

The Case For High-Tech, Programmable Sex Toys

In The Ongoing Interest Of Badass Female Empowerment — And In Honor Of The *Awesome* E Jean Carroll — This Opinion Piece Is Proud To Make The Case For The Below Items. And What To Dub It? Well, What Else But ... Wait For It ...

The SMARTIE Dildo and/or The SMARTIE Vibrator

Set Forth Below Are Preliminary Marketing Talking Points In Support Of *The SMARTIES*:

- It Features A Geolocation Sensor Which Reliably Finds Your Clit & G-Spot. (No More... “I Swear He Has Trouble Finding My Spots Even w/ A Headlamp And An Anatomical Map! No, The *Other* Left Stud Muffin.) Ooooh, Finally. Sweet Jesus!”
- It Will *Never* Ask You For Post P-I-V... *Feedback*. “Well, That Was Pretty Freaking Awesome! It Was Pretty Great For You Too, Right?” GTFOOH, Wanker!
- If You’re Having A *Bad Hair* Moment, It Will *Never* Take It Personally. “Are We Having A Relationship Challenge, Honeybunch?” * “No, Clyde**, We’re Just Having a Pfucking Fight.” “It Might Be A Good Idea To Book A Counseling Session w/ Pastor Mike.” “I Will Not Be In The Same Room w/ That Pfucking Evangelical Creep!” “Well, That Kinda Hurts My Feelings.” Yeah? Then Grow-a-Pair And Dealwiddit.” “You Know, I’m Not Sure That I Like This *New* Claire.” “Well Guess What, Clyde?** I Bloody Well Do!” “Oh, My...”
- It Will *Never* Be A Moody Or Otherwise Uncommunicative A\$\$WHOLE Son-Of-A-Bitch. It *Knows* What It’s About And Is Clear About Its *Purpose*. [Ed. Note: That Alone Should Cinch The Sale.]

We Have Some Specials And Promotions To Announce: From Now Through Month End, Your *SMARTIE* Purchase Will Include A Complimentary Copy Of E Jean Carroll’s Memoir, *What Are Men Good For?* We Will Also Be Holding A Pet Name Contest For Your Beloved *SMARTIE*. (You Know, Like Men Have Been Doing For *Millennia*?) Cash Prizes For Top Three Submissions Will Be \$5,000, \$2500, \$1250.

An Evangelical Father/Son Chat: To Wit, Son, Please Read This. You Mean This Thing About Dildos & Vibrators? Why? Trust Me, Son. And My Hard-Earned Biblical Wisdom. Okaaay, Daddy. The Above Is What Will Happen If You Let Your Beloved Source Her Own Sex Toys. There’s An Evil Site In New Hampshire

— www.TooTimid.Com. [Ed. Note: This Is An A-W-E-S-O-M-E Site! Every Time I'm On It I'm Asking "That End Goes Where? Really? Holybejesus!]

Why, It's The Devil's Workshop! As You Read Above, Allowing Her This Unfortunate *Personal Freedom* Can Make Her Difficult, Obstinate, Uncooperative, **Uppity** and Generally Bitchy. You Simply CANNOT Allow This Poison Into Your Sacred Marriage! Yeah, Okay Daddy. But I Don't Know The First Thing About These Sex Toys. How Can I Be Sure To Find Toys That Will Satisfy Her? Her Satisfaction Is NOT The Point, Eejit! Jesus! It's Actually Best To Find Toys That *Won't* Overmuch Turn Her On. Ideally, You, Of Course Should Be The SOLE Source Of Her Sexual Satisfaction, Right? Right, Daddy; Of Course.

You Know, Daddy, Overall Clarissa And I Are Quite Happy. I Know, And That's Yet Another Problem. Another Problem? You're "Happy" Because You're Not CONTROLLING Her Enough! Huh? I've Been Talking To Pastor Mike About This. Oh Thanks, Daddy. We Agreed That *Your* Commitment To The Biblically Just And Correct Principles Of Patriarchy And Complementarianism Need Bolstering.

Can I Please Go Now, Daddy? Certainly. You're A Grown-Ass Man Are You Not? I Guess So, Daddy. I Guess So...

* I Pfucking L-O-V-E That Fifties *Term of Endearment*!

** "Clyde" IS NOT Her Beloved's Given Name. (Just So You Know...)

Overheard In The Blessed Sacred Marital Bed

Alyssa, Think You Can Give It A Break With Those New **SMARTIES** Of Yours? We Haven't Had Any Sex Since You Got Them Last Week. What Do You Mean? I've Been Having Plenty Of Great Sex! Yeah, With *Them*, Not Me! Well, You Know... No, I Don't — wtf? I Just Feel So Incredibly Bonded With Them. They're Sex Toys, Alyssa!!! You Make Them Sound...*Dirty*. Oh, Pfuck Me. They're My New *Besties*. Better Get Used To It. I'm Gonna Go Make Sure The House Is Locked Up. Don't You Dare Touch Them While I'm Gone. If You Hurt Them, I'll Kill You! Well, That's Wonderfully **Rational**, Dear. Why Don't You Just Go To Sleep. And If You're Gonna Wank, Do It Before I Get Back, OK? Anything For You, Dearest. You're Just **Jealous** — Of My New Stud Muffins. How Pathetic Is That? I'm Gonna Book A Session w/ Pastor Mike...

And I'm Not Jealous Of A Goddamn Sex Toy! Coulda Fooled Me :) arf! arf! arf!