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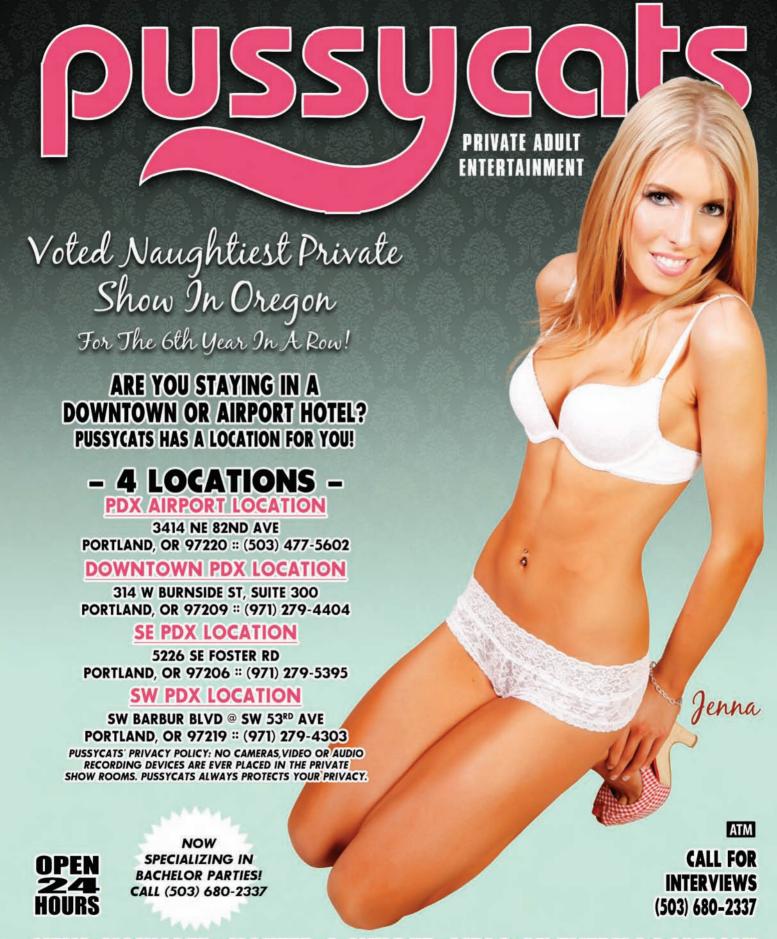
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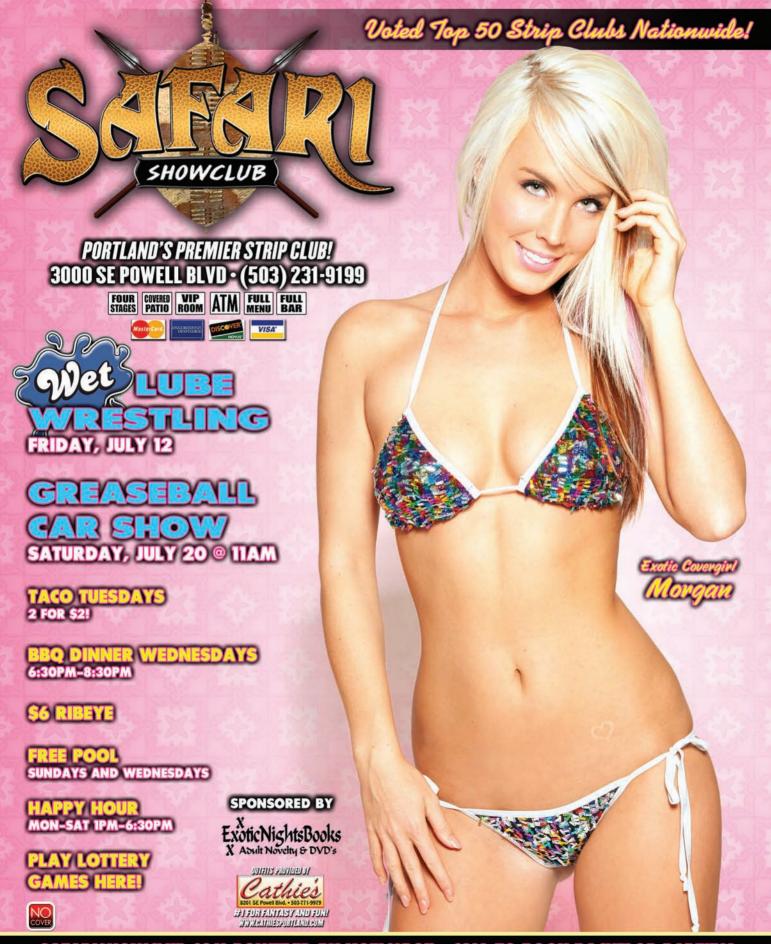
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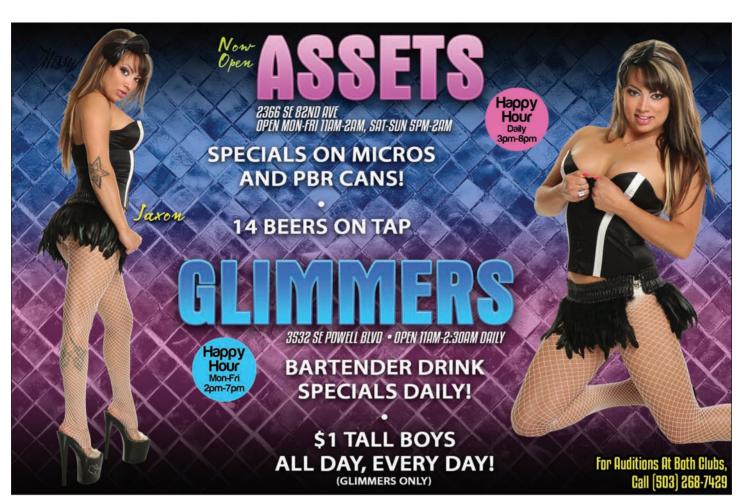
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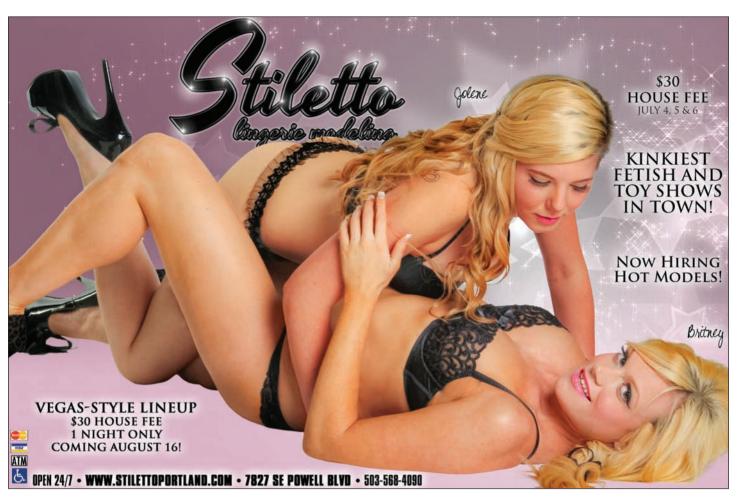
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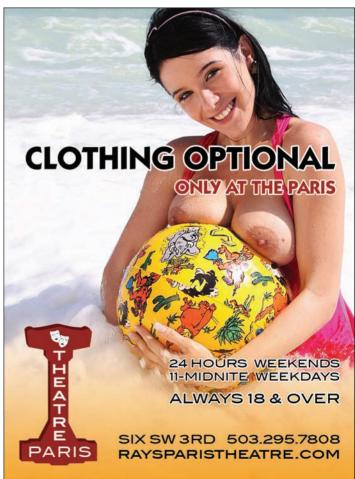




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Exotic

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FEATUR



HUMPING **TREES**

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TWICE AS NAUGHTY

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UNDERCOVER **RIPPERS**

covert peelers & preschool teachers by statutory ray page 26



homeland security is watching your porn by elektra luxx page 50

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EROTIC CITY REEL REVIEWS EVIL MEDIA AUSTIN'S LIMITS THE EROTIC MUSE **AURAL STIMULATION GUY STUFF**

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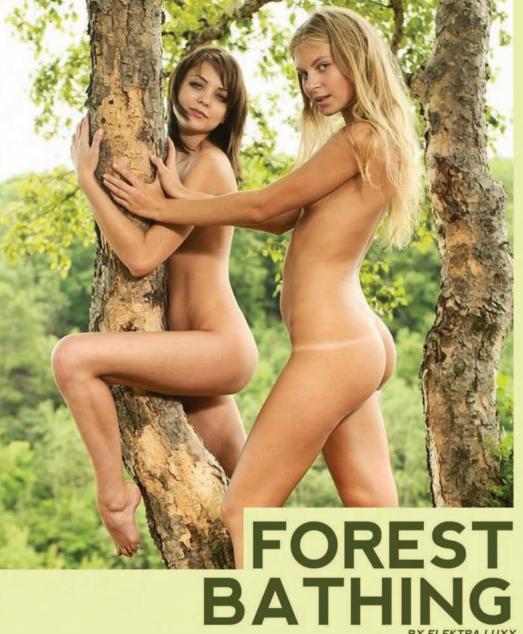












BY ELEKTRA LUXX

all love trees and we all love the forest, but how about taking a bath in a forest? Forest bathing or Shinrin-yoku is a popular, totally trendy and legitimately-prescribed activity given by Japanese doctors (meaning they have PhDs). Although a long-time practice in Japan, forest bathing is gaining much popularity recently in the states. The effects are sometimes described as similar to aromatherapy, making your nose itchy. The prescription consists of taking a trip to your local tree grove for some physician-declared-as-needed natural therapy. The goal is to absorb the trees into your entire being, like an angel-haired shamanistic earth-wearing wolf-person. Here's to hoping your canines don't grow too long and you don't ruin your newly, manscaped backs.

