

# MEET TOMMY

An Exploration of Private Body Modification and Play

Interviews by Shannon Larratt

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## **Meet Tommy:**

### **An Exploration of Private Body Modification and Play**

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For additional information on the subjects in this book, consider visiting BME (Body Modification Ezine) at <http://www.bme.com/>, which is also where all of the people involved in this book first met.

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"It's weird not to be weird."  
— *John Lennon*



## Introduction

This book suffers from its troubled history, and is a long time in the making, and unfortunately a short, rushed time in the finishing. I've been slowly building up its content since the mid nineties through a mix of chatting with BME members who became my friends whose pictures and stories inspired me to learn more. I went through bursts of inspiration where I'd contact hundreds of interesting people, generally beginning so many interviews that it was difficult to maintain the energy level to properly bring most of them to conclusion. I repeated this a few times, and eventually built up a small mountain of unedited text as well as thousands of photos to go with it. Then came my fiasco of a divorce which brought with it a bitter fight over the ownership and future of BME. This dispute completely took over my life and eventually saw me ousted from the site I'd founded seven years before beginning to date my future ex-wife. Luckily these negotiations allowed me to retain the rights to my book projects, and while being forced out did make me want to vindicate myself with a great book, I found myself disillusioned with the whole BME experience for years and

couldn't find the drive to wrap up the project. Time went on and this emotional pain receded, but was replaced with an overwhelming physical pain that was eventually diagnosed as a rare genetic disease that was slowly — but

excruciatingly — destroying my body by stopping its ability to form healthy muscle tissue. Eventually it seemed likely that I didn't have long to live (fingers crossed I'm a hypochondriac), and I felt a sense of intense urgency about finishing this book. I'd put so much effort into the story over the previous decade and a half, to say nothing of the faith that others had put in me to tell their stories, that I felt I owed it to myself and my friends to complete it. Unfortunately I didn't commit myself to doing so until late in the progression of my illness, and it was extremely difficult to maintain focus on the project, and found myself not only rushing to finish it, but working at a fraction of my former potential. But, if you're reading this, I've managed to assemble it. I suspect it's poorly edited and probably contains many technical errors, but here it is. The stories will not be lost.

I've done my best to present the interviews as they happened, with as little editorializing or editing as possible. In many cases this may make the interviews a bit more dry or difficult to read, but as my goal was to capture an accurate snapshot, I felt it was the right decision given the limitations I had allowed to develop.

Body modification has grown in popularity, fashionability, and mainstream media penetration to levels that would have shocked anyone, especially me, if you'd predicted them any time during the first decade of BME's life. Even the most extreme procedures like eyeball tattoos are casually promoted on popular television, scarification has a growing market

among normal customers of tattoo and piercing shops, and dozens of television shows present body modification as a valid artform steeped in "coolness". BME has of course played a major role in this gentrification, pushing since day one for the promotion, popularization, and public acceptance of all forms of body art. An unfortunate side effect of this largely positive cultural shift is that it can be very difficult to assess a person's internal and innate desire for body modification because the outside influences are so significant. When I got into body modification, it seemed like an alien idea. I didn't know anyone else interested in it, I wasn't aware of any body modification community willing to embrace me, and any media or public message about it was deeply negative and judgemental. But today, many people grow up in a world where body modification has always been a part of their day-to-day life, hammered with images of it being presented as the epitome of "cool" since their earliest memories, surrounded by friends and family encouraging it, and a media eager to present it as a great way to turn yourself into a celebrity.



For better or worse, this environment barely exists for genital modifications. If anything, as time goes by and body modification explodes in popularity, genital modification becomes less popular, because many general body modification fans who might have chosen genital modification in the past simply because their lifestyle wouldn't tolerate anything publicly visible can indulge those public fantasies these days. In addition, the puritanical media is rarely willing to present genital modification to the public, and when it does, it's usually shown as fetishistic or odd (both of which are arguably true, but that's part of their charm in my opinion). The wonderful thing though about genital modification's unique subcultural position is that it is, in my opinion, imbued with a certain purity that other modifications often lack. In general, when a person engages in genital modification, especially when done DIY or in completely private, it is a decision they come to completely in the absence of outside influence. They do it because something inside them draws them to it, not because they're succumbing to some form of what amounts to peer pressure. I believe that by examining the drives behind private modifications we get as true a view of what drives humans to

modify themselves. Exploring this subject gives unique insights into the human experience, and especially the way in which our sexuality causes us to alter our form, both for function and for fashion.

So why do people do people modify their genitals? On the surface, the answer is simple: because they get off on it. It turns them on. Most of these modifications make sex better, usually by making it feel better, but often also by enhancing the psycho-sexual drama by playing with people's personal fetishes. It is more profound though than a catalogue of advanced ways to masturbate and procreate. It's a way for people to take the absolute core of biological life — the process of replicating our genes — and consciously empowering and amplifying and reshaping that essence. Taking control of our future with actions that are both meaningless and transcendent. There are as many subtle motivations as there are interviews, but there are also obvious common threads that you'll see through all of them.

That said, my goal, especially because I find myself time-limited, with this book is not so much to analyze that psychology, but to ensure that these private stories are recorded and made available. Because as much as genital modification is a more private and uninfluenced matter than other body modifications, the reality is that as society opens up — and the Internet's ability to give people the freedom to express themselves plays a major role in this — these activities are moving out of the closet. They are starting to be talked about, publicly exhibited, and at times even idolized as the extremes of body modification. For this reason I felt it was especially important to make sure that these stories are recorded, as they represent a mix of people who modified themselves almost exclusively outside of the influence of the body modification community, either because the modifications started before the advent of BME, or because they were early in its history. Pandora's Box has now been opened, and perhaps this book will open it even farther, so I thought it was important to ensure that these conversations were recorded and shared. I hope it will serve to amuse, to inspire, to act as a valuable research tool, and most of all, to let people know that they're not alone, and that the strange things they do in private are perfectly healthy and in fact, not strange at all.

*Shannon Larratt*  
*December 2012*

PS. I want to add one of regret to my long list. In the process of assembling this book I discovered many other individuals I'd have loved to interview. It was very hard to cap off this book where it was. There are many other people who I wanted to include in the book, some people I've only recently become aware of, and some old friends whose interviews weren't finished. Dozens of interviews didn't reach a point where I could include them, and many more never started at all. Most importantly, I'd never intended to leave this subject with just a focus on male genital mods and other private modifications. It was my hope that I'd be able to follow up this book with coverage of other modification worlds and different demographics. There are so many stories worth recording and retelling, and I hope that this book will inspire other authors and anthropologists to continue this project.



Thank you to everyone who helped make this book possible. To everyone who inspired me with their willingness to make their dreams become real. To everyone who put their trust in me to share their stories. To everyone who supported BME over the years. To my loved ones, especially Caitlin, who kept me going so I could finish this book.



## Incomplete Glossary

*Following is a brief and incomplete glossary of some of the terms used in this book. Note that many of these terms exist in various different forms due to common slang for the genitals or parts thereof—for example “Ball Skewering” versus “Testicle Skewering”, “Cock Skinning” versus “Penis Skinning”, or “Head Splitting” versus “Glans Bisection”. Also please be aware that these terms are listed here as quick reference to explain what they are, and include no information on the risks and many other issues surrounding them.*

**Air Inflation** - Using air to inflate the scrotum like a balloon, as an alternative to the more common saline. Inflates and deflates much more quickly than using a liquid.

**Alcohol Injection** - Injecting alcohol directly into the testicles in order to kill them, affecting a castration without having to physically remove or disconnect the testicles from the body.

**Ampallang** - A horizontal piercing across the glans of the penis, from one side to the other. May or may not be transurethral (passing through the urethra).

**Ampallang, Shaft** - A horizontal piercing through the shaft of the penis, from immediately behind the glans to the base.

**Anal Piercing** - Anal piercings are generally performed similar to a Prince Albert, but into the anus rather than the urethra. A typical placement has one point of the piercing just outside the anus and the other just inside.

**Anal Pumping** - Using a vacuum pump the engorge the area around and just inside the anus.

**Anal Stretching** - Inserting progressively larger items into the anal canal to stretch the anus, sphincter, and relevant tissues in order to create permanent enlargement (or to put it more accurately, to increase the upper range of size of the opening without damaging the anus/sphincter's ability to close normally).

**Apadravya** - A vertical piercing through the glans. To be properly called an apadravya the top bead of the piercing should sit on top of the glans, and the bottom underneath it, perpendicular to the urethra (almost all apadravyas pass through the urethra, although they can be off-center if desired).

**Apadravya, Base** - A vertical piercing at the base of the shaft of the penis, passing centrally (transurethrally) through the full vertical diameter of the penis. The beads on the piercing are thought to stimulate the clitoris during heterosexual sex.

**Apadravya, Shaft** - A vertical piercing through the shaft of the penis, centrally, passing through the urethra and the full vertical diameter of the penis.

**Ball Drop** - See [Scrotal Release]

**Ball Exposure** - Temporarily opening the scrotum to expose, examine, and/or play with the naked testicle. This is not a castration — the testicle is reinserted afterwards.

**Ball Skewering** - Pushing needles through or into the testicle.

**Ball Stretching** - The term “ball” stretching refers to the

scrotum rather than the testicles. See [Scrotal Stretching]

**Banding** - Application of a tight elastic band to cut off blood flow and sensation. In this book it generally refers to the penis or parts thereof or the scrotum and/or testicles. The band may be left on short-term for play or for making a procedure easier by controlling bleeding, but if left on longer the tissue will actually die.

**Beading** - Placing small implants, generally under the skin of the penis.

**BME** - Body Modification Ezine, a website founded in 1994 that was the primarily online resource and community for the subject of body modification. Parts of BME covered mainstream modifications and ritual/play, and others covered the type of material found in this book.

**Branding** - The creation of scars using heat, using anything from a cigarette or direct flame to a branding iron or other tool intended to create a precise scar. May be for fun, or may be for the creation of bumps of scar tissue for sensation or aesthetic effect.

**Breast Inflation** - Injection of saline or other fluids/gases into chest or breast tissue to temporarily increase its size.

**Burdizzo** - A clamping tool that crushes the internal cords that attach the testicles to the body (one or both can be done). Applied properly this stops the blood flow to the testicles, causing them to die and wither away.

**Castration** - Removal or destruction of the testicles.

**Catheter** - A tube inserted into the urethra, generally to the bladder, to aid in urination or to keep the urethra from closing.

**CBT** - An acronym standing for “cock and ball torture”, pain play of the male genitals.

**Chastity Device** - A cage or other device making it difficult for the wearer to stimulate their penis or obtain an erection.

**Chastity Piercing** - A piercing that makes it difficult for the wearer to masturbate. Generally this means a immense PA, a ring that enters the urethra and instead of exiting at the bottom of the glans, exits behind the scrotum.

**Circumcision, Female** - In the voluntary context See [Hood Removal], and in the involuntary context See [FGM].

**Circumcision, Male** - Removal of the foreskin or part of it.

**Circumcision, Strip** - Removal of a band of skin from the shaft of the penis. If the foreskin is intact, this procedure is creates the same aesthetic as a foreskin removal, but without removing the sensitive foreskin tissues that many wish to retain. Depending on the size of the band and the person's anatomy, this procedure can also be used to tighten the skin on the penis while erect.

**Clamp and Cut** - A DIY-oriented procedure often used for meatotomies and subincisions and similar procedures that begins with crushing the tissue paper thing using thing forceps. This clamp is left in place long enough (usually about an hour) to fuse the tissue into a thin, transparent

band, which is then cut. Ideally the tissue remains fused, making the procedure bloodless (although suturing is still often required).

**Clitorectomy** - Amputation of the clitoris, the female equivalent of a penectomy.

**Cock Skinning** - Removal of the skin of the penis, sometimes partially, sometimes completely. Sometimes this is done temporarily, for play, and sometimes it is permanent, causing the penis to be reskinned with a tight layer of scar tissue.

**Cutter** - In this context a cutter is an underground practitioner offering castration and other genital modification services. In the more mainstream sense the term “cutter” can also mean a person who cuts themselves in order to affect some sort of emotional release.

**Dolphin** - A piercing that enters through the bottom of the penis and enters the urethra, and then comes back out again slightly farther along the urethra lengthwise.

**Dydoe** - A piercing through the ridge at the top/border of the glans.

**Elastrator** - A castration veterinary tool that applies a tight band around the scrotum and testicles (or penis, although this is not its intended use).

**Electrostim** - Use of electrical shocks for masturbation.

**Eunuch Archive, The** - A sister website to BME for eunuch social networking and erotic fiction.

**FGM** - An acronym meaning “Female Genital Mutilation”, a cultural practise involving the involuntary circumcision, infibulation, and clitorectomy of young girls or women in some African and Middle Eastern cultures. In the West these practises are considered extremely negative, and because of misunderstanding of the body modification and BDSM communities sometimes attracts unfair negative attention to people who do similar procedures on a voluntary basis.

**Foreskin Restoration** - Stretching of the end of the shaft skin in order to create a new foreskin in men who have been circumcised (usually as babies).

**Foreskin Splitting** - Cutting the foreskin to split it into multiple sections or to create atypical openings or shapes. Sometimes this is simply part of a subincision or bisection project, and sometimes it is its own project. The way the split tissue heals together can dramatically affect the movement of the skin.

**Frenectomy** - Removal or cutting of the small frenulum or central strip of skin which attaches the bottom of the glans to the shaft.

**Frenulum Piercing** - A shallow piercing through the penis’s frenulum.

**Frenum** - A piercing through the shaft skin of the penis, typically on the bottom and immediately behind the glans. Note that in its most common placement, a frenum proper is through the skin of the shaft, not through the frenulum.

**Frenum Ladder** - A series of frenum piercings in a line (a

scrotal ladder is the same thing but on the scrotum).

**Glans Liberation** - Cutting as much of the connective tissue between the glans and the penis, generally cutting up from the bottom, while maintaining blood supply, in order to allow the glans to move separately from the penis. This often negatively affects erectile function and sensation, and in many cases is the first step toward a glans removal.

**Glans Removal** - Amputation of the head of the penis (or part of it).

**Glans Splitting** - Central (ie. left/right) splitting of the head of the penis into two halves.

**Glucose Inflation** - Saline injection with glucose (or sometimes dextrose) in the solution, causing the solution to spread more slowly.

**Gluing** - Using glue to temporarily simulate procedures like penectomy, for example gluing the penis inside the body, and then gluing surrounding skin over top of it to make it appear to have been amputated. Generally a part of infibulation or fantasy play, sometimes leading up to the real procedure.

**Guiche** - A piercing placed between the scrotum and the anus.

**Hafada** - Scrotal piercings, generally placed on the side of the scrotum.

**Halfadravya** - An apadravya placed only through the top half of the penis (ie. the body of the glans), usually because a meatotomy has been done.

**Head** - In the context of this book, “head” almost always refers to the glans of the penis.

**Hood Removal** - Partial or complete removal of the hood of the foreskin, typically in order to expose it to more sensation or to make it more visually prominent. The female equivalent to a circumcision.

**Hood Splitting** - Splitting the hood open centrally along its length without removing any tissue, to improve access to the clitoris while still leaving protective tissue in place.

**HRT** - Acronym for “Hormone Replacement Therapy”, in the context of this book this generally means taking testosterone after a castration since the body is no longer producing significant amounts.

**IAM** - BME’s community or social networking site.

**Implant** - Solid silicone shapes or other objects placed underneath the skin in order to change its topography.

**Infibulation** - Temporarily or semi-permanent “locking up” of the genitals by gluing, sewing, physical devices, or even surgery.

**Injection Tattooing** - Tattooing by injecting the ink with a syringe or via a drip tube rather than by a typical repetitive poking technique.

**Inversion** - Splitting of the penis while keeping the glans intact, allowing the penis to be turned inside out or inverted.

**Labial Removal** - Amputation of the labia, typically the inner labia.

**Ligament Cutting** - Cutting of the penis's suspensory ligament. This both releases the penis so that more of it is outside the body, and allows alternate angles of erection.

**Meatotomy** - Cutting open of the bottom portion of the glans, from about where a PA piercing would exit to the urethral opening. This both allows the glans to open, exposing more nerves, and because the portion of the urethra that is cut open is typically narrower than the rest of the urethra, a meatotomy is an easy way to allow for sounding with larger objects.

**Mineral Oil Injection** - Injection of various types of mineral oil into the penis, scrotum, or other parts of the body in order to permanently enlarge them. Unlike [Silicone Injection] which is more inert, these types of injections can cause dramatic and problematic granulomas and other medical complications.

**ModBlog** - BME's blog which covered a wide range of body modification and play interests, from mainstream piercing and tattooing, to the material covered in this book.

**Nipple Removal** - Amputation of the nipple. In most cases this refers to the entire external nipple (not just the nipple tip), but in some cases deeper amputations that also remove glandular removals are done.

**NO2 Inflation** - Inflation of the scrotum or other parts of the body using nitrous oxide gas. Using gas rather than liquid allows for much faster inflation.

**Orchiectomy** - This is simply the medical term for [Castration].

**Paraffin Injection** - See [Mineral Oil Injection].

**Pearling** - See [Beading]. This word comes from the fact that in Japan pearls were traditionally used for this procedure.

**Penectomy** - Amputation of the penis.

**Penile Rod Implant** - Implants placed along the length of the corpus cavernosum. These implants may be hard and inflexible, flexible, or even inflatable, and their purpose is to force an erection. Usually these are done to correct erectile dysfunction, but they can be done in healthy individuals as well.

**Penis Bisection/Bifurcation** - Splitting the penis lengthwise, creating two penises or a forked penis, depending on the length of the split. The split is always along the urethra, cutting vertically, due to the anatomy of the penis making this the only option.

**Penis Stubbing** - Partial [Penectomy] or shortening of the penis.

**Play Piercing** - Temporary piercings of the body, usually shallow through the surface skin. While "play piercing" can refer to any part of the body, it usually refers to non-genital piercings, with those being [CBT].

**Prince Albert (PA)** - A piercing which enters through the urethral opening, and exits on the bottom of the penis at the junction between the glans and shaft. Perhaps the most common male genital piercing.

**Prince Albert, Base** - A piercing that exits the urethra near

the base, where the shaft meets the scrotum. In some cases it is done with a large piece of jewelry, and in other cases it is a single point.

**Prince Albert, Deep** - A PA piercing that exits further down the shaft than a normal PA.

**Prince Albert, Reverse** - A PA piercing that instead of exiting through the bottom of the penis, exits through the top, similarly to how an apadravya does, although usually slightly more shallow.

**Prince's Wand** - A type of jewelry that holds a sound in the urethra. In its simplest form this is a sound, with a small cross-bar that exits through a PA hole

**Princess Albertina** - The female equivalent to a PA, a ring that enters the urethra and exits slightly above or below it.

**Pubic Piercing** - A piercing in the pubic tissue or in the junction between the pubic mound and shaft.

**Saline Injection/Inflation** - Injection or IV dripping of saline into the body. Usually this means inflating the scrotum like a water balloon, but it can also refer to the penis, chest, or other tissue.

**Scrotal Reduction (or Scrotal Trimming)** - Removal of excess scrotal tissue to create a smaller or tighter scrotum.

**Scrotal Release** - By cutting into the skin between the scrotum and the penis, the scrotum can be caused to drop slightly, and not pull along the penis when erect, creating a large division between the two.

**Scrotal Splitting** - Bisection of the scrotum, splitting it between the testicles, almost creating an individual scrotum for each testicle.

**Scrotal Stretching** - Slowly increasing the length of the scrotum via a combination of stretching and weights.

**Scrotal Suspension** - Hanging the entire weight of the body from the the scrotum/testicles.

**Scrotoectomy** - Removal of the scrotum, typically done in a separate procedure to eliminate the loose empty sac of skin left over post-castration.

**Silicone Injection** - Injection of liquid silicone under skin in order to enlarge the tissue. Most commonly done in the shaft of the penis or the scrotum, but can also be done in the body (butt or chest for example) or the face (most commonly in the lips).

**Smoothie** - A person who has had his penis, testicles, and scrotum removed so that his genital area is completely smooth. In some cases the nipples are removed as well.

**Sounding** - Stimulation of the urethra (for pleasure) using a smooth rod, finger, or other item.

**Subincision** - Opening of penis along the bottom side, cutting from the urethra out, so the inside of the urethra is exposed. The subincisions can be partial or full, at its furthest going to the point where the urethra turns up toward the bladder.

**Superincision** - A very rare penis modification in which the penis is opened along the top side. The inverse of a subincision.



**Suprapubic Catheter** - A catheter which exits not via the urethra, but directly out of the torso through the skin of the pubic mound.

**TENS machine** - A transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulation machine, sometimes used for electrostim play.

**Transscrotal** - A transscrotal piercing passes from the front (in the scrotum just below the base of the penis) to the back of the scrotum. Usually this is done by creating a large hole and suturing the two sides of the piercing together, rather than doing it like a normal piercing.

**Urethral Reroute** - Alteration of the exit point of the urethra (not including procedures such as subincision or meatotomy which alter the urethra by default). Usually this means a new opening being formed behind the scrotum (which is extremely difficult), but sometimes at the base of the penis.

**Vacuum Pumping** - Applying vacuum to the penis, scrotum, or other body part in order to cause it to become swollen and engorged with fluid.

"To know what you prefer instead of humbly saying Amen to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive."

— Robert Louis Stevenson, *An Inland Voyage*

"I hold it to be the inalienable right of anybody to go to hell in his own way."

— Robert Frost



My BME/HARD-inspired tattoo done by my friend Shane Faulker.

## Rob: Stretched PA and Genital Tattoo

I'm about fifty years old and was born in central London, UK, where I have always lived, though now on the outskirts. I had a very ordinary upbringing although my parents separated when I was thirteen years old and I was kinda left to bring myself up from that age onwards. I have had many jobs in my life including police officer, architectural technician, furniture designer, bar manager, and security officer. Now I work as a stock controller in a large department store. I have been married and divorced and I am now in the eighteenth year of my new marriage and am very happy in that.

*Do you remember how you first were introduced to piercing?*

I saw a TV program once where a guy was showing a Prince's Wand. There was no way back then that I would have dreamed of wearing something like that, but it sowed the seed of thought — I just had to have a ring in my dick! Thank God. I couldn't live without mine. I love the weight. I'm into wands now too.

*So you'd never considered them when you were younger?*

It never crossed my mind to get pierced until I was in my forties. For me it is purely a sexual thing.

When I was young I had never heard of anything like genital piercing. I'm talking about circa 1970. I would have been fifteen or sixteen. In fact, more than a single piercing in each ear of a woman, or a single piercing in one ear of a man was never seen. Not in mainstream circles anyway. No kids had tattoos. When I got to about twenty it became fashionable for girls in London to have more than one piercing per ear. I had no aspirations about that kind of thing whatsoever.

*Who did your body modifications?*

All my mods (apart from the tattoo) are self done. A big needle and an earring were my first pieces of equipment. I started with a small frenum about eight years ago. This stretched to a 12mm in no time — I stretch really easily — and I got to love the feeling of weight. That's when I found BME. I soon became dissatisfied with my (by then) two frenum piercings and I really wanted a PA. I found it very hard to find a piercer that would give me a PA whilst I had my frenums. So again I had to do it myself. I did it with a scalpel so I would end up with a 5mm ring straight off. What a rush!! At last I had what I wanted. As I have said before, this easily stretched and now I wear a 12mm ring.

I have two Prince's Wands. First I had made a long thin one (6mm) which is too long to wear during the day, and a shorter thicker (10mm) one which I had made to wear 24/7. As soon as I got the short one I started to wear it all the time. The weight felt great but it began to pull on my PA and I worried about migration of the piercing. I had a ring made that screwed into the wand and flipped over the head of my penis. This took the weight off the piercing but was quite uncomfortable. But now I don't wear a wand all the time — just when the mood takes me. I use them for play but never during intercourse.

All the while this was going on I always had a really tight foreskin so I decided to do something about it. I tied my frenum off close up to the head of my penis and gradually





kept increasing the tension. Soon it broke free completely and I had new loose foreskin. After all those years of being too tight it felt fantastic! I am now in the process of removing the excess foreskin bit by bit by piercing and tying off. Amazing! It's like self circumcision. A real slow process though.

*What keeps you interested?*

I find the whole thing a real turn on. Not many people know about my mods (my wife has none) but I let as many know as I am brave enough to tell. I get all sorts of reactions, but it's great when someone is really interested.

*And your wife?*

My wife loves my tattoo but is not so keen on my PA. She is much younger than me.

*Tell me about your genital tattoo?*

I had tried to get my tattoo done for about five years before I actually found someone to do it. I had never been tattooed before but that had nothing to do with this problem. Artists I spoke to were quite prudish. In fact some of them were aggressive in their refusal. At best they looked at me like I was crazy! (Maybe I Am?) I even tried in other countries — Spain & Portugal. Twice I was given the runaround where they agreed to do it and asked me to come back later. On return one had closed his shop and the other said he had changed his mind. His prerogative. One day I walked into an artist's shop in a small fishing town in Cornwall. Richie is German — not that this has any bearing on the story — and after listening to my request and a long silence, agreed to do it. Two hours later I had my tattoo. I was elated. In fact it took a long time to sink in. I love it!

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*I briefly touched base with Rob again seven years after the initial interview, so I asked him what had changed since the last time we talked.*

As far as changes are concerned, my PA is now stretched to 15mm diameter — so I now wear some pretty heavy metal. I have also become a nudist, but I take my PA out when in public due to the attention it attracts detracts from the pleasure of living life nude. People are very intolerant of body mods. For the same reasons, I slightly regret my tattoo which I can't hide. Otherwise I love it.

*Your PA is part of how you see yourself at this point?*

Yes, I would definitely say I feel my pa is part of me. Nevertheless it is removable.

When I first went to the nude beach the attention it attracted made me feel uncomfortable. So much staring. I guess I should have expected it. I had people secretly photographing me and once I caught someone actually videoing me. This was all very embarrassing. I'm a nudist not an exhibitionist. Now when I'm nude in public I take it out. I can relax then, and just be one of the crowd. Amazingly, I have NEVER seen another pa on the beaches I visit. Maybe other guys take theirs out too? This is mainly in Spain and the Canary Islands which are popular with nudists.

I love my PA and will always keep it, but I don't want to be thought of trying to attract attention with it. I'm 60 years old after all! I enjoy my mods in private, and my piercing is very important to me.



## **Dario: Bodysuit, Genital Cutting and Piercing**

I was born in South America. I am 59 years old, but actually, I don't usually talk about my age anymore. Just out of sheer vanity, and because I don't feel that old. Being the youngest of four children in a family where tradition was important, I grew up in very conservative surroundings. The school I went to was run by the Jesuits. They were excellent teachers as far as the passing of knowledge to their pupils was concerned, most were also quite nice persons. Their attitude towards life in general and with respect to sexuality in particular was, of course, that of the Catholic Church — extremely repressive. Sex outside marriage was out of the question, and sin was ubiquitous. For a healthy adolescent this can mean constant emotional terror. In my case, knowing since I was about ten years old that I was attracted only to men, it was quite dreadful since it meant that everything I felt was rotten and sinful, and that I would head straight to hell if I gave in to my desires, even if only in thought. This, of course, didn't prevent me of getting acquainted with sexuality. In fact, when I was about fourteen I had a very rewarding relation with a man who worked for my parents until one of my teachers found it out and the affair came abruptly to a very bad end which left me with wrecked nerves and in a state of continuous fear. Fortunately, my parents didn't learn about this, but for me the wish to go away from the oppressing surroundings grew very strong.

My father, a respected physician, had lived in Europe, and particularly in Germany, for many years, and so my two brothers, my sister and I got interested in other countries and other cultures at a very early age. When I finished High School, I asked my father for permission and financial support to attend a European university. Since I had always been an excellent pupil, he agreed to let me study science in Germany. I was then eighteen years old.

After learning the language, I started my studies in a town not far from Frankfurt and got, after six years, a Masters degree in Physics. I then moved to Munich to work on a doctoral thesis. Three years later I graduated as a Doctor of Science at Munich University. After some research work as a postdoc, I got a job with a company from the northern part of the country, near Hamburg, where I stayed for a year. Subsequently, I went to work at their branch in Sao Paolo, Brazil, where I lived for two years. Brazil is a great, beautiful and interesting country, and the people are warm-hearted and unusually friendly. I liked it there, but I missed Europe nevertheless, and I missed research. So I started looking for another job, and I eventually found an interesting position in Germany. Since then, I have been working in Physics in a very well known research center, and I have been very successful. This is, of course, quite pleasant.

When I first came to Germany, I frequently felt very lonely.

But then, being a nice-looking boy, it was not difficult for me to meet men to have sex with. These encounters were usually quite brief. At the beginning, I was still very deeply entrapped in my catholic upbringing. But then, slowly, I started to feel free and comfortable with my own personality and with my sexuality. That was the time I met a boy about



my same age. We saw each other frequently, went on vacation together, and in fact we have been a couple since then. We share practically everything, except the interest for tattooing and bodmods. I got interested in these things after we had been together for about fifteen years, and this brought us sexually apart. Nevertheless, our relationship is very strong, characterized by mutual respect, consideration and tenderness. I do miss the sexual aspect a lot, but being a basically shy and earnest person, I find it somehow inappropriate to go looking for fast sex at this stage in life. Furthermore, with all the tattooing and extreme mods I now have, it is more difficult to find the right man. And, of course, not everyone would do, since also I have my preferences. About two years ago I was approached through the IAM pages by a younger man who has beautiful tattoos and very exciting mods, and who is, on top of it, a very pleasant and intelligent person. He does not live too far away from Munich, so we eventually met, exchanged ideas, went for dinner together a couple of times. There was not much otherwise. Time passed and one year later I realized that I was deeply in love, just mad about him, I had never felt that way before. I had wrongly thought that he had some kind of interest in me, but that was not the case, it was a one-sided thing. He loves brief encounters with changing partners and the kind of sex I cannot give him. Before meeting him, I had led a quiet and secluded life which was not unpleasant at all. But then everything was somehow upside down. I was mad at myself for making such a fool of myself, and I felt



desperate at the same time. It was the first time in life I had to look for professional help. So, at the end, it was only suffering what I got, no fun at all, and I am not over it yet. I have decided to be more careful in the future. I had not realized one is so vulnerable, I had thought I was wiser, more detached and much stronger. A bloody mistake.

#### *What body modifications do you currently have?*

I now have the following body modifications — the piercings and cuttings are all self made. Titrings 6mm, apradavya 8mm, two scrotum rings 12mm, deep shaft piercing 6mm to 16 mm (depending on what I insert). A very large transscrotal opening, approximately 40 mm. Subincision, but not as complete as it once was since I have partially re-sutured it. Bodysuit of tattoos.

#### *I'm very interested in your deep shaft piercings.*

I can understand that people are unwilling to make a deep shaft piercing because of the danger of hurting any mayor vessel and of subsequent bleeding. I am going to try to tell you how I made mine. I think the main thing to keep in mind is, first, not to start with too large a hole and, second, to have the right jewellery at hand to immediately fill the hole so that it stops any bleeding.

I started with something about 8 gauge. I put a dot with a ballpoint pen at the upper side of the shaft where I intended to make the hole and I put a second mark on the underside of the shaft where I wanted it to come out. Then I clamped my dick with some clamps I usually used for tit play, which look similarly to forceps, but which allow for a bigger portion of flesh to be clamped. The clamping makes the whole procedure much easier and one can work more exactly as would be the case with a loose dick. The best thing, of course, would be to have some one to help: one fellow would hold the clamped dick, the other one would make the actual piercing. The clamping has also the advantage that the piercing is rather painless (but remember that pain is a very subjective matter, very different from person to person!) After

the proper clamping, I took a piercing needle, on which I had put a big cork in order to make the pushing of the needle easier (flesh is incredibly tough!), and I pushed the needle through the shaft. I had a barbell appropriate for the gauge of the needle I had used, and with the right length. It is very important that the end balls of the barbell are large enough, e.g. for a barbell with 3,5mm (apr. 8 gauge), one would take balls with 12 mm). This is to avoid that the balls start working their way into the piercing, which makes healing difficult. Healing itself is slow!

Later I started enlarging the hole, going slowly. This is difficult, and the results are not satisfactory since the hole immediately goes back to the original size when one takes the barbell out. What I later did was, VERY CAREFULLY, cut into the hole along the shaft with a scalpel. Then again, it is good to have barbells of different sizes and immediately put in one, which fits snugly. This, again, to avoid bleeding.

I made this in the course of several years and I can now put a one cm diameter barbell through the hole, or even something larger.

#### *How did you do your transscrotal piercing?*

It's not an easy piercing to make, and the method I used was not ideal. It was difficult and painful, not because of the cutting itself, but because of the sutures dug into the flesh causing constant pain.

I placed marks on the front and rear of the bag, marking where I wanted it to me. Then I clamped it with a pair of forceps, bringing the front and rear together. With a needle and thread I ordered online I sutured the front and rear skin together, and then used the point of a scalpel to make a cut about 1cm long. That was all very simple. It didn't bleed because I'd already sutured it, but the bag was slightly swollen and the sutures began to cut into the skin. The pain wasn't extreme, but it was constant, which wears on you. I endured it for about a week, and then removed them, which was very difficult because I was hardly able to find them. But, the first





small opening was there. It was easy to expand, which I have done in small steps — perhaps four or five times. I always made a small cut and then immediately sewed it, and I came to the current hole that is really big, that I can already fit a penis through.

#### *And your subincision?*

I made my fist try at a subincision about twenty-five years ago, not having much experience. I wanted to make a cut about 3cm long, but starting at the base of the penis, and not at the glans, as most people do. I did it and liked it well, but the big mistake was that I did not use any sutures; I would not have been able anyway since I did not have any suturing material whatsoever, and no experience. The problem was that in spite of all the bandaging, the wound started bleeding every time I had to urinate, and also sometimes in-between.

This went for several days and I then started to have the signs of going into shock — low blood pressure and fast heart beating, you know, so I decided to go to a private clinic and tell the whole thing to a urologist. He said I had to stay there and be operated on. I was not really in the mood to argue and agreed to everything. What he did afterward was a mayor operation in the course of which he closed the wound completely, which, of course, was not the way I would have liked him to do it, and, as I would learn later, he also changed somehow the form of my urethral channel, so that it was somehow flatter and not so cylindrical as it naturally is.

Years later I wanted to have my subincision again. This time I started at the top, going slowly down until I reached the base of the shaft, and this way I've had it for many years now. However, I realized then that my urethra was somehow flat, which I did not like so much, and there was also some scarring from the operation. Then, there is the following: Potential partners are frequently freaked out. It is difficult to always get someone who is into subincisions, even if he is into other types of mods. Then, I travel frequently and I find it highly inconvenient to always have to look for a booth when you go

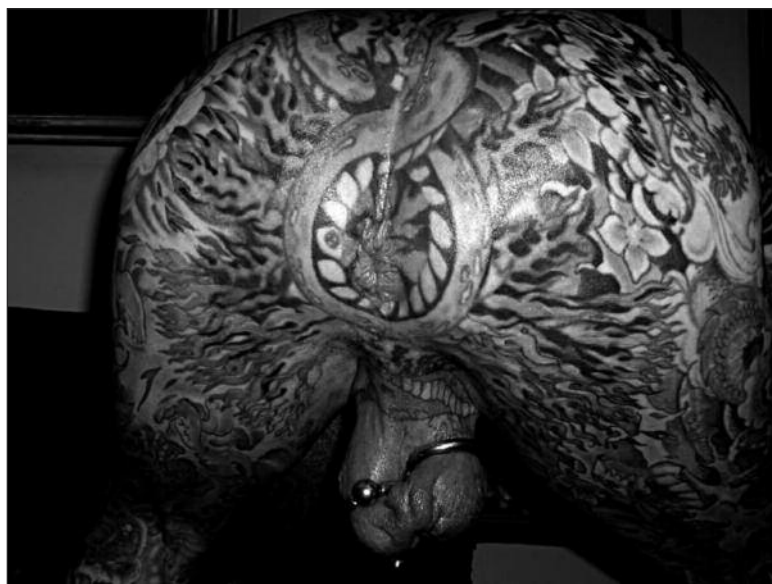
to the toilet. I don't really sit down to piss, but use a stainless steel tube to piss while standing, but of course one cannot do all these manipulations in front of a urinal with neighbours standing left and right.

So I decided to try to re-suture at least part of the subincision, but lacking experience and in doubt whether this was going to work at all, I did not start at the bottom part, where urinating might ruin the work, but I tried to reclose about 3mm more or less in the middle part of the subincision, a bit more towards the glans. I left the sutures in for about 13 days, and I must confess that I was amazed when I saw that it had worked, and that it did not look as bad as I feared. It looks quite OK in fact, I like it. But it did not solve the problem of pissing in public places while standing.



#### *What got you into all of this in the first place, and what keeps you interested in it?*

If I could say what got me so interested into body modification, and why it became so important in my life, I would be a lot wiser, but I can't. It is just so, and I don't know the deeper reasons. For me, the reasons are sexual ones, but it is a mystery to me why my sexuality is connected to these things. I have no explanation whatsoever. But, of course, I know how it started. Back in the seventies I got hold of a Danish gay magazine called *Grotesque*. There was on the cover of it the torso of a man with nipple rings. I had never seen something like that before. In another issue of the same magazine I saw a dick with what is now called an *apradavya* ring. I was absolutely fascinated. I immediately wished to have something similar. It was, however, rather difficult to get any information about it and the how-to. My efforts to make a nipple piercing myself were not successful at the time. The proper tools and the know-how were not available to me, so I just waited. The first source of reliable information was *PFIQ* magazine. Through it, it became possible to contact people with similar interests. It was only then that I started to make



my fantasies reality, first with the nipple piercings and later, slowly, with more advanced ones. The setback of it (and there was one!) was that most people I met thought what I was doing was sick, to put it mildly, and it became increasingly difficult for me to find the right sexual partners.

I got interested in tattooing relatively late in life. I had always thought tattoos were common and vulgar. They are an absolute taboo among the people I grew up with, so I didn't ever consider them as something I would someday like to have. But then, I started seeing pictures of men with tattoos in Scandinavian and American gay magazines and at a certain stage I thought that they looked really hot. At that time, I got one day into a taxi in Hamburg. The taxi driver, an attractive young man, had tattoos on his hands and arms, I found him beautiful. I think it was then I started to think about it in a different way. Anyhow, three years later, after giving a lot of thought to it, I decided to have an eagle tattooed on my left upper arm. Something quite conventional, but I was really scared, knowing it was something for life. Eventually, I made an appointment and went for it. The physical experience was new, somehow unpleasant but at the same time exciting; the emotional experience was something totally new, I felt masculine, and sexy, and liberated. I knew to be doing something unacceptable for someone with my family and social background, and I enjoyed it to be doing just as I pleased.

I didn't get any more tattoos for a longer time. But then one day I saw in PFIQ a dragon tattoo on the lower abdomen of a man, and I knew I wanted something like that too. A friend directed me to Alan Oversby — Mr. Sebastian — who lived in London. He made the tattoo for me, and that was the beginning of long friendship in the course of which he tattooed my whole upper body. Alan worked perfectly, but also very, very slowly, so this lasted for about 10 years until shortly before his death at the beginning of 1996. Alan was not only a great tattooist and skilled piercer, but also a real gentleman and a very kind person. He had a beautiful voice, a calm, elegant manner. A very unusual person, I still miss him.

Since I have never liked to stop halfway once I have started, I decided to continue the tattooing on the lower part of the body. For this I went to Theo Maier, aka Sohne, here in Munich. He did the rest of my body in the mid to late nineties. At present he is redoing the tattoos on the torso and back, which had grown a bit pale, and he has added a bit around the neck. I would love to have my neck tattooed, but I cannot afford that, either professionally or socially. I mean, I am not prepared to pay the price for it, at least at the moment.

Tattooing for me has undoubtedly a clear and strong sexual meaning. I could not say precisely what it is, but it has connotations of masculinity, wildness, unruliness, liberation, independence. I really love my tattoos, and I feel increasingly confident about displaying them in public.





## **Pierre: Full Subincision**

My name, here, is Pierre. I will be sixty five this year when the sun is in Scorpio (I have Sun and Moon in Scorpio, as well as the ruler of the Ascendant; also, for the connoisseur, Jupiter and Saturn conjunct in opposition to my Sun, while Uranus opposes the conjunction of Moon and Mercury).

I was born in North Africa from French parents and brought up there until I was fifteen. I was part of a large family, having three brothers and two sisters. After I was fifteen my parents returned to France and I did my studies in a major provincial city and finished in Paris where I got a post-graduate doctorate in Computer Sciences.

My father was a medical doctor quite authoritarian and frightened me as a child. I had all my childhood a problem with wetting my bed, which my father attempted to deal with in various manners. Early I got some infection on the glans as he had tried to put me on saw dust to spare the cleaning of sheets! Result he had me circumcised when I was one or two. I had shame about it as I was the only one in my family to be circumcised and as my father took pleasure at making jokes and humiliating comments about Jews and Arabs about their “cut” penis.

By the age of seven or eight my father, after having tried unsuccessfully acupuncture, tried a new clever idea: inserting catheters in my urethra to create pain when I urinate so that I would wake up at night and go to the toilet! I hated this transgression of my boundaries and the pain that I had to endure at each urination. He did that a few times without the expected result.

So my genitals were a concern every day and a source of shame for me. My mother used to tell everybody in front of me of the burden to have a child peeing in bed. But my parents found normal to send me in a boarding school when I was nine, for a year, with the express order to hide my bed-wetting as the school would have not accepted me. I covered my wet bed everyday and slept at night in the cold wetness of the previous night’s incontinence.

And I wetted my bed until a couple of months before my fifteenth birthday! I had my puberty already since I had reached twelve, and I masturbated shamefully and secretly almost everyday. Sex was a no-no, as my mother was very Catholic and I was raised in the idea of sin.

Sexuality was a shameful subject and I was very inhibited. I remember vividly an incident that occurred when I was thirteen and stayed imprinted in my mind. In the sport field one day, in a remote area, a young Arab boy was masturbating openly without guilt, seemingly happy with himself and unconcerned about onlookers. I was bemused and kept looking at him from the distance: it was such a revelation that somebody could do that without guilt or shame, and had the courage to do it publicly — as people from the outside could see into the sport-field from high buildings around. This was such a contrast with my immense guilt and fear of being caught up. I knew I would not have the courage to do that, but I would have liked to have it. Many times after that I masturbated in the toilet in front of the window (without any possibility of any one seeing me) contemplating the thought of freedom that the boy had.

Since then each time I was alone in nature I felt a compulsion to exhibit my genitals, not to people, but to the sun, to the trees, to the animals, to nature. It was like begging acceptance that I was fine, that I was OK.

My exhibitionism never went public in the sense of confronting a human look! It was limited to nature, which for me was totally accepting and non-judgemental. My voyeurism also was also purely in fantasy and restricted to imagine girls enjoying themselves, having no guilt or shame, but it never materialized.

I had a lot of doubts about myself and my sexuality as I read Freud and realised that I had neurotic tendencies — mainly a compulsion to touch my genitals all the time and to masturbate mechanically for hours at night in my bed (avoiding ejaculation to keep the game as long as I could).

I was attracted to girls but sometimes questioned if I had not an unconscious or repressed homosexual tendency. I made love for the first time when I was twenty three or twenty four.

I was quite hot but still once I realised that my penis went soft with the girl when trying to go in. I freaked out as it had never occurred before to me and generally I could stay erect for hours. I became very anxious as if I had become impotent! I broke away from the girl — which broke her heart—and was questioning myself: what was wrong with my sexuality?

This is a long introduction to the subject of my subincision, but it may give some light to the mind set that later led to it. I had many relationships where sexuality was always very important for me, but I never felt really satisfied by it. I got married and had a child, but did not feel the total acceptance that I was craving for. My sexuality was strong as I was aroused often daily, but not necessarily by women. It was a kind of inner compulsion to touch my genitals and to masturbate: I wanted to masturbate in front of my wife shamelessly and have her give me appreciation, tenderness, love; more, in fact, than making love to her. I also loved to masturbate her and even more to watch her masturbate in



front of me – all things she did a few times but I was too shy to ask for more.

By the age of thirty two, before I had married my wife but I was living with her, I had started to introduce thin wires into my urethra. Probably it was an unconscious re-enactment of my father's treatment. I was tempted to keep on further and further down with time, and then to try larger and larger wires. I did that secretly as I kept also my masturbations for myself. I did not trust that I was lovable when doing those things.

This went on for many years without problems, except once when it gave me an infection of the urethra which I had to go to doctors to treat.

By the age of thirty seven I became involved in meditation and yoga. I read about various practices that some yogis do to gain control over their sexuality. I certainly was very spiritual and wanted control over my carnal mind. I heard of yogis cutting the frenum of the tongue to reach back into their throat for experiences of bliss. I heard they did it millimetre by millimetre, without pain or blood, patiently allowing the wound to heal before continuing.

One day, by the age of forty, I had been playing with the skin of the frenum of my penis and had the thought of piercing it with a pointed object –but slowly, without pain or tear. So I patiently applied the pointed object until, after a long time, it started to break the other side of the skin of the frenum. I was thrilled that I had been through without experiencing pain, without even tearing the skin and getting blood. I returned many times to the hole with thicker and thicker objects, and finally left a plastic hair pin inserted in the hole for awhile.

Then the idea came to cut the frenum; it fascinated me as it literally means to cut the restraint, as if it would liberate my sexuality: a sexuality without restraint! I was scared to hurt, to have pain. I was also scared to have a haemorrhage. I had created a very large hole already into the frenum but I hesitated for quite some time before I had the courage to take a cutter and apply the blade from inside the hole outwardly. I did not want to create pain, so I waited with a strong pressure. Suddenly, after a long time, I was able to cut through effortlessly, painlessly, and with very little blood. I was relieved and very happy. After the little wound had healed I had to remove some pieces of skin on both ends that were hanging. That was easy now, and again painless and almost bloodless.

I was very proud of my frenumless penis: it looked fabulous to my eyes! The skin of the penis could glide up and down without restraint, and the glans also looked so beautiful, as if liberated. I did a plaster cast of my erect penis, as I heard in some books that people do. It was great: I varnished it and painted it with gold! It looked gorgeous, but my wife to whom I showed it was not impressed at all. It was disgusting to her!

In the next few months, as I kept introducing things into my urethra (often tubes of various sizes and length to put liquids into the bladder), I thought of enlarging the hole of the

penis, the meatus as it is called. I wanted to be able to introduce very large objects into the urethra. Again, I proceeded very slowly, very gently, cutting only a millimetre or two at a time. I did not want to create pain as I was very afraid of pain. I wanted to do like yogis and fakirs who can pierce their body without pain, without blood, without damage. I would allow the wound to heal before proceeding further. It took many months to cut the meatus open enough to introduce my little finger into the hole.

I was studying yoga and meditation seriously for years and I tried to stay away from sexuality as my wife was in the same orientation. Still many times I was strongly aroused in my meditations, or at night, and I felt the compulsion to play with my genitals or masturbate. After some years of struggle – trying to be abstemious of all sexuality for a while and then feeling a strong compulsion to masturbate — I discovered that cutting myself was creating a relief. A bit like bloodletting is for some people. It was not the blood that was the relief, as there was very little or none, it was the wound that diminished immediately the sexual desire.

It was the time when my wife left me and wanted to divorce. I had many other relationships for some years, never really satisfactory, and I returned in between to masturbation and some times cutting. The cut was about 2 cm long at that time, as I was progressing extremely slowly, millimetre by millimetre, and always without pain and almost no blood.

I had heard about Australian Aborigines who practice subincision. That was fascinating as I had no idea how they did it and how it looked like. I tried to get information but no books were mentioning anything more than the judgements of the white people about it. I was also very concerned with the “irrationality” of my behaviour, it made no sense to desire to cut myself constantly. For what reason? For what purpose? I was familiar with reincarnation as I had practiced some regressions with a therapist and discovered amazing “memories” (it was more like reliving an experience than a memory). I suspected that I had been tortured in some ancient times, and that I had also been an eunuch in a harem. That seemed to me quite probable, but I had not



relieved that in a past-life regression. Could that “explain” my behaviour? I don’t know but I thought it could be something like that.

After a few more stormy relationships, I had one who triggered more and more my desire to keep cutting myself into a real subincision. From 1991 to 1994 I did many cuts taking the subincision to something like 4 cm. Then there was a hard time in this relationship where I kept cutting now more and more often and deeper cuts. Now I would cut half a centimetre and have a lot of blood, but still without any pain at all.

The wound would heal and close the half centimetre into only a few millimetres.

When I reached 1998, I had reached half the shaft of the penis (something like 7 cm).

How many cuts I had done to reach this length? I do not know exactly, but certainly around one hundred. The journey had started in 1980.

My last girl friend came then into the picture, but with her I felt even more at times the desire to push her away by cutting myself to be unavailable to her and not feel any sexual attraction. Weird! It was then that it hit me that I had been with her in a past-life relationship where we were lovers but I was brutally assaulted and castrated. I felt so ashamed that I became monk and asked her to become nun. This was a fascinating revelation as the whole story made sense and certainly was putting light on what was happening in me.

She hated my subincision, despite at times she liked the soft feeling of the groove underneath. Still I kept going, cutting my self regularly when we were fighting. In the last seven years, from 1998 to 2005, I kept a record of my cuttings. In seven years it was exactly sixty cuttings, some times two or three cuttings the same day, but most of the times one cutting only.

In October 2002 I had the thought of showing my subincision to the world and even of having it in a book with my story; this is when I contacted BME and sent three pictures of my subincision (13 cm long at the time). Then the whole of 2003, for almost a year and a half I had no desire to cut any further, I was complete and satisfied with my subincision.

For aesthetic reasons I felt that when in erection there was a kind of bridge underneath the hole in the scrotum that could be removed to make the subincision totally pleasing to me. So, at times when my girl-friend and me were temporarily separating I did three cuts in 2004 and two in 2005. Last time was the 2nd of April 2005 when I did a little ritual of completing forever the subincision taking the vow to stop definitively (the total length is now 14 cm). Amazingly enough it is then that you contacted me to appear in your book!

