

box

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Editor's Note



Dearest Readers,

We thought it fitting to make the first issue of Box all about first times. And it is our first time publishing a magazine, so do forgive us if we try a few awkward moves, or we don't touch you in all the right ways. Rest assured while we might lack finesse, we are eager and willing to please.

A special thanks to our models and contributors for making this first issue all that it is.



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Bits





Factory People
factorypeople.com

Located in the poppin' SoCo area of Austin, TX, Factory People would just as easily be at home on Elizabeth St. in NYC. Shopping online at their web site means anyone can get their hands on goods the lovelies will be wanting to peel you out of.



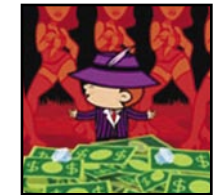
Brazos Trading Co.
Austin, TX 512.796.5312

This little shop is filled with goodies. You can sift through tons of western shirts, vintage cowboy boots, denim pants and jackets, and old, old issues of Playboy and Guns & Ammo. And say hi to Charlie, the sweet Sagittarian who owns the place.



Sister Nancy: One, Two

I was pissed off all week and was digging through my collection for my Slint record when I rediscovered this. Once I put it on I knew everything would be a-ok. Sister Nancy is like the Jamaican equivalent of Eve and ESG in one nice little package. Worth buying for 'Bam Bam' alone.



Lil' Pimp

A little white boy escorts a hooker across the street, ends up at a strip club, and becomes a pimp. Lil' Kim, Bernie Mac, and Ludacris lend their voices to the first full-length Flash animated film. Like most cult films, it drags a bit in the middle, but who can resist cartoons pole dancing?



Facettes de la Petite Mort
beautifulagony.com

Hot. This site is a collection of videos made in private by the contributor. All you see is the face of the person as they rise and climax. Not graphic, but very erotic. It is a member's only site, but they give you a couple free bites to get you hooked. Yum yum.



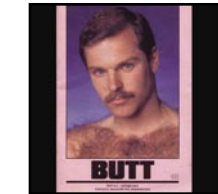
Sufjan Stevens: Illinois

I don't know how a song about a UFO sighting near Highland, Illinois can be so moving. Then you find yourself listening to the same song on your Shuffle over and over again, crying, wanting to die because there's no possible way the world has any room for more beauty.



How to Make Love like a Porn Star

Jenna Jameson with Neil Strauss
Like any hooker with a heart of gold Jenna just wants to be loved. This autobiography tracks Jenna's career from her days as a meth-fueled porn starlet to head of her own company and wife. And yes, she does tell you how to make love like a porn star.



Butt
Fantastic Magazine for Homosexuals
buttmagazine.com

It's printed on pink paper, about seventy pages long, fits in a handbag, and it's crammed full of dick. This Amsterdam export will blow your mind and your load.

Relax.



Photos by Erika Hagler







La Vita Amara



By L.L.H.

Naples, Italy September, 1999



I couldn't fit all that yellow smoke in my lungs. My airways were closed off and at any moment the yellow cloud was going to push through my nose and fuck everything up. I put my lips around the straw inserted in the side of a water bottle, sputtered and blew the rock off its bed of cigarette ashes. One of the sleazy greaseballs in the corner managed to squat down in his spray-on jeans and zero-in on that precious piece of cooked cocaine. "Ma che, sei scema?" he shouted in angry Neapolitan. I bit my lip and asked to try again.

Six of us were crammed into a fluorescent-lit room in one of the housing projects of Naples. I had gone there with Sylvia, a half-Italian, half-American girl who spoke the gritty, street dialect, shared boyfriends with her mother, and fucked just about anybody for drugs. She liked Italians best because their dicks were bigger, they loved to get high, and because she had worn out her welcome at our small

American high school, except with me. We had avoided each other for three years, but in our senior year discovered that we had been traveling the same path of dedicated drug use and at the end were both alone. The fact that we had different taste in music, hobbies, clothes, and boys didn't matter. Our shared passion was drugs and that was enough for our friendship to stay afloat for at least a few months. Besides, it was nice to have a partner in destruction who spoke the same language and didn't get horny for me after we got high. By the time Sylvia and I started hanging out I had already tried crack once before with some of the neighborhood parco boys. We were hanging out at an abandoned house after school, smoking joints and staring off at the sea, when an older street rat came in with all the supplies to cook his bag of coke. I watched as he combined some of the coke with baking soda, put the mixture in a small

