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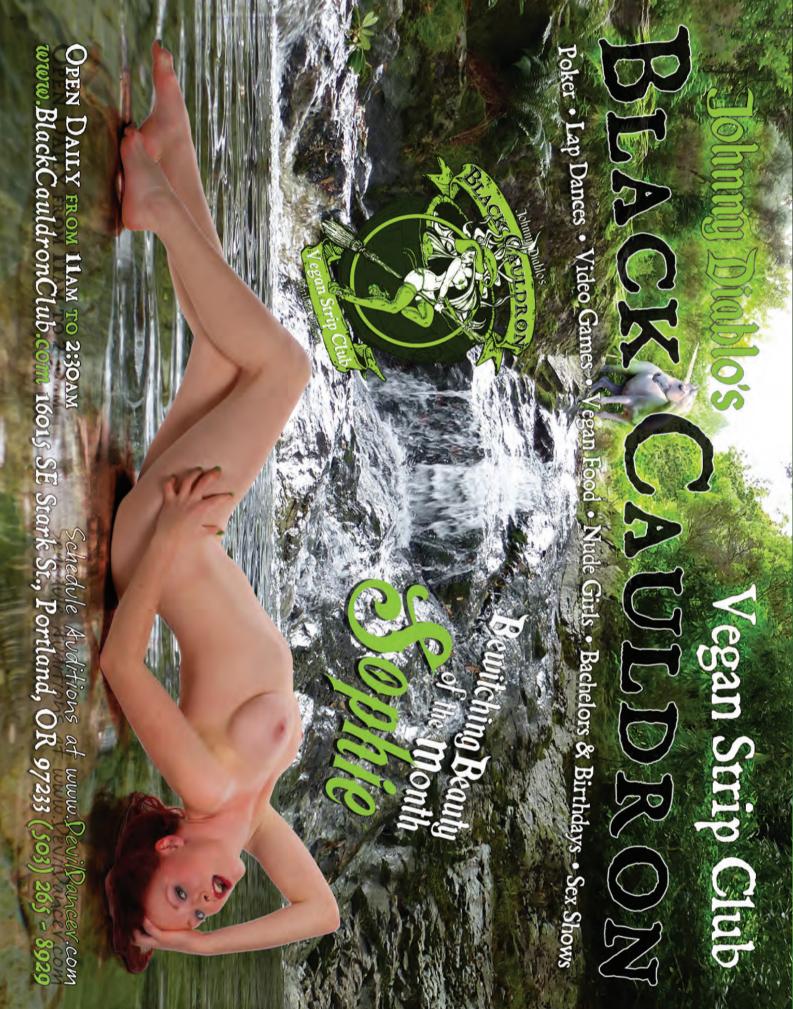


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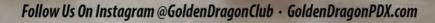


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FEATURES



EAVER BEHAVING

a tale of epic titillation nage 20 by ray mcmillin



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nade 28 by tyler bourbon



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WHAT'S UP YOUR P an all-new exotic contest

page 55 by rod bones

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NEW FEMALE OWNER

TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH RAY MCMILLIN TO CATCH A COLLEGE STUDENT

Last month, an Oregon State University student named Kendra Sunderland, was ratted out by a jelly-ass bitch for working as a webcam model—specifically, for a video Kendra filmed in what appears to be the darkest and most-secluded section of the OSU library (likely dedicated to religious grant-writing or GMO-focused factory farm management). The video, a thirty-minute snorefest with no more than three strokes worth of nudity, was labeled a "masturbation tape" by the over-reactionary media. Because of this, Kendra faces legal troubles, with the worst-case scenario landing her as a registered sex offender. Here are four reasons, why I think the girl who snitched on Kendra should be placed in a prison camp and fed nothing but shards of dirty glass, by Scientologists who don't wash their hands.

REGISTERED SEX OFFENDER STATUS IS SHAME-FUL AND DANGEROUS

My landlord chewed me out for smoking blunts in the privacy of my neighbor's own swing set. If you think she'd rent to someone who had sex with children, you're the one who needs to put down the blunts. Google any sex-offender-registry map (but, don't steal my idea of making a Pokemon-like GPS-based app called "To Catch A Predator" that would double as an IRL RPG) and you will notice the little red balloons that indicate chi-mos on the map. The apartments who rent to them are often clumped together in shady complexes, with surnames like "Vista" or "Manor." Since "registered sex offender" is an umbrella term that doesn't

differentiate from guys who piss on the wrong tree to full-on nun rapists, Kendra would be stuck living in one of these "rapepartments," having to introduce herself to her shady neighbors as the teenage girl who got busted filming naked, pierced, perfect D-cup breasts on... "say, do you want to come inside for some coffee and murder?" That, and she'll never find work, be able to travel freely, date a guy with kids or even work at (or patronize) strip clubs and other adult entertainment establishments.

SLUT WALKS, RUSH WEEKS, AND SPORTSBALL-FRATERNITY-DATE-RAPE FESTS ARE UNIVERSI-TY-SPONSORED

Well, maybe that last activity is sort of absorbed by the one mentioned before it, but the point I'm making is, that regardless of where Kendra's video ended up (and the purposes behind recording it), we're talking about the public humiliation and po-

tential criminal charges against a student who decided to partake in some pretty timid nudity in a state that endorses naked bike rides and topless protests. Try to digest this, dear quirkierthan-thou social progressive, but Oregon thinks it is perfectly reasonable for an adult male to show his penis to children for purposes of "raising awareness about transportation alterna-

tives" (a.k.a. feeding the attention of an ego that was never given a driving test as a child), but if a girl is trying to pay her tuition by taking her hunchedover-in-a-hoodie-with-no-bra act to the darkest corner of a college (eighteen-and-over) library, she faces social castration and legal buttfuckery. I know Generation Whatever likes to throw around buzzwords like "sex positive," with other buzzwords like "rape culture," but I have two decades worth of Playboy Girls of the Pac-12 (this includes OSU) spreads that serve as evidence for double-standards regarding Kendra's supposedly prison-worthy crime.

THE PRICE OF COLLEGE IS TOO DAMN HIGH

If there's one university in Oregon, besides Portland State, that gives legitimacy to the "stripping through college" myth, it's the one with hot cheerleaders and a football team whose mascot is also a pseudonym for "vagina." Oregon State University probably has more active dancers, than even the busiest of Portland strip clubs. Further, when referring to one's limited options in the Eugene/ Springfield area, compared to most strip clubs that aren't named after minted currency or other Portland clubs, laptops are much safer (socially and physically) places for a girl to make money by showing off her mind-blowing, I-believe-in-





God-again, perfectly-shaped breasts. On the Internet (well, at least until Ratty McSnitchalot spewed hater-ade all over Kendra's academic transcript), Kendra Sunderland was SexyScreenName23 (or whatever anonymous handle she currently goes by...free Humboldt handshake to the reader who can link me to her non-library cam shows). In the don't-go-to-that-part-of Springfield, she's a nineteen-year-old girl with breasts that would cause a nine-car pile-up (or a one-van kidnapping). If my future daughter (or current sister) took the initiative of milking her customers (no pun intended) for

> tuition money via online cam show, instead of working at Bob's Sticky Kitten on the corner of Industrial and Gunshot, I would feel much better knowing that the guys fapping to my kin or siblings are safe in their Warcraft basements—not six inches from someone I love (and living in Springfield).

WOMEN HAVE A RIGHT TO SAFE SEXUAL SELF EXPRESSION

Which goes without saying, allowing me to dedicate the rest of this column to describing just how fantabulously glorious Kendra's breasts are. Pretend that you're looking into the distance, admiring the perfect symmetry of God's vast creation, when suddenly you see a mist lift to expose two simultaneous sunsets behind shockingly, picturesque twin mountains. Without warning, but also without startle, two rainbow-colored doves land on the respective mountain peaks, creating a single, golden, bacon-flavored marijuana plant to sprout from each mountain's summit. If one were to do a guick nine-volt battery tongue-test on Kendra Sunderland's nipple rings, it would compare to the process of harvesting the weed, smoking some of it, then selling the rest to a person who doesn't know how much weed is supposed to cost, using the profits to buy a boat with a hot tub, before filling the hot tub with Frank's Red Hot sauce and drowning chickens in it for purposes of BBQ, before having Snoop Dogg show up with his friends and inviting you to sing Gin & Juice with him, while the chicken simmers, filming the entire process and having it replace the Super Bowl Halftime Show.

