

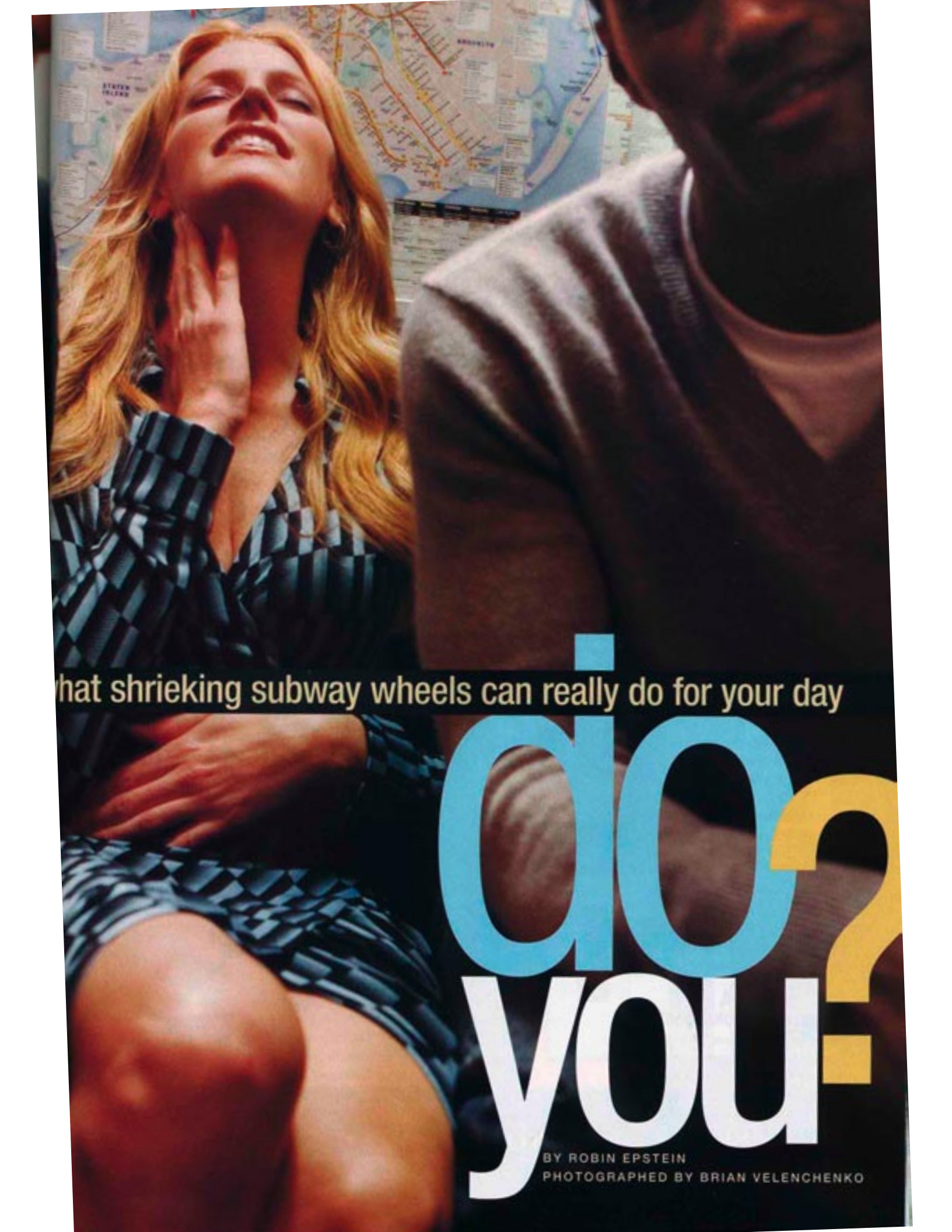
we know  
why  
this woman  
is  
smiling.

One woman straps on a sound-activated vibrator to find out

**If you've ever used a vibrator**, or your roommate has, you know that trying to operate one on the sly is as easy as running a jackhammer in a library. So when I heard about the Audi-Oh—a new, wearable vibrator that responds to sounds with varying degrees of intensity—I not only doubted its effectiveness, I questioned its premise. Could any device really put me in the mood while I was, say, shopping for Triscuits?