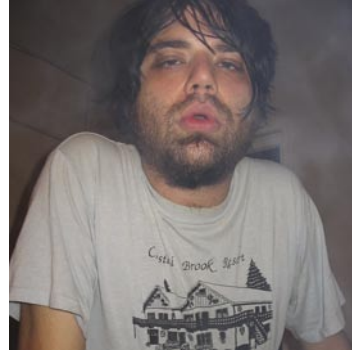
glass bottle partially filled with mineral water, and then held his lighter underneath the bottle. In a few minutes, the coke began to form into rocks, which he extracted and laid out to dry. We took turns smoking the rocks with a homemade pipe, each of us stepping up to the sill of a glassless window facing the ten-thousand pinprick flashes of a coruscating sea. After one or two hits, we walked out of the rubble and into the sun. I was completely dazed, egregiously euphoric, and felt my mind doing somersaults as we weaved through the raucous traffic on a speeding black vespa. The thrill was instantly killed when we pulled up to the gate of my house alongside my father, who was just getting home from work, dressed in his khaki captain's uniform. I gave him a quick hello as I bolted to my room where I spent the next hour pacing maniacally, wondering if my eyes had rolled into the back of my head when he'd looked at me. The whole event was exhilarating - from the jolt of a new drug to the panicked rush of nearly being caught - but I didn't seek out that jittery, vacuous high for some time. I loved cocaine: cutting it, straightening it, and snorting it. I wasn't crazy about smoking it like Sylvia. It sent her over the edge.

Smoking crack is nothing like snorting lines. When it enters your mouth, travels down your throat, and takes hold of your lungs, the flavor, texture, and feeling are overwhelming. It's the taste of chemicals, powdery ones that are

smooth, empty, and strong. They pass through your body in a numbing wave that crashes on your brain, wiping out every thought, pain, and care. You stop making conversation. You stop laughing. You stop feeling. You stop thinking - except about doing more.

What made me hate smoking crack was that night in the fluorescent room. It felt diseased. Everyone became so mechanical, sick, and possessed. Sylvia didn't seem to care and at times I think she was amused by the depravity. She loved people at their worst. Her boyfriend that night was a skinny, lanky shithead who used copious amounts of gel and cologne to cover up the smell of rot that crept out of his insides. At no point in the day was he a normal, functioning human. All he did was scam - scam her, scam me, scam himself. In that tiny, bare room swirling with corrosive yellow smoke, he was the embodiment of evil. He shouted at people to hurry up, he groped Sylvia while mouthing dirty things at me. His tongue flicked over his snarling lips, and he grew sweatier by the minute. Sylvia would go in and out of her stupor, waking up long enough to rant her paranoia about him cheating and cry about how much she loved him. I paced and looked for specks of coke on the floor.

I felt like a piece of me would always be stuck in that room, in that state.



Ten Shots

With Jeff Klein

By Courtney Stoutamire

SHOT 1

Although it is only a Wednesday night, Jeff Klein's coffee table is strewn with enough alcoholic ammunition for a small army. One bottle of Jack Daniels, two six packs of Lone Star, four shot glasses, two neon yellow test tube shot holders from Joe's Crab Shack, a few straggling bottles of Bud Light, and six friends (give or take throughout the night) both intimidated by and eager to undertake the mission at hand: the infamous "six-shot" interview.

"I'll be completely lying after three shots anyway," Jeff snidely reassures us while lighting the first of many Sampoerna Exclusives. "Bottoms up!"

In conjunction with the theme of Box's first issue, "First Times," I ask Jeff to comment on his own first time.