The general idea with Shinrin-yoku, a term coined by the Japanese government in 1982, but inspired by ancient Shinto and Buddhist practices, is to let nature enter your body through all five senses (you know, smell, sight, touch, orgasm, insanity). I personally imagine this to include, pissing on a tree you are about to defile, chipping some bark from the tree, rubbing the bark all over your genitals, sniffing it, taking a gentle nip of it, peering maniacally with one eye at it, tapping it fiercely against the tree, then bounding away on all fours while you howl like a wild dog. Unfortunately, many people in Japan take forest bathing super seriously, so if you're going to do it my way, don't do it in Japan. In Japan, there are specific areas of forest set up, where consumers or patients are guided by "experienced" guides through the highly complex and multiple-layered practice of Shinrin-yoku, then tested for the medical science.

Currently, a ridiculous amount of research is going into Shinrin-yoku, facilitated by the Japanese government (specifically, the Forest Agency of Japan), including approximately \$4 million dollars of funding into multiple types of research since 2004. The research includes field tests, hormone analysis and new brain-imaging technology, to illustrate whether the trees are touching your body on a molecular level. Unfortunately, a lot of the research is turning out in favor of the tree hugger. Tree humping might be doing real good things to your body, like reducing cortisone levels (stress hormone) and possibly even aiding the immune system's fight against cancer cells. Studies are declaring that forest bathing increases natural killer (NK) activity in peripheral blood lymphocytes (PBL) by as much as 50 percent after a relatively short session (3 days or less). In stupid-people talk that means it helps your body create more of the cells that kill off virus-infected cells and that respond to tumor formation.

Ready, set, pack your back for the trees, throw in a bit of sunshine (like from a hot summer day) and you're going to cure your Schizophrenia and Preeclampsia in no time. Luckily, unlike the sun, trees have not yet been proven to cause cancer and they may not give you an STD if you happen upon a lovely hole/branch (no promises there...F-U-N-G-U-S). But, before all you greasy hippies go bathing in trees, I would advise a one-up, taking it to the next level shit: bring a sex partner with you or maybe a pack of pals on horses and some coonhounds. for a wild hog-hunting party. Whichever you prefer, it's sure to be a randy time—good fun party with branches for any sebum-layered motherfucker. Please follow all signs and respect the trees during your rituals—lest you be struck down by God's lightning.

For all you other sexless, pathetic fucks suffering from nature deficit disorder (like me), looking at Internet pictures of nature seems to be a legitimate substitute with maybe, the exact same effect? A new area of research is needed for this recent development. If we can receive the benefits of forest bathing from a computer screen, where does that leave the forest?

Source:

Forest bathing enhances human natural killer activity and expression of anti-cancer proteins.

Li Q, et al.

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Nippon Medical School, Tokyo.



NOTHING BUT THE NAKED TRUTH

















EVIL REIGNS SUPREME AT POLEROTICA

After eight weeks of competition. PoleroticA came to a dramatic (and somewhat strange) climax last month at Dante's. The finalists had each been assigned their respective sides in six head-to-head confrontations, that would place each contestant representing either good or evil. Now, it's a given, that our naughty little industry obviously feels a little more at home on the wrong side of the tracks. But, when it came right down to it, that night made it pretty apparent that the dark side was playing with a loaded deck.

Our first sign of trouble for the Team Good Girl (TGG), was that less than a week before the final confrontation. not one, but three contestants (representing good) pulled themselves from the competition. Rumors as to why, varied from injury, to what I would like to say was a plain and simple case of cold feet. Not that I blame them, mind you. When heading in to a war of any kind, you need to take a long hard look at your opponent. Nobody wants to be slaughtered on the battlefield—especially when you're doing it in front of an audience. The fallen pole warriors, who chose to surrender before battle, were replaced with three other contestants who had been eliminated in previous rounds and the stage was once again set for the final lineup.

The fall of the pure continued the night of the finals at Dante's, when four more contestants failed to meet the required stage time and were immediately eliminated from the competition. Wouldn't you know it, all four noshows were fighting for TGG. When you run a show like this, you learn to roll with the punches, but this was a bit more complicated than most wild cards I've had handed to me in past shows. After three Michael Jackson's Thrillers, dueling Alice in Wonderlands and more Little Red Riding Hoods than I can count, producing events like PoleroticA or Miss Exotic Oregon are always going to have curveballs—but losing four players at the kickoff of the stripper super bowl of good versus evil, made it a tricky one.

As the only two survivors on TGG, Ozzy (Dancin' Bare/ Pole Palace) and Ivory Frost (Stars Cabaret Bridgeport) bravely took the stage that night against an overwhelming evil presence. Representing the sinners were, Belle (Firehouse Cabaret), Austin Wilde (Sassy's/Kit Kat), Sin (Union Jacks), Una (Kit Kat/Boom Boom) and what would become one of the most epic showdowns ever to take place in Exotic event history...Trinity (Riverside Sports

Bar/Miss PoleroticA 2011) versus Chaos (Safari Show-

Trinity & Chaos were the only two perfect scores in the semi-final rounds. The mechanics of the contest would have originally made this confrontation impossible—as they had both opted to serve on the side of evil. But, since both of their original opponents had failed to show up to the finals...all bets were off.

The two were evenly matched in nearly every aspect of their performances. They were also responsible for a complete deadlock among our judges (which accounted for 70% of their scores). A deadlock the judges not only refused to break, but demonstrated their displeasure in making the scores public, by tearing apart their instant scoring cards and flinging them at the stage (redheads... what are ya' gonna do). Normally, the failsafe would have been handled by the 15% scoring of the customer votes or the additional 15% for audience response. There's no way they would tie on that, was there? No. luckily...Chaos won the audience response by a mere fraction of a decibel on the noise meter with Trinity nipping at her heels. As for the votes? Trinity took first place on the votes, with Chaos right behind her. Did we have a winner? No, we had two—with both of them scoring 197 points out of a possible 200.

Along with our lead judge, we headed upstairs to the Exotic office for a red alert conference to decide what to do about the tie. Normally, a dance-off would be put into play with one song and instant scoring by the judges. No votes, no audience input—just a single song throw down. Considering the magnificent performances that both of these girls had delivered throughout the entire competition, letting it all come down to one song, just didn't seem right (especially, when you consider the unruly judge factor). The kicker that helped us reach our decision was this—what you are holding in your hand is our 20th Anniversary Issue. For two decades, this magazine has been delivering the finest exotic entertainment in print, to the doorstep of nearly every single exotic business in the Northwest. If we can make it two decades, especially in this economy, why can't we splurge and let the fates have their way—two covergirls it shall be.

Thanks to all of the people who made the PoleroticA finals a truly incredible night, including, but certainly not limited to, my co-host for the evening, Nik Sin, our judges (Scott Underwood, Lady Stockholm, Cricket, Athena Aura Nova & Sheena G), DJ Jim Harrison, the amazing staff at

Dante's, special quest performers Lark and Burlesquire, about 15,000 naked people on bicycles (that gave us the distraction we needed to get the show restructured) and the backbone of the whole operation—the PoleroticA production team, AmbeRed, Kristin, Hypnox, Shawna, Dawn, Zak and Bryan. Additional thanks are in order to the clubs that graciously welcomed us into their houses in our quest to find this year's reigning PoleroticA champion(s), Mystic Gentlemen's Club, The Boom Boom Room, The Kit Kat Club and Rose City Strip.

20 YEARS OF SEX, CLUBS, ROCK & ROLL

In closing, I would like to take a moment to get a little sentimental concerning the first issue of Exotic as it enters its second decade into print. I joined up with this merry band of talented perverts way back at the turn of the new millennium, when it was a magazine that consisted of eight glossy pages wrapped around 40 pages of newsprint. It had come a long way since its launch in May of 1993 as an 8 page black and white 'zine that would be released every other month, until going monthly in October of '93.

