**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

Isaac Asimov

Tony was tall and darkly handsome, with an incredibly patrician air drawn into every line of his unchangeable expression, and Claire Belmont regarded him through the crack in the door with a mixture of horror and dismay.

“I can’t, Larry. I just can’t have him in the house.” Feverishly, she was searching her paralyzed mind for a stronger way of putting it; some way that would make sense and settle things, but she could only end with a simple repetition.

“Well, I can’t!”

Larry Belmont regarded his wife stiffly, and there was that spark of impatience in his eyes that Claire hated to see, since she felt her own incompetence mirrored in it. “We’re committed, Claire,” he said, “and I can’t have you backing out now. The company is sending me to Washington on this basis, and it probably means a promotion. It’s perfectly safe and you know it. What’s your objection?”

She frowned helplessly. “It just gives me the chills. I couldn’t bear him.”

“He’s as human as you or I, almost. So, no nonsense. Come, get out there.”

His hand was in the small of her back, shoving; and she found herself in her own living room, shivering. It was there, looking at her with a precise politeness, as though appraising his hostess-to-be of the next three weeks. Dr. Susan Calvin was there, too, sitting stiffly in thin-lipped abstraction. She had the cold, faraway look of someone who has worked with machines so long that a little of the steel had entered the blood.

“Hello,” crackled Claire in general, and ineffectual, greeting.

But Larry was busily saving the situation with a spurious gaiety. “Here, Claire, I want you to meet Tony, a swell guy. This is my wife, Claire, Tony, old boy.” Larry’s hand draped itself amiably over Tony’s shoulder, but Tony remained unresponsive and expressionless under the pressure.

He said, “How do you do, Mrs. Belmont.”

And Claire jumped at Tony’s voice. It was deep and mellow, smooth as the hair on his head or the skin on his face.

Before she could stop herself, she said, “Oh, my-you talk.”

“Why not? Did you expect that I didn’t?”

But Claire could only smile weakly. She didn’t really know what she had expected. She looked away, then let him slide gently into the comer of her eye. His hair was smooth and black, like polished plastic-or was it really composed of separate hairs? And was the even, olive skin of his hands and face continued on past the obscurement of his formally cut clothing?

She was lost in the shuddering wonder of it, and had to force her thoughts back into place to meet Dr. Calvin’s flat, unemotional voice.

“Mrs. Belmont, I hope you appreciate the importance of this experiment. Your husband tells me he has given you some of the background. I would like to give you more, as the senior psychologist of the U.S. Robots and Mechanical Men Corporation.

“Tony is a robot. His actual designation on the company files is TN-3, but he will answer to Tony. He is not a mechanical monster, nor simply a calculating machine of the type that were developed during World War II, fifty years ago. He has an artificial brain nearly as complicated as our own. It is an immense telephone switchboard on an atomic scale, so that billions of possible 'telephone connections’ can be compressed into an instrument that will fit inside a skull.

“Such brains are manufactured for each model of robot specifically. Each contains a precalculated set of connections so that each robot knows the English language to start with and enough of anything else that may be necessary to perform his job.

“Until now, U.S. Robots has confined its manufacturing activity to industrial models for use in places where human labor is impractical-in deep mines, for instance, or in underwater work. But we want to invade the city and the home. To do so, we must get the ordinary man and woman to accept these robots without fear. You understand that there is nothing to fear.”

“There isn’t, Claire,” interposed Larry earnestly. “Take my word for it. It’s impossible for him to do any harm. You know I wouldn’t leave him with you otherwise.”

Claire cast a quick, secret glance at Tony and lowered her voice. “What if I make him angry?”

“You needn’t whisper,” said Dr. Calvin calmly. “He can’t get angry with you, my dear. I told you that the switchboard connections of his brain were predetermined. Well, the most important connection of all is what we call The First Law of Robotics,' and it is merely this: 'No robot can harm a human being, or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.' All robots are built so. No robot can be forced in any way to do harm to any human. So, you see, we need you and Tony as a preliminary experiment for our own guidance, while your husband is in Washington to arrange for government-supervised legal tests.”

“You mean all this isn’t legal?”

Larry cleared his throat. “Not just yet, but it’s all right. He won’t leave the house, and you mustn’t let anyone see him. That’s all... And, Claire, I’d stay with you, but I know too much about the robots. We must have a completely inexperienced tester so that we can have severe conditions. It’s necessary.”