So, this is my story, obviously shortened, as it is very repetitive in actuality. For me the “reason” for this whole journey was to heal many pains that had been experienced in various past lives. My last girl-friend is to my view-point a soul-mate that had appeared in many of my lives. To me I

reckon she was a queen in the harem where I was a eunuch. Later in the early days of Christianity I was one of the Father of the Church and to remain pure as I was guiding spiritually a rich lady (my soul-mate) I emasculated myself. That life I finished tortured and died of the consequences. In the Middle Ages I returned as a great Teacher who fell in love with one of his student (my soul-mate) and was castrated in punishment. I took it as a punishment from God and spent the rest of my life in spirituality. Later I came back as a great mathematician and mystic who was secretly in love with his sister (my soul-mate).

This is just some of the past lives that discovered. Nothing is proven, of course, but it makes sense for me, chiefly when I look in the details of these past-lives.

I have returned to not make the mistake to separate spirituality from the rest of life, and heal my sexuality. I feel much better now about myself, about my life, my journey through so many relationships; I love and embrace myself much more than by the past; I forgive my father, I forgive my subincision; I am very much at peace with my self, and will more and more be at peace with my wonderful girl-friend and soul-mate. We have been pushing our buttons each other a lot, but understanding past-lives was helpful to me (she is not into them, she does not deny them, but she is not interested in unveiling the past).

This is my perspective. I don’t know if my past-lives are really what I reckon, but what matters is that it has made sense to me and helped me to accept myself and heal myself.

“Snowflakes fascinate me... Millions of them falling gently to the ground... And they say that no two of them are alike! Each one completely different from all the others... The last of the rugged individualists!”

— Charles M. Schulz



## Paul Oneball: Silicone Scrotum

I was born in 1954 in the UK on the South Coast and sent off as a child to boarding school, where I was raped by a teacher and moved to another boarding school. I was very interested in body modifications then — from 1970 onwards — but could not find out much about it. PFI Quarterly and Gauntlet later became an inspiration. I did my own P about thirty years ago, and subsequently met Alan Oversby (Mr. Sebastian). This was when I was first introduced to silicone injection, as Mr. Sebastian had friends who had gone in for it with mixed effects. I thought then that silicone was not a good idea, even if I could work out the logistics of having it done.

During this time I was training as, and then qualified as a lawyer. I fell in love, married — still am — and started a family. Body modifications were very much in the background. When our family was big enough, I went in for the second commonest male body modification — vasectomy. When the surgeon did the procedure, he found cancer. One ball was lost and I acquired a nasty infection. The end result was an even more drastic, involuntary body modification, which ended in extensive skin grafting (the skin come from my hips). I suppose the effect is rather like that of a radical circumcision — which is basically what they had to do to stop the infection spreading — it was that or amputation.

*Did you have much sensation or mobility damage after the grafts?*

I have no “skin” feeling along the shaft, although I can feel pressure from the remaining nerves in the underlying tissue. The skin has no mobility it was grafted directly to the base layers in most places. I felt diminished, and knowing how little there was to show for what I had had between the legs hurt. Certainly there was no way I would wear anything but baggy shorts into the swimming pool. I also felt it more as each of my sons in turn reached puberty. After the reconstructive surgery I had asked about implants, and was very much discouraged. I was told that there was no hope of an implant in the most damaged (lefthand) side and anything in the other side would risk my remaining testis. There would also be the issue of invasive surgery and having to have it done privately. Because of the previous problems my consultant did not think any private service would be interested, with such a large possibility of complications. So there the matter rested until I started looking on the internet.

I came to BME, to see how others coped with semi-castration and so on, and rediscovered silicone. Eventually I read about a man who'd been injected in the UK. I contacted him, and two weeks later after he put me in touch with the person doing injections here I was lying down having what

was left of my sac pumped up with medical grade silicone. Once inside, the body acts to encapsulate the silicone in a spongy mass, and so, without extensive surgery, it is there forever. We decided to go for the undamaged side and to put in 120ccs which would give me back a fairly natural look, particularly in trunks and tight shorts. All went so well, both there and at home, that I went back for another 100ccs the next week. This was harder work, since I wanted it in the scar tissue of the left side. The method worked and I now have a big mass filling, and being part of, my ballsack — I have

500ccs. My wife is pleased because it's given me back the confidence I lost. I believe that we need mainstream recognition for the silicone procedure, which is far safer and simpler than the insertion of a prosthesis.

*We hear all the time about silicone work being risky — you think it's safer than a prosthesis, even a simple fake testicle?*

Whoever said a prosthesis was safe? All surgery carries risks — as I know all too well. There can be allergic reactions to the “neuticle” unless it is very rigid and smooth, which does not leave a realistic effect. The issue with silicone is the problem of removal if anything goes wrong. If I lose my scrotum, so what? I've

faced worse. However, the health issues seem to be resolved and this reassured me about the new generation of silicone injections. There are issues with migration and hardening of the silicone. Because I have no loose penis skin, the former is not a problem (I wish it was!). There was hardening but that has now gone off. I notice the extra bulk and weight particularly when showering or swimming. It is not so much that it shows in ordinary clothes, but that was not the aim.

*Let's go back to the beginning — tell me about when you did your PA?*

I did it using a leather punch, twisting a leather bootlace around the handles — like a Spanish windlass — to force the jaws closed through my penis. It worked very well and I wear a 7mm segment ring in the hole. My PA gives me some sensation which I lost due to the grafts. In addition, the PA was very useful for the surgeon doing the skin grafts — it gave him something to grip on to and which could have traction applied whilst the grafts were healing. Luckily the pre-op nurses did not remove it as they wanted to.

*What made you want the PA in the first place?*

Possibly what I read in the Kama Sutra, together with issues of self-harm after the rape (the perpetrator hung himself). Also, the PA gave me back control — I did this to myself for my own pleasure. From reading other people's experiences it seems there are quite a few of us in the same boat — going for a modification as a method of resolving a major physical or emotional trauma.

*Perhaps that's true — do you mind telling me more?*

I'm referring to the custom of removing digits to express



Paul Oneball in 2003

grief, and the self-harm desires of abused kids. Professionally I had a lot to do with boys taken into “care” by the authorities in our area, who were then thoroughly bugged by the guy running the home where they were put. He even sold them on to his cronies. Yuck. A number of these boys were seriously into self harm, body mods, and tattoos — and some found it helped them get back a feeling of control over their bodies, and their lives.

*When you had the liquid silicone injected, what procedure was used?*

The silicone is put in using a silicone cannula, and is pumped in through a uniflow infusion line, so that the syringe pump can be refilled without disturbing the cannula. I have seen a guy take 500ccs in his sack in one go — he already had 500ccs there already — and the result was extraordinary, and a very visible modification. For me, the weight and bulk of the silicone is very pleasing. The feeling as you see the clear fluid go in and your sack enlarge, permanently, is quite throat tightening.

*Have you ever thought about a subincision to expose more nerves?*

My wife and I have looked very seriously at this — she is a veterinary surgeon. The two drawbacks are getting enough skin to heal to the cut edges of the urethra and the probability of bladder infections. I had enough of those living with catheters etc.

*What about vacuum pumping to help expand the tissue?*

Pumping is a difficult issue because they took out the lymph gland in my left groin as well.

Another guy I’ve been talking to was into complete cock skinning — !!! — and of course was left with an intensely scarred and shortened penis, about 50% of the original length. His approach was far more radical — he would cut strips out of the scar tissue and pull it apart, letting it fill in with additional tissue as it healed [editor’s note: this is an upcoming interview]. Over time, he got back all of the length... Not that I recommend this method, and I doubt everyone could heal from it.

Apart from pumping I had a lot of traction and massage to persuade the skin graft scars to stretch enough to give a reasonable erection. Like I said earlier, this was where my PA really came in useful. The surgeon was very encouraging, but a couple of his juniors were seriously upset about the PA.

I see a lot of silicone guys that go very far with silicone work and really have extremely large genitals that must impact their day-to-day lives to some extent — do you ever worry that you’ll go “too far”?

Not that I have a problem with “too far”!

After a lot of heart searching, I feel I have gone far enough with the silicone. Any more will start to affect my everyday life, whilst now I can dress to minimize, as well as maximize, the effect. It is something that the practitioner and I have discussed at length — along with other guys who have visited for silicone. A few conversations come to mind...

One man — we’ll call him Peter — has always had a fantasy from childhood of grossly swollen genitals. Silicone gave him the opportunity, and after the practitioner’s first session, he, Peter, having access to all the kit as a medical professional, has gone further and further, until now he is impinging on his working life. He is happy though that he has achieved his obsessional fantasy, and his genitals are forever swollen, to a massive extent — he carries well over 2000 ccs. Mark Savage has set out to go to the extreme. Now he cannot hide what he has done and uses it as a selling point — he is in the sex trade. He cannot use his penis for penetrative sex.

Last night I was having dinner with three guys. Two had been siliconed, and one wanted to go further, but his boyfriend who didn’t have any silicone was against this as he felt it would be cutting down his partner’s options. By all means be big, so big that it would be obvious in intimate situations, but do not go so far that it might prejudice the non-sex side of life and relationships. This is the attitude I have — any more and I might embarrass my sons (not that I don’t embarrass them already) and prejudice everyday life. I



Paul Oneball in 2004 (left) and 2005 (right).

couldn’t care less about respectability, but extreme silicone, like facial tattoos, can cut down life options.

*As a lawyer, how do you feel about practitioners doing procedures that — such as silicone work — that may not be legal for them to perform?*

The concepts of underground and legal are difficult ones. My view was — 25 years ago — that if the “victim” was legally capable, was aware of what was being done, and freely consented, then, provided no prescription-only medicines



were used, any procedures would be legal. That was before the infamous Operation Spanner. *[Editor's note: in short this involved men being charged with assault over consensual sex and modification play.]*

*How should both practitioners and the people seeking procedures protect themselves and take steps to make sure everything is trouble free?*

Discretion seems the wisest course. As long as what is being done does not come to the direct attention of the authorities through death, serious long term consequences, or dealings with minors, incapables, or those under duress, and no attempt is made to assume false medical qualifications, the practitioner should be safe enough. Consent forms or correspondence are helpful, but are no substitute for common sense. The infamous "Doctor Brown" was put away for sawing some poor guy's leg off. Alan Oversby was convicted for sending "obscene" pictures — one of them was of me — through the Royal Mail.

*What is the legality where you are?*

The procedure is "legal" in the UK and Europe. In France, Holland, and Germany it is an accepted but not advertised, procedure. I know one Dutch doctor, and one German who will do the procedure reluctantly... Usually there is a quid pro quo, which I find ethically dubious.

*Who do people go to for the procedures, and how do they find them?*

The only one in the UK is not a doctor at all, but a materials scientist, who sourced the silicone and has worked out a method of sterilization that actually works. Word of mouth and referral by people through the online groups are the usual ways.

*Since the skin on your shaft was grafted right to the underlying tissue, I assume you were unable to do silicone in the shaft?*

Absolutely correct — the skin was grafted directly to the smooth muscle of the shaft, which had ended up buried in

my pubis after the infection destroyed the original skin structure.

*How did your doctors respond to your silicone work?*

My GP is very positive about the procedure — and has made serious inquiries with a view to making it a serious alternative to the implant of prostheses (false balls or neuticles).

*Did you approach them about it before going with an underground practitioner?*

Because of the possibility of the infection flaring up, further surgery to insert a prosthesis was not advised. My GP did not feel that I had much to lose over the silicone procedure, although he warned me about the issues of infection and hardening, from work done on this topic in France.

*All in all, how do you feel about the modifications you've done?*

I find my mods enjoyable and satisfying.

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*When the book finally started getting put together, I asked him for an update.*

I've gone further with the silicone and now have almost two liters, which can't be hidden. Also I've upped the size of my PA. One another front, silicone in Britain has gone very quiet after a botched expose in the Sun, one of our trash newspapers. There were no adverse consequences, but the two guys doing silicone have both stopped. Mexico or Germany are now the only places.

*What happened?*

The guy in the UK who took over from the guy originally doing it was set up by a Sun reporter. Fortunately he was suspicious and didn't actually do anything, just discussed it. However the resulting publicity put him off so the only places to go are Germany or Mexico. As in the UK, there's nothing "illegal" about injecting silicone in Germany, or elsewhere in Europe. However, getting hold of it is a

challenge, as you need a reason to buy it. Fortunately I have my own supply and I have the kit to self inject.

*How far will you go?*

I'm now at 19000ccs, all in the scrotum. I get very little reaction, even in cycling shorts. Far more reaction to me wearing a bow tie rather than conventional tie when I visit as a handyman! I've told my sons all about it — why not? My youngest is a bit sensitive when I'm in tight jeans, but it doesn't affect our relationship a bit as father/son. As far as adverse affects, try squeezing underneath a kitchen unit! And lying on my stomach isn't comfortable anymore. Lot of clothes just can't be squeezed into... Otherwise, no issues.

The biggest, and most dangerous drawback is addiction. I've pumped in as much as my body will take. If I hadn't had the surgery or infection, I would be a lot bigger.



Paul Oneball at his current 1900cc size, as he appears clothed.



## Liao: Chinese Modification Enthusiast

I am a Chinese and am over fifty years old. I live in a flourishing city in the south of China, where I hold a lofty job that I am very happy with. For most of my career I have been the CEO of a large government-owned companies.

*When did you first get interested in body modification?*

I got into tattooing before 2000, and had my first tattoos done at a professional studio in Hong Kong. It was some red Ceiba flowers on my waist. The year after that I added more flowers, and a portrait of my wife, and some grass and fish on my buttocks. I was not able to do these myself, but later I bought a tattoo machine and tattooed many things when I had free time. I must say that it is very to become addicted to tattooing! When you tattoo something, very soon you're dreaming about the next thing. Since 2000, tattoos now nearly cover up all the skin below my waist. 90% of these were done by myself.

I used fluorescent inks on my leg, and I intend to have UV tattoos covering all my leg, but I have not yet finished. I have only a few few modifications in the upper part of my body — I pierced my navel with four anchors, that I made out of 99.9% pure gold. I also pierced my nipples.

As for my genitals, first I tattooed a flower, and after that they were pierced, and finally I implanted beads. The first time I implanted six beads, and then I increased it to forty-two... Now I've reached 66 beads. All of them are jade beads, and all were done by myself.



Liao's self-done genital implants, piercings, and many tattoos.

*Is the jade safe to implant?*

The jade is safe to use for implants, and is very stable. Nearly all Chinese women wear them, and across Asia, jade is what is usually used for implants.

*Tell me about the implants you put into your "wife"?*

The tattoo on my waist is a picture of my wife. I carved silicone and implanted it into the chest of the picture — I just cut open the skin, pushed the implant in, and sewed it up. It was very simple... Now the tattoo looks very lifelike and feels very nice to the touch as well.



Liao's genital beading, the jade beads he uses, and a picture of him actually performing the procedure on himself.

*How do you learn about body modification in China?*

Through the Internet I find many things that I'm interested in — I like extreme body modification but not those that bring excessive harm to the body, like castration or finger cutting. It's been an interesting delight to accompany my busy workload.

*Does your wife know about what you do? Does anyone else?*

My wife knows about everything that I do and doesn't oppose what I have done, and has let me do for her a large flower tattoo as well. We are very close and love each other a great deal, and she likes my 66 beads.

Many people say that the image in a tattoo suggests one's dreams and hopes. I love my wife, so I tattooed her pictures on myself. The flowers on my skin bring me beauty. Tattoos and implants can help me realize my willpower and courage — I'm very proud of what I have done and it encourages me to surmount many difficulties.

I am normal and sane. I was a good student in school, and I have had a successful career. I love my country and our society. I take my private life very seriously, and I have never had a drug addiction or any problems. Everything I've done I've done grew out of my interest in body modification, and I did it for myself and for my wife, and not for showing in public. What I've done — my tattoos, piercings, and implants — I've never showed to any outsider. I always dress in long pants, and no one discovers what's underneath them. Perhaps there will be a day in the future when all of this will be open to the public, but absolutely not now.

*Is there much acceptance for these activities in China?*

You can do anything you want in China — including in your private life — provided

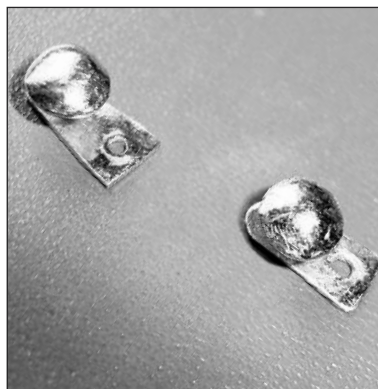


Self-done golden anchors (microdermals) around Liao's tattooed navel.

that you observe the laws of our country. That's the only criterion. So it's completely permitted, but still, many people don't accept it so I can not be open about it.

Tattoo culture has often been accused of being part of extreme behavior — underworld figures, troubled youth — and this is even more so in China I think. As society has become more and more open, more and more people recognize the legitimacy of tattoos. But it's still very unusual for someone to have such heavy tattooing, and piercings as well... It's difficult to imagine that a person such as myself, who has such a high status and good image to the public, could possess such heavy modifications, and that they're all self done as an amateur. But it's all true!

On the whole, public opinion is changing, not to advocate body modification, and not to ban it, but to give tolerance.



Liao first tattooed a portrait of his wife on himself, and then gave it breast implants.

DIY gold microdermals, and the carved breast implant for the tattoo.



## Thomas: Split Penis

I am forty five. Was born in a large city in the Eastern US, and had a pretty normal upbringing with two younger siblings. During high school I was active socially and in athletics, and was an honor student. I attended a prestigious college and again was an honors student and active in my social fraternity. I was married early, went to work for a large conservative financial company, and was very successful enabling me to retire quite early. Presently I am a venture capital investor. I have grown children, but my marriage ended several years ago.

*I guess that explains the yacht — what do you spend your time doing?*

Whatever I feel like... No, seriously, I'm very lucky and have lots of time to follow any direction I care to. I travel a lot, love movies, spend time with my kids, like sports cars, and the outdoors. I read in spurts!

*Did your wife have any idea about your interests beyond the tattooing?*

I don't think so, but then again you never really know how much people know or suspect unless they bring it up. These interests were not a factor in our breakup.

*It's upsetting, but one of the other people I'm interviewing had his life destroyed by his now ex-wife — she wasn't OK with his subincision, used it in the divorce, basically won everything, exposed his employers to it who fired him, and now he's got nothing, no assets, not even a job... Deeply disturbing!*

I can believe that. The old adage "beware a woman scorned" could not be more true. I had a tough divorce — aren't they all — but neither of us tried to hurt the other. After all, we still have the children to consider.

*When did you first discover your interest in body modification?*

As a teenager I remember being turned on by tattoos, especially on women. Even earlier I was fascinated by the pictures in National Geographic of modified tribesmen and women. I tried piercing my nipples in my early twenties. Of course they just grew back. All of my body mod desires and activities have always been keep pretty secret.

Maybe 10 years ago I started getting some tattoos. The reason I gave was to go along with the biker image since I had a motorcycle at the time. But, in actuality I wanted them because they were sort of a sexual turn on for me. I also remember seeing some photos of Fakir in a magazine and I was turned on by his nipple piercings....they were huge. Then I began to see pics in tattoo magazines of women with piercings and was really turned on. I started trying to pierce my own nipples with safety pins, but of course wasn't able to leave anything in the hole long enough for the piercing to heal.

Once I was divorced, I had more time to myself, and I fantasized more often. I pierced my nipples myself, and stretched them up to about ½ inch. Then I discovered BME. WOW, I couldn't believe my eyes. This is what I'd always

dreamed of, and now I could see real people with real significant body mods. I quickly found myself focusing on the more radical surgical mods and particularly the genital mods. To me plain old piercing just wasn't enough anymore. It at least had to be stretched to the max to be interesting! I had seen a picture of Carl Carroll's genital bisection in a magazine some years ago, but when I saw the other fellows pictures on BME I realized it was really possible.

Well, that's what I set out to do. I was obsessed with splitting my penis, not just the head but the whole shaft. I started by using a razor and opening the meatus both front and back. I did this several times trying to avoid the regrowth by packing the opening with gauze. After I had tried this method several times, I realized the regrowth was



too big a problem; so it dawned on me to try piercing first, then letting it heal completely, then using a razor to split to the piercing. This method was used to entirely split the head of my penis to below the corona. Next, I tried four large gauge shaft apadravyas simultaneously, but was unable to heal then successfully. By this time it had taken me a couple of years.

*Using the pierce-the-split method it held?*

Yes, however, I must say that even though I got very little regrowth per se due to the fully healed piercings, with all serious cutting I've found that the healed result seems to change shape slightly over at least the first year or so after initial healing. For instance, after several years my genital bisection has grown more rounded in appearance where the actual split meets the penile skin rather than being sharply defined as it was immediately following initial healing.

*The shaft apadravyas just never wanted to heal? How long did you stick with them? The thought was to use them as backings for the split, or were they goals in and of themselves?*

The idea was to use the piercings as backings for the split after enlarging them and enjoying them on their own. All my piercings have been done by a professional except for my early failed efforts at nipple piercing. First, I tried all four so

they could all heal together. This way when I started cutting I wouldn't have to stop and wait for each additional piercing to heal on it's own. Here again, I was attempting to shorten the overall process. Well, needless to say trying to heal four 10 gauge shaft apadravyas all at once when they were only a half an inch apart was not a really smart idea. My penis swelled up quite large, and the bars, which were quite long, began to be pulled into the piercings. So much for that idea! Next, I tried one piercing at a time using a relatively long length of 10 gauge flexible tubing. Still had really bad swelling and pain. I probably could have healed the shaft apadravyas eventually, but I felt it was going to take too long, and after all they were supposed to be simply a means to an end.

In the meantime to keep myself occupied, I started to use suction on my nipples. Well I'm hear to tell you that it works! I never tried suction seriously on my penis, but it flat out works on nipples. All it takes is time and patience (albeit a lot of that!), and all the equipment is available on the internet now. If it had been available twenty years ago, no telling how large my nipples would be! As it it my nipples are now about 1 to 1 1/4 inches long and almost 1/2 inch in diameter. I'm amazed that more women don't use nipple suction for significant enlargement. As a corollary, I wonder why more women don't choose to go for really large nipple jewelry like tunnels, etc. Oh well, to each their own.

*I think the number of women really into this stuff is much smaller than the number of men... part of me thinks that it's pushed along by testosterone.*

I always thought that women in general would like their nipples to be larger and more sensitive. Well, this is certainly the way to achieve it. I like my large/sensitive nipples, but at the same time am somewhat embarrassed by them since one might think it implies a leaning toward femininity which is certainly not my case. Go figure?

*Are the gains from suction permanent, or do you need to work to maintain it? You're using a snakebite/syringe type approach, or a vacuum pump I assume?*

Yes, most definitely the gains are permanent. I started years ago with a home made concept using a smaller suction cup inside a larger sleeve or tube. When you suck the air from

the outer tube with your mouth the inner suction cup in pulled onto the nipple by the vacuum. Made little progress because I didn't have the time to leave the cups on long enough... too busy back then.

Of course then came the net, and with it all sorts of goodies were available. I now use a suction pump outfit made for nipples. The key to real gains is to go slow with low pressures but do it for a long time. Once the nipples start to stretch it is easier to keep the tubes on. I never go out with them on because they are too obvious, but I have slept with them on many times. I think the key to lasting gains is to be able to keep the suction tubes on for more than 24 hours. You've got to beat the body's normal cycle. When I was able to do this, I was able to see that the nipples took longer and longer to return to "normal" and that "normal" size was getting larger! This process is slow at first, but the size increases come exponentially.

*It also affects sensitivity as well as size?*

You bet... Mine are so sensitive that nipple play alone by my girl can almost bring me to orgasm!

As the nipples grew larger I decided to split them. So, goodbye piercings! It really increased the sensitivity. I've thought about piercing the nipples again in order to split then deeper, but have never gotten around to it. One of the issues with creating body mods is the need to fully heal the mods and all the intermediate steps. This takes time and is often difficult and troublesome because of the way the cut must be healed... often being held wide open. This can make dressing and athletic endeavors often a pain in the neck!

Getting back to the genital bisection.....after working on it for a couple of years, I was becoming impatient about my progress. I decided to find a practitioner who could help me. I did, and he used an electric cautery cutter on 4 or 5 different occasions to complete my shaft bisection all the way to the base of the penis. It's been a year or so since I finished, and I have no regrets. Sure it's not quite as hard as before when erect, but it's a hell of a lot wider and more fun to experiment with. I've had no complaints from my girl friends.





*How would you characterize the functional and sensational differences both from your point of view and from theirs?*

Functionally, I have some slight issues with penetration. I have to make sure both halves enter together or else I get a real funny feeling with half in and half out.

*Funny feeling as in bad, or funny feeling as in “weird” because your mind is trained to feel it in both halves?*

Yes, funny as in weird. I was just kidding! It’s one of those new unusual abilities that make the bisection such fun.

If the vagina is particularly tight or dry, either she or I sometimes have to provide manual assistance. Once in it feels different for me. It’s hard to explain. Feels like I have two penises I guess.

*How does it all “move”?*

Well, it kinda feel like before, but then it kinda feels like two because I can feel the two halves sliding against each other. Very sensual feeling for me.

*People always seem to ask about double penetration...*

I don’t think I could do this. I never tried. The split is about as deep as it can be; so it’s not that. Basically, my penis is not.....and I don’t think ever was.....long enough to do this. It would take probably 9 inches or more to penetrate both sweet spots simultaneously don’t you think? Besides, I must admit that each half by itself is rather bendable. Both used together are much stiffer.

She says it definitely feels like two penises... very thick and the halves move more or less independently. As far as sensitivity, that’s different too. It’s not only more, but just plain different. I now have feelings in more/different places than before. Using a condom is different in that the two halves together are much bigger than my original penis... a little harder to get on... and much tighter. but then with a condom I don’t have any penetration issues. It must just feel like one fat penis. Maybe someone makes a larger condom size — I really haven’t checked.

*How have the women you’ve been with responded?*

I’ve shared my genital mods with only two women, and only one since it’s been fully split. Neither one is into the mod scene. As with my doc, I didn’t tell them it was a purposeful



mod but rather an accident. As such they seemed to accept it, and enjoy it when we talked about the differences. This may be a cop out, but it works for me. There are some things that people just don’t need to know. However, I fantasize about finding a great relationship in which we could share a mutual interest in radical mods.

*Do you think they really believe your accident story?*

I think they may be somewhat skeptical, but really don’t want to go there...

Some day I want to bisect the scrotum, and I probably will. For me, I find that I do these things when I’m ready. There’s just a little bell that goes off that says you gotta do it. Frankly, I wish it were possible to find a surgeon to perform some really unusual genital configurations in the relative safety of an operating room.

*That’s true... Not that I could come up with a good answer if someone asked me this, but any idea what triggers it?*

Well, when I see pictures of mods it triggers desire on my part. When my libido is high I want mods. I guess to want something you have to know it exists. I didn’t know a bisected penis existed until I saw one. The question I have is why do I look at the picture and want it for myself; yet others view the same picture and are repulsed. Go figure that one? It’s obviously part of my psyche.

*Were you happy on the whole with the decision to go with a practitioner?*

Yes. It worked like a charm. I think it especially helped with the regrowth and with controlling the blood flow during surgery. Still we had to stop several times short of my goal for the day due to excessive bleeding. The cutter can’t work well in a liquid field! Over all it too four or five visits to go three to four inches.

I might mention that as I approached the base of the shaft, the regrowth issue became more difficult to deal with. I’ve seen several pictures on BME where an individual has an excessive amount of scarring at the base of his bisection. I can only assume this is due to the increasingly difficult regrowth issue. At some point you’re not really splitting a shaft anymore but rather attempting to make like a crease in the lower abdomen or at least that’s the way it seems. The reason you try to go this far is so that when standing the bisection looks total. mine is nearly there, but i don’t want to keep cutting and end up with too much scar tissue. However, I must say the splitting is certainly addictive for me. You want to just keep going. I do think that someday I’ll go back and go for a huge transscrotal, stretch it to fist size, and then follow it up with a complete scrotal bisection.

*Did you ever have any healing or bleeding problems that got out of control?*

I’ve been pretty lucky... no trips to the ER! I have always thoroughly packed the split with stick free gauze and bandaged it rather tightly. This relatively new elastic type tape that sticks only to itself has been a great boon for me. My bleeding generally stops within about eight hours. Therefore, I simply leave the tight bandage on for about 24 hours before changing. After that I generally rebandage after

each urination. In addition, I keep the bandage on for several months — at least the tape portion. The cut can look healed, but it's not for several months or longer. If you quit spreading the split, it will try to grow back, even after many months. best to find a way to keep something in the split for as long as possible if you want to keep what you have. I've used lots of different gadgets and methods. As the bisection reached mid shaft I have been able to keep it open by simply folding one or the other of the two halves into the split and it stays there.

*What do you think caused body modification to have such an appeal to you?*

I have no idea what got me interested in body modification initially. Must be something we're born with, because I know some people like it and some people can't stand it. That's why I'm anonymous, and why I always make up something to explain the state of my penis.

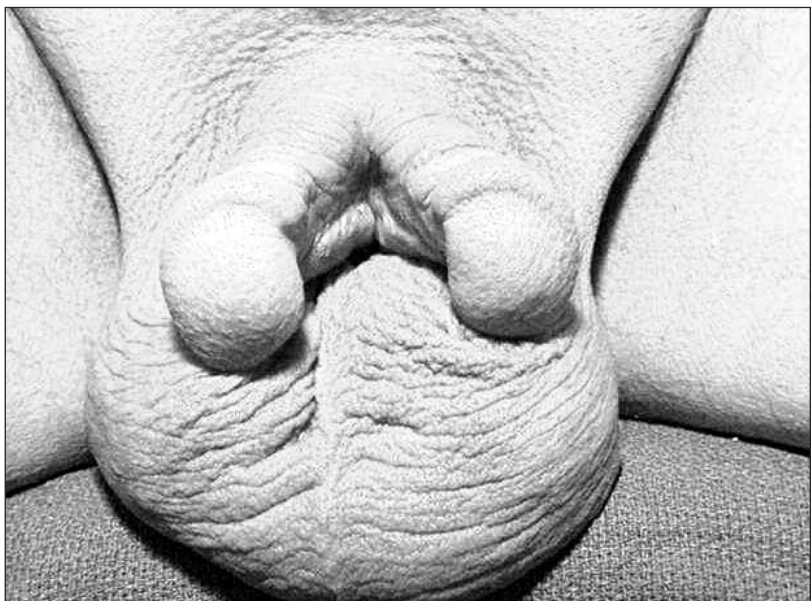
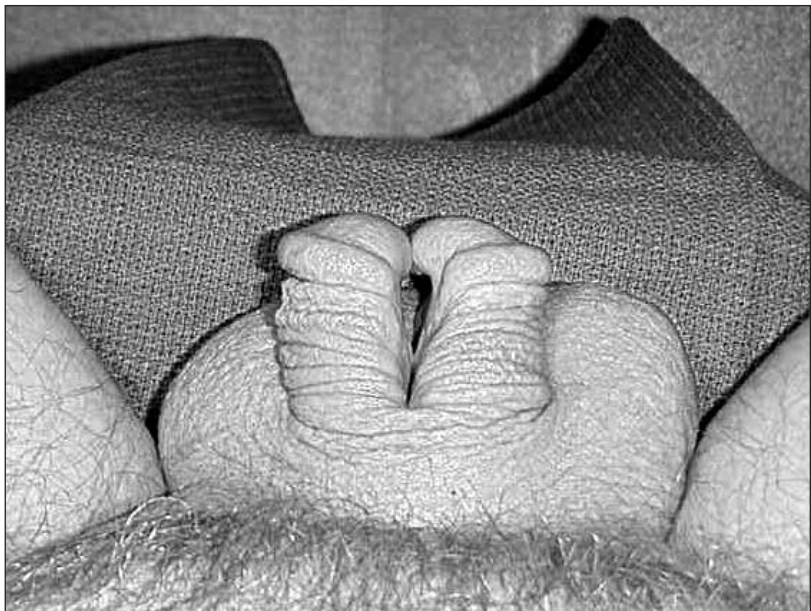
*It's one thing talking away a meatotomy, but must have quite the tall tale!*

Well, I don't try to explain it in any detail. I just give a general description of the accident and let it drop. I don't know what docs/nurses really think (and it's non of my business). I've never been questioned any further. But if i was, I would simply repeat myself... I won't be pushed onto the defensive.

As for the nipples, I just say I was born that way. My Doc always remembers me as the guy with the giant nipples! For me body modification is a sexual thing. I don't know if it's plus or a minus. Obviously, I'm unsure, or I wouldn't be so secretive. Thank goodness for BME so there's a place to meet others who do share my interests.

"Perhaps, if one wishes to remain an individual in the midst of the teeming multitudes, one must make oneself grotesque."

— Salman Rushdie, *Midnight's Children*





## Wandalaput: French Masochist Worm

*At the borders of the extreme body play and body modification community lie subcultures that are difficult for even the most open-minded people to relate to — bug-chasers who seek out terminal diseases, erotic death advocates who act out elaborate and very real sexual suicide pacts, ending their lives in the “ultimate” high, cannibals who slowly consume each other, a massive subculture of SM doctors performing bizarre candlelit surgical rituals on harems of slaves, and more — worlds that I’d never believe were real had I not met the people involved myself.*

*My friend “Wandalaput” is a French extreme BDSM player who revels in the dirtiest, most depraved sex you can imagine — scat, degradation, drinking semen from the used condoms of strangers, high levels of pain and abuse, and even the quest to become infected with AIDS to celebrate his “real whore” nature. In an interview that I’m sure will emotionally upset many people in many different ways, Wandalaput gives us a bit of insight into his drastic lifestyle.*

*The thing that strikes me most of all though, and I hope that readers keep this in mind as they go through this interview, is his mischievous grin — the glee of being a worm, a debased sexual Puck, a joy that’s obvious throughout his degrading adventures.*

***Tell me a little about yourself.***

I’m a fifty year old fag and a real whore for the tops that I worship. I have a preference for sperm, which I love to get from used condoms. I also like to drink nice gobs of spit, and I love to lick and eat hard turds, better yet when mixed with a dash of sperm.

***Tell me about your different body modifications?***

I have a navel piercing and a frenum piercing that I wear a ring in. My breasts are gone, and I have “I LOVE AIDS” and the shape of a high heel branded inside my left thing. I have “PD” branded inside my right thigh. I’m a bit hairy and am sometimes shaved, and as you can see I have a pig face.

***Where does the name “Wandalaput” come from?***

I chose the online pseudonym Wandalaput because I feel like a real whore (“pute”), though I’m not paid for it, and Wanda is the name of a sadist dominatrix I’ve played with a lot. So the name “Wanda La Pute” suited me well. I love suffering in order to make people cum, and I would love to show the world that real perverted masochistic wastes like me exist — we’re not just dreams.

***What were your first sexual experiences?***

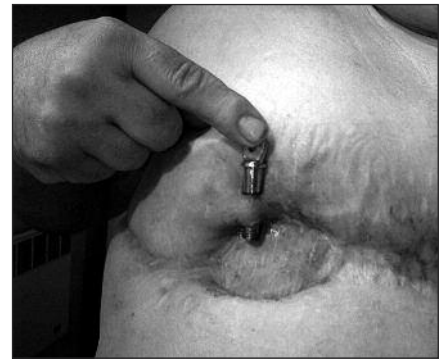
The first time I was fucked in the ass I was eight, in boarding school — almost immediately my biggest pleasure was to be a slave. I loved having my little schoolmates stamping on me, and especially licking their feet. Later I found out I enjoyed sucking cock, and even more, licking girls’ shoes and hurting myself with the spiked heels.

It was about twenty years ago that I really found what I wanted: to be a garbage, a public washroom, a toy for the most extreme sadists. Nothing can stop me — I want to degrade myself and eat human waste, especially men’s shit... it makes me cum. I love receiving mutilation orders, being humiliated, insulted and hurt, and then taking pictures and making videos to show everything I did. It is so good to think that perverts are masturbating while looking at my pictures and videos.

***Tell me more about your boarding school experiences — were you abused?***

When I was in early boarding school I found two school mates jerking off together. I wanted to look a bit closer, and the strongest one got me on the ground by pressing hard on my belly with one foot, and putting the other foot in my mouth, while still stroking his friend’s cock. He insulted me, and invited his friend to do the same. The smell of dirty feet excited me and I let them continue. It was amazing to be used as a mat. In a boarding school where a lot of kids were





homosexual, it wasn't long before everybody knew there was a slut at their service.

What I liked most of all was being used as garbage while we were hidden in the church. I loved to lick my schoolmates' feet while masturbating there. The excitement was even greater when many of them gathered to insult me. There, in church, is where I found out the joys of self-abuse.

In reality nobody "abused" me — I actually believe I've always enjoyed filthy love. As a child I loved sniffing and licking dirty underpants and any shoes I could find. When I was still very young I decided that my life would be a journey of bondage until the very end. I've always loved spike heels, because they are a symbol of the phallus, and also a symbol of the needle — both symbols of the depravity that lets me get mutilated, that lets me get down on the ground to be stamped on like a worm. If the shoes are dirty I'm in heaven. I also love wearing heels to really show I'm a slut without any dignity, and I love getting penetrated with them.

*What kind of sex acts do you enjoy?*

I'm a real crap that needs to get fucked hard, and I'm looking to get impregnated with AIDS. I'll suck your dick and drain out your balls, without a condom. The only time I like condoms is when they're used and full of the sperm of strangers, which I empty into my mouth or inject into myself. I get fucked up the ass and I'll suck any dirty dick.

With me you'll cum hard because I don't just suck hard, but I also swallow your cum, lick your dirty and unclean feet, and you can insult me, hit me, torture me, mutilate me, show me off, sell me, and keep the money. I know I've already made a lot of men cum while they were fucking me. The more excited I can get you, the more sperm you'll make for me... yum!

*What is it about filth that does it?*

It's a big part of my worm and slave condition — I only permit myself to have contact with everything excreted by a man... his sperm, his spit, sweat, dirt from his feet, piss, and vomit. I love the role of garbage or toilet. I love to be treated as a shit and as a doormat. That's why I also like to mutilate and torture myself.

I love used condoms with the taste and smell of sperm. I'll swallow the contents of more than thirty condoms, one after the other, while I'm masturbating.

*Are the condoms in your pictures really full of strangers' sperm?*

What you see in the pictures is real unknown sperm — it's

not faked. Those condoms mostly come from the garbage of street prostitutes. I know one of them, who enjoys what I do and keeps them for me, taking care to not lose any of the content.

*Tell me about your interest in AIDS.*

I am not HIV+ yet, but I want to be at any price. What could be better for a masochist like me than to achieve the mark of degradation of getting AIDS, which I worship? I want it desperately — I want my body to experience the same decay that I have in my mind... Just the idea of being impregnated with AIDS makes me very excited.

I am not like all those dreamers who post hard ads only when they want to wank. I'm a real pig at the service of vice. I love HIV and all sexually transmitted diseases, and I actually want to die this way — it would be the fulfillment of my life as a crap and I really want it. I accept everything, so don't be shy — take advantage of it. It's not everyday that you can use a garbage like me for free.

Wandalaput is a toy for very hard sadists.

*You really want to get AIDS that badly?*

I am ready to pay for my AIDS impregnation, upon the presentation of an HIV+ status, proving that you are in fact infected. I'll pay you either directly, or you can prostitute me and keep the profits. I also eat the shit of AIDS infected people, directly from their diapers, which I get from Rochefort Hospital's terminal patients wing.

I also like to steal HIV+ patients' shoes to lick the treads and mutilate myself with them... it's really exciting.

*Are you sure this isn't pushing the fantasy too far? Do you really want to die?*

As I said, AIDS is the achievement of the worm life that I desire — I really do want to get impregnated with the virus. Externally I'm a real garbage who loves to get excited with the waste of men's bodies which I worship (urine, shit, spits, sweat, barf, and of course sperm — in quantity), and I want to get AIDS, to have inside me this pleasure of being contaminated with the most beautiful man-waste. I don't want to die per se, but of course I know I will die from it, and this will be my best achievement as a masochist. To live as long as possible with this in me, I'll be an accomplished crap. I only want AIDS for me alone and I don't want to give it to other people, although I would share it with other people like me.

*But... death?*



For me, death means nothing. If I die from AIDS I would have accomplished my slut role until the end and I would be proud of it.

*Are pain and pleasure the same thing? Death as the fulfillment of life?*

For me pain and pleasure go together. I love to mutilate myself a lot while I masturbate — I cum the most when I'm torturing myself on the orders of a sadist, or better yet when the sadist tortures me himself. Even better, I love it when he's excited about the torture and the wounds he's inflicted on me and comes on my injuries — inside I feel a huge excitement and joy when this happens.

*Tell me about the damage to your chest? It looks quite intense.*

My chest is a love story for a very sadistic couple — the woman dreamed about mutilating a man's nipples. She was gorgeous, and had razor-sharp high heels. She started jabbing needles into my nipples, using her heels as a hammer. Sometimes she would slip on purpose and stamp on my nipples. Her husband gave me Xylocaine injections, and Wanda, my dominatrix, started hitting my chest more and more. We were all very excited. Her husband fucked me in the ass and jerked me off, until Wanda literally cut my nipples off with a knife. I really loved that — even if I had to stay at the hospital for three weeks!

Ever since that night I worship high heels, and I always keep my toenails very long and varnished, as a tribute to Wanda and all the real sadists I worship.

I also spent ten years injecting paraffin oil into my breasts which forced me to get them totally removed. It's a good thing though because now I can mutilate this part of my body in a much more extreme way, which gets the dominants very excited.

I'm a real whore, garbage, and proud of it.

*Where do you get the high heels you play with?*

They're the shoes of my friend, a prostitute who spends her days walking on old condoms.

*You said you used to love fucking in the church at school... Tell me about your religious views.*

I worship the Antichrist, and I really like getting fucked and sucking dicks in sacred sites. It's awesome to get fucked in a cemetery by a sadist, and I love to be mutilated there. If you're a necrophile or Satanist and like to fuck in a church or a cemetery, call me! We'll cum together, and with love I'll drink your semen.

I love the Antichrist, Satanism, blasphemy, and necrophilic excitement. It is so good to masturbate in a church or on a coffin. My dream is to suck a corpse's cock and get fisted with one of his feet. It's also very exciting to get fucked with a crucifix. Sometimes at night I put on a garter belt, fishnet stockings, and high heels — nothing else — and then go into cemeteries to lie down on cold gravestones and masturbate slowly. I must admit those are really exciting moments, and it's in a cemetery, in feminine panties, on all fours on a gravestone, that I would like to be sodomized by an HIV positive man and get AIDS...

But I worry this is just a dream.

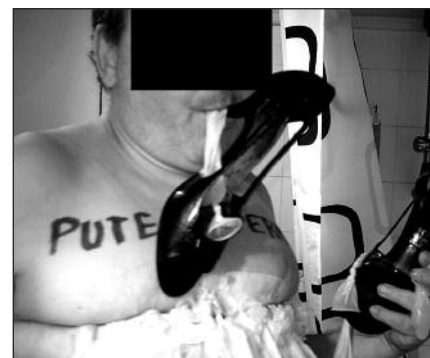
*What kind of guys do you like?*

I'll get fucked by anybody, no matter what his race, his height, or the size of his cock. I prefer filthy men, but I'll take everything that comes to me... I am a real crap.

*I've got to ask you one more time — is this really real? Or are you pulling my leg?*

Everything you see and everything I do is real. I'm truly, extremely gay, although I do like women in certain situations, if they're extremely sadistic dominants willing to torture me with their heels and let me lick their feet. I love all men's shit... I realize that my sex life is extreme, but what I do is real, even though most of what you see on the Internet is just fantasy.

True sadists, please contact me.



## George: Scrotal Wristband

*My friend George is a fifty year old single scientist in the mineral industry in South Africa. In 1983 he performed a meatotomy on himself, and in 1985 he did a very large and unusual scrotal band procedure on himself.*

### *Why did you make this body modification?*

Why do it? Oh well for a start, I have been circumcised, although that's hardly worth mentioning nowadays. Except maybe that even though I was only eight days old, I remember the entire procedure with great clarity. The circumcision was done by my father and his very kindly nurse in his surgery, while his best friend the schoolmaster was present as a guest. I remember the room, the operation table on which I was lying (the centre of attention), the people, the scissors, the cut, the blood, the Elastoplast and myself screaming my head off and then calming down. I have total peace with it, and have learned to appreciate the advantages of circumcision, specifically regarding foreplay. The meatotomy was the first addition from my side, happening by virtue of a sturdy knife I grew up with. It was trying to get through in my mind for a long time, and finally succeeded. As you can see, it gives me (and my partners with thin fingers) great mental and physical pleasure. The meatotomy has clear markers, both physically and historically.

Two years later I apparently needed a topological advancement, and some careful planning took place. By this time I had some experience with skin modifications, having improved upon my previously somewhat skew circumcision. Once the idea of stitching off some doubled-up scrotal skin to form a band (bangle, belt, bridge, cable, chain, collar, cord, halo, handle, lanyard, leash, lock, loophole, noose, reigns, ring, rope, shackle, strap, string, switch, thong, tie etc.) happened in my imagination, it was so convincing that I had no doubt it would succeed surgically and erotically.

### *How did you create the "wristband" piercing?*

The procedure was as follows:

- 1) Allow erection and then pull the scrotal sac outward as far as possible with both hands, rolling the doubled-up skin so as to obtain the equilibrium point of the stretch.
- 2) While holding this position with one hand in the middle, place the first positioning stitch by sewing a thread through the stretched skin from above and close by from below, and tying the thread into a firm knot (all threads and surgical implements have been sterilized in advance).
- 3) Place two more such positioning stitches at the left and

right extremities of what is to become the cut, but still well within the boundary of the flattened skin membrane.

- 4) Place three more such stitches toward the outside (away from the body) of the three primary stitches.

- 5) Mark the position of the cut on the skin with a pen, so that it is surrounded by the positioning stitches (make the ends of the band slightly wider than the middle).

- 6) Start the cut by perforating the doubled-up skin (which is held in place by the positioning stitches) at one of the two endpoints of the marked cut with the widening blade of a straightedge scalpel until the entire width of the blade has been sunk through the flesh.

- 7) Insert the one blade of a surgical scissors into the perforation, and snip along the marker line.

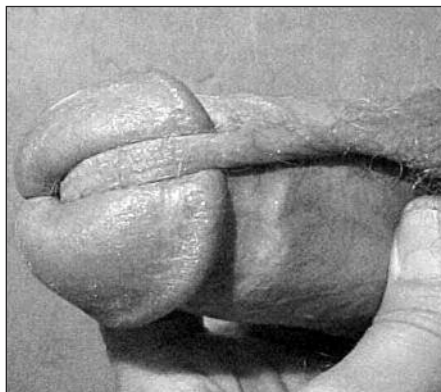
- 8) Stretching the skin tight, cut as straight and neatly as possible from left to right (or vice versa). Do not use any form of anesthetic, in order not to restrict blood flow to the newly formed skin band.

- 9) While the positioning stitches are still in place, stitch together the newly exposed edges of doubled-up skin on both sides of the cut with numerous small stitches.

- 10) Remove the positioning stitches once the small stitches all round the inside of the cut are in place. Massage the wound lightly all along both sides of the cut, so that the cut edges of the doubled-up skin no longer face outward of the wound, but turn inward to face each other and join together. Apply antiseptic cream to the wound daily, but do not bandage.

- 11) Remove the small stitches after about ten days (once the wound is properly healed and starts itching).

During all this, there was unfortunately not a glimpse of my testicles, which would have been interesting. I decided to forgo that privilege in the interests of minimizing the risk of infection. I could make two more recommendations to people who contemplate this modification. Firstly, make the cut wide enough to allow for enough transverse blood vessels and nerves to go across the flesh band. Secondly, make the cut long enough so that the band does not constrict blood flow in the penis when the band is worn around the penis by sticking the penis through it. In fact, it is an added bonus if the band can be stretched over the head of the erect penis (this also enables the "dogballs" configuration, a gentle but firm maneuver and nimbility test for the fingers).





*What does it feel like?*

Wow. What does it feel like to have two tongues? It's a whole new thing. Surprisingly amazing, even exceeding expectations !!! I expected to feel part of my scrotum as a separate entity, and so I did. I expected to feel my scrotum on top of the base of my penis, and so I did. What I did not expect, was how erotic it would turn out to be. So much so that I can precipitate orgasm during masturbation in prompt fashion by simply applying pressure on the middle of the band against the base of my penis from the top (the clitoral position). This I do not always do, since I love prolonged fantasies during masturbation.

In the meantime my fingers have become so used to just absentmindedly wrapping the flexible flesh band around themselves, that I can hardly imagine ever having been without it. The band is remarkably strong; I sometimes pull it with one hand as hard as I can, and it does not stretch or break. All of this leads up to intertwinement with twisted sister (do I speak in riddles?). I shall never be entirely naked as long as I wear my ring.

*Can you help me out with the answer to that riddle?*

I have personally not yet encountered this intertwinement in the flesh, but I have seen images of twin skin bands made out of female genital labia on BME. Entering the penis through both of the labial bands after pulling the one through the other (the "twist"), the scrotal band gets hooked over the penis from below, effectively locking the labial bands in place around the penis. With this whole contraption set up, the penis can then be entered into the vagina for an "entertwinement", preventing it from slipping out and providing additional stimulation for both partners

(interbonded / interwoven / entangled / intertangled / interconnected / interlocked / knotted / tied / bound / interlinked). This is probably a mild form of bondage, and so not a maneuver to try in the getaway car ! There is conceivably also a male-to-male variety of flesh bondage in the case of two guys with scrotal bands (they simultaneously put their bands over each other's penis; one can imagine that it could be a worthwhile exercise for homosexual people).

The women I get intimate with, tend to be open-minded. I have thus far received comments which range from curiosity to fascination, but generally I have found appreciation. I let them discover and attend to the modifications (and my genitals for that matter) in their own time, while I bestow my full attention upon their bodies and minds (in other words, I don't show off). This definitely has the desired effect. I have not found any reduction in general libido since the modifications (in fact, quite the contrary). My sperm count has not gone down since the scrotal modification.