JK: It's funny, it's the only time I've ever been in a fight. There was this girl Betsy who was talking shit about this guy we all kind of knew, and his retaliation was to kick my ass. Just out of nowhere he started pounding my ass. He threw my head against a tree and my head hit a nail. It was pretty crazy. I came to find out it was because of her. Later that day, she felt so bad that she had sex with

me. It was pretty much a pity fuck, actually. Since we can all relate, we decide that now is an opportune time to ingest some more cheap whiskey.

SHOT 2

Whiskey apparently makes Jeff think of New Orleans, his favorite city and also the location where he recorded his latest album, *The Hustler*.

JK: My record would not be what it is had I recorded it anywhere else. It's the only place in the world you can get a good cup of coffee at 3 in the morning, do 15 shots, get a hooker for \$15, and then wrap it all up with an eightball.

SHOT 3

As the third shot warms our bellies, we decide to tackle what we believe to be the most salacious subject: sex on tour.

BOX: How many nights a week do you hook up with someone on the road?

JK: Honestly, sometimes once a week,

sometimes seven days a week. It just depends on the mode I am in."

How does the process work?

JK: You feel a little more invincible when you're on the road. We live in a world where people feed off whatever you give them, and if you walk around with this aura that you're fucking amazing, chances are that 75 percent of the room is going to think you're fucking amazing as well."

He grows more contemplative and concedes, "Touring, even when you're with a bunch of people, is a very lonely thing. Because everything I write about and sing about is about my life, when you're done you feel like you've just slit your wrists, or came. You're spent and you have this part of you that needs to be brought back up."

SHOT 4

It must be a pretty frequent need, because as our tongues loosen with liquid truth serum, it's revealed that a mutual acquaintance has dubbed Jeff, "Fuckter" (or Fucked Her, if you need it to be spelled out). Such a scandalous reputation can only have roots in that initial pity fuck.

JK: I remember [Betsy] answered the phone in

the middle of it, and it was her friend calling to say, 'Oh I just had sex for the first time, too.' **Have you ever answered the phone or text messaged someone while you were having sex?**

JK: I have text messaged someone. (One of the six of us shrieks in disbelief). 'I am getting a blow job right now.' It was to an editor friend of mine who was amused by my exploits. None of us is surprised. Jeff's text message jangle has already sounded nine times.

SHOT 5

We really would like to focus on Jeff's sexual antics, but given that that particular hobby takes a backseat to his song writing, we inquire about his first big break in the music industry.

JK: When I was 21 years old, I wrote this song ("Five Good Reasons"), and got a stupid award for it and had this hotshot lawyer. I thought I had the world by the ass and it didn't happen, and afterwards I was crushed. I had so many people courting me that I thought it was going to be fucking amazing...hold on I have no idea what I was talking about. He takes a drag and gathers his train of thought.

JK: Oh yeah, this guy from *Arista* sat me down

in his office and said, 'I see you as a very hip, very cool Bob Seger.' And I remember my heart just sucking into my throat.

But haven't you always received good press for records?

JK: Press helps, but press doesn't sell records. Me and my friend, Jarrod, from the Honorary Title, always joke about it.

Our last records came out at the same time. There was this compilation that came out called the "17 Best Songwriters Today" and I was on it. There was an *Elle Magazine* article called something like "The 50 Hottest Men in the World" and he was #17, above Johnny Depp.

We were talking and I was like, 'Well, what are you doing?' and he said, 'I'm working at my job at Diesel, fitting fat girls into jeans. What are you doing?' 'Well, I just sold five CDs so I could eat lunch and buy a pack of cigarettes.' It's fucking ridiculous. It's all smoke and mirrors.

SHOT 6

Upon receiving a text message asking what he is doing, Jeff mistakenly responds "ten shit interview," because he has decided to up the ante and finish the whole damn bottle.

Why do you think you're so much bigger

over in Europe than in America? (One of us adds, “Yeah, how does it feel to be a total Hasselhoff?)

JK: I think people over there appreciate music differently. I think over there I’m seen as a more artistic musician. I think over here I just get pigeon-holed as this ‘alt-country guy’.

How do you feel about the alt-country label?

JK: I hate it. I don’t feel like I’m alt-country at all. I bet you 50 percent of the articles about me mention two words: Ryan Adams. And you never want to be compared to somebody else constantly; you feel like you’re living in someone else’s shadow.

