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The Star Wars Christmas Special shares more in common with weed than one would assume. Sure, it’s a given fact that, in order to sit through anything by George Lucas, you’re gonna need a few grams of the kush. However, the SWCS is so bad, that it goes from bad to bad and back to bad again, then sticks around idling in bad, while waiting for the bad truck to tow it to Bad Town. However, locating a copy of the infamous flick is tougher than finding weed to go with it. Weird Al’s “White and Nerdy” video features a not-quite-parody scene in which Al is seen purchasing a bootleg copy of the tape from a dude in an alley. Strangely enough, the only copy I’ve ever seen for sale (outside of eBay), was at a shady-ass record store in Utah, with an entrance that led to what may be the exact alleyway Al is seen shopping in.

But, what if the Star Wars Christmas Special is simply the milestone work by a director who never intended his work to be taken seriously? Let’s review how bad some of the other entries in the Star Wars series are.

The first (yeah, I said it…I don’t care what Roman numeral is associated with the episodes) Star Wars film is essentially a lite version of the Saw movies that would become popular decades later. With his son and friends trapped in a trash compactor, you can almost hear Darth Vader saying “I want to play a game,” but he’s too busy choking motherfuckers out with his mind… excuse me, his fingers. In fact, Star Wars: A New Hope is pretty much the only entry in the series, where Vader is hands-on in terms of putting fools down. It’s questionable whether or not “the force” was something that George Lucas had to come up with, to justify a PG rating in later movies.

In Empire Strikes Back, arguably the best of the six movies available to the viewing public before December 2015, the main character, Luke, is given props for making out with his sister, which is a subplot intertwined with the character’s daddy issues. Since mom died on Alderaan, it only makes sense that the Freudian subplot would pass on to the next available female Skywalker. Halfway through the film, our protagonists get caught in what appears to a giant, phallic worm that engulfs them during a transition from curiosity to courage, before ejaculating the team back into the screen.

Return of the Jedi opens with a scene where Jabba kills a stripper and intiminates that he plans on raping Princess Leia, who is chained up to a water cooler. Then, Leia’s brother shows up and thaws out her boyfriend, who has PTSD from being kept in a torture device. Next, a gigantic sand vagina with teeth threatens to eat pretty much everyone, but ends up settling on the black guy. Finally, a bunch of midget furries do a song and dance number, then everyone’s dead relatives come back to life. I like to call Return of the Jedi “Star Wars: Tumblr Edition.” Did we not forget that everything leading up to this moment in the series, is a result of murder, incest, torture, abandonment, sociopathic plotting, Machiavellian maneuvers against one’s peers and full-on war that results in the deaths of thousands?

The worst entry in the series, is easily, without doubt, a tie between Episodes I, II and III.

Episode I was so bad that, after waiting hours outside of Lloyd Center Cinemas, my friends and I asked for a refund ten minutes into the flick. We weren’t there to see a sci-fi take on Song of the South and my Jewish buddy was tired of being compared to the giant fly who hosts the pod races. The theater staff told us that it was too late for a refund and we would only be given our money back if we were asked to leave. Well, challenge accepted. My buddy Austin had, at the time, a mohawk that stood about six feet above the nearest basketball player and, after inviting us to the front row of the theater to do bong rips (yes, he had a portable bubbler), we began blowing smoke rings toward the screen in hopes of getting kicked out. Not a single attendee seemed to care, though. Not one usher came to by to remind us that we can’t take bong rips in the movie theater. So, ironically, by the time we killed about a quarter ounce and fogged up the theater, everyone was enjoying the movie.

Episode II is a soap opera that has about two minutes of Yoda CGI. It’s essentially the softcore porn entry of the series and not at all worth discussing.

With Episode III acting more as a vehicle for video game levels, it’s understandable that the average Star Wars fan needs about as much weed as one requires to beat Star Wars: Battlefront, as they do to finish this movie. The cool thing is, that about ninety percent of the way through, it turns back into a full-on Freudian snuff film in which Oedipus rides in on a dick-shaped chariot and blows plot wads all over the place. Otherwise, the “final” entry in the “first” trilogy, leaves about a twenty-year gap to be filled between Episodes III and IV—just like the Bible.

Actually, now that I think about it, the Star Wars series is basically a retelling of the old testament, so yeah, it’s not meant to be taken seriously and you should definitely get high as fuck, before trying to enjoy any part of it.
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THE NAME SAYS IT ALL!
The Super Geek League (SGL) is something I had been aware of for years, without ever actually having a clue as to what the fuck it was. But, that was true of just about everything I encountered in the five years I spent in Seattle, Washington. About 10 years ago, I stumbled into the Showbox to deliver my shitty magazine that nobody read and to catch last call, when I caught the tail end of an SGL event. As they left the stage, the brief glimpse I got of them had me wondering, what the fuck were they? Superheroes? Clowns? Punk Rock Pyromaniacs? I had not a clue. But, the answer you are seeking to all of the questions above, is very much YES!

The universe eventually sorted all this out for me, over the course of about 24 hours—and I owe it all to Star Wars.

Somehow, through some divine intervention (Face-book), a message from the Interweb spoke to me—telling me I should do a review on the Super Geek League this month. But, “NO!” said I. This is the Star Wars Issue! “But, the force is strong with this one,” insisted the silver-tongued 2-time Exotic covergirl and SGL aerialist, “You have not yet begun to understand the power of the Super Geek League!” I flashed back to that brief vision I had of SGL almost a decade ago and convinced myself to take a closer look a little later. Then, I get a call the very same night from Exotic’s publisher, informing me that he had selected our December covergirl from the Kit Kat Club…who just happens to be a cast member of, you guessed it, Super Geek League, in which she performs as a stilt-walking goblin.

Well played Super Geek League! Well played, indeed! So, with that, Exotic proudly presents, from a galaxy roughly 173 miles away…
A collective of creative talents such as this, does not merely just happen. It was meticulously selected, groomed, trained and nurtured by a man with a very special eye for alternative talent, Floyd McFeely. Now, though I don't know anything about the man (outside of this article's source material, which was collected from SGL's cast), I can tell that he's one of those very special people that has the ability to draw talent from people that didn't know they had it. As I see it, Floyd sees the gift within the individual and gives them the platform to explore his fantastic and manic symphony of light, sound and throbbing sexiness, in order to blossom into the creative, beautiful freaks of nature that are the Super Geek League.

When it was time to throw down on how the hell all of this happened, McFeely shared with us a tale of 3 Cosmic Triggers, which would launch the Super Geek League into hyperdrive.