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What Does A Doctor Think Of Your Kink?

I lost my job a few years back, and so, like most people in that situation, I was spending a lot of time masturbating. Between watching dogging compilations (where a young woman picks up strangers in a park) and a Japanese game show where young men compete to try to identify their "mothers" and "sisters" by the taste of their cunts, I realized I needed to give my life a long, hard look.

I remembered a poster in my high school hallway stating, "Take what you love and turn pro!" Confusingly, the poster featured a ballerina, a basketball player and a rollerblader none of which, seem like viable career options for the average high school student. Personally, I always thought we should encourage kids to love more practical things like serving in restaurants and doing construction. But, I suddenly saw the wisdom in that poster and wondered, "Is there a way I could legitimately spend all day watching pornography?"

So, I went to graduate school.

If you didn't already know, graduate school is a sort of academic circle jerk, regardless. You have to pleasure the right dicks by stroking their egos. After you pay them to do their research for them, you ejaculate an original dissertation and get rewarded by having your advisors steal your ideas to further themselves. For this, you're supposed to feel grateful.

As for myself, my graduate school experience was more of a circle jerk in the literal sense of the word. As in, I touched a lot of penises and had orgasms in front of strangers. But, because *I* paid *them*, instead of the other way around, I'm now known as a Doctor of Human Sexuality.

I'm a Clinical Sexologist. Some people would call me a "sex therapist," but for legal reasons, I'm not allowed to associate myself with "real" therapists. "Real" therapists are probably just jealous.

After years of excruciating work to become certified, most therapists still struggle to find clients. All I did was announce on Facebook that I was *going* to study sex and people started coming to me (so to speak). And that's not all! I can hug my patients after I tell them they're ok, and if we want to, we can get naked together and talk about our bodies in front of a mirror—none of which, would be allowed in the stuffy therapy profession.

I also do bodywork, but I'm not a massage therapist, because I get to touch people's genitals. I'm not a prostitute either, and you can tell, because I don't make as much money.

Although, I get to experience a unique combination of nudity, erotic touch and emotional connection for money, my primary function as a sexologist, is to assure people that their fetishes aren't weird.

Dear readers of *Exotic* magazine, I want to tell you that, as long as your sex play is safe, sane and consensual, there is nothing wrong with you! Embrace pleasure!

I don't care if you're dressing up in diapers and bibs before you fuck teddy bears, or if you pay somebody to tie up your dick until it turns purple (but, only *until* it turns purple, mind you— keeping it that way would no longer be *safe*). If you enjoy fucking teddy bears, FUCK MORE TEDDY BEARS! And, don't be afraid to share it with somebody you love.

"Hey Honey, I know of something immensely sexual you've probably *never even done before.*"

"Ooh, Baby, tell me what it is!"

"Well, first you shove this teddy bear into a condom and then you stuff it up your ass. It feels incredible—you wouldn't even believe it."

There are several ways the conversation might go from here. But, if you've got a fun, adventurous, pleasure-seeking partner, the optimal response will be, "Hell yeah! I *hadn't* ever thought of stuffing a condom-wrapped teddy bear into my ass!" Or, at the very least, we could hope for an "I'm not so sure I'd like that. But, if you like it, baby, here...let me help you stuff it in *your* ass."

If you really want to try stuffing a teddy bear in your ass, do beware. Anal play works best when your asshole is stretched out slowly and carefully. For maximum comfort, I recommend a toy that starts small and grows in girth. And, unless your toy is flared at the base (a barrier to keep the toy from spontaneously being sucked inside), you might just lose it up there.

Incidentally, a fun afternoon can be spent Googling x-ray images of weird things up people's asses, then trying to figure out how they got them in and what it felt like as they did it *(Ed: Thanks Helen, see page 56).* In the case of a teddy bear, raise the bear's arms above its head so it's diving in with optimal hydrodynamics and then try adding tennis shoes to the bear's feet. You'll know you've gone far enough, when you're kicking yourself in the ass.

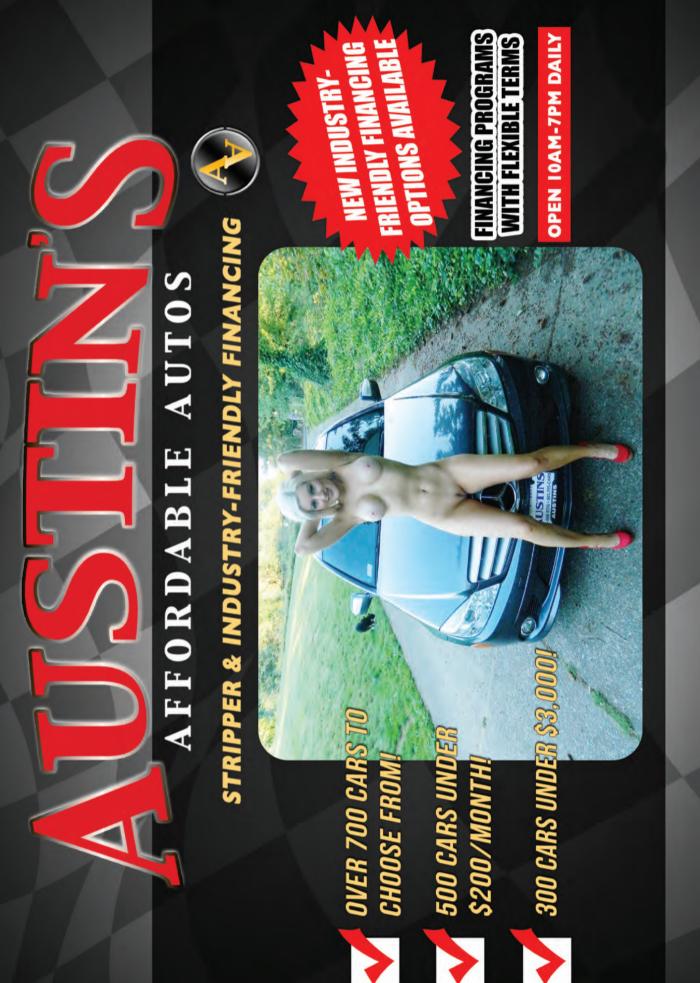
Look forward to hearing more from me in the future, as I attempt to share my sexological knowledge with you in a fun, pleasure-positive, shame-free way. If you want to know more about a topic, suggest it to me. If you have questions about sex, don't be embarrassed! The juicier the question, the more I'll love to answer it.

Again, my only real concerns about sex play are about safety, consent, and sanity. So, if you're wondering about something innovative and want to make sure it's safe, send your questions my way (And yes, my interest is partly a voyeuristic attempt to learn about your sexual creativity, so I can try it at home).

If you are unsure if you have consent for your actions, *you do not have consent*. But, I can talk to you about how to pitch your ideas in the most crowd-friendly way, how to pick up on people at a bar without seeming like a creep or how to communicate clearly about limits and safewords.

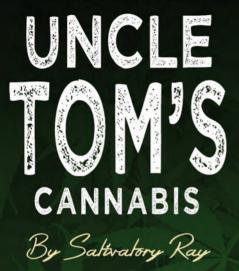
If you are questioning your sanity, however, you might want to talk to a *real* therapist. But, keep in mind, they can't hug you goodbye.

Helen Shepard has a clinical practice in Eugene and would love to hear from you at Slutscapade@gmail.com



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GREEN ROOM DIARIES:



I have an extremely religious sibling (who I will refer to as Raelynn), that decided to give me a novelty medical marijuana tin for Christmas. Upon asking her when she decided to go from holy roller to joint roller, Raelynn looked at me and said, "Well, now that it's going to be legal, I may consider using it myself." My sister has been suffering from near-crippling back pain for years, and in addition to having surgeries to deal with the damaging results of prescription medications on her Christian liver, she has no opposition toward marijuana, other than the fact that it is technically illegal until July. In other words, she believes in God and her country, just not necessarily in that order. I think this is pretty messed up, but it is also a sign of where our silently-complacent society stands, in terms of willingness to engage in morally-guided opposition to authority.

