

the auto- suck

As a teen in the pro-PCP/serial-killing/child-porn 1970s, I used to visit a dirty little smut store down near the Philly Greyhound station. In the back pages of HUSTLER's well-thumbed back issues, past the pictorials of Gloria Bunker look-alikes tugging on their saggy beef-jerky labia, there were ads for a delightful device called the "Auto-Suck." Its charm was simple: Plug one end into your car's cigarette lighter, fasten the other end on your dingus, step on the gas, and hit the highway for automotive blowjob fun!

I remember the apparatus resembling a black-vinyl pocket pussy powered by a spring device that robotically gnawed on your knob. Across from the dusty bookstore where they'd let me peruse the nudie mags without buying anything, there was an even filthier store that sold "marital aids" and other Rube Goldberg-style sexual appliances, but you had to be 21 and I'd lost my fake ID.

Turns out the store was part of a chain owned by the Doc Johnson sex-toy empire, makers of

...it sucks

the selfsame Auto-Suck. Their old downtown Philly "marital aids" shop recently closed, but Doc Johnson continues to make the Auto-Suck, and I'll be hornswoggled if I didn't comb most of southeastern Pennsylvania 'til I found a sex emporium that still sells it.

The 2005 Auto-Suck model looks nothing like I remember it from HUSTLER. Fully assembled, it's the size of a hair dryer and about as loud. The handle is fashioned of black plastic that's so cheap, it's probably imitation plastic. And the attachment is a clear rubber-gel cannoli with a pinkish "mouth" on one end. It resembles a freshwater hydra or a baby albino eel—SEXY!

And who exactly is supposed to be able to fit their penis inside the rubber cannoli? Pygmy children? Fully limp and shriveled-up on a misty October night as I barreled down a dark road in my unbearably sensuous minivan, I was unable to insert even the tip of my flaccid maleness inside the Auto-Suck's eel mouth as it loudly whirred.

Most girls never have the finesse and seasoning to suck on you hard enough, but the Auto-Suck is even worse. Its low-grade vacuum suction is so understated, it feels like a whisper. If you enjoy the sensation of a three-mile-an-hour wind softly rustling over your penis, this may be your perfect companion for those long, lonely nights, trucker.

But it did nothing for me. After finally managing to squeeze my still-soft prick tip through the creepy synthetic portal, I tried jiggling the machine around to try and stir some interest in my loins, but the rubber attachment kept falling off.

My sexual frustration turned to rage, then quickly to laughter, and then settled into a profound pity for the sad sacks who depend on such contraptions. How long has it been since any man who thinks this feels like a blowjob has actually HAD a blowjob?

The Original World Famous Auto-Suck
Manufactured by Doc Johnson Enterprises

Mine cost \$26.99, but I've seen them priced anywhere from \$19.95 to \$39.99

