

Sex toys

Cosmo Landesman is aroused by the Bauhaus design of oral sex stimulators

It's Saturday night and I'm all lubed up with no one to love. Go ahead, laugh at the lonely. Sure, you've got a wife-husband-lover-friend-car to help you make it through. Me? I face the long night of the soul with no one and nothing but my Sqweel XT for Men from Lovehoney (£49.99 www.lovehoney.co.uk) – arguably the greatest oral sex stimulator known to mankind. So save your tears: I'm living the dream!

This baby comes with two rotating turbo tongues (firm and soft) 'that will lick you into a frenzy.' It's ergonomically constructed, waterproof and is, so I'm informed, 'fully chargeable, so there are no batteries to worry about.' Phew, that's a relief! Don't you just hate it when you've got an anal-prostate-ball-tickling-clit-rubbing-cock-sucking piece of machinery going full blast and you're about to hit the Big O and the batteries die on you! *Oy vey!*

There's only one problem with the Sqweel XT: I can't put my dick into it. It looks like a small hand-held fan with sharp blades. I know they're soft and bendy but the image plays on my deep primordial fears of castration, vagina dentata, decapitation and my mother – all in one.

But I have column to write, so get in there you coward! I lube up with YES oil-based Madagascan Vanilla Lubricant (£10.99, www.yesyesyes.org). It's non-sticky, organic, ecologically sound and makes your penis smell like a Mr Whippyice-cream.

Let's just say that any man who thinks this is like a blowjob has clearly never had a blowjob. But that's not the point. These so-called sex toys are all about the eroticism of technology – and not the technology of eroticism.

They express an old-fashioned Modernist faith in the wonders of science and technology. If Marinetti and the Futurists were alive today, they would be celebrating these sex toys the way they did the power of cars and speed at the turn of the 20th century.

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Marinetti would have loved the Blow Job Master Thrusting Male Masturbator (£59.99 Lovehoney). Whilst it doesn't have ergonomic sleekness or the simple Bauhausian functionalism of the Sqweel XT oral simulator, it's still a thing of beauty. It has an outer case of see-through plastic and an inner sleeve, lined with nodules and circled with three tiers of bead rings, that thrusts up and down. In motion it looks and sounds like the engine of Dr Who's Tardis.

I go online to the Lovejoy demonstration of how to work it – and fall in love with presenter Annabel Knight. She demonstrates how to put your penis into the contraption with the cool, professional detachment of an airline hostess explaining how to put your life jacket on. You members of the liberal media elite might snigger at Annabel but I would like to see Jenni Murray or Mariella Frostrup say, 'If you fancy getting your hands on a Blow Job Master Thrusting Male Masturbator' – and keep a straight face.

I'm discovering that sex toys are very much about ritual. Muslims wash their hands before prayers; Catholics add a dab of holy water; and we sex toy secularists use plenty of lubricant before getting down to business. The best products on the market come from YES. Their YESBUT water-based organic anal lubricant (£9.99) is so wonderfully non-sticky, smell-free and smooth that I use it as form of hair gel. Oh, and it has done wonders for my anus – it looks and feels ten years younger!

