

box

XOOD





Editors Note



Dearest Readers,

Some people don't like brussels sprouts. Which is fine for them. We love brussels sprouts. More for us. And honestly, this doesn't affect us one bit.

Sex, fetishes, and paraphilias are just like that. Barring anything nonconsensual, we could really give a damn. Who are we to say what's normal, what's sexy, what's the best way to get off? It's an individual choice that no one can set the litmus test for.

In America there are all sorts of people trying to take away the ability to choose. South Dakota recently outlawed abortion, the anti-smut leagues are closing in on porn, major record labels and MTV are dictating what the public hears, and you can't even make ethical choices in the toothpaste aisle because every company tests on animals.

In the interest of choice, we've packed issue three full of some of the more interesting and less discussed phenomena. We interviewed a young rubber doll from Sweden, an indie rock god, and a pop culture-bending painter from San Francisco. We discovered that some bruises really do mean he loves you and in Houston all that glitters isn't gold.

Our fetish dictionary brings together some of the world's most provocative photographers and gives a little insight into what makes them cream their panties or manties. In the process we got so into the idea of trying something new that we even got into the fetish game. Turns out half the office is into splashing. Spaghetti-O's will never look the same.

While we can control the amount of Chef Boyardee we swim in, we can't control what you think is hot. And why would we want to? So look through these pages and we're sure you'll find a choice you can be happy with. Even if you don't like brussels sprouts.

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Cover photo by Leo Zacharias

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tended for readers over the age of 18.

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Lives and shoots in Xalapa, Veracruz (Mexico). He is not vegetarian, he is not abstemious, and detests most mariachi music. You can see his work at: apiza.com



Aubrey Edwards

Aubrey is currently working on a portrait series of Dirty South rappers and continues to use her skateboard and her camera to wander the world. aubreyedwards.com



Ben Aqua

Ben Aqua was born in Brooklyn and lives in Austin, TX. He enjoys weightlifting, pizza, and heavy metal. aquabotic.com



Evan Mora

Evan is a freelance photographer living in Austin, TX and will ONLY accept the following methods of payment: cash, check, or beef jerky.



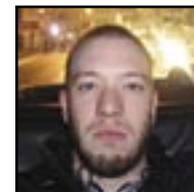
Ginger

Ginger is a collector of love letters and unicorn calendars.



Kevin Parks Hauser

Kevin Parks Hauser is an artist that lives and works in San Francisco, California. You can find more of his work at exittheonramp.com, or at his boyfriend's house.



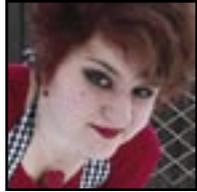
Leo Zacharias

Leo is a photographer based in NYC, listens to GRINDCORE and will scramble your sensory experience with his site at leozacharias.com.



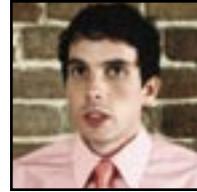
L.H.

L.H. is a world-renowned love maker and a vegetable and fruit juice pusher.



Lisolette Eriksson

Sweden based Lisolette is self-taught and primarily photographs fascinating people in interesting clothes. For more, check out liselotteeriksson.com



Justin Cone

Justin sucks greedily on the teat of higher education. Someday he will make money for this.



Bobbi Ryde

Does not tolerate spousal abuse. She strongly urges battered women to visit the closest safe place or cut off their offenders' dicks.



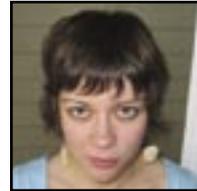
Willis Dyer

Willis comes from a unicornated uterus. We have no idea what the fuck that means. He currently resides in East Austin.



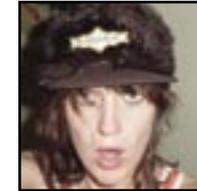
Roberta Spirin

Her ego slowly digests itself, she scrapes away her skin, trying to find her inner self, she stands naked, vulnerable, her suffering exposed to the world.



Samantha Gore

Samantha Gore is currently experimenting with alternative process portraiture and working in Houston, TX. She is, and will always be, eighth in the world.



Erin Dance

Erin makes hoop-skirts and paints things golden. She drives an unmarked prison van, and can two-step quite well, if the occasion arises.



Stacey King and Bud Wilder

Stacey was caught by her mother blowing a rabbi during her Bat Mitzvah. You can find her in every Girls Gone Wild ad dating back to 1998. Bud is still a rabbi.



Soft Action and Courtney Chavanell

A team of Actionettes with all of the sexed-up class you need. softactionstyle.com. Courtney is their star photographer. courtneychavanell.com



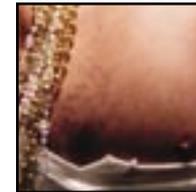
Tara Bouley

Tara is the lackey half of Youth of Tomorrow (see below). She also likes morning tea and has a healthy fantasy world to retreat to whenever necessary.



Pau Ros

Pau works on production and publicity photography for performing arts, education workshops, and festivals. You can see more of his work at pauros.com.



Steve Lopez

Steve is an art student at the San Francisco Art Institute. He looks just as good as a man as he does as a woman. That is his nipple.



Tread

Not to worry, it's just the ongoing, plastic clickity noise of Tread. Carry on with what you were doing, he'll stay out of your way. gotreadgo.com



Ryan Tomorrow

Ryan is a founding member of Youth of Tomorrow, a boutique design firm. His work has won multiple awards and appeared in many magazines. He is a power bottom.



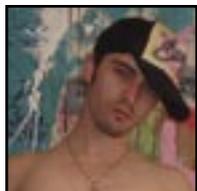
Dr. Black

Dr. Black is a top notch photographer and could analyse the box out of anyone.



Mary Sledd

Mary likes blogging and sewing tiny cat clothes. In her free time she takes pictures for magazines. marysledd.com



Christopher A. Trout

Christopher is a sex industry graphic designer, party planner, stripper, waiter, writer, and model in a pinch. He hates life and loves champagne.



Heather Riley

Heather is an international business woman. If international means Canada and the United States and business means meetings once a year.



Tina Louise

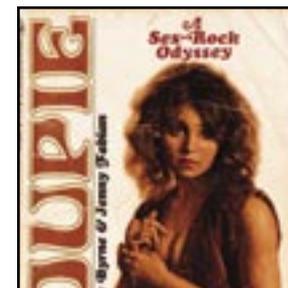
Tina loves skipping while eating ice cream on a rainbow. In her spare time she grooms her pet unicorn Twinkle Tinkle.



Baby Cakes O'Reily

Baby is the intern. Baby is doing this for school credit. Baby gets an A.

Bits



Groupie

Johnny Byrne and Jenny Fabian

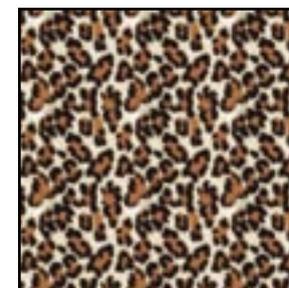
Katie, our heroine, braves the 1960s London music scene whilst discovering her sexuality through bagging all her favourite musicians. I actually kind of enjoyed this book. I got to decipher all sorts of dated British slang and guess at which musicians were being portrayed: I think Syd Barrett was one of the guys she “pulled” at the beginning of the book.



Vessel

vessel.com

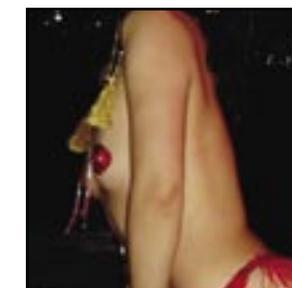
As Busta Rhymes would say, “Light yo ass on fire, not yo house.” Vessel’s claim to fame came with Candela, a rechargeable, portable lamp that simulates the soft glow of candlelight. Perfect for a midnight romp, they now carry a variety of products that will turn the dimmest of flats into an orgy of light. Their newest, Luau (pictured), is set to be the brightest of them all.



Indie Nudes

indienudes.com

Artsy types rejoice! Indie nudes features some of the hottest high-brow erotica on the internet. They collect some of the best galleries into a digest called ‘Girls Rock!’ and also offer links to photographers like Richard Kern and the ubiquitous Terry Richardson. When you’re done spankin’ it you can stick around for inspiration (or a second round).



Sex Workers Art Show World Tour 2006

sexworkersartshow.com

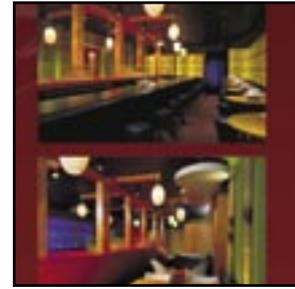
What’s hotter than a young prostitute? A slightly older, retired prostitute with a nice body, all her teeth, and a full vocabulary. The Sex Workers Art Show is a combination of burlesque, monologues and music all performed by the hottest and hippest industry folks. It’s smart, sexy and sometimes depressing. What doesn’t turn you on is sure to turn your stomach or at least pull a tear.



Alan Watts

alanwatts.com

How did this guy slip past my parents? A British expatriate philosopher living in San Francisco in the 60s, Alan Watts explains clearly and powerfully how I'm "doing" the universe every bit as much as it is "doing" me. That kind of knowledge would have made puberty much more tolerable.



Asia SF

asiasf.com

At any other sushi bar I'd be pissed if my reservation was lost. But when it happened here I got the best show of my life. Not only did we have front row seats to the best drag show I've ever seen, but we got all the cross-dressing celebrity gossip you could ask for. And the food was good too. Watch out for Ginger - she's a wild one.



Car Crash

safecar.gov

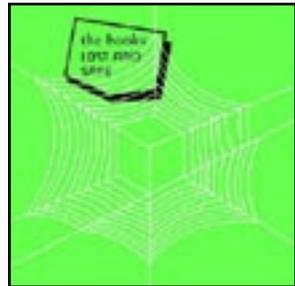
I like car crashes. I mean, I hate being in them, but there is something really great about seeing one happen when nobody gets hurt. There is all of this build-up just like an orgasm then...BOOM!



Coffee, Cake & Kink

coffeecakeandkink.com

London's Covent Garden is full of surprises. On a recent visit I discovered this gem of a cafe. Part erotic art gallery and part BDSM community center, CC&K brings together two of my favorite things: really great sex and really, REALLY great coffee. (No faking!)



The Books

Lost and Safe

Heady and a little pretentious, this latest album from The Booksmeldssamplesfromnewscastsandbeatphilosophers with sliced-and-diced acoustic instrumentation and thickly processed vocals to create an auditory experience that—when it works—is somehow better than it sounds.



The Vietnamese Sandwich

Banh Mi

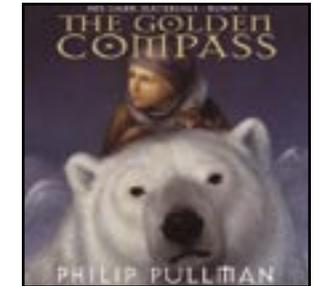
Leave it to the Vietnamese to perfect fusion food. First recorded tasting is in the early 19th century, but only recently has banh mi become an American fave. A French baguette meets a vermicelli bowl. Watch out burrito, here comes banh mi.



REPULSE

Rape Deterrent

You put one of the little capsules in your pocket (it even has a handy pen-clip) and when raping is imminent, you break it and a horrible odor is released so vile that even the rapiest raper cannot ply his trade. When he is gone you break the other capsule, which you hopefully did not leave at home, to neutralize the odor. I can only imagine what the testing was like for this product.



The Golden Compass: His Dark Materials

Philip Pullman

This is not children's literature, no matter what it says on the back of the books. Author Phillip Pullman eats C. S. Lewis for breakfast in this fantasy trilogy that takes on The Church, puberty, good, evil, sexuality, and the deeply entrenched notion that growing up is somehow bad for you.

Toy Box



By Ginger

Toy courtesy of Good Vibrations
goodvibes.com

— Tango — Good Vibrations

I am the best sex I have ever had. My healthy self-esteem is dependent upon regularly giving myself a mind-blowing orgasm without trouble, guilt, or commitment. The Tango had the appearances of a promising tool to get what I desire.

I have to admit that the first time I saw The Tango I was more than a little intimidated (as were all the other editors). In fact, I had to work up to using all parts of this powerful machine as it overwhelmed me the first time I used it. I heard recently that when a woman has an orgasm she is actually experiencing a bit of a short circuit in her brainwaves. The first time I used The Tango I felt like I incurred some brain damage with all my short circuiting and heard some new sounds come out of my body. I have renamed this toy: The Primal Scream.

This daunting machine has two stimulating parts - the shaft and a corded, vibrating bullet, which one of two sleeves slips onto. These sleeves are called Suction, which looks like a cross between an old-fashioned phone mouthpiece and a puffy-paint bottle, and Plug, which looks like a miniature squid head. I opted to use the mini vibe sans sleeve as the alien look to both of them did not turn me on, but I'm sure it could work for someone else. The shaft part both vibrates AND twirls like a spinning top, similar to the famed Rabbit Pearl.

The Tango's semi-realistic-looking (think human cock crossed with E.T. neck) shaft is 6" long and 1 1/4" in diameter. The Suction sleeve is 2 3/4" long and 1 3/4" in diameter, while the Plug sleeve is 4" long and 1 1/4" in diameter. It uses four AA batteries, which can be found in most TV remotes.

The toy has one on/off switch and each of the moving parts has its own speed dial. The many parts and separate speed controls are a little confusing for an uncoordinated gal like myself, but it doesn't really hurt its performance. And if you are a video game player you probably won't have as much trouble as I did. This toy is perfect for people with ADD. There are so many stimulations and actions going on with this piece that the unfocused, wandering mind will constantly have pleasure.

One of the only drawbacks to The Tango is in its materials - I usually prefer silicone toys and recommend putting a condom on this guy before playing with him. All of the horsepower it packs comes at a cost as it is also quite loud and cannot be used on the sly. On several occasions while doing my research I wondered if my housemates in the other rooms could hear it buzzing away.

So, is the Tango here to stay, or will it be a one-night stand? While this toy does the trick of working me over, it might be too much for one vag. I think I'll keep it around, though, in case I lose my primal scream.



Ass and the City



Porn Review

By Stacey King and Bud Wilder
Photos Courtesy Lucas Entertainment

Encounters: Heat of the Moment

Lucas Entertainment

She Said

When I opened Encounters I was delighted to find a little pack of Pjur Bodyglide. I'm not quite sure why. I don't have a penis or anything, and I usually don't need that much lube. I just figured that Lucas Entertainment was thinking of their viewer's enjoyment.

