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KINKSTER VISITS...
SPLATSTREAM



There's a new site making a huge splash on the kink scene - this week, ANITA HOWLER gets the dirt on Splatstream!

From the outside, 20-40 Waterfront Drive in Rockhaven doesn't look like anything unusual. For the thousands of people who pass through the harbor each day, it's a factory building like any other - all brown brickwork and arched windows, nestled among a crowd of similar buildings that sprang up back when manufacturing was big in the inlet town. Some of the companies occupying space in the building have been around since the beginning - but last year a new and very different neighbor moved in.

From the street, I duck into an archway that leads me into a forecourt packed with shipping crates and building materials, and I stay close to the brick wall as I head for the faded blue metal door further along - even with the directions I've been given, I'm convinced that I'm going to be yelled at for accidentally wandering somewhere I'm not meant to be. But as I approach the door I'm relieved to finally see a sign I'm in the right place. Among the cards with scrawled handwritten names on the list next to the column of door buzzers, there's one that draws the eye - the bold green logo of Splatstream.

A word of explanation if it hasn't been on your radar - Splatstream is a kink site with a unique theme. Sure, it has the beautiful bare bodies that you'd expect, but it features surprisingly little actual sex for an adult film studio. What it does have is quizzes, physical challenges, shaving cream pies to the face and gallons of gunge - the themes that were all over Saturday mornings a couple of decades ago, now in their horny young adult phase. Splatstream's video output is a mixture of single-scene videos and collections bundled up into game shows, where subscribers can watch a cast of models being splatted and gunked in an impressive variety of ways - for getting questions wrong, losing a game or just because.

For the moment, though, I find myself in an environment completely removed from the mess and noise of the games. I'm surrounded by my notes and recording equipment on a well-worn but comfortable leather couch in a room that looks more at home in a day spa than a former factory, sipping from a cup of fruit-infused water from the coolers in the kitchenette - grapefruit or cucumber are today's choices. On the opposite couch is Auren Wand, the mastermind of Splatstream herself - she's a youthful brown otter with short and spiky red hair as bright and lively as her personality. She's wearing tight shorts and a yellow T-shirt with her studio's logo emblazoned in black across the front - very reminiscent of the outfits for contestants on the 90s game shows that she's so inspired by.

"It started when I was… maybe nine or ten?" she starts, when I open with the question of what brought her here. "The kids' shows I watched had slime being thrown around a lot, but there was this game they played on Sat-AM Live that really got my attention… a kid would come on with their friend or sibling or whatever, and the partner got put in this sci-fi looking gunge booth while the contestant had to play a game to rescue them!"

She exudes a wonderful air of excitement as she stares off into space for a moment, and a grin spreads on her face as she pictures the game again. "The countdown and the tense music, and the alarms and flashing lights as this thing spewed nuclear colored goop all over them - it was made up to look like… like it was dangerous, there's this siren going off screaming "Get outta here, there's gunge coming!" but then they were deliberately putting someone in there to be splurged! My god, I was hooked - it felt thrilling and naughty and like you weren't meant to like it but you did anyway!"

I nod in agreement. I think readers and writers alike at Kinkster can appreciate that feeling - whether it's being tied up or paddled or whatever your preference is, there's often some element of putting yourself in what those "normal" people would think of as a bad position. Even though I've had my share of fluids in my fur, I'd somehow missed that being put in a TV gunge tank might become part of the BDSM experience - but a crossover of the two was where Auren got her start in the sexy film industry.

"Isabella's Imps!" she bubbles. "Yeah, I signed up to do a couple of scenes with them right after college - a couple of friends pulled me into it and it was a ton of fun, both in scenes where I got to be an Imp and when I was a captive. Even though you're there for the audience to look at, if you're working with the right people then you get to experiment and try out a couple of fantasies yourself too…"

"After I'd been with them a while, 'Bella came up with the idea of a twisted quiz show - give a wrong answer and the spanking machine turns on, or the rolling thing with the feathers gets closer to your bare feet…" Once again, Auren has that wonderful spark in her eyes as she remembers. "And it was so… gunge-coded, it felt like the thrill I'd had watching those old game shows! I really wanted us to add more messy punishments - I got to do one where I was in a reverse pillory having custard pies smashed on to my bum, but the others weren't as keen on it…"

Obviously it didn't catch on with Isabella either, then?