Back then, a newspaper by the name of the T & A times was the leader of the pack, but not for long, as Exotic magazine took the "gold rush of exotic entertainment" in Portland to the next level. The year I was born into all of this, I had actually started with another short-lived PDX industry mag named SFX, but after a rather unsatisfactory experience involving lack of payment, I found my home here at *Exotic*. And what a long strange trip it has been. Exotic has launched side projects over the years with a San Francisco & Seattle version and would eventually return to Seattle for 5 years of *Exotic* Underground. Amazing talent has come and gone over the years in these pages. and still continues to thrive today. Thanks for being here for us Portland, it has been our pleasure to be your guides over the past 20 years as we continue to show you the way to your naughtiest desires and sexiest fantasies.

Keep your eye open in next month's issue for information on our 20th Anniversary Party and a bit of a tribute (and possible resurrection) of the Exotic contest that started them all, way back in 2000. Be sure to show support for Mystic Gentlemen's Club (Club of the Year - Western Region) and Lucky Devil Lounge (Small Club of the Year -Western Region) for their nominations in the *Exotic* Dancer Awards. Vote online at the edawards.com.

JULY EVENTS

Till 4 - Al's Den (Crystal Hotel) - The Ed Forman 4th of July Special

Star Theater - Boyeurism - A First Thursday All-Male Re-

III 10 - Stars Cabaret (Bend) - Feature pornstar Alexis

Mystic Boutique - Summer Corest Clearance Sale **Torched Illusions -** 1st Annual 710 raffle with 17 chances to win!

11 - Dante's - Mickey Avalon

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Feature pornstar Alexis Monroe

II 12 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Stars' 17th Birthday Bash with Feature pornstar Alexis Monroe

Safari Showclub - Wet Lube Wrestling

King's Wild - 2nd Annual Luau Party

Foxy Girls - 2-Year Anniversary party with DJ Dick Hennessy

18 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Feature pornstar Alexis Monroe

11 18 - Mystic Gentlemen's Club - TV Icon Night with dancers dréssed as your favorite TV hotties

19 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Entertainer Appreciation Party

Club 205 - Covergirl Dance Contest

Dante's - Floater

Star Theater - Burlesque legend Tempest Storm returns to the Star Theater

III 20 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Mechanical Surfina Contest

Stars Cabaret (Salem) - Voodoo Tiki Weekend with pig roast & Hawaiian buffet

Pallas Club - Oil Wrestling with prizes

Safari Showclub - Greaseball Car Show at 11am

The Analog - Black Light Circus Burlesque

Rose City Strip - Miss Metal Portland Contest with \$666 in cash, plus tickets to Raven. An extreme raffle & prizes all night - sponsored by Exotic magazine

Wild Orchid - 105.9 Brewfest with Boyzk - 1 lucky customer can win tickets to the sold-out Rush show on July 28

THU 25 - Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Feature pornstar Capri Cavanni

Club Rouge - DJ Dick Hennessy's 4th Annual Vagina Beauty Pageant

11 26 - Stars Cabaret (Bridgeport) - Stars' Panty Raid

II 27 - King's Wild - Bikini Bike & Car Wash

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Feature pornstar Capri Ca-

Dream On Saloon - Oil Wrestling with prizes

WEEKLY EVENTS

Dante's - Karaoke From Hell

Stars Cabaret (Salem & Bridgeport) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

King's Wild - Bike Night 9pm-close

Lucky Devil Lounge - Tiny Tuesdays

Club 205 - 2-for-Tuesdays

Safari Showclub - Taco Tuesdays 2 for \$2

Cabaret - Tijuana Tuesdays

INESDAYS - Heat - Wild Wednesdays

Devils Point - 80s Night

Stars Cabaret (Beaverton) - Free prime rib with paid admission 6-9pm

Heat - Double Trouble Thursdays

Golden Dragon - Dance Contest with cash prizes at 10pm Al's Den (Crystal Hotel) - The Ed Forman Show

<mark>/5 – Dante's -</mark> Sinferno Cabaret

Star Theater - Church of Hive

Club Rouge - Throwback Absolut Industry Party

Pallas Club - Free pool all day & night

Devils Point - World Famous Stripparaoke

Safari Showclub - Free pool all day & night

Skinn - NASCAR Sundays

(For additional or expanded listings, email editorial@ xmag.com)



As you are reading this, the latest attempt at bringing Superman to the big screen will have been out for about two weeks (June 14 release date). It is with much-guarded anticipation that I think, maybe, this time I will see a real Superman movie. I have been a comic book fan most of my life, particularly DC comics, home of the big, blue boy scout. While never a huge Supes fan, I do respect the place he holds in the DC universe. Especially, his interactions and counterpoint of view to Batman and others. Hell, I always get a kick out of the Bat outsmarting him and kicking the crap out of him. But, most importantly, Superman has always represented the idea and belief of what is good in mankind and a hope for something better—no matter how dark and hopeless all may seem.

To date (other than Burton's first Batman and Nolan's not-quite-in-the-DC Universe Batman trilogy) Warner Brothers and DC comics have had their metaphoric asses handed to them by Marvel-inspired releases on live-action film. This is a bit surprising, when you consider the fact that their animated releases constantly turn out a superior product to Marvel studios. But, on theatrical release, especially with Superman, they have failed. Let's take a look at past attempts to put Big Blue on the big

Superman's first foray onto the large screen was actually animated. The first nine cartoons were produced by Fleischer Studios (the name by which the cartoons are commonly known). In 1942, Fleischer Studios was dissolved and reorganized as Famous Studios, which produced the final eight shorts. These cartoons are seen as some of the finest, and certainly the most lavishly budgeted, animated cartoons

produced during The Golden Age of American Animation. In 1994, the first entry in the series was voted #33 of the 50 Greatest Cartoons of all time by members of the animation field. If you are a die hard fan, take a look at these. They still hold up pretty well.

After that, Supes was pretty much left to Saturday morning cartoons and the TV series in the 50s. Until, in 1978, Richard Donner made Superman: The Movie, starring Christopher Reeve. It was actually the first successful, big budget superhero movie. Reeve did a great job as Superman, but the studio still went with a kind of 60s camp feel to it and played it for way too many yukks for a hardcore-comic book fan like myself. Unfortunately, this was a trend that continued with the sequels. The movie never quite knew what it wanted to be. It is divided into three totally distinct acts: origin story (John Ford epic); first adventures (screwball comedy); climactic confrontation ('70s disaster film)

There was a glimmer of hope with Superman II in 1980. Out of all the films to date. I think this one was the best, but not by much. The plot of the film is, a trio of Kryptonian super-villains in fetish gear arrive on Earth, the Man of Steel gives up his powers to get his super-freak on with Lois. Basically, you will believe a man can fuck. We also got the tag line we might be seeing again soon, "Kneel before Zod". While good, still more slapstick in parts for a true Supes movie. This was followed up by two atrocious cash cow sequels; Superman III and Superman: The Quest For Peace. I am surprised, that after these two movies, Superman ever got another chance with Hol-Ivwood, 'Nuff said,

After a ridiculously long time, the studio decides to give Big Blue another shot with Superman Returns (2006). Superman returns to Earth, after five years away to find that, Lois and the rest of Metropolis have moved on. Also, Luthor's got a real-estate scheme. Yes, another one—shut up. First the good; some amazingly crafted super-set pieces, where Superman saves a space-plane, stops bank robbers, etc., and one last Superman-Lois night-time flight across the city strikes a rather interesting,

mournful note. Then the bad; Director Bryan Singer's tone and imagery are so beholden to the Donner film, that Superman Returns never steps out of the 1978 film's shadow and devolves into pastiche. I wanted to like this film, I honestly did. But, when you have a director who has to get his personal agenda in every movie he makes and has no respect for the source material (50 freaking years of comics), it just did not deliver for me at all! I will give credit to Brandon Routh for being a notable Superman with what he had to work with. I think he deserved another shot. But alas, he is taking a seat next to Timothy Dalton (as a short-lived 007) on the good actor, terrible script bench.

That leads us to *Man of Steel*. Director, Zack Snyder, has proven he can make a respectable comic book film that remains faithful to the source material with *Watchmen*" and *300*, and the cast looks solid. Then, there is the Christopher Nolan (Dark Knight Trilogy) factor. I have loved every single thing he has done. Like the saying goes, "In Nolan we trust."

Superman deserves his own shot at success with a modern audience and I say that in the spirit of fair play. It's the movies that define Superman in the general public mind, while the comics merely serve up intriguing backstory and endless reboots (thus, ensuring that the DC Universe remains a rigidly Newtonian one, eternally defaulting to factory presets) for a small, ever-aging, ever-shrinking readership. But, the million-dollar question is this, will a successful Superman film foreshadow a Justice League film? Because, you know, there aren't any other studios releasing multiple, comic-based films that lead up to one, large superhero team film.