There is one aspect of the scrotal band modification which I probably should mention for the sake of completeness. When the band is stretched shortly after healing of the cut, the corners where the cut began and ended are apt to tear slightly with associated mild bleeding. This is normal during the early stages, while additional scarflesh seal up and strengthen the corners. Eventually the highly flexible scrotal tissue smooths up the corners to such an extent that tearing ceases to happen, even during maximum stretch. I fact, after about a year or so, the scar flesh soften and merge with the rest of the skin so that the scars become almost invisible.





## Habakuk: Scrotal Suspension

*My nudist and extreme body play friend “Habakuk” lives in the rural Horn of Africa where he is probably the most famous “mzungu” (white guy) in his area for reasons I can’t discuss here — unfortunately large parts of this interview have had to be redacted to protect his identity. But, as with many upstanding and successful individuals, he has many kinky interests that only those closest to him know about. Near his home where he hikes nude — “real old-fashioned African bush the way Livingstone found it... my paradise” — amid game game like bushbuck, blue monkeys, baboons, duikers, hyena, and leopards, all harmless to humans, he can exercise, think, and be himself. Among other things, this includes swinging from the trees, held up by nothing but his scrotum.*

*“The most important thing of all is, I think, to feel your body. I think that many people do not ‘feel’ their body. For most it is just there, and they realize that they have a body when someone touches it for sex, but I experience and feel my body and skin all the time. Clothing messes it up, and that is why I do not want it. Prepare naked for whatever you do. The body must be free.”*

*Habakuk’s experiences with body modification and body play center around the extremes of personal freedom and the extremes of sensation, and the joys that both of those can bring a person. He*

*has a purity of experience in all things that I admire greatly.*

*Let’s start by talking about where you grew up.*

I grew up in Papua New Guinea, between Papuas of the stone age. I was a mission child in an uncontrolled (by government) area that could only be reached by plane, landing against a hilltop. Those people were the most primitive man eaters, and naked except for a tube on their penis. I saw them eating their own chief and I saw tribal wars with poisoned arrows right in front of our house. Excellent body modifiers though — but I did not pick up the idea there.

*Were you at all exposed to indigenous modifications?*

The upcountry Papuas, and to a lesser extent also coastal Papuas, did modifications. Generally they were not sexually oriented, except for the penis gourd. I do not know the exact meaning, but the men started wearing the tubes at puberty, when they were only allowed a short one. Depending on their performance in life and war, they were progressively allowed to wear longer ones. The biggest were for chiefs, and they were sometimes bent to allow them to be bigger. We were the first missionaries who went there, so we knew very little about their sexuality — during my time the first priority



was to learn the language.

The women also had a modification which had a sexual meaning that we didn't understand either... at regular intervals they had one of their fingers chopped short. Of course the other modifications are well known — big earrings, and especially the tusks of swine through the nose. Scarification in patterns was also very common.

*Do you think growing up in Papua New Guinea influenced your own interests at all, even if just the nudism?*

I have no idea whether New Guinea influenced my desire for nudism or pain. I actually think that it was in my genes from the onset. I cannot eliminate the feeling of clothes, so nudism is all important. I cannot imagine doing a suspension with my clothes on — it just would not work. Of course the sensation concentrates in the play area, but the conditions to enjoy it are set by the whole body.

*Why did you leave New Guinea?*

We left New Guinea because my father's contract with the [redacted] Baptist Mission ended.

We went to [redacted] and I finished my studies there. Immediately after my studies I looked for a way to escape the draft. I enlisted as a volunteer to work in Tanzania as an engineer, which I did for two years, and then went back to [redacted] where I continued my studies and got married. I was then a member of a Naturist (FKK) society, and made it a condition that my wife would agree to adopt a nudist lifestyle. She agreed, but we eventually divorced three years ago.

*Is that what made you decide to move back to Africa?*

I moved back because I could not stand the over-regulated, "I don't care about the rest of the world", [redacted] society. They think that they enjoy freedom, but do not realize that they live in a straight-jacket of rules and over-regulation. I always say: they can say what they want but not do what they want. This applies to general life, and to sexuality in particular. In the time I left, sexuality and nakedness were no topics for discussion. In many ways Africa provides much more freedom.

*And your split with your wife?*

My wife gave up on nudism, and made it difficult for me to practice it. I gave in but eventually of course that created big problems in our marriage.

In the beginning she accepted my kinkier interests — only to keep me happy — but she did not like it. She did not want anything to do with masochistic games and modifications. For her it was absolutely crazy, as it was for most "normal" people. It was a part of the reason for the break up of my marriage, which I delayed for fifteen years because of my children. Her jealousy, nagging, lack of any sexual fantasy, and eventually almost total absence of sex were the other reasons.

*What does your current wife think about it?*

My new wife knows about it, but does not really understand.

I have an agreement in the sense that she allows it, but does not want to see it. She says she is mainly scared about permanent damage or other negative effects. I am working on her, but basically my relationship with her is a "normal" one, except that she loves to be naked too. She loves walking in the bush and to shake her little fat backside in front of me, and at home she is usually naked.

We met through friends from [redacted] who had more or less adopted her and paid for her school fees. They asked me to look after her when they went home at the end of their contract. I guess I did it a bit too well! I had known her already for five years before things started to develop. In the beginning, we just talked about life. I guess the thing that really made me think about her romantically was the ease with which she took her clothes off when we went for a walk in the [conservation area near where we now live in Africa] together with our friends from [redacted].

*Do you mind telling me what you now do in Africa?*

[redacted — sorry, because it's quite fascinating!] ... what keeps me busy right now. I have a small manufacturing company, where we make pumps, windmills, and steel window and door frames.



*Tell me about what you do to relax...*

As far as I am concerned, to be free in nature is the most important thing in life. I am a fanatic nudist. I love body modification and certain kinds of pain — you know what I mean. I do not think that I would relish the pain of dying of cancer, as I saw my father suffering.

*And your interest in pain is linked to your sexuality?*

You know that is a horribly difficult question, because I do not know the right answer. As a young boy of seven or eight I had no idea about sex, but I had all these ideas about being tied up, locked up, whipped, and so on. I remember that I made an automatic tie-up machine out of Meccano in my wardrobe. Why is that? Freud probably would have had some fancy explanations, about some youth syndrome or something like that... but they would not fit. I had a most



liberal free upbringing. Sure, in those days adults would not tell you about sex, and you had to find out for yourself, but I do not think that gave me any trauma.

So why do I — we — want this? I simply do not know. I guess I was just born like that, as you are born with certain other abilities and drives. All I know is that I like it, and that I have outgrown all my guilty feelings about enjoying what I want.

*Did you ever consider as a child what your interests “meant”?*

When I was a kid playing with myself, I did not have any idea why or what it meant. I did it mostly privately, but not completely. My brother was sometimes involved, and my parents were asking what the hell I was doing in the wardrobe — I did not really hide it at that time. Guilt came later when I discovered sexuality and masturbating. My parents never said anything, but gave me that little church book... You know, about hell and damnation if you touch yourselves. I did not even dare to talk or ask about my desire for sexual pain. I knew that everyone would say it was bad and that I was crazy.

*You don't have any permanent modifications, correct?*

I have pierced myself for years, but I cannot have permanent ones yet. My new wife may allow me some in due course but she is scared of these things. I have made a special ring design around the root of the penis going through the skin just above the scrotum and I also have designs for permanent 4mm stainless steel pins — not rings — through the nipples to be connected with a string of beads to the penis rings. Maybe one day...

*But temporary piercings you do perform...*

I used to pierce my skin with needles. At first I was scared to do more, but when I learned that no harm was done, I grew bolder. I did not use surgical needles because they are too sharp and cut the skin and cause bleeding, and at the same time they do not really hurt. I push homemade needles, up to 4mm in thickness, pointed like a normal pin through the skin slowly. It is much more effective than surgical needles

because they do not cut the skin, but open it and spread it. I started using surgical needles when I started not just piercing the skin but going right through the body of the penis, nipples, and scrotum, mainly because I wanted to be sure about sterility.

*How do you make the needles?*

I make needles out of stainless steel piano wire. It's very simple — just sharpen the end and bend the other end in a loop. I made the thick needles out of 1/8" brazing rod, as well as hairpins.

*Is your bed of nails part of the same sort of play?*

My nail bed fits in the general pattern. The relation between pain and sex is interesting, but not clear to me. If I am very blue, I long for pain, but sometimes after a long session of self-torture I just do not need sex any more. It seems that the pain session has replaced the need for sex. On the other hand, if I do masturbate after a pain session it comes with a vengeance. It also depends on whether you are really relaxed — and whether you used some Dutch courage or not.

What is clear is that I prefer the slow build-up of pain. The needles fit this pattern, the suspension does, and the nail bed fits in as well. I can lay on it and feel the pain, fierce in the beginning, then beginning to settle and burn, and eventually it replaces everything else.

*Let's get to the main thing and talk about your scrotal stretching and play.*

The scrotal stretching came about a long time ago. I was a boy of maybe seventeen when I tied my balls to a rope and a water pipe in my room and bent over backwards to pull. It was just the need for pain. I had no idea of stretching and scrotal suspension, although it was probably in the back of my mind.

After seeing pictures of stretching and suspension on the web, I started experimenting. I started with ropes, then with a wooden block, and finally I made metal rings. I wear this ring permanently. My wife knows and has accepted it, but unfortunately this is a very conservative country, and not

much is openly possible. I would love to meet like-minded people and show off!

The actual stretching is caused by regular exercise, not by the wearing of the ring — the tendons holding the testicles have developed much more strength. My stretching is now subjected to the law of diminishing profits: At first my balls would stretch 1cm per month. Now it is reduced to 1cm per half year, but they still stretch.

In the beginning I used the wooden block with a hole of 32mm (1 1/4") and it worked well at first but gradually I had swelling problems with it. When I made my first metal ring I had to increase the size slightly since it looks like with exercise the internal tissue thickens when strengthening. Also interesting is that the skin of the sack feels thicker, especially the part that covers the balls outside the ring. When I take the ring off, that skin pulls together and feels leathery, showing that the





contracting muscles of the skin of the scrotum have strengthened. I think that this shows the need for exercise, gradually increasing the strain, to build strength.

*When you actually suspend, how do you prepare?*

I do a warm-up before any pain session. The main issue is to relax, to concentrate on what is going to come. I usually arouse myself sexually, but not always. I may have a gin and tonic, mainly to forget everything else. I may play with my balls and tell them to get ready for suffering. Physically I lubricate the skin with some talcum powder or Vaseline.

I usually suspend for as long as I can bear it. At the moment that's about three minutes, which I repeat two or three times afterwards. I hope however to extend how long I can suspend to fifteen minutes — the problem at this moment is not the balls as such, but my body. The limitation is set by my stomach muscles. It slowly improves, because I am learning to let the body bend over backwards more freely. I can hang straight upside down, which is more relaxing, but the limitation is the blood pressure building up in the head.

*What does it feel like to do a scrotal suspension?*

When I hang there my mind concentrates totally on controlling the body and the pain. On achievement. Afterwards you feel totally satisfied, relaxed, and tired.

*Have you had any complications?*

I read with interest about the little incident you had when someone almost lost a testicle [Editor's note: this is in reference to Roy from "Roy's Nut Hang" whose scrotum once split open during a suspension and exposed and almost caused the loss of a testicle]. I have had no complications. The reason is, I guess, that I built up slowly. I took my time to build strength. In the beginning I could not even bear 5kg. I carefully experimented with rings and blocks to give the balls sufficient support. The trick is that the ring must be tight, and well shaped. The problem with that is that it restricts the circulation, and the balls start swelling, so you cannot wear such a ring permanently. If the ring is too loose, you can feel that the epididymis is squeezed out under the ring when force is applied. This organ is the one that causes the pain when you are kicked in the balls, and consequently this is very painful, and not a "pleasant" pain. Adjust the size of the ring and now the actual testicles start squeezing out. I solved the problem by making the ring less loose and stuffing it with some foam rubber during a session to keep the epididymis in place.

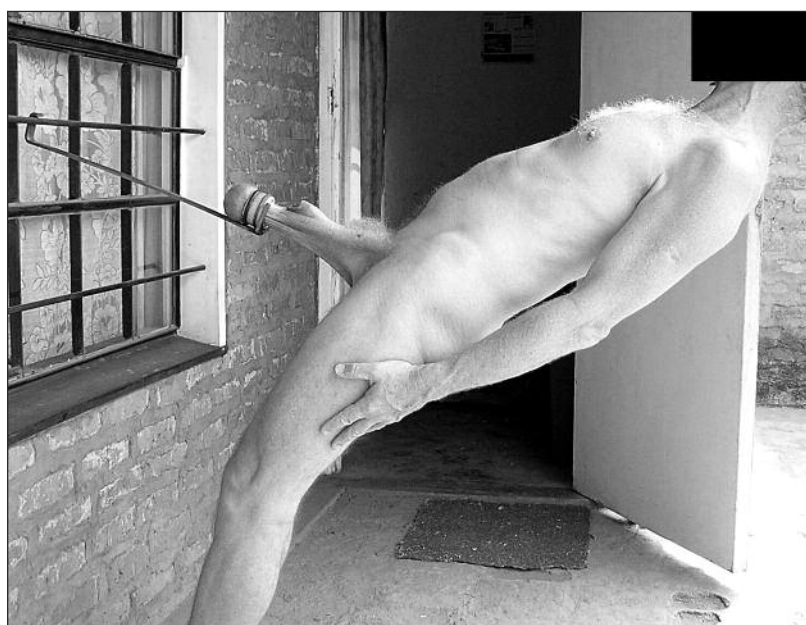
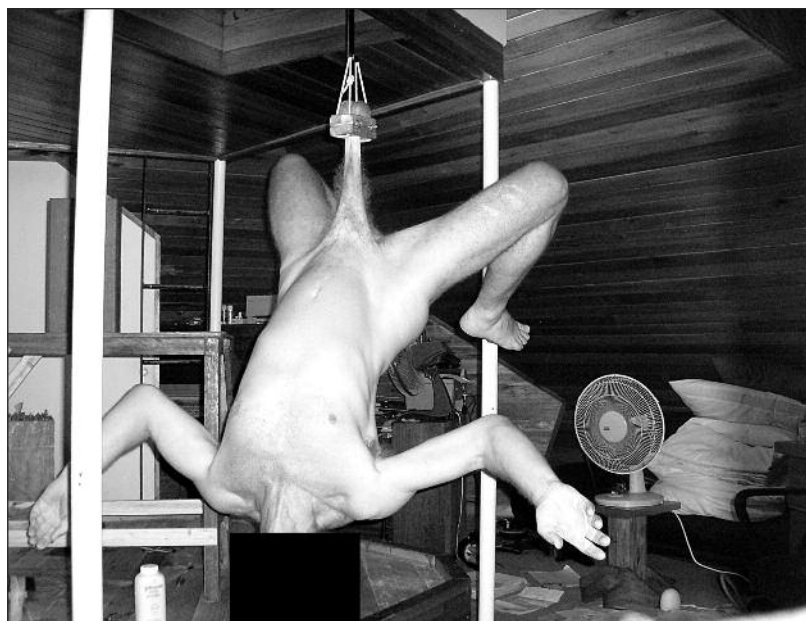
It's important to listen to the body. After all, the function of pain is to warn the mind to prevent damage to the body. I learned that from Lawrence of Arabia, who said "Pain does not matter and is useful. The trick is to know how much pain will indicate the start of real damage". Balls are not

designed to dangle from, and you have to develop their strength gradually — but it is amazing how fast this happens.

*Does it feel better to do the suspensions outside?*

The best environment to play in is in the bush in the open air. Obviously most people will do their game inside because they do not have any other place to go. What we do can generally not be done in public... yet. But in my experience, do it outside whenever you can. It is much more relaxing and exciting. The sun and a little wind on the skin enhances the awareness of your body.

The most important thing of all is, I think, to feel your body. I think that many people do not "feel" their body. For most it is just there, and they realize that they have a body when someone touches it for sex, but I experience and feel my body and skin all the time. Clothing messes it up, and that is why I do not want it. Prepare naked for whatever you do. The body must be free.



*Does the suspension experience change over time?*

Yes, the experience does change as time passes. The thing is that in normal life the brain is always busy with something, but when you suspend that is all gone. There is only one thing: the balls with the body hanging from it. Afterwards you lay down — do nothing. Maybe repeat the exercise after a few minutes. Maybe masturbate, but if not, you feel as if you had an orgasm... the same feeling of total satisfaction. As time passed, and the initial fear for damage or injury disappears, I enjoy it more. It is more relaxing.

*Is there a recovery period?*

There is a short recovery period, allowing the circulation to reestablish. The scrotum is wedged tight in the ring, and you have to pull it back, but after a few minutes you can do it again.

*Can you describe some more what the pain-pleasure experience is like?*

Just imagine the pain wracking your body, when you are hanging on a rope tied around your balls, and enjoying it! “Absolutely crazy”, so-called normal people will say — when I was a young fellow I worried a lot about that. However, the fact was that I had a much nicer and better orgasm, “helping” myself if I thought of being tortured — my body just begged for it. Naturally I tried it out. I whipped myself. I hung weights on my balls. I tied them hard. I experimented with needles, electricity, you name it. The excitement of just planning something, making my dick as hard as the handle of a hammer, was already a joy, but the kick of the actual pain of a thick needle slowly driven through the foreskin cannot be described. Before you do it, you can already feel the pain of the tip of the needle on the skin, slowly increasing, building up the pressure. The skin breaks, and stretches. You need all your power to drive the needle deeper. The skin on the other side stretches, turns white under the pressure, until the tip of the needle breaks through. You have done it. Then comes the reward of an extreme orgasm...

Nuts? Yes, sure, but I have now learned to enjoy being crazy. It took me time to realize that I was made this way, and that I did not create myself. If I have been created enjoying pain like that, well, I better enjoy it. To hell with what the rest of the world may think of it.

*Did you have other worries about what you were doing as well?*

One thing — “Am I alone?” I wondered how far I could go? I dreamed about driving a needle right through my dick or balls, and I dreamed about hanging by my balls. I dreamed of having permanent needles through my nipples and dick, but the question remained: could this be done without undue risk and danger? What will happen? There was no one to ask, and I had a partner who did everything possible to stop me.

Then came the computer, and with that the Internet.

It was great discovering BME — after all these fake wishy-washy SM sites, finally something real. There it was: Needles right through the dick. The balls. Nails, cutting, rings, everything. I went right through the whole library. The biggest surprise of all: a guy dangling upside down by the balls, which were stretched out a foot or so. It could be done!

I hardly slept, and went to work straight away.

But how? I am an engineer, and I know a thing or two about stresses. I realized that just tying a rope around my balls was possible, but the stresses would be born by just a few strands of





skin. The skin would be torn easily, and the stress would never be on the same place. I needed something else to distribute the force of my weight evenly over the skin and internal structures of my balls. At first I tied a curtain rope around my balls, which I protected with a piece of cloth in such a way that there was a loop in the rope on each side of the testicles. This distributed the weight quite well.

I hung a block and tackle from the ceiling, with a weighing scale in-between, and started exercising. That was tough! In the beginning I just managed to pull with ten pounds or so... This was going to be a long haul! By increasing the force a little bit each day I made progress, and after a month I could bear 30kg for a few seconds.

*What was it like as you started to approach bearing masses equivalent to your body weight, and could actually suspend?*

The strain on my balls was enormous. Sometimes blood was oozing from the skin, but I came closer and closer to my goal, and finally that big day came when I released my hands from the rope that held up my upper body weight. I was dangling freely with a 12kg weight on my feet, stretched horizontally — 92kg in total. My balls were dark purple and the strain stretched the skin like a drum skin. They looked as if they were polished. The pain was enormous, but that did not prevent my dick's reaction. The bastard knew what reward would be his!

I only managed for a few seconds, but I had succeeded! When I came down I had an orgasm like never before. Guess what? I am not so young anymore, and over the years the volume and strength of my come had been reduced. It would just lie there on my belly, at the end of my dick, but now, after all this exercise, some essential muscles have apparently been strengthened, and I came with a quantity and force as never before! Right up to my face.

The days, weeks, and month after, I continued exercising to be able to hang longer, but I also wished to hang without the weight on my feet. This took me another two months, but eventually I was dangling hanging by the balls, with my body leaning backwards. My balls stretch up to 25cm below my crotch or 10cm above the kneecap.

I finally replaced the wooden block with a permanent brass and stainless steel ring. It is a beautiful ring with my coat of arms on it. The ring keeps my balls permanently lowered to about 15cm below my crotch. It makes me aware all the time of the presence of my balls, when they dangle between my legs, whether I am dressed or not — usually not!

*You mentioned that you were a missionary child... Do you mind if I ask about your religious views?*

I do not mind talking about it. As you can understand, I had a Protestant Christian upbringing, but because of where I have been, I have been in touch with many other beliefs. It makes you realize that it is so futile to claim that we Christians are the only correct ones. If I had been born a Muslim I would probably be a fanatic Muslim by now. But then there is the question "is there a God?" We have absolutely no proof — it is just a belief. So I decided to die spiritually, and to be born again. I tried consciously to ban all of what I had

from my mind, and I started reading — the Bible, yes, but also the Koran. I studied Bahia, Hinduism, and Buddhism.

My conclusion? I think that there is more to life than substance. I cannot prove it, but I can sense it, and see it in the way evolution is regulated and used as a laboratory for development. There must be a power which we do not know yet. The rest of religion is crap. What would such a power wish us to do with our lives? Well, the ten commandments are a good start — they just make sense — and it basically repeats in all faiths. And that is where my religion stops.

About our nakedness? Well, this big power, God, created us naked, and he saw that it was good. He never told anyone to dress up. Christ, that great prophet, died naked on the cross. It is only some church idiots who insist on always drawing a piece of cloth in front of his dick.

I am very curious to find out when I die what the truth is.

*Finally, anything you'd do differently if you could do it all over again?*

Unfortunately my exploration of my interests comes a bit late, because definitely I would have done things differently if I had been in touch earlier. I am almost sixty, and I am not as randy and strongly masochistic as I was before. It is too late to find a partner with similar ideas. If [BME and greater awareness of this subject] had existed when I was eighteen, my whole life would have been different.





## Heino: Headsplit and Piercings

I'm forty-eight years old and sharing a house with a very good girlfriend in the north part of the Netherlands. We have no sexual relationship and are just very good friends.

*Will that change in the future — does she know what you do?*

I have known her for about five years and we have more a brother-sister relationship. I don't

think this will change in the (near) future. She knows I have some 'hardware down under' and that I do 'weird' stuff (her words, not mine). She doesn't bother as long she doesn't has to participate!

I was born in the north part of the Netherlands also, and lived with my parents until a was twenty five years old — I was their only child. I am a chemical engineer and am working for a natural gas company for about twenty three years now.

As long as I remember a have a SM fetish. When I was about twenty years old I cut my frenum because I didn't like the tension of the foreskin over my cock head. After the cutting the foreskin was behind my cock head.

*What did you think about it?*

I liked the moment my frenum 'snapped'; I had the same experience the moment I cut out my reverse PA and my cock head 'snapped' open and I knew there was no way of return. It's hard to describe, I think. I was really relax when I did it and my whole body shivered the moment it 'snapped'. It felt like a mental orgasm without cumming.

Around the same time a played with some electricity. I used the power supply of my miniature railway and connected the wires on my cock, balls or into my anus. I liked the twinkling of the current through my genitals. I liked it even better then the 'normal' sexual play with some girlfriends.

*Have you ever had a problem from the electrical play? I know a few people who've damaged their prostates and so on...*

I never had any problem with electricity, only some small burning patches. I know the stories about the problems, and read some on BME. Maybe they have used to much current...

Time went on, and around 1990 I made my first piercing, a Prince Albert. It was a great electrode for my electric play (see the pictures of 1998). For this electric play I still used 'my power supply' and sometimes the noise of a stereo amplifier.

*So you literally just attached the speaker cables to yourself? Does this feel the same as a normal TENS-type play device, or different?*

Yep, I think it is more or less the same feeling of a TENS-type but because I can make my own wave-files, I have more possibilities for my own personal choice (and pleasure). There are some Yahoo and MSN-groups with wave files (which are not very active at the moment) and I also bought a CD a

few years ago with wave files designed for this purpose.

I normally boost these kind of files with more volume because they are to 'soft' for my use. They only give a 'twinkle' but not the 'real' feeling (for my...). I then hook my computer to my amplifier and the wires the speaker to my genitals...

*How did getting on the Internet change things?*

On the internet I saw all kinds of piercings and cuttings and I wondered.... I ordered some stuff from BME and my next piercing was a frenum (see the pictures of 1999). I was using bigger and bigger rings and barbells. For my electric play I was using my computer and very nice WAV-files I downloaded from the internet.

In 2000 I was going more extreme and made a reverse PA (see the pictures 2000,2002-06-xx). I also made my electric play more 'perfect'. I was able to 'cum' without pleasure with some wave-files. I had no orgasm but I was just cumming without pleasure.



### *Why cum without pleasure?*

Maybe 'without pleasure' is not the right description — normally when I play with electricity, I start slowly (low volume) and gradually increase the volume. It starts with a nice twinkling, then stings (more or less like nettles) and when I go further (not always) my cock can even go numb. During this I can feel my cum 'boiling' in my prostate and at a certain point it's just dripping out — oozing — without the normal 'cumming'. My pleasure is of course the stinging sensation....

### *So it feels good; it's just not the same?*

Yep, it feels great for a long period, not the 'normal' short period only during an orgasm.

Similarly, I once shaved my cock and took a bunch a nettles

and hit my cock with it until it was completely red and full of small blisters. The stinging made me cum, but the stinging stayed for about an hour and during that period I had three more spontaneous cummings — I was much younger then... It was a feeling no woman could ever give me, and my electric play gives me almost the same feeling..

### *How did you being the cutting stage of your modifications?*

In July 2002 it was time for 'the big cut'. I cut out my reverse PA (the start of a split cock head) and the PA (a meatotomy was 'born'). I made an ampallang and a new reverse PA for future cock head splitting. In March the 'new' reverse PA was already gone.

In 2004 I made more progress cuttings. At the end of 2004 I made a new piercing, just above the balls (is that called a frenum also? - *ed: hafada*). By now, I also discovered a new fetish, prostate milking. With my 'perfect' self-made milking tool I'm able to 'milk' about 80% of my cum out of my prostate without almost no feeling. My cock is soft the whole procedure when the cum is dripping along the ampallang.... After that I milk the rest of the cum out with electrical play, one electrode into the anus, the other electrode using a piercing...

### *What is the tool, and how do you use it?*

It's a hand grip of a scythe on which I connected a wooden knob and a hand grip of a shovel. I think my 'kick' of milking is that I can drain almost all of my cum out and still feeling horny. I tried all kinds of different tools and dildos before I found my 'perfect' tool.

### *A lot more comes out than just from normal masturbation?*

It depends a lot on the edging and foreplay I do. When I don't cum for three days I will get a real big amount of cum during my milking. When I then go to my electric play many times only a few drops of cum will come out.

### *What are your plans for the future?*

The future? I'm dreaming of a full subincision and removal of my cock head...

The 'big' question, why this fetish? I don't really know, it's just a fetish — I like the pain of the electrical play and I like my own piercings and cuttings. As I said before, I like it more than the 'normal' sex play with girls. I'm really addicted to it.

### *Do you ever try it with girls, or mostly by yourself?*

Until about my 40th year I did both, but the electric play only by myself; after my fortieth I am more or less a follower of Onan, if you now what I mean, and I'm happy with it.





## Jon: Genital Cutting and Pumping

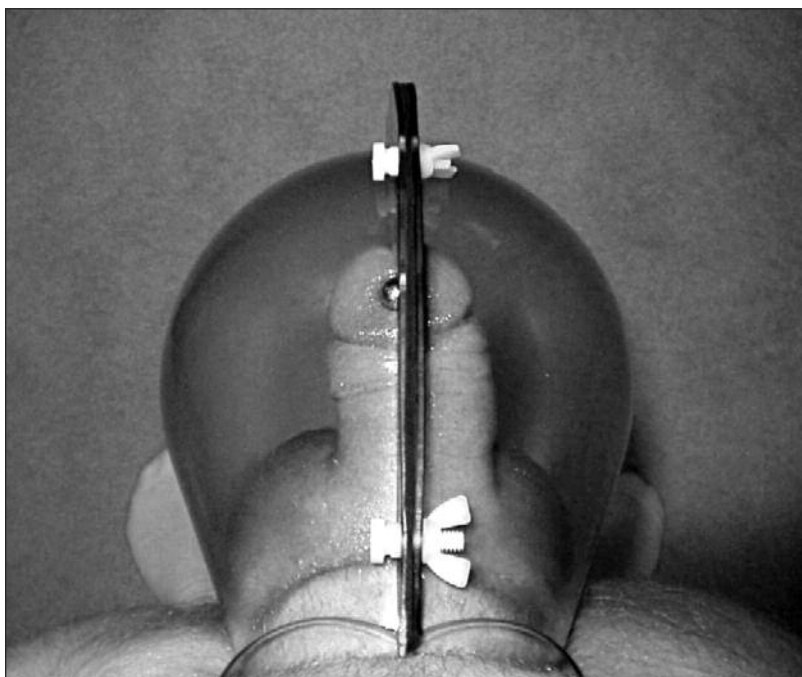
I will be thirty four years old in July this year. I was born in New England, but have spent most of my life in the Philly area. For the most part I was your average boring kid, growing up in a very conservative household. Through every stage of growing up I never was a popular kid, but always had that core group of five or six good friends. Today I have been married for about two and a half years to a wonderful woman, who is very conservative in most of her views, but surprisingly is very open and experimental sexually (thank goodness). We are expecting our first child later this year. Professionally I own a real estate company that specializes in commercial development. It takes a lot of my time, but I love the work.

### *And your body modifications?*

Ahh... the mods. To date my mods have all been to my genitals or sexual in nature and have been done over the last four or five years. I have always been a very sexual person and so the motivation behind mods for me is increased sexual pleasure or new sexual sensations. In terms of heavy mods, I currently have a partial subincision and a partially split head (working on finishing it). The split head was really a result of having an apadravya that I stretched to 7/16" that became non-pleasurable for my wife, so when I took it out I decided to split rather than just let the hole close. The partial sub was started to allow me to get bigger things inside my dick. I had always been into sounding (before I knew to call it sounding).

Obviously I saw pictures on BME of subincisions and read some of the experiences relative to the actual procedures, although I was more concerned with the feeling afterwards. I decided to try doing a few small cuts and what I discovered was that I not only loved the open feeling and the ability to use bigger sounds, but I also loved the actual cutting experience. Over the course of doing the partial sub, I simply used a pair of sharp cuticle scissors (I tried clamping once and really didn't like it) and tied off the base of my dick to slow bleeding. What I like so much about the cutting is after that very quick sharp pain, is the rush of endorphins that follow. Eventually that feeling, along with the much increased sexual feeling became the motivation for further cutting. I have not done any further work on the sub for several months now because my wife and I wanted to have a kid or two, but I do plan to keep it going in the future. Doing the head split was not as enjoyable in terms of the cutting, which for the most part I have done with a scalpel and a tie off at the base. The headsplit procedure is more painful in my opinion than the sub because the meatus is more dense and it takes many more cuts which obviously prolongs the pain. What makes working on the headsplit more enjoyable now is that my wife has actually been helping me during cutting sessions, sometimes doing a few or simply holding the two sides apart while I cut.

In addition to the sub and the headsplit, I have been experimenting over the last year with injections (KY) into my dick. Given its temporary nature I have come to think about this more as play than modification. I guess I do want to do more permanent injections, either silicone or hydrogel, but living in the States makes both of those very difficult to obtain. Why put a foreign substance into my dick? It is quite a rush to feel the weight and see your dick swell. It also makes the foreskin very sensitive for several days. Another long term play activity for me is anal play and stretching. I have for a long time (back into my early teens) liked anal stimulation and play, usually with small to medium objects and dildos. Today I have really gotten into seeing how large I can go. There is just something about the feeling of being completely stretched out and stuffed that I love. It is very hard to describe, but I am sure that those who have tried it can relate.





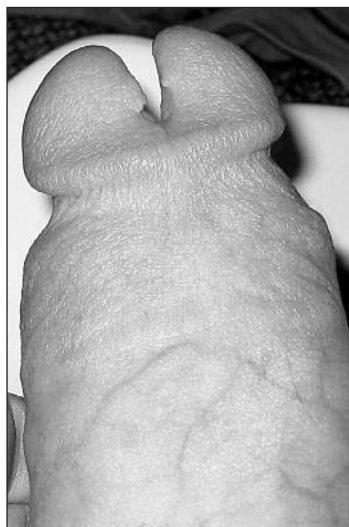
### *How does sex feel after pumping?*

Sex after pumping feels great for both of us. I enjoy the truly engorged feeling and my wife really likes the added girth (I think she would enjoy some big toy play, but she is a little hesitant). I would actually say that I/we enjoy sex after pumping more than after KY injections. After KY the shaft of my dick is so sensitive that sex can almost be too much, you know? After about a day it is much better, but then there has been some major decrease in girth by that point. Pumping you can come right out of the tube and start the fun there really is no downside to pumping its just fun.

### *What or why did you get into these activities?*

Before I met my wife I was with a woman who had pierced her genitals. This was a first for me and I have to say that I was intrigued by it and began to look for information on it. That led me to BME and into the modification culture. I know that for everyone there are different reasons for modifying their bodies. For me everything is about the feeling I get from it. After a doing a mod my body is different and the sensations I get from doing an activity whether it be sex, masturbation, or riding a bike (routine activities) are now very different than before the mods. That is the motivation, to continue to be able to derive new pleasures and feelings from the routine stuff. I have a

long way to go in life and I want to keep it interesting. So the motivation for starting my modifications is and will be the same motivation for continuing them in the future. I see mods as a way to continually have a first time experience at things that we do thousands of times throughout our lifetimes.



### *You mentioned that you like cutting in order to experience new things — how are things different now?*

Yes, I am an experience junkie. I like to try all sorts of things both in my social life and my private life. What has been great about experimenting with body modification is that with each change to my body there are new sensations to experience with every day life. The obvious would be the new sensations felt after cutting. At first the added sensation during sex with an exposed urethra was intense, the first time it was almost like a sort of pins and needles sensation, but now sex feels like sounding and sex simultaneously and is very pleasant. The headsplit offers more of everyday sensations than increased sexual feelings. What happens a lot of times is that one side of the head will stick through the front hole in my underwear. Provides a great little tug that feels great gets me semi hard sometimes. There are some new feelings during sex, but not as noticeable as the sub. Overall I have really enjoyed the changes in sensations and I think they look cool too.

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### *Since we last talked, have you done any more cutting?*

I have not done any significant cutting for about a year. I tried a couple of times to complete the head split but got very frustrated when it kept growing back. I decided I would not try again until I could figure out a way to keep the two sides separated long enough to prevent regrowth. Recently I have been thinking about extending the sub further, but as I look at my anatomy, the main arteries in my dick run along the underside of my dick and would be cut if I were to extend to the full sub. I do not want to lose rigidity and so I probably can't go much more than an inch or so.

### *Could you tell me a bit more about your KY injections?*

The KY experiences were a little disappointing. It is just taking a tube of KY and using a needle and syringe (purchased from BME) and injecting under the skin of the penis shaft. The immediate look is very bumpy and not very pleasant but after a few hours it evens out nicely and looks and feels great. With me having the head split and partial sub, the urethra gets really stretched out and ultra sensitive. The problem is that the great feel and look doesn't last long as the KY absorbs into the body much faster than you think it would. Don't get me wrong there is still evidence of the injection a few days later, but that wow feeling is short lived. I have thought often about going to something more permanent like silicone, but that's just scary. All in all worth trying if you are into having the engorged look and feel for a little while.

The only other play or modification I have been active in is anal stretching and play. This is actually something that my wife has gotten into with me although I would say that I am much further along in terms of what size I can take. Currently I can take a 4.75 inch plug and am working on a 5 inch plug. My wife likes to play more than stretch so we are working her way up to a fist in the ass.

You could compare my life to that of a super hero. Most of the time I'm this very ordinary, Clark Kent type of guy. Inside, I'm hiding these super abilities and no one ever suspects anything. Like Clark Kent, I change into someone else, and I am exposed to the public as I do my super things. The only thing different is that I take off my clothes and Clark puts on different ones. I show my other side in all it's glory. Then I am satisfied I have done my job, and go back to my secret, ordinary life, and only those I tell ever know my real identity.

I'm an old, old, guy by the standard of those on BME — but I don't consider myself old. Old is just a state of mind. I turn eighty-two in November of 2012.

I graduated from high school, and had some job related college. I worked steadily since I was seventeen years old. I was a factory worker and worked my way up to plant foreman and supervisor. I was part of a dance band for about fifteen years that played all over the state of Michigan, but

mostly in the Detroit area. You know what my main hobby is, haha. I still play my accordion occasionally, and I still love to listen to music — it puts me in the spirit of love — and I love nature walks. I do stop and smell the roses. I read a lot, mostly way out true science. I don't like fiction. I also love toys. You would be surprised at how many I have. Have you ever had a remote controlled flying saucer? It's my favorite.

### *Can you give me your sexual biography?*

I started out just like any boy does, when I was able to move my hand down to my penis, it became my toy. The years past until I was probably six or seven. I knew that with a little action, like rapidly hitting it back and forth with my hand, I had the most wonderful reaction. That thing grew and after a bit, it would spasm with the best feeling I ever had.

It was dry orgasm. No ejaculate. I enjoyed this as many times as I could. Being warned by my mother, after getting caught a couple of times, I realized that this was something that I would have to keep secret.

One time when I was playing with myself, I was wondering what was behind that long skin that hung over the end of my penis. No one ever told me about the foreskin, and to that point, I had never had it retracted, or washed under it.

I played with it until it got hard, then I started to pull it back. I could see something under the skin, but it hurt as I tried to get it out. I stopped for that day, but the next day I tried again. With a sudden push, it burst out. Scared the hell out of me. I thought, "I've really messed up this time. How will I get it back?"

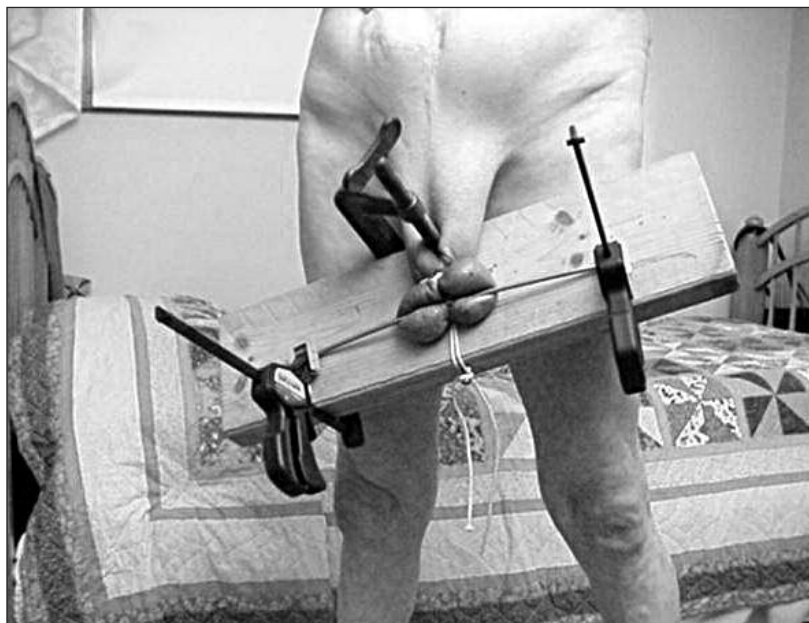
In those days I lived in an area north of Detroit Michigan. It was wide open country. Mostly farm land. We had a dog named Sandy. He would always sniff around my crotch, so one day when I was out in the barn, I wondered what he would do if I dropped my pants and underwear. I found out, and it was something new that I would do often.

Sandy would lick my penis with his hot tongue, and it wouldn't take long before I would orgasm, and orgasm. I was glad that I found out about the retractable foreskin because the underside of my penis head was where the most feeling was.

Sandy would lick my penis and switch to my balls. I didn't want the orgasms to stop so I would push my penis to his mouth. This didn't always end up good. Sometimes he would bite and clamp down on it, but not too hard, and not too often. You know? I don't know why I never got caught. I guess it was because my mother stayed in the house and my dad had a day job.

To this day, I like a dog's licking my penis, to any other way of sex. Blow job, or anything else. Not to say that I don't like women. I love the way they look and feel, and it's not so much the sex act as it is their entire beauty that turns me on.

If I lived by myself, I would have a big dog or two,





and I would leave my genitals exposed, to their mercy. Let them fight to see which one gets to do the job. I don't know how much of it I could take, or how long it would be before I'm tired of it. I sure would like to try though.

All this was happening to me at the early age of seven. I was learning much about the direction I would take in my sex life. One day, while I was playing with my friend near where our cow was standing, I said to him, "Wouldn't it be fun to have something like that cow's bag, hanging between our legs?" He just looked at me like I was crazy. I think that remark was a prelude to my many saline infusions now.

I don't want it to appear that my sexual activities were the only things of importance in my life. Far from it. But this true story is meant to show how I got started on what I'm now noted for. Really, I think that we are all born to do certain things in our life, and this is what I must do.

From seven years old on, I was very active trying new things. One such thing was tying up my genitals with string. My mother came in my bedroom one day as I was finishing untying. I will never forget what she told me. "I know why you tied your pee-pee. That stuff is supposed to come out. You mustn't tie it up. I know of a boy who did that, and he DIED from it!" Well, if she could see some of the ties I do now? I'm still alive.

I would go out in the fields in summer, and find a muddy part, take off my clothes, and bury my genitals in the warm mud. I wonder if that was my way of joining with nature, or was I fucking the Earth.

When I was a teen, I found a large bottle of quick silver, (mercury), that my dad had put away. It was quite heavy, heavier than lead. A brilliant idea flashed in my mind. I took the bottle and went into the crawl space under my house. Pulling out my penis, I uncorked the bottle and inserted the small neck of it, in under my foreskin. I put a string around it, and dumped as much of the quick silver in, that it would hold. I tied the string tight and let the foreskin drop. MAN! What a feeling as it swung down so heavy.

I spent that day with the quick silver, until I couldn't hold the pee anymore. I returned the mercury to the bottle, and my dad never knew the difference.

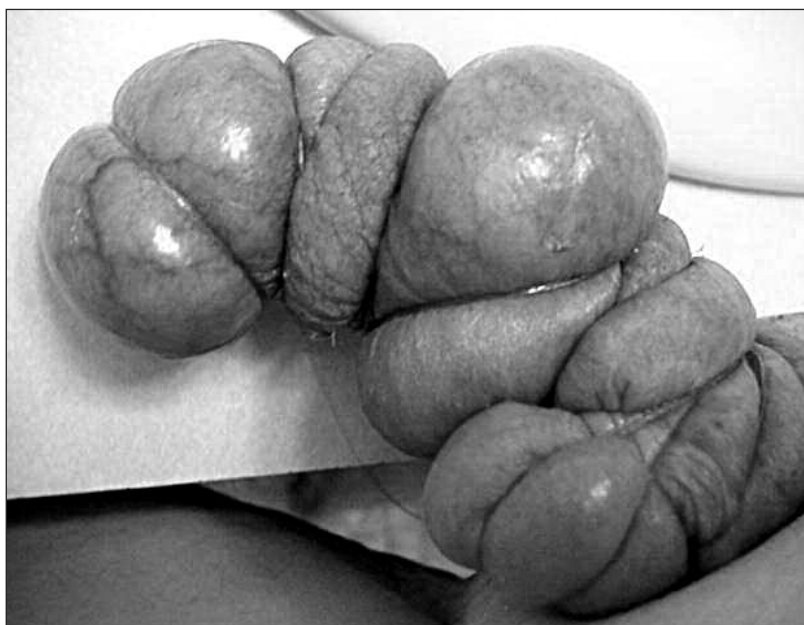
My dad had a workshop in the building in back of our house. He had all kinds of equipment, so I had to try different ways of using them. Once I tied my balls to a hoist with rope, and pushed the up button. Before I knew it, there I was suspended by my balls. Another thing that I did often was to use the air compressor, and a makeshift basket ball needle, to inflate my scrotum to huge size. (PLEASE, don't try this, you can kill yourself.) I suffered with it after because the air in my body caused much pain.

My mother's equipment got used too. I once put my penis through the rollers on her wash machine.

I had a lot of sexual fun through my life, so much so, that I remained a virgin until I was twenty seven. I fathered five children, and was very careful not to let them find out what I was into.

But there were close calls. Once, because I thought that the loose scrotum would make a nice water balloon, I injected tap water using an enema bag and the sharpened basket ball needle. Needless to say, I got an infection and had to go to the hospital. Before I recovered, my penis looked like a huge, twisted, black sausage. I thought that I would surely lose it.

With the invention of Polaroid cameras, I would take pictures of what I did. I liked what I saw. When you look at any art, you see what you want to see. If you like it, you understand. I realized that I was doing something that no one else had done before. From then on, I would try to do the unusual and try to get my art out for others to see.





How to get it out? With the invention of many things, including video and the Internet, things progressed. I somehow stumbled on BME and Shannon on the Internet back in 1994. The rest is history. Thanks to him, I became famous all over the world.

I love the art that others do. I love those that alter themselves sexually, male or female. I know that I had a lot to do with some of the things that others try, and maybe that's why I was born. But...! Some of it is very dangerous and I am warning anyone reading this not to try it!!

*That first movie you sent us really started quite the storm. It was the first really good clear video that many people in the mainstream had seen of heavy male genital torture. Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails has even talked about it in interviews with the music press. Did you have any idea it would reach so many people when you made it?*

No, I didn't. I was surprised when you sent me a list of places all around the world that had it. I felt a feeling of pride. I had made many videos before it, and this one just seemed to me, that it was the best and had to be seen by others. Thanks to you, it happened.

*I've gotten the impression though that touching people is important to you — what fuels that drive, and what is it you hope people will get from your videos? Is it as simple an answer as "pleasure"?*

Yes, pleasure was the main thing. But also I wanted those that are into such things to see the extent that sex organs could be used for much more pleasure than just for sex. This kind of thing isn't for everyone, and really, I did a lot of it knowing that it could end bad. I wanted to do things that were never done before. If I got a rise out of watching the video, I knew maybe others would also.

*To the minority of people who believe your videos are fake, I'd like to talk a bit about your aversion to blood. There is blood involved in this type of play, but you've carefully edited it out. Why is that? I remember you being very hesitant when I asked you to actually include it, and even now you are very discrete about it.*

I don't like seeing blood. I cringe at some of the things I see on BME. I also hate pubic hair and have not had any in at least 10 years. ( I shave every other day). I did not fake anything on the video. There wasn't much blood as the nails went in the testicles, but a lot of blood and fluid sprayed out when removing them. It took a while to heal. I made the video for myself, so I cleaned up any blood. Only after did I think that others would enjoy it.

*One of the other things that really struck me when we first met was you telling me that you had to hide all this from your wife. Why was that?*

My wife and I were brought up Catholic in a very strict time. I didn't believe everything that the religion put out, but my



wife did. Although she now knows that I did these videos, I know she still doesn't agree with my thoughts. She always said that I married the wrong woman, that I needed someone that was more into sex. She knows that I still do these things. She knows that it is my release of my extreme sexual tensions — we have not had sex since 1999. I believe that love is respect for your partner's feelings.

*You said you sometimes had to cover your wounds with makeup so she wouldn't notice? I assume you were no longer sexually active together at that point?*

I had to plan what I did in advance, when she would be away for enough time to complete what I wanted to do. There were a few times when I almost got caught like when I went out into the back acre in the woods and removed all my clothes taking video of my well tied genitals. On my way back, she came home and asked what I was doing in the field with my video camera. I had to lie about an animal back there. I then had to wait to untie. By then, everything was starting to turn



blue, and it hurt like hell when the blood came back in. When bruising, cuts, holes, or burns were there, I had to cover them with makeup. It was hard to find the right shade and I had to go through many before it was right. Then there was having sex. I would have to fake illness or just hope for the best. She never suspected, or if she did, she didn't say anything.

I have told her about what I do now and about Erebli, and I really don't think that she remembers that Erebli is known and shown all over the world, or how far I go with what I do. I know that she doesn't like me doing infusions, so she would probably faint away if she saw some of the other stuff.

*That must have been a difficult conversation — how did you bring it up, and how did she react?*

Actually, it was a great relief for me, once I got the courage up. She knew that I went to BME on the web, and one day I was showing her some of the way out things there, so I told

her that I have an IAM there, and I showed it to her. I told her that I'm known all over the world and at least that is something that I'm famous for. She didn't say too much, but did smile.

*I'm glad. I've heard such a wide range of impacts on relationships in the different people I've talked to.*

I have a good wife. She has said to me many times that I'd be better off with a wife that was like me in the way I think about sex.

*Several other men who I've interviewed on this subject have told me that they were drawn to increasingly violent masturbation after their wife aged more quickly than them, resulting in the decay of the physical relationship. Were these factors at play, or were you drawn in other ways?*

I love my wife, and I know that she loves me — proven by her actions in my many illness. I don't masturbate often. Like I said, I get my sexual pleasure in other ways.

*How and why did your sexual play escalate?*

The tying probably started when I was seven years old, using kite string. I had thoughts even then about things that I could do to my genitals. When Polaroid cameras came out and I could get pictures of what I did, I started carrying out my fantasies. It escalated to the extreme when I saw pornography pictures and wanted to do what others wouldn't think of doing. When video cameras were invented, WOW, now I could make movies. Concerning saline, I always thought that the scrotum looked like a deflated balloon. Before saline, I tried ordinary water with the most un-sanitary methods. The first time was okay. The next one ended in the hospital and I thought that I would lose my genitals.

*I know you have some more esoteric cosmological views as well, but Christianity is important to you as well.*

*You've mentioned concerns that God may not be pleased with your masturbation. My feeling has always been that since Jesus introduced the new covenant, that since what you're doing isn't really hurting anyone, and in fact is making people happy, that God would enjoy it. I'm interested in hearing how you concluded this debate — or is it still ongoing?*

My thoughts have changed. But I still am like two persons. After I ejaculate, I think that I am a bad person, and this leads me to foolishly destroy a lot of my valuable sexual items. After a little while, and most of the other time, I'm back to my normal, sexual self. I think that this is from religion training through the years that won't go away. I call this being under the old godspell. I now believe like you, that as long as you don't hurt anyone, it is okay to do what you want. In fact, I believe that I must do these things for the experience and for others. God may be enjoying it through me. (I don't like the word God. Better called Creator of all.)