This carries over to the movie. Encounters is like a gay, real life Sex in the City. They take positively mundane moments and turn them into sexual fantasy. When you're cruising for guys on the Internet, should you expect more than just sex? What do you do while painting an apartment? What am I supposed to do when my roommate catches me whacking off? You're gonna fuck, of course.

The lack of sound track makes all these stories particularly realistic. Concentrating on the little noises (like a sofa squeaking, men moaning, and the sound of choking on dick) creates an almost uncomfortable vibe, like you just walked in on friends going at it.

Being so entrenched in reality was a bit of a distraction. In one clip, a guy sticks his thumb up his friend's ass when it's still covered in dirt and paint. And aren't they on the job? Most uncomfortable was 'Dorm-Room Education.' When his roommate catches him jerking off, Blu Kennedy has a look on his face that makes me wanna cry. It's straight up frat boy suck my dick stuff.

And as an added bonus, special features include the actors' dick sizes and an amazing Pjur ad.

He Said

Day laborers do it, students do it, therapists do it, web surfers do it, family guys do it. In Michael Lucas's world, any time more than one man is in a room they're fucking, sucking, and cussing. In his world, the smallest dick is 7 inches, men are gym built, and they always have lube and condoms on hand. In his world you don't even have to be gay to love dick.

The characters in Lucas's film range from overly-sexed heterosexuals who just love head, to overtly gay web cruisers. But hey, all have one thing in common-big dicks.

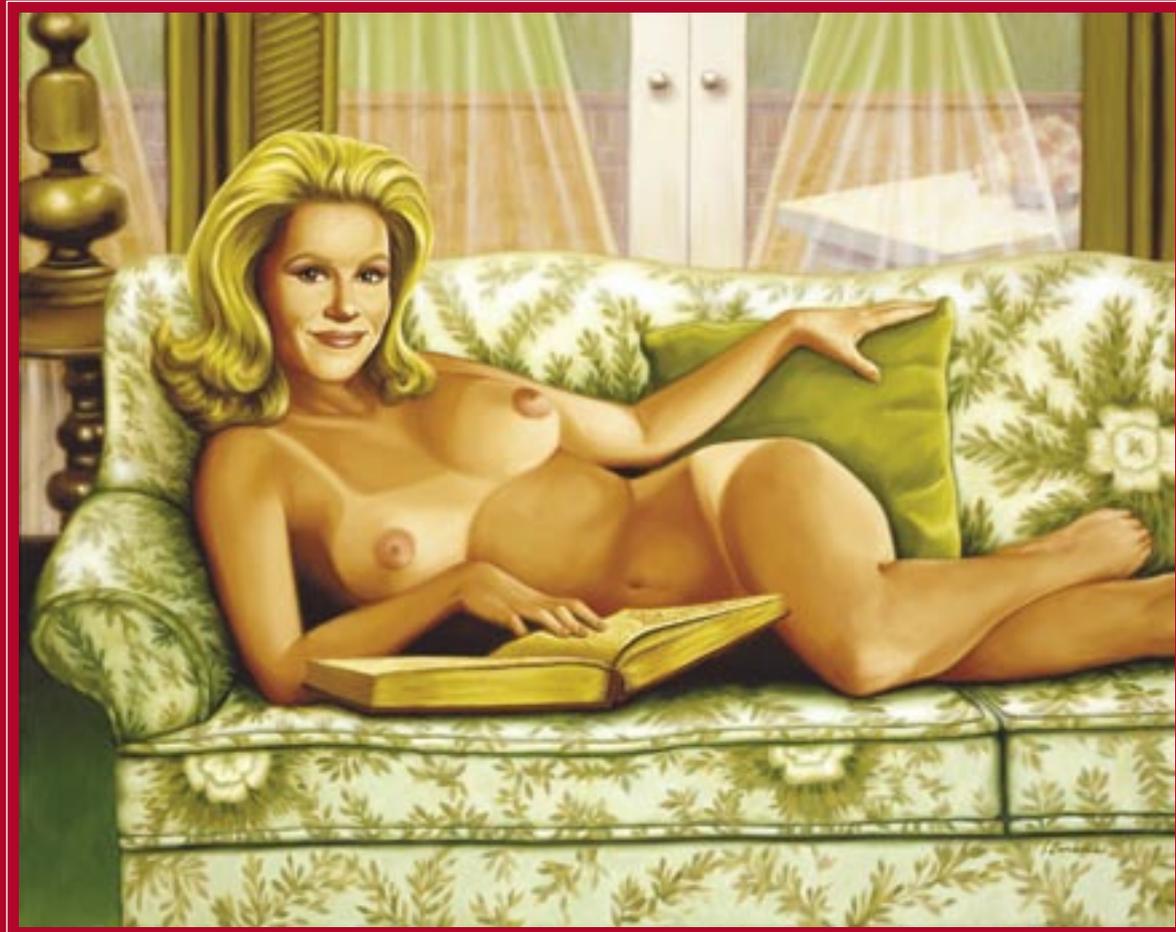
Ideally, cock would be free, clean, and convenient. Unfortunately, the scenes in Heat of the Moment aren't real. The truth is, 80 percent of Americans have HPV, people go years without ever even seeing a dick, and it takes a lot more than spitting in someone's asshole to prime it for fucking.

If we lived in Lucas's world, the lighting would never be harsh, we would look flawless even while getting pounded by a ten inch, uncut, Puerto Rican dick, and no one would listen to music when they fucked. The only draw back-no tits.

The fantasy world in Encounters is not only artfully crafted, but it'll make even the straightest man want to know what his buddy looks like sans shorts. If we lived in Michael Lucas's world, there wouldn't be war because we'd all be too busy sucking dick.

BOX Artist Survey No. 3

Isabel Samaras



Original Artwork, Isabel Samaras
Isabel lives and works in San Francisco, CA

Do you have any special talent no one knows about?

I'm a wicked baker but I think most of my friends know that already and hang around the kitchen in anticipation of treats. I can also crochet a Lucha Libre mask.

What is your earliest memory?

I always thought my earliest memory was riding in a speedboat with my mom and dad but when I was talking to my mom about it recently she told me that never happened -- and the speedboat I described was a bath toy I used to have when I was a baby. So apparently that was a childhood dream that I took for memory. The end result is that I have no idea what's real anymore. I do remember going to markets with my grandma and because her hands were full I'd have to hold on to the big black leather roses that were the buttons on her coat. They were bigger than my fist.

If you could only eat one genre of food for the rest of your life, what would it be?

I'm sure I'd get sick of it eventually but right now my fave thing in the world is pie. PIE! Fruit pies, savory pies, rustic pies crammed with spinach and mushrooms and cheese, pies with perfect crispy crusts oozing berry juice, hot apple pie with a dollop of vanilla ice cream melting over the top.... Sorry what was the question?

Who was your first and current celebrity crush?

I think my first crush was on that big space whore, Captain Kirk/William Shatner. How cheesy is that? Right now I think Johnny Depp and Clive Owen are very easy on the eyes and I have a petite crush on John Stewart.

Do you like mayonnaise? Why or why not?

Oh geez, I love mayonnaise. What's not to like? It takes a potentially dry, crumbly sandwich into moist, tasty yumminess.

What's your guilty pleasure?

Chocolate, TV and sitting still.

What would your super power be?

It would be so fantastic to fly, tho' if you think about it in a practical way it's probably something you'd almost never get to actually *do*. If you just took off from the street, out your window, anywhere populated then you would be seen and how long would it be before the military grabbed and dissected you? So maybe something more subtle.

If you could live in any movie or book, what would it be?

I actually just set up a new studio so I don't want to be anywhere but HERE right now, puttering around and painting. I do adore science fiction so it might be fun to live in a futuristic society and get to zoom around in space.

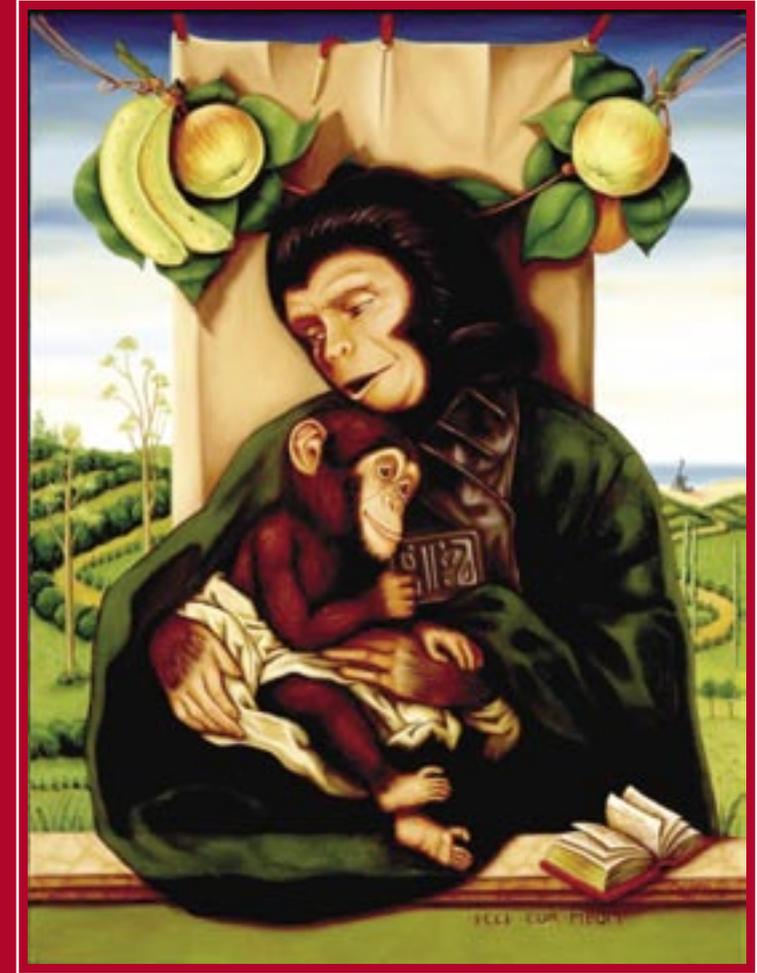
What moves you?

PIE! Other stuff? I find I'm very drawn to obsessiveness, probably because I have a bit of that myself, so I tend to really respond to things that are created out of that kind of energy, whether it's art, writing, film, music, etc. I like to be fully drawn in by things and to feel the sympathetic vibration of another kindred spirit. I like classic horror (not so much the slasher stuff but the supernatural creepies), there is some phenomenal stuff going on in comics right now. "Battlestar Galactica" is a great show, and chocolate is a gift from the gods. I am moved to tears and bitter anger every time I read the newspaper. My heart expands two sizes every time I look at my family and friends.



Isabel has also been featured in CMYK and SF Weekly.
You can see more of her work at astrocat.com/samaras.







Six Shots

with Chris Simpson

By Heather Riley

As the singer of Mineral, Chris Simpson developed a devoted following of twenty-somethings. After his next band, the Gloria Record, disbanded a couple of years ago, Chris went into hiding. Over a couple of joints and a twelve pack, we spoke about his most embarrassing moments, Christian denim, and his newest project, Zookeeper.

Box: How do you feel about girls having your (Mineral) lyrics tattooed on their bodies?

I think that's cool, if that's what you want to do.

Box: Do you ever get creeped out by it?

To be honest with you, when guys have my lyrics tattooed on their bodies I am. I mean I understand that kind of obsession with music, but...

Box: Do you ever feel stifled living in Austin?

It's not the right place for a lot of people, because it's an easy place to do nothing. Places like New York, LA, if you're not doing something, you can kinda get washed away. Here it's like, if your aren't doing something it's like, "that's cool, we can let you slide for about a decade." You can spend your whole life not doing anything.

Box: Is that why there was such a big break between the Gloria Record and Zookeeper?

Well, yeah, but also process-wise things are different. When I was younger, I just wrote my own songs and I always thought that's what it would be; a band playing my songs. But by the time I started playing anything serious, like Mineral, or the Gloria Record, I was in a very different place and I had this idea in my head that the only way a band should work is in that democratic way. And I was really committed to that idea. After the Gloria Record disbanded, I went a year or so without doing anything serious musically. I guess I had kinda lost faith in the process. Then I started writing songs and thought, "why don't I just write songs and do my own thing? Other people can play with me and if it turns into a semi-official band, that's cool."

Box: Do you feel like you're less the boss now?

I think there's a lot more freedom. In the past I was always like, "I just don't know if I like the vibe of this." But in retrospect, I probably just didn't like the song. You know, that was my fault. And I was trying to figure out how to fix that. Change this electric guitar to acoustic, a pedal, or whatever. I think the biggest problem with the way I

was working in those bands was that we would all write collectively. It would be this piece of music that we had lived with for months, sort of shaped, made something very specific, and only after all that did I sit down to write the vocal parts. I would have to try to fit what it was, based on the vibe of the music. And then I sort of felt like, “Well, I can’t really write a song about sex to this piece of music.” Or, “I can’t really write a song about love to this piece.” I just couldn’t make it what I wanted it to be. I had to write a very specific kind of song. A song that everyone could like on top of this piece of music that they had already spent all these months working on. It’s just so much easier now. Not to say it’s better. I can change it however I want, rewrite it however I want, by myself, until I’m happy. And I find I really don’t care after that. You guys want to make this an upbeat rock song? Fine, let’s try that. You guys want to make a sort of sparse atmospheric song? That’s fine too. I feel like I’m much less controlling of the material at the end.

Box: What was your first embarrassing moment?

I was in first grade. Do you know how at the beginning of elementary school you get a the list of supplies you’re going to need for class? And then after the first day, you get your mom to take you to the store? And I always ended up with those erasers that were pink and black and rectangular. And these were the only erasers you saw at the store and the only erasers that anybody ever ended up with. But at some point there became these tan colored, [crumbly] erasers, like a big block. I thought those things were so cool. And the kid at the desk next to me, Ryan, had one. I’d always just wanted to like, hold it, use it, or check it out. I totally had eraser envy.

One day Ryan wasn’t there. At some point I was like, “I’m totally going to use Ryan’s eraser.” When the teacher wasn’t looking, I just leaned over and opened his desk and found it, pulled it out and put it in my desk to use it for the day and put it back in there, you know? At some point, naturally enough, I was doing some erasing. I guess I was being a little too ferocious, and it just broke in half. Literally broke in half. And I was like, “What the fuck am I

going to do?” And I decided the only thing I could do was just put it back in his desk. The two halves. Just broken. And maybe he would assume he broke the eraser.