“Oh, well,” muttered Claire. Then, as a thought struck her, “But what does he do?”

“Housework,” said Dr. Calvin shortly.

She got up to leave, and it was Larry who saw her to the front door. Claire stayed behind drearily. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror above the mantelpiece, and looked away hastily. She was very tired of her small, mousy face and her dim, unimaginative hair. Then she caught Tony’s eyes upon her and almost smiled before she remembered...

He was only a machine.

Larry Belmont was on his way to the airport when he caught a glimpse of Gladys Claffern. She was the type of woman who seemed made to be seen in glimpses... Perfectly and precisely manufactured; dressed with thoughtful hand and eye; too gleaming to be stared at.

The little smile that preceded her and the faint scent that trailed her were a pair of beckoning fingers. Larry felt his stride break; he touched his hat, then hurried on.

As always he felt that vague anger. If Claire could only push her way into the Claffern clique, it would help so much. But what was the use.

Claire! The few times she had come face to face with Gladys, the little fool had been tongue-tied. He had no illusions. The testing of Tony was his big chance, and it was in Claire’s hands. How much safer it would be in the hands of someone like Gladys Claffern.

Claire woke the second morning to the sound of a subdued knock on the bedroom door. Her mind clamored, then went icy. She had avoided Tony the first day, smiling thinly when she met him and brushing past with a wordless sound of apology.

“Is that you-Tony?”

“Yes, Mrs. Belmont. May I enter?”

She must have said yes, because he was in the room, quite suddenly and noiselessly. Her eyes and nose were simultaneously aware of the tray he was carrying.

“Breakfast?” she said.

“If you please.”

She wouldn’t have dared to refuse, so she pushed herself slowly into a sitting position and received it: poached eggs, buttered toast, coffee.

“I have brought the sugar and cream separately,” said Tony. “I expect to learn your preference with time, in this and in other things.”

She waited.

Tony, standing there straight and pliant as a metal rule, asked, after a moment, “Would you prefer to eat in privacy?”

“Yes... I mean, if you don’t mind.”

“Will you need help later in dressing?”

“Oh, my, no!” She clutched frantically at the sheet, so that the coffee hovered at the edge of catastrophe. She remained so, in rigor, then sank helplessly back against the pillow when the door closed him out of her sight again.

She got through breakfast somehow... He was only a machine, and if it were only more visible that he were it wouldn’t be so frightening. Or if his expression would change. It just stayed there, nailed on. You couldn’t tell what went on behind those dark eyes and that smooth, olive skin-stuff. The coffee cup beat a faint castanet for a moment as she set it back, empty, on the tray.

Then she realized that she had forgotten to add the sugar and cream after all, and she did so hate black coffee.

She burned a straight path from bedroom to kitchen after dressing. It was her house, after all, and there wasn’t anything frippy about her, but she liked her kitchen clean. He should have waited for supervision...

But when she entered, she found a kitchen that might have been minted fire-new from the factory the moment before. v

She stopped, stared, turned on her heel and nearly ran into Tony. She yelped.

“May I help?” he asked.

“Tony,” and she scraped the anger off the edges of her mind’s panic, “you must make some noise when you walk. I can’t have you stalking me, you know... Didn’t you use this kitchen?”

“I did, Mrs. Belmont.”

“It doesn’t look it.”

“I cleaned up afterward. Isn’t that customary?”

Claire opened her eyes wide. After all, what could one say to that. She opened the oven compartment that held the pots, took a quick, unseeing look at the metallic glitter inside, then said with a tremor, “Very good. Quite satisfactory.”

If at the moment, he had beamed; if he had smiled; if he had quirked the corner of his mouth the slightest bit, she felt that she could have warmed to him. But he remained an English lord in repose, as he said, “Thank you, Mrs. Belmont. Would you come into the living room?”

She did, and it struck her at once. “Have you been polishing the furniture?”

“Is it satisfactory, Mrs. Belmont?”

“But when? You didn’t do it yesterday.”

“Last night, of course.”

“You burned the lights all night?”

“Oh, no. That wouldn’t have been necessary. I’ve a built-in ultra-violet source. I can see in ultraviolet. And, of course, I don’t require sleep.”