*Does your Christianity affect your play in other ways as well?*

No! I believe that we don't need a church to tell us what to





I believe we are all part of everything, even of the universe which is part of something more. I think that we must experience everything that we can. We are the conductors. This is what we are supposed to do. What we think is what will happen. We will never end. We have to convince others of the greater use of our minds.

*It's been my experience that states of extreme pain / extreme sensation actually give one a sense of unified consciousness... I think that's in part why things like suspension work. Have you experienced anything like that?*

Absolutely! One of the things that I strongly believe is that we are of one consciousness and we are here to experience things for the whole, or for the origin. I think that is what drives me to do the unusual.

*Do you mind telling me a little about your family?*

By the way, I have 5 grown children, 16 grand children, and 3 great grandchildren that think I am a straight forward Christian, so I still don't want any of them to know about what I have done, unless they happen to like that sort of thing and visit BME and recognize my body parts. If you will, just call me Erebli, or you can tell my first name "Bill".

*You know... I wonder if they are into it... you never know how much is genetic! On guy I interviewed remembers his father talking to him during their age eleven sex-talk about how they should never pound bat pins into your genitals, and described what a bad idea that had been for him!*

I often wondered that myself. Why am I the way I am? Is it genetic? If so, who was it, my mother or my father? If I have passed it on, are any of my children like me? Hum!

*Where does the name "Petestor", the title of your second movie, come from?*

The name Petestor is put together from PEnis, TEsticle, TORTure.

*Tell me about your fetishes?*

Exhibitionism is part of my pleasures. I would love to do these things, or better still have a nice shaped, naked woman do them to me, on a stage in front of a large crowd. I fantasy being tied to a pole and letting them have their way with my genitals. I probably would carry out this fantasy if I were much younger and had a good body.

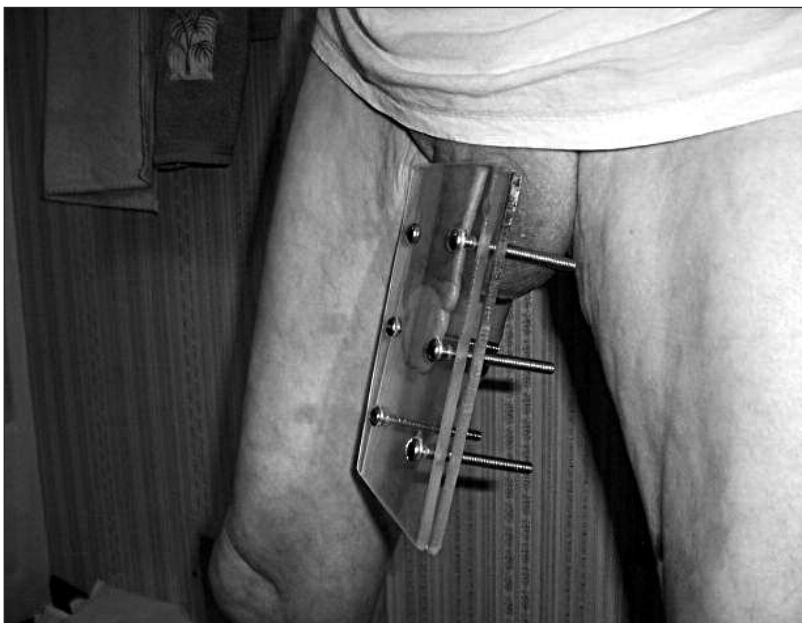
*Nothing wrong with your body given your age — has aging and watching your body change been difficult? Any things you would have done differently in the process of aging if you could go back and change things now?*

I wouldn't change anything. I think what I did to prevent aging was right. The main thing is to think and act young. I have been told many times, that I don't look my age. Watching my body age hasn't been difficult. What the surgeons did to it is what I hate. They are the ones that FUCKED it up. But,

do. We don't need religion. It is all within us. We create our own world. I have to say that I do believe in other dimensions. I have seen spirits with my own eyes, some solid that have spoken to me, and others vague, so I KNOW that there are such things. I keep reading, hoping that eventually, I will understand, but some things just come to me in my mind.

*What about your more unusual views such as your affinity to Zecharia Sitchin? Or are they simply a part of the whole — one of the commonality I've found in people who engage in this type of play is that they are far more open to (and drawn to) unusual ideas...*

These thoughts may be unusual to some, but I think that the world is changing and that a lot of us are now seeing the light. I believe that most of what Sitchin says, is true. I think we were genetically mixed with the Nefilim/Annanaki, and that we still have that in us. His interpretation of Earth's start, and our planetary system is correct.





they didn't have much choice if I wanted to survive. One thing that all through my life was a problem was, my bird legs. I mean, they are the worst of any I have ever seen.

*Do you find that you restrict yourself (more) at this point because of health concerns?*

I have to restrict myself at this stage. I have had so much pain ( which has finally stopped), that I couldn't do anything without the pain starting again. I have to be very careful. I still have the lump on my back that has to be taken care of, and that probably will require more surgery.

What I do, is in my thinking, somewhat artistic in that I do know that others will see it and I strive for perfection. I have done many genital ties before finding one that I like and would take photos or video of. Like an artist, I am never satisfied with my work. It can always be improved.

While doing the acts, I feel a lot of sexual excitement. Of course there is the pain, but, the satisfaction that I am doing something that is going to look and feel so unusual, negates the pain.

I enjoy seeing pictures and videos of others doing the same things. I had in my collection through the years, all sorts of porno., but for fear of my family stumbling on it, they are all gone now. I don't know how many of my videos I have destroyed — if I only could find a way to safely hide them so they would never be found? I prefer domination videos, male or female. My favorite photos of others are of huge scrotal infusions.

I don't know if you would call them fetishes. When I was very young we lived in the country and I liked to find mud in a field, strip naked, and bury my genitals in the mud. I once found a large amount of quick silver, and inserted it in my foreskin, tying it off and leaving it hang almost all day. I wasn't circumcised then.

*How and why did you eventually get circumcised? You are at least mostly cut now?*

A doctor did my circumcision. More stupidity on my part. I got tired of getting pubic hair stuck inside of the foreskin and then getting infections from it. If I would have used my head, I should have done what I do now, and just shaved the pubic hair off. I would love to have a long, long, foreskin now. I tried stretching it, but it was taking too long.

Once I ran my penis through a ringer of an old wash machine. The ringer rolls were made of rubber and had a quick release on top. I turned it on, stood in the tub, inserted my foreskin, when it reached my glans, I had to release it. Too much pressure. I then moved the glans in and closed the release, then turned it on. The whole penis was squashed till I stopped it at my balls. It was a good thing that my mother didn't come home right then.



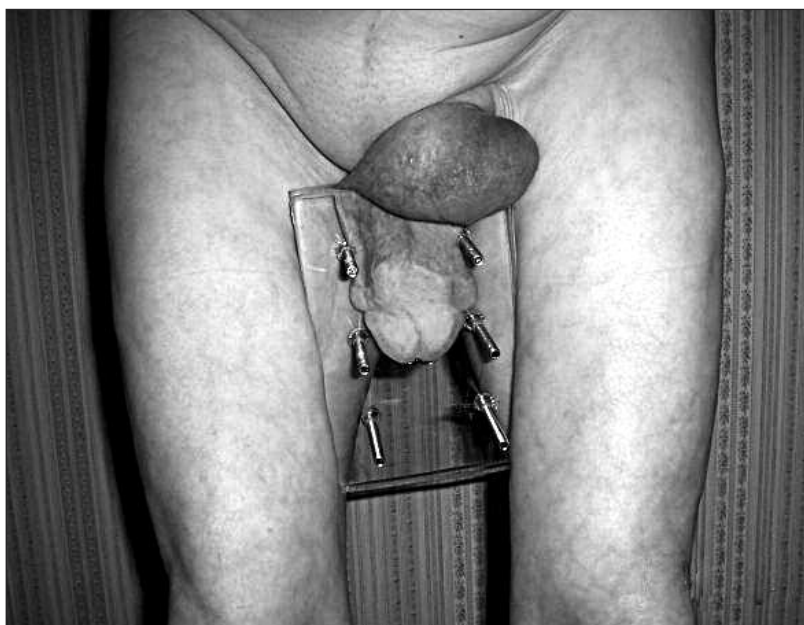
*...and you've been doing crushing ever since... What does that feel like when you're doing it? Do you prefer it fast (like the rollers), or slow like the Plexiglas?*

I like it both ways. Plexiglas is not as painful. I wish I could find a old wash machine that still worked, with the rubber rollers. I would love to make a video of that. A close up of the flattened glans as it starts through and then the flattened penis. Incidentally, I got the idea from the old "Tit in the Ringer" thing.

I let many dogs lick my penis. It is one of the best feelings for me — dogs have warmer tongues. You have to be careful because they may bite it.

*How do you feel about doing that, versus the nailing and "torture" type stuff?*

I enjoy both. Hey! Anything for pleasure! I really wish I was much younger. Things are more open now than they were when I was young. I don't know how far I would go. So much to experience.



*How do you convince a dog to do that (or maybe it doesn't take much convincing)?*

Most dogs are sniffing in that area, and all they want is for you to pull it out. I also love to see dogs licking out a woman. Really, I like women having sex with any type of animal, or inserting things in their vaginas. Once in a book store, I saw on one of their machines, a woman insert a plastic tube in her vagina, the put several mice in the tube, and forced them inside her. I'd like to see that again.

My wife has seen some of my early video with only the ties. She hasn't seen the ones with nailing, or roasting, and I don't think I want her to. I would love to show her, but I'm afraid she would think me crazy.

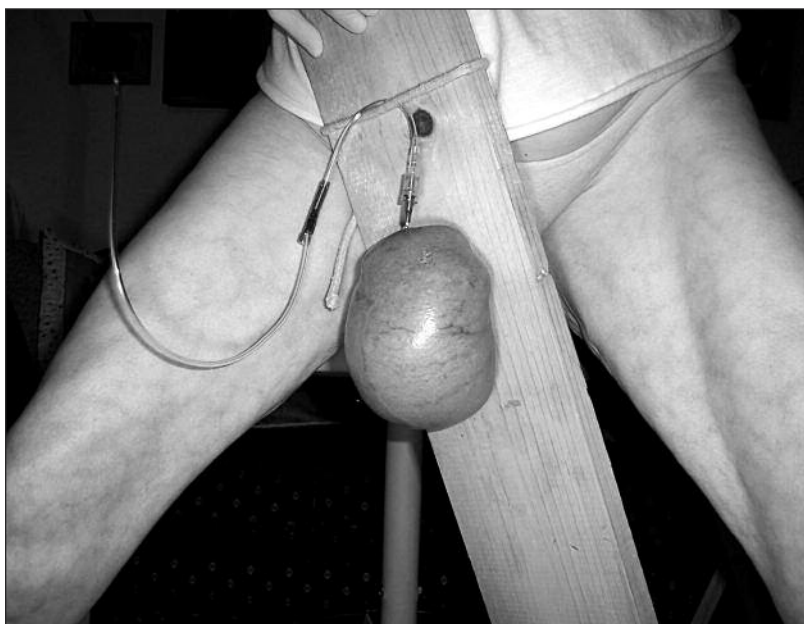
If I would have married a woman with same desires, I think I would be wonderful. I can only imagine the things that we would do. I know that the videos would be much more interesting with us both coming up with new ideas.

I have thought of finding a female into these things, to carry out my fantasies. But, I wouldn't take the chance. I love my wife and family too much. Besides, who would want someone with a horrible body like mine.

I used to go to porno. book stores and watch the videos on the machines. I would also bring home porno. tapes of the things that I liked, and we would watch them. She would cringe and not watch too much, but she got the idea. I would sometimes lie to her about what I saw on videos at the book store, along the lines that I wanted to do, then I would tell her I was going to try it on myself.

I needed sex a lot when I was younger, and my wife never refused. I have to say, sexual wise, my life has been wonderful.

From when I was seven years old, I would masturbate frequently. It was great because until puberty, nothing came



out. It shocked the hell out of me when something came out.

I went from tying to burning and needle play late in my life. At that time, I hadn't seen anyone do these things, and I always want to do different things.

Thinking back, this was the most stupid thing I did. I fashioned a needle out of a basket ball needle by cutting it off and sharpening it. This I attached to the tube from an enema bag filled with ordinary water. Mind you, this worked the first time. My kids were small then, and my wife knew that I did it and was worried that the kids would notice the bulge. The second time that I did it, by the next day, my genitals turned all kind of colors and my penis was swollen and twisted like a cork screw. My scrotum was hugely swollen. I told them at emergency that I fell down the stairs, landing on my business. The doctor just gave me a strange look and treated me. He said

that I wouldn't lose them, but it was close. No sex for many weeks.

I don't ejaculate after doing the scenes I do. I like to let the high remain. Like I told you before, if I ejaculate, I turn into Dr. Jekyll, ( or is it Mr. Hyde ) and want to destroy everything.

*It's interesting that you rarely take it to traditional completion, but I was thinking about that, and I guess it's just a more extreme version of how much guys just "turn off" and go to sleep after sex!*

I guess for me, if I ejaculate, I turn against what I do. I want to preserve the feelings. Keep it high.

*Being Catholic, have you ever discussed any of this in confessional?*

No! I may be Catholic, but I don't believe in a lot of what the Catholic religion puts out, and confession is one of them.



Besides, I don't think any of it is sinful. I tell you, concerning religion, I have a lot of different ideas now.

*If I remember right, you have gone through periods where you're not sure if what you're doing is right, and after orgasm often feel wrong about it?*

Yeah. That's why I kind of avoid orgasm. I haven't quite gotten over it, but I am better. I just have to keep telling myself over and over that it isn't bad. Incidentally, I have found that using a TENS Machine, for me, is a wonderful way to bring on orgasm. I use it full force, which leads me to wonder how much more voltage could my genitals take?

*You get a different type of orgasm though with electricity — do you find the same guilty/negative after-effects with it?*

The way that I do it is, I attach one electrode to the bottom side of my penis just beneath the head and the other

on the bottom of the ball sack. I turn the pulse width all the way up (250), and start with the pulse frequency as low as it goes (2). I increase the pulse frequency slowly, along with the power, all the way (8), then stop the frequency at about 50 (half way). This is at the most painful setting. I leave it there for 10 or 15 minutes, then increase it from 125 to all the way. I can't resist orgasm at that setting. One nice part about the Tens is that I have an erection all the while, which is not so easy anymore. I wonder if attaching a 120 volt line similarly, would be too much?

I don't have near the guilty/negative after effects with the electric. By the time I put everything away, I'm back to normal. But then like I said, I believe that I'm getting better about it all. My goal is to not feel any different after orgasm, than I did before.

*How did you do the testicle nailing?*

I tied the testicles with the rope, then pulled them as far out



on the board as I could, hooking the rope to the screw on the end of the board. Realizing that it would be difficult to pull out the nails after they were pounded into the board, I scratched the outline of my balls and scrotum on the board. I then took the nail I would use, (really it was a spike), and pushed it as far down as I could in the middle of the testicle. I then scratched a line approximately where the nails would go, horizontally and vertically. I released my balls and marked where the nails would come through my balls into the board. I measured the diameter of the nail and drilled two holes somewhat smaller than the nails. I then put back my balls, and attached the rope, making sure that everything was lined up. I took the first nail and pushed it down as far as I could. Surprisingly, the testicles were pretty soft, which was good. I

hesitated for a long time, bringing the nail up, then putting it back and pushing harder. I could almost feel the nail hitting the board through my testicle. I thought that this is it. Yes or no? I tapped the nail lightly. No pain, but I knew this wouldn't do it. It just happened then. I hit it harder and felt it go through into the hole in the board. Hitting it hard and fast was the way to do it. Not much pain. I wanted different angles with the video, so I stopped several times to adjust the camera. Through learning from the first testicle nailing, the other one was easy. No hesitation, push the nail as far down as I can, and hit it fast and hard. I removed the rope and finished nailing.

The rest was pure fun. Letting the board hang free with the testicles nailed to it, and doing the picture and videos. Then came the hard part. Getting the nails out. The idea of the holes in the board was good, but it still took some time to get them out. I had to use a claw hammer and a piece of 2X4 above the balls on the board, to get the nails out. What

surprised me and I had some worry, was the amount of fluid and blood that came out.

During WWII, There were stories going around about the Japanese and what they were doing to POW's. One such story was that they would nail the prisoner's testicles to a tree stump, then put a tent with wood over them, pore gasoline over it, give the POW a razor, and then set fire to the tent. If they wanted to live, they would have to cut off their testicles and scrotum. It probably wasn't true, but anyway, that's where I got the idea to nail my balls.

I had seen a movie of a guy with a smaller nail being driven through his scrotum. He screamed bloody murder. But I never seen anyone do it through their balls. I think I was the first and it had to be a big nail.

The spread scrotum nailing was my own idea. Smaller nails didn't need any holes drilled.

I was trying to get as many nails in as possible.



*To what extent is the pain good or bad as a part of the experience... Or I suppose there is "good pain" and "bad pain"? How do you keep it more on the "good" side?*

My feelings on this is that any pain associated with what I do, is minor to the pleasure I feel. I guess you could say it is all "good" pain.

*Did you serve in the WWII? I assume you're a little too young?*

When the WWII started, I was only eleven years old. Old enough to remember everything concerned with the war. We lived near Selfridge Air Force Base in Mich. and I remember many groups of bombers and other war planes passing over my house. I could tell stories of the war years for ever. Did you ever hear of Postum, a replacment for coffee or Oleo Margerine with no color? It looked like lard. You had to add the yellow color. I was in the army during the Korean war, in 1951.

Just to let you know, all my sexual activities weren't just along the lines of my present ones. I had many beautiful girl friends before I was married and I didn't get married until I was twenty eight years old. Ever try to do it in the front seat of a Corvette? It can be done. I still love to look at women with beautiful bodies. But, only if their pubic hair is removed. Oh, to be young again!

*What have the difficulties been in reconciling your desires with your faith, and what conclusions if any have you come to?*

To this day, I still have guilt about orgasm and ejaculation. In the past, I have talked about this to you, I have talked to at least three medical doctors, and have gotten the same answers from all. There is nothing wrong with it and it is a natural thing. It comes from my upbringing, from the church, and from my parents. In my day, it was a SIN — YOU WILL GO TO HELL — AND YOUR HAND MAY FALL OFF, if you masturbated. I now know definitely that there is nothing wrong with what I do, but still, after I ejaculate, I have that, it was wrong feeling. But, I have it under control, I hope.

Incidentally, I have had the nerve to ask three medical doctors, and two of them younger females, about scrotal saline infusions. All have not had a problem with it except to be careful of infection. They have inspected my genitals and said everything is okay.

*Haha — that must also have been a funny conversation!*

I expected negative reactions from them, but was surprised, and they answered all my questions about it. This was very helpful and a relief from the worries I had. That's why I would like to get a medical doctor interested in doing a study of the scrotal infusion. I would be willing to volunteer for such a study, or any other study that would get more information out on the Internet by medical doctors. We know that there are lots of men doing it and it would help keep them safe.



*What motivates wanting to push the inflations so far?*

It's a combination of things. First of all, I love the look and it turns me on to watch the videos after.

Second, I want to get to a record size. I don't know what that would be, but they say that a human scrotum can get to the size of a basketball, which is 29 inches in circumference.

Third, I love the feel of the size between my legs and the weight hanging down. I have been trying different ways of keeping all the saline in my genitals, and have come up with hardly any migration into the body. This puts terrific pressure and pain on the skin of my scrotum and penis, but I look forward to that.

*What procedure do you use for saline injection? How long does such a large inflation take, and how long does it take to dissipate?*

I have been doing inflations for many years. I may have been the first to try it. I have learned a lot about how to do it. The main thing is to keep everything sterile. I use a drip tube with the bag of injectable saline high above my head. Lately I attach a rope around my testicles and pull them out so that the scrotum is stretched as far out as it can go, then wrap another rope behind the penis, far up as I can to the pubic area and as tight as I can. I then release the pulling rope and insert the needle somewhere between the testicles.

I have been putting in 3 liters and how long it takes depends on the gauge of the needle. I run the drip full open, and with an 18 gauge needle, I get in 1 liter in one half hour. I keep putting another rope, one after another, removing the former, as the scrotum gets fuller. I have had much success with keeping all the saline in the genital area.

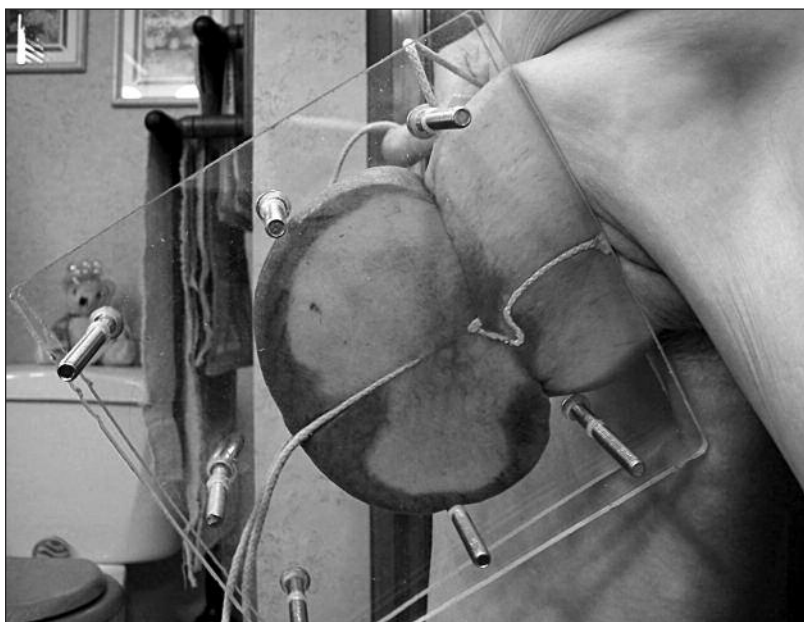
Usually it takes a day per liter to dissipate, so I wear loose pants and a large shirt that hangs out over the bulge. I have gone out the same day with all 3 liters in. Of course, I walk like a duck then.

*Where did you get the saline in the early days? I remember when you had to switch from BME to Chase Union for some supplies due to import laws... How have supply laws affected you, and what do you think the laws — if anything — should be on getting these sorts of supplies?*

As you know, I started by using tap water and makeshift equipment, with disastrous results about the third time I did it. I got my first injectable saline from a gal in California. I can't recall her name, but I told her I needed 2 liters. She said that she didn't think that I could get in 2 liters. I sent her a video showing her that I did and it shocked her.

I now get my supplies from a local medical supply house, no questions asked, and much, much cheaper. (I won't tell!!)

Again, I feel that the medical profession needs to get involved in getting information out to the public. One way or another, people will get supplies, but need to be well



informed before using them. I feel that there shouldn't be laws against medical supplies.

*You have only a few permanent modifications — your meatotomy only perhaps? What made you decide to get this?*

I used to put safety pins through the skin down there, and hang weights from it. There never was much pain there, so one day I decided to split it with a razor blade. No problem except stopping the blood. I told my wife that I thought that it would allow me to pee better. (I was having prostate problems back then). I really intended to go further and further until I split it all the way, but so far, haven't done it.

*In the different play activities — binding, scrotal nailing, testicle nailing, fire, play piercing, and so on — what are the pros and cons of the different activities, and what's the different range of sensation and experience you get from each?*

Binding — I try to get my testicles and penis divided into as many small sections as possible. I have to pull the fishing line

very tight and this causes minute cuts that have to heal afterward. Another bad part of binding is when you untie. I hurts as the blood comes back.

Scrotal nailing — I started this after I saw a movie where this guy was captured and they drove a nail through his scrotum. I had to try this, only with more nails. Then, after I tried this, I thought, “no one has ever had guts to nail right through a testicle.” I had pushed pins through them, so I knew what to expect. Surprisingly, the nails went through fairly easy and not that much pain. The bad part of this is pulling the nails out. If I did it again, I would pre-drill where the nails went in, so they would be easier coming out.

Roasting is very painful. Of course, I used methods that made it easier, that I won't get into. It makes for very good video, but I don't think I would ever try it again. Burns take a long time to heal, and are NO fun.

#### *Anything else you'd like to add?*

Since the subject came up in your interview, I just wanted say a little more on medical doctors getting involved. This is one thing that I have felt strongly about for a long time.

I have asked four doctors questions about scrotal saline infusions, and one of them was the only doctor with something on the Internet about it, Dr. Summers. I was lucky that all of them answered my questions and didn't give me a hard time, as were some of the men I have talked to from BME, that were actually threatened with such nonsense as exposing them as a pervert, or getting them in trouble for acquiring supplies without a prescription.

My mind has been put at ease by the doctors I talked to. I had questions such as, How much saline would be too much? Is migration up into the body harmful? Is scrotal saline infusion safe? Do you know of any medical doctors doing studies about this? All of the doctors answers were the same, that as long as your heart and kidney function are okay, the saline is not likely to be a significant problem, but remember to be sterile because there could be infection complications.

I asked Dr. Summers via e-mail if too much saline could be infused, and he was the only one of all the doctors that said, “Yes, too much can be infused, though the limits have, to my knowledge, not been studied—”

Well, I think that it is about time that they did! I have been doing scrotal inflations for over ten years now and my doctor has examined me and said everything is normal and that she isn't worried that I've done any damage. Like all the other doctors, she said that she doesn't know of anyone doing studies on scrotal infusions.

There must be at least one medical doctor in the United States, that might be into body

modifications, that could get this started. Hell, at my age, I'd sign off to volunteer for any medical studies along these lines, even at the risk of losing my genitals. That's how much I believe in this.

I know that I feel a hell of a lot safer from what my doctor has told me. She also told me to feel free to ask her any questions about anything and do not hesitate to come in if something did go wrong with what I had done to my genitals. If only all doctors would be like that.

Thanks for listening to my BS! Also remember like me, there are more parts to everyone. Try to keep all parts balanced. Smile and be happy





### *Why do you go by the name "Meko"?*

It is in fact in use as a first name in our country but Meko-Maró is also the assignment of the Australian aborigines for 'those with a vulva'. As you certainly know the subincision has been very a common rite of passage for the Aborigines of Western Australia.

### *Tell me a little about yourself.*

My story is actually the story of me and my wife. Both of us have a very successful life and we have a very special private life. My background is physics and I am working in the medical business as a salesman. My wife has her own small business for medical equipment. We have one boy. I am straight, my wife sometimes, during the long winter nights, has sex with her two friends on their women's eve. Both of us are very enthusiastic about body modifications.

### *Let's go through your body modifications one by one, starting with your permanent hair removal.*

My wife and I have been together only a few weeks when she opened to me that she absolutely hates hairy bodies. I have never seen her with body hairs and she asked me to remove mine also. She has been extremely serious about it.

At that time the idea of permanent removal excited me but I have been hesitating. Twenty years ago shaved men have been quite unusual. But there was no way out for me except to separate. She insisted to shave my body more or less every day. Finally I got tired of it and asked her how she could permanently remove them. Fortunately I was not that hairy. After only a few waxing sessions the body hairs have gone. For the pubic hairs we used the electric depilation. That has probably been my most painful modification. But it was love!

### *And you were circumcised as an adult?*

My foreskin was uncomfortably big. My wife did not like it at all and I knew she was right. It has not been very difficult to find a hospital. Soon after my hair removal my foreskin has been completely removed as well. Now, circumcised and hairless, I was ready for all sorts of modifications.

At that time female circumcision was no point although her hood was too big as well as we both found.

### *Tell me about your piercings and how you got into them?*

During holiday at a nude beach we met a couple who has been into modifications. It was the sort of holiday friendship which does not last. But finally the two weeks changed our life. The wife has got a very nice body tattoo over her breast, belly and back. She has had two nipple rings and barbells on navel and hood. The husband has had several smaller tattoos, nipple barbells and two Hafadas.

We realised, that this was what we wanted to have ourselves. We came home in big excitement. Since my wife worked in a hospital at that time it has been very easy to get all the equipment. We started with all kind of piercings. She got her nipples rings, the sternum, the navel piercing and as genital piercings she wanted to have a Christina, a Triangle, a PA and a Fourchette. On the inner Labia she decided for three small plugs on each side to have more flexibility with jewellerys and plays. Later she got tattooed a very fine rose

bush starting from her Labia and entwining around her body.

I wanted to have nipple barbells and I got several Hafadas and a Guiche. My wife wanted to have my glans pierced with a PA, Ampallang and finally Halfdravya for her pleasure. At maximum I have had 16 genital piercings. All of them we pierced ourselves with the exception of my Ampallang and her PA. In the meantime the Ampallang and the PA are 4 mm in diameter. We keep them as short as possible so that they do not hurt her during intercourse.

Finally we removed some of them but not the ones at the glans. We also left one Guiche and two Hafadas.

### *What brought you to the subincision?*

Internet surfing took us to the BME page where we saw first time a subincision. Should we go that far? The idea occupied us completely. Our Adrenalin remained high for quite a long time. Finally we learned from ethnologic literature that they discovered that the subincision has been a rite of passage of several Aborigines of West Australia. It has been routinely done by other cultures! Why should we not do it?

We began to carefully discuss advantages and the drawbacks.

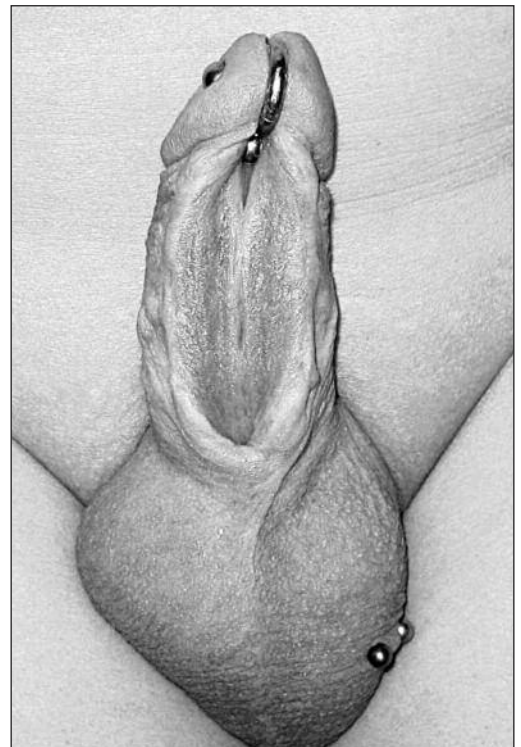
On BME we learned, that the sexual sensation of the open penis is outperforming. Completely cut it loses its functions with the exception of being a highly sensitive living dildo. From zero to a perfect dildo in a very short time! That's what fascinated both of us.

But what else?

I will never again stand to pee. No issue because my wife asked me from the first day on to sit always on the toilet.

No reach of the sperm? No problem either. We did not want to have more kids. It turns to be an advantage for her. No reach means for my wife that my shot does not reach her and, even better, she does not have to swallow it. She does not like the taste of sperm at all.

After all these considerations we found that the advantages will be significant. The only condition of my wife was to perform the subincision without meatomy because the piercings are so important for her sexual sensations. And one thing more: As a return she wanted to



undergo her circumcision. Since over all these years labia corrections for cosmetic reasons got more and more popular it was not difficult to find a clinic where they also do female circumcisions (removal of the clitoral hood, no clit removal).

So we began to open my penis step by step starting at the PA with clamp and cut as suggested in the BME encyclopaedia. Clamping is painful for maybe one minute. No pain with the cut. We went on in three centimetre steps and we realised that each time part of it has been regrowing. The further we went the more we enjoyed it, the more we wanted to open. If we cut a blood vessel it has been more or less bleeding for a short time but when we reached the scrotum there was no bleeding at all. In these cases it has been just crushed tissue which needed the healing time. In all we usually waited with sexual intercourse for about 10 days. We never considered to stop cutting until we reached the scrotum, which has been half a year ago. Now, because of the scrotum tissue, the urethra starts about one centimetre inside the scrotum. We took about two years for the whole procedure.

We are extremely happy with the results of my subincision and her circumcision. Both of our lives have changed and we enjoy it. Our sex life got completely new dimensions.

*You also enjoy sounding and urethral stretching?*

We stop now with cutting. We are at the point where we would have to open the scrotum to get a better effect. Instead our next project is to stretch my urethra. My wife urgently wants to penetrate me as far as possible. Today the whole in my scrotum allows her to slide in with her finger about three centimetres. Let's see how far she will go. The stretching process is more painful than cutting but she does not stop it. I have to go through that procedure. Finally I certainly will enjoy it as well.

Down the road the full subincision combined with stretching is a major modification.

*Have there been any unexpected side-effects from your body modifications?*

Yes, definitely. I realised that I'm now always humid down there, which is actually normal for mucous membranes. Further my liquids are just splashing or dropping out because the opening is a wide hole in my scrotum. In fact I have got kind of a vulva. Sometimes we think that we have moved me slightly away from being a normal man. Finally, in the morning I often wake up early because the penis is opening slowly. It is a wonderful feeling but because the urethra is now the outer wall of the penis, the

tension sometimes is too much.

*How have people reacted to your modifications?*

Genital piercings are not very common but not unknown. If ever, that's what people see first. Some look astonished because they do not expect it, some look amused when they look at us some enjoy our look.

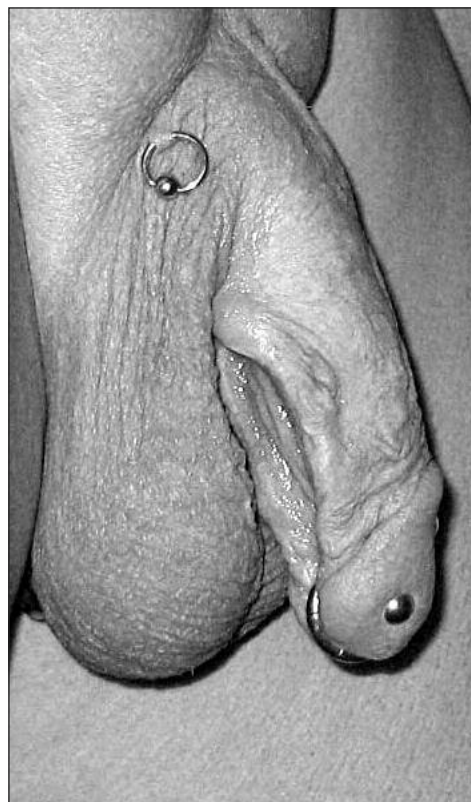
However people usually realise first the Triangle piercing of my wife which she has it now as a very short and only five millimetre barbell. Everybody is first attracted by her wonderfully exposed clit between her small outer labia.

Amusement? Not really. Nobody expects a subincision. It is difficult to figure it out anyway. So we are very amused when we observe people who obviously seem to try to understand why my penis looks different, hangs down unusually straight and is very flat and with a lot of loose skin around it.

In all we like to go to public saunas and nude beaches. But we are not member of any club or community. For us it's our look is our normality. Sometimes people start to chat with us. One day in the sauna another couple asked very detailed about the procedure and pain etc. We got the impression that they are on the way!

There is no other reason for our modifications than to positively improve our life by accepting at the same time especially the subincision changes life significantly in many respects.

Do we recommend others to do these heavy modifications? Yes, of course, all of them. But if there is any doubt, we recommend to stay away of doing heavy mods. If ever, do it with no other reason than to improve positively the quality of your life.





I'm now fifty one, and have wanted my penis gone since I was at least fifteen. I tried once when I was twenty but the knife wasn't sharp enough. I tried again at thirty and was successful in castrating myself. I didn't cut my penis off because I wanted a vagina and knew that the penis skin was used to make the neovagina. I never wanted to be a woman, just wanted a vagina. My first sexual encounter was with another guy and from that experience I knew I didn't like guys. I have since found BME and the eunuch archives that show people into cutting themselves and saw a urethral reroute and thought that could be a cool step to my eventually getting a vagina so I tried to do that. I have failed at that three times so for the moment have not tried again. I'm still looking to have a vagina or at least a total penectomy and go total nullo, root and all.

*So do you identify as a straight guy that wants a vagina, or as a lesbian born into a male body, or...? Do you have an interest in breasts as well, or just the vagina?*

For awhile I thought I wanted to be a girl, but I'm 6'2" about two hundred pounds and would make a very ugly woman. I think I thought I felt that way because that seemed to be the only way to get what I wanted. Now that I'm older I just want the vagina, or nothing between my legs. I guess I identify as a straight guy that wants a vagina, sometimes I thought I was a lesbian born in a male body, but now it's just a straight guy wanting a vagina.

*What body modifications do you have?*

At thirty I castrated myself with the removal of my sac as well. I have a few scars from failed urethral reroute tries.

*What procedure did you use?*

I used a sharpened house paring knife to do the castration. I don't recommend this as that caused profuse bleeding and I ended up in the hospital.

*Tell me about it in more detail?*

This started at an early age for me. I was around 14 when I started having issues about not liking myself as a male. While in high school I was set to a friend of the family's farm to help them out for a month or so. The first two weeks I was there we bailed hay. That sure is hard work! After we were finished with that I was not told what we were going to do next. I was just following along, going where I was told. One day we went into the coral and started herding all the calves together and getting them to go into this strange looking metal cage. When the first one was in the cage a couple of the men grabbed a couple levers and turned the cage on its side. A couple men pulled their back legs out of the way and another of the men put some kind of white watery liquid (it looked like milk but was very watery, not thick like milk is) on their balls and sac. Then one of the men took out a knife (it looked like a regular

pocket knife) and proceeded to remove the balls, sac included. I about threw up. I wasn't feeling too good for awhile there, but finally got over it. They put the balls in a pail filled with some kind of liquid and just threw away the sacs. My job was to herd the calves into the cage. Once they were cut they were let out of the cage to roam freely. There was no stitching of the skin where they took the sac and balls, it was all open. There was very little bleeding. About 100 calves were castrated that day. That evening the women proceeded to cook the balls and we had "Rocky Mountain Oysters" for dinner that night! They were fried. I tried them, they were real good, I actually ate quite a few. It was definitely strange eating them after just watching them being "harvested." After having had them once before I will say that the best way to have them is freshly "harvested." I have never tried the human variety!



I say all that to preface my experience, I didn't know I would bleed as much as I did, and boy did I bleed! ALSO, DON'T DO A CASTRATION THIS WAY, it is very dangerous!!! It was a miracle I didn't end up bleeding to death! I was 30 when I castrated myself, that was 16 years ago. There was no internet and I didn't know anything about the proper way to do the castration. About a year or so before I cut them off I went to a doctor and had a vasectomy done. I asked him to do the castration but he refused. I had heard that Alum was good at constriction blood vessels and had some Tylenol with Codeine and took them. I mixed the Alum in some water and sat in it, (in the bathtub) and took a household parry knife that I had sharpened and grabbed my sac and balls, pulled them as far from my body as I could and cut. The first cut took off only my sac, I still have not figured that out. So I then took each ball individually and cut them off, not tying off the cord first (a big mistake). I tossed the balls and sac in the john so there would be no way they could be put back on. I sat back down in the Alum water and proceeded to bleed profusely. A day or two before I cut myself I happened to get a sample in the mail that contained a disposable diaper. I got the diaper, put it on and proceeded to drive myself to the hospital. After being asked a ton of questions and waiting in a room for quite a long while (bleeding the whole time, I was told that they gave me four units of blood that night), and passing out a couple times I was finally taken into surgery and they tied off the cords and stitched up what was left of my sac. I was in the hospital for two or three days and had the obligatory visit by the hospital shrink. He asked me all the usual questions and let me go. The doctors didn't do a "clean" job of stitching me up and I still have a ugly scar.

I went nine years without taking any hormones to replace what I lost when I castrated myself. About a year or so before I started taking hormones I started getting bad migraine headaches. They got so bad I usually stayed in bed with a pillow over my head to block out all light and sound. That was what prompted me to start taking hormones, that's what the doctor said and I haven't had a migraine since I started taking hormones. I wanted to take estrogen but was talked into testosterone. I regret that and I'm in the process of changing over to estrogen.

I want to get gender reassignment surgery and have a vagina, but if that doesn't happen I will become a total eunuch if I have to cut my penis off myself. My only problem with being "nullo" is I just don't want to have no outlet for sex and I don't see there being much when you are a "nullo". I don't know, I have emailed a couple of the "nullo's" I've seen pictures of here at BME but I'm still not convinced. I do really like the look of a nullo though. It's a great improvement over what I have now, to be a total smoothy!

I really enjoy being a eunuch and would not go back for anything. In fact, like I said already I want to go farther and be either a nullo or get a vagina, but no penis is my goal and I've started on that path and I'm excited about it, scared but excited.

*It must have taken quite some steeling of your nerves to chop it off with a knife! What did it take to get to the point where you*

*were ready to do that?*

Looking back on it now I'm not sure. After thinking about it for so long I just decided I had to do something so I did. I was married at the time and my wife and I were experiencing problems and she had left about two or three weeks before that. I was trying the "girl" thing, by taking my wife's birth control pills, so that may have "calmed" me down some. I also had some Tylenol with Codeine I had left from a tooth extraction that I took to help with the pain, but I'm sure it didn't help much. It was pretty much the same with the reroute tries, I finally decided I was going to do it and did.

*What do you think started your interest in body modification?*

My interest started at around the age of fourteen or fifteen with the revulsion of my penis and the desire to have it removed. From the "girly" mags I saw woman's "parts" and decided that that is what I wanted instead. My interest has never waned to this day.

*What do you like and dislike about what you've done so far?*

I like the look and feel of my body without my nuts. The look is much better without than with, in my opinion. What I dislike is that I haven't gotten rid of my penis yet. I do not regret my castration, even after twenty one years.

*What sort of luck have you had in pursuing the full penectomy medically?*

Not much so far. I found one surgeon in Thailand who was willing to do the surgery without me "being female" but with more research I saw many others saying this was not a good place to go. I have thought about going anyway, what's the worst that could happen? Besides death, if they totally botched the operation, I would still be without my penis so what have I to lose? I'm still debating that at this time.

I did find a Urology Doc in Philly who would do a total penectomy but he wanted more money for that than the Thai Doc did for the "neovagina" surgery, so I have put that one on the shelf for the moment also.

*Are you into CBT play?*

I don't really have any play activities other than trying to hide my penis. Since I dislike my penis so much I don't "play" with it much, although a couple of times I have tried clamping it in a vise, or putting it between boards and smashing it with a hammer. Because of those types of "play" I have lost a lot of the feeling in my penis shaft.

*Who knows about what you do?*

I have told a few people that I am castrated. Most are ok with it, some are not. It seems that mostly the males are the ones who react the worst.

*Have you been single during this time period?*

My first wife and I were married for six years. She left because of my desire to have a vagina. After my castration we did get back together for about eight months but then she split and filed for divorce. About ten years later I got married again. That relationship is very confusing and my desire is as strong as ever. Our sex life is nonexistent because of my loathing of my penis, but I do care for her. That has also thrown a monkey wrench into my plans to have the surgery.



If I could ever convince her of letting me have it I would have it tomorrow.

*She knows of your issues I assume?*

I told my current wife about my “issues” after about our third or forth date when things started to get serious. We were at a real nice restaurant, so she couldn’t make too big a scene if things went bad, but she took it very well. I sometimes go through periods when my desire for the surgery is very low to nonexistent, and it was during one of those times that we talked about it. Those periods are very few and far between, especially during the last nine years, more toward the nonexistent end. I just told her that there were some things about me that I thought she should know before we took our relationship further and told her about the castration and my gender confusion.

“Over the years your bodies become walking autobiographies, telling friends and strangers alike of the minor and major stresses of your lives.”

— Marilyn Ferguson



## Alex: Glans Branding and Meatotomy

I'm 41 years now, living in south Germany. I'm working as a sysadmin in a well known car seat manufacturer. For a year and a half I've been married to my beautiful Thai wife — she is 47 — who I met four years ago at one of my now sixteen trips over there. And no, I didn't met her in a bar or any other place crowded by tourists, for myself I don't like prostitution and the scene around. She doesn't have any body modifications but don't mind about mine. Therefore there are actually no projects for further mods, anyhow, I did all my mods very spontaneous so I still don't know what I will do in future. I think maybe she don't mind because body modifications are quite common in Thailand. She plans to go at home for three or four months early next year, maybe this might be a good time.

### *How did your interest in body modification start?*

My interest in body modifications started very early when I was a child. I can't specify my age but I think roughly about

when I was ten when I first saw an article about Japanese tattoo. Other Interest was circumcision and branding. At this time body modifications were not talked about in public so it was some kind of secret for me. Also there were very few external influences making me starting with bodymod. As a child I played a little around with not too sharp knives, for example making a really small cut in my foreskin or piercing (safety) pins through several parts of the body (heel, cheek). So my interest in bodymods was just because I want to do it, to change myself physically but not because some public trend.

So my first serious body modification was a try of a circumcision but I failed a little. I just clamped my foreskin in a small vise and started to cut with a razor blade without any anesthetics. But cutting about half the way I had to stop because of the pain and loss of blood, giving me some kind of shock. Anyhow, the wound healed completely in about four weeks without complications resulting in a nice buttonhole circumcision. I think I still have some Polas from this mod. It gave me a lot ideas for play, i.e. locking the foreskin with a padlock a the mattress at night. Anyhow, I cut of the remaining foreskin off a couple of years ago.

Another theme was branding. As child I found a small article about cattle branding in a booklet when I still was a child and always thought this is a thing for me. My first try was when I was 18 or 19 (can't remember). It was a sleepless night I was thinking about doing a brand all the time. So I stood up and was heating a soldering iron. Once I took a deep breath and put the iron on my thigh. A sizzling sound, smoke, and... no(!) pain. It gave me absolutely a rush. So I drew the iron further an further drawing an arrow on my thigh. Healing was good so far, took about four weeks.

A couple of years later I did my first tattoo. It is a hand-poked hand on my right thigh. I think, it looks terrible but I like it somehow. For further Projects I constructed a tattoo gun by myself using a pencil, a relay, some plastic and a electronic. I still have it, is still working fine. Its impact is quite heavy so it's possible to tattoo unusual places such the bottom of the foot (which I done too, of course ;)

My second genital mod was a branding on the top of my glans. The branding iron wasn't too hot so the scar is only slightly visible. Anyhow, the feeling when I did it was very intense, not pain but some kind of rush, like always when I did my genital mods. Later I did a reverse PA by piercing a wire ring, sharpened on one end, through my glans and soldering the ring ends together. Because the healing process was too painful I removed the ring later and replaced it by some flexible wire until it healed completely. Then I replaced it by a small stainless steel ring. I kept this reverse PA for about ten years until I cut it out, leaving a small split of



Alex's brands as they appeared two days after first doing them.



the top of my glans.

Then came the day I tried my first penis tattoo. I think, there is not too much to say about, I did it with my tattoo gun and I think it looks terrible. Later I added some pattern on my glans. First I wanted to write my girlfriends name but immediately covered it with some black patterns. But then, after the healing of my completed circumcision it's really messed up, Here has more work to be done in future. Anyhow, as I mentioned, my wife don't mind and no other known about.

My subincision project started with a meatotomy. In fact, I just wanted to make a PA, so I took a razor blade and broke it in the middle with an angle of about 30 degrees making an nice scalpel. I just cut a small hole but at this point I changed my mind und sliced the complete bottom of my glans. The loss of blood was immense, I think, I got a slight shock. Anyhow I recovered within a very few days and the

meatotomy healed quickly. Some Months/Years later I extended the meatotomy to the (still too short ;) subincision with a scissor, later with a scalpel. I sutured the skin up with a thread, removing it about a week later, it always healed up well, no complications.

I think, one of my most intense mod was my second glans branding. It was very late night after a party in a garden which I own with a friend. Everyone was gone except me. I found a gas torch and played by heating nails up until glowing. Suddenly I hat the idea to brand my glans with some dots. It had to be done immediately. I took of my trousers an pants, heated the nail up until it nicely glowed in orange and pressed it two or three seconds on my glans. Immediately an endorphin rush busted my brain. No pain but the delicious taste of smoke from the burned flesh. I repeated the procedure nine more times, leaving a dot pattern on my glans. It healed well over four weeks, no complications.

#### *Did the branding reduce sensation?*

Yes, the branded areas on my glans have really reduced sensitivity. Maybe because the brands went quite deep. I just tried out right now by scratching a needle over the different areas, I think, the sensitivity now is only about 20%.

Because due to the branding the tattoo on my glans looked odd somehow. So I started to cover my glans in a complete black. It took two sessions of about one ore two hours. The pain wasn't intense, at last because the branded areas lost any senility, anyhow, tattooing the corona of the glans hurt soooo good.

Some other, abandoned projects are a urethral shaft reroute, a deep shaft reverse PA and some other tries. For the shaft reroute I made a sharpened stainless steel rod which I pushed through the urethra at the bottom end of my penis. After that I start cutting about 1cm with a razor blade. It was an intense feeling to know not to be able peeing while standing any more. But exactly this was what me made suturing up the hole two days later. Healed well, of course, haven't regret yet ;) For the deep reverse PA I took hole punch pliers, sterilized in boiling water (I always care clean work ;) put the punch right in the already (due to the sub) opened urethra and closed it with all pressure I could give. Then I inserted a about 4 cm stainless steel ring. It bled a little for several times und hurt a lot when applying pressure (i.e. through the pants) so I took it out. This I regret a little, I like the thought having a strong ring through my penis which I or my wife could play with.

#### *What made you start with genital mods in the first place?*

This is really a hard question. It's not that I disliked my genitals in any way at all and therefore this was no reason. As I wrote I had fantasies about



Alex's brands three months into the healing

modifying my genitals since very early age. I think (and always thought) that genital mods are the most intense one. Maybe I just wanted to make something different. To go my way. To be myself and to feel to be myself. To get new sensations. Hard question, really.

*How did you reveal your interests to your wife?*

As I got to know my wife I didn't tell my wife about my mods, but of course the time came she recognized my mods and that was a moment I was really afraid of. But then she wasn't scared and she never asked much about my mods and I think she accepted them — and me too — as they are. Sometimes I think she like the mods too. One time she told me she liked to have a tattoo but she is afraid of the pain. I couldn't convince her that "normal" tattoos don't hurt too much. But, this is up to her, I never forced her something to

do and I never do. Our sex life is quite normal I think, and I enjoy it. No torture, play, etc. As mentioned before body mods in general (about genital I don't know) are much more common in the Thai culture, so this might be also a factor. Also Thai pay more respect to each other than in our culture, maybe this might be also a point.

