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Exotic

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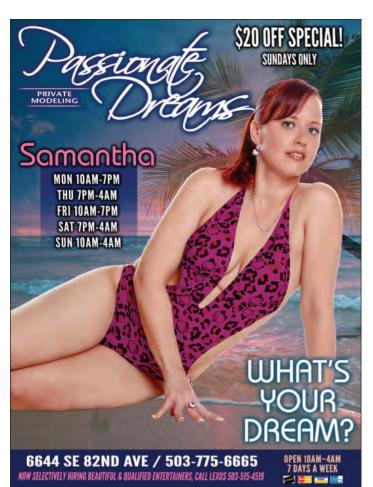


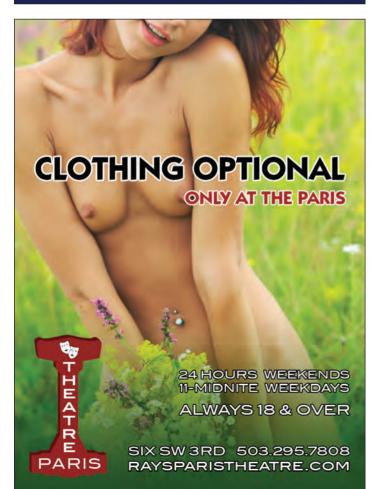
















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GREEN ROOM DIARIES:

Mash Cu

By Ray Mc Millin

This month's theme for Exotic is viscosity, something that, when dealing with marijuana, needs to stay in the grow room. As a rule of thumb, water belongs in a cup. Yet, the least weed-friendly of the four elements, continues to become a subject of controversy—or at least I have to pretend it is in order to see this column in print. Here are a few wet things that appear to mix well with the chronic at first, but are best left hung up to dry.

GETTING WET

I'm too white to know exactly what "getting wet" entails, but not so vanilla that I made it to 35 without seeing Training Day. Apparently, if one is to "get wet," it means that he or she is smoking marijuana laced with PCP, or according to some sources, PCP mixed with sherm (weed dipped in embalming fluid). Maybe I'm a little old, but if you decide to ingest a substance famous for making people briefly immortal before coming down and realizing that the blood is real—why the hell would you want to take the edge off with THC? Sure, a joint or two will help you ease into a nice mushroom trip or a shitty relationship, but the idea of mixing angel dust with pot, seems similar to spicing up a full-on, no-holes-barred orgy by playing some softcore porn in the background. I don't think there's much of a demand for enhancements to the euphoric, zen-like experience

of good herbal medicine, but if there is, it probably doesn't come in the form of "holy shit, the armor-piercing bullets being shot at me from that police officer's assault rifle feel like candy to my

PLAYBOY'S WET & WILD

Speaking of softcore porn, believe it or not, it has a use. Sometimes, the fap-tory doesn't want to open its doors to the stream of random, gaping holes that often epitomizes whatever porn movies my browser is suggesting to me at the time. Hence, the occasional no-assed vehicle for fake tits pleases my stoner boners, and *Playboy* is the epitome of said pumpkin spice porn. Showcasing visibly photoshopped women who will remain out of the average guy's league for three to five years, most *Playboy* videos aren't lacking in the hot women department (some even feature equally mass-media-approved men who look like they've swallowed a bag of muscles and hair product). Hef fucked up, though, or at least he gave the wrong production assistant an unreasonable budget that had to be spent in its entirety. See, every *Playboy* video is set to some weird theme be it a semi-lesbian romp through farmland, or dancing bimbos in construction sites—and within these themes, come the weirdest boner-killing cutscenes ever. As in, the camera creeps up a set of oiled thighs toward a barely-covered back-gina before suddenly cutting to a shot of some cows or a tractor for no fucking reason whatsoever. More often than not, the randomness lacks metaphor and this makes the annoying shots of farm animals easier to digest. Enter Playboy's "Wet & Wild" series, in which the randomness is replaced with Freudian symbolism that would make even the most introductory psychology class seem like actual science. Champagne bottles being stroked before exploding? Check. Fire hydrants busting open as hot girls roll by on skates? Check. Live snakes regurgitating baby rats before vomiting pus? Don't worry, Playboy will find a way to go there—they've made no less than ten of these videos.

BONGS & WATER PIPES

Twenty years ago, we didn't have assholes talking about solvents, chambers, vacuums, dab rigs, tallywags, tiddlywinks or whatever the hell it is you kids are doing in the kitchen with that waxy stuff. Instead, we had assholes talking about triple percs, pull-carbs and non-spill bubblers. Same breed, different weed. Believe it or not, the reason bongs exist, is because people used to smoke that Mexican bammer. Dry and often times boasting a THC content well under BHOs 85%, it was \$50 an ounce if you were getting ripped off, would break apart like bad granola bars and had more seeds than the shit they're smoking on the East Coast. That's why filling a tube with water was a good idea, and if you've ever spilled a bong on a nice carpet, you'll understand why I'm using a past tense to refer to putting water in the non-living things you currently do drugs with. Water pipes are for people who never got over the McGuyver bong-maker phase of high school, and if you're smoking weed that was grown northwest of Las Vegas—there's absolutely no reason to channel the spirit of Spongebob or Ariel to get high.

WATER SIGNS

At least a few of you out there are disappointed that I stopped giving a shit about that Erotiscopes column—so I may bring it back. Until that happens, let me just say that astrology has some merit. Specifically, water signs are aggro, wishywashy nutbags who can completely kill a buzz if you allow them into your circle. If you're trying to enjoy some nice indoor Trainwreck, make sure you avoid Cancers, Pisces and Scorpios. If you're trying to date or befriend a trainwreck, ignore my advice.

WATER

Seriously, fuck that shit. I just had to go to the kitchen and get a glass because I was getting dizzy from staring at a computer screen and smoking marijuana for six hours without a break. When I realized I was all out of clean cups. I had to use one of the dollar store wine glasses I bought last time I thought I might have a date, and the bottom broke off. I almost cut myself. That, and you get real tired if you forget to drink water while high, so you end up drinking a bunch and then having to get up every ten minutes to pee, which makes sleeping it off useless as well.

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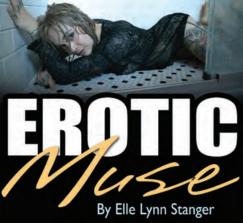
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One of the wettest months of the year is April, which means that many of us will occupy our time indoors. Sex, drugs and Netflix, are the new American pastimes for the grey months. And, since the most-celebrated and yet unofficial American holiday is 420, it's time to get stoney with your lover—but read this first.

Modern studies of marijuana, as it affects sex, have concluded that approximately half of the population sampled in these tests, report a greater feeling of closeness, intimacy and arousal after smoking or ingesting THC with their partner. Since the federal government has only recently realized that their decades-long War on Drugs was fruitless, unbiased medical and psychological studies relating to marijuana are pretty difficult to find, but some do exist.

Many medications and drugs affect vaginal lubrication, even if it's rarely listed on the bottle or box. For example, allergy medications are formulated to dry the mucous membranes in your sinuses, and yet, they can do the same with the vagina. Antidepressants, antihistamines, anxiety medications, smoking cigarettes or marijuana, and drinking alcohol can do the same. Generally, any drug that makes your mouth or sinuses dry, might reduce vaginal lubrication. Surprisingly, most doctors are unaware of these effects or they don't feel comfortable talking to their patients about it—or patients don't anticipate this enough to inquire.

Pharmacology is fascinating and human bodies react differently to stimuli. But, personally, nothing dries out my cooch faster than smoking a fat one, and let's face it, after marijuana is legalized on the first of July of this year, lube sales are going to spike. (Mental note, buy stock in She Bop!) In order to prepare for the vaginal drought, one must gather supplies.