I don’t want to feel like I’m hand in hand with Ryan, skipping through a fucking field of poppies. I have stupid fucking hair, he has stupid fucking hair, we both write depressing songs, and we both play with acoustic guitars. The similarities end there.

SHOT 7

What with the dredge of constant unfounded comparisons, the dashed hopes and the hustle to make rent each month, one wonders why Jeff continues to make music at all.

JK: There’s two reasons why I play music. One of them is to fucking wake up in the morning. If I didn’t have that, I wouldn’t be here right

now, I’d be six feet fucking under somewhere, you know what I mean? It’s the only thing that brings any bit of pleasure whatsoever. I’ve fucked up my life every other way except musically.

And the other reason?

JK: Maybe I will get the chance to have an effect on other people the way the music I have listened to has affected me. I have a musical moment for everything in my life. For me, it’s the way I relate to different things, you know what I mean? Songs are the sound track of my life.

Jeff spends the next few minutes scrolling through his iPod, one eye cocked, clove dangling from his lip, before settling on Otis Redding’s “These Arms of Mine.” Next shot.

SHOT 8

Jeff takes 10 minutes to paint a beautiful picture of walking down an unknown avenue in New York City listening to the “Carpenters Greatest Hits,” All you need to know? He said he can only imagine what others must think he’s listening to.

JK: At the end of the day, the Carpenters are one of the most fucking punk rock bands ever.

SHOT 9

Chaos ensues, as Jeff is irritated that we have run out of questions for him. He bitches that he’s the one that has had nine shots.

Our retort? “You’re a pussy.”

After listing records everyone should own, Jeff concludes, “R&B is the epitome of emotion.” That’s right, folks, emotion. He may be slurring, but he does have a point to convey.

JK: Most people don’t realize it, but words are important. I mean, words mean the world. That’s why I hate most people, because they don’t care. 10 percent of people actually care, and those are the people I take into my life. Most people are happy not to care. And that’s really sad.

Sure, he’s had too many cocktails, but in his voice there still lingers this urgent plea for sincerity, and an almost palpable disappointment that he can rarely find it in people, only in music. It is a kind of a vulnerability that makes most uncomfortable. Lucky for us, the bottle is empty; we have to relocate to another venue for the final shot.

SHOT 10

At the Longbranch Inn, Jeff hugs the wooden fence and repeats that he is going to be sick. He never is. And what is said at the bar (though it’s not much more than drunken rambling) is left at the bar.

As I watch him crawl into the backseat of the car at 2 a.m., I’m reminded of a sentiment he shared earlier: “At the end of the day, I’m left like a scarecrow looking for a bonfire to sleep on.”

I’m sure he’ll make it to bed, and even more certain that he’ll feel like shit in the morning. But as with all of the myriad things he mentioned before, whether it be an awkward pity fuck, a fallen expectation, or even that random song you associate with a watershed moment in your life, in the end it’s all about the price you pay for what is real, what is true. You don’t settle for anything less. And you always finish the whole bottle, of course.

Haute Hot



Porn Review

By Dina Bonazzoli & Winston Spanks

The Fashionistas

Directed by John Stagliano

She Said

“Fashionistas” won a butt load of awards and is an inventive and enthusiastic BDSM film set within the fashion industry. Sex scenes feature seemingly spontaneous toe sucking, spanking, choking, humiliation, and other adult delights. Rocco Siffredi stars as a famous designer. He finds this in a dominatrix designer who ensnares him with help of her girlfriend. The first fuck features Rocco sneaking a peek at a discipline session. He approaches the discarded submissive and asks if she needs help. Help includes pulling her rubber thong aside so he can eagerly eat her ass, then ride her like the Kentucky Derby while she sucks his toes with passive pleasure. Don’t fast forward past Belladonna’s striptease. She thinks she’s alone gyrating on the floor watching a videotaped discipline session of herself, but boss lady is lurking in the corner with deadlines to be met. If you like anal, sucking, and fucking with a healthy dose of discipline, this is for you. Set design, costuming, and acting are all a step above. If you blush or balk at BDSM, go watch Cinemax, you pussy.