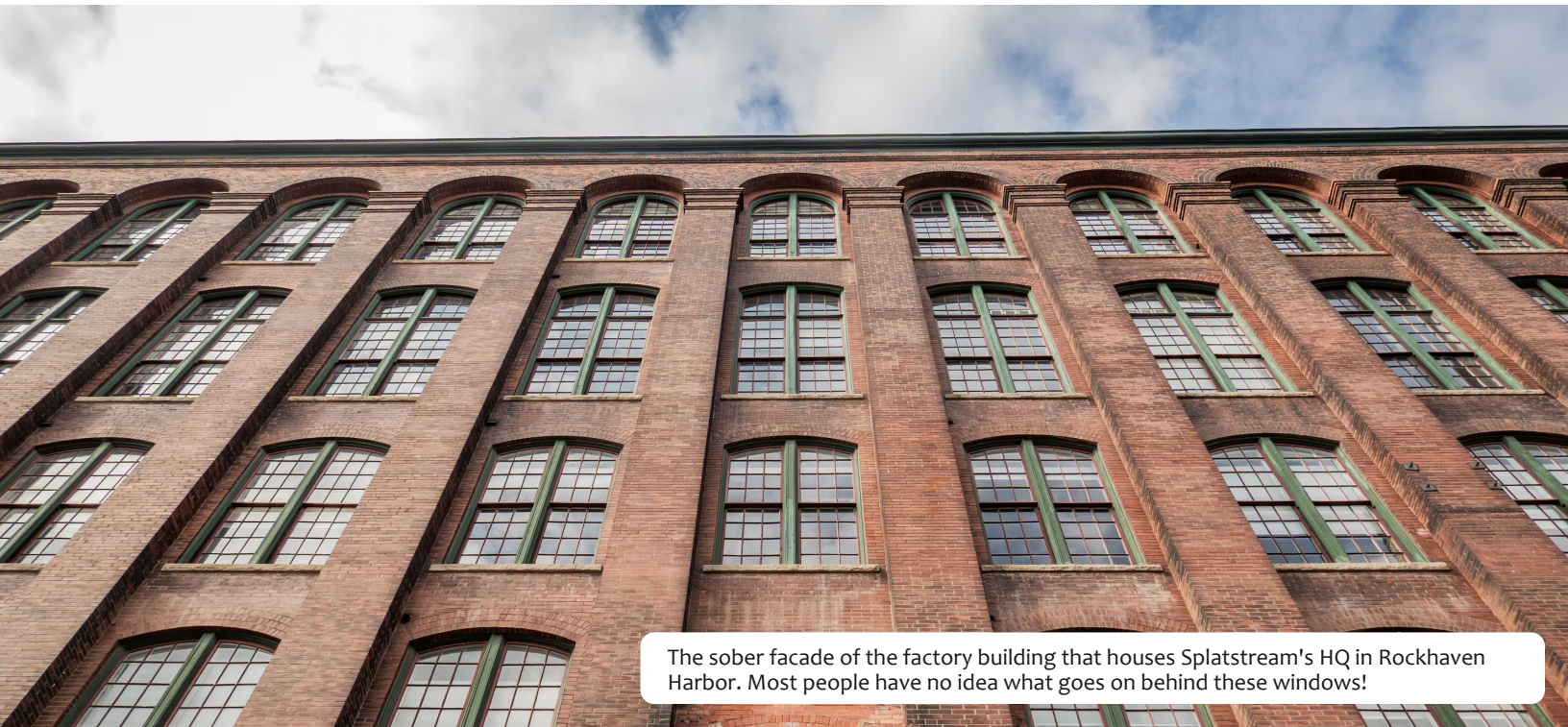
"Not exactly," she shakes her head. "I mean, I'm sure she'd have gone for it but it was totally impractical in the filming space we had - the setup and cleanup took like ten times longer than any other scene. So I got the idea to set up my own studio specially for messy stuff, and we went our separate ways - there are no hard feelings and we're still great friends."

So Auren had grand visions of a new kind of kink studio, but she was going to need a team to bring her ideas of slime-spewing machinery to life. And the first hire right out of the gate was Angela, who joins us on the couch next to Auren now. Next to the otter's burst of primary colors, Angela couldn't contrast Auren more - she's a monotone medium-grey wolf with an almost permanent self-assured smile, a foot taller than either of us, and there seem to be few areas of her black leather clothing that aren't covered in studs or spikes. My eyes are drawn particularly to her boots, tall and heavy with far more buckles and hardware than I think I could lift.

"I met her… maybe a year before starting the studio?" Auren remembers as Angela nods. "I got to know her through a friend who's really into his motorbikes - he'd told me she was a great mechanic, and somehow it had come up that she'd had some TV gunge experience…"

"Twice!" the wolf cuts in proudly. "Once when I was a kid on a game show called Rival Schools, and then on Industrial Zone when I was 22."