The most well-known lubes are KY and Astroglide and they are the cheapest for a reason. If you want sex that doesn't turn into what feels like an arts and crafts session, because it turns to tacky glue, keep reading. A short history lesson: KY Jelly was developed for turn-of-the-20th-century surgeons and Astroglide was created for NASA to lubricant engine parts and prevent them from overheating. Fun! Science! But, sex isn't a science, it's an art—and any artist deserves the best materials.

Baby oil is not a lubricant—it is an almost guaranteed yeast infection. Nearly all oils should never come near a vulva, with the exception of coconut oil—and yet, oil actually slowly eats through condoms. Skip the oil, unless you're a solo male.

Silicone lubricant is great for nearly all men, and for women who are not pH sensitive. The slickness washes out with soap and water, and yet is water resistant—meaning that is perfect for use in the shower or for marathon sex sessions. Fun fact, you can even shave with silicone lube, although it would be an expensive toiletry to use so often. Do not use silicone lubricant with silicone toys, or a chemical reaction will cause the toy to "melt." Personally, I prefer ID Millennium or Pjur brand.

Water-based lubricants are found in gels or liquid form, viscosity is a preference and these will rinse out with water. If you have sensitive skin, hemp lube can be ideal and it only has a subtle taste, depending on the brand. Water-based lubes are safe for use with all sex toys and condoms. On my preferred list is JO* H2O.

Here in Portland, there is a real demand for ethical coffee, organic food and parabenfree lube. We are progressive! Nobody likes condoms, and apparently nobody is using them either, according to the recent report published by Multnomah County health officials, citing a recent, huge spike in syphilis among Portland males. I empathize with the conundrum: condoms can be too tight, too loose, smells and tastes like you fucked a balloon—yet, it is apparent that the alternatives to not using them can equal an infected dick or uterus. Unless you are in a communicative, monogamous relationship, wrap up yo' dick.

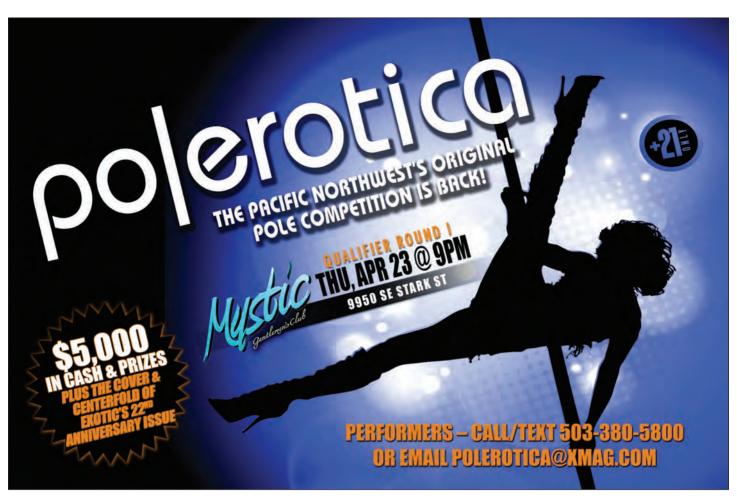
Condom burn is REAL, especially if the wearer is over-endowed and the recipient isn't lubricated. Pussies and assholes like to be wet. There is less friction, it almost always feels better and there is less likelihood of injury. Pussies that are truly aroused tend to be wet and loose. That's right, loose. If a vagina is tight and dry, she's either 1) not aroused 2) dehydrated and stressed 3) experiencing medical side effects. The pussy is comprised of muscles, and muscles that are treated with TLC will stretch to accommodate all kinds of athletic, Olympic-style activities like my new favorite...fisting!

If you're worried about the quality, rather than the quantity of your natural wetness, keeping tabs on your food, drink and substance intake will do wonders for your own man-made or woman-made juices. It's not a myth folks—pineapple juice is the best medicine. Actually, anything citrus based can help. According to many sexual health experts, it is recommended to consume some pineapple, or drink a glass of orange juice about 6-8 hours before sexual activity, or better yet, add more citrus into your diet. You will likely smell and taste slightly sweeter than usual and be getting doses of vitamin C.

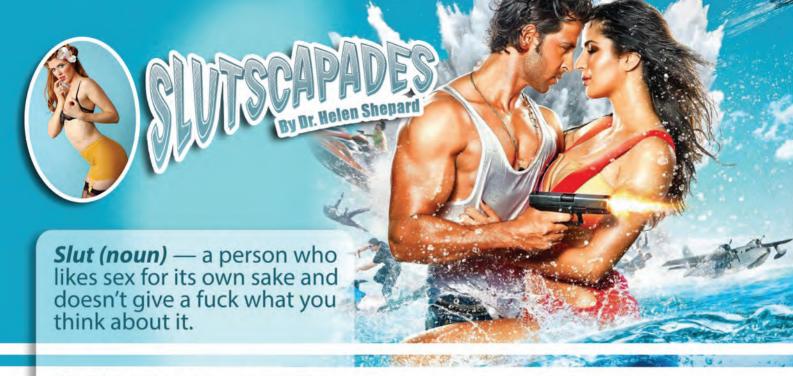
Since I'm such a heroic scientist, I've been conducting double blind studies on this for years. The sample group is the person who I deemed worthy of licking my pussy—the subject was my pussy. The variable? My diet. Abstaining from caffeine, asparagus and alcohol, all improved my taste and resulted in some very kind compliments from the sample group. Because, SCI-ENCE. You're welcome, guys and girls! If, like many of us, you're a high-functioning alcoholic and you just can't take booze out of your food pyramid, at the very least, mix pineapple with your booze. Multitasking is a glorious endeavor. Your body is a machine, and treating it well, will avoid complications beyond normal wear and tear (hopefully no

So, there you have it, from your unlicensed wetness expert. Paging Dr. Stanger...

Elle dances at Lucky Devil Lounge every Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evening.







Slut it up (verb) — to share the pleasure of your body with whomever you please.

The first time I masturbated to orgasm, I peed all over myself and my bed. Or so I thought at the time. As a result of growing up in a society that has systematically removed all information about female pleasure from medical textbooks, I was so ignorant about my own body, it wasn't until decades later that I realized the truth—lost in the throes of my first orgasm, I had ejaculated on the bed.

The first time I came, was the first time I had indulged in the damning sin of touching my vulva (a word I didn't know existed at the time, for body parts I had only ever touched for hygiene reasons.) The lingering, late-night, channel-flipping pauses on Cinemax After Dark had finally gotten the better of me, and as soon as I allowed myself to comfort my tense, burning genitalia, there was no turning back. I had no idea what was coming! I lost my mind in exploration when I unexpectedly exploded and felt myself peeing all over the bed. I didn't mind, but from then on, I took care to make sure it didn't happen again. That much was easy—every time I felt the tension like I had to pee, I clenched myself up and held it in. The hard part came a later, when I realized that for over a decade, I wasn't holding in pee, but ejaculation. I had to retrain my muscles (and mind) to

allow myself the freedom to squirt.

For a phenomenon that's been repeatedly documented as far back as ancient Greece, the reality of female ejaculation

is strangely contested. Unfortunately, because female pleasure was so taboo in Victorian England that medical textbooks systematically removed the information, and over time, society taught women not to squirt. Women who displayed pleasure were shamed and squirting became a fabled mystery. The raging waters of female ejaculation were dammed. Female lubrication, in general, was probably seen as odd—since women were never expected to enjoy sex.

Female ejaculation is real. But you, dear readers, my fellow lovers of erotica, have already seen plenty of video proof (if not real life) of this phenomenon.

Every person can ejaculate, but like not every man has a pornstar Super Soaker in his pants, not every vulva owner will squirt across the room. If you're really interested in developing this skill, just spend 30 minutes three times a week on the Kegel-master at your local gym. (Caution: start your weight lifts at no more than 20 pounds! Extra Caution: Don't actually try to attach weights to your genitals and the Kegel-master doesn't really exist.)