IS THE HOT GIRL WHO WORKS AT DUTCH BROS. YOUR FANTASY WOMAN? WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I TOLD YOU THAT YOU COULD SEE HER PUSSY FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF A DOUBLE-CHOCOLATE MOCHA WITH WHIP?

HOW TO SPOT A COVERT STRIPPER

s strange as it may seem. many strippers have "real" lives. Although it may not make sense to someone who makes eight bucks an hour (plus, the zero percent tip usually left by Portland hipsters), a large majority of dancers are actually stripping to supplement the income provided by a career (or dead-end job) that they care about (one that does not require getting naked for guys in curly moustaches, who smell like re-

cord stores and underachievement).

Here's how to spot them:

HELLO KITTY ATTIRE

There are three groups of women who have no shame in sporting the seemingly innocent cartoon face known as Hello Kitty; Asian teenagers, children and strippers. If you are wondering if the girl working at Starbucks is a pole dancer, take note of how many pink-kitten accessories she possesses. If a food cart employee's earrings, socks, mini purse and shoes all feature a Hello Kitty theme, ask her what her stage name is. The appeal behind Hello Kitty is somewhat baffling, as it is a brand without actual substance. As in, there are (to the best of my knowledge) no mainstream lines of Hello Kitty comic books, movies, television shows or cartoons (other than post-market-appeal bullshit based on the success of the brand). Rather, the company responsible (Sanrio) simply makes their money by attaching recognizable cute faces to things, like dildos, G-strings and baby clothing. Be careful if you're on the cunt hunt however, as the more Hello Kitty shit a stripper owns, the less likely it is that she's on birth control.

FLAVORED VODKA

To an alcoholic, the purpose of drinking clear liquor (such as vodka or gin), is to mask the odor while limiting the chances of a violent hangover halfway through a shift. To a stripper, vodka is the tofu of booze. Mixing it with anything makes it taste good, but on its own, it is completely void of purpose. Aside from energy beer marketed to the urban demographic (Joose, Four Loko, etc.), you will not find a brand of clear liquor more willing to fuck up their own means than Stoli. This company produces vodka with flavors such as blueberry, cranberry and pomegranate, and



if you've ever taken a straight shot of the shit, it was probably while in a stripper's kitchen. Strippers like to smell good and booze gives folks bad breath. Somewhere along the lines of stripperlution, a house mother must have started a rumor that getting shitfaced with the help of artificial strawberry flavoring, reduces the likeliness of stanking away customers. Then again, Stoli also makes a Jalepeño variety. Yum...

SECONDARY FACEBOOK ACCOUNTS

Does the girl you just added, list herself as in an open relationship with a character from True Blood? Are her photo albums littered with Instagramfiltered close-ups of shoes, camping trips that make Oregon appear suitable for bikini-clad activity and the occasional tribal-tattooed, buff, half-shoulder cropped from the photos that don't feature empty Stoli bottles in the background? Does she list both Nickelback and Lil Wayne as musical interests, next to her favorite movie—the most recent adaptation of a Broadway play (Rent, Les Misérables, etc)? Congratulations, you are on your way to discovering the harsh truth—Georgia O'Queef is not a graduate of Hard Knock University, nor is Hard Knock University even a real place. If you are trying to obtain an eventual restraining order, the good news is that she is most likely "friends" with her real life self. Look through her dozen non-stripper female friends to find the one with a blurry profile picture and a random photo of a child at the beach. This is her actual page.

WORLDLY EXPERIENCE NOT INVOLVING COL-LEGE, MILITARY OR CHURCH

Have you ever been told that you aren't cultured because you haven't visited Prague, gated parts of Jamaica, Hawaii, Paris, uptown New York or any other non-threatening, but far away location? If you were told that you should

visit every one of these places during your next week off, and the source of this suggestion was a 19 year-old girl who never finished high school, this person is a stripper. Aside from, say, freelance circus performers and Mormons, no one has the spare time or budget to play Carmen Sandiego. The ability to "just sorta fly to Italy," takes an unlimited disposable income (sugar daddy), ability to skirt responsibility (baby daddy) and a flexible schedule

that is arranged via text message (by a guy known to his employees as "Daddy"). This makes me wonder if strippers aren't solely responsible for keeping the rest of the world from attacking us. Something has to be responsible for this passive restraint and I'm guessing it's the hundreds of hot pieces of young ass that aren't just hostel-ing it up with the rest of the exchange students. Think about it, you have nothing but fat, fanny-pack Wal-Martians invading all the countries too rich for missionaries—giving most of the non-'Merican world the impression that we aren't exactly any different than we were 500 years ago. If it weren't for the Amazonian D-cups buying up all the Hello Kitty shit from the locals, we'd be down another two towers in no time.

Now, I'm not going to say that anyone fitting into the above categories is automatically a stripper. But, I'm only not saying that because I don't want any more nasty Facebook messages from Oxygirl Kittenfuck, explaining to me how buying actual Hello Kitty literature every time she gets drunk on watermelon vodka in Japan, doesn't automatically make her a stripper. Once I deactivate my Facebook account and change my number (give it a few relationships), I will stand by everything I said in this column.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com

























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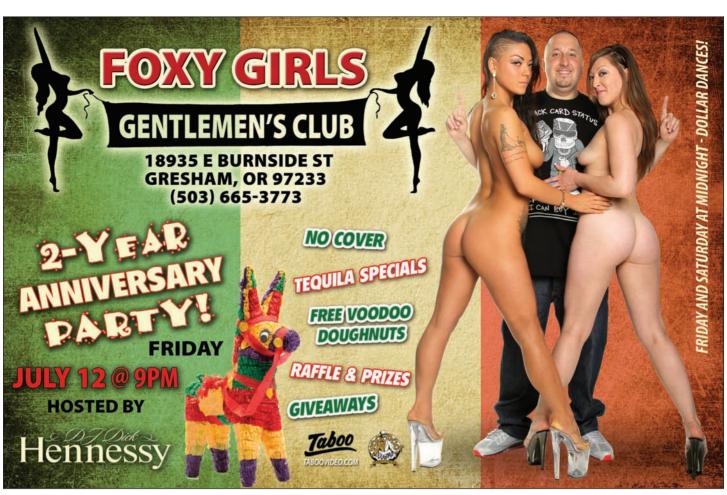


PINUPCALENDAR July 2013





WED 17 THU 18 FRI 19 SAT 20 SUN 21 MON 22 TUE 23 WED 24 THU 25 FRI 26 SAT 27 SUN 28 MON 29 TUE 30 WED 31 MON 1 TUE 2 WED 3 THU 4 FRI 5 SAT 6 SUN 7 MON 8 TUE 9 WED 10 THU 11 FRI 12 SAT 13 SUN 14 MON 15 TUE 16









PRAUDLY PRESENTS



PORTLAND CONTEST!

WED, JULY 24 · 9PM · NA JAVER

ARE YOU EVIL? COME AND PROVE IT-AS PORTLAND'S MOST METAL STRIPPER! extreme raffle & metal prizes all night! Celebrity metal judges panel featuring members









OPEN TO ALL DANCERS FROM ALL CLUBS

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BE YOUR OWN

People bitch and moan a lot these days about the power of the media, calling it "evil" and "manipulative" to the audience. Well, this might be true, but they're not using cheap tricks of persuasion just for the sake of being evil and manipulative. Nope. Like anything, there's a bottom line involved. They're trying to win arguments or sell products in most cases and you can use the same tactics on a personal scale.

Now, this is the modern day, where social networking provides a micro-podium for anyone with a terms-of-service-appropriate message (in a certain format and size) to say whatever they feel like saying to their abbreviated audience. But, much like social networks can spread information and help expedite communications, they can also be used to forcibly validate pretty much anything you want people to believe. How, you ask? Well, it's easy! You can use the same tricks big media outlets use, without even having to pretend to be objective.

The easiest way to cement your personal opinions as valid or factual is with the double-whammy of mixed media. In the case of social nets, you can't quite get away with as much as, say, a television network that hits you with sound, video, still images AND text all at once, but you can use a combo of text and images. Don't be fooled. You can shove even the most ridiculous things in the direction of factuality using just pictures and words. You don't need to be a whiz with image editing tools like Photoshop or a master writer, either. Hell, you can use "MS Paint" and be barely literate!

Let's try a few on for size and see what we come up with. I'll include a brief intro to the technique—a real-life, straight-from-actual-people-on-the-Internet example. Then, I will provide my own version, to illustrate the point...

1. THE FAMOUS OUOTE

"If you want to live a

happy life, tie it to a

goal, not to people or

objects.