So the next day, Ryan’s back at school and sure enough, like ten minutes into the day, he just starts freaking out, calling to the teacher, “Somebody must have been in my desk yesterday when I wasn’t here. And my eraser is BROKEN.” It was this huge ordeal. The whole class stopped. The teacher went to all of us whose desks were all directly around him and called us out individually. “Lisa, did you get in Ryan’s desk yesterday and do anything with his eraser? Chris, did you...” Of course we’re all like, “No, no, of course not.” After that she stopped the class and said, “We’re not going to do anything else until somebody tells me...” Blah, blah, blah. She was totally freaking out, but I kept my cool. She ended up giving up and just being like “I have to actually teach now.” But she kept saying throughout the day, “This issue is not over. We’re going to get to the bottom of this.”

So I go home that night. My dad came in [to say goodnight]. And we were just sitting there talking and I completely just flipped out and started bawling. Confessed everything. He looked at me and said, “I think the only thing you can do is tell your teacher.” And then I was like, “Do I have to?” And he thought about it, and was like, “How did it make you feel to tell me that?” And I was like, “It actually felt really good.” “Did you feel really relieved, like you’d done the right thing?” And I was like, “ Definitely.” And he said to me, “How about you just remember that lesson. And as far as I’m concerned, you don’t have to tell your teacher.”

Box: When was the last time you visited a new city?

Right before the Gloria Record kinda broke up, we got flown to Singapore. It was an amazing experience. You know, when we found out about it, we were like, “Huh, I don’t even know where that is. I don’t even know what that is.” But it just ended up being amazing. It was a small festival, but huge as far as money and sponsorship. We were put up in the nicest hotel I’ve ever seen, much less stayed in.

The festival was only one day, but they put us up three or four days before the festival, and a couple days after. So it was like we were there all expenses paid. Like we would go downstairs in the morning, and it was like the most enormous breakfast buffet. I mean, if you can name a type of food that anyone would eat for breakfast, it was there somewhere. And then at noon, each band in the festival had its own guide who would show up and be like, “What do you want to do today? I’ll take you wherever you want to go.” And we saw the entirety of Singapore because every day we’d be like, “I don’t know, what is there?” Singapore is a city, but it’s also an island, and it is really one of the most enormous cities. It just keeps going and opening up into these different neighborhoods and areas. But you always feel like you’re still in the center of things. And it’s really amazing. You can go to this Indian area, it’s called Little India, and just like, all of a sudden, any hint of Asian culture is like, gone, and you really feel like you’re in India. Everything is so authentic, and there are temples, and restaurants everywhere and it’s just like; it’s really, really amazing.

Box: So it’s like the Epcot Center?

I haven’t been there, but it felt like that. It felt like the whole “It’s a Small World After All” tour. Oh, now we’re in France?! Isn’t that cool?

In the early eighties, I went to Disneyland and I completely lost my shit on [the Matterhorn]. I just completely freaked out. To the point where like, my Mom or somebody had to stop the ride. Like somebody, a worker, came up to see what the problem was, and my mom was like, “I don’t know, he’s just freaking out.” We left the ride half way through.

Box: Are you religious, or were you raised religious?

My parents go to a Lutheran church. You know, not like bible-thumping Christians, but definitely Christian. And I really remember not liking church early in life and expressing this. My dad told me, “Well, when you’re older, if you decide you don’t want to go to church, that’s fine. But when you’re living at my house, and I’m responsible for raising you, I feel like you should go to church.”

Then at some point in high school I went through this phase where I got really into it. I was what you might refer as a super-Christian. I started listening to all this Christian metal and punk music, and I had a pair of pants, jeans actually, that I bleached until they were completely white almost. I made this project out of these pants, and turned them into these ‘I’m a weirdo Christian punk rocker dude’ pants. I had intricately perfect logos of these Christian metal bands and all these sayings and quotes from the Bible. Just among the most embarrassing things ever to think back on. And I not only wore these things, but I wore them out of the house, in public, into a school every day. Proudly. And usually coupled them with some sort of shirt that had some really strident Christian message on it.

Box: What’s the worst customer you’ve ever had at the diner where you work?

I don’t know. I mean, I don’t think it’s the customers. Nine times out of ten, I think if I react badly to people, it’s my fault. I mean, some days I’m able to go in there and just sort of float above the whole thing and do whatever I need to get through and put money in my wallet. And some days, I must look like, demented, because I walk around all day having to say to myself under my breath, “It doesn’t fucking matter. It doesn’t fucking matter.”

Box: So you’re over it?

I mean it just has no bearing on my reality. It has no contact with my life whatsoever, other than that I hang out there like eight hours at a time, five days a week. Like, it doesn’t matter. It has no connection to my reality. It’s another world I go visit, and they give me money for coming there. It’s unbelievable. It’s not real. It’s completely surreal.



To find out more about Chris and his latest projects visit his website at zookeepersworld.com



Angelina Doll

Interview with a Rubber Woman

— By Christopher A. Trout —

She's hot, Swedish and 100% rubber. Angelina Doll is more human than any rubber doll and more of a doll than any other woman. Her foray in to the rubber scene came from the quest for the perfect face but that wasn't enough to satisfy the plastic princess. Angelina wanted it all and now she has it: inflatable hips and tits, the body of a blow up doll, a makeup artist's head for a face, and a website to promote it all. It may seem like she has reached the top of the rubber game but Angelina isn't about to slow down. Her next pursuit - the big screen.

Box: I just finished watching your first movie. It looks like the beginnings of a cinematic masterpiece. Have you considered making a full-length Angelina Doll film?

Yes, maybe not full-length, but at least a real short movie would be fun.

Box: You share a name with a plump-lipped, philanthropic American actress. Is this a coincidence?

No, not really. I admire her a lot.

Box: Your photos take place in the Swedish countryside in simple, suggestive attire. Most pictures of rubber women take place in studios with the model wearing slick, shiny

prostitute gear. Aside from the obvious, what sets you apart from the rest of the rubber set?

Funny that you mentioned that. From the beginning I wanted to create a somewhat alternative fetish look. I think it is fun to combine an everyday look with a full enclosure latex fetish suit.

Box: The suit, which you made with the help of a friend, was constructed of a makeup artist's head, a rubber doll, and a few extra pieces of latex rubber. You made yours by hand, but if latex doll suits became a mass marketed trend, would you consider buying off the rack?

If it was good quality and looked good, I sure would. In fact, I am amazed that it is not available yet because there seems to be a market.

Box: It is not easy to fit a full human body into a rubber doll. Have you ever timed the process?

No, I haven't actually. But I guess it takes 20 minutes.

Box: Describe the longest day you've spent in the suit.

We started by getting me inside the suit, which takes some time and a lot of lubricant. It is just a little bit too small for me so the challenge is to smooth everything out and then all the parts slide into place. The doll's air pockets were filled with air and then it was time for the mask. I pulled my long hair into a wig net and then the mask came on. That is always a nice sensation- when you fit the nose and mouth into place and you start seeing the world differently through the tiny holes for the eyes. It is somewhat difficult to put on clothes, so my friends helped me put on a pink latex skirt and my black satin corset with some black stayups. Finally a black see-through scarf and some black



I prefer the more 'elegant' fetishes like shining latex, corsets and so on.

wedge-heeled shoes. The very first steps were a little bit wobbly until I got used to moving inside the suit and then I headed for the stairs to the second level of the apartment.

We took some photos of me posing in the middle of the room before I headed over to my doll-mate sitting in the sofa. She was also inside a doll suit and we started to make out standing beside the sofa. Then we headed outside on the big balcony and we both felt the chilling effect of the cold weather outside through our latex suits. We had some fun in the sun chairs before we headed back inside where she put ballet-heels on my feet and led me through the room in them a few times.

Walking in these heels is not easy! Of course we ended up in the sofa again and started playing with each other and we had a really nice time. After a few hours we were both really tired of being locked in our suits and we headed downstairs to help each other out of them. It was almost strange to see each other's real faces again. I had kind of become accustomed to her doll face. We both headed to the bathroom tub to take our suits off and then to a nearby restaurant to enjoy a nice meal.

Box: Have you ever had sex with another latex doll?

Well, yes I have and that was an amazing experience. A bit difficult sometimes, but it is so exciting to look at the other person and just barely see a hint of an eye and hear the moaning sound inside.

Box: Who was the first person you ever kissed? Mine was a 49 year-old businessman. He bought me ice cream then we made out.

It was a nice looking classmate in high school.

Box: You seem to know a fair amount about fetishism, are there any fetishes that make you uncomfortable?

Well, everybody can do what they like, of course, as long as everybody is in on it. Personally I am not into the more extreme stuff out there - like hardcore BDSM and stuff. I prefer the more "elegant" fetishes like shining latex, corsets and so on.

Box: I know you like to take walks in the countryside, but do you ever make daytime visits to the city? If so, how do people react?

I have planned to take the subway in the suit but I have not had time to do that yet. It will be fun...

Box: Do you think Americans are too conservative when it comes to sex?

Well, there are many different kind of Americans but I think the American society in general seems to have a lot of double standards. Also, I am quite scared of the way right-wing Christian conservative forces are gaining ground and working against sex, gay marriages, abortion, and against the use of condoms.

Box: Which do you prefer:

Coffee or Tea?

Tea

Gold or Silver?

Silver

Salad or Steak?

Salad

Heels or flats?

Heels

Versace or Burberry?

Versace

Playgirl or Playboy?

Playboy

Chocolate or Vanilla?

Vanilla

Natural fabric or synthetic?

Synthetic



Angelina Doll lives and plays in Stockholm, Sweden. You can read and see more about her and her suit at angelinadoll.com.

Photos By Freja Art

Houston Grills



the World

By Willis Dyer and Tara Bouley

Three In The Morning

Houston has always had a healthy hip hop scene and currently Screw music, slowed-down and chopped-up hip hop, is at the forefront. Due to the popularity of some of the Houston hip hop artists in the last few years, the world has turned its eye to Houston and everyone wants to know what screwed and chopped hip hop is all about and how it originated.

On November 16th, 2000 Robert Earl Davis Jr. was found dead on the bathroom floor of his south side Houston studio. He had succumbed to his 5th rumored heart attack, which was linked to his frequent ingestion of sizzurp, otherwise known as “lean” or “syrup.” While the effects of codeine on the body are well documented, what lean consists of varies. Here’s the most popular recipe:

3 oz. cough syrup w/codeine or Promethazine
3 oz. rum, vodka, any hard alcohol
12 oz of sprite or 7up

If you really want to get faded, put 4 or 5 crushed vicodin or hydrocodone into the mixture, sit on your couch and put a tape on of sizzurp’s main advocate, Robert Earl Davis, better known as DJ Screw.

DJ Screw got his moniker as a child, after his friend Shorty Mac noticed him scratching up his mother’s records with an actual screw. “Man what the hell, you think you a DJ Screw or somethin’?” he joked. Years later, Screw began to play records at a slower pitch, stuttering out the syllables and the cymbals to add a more soulful feel to the song (a feeling enhanced by sipping sizzurp). He not only invented a new psychedelia, he created a new form of Blues. Screw

slowed the music down so it sounded more like moaning than rapping. The sound is so visceral and unmistakable that first time listeners are initially repulsed. Like Bradford Marsalis describing Beethoven: it’s music that doesn’t come to you, you have to come to it.

When one of his friends offered him \$10 for a tape of the slowed down mix, Screw thought nothing of it; but within weeks people were lined up around the block to cop a Screw tape. People were waking him up at 3 and 4 in the morning to buy tapes. Eventually, the popularity of Screw’s house attracted the attention of the police and the IRS. Something had to be done. “Cops was lookin’ in. IRS was lookin’ in, cause a nigga wasn’t payin’ no taxes, had to go legit,” he said, and Screwed Up Records and Tapes, a shabby brown warehouse on Cullen Street in south Houston, was born.

Classic recordings like the July 27th Freestyle and 3 N’ The Morning brought rappers like Lil’ Keke and Big Moe into the local spotlight. Houston artists wanted to go through Screw mainly because they could get their records heard by a wider audience if the revered DJ slowed them down, chopped them up, and placed them on Screw tape. If Screw happened to hear and like your music, you would be summoned to his South Park residence to record a freestyle. This eventually resulted in the formation of a loosely knit band of rappers called the Screwed Up Click. The shortlist includes: Lil’ Flip, Z-Ro, Big Hawk, The Botany Boys, and Yungstar.

DJ Screw became a regional phenomenon. Screw tapes morphed into status symbols. Having a new Screw tape was better than having new Jordans. In the late 90’s Music Mania, a record store in East Austin, received a visit from someone claiming to be Screw’s cousin. He sold the store racks of bootleg Screw tapes.

“The kids were obsessed with it,” says radio deejay, screw insider, and former employee Matt Sonzala. “We didn’t sell shit but these tapes, it was like crack.” The employees

were shocked one morning to find someone had broken into the store and stolen only a big rack of Screw tapes, leaving the safe and other merchandise intact. “Now whether that was someone genuinely wanting Screw tapes, or someone trying to send a message that selling bootleg tapes is bad for our health, I don’t know,” says Sonzala.

Critics have said Screw’s music is only good if one is severely fucked up and this encourages kids to raid their sick grandmother’s medicine stash for painkillers. This is an argument Screw rejected wholeheartedly, pointing out that little kids and old people lined up for his tapes when he sold them at his house. “Just because a nigga do get dranked out or smoke...don’t mean that’s how you gotta be fucked up to listen to my tapes.” Those who don’t disparage the technique attack the lyrical content, which is standard fare shooting and drug selling. To this, Screw employed the Reality Rationale: this is what we see, this is what we write about.

Whether hip hop purists and critics like it or not, DJ Screw’s mark on music history is undeniable. Even hip hop prince Kanye West pays his tribute to Screw by slowing down the last few bars of the song, “Drive Slow,” featured on the critically acclaimed album *Late Registration*.

His movement has spearheaded a regional-to-national revolution in music not seen since Seattle’s grunge. Any rap album put out today comes with two versions, regular or screwed. This choice will soon spill over into other genres. DJ Screw inadvertently opened up a whole new market in music.

Over the course of his career, Screw put out over 1,000 tapes, put tens of thousands dollars back into his community and helped launch the careers of countless rappers who otherwise would’ve been left blowing in the wind, ignored by a music industry now obsessed with Houston. Robert Earl Davis may have died that morning but DJ Screw will live forever.

Houston So Real

Matt Sonzala writes for *HoustonSoReal*, houstonsoreal.blogspot.com, the most comprehensive source of information about Houston’s hip hop scene on the web. This interview was conducted at Austin’s Park Plaza hotel, a large brown complex off of I-35 between a mall and a bus station. Matt was eating a baked potato with chili and a bacon cheeseburger. He agreed to an interview only after realizing he needed a ride to the show he was promoting. Right out of the gate, he began talking:

I went to Brand Nubian last year and there were only 50 people there. I mean, this is Brand Nubian and they are a classic group to me.