Here's some fodder for your next battle

of the sexes—the default sexual development of a fetus is female. As in, every fetus starts out developing into a woman. It is only with the presence of enough testosterone that the genitals get fused together and turn out instead of in. If you thought it was a Y chromosome that made a penis, you were wrong! If a genetic male has an abnormality that makes them unable to process testosterone, they will be born with a vulva despite the Y chromosome and will develop breasts later in life. Genderfuck!

I'm not sure if this means women are supreme because vulvas and breasts are nature's default, or if men are superior because they're women + testosterone. Discuss amongst yourselves. I'm telling you this, because I want to make it clear that unless a person has a serious genetic aberration, every person has the same genital tissues—they're just put together in different ways. We call these homologous organs. They're the same tissues, but they do different things. So, there is no part of a male anatomy that doesn't exist in some form in a female anatomy.

Instead of a helmet on the end of a stick, vulvas have a woman in a boat and the luscious banks of the river on which she rides. You probably knew that the clit is the equivalent of a penis head, but did you know that women get boners in their vaginal tissue—the walls of their temple? Did you know both men and women have a prostate?

Every woman can ejaculate, but not every woman realizes it. You've all heard of the G-spot (unfortunately associated with a male researcher). This spongy tissue surrounds the urethra and is most easily touched from inside the vagina (but pressure through anal entrance is fun too)! That's the prostate. As a woman gets more and more turned on, all her sexual organs swell. Swelling comes from blood being held hostage in the genitals. More blood in the tissue means more water in the prostate and more ejaculate waiting to be released.

Despite anatomy and logic, another controversy remains: is she really just squirting pee? As you may have seen on the Internet, the latest "science" insists she is. Researchers did chemical analysis of the fluid and ultrasounds of the pelvises of seven women. I'm inclined to think these researchers might not have had very good social skills, if they could only recruit seven volunteers (I call sample bias)!

Although this study admits that the female prostate makes unique fluid, it claims squirting (across the room or filling a cup) is urine. This research is partially based on the fact that the ultrasounds showed the bladder filling up, even though the woman peed right before she started masturbating.

What the study fails to explain is that the prostate is connected to the bladder (just like the male version.) This helps explain why women who don't ejaculate don't just expand like balloons in their crotch. When women don't allow their bodies to express the fluid build-up, orgasmic spasms push that fluid up into the bladder instead.

As anybody who has intimate experience with female ejaculation can tell you that clear salty substance is not pee. It smells different, it tastes different and it feels different. Let's get real-there might be a little urea in there. See, pee is a combination of bodily waste that builds up over time. Urea is the main component of pee. But, female ejaculate has a whole lot more going on. Fluid might be going in between the prostate and the bladder, as the study's ultrasounds show. Female ejaculation might possibly contain some of the same chemicals. But, so the fuck what? Urea and urine are nontoxic. Yes, folks, it's safe

to drink each other's pee, if you're into it! You're down there anyway, hopefully licking all over the place.

News flash! If you've licked any kind of genitals, you've licked some pee. Deal with it. The vagina contains millions (or is it billions?) of bacteria, but not as many as a mouth! So, when a woman lets you lick her cunt, she's actually doing your mouth a favor by allowing it to come in contact with her utopian colonies of bacteria and antibiotic urine.

Now that I've tricked you into learning history, science and anatomy, let's move on to the information you actually care about knowing—how to make yourself squirt (also applicable to lovers of women, but I care more about a woman's relationship with herself).

It's easier than you might realize. The squirting recipe is simple:

Three parts sexual excitement—take your time to build desire, explore your body, wait until your pussy is throbbing!

One part firm pressure applied directly to the G-spot with consistency. Dildos with angled nubs on the end are designed for G-spot stimulation. Your preferred speed and pressure might vary, so experiment!

And two parts sheer will of the squirter!

Squirting is a combination of pushing the Kegel muscles to eject the fluid and relaxing the urethral muscles to let the liquid out. The ejaculate travels from the prostate into your urethra, and as it comes out, it feels just like peeing. Relax, despite what the Internet claims, you are not peeing. If you're worried about this, play with yourself in private after you've already gone to the bathroom and sit on top of a towel.

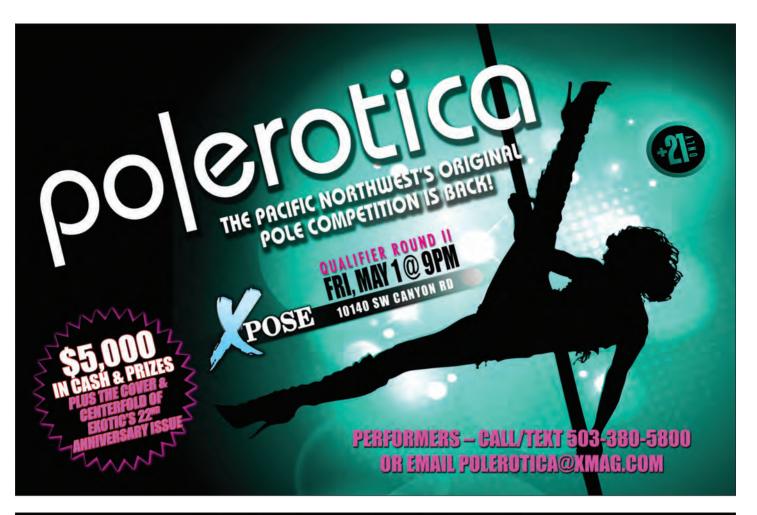
All women can squirt, but most don't. Like me, most women have taught themselves to hold it in because they're afraid and ashamed of what their bodies might do. That is the hydroelectric dam of male oppression. You need to blow that shit up. Be an eco-terrorist of societal oppression. Give your woman in a boat a real river to ride.



Not all vulva owners identify as a woman—not all penis owners identify as a man. Gender doesn't come in only two flavors, but unfortunately, language is frequently limiting. Here's a shout out to my non-gender-binary friends and an apology for the limitations imposed on me by word limits.

Dr. Helen Shepard has a clinical sexology practice in Eugene (where she can help coach you or your partner to squirt or consult about gender variance) and can be reached at Slutscapade@gmail.com









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Here, in Portland, Oregon, we have a plethora of potential possibilities, for a night out on the town in search of that perfect strip club experience. This city has the market cornered on diversity, when it comes to the talent pool out there. We've got punk-rock grrrls, heavy metal vixens, feline showgirls, vegan vaginas, classic burlesque divas, goth girls, tattooed contortionists and fire-eaters on goddamned-motherfuckin' rollerskates! ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED!!?

You're terribly spoiled Portland, and to be honest, you're starting to piss me off. I watch you from the shadows five nights a week. I see you sitting at the rack—staring at your cell phone— liking and sharing whatever weird hipster trend is getting you all

twitterpated, as you ignore the nude dancer in front of you. In my mind, I am crushing your head. I have witnessed a leggy redhead take the stage in a silver-sequin-covered Stormtrooper suit (that she made) and was received by three rather bored looking patrons, that barely tipped a single dollar per song—as they chugged their PBR in disinterest. And, you may ask yourself...well, how did I get here?

How far out of the box do we need to go to get your attention? Do you realize how good you've got it here in Portland? As the industry evolves, so should the clientele. What will the future bring to Strip City? Pop-up strip clubs or private-dance food carts, maybe? Face it, most strip clubs in this town were either a

Black Angus or a sports bar at one time or another. So, maybe it's time for the future of exotic entertainment to get out of the shady strip malls and start dropping some strip clubs in more diverse locations, unusual buildings and exciting themes. With this many clubs in town, just meeting the bare minimum isn't gonna cut it anymore.

In the meantime, we're going to take you across the globe for some adventures in strip club excellence—brought to you by an unusual collection of entrepreneurs, that kicked a hole in that proverbial box, slapped up a stripper pole and did something new and unique.



The first strip club of its kind in Kodiak, The Wild Alaskan can be found in or about the waters of a thriving fishing village in Kodiak, Alaska. But, make sure you've got your sea legs about ye, me hearties—The Wild Alaskan is a former crabbing boat, turned floating titty bar and "wildly successful."

