

SEX ROBOT

Advice Column

By Clare O'Toole

Went on a relationship break, decided to get back together - in the meantime they got a robot that looks just like me.

Me and my partner have been having some issues lately. Mostly just having been together for a long time and needing to reassess how we work together - or if we really work together. We both decided that we needed some time to think and be on our own before/if we were going to stay together. We took a break and after a few weeks decided that we wanted to stay together and build a future going forward. I felt more certain about us after taking time apart - I used my time to think about what I really wanted, and how compatible we actually are in the long term. I felt that we were a really good team, and was excited about really committing to supporting each other. Unfortunately, after about a week back together, I found out they hadn't used their time the same way.

They'd bought a sex robot that looked exactly like me. On one hand, I guess it's nice that they were clearly still attracted to (a robot version of) me. On the other, I just feel like our relationship is far less deep than I had hoped. It feels like the first thing they missed about me was the sex, and very quickly came to a solution. The fact that they still wanted to get back together at least suggests that our relationship isn't just sex

- otherwise they'd just stick to the robot, right?

We didn't really talk that much about it once I found out, just that they 'clearly wouldn't need to use it anymore, now that we're back together'. I'm turned off thinking about how if I'm not in the mood, they can so easily just use the robot. Is it any different for them to have sex with me or the robot? I guess they seem to prefer me, but I'm just feeling so much more pressure being in competition with a robot version of me that's always up for it.

We're having sex again, but I'm just worried about turning them down and can't seem to enjoy it. I'm always thinking about how they did this with a version of me without me even being there. What were they doing differently? Do they sometimes wish I was the robot instead? What do I do better than the robot? Worse? I'm so preoccupied I'm barely there, I'm just going through the motions. I'm not sure they've realised, or if they don't care.

I thought that I wanted to commit to this person and build a life together, and now I feel like I might not know them at all.

RESPONSE

Poor you. Your partner thinks you're so attractive that when you were on a break, they still only wanted to have sex with (a version of) you. How tough.

Your partner's strategy for considering your relationship is inspired. They figured out a way to remove the weight of sexual attraction from the equation, and you still came out as someone worth building a life with. In contrast, you can't actually be sure that you're satisfied with your relationship without sex. If you're considering a long-term commitment, this is probably something worth considering. Life is long, and the odds are low that your sex life will remain consistently intact throughout. Getting your own sex robot (whether they look like your partner or not), would help you more effectively consider your relationship long-term, and is a responsible move before re-committing to your partner.

While your partner has chosen a sex robot that looks just like you, I don't think you should feel compelled to do the same. In some ways, having your sex robot look just like your partner makes it more difficult to determine how happy you'll be in the long run: how many people choose to cheat with someone that looks exactly like their partner? It may be better for you to choose your physical ideal - regardless of how different that may be from

your partner. This is for the strength of your relationship, of course, and you getting the most attractive robot you can should be a sign to your partner that you're taking this consideration very seriously. You're testing the relationship not just by removing sex from only your partner (or proxy), but also by considering the possibility of other, more attractive, options that may present themselves.

You're already feeling disconnected from your shared sex life since the introduction of your doppelganger, and there's a good chance that taking time for yourself with your new sex robot will be more sexually liberating for you. This can only benefit your sex life, if you choose to return to it, with your partner. Removing the concerns about them going back to their sex robot by having one of your own on standby will surely settle your nerves.

You've already seen in yourself how your partner having other options has made you more attentive. The threat of your partner leaving can be a good thing; it can make you more aware of their value, change your behaviour to be more attractive to yourself, and choose behaviours to strengthen your relationship. I encourage you to get your own sex robot and harness these benefits for yourself, and to even the playing field. Best of luck.

SEPTEMBER

OW rich SEPTEMBER comes,
For autumn-tide is nigh,
And purple grapes hang thick
From clinging vines on high.

Her golden-coloured robe
Is shot with sunset light;
Her hair is shaded 'neath
A wreath of vine-leaves bright.
Her clear brown eyes gaze forth,
And quickly does she see
Where are the ruddy apples,
And shakes them from the tree.

Her basket & her lap
Are filled to overflowing,
With apples, grapes, & pears,
All in the sunshine glowing.

The leaves begin to change
Their own fair summer hue,
As slowly she departs
While still the sky is blue.