This is a pretty easy one. You just make up something seemingly profound that supports your point of view and ascribe it to a famous philosopher, intellectual or renowned historical figure. You see this all the time, particularly when people are trying to vilify

Here's our example: Albert Einstein, genius physicist and all-around decent

fellow. Full of profound quotes.

Did he say that? Maybe. Maybe not. It's more fact-checking than most people care to do, so he may as well have said FARTING BUTTERFE it! I mean, he said a lot of things, right? Like this:

He was a smart man, Mr. Einstein. Way ahead of his

2. UN-LIKE IMAGE COMPARISON

This one works by taking two images (one positive and one negative) and forcing a comparison between the two. Now, this is done a lot in very valid scenarios, but the difference between a valid scenario and being your own evil media is that the two images do not have to have anything to do with the point you're trying to make.

Take this example:

This is some pro-weed graphic a random person made. Note, how the top image is of magnanimous, benevolent light from above while the bottom is a cold, sterile factory environment. You will also note that there is no (cannabis)





Who do YOU trust? Please share

in the top picture, nor is there any alcohol in the bottom picture. It's a picture of light and a picture of some factory somewhere. You can't tell what they're making. Is it alcohol? Car parts? Tampons? Bulletproof yarmulkes? Nobody knows! Despite this, you are left with the impression that the chronic is a gift

from heaven and booze is made on an assembly line by soulless, underpaid workers in corporate-land.

I can tell you're thinking "nobody's dumb enough to fall for that kind of trick," but they are that dumb, and they do fall for it... all the time, in fact!



Let's see what I could come up with: Yep. It's just that easy.

3. THE GROSS "GET-IT-OFF-ME" PICTURE

This one is great. You put a picture of something that's really nasty looking and suggest that it's because of fill-inthe-blank. People look and go, "Holy crap, that's bad!" But what is the picture really of? Is that really a gland in the human body? Well, the image says that it is. That blue shit doesn't look good and thus, whatever the graphic says is bad

becomes respon- YOUR TESTES AFTER ONE OF DONKEY KONS sible for this horrible imagery. That could be a California-grown walnut for all we know, but no, trust me, it's fluoride on a pineal gland. Do you know how important that gland is?! Holy fuck, it could cause your genitals to disappear if it's not properly





cared for! No more of that bump n' grind for YOU, if you keep being a jerk.

I like it though. Let's see what I can

Fuckin' Donkey Kong. Banana-stealing, testicle-shriveling motherfucker.

4. THE SCIENTIST OUOTE

I know, it's very similar to the famous-person quote above. There's a difference though. In this case, it's not even a famous person, or even a person you would recognize. Nope, it's just "Mr. Science Guy" backing up your beliefs fully. He's a nameless, but officiallooking character, who is pictured and guoted. His guote, of course, should backup whatever you have to say. Hell, he might not even exist, but for the people who are watching, he's solid gold.

Here's our example:

And here's what you could do with

the same format:

Man. That guy is totally on the ball. I love his speeches and published papers.

So, those are your first four lessons in how to be your own evil media. Got something you believe in? UFOs?





Chemtrails? Vatican conspiracy? Sugar beets? Printers? Well, now you have the tools to make a hell of a lot of people fall into your line of thinking and you barely have to try—it's just that easy! So, enjoy turning all the people on your social contact list into true believers. Sure, you're not CNN or Fox News or MSNBC, but you can use some of the same tactics for no money at all.

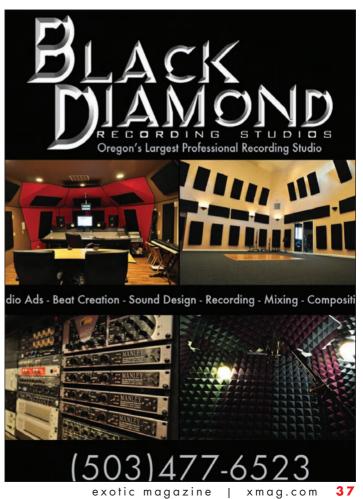
Good luck with your empire and be sure to save a seat for me at the congratulatory banquet. Tell the cooks that I like ribs.

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a retired rapper and professional troll. More of his helpful articles can be found at OneHourPharmacy.com







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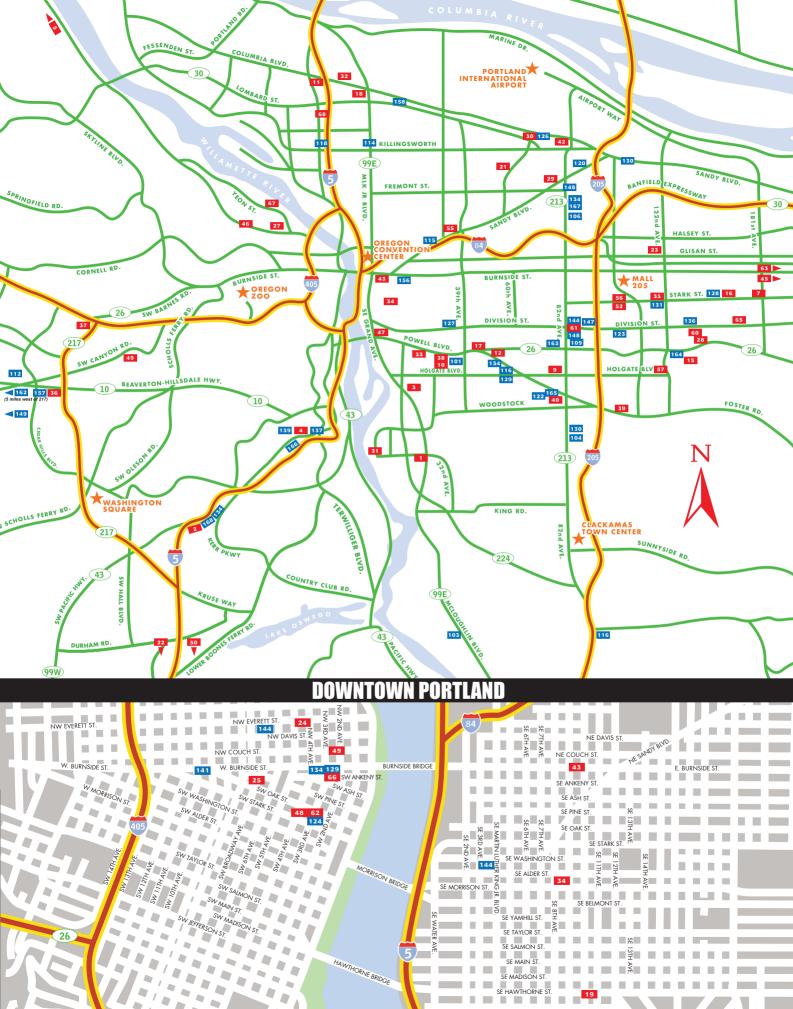
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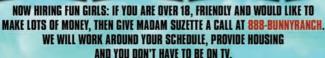












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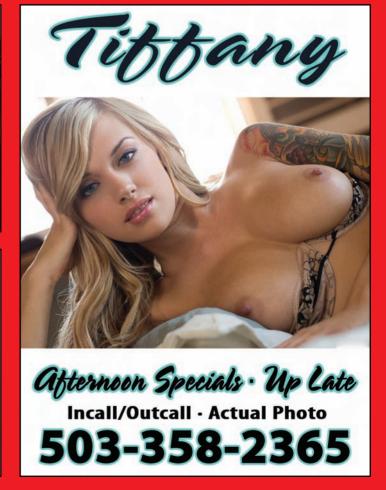












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DON'T STOP BELIEVING...IN ASSHOLES.

I'll never understand what it is about Journey. Why do they hold so much power? The group is played in the strip club to the point of obscenity. Yet, every night, when people hear the first opening chords of "their song," the club becomes chaos. People scream and throw their hands up in their air. They leap out of their chairs and wrestle with their jackets, fishing for their lighters. A little part of me dies inside...every time.

Last night, I was giving a lapdance alongside another girl with a customer. Our club isn't much of a lapdance club. There are no private booths for you to negotiate exactly what "no touching" means between you and the stripper. At my club you sit, on your hands, on a pleather bench, right beside other customers purchasing lapdances. Our bouncers, one of which wears a fully-stocked riot vest and rocks facial piercings and tattoos, will burn holes through your khakis as they watch over the dance room and shine flashlights in the eyes of any perpetrators of suspect movement. We're not exactly a jack shack.

I wrapped up my customer's dance, collected my money and was getting dressed, when I heard a loud collective cheer from the bar and heard the all-toofamiliar, "She's just a small time girl..." At this point, without fail, the DJ cuts off the music inviting the patrons to finish, "Living in a LONELY world."

Yeah, get that midnight train to take me the fuck out of here.