He Said

It’s rare to find true inspiration in an old-fashioned, full-length porno. “Fashionistas” is just such a rarity. It employs devices like acting and plot to weave together a complex, emotional ride and a shocking exposé of the fashion industry.

The plot follows Antonio, an Italian fashion designer whose divorce and penchant for S+M sideline his stardom. He comes to America haunted by a mysterious DVD from Fashionistas, a design house that staged an all-out assault on a fashion runway. Lynchian moments of still-framed nude women locked in bondage set the stage for intrigue. The film devolves into a series of escapades that are only satisfying if your tastes lean toward the grittier side of sex (think deep throating and ass licking). It culminates when Antonio and the assistant (Belladonna, the shining star of American porn) are united in a romantic, disturbing coupling. Unfortunately, the sound track screeching ‘I HATE YOU!!!’ while Belladonna receives Rocco’s signature facial really fucked up my orgasm.



Original Artwork Kelly MacAskill

BOX Survey No. 1

Kelly MacAskill

Who are your 5 favorite celebrities?

Keanu Reeves, Kevin Richardson, Viggo Mortensen. Does Johnny Depp even count at this point? Trey Parker.

What book are you reading right now?

The second book in a fantasy series written by George R. Martin called Song of Ice and Fire. The much-anticipated fourth book is coming out in November and I've joined the online scavenger hunt to encourage the kindling excitement.

What is the weirdest job you've ever done?

Delivering flowers. Every time I worked it rained. Every time. I was always delivering flowers to old women who would rope me into doing all these chores for them and insist on tipping me quarters

List three attributes in a significant other that you absolutely "can't do."

Can't do boring, can't do stupid, can't do chronically cynical.

What would your superpower be?

Hands down I would be able to speak with animals.

Billy Joel or Elton John?

My father adores Billy Joel. I spent a significant

portion of my childhood on a golf course, hopping in a van, listening to Billy Joel. I know all of the words. Even to the sad song about Vietnam. With the helicopter noises? Anyone with me?

What's your most vivid memory from 8th grade?

Can I say falling down drunk on a staircase foolishly gripping for a scone filled with wheat?

Do you have any hott ring tones?

Indeed I do. John Mayer's, "Your Body is a Wonderland."

If you could meet any dead person, who would it be?

Actually, it's really difficult for me to think past "I'm hungry."

What your earliest memory?

A NYC squirrel climbed through my window, and into my crib. My mother found us and screamed murder.

What movie would you want to exist in?

"Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure." Wow, that came so quickly.

When was the last time you cried? About what?

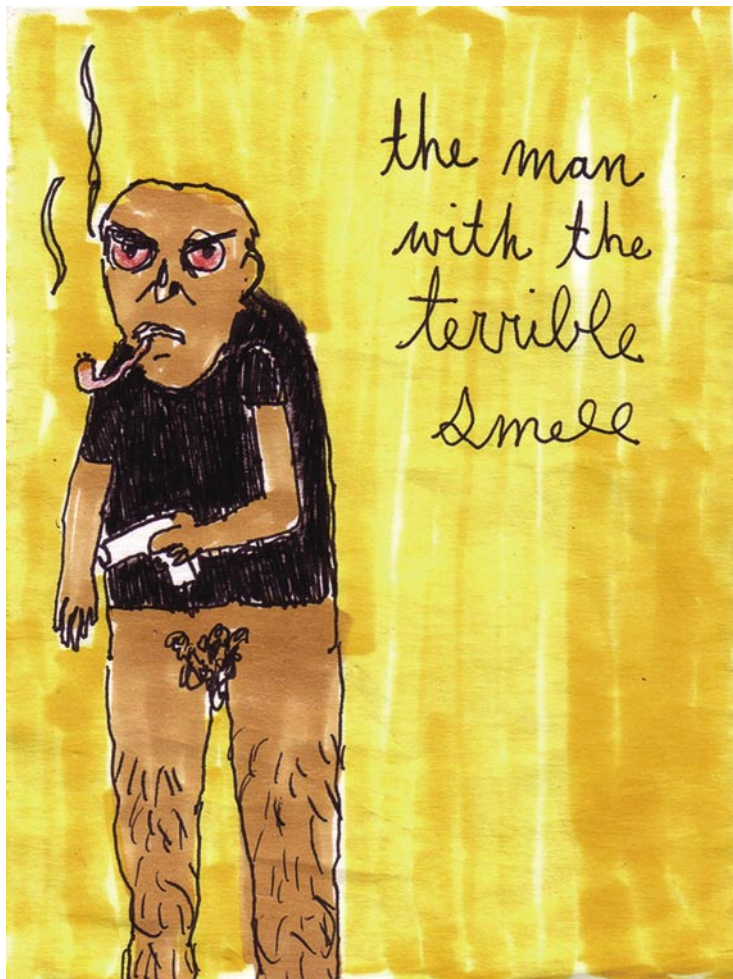
Tonight, after work, I stayed to watch Ravi and Anoushka Shankar perform. I cried because I wished I were able to be as close to my father as she seemed with hers.