A water taxi brings passengers to the boat, which charges \$20 per hour as a charter fee. Only 12 customers can be on the Wild Alaskan at one time, keeping the club's clientele on a more exclusive basis. Though the business had been thriving since it opened, they received their share of negative attention from local law enforcement and the U.S. Coast

Guard, as well as personal harassment of the club's entertainers within the community.

Unfortunately, these were the least of their problems, as the club was later charged with illegal disposal of human waste, following their liquor license being revoked last November. The Wild Alaskan was a little too wild to survive and its flame was snuffed out after only five months of fabled debauchery. Currently, a federal grand jury has indicted the club's owners on three counts of abuse, leaving them facing up to five years in prison, along with \$250,000 in fines for (literally) shitting in Kodiak's harbor.

Efficily



THE MANOR

Our neighbors to the north seem to know a thing or two about exotic entertainment. I've explored a club or ten in British Colombia and the one thing that blew my mind, was the "don't tip on stage" rule, (they prefer to be tipped in private). The one time I went there, I was detained at the airport, both entering and leaving Canada (don't ever bring an empty suitcase with you). As I left, I was informed that I would not be welcome to return. So, fuck you, Canada—your country sucks and you don't know how to treat your exotic dancers.

One club I did NOT visit on my once-in-a-lifetime Canadian adventure, was The Manor in Guelph, Ontario. Had I known it existed, I would have been there in a heartbeat. Set in an iconic historical building that looks like something out of a Hammer film, this club

has become a bit of a legend in the club business. So much so, that The Manor has become the subject of a documentary, which was screened back in 2013, to capacity crowds at the Hot Docs Film Festival. The film

was directed by Shawney Cohen, whose father had purchased and opened the club 30 years ago. The Manor was the backdrop of his life for his entire life. "It felt quite normal," he says, noting that as an eightyear-old, he didn't think there was anything unusual about being in a strip club or having strippers as babysitters. But, he gradually came to understand that it was a little unusual and that other fathers didn't get their sons lap dances for their bar mitzvahs. "It took me 30 years to realize that some of

these stories were great and they needed to be told," Cohen says. But, the film's story is not exactly a happy one. "The film is more tragic and darker than I expected it to be," says Cohen. (Ed. — stay tuned for a complete review on "The Manor" in a future issue.)

In addition to their colorful history, apparently The Manor has some heavy hitters on their side, like GOD! When Pastor Jack Ninaber learned that The Manor was not only a strip club and bar, but a hotel called,

"Sue's Inn" (that houses people who are trying to get clean and sober), he planned an outreach to help those living at the Inn. This idea gradually turned into a proposal with Cohen to rent the bar area for Sunday services. The owners response was, "So, let me get this right, you want to bring light into a very dark place?" Though he thought they were insane, Cohen was open and receptive to their intentions and the first service took place Easter Sunday on 4/20 of 2014 and was attended by over 70 worshippers. The Pastor believes that God has placed him at an open door that no one can shut,

and sees The Manor as a missional church focused on being the hands and feet of God.



NYMPHAS SHOW BAR

While skimming the Internet for something, that I discovered was called, "Abandoned Porn," I stumbled across something that inspired this whole article. Underneath the Red Sea, off the coast of Eilat, Israel, an abandoned strip club sleeps with the fishes.

Once the world's first underwater restaurant in 1996, the Red Sea Star's lackluster reviews made them

out to be no more than a multi-million dollar version of Red Lobster. Located 3 meters beneath the ocean's surface, waste and pollution eventually killed their picturesque reef setting, until their deteriorating sales led to the restaurant's closure in 2010. And, fast as you can say Black Angus, they threw a strip club into

it. Two years later, Nymphas shut their doors for good and surrendered the show bar to Davey Jones' locker. Just goes to show you, never mix a strip club with fish. While all the furnishings have been removed from the building, the stripper poles still remain—to the delight of stripper mermaids—worldwide.

One last honorable mention in our search for the unusual goes to, "The Citizen Brick Center For The Performing Arts—a place where dreamers can dream and dancers can dance. And dream. And, also dance."

Citizen Brick owner, Joe Trupia, has been customizing Legos since 2010— making a living off of fanatically doing things that LEGO won't do. After a good run of success with an edgy Breaking Bad-like set of characters called the Albuquerque Action Squad, he made his next big move with his first full action set. A richly-

detailed strip club called Foxy Blox, that includes hologramfoil-stamped walls, working LED lights, four exclusive minifigs (2 strippers, a male stripper and a DJ) and over 80 printed elements, including a zebra-print couch dance room and an elevated stage with stripper pole included. In spite of its hefty price tag (\$275), presales are already

in the hundreds, so get yours today and follow your dreams of owning your very own strip club. While LEGO has amicably been keeping close tabs on Citizen Brick, Trupia has confessed he's really not sure how they will react to his latest product.





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Conspiracy X by Scarlet 13

On December 23, 2010, the Federal Communications Commission released an Open Internet Order of "Net Neutrality," defined as a high-level-ruling, requiring transparency and prohibiting blocking and unreasonable discrimination. On January 14, 2014, the United States Court of Appeals affirmed the FCC's authority to regulate broadband Internet access and struck down the appeal, dealing a swift blow to the Obama administration. On May 15, 2014, the most debated topic across the Internet was net neutrality, with people signing petitions and bludgeoning Facebook with images of negative signs encompassed by red circles. This campaign was largely accredited to the FCC, in hopes of seeking public reaction and encouraging comments on the proceedings.

I remember, because I was on the team of individuals fighting for freedom of the Internet. The more I researched this topic, the darker and darker the prospective outlooks became. The way in which our own thoughts are manipulated and our opinions skewed to extremities, was starting to terrify me. The individuals in power have a lot of nerve, to think that in the day and age of the teen-hacker complex, they could

still pull the wool over our eyes—sheer insanity! Look out Washington, because more and more people are peering through the cracks, looking for the ol' bait and switch. Fortunately, with more and more corruption on the interior coming to light, the masses of "in-the-know individuals" are keeping everyone on the "outs" as informed and on the same page as possible, when it comes to noticing the inner wheel has been greased too long, by the same wealthy bloodlines and corrupt for generations.

First, let's review the pros and cons of net neutrality. The top three pros on the list are... No Restrictions—no restrictions on file sharing, instant messages, email, podcasts or blog feeds, etc.

No Censorship—no restrictions on uploading or downloading besides the connection rates.

No Throttling—internet services providers would not have the ability to change upload and download rates depending on what was being accessed.

Now, let's compare that to the top three cons on the subject...

Restrictions/Censorship—ISPs, along with governments, have an opportunity to gain access to peer-to-peer file transfers of anything they don't like or feel is threatening, and can block or manipulate said content—essentially, allowing you to view only certain portions of the Internet.

Monitoring—we know we have been lied to about monitoring already, so why the fuss here, right? Wrong!!! ISPs can monitor everything, and what we do on the Internet as a consumer makes us susceptible to these powers that be—selling and using our information for whatever purpose they so choose.

Money—ISPs could charge more money for more access—go figure. While big money charges more to increase bandwidth, the overall price should go down as profits increase. However, such logistics don't seem to exist and with a steady stream of income, these big businesses connection prices stay virtually the same with minimal flux.

Originally, the FCC stated that after the laws were passed, it would release the 300-page document revealing the rules of this controversial bill. Today is March 11, 2015, and they are releasing the documents tomorrow according to an FCC official. This comes two weeks after Twitter blew up with people demanding to see the rules set forth by the department.

So why, if they wanted so much transparency and involved such an intense public interest, would a government that supposedly protects us and keeps our best interest in mind, be stalling on all cylinders? The slick lingo and the pretty paper trail all lead to no more than "a secret plan to regulate the Internet." That's to be expected by the opposition of course, they want to make the other guy look as dirty and greasy as possible, in this fight for the Internet power to the people. Aside from the tax and service fee hikes that we're likely to endure from the opposition's side (cable and phone companies), we are subject to something much scarier and much more dangerous than any of us can imagine.