"Yeah - so apart from her knowing about the



The sober facade of the factory building that houses Splatstream's HQ in Rockhaven Harbor. Most people have no idea what goes on behind these windows!

technical stuff, I was so stoked to get to talk to someone who'd actually been in those amazing gunge machines! So I called her up, and we sat in a cafe near her house and I talked her ears off for hours asking about anything she'd seen about how they worked…"

Angela shows her teeth in a grin. "Yeah, I didn't get a full breakdown or anything but after the IZ recording our team got shown around the set a bit - putting a valve under a tank's easy and I'd seen how they did some of the other TV magic. I scribbled out some diagrams for Auren thinking she'd be hiring a build team for them, then she said… so, do you want a job building gunge tanks?"

"And I was so happy she came on board!" the otter adds. "That was the moment I knew this whole thing was actually going to happen."

Despite Angela having a more laid back air than the bubbly otter, I can tell that this is more than just a job to her as well - she's got the same kind of fire in her eyes whenever the machines are brought up. Where do they get their ideas for the contraptions and games?

"Basically it's the best brief ever - design and build machines to just muck someone up in the most spectacular way possible," the wolf says. "Sometimes Auren comes to me and the crew with a fully formed idea, but often we'll try something new, add a foam sprayer or a jet from the floor or something we haven't tried before. And we've also done a few builds where we try to replicate something from a gungy game show from the past… Auren's in touch with some prop collectors - god knows how they do it, but they've found all kinds of bits of the old Massive and Sat-AM Live sets for us."

"I love it when we get those together and we see them working again!" Auren beams. "It's great to revive the things that got me into this - outside the TV world you can get messy with everyday things like shaving foam or mud, but gunging's like this mysterious ritual you never see in real life or get to do at home… this unearthly glop and the contraptions that spew it on to you. There's an intensely sexy thrill in the machine being in control like that - even if gunge doesn't make you nervous, sitting in a tank with a timer running will!"



"That's right," agrees Angela. "It's fun to be on the receiving end of these things as well as building them, when you don't know what's going to happen! Although we've done a few scenes without the gunge tanks as well…"

"Yeah - sometimes you can't beat the feeling of just slapping a pie into someone's face," Auren grins.

Angela's smirk gets wider as she nods again. "Yeah, and that team pie fight you organized where you had us all wearing those bikinis that were soluble…"

"Of course!" Auren grins and claps her hands, then slaps Angela's knee playfully with the back of her hand. "Oh my god, and Sunny somehow kept her real bottoms on…" She gesticulates in front of her, struggling to get the words out through her laughter. "And Angela came up from behind her, yanked them open, stuffed a pie in there and just catapulted it into her ass, it went everywhere!"

I grin at the mental image as the two of them laugh together. Seeing their relationship reminds me of what I love about the modern state of our industry - being in the business of taking your clothes off for an audience of horny guys (and non-guys!) has the risk of being seedy and exploitative, but there's none of that here. Auren and her crew just seem to have so much fun producing their slimy, sexy games.

But there's a question that I've been wondering about since I first saw those gungy game shows, and now that I'm in front of a pair of experts I've just got to ask… what exactly is that stuff they cover people in, anyway?

"Wanna have a look?" Auren jumps up from the couch. "I think it's time that we showed you around a bit!"

I'm as eager as she is, and grab my phone and notes as I get to my feet as well. I make to follow the otter to the door we came in by, but she changes her mind and points to the back of the room as she doubles back towards me.

"Actually let's start with the showers!" she says as we make our way through the gap in the wood-effect tiled wall - once again I'm amazed by how classy they've made this place look, I feel like I'm taking a tour of a very exclusive gym.

The appearance of the shower room continues that theme - a brightly lit space with a couple of stalls with plastic curtains across them, slatted benches and a shelving unit with a plentiful stack of green Splatstream-branded towels. In one corner, a large clear shower enclosure stands with a couple of cameras pointed at it, one even mounted on the ceiling… do they even get to turn the cleanup into more content for eager fans?

"Yeah, but when you're in there you're not really cleaning up," Angela walks in behind us and shows her teeth in a grin again. "Once you've soaped up your tits and wiggled your ass for the camera you've got to get out and have a real shower - if you've been properly gunged it gets everywhere! You've got to get a heavy duty fur brush and scrub it out of your nose, buttcrack, all over - it's awesome."

Auren smiles. "Yeah, but Angela's got a sexy scruffy look that not everyone can pull off," she says, reaching up on her tiptoes to ruffle the wolf's long fur on her head. "She's great to gunge, with all that fur for it to cling to… she's like fifty pounds heavier when she comes out of a gunge booth! This is the only thing that can fix

The Gunge Gang

Profiles of some of the main players that make the messy magic happen!



Auren Wand is Splatstream's founder and director - after getting her start appearing in a variety of BDSM videos including Isabella's Imps, she started her own studio with a focus on messy fun.