A system that results in rational-minded people adhering to the "if it's illegal, it must be bad and therefore I'm going to wait until the laws change" model, is not one that reeks of democracy. The point at which a society stops taking the personal initiative to enact the changes that most benefit its individuals, signifies a transformation of democracy into something much more warped and semi-totalitarian. Historically, it's the Rosa Parks mentality that rattles cages—that mentality being, "if there is an unjust law, I refuse to adhere to it—not wait for the klansman to get off the bus, before moving to the front." Therefore, we owe it to those who break unjust laws in a public display of defiance based on universal rights, not trendriding yuppies who want to plan on reliving not actually going to Woodstock (but, saying they did) once July comes around.

You can cite all the science, statistics, thinlyveiled propaganda or whatever Fox News is saying about marijuana that gives conversational ammunition to people who actually believe Bill Watterson designed that sticker on their truckbut, the fact that alcohol remains legal, promoted and socially-accepted (if not loved), means any argument against the legalization of marijuana is not based on real-world evidence—especially, that which addresses whether or not Americans have a legal right to get high (or drunk, wasted, lifted, turned up, etc.). I'm not even going to get started on people who own guns (but, would never touch a joint) or the complete absence of fraternity-party-inspired sexual assault that occurs after someone uses a fake medical card to buy weed for rush week. We're surrounded by a herd of scag baron societal parasites.

Acknowledging that there has never been a system of buying, selling, hosing down, terrorizing or otherwise segregating weed smokers on behalf of our fine government-my comparison to Rosa Parks was not meant to endorse some white-bread, pumpkin-spice-liberal idea of oppression. White weed smokers, trimmers, growers and anyone else with blonde dreadlocks have not been, and never will be, oppressed based on their choice of substance. However, the ways in which social changes are enacted, rarely deviate and there is little argument against my logical implication that slavery (as well as post-slavery discriminatory practices) were (and still are) morally wrong—and, that endorsing discrimination at any point between the formation of the KKK and the rise of MLK, is something that no morally upstanding person would do.

Put simply, anyone who is waiting until weed is legal to endorse the substance as a naturally occurring medicine—one that is only illegal because of corporation-sponsored racism and a system of laws designed to keep minority demographics in jail—should not be allowed to smoke it.

With Oregon penalties for marijuana lower than the fines you get if your dog shits in the park, one would think that a "progressive" state, as well as its more conservative members (there are more citations in the Bible regarding the sacredness of weed, than there are prohibiting homosexuality), would not be so complacent in being told what to do. Sodomy is illegal in plenty of states, but you don't see drunk couples checking the statutes regarding the city that their hotel room resides in, before having hot, sweaty anal sex on alreadystained sheets. Music piracy is illegal, but bands (and record companies) still continue to facilitate album leaks and torrent sharing, to the point that doing so is almost a necessary step in the process of releasing a new record. Basically, and I know I'm gonna get some shit for saying this, I encourage you to disregard and disobey any and all laws you disagree with.

But, what about serial killers, rapists, child pornographers and other people who listen to Godsmack? Good question, hypothetical reader. These people exist, statistically, on a much smaller scale than those of us who don't believe putting a flame to a leaf, should result in a decade behind Utah prison bars. A larger demographic exists, however, of people who are violently opposed to serial killers, rapists, child pornographers and Godsmack. Further, the number of serial killers, rapists, child pornographers and Godsmack fans who would reconsider their choice of actions based on the fact that their actions are illegal, is approximately one guy named Todd, who is really pissed that I just insinuated his taste in music makes him equivalent to the scum of society. In other words, "do as thou wilt, is the whole of the law." The more people who break unjust laws, the more likely said laws are to dissolve and from this, the likeliness of law enforcement dedicating more resources toward the eradication of serial killers, rapists, child pornographers and Godsmack fans increases.

This is a call to action, for anyone in possession of less than an ounce of weed, to step outside, light one up on your porch and mumble "I used to be mad as hell, but now I'm high as fuck and for some reason, Arby's sounds good."

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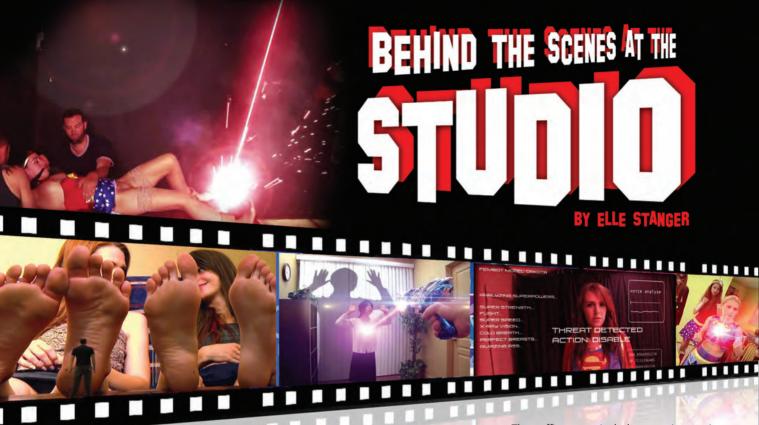
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On a quiet, residential avenue and surrounded by modest houses, sits The Studio. The one-story building would never garner a second glance from any passerby. On this late afternoon, the sun was stretching through slowly moving clouds as wet leaves fluttered to the ground with the birds chirping intermittently. A young man was waiting for me in the parking lot and efficiently tapped the door code for entry. "After you," he said politely. I set foot into one of Portland's local porn studios.

Formerly a document-scanning company, the cubicles were cleared years ago, to make way for a 6,000 square-foot fetish porn production studio. The Studio creates niche porn unlike what the word fetish usually brings to mind with specific creations, such as shrinking porn and superhero-themed scenes.

Since its inception in 2009, The Studio has focused on filling the demand for unusual predilections, with things such as medical movies, monsters and aliens, taboo-themed and erotic horror films. One might use their imagination as to what these skits entail, but for scenes such as a time *stop video* or a *frozen* film, most of us require a little information. Many of us remember the Twilight Zone episodes, where hypothetical, improbable situations tell a larger story about humanity. What if you could shrink your bitchy boss and jerk off on her face? What if that guy you have a drink with, could be made miniature so that he is the size of a clitoris? These are the types of stories that are createdwith good acting, state-of-the-art cameras, computers and editors.

At first glance, there isn't much to indicate all of the salacious acts that occur within the walls. The prop room, hosts dozens of boxes of neatly labeled housewares—almost like a storeroom at Target. I see candlesticks, staplers, books, hand mirrors, hairbrushes and more books...nothing too nefarious here. Adjacent to the prop room, is the prop shop—a light construction area for constructing props and facades. We turn the corner and an eight-foot tall, T-shaped,

wooden crucifix stands looming over me, with metal hooks affixed to each end. "What's that called?" "That's a T," said my tour guide, The Studio's owner, and operator, Guda. "Oh," I said stupidly. I imagine someone writhing, sweating and moaning on this indomitable structure. But, for now, all is quiet.

Nearby, he indicates, "This is the fucking machine." I saw a vintage, metal gynecologist's table in the corner and affixed to that, is an all-black, liquidlatex-coated Hitachi vibrator wand. "A lady broke it, by pushing into it too hard—

that thing was fun," my guide says fondly.

The office set includes an impressive polished wooden desk and a sliding bookshelf housing rows of vintage books, old sci-fi thrillers and volumes of Encyclopedia Britannica.

The medical room/examination room shines brightly—its clean countertops mostly clear, except for one wayward script and sparkling metal operating instruments spread out on a clean towel. Near to that, is the kitchen, which is for actual use and filming. "We encourage eating here—we want happy models."

Continuing our tour, I'm led to the hot

tub set, with faux vines creeping up lattices. Once the lights are switched up, it illuminates like a bright sunny day. Nearby, is the green screen set, since a lot of the films created, require special effects. "This is the same technology that major news networks use-top of the line equipment." In a more humble setting, the bedroom set appears comfy and unassuming-much like a gender-neutral apartment bedroom or college dorm room.

Next, I was shown the weapons prop room. Nearly

a hundred knives, guns and weapons rested on the wall in rows and in labeled bins. The guns are airsoft, but look quite real. It was thus far the most intimidating room. Across the hall, one editor sat quietly in his workspace with headphones covering his ears and staring quietly at his screen—tapping and clicking.