He did require admiration, though. She realized that, then. He had to know that he was pleasing her. But she couldn’t bring herself to supply that pleasure for him.

She could only say sourly, “Your kind will put ordinary houseworkers out of business.”

“There is work of much greater importance they can be put to in the world, once they are freed of drudgery. After all, Mrs. Belmont, things like myself can be manufactured. But nothing yet can imitate the creativity and versatility of a human brain, like yours.”

And though his face gave no hint, his voice was warmly surcharged with awe and admiration, so that Claire flushed and muttered, “My brain! You can have it.”

Tony approached a little and said, “You must be unhappy to say such a thing. Is there anything I can do?”

For a moment, Claire felt like laughing. It was a ridiculous situation. Here was an animated carpet-sweeper, dishwasher, furniture-polisher, general factotum, rising from the factory table-and offering his services as consoler and confidant.

Yet she said suddenly, in a burst of woe and voice, “Mr. Belmont doesn’t think I have a brain, if you must know... And I suppose I haven’t.” She couldn’t cry in front of him. She felt, for some reason, that she had the honor of the human race to support against this mere creation.

“It’s lately,” she added. “It was all right when he was a student; when he was just starting. But I can’t be a big man’s wife; and he’s getting to be a big man. He wants me to be a hostess and an entry into social life for him-like G-guh-guh-Gladys Claffern.”

Her nose was red, and she looked away.

But Tony wasn’t watching her. His eyes wandered about the room. “I can help you run the house.”

“But it’s no good,” she said fiercely. “It needs a touch I can’t give it. I can only make it comfortable; I can’t ever make it the kind they take pictures of for the Home Beautiful magazines.”

“Do you want that kind?”

“Does it do any good-wanting?”

Tony’s eyes were on her, full. “I could help.”

“Do you know anything about interior decoration?”

“Is it something a good housekeeper should know?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Then I have the potentialities of learning it. Can you get me books on the subject?”

Something started then.

Claire, clutching her hat against the brawling liberties of the wind, had manipulated two fat volumes on the home arts back from the public library. She watched Tony as he opened one of them and flipped the pages. It was the first time she had watched his fingers flicker at anything like fine work.

I don’t see how they do it, she thought, and on a sudden impulse reached for his hand and pulled it toward herself. Tony did not resist, but let it lie limp for inspection.

She said, “It’s remarkable. Even your fingernails look natural.”

“That’s deliberate, of course,” said Tony. Then, chattily, “The skin is a flexible plastic, and the skeletal framework is a light metal alloy. Does that amuse you?”

“Oh, no.” She lifted her reddened face. “I just feel a little embarrassed at sort of poking into your insides. It’s none of my business. You don’t ask me about mine.”

“My brain paths don’t include that type of curiosity. I can only act within my limitations, you know.”

And Claire felt something tighten inside her in the silence that followed. Why did she keep forgetting he was a machine. Now the thing itself had to remind her. Was she so starved for sympathy that she would even accept a robot as equal-because he sympathized?

She noticed Tony was still flipping the pages-almost helplessly-and there was a quick, shooting sense of relieved superiority within her. “You can’t read, can you?”

Tony looked up at her; his voice calm, unreproachful. “I am reading, Mrs. Belmont.”

“But—” She pointed at the book in a meaningless gesture.

“I am scanning the pages, if that’s what you mean. My sense of reading is photographic.”

It was evening then, and when Claire eventually went to bed Tony was well into the second volume, sitting there in the dark, or what seemed dark to Claire’s limited eyes.

Her last thought, the one that clamored at her just as her mind let go and tumbled, was a queer one. She remembered his hand again; the touch of it. It had been warm and soft, like a human being’s.

How clever of the factory, she thought, and softly ebbed to sleep.

It was the library continuously, thereafter, for several days. Tony suggested the fields of study, which branched out quickly. There were books on color matching and on cosmetics; on carpentry and on fashions; on art and on the history of costumes.

He turned the pages of each book before his solemn eyes, and, as quickly as he turned, he read; nor did he seem capable of forgetting.

Before the end of the week, he had insisted on cutting her hair, introducing her to a new method of arranging it, adjusting her eyebrow line a bit and changing the shade of her powder and lipstick.

She had palpitated in nervous dread for half an hour under the delicate touch of his inhuman fingers and then looked in the mirror.