*How do you feel about your body modifications?*

Hmmm, good question. Some tattoos are really bad, maybe I'll cover them in future. I like blackwork or solid work, this is easy to do. Yes I think, I like most of them. Mostly my black and branded glans and my sub. Also my feet tattoo, especially the bottom, although I don't have a foot (ore some other) fetish. Former, sometimes I regret my mods, now I don't at all. In former times I was very reserved finding a partner but now this is no problem for me. Now I have my wife, I really love her, so no problem any longer. One other point is, mods are really very common in Thailand, I have seen nearly every kind of them — tattoos from small to full body, scars, etc., except genital mods of course. Many people react very interested when they see my tattoos (especially the feet, now I don't wear socks over there), one time I was involved in a conversion if the tattoos are hand poked or done with a machine. My wife also always told me I don't have to be shy because of my mods. Anyhow, here In Germany I always hide most mods in the public, So I don't have much problems with them, for example at work. And, here in Germany only a few friends know about my mods (and not the genital, of course) and even less about my activities.

I am not so much in play activities. In former times I liked ball crushing and ball suspension. One time I clamped my balls in a vice and screw it tighter until the scrotal skin tore. Actually I wanted to squish until both balls burst. But at this time I stopped. I really liked the pain, it gave me an extreme endorphin rush. Another play was electro play by inserting an about 7 cm long stainless steel rod abut into the urethra, somewhere "above" the testicles and a stainless steel ring behind the glans. I applied a voltage between 0 and 12 Volt, 50 Hz. at about 6 Volt (ca. 20-30 mA) feeling pretty good, at 40-60mA almost unbearable. Have a video about one session but sent it not yet to bme. In this case cum comes in just a few 10 Seconds. BTW it is the current that causes the sensation which is result of the Voltage. Because in the urethra and behind the glans the skin is very thin and mostly slightly wet conductance is much batter than through normal skin.

*Any future plans?*

None at the moment, reason described above ;) But what I like to do somewhere: My feet, of course. Really covered plenty of black, at the bottom too. One or more deep shaft piercing(s), one at the base of my penis, maybe one or two more until the top, through the urethra (where still not cut) of course. Would be great for electro play I guess. Extending my subincision. Continue genital tattoo (complete black or maybe black/red penis and scrotum). Castration. This is just in my phantasy and of course no option this time. But maybe in far future...



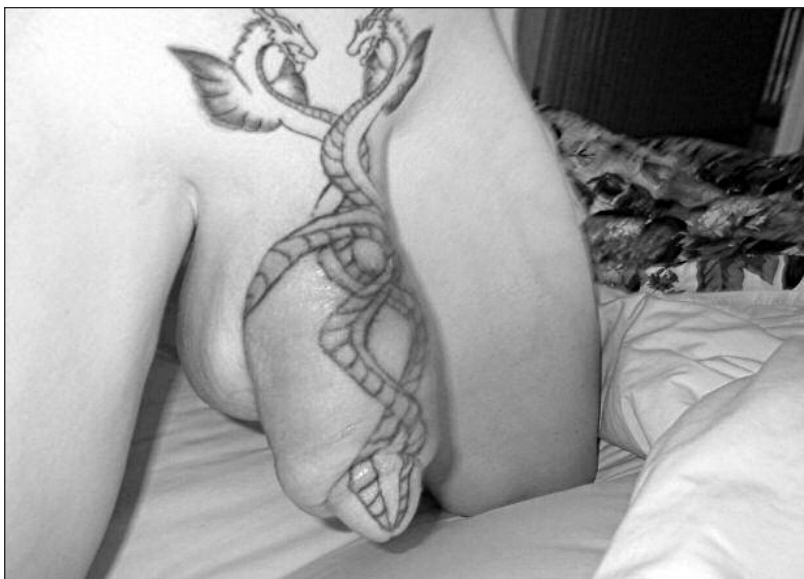
Alex when we last talked, several years after the brands were done.



## Travis: Shaft Silicone and Adult Circumcision



Below: Travis at the time of the interview, above: an older picture of Travis.



I'm thirty eight, and was born in northern Virginia, near Washington DC. I have one younger brother, and I own a machine shop.

*What body modifications do you have?*

I have a circumcision, hair removal, silicone injection, and a tattoo.

*What got you into this stuff?*

I like the hairless look, and I like it bigger — it's really not all that complex.

*How big is it?*

About three times as big — and about ten times as big a turn on.

*Does the silicone affect sensation much?*

If anything it feels better... but its hard to describe how bigger feels. I'm real close to ten inches around now... I might go eleven but I think that's all.

*What do you think of the guys who go super big?*

Guys over ten are hot looking ... but as it gets bigger dealing with it all day every day must be a pain.

*How was your silicone work done?*

The silicone is a thick liquid, and it stays that way — it's not caulk from Home Depot. It's injected with a syringe.

*Here in Toronto, there was a woman who was doing facial silicone injection with stuff from Home Depot... Messed some people up pretty badly. Where did you get the silicone? Was it difficult to source it?*

Wow... thats bad. Getting it is the only part that is hard — getting the good stuff is a trick .. and you really need to know quite a bit about it.

*Who did your injections?*

I inject myself... it's a little harder than doing someone else, but it's not all that hard or complex even on myself. It's just a carefully placed series of injections.

*Just put the needle in far, and then push in the silicone as you slowly withdraw the needle?*

Not quite that simple... You need the needle in the right areas and the rate you inject at has to be correct. You don't need four years of med school, but it's a little past an IV drug user.

*Does it spread out and even on its own or does it pretty much stay where you put it?*

It does move some in the first hour or so. Once you have done it a few times you can kind of predict the result. Most guys need a small session after a big one to keep the shape the way they want it. That's more experience than skill.

*How was the healing?*

The first time a guy gets done it takes about two weeks for all the marks to go away. It's never

painful, but you're a little bit sore for a day. Then its just a matter of time till it looks 100%. After the first time the you recover faster. I could inject now and in 48 hours it would have its final look.

*What do you think of the way it feels?*

I love it... I like the feel a lot — the way I look in a speedo, the way I look in jeans...

*And how do boyfriends respond to it?*

Thats mixed... Locker room envy is fun. Guys have tripped over stuff and landed flat on the floor trying to look at me! My boyfriends tend to have either the "oh wow.. how hot" reaction, or the "too weird" reaction. It's not for everyone, but I think it's very cool.

*Are you going to go bigger?*

I might!

*Was your circumcision done as an adult?*

Yes, at age nineteen, by a guy that was really into it.

*In a scene I assume?*

Yes. He used a Gomco clamp-like device.

*What did your tattoo artist think of your silicone?*

She loved it, and said I was the biggest guy she ever saw. A few of the guys in the shop were like "OH MY GOD" — that was fun.





## Sub: Modified Scientist

Just call me “sub” — I do have a professional life, so my real name is no good. I’m 29 now, I grew up in Asia where I majored in electrical engineering, and then finished graduate school in the States. I have a Ph.D. in EECS, but it is more on physics and science rather than technologies. Though now I appreciate the engineering aspect of things as they are more cash technology. It is hard to get people to pay you to look for new science and physics. I can’t say more on the record because I’m a research scientist and in a field with less than a hundred people, it’s pretty easy to pinpoint me with any more details. I am sorry to say that I can’t talk on the record about this, even though it would be really fun. *[Editor’s note: “Sub” did show me his professional work, and as with many of the individuals in this book, his public life is as remarkable and unique as his private life.]*

### *Tell me about your body modifications?*

I have a tiny tattooed circle on knee, done to test tattooing with a single needle tied to the end of chopstick and a glans heart tattoo that I did when I was in high school. I visited a tattoo artist for that. In my junior year I got a pubic butterfly from Ricky Tattoo in Hong Kong — I just needed to have a pubic tattoo! I have a pazyryk deer on my butt, from National Geographic. I associate with their way of life and closeness to nature. In senior year, I got a heart tattoo on my left chest, and the right nipple ankh with the Eye of Ra... always wanted those, so I designed a single tattoo to combine them. In 2000 I got a tribal belt, and then in about 2002 I

got a penile “slave” tattoo in my senior year, which I did myself with a modified electric razor.

I have a pubic and butt scar, cigarette burns, severed nipple tips, a partially split head, and subincision. Mostly these are out of stress, but I always wanted a subincision. I did it over several years, out of curiosity. I went through a lot of difficulties getting it done — there was no BME back then — but I also learned a lot.

My interest in body modification began at puberty, and started with shaving, a habit which I’ve kept. Next incense burns — I didn’t smoke back then. I read Sandi Fellman’s Japanese Tattoo and wanted to get tattooed really badly. There were both urges for pain and for aesthetic purposes.

When I came to the States, I met my wife, who is a dungeon mistress, so I got more into the BDSM aspect in the club, but not at home. Major play activities are extreme makeup to look androgenous, dancing, pumping, sounding with electric current, cigarette burning, extinguishing cigarette in my urethra and burning cigarette sounding. I also like skewering, cutting, burning with soldering iron (I find that it leaves nice marks on skin), and getting off with any liquid state materials.

Over time, I thought about what the ideal body would be like and thought more about what I want rather than what is out there, so I dropped some piercings and think about tattoos and scarification more often as I consider them to be more permanent.

*Did you have any experiences growing up that were influential, or did this side of you mostly come out once you came to the US?*

This side of me has always been there. I am not sure if I experienced anything influential when I was young, but I felt like if I endured pain through ritual, I would become a man. I read books on rituals too, so initially I was into bloodletting and branding. Why genitals? Actually, that is also the only part of me that will stay private, as in not letting my family see it — but it was obviously for sexual purpose too.

*What do you think gave you the idea of ritual making a person a man?*

Maybe it is just the way I am. In searching for myself, I need to feel that I can pass certain tests — academic, degrees, pain, etc... In



gaming, you have to fight the big boss before getting to next level!

So the subincision was a big ritual thing, and I did not use many supplies to stop bleeding or pain, as they are part of the rituals. Through four or five sessions over three years, I once bled as much as 1.5 liters in a container, hoping it would stop. I know it is gross, but it is fun to play with your own curdled blood.

*Did you ever consider a visit to the hospital, losing so much*

*blood?*

I went to the hospital once, and all they did is gather around and do sketches, mumbling “it’s wrong”... I am like WTF, and as soon as I stopped bleeding, I took the clipboard at the end of the bed, trashed

it, and left. Other than dentist and optican, I never got anything fixed by doctors. I have trusty Nyquil and Pepto instead.

Coming to US allow me to explore more options as tools can be obtained more easily.

I am not big in gatherings or meeting other people, because I tend to be quiet, so I did not really go to tattoo conventions. I would like to be in places like tattoo conventions or a ModCon, but I am not good with communicating with people. A tattoo parlor was not open in my area until 2001 or something like that. So in some ways, I guess what I am saying is I would have been the same if I did not come to the States, modwise.

*Maybe in the future.*

Yeah, I’m starting to get a chest tattoo, and feel comfortable about it. No problem in the gym or pool, either. I went to beach in a thong regularly and got nice comments from time to time. That makes me happy. I am a long way from facial tattoo though!

Like I mentioned before, multilation was a big part of me, and many burn marks are just from stress, and now I can recall which scar correspond to which. I learned to open up more since then to relieve the stress, and I view tattoos as something that one can plan more on — as in having a greater artistic expression embedded in it. I tried piercing, but didn’t like it, and scarring causes concern from friends and family. So tattoos may be the one thing I can get away with in the future.

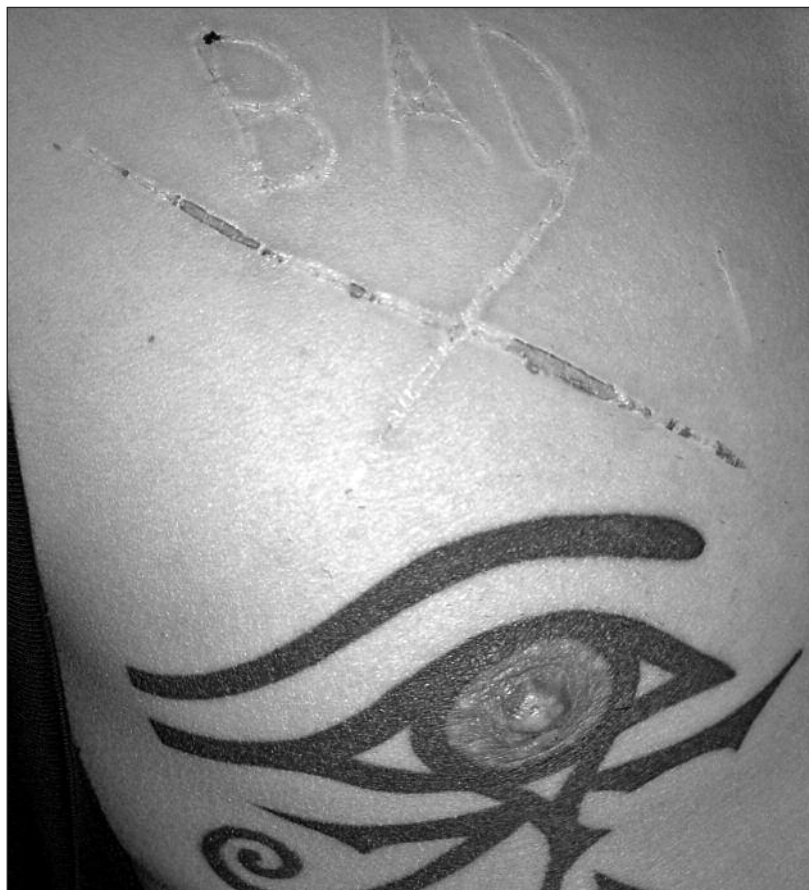
The more professional I become, I also feel an urge to become more crazy, as if it can balance me out... I am still unsure about it. I am looking for my own idealistic view of bod mod as an eventual goal, like permanent hair removal — it is not easy to shave in outer space — a full body suit, LASIK, and so on.

*Many of the people in this book are professionals — scientists, doctors, lawyers, politicians — so perhaps there’s a larger truth to the balance point.*

There is a larger truth, I believe. They are the ones who wanna be outside the matrix, if you will. Like Neo is a programmer, but because he is good, he wants out. That’s just my opinion, I could be wrong.

*Has gaming, scifi, and computers played a big role in developing your own personal mythology?*

Upon two and a half hours of drunk dancing, I had a revelation. You know what, I think gaming at





least, is a metaphysical representation of the real world. I am so not much a gamer, though I am exposed to it. Except racing games, I do not game in general — but I feel like I want to game in real life. If I wanna be a secret agent, I go hack the campus. If I wanna play a role playing game, I wanna BE the character in real life. The frustrating thing now is that I feel like new significant friends around me wanna plug me back into the matrix, vanilla life style and all that, and that's is hurting me. So I dunno if I wanna compromise, or live a secret life.

*When you started getting tattooed, like the genital tattoo you got in Hong Kong, how open was the area to such things?*

Ricky's Tattoo has been in HK for a long time, it is not uncommon to find people with tattoos in Hong Kong — though more of the traditional stuff like dragons, koi fish, and so on, but with a distinct style that is different from Japan. Since HK is a port, there's a lot of sailor flash too. The tattoo places are open and the pubic tattoo from Ricky's was done professionally. My glans tat though was done by some creepy guy from another place. The public view of tattoos relates it to gangsters mostly.

I see more tribal these days, but I am not sure how people view it. It is really an international city with different people of different styles, races, colours, all over the place. It is an open city, but I do not think all places do genital tattoos. May be no different from the view here in the States.

When I did my tattoos, they would dip the whole tattoo machine into methyl alcohol and then lit it on fire for a good ten to twenty seconds — no autoclave. Dunno what it is like now.

*For the slave tattoo, what made you decide to do it yourself rather than going to an artist?*

"What I cannot create, I do not understand." That was said by Richard Feynman. There is certain value in doing subincision yourself, rather than going to some place and done under anesthesia.

I hate to buy technology, because you will always be at the mercy of tool makers. Anyway, my tattoo machine was a Braun transverse motion electric razor with a paper clip soldered to a single needle, a Papermate pencil mounted to the edge of the electric razor to position the needle. Chinese ink (pine soot) as ink. I just had to do it once myself. Then I also appreciated the difficulty in getting the job done well.

*So it's best to do it first on yourself to understand it, and only then have others help?*

First by doing it myself, I learn about myself: healing, pain, endorphins, relaxing to avoid pain, and so on. One time during body check when they put a needle in me, I was feeling ticklish instead of pain, and the nurse freaked out. If I never did piercing and tattooing myself, I do not think I would appreciate the art as much. Another thing I learned in academia, I do not ask other people to

do something that I do not understand. Then when I see people presenting things, I will know what to look for.

*How did you do your subincision and headsplit done? Was it curiosity, sexual, or something else?*

Oh, combined with shaving, it does make things broader. So, for curiosity, sexuality, and a sense of accomplishment that I truly feel is mine.

The subincision with my trusty pointed scissors. Contrary to what the literature says how the aborigines did it, I find it not easy to use a knife. The scissors that I used are for sewing, and the blades are 1.5 inch long and 5mm wide, and taper to a sharp point. Instead of just cutting, I always poke a hole at the point where I decided to stop first, and then I cut. No clamping or anything like that. The head split was done by first having an apadravya, done with an Xacto blade. Then one day I didn't want the piercing anymore and used a knife to split the head, because if I let the hole be empty it would



have trapped stuff and would not have really healed.

*How did you meet your wife? Did you went to her as a customer at the dungeon, or something else? I think you've had the TRUE-MIMI-LOVE tattoo as long as I've known you — was that done before your marriage, or after?*

I did go to her as a customer. She is different from other mistresses, so I would set up the place and she will play with customer, and since it is actually a open club, NO nudity really, just good spanking. She also incorporated martial arts skills — nunchucks — with good tempo to the DJ's music. So visually, it is more pleasing, and continuous.

TRUE-MIMI-LOVE tattoo was designed together with microsoft word arts, in 98, before our marriage.

*You're obviously fit as well — to what extent is that aesthetic and sexual, as much as simply health?*

I smoke, I know I shouldn't... I am silly and think if I do not smoke, I would have a belly, even though I only picked up smoking only in 2001, and I was thin before that too. I want to look fit and androgenous, and it feels nice when people say you have nice legs. But physical health is important too. So I bike from time to time, just to get from point A to B, swim twice a week, and bench once in a while because I think pecs and triceps are good good — but bicep is too much and abs are too harsh. I bench at 2 in the morning usually, before I sleep. So between looking good, which is a sexual decision and health, I say half and half. The scientific field is stressful and it's not unusual for some scientists to get really big pumping iron to cope with it.

"The creative individual has the capacity to free himself from the web of social pressures in which the rest of us are caught. He is capable of questioning the assumptions that the rest of us accept."

— John W. Gardner





## **Dominic: Eunuch with Nipple Removal**

I spent my childhood and teenage years in a small village in Oxfordshire. Two of the village “bad-lads” had tattoos on their arms and chests, which fascinated me and started my interest in tattoos. During my teens I realized I was gay, happily and 100% irretrievably gay, which saved me the hassle of wasting my life trying to come to terms with my sexuality. I also had an interest in castration. I realized that a gay lifestyle wouldn't fit in with a narrow-minded rural community so as soon as I could I left home and moved to a large city. My sexuality developed and I found most pleasure in BDSM, and I also discovered piercing. My interest in castration became greater and I had a desire to be castrated.

*How old are you?*

I'm really fifty five but I usually only admit to forty eight.

*Where did the interest in castration come from? When did you first consider it in fantasy, and when did it seem possible that fantasy might be something you could make real?*

When I was about six years old we had a new pet dog that my dad took to the vet to be castrated; I was told it would be calmer and happier as a result. That was the first time I heard about castration and it seemed a good thing to do! In later years I read reports in the newspapers about the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials and how men in concentration camps had been castrated by the Nazis, and I think that really started my interest. I had a recurring masturbation fantasy about being kidnapped and castrated and by the time I was twenty five I really wanted to turn fantasy into reality. I'd had a friend who suffered a sporting injury and as a result needed to have one testicle removed, and I wondered how I could become similarly injured and lose both testicles. I found other guys with castration fantasies on an IRC chatroom, and other guys who claimed to be able to perform the operation. Eventually I met the man that carried out the procedure on me.

*What body modifications do you have?*

I started with a small butterfly tattoo on my left buttock, then birds and dragons on my arms. Later I had some tribal work on my chest and arms. My ears and nipples were first to be pierced, after that a PA and a couple of dydoes, then a frenum piercing. I'd like pubic tattoos but I'm waiting until I discover or design something that I really like. I stretched the piercings until I could wear 6mm gauge rings in my nipples and frenum, and a 10mm ring in my PA. I lost the nipple piercings when my nipples were removed, and the PA ring when I had a meatotomy.

*What is the overlap between your interest in body modification and your interest in BDSM? Are they elements of the same thing, or are they separate?*

Initially they were separate interests, but now they



overlap a lot. Many guys I've met who are into BDSM are also interested in tattoos and piercing.

*What started your interest in body modification and how did it progress?*

I had my ears pierced when I was 19. A couple of years later I read an article about nipple-piercing in a gay magazine. This really caught my interest. A few weeks later I was in Leicester and saw a shirtless guy (it was summer) who had a shiny steel ring through each nipple. I just had to talk to him, and asked where he got them pierced. Three hours later I was in a tattoo studio in the Silver Arcade getting my nipples pierced. A few months after that I got a PA piercing, followed by dydoes and a frenum piercing. The dydoes weren't a success — they migrated and wouldn't heal so I took them out after six months.

The castration dream became a reality in 2001. I regret that I waited for so long before having it done, and I also wish that I'd found the money to get it done surgically rather than having a cutter do the botched job that put me in hospital.

I stretched my nipples too much and they became distorted, so I cut them off. A few months later I saw pictures of guys who'd had their entire nipple areas removed and decided that was something I really wanted.

*Tell me about how your castration came to be?*

For many years I had a desire to be castrated, but was a long way from affording a trip to the USA or Thailand for the necessary surgery. I should explain that I am not trans-sexual, just a regular guy that needed to be castrated. I knew about the Burdizzo method of castration but had heard reports that this wasn't always successful on humans. A mate with an interest in castration had acquired an EZE castrator from the USA (for details of this device see their site at [www.castrator.com](http://www.castrator.com)) and was keen to try it out so I was delighted to offer my nuts for treatment. The EZE castrator works by placing a thick rubber band around the scrotum, above the nuts. The band is then stretched by a ratchet and a metal clip fitted near the scrotum. A blade is then triggered to cut the unclipped part of the band. The result is that the clipped band fits incredibly tightly, squeezing the scrotum and the cords and shutting off the blood supply to the nuts. The scrotum and nuts then die and drop off. The device came with a video which showed how it should be operated.

We met at his apartment one afternoon as arranged. I was very excited that my dream to be castrated was about to become reality, although also more than a little anxious. So, after a couple of cigarettes to steady my nerves we got down to business. I had shaved off my pubic hair the night before so there would be no possibility of hairs getting in the way and causing any problems. I pulled off my jeans and leaned over the back of a chair; he inserted the metal clip in the device and stretched the band over the prongs. My nuts and scrotum were slipped through the band, which was then released from the prongs. I heard him pull the ratchet about a dozen times to stretch the band, then he pressed the lever that closed the metal clip onto the band. "Here it goes" he said as he pressed the trigger that cut the band free. I felt a

brief ache like a kick in the nuts but it passed surprisingly quickly. There was a mild pinching feeling where the band had trapped the skin of my scrotum, but I could handle this. My nut-sack swiftly darkened and became numb. With animals the nuts and sack atrophy and drop off and we anticipated the same would happen with me. I was really looking forward to having my nuts drop off, and just hoped they would stay in my briefs and not drop onto the floor at work or in a shop - that would be really difficult to explain away!

Next morning my nut sack looked as though it didn't belong to my body - it hung cold, grey and limp and with no feeling at all. The only problem was a pinching sensation where the rubber band fitted my scrotum. I was really pleased that at last I was a castrated man. I showered and dressed and went to work as usual and felt really content and at peace with the world.

During that night the trouble began. I felt the rubber band snap and hurried to the bathroom to look in the mirror and see what was going on. The band had indeed snapped, leaving a short length of rubber with one end still attached to the clip, but releasing my nuts and scrotum. I remember being surprised that such a very short length of rubber had stretched right round my scrotum. The metal clip had cut right through the rubber band; I assume it hadn't been fitted properly due to our lack of experience with this device. My immediate thought was to get another band fitted quickly, but my mate lived many miles away and I couldn't get an answer when I telephoned him. My dead scrotum started to slowly fill up with fluid, and by next morning had swollen to the size of a large orange. I realised this could be serious and took myself to the nearby A&E. After doing an ultrasound scan the urologist confirmed that my nuts were dead and explained that I would need an emergency operation to remove my nuts and scrotum. I also had a lot of antibiotics as there was a real possibility of gangrene. After six days I was allowed home.

I was left with a neat scar and had realised my desire to be castrated, although I could have done without the humiliation of the visit to A&E. I also learned a lesson that the human body is very different to that of an animal and veterinary implements do not necessarily work on humans in the same way as they do on animals. I could easily have died as result of my experience and my advice to any guy seeking castration would be to get the operation done by a proper doctor.

*How did you take your nipples off initially?*

My nipples had never been a source of pleasure to me, and I often wondered why nature had bothered to endow men with them. At the time I was in one of those stages of life where I was hungry to make one of my periodic positive statements via the medium of body modification (usually tattoos, but I had acquired a PA piercing a year before and it has been wonderful!). I'd thought of getting my nipples pierced, but there are so many people nowadays with pierced nipples - just look at the sun-worshippers in the park on a sunny summer day - that it's almost a normal rite of passage.



I wanted to do something different, something extreme.

I had seen on BME some pics of guys with their nipples removed, and read that the remaining scar tissue could be more sensitive than the nipples had been. This had to be the modification I needed. I trawled the internet for everything I could find about nipple removal and after a few weeks became an expert, although without any actual experience. I'd made up my mind - I wanted my nipples removed.

Initially I didn't think I could carry out the procedure unaided so sought the assistance of a couple of friends. One is a regular cannabis smoker, who said he was more than willing to take a scalpel to my nipples but only after he'd smoked a couple of joints to get himself sufficiently relaxed. Well, that sort of ruled him out; I didn't want a junkie out of his mind on dope taking a blade to my chest, thanks very much! The other friend is heavily into gay BDSM and said he had fantasised for years about slicing off another guy's nipples in an SM dungeon session. He was so keen! However, that wasn't quite what I had in mind; I wanted a calm, more medical, sort of procedure. That evening, while watching a TV advert for a DIY store, I had a great idea - DIY. Yes, I won't rely on other people, I'll do it myself!

I made a list of the equipment I needed. I bought antiseptic wipes, a tube of EMLA cream, surgical tape and a pack of adhesive wound dressings from a local chemist. I already had cling-film in the house. None of the chemists sold scalpels (bastards!), but I found some scalpels on eBay, sold by a very efficient company in England, and they were delivered with the next day's post. Hurrah for the English postal service and for companies with efficient delivery systems! I also bought a small tub of Zinc tablets from a health-food shop because Zinc is supposed to help the body's healing process.

The next day I had the whole day to myself, so this was the day I planned to lose my nipples. I shaved the area around my nipples, had a shower and dried myself off completely. I put on some old jeans that I wore before I started working out in the gym, so these days they're a couple of inches too big for me round the waist. I packed the front of the waistband with a towel to soak up the blood that I knew was going to flow (I said earlier I had become an expert). I squirted EMLA cream onto and around each nipple, cut out two squares of Clingfilm (curiously, the most difficult part of the entire procedure - you just try cutting Clingfilm into three-inch squares), applied the Clingfilm to the EMLA creamed nipples and secured it with surgical tape. This was fun - I could gently massage the EMLA cream through the Clingfilm from time to time to ensure it always covered my nipples.

I had to wait two hours for the EMLA cream to take effect, according to the instructions in the packet. So after two (very long) hours I removed the cling film and surgical tape, cleaned off the EMLA cream with the antiseptic wipes, then took a scalpel from its sealed pack. This was the moment of

truth. There wasn't any feeling in my nipples when I used the antiseptic wipe, but I still wasn't convinced they would be totally numbed. I stood in front of the bathroom mirror, took the scalpel to my left nipple and started cutting it off from the underside upwards, really close to my chest. I didn't feel anything; there was some blood, but no pain at all. Excellent! This gave me the confidence to cut slowly and carefully, keeping the blade close to my chest so as to remove the entire nipple and leave a smooth nipple-less chest.

I kept really calm, breathing deeply and slowly, and sliced right through my left nipple. It clung to the scalpel, and I flicked it into a small dish. There was a trickle of blood that coursed down my chest and begun to soak the towel that I had wedged into the front of my jeans. I couldn't believe that



Dominic's slave registry ID tattoo

I felt no pain at all and that the EMLA cream had really worked.

I cut off my right nipple the same way, keeping the scalpel close to my chest so the entire nipple was cut away. I did nothing to the wounds for about an hour, just left them to bleed; but by then the bleeding had almost stopped. I cleaned the nipple area with more antiseptic wipes, then applied a self-adhesive wound dressing to the area where each nipple had been. The next morning I removed the wound dressings and had a shower. There was a tiny amount of dried blood and dried lymphatic fluid on each dressing. As soon as I was dry I applied a fresh wound dressing. This was the procedure for the next five mornings. After that I didn't bother with the wound dressings. The wounds quickly dried and small scabs formed, I assume these were where the bigger blood vessels had been.

For a few weeks the cut area looked like corned beef. Two months later the treated area (I believe "improved" area) is the same colour as the skin on the rest of my chest. If you saw me sunbathing you'd never know my nipples had been sliced off - you'd just think I was once of those guys with tiny

or nearly non-existent nipples.

The big difference is in the sensation. The new skin where my nipples used to be is incredibly sensitive. I especially notice this if I (or when I'm lucky someone else) gently strokes the skin where I once had nipples, or if my shirt or jacket rubs against the places where I once had nipples.

It's a year now since I sliced off my nipples. I'm really pleased with the result and my only regret is that I didn't do it earlier.

*But then later you did a more intense removal — tell me about that?*

A couple of years ago I cut off my nipples so I was left with just the stumps. The scar tissue was quite sensitive, as were the areolas, and I was really pleased with my modification. I could get really horny playing with my nipple stumps.

Then I noticed on BME pics of guys who'd had their entire nipples and areolas removed; two really cool ones are iam:JohnBlake and iam:Didj. I really wanted the same look, and I mentioned this to my mate Rik. He's into BDSM and experienced with needles and scalpels; in fact he did my meatotomy last year, so I trust him. He studied the pics on BME, said he'd be happy to carry out the nullification procedure on me and asked if I wanted to be restrained and gagged, or injected with xylocaine. He seemed disappointed that I opted for xylocaine, hehehe! We fixed a date when both of us were free and I had a few days holiday booked so I could recuperate after the procedure.

I shaved the nipple area of my chest - I usually keep myself free of body hair so as to show off my tats better, but I've been lazy of late so was a bit furry. I have a tattoo of a lion's head on the left side of my chest around my nipple; it was designed with it's mouth roaring wide open with my left nipple in the middle of it's mouth and its fangs tattooed on the areola. When my nip piercings were fitted with heavy ball-closure rings my left nipple looked like an old-fashioned lion's-head door-knocker! Although I wanted my nipples and areolas removed I also wanted to retain as much of the tattoo

as possible.

Rik marked out where he was going to cut then injected the xylocaine. After testing for numbness he swabbed the area with iodine, changed his gloves and started cutting below my right nipple in a crescent shape, taking in the entire areola, and then another incision above like a mirror image of the cut below. With scalpel and forceps he cut away the skin within the incisions in a sort of lozenge shape, taking away my nipple stump and the areola in one strip.

I held up a mirror so I could see what he was doing. There was surprisingly little bleeding, and when he swabbed away the small amount of blood I could see the exposed flesh was pale pink, like raw veal, with a circular white area glistening in the centre. Rik decided the white bit was a cluster of nerve tissue and scooped some out with the scalpel. It looked like opaque jelly, rather like partly-cooked egg white. "It'll be interesting to find out how much sensitivity remains if I take some more out" he said, deftly scooping out what seemed a large piece of the jelly before I had chance to speak. I felt like the subject of a medical experiment, a laboratory rat! I'd always imagined nerves would resemble bunches of cable, in miniature of course, although according to my dentist the nerves in teeth just resemble pulp. Having ensured there would be minimal sensitivity at the site of my removed right nipple and areola Rik applied some more iodine before he sutured the incision tightly closed, transforming the gaping wound into a neat scar and a row of stitches. I'd never seen an incision being sutured before and I was surprised how tiny the needle is, and that when removed from its sterile pack it was pre-threaded and ready to use.

Same procedure with the left side, and a big grin from Rik as he scooped out the white jelly nerve tissue. "There'll be no more horny stimulation in this area" he chuckled sadistically. He took a lot of care to line up my tattoo when he sutured the incision.

I can honestly say I wasn't in any pain during or after the procedure, nor was there any infection. I took out the stitches after nine days and now, a month later, I have scars where my nips had been. I'm guessing that in time the scars will be a lot less prominent; I remember how my appendix scar looked red and angry for many months and now it's hard to detect. Anyway, I'm really pleased with the result even though the scars are still noticeable, but I don't mind that because it draws the eye and indicates that something has been removed. I think the sutures weren't quite as tight on the right side and that scar is more pronounced as a result. The left scar is less prominent and the tattoo is pretty well undamaged.

I often absent-mindedly feel for my nips - a habit that's proving difficult to break - and am still getting a thrill discovering that there are no nipple stumps and no feeling where I used to be so sensitive. I do wonder how sensitive the scars might have been if the nerve tissue beneath them had been left intact, but I'm happy with Rik's



Completed and healed nipple removals



handiwork. I'm also pleased that I opted for xylocaine rather than bondage, especially as it took nearly an hour from first incision to final stitching.

I'm delighted with my modification; I walk around the house shirtless and keep pausing in front of mirrors. Can't wait to reveal my modified chest on the beach when the better weather comes!

*On your nipple modification, you went from normal nipples with minimal sensation, to partially removed nipples with lots of sensation, to a complete removal with no sensation — which was your favorite stage, and would you take it all the way if you were doing it again?*

My favorite stage was the last one, the complete removal of nipples and aureolae. I liked the experience of having a trusted friend perform the procedure and I'm still really pleased with the result. Yes, if it were physically possible to do it again I would go all the way.

*Do you dislike any of your modifications?*

I dislike some of my early tattoos because they are poor quality. Nowadays there is a greater choice of artists and better designs.

*What sorts of play are you into?*

When I was about twenty years old I met a guy at a gay bar who was into BDSM and he gave me a good introduction to CBT. I also discovered that I really like rubber. Since the development of the internet and chatrooms it's a lot easier to meet like-minded guys.

*Absolutely... Do you think the Internet helps people find themselves more easily, or do you think it sometimes pushes people past what they're interested in as well?*

The internet is fantastic for bringing together people with similar interests and I believe it does help people find their real selves more easily. I suppose some impressionable people might find themselves pushed beyond their limits, but that could happen to them away from the Internet if they joined, for instance, a political party or a religious group.

*Who knows about what you do?*

The only people who know about what I do are very close gay friends and the guys I've dated. I'm certain my family and work colleagues would be horrified. I've been surprised to find how many guys I meet are turned on by castration. Not all want it for themselves, but they're keen to meet a eunuch for sex play.

*How, if at all, has your sexuality/sex life changed after castration? Are you taking testosterone?*

My sexuality hasn't changed — I'm still 100% gay. I take testosterone replacement (an intra-muscular injection of Nebido every twelve weeks) so sexual desire is still present and my penis is fully functional. My sex life has improved considerably since castration. I posted my details on several contact sites and I've been really surprised by the number of

guys who want to meet and have sex with a eunuch.

*All-in-all, what would you say to someone who wants to get castrated, but can't afford/access a doctor to do it? Was it worth it doing it yourself and going through the stress of the hospital visit?*

For sure the very best situation would be for a doctor to do the castration, but that isn't always a possibility so inevitably people will find underground cutters, as I did. My advice would be to meet the cutter face to face beforehand to discuss the procedure thoroughly. Find out if he has any medical experience and what you are both going to do if there are any problems, bearing in mind that in some countries the cutter could be prosecuted for assault, even though the "victim" was willing. For me it was worthwhile,



Banding / elastration play exploring Dominic's penectomy thoughts

even though things went wrong and I had to go to hospital. I left hospital with the result I had wanted for so long, and they also took care of the testosterone replacement.

*I saw some pictures of your penis banded as well — is that something you're considering?*

For a few years now I've thought about having a penectomy; I'd like to be left with about one inch then have it pierced so I could wear a thick heavy ring through the stump. I'm not going ahead with it until I'm 100% certain it's what I want. The penis banding was to induce temporary numbness so I could get an idea of what it might feel like to have a penectomy.

*Any funny encounters due to being castrated?*

I have a white T-shirt with "CASTRATED" written across the chest in heavy black print (I printed it myself). I wear it around the house, on dates, and sometimes in clubs and bars. I dashed out to my local supermarket recently and forgot I was wearing that particular shirt. I noticed I was getting strange looks from the other shoppers, then a guy said to me "It must take some balls to wear that shirt". We simultaneously realized what a foolish statement he'd made and were both doubled up with laughter.

## Sexplorer: Pierced Couple

Please just call me “Sexplorer”. Although I am happy and proud to be interviewed for this book as both a voyeur and an exhibitionist, we have to be careful about my identity because I am not only a doctor but a professor and a well-known scientist. I am open and have few taboos and am very tolerant, but the same can not be said for everyone.

I had a happy childhood in a Swiss town in a caring upper middle-class family (my father was an artist). I live now in Germany, but used to live in France and USA for several years. I am a father of two (grown up) kids from my first marriage and now live in an open, somewhat polyamorous, relationship with a most sexy woman. We are both participating in the nudist and swinging scene, but not very heavily. I am now slowly approaching my fifties, but I feel (and look) much younger and “everything” functions better than ever.

*That's wonderful you have an accepting marriage... Far too many people have to hide their interests from their partners.*

Having a very active sex life, there was no way to keep anything secret. I did the heavier mods alone, because she would have panicked to watch the “sufferings” and bleeding of “her” cock, although I would love to do my genital mods together with a woman who finds this hot to watch or even to participate (and I still hope to find such a play partner one day). Probably because things came in small steps she had no problems after the first surprises, and learned to like the looks and the new plays which became now possible. I think the major problem she has is the fear that the project will never stop until my cock is ruined. She is wrong and right: Mods are addictive, but I like my cock too much to ruin it.



Nevertheless, without her concern, I would probably enjoy a considerably longer subincision by now. I also think that women are in general much more concerned that other people may find their behaviour abnormal.

I am financially well off working as doctor (MD), and that's one (but not the only) reason why I did all my mods myself. Once I did a meatomy on a friend, and I would be gladly do more and also heavier genital mods to interested buddies (but not in a medical setting for legal reasons).

*As a doctor, what do you think of some of the really heavy things people do to their genitals? Are they dangerous and inadvisable, or do most doctors say there is more risk than there really is?*

Personally, I do not like all what I see, but I think everyone has the right to do with his body whatever he likes. What is “normal” should not be defined solely by majority. But if inflicting injury to the body becomes an obsession, one should seek professional help.

For genital mods, the good thing is that the high blood supply makes the risk of infections minimal even without sterile equipment. Bleeding looks generally worse than it is and can be stopped by prolonged pressure unless you hit an artery or cut into the cavernous bodies. Of course, there are risks if you don't know what you are doing, and sometimes I am surprised that most people survive even the wildest cuttings.

My life is quite “normal” but also dominated by a very strong sex drive and by a high curiosity, and I thus like to play and to explore new frontiers and experiences. Like many men, I am a bit centred on my cock. Although I am fully hetero and





sex with women has always been in the centre of my life, I am also interested in cocks of other men (particularly modified cocks, but of course, I prefer good looking pierced pussies and I am most fascinated by big clits and hood splits).

Already as a kid I played with my cock almost daily and often during many hours, not because I was unhappy, but because of the excellent feelings it gave me. Retrospectively, I already then experienced multiple orgasms at a constant high level of arousal (like females can do), probably because I was too young to spurt and thus stayed hard and could cum again and again. I lost this gift during puberty for a while, but I learned it again later in my sex-life (I have now both dry and wet multiple orgasms during extended intercourse and sex plays). Out of curiosity and fascination with my cock, I did all kinds of plays and experiments before and around puberty: wax plays, teasing my glans with nettles and other things, sounding with all kinds of devices at hand (not always the medically most suited), banding plays etc., and I even once pierced through my erect shaft with a needle. I was amazed that after the skin, the needle went through the cavernous bodies without any pain so I did not stop until it came out at the other side (I do not talk about the shock I had from the minor hematoma that developed after removing the needle). As you can see, my interest into heavy

genital plays started so early that it must be in my genes.

*I think most people would believe that there is a big step between banding and other masturbatory play and actually putting a needle through... what gave you the idea to do that, and what did it feel like?*

I did it just out of curiosity and obsession with my cock, and because I like to experiment. It just happened that I put a needle into the skin of my cock shaft which hurt much less than I expected. I was amazed that after the skin, the needle went through the cavernous bodies without any pain so I did not stop until it came out at the other side. Then I had a big adrenalin rush to watch my erect cock with a thick needle in the middle of the shaft. The panic came when I pushed the needle out resulting in bleeding under the skin. The cock was quite blue, but the hematoma resorbed quickly.

My genital mods started about fifteen years ago with a frenum done together with a hood piercing of my partner as a sign of commitment, but without knowing anything about the piercing-scene. Everything developed slowly so that my current mods do not appear to me in any ways extreme as it may look now to others. After stretching during sex plays to the extent that it became useless for a ring, I “invented” the PA, which was pierced in the middle under the frenum so that I could wear the PA on both sides of the frenum bridge. My first meatomy was accidental because of a too thin PA



ring during sex plays (that's when I discovered BME, I now know better!). I liked my bigger mouth so much that I continued cutting (with scissors) in small steps down to 5mm above the PA-whole (My increasingly large P-wands helped to prevent re-growth). Because I did not want to loose my PA anchor for P-wands but still was eager to further open and enlarge my cock-mouth, I started cutting in several 4mm cuts with a scalpel on the upper side which finally lead to a head-split down to about half of my glans. I used crushing of the tissue with a fishing line introduced with an apadraya-type piercing to diminish bleeding (Hemostat clamps are not suitable for head splitting because of the increasingly thick glans tissue and would also produce too much tissue damage). I used to wear a P-wand with bars on both sides to put pressure on the tissue in order to prevent bleeding and re-growth during the short healing periods. During this time I also made a frenectomy by removing the stretched frenum bride (using claps and scissors. I sutured the lower broader attachment site for rapid healing without scars). Next was a deep PA, temporarily creating a dolphin, which was slowly stretched to 6mm. After some time I could not abstain from cutting the upper PA-bridge opening my cock-mouth and split-head further down to the first PA-whole (using a hemostat and scissors; it healed in no time), and that's where I am now.

Meatomy / head split: If only men would know, everybody would open his cock at least a bit. It exposes an exquisitely sexually stimulating area. It will always stay at least as sensitive as the outside of the glans even after prolonged use. It gives access to the "inside" of the best part of a man, and allows all kinds of sex plays otherwise not possible. Just imagine an agile tongue (may be pierced or split?) exploring the inside and the outside of your glans. You can also use your big cock-mouth to eat erect clits waiting for you giving best pleasure to both partners. Or, if you have a split head



and two lovers, each women can have her own half of your glans. Even intercourse is better because your cock-mouth will be stimulated by the ridges of the vagina. I also like P-wands, sounding, and urethral stretching, and a partially split head gives much better access to your deep inner self. On special occasions I fuck with a p-wand inserted (it must be no longer than the free part of your cock to allow free movements). This is quite a heavy experience for both partners. You will have at the same time the male (hard and penetrating) feeling and a more female experience by being fucked inside your shaft with the hard metal rod. Frenectomy: It gives you the best of both worlds: uncut, protecting the sensitivity of the glans, and the look of a cut cock when erect. Even when soft, you can choose between your glans being covered or exposed since there is no traction by the frenum.

I like all kinds of genital play, but only occasionally. I like long-lasting edge plays at the verge of cumming by continuous heavy / light cock-head stimulation. Apart from heavy weight wands and urethral stretching sometimes using two thick wands in parallel, I have experience with electro plays, banding of cock and balls, some CBT, and I am also interested in moderate SM- and fetish plays (active or passive).

*You mentioned earlier doing your piercings with your wife as a "sign of commitment" — what did you mean by that?*

Probably I meant engagement (like a wedding ring but more permanent). Cocks and pussies are my favourite parts of men's and women's bodies, so I thought why not decorate or modify them for the fun of both of us.





## Ben: CBT and Piercing

I am 31 years old, born and raised in Marseille, France. My parents divorced when I was five. I was raised by my grandparents and my mam in a fairly liberal way, with few Catholic values. My other family (dad's side) are full-on Catholics, totally devoted to the love of god and Jesus. My dad was barely there for me and I completely lost touch with him ten years ago.

I grew up as an overweight kid, more interested by his bmx, friends, beers and getting wasted on drugs. Obviously school wasn't my main interest. More studying just enough to stay out of any parental troubles. I carried on my studies in a catering school to learn the basics of being a professional chef. A good way to travel and get work as everybody needs to eat at some point. I became independent at 18 by choice, leaving mam's house and enjoy the life of a traveling chef. I have been in England for the last eight years and am still a chef.

I am single, straight so far as I know, more interested by fuck friends than relationships. I had a couple of long term relationships of two years, but as usual things didn't work out. At 31 I still can't see myself married with kids. Not that it may never change, but it's more the scare of having to settle and having responsibilities... or I just haven't found "miss right" yet.

My approach to the modified world started with a tattoo on my shoulder, basic flash — be different, one of the cool kids, maybe brave — when I was 18. At the same time I got interested by piercing, but twelve or thirteen years ago the idea of getting a piercing involved traveling across the world (the place everybody was talking about was Gauntlet, obviously, and some places in London and Amsterdam), but I met a guy at the local skatepark, who just moved to Marseille and had his nipple pierced. We became friends and few months later he told me his piercer was having a guest spot for an electro night at a local nightclub, so I got my tongue pierced. At that time having a piercing would classify you as gay or mad. Then I had my nipple done in the bedroom of a friend who just got back from a three years trip in England, and my ampallang when I moved to Nice a year later. Same thing, the piercer had spent some time in London. It was his first genital piercing too. I took it off six years later, my gf at the time didn't like the feeling of it. More tattoos in France. Then I moved to England, where piercing was "a common thing". I was 24 at the time. I had my tongue pierced again a year later. I moved to London in 1998 and at about the same time I watched *Physical Graffiti* on late night TV. The documentary blew my mind — an introduction to heavy modification and suspension.

I don't think I had any piercings or tattoos done between 1999 and 2001 when I split up with my girlfriend. A week after we split up I was back under the needle to get an appadravya and called

her as soon as I left the studio. Since then I had several piercings done, but few of em are still there including two ampallangs. Only one survived, as I "lost" one during BMEfest last year (2004) — promiscuity and freshly done piercings don't go together well, and the appadravya is stretched at 4ga.

What would be next.....?

I joined IAM a couple of years ago — BME opened my eyes, on what was available in terms of modification, and still pushing the limits further. The implants fascinated me same as the suspension.

I got in touch with Vampy regarding suspension and I was overwhelmed when she told me she was doing implants. So I decided to have a try with two wrist domes. The process was radically different than piercing and the idea of minimal aftercare was a positive point too.

On my last trip to the states, three weeks ago, I met Brian



Decker and I asked him if he would be interested in upgrading my genitals with two ribs. He was interested and the procedure was done two weeks later on my last night in NY. I love em and I can't wait for the incision to be fully healed to try my newly upgraded John Thomas.

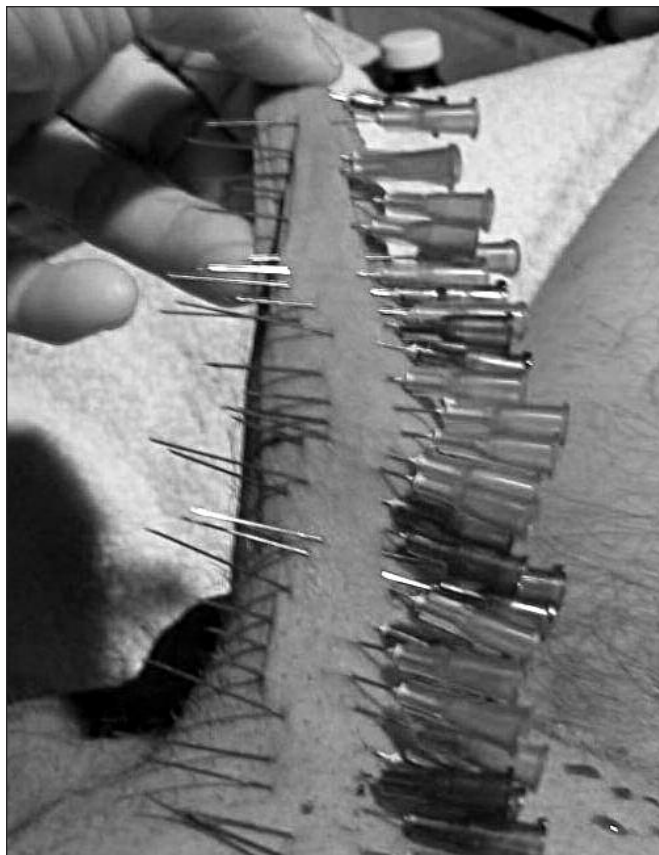
I am play piercing, even if I haven't done so for a while. I mainly play pierce my genitals. I'm not really sure why apart from the pleasure of it, the look of your genital dressed as a hedgehog, or just for the sake of it. And most definitely a major turn on as foreplay with the right sexual partner.