Since 2009, The Studio has garnered huge support from fans all over, who literally help stock the studio. The costume room could rival the supply of a party store, with masks, outfits and shoes hung by size. Rows of rolling racks, hold hangers of clothing and costumes. The fans are happy to support the creators, "We have fans that send us clothing and things, boxes of lingerie or props."

In the ladies' dressing room, everything is pink and pleasantly scented. The counter seats about six, with makeup remover, sprays and crèmes labeled and itemized. The male talents' dressing room is considerably smaller, since there are approximately three male performers that consistently work for The Studio, compared to the approximate thirty women who consistently work with The Studio. Included on the team, is four editors, one production assistant, and one director. What's most noticeable about The Studio is the cleanliness and organization. My tour guide seems confident, when he says, "We consistently are told that we have if not the best, one of the top studios to work for in the country."



Some of the fetish actions that take place in the fetish videos are, facefucking, foot worship, bondage, BDSM, femdom, damsel in distress, tickling and, of course, anal.

And yet, not all of the content falls into the hardcore category. Simulated sex and non-penetrative masturbation work is available, as long as the talent exudes confidence. And, they do!

The Studio doesn't list the affiliate sites where its content can be found, in order to keep the privacy of the local performers



intact. "There are creepers in town that will go to the listed sites, see a girl that they know and start pestering her...no. If a girl wants to work for me and do porn, she can do it anonymously, because we publish our videos on sites that have literally millions of other videos. We keep our performers anonymous that way—unless, they choose to tell their friends how they can be found. All of our girls love working here."

Upon perusal of some video clips, it is noticeable that none of the talent is heavily-tattooed. Men and women of various healthy body types are selected as talent, and the on-screen chemistry is undeniable. "And, if you're a crazy-hot-body female and don't want your face in porn, you can easily wear a superhero or supervillain mask—if your body is tattoo free."

AS LONG AS A MODEL IS HOT ENOUGH AND OK BEING UNINHIBITEDLY NUDE ON VIDEO, WE HAVE SOME WORK FOR HER!

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THE VALUE OF A DOLLAR, CASH ORIGAMI AND THE BEST WAY TO GET YOUR TIPS NOTICED

Since the first dollar was slipped into a G-string, ambitious tipsters have been seeking ways to catch the attention of their favorite dancer, while meeting their expected duty of tipping at least one dollar per song. Let's start with the one dollar per song routine. When I turned 18, I stepped into the Mitchell Brothers O'Farrell Theater (after paying \$25 admission) and sat down in front of their stage, where I was immediately instructed it would cost \$1 per song to sit in the front row. Sounded like a fair exchange at the time, considering it was 32 FUCKIN'YEARS AGO! Back on that fateful day in San Francisco, many ones were removed from my wallet, and when I discovered the special things these girls would do for twenties, it was all over. But, let's get back to the point...32 years later, most of you are still barely meeting up to \$1 per song arrangement. So, let's consider inflation. Back in 1983, gas was just under a dollar a gallon. In 2008, gas prices peaked at over four dollars a gallon. In 2008, let's consider two dollars a gallon. So, I would like to propose that we follow the wavering price of gasoline, as a moral compass of what you should be tipping your favorite exotic entertainer. Gas is cheap again—you can pretty much fill your tank for the cost of a private dance. So, why in the hell are you still just tipping a dollar—after the bouncer had to warn you three fuckin' times? You can't even start a gas pump without your debit card, but for now, tipping is negotiated on the honor system. If you've been camped out on the rack for the past few songs and haven't tipped, prepare to be dishonored and shamed in front of everyone else in the club. When the DJ calls you out as the "douchebag in the Godsmack hoodie, who doesn't have a dollar to his name," don't say I didn't warn you. Yeah, you—don't be that guy.





Now that we have the basic, per-song tipping rule covered (even though you hear it from the DJ every fifteen minutes, at just about every club in town) let's move on to creative ways to get your tip across. The first time I saw someone fold a bill into a "football triangle" and flick it at a stripper, I was immediately taken back to my fifth grade classroom, where my classmates and I would play paper-football, while trying to blind each other with folded-triangular paper ninia-stars. As the frat boy continued to pelt the dancer with his "buckshots," the dancer's annoyance reached a peak and Joe College ended up with his Guinness in his crotch. Yeah, here's a little secret for you-have you ever noticed that 90% of the time a dude ends up with his drink in his lap at the stage, he deserves it. It's almost like, some kind of divine intervention, isn't it? So, don't be that guy either. No dancer wants to dodge tiny darts aimed at her clit, whether they're made of dollar bills, or not. You may be meeting the one-dollar-per-song requirement, but you're getting extra credit in douchebaggery.

The dollar-bill-football thankfully faded away, but was soon replaced with a classed-up approach through the use of origami. Early versions of stripperfriendly origami were bills folded into rings, jewelry, flowers and the occasional woodland creature. But, once again, no dancer wants to spend half an hour unfolding a dollar bill. My first stripper girlfriend, worked at a club where the only way to tip the girls. was to wrinkle up your bills and throw them at the stageacross a six foot gap, between the customers and the dancer. When she got home from work at night, she would iron her dollar bills flat for two reasons-the club did not cash in the girls' ones at the end of the night and she didn't want the bank to judge her and her wrinkly bills, because they would think she was a stripper. Now, maybe we don't have it that bad, but do you really think the girls and the bartenders that cash them out at the end of the night, want to spend an extra hour unfolding your half-assed origami penis? An origami penis, usually means that you're packing one the same size—just sayin.' One more time—don't be that guy, either.

Now that I've shot you down three different ways, you should be asking by now, "So, who should I be?" You should be the guy who tips two dollars a song or more, just to show that you are in tune with inflation and know the proper way to appreciate an exotic entertainer. If you insist on showing off your origami skills, be a rockstar at it. There are plenty of books out there to show off your talents with incredible miniature sculptures composed of currency, many of them pictured on these pages. But, most importantly, be sure to start your

sculpture with a five-dollar bill or larger, to justify the time it takes to unfold your masterpiece. Maybe the



dancer will be so smitten with your work, she will start collecting them and investing them into her kid's college fund someday, while enjoying them on a knickknack shelf until then. Just be sure, to start with the big bills. No matter how ninja your origami is, it's only as impressive as the bill it's made from.

But, without a doubt, the most impressive and effective style of tipping I've seen, is also the newest method of tipping I've ever observed, and using one dollar bills is completely acceptable-money toware neatly folded in half and

stacked in squares, using a

cross-hatch pattern. Each floor

of these towers consists of

anywhere from four-to-eight

bills, depending on the in-

tended height of the structure.

Not only do you get to make a

suggestive impression to your

favorite dancer about how large

and erect your tower is, but

the dancer's gifted bills are all

neatly folded and conveniently

flattened to cash out at the end

of the night. You tipped gener-

ously and saved her time. She

will most definitely remember

ers. Bills



you, my friend.

Happy tipping Portland.

STATE OF THE INDUSTRY BY CLAUDE DACORSI

What if I told you, that 15 years ago, minor entertainers were not allowed in clubs that sold alcohol? How about 10 years ago? Entertainers could not even touch their own breasts on stage. That a hug between two entertainers was something that could potentially get you put in jail! A lot has changed since the Supreme Court case in 2005. My point being, is that our industry is ever-evolving. Owners, operators, entertainers and everyone else, need to be able to adapt to the needs that our industry demands from all of us.

Fast forward to 2015. We have numerous issues that are currently requiring another adaptation to how we conduct ourselves and our business. I would say that the question is not, "When do we need to change—but, how can we change now?" How do we

ensure that what has caused such an uproar with our entertainers, can be fixed or prevented before there is a coup d'état?

Don't misunderstand me. I have to make sure that the business I operate is doing so legally and ethically. Yes, ethically. Ethics in what we do? Most definitely! In fact, we would not be in the mess we are in, but for those establishments who operate with no ethics. We all live by a moral compass that tells us what we do is either right or wrong. My view of the world is different than yours, of course. However, I would have to say that most of us operate under

the same ethical lens that allows us to differ from right or wrong.