Box: How did you get involved in the Houston hip hop scene? You’re a DJ, right?

I run a radio show - so no, not a traditional DJ, in the hip hop sense. It’s a show called *Damage Control* for KPFT 90.1, a community station in Houston.

I did a show from ‘91 to ‘94 and I was playing from K-Rino to Freestyle Fellowship. Stuff like Masta Ace, Underground, Indie, LA, and NY hip hop. Even Houston stuff like K-Otix, [sic], Geto Boys, and Gangsta Nip. That’s always been my focus, the independent stuff.

Then I moved to NY for a year, then I went to Austin, then Amsterdam, then Chicago. Then I came back to Houston. So Houston has always been my base.

I read that story on your blog about working at Music Mania, here in Austin, and you guys getting robbed for its bootleg Screw tapes. Why do you think screwed music has become so popular?

To be honest, I really don’t know. I mean, I’m just a 34-year-old white guy. But I will say this: Houston rap supports itself. Like, Houston really supports Houston. I don’t know any other city in the fucking whole world when it comes to really being down for their hometown stuff.

When I first heard Screw, in ‘91 or ‘92 and I was like,

honestly, this is stupid, what the fuck is so exciting about this dude making rap tapes slowed down?

I still don’t totally know why people like Screw music. I mean I smoke weed, I like Vicodins and Valiums, I don’t get syrup that much, but I’ll sip it. I’ve listened to Screw music on all those things and I still don’t get it. What really got me was seeing the movement. I worked at Music Mania, I saw how the kids were just fucking obsessed with it. So, more than liking the music, I respect the movement. I respect what it is while admitting I don’t totally get it.

The majority of hip hop fans in Texas, I don’t what it is, they just love slowed down rap music.

You said on your website that everyone from New York to Belgium has been asking you about the Houston scene. How has the Houston hip hop community reacted to such national and international attention?

The local kids are oblivious to it. To them it’s still their thing. When we took screw music to New York City, the only kids that were curious were white hipster kids. Hardcore hip hop kids in the Bronx are not listening to screw music.

Where do you see it going? Do you think Houston will be able to “Screw the World”?

Think about it like this, like avant-garde jazz music, like stuff that’s totally weird. There will always be purists, like Wynton Marsalis, that will say that that is not jazz. There may be guys that think that anything after Brand Nubian isn’t hip hop. But you know what? Tough shit. Kids are out there doing different things with the music. Screw music is just a piece of hip hop. It’s made its mark on history. Twenty or 30 years from now I know I’m going to have a conversation with someone about screw tapes because it’s a real part of music. People have made hundreds of thousands of dollars with it.

How did grills come into fashion?

Old black men and women have always worn gold teeth. Now you got the kids looking at it like, ‘How can I take this to the next level?’ So, they start putting diamonds and emeralds in it. It’s just jewelry, like the new earring. I don’t

think it will always be as big as it is today. In ‘94 people in NYC were wearing gold caps on their bottom teeth with their name cut out.

If you know these dudes that make the grills, like Paul [Wall], they’re not that expensive. The markup on diamonds is ridiculous, so if you know someone in the industry you can get a grill made for cheap. So like, if a dude says he has 50K in his mouth, he may have 50K worth of diamonds, but he only paid like 3K because he or his hook-up got them before the mark up.

Houston, We Have Several Problems

Grills (gold teeth, usually encrusted with diamonds) are an integral part of the Houston hip hop culture. Paul Wall, one of Houston’s most successful rappers today, co-owns a grill shop in Houston called TV Jewelry. Certainly not the only jeweler that makes custom grills, but definitely very well-known. In fact, there are billboards and ads for grills shops all over Houston. We decided to head to Houston and check out his shop and stop by the legendary Screwed Up Records and Tapes. We were really hoping we’d run into Paul, or anyone for that matter, that could give us an insider’s perspective to this scene. I think we set our goals a little high considering our only Houston contact was in Canada and Paul Wall’s manager didn’t call us back....

Our editor’s Volvo has 700,000 miles on it. With no power steering, turning the wheel was a like doing a horizontal pull-up. We were instructed to add oil with every new tank of gas in addition to a dozen other instructions to keep the car running that we immediately forgot. “No fucking way are we driving this to Houston,” we realized when we stalled in the middle of the street. Opting for a slightly better option with power steering and no insurance, we tried to unsuccessfully chase down a camera battery. Secretly, we hoped the camera wouldn’t go the way of the ipod, which died before we crossed the county line. It already wasn’t looking good for us.

Fetish Dictionary



In kindergarten they teach you that everyone is different and special. Whether this extends to sexuality is debatable, as it is very unlikely that throughout the course of humankind (thousands of years of exploration) some variety of sexual deviance has gone undiscovered. Every thought you think has been thought before and everything you could possibly jam into your orifices has probably been attempted by someone else. But we still love you.

The fetish is the object. Fetishism is the obsession with that object.

When a person becomes aroused by using or thinking about an inanimate object or a particular part of the human body, they may have a fetish. Historically, a fetish is a religious object with supernatural powers. Now, a fetish is an object with super-sexual powers.

Freud posited that sexual fetishes develop in early childhood. His theory states that a young male, excited to see his mother's penis, is horrified when he sees that she has none and looks away. The thing his eyes rest upon after this traumatic discovery becomes the fetish object. While amusing in the infinite possibilities of fetishes that could result from this (animal-cracker love, deskophilia), we should all remind ourselves that psychology has progressed enough that most people agree: Freud did a lot of cocaine. However, it is still thought that early sexual conditioning affects preferences later in life. We just don't have the exact moment pinned down anymore.

The generality of this definition might lead everyone to think they have a fetish, or at least want one. Fetish is one of many misused and misunderstood terms in the English language. Someone might say they have a fetish, when really they just have a strong interest, not an exclusive one. Calling a general sexual interest a fetish is comparable to describing those who like chocolate as chocoholics.

Sexual fetishism itself can be contained under the umbrella term paraphilia (para = besides, philia = love) which refers to sexual preferences that are outside the norm and may be in conflict with reciprocal sexual activity - confounding Darwin and the survival of species. Other paraphilias besides fetishism include voyeurism, sadism, masochism, exhibitionism, pedophilia, transvestic fetishism (attraction to clothing), and frotteurism (touching or rubbing against a non-consenting person). These are all categorizations used

in psychology and have changed over time (homosexuality and masturbation were only removed from this list in the last half-century) and country of origin. Generally, paraphilias are not considered a problem unless they involve violent, non-consensual activity.

Kinky People Like Acronyms

The definition and separation of consensual paraphilias from those that are not consensual is an important and on-going issue in the world of the sexually diverse. The term "safe, sane, and consensual" (SSC) was first coined by New York's Gay Male S/M Activists (GMSMA) to elucidate their beliefs that BDSM should not result in physical or emotional trauma. However, SSC has been contested as too vague and vanilla and has been somewhat replaced by "risk-aware consensual kink" (RACK) which is a touch more edgy and "in the now." Also loosening up recently, the acronym YKINOK (Your Kink Is Not OK) has evolved to YKIOK, IJNMK (Your Kink Is OK, It's Just Not My Kink). Feel the love, you guys!



For a fun list of acronyms go here:
<http://www.sexuality.org/1/bdsm/asbabvs.html>
Text By Baby Cakes O'Reilly
Photo By Tara Bouley