The customer who had been occupied with my co-worker about jumped out of his seat in excitement. "KEEP DANC-ING!" He frantically waved at me to keep going for his friend. He begged my fellow dancer and I to continue this side-by-side lapdance to this very special song. He assured his companion he would foot the

bill. No time for chit-chat—we're wasting precious stanzas. Judging from the vacant expression and gentle swaying of my customer, I'd say he was a little too inebriated to appreciate the unique bonding experience being facilitated by his buddy. I didn't have anything else better going on. Who am I to judge?

Unfortunately, the customer beside me was not getting it "any way he wanted it" and was too handsy for the club or my coworker's liking. Their dance was abruptly cut short. The customer, of course, didn't feel like paying for the dances he purchased. Even if he felt like he shouldn't have to pay for the partial dance he received (which he absolutely SHOULD), I'm curious why he felt he shouldn't have paid me for the full dance I gave to his friend. I didn't have time to argue about it. I was late to the main stage, and for the first time the entire night, there were more than two customers at the rack. I left and decided to let the bouncer and the other dancer work it out with the customer. If I got my money, awesome; if I didn't, lame. I wasn't going to let \$25 ruin my night. When I was done with my stage set, one of the bouncers came up to me and thrust \$80 into my hands (inexplicablv. wav more than I was owed). He told me not to "ever make him do that again." He said it was my responsibility to collect money for a dance up front. That way I don't get stiffed and he doesn't have to arque with drunken customers. I nodded my head and told him I was sorry. I'm not one to argue with my bouncers, unless it really matters...

BUT, here's what I have to say about getting paid for dances up front:

It's a great idea in theory. In our cash business, there's no real way to hold customers and dancers accountable. It's stupid for a dancer (or any type of sex worker) to perform his or her service without first getting paid—there's too much risk. But, this really isn't how the world works. You don't pay a contractor before he remodels your bathroom and you don't even pay a doctor before he takes an X-ray—it just isn't how society has laid out the rules of trade. Therefore, when I take a customer into a VIP room and try to convince him to do this particular

transaction ass-backwards from how he does every other transaction in his entire life, he is immediately ill-at-ease. He's already decided he's not so sure he likes this experience and will likely get up and leave after his lapdance is over. No tip. No repeat dance. He feels used, awkward and wants the hell out. However, if I take a customer in the VIP room and start dancing for them, as the song ends, I ask if they'd like another and remind them it'll be another \$25 and so on. I give the customer a nice little total at the end. I'm rarely walked out on and often tipped. I feel that carrying out my transactions in this manner makes me more money in the long run.

In the event I am walked out on, I appreciate the help and backup from my bouncers. I tip them all well, and if they can get a cheap asshole to fork over his money, I'll give a sizeable percentage of it directly to said bouncer. If it wasn't for him, I'd be out the money for the entire dance. It's better to show my bouncer how much he's appreciated and walk away with \$10, than the \$0 I would have had. In fact, a similar situation had occurred the night before. My favorite bouncer tracked the drunken little douche down and made him cough up the \$25 he tried to literally run out on. I handed my bouncer back \$15 of it and told him I loved having him around. I'm not going to throw a fit if I do lose money. I know it's a risk I open myself up to, I can't blame anybody but myself and the dance-n-dash jerk. I try to use my best judgment with customers, if I feel they are a squirrelly one, I collect my money up front. Sometimes, I'm wrong.

The bouncer, on this night, would not accept an extra tip. He informed me that all the bouncer tips were pooled and that if I wanted to tip extra, that was fantastic, but I had to put it in the "tip pool." I think this is bullshit. It's ridiculously unfair to our talented bouncers (and let me tell you, there are some that are infinitely better than others). I would throw a goddamn fit if I had to pool my tips with the other dancers and split them evenly at the end of the night. Who doesn't accept an extra tip slipped to them for a job well done? We're not in Communist China here.







FROTICMUS E

hey had introduced themselves as Canadians, not that they needed to. It didn't take a well-trained ear to immediately discern the tickling inflection with which they spoke and the rounding of their O's. The Vancouver dudes (from "Canadia", as I teased) were a lovely lot and I led one from the couch—away from his buddies and in to the private dance room.

He settled himself in to the squishy seat, and although it had seen much bigger asses, he patted the armrest and joked, "I think we might break this fucker." I nodded, with faux seriousness, "Yes, I'm very sensitive about my obesity. Quit it." He smiled again, "No, I'm really a bit of a fat guy." I paused to examine him. He was perhaps 20 lbs. heavy for his stocky frame, but nothing that would cause me to question his heart health. He spoke again, "Maybe I'm not fat by American standards, but in Canada, I'm considered overweight."

He was totally right. And the comment stuck with me. Even after they were long gone, I was struck by the simple poignancy of it. Later that night, after the party was over and the club was quiet, I faced my George Washingtons, Andrew Jacksons and the occasional Benjamin Franklin in neat piles, while the bartender scurried about to clean up. The televisions were still blaring silently and I could see that Larry the Cable Guy was yakking his endorsement for overthe-counter Prilosec.

It's pretty easy to be an American. This time of year, we are allowed, no, expected to display pride and patriotism for the country that so few of us have worked so hard to build. Big box stores offer their aisle displays of Old Glory; you can buy all of the made-in-China mini flags you can afford for only a dollar or so each. July 4th is the day when my neighbors will be lighting off their illegally purchased firecrackers and noise makers and dogs everywhere will be hiding under the bed. The next morning, police and hospitals will be catching up with all of the property damage and assaults from the celebrations of the evening. Taxpayers will help cover the cost and everyone will complain each year as those percentages rise.

I'll be celebrating and embracing the nude performing arts, (since the Oregon

Constitution has determined it to be an art) although the remaining 49 states are typically pretty quick to dismiss all adult entertainment as salaciously denigrating—even though it's one of the most recession-resistant industries. I consider myself extremely fortunate that I can earn a respectable living by dancing nude for strangers. In many parts of the world, honor killings for charges of female indecency are common. I think I vowed never to visit the Middle East. when I read of the Saudi woman who was sentenced to a drowning death in her family swimming pool. Her crime? Her brother's friend raped her.

Yet, sometimes, the obsession with female parts can be a double-edged sword and I am reminded of this every time I step foot outside of my home. A walk to the grocery store is like an exercise in personal restraint, since strangers just seem to love to verbally harass anything with a vagina and two legs. When I arrive at the aforementioned grocery store, I will see racks of brightly-colored magazines screaming at me with suggestions on how to shop my way to a better life, exercise my way to a bigger butt and flirt my way to a man.

We've gotten our priorities screwed up.

In a country that was founded by people called the Puritans (amongst other groups), it's quaintly ironic that our culture is obsessed with sex. Add in the modern fact that the U.S. is the worldwide leader in entertainment (via Hollywood) and our society is a muddled combination of nip slip obsession, female idolatry and "slut shaming." Consider the Victoria's Secret models, also known as "Angels." These women are stunning, statuesque examples of lazy strippers, who simply strut down a catwalk in overpriced underwear and oversized white wings. The average stripper will work harder on her own stage every night beating the shit out of her knees, spreading stiff legs for strangers and making nude pullups look easy. In spite of this, the word "stripper" leaves a sour taste in most mouths. This is an example of archetypes; the untouchable, wind-blown Angels are the perfect Madonna archetype to the stripper-whore archetype. It's giving me a complex.

Another fine example of the Ameri-

can obsession with beauty, is the fact that the average Kardashian will earn more money per episode for any of their television shows, than any teacher will in an entire year. Let's consider what implications this has for our future generations.

While so many people will insist that America sets a worldwide standard for democracy and ethics, I'd like to know why it took until 2013 for a goddamn cereal commercial to show an interracial family. I was delighted to realize that Cheerios was making history in advertising until I realized that this shouldn't even be a topic of discussion, nearly fifty years after interracial marriage was made legal.

It's a sign of the times when a Cheerios commercial displaying an interracial family is cheered for its progressiveness, as if we need one more reason to pat ourselves on the back. It's a sign that things need to change in this country, when the leading fast food companies are able to sell burgers and fries that contain more preservatives and dyes than those that exist in my stripper makeup. It's a sign that things in this country need to change, when Larry the Cable Guy is endorsing a gut-numbing medication, encouraging us to eat as much deep-fried food as we want.

I haven't been alive long enough to know if things are getting better or worse, it's all relative anyway. The last couple of decades have seen awareness in some social issues, such as the lessening of teen pregnancy with better sex education. The drop in HIV and AIDS-related deaths, with prevention, screening and medication. An increased awareness of race discussion, our first black president, a female Secretary of State and even a resurgence of rock and roll music. As a stripper, I'm sure that much of this country would point the finger at women like me, for the breakdown of society. I had no idea how dangerous I'd become, simply by dancing and disrobing. I think the real problems are much more sinister. Besides, if pretty naked ladies are the worst part of a society, I'd like to move to that country instead. Whatever. Drink a beer. Blow some shit up. Do it for 'Merica.

