

## The Mighty Organ—Dispatches from the Personal Front The View from Cape Cod

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### Come Ye, Come Ye (And Come Ye Again) to Olde Cape Cod!

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Myles Standish sporting a Double-Dong? Priscilla Alden in the company of Cleopatra's Secret? Cape Cod is a lovely, quiet, old-fashioned community with solid puritan roots. After all, the original Pilgrims sailed the Mayflower into the New World (and away from the Church of England), setting first foot in nearby Plymouth in pursuit of religious freedom...or was it religious restriction? The original settlers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony suffered long, cold, lonely winters with little other than the *Bible* to break the boredom. No television, no rock and roll, no drugs, no liquor and – horribly -- no enjoyable sex. Life might have been better for these hard-line puritan separatists if they could have enjoyed the latest, hush-hush, “tell the kids it’s a bridge club” gathering of local housewives (and others). Officially, it’s called an ‘erotic novelty home sales event.’ But just as common these days as clambakes, it’s another sex toy party on the Cape.

Who would have thought the sex toy business would be thriving on Cape Cod the last bastion of reserved New England sensibilities? And believe me, it does thrive. A woman who entertained us last week with stories of the Great White Wolf (a *giant* white dildo with a rotating head) is booked solid through the summer. Why? Because we can get Tupperware at the supermarket and window solvents at Sears. But vibrating anal eggs are a little tougher to come by (literally) in the antique shops and ice cream parlors of Cape Cod.

I was invited to this social gathering by a neighbor friend, Michele, who hosted the event in her home. The invitation didn’t come right out and say “Sex toy party”, but used the euphemistic “Athena’s home novelties demonstration” instead. This particular event was designated ‘girls’ only, though I have since found out that Athena does couples parties too. I wasn’t sure if this whole thing was a joke or not. I’ve never been to any other in-home sales party, but I imagine the agenda is similar: guests mingle with the host and salesperson, a presentation and then a ‘private’ product ordering session. About 15 women attended; nearly all of whom Michele knows from church — the United Church of Christ, in fact, which traces its history back to those prudish Puritans. Our sex expert and presenter was Cindy, a petite blonde, cheerleader-peppy and eight months pregnant. She checked us all out, reading the crowd to determine how conservative we might be – or how wild we might get – and then appeared to gear the presentation to the group dynamic.

Like French class in high school, Cindy warmed us up by asking us to repeat after her in unison several ‘naughty’ words like ‘penis’, ‘clitoris’, and ‘vagina’. She then made us pass around a vibrating ‘toy ball’ without using our hands. Here we were, boob-to-boob,

some of us laughing, others, it seemed, about to cry. This party was heading for high comedy or pure tragedy, but I couldn't figure out which just yet.

Cindy started with some rather innocent 'foreplay' products – body lotions and powders, aromatherapy oils, massage oil and candles – and then progressively moved along to more serious sex toys. She held up each item, gave a verbal description of how it is used and then passed it along to the group so everyone could touch and feel it. To my relief nothing was sticky or slimy. There were dildos and vibrators of all shapes and sizes, from the small "Silver Bullet" that fits discreetly in a purse, and the "Eager Beaver", a 'starter' vibrator, to the "Great White Wolf", a scary looking vibrator with a rotating head and knobby protrusions for the ultimate in female pleasure. (What makes me think these products are made by men?) There was even a giant black dong with a flat suction cup on the bottom for sticking to any flat surface. Just slap it on the refrigerator door, bend over, back up and service yourself while peeling the carrots for dinner. Some women thought their husbands would feel emasculated by bringing home a sex tool like these. My husband wouldn't mind. He knows that no matter how hard he tries, he can't get the head of his cock to rotate and spin.

I found myself somewhere between amused and enlightened. I had never seen some of these motorized doohickies before. Like the "Double Dong", a blue, flexible, two-headed penis that provides double your pleasure in both lower orifices at once...or can be used creatively by two people together. There was a "Remote Control Vibrator" – you give the remote to a friend who can then 'turn you on' when you least expect it. And then there's the "Sex Swing" – hang it from a hook on the ceiling, snap yourself and your partner in and start kicking! Sounds like a recipe for cracked ceilings and vertebrae...

The more 'advanced' items included the "Anal Tickler", a small red, tentacle-like electric probe that twirls around and around. It has a wide base so that it doesn't get irretrievably stuck somewhere nasty. Those wide bases are a *big* selling point. We have a good friend who's an emergency room physician and he loves to tell us tales about extricating foreign objects from patients' nether regions. The latest report involved light bulbs, an onion on a string, peanut butter jars and even a vibrating pager! The common thing he says about all these 'home accidents' is that every single patient can't quite figure out how the item got lodged there in the first place!

After the sexy show and tell, Cindy and her assistant set up a private 'consultation area' in an upstairs bedroom. Each of us, one by one, entered the room and closed the door to discreetly buy whatever products tickled our fancy – or body part. To my surprise, *everyone* was a buyer! There were hallway discussions like "I'm torn between that more expensive, lifelike vibrator and the quick-fix, economy model," and "Do you think that can actually *fit* there?" and "Fred hates chocolate. I think I'll get the strawberry-flavored massage cream." If you knew Fred, that last line would be funnier.

Cindy sold over \$1,000 worth of merchandise that evening. Given the size of the group, that means there were some serious, high-ticket toys going out the door that night. It made me wonder if the Pilgrims of the past would have survived those long winters with

vim and vigor had they something – anything – to keep them, ahem, ‘motivated’ during those cold, lonely nights. Would Priscilla Alden have enjoyed the clit-flicking of Cleopatra’s Secret? Would Myles Standish be trading tobacco for an anal egg? Would Thanksgiving have an entirely different meaning to Americans if Athena’s novelties were as common as corn back then?

My whole experience proved once again that things are not ever nearly what they seem. Behind closed doors, those Boston-proper, church-going, sensible-shoe-wearing New Englanders may be wilder than you’d expect. But we have our limits. Cindy assured us that if she runs into us in the supermarket or post office, she won’t say, “Hi there! How’s that Double Dong working out for you?” We sighed a sigh of ‘proper’ relief.