Courtney Chavanell for Soft Action

Arborophilia

The paraphilia involving sexual arousal related to trees



Tina Louise

Ballooning



Liselotte Eriksson

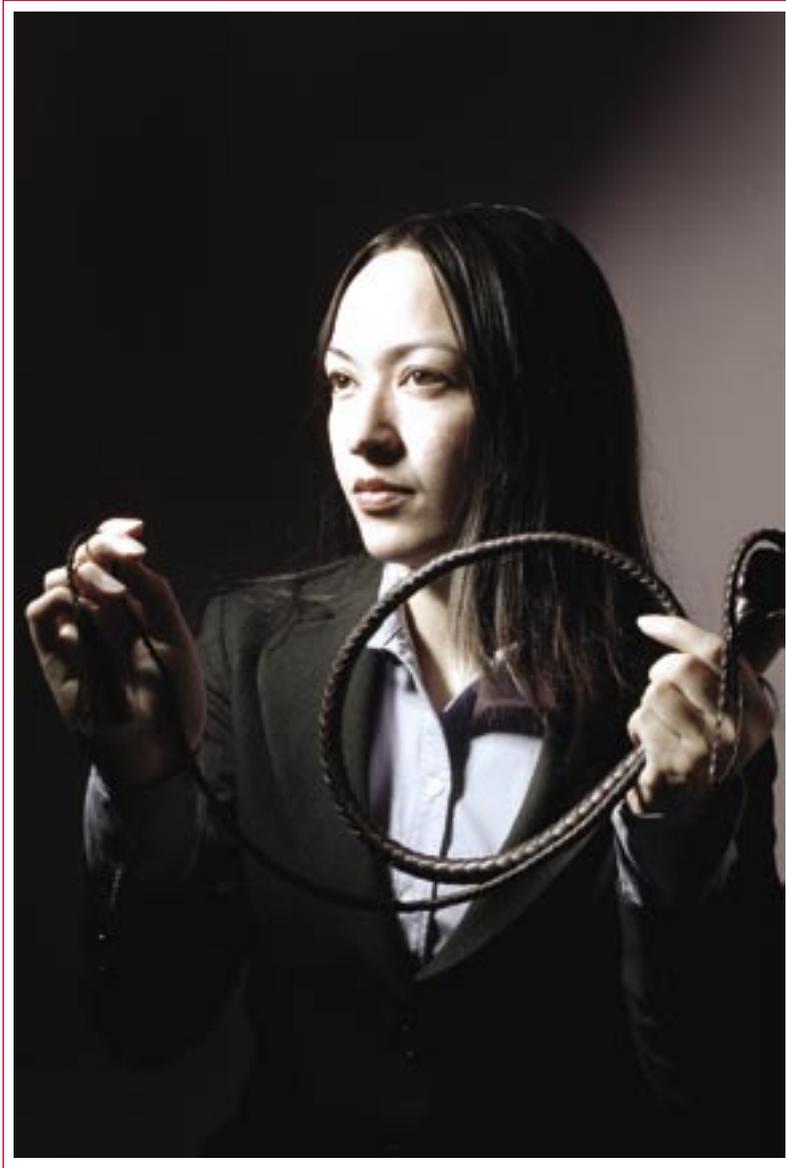
Corset Fetishism



Ryan Tomorrow

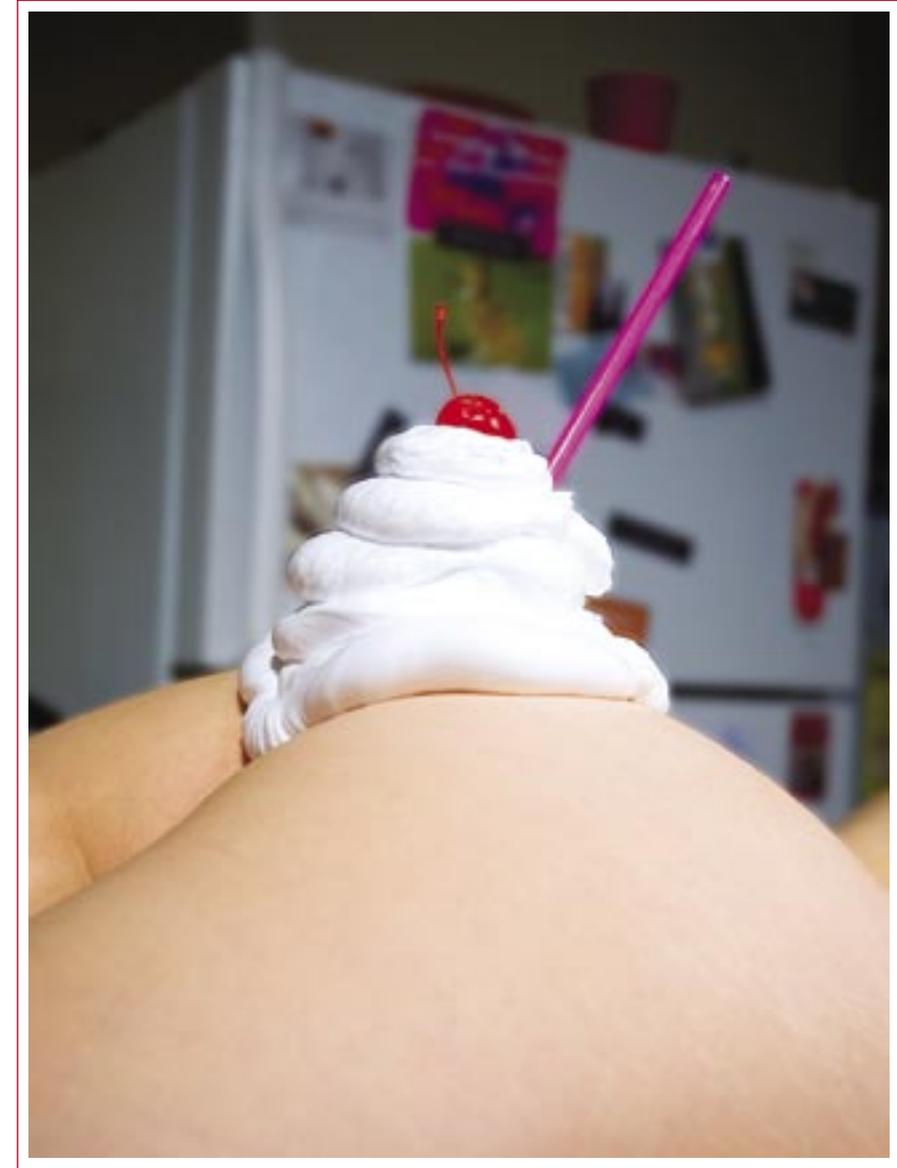
Doraphilia

Sexual arousal from contact with animal skins or fur



Aubrey Edwards

Ethnic Fetishism



Ryan Tomorrow

Felching



Erin Dance

Gynonudomania

Sexual arousal derived from ripping clothes off another person



Leo Zacharias

Hierophilia

Sexual arousal derived from sacred objects such as crucifixes



Ben Aqua

Infantilism

Sexual arousal derived from acting like and being treated like an infant



Tara Bouley

Jumping Fetishism

Sexual arousal derived from watching men or women jump on trampolines



Evan Mora

Kleptophilia
Sexual arousal derived from stealing



Ryan Tomorrow

Leather Fetishism



Leo Zacharias

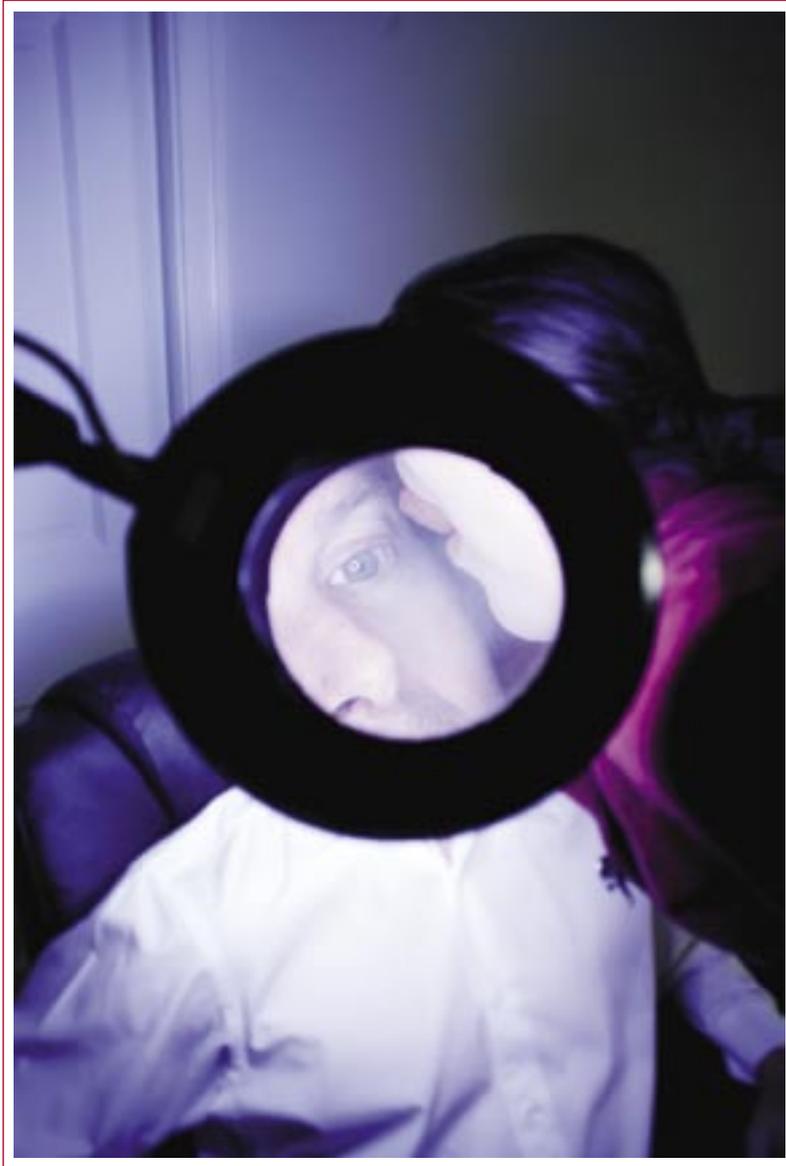
Milk Fetishism



Arturo Piza

Nasophilia

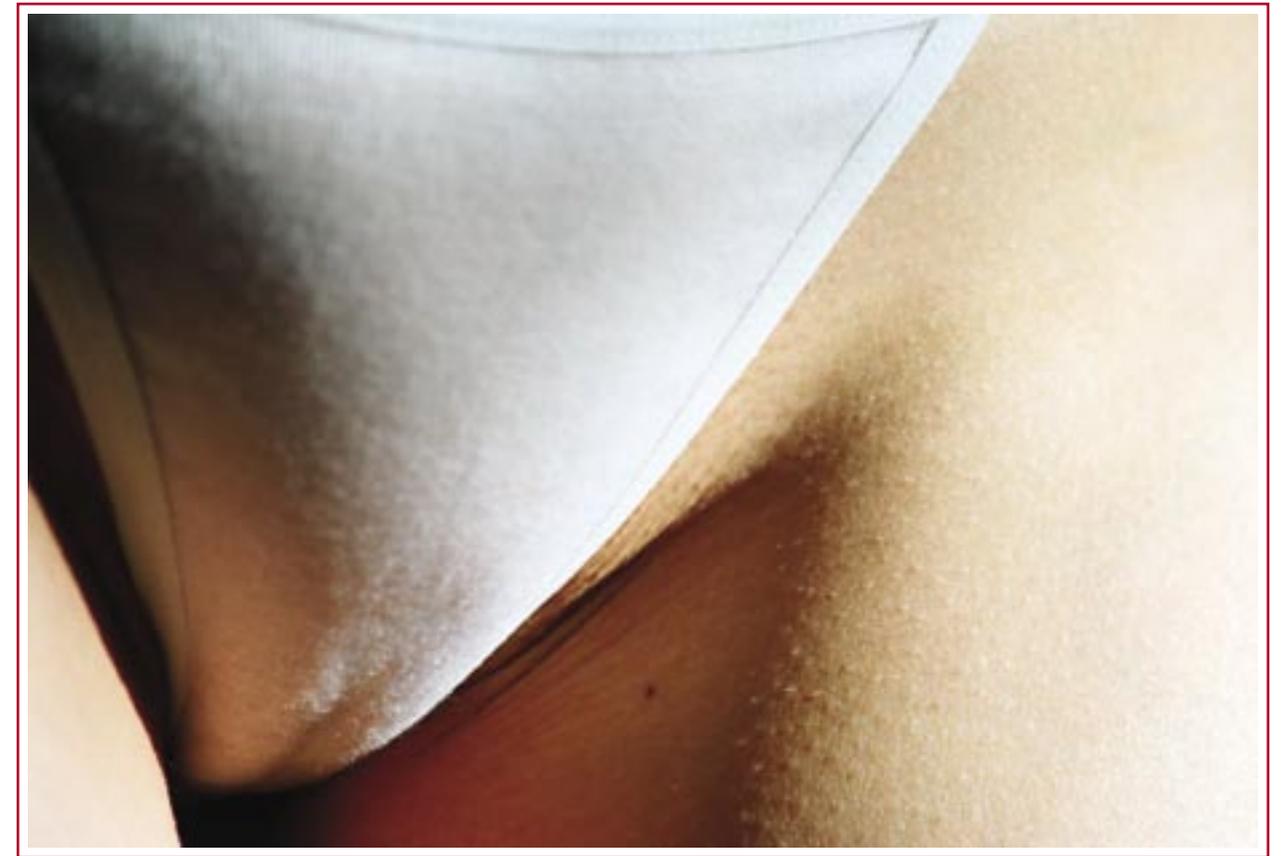
Sexual attraction to noses



Evan Mora

Oculolinctus

Sexual arousal derived from licking another person's eyeball



Ryan Tomorrow

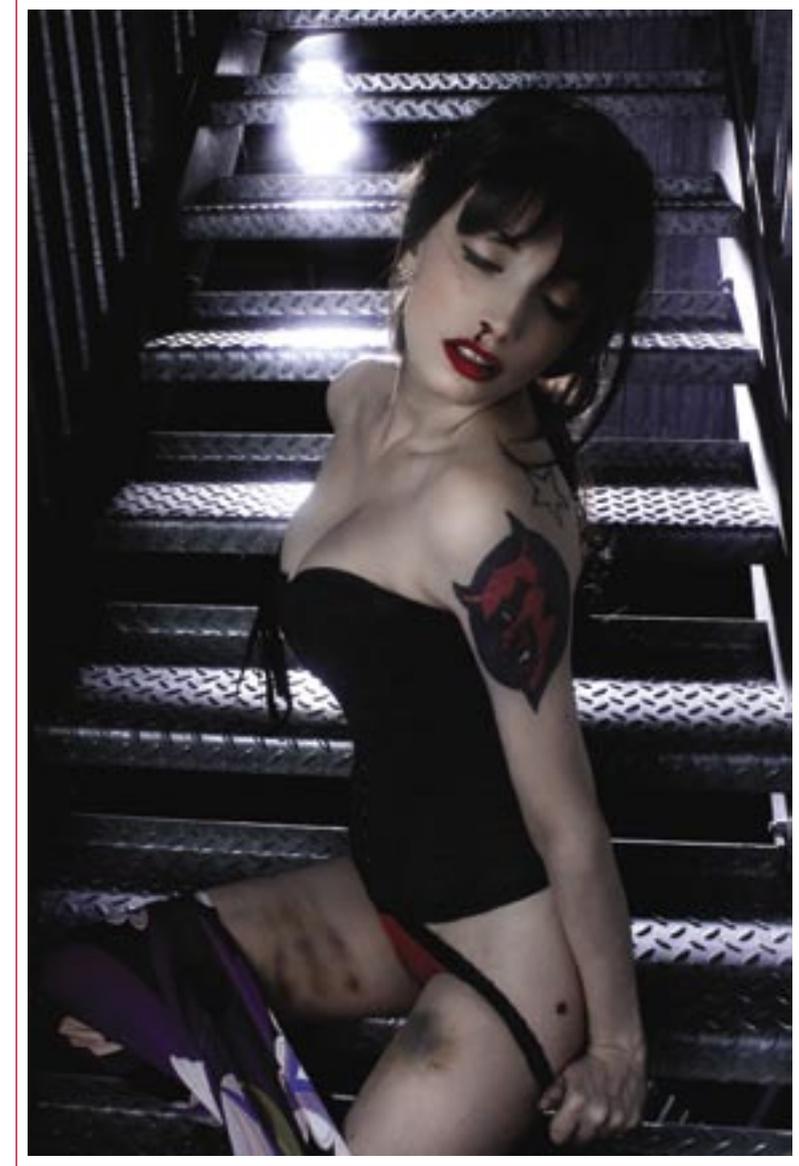
Panty Fetishism



Pau Ros

Queening

Sexual arousal derived from a woman sitting on another person's face



Roberta Spirin

Raptophilia

Sexual arousal derived from the idea of being raped



Tara Bouley

Smoking Fetishism



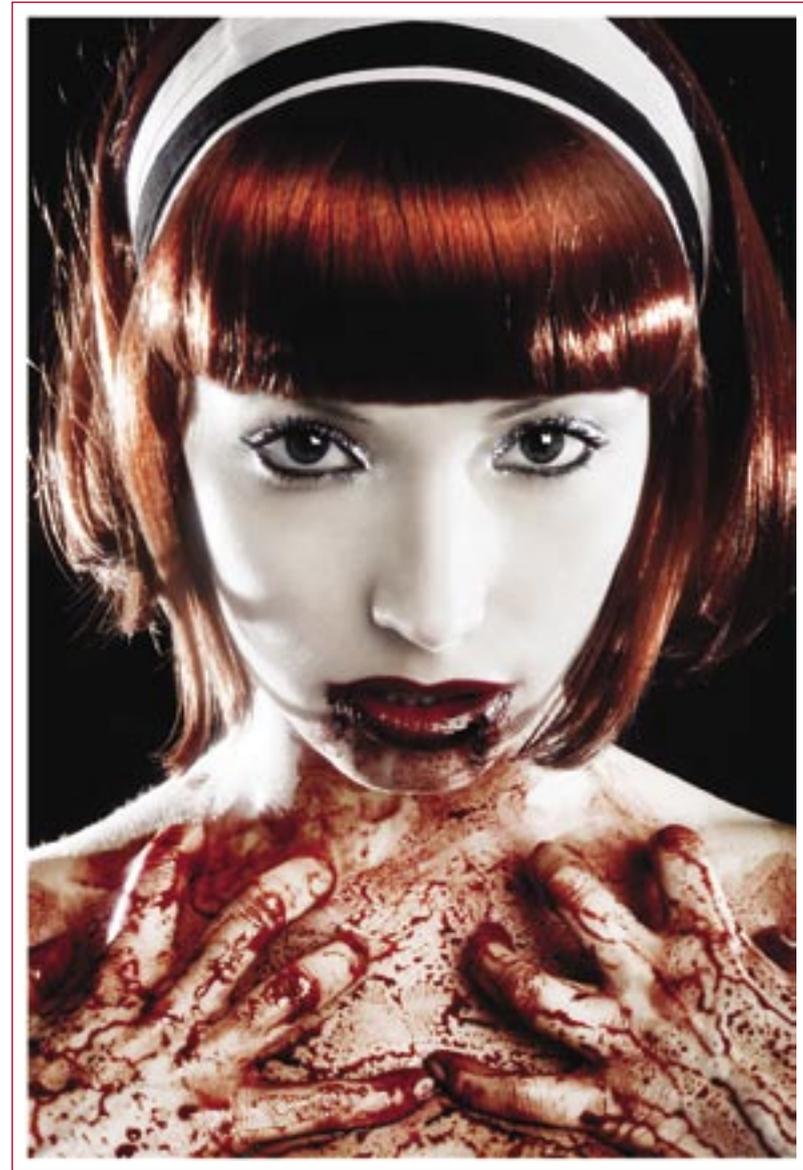
Steve Lopez

Transvestic Fetishism



Ryan Tomorrow

Urination Fetishism



Roberta Spirin

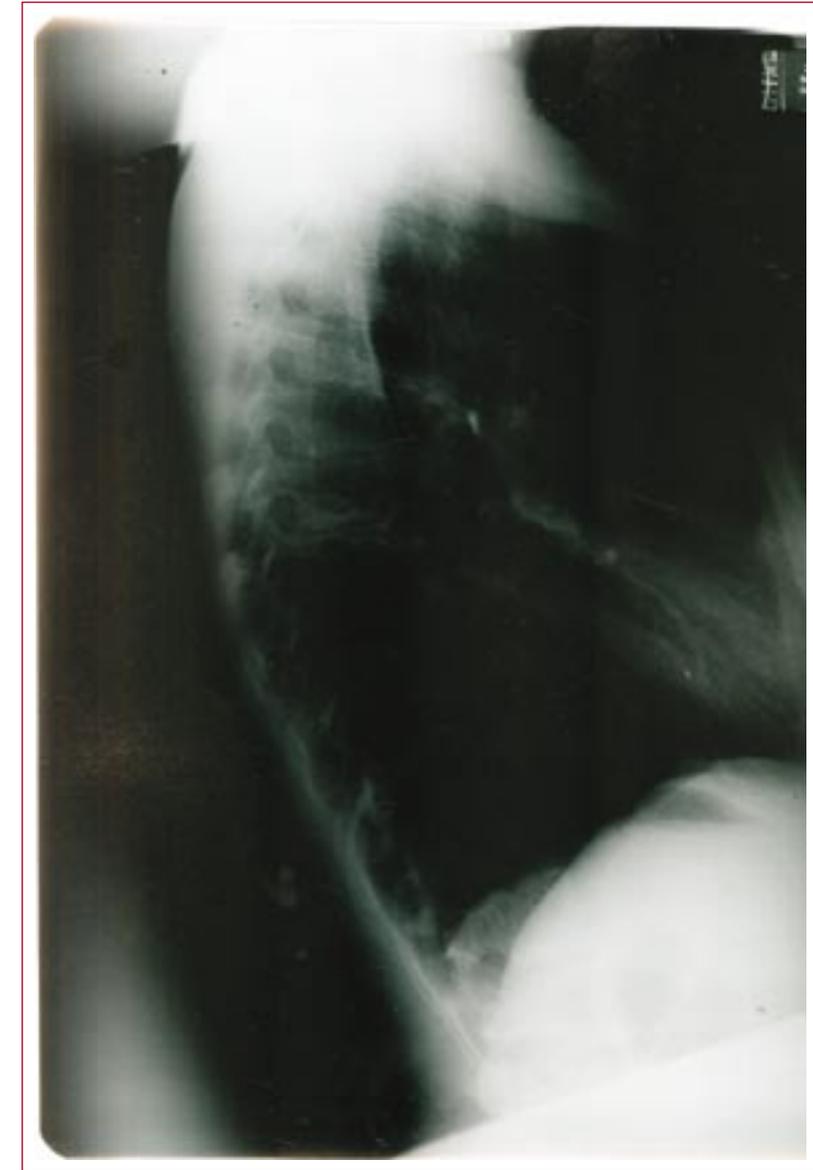
Vorarephilia

A fantasy involving eating, or being eaten by, another person



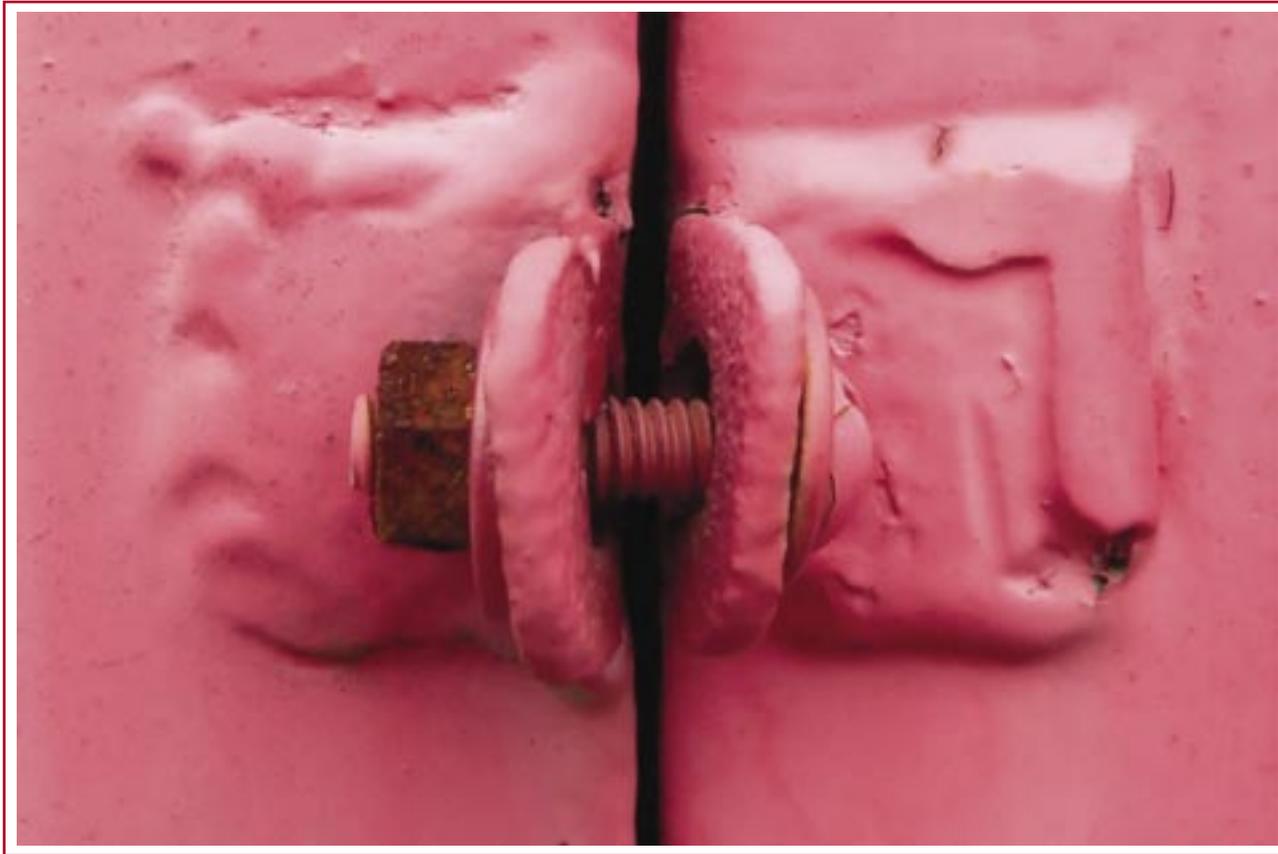
Samantha Gore

Wet and Messy Fetishism



Beth Israel Hospital

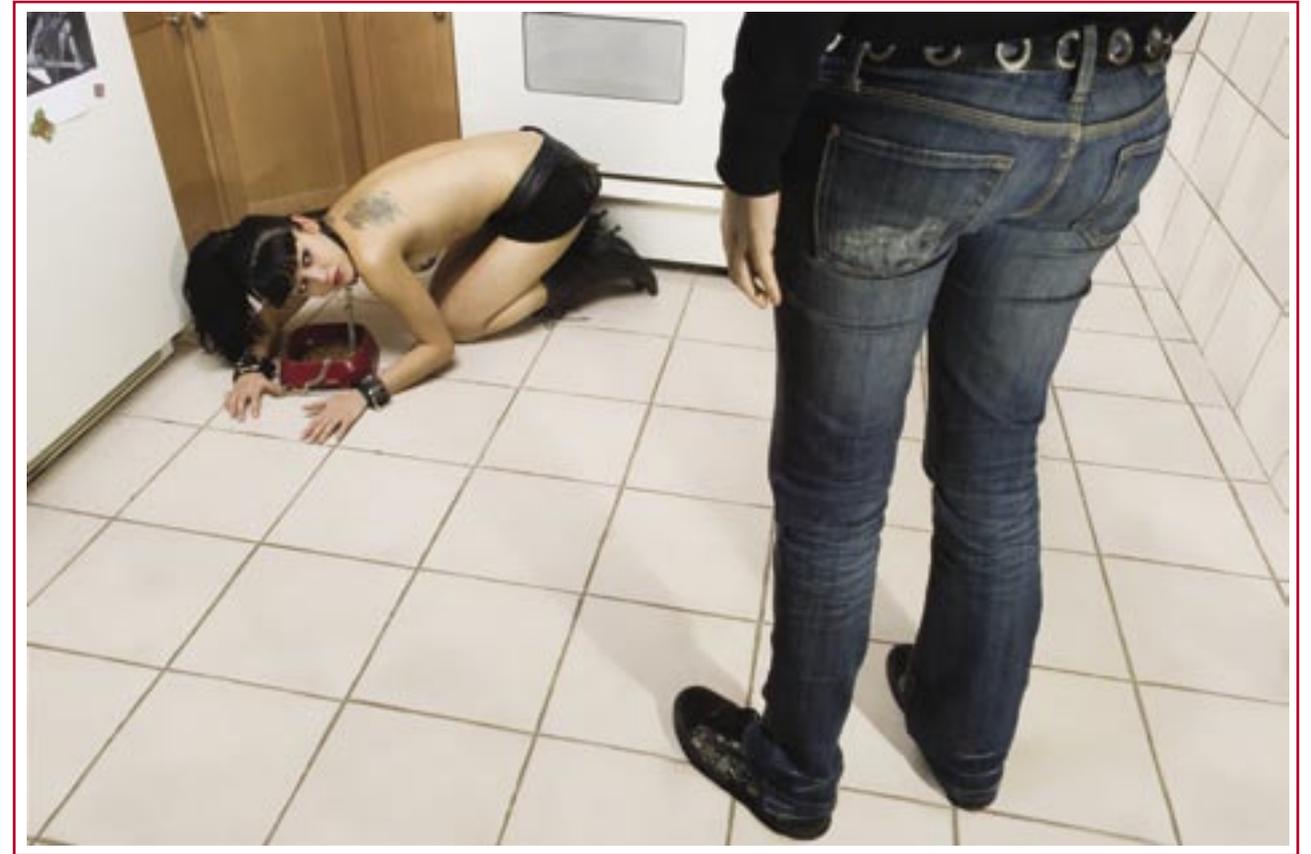
X-Ray Fetishism



Tread

Yoni Worship

Worship of the female genitals



Leo Zacharias

Zoophilia

Sexual arousal derived from being treated like an animal

Porn v. US



The War on Obscenity

By Heather Riley and Christopher A. Trout

“Hairless Hillary just wants a friend, but I fuck her face so hard she pukes out her nose! Then I jack my rod in her ass & blast her throat with goo.”

Do you think this is offensive? Because the United States does. Max Hardcore, the producer of the video quoted above, is currently being targeted by the anti-smut brigade for material like this. Here’s a brief rundown of how the United States has been sticking it to pornographers for the past century:

It all started with one anti-Semitic Jew somewhere in New York. In the early 20th century Samuel Roth was a bookstore owner, publisher, and author of countless erotic novels. He was infamous in literary circles for pirating and publishing great and controversial literary works, including James Joyce’s *Ulysses*. Erotic fiction writers knew him as the guy who caused the federal government to crack down on their art.

Over the course of his publishing career, he spent 13 years in jail. Much of that was time served on obscenity charges. His first sentence was for selling pornographic material in his bookstore and then he served an additional sentence

for distributing his magazine, *American Aphrodite*. It was this rag that sparked the debate over what could be considered obscene in the United States.

The magazine, which is still relatively easy to find but out of print, contained signature rip-offs of classic British literature, erotic line drawings, and sexually explicit photos of 10 year old girls. Roth was arrested in 1956, sentenced to five years in prison, and forced to pay a \$5,000 fine for sending *American Aphrodite* through the mail.

Roth form appealed to the US Supreme Court. While Roth lost his appeal, his trial opened up the definition of obscenity for the rest of the smut peddlers in the country. His appetite for pushing the Supreme Courts button’s eventually led to new, less rigid obscenity standards.

In 1957, after considering Roth and a similar case (*Alberts v. California*), the Court decided that obscene material could be banned only if the “dominant theme taken as a whole appeals to the prurient interest” to the “average person, applying contemporary community standards.” In other words, if something is considered solely for sexual arousal by housewives in your suburbs, it’s obscene.

Slaps

Serious Literary Artistic Political Scientific