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Theme Songs by Scabs ELLIN LETTON BY STATUTORY RAY Theme Songs by Scabs

When you can't get Steve Guttenberg for *Police Academy 8*, you hire the dude that kind of looks like Steve Guttenberg because, well, it's pretty much the only work he can get. The same rule applies for theme songs, many of which I have discovered due to my current run at sobriety and the Netflix queue that rules everything around me. Here are three of my favorites:

RUN DMC – GHOSTBUSTERS RAP

Ghostbusters (written by my great uncle Ray Parker, Jr.) was originally the target of a justifiable lawsuit from Huey Lewis & The News. While the movie was in production, the Lewis-News posse had a hit song, I Want A New Drug, and this song was requested by the producers of Ghostbusters for use as a theme. After all, a song about men growing out of a cocaine habit in the mid 80s, is perfect for a family comedy about the supernatural. Saving their Hollywood spotlight for American Psycho, the 'News politely declined the offer to be paid mad duckets for their shitty song and dissolved into Sam Goody bargain bin obscurity. Random 80s synth-popper Ray Parker, Jr., however, was willing to risk his career—most likely because McDonald's re-hires anyone. After shamelessly jacking the lead synth rhythm from I Want A New Drug and rearranging a few programmed drums, the original Ghostbusters tune was created.

The movie was released, everyone loved it and Huey Lewis & The News sued the shit out of poor 'ol Ray Parker, Jr. Because, hey, fuck that guy. Five years later, *Ghostbusters 2* was released, and for whatever reason, the original theme song pops up for a few short seconds, stripped of the catchy lead synth that was ruled inappropriate by the law firm of Lewis, News and News. To compensate for this, and to follow the unspoken rule of any late 80s / early 90s movie, one of those awkward plot-recap rap songs was used as a theme. Put simply, this track, performed by Run DMC and shamelessly titled *Ghostbusters Rap* (not even adding a "two" or perhaps a clever "too"), was so bad that the other song used for the film (a Bobby Brown tune, *On Our Own*) pops up in an Internet search for "*Ghostbusters 2* song."

Watch the video: http://youtube.com/watch?v=nQ_kdGXGNgg

ICE CURE - FRIDAY



Friday is a film about smoking weed. Cypress Hill is a band that promotes weed. Naturally, when Ice Cube approached Cypress Hill's B-Real for a cameo role in the film, B-Real was interested but, unable to accept the offer (due to management and schedule issues). Being the cool guy that he is, B-Real offered up a Cypress Hill song (about weed) for Cube to use in the film's soundtrack. During a meeting of the creative minds (most likely involving memory-influencing drugs), Cube apparently heard a few leaked tracks from Cypress Hill's upcoming album, including the single *Throw Your Set in the Air*. After asking if Cypress Hill would offer up that song for Friday as well, Ice Cube was politely reminded by B-Real that yet-to-be-released material isn't exactly public domain. In response, Ice Cube thanked the group for recording and offering up the song they already did for the movie and went home.

Then, Ice Cube took off his shoes, poured a glass of Old English on ice and re-recorded Cypress Hill's song (specifically the chorus) awkwardly over a clunky track that had nothing to do with the original subject matter. The hook to both tracks is virtually identical, only it took B-Real months to realize Ice Cube had stolen his song. The two camps beefed violently for a period during the 90s, most likely resulting in multiple shootings between Blacks and Latinos over a song used in a movie about weed. Ice Cube may "sample" a great deal of material for his beats, but he usually credits Parliament Funkadelic or whoever. Friday, on the other hand, is a straight-up jack and it doesn't take any longer than a minute or two to see why B-Real got P-Issed off about it. Years later, both songs were re-written as one single track by a young girl named Rebecca and the rest is Internet history.

Here is Cypress Hill's track: http:// youtube.com/watch?v=yWZIQVRUG4I Here is Ice Cube's: http://youtube. com/watch?v=vWZIQVRUG4I

com/watch?v=yWZIQVRUG4I Here is the Black version: http://youtube.com/watch?v=tAgnUu2gGOU

JACQUELINE NEMORIN – DREAM ON (THE NEV-FRENDING STORY)

The Neverending Story is one of those movies you can watch as an adult if you smoke enough pot and like its counterparts (Labyrinth, Goonies, Scarface, etc.), it is primarily appreciated by children. Yet, for whatever reason (pot), it has a pretty kickass stripper-friendly soundtrack (or at least a playable theme song). After spawning a mediocre sequel, the franchise came to a halt with a third film that is considered to be among the worst movies ever made. Since the third film was made on a budget of about eighty-nine bucks, it makes sense that it would feature terrible music (Born to be Wild plays during the credits because, well, why not?). Why not ask then-unknown star Jack Black to lend his talents, when you have the famous Jacqueline Nemorin, a woman whose entire career spans four children's movies, three of them German?

It isn't uncommon for sequels to use uniquely awesome hit songs to carry the dead weight of an unoriginal continuation of a worn-out plot (see: the entire Nightmare on Elm Street franchise), but a hum-like-you-sorta-remember-it version of the classic tune you associate with a franchise (one directed at kids, for fuck's sake) is pretty much a crotch kick to the childhood. Even the people behind bad ideas like Batman Forever and Terminator 3 found ways to scrape up the pennies required to use the rights to the music associated with the entire goddamned franchise. Still, Neverending Story 3 retains the childlike nostalgia associated with the year you learned the truth about Santa Claus and your parent's divorce. To say the ripoff theme song is the best thing about Neverending Story 3, would be to discount Jack Black's involvement, but it's a close runner-up.

Dream On (noaerosmith) link: http://youtube.com/watch?v=ICoAg_igwEE (Song actually starts a few seconds into the video, which contains the only audio of this terrible song anywhere on the internet).





BIG BROTHER



IS WATCHING YOU

OU ARE BEING MONITORED

BY ELEKTRA LUXX

he National Security Agency (NSA) is becoming all the hype in the news these days—they are supposedly peeking into all your private sexting via Verizon phone records and building the world's biggest spy center in Utah, where they may or may not operate a program called PRISM that searches through every bit of your online media (now, everyone will know you listen to Coldplay). Based on all the hype, it would seem that the NSA is the biggest and most obtrusive government agency in history. The 29 year-old technician (who worked for a third party that contracted with the NSA), Edward Snowden (convicted of treason by the time of print?), found this out the hard way when he "leaked" information about a very broad court order to Veri-

cords), PRISM and other NSA-monitoring data information to the Guardian. However, this sort of monitoring by the government is an old beaten horse, it just wasn't sensationalized in the media until this young vigilante came

The Cyber Security Act of 2012, heaved the NSA out of most responsibility with monitoring domestic communication. Since then, it has been the responsibility of the United States Department of Homeland Security (DHS) to monitor domestic communication, while the NSA (which is an agency, rather than a cabinet department like the DHS) is responsible for foreign interaction. This battle against privacy breaching has been going on well before Snowden blew his own cock in a legitimate way by organizations like the Electronic Privacy Information Center (EPIC).

Way back in February of 2011, DHS announced that they planned to implement a program that would monitor media content, including social media (no information was found showing whether this is related to or like the NSA's PRISM). The proposed initiatives would gather information from "online forums, blogs, public websites and message boards" and disseminate information to "federal, state, local and foreign government and private sector partners." According to the EPIC's website, "the program would be executed, in part, by individuals who established fictitious usernames and passwords to create covert social media profiles to spy on other users. The agency

stated it would store personal information for up to five years.

DHS was recently court ordered to release specific documents that it uses to monitor social networking websites. The release of the documents is the result of a lawsuit filed by EPIC. EPIC is pursuing a Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) lawsuit against DHS for information about the agency's surveillance of social networks and news organizations. A particular document of interest, is the Analyst's Desktop Binder, which includes a list of words which are used to identify terrorism in social media. The lists includes multiple sections, based on different types of terrorist activity some truly bizarre words that are sure

to put everyone under surveillance.
The list of the words shows how analysts used language to identify information worth flagging. After receiving the list, EPIC declared the choice of words as "broad, vague and ambiguous." Information that wasn't obtained, was how the DHS gains access to the various search engines and social networks for monitoring (here comes PRISM), and especially how they do it in real time, which leads one to assume that there may be some sort of handshake involved with the major companies, such as Twitter, Facebook, Google and Microsoft.

There are about three pages of words associated with different types of terroristic events. Most of the words are not-so-obviously related to terrorism:

Power, smart, electric, attack, pirates, home grown, plot, ice, help, hail, avalanche, snow, lightning, aid, hacker, worm, social media, exercise, drill, cops, authorities, prevention, response, recovery, threat, crash, facility, toxic, cloud, leak, infection, gas, anthrax, burn, North Korea, virus, bacteria, Ebola, food poisoning, plague, wave, sick, pork, Mexico.