“There is more that can be done,” said Tony, “especially in clothes. How do you find it for a beginning?”

And she hadn’t answered; not for quite a while. Not until she had absorbed the identity of the stranger in the glass and cooled the wonder at the beauty of it all. Then she had said chokingly, never once taking her eyes from the warming image, “Yes, Tony, quite good-for a beginning.”

She said nothing of this in her letters to Larry. Let him see it all at once. And something in her realized that it wasn’t only the surprise she would enjoy. It was going to be a kind of revenge.

Tony said one morning, “It’s time to start buying, and I’m not allowed to leave the house. If I write out exactly what we must have, can I trust you to get it? We need drapery, and furniture fabric, wallpaper, carpeting, paint, clothing-and any number of small things.”

“You can’t get these things to your own specifications at a stroke’s notice,” said Claire doubtfully.

“You can get fairly close, if you go through the city and if money is no object.”

“But, Tony, money is certainly an object.”

“Not at all. Stop off at U.S. Robots in the first place. I’ll write a note for you. You see Dr. Calvin, and tell her that I said it was part of the experiment.”

Dr. Calvin, somehow, didn’t frighten her as on that first evening. With her new face and a new hat, she couldn’t be quite the old Claire. The psychologist listened carefully, asked a few questions, nodded-and then Claire found herself walking out, armed with an unlimited charge account against the assets of U.S. Robots and Mechanical Men Corporation.

It is wonderful what money will do. With a store’s contents at her feet, a saleslady’s dictum was not necessarily a voice from above; the uplifted eyebrow of a decorator was not anything like Jove’s thunder.

And once, when an Exalted Plumpness at one of the most lordly of the garment salons had insistently poohed her description of the wardrobe she must have with counterpronouncements in accents of the purest Fifty-seventh Street French, she called up Tony, then held the phone out to Monsieur.

“If you don’t mind"-voice firm, but fingers twisting a bit-"I’d like you to talk to my-uh-secretary.”

Pudgy proceeded to the phone with a solemn arm crooked behind his back. He lifted the phone in two fingers and said delicately, “Yes.” A short pause, another “Yes,” then a much longer pause, a squeaky beginning of an objection that perished quickly, another pause, a very meek “Yes,” and the phone was restored to its cradle.

“If Madam will come with me,” he said, hurt and distant, “I will try to supply her needs.”

“Just a second.” Claire rushed back to the phone, and dialed again. “Hello, Tony. I don’t know what you said, but it worked. Thanks. You’re a—” She struggled for the appropriate word, gave up and ended in a final little squeak, “—a-a dear!”

It was Gladys Claffern looking at her when she turned from the phone again. A slightly amused and slightly amazed Gladys Claffern, looking at her out of a face tilted a bit to one side.

“Mrs. Belmont?”

It all drained out of Claire-just like that. She could only nod-stupidly, like a marionette.

Gladys smiled with an insolence you couldn’t put your finger on. “I didn’t know you shopped here?” As if the place had, in her eyes, definitely lost caste through the fact.

“I don’t, usually,” said Claire humbly.

“And haven’t you done something to your hair? It’s quite-quaint... Oh, I hope you’ll excuse me, but isn’t your husband’s name Lawrence? It seems to me that it’s Lawrence.”

Claire’s teeth clenched, but she had to explain. She had to. “Tony is a friend of my husband’s. He’s helping me select some things.”

“I understand. And quite a dear about it, I imagine.” She passed on smiling, carrying the light and the warmth of the world with her.

Claire did not question the fact that it was to Tony that she turned for consolation. Ten days had cured her of reluctance. And she could weep before him; weep and rage.

“I was a complete f-fool,” she stormed, wrenching at her water-togged handkerchief. “She does that to me. I don’t know why. She just does. I should have-kicked her. I should have knocked her down and stamped on her.”

“Can you hate a human being so much?” asked Tony, in puzzled softness. “That part of a human mind is closed to me.”

“Oh, it isn’t she,” she moaned. “It’s myself, I suppose. She’s everything I want to be-on the outside, anyway... And I can’t be.”

Tony’s voice was forceful and low in her ear. “You can be, Mrs. Belmont. You can be. We have ten days yet, and in ten days the house will no longer be itself. Haven’t we been planning that?”

“And how will that help me-with her?”