Cosmic Trigger #1: Tapeworm Collective (1999)
Floyd McFeely founded the experimental online music collaboration community, where experimental musicians from all over the world collaborated on music projects. This project sowed the seeds for McFeely to create a collaborative superhero studio project called “Super Geek League.” This studio project consisted of close confidants and friends, who would fill out a questionnaire—creating their own superheroes—which would, in turn, be turned into actual live characters and soundtracks to be performed onstage.

Cosmic Trigger #2: KookClub in Vegas (2003)
Around the same time of the Tapeworm Collective, McFeely also founded a guerrilla performance art group called the “KookClub,” which found its way to Las Vegas to assist in the world-record-breaking highest stilt walk on Fremont Street. Needless to say, KookClub ran amuck, staging spontaneous and planned smart mobs throughout the streets of Vegas. This provided the busking and interactive foundations for the live show to come...

Cosmic Trigger #3: Dancing Gorillas & Warped Tour (2006)
After touring France as a dancing gorilla for the multimedia mashup project, the Bran-Flakes, McFeely was offered an opening spot with the group’s next domestic date in Seattle, WA, for the first official SGL show, featuring McFeely singing along with an air-guitar mascot band. Because of its complete originality and disregard for conventional performances, McFeely was offered a show at a much larger venue, that now required an actual live band to play music, along with the live characters to perform along with their soundtracks. Shortly thereafter, SGL was offered a regional tour slot for Vans Warped Tour.

Ok, so I'm almost 800 words into this article, and I'm still not sure...what is Super Geek League?

Well, Super Geek League is a lot of things... they are a performance troop with about 120 members, filled with go-go dancers, stilt walkers, fire dancers, acrobats, aerialists, contortionists, a marching band, sexy clowns, midgets, SFX engineers, stage hand Mac-Gyvers and an assortment of other vagabond performers. At the core, Super Geek League is a 12-piece sci-fi punk rock band, accompanied by all of their sexy circus and weirdo friends! At a Super Geek League show, we bring out the confetti cannon, pillow fights, go-go dancers, acrobats and all just have a big-ass fucking party with and in the crowd!

Super Geek League also does their own pre-production work. All of our costumes, confetti cannons, aerial cages, fire torches, fire walls and other crazy-big and weird contraptions are designed and built by SGL and our fabrication team. Any big or crazy idea that you normally would laugh off and decided isn't realistically possible, Floyd is the kind of guy that finds a way to make it come to life.

Floyd had this to say, in summing up SGL, “Super Geek League is an Action Adventure Circus based out of Seattle, WA, that focuses on designing, producing and performing totally immersive and over-the-big-top shows. From its legendary live shows targeted for indoor concert and theater venues, to its traveling outdoor “Buskerdoozie” experience for large scale music festivals and fairs, to its ambient entertainment productions for such clients as USC Events and LiveNation, Super Geek League, goes way BIG each and every show, to create and inspire both artist and patron to dream big and live even bigger!

Be sure to see page 30 for a special crossover, as SGL and Exotic share the same stunning gene pool that is Indigo Nix (aka Goblin in SGL circles), for an interview with our covergirl. And, next month, get ready for part II of our very special coverage of Super Geek League—their show at Dante’s on January 2 and more wild tales from the road.
Last year, for Christmas, I bought my sister a HUGE collection of vintage Star Wars action figures and toys. I stacked them all in a 7-foot-tall tower of intergalactic awesomeness, which took her over an hour to unwrap and check out each piece. All the while, she inundated my family and I with trivia about every obscure character and scenes that most of us barely even remember from the movies. Did you know that Han shot first in the original version of A New Hope, but George Lucas edited the film for the 1997 Special Edition re-release, to depict Greedo firing first? Well, now you know. Back when The Phantom Menace came out, she camped in line for 3 days to be one of the first people in the country to see Episode I. That’s some serious Star Wars fan street cred, if you ask me.

Anyway, my sister is a goddamn genius—a literal rocket scientist. You should see the calculus equations she does just for FUN; not to mention entire notebooks of MATH, where she’s trying to discover the next breakthrough in aerospace technology. Every time she shows me what she’s been working on, I always think, “This must be how Einstein’s siblings felt.” She and her boyfriend (also a mega-brainiac who specializes in the field of dark matter) exchange gifts like Moon and Mars rocks. Do you know how hard it is to get your hands on a rock from motherfucking MARS?!? Just imagine the kind of pillow talk these nerds-in-love must have. Wait…don’t. That’s my sister, you perv!

These are the people that are leading our civilization into the future—the ones that are currently designing spacecraft that can capture asteroids and bring them into Earth’s orbit, so that we can mine them for their precious minerals, the ones that are building exotic structures out of metamaterials, which could provide invisibility cloaking and other abilities not possible in nature, the ones conducting experiments to colonize and terraform other worlds, the ones who are pioneering carbon-nanotube technology that might one day be used to build suits that render you virtually invincible. And, we’ve all seen the ever-increasing improvement of hoverboard/hovercraft technology, the increasing use of drones and robots by both governments and civilians, the advancements in prosthetics and replacement organs—and on and on. Lasers, holograms and jet packs may have been the things of science fiction in 1977 when Star Wars first hit the big screen, but today, they are scientific reality. At what point does our existence begin to look like the things we used to only fantasize about?

May you all receive light sabers in your Christmas stockings this year and may the Higgs boson be with you.

JoshTheTerrible@gmail.com
MYTHS AND FACTS ABOUT STRIPPING ON CHRISTMAS

If you’ve ever contemplated going to a strip club on Christmas, you’re either a great person, a poor parent, single, morbidly curious or a combination of the above. Perhaps, you realize that the holidays are a time for giving, therefore driving you to spend money on someone who will actually give back in return. Or, perhaps, you visualize a strip club on Christmas being full of “rescue strippers,” who have been brought inside from the harsh conditions, to enjoy warmer climates and eggnog. Regardless, if you’re planning on lying to the wife and ducking out to “see if anything is open” this Christmas, there are a few misconceptions to clear up, before you jingle up balls of cash and head for the only place that is actually open.