After reading through the list, it seems that 100 percent of posts can essentially be monitored. Thanks to EPIC though, you conspiracy theorists and anti-government freaks can take a step out of your cave because they are

way. It seems some organizations can get information from the government in a legitimate way, without making an ass out of themselves on the Internet.

fighting the battle the right

If still available by the time of print, the desktop binder can be found at: http://scribd.com/doc/82701103/ Analyst-Desktop-Binder-REDACTED



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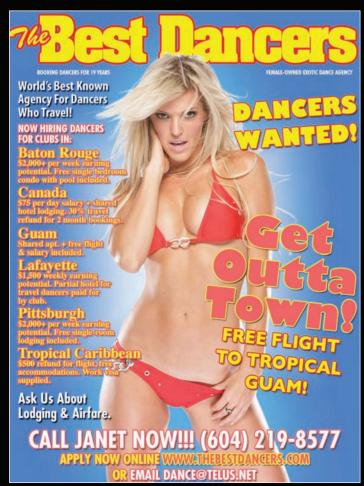
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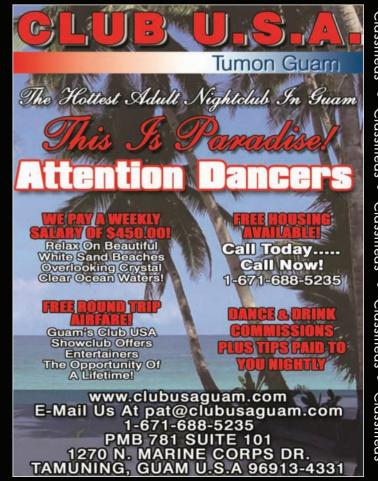
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remember being a rookie deputy sheriff in 1986. I had been around and shot Smith & Wesson revolvers and Colt 1911s all my life. But, during the firearms training portion, I was exposed to a new pistol from Austria; the Glock model 17. It was a polymer-framed (read plastic) high capacity 9mm. Other companies had previously tried a plastic framed pistol without any success or reliability. Glock changed all that. At one point, Smith & Wesson dominated the law enforcement and concealed carry markets. More S&W revolvers rode with cops on patrol than any other manufacturer's guns. Yet, when the big switch came to semi-automatic pistols, Smith & Wesson lost a large portion of its market to companies like Glock and SIG Sauer.

Recently, I was in the market for a polymer-framed, preferably high capacity 45 auto. I have owned Glock 45's in the past and svelte is not a word I would associate with them. They always felt like I was holding a box of Wheaties and sighting down a steel girder. A couple of former associates (whose word I trust) suggested I look at the S&W M&P line. My initial reaction was, fuck no. This was based on S&W's previous foray into the polymer market with the Sigma line. These were truly junk! I was assured, that no, the M&P's were different. They were promised to be just as good, if not bet-

ter, than the Glocks.

Like a lot of modern pistols, the M&P line is polymer-framed and striker-fired. These guns offer a number of benefits including ease of production (which leads to lower costs), lightweight and rugged reliability. The M&P pistols come with three interchangeable palm swell grips. These grips, or back straps, allow the shooter to adjust the gun to his or her hand, rather than trying to adjust the hand to the gun. We cannot shrink or grow our hands to match the size of the pistol, so Smith & Wesson has made it very simple to size the gun to the shooter. There are three sizes that come with each pistol: small, medium and large. I was surprised at how many people, including myself, really like the small grip size.

Why is gun fit so important anyway? Accuracy. One of the most essential fundamentals of shooting a pistol is trigger control. If you fail to press the trigger smoothly to the rear, you will throw your bullets off target. In a self-defense situation, this means you decrease the chances you will stop an attacker and increase the odds of hitting a bystander. Neither possibility is desirable. If your pistol does not properly fit your hand, your trigger finger will not properly address, or sit on, the trigger face. This increases the likelihood that you will pull the trigger at an angle, shifting the point of fire rather than pressing straight back. Straight back = staying on target. If the handgun fits the shooter's hand, this will increase accuracy, which in turn inspires confidence. More confidence with the firearm will often lead shooters to practice more on their own and to be more open to learning in structured training classes.

In addition to making the M&P pistols fit the size of the hand, Smith & Wesson set up the guns to work the same no matter which hand was holding it. The slide stop/slide release is ambidextrous, meaning that the slide can be released from either side of the gun at any time. The magazine release button is also reversible. Reversing the magazine release is incredibly simple and takes all of 15 seconds. One of the other substantial differences with the M&P over the Glock is the grip angle. The Glock will sit lower in your hand, but does make you break your wrist angle to do so. The M&P sits in your hand like a 1911. This was a huge selling point for me.

A single trigger type is much easier to teach officers, whether it is the single action trigger of a Colt 1911 or the 6.5 pound, striker-fired trigger in the M&P or Glock pistols. Shooters can train and concentrate on learning a single trigger feel rather than two trigger feels and the transition between them. Additionally, the M&P doesn't have a de-cocker to take a gun out of S-A (single-action) mode and return it to D-A (double-action) mode. It doesn't need one. Eliminating de-cocking, removes one more step in the process of returning a firearm to its holster in the extremely stressful conditions postshooting. Out of the box, I found the Glock trigger much crisper and consistent. But, it is relatively easy to get an even better trigger with the M&P. Simply install one of the sear kits from Apex Tactical Specialties. Seriously, S&W should just pay the royalties and make their sear and trigger part of the production guns—they are just that good.

The Smith & Wesson M&Ps have

proven to be extremely reliable with a wide range of ammunition. Every hollow-point round I have put through it, has fed and fired perfectly.

One feature that truly sets the M&P apart from some of its competitors, is the internal stainless steel chassis that is molded into the polymer frame. Plastic guns flex—absorbing some of the recoil during shooting. Less felt recoil is good, but too much flex can introduce reliability problems.

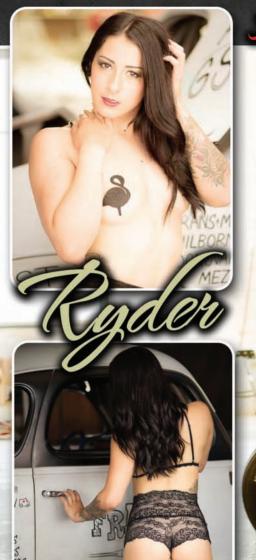
Smith & Wesson built the M&P line with the intention of chambering the pistols for the high-pressure .40 S&W and .357 SIG cartridges. Other manufacturers have merely adapted their 9mm frames to the higher pressure guns. The internal steel chassis is just one of the reliability enhancers that Smith built into these pistols.

One of the other selling points of the M&P line, is the M&P can be had in full size, compact and sub-compact versions. The most popular calibers are covered: 9mm, .40 S&W, .357 SIG and .45 ACP. Night sights, ambidextrous-thumb safeties and magazine disconnect safeties are all available

options. M&P pistols are definitely budget-friendly. Retail price on the base M&P9 runs only \$569. I've seen the same gun sell for less than \$500 through various retailers. "Made in the USA" may or may not mean much to you individually, but for some folks hit hard by the migration of jobs overseas, buying an imported gun may not be politically palatable. Fortunately, Smith & Wesson is a US-owned company, who makes all but one of the M&P guns here in the states. (The M&P 22 is made for S&W by Walther in Germany.)



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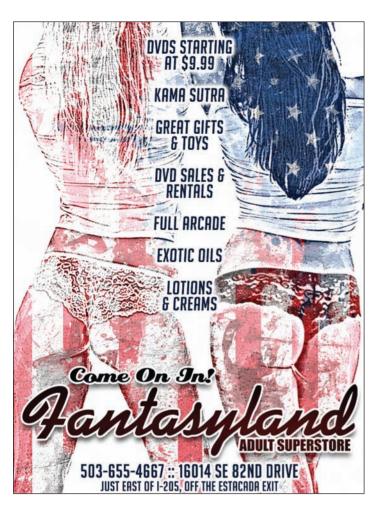
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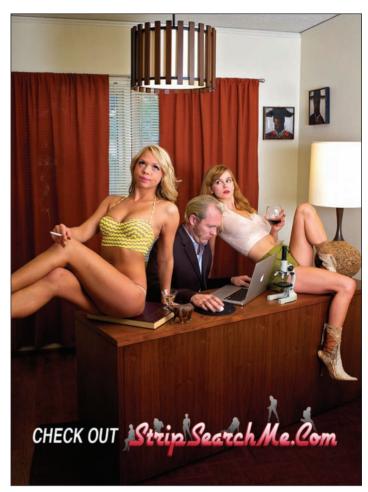


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