A while back, I brought up something that not many outside the tech world talk about, and that is a very large, all-encompassing system called "The Internet Of Things" (IoT)—a smart grid with advanced applications and intricate connectivity beyond our furthest imaginations. IoT presents a technology that even the world's leading geniuses are start-

ing to question, as far as limitations and its ability to adapt and grow. You see, we enable an automated system to expand and build every time we link a wireless device or use a control system. Everything with a wireless sensor or wireless connectivity is adding to this gigantic expansion. According to Gartner, Inc. (a technology research and advisory corporation), by 2020 there will be between 26-30 billion devices connected to the Internet of Things. Now, let me play this out slow and easy for you—this "entity" let's call it, has the ability to network embedded devices— collecting and storing information about specific users' shopping habits, travel plans, daily consumptions and a virtually endless fount

of personal data. Applications that tie into

this "entity," include general media, infrastructure management, environmental monitoring, energy management and more—the list is long and hairy and I'm sure you get the point. The problem with all this is that everything we are being told about transparency is a lie. Everything we are being told about our government spying on us is the truth. The data collection is not limited to thousands—it is millions and billions on a global scale.

Before I confuse you too much, let me take you back to a few other horrors of technology that are very important to this article. In July of 2013, Discovery Channel's *Mythbusters* tried to do a story on RFID chips and were met with such hostility by the Chief Legal Advisors of Texas Instruments and nearly all credit card companies, that they did not run the story. The host retracted his statement at a conference and all the videos I saved on the subject have since been deleted and are no longer available on the Internet. When we, the citizens of the United States, refused to

be tagged "ourselves," the government implemented IP or URI addresses with the RFID system. When we have individual identification within everyone's electronic devices, who needs a rice-sized chip planted under their skin—when they can just mail it to us. Credit cards and driver's licenses are not all encompassing, but more often than not, smart devices are. We are tagged like animals, without the physical scar to prove it, as we are being herded by a system that can now create pockets of Internet accessibility designed for each individual. A personal Internet experience for everyone connected to the grid. In creating these pockets, the Internet of Things has also created a corral for its constituents—grouping people by interests, likes and agendas—making a smorgasbord of data much more accessible than ever before to more nefarious individuals. So, net neutrality is the bait my friends, and while they are setting up the switch, we are gloating about how we won some battle over cable and Internet providers. In reality, we are slowly being choked to death from a silent partner. We are being lied to, manipulated and worst of all, not only are we all falling for it hook, line and sinker, we are also paying for it with our hard-earned money.

With factions of government creating more powerful technologies and not releasing the information to the public in its entirety, it is just a small part of the global controversy that keeps them untrust-

worthy. Stephen Hawking said, "Al (artificial intelligence) could spell the end of the human race." Bill Gates put himself in the category of "concerned" individuals and tech giant Elon Musk (CEO of

Tesla Motors and co-founder of SpaceX) states, "We are summoning a demon and it's more dangerous than nukes." When the world's top scientists, engineers, and computer programmers step forward and say, "Hey...we need to reevaluate." I think there is much more to this story and we need to listen very carefully for the next note to drop. Net neutrality is a ruse—something for us to concentrate on, while they work the real magic on those who remain ignorant to the true agenda.

As entire cities come online as "smart" cities, we have implemented a powerful tool for those that would choose to control our futures. With environmental-

economic restructuring, we are motivated to use these technologies to further ourselves in a cleaner and greener utopia. The port city of Santander, utilizes 20,000 sensors connecting their infrastructure, as the utilities building Songdo, South Korea's project near completion for a fully wired city, with little to no human intervention. Then you have Sino-Singapore Guangzhou Knowledge City Project, and let's not forget, all of the New York waterways. These systems and "entities" take away ALL privacies and store everything in a network that breaks through the barrier of previous limitations in its outreach. We are just starting to scratch the surface with the vast array of capabilities that we are allowed to currently view and research. When the battle for Earth begins—what side of the fence will you be on?

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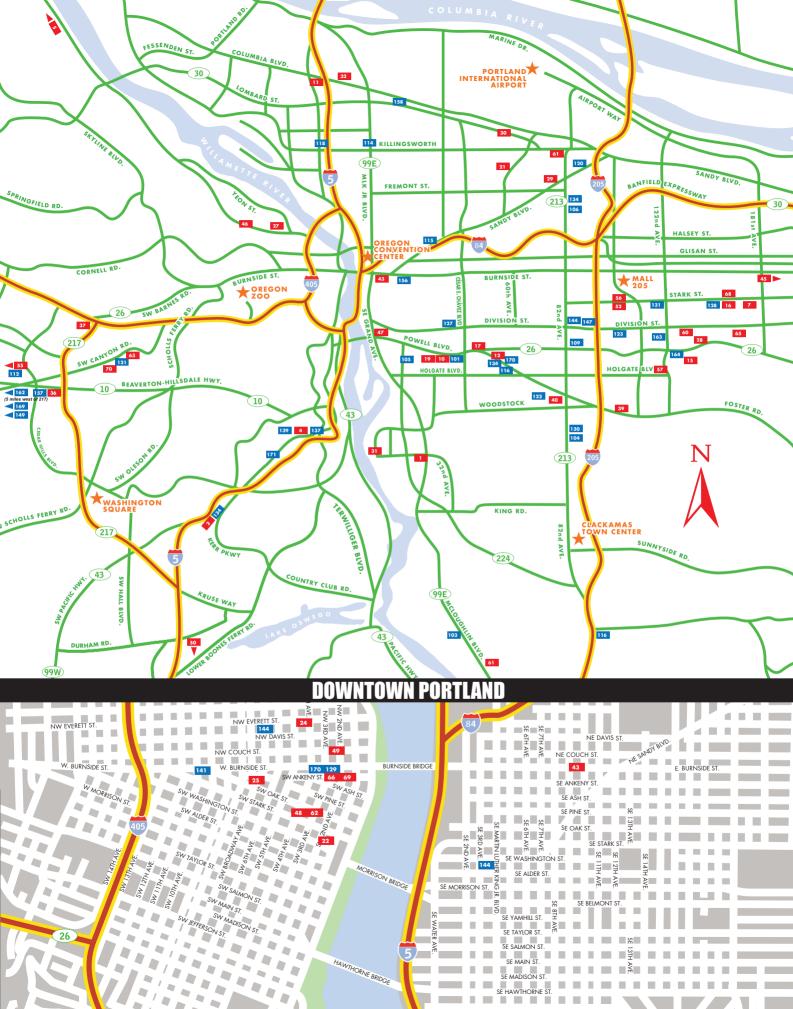
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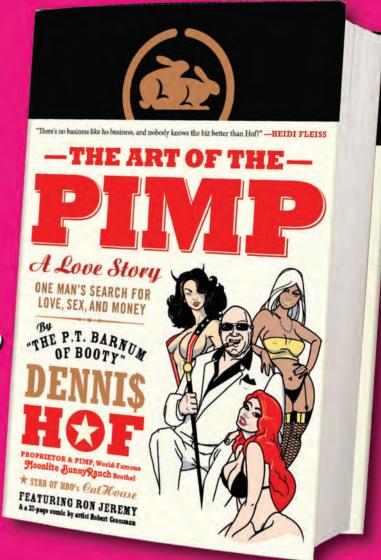
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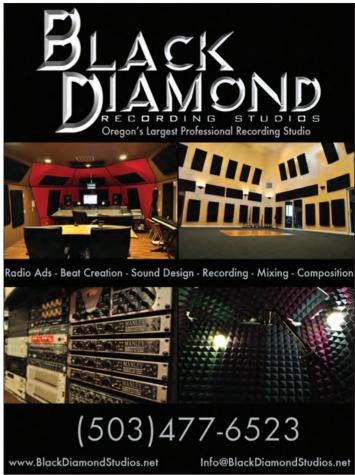
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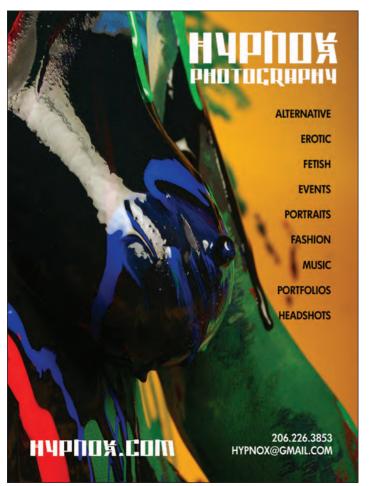
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I had not seen 7am since I was in grade school, and seeing it for the first time in over 20 years as I was getting up to meet strippers at the State Capitol building, felt a tad nostalgic—considering that this is the town I went to grade school in. I was once again up in time for McDonald's breakfast, but instead of teachers and classmates, there were pole dancers and lobbyists waiting on my arrival. Dear Guidance Counselor, let's do coffee.



TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH RAY MCMILLIN

Having moved back to Salem last August, due to a series of unfortunate events related to a Californian drivers' inability to recognize stop signs as such (still not as bad as Portland bicyclists, though), I felt obligated to make something of my industry experience, other than two more shifts a week. As it turns out, being a "really, really good DJ" is not something that you can toss onto the cover letter of a professional résumé being given to a person not wearing sunglasses, and unless I found a way to use my powers for less than evil, I would end up turning into that balding guy with the ponytail, who works mid-shift at a dying strip club, where 22-year-old girls are forced to dance to Skid Row.

Enter Elle Stanger, an industry ally who doesn't need her raging ego fed any more than it's already being served (winky emoticon), but also one who deserves the recognition that she's received (and any ego-boosting that has occurred as a result) thus far. Particularly, for her work with PAC West, the lobbyist group responsible for the legislation guaranteeing industry employees the ability our neo-Marxist demands (glass-free stages that are mopped using something other than the toilet brush) and industry-shattering union rhetoric that accompanies it (hotlines to assist in the reduction of sex trafficking and workplace harassment).

Elle invited me to meet up with PAC West and a group of industry professionals who you all know and love, and suddenly, I had a glimmer of dimly-lit hope that I may, in fact, be drawing upon my experience as a strip club DJ to do something other than win questions at 80s Music Trivia Night. At the meeting, I recognized Zoth and Jim, club managers and DJs for whom I have worked (Zoth actually got

me my first DJ gig), Claude from Stars Cabaret and a handful of other industry people who had stepped up to the plate, to assist in drafting the legislation that was to be lobbied. Here we were, discussing politics with people who own suits and file taxes. Perhaps we were on our way to being recognized as real people, after all.

What exactly is the legislation, you ask? Well, since everyone's been wondering, I'll summarize. To put it simply, we are pushing for a stripper unionization plan that would require three times minimum wage to be paid out to all dancers, restrictions regarding not hiring entertainers based on physical appearance, mandatory owner-funded hot tubs, free meals for all dancers (up to three times per shift), repayment of all expenses related to performance (including costumes and alcohol), full health care and babysitting services, all of which will be paid for by club owners.

I'm fucking kidding.

Chill out already—the rumors are complete bullshit. We're simply pushing for a resource hotline staffed by trained advocates and industry members, plus a few mild restrictions to keep dancers from getting staph infections. No club that can afford to advertise in this magazine has anything to worry about, unless they're buying ad space with funds that were supposed to go toward fixing the moldy hole that separates the bathroom wall from the kitchen, the stray wolves that roam the smoking patio or the pile of nails being covered by a sign that says "DONT FALL ON THIS" written with a lead pen made of asbestos. In other words, we're seeking to give strippers the same rights as the illegal

landscapers who work on the hypothetical lawn I would own, had I saved up for a house in my early twenties. Plus, PAC West lobbyists continued to help us chisel the bill down to such a level that even the most W2-fearing club owner would sponsor and we (rather, "they" being everyone who had been going to the meetings already, plus my late-to-the-literaltable ass) could agree on. After a few meetings, a public hearing date was set and I was informed that I was invited (and not just in the Facebook sense), as was my adopted daughter Paris (of Delaney & Paris, although Paris from Rose City would have been a great choice as well).

On an important side note, my presence at the hearing was as a comedian and a nightclub DJ, as the bill is designed to be applicable to all live entertainers. Should it be restricted to strippers, the possibility of it becoming a free speech issue (versus a workplace safety issue), however, punk rock, would hinder the legislation's ability to pass through as one that regards treatment of workers. Thus, I played the perfect NW-born liberal while male, parlaying the struggles of women in the workplace to benefit my own—all within the periphery of the public eye. Snark-asm aside, the lack of Social Justice Warriors from Portland at this *ahem* public hearing, was simultaneously disappointing and expected. Focusing on the positive, however, there's nothing that can make watching the sun come up over the State Capitol building easier, than seeing a club owner and two dancers all dressed up in the half-ironed job interview attire we save for such rare public displays.

7:30am at the State Capitol steps, we meet up with the PAC West posse (arch rivals: B.I.G. East) and

a few random senatorish-looking fellows who didn't end up following us to the hearing, but wanted to walk next to Elle and make 50-year-old white guy small talk, while Paris used me as a mobile wall of legislator deflection. Side note, I think the cafeteria food they serve to people who make six figures is a humbling and honorable service to remind them that we are all in this together. We all head down to the basement for some meeting I barely remember, in which we are given the order of our testimonies, a few reminders on not running the light and two drink tickets a piece. Again, my memory is a little foggy here.

I became self-aware sometime around 9:30am, in a courtroom full people who were discussing the possibility of raising the minimum wage (a different bill on the table before ours). Claude from Stars was there, as was the lady from Vice and one of the girls who's been in the news for suing a club regarding harassment and back wages (I'm not touching that bee's nest with a stripper pole, but it is worth noting that she is an attractive, intelligent and coherent female, contrary to the picture being painted by comment sections around the interwebs). The amount of industry-affiliate shit-giving made me fuzzy, and to see rhetoric manifested made me once again be proud to be part of a Portland-associated industry that actually matters (shots fired, sustainable pinball barcade poetry slam hipster kids). Here we were—people whose lunch break at work happens after most restaurants close, with clothes on and in public before noon and for a good cause.

"When I got out of World War II, the economy was different!" With this remark, all of the other committee chair members sighed and let the respected-but-seriously-we've-heard-this-speechbefore, Walter representative finish his speech regarding the good old days and the discussion regarding the minimum wage bill was finished with the strike of a gavel. Our bill was up, and while Elle

and the lobbyists from PAC West took to the microphones, I sat half-awake hoping that war veteran guy would bring up something about how he didn't watch his buddies die in 'Nam so some poor girl named Destiny wouldn't be able to dance safely on a pole. Instead, Elle gave her testimony and the lobbyists dropped all of the knowledge possible in their allotted time slot.

Next up was Paris, a lady from human services and myself. Paris killed it and the human services lady made rational, well thought-out points. I used the same opener I do in the comedy clubs, regarding how I went from nightclub DJ to PSU graduate to strip club DJ, and instead of laughs or groans, I realized I was being listened to, stenographed and broadcast on those TV channels that exist in the 'tween numbers between prime networks and movie stations. So, I used the following five to seven minutes to mimic Paris and the human services ladv. giving radical and outspoken testimony regarding how bloody strippers without access to Band-Aids, better not be drunk if they're under 21—otherwise, the OLCC will fine Rick and there won't be any more free Jell-O shots, and that this is a less-than-optimal state of workplace conditions for untrained entertainers who, when clothed and given a W-2, appear identical to real people. Then I brought up the fact that I was too fat and ugly to strip and my subsequent career as a stand-up comic means that I perform in even sketchier bars with just as much MRSA risk. Finally, I yanked the mic out of human services lady's hand and reminded the court that Beyoncé had one of the best testimonies of the year.