“Invite her here. Invite her friends. Have it the evening before I-before I leave. It will be a housewarming, in a way.”

“She won’t come.”

“Yes, she will. She’ll come to laugh... And she won’t be able to.”

“Do you really think so? Oh, Tony, do you think we can do it?” She had both his hands in hers... And then, with her face flung aside, “But what good would it be? It won’t be I; it will be you that’s doing it. I can’t ride your back.”

“Nobody lives in splendid singleness,” whispered Tony. “They’ve put that knowledge in me. What you, or anyone, see in Gladys Claffern is not just Gladys Claffern. She rides the back of all that money and social position can bring. She doesn’t question that. Why should you?... And look at it this way, Mrs. Belmont. I am manufactured to obey, but the extent of my obedience is for myself to determine. I can follow orders niggardly or liberally. For you, it is liberal, because you are what I have been manufactured to see human beings as. You are kind, friendly, unassuming. Mrs. Claffern, as you describe her, is not, and I wouldn’t obey her as I would you. So it is you, and not I, Mrs. Belmont, that is doing all this.”

He withdrew his hands from hers then, and Claire looked at that expressionless face no one could read-wondering. She was suddenly frightened ' again in a completely new way.

She swallowed nervously and stared at her hands, which were still tingling ' with the pressure of his fingers. She hadn’t imagined it; his fingers had pressed hers, gently, tenderly, just before they moved away.

No!

Its fingers... Its fingers...

She ran to the bathroom and scrubbed her hands-blindly, uselessly.

She was a bit shy of him the next day; watching him narrowly; waiting to see what might follow-and for a while nothing did.

Tony was working. If there was any difficulty in technique in putting up wallpaper, or utilizing the quick-drying paint, Tony’s activity did not show it. His hands moved precisely; his fingers were deft and sure.

He worked all night. She never heard him, but each morning was a new adventure. She couldn’t count the number of things that had been done, and by evening she was still finding new touches-and another night had come.

She tried to help only once and her human clumsiness marred that. He was in the next room, and she was hanging a picture in the spot marked by Tony’s mathematical eyes. The little mark was there; the picture was there; and a revulsion against idleness was there.

But she was nervous, or the ladder was rickety. It didn’t matter. She felt it going, and she cried out. It tumbled without her, for Tony, with far more than flesh-and-blood quickness, had been under her.

His calm, dark eyes said nothing at all, and his warm voice said only words. “Are you hurt, Mrs. Belmont?”

She noticed for an instant that her falling hand must have mussed that sleek hair of his, because for the first time she could see for herself that it was composed of distinct strands-fine black hairs.

And then, all at once, she was conscious of his arms about her shoulders and under her knees-holding her tightly and warmly.

She pushed, and her scream was loud in her own ears. She spent the rest of the day in her room, and thereafter she slept with a chair upended against the doorknob of her bedroom door.

She had sent out the invitations, and, as Tony had said, they were accepted. She had only to wait for the last evening.

It came, too, after the rest of them, in its proper place. The house was scarcely her own. She went through it one last time-and every room had been changed. She, herself, was in clothes she would never have dared wear before... And when you put them on, you put on pride and confidence with them.

She tried a polite look of contemptuous amusement before the minor, and the mirror sneered back at her masterfully.

What would Larry say?... It didn’t matter, somehow. The exciting days weren’t coming with him. They were leaving with Tony. Now wasn’t that strange? She tried to recapture her mood of three weeks before and failed completely.

The clock shrieked eight at her in eight breathless installments, and she turned to Tony. “They’ll be here soon, Tony. You’d better get into the basement. We can’t let them—”

She stared a moment, then said weakly, “Tony?” and more strongly, “Tony?” and nearly a scream, “Tony!”

But his arms were around her now; his face was close to hers; the pressure of his embrace was relentless. She heard his voice through a haze of emotional jumble.

“Claire,” the voice said, “there are many things I am not made to understand, and this must be one of them. I am leaving tomorrow, and I don’t want to. I find that there is more in me than just a desire to please you. Isn’t it strange?”

His face was closer; his lips were warm, but with no breath behind them -for machines do not breathe. They were almost on hers.

... And the bell sounded.

For a moment, she struggled breathlessly, and then he was gone and nowhere in sight, and the bell was sounding again. Its intermittent shrillness was insistent.