What moves you?

Clearly the answer has to be love.



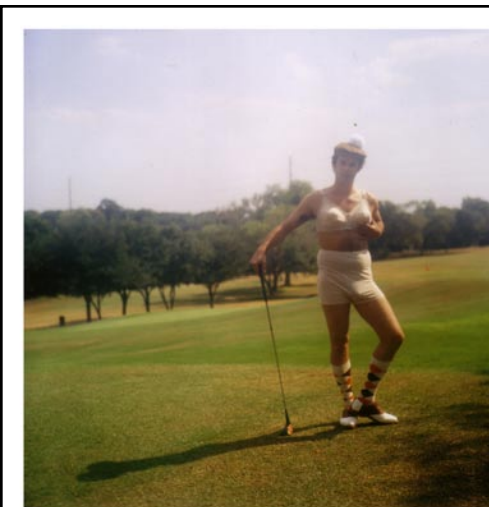
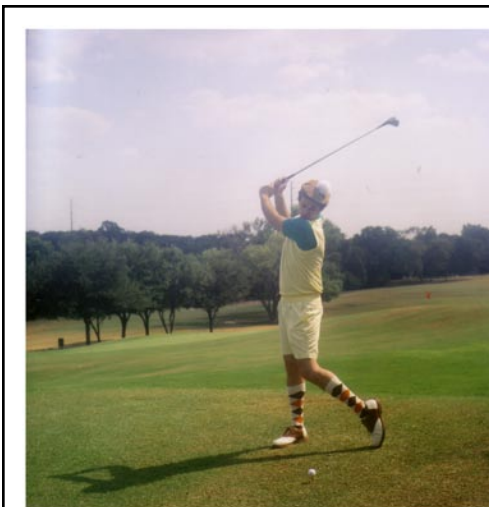
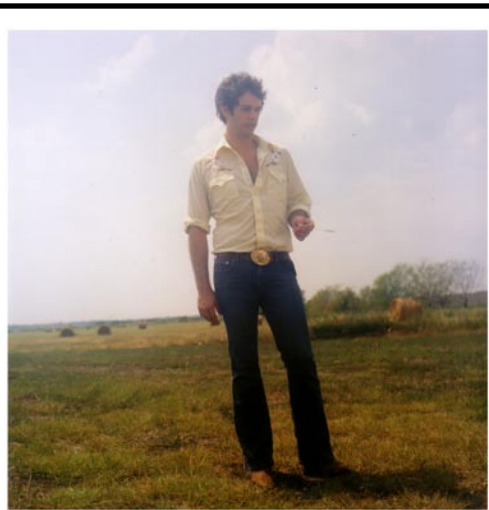




Victor's Secret

Photos by Tara Bouley

How does a tough guy show his sensitive side?
How is he ten below par at the seventh hole?
What is...Victor's Secret?



Like a Virgin

By Ryan McManus













Ladies First



Photos By Mary Sledd

They are some of the most influential women in the world, yet they live and stand in the shadows of a man's fame, notoriety, and indiscretions. Eleanor, Jackie, Barbara, and Hillary are all exemplary women. Box takes a look at the private lives of America's first ladies.