Again, it was like 10am and I still hadn't woken up—please forgive my memory. There's video footage of the trial out there on the Internet, but I labeled it "Hot Webcam Footage Of Two Strippers And A Senator" and it got flagged for removal by Facebook.

Claude from Stars followed us with a logical, well-written testimony before some semi-religious nut bag with a Supercuts hairdo took to the mic because hey, public hearing. Then, it was time for the members of the committee to react to what we had presented. Aside from a surprisingly supportive majority, the one comment that seemed to bring the room to a screeching halt was from a committee member who said "well, since these ladies don't have W-2s, it must make it hard to put together a résumé if they ever want to go get a real job," at which point Chair Holvey interjected to inform, for the record, that stripping is no less of a real job than sitting behind a desk. I like Chair Holvey. Finally, OSHA testified that they inspect strip clubs once every 40 years. So, in the Portland area, they've inspected Mary's and...that's about it.

Industry folks, I hate to burst your paranoia bubbles, but we aren't pushing to make a bunch of pesky rules that require club owners to do stuff like piss test DJs or place shock collars on the under-21 dancers, while fining club owners every time one of them snorts an Aderol—let alone unionize or requlate the club industry. Oregon regulators have marijuana and owls to deal with, before they touch our don't-touch-the entertainers. Paris had expressed to me that she's been ostracized and even the target of threats, while Elle echoed the sentiment that haters are, in fact, cramping her style as well. If you're a dancer, club owner or other industryaffiliated staff members, sleep well tonight knowing that the biggest threat to our status quo (at the moment) is a sign in the dressing room that lets dancers know who to call if they experience broken bones or sexual coercion. If you're mad at one of us for testifying on your behalf, show the fuck up next time.

After the hearing, a lady who appeared to be very governmental and professional in her demeanor leaned in and asked me if I could meet her







to discuss some points I had brought up indirectly regarding the presence and/or lack of prostitution in the industry. I met her for coffee, and it turns out, she lobbies for a defense group that represents sex workers and wanted to pick my brain regarding voluntary participation in the world's oldest profession. Apparently an opposing lobbyist group is convinced that women only enter that field by force, and I informed her that our magazine would not feature ads to come work at the Bunny Ranch if our advertisers didn't think it was something that women would want to do by choice. In addition to plugging our rag (and the effectiveness of our advertising), I laid out a few arguments against a "strip clubs equal prostitution" battle she was facing and Lobbyist Lady was very happy with what I was able to share with her.

However, I've seen enough bullshit Hollywood movies to know how meetings like this are supposed to play out in my head. Lobbyist Lady had an unspoken obligation to return the favor and she was already two steps ahead of me asking her for inside information on Powerball or how to break into Enchanted Forest without getting shot at.

"Actually," she said, "there's a bill coming down the pipes that would impact the strip clubs, as it would require that..."

I interrupted her, as I have a habit of doing. "Yeah, that's the bill we were testifying for today."

"No," she said, "you're referring to the PAC West bill that was discussed today. This is a different bill, put through by an entirely different lobby group and it will have an immediate and direct effect on your industry. It's not being written by industry people and it's gonna make things pretty tough on club owners."

I'm meeting with her sometime next week to get the scoop. To be continued...





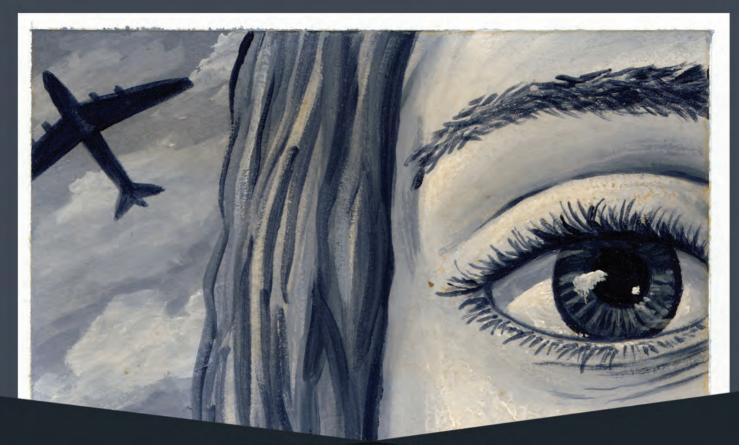




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AUTHOR OF THE MONTH By Ambered

Ezekiel Brown's A.M. CRÈME

A COLLECTION OF THOUGHTS

It's like taking a ride in the back seat of the author's head-space and holding on for dear life. The reader's experience is through the eyes, the fingers, the tongue and the right hand of Mr. Ezekiel Brown—reaching out to scratch your brain for you. A virtual dictionary of memories toiled into a collection of revealing images, which spark even the dullest reader's imagination. Cream soaked words that roll off the tongue like butter and even silkier transitions from one thought to the next. These thoughts are so familiar, that they play out like they could be your own. As you take a corner into the unexpected, you realize that even if it's not real, it perpetuates the thought that it is.

Just the right amount of kink, makes you want to read this next to a dimly lit candle—whereas some of you, could finish off with a steaming cup of morning coffee. Each piece is blunt and basic at points, yet charismatically appealing to the critic within and fellow writers. The small stops in between longer rants and genius antics, make you smile and laugh inherently to your own obvious demons. It's a

picture that's harder to paint than I had originally gleaned. Spilling out onto the pages of this metamorphosis, are art book-like illustrations by Wayne Snyder—some pertaining to the events or maybe the lack of events in the described materials, while others could have been scribbled on a late night breakfast napkin at Denny's or in the margins of the next written piece he was preparing. The profoundness of it is delivered through the individual thought that was struck and then recorded from the brain to hand, with whatever materials were within grasp.

The entirety of this book should be read from day-to-day or minute-to-minute, as it inspires a higher level of thinking. Moreover, it inspires feeling...as that is what A.M. Crème is. It's everything you have ever felt—the rush of relief, the screams of agony and the pleasure of a warm embrace. It takes you to those places and makes you feel like you're the one experiencing these crazy, fun and sometimes scary images. Life is a gigantic freaky journey and Ezekiel has been kind enough to share his with us.









Did a majority of the thoughts going into this piece come from experiences you personally endured?

A resounding yes! Being a life traveler and keen observer, I pulled in everything from dreams, bad dates, stressful work (days/nights), one night stands, two-day mornings, missing family and romantic longings. Just to name a few.

Were psychotropics involved at any point in the making of this book?

The official line (if you are reading this, Mom) is NO-ish. I'm not the artist that writes under the influence, outside of whiskey. I write during the comedown or the day after. But, I would say, roughly 1/3 might have some lingering pupil dilation infused into the words.

Does your book make you feel vulnerable at all, in revealing such intimate details about yourself or others you might know?

Not at all. Let me backtrack—at first, I was a tad fearful. But, I came up as in introvert. In my childhood-through-early-teenage years, my family moved around a bunch—so, every school year was new faces and I learned really quick to jump in. My mother was a stage actress and a child physiologist—an interesting mix I, assure you. But, she encouraged me to always be expressive and confident. And, after my friend dragged me to my first open mic to read my work, as I was then on self-therapy, I got kinda hooked.

Delving into subjects and materials people wouldn't necessarily say out loud, do you think that helps people relate to the pieces a little more or do you think it makes it more subjective?

The feedback I have gotten is both. I have had folks come up to me and thank me for saying what they were too afraid to say to their friends, lovers or themselves. But, on the flip of that, I totally dig people's own perspective on the work. I've had some crazy interpretations that have resonated in different ways for people. The biggest moment for me, is that my writing might be more than just personal venting, as it was years back. I was working on a zine-like chapbook and my best friend gave a sample to his friend and neighbor. The next day, she came into my job, walked up to me crying and hugged me. All she said was, "Thank you." Then she handed me the pages and walked out. My friend, who was also my co-worker, hit me in the arm and said, "See! You need to keep writing!"