Angela Bowie became Auren's right-hand wolf by happy accident, as a friend of a friend with first-hand gunge tank experience! A keen hobbyist mechanic, she's turned her skills to heading the build team form designing and building Splatstream's mucky monstrosities - as well as taking part!



Sunny Scales has a bright and bubbly personality but she's been putting visitors to the dungeon on Isabella's Imps in their place since the studio began! Auren got her to come across to Splatstream as well, where that fun mean streak can get applied in new slimy ways.



Viktoria Foxxx stepped back from getting naked on camera a while ago, but now she's one of Splatstream's invisible heroes - she's the one handling the cameras and other non-gunge tech that brings your supply of gooped girls!





And as Splatstream's gunge tanks muck up more and more of our favorite stars, there's an emerging cast of regulars - including stalwarts like **Madison Hart** and **Kelly Nightshade**, and newcomers to sexy videos like **Berry Sundae**.

that…" She walks across to one of the stalls and pulls the curtain open.

"This definitely isn't your normal shower," she shows me proudly, pointing around at the multiple showerheads in the ceiling, walls… there are even a few angled upwards from the floor. "We had a couple of shower stations custom-built with as many sprayers as they could fit into them… this gets people clean enough to set them up for another game in minutes!"

I nod as I look around the cubicle. It looks like it could summon up a mighty cascade all right - but I'm curious about why there's a bottle of blue dish soap in there.

"Oh - yeah," Angela leans over and picks it up. "Trade secret - it's by far the best thing for getting gunge out of fur! Usually we buy big industrial-size bottles of unscented stuff, though, 'cause with the normal ones you go around smelling like a plate for the rest of the day."

"Come on through and see our storeroom!" The enthusiastic otter nearly yanks me off my feet as she heads for the heavy double doors opposite where we came in, and hauls one of them open. We step out into a passageway further into the building, and this is much more what I'd expected of the interior of an industrial space - a tall thin corridor with exposed pipes and vents running above us, everything slathered in beige paint. I quickly step after Auren, who goes straight over and turns the handle of one of the scuffed blue doors - it's playfully marked with a decal showing a triangular hazard sign sunk halfway into a green splat pattern.



"Here's the vault!" she announces, and I follow her into the room as the fluorescent ceiling lights buzz into life. We're in a storage space with wire shelving racks lining the walls, groaning under the weight of dozens of large plastic sacks - they remind me of bags of grass seed, or maybe grit for melting ice. I'm hit with a scent that seems strangely nostalgic, but I can't place it until I realize the shelf in front of me is stacked with cartons of powder for making school poster paint. And the mightiest pile in the room is in the corner next to the door - a pallet of white sacks piled criss-crossed on top of each other up to the height of Auren's shoulders. She slaps one of the bags with a flourish as she turns to me.

"Hydroxyethylcellulose," she announces (though I had to spend ages reconstructing that word to a place where it would pass the spell checker). "Whip this up with some water and paint powder, and that's your authentic game show gunge… or we've got a whole selection of other stuff we try out sometimes if we want to make it foamy or stretchy or chunky or whatever…"

I glance around at the shelves again as she gestures. One bag showing a grinning mud-slathered canine catches my eye - "Instant Mud" is the brand name on it, and I can't help but smile at the descriptive label in the corner explaining "Color: Mud".

"We've used that a couple of times in a pool for wrestling videos," Angela says as she walks up behind me. "But some day I want to fill an entire dunk tank with it!"

I nod slowly, shuddering at the mental image. So how much of this do they get through in a shoot?

"Oh, shitloads," grins Angela. "But there's a chemical supplier a few buildings over, and we have a contact there who happens to quite like gunged girls! So he's always keen to get us a good price on some of the stuff we buy in bulk."

I glance around the room again, seeing a tall stack of mixing buckets in the corner next to a row of household drills with long stirring attachments in a custom-built rack on the wall, their batteries hooked up to a shared power bank. I guess this thing is one of Angela's inventions as well - it's fascinating to see how they've turned making vast amounts of this stuff into a very organized process.

"You ready for the main event?" Auren's voice comes from behind me again, and I nod and follow her back out of the room into the corridor again. Besides the doors leading to the shower and store room, there are two sets of wide double doors on the opposite wall, several feet apart - each of them with a large green numbered splatter decal.

"We've got two Splat Studios," the otter indicates. "Well, they're the same big space but we split it down the middle - wait until you see what we've got set up on this side!"

She opens the door and I'm hit with a wave of heat as we step through - they keep this place warm! The room beyond must be the size of a large indoor gymnasium, one side sectioned off with a heavy plastic curtain. Blackout curtains block out the tall arched windows on the building exterior, and in their place a studio rack hanging from the ceiling provides the lighting - plus a few tall cylindrical devices with obvious nozzles looming over us.