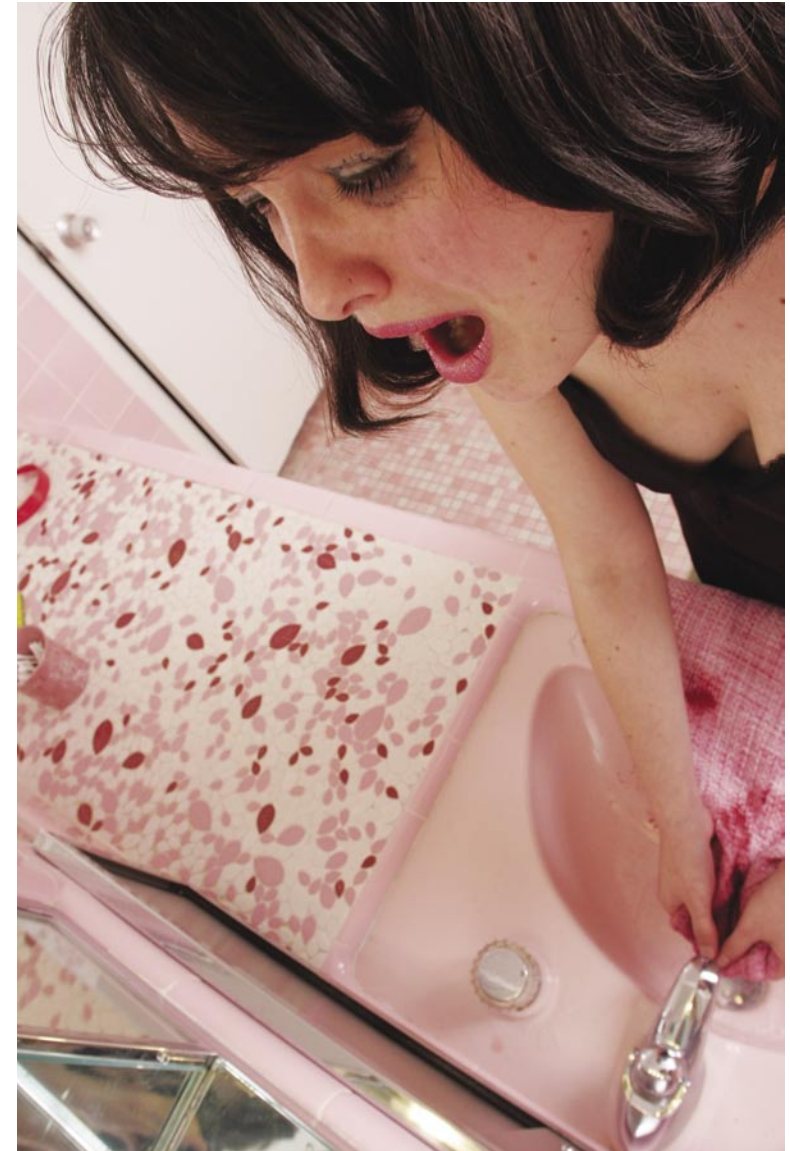
Eleanor

It is not fair to ask of others
what you are not willing to do yourself.



Jackie

Can anyone understand how it is
to have lived in the White House
and then, suddenly, to be living
alone as the President's widow?



Barbara



What I'm hearing, which is sort of scary,
is they all want to stay in Texas.



Hillary



I'm not some Tammy Wynette standing by her man.



How To:

Steal Home

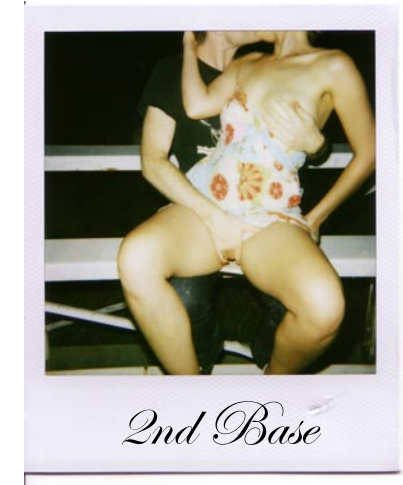
By D.T. Magee



I'm in no way a leading authority on the sexual bases. I'm merely a player in this game of sexual perversion that we all at some time are called off the bench for. I have been chosen to guide you through the analogy for degrees of sexual activity that have been so helpfully compared to America's favorite past time: baseball.