I want people to live with less fear. Don't be afraid to speak up when warranted. It's tough, I know, but it feels so much better to be free and honest with yourself and others.



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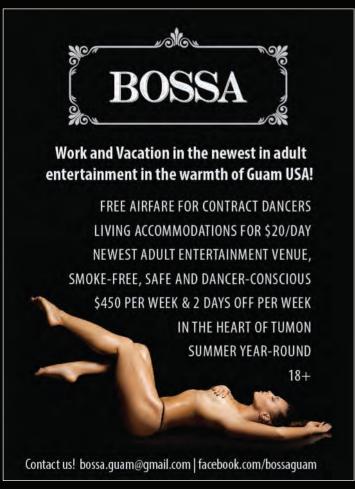
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A RETURN TO DICTIONAR

THE WET EDITION

There are endless variables when it comes to spilling your seed. We found this out the hard way several years ago—when we put together a collection of Urban Dictionary definitions for various sex practices. I remember thinking that I was rather well-versed and experienced in sexual practices until I researched that article. Rather than dredging up those mental scars again, let's just suffice it to say that anything with the word steamer after it, is generally gonna' get pretty nasty.

The following, is a more focused look into what lubes up your love muscles, whether it be oral, digital or straight-up fucking. We'll go ahead and start with a brief return to Urban Dictionary, for a look at some new sex terminology that has surfaced since our last visit.



CHARLESTON CHEW – A sexual act in which one partner, while performing cunnilingus, adjusts such that the upper lip rests on the women's labia while the lower lip rests on her anus. The taint is placed in between the lips and gummed on, like an old women eating a huge rubber cock.

My girl queefed and farted at the same time. Yeah, it was sick. But, man, what was worse, is that I was giving her a Charleston Chew when it happened. I wish I was dead.

HOUDINI – As a man reaches climax, while in

the doggie style position, the man pulls out and spits on their partner's back—fooling them into thinking that he has ejaculated. However, when their partner turns around, the man lets loose his baby yogurt in his partner's face.

I took my weenie and pulled a Houdini in her eye—then she cried.

ANGRY PIRATE -

When a woman is giving a man head—he pulls out and nuts in her eye. Upon doing this, she will let out some sort of grunt of disapproval, and at this point,

he kicks her in the shin. This poor girl, being pissed and hurt, will hobble after your laughing ass.

Dude, I gave your sister an angry pirate and that's why she's limping a little...don't ask why she's walking like she has a stick up her ass— that's a whole different story.

NICARAGUAN SNOWSTORM — A sexual act, in which a male partner stands behind a spinning fan and ejaculates into it. The fan disperses and propels the ejaculate through the front of the fan and into the face of the receiving partner—covering their face and possibly blinding them momentarily.

Our buddy said it was too hot in the garage, so we pulled out the fan and gave him a Nicaraguan Snowstorm.

Other "interesting" information we came across in our search for these well-lubricated definitions, were some lesser-known synonyms for various sexual organs and what you do to get them gushing.

VAGINA – It's what we all came for, am I right? It's where life begins and has been known to be the end of some who can't get enough of it. But, this universal organ goes by more monikers than any other—ranging from felines to fish, we fingered through the hundreds of vaginal synonyms to deliver the most unusual.

Abyss, axe wound, moose knuckle, nethermeats, organ grinder, panty hamster, passion pit, penis holster, relief station, salmon-scented semen-sucker, love shutters, slippery sheath, southern belle, willy washer, dick sharpener, birth cannon.

FEMALE MASTURBATION – The next time you indulge in a little ménage à moi, I dare you to not

think of what you're about to read—hell, you're probably already doing it now.

Groping the grotto, a date with slick mittens, flipping the bean, exploring deep south, dousing the digits, buttering up the whisker biscuit, bailing out the gravy boat, juicing the clam, making kitty purr, mistressbating, muffin buffin, a night in with the girls, starting a bush fire, tossing the pink salad.

CUNNILINGUS – Yep, good ol' Colonel Angus goes by many names—here are some you probably haven't cum across.

Canyon yodeling, donning the beard, growling at the badger, lapping at the lint trap, mumbling in the moss, speaking low genitalese, talking to the boat people, whistling in the weeds,



SPERM – We'll go ahead and skip the synonyms for male masturbation, as the male's primary contribution to keeping the party wet, only happens once his load has been blown. So, let's take a closer look at the many magnificent descriptors for the humble semen.

Baby gravy, cupid's toothpaste, gentleman's relish, human-bonding fluid, population paste, penis butter, lovin' spoon full, manthrax, protein smoothie, penis pudding, liquid kids, love paste, dong water, man-naise, penial seasoning.

FUTURE

By Scarlet 13

Long stroke or short, when you're done wiping your load off the coffee table and replacing Grandma's lampshade, favorite you have done your part as conservationist. Saving electricity, while pleasuring yourself to the Sarah Palin look-alike on NaNa's couch, doesn't make you feel so quilty, after all. For the most chronic masturbators, just think how many devices YOU will be able to power up with your mighty staff!

This crazy device gets a mention, just because it is out of this freaking world and literally, right into the vagina. The Svakom Gaga Intimate Sex Selfie Stick HD Camera Vibrator not only gets you off, it allows you to FaceTime the inside of your vagina. That is assuming you're into FaceTime and want to stick a camera up inside your vagina. Well, maybe we'll add that it's a vibrator and it can capture your orgasm from its core. The Sex Selfie Stick allows the user to upload those snatch shots to your favorite person's PC or smart device. And, if the BFF wants, you can just sync it to FaceTime and enjoy a live show. Lovehoney.com is currently distributing this little vaginal

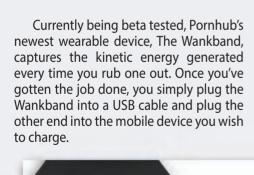




endoscope of a vibrator, with a retail price of about \$180.

2015 AVN Awards The recognized WET as the best lubricant manufacturer, a steep hill to climb in this competitive market. And, with WET paving the slippery path with its top brands, I thought I'd share what everyone's screaming about. Wet "Platinum," never sticky and longer lasting, this formula gets the most attention for its high-grade silicon that works under water and doesn't leave that sticky residue so many glides and slides do. Wet "NURU" Body-On-Body Massage Gel is super popular for its moisturizing aloe vera and seaweed extract, along with a pure-water base. This stuff is clear, odorless and non-staining— making for a smooth ending to the evening, with little

to no clean up. And, last



Devices that manipulate and stimulate our thoughts and brainwaves are always

intriguing—but, when they stimulate

our physical bodies, we pay much closer

attention. This month we have a sexy

collection of ingenious devices for both

your reading pleasure and your unbridled

sexual desire.

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The wankband creates power when moved in an up and down motion.

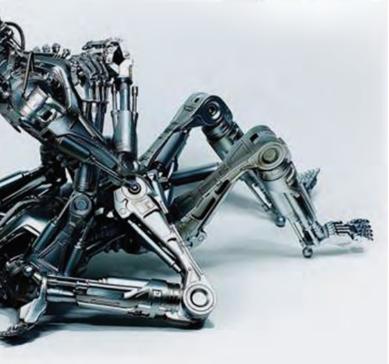
but not least, WET "Uranus"—a thick and silky formula, also non-staining and perfect for those exploring bold new worlds.

HUM, the first artificiallyintelligent vibrator that does all the work for you. HUM is a Bluetooth toy that senses the contractions of your vaginal walls and creates vibrations that reflect these contractions creating a continuous orgasm. And, the wow factor doesn't end there, as this device has a wireless charger and an open source coding system. That means you can write and upload your own source code into a vibrator. No wonder they call this thing HUM—because that's what I said when I read the site's blog. It even inspired me to write a letter to the Editor regarding this stimulating product.

Dear Editor.

Please, disregard everything I have ever said about fearing artificial intelligence and robots taking over the world. Please, please, please put the HUM vibrator on my wish list this for my birthday this year!

















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