In 1972 the U.S. Supreme Court created a test in order to define obscene material. Luckily they used an easy to memorize Acronym. If material is solely sexual or lacks any of the above characteristics, the courts relegate it to the filth files. In order to keep you free from filth we compiled a Top 10 List of SLAPS losers.

1. Any instructional guide for Dummies
2. Cosmopolitan and Cosmogirl
3. Anything from Dual Star
4. The Tyra Banks Show
5. The State of the Union Address
6. Monday Night Football
7. Ultimate Fighting
8. The Academy Awards
9. Any Real World post San Francisco
10. Chicken Soup for the Soul

*These selections were chosen by a panel of losers. To our knowledge, they have not been subjected to SLAPS Test by the Supreme Court.

The 1960s were marked by a reassertion of the Roth decision. By the time Deep Throat had made porn the biggest thing since I Love Lucy, the courts had come to the conclusion that obscene material was not only defined by vague “community standards,” but open to anything “patently offensive” and “utterly without redeeming social value.”

Roth and subsequent decisions left the Supreme Court fumbling for the answer to what really constituted obscenity. In fact, they were forced to personally review almost all obscenity cases. By creating vague guidelines, they had set themselves up for watching a lifetime worth of “patently offensive” films.

Vague language would remain the federal standard until 1972, when Marvin Miller, a California pornographer, was tried for distributing unsolicited, pornographic material through the federal mail system. Miller was convicted of a misdemeanor, and the conviction was upheld by a court of appeals. According to the Miller v. California decision, obscene material was not protected under the First Amendment, and what could be considered obscene was now dependent on a three-part “test.”

1. The average person, applying contemporary community standards, must find that the work, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest.
2. The work depicts or describes, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by applicable state law.
3. The work, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value (the SLAPS test).

Probably the most publicized application of the Miller Test came in 1976 when the producers and star of Deep Throat were accused of transporting obscene material across state lines. While over 177 people were accused of conspiring in this case, only 16 were convicted including

Harry Reems, the short, mustachioed dick that became every man’s hero. Deep Throat made over two million dollars, and was seen by such high profile public figures as Johnny Carson and Jackie O.

Publishing nude photos of Jackie O., the now infamous Falwell libel suit, the first mainstream pink shots, and courtroom antics such as bringing a nude dancer to a trial have made Larry Flynt a high profile target for the moral majority. Flynt has been the center of numerous anti-obscenity trials since his days as a strip club owner. Excepting a couple of days in jail for a 1977 obscenity charge that was quickly overturned, Flynt has remained unscathed due to his ingenious defense attorney and a keen understanding of the First Amendment. In fact, his battles with the government only increase his notoriety.

While pornography is more readily available today than it was, the U.S. government still has it out for those who make their living selling smut.

THE LEAGUES



Since George W. Bush assumed his presidency in 2001, obscenity prosecution has exploded. During the Clinton presidency, there were only four anti-obscenity cases brought by the feds. Since Alberto Gonzales assumed the position of Attorney General in 2005, there have been over 20. In May, the Department of Justice (DOJ) announced the creation of a new Obscenity Prosecution Task Force. The group’s efforts would specifically target material depicting “bestiality, urination, defecation, as well as sadistic and masochistic behavior.”

Gonzales buried this legislation under the guise of caring for children. After describing his fear of children in gangs (“Too many parents know what it’s like to have a child trade-in a library card for gang membership.”) and outlining his National Sex Offender’s Registry, and his distaste for child pornography, he vowed to fight all pornography.

“By clarifying - and strengthening - the rules regarding child pornography, we’re taking steps to protect the most vulnerable among us from sexual exploitation. Another priority...is the aggressive and effective prosecution of those who create, sell, and distribute obscenity.”