FACT: STRIPPERS FEEL THE EFFECTS OF BEING A STRIPPER EQUALLY YEAR-ROUND

“I’m sorry you have to be a stripper on Christmas,” although a great rare Sinatra tune, is not a phrase that should ever be uttered inside a club (it is, however, a perfectly acceptable thing to say to your secretary during an office party). For the surprisingly-small demographic of dancers who are ashamed of what they do most nights of the week, the reality is pretty black and white: a black girl is stripping on Christmas to support a deadbeat white dad, or a white girl is stripping on Christmas to support a deadbeat black dad (or, I just want some emails from people offended on behalf of incarcerated and/or interraccial stripper couples). These dancers are going to be depressed, until they realize how much of that “should’ve gone to an Xbox, but fuck that kid” cash is on the tip rail. Plus, a simple Santa hat is easily the cheapest whore-able outfit a girl can buy—making for a low HO-verhead (misogynistic holiday-themed double pun-tendre for the win).

For the majority of dancers though, “that feeling of being a stripper” (free tag line for any strawberry perfume companies seeking endorsement) is pretty 24/7 regarding inconvenient reminders. To most dancers, tax time is eleventeen times more depressing than the holiday season. Since “eleventeen” isn’t a number that the IRS recognizes, many of them end up getting audited after trying to become real citizens the first time they fill out a 1099 with one of those free keno pencils. First dates (“So, you like, get naked in front of other guys for a living?”), job interviews (“Where again did you work between 2001 and 2015?”), Hollywood (“Dude, we hired a stripper, she can only count to penis, random Adam Sandler noise!”) and pretty much any institution run by what feminists would call “shitlords” (read: all of them), will all line up and take shots at any woman who chooses to apply herself in Oregon, by taking the last real job (one that pays her to get naked to Motorhead, while hipsters pretend to know which song it is—not a bad gig). Strippers get shit on all year round, literally and figuratively. If anything, the distraction of Christmas takes away from the monotony of just another Friday on the pole.

MYTH: WORKING AT A STRIP CLUB ON CHRISTMAS SUCKS

For the handful of clubs that treat their bartenders, DJ, cooks and security like employees, time-and-a-half is not a bad thing. I’m always nicer to the girls with “great personalities, but...” who can’t afford to tip me, if the lack of tips is made up for by a few extra bucks accrued thanks to whoever decided Christmas earns employees a boost (while Kwanzaa, Chanukah, etc. get no love). I met Christ a few times, after smoking some DMT in the Redwoods, but I don’t like knowing some DMT in the Redwoods, but I don’t like how I can only count to penis, random Adam Sandler noise!) and pretty much any institution run by what feminists would call “shitlords” (read: all of them), will

FACT: CHRISTMAS MUSIC IS EAR CANCER

As with this Star Wars Christmas Special, taking something that people love and applying a semi-appropriated, misinterpreted Pagan theme to it, works out the same way time after time: poorly. Holiday themes can ruin even the most indestructible phenomena, and if you thought it was impossible to dislike Tom Waits, Frank Sinatra or Run DMC, don’t worry, their Christmas songs will make you wish Mary had gone to Planned Saviorhood. A DJ who chooses to spin anything other than GWAR and MC Ren on Christmas, either hates the strippers who pay his bill or loves feminists would call “shitlords” (read: all of them), will

For dancers who “have” to work on Christmas because their scheduling agent or club manager asked them to, mad brownie points (and, possibly, med brownie treats) are accumulated. If you’re a dancer reading this column, take my advice and keep in mind that the best way to convince the boss of your aunt’s death next year (during the week Burning Man falls on), is to work a few holidays that the other girls won’t. You can have up to six dead aunts for the summer, if you work Thanksgiving, Christmas and Mother’s Day in one year. If scoring points with the owner isn’t necessary because you have a nickname for his dick and

sleep in his kid’s bed when mom flies back to Vegas to shop for school clothes, the benefit of working a club in Christmas, is that you can dress up and play depressed. A good stripper not only knows the “I care about your band/job/philosophy/hair/widow” game, but is also capable of working the “gee, if only my kids had Lego Batman” angle on a customer. By the way, there are a total of three Lego Batman games. Three songs in a set. Jussayin’.
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It's time to talk about the Big C. While most of the country is tying on bows, trimming trees and spending way too much money on next-gen video game systems, I've got a good friend who just got cancer for Christmas... again. She and I both got hit with it (the first time) coming up on 5 years ago. And, after following all of the brutal treatments that come with the job of telling cancer to fuck off, all one can do is simply hope it stays gone. Or, will it be replaced by some new cancer somewhere else? That's what happened to her. After a double mastectomy, chemo and radiation, the breast cancer took a hike and moved into new digs in her bones and lungs. Now, she gets to pop chemo pills with her morning dailies and see what this bastard of a disease has in store for her next.

Each year, globally, about 14 million people learn they have cancer and 8 million people die from the disease. Research suggests that one-third of cancer deaths can be prevented, but sometimes services and technologies are not widely available—especially in low-and-middle-income countries (source: CDC).

The things we eat, the places we live, the jobs we have, the way you dress, the drugs we take to make us healthier... all have one thing in common—they have all been linked to causing cancer. So, if you smoke Marlboro Reds in your fancy vape thingy, work at Hanford, but find those damn containment suits clingy in the crotch, congrats—you just bought a one-way ticket on the C-train. That's a ridiculous example, of course, but the fact of the matter is, just about everything can cause cancer these days. It's our body's way of saying, slow the fuck down and get it together, or parts of me are going to start to rot off. Even the healthiest of health nuts, can still fuck themselves in a tanning salon.

When I was given my C-ticket, I was fortunate enough to be treated by The Knight Cancer Institute at OHSU (thank GOD for Oregon Health Plan, as I didn't have an extra half million lying around). I was asked to participate in a focus/study group throughout the course of
my surgery and recovery, due to the unusual nature of my cancer. Like I said, everything can cause it. So, get this, traces of HPV were discovered in my tonsils, tore some shit up there for a while until they hit the lymph node in the throat and mutated into a monster tumor. But, wait, HPV you say? Isn’t that something females have to deal with in their lady parts, more specifically, the cervix?

Why, yes, among other things, that is precisely what that means, and, by the way, do you perform oral sex on your lady? Why yes I do, I’m a big fan of oral actually, wait… now, hold on just a motherfuckin’ minute… are you saying eating pussy gave me cancer? It’s true. I was the 1%, as in; I had contacted a type of cancer that only pops up 1% of the time, out of all the cancers you can get. Granted, booze and cigarettes gave it the most luxurious environment to welcome the disease into my throat, but the oral sins of pleasure, apparently planted the cancerous reaction via my partner’s contraction of HPV.