I followed the directions, inserting the Audi-Oh's pill-shaped vibrator into its rubberized "butterfly sleeve" (which looks like a Jell-O Jiggler). But having been born after the sanitary-napkin-belt era, I was perplexed by the straps. After playing around with the device for a while, I got so frustrated I called the manufacturers to find out what went where. Now *that's* a call you want to make: "Hello? Yes, I'm having trouble strapping on my vibrator . . ." But the folks at Good Vibrations helped me sort out which elastic bands attached to the butterfly, and which ones wrapped around me.

Once the Audi-Oh was properly hooked up, I got dressed, clipped its pager-like receiver to my ▷



What shrieking subway wheels can really do for your day

# do you?

BY ROBIN EPSTEIN  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO

waistband, and headed out of my apartment hoping to tune in, turn on, and bliss out.

## TASTI D-LITE you scream, I scream . . .

For my first foray, I wanted to go someplace where I wouldn't be the only thing making buzzing noises, and where I'd get some kind of pleasure no matter what happened with the vibrator. The Tasti D-Lite shop, which sells low-fat "ice cream," was the logical destination.

While in transit, I turned the base-level vibration and the device's sound sensitivity all the way up. Even so, New York City street noise just made me feel like I was sitting on a powerful washer/dryer.

This changed when I got to the shop and the girl at the counter uttered four little words: "Can I help you?"

Can you help me? "Lady," I almost shouted back, "you just did!" The Audi-Oh had kicked into high gear, sending a Richter-worthy charge of vibrations to my nether-region nerve endings. I smiled, trying to get a hold of myself. "Uh, I'd like a vanilla and chocolate swirl," I replied. The Audi-Oh surged again, and I realized that I was beginning to literally turn myself on.

"That'll be \$3.25," she said. Funny, although I'd never noticed it before, her eyes were a beautiful brown, and her ponytail bobbed exquisitely. "Do you have your punch card?" she queried, as if she were daring me to fall in love with her. I practically jumped over the counter.

## YOGA

### from ohm to ohmigod?

Now in the groove, but still looking for an experience to take me over the edge, I rode the subway over to my gym and, for the first time, didn't object to other riders pressing against me. When I got to



for my first foray, I wanted to go where I wouldn't be the only thing making buzzing noises.

live-music yoga class, I sidled up to the sitar and threw down my sticky mat. (The fact that the mat was sticky had nothing to do with me, I swear!)

The class began with ritual chanting, and the vibrations offered a nice, steady buzz. Yet as soon as we began our sun salutations and my hind-quarters launched into the air, the device shifted backward in flight and began navigating less-friendly skies. Having to grab at my crotch to reposition the butterfly throughout class became more annoying than arousing. And, though I turned up the sensitivity, the thrill was gone after the initial thrum. Even a wearable vibrator doesn't make exercise enjoyable.

## THE DELI do they deliver?

Presuming that user error was keeping me from optimal results, I decided to try the Audi-Oh during dinner with friends. I suggested we go to Katz's Delicatessen, home of the famous orgasm scene in *When Harry Met Sally*, because really, who doesn't want to have what she was having? I went with two male friends, both aware of my assignment, and as we sat down in this deli with long, hard salamis dangling from the walls, I noticed that the guys seemed more excited by this experiment than I was. I think they believed my ability to achieve orgasm at dinner would be somehow related to *their* being there.

The Audi-Oh continued to vibrate, and when we laughed about some of the occasion-appropriate items on the menu, like "combos with tongue" and "stuffed derma," it did produce greater bursts of power. But midway through our meal, my batteries died, and I left

the restaurant convinced that the only way to have an orgasm at Katz's is, in fact, to fake it.

## THE CLUB hey, dj—turn it up!

The next day, I went to a new lounge and decided to see what the Audi-Oh would bring to the party. There is a definite "I have a secret" feeling to wearing something like this in a club, probably much like going commando at a company Christmas party. Yet this outing was the most disappointing of all. I was in the place and mood to party, and I even got chatted up by a cutie, but the most effective buzz I got was from a dirty martini.

Clearly, the Audi-Oh is a big tease. Like a great first kiss, it leaves you wanting more. And maybe some women can get off on its perpetual tickle, but for me, it never fully delivered.

Just as I was beginning to think that the \$82 price tag was a bit too high, I mentioned to a guy I was interested in that I'd spent the day wearing a strap-on vibrator. This totally turned him on, which, in turn, totally turned me on—my face flushed, my body tingled, and my own power supply got recharged. Batteries be damned—that was all the juice I needed. □

## try it yourself

Win the Audi-Oh—a wearable, voice-activated vibrator—and "stimulating conversation" will take on a whole new meaning.

3 TO WIN



For information and rules, see last pages. No purchase necessary.