The reason behind my genital mods would be of course the pleasure it adds to your sexual life, a bit of perversion, and prohaps a bit of the "I can do it". The funniest thing I heard from a partner was "why can't every man as one of those" — she was talking about the appadravya. I usually don't plan things way in advance. Most of the piercing I had were done on the day I had the idea. Not really because I may chickened out if I had to wait, but more of a "why not, let's do it".

I had my first genital piercing about ten years ago, and an ampallang removed in 2000. I didn't know anybody at the time who had genital mods and having one was something interesting, being in a different league... I wasn't very afraid of the piercing but more of the risks caused by the piercing, the like if something goes wrong am I going to be able to get it hard again? But the piercer was cool with that and spent some time explaining the placement and what would happen. I remember the "cowboy" walk for the first days. Apadravya done in 2001, without any fears apart from the needle — a revenge on my ex gf for not liking my piercing. Another ampallang in 2003, I missed the look of it, and it would be like a pair of eyes on my helmet. Two days before going to

the BMEfest 2004 I decided to have a second (or third) ampallang done, as a way to keep me out of trouble and to stay faithful to the girl I was with at the moment. It didn't work that way as I "test drove" it five days after getting it pierced. I don't regret at all what happened — losing the girl and the piercing — but I did have a fun night. The genital ribs were done on the 26th of March. I thought of doing em when I met Brian... still not sure why? Maybe, because I didn't like the idea of the genital beading and they may end up floating along the shaft. I know the feeling for the partner may be very weird and sometime painful, but I wanted to have a try at that. Time will tell. They were done without anesthetics, and even if I had the choice of with or without, that was the right choice. The weirdest mod to date and the funniest feeling to have something underneath your shaft skin making a pocket for a piece of silicon.

I would be interested by other genital mods but my cycling passion is holding me back. I am interested in a subcision and a transcrotal but those wouldn't go too well with cycling and I don't like the idea of having two months off the saddle dealing with public transport. But you never know what may happen in the future. Genital mods are the most personal things I have and always a surprise when someone asks you if you are pierced "down there", and always a surprise when someone sees it or... feels it.





## Troy: CBT Pain-Pig

I am 38 years old and work as a computer trainer and support specialist. My hobbies include creation of amateur video, music, reading and creating and collecting auto-erotic art. I am single, and bisexual and have a few family members living pretty far away from me. I am only close to one of them.

*Have you usually been single? Is that influenced by your play activities?*

Mostly single — and when I am I can generally play around more and get more extreme.

*When you've been when a partner, have you been able to involve them in your activities, or has that been difficult?*

To some extent — so of my partners have gotten into CBT and such to a certain degree — but most are reluctant to go to some of the extents that I like.

*Because you're not having to worry about explaining a bruise, or because in private/solo things tend to escalate a little more quickly than they might if you were otherwise meeting physical needs?*

Mostly the first of these. If I'm not needing to be concerned with hiding marks on my body I can do pain-play and go to the levels I want and need. I would like to find some partners more into hard CBT and bloodplay.

*What did you mean by "most are reluctant to go to some of the extents that I like"?*

Many Masters prefer heavy bondage and sex, and some whippings, even some kinds of CBT (all of which I also like)

but not too many get into graphic brutalization of my cock and/or balls. Many shy away from blood games — which I like. It is very arousing for me to see my cockmeat, balls, ass, nipples beaten, abraded, needled until truly bruised, swollen and bleeding. I really get off on seeing my blood spraying out of my cockhead for example.

I suppose I would categorize myself as a pain-pig. I get very aroused from being physically or mentally abused or in pain (either inflicted by others, or very often by my own hand). This has developed over many years. I do not have any mods or piercings, but get into heavy "play-piercing" as well as other forms of intensive CBT. Some of my interests include use of clamps, catheters and sounds, and weights on my cock and balls, hot wax on my cock/balls/ass, electrical torture, abrasion, flogging, nailing and needling of my cock and balls, and "bloodplay".

While I've had these desires even since my early teens, I first began experimenting on myself about 12 years ago after seeing some things on the Internet and in some magazines.

*What kept you from trying it earlier? Or was it a matter of having the feelings and not being sure how to apply them?*

That's pretty much it — although the feelings and desires increased in intensity over time.

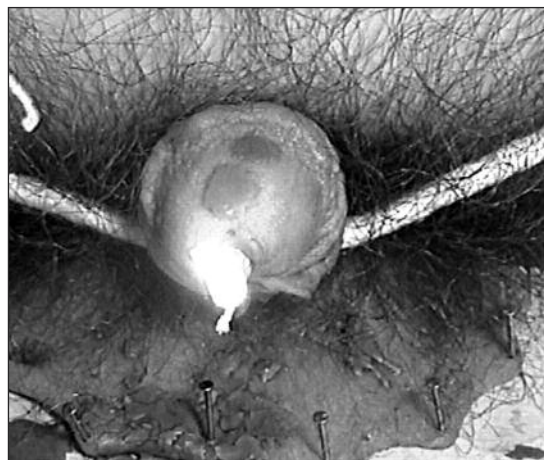
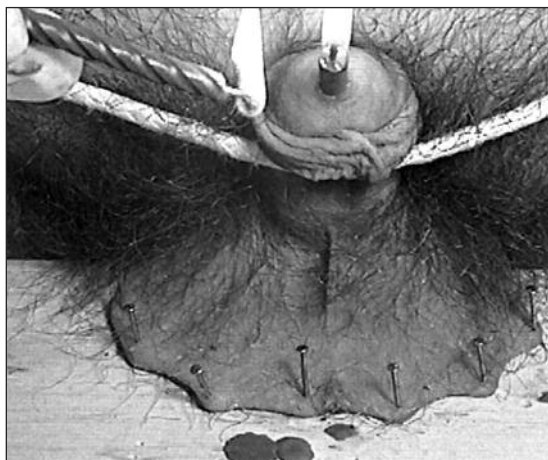
*That's interesting. Why do you think this is? Just getting comfortable with farther limits, or some sort of other escalation?*

Some of it has to do with getting comfortable with passing previous limits — some is curiosity about how far I will decide to go. I am still

on a journey of exploring the realms of my pain tolerances and limits for graphic abuse of my genitals. Some of it also has to do with seeing how far others go, and whether I wish to try to match or exceed them. Finally it also is about always pushing my personal graphic art barrier.

*I assume it was also good to know others were doing this and it was on some level "normal".*

Exactly — seeing pictures and hearing of others experiences encourage me to try things out, and gave me some ideas. I then wanted to work beyond some of what I saw and heard about and be creative with my "play". I started with simple



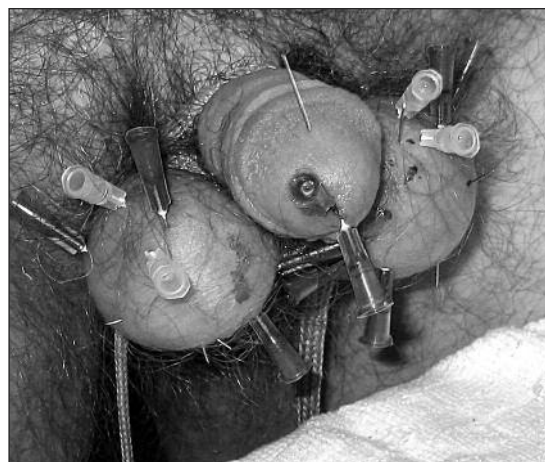
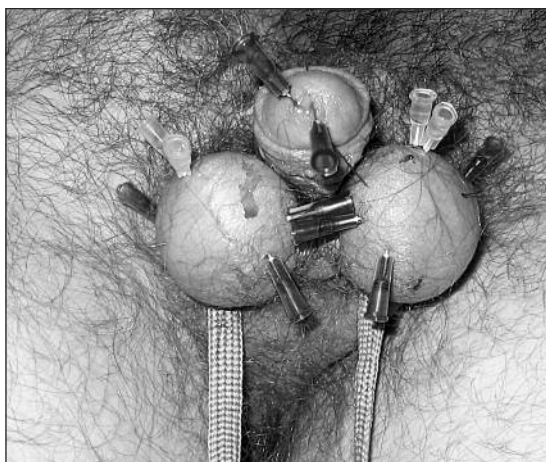
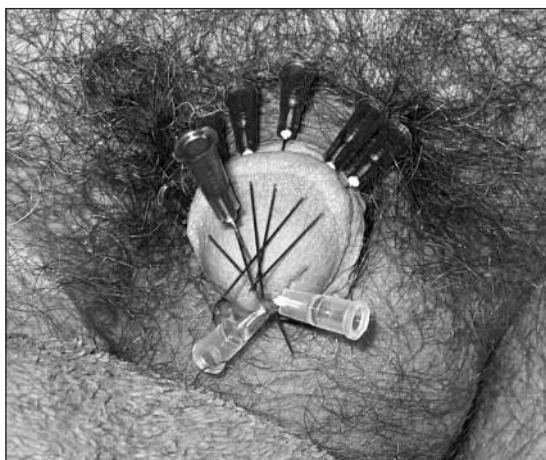
things like snapping rubber bands against my dick, slapping with a ruler, running a toothbrush along the underside of my shaft and glans. I then tried some wax, and was surprised at how much it hurt the first time — feeling the sting of the burn on my flesh. A few drops on my balls the first time, then pushed it to dripping on my cockhead a bit. I loved the pain sensations though — a real turn on, and knew I wanted to work up to more. I bought myself a small TENS unit that still packs a punch and started experimenting with shocks through my dick and ass, and balls. I was trying out all kinds of things — clothespins (first a few, then many more), q-

tips into my cock (starting with one, then 2, up to 4) really stuffing my urethra to the max until the pain was very high. Fucking my cock with the q-tips, telling myself to take it.

Next were the needles and nails. I saw a few pics on the web and tried with a needle through my foreskin — some discomfort but not too much. I needed more. I began to tack my scrotum down to a board with small nails. Then tried pushing a needle through my glans. It really hurt at first — I was determined to get the needle deep through the meat of my cockhead — finally it was through. What a turn on — seeing that needle completely through my glans. When I took it out, my blood jetted out of my dick and I was mesmerized. I loved seeing my cock bleed as I jacked off.

From there I just built up the intensity of all my play. Wax dripped into my pisshole, covering my cock and balls, pouring wax into my asshole. Intense q-tip fucks of my urethra, flogging of my meat until it was very swollen and bruised, nailing my cock to boards through the foreskin, up to a dozen or more needles at once into my cock and balls, shooting cum while bleeding, trying to fill up bowls with the blood that gushed out of my punctured meat. Also, many tortures combined at once. The more I ravaged my own genitals, the more powerful and mind-blowing were my orgasms. I went from a couple small spurts to a number of long blasts — sometimes up to my face and past my head when laying back. The ultimate Viagra!

*I think for the vast majority of people I talk to that's an*



*underlying drive; the quest for the ultimate orgasm. Am I interpreting that correctly?*

Yes, that and getting off on having others wee my cock and balls receive pain, and see creative treatment of them.

*What was the genesis of these interests and activities?*

As mentioned, I just had some of these desires even within my teens and in my twenties started to explore it more fully. After that, I kept wanting to push the envelope and see what I could work up to. Talking with others that have similar interests and comparing experiences keeps me wanting to explore more. I am not sure if I will explore permanent mods, or extreme damage, but I know that I will continue to crave pain, and see how graphic I can make the abuse to my cock, balls, and ass.

*Having shot videos as well (and being an artist), I assume that the visual aspect is an important erotic element also?*

Quite a bit — I like to present shocking and intense scenes of my genitals in many forms of CBT. The graphic (and sometimes bloody) scenes of my cock/balls/ass hopefully arouse like-minded people — and I also enjoy looking at them myself later, to view the levels to which I've progressed, and decide where I'd like to go from there.



## Gary “Splitcox”: Glansectomy

I first started doing “things” to my genitals as a child. I would wrap wire, string, rubber bands around my cock and balls and go to school that way. I also use to sit crosslegged yoga style and put on a pair of my father’s pants and pretend to be a legless man. This practice started at about age five.

When I was in junior high school I knew a boy that had a hypospadias [editor’s note: a hypospadias is a sort of “natural meatotomy”, where the urethra exits abnormally, generally slightly back the shaft]. I really wanted one so I began doing small cuts to my pee hole. By the age of about 16 I could insert a finger into it. My imagination for sexual games was extreme even at a young age. I would insert pins and needles into my scrotum as play. When I was in the U.S. Air Force I met a man with a rather severe epispadias [editor’s note: a serious medical condition in which the genitals don’t fuse properly that often presents as some degree of bifid genitals, with the urethral opening on the top, and often a subincision-like groove along the top of the penis]. His cock head was naturally split and the urethra opening was on the upper part of the shaft. I wanted that also. I continued to split my glans very gradually with a blade. The bleeding would stop me from continuing.

In 1976 I discovered vacuum pumping. I loved the bloated, distorted look and feel of well pumped cock. I did not do any more cutting until about 1988. Again gradual head splitting.

Then in 1996 I got online. I quickly found BMEZINE. I had found other people with the same interests! I saw things that I really wanted to do! In the early years there were very few photos or stories about penectomy. I knew I wanted it. Being a life long devotee of amputations I knew I would eventually have a stump of my own. As I became an active member of BME I decided that I would try to get my photos in as many different sections as possible. Piercing, tattoos, silicone, ky jelly, pumping, meatotomy, head splitting, bisection, penectomy — and a new section was even created for my superincision photos.

I discovered the Bovie cautery tool and EMLA cream. That was the ticket to going headless. Gradually I started to cut through each half of my bisected glans. On June 9th 2008 I finally succeeded in removing the glans halves completely. I felt an instant feeling of gratification. I had finally succeeded in gaining a stump of my own. I have made friends who have also done their own glansectomy or penectomy. I discovered that the majority of them also have attractions to amputations.

I get questions as to how I have sex now. I have not dated or shared sex for about eight years. That is until about two weeks ago. I was approached by a



leatherman. He was tattooed and pierced so I felt comfortable in telling him that I had a headless cock. He was very interested. I invited him to my house and he totally worshipped my stump. He mentioned that he had always had thought of penectomy during masturbation. I had some EMLA cream left so we numbed his cock head. The sex was intense and we both finally shared orgasms.

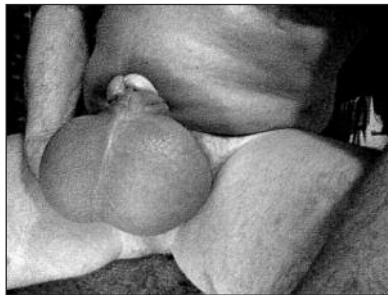
What is it like to have sex without a cock head? **FABULOUS!**

I now have rock hard erections and intense orgasms. It is like “edging” all the time. When I orgasm I am still horny and can have three or four orgasms at a time. I have never liked anal sex, active or passive. That might sound strange to learn that a gay man does not like anal sex. The thing that I like least about my modifications would be the regret that I split the top of the shaft past the circumcision scar. If I had stopped sith just the head bisection I would have had a foreskin. But the superincision created a scar that keep the upper skin from covering the stump completely.

To answer the question “Will I go further?”, probably. I will more than likely re-split the top again. That will allow the cock to flair out on the topside. I still enjoy vacuum pumping and the new sensation is incredible.

Would I recommend that all men should go headless? **NO.** If you like the quick hand job, or if you must have anal/vaginal sex then you probably should not do it. But if you are a man that likes very intense orgasms then headless is the way to go. Remember, I am only missing the glans and have not removed any of the actual shaft. I can not speak for what that might be like.

Am happy with what I have done?  
**ABSOLUTELY!**



“No man has the right to dictate what other men should perceive, create or produce, but all should be encouraged to reveal themselves, their perceptions and emotions, and to build confidence in the creative spirit.”

— Ansel Adams

This page and previous page: Gary's penis as it appeared in 2008, both before and after his DIY glansectomy procedure.



I'm 34 years old now and was born in north-east Ohio, although I grew up in Florida. I was in a fairly average family — two parents plus a sister, and a dog and a cat. We weren't very rich, but not the poorest either. I got into music and certain sports, and was pretty intelligent, while my sister is smart but struggled to define her interests. My father died quite young — he was 43, and I was around 15. My mom tried to raise us after that but wasn't really equipped to. I kinda handled myself at that point and have been an "adult" in that sense ever since.

These days I'm in marketing/advertising and develop strategies for the clients at the agency where I work. I'm single and gay, and hoping to find a partner of some kind.

*What mods do you currently have?*

I currently have a row of apadravya piercings along the length of the shaft, from the base to just behind the head. These have been stretched to 8 gauge. There's one ampallang right behind the head/corona, also 8 gauge, and another about mid-way along the shaft at 12ga, as well as an 8ga guiche.

The behind-the-head amp is quite solidly inside the erectile tissue, but the mid-shaft one is "between" the urethra and the erectile bodies. I'd like to find someone who can insert four shaft amps through the erectile tissue itself (to form "crossing" piercings") but who's careful enough to avoid the main artery that exists inside the cavernosa bodies. Also, I have two PA piercings that I don't wear jewelry in but are permanent openings since they were at one time stretched to 00 gauge. Previously, I tried a frenum but like the PAs, I found these piercings uninteresting.

*Tell me about getting the unusual shaft piercings done?*

Tom Brazda in Toronto did all the piercings, and stretched them all. He's very patient. There's no way I could have done this myself, unaided.

As for how it felt? Terrible! Especially the stretches. ESPECIALLY the behind-the-head amp stretch. I felt ill when Tom finished that one. I've seen pics on BME of guys with huge gauge bars behind the corona. I thought I'd try that, but I don't see how I'll ever withstand the pain, the get up to that size.

For me at least, safety was a top consideration. That meant finding a piercer who understood how to pierce through the penis shaft, and had experience doing it. There aren't many to be found, so my search was short and sweet. Since all the options meant travel, I made the few calls and chose the expert who, it turns out, works outside the US: at Stainless Studios in Toronto. We set up the appointment. When I got to Canada, I started looking for excuses to not show up. Foremost, worry (fear?) that something might go wrong. Or that I'd regret getting it done. The weather seemed to be sending a warning, too: raw, cold and rainy. Not very welcoming. After procrastination and biting my nails short, I finally got into the shop and met my piercing expert, Tom.

We (mostly Tom) spent a full 30 minutes talking about recovery, healing and after-care. He was quite serious and reminded me that, without proper after-care, the penis could

develop an infection, gangrene and potentially need to be removed. While a full penectomy is something I'd consider in the future, I don't want it to be the result of an emergency hospital visit due to gangrene! So, I listened intently to Tom.

Next, Tom explained how he was going to pierce through my shaft. The explanation took a few minutes, he was quite detailed, but my mind was whirling and I didn't really pay attention. Now, in a calmer state, I can tell you the steps. He first planned to create a small hole to explore the top of the penis, in order to locate the major blood vessel that flows there. Knowing its position, he would be able to insert the piercing needle (in small gauge) to avoid hitting that vessel — to minimize bleeding and maximize healing. He told me inserting the piercing needle would be a slow, manual procedure, because he'd be going through different layers of tissue, fibers and ultimately, the urethra itself. Next, he would insert a taper, to expand the hole one size larger and help reduce bleeding. After inserting the taper, the plan was to insert a second piercing needle, same size as the taper, as a way to convey the jewelry. So, the jewelry would follow the second needle, and only the bottom ball would need to be attached. That was the plan.

In some ways, this piercing was almost three piercings-in-one, since it involved inserting first the original piercing needle, then the taper, then a larger needle with the jewelry! And, it was all manual — no clamps, nothing else to help it be smooth and easy. While using clamps and just jamming a needle through the shaft promised to be quicker and more merciful, Tom said freehand would allow him to adjust to the situation as needed. In the name of safety, I submitted to his recommendation.

We got started, and everything went as planned. Overall, it was not comfortable at all. There was nothing fun about it, and there's nothing to recommend about it. But if you want the coolest piercing that's out there for a guy, you just have to tough it out, and live with the pain and utter helplessness. For just a few minutes.

An interesting aside. Tom had to stop at one point because he was using so much force to insert the taper that he was hurting his own hand. I looked, and there was a dangerous-looking indent in his thumb where he had been pushing on the taper. Despite the strength of a substantial fully-grown man, the piercing tools would not advance further into the shaft. He solved the problem eventually but it is worth noting to expect huge amounts of pressure as your piercer tries to make the needle and taper go through tissue that really would prefer not having a metal bar run through it.

There was one very intense moment. Suddenly, as if I'd been hit by lightning, or caught by an electric current, I felt a jarring shock. It was not concentrated in the penis, but spread across my entire body. The shock hit my shoulders, hands, feet, neck, fingers, back, the entire length of my legs: everywhere. My whole body tingled for 5 or 10 seconds after that shock, like a leg falling asleep. It was not exactly pain, but it was weird and not a feeling to repeat in the future. I told him to hold up for a minute, and did not quite faint (but almost did — he confirmed my face was completely white like

the sheet I was sitting on). One of the strangest things I've experienced, and he commented guys getting apadravyas (usually not through the shaft, he rushed to add) sometimes experience that "shock" sensation, just as I had done. So, be ready.

The jewelry was in. To stay!

### *How did you first get started with piercing?*

Around 1994, I decided to try a nipple ring. I don't know why. It was a bit of a dare, from a friend at the gym. I got the thing, then started thinking about ways to enhance it. I tried to stretch it. But, it kept leaking, so eventually I just removed it. My left nipple still is shaped a bit strangely to this day.

One summer I shared a summer house with some friends. One of them kept talking about different kinds of genital piercings. It really turned me off. I didn't really think about it, until at one point, in 1996 or so, I think I found BME. I started looking at the genital piercings with great fascination. On the one hand, I didn't want them. On the other, I was drawn to them.

I was particularly drawn to the piercings that seemed "impossible." Ones where it looked like it would completely cancel out the function of the penis. In addition to piercings, there were all kinds of chastity images and — the hottest image was a complete bi-section, penis and balls. I became fascinated with piercings, chastity ideas and permanent mods like the bi-section or complete penectomy. I couldn't put them out of my mind.

Of course, it's one thing to fantasize, another to actually do some of those things. Sadly, I'm just too chicken, so couldn't connect with people who could do hard-core work. A PA seemed fairly pedestrian (it is the one piercing I regret, since it has left 2 holes that leak — I can't believe I did it twice). Eventually the first one stretched to 00-gauge, and then I had to get hernia surgery, so put it away. When recovered from the surgery, I thought about putting PA-type piercings all the way around the corona (I figured I could fit 50 small-gauge piercings around the head, in this way — still would like to pursue that idea!), but instead chickened out again and just got a 2nd, plain-jane PA. That stretched up to 00 GA at one point.

I found this piercing was quite useful as a chastity device. Specifically, I could wrap my penis around the base of the balls, and pass the ring around the base of the shaft (it was painful, but I could do it). Then, by screwing both steel balls back onto the ring, it was impossible to take the ring off. With some stimulation, I was able to ejaculate — and the process of ejaculating put enormous pressure on the balls (they were trapped inside the "ring" of the penis, which cut off blood flow to them as it became increasing erect) as well as the shaft (it was held into a circular shape around the base of the balls, when it's natural shape when erect is — well, obviously it should be pointing out from the body, not wrapped around the balls).

I did this 2 or 3 times, and became scared that I would permanently damage something (balls or penis, I wasn't sure which). So I stopped using the PA completely, to remove the

temptation.

I also used thumbscrews (not a permanent mod, but a "toy") and some other toys to put my entire genital area under tremendous strain. I once got the thumbscrews completely around balls and penis as a set. After cumming, I was so afraid of permanently damaging things, that I threw away the thumbscrew so I wouldn't be tempted again by it.

Several years went by, with little use of "toys" and empty piercings. But, once again, I was drawn to BME, and found many new piercings that had not previously been shown.

I found a number of really interesting piercings on BME. Also, the internet discovered a number of fun-looking male chastity devices. So, my fascination was re-engaged, and I started considering a "next phase" of modification. Again, I was drawn to "impossible" male genital piercings — ones that would appear to make the genitals virtually useless. I had found the "Pound Puppy" in 1996, and still love the way that one looks. But, now I was seeing trans-shaft piercings (mostly Apa's, but a couple Amp's, too). In addition, there was a web-site showing guys with only balls (their penises had been removed, either for real or by photoshop). Between these two sources, I was motivated to get some more radical piercings for myself.

I reached out to Todd Bertrang about a scrotal spilt (chickened out), and then to Tom B for a shaft amp. Tom agreed to the amp, but I found it very disappointing. I wanted it to go thru the erectile tissue, and he was careful and cautious, and wouldn't do that. However, he was quite familiar with the shaft apa and was willing to do as many of those, thru the erectile tissue, as I wanted. So, I decided, go with the flow. Tom identified appropriate placement, and over the course of a couple visits, he inserted 4 shaft apa's. Over the past year, I've been increasing the gauge so they're all 8-gauge. It's possible I might get them down to 2-gauge, but the stretching is extremely painful.

I found a piercer in NYC one day who was willing to chance the trans-shaft amp, just behind the head. He used the teflon material and said it would heal faster (it did). He did the piercing very quickly, not much time to scream or do anything, poof, it was thru the shaft. Tom did the stretching so it is also proudly 8 gauge now.

### *I know it's not easy to come up with an answer, but do you have any idea what motivated you to do this stuff in the first place?*

Shannon, I'm not sure I even have an answer!!! My quick reply is, I like the appearance of having the piercings thru the shaft. It is just completely hot and I love it. Also, I love the sensations (altho I didn't know about them in advance). There is a combination of pleasure and pain when I ejaculate. It is really really intense and I'm COMPLETELY a slave to that sensation.

Meanwhile, altho I consider myself a "top" sexually, these piercings definitely create a conflict. I don't want to try being a bottom! Yet, I haven't found bottoms willing to try this pierced penis — when I tell them (or if they see it), they tend to run screaming. Every once in a while, I consider just removing these 6 piercings from my penis. However, the



piercing process was so painful, I don't want to ever repeat it. I know if I remove them, I'll never get them back — while the temptation to remove them is temporary, and passes quickly. I've come too far, to cave in to a temporary weakness. So, I've been able to keep them in place. So far.

Another part of “why” is that I wanted to put piercings that would prevent jacking off. Sorry about that term, but specifically, pumping the shaft up and down. My ideal placement is to have alternating shaft amps and apa's (not just a row of apa's, with a semi-flaccid amp in the middle of the shaft). With this criss-cross placement, there's no way I could pump the shaft. As it stands, with the row of Apa's, I can “pump” the side of the shaft (sort of), but the apa's have been a fairly effective way of eliminating my ability to pump the shaft up and down. I'm not sure what caused my interest in preventing pumping, but I've achieved that goal pretty effectively.

Finally, about ejaculations. I've found they ARE possible. And, they are far more intense than they used to be, when I could pump the shaft. But, the only way I've managed to make it happen, is to stimulate a tiny little spot on the underside of the shaft, where the “webbing” is situated. Also, I have to be completely “passive.” After a few minutes of stimulating the webbing area, the urge to ejaculate emerges. Again, I have to remain completely passive, almost pushing away that urge. Eventually, the constant stimulation reaches the point where the penis just erupts uncontrollably. It is far more intense than any erection I ever had before. It isn't due to the piercings, but to the slow, passive build-up of stimulation that does not involve pumping the shaft.



## Eric: Fully Subincised Eunuch

I was born in Zimbabwe and spent most of my academic period in Malawi and the very sheltered life that part of the world brings. The next few years after school and college were spent in the Forces, after which I went and studied engineering in the UK. I've spent most of my working life contracting in the countries that aren't featured in the "getaway" magazines.

### *How did you get introduced to body modification?*

Whilst studying I got my first exposure to body modifications. Quite on an off-chance whilst looking for a part time job I walked past a tattooing and piercing parlor — not knowing what any of it was — and I noticed they had posted a "wanted" advert in their window. I walked in and said I wanted the job and was introduced to the wonderful world of mods. I spent the next three years working there and got my first PA (Prince Albert) after the first week. This grew in size to 10mm where it remained for the next twenty years. Other piercings came and went but the PA remained.

### *Your mods were all professional done?*

Most of my mods have all been done by a piercer or a well-known cutter, until my castration, which was done by a urologist in hospital.

After the genital piercings and a few tattoos and permanent body hair depilation I think my mods just carried on their natural progression. In the many years that I have been involved I have found that there are those that are satisfied at where they are at and those that explore further.

### *What about your play activities?*

Play also progressed from very vanilla to more and more extreme. Mild CBT to much heavier with no "stop word" CP, saline inflation (resulting in being able to taking well over two liters towards the end), sounds, vacuum pumping, and finally to serving a Master for eleven years.

My mods progressed along with play. The first time I saw a subincision I was a little shocked but after experiencing the textures and tastes with the total different shape I knew that I would have one. A short subincision followed, extending to a full subincision. From there to a full head split. A urethral re-route was next. Whilst this was all happening I slowly got a tatt that would finally look like a full pair of shorts.

### *Can you tell me about completing your subincision procedure in more detail?*

I had gotten my subincision to within an inch from the end of the shaft, when I found myself passing through

Amsterdam, the place of my subincision progression, and the time was right to do the final cut. Using the same place all the time has its benefits — they know you and know exactly what you are aiming for and one builds up a trust with one's cutter. It also has its drawbacks, like complacency. I walked in and talked to Mac — "Sorry," he comes back, "but no can do, just flat out busy as you can see."

This part of the world is only a night stop for me so can't just come back the next day, and much pleading later he will do it but I'll have to do a lot of the preliminary parts and won't have the privacy of one of the rear secure rooms. So to one of the rooms covered with a curtain that seems to attract curious patrons to look in. These are usually for the run of the mill piercings and nobody thinks much when there is an audience.

Off with the trousers, a good clean-up and the clamps are removed from their packet, inserted into what remains of my urethra right up till the tip is touching the scrotum. After





putting on the gloves Mac had insisted I wear, the clamp is put into my hand and tells me to yell once the ratchet had been fully engaged and off he disappears. So the long and painful process of crushing the flesh between the jaws of the clamp began. Mac insists that if one wants to do this he will face it with no painkillers and also will not use sutures so that the scarring is larger and more sensitive in the long run.

Now, sitting on a bed with no trousers on, a clamp inserted into yourself trying to slowly close the clamp and not cry while taking bites from a chocolate bar and sips from a Coke (my security blanket), is rather disconcerting when people keep pulling the curtain back and, rather shocked, ask what you are doing and then stand there staring. Finally, with the clamp fully closed and a triumphant yell, Mac comes in, looks and gives an approving nod and says he will be back in an hour and dumps a pile of mags next to me. By the time the hour is up I've gotten over my embarrassment of people looking in and the curtain has been left about half drawn.

Mac's arrival and drawing of the curtain gets rid of the curious. The bag containing the bandage cutters is torn open and laid down. The clamps are opened, which always gives me a shock of pain, and tilted till the flesh lets go from the surface of the clamp jaws — and there sits the flesh, paper thin and almost white. In go the cutters, lined up midway between the flattened flesh, and closed. In a second of cutting and almost two hours of prep I have finally got the full subincision with the cut ending where the scrotal sack begins.

Now the final bit, curbing the bleeding — and boy did it bleed this time! On the first few cuts years earlier I had quite a lot of bleeding, but the last few there had been very little. Mac didn't know why, apart from cutting like that one is bound to hit some bigger veins from time to time. I asked if it could be the proximity to the scrotum, but didn't know and told me that quite honestly I was the first full subincision he had done, since most blokes will go partial to a greater or lesser degree. After the bloodflow had been stopped and the wad of sterilized gauze inserted, I was bandaged, wrapped in absorbent paper towel, and the rubber glove pulled on and told to rest for an hour or so and not to move. He sent in a trainee to clean up, and seeing his reaction to the slaughterhouse look with mounds of bloody paper towels discarded all around, was quite a sight.

I ecstatic with what I've ended up with. I never do things off the cuff — it took me about two years before the first cut. Two years of thought before I took the plunge. I certainly don't think anybody should go into a body mod without thinking it over very carefully — both the pros and the cons. Crumbs I'll never be able to pee without having to sit down but the aesthetics, the absolutely amazing feeling and mind blowing orgasms far out way that inconvenience.

#### *Have all your experiences been positive?*

I don't think I ever disliked any of my mods. Some didn't last that long but would never say that I dint like them. Before my castration I think that the urethral re-route was the most

significant. It is amazing when your penis as you have known it for over thirty years ceases to function... amazing!

#### *How did the castration come about?*

Like the world that obsessed on having everything so much bigger, then changing and fixating on making everything miniaturized, the same happened to me. It was all about making my genitals as big as possible, then a total obsession on getting them as small as possible. After a long time researching, castration would remove a lot of it and the subsequent shrinking of the penis would suffice for the rest. This has been a long road, as to satisfy the medical practice I had to explain my desires along with visits to shrinks to prove that I was sane and that it wasn't a spur of the moment decision, so that there would be no repercussions. After three



Eric doing a saline inflation during his "big" phase (these pictures are all pre-castration). Top left opposite photo shows injection just starting.

years I finally had a radical bilateral orchiectomy procedure, although the doctor had only agreed to the castration with the repair of the subincision and split head. A year after that and proving I didn't want false testicles, the scrotum was removed completely. In a three year period the penis had shrunk from a seven and a half inch hard-on to just a three inch erection. This resulted in a lot of loose skin that was removed. As every modder knows, I'm happy with where I am, but want to go further. I would like to have what I still consider loose skin in the area made tighter, plus a few tats finishing off in the area. I'd like to replace the long-gone PA with a large D-ring, horizontally through the shaft just behind the head... but those are for later!

#### *Are your mods a secret from your friends?*

I have never hid my mods and never much cared for modesty in change rooms, saunas, doctor visits, gym locker rooms, and so on. I get some revulsion but far more interested parties... There are quite a few that know of my mods and my affinity towards modifications.

## Eunuch Bill: Castration and Scrotoectomy

I am 61 years old, but I do not look my age. I was born in Oklahoma during WWII, but I spent my youth in southern California and the South Pacific. I have been very happily married for over thirty years and have two grown children. I have a graduate degree and I do research and am currently a professor at a major university. All in all, I am a very middle class American in my lifestyle, beliefs and attitudes.

*Where in the South Pacific? It surprises me that a number of people I've chatted with had South Pacific childhoods... maybe there's something in the air!*

I lived in the Philippines for two and a half years and on Guam for one year. Yes, I think you acquire a more relaxed, more open perspective on life from living in a beautiful, year-round warm environment.

*I assume your parents were military?*

Yes, I was a military brat. It was a good life!

*What's your general motivation behind your interest in body modification?*

My motivation is to have all of my male sex organs completely removed. To that end, I was castrated by a doctor, both testicles, on June 1, 2001, and my empty scrotum was removed on December 24, 2001.

*Was it done by a doctor... or a "doctor"?*

Actually, castrations are very common in the U.S., far more than most people realize. The big problem is that no one ever talks about it, especially castrated males. Cutters scare me, so I doubt that I would have ever gone that route.

*But castrations are common for medical reasons, right? Or is there a massive undercurrent of voluntarily castrated men that we just don't hear about?*

Castrations for medical reasons are very common. So who would notice a few hundred castrations for non-medical reasons??

*Sometimes I'm told stories of huge numbers of eunuchs willingly done by doctors, but I tend to write it off as fantasy... I think that's what complicates getting solid information in this whole*

*sphere (not just castration, but anything sexual and "underground") is that eroticized fantasy is so wrapped up in it...*

Yes, even today getting valid info is next to impossible, but there is still a tremendous amount of useful info on the Internet. Imagine what it was like 30-50 years ago, before the Internet. At least I now know that there are many males who desire to become eunuchs.

By the way, I absolutely do not consider myself to be a male. I am a eunuch. I think like a eunuch and I view the universe from a eunuch's perspective. (I hate it when I have to check male/female on a form or application.)

*So how did you convince the doctor?*

It took over four months of discussion to convince him that I really wanted to be castrated. The big hurdle was the first time I asked. It certainly caught him by surprise!! During this time I had absolutely no idea that he was a eunuch as well. Everybody wants to know what I said, but all I ever did was to repeatedly repeat my request. If was funny, one day he simply threw up his hands and said yes. It was a Monday and I was castrated the following Friday. As each passing day brought me closer to Friday, I developed a rather calm acceptance that I was finally going to be castrated. As I was wheeled into surgery, I was amazed over the fact that I was about to be changed forever.

*Your urologist was a eunuch too?*

Cancer. He has lost half of his penis and both testicles.

*Did your doctor know that it was an erotic request, or did you give him a "valid" (in the mainstream medicine sense of the world) reason for doing it like a family history of cancer or something like that?*

Oddly, he never asked why I wanted to be castrated. I suspect that he never planned to do the castration and did not want to encourage me by asking for details. But after you are castrated, you realize that it is not a big deal.

*Was the castration a pretty straight-up medical procedure, or was there an erotic aspect to it?*

Quite frankly, it was very enjoyable watching myself be castrated. It was a major sexual experience. One unexpected side effect of watching, was that it allowed me to immediately accept several facts: that I really had been castrated, that both testicles were gone forever, and that I was no longer a male. I was now a eunuch and I would be a eunuch for the entire rest of my life. I consider being castrated to be the last sex act that I performed as a male and the first sex act that I performed as a eunuch.

When I wrote about my castration experience on BME, I had left one tidbit out of the story because I did not want to seem to be extremely weird. In addition to an overwhelming — although almost anti-climatic — feeling of emotional relief that finally I had been castrated, when my right, and last, testicle was severed, I had an orgasm. Since





the lower half of my body was numb, I guess this was a purely mental orgasm. All of my life I had dreamed of this, but I really never thought it would ever occur. There was a fantastic sense of satisfaction as I watched the testicle being dropped into the stainless steel bowl.

After my scrotum was removed, two female nurses watched me briefly, while the male nurse who had been watching me went to the bathroom. The blonde was amazed that I had had my empty scrotum removed. She never heard of such a thing. The dark haired nurse had just moved from New York where she had worked as a urology surgery nurse. She had helped in hundreds of castration and penectomies, and several scrotum removals. She obviously wanted to talk about it and the blonde was eager to hear. I would have loved to talk with her about those surgeries too, but, alas, the male nurse came back too soon.

*And how did your wife feel about your castration?*

She supported me.

I love being a eunuch. In fact, I am extremely proud of the fact that I have been completely castrated. I absolutely do not miss my scrotum or testicles at all. I like how it looks: It is amazing to only have a penis. I like how it feels: It is so much easier to sit and move with nothing between my legs. Being absolutely sterile is another major plus factor. Best of all, I will be a eunuch for the rest of my life. Each June 1st, my wife and I celebrate my being a eunuch. This year will be my 4th anniversary. Some day I will be able to say that I have spent a fourth of my life as a eunuch, and, if I live long enough, some day I will celebrate spending a third of my life as a eunuch.

*Does being a eunuch negatively impact your sex life? Or is "negatively impacted" the intent?*

My wife expects a certain amount of sexual gratification. With HRT [Hormone Replacement Therapy], I can still get erect. Therefore, I can still have intercourse. I can also still ejaculate, because the fluid for the ejaculate is created in the prostate. All the testicles do is to add sperm. Since I do not have testicles, there is no sperm and therefore I am absolutely sterile. One of the nurses who cared for me post-op had recently had a hysterectomy. Like me, she is married with grown children. She told me that being sterile and never having to worry again about getting pregnant had revolutionized having sex for her. She predicted that I would soon come to the same conclusion. She was right. Being totally and completely sterile is one of the best aspects of being a eunuch.

Even without testosterone though my doctor says most are still able to get erect. After all, many of the famous castrati of opera fame in the 17th to 19th centuries regularly had sexual intercourse with adoring male and female fans. And even after long periods without testosterone, one is will be able to resume the HRT at any time, even years in the future.

*Did you stay on testosterone after your castration?*

My doctor told me a white lie. He argued that by taking

HRT for six months, it would create a smooth transition from male to eunuch. Then I could go off. After six months, he came up with other reasons why I needed to stay on HRT and has steadfastly maintained that "party line". By the way, I take Androgel, a gel you rub on your body. I have gone off the Androgel several times. The main problem is that I lose energy.

However, Androgel does not precisely mimic real testosterone. I have had three major body changes as a result of being a eunuch.

First, I have gained weight, about 25 pounds. Ugh!

Second, I have developed breasts and my nipples can be very sensitive. I really like my breasts!!! It is fun to feel my self up.



Yes, I do have a couple of bras that I occasionally wear mainly to protect my nipples. My breasts are just big enough (cup size of A) to enjoy the support. Neat!

Third, my penis has shrunk in size, both soft and hard. Before I became a eunuch, my erect penis was six inches long. Now it is only four and a half inches long. My penis is shrinking much faster than average for a eunuch, perhaps it will shrink down to a nub! Neat!

*Do you do anything else to deal with the medical side-effects of the procedure?*

I take Coral Calcium 1270mg, twice a day. Plus, I drink milk and exercise.

*What got you interested in this in the first place?*

When I was 12 years old, a girl and I watched each other pee. I became fascinated with the fact that girls had no external sex organ and that they had to sit to pee. I began to fantasize about have no sex organs and having to sit to pee. I was not interested in having female sex organ, I wanted no sex organs. This was back in the 1950s and I assure you that there was absolutely no way to get any information about eunuchs, castration, or removing a penis. Indeed, I had no idea that removing a penis was called a penectomy. This was

not the sort of topic that I could talk about to anyone. It was the Internet that allowed me to discover that there were others who had similar desires.

Fortunately, I did understand that if I simply cut off my sex organs that I would bleed to death.

Total emasculation has been the major theme of my masturbation since I was twelve. As the years passed by, I certainly had my fair share of sex with the opposite sex. In truth, I enjoyed each and every woman and, quite frankly, I was good in bed. However, not a day passed by that I did not



think about being castrated or even completely emasculated. Being castrated is a very permanent change, so I am in this for life. Now if I could just get rid of my penis...

*Do you think you will do that? What does your wife think?*

Yes, I certainly hope so! All of my masturbation and sex fantasies revolve around removing my penis. However, I doubt that my doctor will remove my penis. It was no big deal to castrate a 57 year old male. It was just a permanent form of birth control. I lucked out with the scrotum. My doctor already understood that there is nothing more useless than an empty scrotum. The penis is a different deal. There are long-term problems with removing a penis. For example, as they grow older, anyone who has had their penis removed will start to dribble. Nevertheless, I still want my penis amputated. I love to look at the pictures on BME of Nullo Jim and the few others who have had their penis removed. I would love to watch a nullo pee and to rub its empty crotch.

*It doesn't surprise me that you mention dribbling after penectomy, since males don't really have all the anatomy they need once they're cropped short like that. I'm sure it's worth it though.*

My urologist stated, "After you remove a penis, it is not like being a girl." The tube from the bladder for a female is flat and squeezes the last few drops of urine out, so no dribble. For the male, the flattened tube is inside the penis. If you remove the penis, you are left with a round tube that usually

does not squeeze out the last few drops, and so you can dribble (which becomes worse with age). This was a major problem for the Chinese court eunuchs, which is why they used plugs.

The main reason that I want to become completely emasculated is so that I HAVE to sit to pee. Since I was 12, I always try to sit to pee rather than stand. Even in the woods, I prefer to squat. (Okay, occasionally, on field trips I have to whip the penis out and pee like a male, since I cannot go with the girls and squat.) However, I doubt that I have stood to pee more than a few times a year for the past 50 years.

I have attempted to have my penis completely amputated, but too no avail. My urologist did offer to remove half of my penis, but a stub does not interest me. He won't do more because of the loss of bladder control. In that regard, he is correct, and this is one aspect of being a nullo that seems to have received little attention.

*No interest in going to a cutter?*

I firmly believe that you would have to be crazy to use a "cutter" for a penectomy. This is a far more complicated procedure than castration. However, it is a free country.

*You've mentioned splitting and subincision to me before as well... Are you still interested in that?*

No — it was just a thought of the moment. My true goal is to be completely sexless.

*In addition to the interview the email above, Bill took the time over a period of years to tell me his castration story in detail, then his scrotoectomy, and then six years later his reflections on the whole adventure. Those thoughts follow now.*

My castration, done at a major hospital by a urologist, was completely voluntary and both testicles and several inches of both cords were removed by going through the scrotum. This procedure is called a simple bilateral orchiectomy in medical jargon, and is usually performed because of testicular cancer, advanced prostate cancer, or physical injury. In my case, I simply wanted to be castrated.

I was taken into surgery at 7:35 AM. I would have preferred a local for anesthesia, but my doctor firmly offered the choice of either a general or a spinal. I choose the later so that I could watch myself be castrated. The prospect of watching was very exciting and I really looked forward to the surgery. It only took a couple of minutes for the spinal to take effect. It was amazing to not be able to feel the lower half of my body.

As long as I live, I will always remember the instant that each testicle was severed and taken from my body. The left testicle was amputated first. The doctor pulled the testicle out as far as he could. The cord was tied twice four inches above the testicle. He then severed the cord, and a funny thing happened. The doctor was pulling so hard on the testicle that when the nurse released the clamp below the cut, the cut end snapped up to the testicle, just like a string held taunt snaps when cut. I almost laughed out loud, but I did not want



everybody in the OR to think that I was laughing about being castrated. There were a lot of people in the OR, including several women. I cannot help but wonder if I was the main attraction of the day? About 15 minutes later, the right testicle was amputated along with four inches of the cord. With a great flourish, the doctor pulled the severed testicle away and placed it in a stainless steel bowl. Unfortunately, I did not get to examine my severed testicles in the OR. As soon as both were removed, a female tech from pathology took them away to be examined. She had sat on the sidelines and had intently watched my castration. I was wheeled out of surgery at 8:20 AM. It had taken only 45 minutes from start to finish to become castrated. In the recovery room, I finally felt my scrotum, which was wrapped in a bandage. It was a flat as a pancake! Fantastic! It was equally fantastic to play with my penis. Thanks to the spinal, my penis was completely numb and I could not feel a thing.

Since the operation, I have completely stopped thinking of myself as a male. On those occasions that my wife refers to me as a male, I always point out to her that I have been castrated and I am now a eunuch. She usually just rolls her eyes. I doubt that she ever thought that she would ever be married to a eunuch. Fortunately, she completely supported my being castrated. I am very glad that I was castrated and I highly recommend being castrated. I have not missed my testicles even once and I am certain that I will never miss my testicles as long as I live. I truly prefer not having testicles. On the plus side, I can now sit with my legs crossed. It is also much easier to sit, walk, run, and move without testicles!

I only have two regrets. First, I wish I had been castrated years ago. Second, I should have had my scrotum cut off as part of the surgery. I have quickly discovered that an empty scrotum is useless. If my scrotum does not shrink enough, I will seek to have it removed. The doctor has advised me that my scrotum will very slowly shrink down to a small knob over the course of several years. Most of the shrinkage (about 2/3rds) usually occurs in the first year. My scrotoectomy ended up being done about seven months later, on Christmas Eve, 2001 — I thought of it as a Christmas present. While I really enjoyed being a eunuch, but I just as quickly discovered that I did not enjoy having an empty scrotum. It would work its way back between my legs and rub, and rub bad, as I walked! After a couple of months had passed, I developed the firm opinion that there was nothing more useless than an empty scrotum. At my six months, post-op check-up, my urologist was stunned to discover that my scrotum had not shrunk. I had just barely started to explain about the rubbing, when he blurted out, "I had to stop jogging for the same reason!"

Oh! It was amazing to realize that my urologist was also a eunuch. His revelation had embarrassed him, so I simply asked, what was the solution? He said, "I can remove your scrotum." Actually, he immediately added, the scrotum is not

completely removed. A small portion of the scrotum is saved to cover the penis, since the penis is just starting to emerge at a rather oblique angle from the crotch. The incision would run along my entire crotch and onto my penis. He would remove as much skin as possible and my crotch would be very stretched and taunt immediately after the surgery, but it would loosen up over time.

I was taken into surgery at 7:30 AM. I had a spinal for my castration and had been able to watch myself get castrated. My doctor had agreed to another spinal and I was really looking forward to watching my scrotum be amputated. Unfortunately, the damn anesthesiologist had other plans. He was training a new assistant and he kept knocking me out with various anesthesia. So, I missed most of my



scrotoectomy, but I later had my revenge by filing a formal complaint against him. It only took about 40 minutes to remove my scrotum and I was able to leave the hospital in time for a late lunch. I could not wait to get home and look at myself in a full-length mirror. It was awesome, there was nothing hanging between my legs. My penis simply stuck straight out. I immediately knew that I had made the right choice in both being castrated and having my scrotum removed.

The recovery went very well. The only problem I had was that the stitches really itched and poked. The incision was six inches long and was doubled stitched. The actual incision had dissolving stitches, which went away after about three weeks. A second set of non-dissolving stitches reinforced the incision. They were removed on January 11th and I was so glad when they were gone. I was a bit sore for a few days, but it cleared up very fast. After the stitches were out, the recovery proceeded extremely fast. I soon discovered that my jockey shorts did not fit any more. I had no need for support. So, I switched over to Hanes Her Way Sporty Brief panties, size nine to be specific. It took a few weeks to get used to the high waistline, but they fit far better in the crotch and stretched just enough to cover my penis. Fortunately, I prefer having to sit to pee.

I now consider myself to be completely castrated. The incision has healed very well, both externally and internally. My crotch is smooth and empty, and I love how it looks and feels. It is amazing to have nothing dangling between my legs. I am also very proud of the fact that I am absolutely sterile. Most of all, I love the fact that as long as I live, I will never again have testicles or a scrotum.

There was a poem written about a century ago by Robert Frost that reads in part:

*"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -  
I took the one less traveled by  
And that has made all the difference."*

It would be an understatement to say that I took the road less traveled when I voluntarily had myself castrated. Castration is not for the faint of heart. It represents a major, life-long change which you must be willing to accept on a daily basis. As I write this paragraph, I have now been a eunuch for almost seven years and obviously, I will remain so for the entire rest of my life. I can emphatically state that I absolutely do not miss my testicles or my scrotum. My only regret is that I wish that I had been castrated much earlier in life. When my urologist (who is a eunuch) agreed to castrate me, I leaped at the opportunity. It was a life-long dream come true. Now, well over six years later, I am amazed at how the time has passed so quickly. After a couple of years as a eunuch, it suddenly dawned on me one day that I had lost

most of my memories of having testicles and a scrotum. Being completely castrated had become the new norm. As the years continued to pass, I did not tire of being a eunuch. Today, I still like to rub my hand along my smooth and empty crotch.