I shudder as I look at the imposing contraption set up in this half of the space - an angular chair with ankle cuffs dangling from the struts at its front, mounted on a rail that leads into a cave cut into a stony beige backdrop surrounded by faux ancient carvings and three gargoyle heads in a cluster above it.

"You recognize this one?" Auren asks, beaming proudly at it.

And I do - when I was a kid I saw popstar Shane Kyng questioning so many nervous contestants in this thing weekly on Saturday mornings. It's the Gunge Grotto from Massive!

"It is!" the otter nods gleefully. "And it's the real thing - hauled out of a studio basement somewhere and given a new lease of life thanks to Angela and crew!"

I can't deny my fascination - I saw many a parent or teacher gunged in this thing when I was just the right age to appreciate it. And I completely get what Auren was saying about gunge machines being this otherworldly thing - it's so weird to see a huge device meticulously made for getting people slimy in spectacular fashion, just set up in real life in front of me.

I drift towards the styrofoam cave entrance, hovering carefully outside without quite daring to step in. I feel another excited shiver at the back of my neck as I peer inside and see a cap that must cover the main chute on the ceiling, and a wide trough right above the inside of the entrance that must have made the curtain of gunge effect that I remember so well from this game. The floor and walls underneath are darkened with arc-shaped stains from Auren and Angela's recent recordings - and beneath them, a slotted drain is usefully set into the floor.

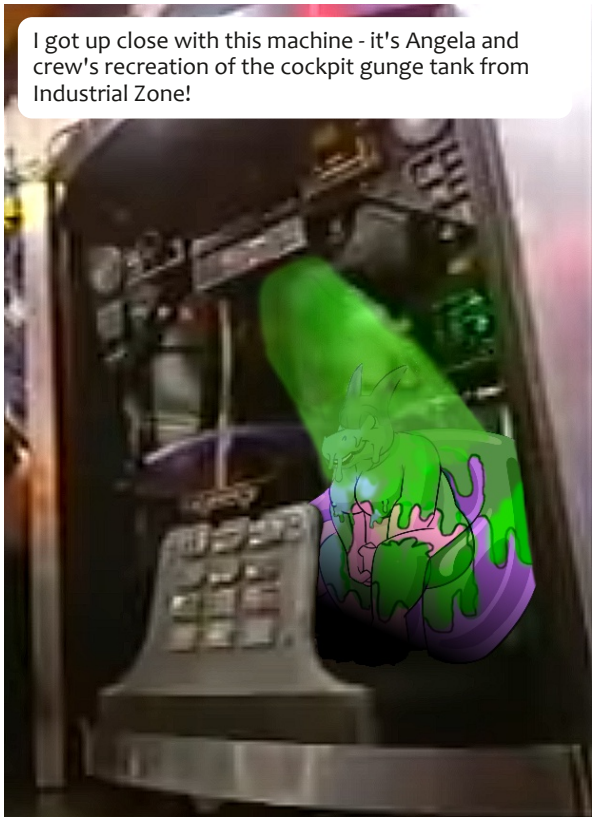
"Yeah, this place is perfect," Auren says when I mention it. "I think Angela was the one who found us this space for the studio as well… it's got all the plumbing and electric hookups we could ever need, a load of scrapped machinery we could adapt for props, and built-in facilities for dealing with the biggest spills we can make! Oh, and look at this…"

She scampers to the wall next to where we came in, and I follow her curiously as she hauls a nearby orange bucket over and puts it under the end of a three inch pipe that curves down from the wall at hip height. I jump as she flips a valve up, causing an unearthly gloop as thick green slime glops down into the bucket.

"You've got it on tap?!" I exclaim as Auren shuts the valve off again.

"Hah, not exactly," Angela grins - does she ever stop? Again, even though she's the less exuberant of the pair, I can tell she's enjoying the nervous twitches from a first time visitor. "There's a big tank in the storeroom behind that wall, which can keep a few dozen gallons warm and ready - if I ever get the time I want to try to add some sort of delivery of paint powder as well so you can get different colours!"

This wolf's ambitions for the manufacture and delivery of gunge are incredible - you can hardly believe that there was a time her mechanical skills were only aimed at motorbikes, she seems absolutely born for this role. As I'm taking in that thought, I look up at the facade again and think about the sheer effort that must go into setting these things up and cleaning them. How



I got up close with this machine - it's Angela and crew's recreation of the cockpit gunge tank from Industrial Zone!

does the team handle that process?