The curtains on the front windows had been pulled open. They had been closed fifteen minutes earlier. She knew that.

They must have seen, then. They must all have seen-everything!

They came in so politely, all in a bunch-the pack come to howl-with their sharp, darting eyes piercing everywhere. They had seen. Why else would Gladys ask in her jabbingest manner after Larry? And Claire was spurred to a desperate and reckless defiance.

Yes, he is away. He’ll be back tomorrow, I suppose. No, I haven’t been lonely here myself. Not a bit. I’ve had an exciting time. And she laughed at them. Why not? What could they do? Larry would know the truth, if it ever came to him, the story of what they thought they saw.

But they didn’t laugh.

She could read that in the fury in Gladys Claffern’s eyes; in the false sparkle of her words; in her desire to leave early. And as she parted with them, she caught one last, anonymous whisper-disjointed.

“... never saw anything like... so handsome—”

And she knew what it was that had enabled her to finger-snap them so. Let each cat mew; and let each cat know-that she might be prettier than Claire Belmont, and grander, and richer-but not one, not one, could have so handsome a lover!

And then she remembered again-again-again, that Tony was a machine, and her skin crawled.

“Go away! Leave me be!” she cried to the empty room and ran to her bed. She wept wakefully all that night and the next morning, almost before dawn, when the streets were empty, a car drew up to the house and took Tony away.

Lawrence Belmont passed Dr. Calvin’s office, and, on impulse, knocked. He found her with Mathematician Peter Bogert, but did not hesitate on that account.

He said, “Claire tells me that U.S. Robots paid for all that was done at my house—”

“Yes,” said Dr. Calvin. “We’ve written it off, as a valuable and necessary part of the experiment. With your new position as Associate Engineer, you’ll be able to keep it up, I think.”

“That’s not what I’m worried about. With Washington agreeing to the tests, we’ll be able to get a TN model of our own by next year, I think.” He turned hesitantly, as though to go, and as hesitantly turned back again.

“Well, Mr. Belmont?” asked Dr. Calvin, after a pause.

“I wonder—” began Larry. “I wonder what really happened there. She- Claire, I mean-seems so different. It’s not just her looks-though, frankly, I’m amazed.” He laughed nervously. “It’s her! She’s not my wife, really-I can’t explain it.”

“Why try? Are you disappointed with any part of the change?”

“On the contrary. But it’s a little frightening, too, you see—”

“I wouldn’t worry, Mr. Belmont. Your wife has handled herself very well. Frankly, I never expected to have the experiment yield such a thorough and complete test. We know exactly what corrections must be made in the TN model, and the credit belongs entirely to Mrs. Belmont. If you want me to be very honest, I think your wife deserves your promotion more than you do.”

Larry flinched visibly at that. “As long as it’s in the family,” he murmured unconvincingly and left.

Susan Calvin looked after him, “I think that hurt-I hope... Have you read Tony’s report, Peter?”

“Thoroughly,” said Bogert. “And won’t the TN-3 model need changes?”

“Oh, you think so, too?” questioned Calvin sharply. “What’s your reasoning?”

Bogert frowned. “I don’t need any. It’s obvious on the face of it that we can’t have a robot loose which makes love to his mistress, if you don’t mind the pun.”

“Love! Peter, you sicken me. You really don’t understand? That machine had to obey the First Law. He couldn’t allow harm to come to a human being, and harm was coming to Claire Belmont through her own sense of inadequacy. So he made love to her, since what woman would fail to appreciate the compliment of being able to stir passion in a machine-in a cold, soulless machine. And he opened the curtains that night deliberately, that the others might see and envy-without any risk possible to Claire’s marriage. I think it was clever of Tony—”

“Do you? What’s the difference whether it was pretense or not, Susan? It still has its horrifying effect. Read the report again. She avoided him. She screamed when he held her. She didn’t sleep that last night-in hysterics. We can’t have that.”

“Peter, you’re blind. You’re as blind as I was. The TN model will be rebuilt entirely, but not for your reason. Quite otherwise; quite otherwise. Strange that I overlooked it in the first place,” her eyes were opaquely thoughtful, “but perhaps it reflects a shortcoming in myself. You see, Peter, machines can’t fall in love, but—even when it’s hopeless and horrifying—women can!”