

Biting the bullet

I WAS expecting a bullet in the post. A turbo-boasted vibrator shaped like a bullet. But I changed my mind when I found out it was a demo product. I won't test some dodgy device that's been inserted into every hole the reps can find.

Curiosity had been kindled by a press release. "You can automate sound systems, TV, lights, curtains. But for the ultimate in home automation, automate your wife!" I thought anyone with the audacity to market such a thing in a society where male dominance is the root of all evil deserves to be publicly humbled.

The appliance is called "The Toy". You can tell men made it. It's hard plastic. It salutes. It's the prototype erection. It oper-

ates as a receptor connected by Bluetooth technology to two cellphones. To play you need a man, a woman, two cellphones and one toy. The man goes away. The woman stays home. The man sends an SMS. The woman receives it. She inserts the toy, or has it in, ready to receive the SMS, which gets converted into vibrations using wireless and CPU technology. She later pulls it out by the high-tensile coated cable antenna, which doubles up as "the string".

The toy reads SMSs in the Latin alphabet, but it reads the vibration, not the word. So if the letter "A" gives your favourite vibration, you could ask your man to press it 164 times. Bang goes intellectual mental foreplay.



ROGER RABBIT FAN:
Samantha of Sex and the City

Even illiterate folks can play because they can type gibberish. But they'd need three grand.

This toy, clearly designed for male pleasure, has turbo-boosted circuitry for more motor power. It has five hours of continuous play, is compatible with 33 cellphones and has global range; the only limit is network coverage.

It even comes in an attaché case with CD-Rom manual, wall charger and quick-start card.

A friend who owns a vibrator called the Rabbit suggested the man look up the longest word in the dictionary, memorise it and just repeat that every time.

But the point of a vibrator is that it's in a woman's control. And it liberates us from men. This toy is the ultimate male domination while avoiding penetration.

Imagine a husband passing a phone around to perverts in a bar who only know how to say "Drop dead gorgeous." Least of all, it would sound ambiguous.

Meanwhile she's lying there strapped to technology, cell in hand and toy in utero. She may as well put her phone on vibrate, waterproof it and insert that instead. — *Shani Raviv*