"We'll usually have one big machine set up in here and we do some of the smaller games on the other side," she says, gesturing at the translucent plastic curtain dividing the large room. "And we'll do a load of shoots back to back with the same set, then spread those out in the season schedule among other games. Especially for this one, it's an all day job to set them up and take them down, so we sometimes recruit a bunch of friends to help - but once it's up Angela will spend the rest of the night testing every nut and bolt on the thing anyway…"

Angela nods, and I'm surprised to see her confident smirk fading for the first time - it's clear this is something she takes seriously.

"Yeah," she says. "When you've got a model sitting under a basin of fifteen or twenty gallons of slime, that's… maybe a hundred and fifty pounds? For a safe margin, you've got to build something that can hold at least twice that - we don't want to suddenly turn into a torture porn site…"

"Angela might build things that severely mess you up, but even though pretending someone's trapped can be part of the fun, she's not gonna put you in danger to do it," Auren adds. "So you've really got nothing to worry about!" And as I write this, I'm listening back to my recording of exactly how she said that - I should have known my fate right then.

"We've got one of our new ones over here - come and take a look!" Auren has a glint in her eye as she takes my hand, tugging me towards the plastic curtain. I follow with oblivious interest, and she bats a section of the curtain aside to lead us into the other half of the studio where various contraptions are set up or stowed against the walls - I recognize a set of classic plastic gunge booths, a blue dunk tank, a very questionable-looking giant spray gun thing mounted on a box that's three feet long with shiny testicles to match… and the device that we're approaching now. This one's smaller than the Gunge Grotto but no less sinister-looking - it's a metallic chamber about six feet tall, a blowup pool chair placed against the back wall of its curved green-lit interior, with a maze of wires and flexible tubes stuck to the walls making it look like a cut-away section of a spacecraft set.

"This one's based on the cockpit game from Industrial Zone," Auren explains, putting her hand around my shoulder as we both stare into it. "You want to see what this one looks like from the inside?"

Angela comes up behind me and her hand is on my back before I can even register what she asked. She takes the flash cards I'm holding off me and I'm pushed gently but insistently over the threshold of the booth. Before I know it, I'm in the contraption's inflatable seat, stuttering as I look out at the two of them on either side of the camera that's pointed directly at me.

"Special request from your editor," Auren grins. "Just do us a favour - don't hide your face, okay?"

"Uh…" I nod even as my heart's thumping in my ears. Of course I knew this was going to happen, but in the moment my brain utterly failing to keep up with what's happening. Despite that, a flash of thought reminds me that I have to capture every moment of how this feels so I can report back on it… but that thought is cut off by the blare of an alarm and a hiss from a set of hoses pointed at me from the walls.

Kinksters, I promise I'll try but there is nothing on earth that can describe being gunged. Two sprays of white foam spew on to me first and I shut my eyes as the shaving foam-like mixture splutters all over my front. Then I'm dimly aware of the thud of the valve snapping open above me and I scream out loud at the first cool splatter against my head, and every nerve ending in my body goes into overdrive at once as the wave pushes my ears down and splats on to my shoulders. "Heavy" - I remember thinking of that word, the sheer heaviness of the gloop as it pours relentlessly down on to me, and the tingle of my fur as it crawls and oozes down through it, blanketing me in a cool wet embrace. Even louder than the gunge alarm is a noise I can't remember hearing on the recorded game shows - an almighty cacophony of squelches, slurps and liquidy slaps all around me as the stuff splatters against me, the walls and floor of the booth. There's a deep pouring noise right in front of me as the thick slime creeps around my muzzle and flows off my chin into a pool in my lap.

Under the onslaught I do my best to remember Auren's direction, resisting the urge to hide my face but keeping my head up instead, facing where I believe the camera to be as I hold my breath and let the gloop fall where it may. After what feels like at least half a minute, I suddenly feel the downpour come closer and hug my face, waves of it sliding thickly down the front of my head. Is it over? I don't feel anything slapping down on me any more, but the top of my head is caked in so much gunge that it's impossible to tell.

I pause for a moment, taking in the feeling of the stuff slithering through my fur. God, it's everywhere - I do my best to open my eyes, my eyelids half glued shut. All I see is a quivering curtain of green gunge in front of my face, clinging to somewhere on my hair or forehead. As I shudder, the glob of it tears away and splats heavily on to my lap, revealing the otter and wolf watching me with fixed grins.

