

Round and 'round went the big fucking wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel.
Until at last his wife she cried,
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."
—"The Fucking Machine," from The Dirty Song Book (Jerry Silverman, 1982)

A cyber-nightmare stalks the American male's virility. The inevitable collision of sexual perversion and technological innovation has produced a new wave of "fucking machines"—motorized devices designed to achieve tireless, high-speed penetration of the human vagina and other, even dirtier, orifices. And what's more unsettling, these electro-powered metal-and-rubber monsters are being marketed to women and gay men—the two most dangerous elements of our society.

As a human male with a human penis, I am offended. No matter how many sit-ups I do or protein shakes I drink, I still can't compete with the greasy, steely stamina of these horny automatons. No matter how many handfuls of Viagra, Levitra, and Cialis I jam down my gullet, I still can't muster 300 thrusts per minute until the electric company shuts off the power.

This sense of my relative physical frailty, the humiliating knowledge that I can't satisfy a woman of my own tribe with the same piston-pumpin' ferocity as a pile of nuts, rubber, and bolts, is what informs and fuels my rage against the fucking machine. I am jealous of its stamina and, yes, maybe even its looks.

The granddaddy of fucking-machines websites, www.fuckingmachines.com, shows crude animated GIFs for a slew of motorized hump-contraptions with scary names such as "The Intruder," "The Trespasser," "The Hammer," "The Predator," and—my favorite name—"The Drilldo." Watching these perpetual-motion appliances

LARGE-BREADED ASIAN WOMAN howls with pleasure at the orgasm-inducing thrusts of a "fucking machine."



pump-
ing away
with locomo-
tive fury was a
shamefully emasculat-
ing experience for me.
The home page for

www.fuckingmachines.net only rubs more salt in my wounds:

These women experience pure penetration and unrelenting vibration for the first time in their lives. They control the speed of the penetration. They control the depth of the penetration. They control the intensity of the vibration. They fuck like they have never fucked before. It's a beautiful thing to watch—orgasm after orgasm!

A man who builds fucking machines for a living describes their technical advantages over the human male:

With fucking machines...you can easily achieve more penetration stimulation than possible in any other way. My normal fucking machines might have a stroke up to 6", and up to 300 strokes a minute...One based on a reciprocating saw (my "Hole Saw") can easily do over 2000 short (1-1/4") strokes a minute. Not a chance any human can match any of that....

The website for a product called the "Jetaime," which resembles a padded barrel with a dildo sticking up through it, lists "REASONS WHY JETAIME IS BETTER THAN A MAN," which they claim is "Adapted from the Cucumber Book":

JETAIME is at least six inches long ... JETAIME stays hard for as long as you need ... JETAIME never suffers from performance anxiety ... JETAIME will never make a scene because there is another JETAIME in the house ... JETAIME will not leave dirty shorts on the floor.

"My wife came over and over again," writes a fucking-machine manufacturer regarding his spouse's first ride on a mechani-cock. "She scratched me 'til I almost bled."

"It saved my marriage!" enthuses one satisfied customer's online testimonial. "[The

machine] serves as the other male partner my wife always fantasized about (double penetration, a huge black cock, etc.), but that I would have never accepted with a real guy. And much safer, too (no STDs, no danger of her falling for the other guy, etc.)"

"My wife cannot believe this machine," burbles another happy cuckold. "She has ridden it every day for up to

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3 hours...wow! Every orgasm is a '10.' She's hornier than ever..."

In a discussion of fucking machines posted on soc.sexuality.general, one man shares my fear of imminent sexual obsolescence:

With all these mechanical dicks hanging, lunging and/or pumping all over the place, has the male penis, the actual embodiment of straight and hard, become obsolete? Have we, as men, lost our claim to the title of pleasers of women?...It is my pride and joy that I can get women off like they never have gotten off. But what good am I if she can have all of the above done by a machine?



"My own fascination with machine toys is twofold," Sartan writes on a Usenet discussion board. "First (and probably primarily) is the mental aspect...helpless before the machine, as it were. A machine, as opposed to a human, is relentless. Relentlessly consistent and mechanical. It doesn't ever get tired (as long as it has a continuous duty motor), doesn't quit, you set—it goes. I routinely use my fucking machines on my wife for several hours at a time (it's a power trip thing for me)...It's a huge turn-on to watch Jenni getting fucked by a machine."

This theme of using fuck-machines to indulge sexual sadism is even more evident in one post on a gay-bondage newsgroup: "I've heard stories of mechanical fucking machines that you can attach a dildo to and flip a switch—and fuck forever. Just imagine the look on a poor boy's eyes when after he's been tied down securely, the machine comes out—one that never tires, and is always indifferent and deaf to cries for mercy."

FOR REASONS OF UNBRI-
DLED VANITY and a bottom-
less sense of insecurity
regarding my place in the
cosmos, I worry about these
so-called "fucking machines."
I fret that the more these metallic
beasts become popularized, the less
currency I will hold as a sexual being.



IT'S DIFFICULT TO MAP OUT a history of the modern fucking machine. Although motorized sexual gizmos have existed as far back as the late 1800s, a discernible trend of electronic penetration devices only seems to have emerged as recently as the mid-1990s.

In her book *The Technology of Orgasm*, Rachel Maines chronicles over 50 sexual-stimulation appliances developed before 1900, all under the medical guise of curing women of "hysteria." These ranged from small, hand-cranked doohickeys all the way up to giant steam-powered thingamajigs which necessitated a crew of laborers in a separate room to feed them with coal.

But between then and now, lost in a tangle of vibrating bullets, magical eggs, and battery-powered marital aids, there exists a sort of Dark Age regarding the genesis of the modern fucking machine. The makers of the "Sybian," which might be regarded as more of a high-tech vibrator than a full-on penetration gadget, claim the idea for their squirming dildo-on-a-barrel device was hatched in the early 1970s and finally began development in the mid-'80s.

"I don't think any specific invention started the modern boom," claims a man calling himself "Sartan," who began building fucking machines in the mid-1990s and sells models crafted from such items as toolboxes and attaché cases. "There certainly aren't any components involved that couldn't be found or swapped at the turn of the prior century, if you didn't mind steam as a power source."

Sartan is the most articulate and passionate of the new crop of fuck-machine builders, these pioneers who meld sexual fetishes with tool-shop savvy, who mix the Marquis de Sade with Bob Vila. They engage in a kinky techspeak revolving around pivot points and linkage, of converting rotary to linear motion, of stroke length and thrusts per minute.



Painfully aware that I cannot compete with these apparatuses on the physical plane, I agonize over the fact that I will finally have to develop personal charm and act nice to women.

I asked a female friend whether she was aroused at the idea of these newfangled electro-studs, and, at least for the record, she denied that they moisten her lap. "I can't get turned-on by anything that doesn't have a heartbeat," she told me, possibly lying.

In an online discussion thread regarding the socio-sexual implications of fucking machines, other women tend to agree with my friend's sentiment: "How can a machine kiss you and hold you afterward?" one of them gently asks. "It's the touch contact that is just as, if not more, satisfying than sex and multi-orgasms. Only another person can provide this."

"You're human," counsels another. "You have a warm body. You have a mind. You can speak. You can smile, laugh, massage, cuddle, whisper sweet things, etc., things that a machine cannot."

That all may be true, Toots, but I can't wiggle my pickle 300 times a minute and keep it up forever. And that is why point, set, and match go to those goddamned fucking machines.



RAGE AGAINST THE FUCKING MACHINE



**A BRIEF, HURRIED GUIDE TO
A FRIGHTENING NEW WAVE OF
MOTORIZED PENETRATION DEVICES**