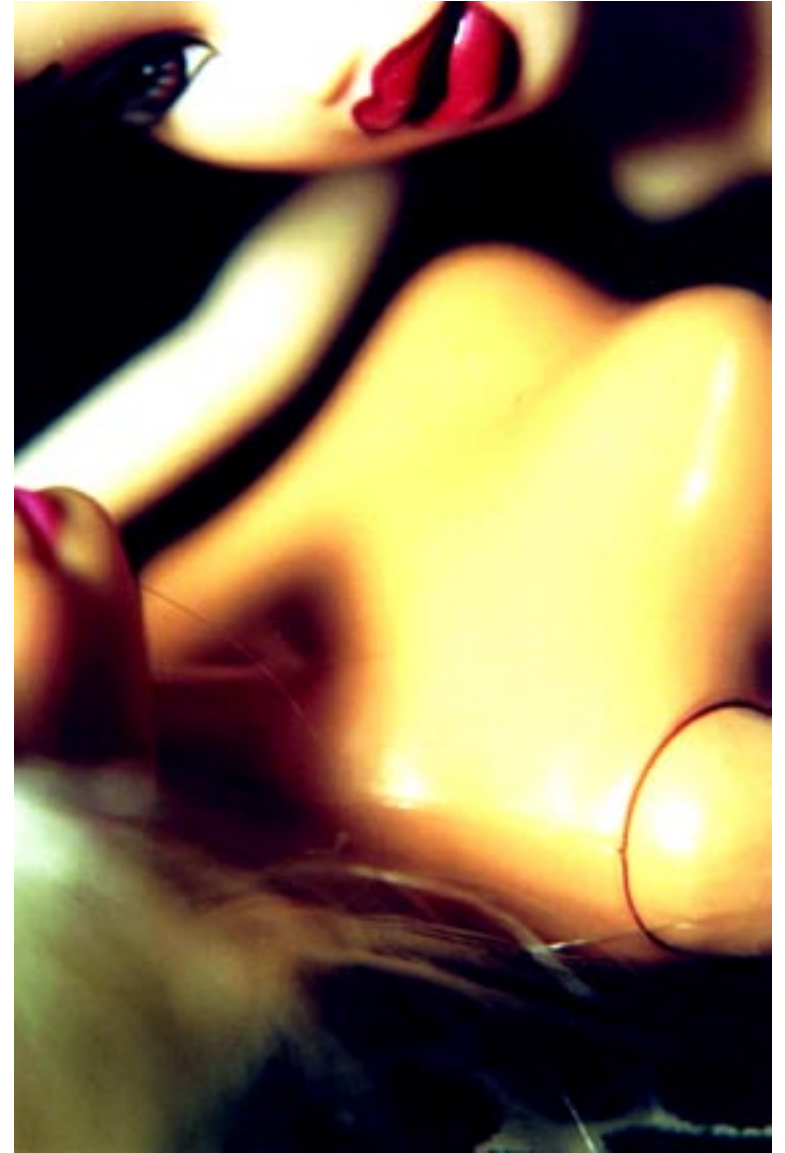
box 102



box 103



box 104



box 105





box 106



box 107



box 108



box 109



## Thailand, 1982



### How To:



# Kill Your Boss



By Strappy

“I wish he was fucking dead,” my boss, Nigel, hissed through clenched teeth. I responded that, “He could be if we want it so.” Nigel looked quizzically at me. With those words I started down a path to a dark and dangerous corner in Southeast Asia. Nigel and I were actually talking about taking a contract out on the life of his boss, head of the Asia region for the large US multinational we all worked for. He sat in Tokyo while Nigel and I slaved away for him in Hong Kong.

We both had our fair share of gripes about this guy, Trevor. He was the ultimate corporate asshole who knew only how to kiss up and shit down. Not only that, he was a closet case. He drew me into a trap upon hiring me by asking about my marital and relationship status, something that could land you in hot water in the US. But in Asia the same rules don't apply. Hong Kong is a place where classified ads for secretaries routinely mention breast size and sex appeal as selection criteria. I was at a stage in my own coming out where I felt it unnecessary to hide my sexuality. After announcing to Trevor over lunch that I was

gay, he proceeded to tell me that he was a ‘practicing bisexual’ at university in Sydney. Not more than a few days after starting work for this exalted icon of American business prowess, Trevor invited me up to his hotel room in Hong Kong to discuss my career. Mind you, this ‘career planning’ took place after a heavy drinking session. Trevor encouraged me to mix cocktails while he excused himself to the bathroom and emerged minutes later in his underwear sporting an obvious hard-on. He looked like a fat, pink dolphin. I made up about 10 excuses in the space of 30 seconds as to why I had to leave immediately and bolted for the door.