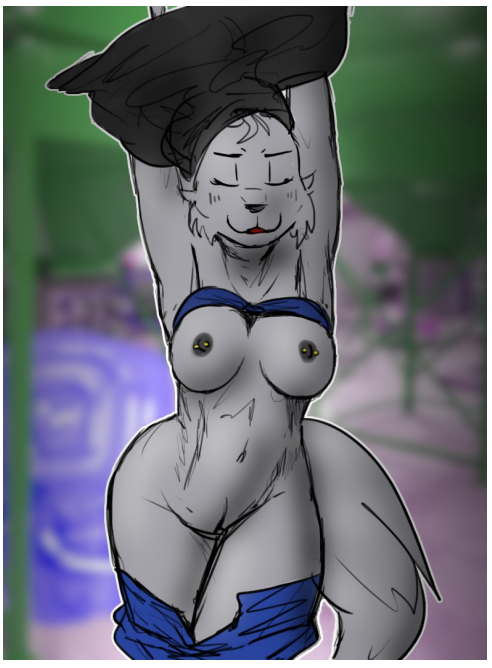
"You good?" Auren asks. I can't even remember what I say in response - it's probably incoherent. But… even as I'm sitting here in my claggy glop-soaked skirt and blouse, my fur attempting to bristle under the plastering of gluey slime, I do feel strangely good. I'm the sub in the craziest, most unique scenario possible - I've got cameras on me which could be broadcasting my mucky fate live across the nation, I'm the loser of a game or a vote and I'm being humiliated for it… but I'm also the center of attention, the real star of the show. Because I've just been gunged. What a dirty, obscene, fantastically fun word!

"Can I have my cards?" I pick my hands off the seat and there's a renewed shudder as the stuff slides thickly around and off my arms. I indicate to the pile of flash cards that Angela grabbed from me, a blob of the green gloop slithering off my finger and splatting heavily to the floor of the gunge tank. The wolf looks down at them with her amazing grin and hands the last one to me. I take it with an outstretched finger and thumb and blink down at it. As I try to keep it out of the way of the thick green drizzles sliding off the front of my hair, I recall the last thing I'd meant to ask.

"Okay…" I begin, before nearly collapsing laughing at trying to continue despite my current situation. "Finally, a reader question - can he book a private session with you and your studio?"

Auren holds her finger up and wags it. "No private sessions!" she starts. "And I'll tell you why - because what's a gunging without an audience? But if you're brave enough to get your clothes off and risk a gunge game on camera, we'd love to have you… you're gonna look amazing when you're the messiest you've been in your life!"

Splatstream's contact information is on their site… along with a new video of an incredibly messy kink magazine writer.



KINKED LINES

When Anita announced the visit on our live chat and asked for reader questions, we got flooded with the most requests we've ever had for a studio! So to satisfy your curiosity, here are Auren and Angela's responses to just some of them...

I LOVED your recent scene with Kelly, Berry and Angela!!!! I'm somewhat of a new fan and haven't really explored your back catalog, so to help me out I wanted to ask - What's your FAVOURITE scene you've ever filmed? I wanna know what was the sloppiest, naughtiest, and most beautiful you've seen your models <3
-ZanzibarFox

Auren: My favourite scene's always the one we're about to shoot - Angela and her team are always coming up with new and exciting ways to bring the slime! But if I had to pick one that stands out, it was when we got to gunge Kelly Nightshade after that scene you mentioned - I've been a huge fan of hers for a long time, and only she could take an upside down slime onslaught the way she did!

*I haven't seen as much Splatstream stuff as I would have liked to, but I'm curious: How does someone get *on* SplatStream? Do you just tap a hottie on the shoulder in the street and offer copious amounts of slop? XD*
-Wider_Spider

Auren: We're still pretty niche, I don't have that kind of sway yet :) I'm lucky to have a lot of connections through friends of friends in the sexy film industry, and I take advantage of them all I can to score some stars! A lot of them are curious because it's a kind of shoot they've never been in before - and the nervousness of a first timer can make for the best scenes.

We also welcome amateurs, if you're brave enough to get your clothes off and face the gunge on camera - contact details are on our site!

i wanna know all abt how you mix and make all that gunge! what flavour is it?? do you ever warm it up beforehand??? any previous recipe experiments to get to todays???? i want all the sloppy secrets!!!!
-TUNIS_CORESEC_SCHD006

Angela: We knew the classic HEC recipe from the gungy game shows from the beginning, but we've experimented with a few things to make our slime foamy or stringy or lumpy depending on how we want it to look! I've got a device in our backstage space to make mixing big batches easier, it's just a tub and a bank of electric paint stirrers. You have to mix most kinds of gunge warm, so it's a matter of how much it's cooled down before it goes over someone's head!

Auren: Different models have their own preferences - some of them only like warm gunge but some get a real thrill out of trying to escape it if they know it's going to be cold!

Ever wonder how you made those pies?
- DWK009

Angela: My recipe is a load of bars of kids soap - the kind that's gentle on eyes - and a cheese grater! Shred them, blend them with water with a drill attachment and add some xantham gun for stiffness. And you can get prop pie bases made out of sponge, so they're soft but still heavy enough for throwing!