In the past month, Elle Stanger has been criticized for coming out as a voice for entertainers all over Oregon (and beyond), whose working conditions are unacceptable. We have heard what some of those conditions have been. We all scratch our heads and wonder how these things could ever happen. Most of the alleged working conditions are not acceptable to anybody who works in this industry, and some are upset that she has come out like this. Even I questioned why this was happening. Why would somebody openly invite regulation into an industry that has been left alone for almost 10 years? We have but one answer to this question—we allowed this to happen.

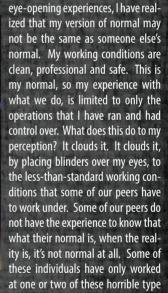
In the wake of business ending events happening to our competitors, we have allowed certain venues to operate in a way that we would never tolerate in our own establishments. Do you see the error of our ways? We are all connected. What I allow to happen, can affect you and what you allow to happen can affect me. When we as an industry, sit idly by for the other guys to mess up, we end up sitting on a ticking time bomb. Well, it just went off people and the percussion of the blast, has hit every single one of us right in the face. What do we do now?

We fix it. We do not accept that what another does wrong will benefit us, however, what one does wrong

over 100 miles a day to work where they work. They do it, because the club is safe, secure and the venue keeps the building clean and to code. However, the most important part, is because they are treated like human beings and not dehumanized, disrespected or violated when they are there. Easier said than done, right? Of course it is, but, change is never easy and the uncertainty that it is better somewhere else, can be an unnerving situation to place yourself into.

work at. In my situation, I have entertainers who travel

One thing that I have noticed over the past few days, are the nonchalant reactions amongst our peers to the issues that have come to light. They are being dismissed as no more than petty inconveniences. I too, had this same viewpoint. But, after some thought and



directly affects the industry as a whole. This applies to all of us—entertainer, DJ, security, manager, and anybody else who makes a living by what we do. If your security is pulling the tops off of entertainers—stop it! It's not cute, nor is it funny. If your DJs are verbally abusing Entertainers for more tips than they feel is appropriate—stop it from happening. If your stages are a pile of garbage—fix them! If your managers are only there to sleep with your staff and entertainers—FIRE THEM!!! Your inability to police the clubs you own, operate or work at, is causing the rest of us grief.

If you are working at a club where these things are happening, leave that place and go work at another. I do not want to hear that there isn't any other place to places. How are they to know, that what they think normal is, is actually disgusting to the majority of us?

So, I ask all of us to try and sympathize with those who have been treated poorly and disrespected. Let us treat them with a little respect and decency. Just because most of us do not see the disgusting side of these less-than-ethical operations, does not mean that they do not exist. Put yourself in their shoes and walk a mile. If you know of somebody who is stuck in a club that is not doing the right thing, help them go to another. Make a conscious effort to better the industry that we all work in and are proud of. Make an effort, in general, knowing that what you do affects every single one of us.

stripcity spotlight

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THU 5 - KIT KAT CLUB LIVE MEWSIC WITH ADRIAN H & THE WOUNDS

> **THU 5 – STAR THEATER BOYEURISM – AN ALL-MALE REVUE**

FRI 6 – LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE **EXOTIC COVERGIRL GABRIELA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY**

> FRI 6 – THE RUNWAY THE CHURCH OF HIVE

THU 12 – SILVER DOLLAR PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR TAYA PARKER

FRI 13 – SUNSET STRIP PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR TAYA PARKER

FRI 13 – ADAM & EVE (PORTLAND) **GRAND OPENING PARTY**

FRI 13 & 14– MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

TUE 17 – ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTIES **STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT & SALEM) CABARET – SKINN – THE RUNWAY** PALLAS – DREAM ON – SPYCE

> FRI 20 – THE RUNWAY **STRIPPER STRIP POKER PARTY**

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THE EMERGENCE OF EXTINCTION

The screen on your TV goes black and all stations cut out—only to be replaced with Government-issued Emergency Alert Systems. Each county and state have their own way of flipping the emergency switch, it's just a matter of what regulations they have put into place. All eyes are glued to the screen, because now, it's no longer a question of whether it was a test or a glitch in the system, but rather, the President is getting ready to address the nation. To most who keep up to date with the political goingson, that's usually an indication that something big is about to be announced.

In December of 2014, the media waves lit up with the idea that the United States Government was hiding an (ELE) Extinction Level Event

from its citizens and that preparation was now underway for government officials to try and survive the catastrophe. Why is it, that now, the pipeline is suddenly full again with conversations about the end of the world and the beginning of the end? Some say, it's in part to the statement made by the French Foreign Minister Laurent Fabius, in May of 2014, where he stated that the world had 500 days to avoid climate chaos. This was widely interpreted as a veiled statement and conspiracy theorists

had a heyday with it. For some reason, theorists have inundated YouTube channels with dates like Sept 24th or 25th, as being the end of all upcoming events. With thousands of followers, these channels profess everything from astrological consumption to nuclear fallout, and yes, even the rapture. The truth is, there is a lot of Biblical prophecy coming to pass and the idealists (who are good at rocking the boat) have

Conspiracy X by Scarlet 13

Christians shaking in their shoes, and the general public asking what's real and what's not. So, let's review some of this prophetic mumbo jumbo and see what we find, shall we.

First, let's see what's going on in September of 2015. The end of the "Tetrad," as some astronomer's called it, is a series of 4 consecutive total lunar eclipses or blood moons. In the 21st century, eight Tetrads accrued, making them not quite so phenomenal—but, it has not always been that way. Between 1600 and 1900, there were no Tetrads at all, leaving a 300-year gap. Still, we'll rule out blood moons as a reason for the world to end, as I don't feel a lunar eclipse will cause the moon to split into pieces and come smashing into the earth. For those worry-



ing that the 500 days from Laurent's speech are creeping up, it won't help to know that, NASA has announced it is staging a presentation of a "hypothetical asteroid impact scenario" at the 2015 International Academy of Astronautics' Planetary Defense Conference (PDC) to be held in April. I also dug up a plethora of old news videos from CNN and other affiliates that reported on a dwarf planet, far past Pluto, twice the size of Jupiter, and reportedly, the cause of an increase in asteroids coming from that area. These reports were brief and never ran for more than 2 days—sparking the debate about a new-ly-discovered planet orbiting within our so-lar system, that many conspiracy theorists call PlanetX or Nibiru.

Theorists have long debates on the cover up that is Nibiru, including the startling number of NASA scientists dying in crashes and freak accidents that are tied to the discoveries outside our planet. In January of this year, NASA scientist, Alberto Behar, died in a mysterious plane crash in Los Angeles— adding to the very long list of scientist fatalities. When L say scientist,

let me clarify that I am including astronomers in that list of people who have died in the last 2 years. Alberto was part of a team that helped prove there is water on Mars. He was also part of the development team that was researching robot functions in harsh conditions. A very startling number of astronomers are dying off (in pairs, even) as victims of freak accidents and mysterious illness—none of which have been solved. If it was a couple of scientists here and the odd astronomer there, it might

make sense—but, the sheer number is staggering and certainly suggests they are being put down—for one reason or another. You can find an outstanding account of the murders/accidents as they occurred, as documented by SteveQuayle.com. So, we have obituaries, news reports, scientists' statements and some seriously half-assed stolen digital stills of NASA's telescopes. A huge percentage of "preppers" and survivalists will tell you, that FEMA REGION 3 has been on the mind of many, as it has drawn attention from ex-employees' statements concerning the facility and the mounting evidence that these areas are preparing for a large-scale event—the kind that doesn't promise cotton candy and carnival rides. A nurse in Puerto Rico, recounts a mass influx of body bags and coffins delivered to their facilities—for apparently no reason. Delivery drivers have shown video of the goods they are delivering to underground bunkers and heavily-guarded abandoned train stations. Personal YouTube videos have started to surface, showing a surge in UN vehicles being transported to unreported areas and soldiers from other countries training on our soil.

The ridiculous amount of militarization of local law enforcement and police brutality has made the general public draw their own conclusions about whose side the government is really on, when it comes to the welfare of its people. After leaks from Russian scientists about a South Atlantic asteroid impact and their brazen advancement on the California Coastline, many seem worried that an imminent attack from Russia is bound to occur. The question was-why would a Russian fighter jet double back, after advancing 50 miles from our coastline? Reports prepared by the Commander-In-Chief of the Russian Air Force, Lieutenant-General Viktor Bondarev, outlined a scientific mission in which they "electronically swept" for "magnetic anomalies" from Alaska to California. He warned that a "catastrophic event" may be growing near this region. The fly-by was necessitated because of a severe, mysterious magnetic anomalypicked up by the Russian military communications satellite Kosmos 2473 on June 3rd, 2014. The follow-up reveals that the United States Geological Survey also documented the same anomalies. Russia doesn't want to bomb us, but they definitely noticed our asses were hanging out. The one thing I can equate to all things natural-disaster oriented, is the same thing that affects the migration and perception of animals, our minds and our physical well-being-magnetism.