THE VERSES BY BEATRICE CRANE
THE DESIGN BY WALTER CRANE





*The Wind Howls
when will i see her again*

*she glides over hildtops
light*

skin milky white

hair as dark as night

*two fates in Stalin's Gulag
a chance in Capital Hill*

will she come back to me

when will i see her again

Poetry

*this night she comes
lost to my home*

close to me heart

when will i see her again



**"Who Are You" (lamb), "Can I Fly...?"
(unicorn): Illustrations by Ella Jade
Lobwein*



Flower garden

A poem

By Katie Meijer





She blooms softly, innocently,
quietly, daisies, tulips, roses,
gardens of her scent,
lingering...
clings to my soul,
deep within me,
forever, hers in purity,
days at a time,

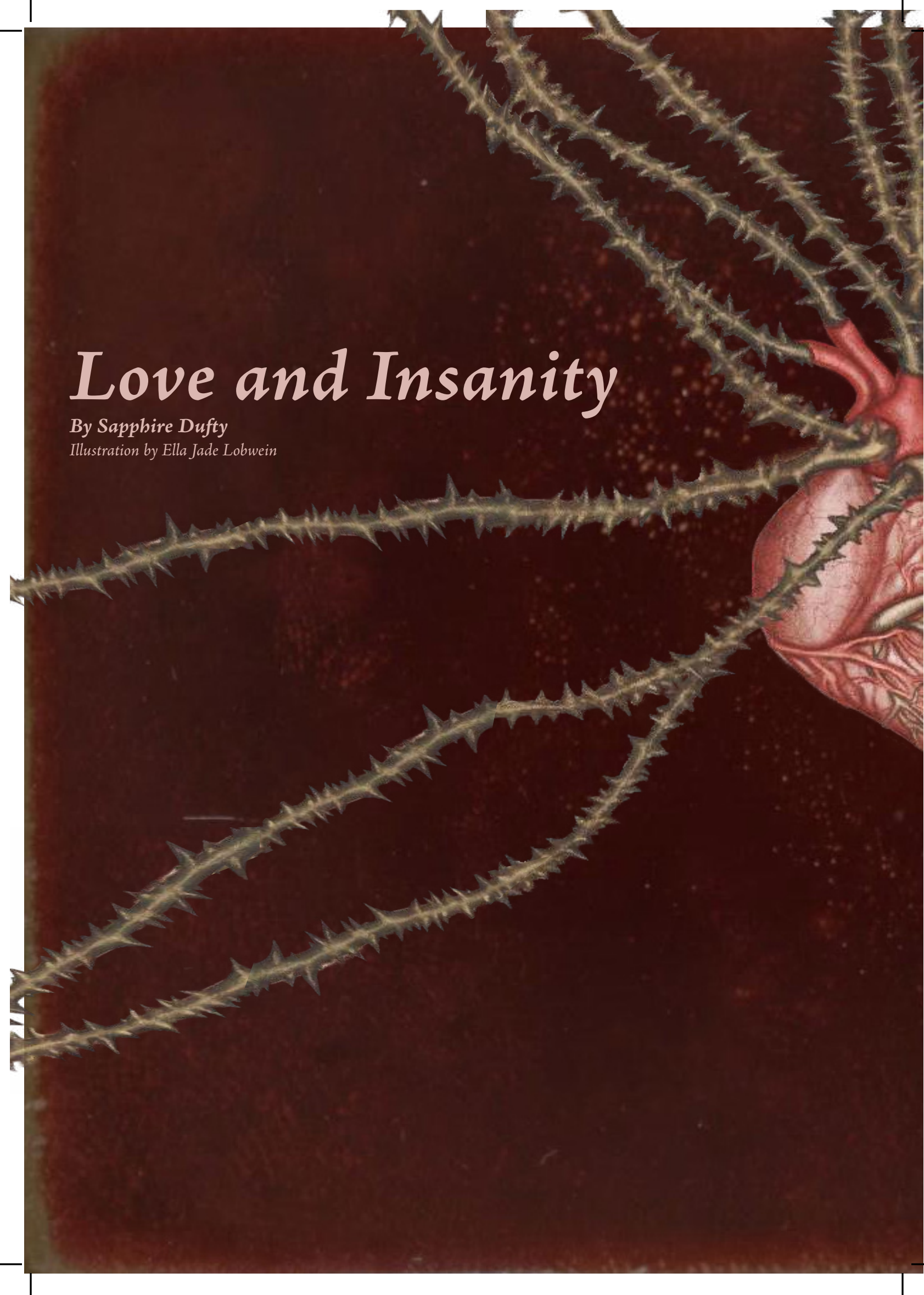
I hold her flowers, her youth,
tempting wild vines grow through me,
leading to her, forbidden desires,
prolonged days, stretch into silence
nights, her love pollutes me, craving more,
lilies rest at work,
orchids sprout in bed,

lavender guides my path,
a place I can't resist,
her skin soft – like petals,
begging to be bruised with
yearning, pure lips parted,
green eyes flicker – want,
draws me in,
garden gates

Love and Insanity

By Sapphire Dufty

Illustration by Ella Jade Lobwein





Love is a cruel emotion that bleeds poison into
your veins.
And yet,
It is a poison that our souls thrive on for the
hopes of a long and prosperous life. Love is life.
And yet, it is the greatest form of self destruction.
To love is dance on the thinnest, highest tightrope,
hand in hand with insanity.
To scream,

"I am love"

"You are love"

"This is love"

"We are love"

To hope that one day we do not fall off the edge,

And land in the endless ocean of poison,

Dying in the hands of insanity.