I always love the moment when you say "show us the goods", signalling we're about to see a model flaunt themselves! Where did the catchphrase come from?
-LemonCat

Auren: What? Do I say that?
Angela: Every video.

I'm very curious, what are the easiest and most difficult games to clean up, if at all ;P?
-TheRainbowBee

Angela: It's funny, the massive gungings are actually the easiest to clean up because we've prepared for them! Containing the leftover gunk was something I knew I had to learn to do after our first couple of shoots - so a catch basin and drain feature on most of the big machines.

The worst are when we do games with obstacle courses, without booths to contain it - watching gunge just go everywhere is awesome but then you've got so fucking much to clean up!

Auren: Yeah, but it's worth it. We got a big inflatable gauntlet custom-made last month and you'll see it starting to appear in videos soon…

I'm always getting bogged down with my own scenes in keeping them safe. It's always at the front of my mind and I can never switch it off and enjoy it!You always make the fun seem so effortless and just loving the moment... are there any tricks the stream uses to make the stressy bits less of a hassle?
-HeartlineDii

Auren: God, I wish I could give you some practical advice, but not everyone can just get hold of a factory space that's got all the facilities we could ever need…

Just knowing the things you need are there really helps ease your mind, no matter whether the scene's big or small - and that comes with experience. Making sure the slime's contained to where you want it, having plenty of towels on hand, and a planned route to the shower lined with something with good grip!

Long time fan, first time caller and maybe one day hopeful here. If I can start with one I imagine you get a lot, what's the design process for your games/scenes? I imagine there's a few you and the others want to bring to life but, well, budgets and all that.
-QueenOfTarts

Angela: Everyone gets involved, build team and models alike - most of it just starts with someone saying "Wouldn't it be awesome if…?" And it gets added to my whiteboard in the store room, and eventually we find a way to do it! Sure, there are always things that seem out of reach, but the team's now building things that I thought would be impossible for us when we first started. It keeps it interesting when you want to make each game slightly more spectacular than the last.

*You all are so polished and poised with everything you present; it all exudes an air of total preparation. It makes me curious how prepared you actually *were* for what Splatstream has become. Were there any big risks with starting Splatstream, that you worried might not pay off?*
-rainastorm

Auren: Agh, practical stuff! I've been lucky to have the connections and support that I do, and most of us in front of the camera had a good following to start with so Splatstream had a fanbase before we even shot our first scene. That definitely took away some of the risk of it… and I guess I was set on doing this enough that I ignored any doubts! If you've got a dream, do all you can to grab it while you can :)

*Even though I've appreciated the adult media craft for many years as a viewer, I can barely stomach the thought of being exposed to my *pets*, let alone wide audiences. When did you first realize you were gonna commit to doing things with full frontal nudity? How did it feel the very first time you exposed yourself in front of the world? And what's it like having that as your occupation?*
-ZeusInvert

Auren: It's kind of like… you know how everyone hates their own voice when they hear it played back to them, but nobody else thinks about it? You've got to take a breath, let go of the embarrassment and appreciate yourself :) Being naked on camera's daring, but everyone knows there's been an audience for it for hundreds of years! You're doing something naughty but fun, and people are cheering you on for it - that's an amazing feeling.

Angela: I never really thought about it, it never bothered me. People love wolf tits.

Auren: You know, up until recently I had a dress code of no clothes in gunge tanks, ‘cause who doesn’t love seeing bare slippy boobs and butts? But lately I’ve kinda got into putting people in there with their clothes on sometimes too - it’s an exciting kind of look, like they’ve just been plucked out of an audience by surprise! And if you don’t have fur, clothes give the gunge something to cling to and it makes things look even messier :)

What you all create is truly daring and special, and it looks like you all have such a whale of a time over and over again. But the work involved from every single angle and role must be absolutely immense, and it seems quite nonstop. Do you all ever have to deal with burnout, and any unfortunate loss of spirit due to even a dream job being a job? If so, how do you manage it and find the joy again?

-haileewing

Auren: Good question! Splatstream’s a huge effort from everyone involved, but seeing the result come together and getting to host all the messy fun gives me energy like you wouldn’t believe. And even though we release videos throughout the year, we do a lot of shoots clustered together and then take some time off before the next round - by the time we get back to our studio I’m always buzzing to get things going again!

this question is for anita actually :) i figure you’ve certainly been ambushed and gunged by now, so why not treat yourself to the full monty! if you want, can you get your boobs out and tell us how it feels for that good stuff to trickle down and take over your bare titties? :)

-irrelevant_sponge

Anita: Oh, my~

Auren: We're definitely gonna get her again - stay tuned :)



SERIOUS HARDW