So, sorry to interrupt the holidays with such dark material, but cancer doesn’t give it a shit about being convenient. If each of our readers took one dollar and sent it to any of the centers listed below, we could have $75,000 worth of cancer research. If each entertainer asked each of her regulars, if they would like to donate an additional dollar to go towards cancer research after every dance, you would probably be pleasantly surprised. Seriously, South Park nailed it on the head in their recent charity-shaming episode, and sure, I feel bad for hungry kids in Armenia too, but shouldn’t the Kardashians be taking care of them? When it comes to charity, the C-word is the trump card for me—I donate every time. And, when I see someone doing something to make a difference, it just might inspire an entire article… and that article might just hijack Strip City for a holiday wake-up call.

Last month, our friends at Sunset Strip and Firehouse Cabaret sponsored a breast cancer awareness fundraiser to benefit Breast Friends, an Oregon nonprofit that dedicated to improving the quality of life for female cancer patients and helping them survive the trauma of the disease. After hosting a “Breast Friends Open House, at the two sister clubs in October, (featuring auctions, poker tournaments, t-shirt sales and donations) the events raised a total of $3,850.

Sponsors and friends that donated services, time and/or products for the event were, Stephen Vincent Jewelers, Taboo Video, JMI Limousine, Botta Moto Works, Widmer Brothers, Hard Ass Vodka, Oregon Blue Print, North American Spirits & Wine and Steel Moon Gin. All of the Dancers, as well as the staff, played a big part in helping to raise the money.

Cancer has been hitting close to home here at Exotic for years. Dig this little factoid—the past three editors of this magazine, have all suffered and survived a various form of cancer. Either radiation runs in an editor’s icy blood, or Exotic just might be a contributing cause of cancer.

Do your part to help kick cancer’s ass this Christmas and take the time to make a personal donation to one of the charitable foundations listed below. And, if you can’t do that, always make an effort to attend events that will do it for you—like the success story you just read about. Thanks to the Sunset Strip & Firehouse Cabaret!

OHSU Knight Cancer Institute
OHSU.edu/xd/health/services/cancer/

American Cancer Society
www.Cancer.org/donate

St. Jude Children’s Research Hospitals
www.StJude.org/GiveThanks

and of course, BreastFriends.org

We’ll see you next year, when Strip City will explode with the newly-crowned Miss Exotic Oregon 2016, bursting through our slick and sexy pages. Happy Holidays Portland. Enjoy each other and live your life to its fullest in the upcoming year.
Origins: I grew up in Bellingham, WA, a small city close to the Canadian border. In high school, I lettered in drama. My school's theatre program was pretty exceptional and one of the only things that kept me in school. After graduating, I was a waitress and worked retail. At 19, I took off to work as a professional horse wrangler in Eastern WA and Arizona. Eventually, I moved back home, started waitressing again, and struggled to find what it was that I wanted to do with my life.

Super Geek League: In 2011, I moved to Seattle and the job I had lined up fell through. I needed to make some money, so I auditioned at a strip club downtown. I had never even been to a strip club before. The scene is very different in Seattle and I didn't have the kind of hustle you need to work up there. I quit, went to Burning Man for the first time and started go-go dancing instead of stripping. When I heard about auditions for one of the rave massives, I submitted a couple videos to Floyd McFeely, (the powerhouse who runs Super Geek League and hires performers for these huge events). I got the gig and I was ecstatic. The event was a New Year's Eve Party at WAMU Convention Center. I danced from the heart, threw all my energy back at the crowd and felt a thrill unlike anything I have ever experienced before. I was horribly sick, with a wicked case of asthmatic bronchitis. On stage, I was great, but backstage I was rattling and hacking the entire time. I was still running around like crazy—full of antics and cracking jokes. That's when Floyd called me Goblin for the first time, because I was this insane person with no voice, coughing up a lung and being a weirdo. That event was just the beginning for me. I met Blazer Starr at that event and there were little hearts floating around in my eyes. I followed her around like a puppy. I imagined what it would be like if I could be like her one day... I never could have dreamed that, eventually, I would be working with her in Portland!

Floyd took a liking to me and pretty soon he asked me to tour with the band in Toronto and Montreal. I was a "stripper clown" character for that tour and it was a wild ride. Things were happening in my life that I hadn't known to be possible and I was just trying to keep up. Everyone in SGL started calling me Goblin. Floyd didn't want me to go-go dance anymore. He said that I should be a way to scare the shit out of people. "For our show at The Neptune in Seattle, Shashonna Knecht spent hours applying prosthetics and airbrushing my entire body green. I was a hideous, evil, terrifying, practically naked monster... and I LOVED IT. Being the Goblin was liberating, inspiring and out of this world. I became a core character in the band and they wrote a song about me. Goblin went to Sasquatch Music Festival and stage crashed the Major Lazer set with Jon Dutch. The entire festival watched us twerk on the Jumbotron, in all our circus freak glory.

I was not a performer before I met Floyd McFeely and joined Super Geek League. I was just a waitress; pretty much. I didn't know that any of this was in me. He gave me the opportunity to become part of something bigger than myself, to dream up a new life, to boldly go where no Goblin has gone before.
Kit Kat Club and PDX: Eventually, I burned out on Seattle and moved back home to Bellingham for a while. In October of 2014, I took off again and spent an entire year traveling from place to place—basically living out of a car, staying with friends and family in between destinations. After a trip to Central America and staying on a farm out in Eastern WA, I was ready to get back to performing. I moved to Portland and landed a job at the Kit Kat Club. Then, I got hired on to stage go-go at Dante’s Sinfeno Cabaret. At the Kit Kat, I can be found doing pole tricks and contortion in my stilts. The Kit Kat is the perfect marriage of stripping and circus. I have grown and learned so much during my time there. Super Geek League is coming back to Dante’s on January 2nd and I am beyond excited to play with my SGL family here in Portland—at one of the coolest venues in town. It’s gonna be so wild.

Super Geek League and places like the Kit Kat make new realities. They break the mold—inspiring people to create and thrive. They make people love what they do, it’s as good as entertainment gets. As a young woman, I have been so blessed to find myself in these supportive, creative environments. Things just keep getting better and I’m stoked to see what happens next.
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The battle for power and control has been a topic plaguing mankind for centuries. With horrific crimes and unspeakable acts being committed on a worldwide scale, we are treading on a topic of obsession that many of our readers may find worthy of a wake-up call to the masses. The total and almost complete annihilation of humankind by way of the greatest Star Wars technology ever.

I'd insert the dark humorous laughter here—but, I want to emphasize the severity of this agenda and why recent technologies have brought credence to my suspicions.