Gonzales would like to outlaw pornography altogether. At an April conference he spoke about the DOJ’s “obligation to protect not only our children, but all citizens, from obscenity.” Gonzales has been applauded by the ultra-conservative Christian group The Family Resource Council (www.frc.org, check it out!) for his “brave leadership in helping clean up our culture and protect our children.”

Gonzales and his coven of cronies are criminalizing pornography. The Obscenity Prosecution Task Force exists in addition to the Child Exploitation and Obscenity Section (CEOS), a section of the DOJ devoted exclusively to child exploitation. The Obscenity Prosecution Task Force exists solely to appease conservative prudes who think gays are going to burn in hell.

In addition to CEOS and the task force, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has also formed an adult obscenity squad to work closely with the Department of Justice’s Obscenity Prosecution Task Force. This was immediately met with jeers from within the bureau. One anonymous agent was quoted as saying, “I guess this means we’ve won the war on terror.”

WHO IS AFFECTED



The anti-porn squad is currently attacking porn distributors and Internet based websites considered obscene by the criteria set up by Miller v. California. One of the first to be shut down was Red Rose Stories, an erotic fiction website. Stories featured on the site included bestiality, BDSM, scat play, orgies, and pedophilia. While undoubtedly it’s the latter that drew the ire of the U.S. government, closing the entire site seems a bit extreme.

Nowthatsfuckedup.com was also attacked by the federal government. A self-proclaimed “amateur community for wife and girlfriend pictures,” the site features explicit photos from forum members (think a redneck’s photo of his wife with a cucumber up her ass). The website drew the attention of the DOJ when it offered free subscriptions to soldiers in Iraq in return for photos of the dead. In October 2005, the site was seized. By January 2006, the case was closed. After serving time in prison, owner Chris Wilson reached a settlement that included fines and shutting down the site.

Another company targeted by the United States was Extreme Associates, a film company specializing in hardcore fucking. Their films feature barely-legals, simulated rape, and the like, with such title as 1001 Ways to Eat My Jizz. Even Larry Flynt has said he won’t support them! In 2003, their Los Angeles offices were raided by the feds. The case, however, is being tried in Pittsburg Pennsylvania, where federal officers purchased the tapes.

They are being charged for transporting obscene material across state lines, not for making it. At this point, defense arguments have moved towards the right to privacy. Allan Gelbard, an attorney who observed the proceedings mused, “if you have a fundamental right to watch dirty movies in the privacy of your own home...then somebody has a right to get them there.”

Another DOJ target is the aforementioned Max Hardcore, a scary motherfucking sex fiend in a cowboy hat, who specializes in, well, hardcore. “Extreme” schoolgirls, violent sex, intense cum shots, etc. are all par for the course. His case won’t be tried for months, because beyond obscenity there are no grounded charges. Max’s response:

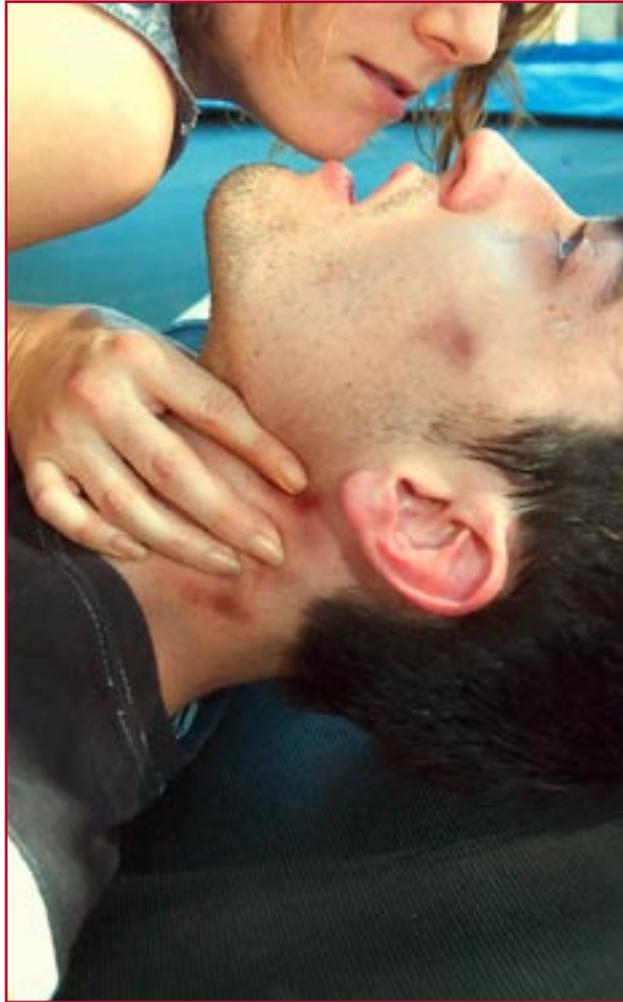
“If indicted I will fight to protect my liberty, as well as the liberty of consenting adults to watch other adults engage in lawful, consensual, pleasurable sexual action. Shame on the Bush Department of Justice. I am proud of my movies and proud of those who sell them.”

In the end, the government will continue to attack companies and individuals who display and distribute less traditional pornography. The law regulating documentation of models and actors is currently undergoing scrutiny, and will be another way for the government to attack these parties. The American porn industry has their panties in a bunch over federal law 2257. “Whoever produces any book, magazine, periodical, film, videotape, or other matter which...contains one or more visual depictions...of sexually explicit conduct...shall create and maintain individually identifiable records pertaining to every performer portrayed in such a visual depiction.” Until recently, the law read “actual sexually explicit conduct.” The rewording treats hardcore and softcore like the same beast. This means all sex sites must have documentation available at all working hours, including holidays. Goodbye Christmas. Hello FBI!

Most pornographers can sleep easy knowing that the United States just can’t keep up with the porn industry. There are too many of us perverts and too many people profiting off our perversions. The real villains here are the ones making millions, not paying taxes, or talking about fucking little kids. Which really isn’t okay.



Love Bites



By Bobbi Ryde

I can't quite pinpoint when the craving for pain began.

I could take the easy route and chalk it up to less than savory adolescence. (Mine reeks of a watered down Bret Easton Ellis novel.) Where did it begin, exactly? With my horribly unique experience of being a cutter, whittling away at my forearms, wrists, and legs whilst listening to the likes of Placebo? Cringe. Was it when I took a bottle of Aleve, some sleeping pills, and downed a bottle of Mom's cheap champagne, just because I wanted to know what it was like to feel a tube down my throat churning charcoal into my stomach until I vomited Rice-a-Roni into my hair? Not quite.

I suppose one could render these experiences mere prerequisites to my proper schooling on the matter. One could argue I did not know what I truly wanted, or at least what got me off, until I woke up one day covered in bloody, dark blue and purple bruises. And it had only been the third date! My body ached and pulsed but somehow the searing heat of that pain cleared my muddled and discombobulated mind. I remember the reflection confronted in the mirror was, after 22 years, the one with which I was finally comfortable. I basked in it. I danced. Those angry colors somehow brought me to life.

Life had been grey, muted, and apathetic up until this point. I had been numbed and dumbed into some sort of zombie. After a seven-year relationship ended horribly, I ventured to bury that trauma in a slew of meaningless one-night stands. I hunted for my thrills in the form of strange cock, but only woke in the morning cold, clammy, and covered in jizz. I even attempted to endure another relationship but had to end it when my boyfriend repeated referred to the act as "making love." I had no clue what that was, nor did I ever want to know. I just wanted to fuck.

And then I met my match. My friends gave me quizzical looks and asked why I was hobbling around. My typical



response? A breezy, "oh, you know, a good fingerbang." A sly, "hee hee, the shocker." I reveled in it, of course, as people are apt to do when they score a new promotion, significant other, or, hell, even an addiction. In retrospect, I must have appeared incredibly obnoxious. In the sweltering heat of an Austin summer, I wore sleeveless shirts to my new corporate job, brandishing fresh wounds. It was not a cry for help; it was an exclamation of freedom. I was literally red hot: high on the intensity of a new relationship that fueled a fire I never knew had latent coals smoking.

Coworkers tsked and fretted, friends displayed alarming concern. "You look like a victim of domestic violence. Is he abusing you?" These were the questions I faced daily, while refusing to put on a sweater, or a grimace for that matter. I just smiled and shivered as I anticipated the next onslaught of markings.

Like any high, though, the initial impact and euphoria

were not sustainable. The glaring mouth marks with teeth imprints embedded in my skin soon faded in color, intensity, as did their effect on me. The good thing about any addiction, however, is that the dealer senses your desire for more before you do, even wills it in some ways. I did not have to utter a word for him to anticipate my need for more and he moved effortlessly from bruising and biting to the logical next step, strangulation.

Did I resist at first? Of course-- by nature I am a control freak. I wanted to swear up and down, but that was the sheer beauty of it-- I found myself literally at a loss for words. Finally, I had found someone who could shut me the fuck up. It was the ultimate form of letting go. Each night I was handing my life over to someone, trusting him not to silence me forever. It scared the shit out of me, but that was part of the fun. Fear can be an aphrodisiac, too.

Alas, one night I got too scared. I blacked out and the control freak in me backlashed. I had swallowed and digested everyone's concerns. It was time to call it quits. Now, I have gone back to words. In spades, they are more powerful. I missed being able to say, "hurt me, daddy" or "beat the pussy up" because I could not breathe. Phrases like that are not just fodder for easy jokes; they carry a heavy weight at a certain hour.

I still relish waking up after a particularly long night to discover a cluster of welts covering my body. You may call them bruises, or in some cases, even scars. I call them love marks. Who needs love letters when you have a map of a relationship charted on your entire body? It's a constant reminder of that last fuck frenzy. You can judge me all you want, but it's what I do to feel alive.