After researching the magnetosphere and the magnetic calculations for our earth, I looked up the increase in animals dying off, mass displacement of animals and the alarming increase in animal aggression in the Earth's magnetic hot zones. The blatantly-common denominator shows that no animals will live, or go near these dead zones and those that do, are driven mad, turn violent or die. I wasn't surprised to find, that over the last two years, these numbers have exponentially increased across the board.

What does all of this mean? Are we going to be struck by an asteroid while the Yellowstone Caldera erupts all at once? Essentially, it's up to you to come to your own conclusion. I just put the thoughts in your head, for you to do the soul searching and research, to draw out your own path.



"For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. And there shall be famines, pestilence, and earthquakes, in various places. All these are the beginning of sorrows."

STRIP CLUBS

ACROPOLIS 1 FOOD LOTTERY 8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611 Mon-Sat 7am-2:30am, Sun 11am-2:30am BLACK CAULDRON 68 [000] 16015 SE Stark St | (503) 265-8929

Daily 11am-2:30am BOOM BOOM ROOM 4 FOOD LOTTERY 8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 244-7630

Daily 2pm-2am
BOTTOMS UP! 5 FOOD LOTTERY 16900 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844 Mon-Thu 12pm-12am, Fri-Sat 12pm-2am, Sun 12pm-10pm

CABARET 7 FOOD LOTTERY 17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529 Daily 2nm 2:205 Daily 2pm-2:30am CASA DIABLO 46 FOOD LOTTERY

2839 NW St. Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600 Daily 11am-2:30am CLUB 205 56 FOOD LOTTERY

9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527
 Club Playpen
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 FOOD
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 6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212

Daily 11am-2:30am CLUB ROUGE 48 FOOD LOTTERY 403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936

Daily 6pm-2:30am DANCIN' BARE 11 FOOD LOTTERY 8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073 Daily 11:30am-2:30am

 Devils Point
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 Food
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 5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513

 Daily 11am-2:30am

 DREAM ON SALOON
 16
 FOOD
 LOTTERY

 15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765
 Daily 11am-2am

5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178 Daily 2pm-2:15am
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61
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17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177 Mon-Sat 11:30am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am THE GOLDEN DRAGON 62 18∓ 324 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 274-1900

Daily 6pm-Sunrise HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 FOOD 1008 SE Hawthorne Blvd | (503) 232-9516

Daily 2pm-2:30am
 HEAT GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
 57
 FOOD
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 12131 SE Holgate Blvd | (503) 762-2857

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 231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229

 Daily 5pm-2:30am

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 633 SE Powell Bivd | (503) 206-7350

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 Daily 11am-2:30am

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 Daily 11:30am-2:30am

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 24

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 217 NW 4th Ave | (503) 224-8472

 Mon-Sat 12pm-2:30am

 MARY'S CLUB
 25

 21001 [0TTERY]

 129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023

 Daily 11:30am-2:30am

Daily 11:30am-2:30am MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 FOOD LOTTERY

9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523 Daily 9am-2:30am

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Daily 2pm-2:30am PITIFUL PRINCESS 60 FOOD 12646 SE Division St | (503) 954-1019 Daily 9am-2:30am

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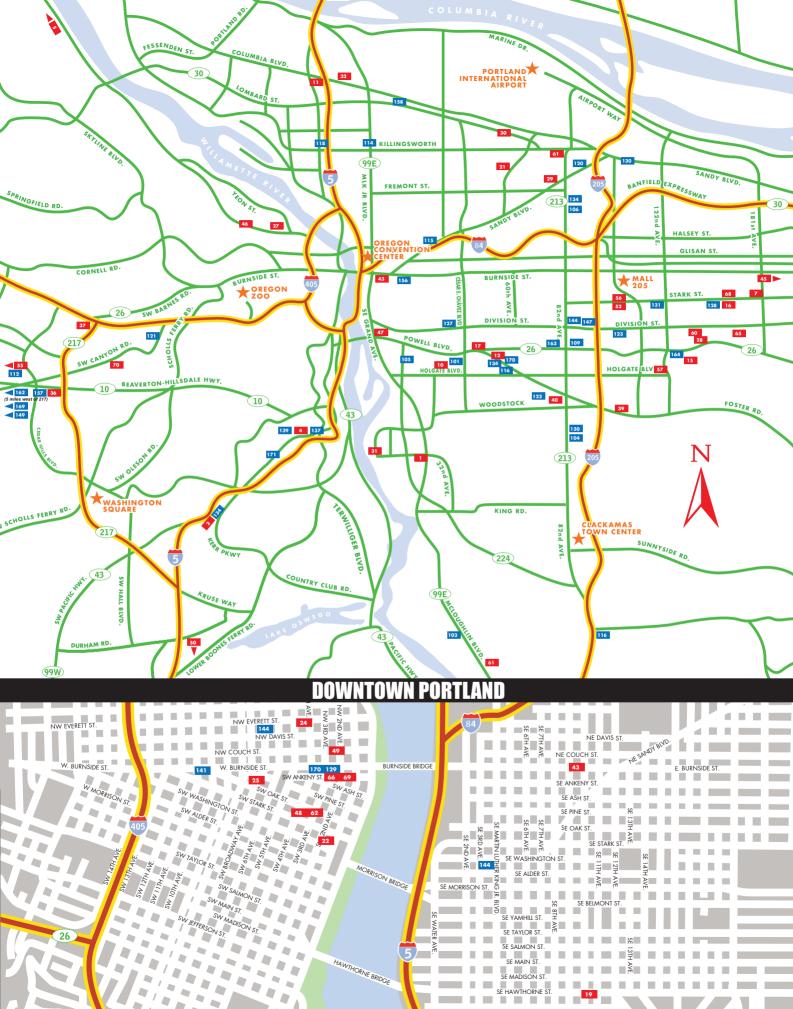
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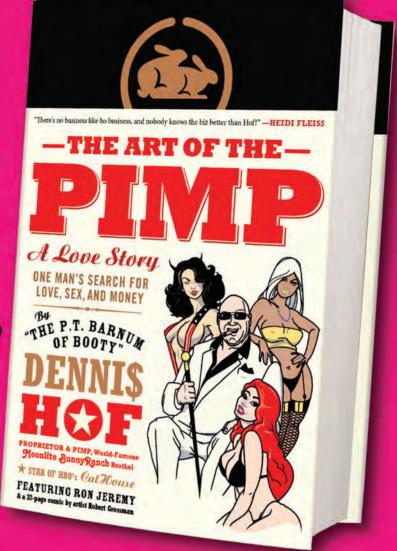
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DANGERS WHILE TRAVELING

Long distance relationships are tough. It takes a lot of love, trust, understanding, traveling and creativity on FaceTime, to make it work. I know, because currently, I'm in one. Recently, I returned home from my latest trip to visit him in San Diego, feeling refreshed and in love...but, there were some kinks (pun intended) along the way.

Leaving is always the hardest part. Accepting that I had to board a plane in the morning to come home, and realizing that I'm no longer on vacation with my boyfriend, is never easy. Since my flight was scheduled to leave in the morning, my man and I decided to pull an all-nighter, drop some tabs of ecstasy and have some extra fun, before I had to go home. We didn't want to sleep away our last night together—we wanted to make it one to remember. The activity? Cloning his cock, to make a fully-functional, vibrating sex-toymemento to take home with me. I may have needed to leave him in the morning, but at least I could bring his cock home with me!