DARPA is king, when it comes to testing and releasing information that pertains to the most top notch and sophisticated tech out there today. They also boast about creating breakthrough technologies for national security on their home page. I'll touch base briefly on their research and the targeted users.

One of the first projects that should catch your attention, is the Brain Initiative. This is a series of multiple studies—all of which have specific areas they are targeting. This study, if you recall, was started after President Barack Obama offered up $300 million to support the cause in April 2013.

Hand Proprioception and Touch Interfaces (HAPTIX)

Implantable, reconfigurable, neural-interface microsystems built to communicate wirelessly with external modules. In short the ability to have sensation in a prosthetic limb via your brain’s ability to reconnect or reconfigure its neural pathways.

Electrical Prescriptions (ElectRx)

The ElectRx program, in English terms, is using your nervous systems to control your body’s individual organ functions, to help heal the human body of whatever ails it. This is an injectable fiber that can be used for the management of diseases and other disorders.

Neuro Function, Activity, Structure and Technology (Neuro-FAST)

“Decoding of brain activity, facilitating development of brain-in-the loop systems, to accelerate and improve functional behaviors.”-DARPA

This sounded like something, that placed in the hands of the wrong individuals, could be utilized for some “not so medical reasons,” as they have so avidly depicted. I know, you’re probably wondering by now what this has to do with Star Wars, but I’m getting to that very poignant question right now. The United States military complex has compromised individuals on the “inside,” who are experimented on and used as human guinea pigs. If the government can use “its own,” why wouldn’t it be using civilians too.

In 2016, the National Institute of Health (NIH) will provide $135 million in funding for the Brain Initiative. The NIH has stated it is working with other government agencies, as well as private partners to “ensure” the success of their investment. (citing an article from February 2014 on WhiteHouse.gov)

This is not a just a medical research project looking into developing tech for sick patients and amputees— this is a defense project, created by the largest supporter of national security, funded by our government and the NIH. Wait a minute, who are the other people funding this project now? Only the National Science Foundation (NSF), the Intelligence Advanced Research Projects Activity (IARPA) and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA).

The FDA? Why in the hell would the food and drug administration be funding a brain project? In their forward, they write this “Moving forward, FDA’s Center for Devices and Radiological Health has proposed a new, voluntary program for certain medical devices, including devices applicable to The BRAIN Initiative, that demonstrate the potential to address unmet medical needs for life-threatening or irreversibly-debilitating diseases or conditions. So, you want to protect your investment while keeping in the loop, and all the while, creating a program you have virtually
no control over. Typical FDA bullshit and, as always, disappointing!

The one thing that separates us from our past, our present and even our future, is our brain functions. It is, in essence, our central computer and it controls all other operating functions. Without it, we would cease to be who we are and would ultimately become a pile of primordial goo on the floor. But, to master our own internal circuit board would be divine, enlightening and a game changer in today’s world. However, turning us into modern day Jedi Knights, with the possible implications of superpowers, is just the beginning. The suggestions that some of these researchers are making, is that we will have the ability to heal damaged tissue, control our own organ functions, increase our strength and “fix” our neurological imperfections. Mind control is already here and YOU (not Yoda), could have the ability to control someone else’s limbs with your mind—even someone else’s thoughts. Greg Gage, from The Institute of Neuroscience at Newcastle University, has even done live demonstrations on just how well mind control works.

So, it’s been developed and the ideas are out there for the world to see—so, what is hidden behind the veil that no one is supposed to see? The dark side, so to speak, has a barrage of infamous history attached to it and it stems from researchers trying to develop ways to create superior humans. Behavioral conditioning and the ability to mitigate what others do or say by conditioning the brain to neurological stimulation and visual stimuli. Something that, in recent years, has been notably done via social networking sites such as Facebook, Twitter and Instagram. When certain ideas are planted, then repeated over and over, people begin to react to this stimulus. I know you think only the weak of mind could fall prey to such devices—but, think again my friends… you’re not alone in this universe of manipulated individuals.

In 1994, this was written by a CIA advisory committee and forwarded to the Presidential Committee on Human Radiation Experiments “In the 1950s and 1960s, the CIA engaged in an extensive program of human experimentation [MKULTRA] using drugs, psychological and other means, in search of techniques to control human behavior for counterintelligence and covert action purposes… Most of the MKULTRA records were deliberately destroyed in 1973 by the order of then DCI Richard Helms. Helms testified that he agreed to destroy the records because there had been relationships with outsiders in government agencies and other organizations, who could be sensitive to these kinds of things. But, since the [mind-control] program was over, finished and done with, we thought we would just get rid of the files as well. So, that anybody who assisted us in the past, would not be subject to follow-up questions or embarrassment, if you will.”

Several people came forward after the release of these documents, including celebrities who stated they were subjected to or saw proof of the mind-control drugs themselves. This is, without a doubt, the single most jarring idea I can think of outside nuclear warfare. The world “managed” by its governments, controlled by the powers elite and subdued by forces that wish to keep us complacent.

Even as I sit here writing, listening to a musician who preaches of a world engulfed in shadow, I realize this article is much more daunting than when I first sat down at my keyboard. With each stroke, I understandably inch myself closer to a virtual unreality—a place where people get lost for hours and refrain from human contact, becoming devoid of emotion. These are not the droids we are looking for and this is not the planet I wish to live on. In this world full of unanswered questions, this is yet another article pushing the boundaries of what we believe our governments are capable of. So, maybe putting on an aluminum foil helmet isn’t too far-fetched after all, but personally, I would prefer to eliminate the cause, rather than suffer the effect. Keep your eyes and ears peeled young Jedis—because the time will come, when you will need to be stronger than the dark side and resist its evil power over all humanity.
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**Being naked is the most natural, original form in which humans have ever existed and that will never be replaced by industrialization or advancement. And yet, there are innumerable ways in which our stripper (and customer) lives could still be enriched by inventions that I just can’t wait to see. Sci-fi is only fantasy, until it becomes reality!**

**Male Birth Control:** Hormonal and non-hormone treatment.

Yes, people with vaginas have a handful of options, when it comes to taking control of our sexual health and reproductive choices. Condoms are a simple, drugstore purchase that minimizes sexual pleasure with a 99% effectiveness rate. IUDs are implanted in our uterine walls and we hope and pray that they don’t slip and stab our inwards, causing bleeding (yes this happens), or accidentally get yanked out. Yes, this happens too.

