

3 Coins in the Condom Machine

can one achieve
MAXIMUM INTIMACY
and
ABSOLUTE PLEASURE
using coin-vended
novelty items purchased
in dive-bar restrooms?



So you're stinking-drunk in some crusty low-rent bar bathroom, fumbling through your pocket for three quarters to buy a rubber with which to safely bone some skaggy barfly whose mascara is as thick as Groucho Marx's greasepaint mustache.

You're in luck. You forgot to do laundry, and there are five bucks' worth of quarters in your pocket waiting to be

wasted. So, your head swirling amid the scents of cheap cologne, mothball-smelling urinal cakes, and freshly dumped Skid Row poopie, you keep feeding coinage into the machine's cold, scuffed-steel mouth. Every time you insert three quarters and twist the handle, a small, cellophane-wrapped package plops emotionlessly out of the machine. Every packet is adorned with brightly colored '70s-style artwork and screaming headlines that guarantee so much pleasure, it might be painful for you.

You buy rubbery items:
"SUPER STUDDED LUBRICATED PREMIUM QUALITY CONDOM..."

Electrify Her with studded rubber nubs...DRIVE HER WILD WITH PLEASURE!..." and "GLOW IN THE DARK RING OF PASSION...EXCITE HER! STIMULATE HER!..."

You buy creamy, oily items:
"Enjoy That Moment of Pleasure Together with CLIMAX CONTROL...A NEW REVOLUTIONARY LOTION DESIGNED TO PROLONG INTERCOURSE..." and "DELICIOUS LOVE DROPS...Flavor Your Lovemaking Experience..." and "VANILLA FLAVORED PERSONAL LUBRICANT WITH GINSENG FOR INCREASED SENSITIVITY."

You buy goofy little temporary tattoos featuring "dangerous" imagery such as cartoon spiders and scorpions:

"Body Play Tattoos...TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE...FOR A BOLD NEW YOU!...The Ultimate in Fun & Fantasy...BE WILD...BE CREATIVE...PUT THEM ANYWHERE!..."

You buy dirty little pictures designed to enhance your arousal:

"Sneek-A-Peek...Totally Erotic Photos...Your Own Private Stripper," which describes a series of naked photos of chicks with suspiciously lush vintage bushes whose nudity is superimposed with scratch-off fake bra and panties which you rub away with a nickel, only to watch her undergarments magically reappear after a few seconds.

You buy joke items:
"OVER THE HILL CONDOM—LIFETIME SUPPLY—CONTENTS ONE—FOR THOSE WHO AREN'T AS GOOD AS THEY ONCE WAS AND ONCE MORE WOULD PUT THEM SIX FEET UNDER..." and "THE ORIGINAL Slick Willy COMMEMORATIVE CONDOM—Meets Presidential standards set by the White House—Sure way to avoid embarrassing dress stains—Designed for a full cover-up."

The Rocking Position
We leave the Arabians and their "ships of the desert" to thank for this erotic impart. This position allows frictional stresses between the partners while they grope rock to a prolonged orgasm aided to the swaying of camel.



You buy purportedly educational items, such as the tiny, Cracker Jack-box-toy-sized "Exotic sexual artistry FROM AROUND THE WORLD!" booklet which illustrates a dozen sexual positions and their countries of origin.

You scoop up your cache of Lovemaking Aids and escort your quarry back to your moldy studio apartment, where intense pleasures and scorching intimacy erupt as you snap on a glow-in-the-dark Casper the Friendly Ghost condom atop which you've applied a pink studded tickler, with "intimate gel" rubbed on one of your nips and "love drops" on the other, and a smiley face daubed on your tummy in strawberry-flavored edible neon body paints. You both giggle at the bawdy cleverness of the "pecker stretcher" joke while doing the "wheelbarrow position" as instructed by the tiny booklet, and she doesn't even

"Haven't you always wanted a glow-in-the-dark cock and an ass that tastes like vanilla and ginseng?"

realize you've been fantasizing about the hairy-lapped, Farrah-feathered chippie whose scratch-off panties you just rubbed away with a nickel.

Sound like fun? Haven't you always wanted a glow-in-the-dark cock and an ass that tastes like vanilla and ginseng?

I wanted to sample these forbidden pleasures for myself, so I blew a roll of quarters. I should note that the cellophane wrapping is way too tight on most of these packages, and one risks losing one's erection in the process of opening a novelty item intended to augment said erection. As part of my research, I employed the services of my trusty female assistant, who says the ribbed rubber and luminous studded tickler did nothing to intensify her pleasure. The prolong cream mildly deadened my penile sensations, but nothing major. We couldn't bring ourselves to use the banana-flavored condom, but I tasted it, and it tasted sweet and banana-y, and this doesn't make me a fag, I swear. The flavored neon body paints had the texture and taste of strawberry cake frosting, which is pleasant, although hardly aphrodisiacal. The only item which seemed to help was the flavored body drops, which seemed to contain some Ben Gay-style heat-enhancing compound that for some reason actually got the blood flowing in all the right places. But overall, the most noticeable effect these novelties had on our lovemaking was that we were both laughing during sex.

And then I wondered about the people who *don't* find this stuff silly. What about the losers who are so socially retarded that they learn about sex from a beat-up steel machine in a germ-pit public bathroom? What about the social cripples and terminally homely? What about the sexual untouchables?

God bless them.

God bless the people who can just have sex without attaching meaning to it, who are aroused at the very mention of sex, who find all dirty jokes funny, no matter how cheesy. God bless the people who are just idiotic, ugly, and drunk enough to enjoy these items at face value.

I wish I was like that. It'd be a relief to be an animal.

Sex has meaning, but its meaning is biological rather than personal. People who have sex shouldn't write about it, and people who write about sex shouldn't have it.