We purchased a Clone-A-Willy from the local Hustler store—having no idea what we were getting ourselves into. It should have been noted on the box, that to successfully complete duplicating a cock, we would need to have received no-less-than a B average in our university chemistry class. The box came with all types of vials with different substances, a thermometer and strict instructions involving temperatures, time constraints and what to do in the case of curved penises. We had to get his dick hard, measure and cut the mold container to size, mix the molding gel (stirring no less than two minutes) and then make sure the plaster was at exactly 98°, before we had only another two minutes to get him fully erect again and position his penis into the mold, holding it in there, fully erect, for (you guessed it) two minutes. Now, normally, getting an erection is a piece of cake for us, but with all this science happening in the room, the process turned out to be more stressful than sexy. It was a bonding experience for sure. As we were letting the mold set, my boyfriend put together a care package for me to bring home. It included some paintings, an antique grenade, a beautiful cigar box and other knick knacks to remind me of the beautiful time we had together.

Now that the mold was done, my bags were packed and I looked and felt like seven hells from my all-nighter full of sex, drugs and Clone-A-Willys. I put on a pair of oversized sunglasses and headed to the airport. I walked, as if in a trance, through the check-in process, all while reflecting on the hilarious cock-cloning journey I had just been on. After setting down my bag on the security conveyor belt, I started to notice a commotion at the security desk. Uniforms started to gather around the X-ray machine—scrutinizing my bag. A large, intimidating TSA agent asked me to step to the side. "Ma'am, do you have a replica of anything in your bag?" I looked at him (still rolling from the E) in disbelief "Um, it's a dildo..." I forced a chuckle, "Let's be adults.""No, Ma'am..." he interrupted, "...like a grenade?"

Oh RIGHT! Somewhere in between high and hung over, I had completely forgotten about the antique grenade in my bag and neglected to check it. Here I am, jaw-jacking, pupils as big as guarters, trying to explain the World War II explosive I'm attempting to bring through airport security. I was handcuffed and sat in a chair and asked to wait until the FBI and explosives team could come search my bag. Now, I'm a pretty open person. While, to some people, it would be the most embarrassing moment of their lives to even have security notice a dildo in their belongings-I'm a stripper, accept myself as a sexual being and don't get worked up about this type of thing. However, the cockdoppelganger wasn't the only sex toy in my carry-on. Naturally, I had brought other forms of fun with me on my trip to San Diego, so I sat handcuffed in a chair in front of Jesus and everyone, waiting for the FBI and explosives team to inspect my G-spot stimulator, my anal beads, my remote control clit-massager, my ball gag and, of course, my vibrating Clone-A-Willy.

Once the whole gang had arrived, it was time for the fun to begin. "You're going to have to stand back Ma'am and be sure not to touch any of the items in your bag as we search it."

I couldn't help but give a slight chuckle "Oh, I've already touched the items in my bag...I'm not sure YOU want to touch the items in my bag." My humor was lost on them. "Is this real life?" I thought. I was sleep deprived, rolling on ecstasy and watching the FBI handle each and every one of my "personal items," as they laid them out on the metal table in front of everyone. How many people can say they've had the FBI all over their cock? I tried to keep my mood light.

It worked, until I was actually written up for the misdemeanor offense of "attempting to bring a prohibited item on an airplane." It's not like the grenade worked. It was inert. While it may have looked to be an active grenade, it couldn't have been detonated. It was a dummy—a replica. I had no idea that bringing a perfectly harmless item onto an airplane was against the law, but apparently, it is still illegal to bring ANYTHING that even RESEMBLES a weapon through airport security. The thought had never crossed my mind, and although I hardly fit the terrorist profile, law enforcement took this situation very seriously.

After being interrogated, having my bag searched by nearly every uniformed officer at the airport and missing my flight with citation in hand, my Osama-Bin-Dildo and I were finally free to leave. I now get to plan another trip to San Diego next month, to return for my court date. While I'm sure there is more than one moral to be taken away from this story, I would caution everyone to look through their bags before boarding a plane, and maybe get a few hours of shut-eye, before attempting to navigate the friendly skies. It's a dangerous world out there and you and your dildo don't want to be caught on the wrong side of the law.







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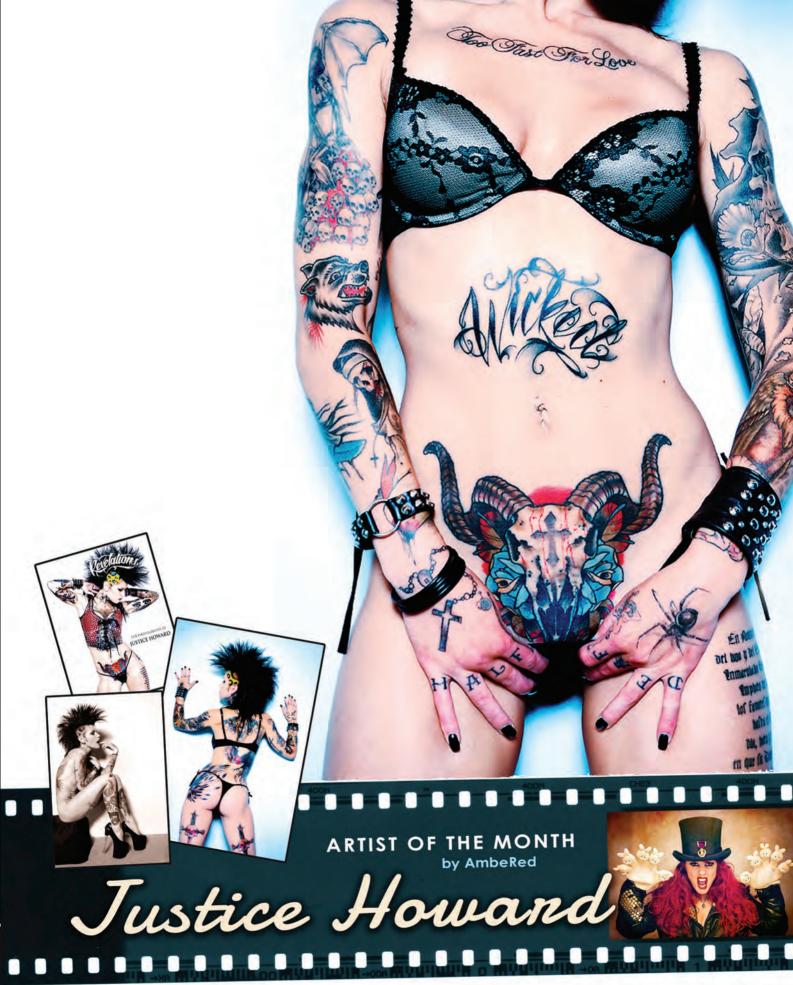
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In homage to the most colorful works of art in the business, *Revelations*, is truly a great book for the avid art collector and tattoo enthusiast in us all. Justice Howard takes an already beautiful canvas and ads her own unique and creative touches making each model she works with take on a new dimension of fiery and compelling visual bodyscapes. She sets her models aflame with her lens, lures you in and then captures that essence that is really reflected throughout the course of her book. With clean, creative lines and eye-catching detail, it's hard to draw your eyes from image to editorial. Justice keeps your mind and eyes engaged, by reeling you in to the lurid details of her "lens-meat." With celebrities, tattoo icons and every beautiful freak you have ever loved, baring their souls on paper—how can you not add this masterpiece to your collection?







I've had the opportunity to work alongside Justice Howard personally and she gave me some rather sound advice as a photographer, which to this day, I use as ammunition. So, when I read that Justice had a meeting, where words of wisdom were spoken to her that impacted her so profoundly that it altered the events in her life—which quite possibly, lead to this very publication—it has dawned on me that things really do come full circle. A pioneer of her trade, Justice Howard has passed on her ambition to others who love and admire her artistry. By inspiring future generations with her work, this book's title couldn't be more appropriate. Justice Howard's, *Revelations*, are the beginning of her legacy.