Most first base encounters happen at the end of the night, when you walk the person back to their car, and you're sitting on the curb, getting to know each other, and saying over and over and over, "I had a really nice time tonight," "Yeah, me too." And every time your eyes meet, you quickly look back down at your shoes. And it becomes more uncomfortable

as each minute passes. You just keep talking when, ironically, all you both want to do is shove your tongues down one another's throats. So if you want to beat around the 'bush', don't beat around the bush, and get in there and make it happen. You have to feel the vibe she's throwing at you. Pull her head back with her hair to expose her neck and lick it like it's your favorite ice cream cone. Utilize what she has from her neck up before you think about getting to second.



Assuming you get things all heated up on first base it should be a smooth transition to second. The first base coach (the tingling sensation in your sac) should be waving you

right along. Place your hand on the inside of her thigh, by about the kneecap and begin a slow massaging motion. This should be subtle but at the same time apparent enough to let her know that you want to touch her vagina. This massage should slowly work its way further up the leg, to just before the crotch, and then subside back to about the knee. Further up, subside. Further up, subside. Just like the tide. You don't want to become too anxious. You can lead off the plate a bit, but don't steal it right away. Otherwise, you'll be thrown out, game over. While touching her leg, whisper some really dirty shit into her ear.

When your hand has finally progressed to her crotch her breathing should give you a clear indication of how things are going. While this petting is occurring mind your first base obligations. Neck kissing, ear blowing - things of the like. If it's completely apparent that by unsnapping a button or unzipping a zipper you aren't going to hear "What do you think you're doing?" then go for it. Stick your hand down her pants. Now, if she isn't a selfish cunt, she'll return the favor, and pull off your sweatpants and feel around. Once you have your fingers in her honey pot, and she's got a hold of your schlong, congrats; you're on second base.



If all goes well on second then you are on your way to third base, more commonly known as head. The most magnificent act of love, devotion, and appreciation that someone can show to another. Tongues on clitorises, balls in mouths. Sucking. Licking. Mmmm, mmmm, mmmmmmm. If you couldn't guess, this is my favorite base to be on. (My girlfriend told me to mention that I'm really good at it, too.) It can take a lot of stamina for both parties based on how well it's being performed. Once your lips have touched the other person's genitalia you have just agreed to an unwritten, unspoken contractual obligation to not stop doing what

you're doing until that person has reached climax. Blue balls are no joking matter. They are an affliction that should have been destroyed with polio. Be attentive to your partner's needs. The recipient, however, must be vocal with their requests. It takes cooperation on both sides to make head work.

If you're not getting any pleasure out of it, make them aware of it. Tell them what they're doing wrong. If you want him to lick your butt hole, say so! If you want her to put your nuts in her mouth and hum, then by God tell her! You wouldn't allow your dentist to keep poking at your gums when the pain is too much, would you? You've made it more than half way around the bases together, don't let lack of communication fuck it all up. For those who don't share the same feeling of self-satisfaction you get when you make your partner cum by using just your mouth, I believe you're missing out on something very special. Whether or not what happened on third base caused either party to ejaculate, it's time to bring it home. Home Plate. Penis and vagina. In and out, real savage like. This is why we run the bases. To get to home. How you handled yourself leading up to this final base will determine the end result.



You made it home in one night, I hope you took your time reaching your destination and enjoyed your journey along the way. Without frenching, fondling, and fingering, fucking would be a mere act of penetration. Hopefully, everything went smoothly up until this point. From here it's up to you to make that booty clap. Girls, you have to be helpful, though. Tell us how you want it. Don't be afraid because you think it sounds dirty. You're fucking! It's supposed to be dirty. We're happy just to be inside you, give us some direction. We all want to be left weak kneed and breathless when it's said and done. So let's play ball.