Oh, and after insertion by a doctor, we might bleed more heavily, cramp more painfully or just spot randomly for weeks. Oral contraceptives, such as “the pill,” may cause unwanted weight gain, hormonal imbalances and mood swings with the user, making bi-polar bitches like me a real treat. I propose that the makers of cosmetic cover “Dermablend,” get to work and enrich their product. I’m talking about body makeup that covers tattoos and doesn’t rub off on the job. Don’t get me wrong, strippers slather Dermablend, or other brands of body makeup, on stretch marks, bruises or blemishes, but it still massages off with a certain amount of friction. And, if a gal wants that 22-Year-Old StripperAesthetic, a painted mama like myself, needs to cover a lot of skin.

**Oops! It’s Not For Poops!** Call this ingenuity, but how about some adult diapers with a larger pocket in the front area, for catching and collecting that semen? We’ve all met that guy during a lap dance. You’d think that adults would know how to not accidentally (?) cum in their pants in a public space, but, oh well, science and society has also not yet achieved this.

**A Literal Third Eye** I would like some eyeball implants in the back of my cranium, so that I can literally watch my back(side). You’d think that a species who was capable of putting a man on the moon, would understand the concept of consent—please do not touch our assholes or pussies without asking, when we are turned around. Sexual battery by strangers is so 1984.

**2nd Amendment Cash Cannon** I would like every man, woman, and man-child to own a money gun. I support the Right To Bear Arms And Titties. Oh wait, those exist. GO BUY ONE NOW and USE IT.

**Dr. Scholls My 6-Inchers** And, how about some stripper heels with anti-gravity soles? Not only to alleviate foot pain and to minimize spine injury but also to add to that wiggle in my walk. And, while we are discussing shoes, can anybody invent some anti-shoe-stink spray that actually works? Of course, we will only spray the insides of some of our heels, because there’s still a small market for men who just love the scent of bacteria-saturated stilettos (and, they usually tip extra).

**Virgin Skin** No, no, you sickos, I’m not talking about hymens, I’m talking about the flesh that’s never been tattooed. Non-tattooed strippers and civilians are a thing of the past, and since ink removal is costly and painful, I propose that the makers of cosmetic cover “Dermablend,” get to work and enrich their product. I’m talking about body makeup that covers tattoos and doesn’t rub off on the job. Don’t get me wrong, strippers slather Dermablend, or other brands of body makeup, on stretch marks, bruises or blemishes, but it still massages off with a certain amount of friction. And, if a gal wanted that 22-Year-Old StripperAesthetic, a painted mama like myself, needs to cover a lot of skin.

**Diabetes-Free Drive Thru** This city is growing light-years faster than many of us could have anticipated. Housing is at a crisis, traffic actually exists, and yet, why is there nothing to eat at 3am? Sure, there are a few “options”, McDonalds, Jack in the Box, and that Pedophile Hoagie Place, aka Subway. But that dehydrated shit is loaded with preservatives, dyes and unethical practices. After a long night of beating up my body for tips, I’d prefer not to pay to rape my inards with garbage. Hey Portland developers and investors! Since you’re going to keep bulldozing abandoned houses in gentrified neighborhoods, can you at least install some late night organic fare in their stead? Hundreds of Portland workers are hungry at the same time. I promise you, there’s money in this investment.

**Punk rock musicians, The Clash, famously stated, “The future is unwritten.” Well, I just made you a list. I have seen the future, now get to work, science.**

Cyberstalk Elle Stanger at EroticMusePDX.com
It's not that I intentionally go after hipsters month after month, but rather, these are just the folks who end up being the wizard behind whatever curtain is currently serving as a shroud to whatever Portland problem is most prevalent at the moment. Being an active, employed professional in a variety of areas related to human sexuality (ranging from this magazine, to advocacy groups and everything in between that involves a “no minors” sign or naked humans), I'd like to think of my role in the PDX skindustry as one of experience, versus basic ideology or romanticism. Further, I'd like to point out that I'm not alone, as Portland features published authors (Elle Stanger), anti-misogynist Vagina Pageant producers (Dick Hennessy), body-positive theme nights (Tiny Tuesdays) and a variety of other, real-life people and events that promote our sex industry in a way that makes Vegas (or Seattle, Reno, SF, etc.) look like the back of a shady pawn shop.

This was, until the hipsters took over our sex industry—co-opting and appropriating the worst aspects of our fine nudity-inspired subculture and repackaging it, using the same methods that have ruined our music, food and comedy scenes.

Enter the Hump Film Festival. Ahh, the Portland Mediocrity. Once again, Portland's unwanted cousin from Seattle—a free paper run by white slactivists and shock-value journalists, that cover everything deemed too irrelevant for Willamette Week—is hosting their annual homemade porn festival. And, guess what, you can win cash for participating! That seems well and good, until one considers that roughly 100% of the Portland Mediocrity's political slant, is geared toward equating anything a white male does with rape, assuming that stripping is solely a result of daddy issues (dancers are the butt of many a “joke” in said paper), giving platforms to “sex columnists” who give terrible (as in, I have a penis and can call rank on) advice on blowjobs... all while stuffing Dan Savage's column in the back (even though, it's the only redeemable aspect of said publication's approach to the topic of sex).

The Hump Festival, while portrayed as uber-feminist and sex-positive, yields some interesting finds. For instance, here's a snippet of one (out of a total of two, from the festival's website) “casting calls” put out by a potential producer... er, director... maybe. Take a look:

“...this dude mentions legal age about eleven times, as if he's had some sort of experience in the past with child porn actors beating down his door for work. There is zero mention of the plot, lines are “fed” to actors, but hey, this is gonna be some high-quality art, guys. Did his submission make it in? If not, this means someone super young, it is more about their personality and character, age is not a factor other to be of legal age or older”

... this month's Exotic is themed around Star Wars and Christmas, so naturally, I chose to make this piece about crappy things that happen in the realm of cinema, that only appeal to hipsters and find a way to ruin things that were once enjoyable to fans of the genre. Enjoy...
see. Also, “I’m not asking for talent” needs to be Portland’s new motto.

Further questions arise, when examining Hump’s waiver. In short, if the actors are sex partners during the filming and submission, but decide to break up or have a disagreement before the festival… too bad. Hump still gets to show the flick, will make money from its screening and does not guarantee any compensation for non-touring films. There are no sections of the waiver that allow for termination of display before the end of the festival (at which point, Hump staff will make their “best attempt” to destroy the film, because all submissions in 2015 arrive in easily-trashed VHS tapes). The waiver includes roughly one line regarding consent or coer- cion, while a full paragraph covers the rights of any bands whose music may be used. Also, the waiver falls under the jurisdiction of Washington law, not Oregon (the Mediocrity is funded by a larger, more successful Seattle paper—as is the festival). How many Portlanders are familiar with or have a lawyer who can represent Washington law?