Most of my female friends are absolutely intrigued by the fact that I am a eunuch. They cannot ask enough questions ... such as, what does it feel like or how do I feel about it? Oddly, my few lesbian friends seem to have no interest, and one casually remarked, "You still have a penis. And a penis is still a penis." It is just the opposite for males. My straight male friends and associates do not want to hear or talk about it, while gay males are completely enthralled. They want to see what I look like and I have standing offers for sex (as a bottom), but I am not gay.

Of course, I am completely sterile. The prospect of having sex with absolutely no possibility of a pregnancy seems to fascinate most females. Yes, I can still get erect, but with each passing year it is becoming more difficult to get erect and to stay erect. I can still cum and no, it is not clear. The best part of being a eunuch is that I will be a eunuch forever. Some day, I will be able to say that I have been a eunuch for ten years, fifteen years, twenty years, a quarter of a century and hopefully much longer. I look forward to each milestone.



"Sexuality is one of the ways that we become enlightened, actually, because it leads us to self-knowledge."

— Alice Walker



## Peter: DIY Transscrotal

I am thirty-eight years old. I was born in Germany and work currently in Switzerland. I was married for five years and now I am single.

*Did your interest have anything to do with your divorce?*

No, I am not interested in piercing because of my wife and she didn't know anything about it. The dreams and the minor changes were hidden. She hadn't any relations or interest in such things like piercing or tattoos, unfortunately.

*Tell me about your first experiences.*

After slight bondage sessions at the age of sixteen my first modification was a hole in my frenum of about 6ga. I punched it with a hole maker. Years later I tried beading my penis with four beads and let it heal. After a year I removed the beads. Then I had an apadryva behind the glans and stretched it up to 2ga. Unfortunately, it closed during a holiday.

*At the age of sixteen piercing wouldn't have been as popular as it is now... what gave you the idea?*

I don't know the former desires exactly. I remember that I wanted a close wrap behind the glans and with the foreskin the frenum was just in the way. So I punched a hole and that gave me good kick. You are right that there weren't much magazines or pictures for piercing. You can say that it came from my dark inside side itself

*Why did you do the beading, and what made you remove them?*

*What method did you use for each?*

The beading was much later. I searched the net and found BME, the beading pictures, the beads and the tools. I was thrilled by the image having it by myself. The tool was too expensive so I tried it only with the scalpel and a clamp. It worked fine and looked great after the healing without problems. I got a wild girlfriend at this time and she enjoyed it very much. Again unfortunately the liason didn't last long and I decided to remove the beads with the scalpel. I thought that I had a better chance as a "normal" man at the market. Secondly, the thrill after six month with beads was over and was not as strong as at the beginning.

*And your transscrotal?*

Recently I pierced my scrotum from front to back right under the shaft. I am going to stretch this transscrotal piercing up to 000ga, at least that it will be permanent. Yesterday I removed my frenum via clamping. My plans are maintaining the permanent sexual arousal. No, I am just curious how it would feel and enjoy the adrenalin while making up.

*How did you do the transscrotal piercing?*

I was looking for a new experience and so I simply pierced my scrotum with a piercing needle. I knew from former scrotal piercings that the skin is very stretchable, so pushed two items through the hole and pulled and stretched it farther more right after the piercing.

*And what do you mean by "permanent sexual arousal"?*

I like it if there is something within or around my genitals. I can feel it during long meetings, walks or sports. On the other hand I am looking for new adventures, feelings and experiences. It would be better, if the changes or modifications get an aesthetic aspect. I appreciate large genital tattoos with a good theme. I am curious how it would feel for instance with large faked balls and a parted scrotum, the making up and in everyday life. But I am not ready for it, not yet.



## Henk: “All of the Above”

*Henk was one of the first of the really heavy masochistic cutters that I met through BME, and his pictures of testicle exposure and extreme CBT as well as intense modifications like genital bisection amazed me. He was also one of the first heavy genital mod enthusiasts to cross over with the mainstream of the piercing world — Todd Bertrang being another great example — enjoying traditional piercings as well as new mods like tongue splitting. In addition to his love of pain and bloodplay, Henk also reminded me of Todd due to his love of young female partners, occasionally posting photos of himself with partners that looked underage enough to my eye that I deleted the photos and was unwilling to keep them on BME because of how uncomfortable they made me. This as well though — traditional straight male creeping — made him stand apart from most of the heavy mod pain-pig men who were either completely solo or gay. To be clear though Henk was bisexual — or as the old joke goes, trisexual, as in “I’ll try anything sexual”. Our interview was tantalizing but disappointingly brief due to the language barrier, and I wish I’d had more time to dedicate to exploring this unique individual.*

I am Henk, working as a graphic designer in the north of Germany — 54 years old, 172cm tall, 69 kg. I’m bisexual and love all body mods. I love pain, and I love others seeing me and my mods. Right now my lobes are stretched to 15mm, and I have five piercings total in my ears as well as six in my

cock, two in my navel, two in my nose, two in my right nipple in a cross. My tongue is split, my left nipple is split, my cock is split, and my sack is split. I love heavy bodymodifications — piercing, stretched piercings, genital piercings, surface piercings, subincision, genital splitting, CBT, heavy play, play piercing, tongue splitting, sounding and urethralplay, bloodplay, I like shaving, I like lots of body hair, and bikers.

*I think one of the most interesting things about you is that you’re one of the only people who does EVERYTHING... Most people are either just about their penis, or just about what others can see — you’re both.*

Yes! I love all modifications — the only thing I don’t like is fingernail mods.

*How did you do the splitting?*

I split my tongue and nipple using forceps and split my cock with a scalpel.

*What got you into body modification?*

As soon as I saw BME I wanted to have the body modifications. I did them all by myself — all of my procedures are self done. I especially love all splittings and want to have them.





*Do use anesthetics for procedures?*

No, I don't ever use any painkiller — only the adrenalin that's in me.

*So before BME you didn't have body modifications at all?*

That's it!

*What about play?*

I love ball nailing — I've nailed my balls on the table, bonded and stretched the scrotum with separated balls, and done scrotal suspension. I've even opened up the scrotum with splitting and done a ball exposure.

*Have you ever had to go to the hospital from any of this? How long does it take to heal from something like a ball exposure?*

No, I've never been in the hospital from any of this! The healing from something like that only takes about a week and a half.

*How young were you and how did it start?*

I was already doing pain play before I found BME — I was 40 years old when I started, and I do it either at home or at my office.

*Who knows about what you do?*

Only my wife knows about them, other than the BME and Wildcat online communities. My wife tolerates my mods, but she doesn't love them.

*I guess she doesn't take part in the play?*

No... No, it's difficult to even have a regular sex life with my wife.

*Who is the young girl that was in some of your pictures?*

I don't know, but I love her!



I am single, age 46, and I've now joined the transgender community and go clubbing as a girl when I fancy it. I like colour co-ordination and do dress quite smartly as a guy, but am also intrigued by female colours and styles, and am keen to try these out too!

*Is transgender clubbing just for fun, or lifestyle? That is, would you like to transition at some point?*

Mmmmmm! I'm not sure. In Manchester every Wednesday in the village is T-Girl night, when lots of men go girlie — some are TVs, some are transexual, some have had the change. I've always partially dressed at home and have introduced a female character at work's fancy dress parties, so the initial part was for fun. Then I found out about the Manchester scene and started to go once a month — I'd tried to limit it to every three months, but this didn't help and started to go more often. I've now reached a point where I'm selling my home to move to Manchester! I'm not sure of the future, but can assume that my other self may take over. I've bought lots of gear — clothes and shoes, and I intend to use them! Though I do really enjoy having two lives, to be able to change when I want, and at this point I don't desire the full transition... but who knows! I have a desire to be body hairless and I shave my legs, arms, and underarms! I only shave my chest and body depending on what I'm wearing, but would like this to go too!

I think I'd be happy with a urethral re-route with a decent hole just behind my ball sack, then I could perhaps lead people to believe I was born with both, which would make life a little easier!

*Is there any relation between trans-affectations and meatotomy? I'm assuming no, but I ask in part because in tribal cultures, subincision was often a part of melding the male and the female.*

Yes! I can see this — I screen printed a photo taken from the special features of the film 'Seven' which shows the male and female genitals.

So far I've performed a partial meatotomy — ie. cut my asshole larger. I got there by talking to Foz [editor's note: Foz was a well known internet BDSM writer that had produced extensive FAQs on sounding and urethral play] and using BME as reference, I found the photos of 'Clamp & Cut' procedures very helpful as



to what to expect!

*The meatotomy was primarily to make sounding better?*

No, not really! When I saw the photos of C&C, I was excited at the thought and wanted it for myself. It was only when I had cut that I realised that it would've been easier to know this than to stretch and tear my urethra with a sound!

*But you mentioned talking to Foz — I assume that means your interest started with sounding?*

Yes! I've always wanted to insert items into my penis, I found it a very exciting thought (this may have connections to my current interest as partial female, I don't know) so seeing Foz and sounds led

me to buying a set from CMHURT and started stretching for each size!

*Was your first sounding with "real" sounds, or did you experiment in your younger days with other stuff?*

I did sound with pencils and pens, though my hole was very small, so my real experience came from Fozie's Den. Though I remember in my early teens I saw a programme on TV about a tribe — I forget where — who perform a ritual on men to stop unwanted pregnancies. They cut a small hole in the penis shaft to the urethra, just above the scrotum, so when they have sex, the sperm shoots to the ground, and then if they want children they cover it up! So way back then I tried to pluck up courage and try it for myself. I cut thro the first layer and gave up! Tho the other week when I was going thru the C&C idea again, I did insert the round tipped forcep clamp to this area to see if it'd work, thinking that I could cut the inner circle out, but I wasn't sure if it'd work and went back to the usual C&C.





Anyway, I didn't fully realise when I was stretching with sounds that it would've been easier to cut the hole larger! So experiencing the pain — I don't use numbing creams or anything like that — in stretching, it made the 'Clamp and Cut' almost a pleasure. The clamping was like using pegs on my nipples — it hurts more to release a peg than to put it on. When I started to clamp the pain was like nothing on earth, but to release the pressure was more painful than to keep clamping, and in fact, the experience is quite pleasureable! That said, the final clamp is the worst, but only for a few seconds! I've not cut for a long time, but recently I have desired a cut through the area of my frenum to extend the opening, mainly I think because when I insert my stainless steel wand I still have the urethral opening it needs to slip past!

I tried the clamps again last week and loved the painful pleasure feeling all over again! I only clamped, as I didn't have enough recovery time to follow up with a cut, but I will go again when I have a week off work.

*What do you like about your meatotomy and what do you dislike?*

I like body mods because they let me achieve what we may consider impossible without the aid of a surgeon! Though as we all know, if we asked our doctors to refer us to one, we'd be locked up! I also enjoy the painful erections that follow a mod — we try to resist thoughts that will lead to one, but my cock seems to have a mind of its own! When it starts erecting, even though the pain starts, I can't stop it, though I do resist the wank for a month at least. I dislike not knowing anyone else locally to chat to, and all the experiences on BME are disappointingly (and understandably) anonymous.

*What sort of play are you into?*

I don't play as much as I used to. I have a very long vibrating sound I call my Stainless Steele Wand. I don't use the vibration on it, just slide it in and out, which is quite exciting. When I was using Fozies site my favourite session was to insert and inflate an 18 catheter into my penis, slip over a condom, and then use a bullet vibrator. Underneath my penis head, the vibration would carry all the way though the cath and I'd shoot past the cath into the condom. I was lead to believe this is dangerous, but have read recently that those who have to use catheters all the time, go with this procedure to have sex. I gave up using catheters when I got a few infections that put me off. The memory still raises a stiff! I

think most of the activities I've wanted to try, the internet has helped my pursue them, and to actually see others with the same desires has helped!

*Who knows about what you do?*

I don't think anyone knows about me. I've tried to broach the subject to see if I can find a soulmate into the same thing, but most feel it's disgusting, or they think I'm trying to fish them out, so it's not easy, even amongst the gay community. I'm finding the female thing is the new unmentionable, so I don't think people are ready for body mods.

The only thing I find amusing is when I go to see my doctor after I've played and received an infection, or cut and got a bit panicky, and to see what they think has happened. With urinant infections my doc said, as I'm a single male, we tend not to be as clean so they expect us and thus get something like this occassionally. When I've gone back with more, he just says, "that's life", which encouraged me to keep playing! When I started to cut, I said I'd caught it in my zipper — this time my doctor was female, and she bought it, so if i have problems again, I'll just go with the zipper thing again, just to see their reaction!

*What was the exact procedure you used for your meatotomy?*

I once asked Steve of Fozzie's Den how he did his and the thought put me off the idea — though many I'm sure have cut the same way — until I stumbled across the BME Encyclopedia site, which describes the "Clamp and Cut" procedure for meatotomies. I couldnt believe what I saw — almost a step by step guide! I bought myself two sizes of forcep crocodile clamps, one 2 inch and one 5 inch, both with three stages of clamping, from a fishing tackle shop, and a scalpel from a hobby shop, with the thought of cutting along the edge of a sound. I tried to clamp that evening, and I managed to clamp a quarter of an inch, though the pain was excruciating. Believe me, it's like no pain you've ever experienced, but the end result is worth it. I clamped it for about fifteen minutes and then released the clamp. I left it for a few days, kind of talking myself into going further, and when I came to my second attempt I was ready for the pain again. I personally only wanted to cut down as far as where the cock head met the penis shaft (I know some prefer to go further).

If I'd've been wiser I would've done the lot at once or all in



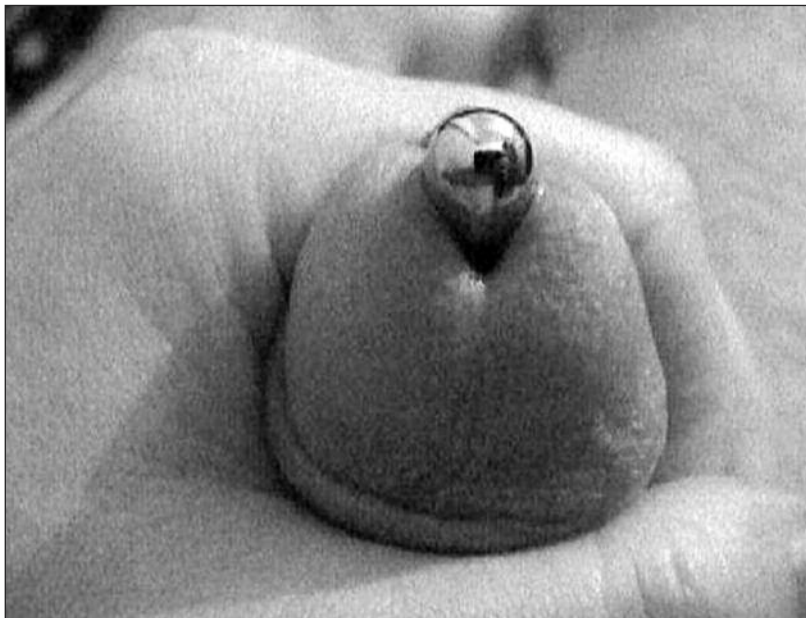
one night, but as it was I did the cutting bit by bit for five nights, which was a mistake as I feared the next nights pain. My advice is to do it all on your first or second attempt. When I re-applied the clamp to the same half inch I was surprised it didn't hurt, and even though the crushed skin had revived there was no pain at all. Still, I wanted to make sure before I started to cut, so I clamped the same place for a further fifteen minutes and I then placed a sound underneath so that I could see it below the transparent skin, and cut with the scalpel the quarter inch, until I could feel the blade. At this point I stopped and clamped another quarter inch and cut again. I continued until I reached the edge of the cock head! The only time I saw blood was when I reached the skin part of the penis... The meaty head fills with blood when excited, but is quite empty when cutting!

I didn't use any anaesthetic, as I wanted to feel were I was up to. I didn't want to reach a point that started bleeding and I couldn't feel it.

When I woke the next day I found a membrane of skin, a bit like webbed fingers, joining the areas I'd cut. When I asked

you, you said it was the natural healing process, and that it could take a month or so to fully heal. After about seven days the membrane started to disappear but the area just inside looked a bit runny so I booked in to see my doctor for some medication. A lot of people would be worried about seeing the doctor, but when you think about it, how many times has he or she seen your cock? I bet never, so they won't know if you've had a big slit or none. All I said was that I've injured the inner part of my penis hole. My doctor took one look and said, "Ah! Yes! I know what to prescribe for that," and gave me a note for penicillin to cure any infections. I took the capsules for a week and returned for a check up, to which my (incidentally female) doctor replied that everything looked fine.

Since then I have had lots of orgasms. I have to add that before I cut, that part of my penis was growing insensitive, but since I've cut it the sensitivity has come back again as it's exposed more of the inner urethra. It is a slightly different feeling though, but once you're used to it there is nothing like it! Also, when I reached the point of no return, the cutting allows me to count as much as twenty beyond before I have to shoot, so now the experiment is to see if I can count more before shooting!



"There is no more lively sensation than that of pain; its impressions are certain and dependable, they never deceive as may those of the pleasure women perpetually feign and almost never experience."

— Marquis de Sade



## Mr. Thomas: Pins and Needles

*My friend "Mr. Thomas" was the artist behind the "Pins and Needles" bonus gallery in BME/HARD until his diabetes made him decide that it might be best to put his play piercing interests behind him — as he writes, "I guess I've had my fun, and now that I'm approaching middle age, it's time to leave the fast lane, and start being more careful." In this interview we reminisce about his experiences in over thirty years of heavy play piercing, almost all of it in secret. Because his play piercing interests developed independently and without outside influence, I think you will find it an interesting contrast to the standard play piercing that is currently popular.*

I'm in my early forties, was born in Colorado, and moved around the country a lot as my folks were in the military. We finally settled in the deep south of Mississippi in 1981.

I'm an A+ certified computer technician with an extensive background in holographic imaging for over fifteen years off and on, and I'm an amateur artist who sings classical choral music and opera. I love classical music as well as all other forms of music like new age, light rock, pop, disco, and so on. I'm heavy into science fiction as well as science fact. I'm also heavy into video games to the extent that I'm building an arcade machine for my living room. I'm considered legally blind from birth.

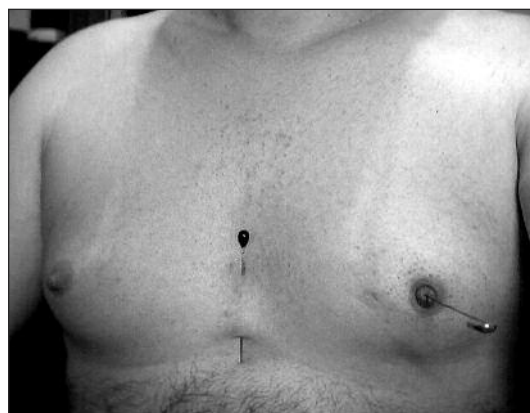
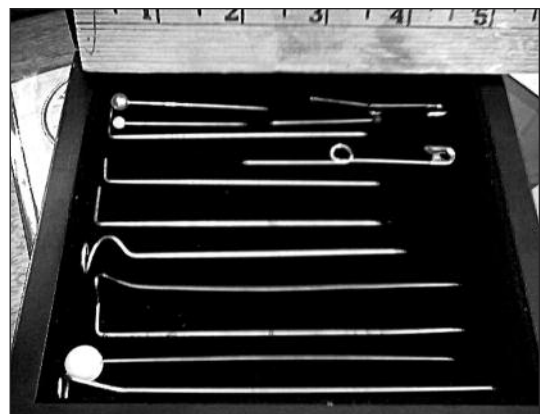
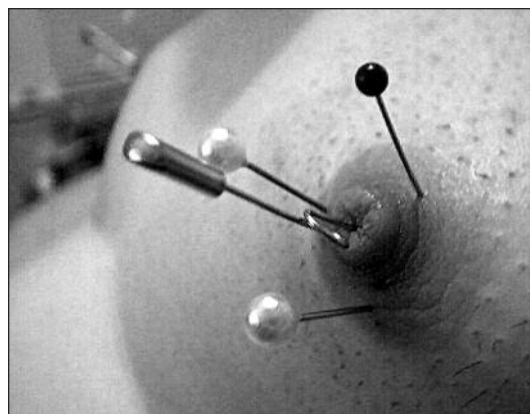
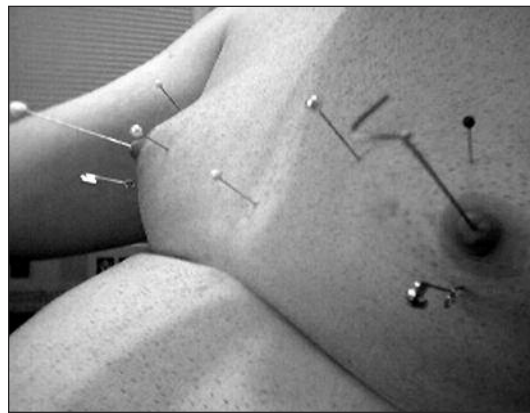
*[Editor's note: Thomas is currently involved in a number of fascinating projects that are quite public; unfortunately they can't be talked about here without risking revealing his identity.]*

### *Legally blind?*

Legally blind means that I have some vision, but not enough to drive, fly a plane, or recognize people at a distance. I also have limited fields of view, and some blind spots. In my case, I only see below the horizon, and my side vision is very poor. My vision in the left eye is only finger count at four feet, and the right is only correctable to 20/100 with lenses, but still both eyes have the field of view loss, and blind spots. This condition is

called bilateral coloboma. It's a congenital birth defect that involves the lack of cells that make up the light sensitive retina in some parts of the eyes, and is often mistaken for detached retina by less experienced eye doctors. The condition also affects the shape of the iris which gives me a "U" shaped pupil. Fortunately, I have brown eyes which hides this a bit. The United States Air Force medical division even did a medical documentary on my condition using video footage of me trying to read a book demonstrating another eye problem I, and many others have called "astigmatism" or something like that in which the eyes can't fixate on a target very well, and move around too much to be able to focus properly.

I chose to make holograms because there is no focusing involved. You just bounce light off carefully placed mirrors, subject matter, and film. No camera is involved. Just a dark room. But I've been out of the holography business for a few years due to financial reasons. Hmm... How about a



hologram of a piercing for the cover? I only wish I were set up do industrial holography for mass production. Oh well, it was just a thought. I couldn't do a live subject, it would have to be a small replica or something. It's a physics thing.

*Tell me about your play piercing interest?*

I frequently enjoy sticking pins into myself as an adrenaline rush as well as the satisfaction of an idle sadistic curiosity, I suppose. It's also a kind of "mind over matter" thing. It really gets my heart pounding when I'm piercing my breasts and or nipples. It sometimes enhances sexual stimulation.

*How did you discover this interest?*

I got started with this sort of thing more than thirty years ago when I was a kid. It all started when I accidentally crashed my bike into one of those trees that has all those long three to four inch thorns on them. Some of them stuck me very deeply in the arms, legs, and even my chest. The strange thing was that there was almost no pain, and I noticed I had become a bit aroused by the strange sensation of a dozen or so of these thorns stuck in me. Ever since that day I found my self experimenting with just about every pin and needle I could lay my hands on, and I also got extremely fascinated by images of acupuncture being done, or injections being given.

The next thing I knew, I found my self stealing my mother's pins and needles and sticking them just under my skin in my fingers, and arms at first, and then a few months later, I started experimenting with inserting them into my breasts. The sensation of having pins stuck deeply into my breasts was awesome, and very arousing. I'm sure my mother wondered what was happening to all those pins she noticed missing from her sewing box!

*What specifically do you enjoy about it?*

The sexual thrill, the rush, sexual, rush, and curiosity drove my obsession with

needles and piercings.

*Do you think being blind plays a role in it at all?*

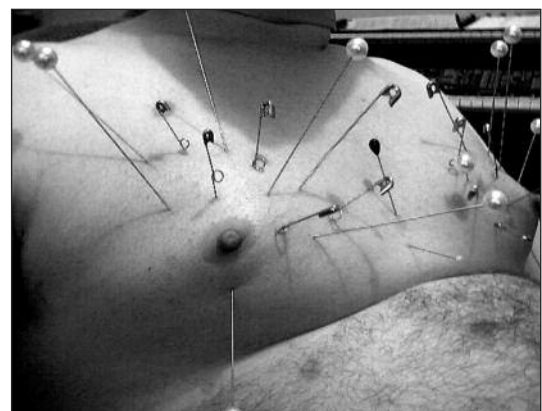
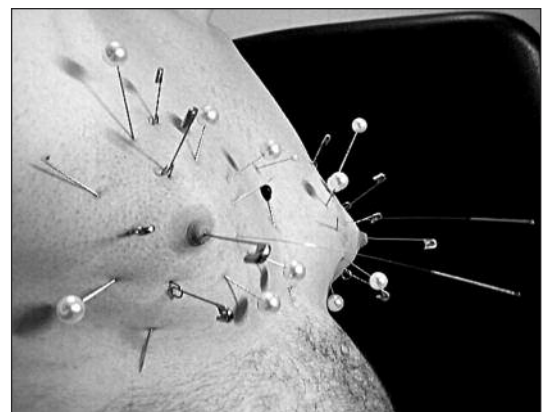
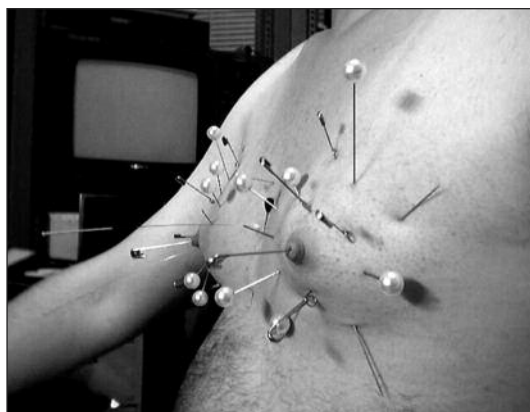
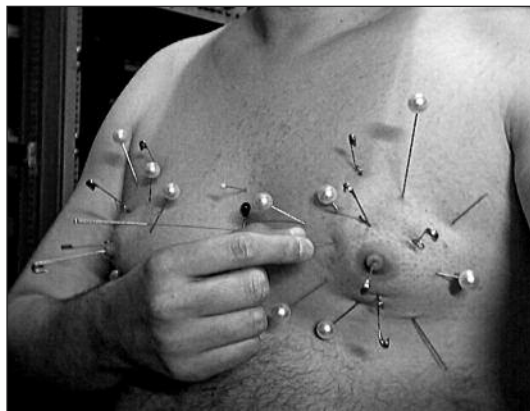
There may be something to that, as tactile sensation does play an important roll in the life of someone with visual problems... Yes, it certainly played a major roll in my piercing sessions.

*When you started play piercing, did anyone know what you were doing?*

All of this was happening while I was still in grade school, and I wasn't even ten years old yet. I tried my first deliberate self inflicted piercing back in 1975. It was not much, just under the skin of my hand, and a friend of mine and I would freak out the girls in our class by showing them what we had mastered.

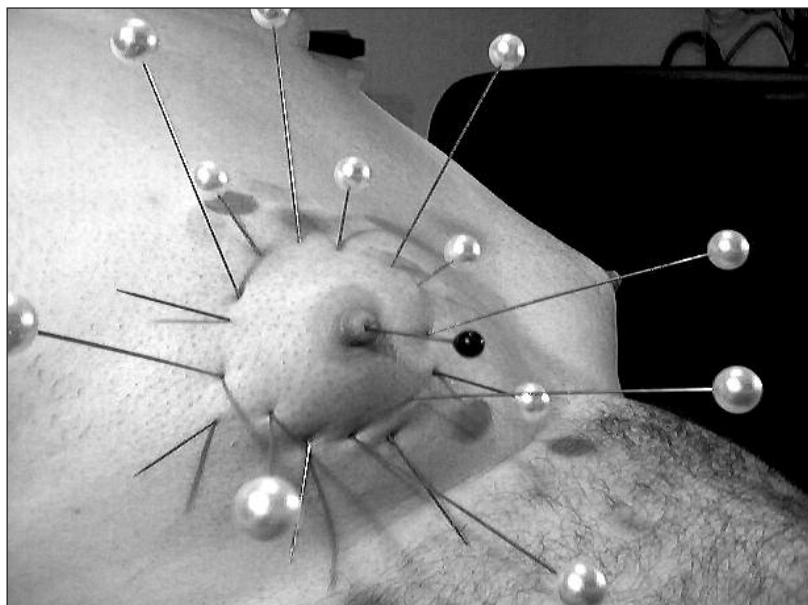
*Did you continue to "share" your interest?*

Back in 1975, I really kept to myself, and only showed one close friend this activity. I think my mother was aware of my





activity back then when she noticed a small scar on my left breast — she is a nurse, so she would know these things. My friend's reaction was "You are weird!" But, he got over it, and I never pressed the issue with him. Even today, only about three other friends of mine know about my play piercing



activity. Sometimes I'll tell this to those I want to run off that I don't want to be bothered by relationship-wise if they don't get the message. It works well.

#### *How did your play piercing interest escalate?*

For about twenty years or so I mainly stuck to shallow insertions just under the skin of my belly, and chest, and then gradually worked my way up to experimenting with the more dangerous straight in, and deeper piercings. I damned near punctured a lung with one of these stunts, but the sensation I felt of a needle that deep was awesome. But I came to my senses and never went quite that deep again.

#### *When did you start doing play piercing in your nipples?*

It wasn't until just a few years ago that I started exploring the intense sensation of pushing a needle deep into my nipples, and giving them a light twist. Even then, I still had not tried going through the nipple like one would for putting in jewelry. My first nipple piercing was of course straight in, and deep. This was an awesome sensation, and I did it frequently for a long time. I tried my first full breast skewering just within the last couple of years. I have slowed down my piercing activities recently as diabetes makes it take longer for the body to repair itself. But I still engage in it from time to time. A few years ago, I wanted to use very long needles for full breast skewering, and deep penetration, but could not find any anywhere, so I experimented with making my own needles from 18 to 20 gauge steel rods or wire, and a dremel with a sharpening stone on it. These actually worked better than the common straight pins I had. But I got tired of making my needles, and actually found a source for long hat pins through Manhattan Wardrobe Co in New York City, and a few other sewing supply houses that sell nice two and a half to three inch corsage pins as well. I suppose that in my

time, I've used everything including common straight pins, safety pins, tacks, push pins, home made pins, hat pins, corsage pins, and even acupuncture needles, of which I was even able to find six inch versions although these are so flimsy you really have to work to use them. The only type of

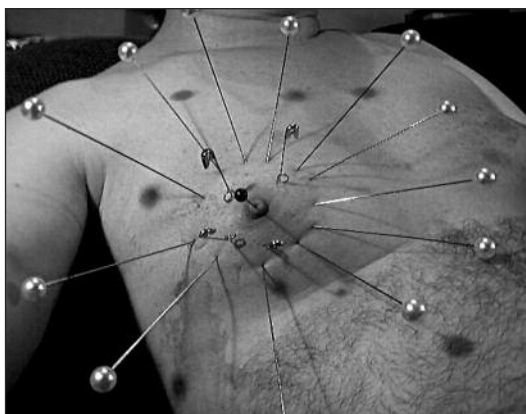
needle I have not used yet are the injection type needles. I won't use these for several important reasons. Most importantly, they are not cheap. Second most important, they do a lot of tissue damage because they have an off axis tip which does more cutting than piercing. Third, they are hollow, which can serve as a vector right into the body for bacteria. Also, I've noticed most piercings done with these needles tend to bleed. So I stick to pins and needles that do as little damage to tissue as possible. I have yet to try suspension, and probably won't because I'm a diabetic. Diabetics have thinner skin than healthy folks, but I may at least try having the hooks put in, and do a light pull, just not a full load suspension. Who knows.

#### *Tell me more about the deep play piercing...*

Very deep play piercing has its price. It's highly risky if you don't know your internal anatomy, and don't pay attention to pain. I have a nice deep scar in my left breast which was caused in part by a very

deep piercing which tore a muscle when I did not do the piercing right. I simply went all the way through the muscle, and well into the rib cage. That's when I almost punctured a lung. Turns out I was very close to the heart, because I could see the needle swinging like a pendulum. It didn't hurt and I didn't realize how deep I had gone until I saw it beating.

The docs say there is nothing they can do about it without making the scar much worse. A pissed off iguana did not help matters by making the original scar area worse by tearing a nice gash in me when I was trying to force feed it after it had gone off feed from being sick. I neglected to get the injury looked at in time, and the resulting infection left the scar you now see. A friend said to me, "Well, that's what happens when you breast feed an iguana!" These days, I'm more careful about not going into muscle tissue now that I know more about the fact that damaged muscle fibers won't grow back. I stick to deep penetration, but stay out of the muscles. I've never been asked by a doctor about the scar. I also have noticed my nipples now have permanent holes where I had been going into the same part of the nipple repeatedly. After a few months of rest, they are finally starting to close up. As for the through and through breast skewering, this was partly inspired by the Slave Misty gallery, and I wanted to just try this for myself. I have not seen or experienced any ill effects from having done this, other than one bleed out that got my attention. No muscle tissue was affected by this. It was an extremely intense experience which really did not hurt at all. I did have one nasty experience where after getting twelve five inch hat pins through one breast, and taking all those pictures, and after taking the pins out, I closed out my imaging program before saving, and had to redo the whole shoot on my other breast. That's why in



As it turns out, that was a good thing, because the head did come off the pin, and I had to use a vice grip to pull the needle out the rest of the way.

So, when using pins with plastic, or other heads, don't insert these all the way in, and avoid pushing them in so deep that if the head does



some shoots you see a needle scarred breast in the first shots.

*What does the sensation feel like to you?*

Actually I feel no pain other than a slight pinch on entry. I learned very early that you will only feel pain if you go

into a nerve packed area and ignore the burn.

In case anyone is wondering, I don't jam the needles in fast — I have found that it's better to insert slowly. This lets me listen to my body, and if it does hurt, I can pull out, and try another site. Also, if you jab, you run the risk of breaking blood vessels, or hitting nerves, to say nothing of the risk of going through the ribs, and hitting an organ. By inserting slowly, the tip of the needle will simply glide around blood vessels, leaving them intact for the most part.

*Are there ever issues with bleeding or other complications?*

Actually, in all the thirty years I've been doing this, I've only had about three or four bleed outs that really got my attention. Two of them can be seen in some of my later submissions which show about a dozen or so five inch hat pins inserted all the way through the breasts. Most of the times I luck out, and don't get a single drop. Other times I might get a tiny drop of blood, what we call a micro bleed. Most often, the bleeds I do get happen between the nipple, and the arms where there are blood vessels found closer to the skin.

*Let's talk a bit about different kinds of needles — it looks like you often use simple push-pins, rather than something medical?*

Nothing is more frightening than to try to pull a pin out of your body only to have the head of the pin come off in your hand. This happened to me once, and I'm glad that pin had not been inserted all the way to the head of the pin like I used to do. If it had, I could very well have been off to the hospital to have it removed. The pin was in my nipple, but knowing how hard it is to pull a pin from a nipple, I made sure to leave a little pin hanging out so I could grasp it easily.

come off, your flesh will envelop the needle. Leave enough needle hanging out that you can easily get at it if you have a problem.

*But you still prefer those needles over injection-style hypodermic type needles that seem more popular these days for play piercing?*

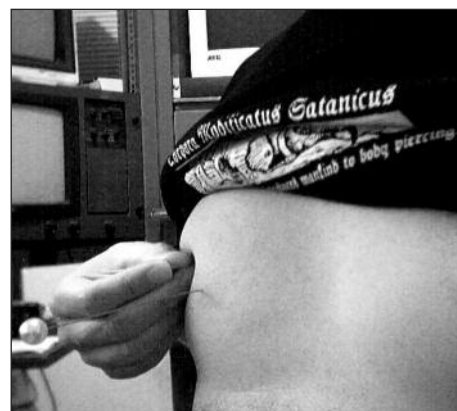
I prefer to use pins over injection needles, because the tip of a pin is perfectly centered, and does not have the cutting edges found on injection needles. That's why injection needles go in so easily compared with pins, but it's why you tend to bleed more with injection needles. I find I have far fewer bleeds with pins, than with injection needles.

The other thing I don't like about injection needles is the fact that they are hollow. This presents three problems. First, the hollow tube can act as a vector for pathogens to be transported right into your body. It's harder for this to happen with pins, though not impossible. Second, the hollow tube can contribute to a frightful bleed out, if you don't pull the needle out of whatever blood vessel the tip has intercepted. Finally, a hollow needle is more prone to bending or possibly even breaking than pins of the same gauge.

*What gauge and size of needles do you use?*

I prefer to use needles of about 20 to 30 gage in size, because they do the least amount of damage to tissues. Acupuncture needles, are fine, if you use lengths under three inches. I have six inch acupuncture needles, but the gage is 28 which is just too flimsy to easily insert the needle all the way through my breasts. For this type of activity, I suggest a bit thicker needle that's not too flimsy, but not so wide that it causes scars. I usually use six inch hat pins for going through my breasts, but never stick these into your rib cage, or insert in any direction that puts internal organs at risk. Just "stick" to surface to surface piercings, or deep piercings that don't put you at risk.

Most acupuncture needles come with a tube. This tube is





not for shipping purposes. It is used to start the insertion of the needle, and aids in easy insertion. You use it by placing the tube firmly against the skin, and then inserting the needle through the tube with a gentle tap. You will find the needle goes in much easier with the tube, because the tube stretches the skin, and keeps the skin from gripping the needle. It also provides rigidity to the needle while inserting. In some cases I've found it easier to shorten the tube by about no more than half an inch for the six inch acupuncture needles. This lets you get the needle in deep enough so that when you take away the tube the needle is less likely to flop around.

The larger the needle diameter (lower gauge), the greater that risk of infection as the hole the larger needle makes will also be larger. There is also greater risk of long term damage to tissues, blood vessels, and nerves.

For deep straight-in piercings, I prefer to straighten out a safety pin, or even make my own needles from 20 to 30 gage wire with a coiled, or bent head that I know won't come off. You can go as deep as you like without worrying about plastic pin heads coming off, and leaving a pin buried in you.

*I saw there were some photos where you were breast pumping... What was your motivation in trying that?*

The breast pumping was originally intended for enlargement purposes, but as I discovered it was not really working, it later just became little more than a kinky toy thing. I have discovered the danger of over pumping when I noticed one of my nipples bleeding. I also got tired of the "ring around the boob" effect of prolonged pumping. These happen when done for more than twenty minutes at a time, and when over pumped. I no longer engage in pumping other than as a funny looking kinky toy for entertainment purposes these days.

*You mentioned you sometimes do genital play piercing as well?*

I generally stay away from the genitalia when it comes to piercings because that's a high bacteria risk area, and especially for a diabetic — this is a no-go zone for me. Even healthy folks need to be especially careful with genital piercing, either play, or permanent [Editor's note: I disagree with this assessment personally, as well as a few of the others]. This is also a high bleed out risk area for anyone. If done carefully, and if one takes the time to study internal anatomy, and learn where arteries, and nerves are, and exercises cleanliness, and sterile protocols, one can have a great experience with genital play, and permanent piercings.

*Since you occasionally cross-dress, do you mind telling me how you'd characterize your sexual orientation?*

I actually consider myself multi-sexual in that I could easily go either way, and even though I have no desire to have a sex change, I also don't have a problem with my large breasts, although I lately find myself gravitating more towards heterosexuality. A close friend dared me to try a bit of cross dressing, although that's not my thing. It was an interesting twist just to see what a fat guy with a mustache would look like in a hot red boob out. It's not the sort of thing I engage in on a regular basis. It was also done because I do have "A-

cup" breasts. It was fun, but it's behind me now, as they say. Who knows, I might try it again some day. I don't mind talking about this to my close friends, or even with you for this, but it's not something I'd rant about at the office.

*I have to ask you about your dress-up and computer gear in this hilarious photo — was that just a joke photo?*

The computer gear is real, and in use, and you're right, it was a hoot!

*Ever think about getting permanent piercings?*

I have considered permanent piercings, but never had it done for financial reasons, and because of horror stories about angry lovers ripping them out on people. I'm also concerned about the long term affects of metal or plastic in one's body, and am looking into any research that may be ongoing in this area. I have heard of some kinds of metal causing permanent tissue damage from metallic poisoning, but it's pretty rare, and usually involves inferior quality jewelry, so I'm still looking into reliable sources for jewelry. I don't think having permanent piercings would defeat the purpose of play piercing, but they might have some impact on how I went about the practice. That's something I may have to explore someday.

*Any advice to people who want to try this sort of thing?*

Make sure you are mentally ready for this activity. You don't want to engage in this activity if you have thoughts of suicide, or of bringing harm to yourself, or others. Never do piercings if you are in a bad mood. And never do it in a thunderstorm when you might jump when a clap of thunder hits. This could be bad.

*Let no one say you don't have a sense of humor about all this.*

Seriously though, learn first aid. It only takes a few minutes to stop bleeding, and save a life. On the other hand, it only takes a few minutes or less to lose a life that could have been saved by applying pressure on a wound while waiting for help to arrive. Learn first aid before getting into piercing.

Also, when you have a needle inserted very deeply into muscles like the in the breasts, avoid raising your arms, or reaching for things.

This can cause the muscle to be torn by the needle. It could also cause the needle to bend, making for a painful removal of the needle — it happened to me.

Once you are armed with the facts, you can have a lot of fun exploring the world of play piercing.



## Udo3: Inspired by O

*Unfortunately my interview with Udo3 was almost impossible due to language barriers, although he continued to be a prolific image and video submitter and supporter of BME. He'd already been piercing himself for almost ten years before I was even born, but through BME I introduced him to headsplitting and genital bisection, which inspired him greatly, and his mods began taking a new path. In addition to body modification, he enjoyed many kinds of creative CBT play, from traditional play piercing to using nettles and stinging insects on his sensitive foreskin, which he later lost to an infection.*

I'm 68 years old now and live in Germany. I began piercing myself in 1964, when I was twenty after seeing labia piercing in "The Story of O" (a French erotic S&M novel first published in 1954). That was the trigger. I just had to do it immediately, so we put six rings in my wife's labia, three on each side, made out of gold, and we started on my testicles. From there began the desire to have a penis that was something different from what other men had. Six piercings in succession, done with a safety razor followed with a thick needles, which I left in so long that the bleeding stopped. I also used a safety pin to stab holes in myself. It wasn't easy because there were no piercing studios and no where to buy supplies, so I went to a goldsmith to have the rings made. The first one went in my frenulum, which I stretched with thicker and thicker rings until it grew out. In the following years I made more piercings with needles that I got from a doctor I befriended, who also gave me xylocaine which made it much easier. I stopped using gold rings when the first piercing shops started opening and stainless steel rings started being sold.

My wife knows about my piercings, and she tolerates it, but she doesn't care for it — but we've been married now for 48 years. In 1994, thirty years after my first piercings, I found BME. Until then I'd pierced my foreskin, scrotum, and had been stretching my Prince Albert, which I first did with a gold locking ball ring I designed and then switched to larger copper rings. These holes are almost all grown out or torn, because I have a big stretching drive. After BME I started piercing my glans with multiple apadravyas and ampallangs. With the support of the community I

stretched them to 6mm, and also started using a wand. Then I go to know Kokomi, and we started a close correspondence because we had the same hobby. He also wanted to fully split his penis, as Henk had. So far he's only done a subincision though, and then later split the head — we've traded movies of our mods with each other.

My urethra was open up to the base of the glans, and I loved pushing thick tubes into the opening and piss out of them. I'd stabbed each half of the head with a 2mm hole, which started with rings and I stretched to 10mm over the next year. I started wearing thick locks and heavy rings in them, repeating this until I tore out the locks in a mad and horny war... so then my already huge urethral opening was even bigger. I used 2mm needles to pierce the head after spraying it with xylocaine, making a pair of apadravyas. I was intoxicated from doing it and added two more, stretching them to 4mm, then to 6mm, stretching it before it even had a chance to heal — which didn't bother me one bit.

I wanted to have a split penis, and over time the apadravyas started to grow out the front and the glans opened in the middle. At first the hole was about 1cm, but inspired by Kokomi's penis, I started splitting my glans using a razor or scalpel. Within six months half the glans was exposed. Kokomi told me that he split his glans further, and I couldn't let that stand. I took a red-hot blade and cut, and now my head was split. I still use Prince's Wands, but now using my ampallang. I think started working on my subincision, when I did the subincision the foreskin became infected and inflamed and I had to go to the doctor here in Tenerife where I live and have it removed. Unfortunately this shortened my penis, but the glans was quite thick. I put a larger barbell into the ampallang, 10mm, and continued cutting, which caused the thickening to continue.





I am a 64 year old college graduate holding a consulting position with a major national software company.

In addition to mods I'm very much interested and participate in electrostim. I've been looking to hook up with like-minded individuals, but unfortunately most people always manage not to go through with the meeting. I think they're afraid to show what they have and do, and there really isn't a reason for it.

### *Tell me about your current genital modifications?*

I have completely bisected genitals — that is, a split penis and scrotum. When I was much younger, even a preteen, I always had a fascination with my genitals and what I could do with them. For the past fifty years or so I've been playing with my body in some way or another. I can remember when I was really young I had this thing about my nipples and how good it felt to play with them. Early on I stimulated myself with electricity from a train transformer. In my teens I continued, and even though I became active with the opposite sex, I masturbated extremely frequently growing up at a time when girls didn't put out like today.

Even when I was in the service I found ways to stimulate myself and also have as much heterosexual sex as I could. I would put anything I could fit down my dick and about twenty-five years ago I did a meatotomy without knowing what that was and whether or not I was the only person stuff like this. Then I did a frenectomy, again not knowing what that was, by cutting away a large amount of the excess skin and that made the underside of my dick even more sensitive.

I then saw an article in Penthouse Magazine about a guy having his penis pierced. This started my curiosity and I did that. I was still playing with electricity all along. About ten years ago I got more curious, after discovering BME and seeing all the different things guys had done, and I started by splitting my scrotum.

Once I got that accomplished, I got more curious and started a subincision and let that heal. I took a long time doing it since I came with almost every progressing cut. It was sensuous as heck. I read more about some of the other guys who had done the complete bisection and decided I wanted this also and I did that over a long period of time. I'm happy with my mods and really would like to share those with others who live close to me. Occasionally I'll play pierce my nuts as well, and I find that having two halves to my penis makes the electrostim even better.

### *How did you do the cutting?*

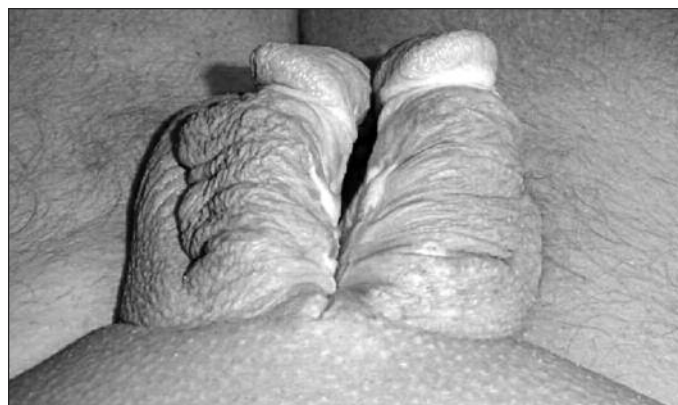
Very simply — my mods were done with fresh, sharp exacto blades and locking forceps to crimp the skin. Even though the crushing is painful it usually makes for less blood, although there were times when there was a lot of bleeding but nothing that could not be controlled... until recently when I tried to extend the subincision part to the back of my scrotum and hit some very spongy tissue that would not stop and I had to go to the ER for the stitch up. ER doctors can't handle this stuff so I met an unquestioning urologist who treats me like any other guy.

### *And the scrotal split?*

I liked playing with inserting things under the skin of my penis and scrotum. I used a knitting needle skewer and started from just behind the glans and inserted it all the way down through the middle of the scrotum. It was rather long so I got it to go all the way back to my anus. Once I realized I could do that I started at the base of my penis and created a tunnel down the middle of my scrotum. Once the tunnel was created I took a pair of sharp scissors and cut the top layer of skin all the way back. After that, I started using an Xacto blade to begin splitting further and further down until I had a split that I wanted. I did this over a long period of time letting it heal before the next cut — perhaps a year in all. It really came out nice with patience and there was very little bleeding involved, but this is not a procedure for the weak.

### *What do you think inspired your interests?*

Curiosity and pleasure at first, but access to the internet really got me going. When I realized there were lots of other guys out there I started doing more and more. It started out small, as I already said, and then just grew to where it is now. I'm still working on some glans mods but this is mostly to



accommodate electrostim electrodes that I made myself.

*That sounds interesting — like a permanent electrical port.*

It will be copper wire custom fitted in the groove with a small connector at the end, virtually hidden under the glans in the groove. I have been working with copper all along and it seems to be the best from a standpoint of connectivity and results, and since copper is bacteria free it should prevent any problems. I haven't worn anything permanent up to this point but I want to since it will enable me to save set-up time.

*What do you like about your bisection?*

I like everything about it. What I dislike is not being able to share it enough — and some doctors reaction to the splitting. My philosophy is that as long as I'm not trying to kill myself than I should be able to modify them however I want to.

*Are your activities mostly solo?*

Unfortunately I'm playing with myself. I think if I had a regular play partner I would probably get into more and hopefully that will change. I do participate at Body Modifications Galore [editor: a social network that briefly sprung up after BME changed ownership in 2008] and I've found some guys to hook up with if we can ever be free to meet. Virtually all of my play activity revolves around electrostim and working slowly on my glans.

Other than people on the Internet, the only people who know about it is a few guys in the US and one of my fellow mods in the UK. Even though I'm married my wife does not inquire, nor is she interested in sex. She became concerned after my visit to the ER and wanted me to speak with someone. I didn't and that topic has gone by the wayside.

*That's unfortunate that you don't share a sex life...*

We have been together so long and she really has had no interest in sex — passed down from her mother's side of the family — but she really doesn't care what I do with my genitals as long as I'm not cheating on her. Because I travel for work a lot she has this vivid imagination that I've got women stashed somewhere. Quite honestly I'm too busy with work — and too interested in my mods!

