

# My Thinking Inside the Box

image's resident Beauty Queen goes public with a very private affair

**Editor's Note:** "Beauty Queen" is a new, monthly feature, which sends Review-Journal fashion writer Xazmin Garza out into the field testing the latest beauty products and services.

By XAZMIN GARZA  
REVIEW-JOURNAL

When an afro is parted down the middle and combed into pigtails, you have what is referred to as afro puffs. I recently discovered that when you stop grooming your bikini area altogether and still bravely slip into a two-piece swimsuit, you can astonishingly pull off the

same look. The former: cute; the latter: not so cute.

Rather than frighten small children by laying out poolside with my puffs, I decided to do something that proved even more humiliating. Something that involved, among other things, sticking my naked ass in a woman's face and tipping her at the end of it.

It's called a Brazilian Bikini Wax and if you've never had one before, then your first time doing it is a lot like your other first time doing it. It's incredibly awkward at first, there's a lot of pain involved and when it's all said and done, you can't help but feel it was a lot more fun for them than you.

On a recommendation of an acquaintance, I sought out a boutique that specializes in body waxing to get my little haircut — Box. When you're considering options for a bikini wax and you hear a name like that, it only makes sense.

When I arrived for my appointment on a Friday afternoon, I sat in the cozy reception area, wondering exactly what was behind the orange curtains that hung from the sky high ceiling. Before I could come up with anything non-medieval, my esthetician was walking toward me.

"Hi, I'm Tracy," she said. A petite, pretty brunette, Tracy was wearing a black wifebeater with the words "A little bit Rock-n-Roll" written across the chest. Considering where she was about to handle me, I'd much rather prefer Tracy be an Easy Listening kind of girl. Nonetheless, we exchanged greetings and walked into a small room.

I tell Tracy it's my first time and she asks if I want the traditional Brazilian or ... "I'd like a little mohawk. I don't want it all gone," I tell her. From there she tells me to take everything off from the waist down and lay face-up on the table.

As I look around the room for the paper-thin blanky they offer you at your gynecologist's office, I ask her "Where's the drape?"

"There isn't one," she tells me, with a smile. "I'm gonna see everything anyway." We're both smiling and laughing now, although I don't really know why. When she leaves, I'm left with my Sweet Spot wipe and the stupid smile



JILL CONNELLY/THE ASSOCIATED PRESS  
Before her Brazilian Bikini wax, Xazmin sported afro puffs — as seen here on the head (where it's much cuter) of Erykah Badu.

I was wearing that instantly turns to a concentrated expression.

Whether it's a doctors office or spa treatment, when it's time to shed my clothing, I always imagine them coming in when I'm only halfway done, which motivates me to do the type of change that would make Wonder Woman proud.

After getting undressed, I can't remember if Tracy said to lay face-down or face-up. Logic tells me it's probably face-up. I lay down and lace my fingers across my stomach. No, maybe I should bend my knees, you know, look more relaxed. Or, what about the hands behind the neck?

"Knock, knock." And I go with the first one.

Tracy comes in and says a few things I don't hear because the fact my womanhood is completely exposed brings new meaning to the "pink elephant in the room" expression. Soon enough she's applying oil in spots that make me think I should really know her last name.

"The oil acts as a barrier

between the wax and your skin," she tells me. I respond with something like, "Oh, okay."

At this point I'm really not even thinking about the supposed excruciating pain that people describe when getting a bikini wax. I'm only thinking how truly strange this scene is.

I mean, Tracy's what most guys in Vegas would describe as hot. Big breasts, flat stomach, white teeth. And right now she's really getting to know me. I start to think I'd like it a whole lot better if Tracy were actually Olga because then I probably wouldn't be calculating how many calories I'd consumed for the day.

Before I can get too carried away with the Bridget Jones thoughts, my new intimate friend, Tracy applies the first coat of wax to the outermost area of my, um, lawn. The heat of the wax is alarming at first, but then soothing, the same sensation of stepping into a hot tub. She applies the wax paper atop and while it dries starts waxing the opposite side. Then come the questions.

"So, how's your day going?" "Do you have a boyfriend?" Oh God, I know this tone and these questions. If you've ever had to get a shot or stitches or anything else performed in a doctors office that comes with a certain degree of pain, this is what is referred to as "relaxing the patient."

I give her very brief

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