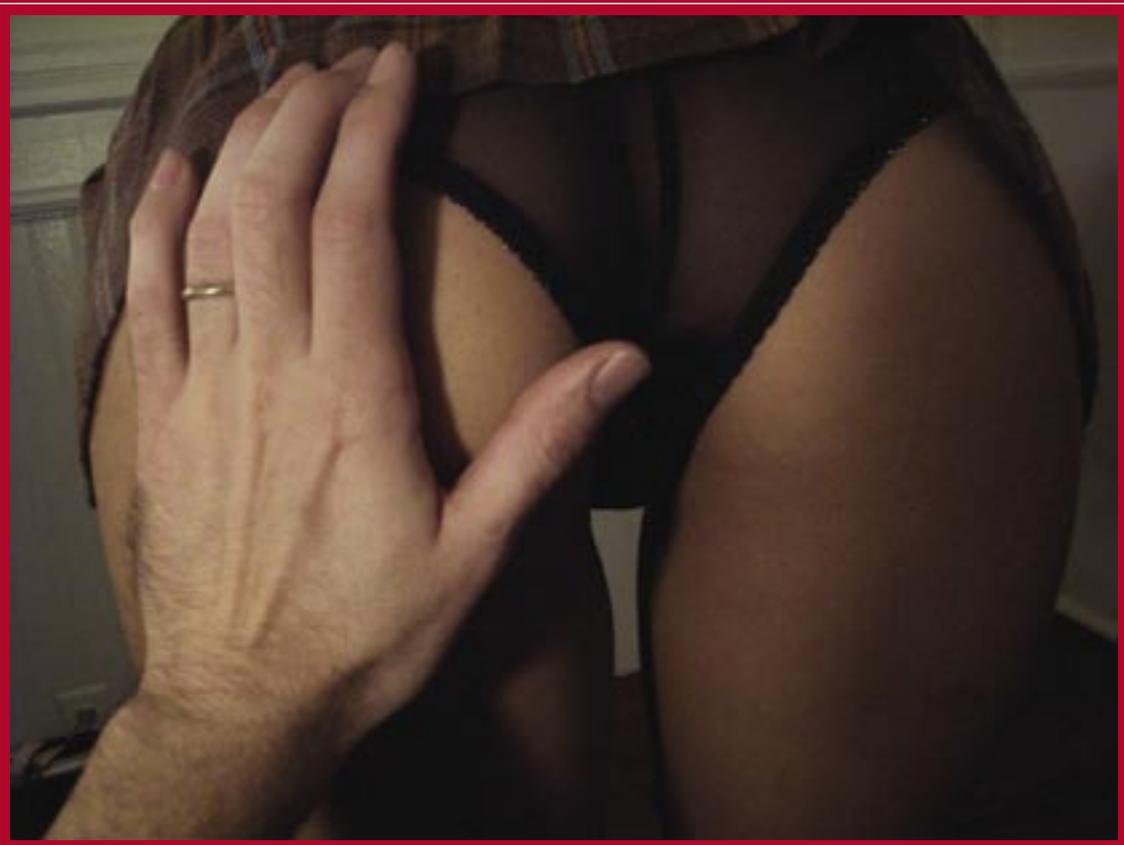


You Little Devil



Photos By Kevin Parks Hauser

Leather Gear Courtesy Image Leather
Styling By Frances Reade and Brice Bischoff



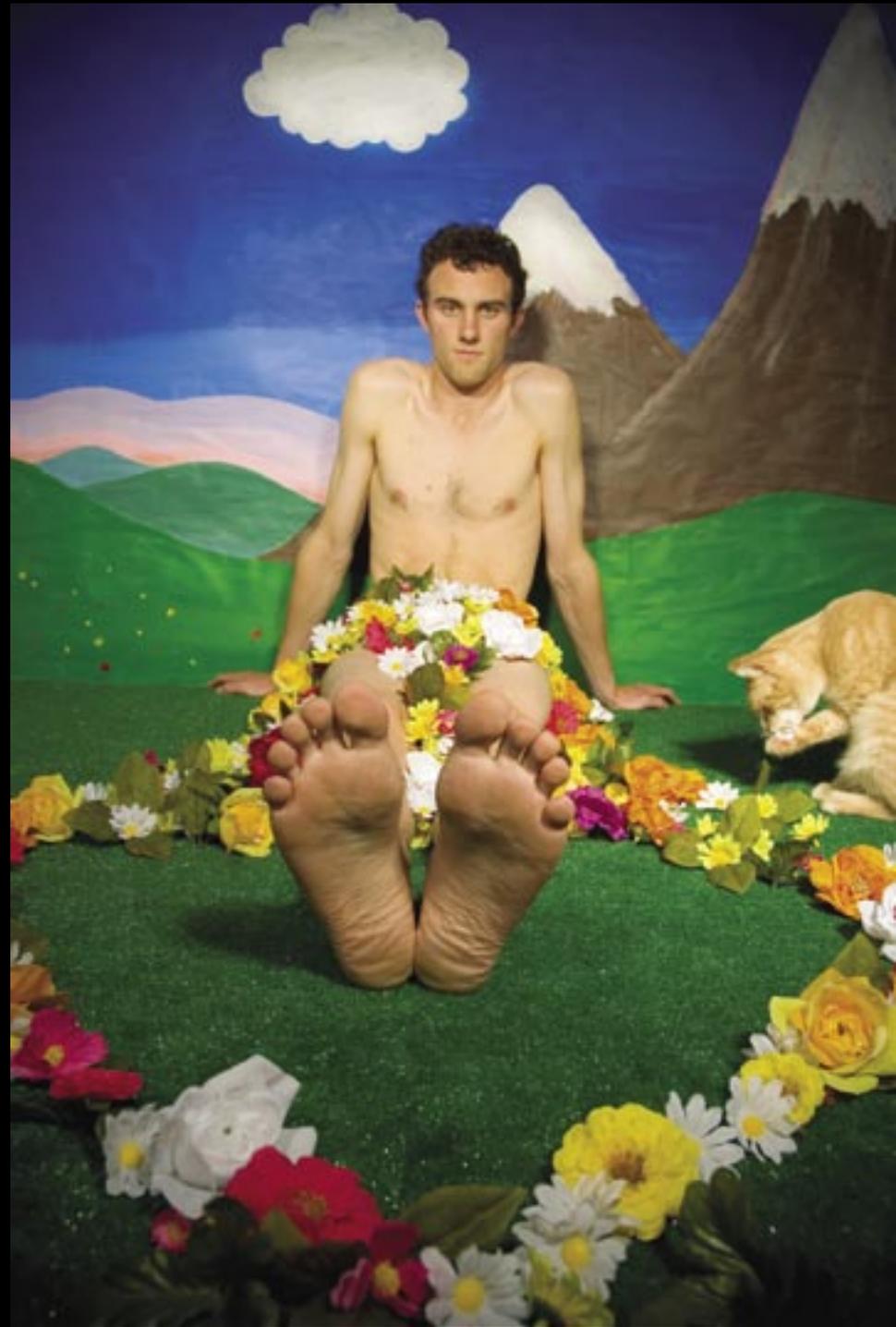






Fantaji
Photos By Tara Bouley





La Vita Amara



By L.H.

I can hear the sound of Miriam's disgust: a startling shriek that drops into an anxious moan that becomes the adamant command to run, and run fast.

It's a warm summer evening and she and I are eating gelato. We are young and lovely in shorts and tanks tops, our bodies bronzed and our hair golden from days at the pool. We walk with false confidence, fancying ourselves women who go out every night, have tons of engagements, and no one to answer to. I am in control at the mature age of 13. I am an adult who understands the dangers and pleasures of the foreign world around me. Maybe if I believe it, it will be true. Maybe Miriam won't notice that I have no clue.

I moved to Italy only months before and everything still glimmers in the light of my romantic notions about big white villas, vineyards, Botticelli, beaches, and the Virgin Mary. The fact that I live in Naples and not some cinematic paradiso hasn't quite hit. Fantasy shrouds reality in a wine-colored veil and I am emboldened and intoxicated by my position as the exotic young daughter of a modern colonizer-- but pulling up along side us is a man who's going to open the door to my home's uglier truths.

He's driving slowly and has the window rolled down. Miriam and I walk a little faster, scoot a little further over. No longer are we sauntering like liberated women. Our gait is hurried and we keep close. We pretend not to see him, but he is saying something and I wonder if we seem rude. What could he want? Should I look over at him? I do and he's hideous with a dimply red face and a bulbous nose. His hair is slicked back and he's got to be over 40. Panic. He looks insane. I hear myself telling him "No!" a word I know we share in common. That simple "No!" riles him up. He honks his horn and shouts something unintelligible. Just ignore the fat man calling to you in strange, gruff tones.

Miriam's a little frightened, which surprises me because she's a year older and been in Naples longer. She suggests

a shortcut behind some buildings. I hear her mother's voice: "Be careful. Don't separate. Stay on the main road." I don't care though--we've got to move away from him. Surely, he won't follow us back there. Surely he'll just give up. We make the turn and breathe easy. Suddenly, he is just a few steps ahead. He's cut us off from the other side. He opens his car door and I look to Miriam for a plan. I see her drop her ice cream and then I hear that startling shriek, followed by the moan, followed by the word "Run!"

She says to run, I look to see why. There in front of me is that pig of a man, with his dick in his hand, beating himself. I look at his face and his eyes are afire with lust and utter depravity. He beckons and I run.

We're back on the main road and I don't know what to say. How awful. How sick. Why would he do that to us? My mind reels, and his hairy penis flashes between racing thoughts. Is that what they really look like? Fucking gross. I look around to see if he's coming after us, but he's nowhere.

"That guy really got off on that," Miriam states in her matter-of-fact way. No longer fearful, she's blasé and cool again. "Don't tell about this or we won't be able to go out again. My mom would freak."

I swallow that moment and we talk about something else, but I am unsettled, a little jumpy. I can't help but notice the trash lining the path to Miriam's home. There's a dead dog we have to step over. The vineyards surrounding the four villas on her street appear menacing and the white homes look dingy; I see where their walls are crumbling. Up ahead, a group of boys are zooming towards us, the buzz of their Vespas quickly becoming a rattling roar that sends a thrilling, icy surge through my body. They're coming after us!

I race inside and breathe a sigh of relief to be safe from all of the ugly unknowns, from the deceiving world that I do not understand, fear a little bit more, but must learn to survive if I ever want to become a 13 year-old adult.



Viva Las Vargas

Photos By Mary Sledd and Dr. Black



Hair and Makeup By
Buffy and Esther Fowler
Shoes By Reebok
Underwear By American Apparel





How To:



Make Money Masturbating



By Randy Loveland



I did it for science. I swear. Well, maybe for the \$75, too.

This morning, at 11 am, I had an appointment at California Cryobank. For those of you not familiar with this organization, California Cryobank provides sperm for artificial insemination. To do so, they depend on a hearty, select group of Nordic übermensch to provide them with the “White Gold.”

Per a friend’s suggestion, I had contacted CC earlier in the week via their website to see if I fit in as a potential donor. Two other associates had been summarily denied access after they were found to be too short, (minimum height is 5’ 9”), too little schooled (you have to have a 4-year degree), or too low motility (meaning you had no little Greg Louganises in your man-juice).

Being of ample height, degreed, and believing myself to have turbo-boosted DNA bullets, I signed up and passed the initial screening, which consists of generic questions of sexual history, family medical problems, and ethnicity. (CC claims to have a variety of ethnic donors, though the Irish/German/English combination seemed to be the ticket for me.)

I called the office to schedule a follow-up screening, which involved an even more in depth questionnaire, and a specimen. The polite woman asked if Thursday at 11 am would work. Since I’m a self-employed, freelance writer, I said it would be fine. She pointed out that all specimens must follow a MINIMUM 48 hour abstinence period. I quickly did some math in my head, and assured her I would be fine by 11 am. I hung up and started doing research on how to build up a Peter North sized load.

Sample Anyone?

The morning found me both horny and nervous, a delightful emotional cocktail that I haven’t really sampled since high school (well, maybe college). I walked down to the coordinates given to me by the clinician. Mercifully, the clinic was a few short blocks from my house, eliminating the potentially sperm-jostling bike ride. I arrived on time, but found no exterior markings to assist me in figuring out which door to use.

I assume this is for both privacy and, to a lesser extent, security. I can’t imagine fertility clinics have any religious, right-winged enemies, as they assist in multiplying and replenishing the earth. As for theft, well, it’s just at the extremities of my imagination to figure out what anyone would want with 50 gallons of semen.

After milling about noncommittally, I noticed something: several men of approximately my age, social status and financial bracket also standing around nervously. Apparently, this issue of determining the right door is systemic in the donor pool. Or, perhaps more accurately, no one wants to walk into a day-care center by mistake while wearing a hooded sweatshirt and a sizable boner.

Being a natural leader, I took the initiative. I struck out for the nearest door, punched in the provided keycode (again, for security) and was greeted by 4 enormous tanks of nitrogen. I almost backed out the door until I noticed a sign saying ‘Donor Registration’ on the far wall.

Inside, there was another man of similar sheepishness just checking out. I kept my distance, partially out of courtesy, partially out of not knowing whether he washed his hands or not. After his departure, I approached the window.

A note here on demeanor: It's very difficult to find the appropriate attitude to strike when going in to donate semen. You have a duality, both pride and shame. You can't be too skulking and downcast, lest they think you're getting off just being in there, but you can't be charming and cocky either, because you are just going to go off into a closet and jerk off right after you speak to the clinician. And what's more, they KNOW that's what you're going to do. This entire quandary is further complicated because EVERY SINGLE PERSON working there is a fairly attractive woman in their 20-30s. Why do they do this? I can't understand it.

The clinician, Susan, a redhead, welcomed me, handed me a clipboard and pen and asked me to sit in the waiting area to fill out the extended (7 page) questionnaire. I found a seat and started going through it. Most questions were generic, about lineage, about sexual health, about family history. It's a bit like being a purebred dog, though sadly no one came round to check my teeth and testicles.

Some of the questions struck me as odd. One asked if I had any Jewish lineage (I don't), and I couldn't help but wonder if that was a selling point or not. Another asked me to draw out my family tree, back to great-grandparents, and identify their ethnicity. I could divide each person into thirds if needed. THIRDS. Was your great-grandfather 1/3 Hispanic? I don't know. I put a little Native American back there, just for a spice and, in my own small way, retribution for what the white man did to them.

Halfway through the questionnaire I noticed a strange thing in the waiting room.. Yo-yos. There was a box of red yo-yos and a box of orange yo-yos. There was also a sign that said, 'Complimentary Gifts, please take one!' There were other things for free too: condoms (I can only

guess they want to prevent as many naturally occurring pregnancies as possible.), cookies, and Gatorade. I began to wonder if for some masturbation is a strenuous and depleting endeavor.

I opted for an orange yo-yo, slipping it into my pocket before turning in my questionnaire, as I wanted to avoid the awkward moment of walking back to the waiting room to retrieve a yo-yo with a cup of hot jizz in my other hand. I turned my questionnaire in to Laura, a somewhat attractive brunette. She gave me my specimen cup, which was cruelly both enormous and clear, and told me to write my initials on both the lid and the cup itself. I took a Sharpie and headed for the whacking room, when she said "Sir. You can write it at the counter." Nervously I lettered out my entire name, and she reminded me just to put my initials. I was a bit of a mess at this point, a bit like some stage-frightened performer asked for his autograph the second before he's whisked onstage.

A Little Slap and Tickle

At last, the moment was upon me. The Collection Room, as it was blatantly labeled in large letters, was smaller than I had imagined. Also, there was no place to lie down. For some reason, I had been picturing a large, white space with a white leather Mies daybed for me to recline on, one hand brushing my nipple absentmindedly, one hand below, some harp music playing in the distance.

This was anything but. It was the size of a Boston apartment bathroom, and it had a sink with VERY SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS on how to wash prior to your... exercises. There was also a bad office chair, some tissues and paper towels provided for 'seat covering.' In the corner there was a TV and DVD player, and a sizable stack of bawdy magazines. The only decorative element was a large framed Herb Ritts print. I smiled at that.

I washed my hands thoroughly, covered the chair, and sat with my pants around my ankles. I flipped through the first

magazine, a recent copy of Penthouse. Nothing stirred. When I noticed myself musing on what shutter speed the photographer must've used to capture the streams of semen mid-flight in such perfect detail, I decided to move on. I shuffled through the pile, which was comprised mostly of the usual 7-11 fare, Penthouse, Hustler, and Perfect 10. Mixed in, there was a copy of BBW, or Big Beautiful Women, which features plump nude women photographed with poor lighting in such sensual poses as 'spread ass cheeks.' I began to focus on this-how did this magazine find it's way into the mainstream pile? I theorized that a regular had brought it in, but it had a prominent "Property of California Cryobank" sticker on the cover. Perhaps a special request? But how would you go about that?

"Hi there, Stanley!"

"Oh hi, Laura."

"How'd it go today? You were in there a while..."

"Yeah, sorry about that. Hey, is there any way you can subscribe to Amputees on Parade for me?"

I gave up on the magazines for a while and focused on the TV. I figured this would be the safest route to splashdown, so I flipped on the monitor and pressed play. Instantly, I was filled with dread, and leapt up to push the volume button down. The room wasn't exactly soundproofed, and I imagined the video coming to life at full volume. Apparently, this fear wasn't unique to me. The TV was already turned all the way down, the down volume button polished smoother than a river pebble.

I settled back into my chair, trying to coax a little interest from my partner. I pressed play and decided it was better set at 4x speed. Years of television and Internet porn left me with a resistance to banal smut rivaled only by de Sade, so I had to rely on the pictures in my mind.

Soon we were in business, and as I became more and more aware of the oncoming moment of truth, my mind filled with doubt. Had I been in there long enough? Would they think less of me if I only took 10 minutes?

Another problem presented itself. It is very rare that I masturbate into a small cup. Aim is not one of the skills I have honed in my training. I chose to focus on more purposeful goals, like silence, speed and evidence camouflage in the laundry. So, now the task of landing my specimen into the cup began to consume me. Doing this while sitting upright is quite challenging. It's akin to turning on the sprayer in your kitchen sink, flipping it over so it points at the ceiling, and trying to catch every drop in a shot glass. While holding a magazine.

Perhaps it would have been made easier with some forethought, but I found myself at the point of no return trying to plan the deposit. With a little help from Herb Ritts, it was over, and I was left with a plastic cup filled with what seemed an impossibly small specimen.

And Release....

Once the ripples of orgasm had dried up I began to fill with self-doubt. Would they look at this paltry sample with disdain? Would I fail to measure up in quantity to the other boys? High School Gym class level self-loathing.

In the end, I dropped off the sample, and they said, "Don't call us, we'll call you." If I do pass, there's a month more of tests, questions, and deposits until this will officially become a taxable, part-time job.

On the walk home, I felt relieved. I played with my new yo-yo, and I noticed that on it's side it said: "When you succeed, we succeed."

I imagine they had the recipients of the sperm in mind when developing that charming catchphrase, but I couldn't help but be filled with a little bit of pride. I had done it. I had succeeded, and would succeed again in the future.

Provided they still have a copy of BBW.

Last Shot



Unisex Toy
by Ben Durrell

originally created for Release1's DisturbDelightDesign
release1.net



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