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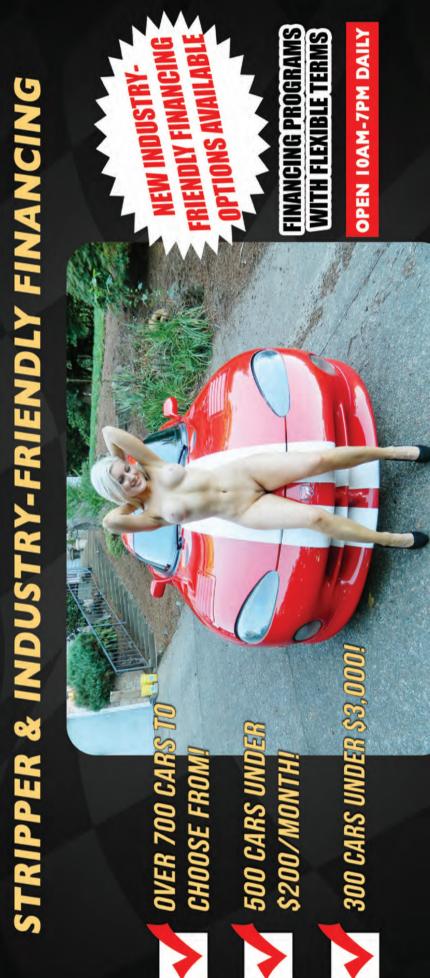


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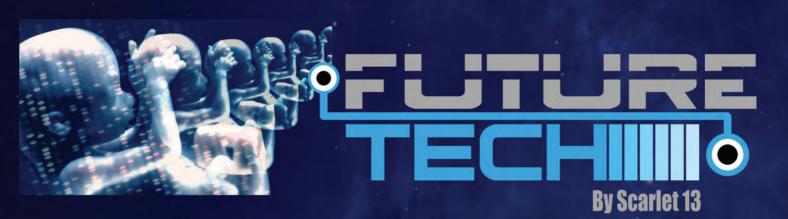


Getting boned just took on a whole new meaning. Thanks to multiple editorials in this month's issue referencing naughty X-rays (Austin Wilde's airport shenanigans and straight up directions to the "what can I put up my ass X-rays" as recommended by new Exotic contributor, Helen Shepard), we decided to share a little about what's really going on under the sinful flesh.

"What's Up Your Ass!" The Contest!!!

Who hasn't stuck an action figure up their ass before? Whether you wanted to see how Barbie felt taking a ride on the Hershey Highway, or for some reason, the kitchen utensil drawer just screamed SODOMY, these brave buggers got in a little too deep. Just identify what you think is up the ass of each of these dirty dozen examples of "DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!" Email your guesses, numbered 1-12, to Editorial@ Xmag.com and the first three correct responses, will receive a tube of anal lube or an action figure rescued from the dark side.



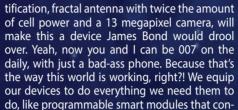


The Super Bowl is supposed to be about the big game, but we all know that you're in it for forty-million- dollar commercial spots. Advertisers sink their entire annual budget into a 30-second spot that has to deliver one hell of a punch. Top honors would go to the BMW spot, that truly delivered the best of the bunch, when the commercial rolled archived footage of Katie Couric

and Bryant Gumbel laughing as they asked the on-air caller, "What is this thing called the Internet"? It was followed up by the caption—21 years ago!!! The shot shifts to a shiny, new electric/wind-powered BMW and you get the hint. The thing that really struck me was the time frame in which we have traveled and how we have come this far

so very fast. We have integrated ourselves and our lifestyles into the machines that were made only 21 years ago, while today's headlines are breaking with "designer babies" where people are actually making genetic alterations to their offspring, like swapping out the fabric of an outfit. The thought of a child designed to "specifications" isn't the future. It's already here. Science fiction is no longer a fantasy. With what was once fiction, becoming reality—is it possible, that Skynet is coming online any day now?

Leading the charge into the future, with lightning fast speeds and endless innovations of technology, is the arena of the cellular phone. Apple's stock is through the roof and the companies nipping at their heels are promising some crazy-affordable, non-military-funded, full-mount, media-assault weapons. The next generation of phones will offer a waterproof case coated in Kevlar, fingerprint lock and iden-



trol lighting in your home. Smart sensors are becoming a reality and companies are combining intelligences and grouping their designs, to create larger, more significant changes to our living situations. With things like biometric entry-way scanners, that scan anyone who enters your

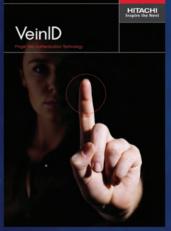
home while alerting your phone that your "children" are home or a "burglar" just

entered your house. The ability to enter your home and simultaneously turn on your heating or start your coffee maker, no longer seems so crazy. It's the little things we do every day, that are becoming available to us at the mere push or tap of a handheld screen.

At this year's CES in Las Vegas, a plethora of companies seemed to be hurling new microchip designs and equally impressive new processors. But, the truly extraordinary design comes from the University of Texas in Austin,

where on February 3, researchers announced they had created the first transistors out of silicon—for you boneheads out there, that's the world's thinnest material. A one atom thin silicon transistor means "game changer" in the world of electronics. And, not just for electronic devices, the ripple-effect of this micro-gem has the potential to make devices more efficient and much faster than ever before.

As people are celebrating in the US over this incredible feat of genius, a little bit of information drops about a new way to process fiber optic signals through transoceanic submarine cables. University College London, released a summary about being able to double the distance of electronic signals with 0 errors over a roughly 3,659-mile distance. This method enables them to breach giant gaps of communication with ease and will not require electronically "boosted" signals. A very important factor, since they are buried under oceans.



So, we have one company with super-thin, atom-sized transistors that can potentially make computers and other electronic devices 10 times faster than they already areand then, there are fiber optic cables that have the potential to transmit electrical signals longer, faster and with 0 interruptions or errors. That's pretty impres-

sive 2015—what other crazy-mad-scientistschemes are you pulling out of your hat next?

From down below to what's up above, a crazy new generation of some seriously bizarre and wacky advertising campaigns, are reaching some cosmic-next-level shit. A Japanese beverage called "Pocari Sweat," will be travelling 236,000 miles to the moon—as the first lunar advertising on a billboard featuring the popular powdered product that's rehydrated by the "moon's water" in the future. A one-kilogram can filled with sweat powder, is supposed to encourage children and future generations to try and travel in space. The space can is silhouetted by the earth and has the laser-etched names of Japanese children on the inside of the designer billboard. A private company I reported on last year, called SpaceX, is supplying the Falcon 9 rocketa capsule already familiar to the world of space



travel. With 3 previous trips to the International Space Station, the team heading the expedition feels confident that the October launch date to the moon is going to be a hit. Who knew, that one small step for man, could lead to a mega-marketing platform too!

Enough with the baby steps, let's talk about the gigantic fucking leaps into what is coming our way in the next five years. Let's start with the beginning of the end—a breakthrough in technology, that will advance to the capability to catalog every citizen in the world in a file

folder to the gods, so to speak. Personal biometric scanners for online banking were introduced this year in the UK, using Finger Vein Authentication Technology (VeinID). Now, this has been used selectively amidst corporations and certain agencies, but never for home and remote offices globally. If VeinID sounds spooky, it's



because it is. The finger used to identify a person, must be attached and alive—so, no James Bond shit in here. The scanner does away with obsolete card readers, phone authentication and PIN codes, and has replaced outdated tech with near-infrared LED and a monochrome CCD camera sensor to, in short, take pictures of your veins, for a faster, more reliable identification process. The pattern of your "veins" is stored on your SIM card and, supposedly, no public record is kept...supposedly.

And, don't think groundbreaking technology stops with fun electronic gadgets because the medical profession has a doozy up its sleeve or maybe it's shirtless, since it was approved and supported by the one and only, Vladimir Putin. This Russian technology is no surprise, as they have been studying magnetic energy for decades. This is a bioresonance machine (a pseudoscientific medical concept in which, it is proposed that electromagnetic waves can be used to diagnose and treat human illness) called the Deta Elis, which Russian doctors are boasting has a 90% cure rate for noncurable diseases like Hep B and C, as well as Herpes. This machine is handheld, and the Russians who invented it, say the goal is to have one in everyone's hand like a cell phone or a downloadable app. If you are familiar with the amount of money Americans spend on pharmaceuticals every year, you are familiar with the implications this would have on drug companies worldwide. This Star Trek technology is out there for the same price as a PlayStation 4, so why are we not using these ourselves? Deta Elis machines have the capability to zap or "break up" bacteria, viruses, fungi and parasites. In America, we have been using this technology, from different developers of course, to combat brain tumors and cancerous growths, as well as soft tissue regeneration. However, the applications used to date here in the good old USA, are extremely expensive and pretty much only available to those with deep pockets... that is...until now.





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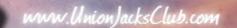
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