But to know, and to understand that you had a good run at this thing we
call love, And know that one day, it will be the end of us.

So dance like it is your last,

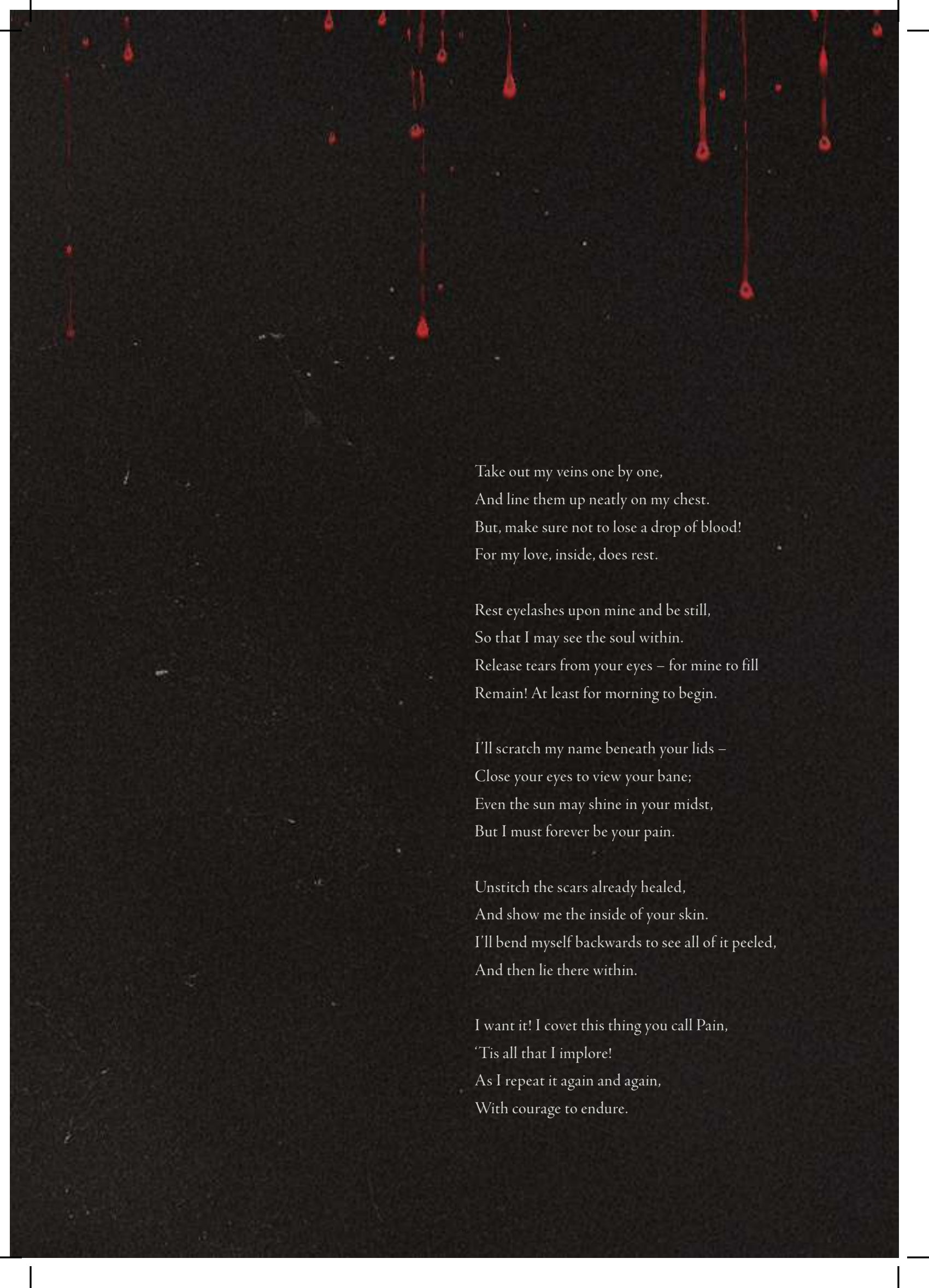
Or don't...

No one cares <3

Take
out
my
veins



By Serena Emanuele



Take out my veins one by one,
And line them up neatly on my chest.
But, make sure not to lose a drop of blood!
For my love, inside, does rest.

Rest eyelashes upon mine and be still,
So that I may see the soul within.
Release tears from your eyes – for mine to fill
Remain! At least for morning to begin.

I'll scratch my name beneath your lids –
Close your eyes to view your bane;
Even the sun may shine in your midst,
But I must forever be your pain.

Unstitch the scars already healed,
And show me the inside of your skin.
I'll bend myself backwards to see all of it peeled,
And then lie there within.

I want it! I covet this thing you call Pain,
'Tis all that I implore!
As I repeat it again and again,
With courage to endure.