What about Hump’s call for “subjects (who) will be nearly naked (g-string and pasties), posed with strangers, and must be okay with being photographed as such” for a “live art” display? I guess preemptive consent makes for good art? What happens if a woman (or man) is lured into a scene they wouldn’t normally do, because some creeper from Craigslist (or Hump’s own website’s classified section, where I found that gem from above) convinces them they can earn good money, and hence the line regarding consent and lack of coercion, is signed hastily? What about the fact that $5,000 for a scene (this is the grand prize, other winners can only earn a stack) is about a fifth of pornstar minimum wage? Jenna Jameson does a handful of scenes per year at best, is rarely shown on a large screen outside of “adult arcades” and lives in a mansion. The unknown girls on webcams, can rake in ten grand a show. I know strippers who make five grand a week without having to do oral on screen. Plus, if you do the math, each of these showings nets far more than the five grand promised to whoever makes it to the last round of Survivor: Twenty-Something Regret Edition. This is full-on, fuck-to-play exploitation of lonely, attention-seeking Millennials.

Like anything falsely-labeled as “sex-positive” by the Mediocrity, Hump is nothing more than another outlet for adult children of baby boomers to get more of that PBR-soaked scenester attention. You can guarantee that if a porn company owned by a straight male, opened up shop in Portland and paid only the best of their actors a thousand dollars per group and finished product, that the Mediocrity would have a cover story equating it to human trafficking.

Further, remember when a 20-year-old female was ostracized, slut-shamed, ridiculed, arrested and tossed out of a fraternity-dominated sports college, just an hour south of Portland? Kendra Sunderland? From Corvallis? Neither does the Mediocrity. Probably because when it comes to actual news stories, those that regard an at-risk female’s shaming, at a college that practically funds athletic scholarships by seeking out the most qualified date rapists, Portland wants nothing to do with it. The Mediocrity did, however, mention her story in passing—calling her plea for compensation from a stolen sex tape a “hissy fit.” Double standards much? Real exploitation of a teenage girl is supposedly not newsworthy, while hipster exploitation gets an endorsement. Hipsters are rewarded for showing off their pubic mustaches, documenting sex with someone they’ll probably delete from Facebook in two months when their position on poly relationships gets a rude awakening via Planned Parenthood phone call. Meanwhile, a teenage girl’s future is shot to shit and the same “sex-positive” publication organizing a bargain-bin porn contest calls it a hissy fit.

The sex industry is still presented with the tee-hee adolescent undertone that is responsible for such wonderful things as homophobia, slut-shaming, victim-blaming and everything else the Mediocrity claims to be against (as long as the author doing so, has a published Twitter handle and no less than five events to promote). Oregon was just ranked in the top five states for reported sexual assaults. Perhaps an exclusive, scene-driven, low-brow approach to exploiting people for sex, attracts that special type of rapist transplant that can get away with the old drink-her-into-consenting trick. Perhaps the need for social acceptance and a whopping $5,000 can convince someone to sign on the “guess this isn’t technically rape” line. Isn’t there a semi-modern consensus that, if a woman regrets her decision to sleep with a man based on the circumstances surrounding her initial consent, it also counts as rape? I wonder if anyone who ever shot a homemade porno to win a month’s income or less, well, regrets doing what they did? If so, the Portland Mediocrity is endorsing what is, by their political slant’s own definition, a form of rape.

If anything, I’m just looking forward to seeing more of the Mediocrity’s jokes about crackhead prostitutes on 82nd Ave… the paper loves to make them, because they’re not targeted at white hipsters and the issues surrounding them are too real to address with a film festival.

Now, the one where the dick sings the Elliot Smith song, that is worth a write up.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com
All communication technology has been used for wanking. From cave paintings, to virtual reality, our sex drive is a fundamentally creative one. Thank you to all the engineers, who developed the Internet that can bring me in/f_inite free porn.

Thank you to all the models and performers, especially the queer, fat, differently-abled performers—whose sexualities are no longer invisible thanks to the Internet. Easy, free access to porn is AMAZING, but it’s really just a beginning.

With the Kissenger™, couples can send physical touch information from one “kissing device” to another, over long distances (or just to the other room, if they are extra kinky and/or self-conscious of their halitosis). To the hard-working-creative engineers who designed this, ok, first, wow! And, I have a few questions—who was the first intern who had to “stay late one night” and try it out with analogus? Can I save a kiss from the past and replay it? If so, I’m excited to finally be able to kiss my past self! Will divorce settlements of the future include a clause reading, “all saved kisses must be deleted!”

With 3D printing becoming more affordable all the time, there is ample opportunity to make your own science fiction dildos—if the dragon cocks from Bad Dragon are too scaly or the Vampire Fleshlight is yesterday’s news. I haven’t tried every dildo out there, but I anticipate a time when I can design something perfectly to my own specifications—maybe even incorporating real-time measurements of my sexy parts. Taking the concept of masturbation to that extreme level shows real dedication. So, to everyone out there who has done it already, I salute you.

In outer space, sex with binding straps holding you down isn’t subversive—it’s essential! I could be enticed by the possibilities of low-gravity sex on the Virgin Galactic Shuttle, but only if it’s my date’s treat. Knowing how much money I’d be spending on my entry to the 200-mile high club, might put a damper on my vaginal fluid production. Sure, I can get fucked in zero gravity now, but will I be able to fondly remember this while bank-rupt and sleeping on the street?

The technologies I have focused on already exist today, but Star Trek: The Next Generation (and perhaps Ray Bradbury’s The Veldt) proposed a room in which anything could be created, manipulated, combated, teased, flirted with and yes, fucked.

Though we saw Geordi and Data had lofty goals of intellectual challenges, are we really supposed to believe that Captain Picard never did the horizontal tango with a sexy brunette vamp in one of his Dixon Hill fantasies? Selfish, solo holodeck time would be my primary incentive for enrolling at The Academy. The research possibilities alone, make me wet between the legs. My trials would be so reproductively, and if my subjects are computer representations, there would be no pesky “morality” to get in the way of solid science.