Nigel's major grievance with Trevor was over the non-payment of a huge bonus. Trevor was throwing up all kinds of roadblocks to ensure that Nigel would not receive his due. This proved to be too much for Nigel. He was of Croatian descent and I knew it was not a good idea to cross him. He would rip strips off you if you looked at him the wrong way. In any case, I didn't debate the ethics of contract killing and volunteered to investigate how one would go about these arrangements. The logistics and the people I would meet along the way intrigued me. Nigel just wanted it over and done with so he could assume Trevor's position up in Tokyo. I had no way of gauging if he would go through with it.

I figured the place to have a contract killing done was Thailand. Months earlier in Bangkok a well-publicized assassination took place of an Australian accounting executive who reported negatively on a Thai company. I was fascinated by the details and the Thais seem to be the best to carry this stuff out. There is a saying that the Thais are 'the last to go to war, but the first to kill.' Conveniently, Trevor loved Thailand and could make up all sorts of lame reasons for why he needed to visit the corporate offices there.

I started my search with a former Thai fuck-buddy who owned a nightclub in Patpong. I was certain Tor would have the necessary underworld contacts and wouldn't mind helping me out - as long as I fucked him. He proved to be frosty and non-committal over the phone. I felt like an idiot explaining what Nigel and I intended to have done. Tor's silence only compounded my awkwardness and embarrassment. After what seemed like the most pregnant pause ever, Tor insisted I fly to Bangkok for a weekend. A couple of weekends later, he threw an outrageous sex party upon my arrival. After the drug and alcoholic haze wore off, Tor brought up the topic. He explained that he didn't want to discuss killing someone over the phone but could make certain introductions. He also made it clear that his involvement ended with

the introductions and that he wanted to know nothing more. I asked him if he'd arranged these types of introductions before, but he politely demurred. The Thais can communicate so much with only a smile.

I was reintroduced to a guy who snorted coke off my dick at the party. There is a gay mafia, after all. He would only say that he worked for his family's company and that they were involved in 'various concerns.' I thought it best to distance myself and make my request seem more theoretical in nature. He was rather studied in his approach toward me, coming off as amused. After feeling each other out, he started to get serious. He began listing all the possible ways a hit could go terribly wrong. The consequences of a bungled attempt would be compounded by the target and ultimate perpetrators of the crime being white businessmen.

This guy was going to contact another middleman who would in turn arrange for the actual killers to pull the trigger. He explained that this middleman is really the one in the contract killing business. Contact with Middleman #2 wasn't necessary and instructions and payments would be couriered. It was best I remain as anonymous as possible in case of a major fuck-up. I'd have three degrees of separation from the actual

killers and Middleman #2 would know next to nothing about me. I was worried about leaving any kind of paper trail but was assured it could be carried off without a trace. It was, of course, a cash transaction. I was also told that in high profile killings of executives, politicians, and the like, a bungled job could result in the killers themselves being knocked off to cover the trail. The stakes are high in these situations, and the killers know it. A reputation for a job well done and professionally is everything in the killing business.

He guessed it would run in the neighborhood of \$2,000, because he was a Western executive. The price for someone to be blown away in Thailand ranged, but you could have a poor migrant construction worker nailed for as little as \$250. The low price put on a life staggered me. He told me the best scenario would be for the target to be traveling by car and stuck in notorious Bangkok traffic. The two killers would be on the same motorcycle, following him from his hotel or whorehouse. The killers would bob and weave through the traffic, staying a comfortable distance behind his car until they felt the opportunity was right to approach the vehicle. Traffic needs to be moving at a slow pace. The killers must be confident they can line up a clean shot and still make their escape down one of Bangkok's narrow alleyways. If traffic is stopped for a

light or bottlenecked, other motorcyclists will be stopped and block the intended escape route. Once the killers pull abreast of the car, the accompanying rider stands up on the back of the bike so that he can shoot down into the backseat of the car. This procedure ensures that he can get off shots that kill.

At this point a sinking feeling crept over me that the whole killing could be a fait accompli if I progressed much further. I could put my own safety at risk if I backed out, especially once I had contact with Middleman #2. About the same time I had this alarming thought my lunch date asked, in a somber manner unusual for Thais, if I was serious about proceeding. I was never serious about following through and learned about as much as I cared to admit on the topic. I could see that the path ahead was getting very dark and my survival instincts kicked in. I had to be sure that I backed out of this in a way in which no one lost face - an absolute necessity almost anywhere in Asia. I did it in the most American of ways: I shifted the blame and responsibility on to someone else. I mentioned that I needed to speak with Nigel first about what I had learned in my meeting and that I'd get back to him. He didn't seem at all disappointed. His whole tone instantly switched and became all lightness and fun. I think he was more interested in getting laid - and we did have really hot sex after lunch.

# *Last Shot*



Photo By D.T. Magee



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