All you sexbot engineers wasting your time on realistic human dolls…come on, there are niche markets out there for you to explore. I’m personally crossing my fingers for an anthropomorphic octopus. You know that feeling when you gently caress a sea anemone and it gently attaches its tentacles to your? Yeah, I want that, only all over my body! Tall, dark, handsome, with eight tentacles and a beautiful beak to whisper into my ear, “You had me at "asfhejhwwxxxxxsst."

I know, I technically could get that experience without a holodeck, but the prospect of rolling around on cndarians offends me. I’m not vegan, I just wouldn’t feel right harming helpless creatures for my own enjoyment (call me old fashioned). However, with virtual reality, anything is possible—even dead celebrities.

“I wonder how Erik the Red was in bed,” you might say as you type his name into a search engine and a computer calculates his probable sexual technique, based on the limited information we have about him (like “borrowing” DNA from frogs in Jurassic Park, the computer might have to fill in the gaps with some Alexander the Great and a dash of Ingvar the Far-Travelled). A few million calculations later, the sounds, “Oh yes Erik, pillage my ass!” will be heard by ensigns walking past the holodeck in section 9.

I’m sure that the marketing department would insist that advertising is a component of the experience, so there is sure to be a window reading, “If you enjoyed fucking (fill-in-the-blank), you might also like…” And, advertising targeted to my actual sexual preferences is something I could really get behind, so to speak. Once this Pandora’s Box is opened, I might find, “I don’t have any time for fucking living, breathing people anymore. I got started with Joan of Arc, but then couldn’t resist following the rabbit hole until I’d fucked half of the 13th century…” (and, in my holodeck, pre-sex showers are required, no matter what century you are from.)

Due to the demographic of people who will be first to use this technology, it wouldn’t be surprising for Lynda Carter and Marina Sirtis to be frequently requested by holodeck users. How fun for Lynda to learn from her Google alert feed, “Wow, among holodeck users, I’m a more popular fuck buddy than Nicole Scherzinger or Kate Moss!”

I know, some of you might be telling me this already exists…it’s called Craigslist. But, the holodeck lets me have my way with Emma Goldman or Rasputin, without involving actual attachments, breaking hearts or being called out for “objectifying” someone with a soul.

This technology, could be right around the corner for all we know. Perhaps, already developed with our tax dollars by the researchers at black ops facilities. If you’re reading this, selfish engineers…come on, share it with the rest of us already!

Dr. Helen Shepard is a clinical sexologist and sexualological bodyworker with a practice in Eugene. She is happy to hear about your sci-fi sexual fantasies and can be reached at EugeneSexology@gmail.com

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**Slut it up (verb)** — to share the pleasure of your body with whomever you please.
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REGRETS
Those were the droids you were looking for.
For this month’s very special issue from a galaxy that’s probably not all that far away, I have done my research on the most fantastic technologies “imagined” in the 1977 film, Star Wars, and compared these to technologies we currently use today. My discoveries revealed many exciting similarities and even a few mind-boggling finds.

Let’s start with the most obvious, holograms—a digital transmission of a 3D nature sent to a viewer who can not only receive a verbal message, but also physically see the projected figure. Now that we have seen Tupac and Michael Jackson “come back to life” on stage in holographic form, I just have to wonder what the rest of us HAVEN’T seen. 3D-visual technology for your laptops and even your handheld computer phone is no longer a dream—and you don’t even have to travel to the Dagobah System to prove it. Nagoya Institute of Technology, of Tokyo, Japan, has created what they call “fairy lights.” They are small in size, about 1cm cubed, but according to its creators, it is scalable and can be programmed to change shape. These shapes and forms include letters, numbers and even heart shapes, stars or patterns in our solar system. The creators say a femtosecond laser is used to create the holograms. The femtosecond laser emits pulses at super-fast speeds. That means, so fast we could never see it! The super fast laser excites the dots, called “voxels,” and they can then be manipulated into shapes.

The most jaw-dropping process of this application, however, is that unlike Star Wars, these guys went next level and made it so that the user can FEEL the hologram. Shock waves are created by the “voxels” when you touch them, making the user feel an impulse as if the hologram light actually has substance. Of course, the applications implied for the use of this genius is medical imaging and the gamer world. Somehow, I feel that this application could be put to much greater use.

Now, on to broader boundaries and galaxies. And, no, I’m not going to bring up the light saber, because scientists are still skeptical about the ability to encase a light weapon. With such a profound design, it is virtually impossible at this point in time. However, lasers are not so far from the reality of the Star Wars universe today. Starting with large-scale, warship-mounted arrays, the creators of these technologies embraced the bigger-is-better approach and that thought holds true to a degree. The Pentagon rolled out massive laser cannons that mount to ships, fighter jets and other large military vehicles. These laser arrays are not quite as colorful as depicted in the many epic Star Wars fireworks, but they do have the same end result in mind. An invisible beam can shoot just about anything that can’t see it out of the sky and can fire endlessly. As long as there is energy moving through it, there is no need to reload—as no ammunition is needed—which could potentially be a huge money saver in wartime scenarios where ammunition is a huge cost to the military.

The last few visionary concepts brought to us by the Star Wars films, will be grouped together because they cover a broad spectrum of robotics. Back in 1977, we were just getting a grip on what we now consider ancient technology, including those giant car phones that looked like satellite radios. But, the creator of what would become the most iconic science fiction film series to date, was dreaming up hover bikes, artificial intelligence, robotic companions, drones and synthetic limbs that can be controlled by the nerve endings in your brain. These wonderful movie makers, writers and dreamers, put forth ideas that were once simply imagined, but are now on the cutting edge of today’s world news.

Let’s start with bionic limbs that enable the user to control movement through mental and nervous system stimulation. Of course, DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) has its name written all over this, but other companies are working with the same technology. These bionic limbs allow the user ability to have sensation after they have lost a limb, by sending signals directly to the brain from the prosthetics fingertips. The ability to pick something up and use it, “not excluding” light sabers, with your own mind. I don’t know about you, but that sounds an awful lot like the force is definitely with us.

And, besides, if that doesn’t work out, we can just be frozen in carbonite and brought back in 30 years, when our brains can be transplanted into machines that would then serve as diplomats and wingmen to our Jedi Masters. Or, our predecessors—the clones—become so powerful they take over and annihilate our home world. Ok, so that’s getting back into the movies a little too much, but I have to admit, that our technology today is on the cusp of, or already surpassing, the creative imaginations of even the most hardened works of sci-fi and fantasy fiction—making them a reality we can no longer ignore and will inevitably catch up to.
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