*So are the mods actually stopping you from having affairs?*

No, I don't think so. Quite honestly if I could find a playmate that was interested in

mods and electrostim I would be all over her or him. While I consider myself straight — extremely so — I always like to try something once.

*You mentioned doctors reactions?*

The only misadventure I've had is winding up in the ER after trying to cut the sub further back through the spongy area of the penis and scrotum causing a gush of unstoppable bleeding leading to an ER doctor who was jerk — but like I said it led to finding a really good and understanding urologist. I don't have a regular family DR and so far my visits to the local one have been confined to the upper body. I'm waiting to see what will happen if I need to see him for the lower body. Some years back I had some surgery that required an overnight stay and the surgeon was really cool about my bisection.

*The hospital overtly mistreated you before you found the understanding doctor?*

When I went to the ER I checked in and they really didn't believe I was hemorrhaging so they took their time getting a doctor to me. When he came in, he numbed the area, took one look, and said he couldn't handle it. I was then taken to the main hospital where the urologist I use today put me out and sewed it up. Unfortunately I didn't get the opportunity to ask him to extend the sub where I wanted it and sew the sides apart. I haven't extended further since then but I might ask him if he would do it for me since he is pretty cool about the whole thing.





## Duncan: Meth Penectomy

*I first met Duncan when he sent me pictures of what appeared to be a glans removal with a strange sort of superincision on the top half, a wide and oddly scarred enigmatic penis that was difficult to get a read on. We made plans to do an interview, but as with many, we agreed to do it, but never got beyond exchanging pleasantries and an initial question list. After my divorce — which as a fellow “target for guilt trips and other shit and abuse” he could relate to — we finally got around to it. The explanation I got for the mods was the last thing I’d expected when I first saw them roughly five years earlier. We finished this interview slowly, because Duncan found it very difficult to talk about.*

This is a surprise to hear from you, Shannon. Much has changed in my life since we were last in touch. That period in my life was dark, and chronic meth use opened up an obsession with cutting myself. I eventually cut the last half off. This was done because I was moving away from that lifestyle and felt the need to complete it while I still had an excuse for my actions. I’ve been clean for four years now and am happily married to a great woman who accepts me as I am. I’m still happy with the results — it has a certain appeal to me that I can’t quite pinpoint.

I have often considered marketing the video of the procedure. It’s about twenty minutes of very slow cutting, but unfortunately the quality is low. I have no clue how to do this but the money would help a lot. I am in contact with an institute in the states that is working on growing the tissue needed to create a proper penis. It is likely years from happening. But when it is possible I’d be contacted for clinical trials, the travel expenses and time away from work would be the biggest hurdle without some kinda cash stash.

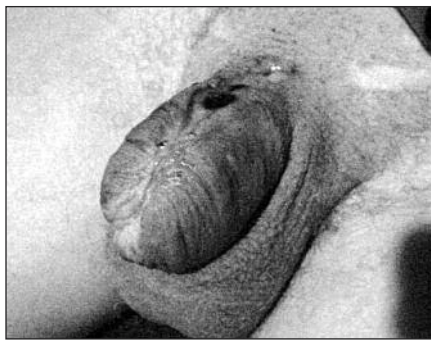
I have no clue what I should talk about — it was a very complicated and emotional period for me.

*I asked Duncan questions a few times, but four years would pass before he even really introduced himself to me.*

I’m a 36 year old heterosexual male who has led a rather colorful life, but for the most part kept eyes-forward and never lost focus on what’s important — hence the reason I’m still alive and not typing this from the confines of a psychiatric facility. Currently, by most standards, I have no penis. Erect I have maybe an inch and a half to use and have had my left testicle and related scrotum removed.

*How did this happen?*

I started by bisecting the glans, and then one day when I was bored and somewhat tweaking I wrapped a small elastic around the left half very tightly. I went to the bar and had a couple beers, and when I got home I checked on how much sensation was left only to find no feeling at all. Then I



Duncan when I first met him, with a glansectomy and scarring from a failed bisection/superincision attempt.

basically cooked that side carefully with my lighter. That was exciting — why, I don’t know. I took a razor and slowly started cutting just above the elastic. There was no bleeding, so I continued until it was off. I always wanted to try human flesh so I swallowed it — I was too chicken to chew unfortunately, or maybe too embarrassed. To be sure I wouldn’t bleed I cauterized the wound thoroughly, and then took off the elastic and all was good. One useful thing about speed is that it reduces blood flow to that area quite well. When I came down enough to maintain a hard on I masturbated and was relieved that I could reach ejaculation with only a tiny — and I mean tiny — amount of blood. This is the false sense of security that led to much more extreme cutting...

Sorry Shannon, but I’m starting to shake and get short of breath reliving this... Kinda feels exactly like being high again and doing it all over, i need to take a break and spend time with the wife.

*I wasn’t sure if that was going to be the end of our interview but a few days later Duncan continued his story.*

From here on my memory is a bit fuzzy but I do believe I ventured out of the house to get more speed — god forbid I ran out and got some sleep! When I got back and was plenty high I wrapped another elastic around the remaining half of my glans.

In a moment of inspiration I thought up another way of removing parts of me — battery acid from from a spare car



Duncan performing his final penectomy procedure.

battery I had in the garage. I managed to carefully pour out a pint of it into a plastic container. When I went inside I tried to submerge the glans in it to see what would happen, but unfortunately it was slow to show result so I abandoned that idea (for now). This time I just went ahead and cut it off and cauterized it straight away. I wasn't circumcised so the bit of swelling in my foreskin made it almost appear like I hadn't cut anything off. This didn't satisfy me. The goal was to be noticable.

Sleep finally tried to take over, but I had stuff to do so I used more meth than usual to fix that. Now I was jittery and irrational, to the point where I felt outside myself and lost in my torrent of mad ideas. I decided to tie off my penis at the base using a strip of gauze. Using a fresh razor, I laid out my penis, pressing it flat. Starting from a third of the way up the shaft I forced the razor through the flesh, cutting down to the urethra and up to where my glans was. The sinew is surprisingly resilient to cutting! As I recall I bled, so I tightened up the tie-off and added one a ways up the bisection attempt. In the back of my mind I knew I fucked up by not separating the two sides by carefully cutting the dividing tissue and was likely going to bleed a lot.

Things get real fuzzy now. At this point I go get a pair of tin snips from the garage and went back into my room. After "some" thought I decided how much I would cut off, and holy crap do tin snips work well! It was over and done in two seconds. Naturally I cauterized it. In total I cut off about half, and then I sat in bed and played my PS3.

*Almost two months would pass before I got another response from my emails asking Duncan if he was interested in sharing the rest of the story.*

I'm still interested. I just have some difficulty due to the meth history being something I'd like to forget.

After a while I had to pee so I went into the bathroom and sat on the can and tried to loosen the tie off I was using to stop bleeding, thinking the cauterizing would be enough. The dried blood in the gauze I used as a tie-off had pretty much glued the knot so I cut it with scissors... ahh, to finally pee! As we all know, a pee is followed by a clenching at the end, and this raised the blood pressure behind the cauterizing and the blood started to pour. I started to panic, which raised my overall blood pressure even more. I called out to my roommate

to call 911.

When they arrived I met the EMTs at the door with a towel bunched up on the wound, and away I went to the hospital, answering the most embarrassing questions of my life. Long story short, I had two doctors interview me and they signed off on papers to commit me to a psych ward. Lucky for me it was a hospital known to be one

of the top in the country and the surgeons did a great job stitching me back up.

They could have held me for thirty days but after a week and a half I'd convinced them the amputation was a lifestyle choice, not a suicide attempt or other psychosis, and that I was eager to get back home to feed my beautiful collection of fish before they died. Additionally, I had a career to hold on to, which is definitely not something a person with a deathwish or self hatred would worry about. My employer was OK with giving me the 30 days off for "medical" reasons, and I went on to live contently with my new penis and my old job.

Over the next year and a half I continued to play with the idea of cutting my penis off entirely but was a lot more careful when play cutting. I had to create an elaborate lie to cover what had happened for my roommates and didn't want to have another incident. I continued to hide in my room doing meth, cutting with the aid of sulfuric acid to control bleeding, which worked very well. My ex, who was still my roommate, was starting to get really creeped out by what I may have been doing behind closed doors and asked me to leave when I could. Seeing as the city I was in was going through a job shortage and I'd been laid off I decided to go back to my hometown. I went on one last binge and decided to finish the job before I left so I could be done with it and start a new life back home with no-one the wiser.

This time I was ready with the experience I'd gained. I used a small elastic around the base of my penis as far as I could and waited to go numb. As I cut a little at a time I'd use a syringe to drip a little acid in the wound to cauterize it. This process took about twenty minutes to get two thirds of the way through. I had



Healing from the penectomy.



a close call with the ex — I heard her come downstairs so I jumped in bed and pretended to be napping. She left and after that I realized I had to get it over with quick. I found my surgical scissors and went to town and lopped it off. This time I had thought to film it, as well as take some still shots. With all the cold draft, things decided to shrink back and the elastic rolled off.

“Oh no... here we go again!”

I didn't even want to look. I just grabbed a towel and stuffed it in my pants, and snuck out to my truck. I drove two blocks to the local ambulance station and asked them to take me to a hospital. Before they would they asked to see what they were dealing with. I was apprehensive to do so, but was surprised to see I had bled very little.

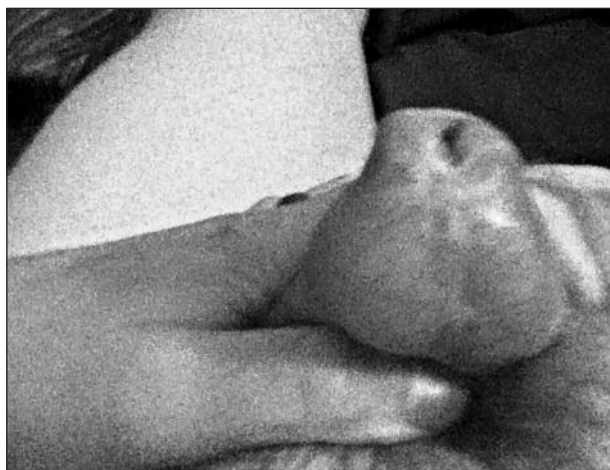
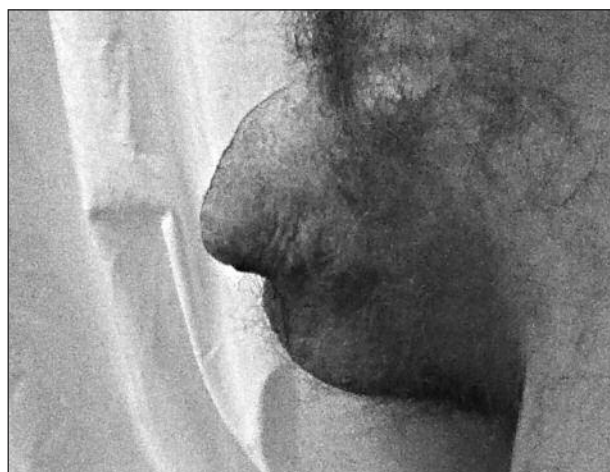
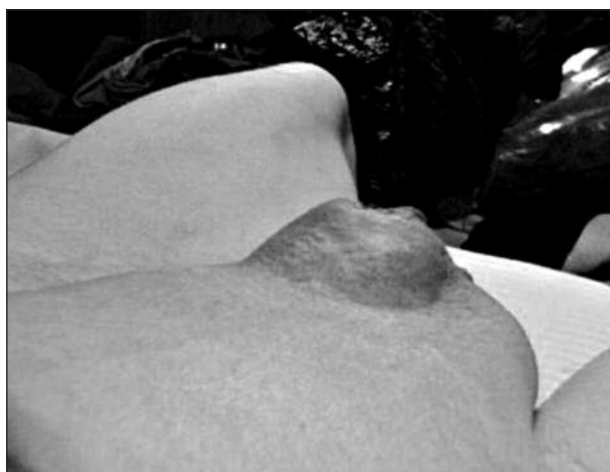
The hospital I went to was the same one and they knew my story already. This time it was just a few questions from the psychologist that handled my file and she accepted that it was what I had wanted, and that I needed to finish it before I went home. The urologist on duty asked me how I wanted to be stitched up and I stated that I didn't want the urination to be rerouted to an opening near my anus the way they usually do in these cases. They were understanding that I worked in situations where I'd need to stand to pee to avoid suspicion from co-workers. In the end they decided to cut the suspensory ligament — a penis lengthening procedure which

would also allow the stump to hang more horizontal so I wouldn't pee in my face. They also stitched closed the area where my penis used to come out and cut into my scrotum to stitch it into a lower position, which also ensured the ligament wouldn't heal back in place.

This time I was out in a day and a half, and after a week I had the catheter out. I returned to my hometown where I cleaned up and stopped my meth habit, as well as the cutting, and never looked back. I was even lucky enough to meet an amazing woman who I married. Turns out it's true that there are women out there that aren't penis snobs obsessed with size. I went from almost nine inches and a string of failed relationships — due to following it in the wrong directions all the time — to a liberating inch and a half. My whole mindset changed about relationships and the way I looked at women.

I'm finally happy!

“There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.”  
— Maya Angelou



Duncan as he is now, 1.5", down from 9". Above: flaccid, below: erect.

## Willy C: Color Saline

*While Willy and I were chatting about his activities he was squeezing it in between long twelve hour shifts in the auto industry, and as a result our conversation was much shorter than I'd hoped. As a self described "computer illiterate two-finger typer", even this interview was time-consuming for him, and I think he spent as much time answering my questions as he did peppering me with many questions of his own, most of them about how to achieve a wide range of genital procedures, so I have no doubt that since I last talked to him many changes have happened, but unfortunately we lost touch.*

I am presently 53 and was born and raised in London, Ontario, by my mother and grandparents since my parents divorced when I was eight. I got as far as my second year of art collect but then dropped when when I ran out of money — there were no grants back then! I joined the Canadian Navy and served for two years until I was released for medical reasons. I moved to Windsor, got a job in the Big Three and have been there ever since, for over thirty years.

I started getting into body mods when I was fourteen years old and started getting tattoos and had my ear pierced — I was riding motorcycles and liked the style and the look of both. My peers all had tattoos, but the pierced ears, I saw that in the USA with the California Hell's Angels. Those were the first pierced ears on men I ever saw and I thought that was pretty cool. Next I started sounding at about age thirty... I was just curious as to what it would feel like. My curiosity started with a hospital stay when I had to be catheterized. It felt very different when it entered the bladder so I figured that I could do something similar with other things myself — aquarius tubing, pencils, lengths of solder doubled back so it wouldn't be sharp, and so on. It felt good. I got bored with that after too many bladder infections, and now do saline infusion, which I discovered on BME. I've been doing that going on around three years now.

*So it was the sounding that really got it started?*

I'm curious and a little eccentric. It's allowed and expected with artists — you know that, being one.

And yes, I would say initially it was the catheterization that started it all. Before that I didn't even think about anything like that being possible. The most Saline that I have infused in the scrotum is around 3000cc, but I found that the hole sometimes doesn't want to close up and will slowly leak out over the next day making it very uncomfortable and embarrassing — with wet pants and all! So now I stay with 1000cc or less but never less than 250cc.

*Tell me about the coloured injections you do.*

I have now started experimenting with different colours of food dye added to the saline bags to see if it would produce any different results. I discovered that a few things happen: 1. you get coloured pee for a few hours, 2. your balls stain from the inside to the colour used, and 3. you get coloured poop for about a week. It's like eating too many pickled beets or too much cotton candy.

*You've done some piercings as well?*

I did a 1 gauge PA done using a dermal punch. Unfortunately I cut through a vein and could not stop the bleeding, so after filling half of a 4 litre milk jug with blood, I removed the PA and bandaged it. Everything's OK now. I will do this again but will start with a smaller diameter ring and use a needle not a punch. Learn by experience I guess. Since then I've achieved a 00 gauge PA using a 2" long curved bar with 3/4" balls.





## Alex: Glans Tattooing

*When I approached Alex to talk about the tattooing he'd done on his glans, while he found the idea of a book covering the subject very exciting, he felt he wasn't worthy to participate in it, explaining, "after all, what I did was just a desperate attempt at a DIY 'tattoo', injecting colour under the skin of the glans with a syringe proved to be the wrong method resulting in grossly raised spots because the colour remained at the injection site, so I did not continue my colouring project." However, as people are starting to experiment with new methods of placing ink under the skin, even failed attempts like this can be quite illuminating in my opinion.*

I always fantasised a lot about having the glans of my penis colored in a very distinctive way. Even if I was firmly determined to have it done, I would never have dared to actually go to a shop to have it tattooed, so I tried other possibilities. The first thing I started to experiment with were silver salts as I had read about argyrosis, a dark metallic shine of the skin imparted by the use of silver containing creams. This was a popular in medicine many decades ago. I began by trying a diluted solution of silver nitrate and found that irradiating my penis under a UV lamp after applying the silver nitrate solution resulted in a shiny black color of the skin. However, after just two to three days, the skin always peeled off, leaving a painful superficial wound. Injecting small amounts of dilute silver nitrate under the skin of the glans



Alex's initial glans tattooing experiment

was also painful and led to ulceration and left visible scars but no trace of color.

After that I tried a very fine suspension of charcoal in saline, since I was often injecting large amounts of saline into my foreskin. I also managed to inject several milliliters under the skin of my glans, although this was a quite forceful procedure due to the tightness of the tissue. Naively I thought that I could color my glans by injecting the charcoal suspension, but the charcoal clogged the injecting site and I was able to actually inject only minute quantities, resulting in nothing more than a tiny spot of color under the skin. I realized that

it was hopeless to proceed any further.

I spent some time thinking about what color glans I wanted — imagining my glans in any of the colors of the rainbow, shiny and unique, indelibly marked, was an essential part of the experiment and the pleasure! I finally went for a glaring green and injected something like 0.1 millilitre of a commercially available green drawing ink. The product contained phenol, which began as a dull pain at the injection site and then a generalized numbness that was quite pleasant but not recommended as phenol is quite toxic. The pigment was quite soluble and I discovered that it spread further than I'd hoped, giving my entire glans a slight greenish hue, with part of the pigment even going on to tint part of my foreskin. A concentration of ink also remained at the injection site, which created a dark green spot which ulcerated and scarred after a while, probably due to some toxic component of the ink. However, I was not unhappy with the results. I had the only greenish glans in the world.

However, after a while, I wanted something more conspicuous, so I decided to do it again with a black India ink, also containing phenol. This time I was careful to tie off the glans with a tight rubber band to stop the ink from spreading beyond into my foreskin. After ligating, I squeezed all the blood out of the tissue in order to create a void for the largest possible volume of injection. The phenol completely numbed my glans and I injected half a millimetre in the top left part of the skin, which largely remained around the injection site, creating an impressive bump, while the rest of the glans got just slightly darker. I was totally frustrated. I injected six more sites, and the same thing happened every time, and each time the glans as a whole got darker.

I thought I had finally succeeded, but in the days and weeks following the experiment, the pigment faded, except for the bumps around the injection sites. The larger ones of these ulcerated, with slow healing and scarring. The glans stayed pigmented, but not as much as I'd wanted — it's only a slight greenish-black hue with three very conspicuous black and scarred spots, with some smaller spots as well. There was no functional impairment, but the look is somewhat shocking.

*After your tattooing experiments you followed up with a meatotomy and some cutting?*

I usually didn't wear jewelry in my PA, and peeing was really annoying since the urine stream invariably also dripped out of the PA hole. I'd hoped that the PA hole might close without jewelry in place, but it never did. I usually tried to block urine flow from the PA hole with my index finger, but there was frequently a mess — squeezing too much led to a poor urine jet and dripping, and failing to close the hole completely meant I had urine all over my fingers. I thought of ways to get back normal urine flow — all of this happened way before Internet even existed so I was on my own. I figured that splitting the urethra open — a meatotomy — would restore normal urine flow. I spent a long time just thinking about it both because I had doubts it

would work, and because I was concerned about bleeding. But I was very curious and wanted to know how my glans would look when opened — it became more and more irresistible.

I had two weeks of military duty in the Swiss Army, and I thought this was ideal time to do it because I could do the



Ulceration and healing from the second glans tattoo experiment

surgery and heal it before returning back to my wife and having sex with her. I pulled a loop of strong fishing line through the PA hole and tied it as strongly as I could. It hurt for a while, but the pain was not unbearable, and it subsided after a while. The next day the tip of my penis hurt a bit, but not too bad. I wondered for how long I had to keep the ties before I could cut the tissue without bleeding. After two days I sat down on the toilet seat, took a pair of scissors and pushed one blade in through the PA hole. I started to pinch the tissue. There was no pain, in fact I felt nothing, so in one courageous movement I cut my glans open. No pain, no blood. Nevertheless, I was shaking! The first thing I did was to pop open my glans — a great moment — and I liked the shiny look of the inside. I touched the sensitive urethra and enjoyed the feel. I was fascinated to see that the colour which I had injected into my glans had also reached the urethra! I wrapped the penis head with some toilet paper and zipped my trousers close. The healing was uneventful and complete by the time I went home.

It didn't really correct the urine flow. Apparently the normal meatus is a real piece of high tech — no matter how slow or fast the urine flows, it will always be directed and precise. Ejaculate and it's thrust forward in a directed manner. All of this is lost after a meatotomy. Although strong urine flow is usually relatively stable and straight, some sputtering or splashing is never excluded. And with a more modest urine stream, sitting down for peeing is strongly recommended. But there was one main advantage of the meatotomy: the urethral opening got much bigger. The normal urethral opening is very narrow, but right behind it the urethra gets much wider. It was a real pleasure to introduce objects into my urethra, but I had to be careful since the urethral mucosa easily bleeds after rough play!

Later on I tried to proceed to a full head split. I thought it would be an interesting addition, an unusual look, and fun to be able to pop the glans of my penis fully open. In our bacteriology lab we use a Bunsen Burner to sterilize platinum wire. It is heated until red hot. I used this red hot wire to cauterize and slit open the upper side of my glans. This might sound painful, but there is an easy trick: if the penis is erect, the pain leads to further excitement and is not perceived as "pain". I was very fortunate to use this technique since it led me to the discovery, that the "corpora cavernosa", the swelling tissues making the penis hard, extend some way into the glans on its upper side. I was very much concerned that damaging them might lead to loss of erection, so I stopped splitting after about a quarter inch.

*You'd mentioned a DIY PA before this?*

Yes, over twenty years ago, when I didn't keep a diary, although I did take some pictures. The piercing actually came about by accident, starting with the injection of an oily solution of nandrolone (for "virilization and increased sex drive") in the skin on the underside of my glans. The injection was painless, but to my surprise after a few days the skin broke, and a small ulcer formed at the injection site, which I should have expected because the drug is dissolved in oil. The ulcer grew bigger over the next days and did not



start to heal. I poked at the ulcer with a toothpick, and to my huge surprise the toothpick painlessly went right through into my urethra, without any blood. The ulcer on the injection site healed over the next three weeks, but a small passage to the urethra remained open even after complete healing, big enough to pass a 22ga wire through.

It made me start to think about a bigger hole in my urethra, although I had never heard of a PA at that time. It actually wasn't until twenty years later on BME when I saw my first PA. I did not know or think about jewelry to start with. I just wanted the hole in the urethra. Stretching the pinpoint hole I already had from the experience above proved impractical, so I thought of another solution. The hole had to be big enough and I needed a bloodless method to obtain it. I finally decided to ligate a bit of the glans tissue overlying the urethra, since I had realized that it was relatively thin at this spot. I managed to draw four bits of sturdy thread around a piece of urethra and overlying skin approximately a fifth of an inch across, and then tied them off tightly. I did not wait for the skin to fall off or the threads to work their way through, but started to play with the "piercing" after two days. There was no pain, since the tissue was already dead and there was no blood either. After taking out the threads, I was able to put small objects into the hole, although I never had permanent jewelry in my "PA" since the hole remained open with no tendency to close. If I put in objects, it was for stimulation and pleasure, not as jewelry. The movement of objects and the contact with the urethra gave pleasant feelings. I remember putting a twig I found in the forest through the hole for a 10 mile hike. A 3mm bolt fit easily through the hole and could be fixed in place with a nut.

"Every man and woman is born into the world to do something unique and something distinctive and if he or she does not do it, it will never be done."

— Benjamin E. Mays



Alex's meatotomy and partial headsplit

## Jerry: Subincision Catalyst

*What can I say about my friend Jerry, whose cock launched ten thousand subincisions? After first getting to know him when his subincision pictures were some of the inaugural images of BME's subincision galleries, Jerry was the first guy I met in person with a subincision when he came to Toronto to get pierced at Stainless Studios where I was also working at the time. Perhaps more importantly, Jerry was one of the first people to speak publicly about his subincision, and in great detail about the simple procedure he used, giving a step-by-step virtual "how to" for the many men who were inspired by him. He was the perfect guy to publicly mainstream what had until then been a private fringe fetish in the West, because he was the farthest thing from a deviant. Jerry was an easy to relate to heterosexual man, sex-positive without being overtly kinky, a sailor and adventurer with a life that the average person could imagine themselves enjoying without fearing it. As I wrote in the ModCon book where these interviews appeared after first published in the late nineties on BME, his lucid endorsement of subincision was the catalyst for many men following his lead and taking the plug as well. In many ways I think that Jerry's healthy "fun and function" attitude about modifications makes this the most important, and most rational, interview I've ever done.*

I'm a lifelong romantic, a dreamer who wants to do and see. I'm 60 and I still want more out of life, but I'm not complaining: Life is wonderful. We human beings can be so beautiful it's heartbreaking. I'm heterosexual, so to me the female body is awesome, but I appreciate the beauty of the male form too, and I like the idea of modifying it or decorating it. I've been married twice, and have three sons. I have some scientific and military experience, and now I work part time on jobs that appeal to my sense of adventure. I'm getting ready to literally sail the high seas as we speak.

*How did you first become interested in subincision?*

As a little kid I discovered that the penis had nerves inside the urethra that gave some nice feelings, and I used to slide things up the hole just to feel what it was like. A smooth glass rod from a chemistry set, for example. About twenty years ago I figured out how to open the hole wider, so my girl friend could put her little finger inside. It turned us both on, and I was hooked on getting more stimulation from those off-beat nerves that were hiding up inside the head of my cock. I opened the head from the hole down to where skin began. About ten years ago I wondered what it would be like to open the skin part of the shaft, and I learned the hard way what works and what doesn't.

*Did hermaphroditic analogies play a role as well?*

Exactly! Read Joseph Campbell's "Primitive Mythology" in his series The Masks of God:

*"The sexual aspect of the symbolism of this fantastic rite is almost too obvious to require comment. The subincision wound is frequently referred to as a 'penis womb or vagina,' so that the male has been intentionally converted by the operation into a male-female."*

I must add that the conversion obviously doesn't change hormones and leaves male sexual function intact. If anything, it adds to it: there is a wider shaft, more sensitive surface is exposed, and the part of the penis beyond the subincision now has only one function: giving and receiving sexual pleasure. It is no longer tied to the function of urination. It's purely a love organ. I think guys who are into nullification, shortening or removing the penis and castration, are on another trip altogether. The same with guys who encrust the penis with so much metal that it's literally cased in steel. That's a completely different game. I respect my body and enjoy sex too much for any of those courses of action.

*How did you do your subincision?*

As a reference, mark the points of a clock around the urethral opening when viewed from tip to base. Opening the head in the six o'clock position from the hole to the skin of the shaft is called a meatotomy; that's "mee ah TOT ah mee", not "meat" like salami-otomy. Some guys like to split the hole upward towards twelve o'clock, but I like the natural shape of the head. I just had it pierced, but that's another story.

Anybody with patience and determination can do a meatotomy. You get a clamp from Radio Shack that looks like a pair of scissors but clicks shut when you squeeze the handles together, and instead of blades there are two long, flat, finger-like pieces with ridges that are used to grab small parts and hold them or as a heat sink for soldering. Medical

people call it a hemostat, and sometimes a nurse can get you one to use. If you put one side of the clamp in the hole and the other on the head in the six o'clock position and squeeze gently, over a considerable period of time the handles will click together and the tissue will be squeezed flat as a piece of paper. Watching something that interests you on TV for an hour or so while this is happening is a good way to go.

Leave the clamp clicked for a

while; by this time you will not be feeling much main. In fact, if you are slow about it you never will be uncomfortable enough to complain about it.

*How long is "for a while"?*

Whatever time it takes. The idea of doing a neat and relatively painless meatotomy is to put the clamp on with one jaw inside the head and apply some pressure. You will realize right away that if you press hard it hurts a lot, but there is a zone of pain you are willing to tolerate. Just keep the pressure at that level and pay attention to something else, like a video you find interesting but not arousing. After a while you look and discover the ring handles of the clamp are much closer together than when you started: you are successfully squeezing the blood out of this spongy tissue. It may take 30 or 45 minutes to get the clamp to the first click, depending on your level of tolerance for discomfort. Leave it another five minutes or so and see if you can click again. Once the





clamp has been clicked once or twice everything in the jaws of the clamp is paper thin. It won't bleed if you have clamped until the tissue's paper-thin and you're not cutting the skin of the shaft, just the head. Now the trick is to keep what you've gained.

Anyway, leave it on for a while and then remove the clamp. If you chicken out at this point, it will eventually come back to normal. If you want to go ahead, take clean or preferably sterile scissors and cut the crushed part. It won't bleed because all the blood vessels are shut, and you won't feel the cut maybe because the nerves are crushed at that spot. If you don't keep the sides spread, it will tend to heal back together. I recommend getting some Neosporin or other antibiotic ointment and smearing it on little quarter inch strips cut off a no-stick dressing (such as Telfa, carried at most drugstores) and then line the cut edges. Change the dressing every time you pee. Telfa won't stick to healing wounds. Over a few weeks, a thin layer of new skin will grow over the raw edges and you'll have a bigger hole to make internal explorations easier. Until it heals, though, you have to avoid contact with saliva and other body fluids. If it gets infected, the delicate spongy stuff that the head is made of can shrink and leave an ugly looking head that is caved in on one side. You can do this in stages, if you want, and it might be safer that way. It should not affect your urine stream. Subincision, cutting along the skin of the bottom part of the shaft of the penis, opens up the pee tube (urethra) to direct stimulation. I tried using the technique I just described, but it always healed back almost the way it started.

I read that some tribes of Aborigines in the Australian Outback did subincisions to their young men when they came of age. I got fascinated and read more. Sometimes middle-aged men would get excited by the rituals and would demand to be cut again, further back. I figured if it was so horrible or so mutilating, nobody would go back for more. There had to be an appeal, and my hunch was that the females of the tribe must have found pleasure in it, since if the women disapproved it would have died out as a tribal ritual a long time ago! From the Aborigines I learned the secret: They made a sharp cut (using broken volcanic glass knives) and kept it from healing shut by using thorns to "suture" the cut edge of skin to the adjacent cut edge of the urethra on one side, and then did the same on the other side. A cut edge wants to heal to another cut edge, to seal off the exposed deeper stuff and prevent infection, so they tricked the body into healing with the urethra sliced open like a fish fillet! I had sewn up a few GIs years ago, so I got hold of some local anaesthesia and suture material and a nurse's pair of bandage scissors. Bandage scissors have one blade that is longer than the other, and they have a protective blob of smooth metal on the end. Putting that longer blade inside the hole and the shorter blade at the 6 o'clock position sets you up for a subincision. I have done it without anaesthesia, and it's something you'll never forget, but I had to use it to sew up

the edges so take my advice and don't even try it without. Also, it's a bloody mess compared to cutting the head of the penis. I wrapped some ribbon around my cock, starting at the head and working toward myself to squeeze out all the blood. I put a hose clamp over the ribbon and tightened the clamp, then unwound the ribbon starting at the head, until I got to the hose clamp: That way, all the blood was wrung out of it. I made the cut, and released the clamp. It bled something wicked, and made such a mess I had to wait a few days before I could put in the stitches, and one time I put them in wrong (because of all the swelling and clots) and had to do it over again. Maybe the best way would be to put in the stitches and then release the hose clamp, but you would have to be ready to wrap it in gauze or a very clean washcloth and



Plaster casts Jerry made of his subincision progress over time.

apply some pressure, or else the broken blood vessels could pump a lot of blood into the soft substances of the penis and make some huge clots that would take a long time to go away and might get infected.

This is not for the faint-hearted. You really have to want it. You might consider doing your own meatotomy, but if you want a subincision get in touch with a urologist to see if he is sympathetic to your desire. The only trouble with that is most urologists think that anyone who wants their penis "mutilated" is crazy. After all, you aren't an Australian aborigine, are you? It doesn't matter that my girl friend, who is obviously very supportive, told me recently that if I could go back to "the way you were before," she would not want me to.

*Have you had this kind of contact with doctors yourself?*

Once. I had done a partial meatotomy, got an infection later on, and the attending doctor shot me a funny glance when he noticed the opening. I told him that when I was circumcised as a kid the doctor thought the hole was too small so he opened it. "Doesn't bother me," I said calmly, so he accepted it the way it was. I couldn't get away with that any more!

Now I'd just try to project a calm rational image, a man in control of himself, try not to let him make a big deal of it and hope he would back down.

Anyway, I cut about three quarters of an inch the first successful time, and my women were fascinated. Sex was more fun for me, because I could feel from both inside and outside. I could still pee normally, but after a year I got greedy and doubled the size of the cut, after which urine hit the inside of the head and sprayed everywhere! Every time I went to pee standing up I sprayed all over myself.

I ended up sitting to urinate for about three years before I got the courage to double the cut again, giving me a three and a half inch subincision. It's exactly half the length of my hard-on. Now I again pee standing up. My girlfriend loves exploring the urethra with her tongue. I can straddle her clit with the split head of my cock and rub up and down, and she comes inside of me for a change! Anyone who likes giving oral sex but doesn't want a mouth full of cum would love a partner with a subincision, because it just dribbles off their chin or down on their chest. At the time of orgasm, the semen comes out near the end of the subincision, and usually ends up outside the other person's body. If this ever got popular, it might help cut down the spread of AIDS.

*How did girlfriends with more "normal" tastes typically react to you when they discovered the subincision?*

A meatotomy is always accepted, in my experience. It isn't

necessary to advise in advance. The result looks natural, there is no scarring, and once they see how good it feels to have the clit slid up and down inside the cleft of your groove, they think it's just fine. Occasionally a woman will balk at putting her finger up inside, but on the other hand one almost had an orgasm as she did so.

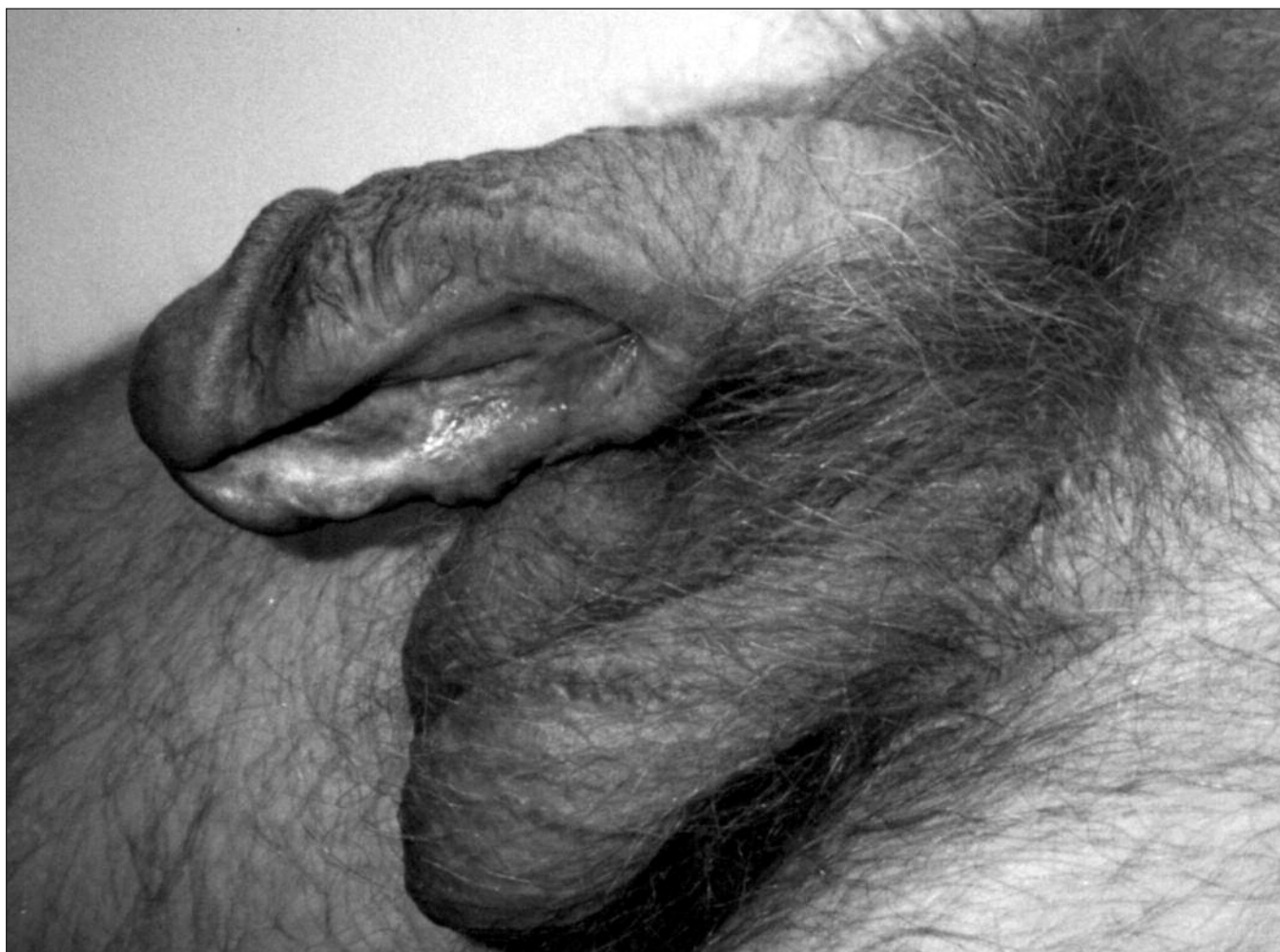
*I guess with what you have you have to tell them before they see it.*

I have a half-shaft subincision and five piercings and nobody is going to think that's some kind of variation of normal, so I tell them ahead that they're about to see something unlike anything they have ever seen before. Usually I've managed to get the conversation onto the subject of piercing beforehand, and if the response is highly negative I know better than to try to get to the bedroom stage.

*How do men's reactions differ?*

Most of my male friends express horror and disgust at the thought of body modification, and though they are less negative about piercing most are still negative. Maybe it's just the crowd I travel with; they're guys over fifty in a semi-rural environment. Result is that I've told some of them I have a genital piercing and let it go at that. They accept that and we let the subject drop. None of them expressed any curiosity or wanted to see it.

*Do people notice in the restroom, or are you discrete about it?*





I tend to business and don't make it easy for anyone to peek. Never had a problem. A restroom is not the place to show off. I've gone to beaches wearing a very thin undersized pair of nylon underwear pants though, and some people didn't notice and the ones that did hadn't commented. No doubt someday somebody will. I checked into the possibility of going to a nudist camp, and I think exhibitionism in that setting is perfectly OK and in fact it's expected. However, camps vary: Some will accept genital jewelry and some won't, so check before going.

*You're one of the only men I know that documented the subincision progress by making castings – what gave you the idea?*

I used to cast toy soldiers when I was a kid and the idea clicked: What part of the male anatomy could be easier to make a casting of? I saw an ad for a casting wax that melted just above body temperature. It goes in big, the wax sets, you let it go down and it comes out of the wax. Pour in the plaster and you've made your prick immortal! I laughed a lot.... There are some tricks to it, but nothing you can't figure out experimenting on your own. I did a cast of a lady friend once, and it came out just fine, but of course the techniques have to be adapted to the anatomy....

*Todd Bertrang recounts being involuntarily committed because of his subincision... You've never had such difficulties?*

In 1987, the Journal of the American Medical Association ran an article on do-it-yourself surgery. In it they refer to a guy who did a subincision on himself in seventeen operations using sharp scissors. They refer to the article which had appeared in 1985 in the journal Urology. The title of that article tells the story: "Non-psychotic genital self-mutilation." There is even a black and white picture of the result. The doctors did not consider the guy crazy, though you can tell they thought it was strange. This is a useful reference for anybody that needs to convince a doctor, or some uptight right-winger, that having a subincision does not make you psychotic. I have to comment here that I have serious

concerns about the mental makeup of men who get into nullification procedures.

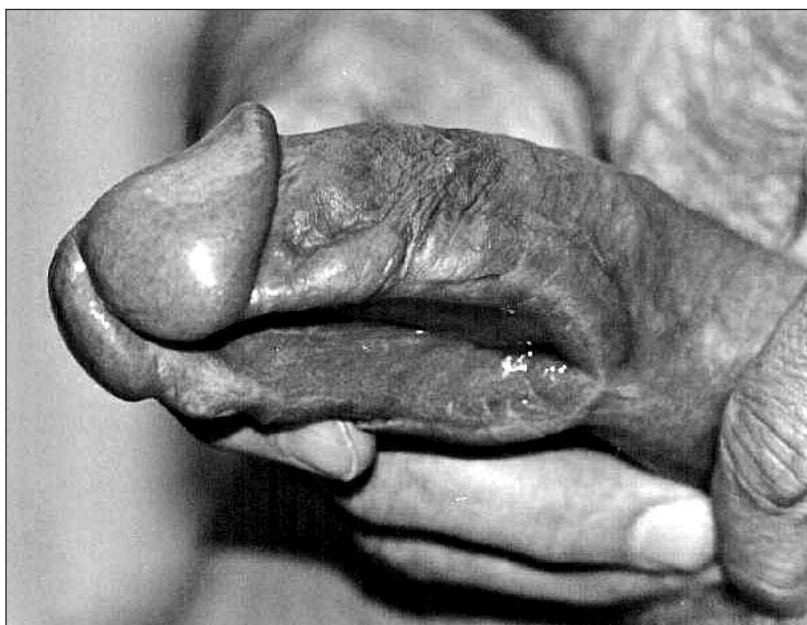
*Did you think that you might be the only one? That just maybe it might be a problem sign?*

I wondered if I might not be the only one in my culture, my society. I know myself pretty well and wasn't worried that I was cracking up. The meatotomy had been easy and fun, my reading on the subject of subincision was reassuring and exciting, and I knew what I wanted to get out of it. I was confident it was a good thing for me to do. I also knew there would be some people who would be turned off or whatever, but that can happen if you change yourself in other ways, so you do what's right for you as long as you aren't hurting anybody else in the process. After I did the last stage of mine, seeing other subincisions on BME was just a welcome reinforcement that I was not alone and that I had done what was right for me.

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*You told me once about climbing to the top of a mountain to do a cut – what was that like?*

I had been going through a bad time in my life. I had read a lot of books, subjects like oriental philosophy and things by Joseph Campbell on mythology, but it seemed that even though I was learning a lot I didn't know much; I was getting knowledge but not wisdom or something like that. Deep needs were not being met, and I saw little change in the way I was living my life. There's a joke about the farmer who wanted to teach his mule something, so he first banged it over the head with a 2x4 to get its attention. Well, I needed to do something that would shake the deeper layers of my inner being, and I figured this was just the 2x4 for the job. After all, if it worked in the coming of age ritual in Australia, it might work for me even though I'm a long way from being a kid and my habits are more deeply formed. I had already done my homework on spirituality and oriental philosophy and had a favorite place at the top of a beautiful mountain, and I wanted to tie the event to that place. I took sterile



supplies and hiked to the top, sat and watched the view for a long time, did some meditation, took off my clothes and knelt on the dirt. I put the sterilized bandage scissors in place and continued to meditate into a trancelike state, closed the blades firmly and deliberately and watched my blood flow into the mountain. I felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude and of being a part of everything around me. Part of my mind noticed that there was pain, but it was off at the edge of the experience somewhere, and it was much less than I had anticipated. I went home and extended the cut to trim it up properly, put in the sutures and a bandage. Over the next few weeks I collected the bloody bandages and when it was healed I went back to the foot of the mountain and had another ceremony: I built a fire and when it was going strong I threw all the bandages into it and sat and watched as the smoke climbed high into the blue sky and slowly disappeared. For ritual acts to have meaning for you, you need to think about who you are, what you want this event to mean in your life, and in effect to write your own rite: don't copy somebody else. I could go on for a long time about what this meant to me but everybody is different and every man must look inside and assign his own values and satisfy his own needs once he knows what they are. It was a deeply spiritual experience!

*Has the subincision changed your life outlook, or has it been primarily a sexually motivated act?*

It's not an either/or kind of thing. The answer is yes, and yes. The permanence of the subincision reminds me every time I have it in my hand that I have changed, that I am different from what I was and from other men, that I am unique though no better or worse than anyone else. The same, just different. That time only goes forward, there is no going back. I see how important it is to have the courage to seize the day, not to be afraid to make changes. For example, it helped me have the courage to quit my job and go off on a big adventure, something I'd wanted to do since I was a kid. And when the adventure got frightening it reminded me I was rooted to this earth by blood, pain and fire, that I was capable of standing up to just about anything. After all, I had a whole mountain standing behind me!



Jerry's careful work has left him with a mostly functional urine stream.

*Any regrets?*

No regrets. While from the uninitiated's point of view, what I've done may seem extreme, I've always been very careful and never gone too far. Mae West said, "Too much of a good thing is... wonderful." I disagree. It's important to know when to stop, when enough is enough.

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*A subsequent interview was done with Jerry by Bryan Henderson of Modified mind, which I'm happy to include here as well.*

I'm not what you'd call an extrovert. Most of my family and friends have no idea I have a tattoo, piercings and mods. In a way, that's part of my fun. You may have read my story on BME under the heading "People/Interviews" and the sub-heading, "J: The Story of a Subincision." Shannon has had several of my subincision and piercing pix on BME all the way back to 1995, and I recently sent an article on "How to Avoid Splitting Headaches," on the topic of how to do a nice-looking head split and how to care for it afterward, and that's listed under BME Extreme, surgical mods, subincision. I just sent another article on how to do your own meatotomy. These are in the "members only" part of BME where the more serious folks gather.

I've been interested in body art for a long time. I now have a large subincision, head split halfway back, and three pairs of 8 gauge jewelry up both sides of the subincision. If I'm interested in impressing a partner, I put six captive bead rings in the holes, and they're 3/4" inside diameter and hard to ignore. If I'm going to the gym to work out I just put in six 8 ga. barbells so when I'm in the shower it isn't as obvious that I'm carrying around a significant amount of metal. I've worked out regularly for the past few years, and nobody has ever commented on or questioned my genital piercings, though occasionally somebody will say something about my unusual tattoos.

I have tattoos on my left arm, modified from the Modern Primitives drawings of Mayan body art, and one of them represents a penis with the head split and a drop of blood coming out. I can't believe nobody has noticed the piercings:

After all, there are three 5/16" balls visible scattered in a row down both sides of the shaft of my cock, and I really don't know what to make of the absence of comment, but that's the way it is. I don't feel like others are avoiding me, and I never saw anyone stare.

My body art has often been in celebration of some event in my life, an outward and visible sign of some important inner change. Sometimes a partner got turned on by my plans and that gave the encouragement I needed to go ahead with a project, but usually my body art was something I did for myself, for my own reasons.

My first mod was a meatotomy, 25 years ago. One sweet lady was so awed by the meatotomy that when I greased up her finger and slipped it up the urethra she almost came! She liked having the meatotomy opening slid up and down on her clit. Some partners have been afraid the piercings could hurt them or cut them, and once in a



while someone will insist that the “hardware” be taken off as what you might call “the price of admission,” but eventually, without exception, they come around to letting me gently slide in and start slowly and, well, it makes a believer out of them!

I have never surprised a partner by hopping into bed without giving them at least a hint that they’re going to find something a little unusual. For one thing, I don’t want to listen to their fear, anger, or rejection if they react badly. If they’re not the open-minded off-beat person I’m looking for, I’d rather find out sitting next to them on a chair rather than lying beside them on a mattress.

Here’s an example of the power of mods, especially the subincision (because it’s so dramatic). I was burning out in my job five years ago and I knew it wasn’t healthy to keep on keeping on but I wasn’t sure I had the courage to chuck everything and try to make a childhood dream come true. If I messed up, I could end up either broke or dead or both. I had the feeling I needed a powerful ritual, something physical that could mirror my mental determination to make changes, and if I could somehow link the physical change with the change in outlook and attitude, and if the physical change was something that was permanent, I believed I could make the life change permanent, too! But it had to be an ordeal: I had to earn my new freedom, and that meant paying a price of some kind since nothing worthwhile comes easy.

I read about the “coming of age” rituals among the Aborigines of Australia and realized my own society had never really given me a meaningful symbol of manhood except, maybe, for my draft card and my drivers license and the ability to vote or to walk into a bar and order a beer. Not at the same time, of course! The more I read, the more I was hooked.

The idea of doing a mod came easy to me, since I had a lot of experience in applied biological sciences and doing mods seemed no stranger to me than sewing a suit would be to a tailor. I did a big subincision in three stages, with plaster models to document the changes. To put the icing on the cake and seal the deal I flew to Toronto, met Shannon, and got pierced by Tom Brazda, a real artist.

The best part is, it worked! I quit my job, bought a small sailboat, spent months getting it seaworthy, single-handed down the East coast, found a woman willing to be crew, and we sailed away from the US over hundreds of miles of tropical seas, far out of sight of land. I lived on the boat for two years, and by then I knew two things I wanted to do next: get a head split and come ashore, not necessarily in that order.

Mods and piercings are an important part of who I am now, and I really believe if I hadn’t made them a part of my life I’d still be living in a part of the country I don’t like any more and doing a job I had already done for too long.

There are all kinds of reasons to do body art. Some people get mods for the sake of making a public statement. I think some are into pain. Some get addicted to cutting and can’t stop: it gets to be an obsession. I can understand all these expressions

of individuality and respect them, but my own changes are like the growth rings on a tree. I look at them and they remind me of old hopes, fears, and promises to myself. Promises made good! No regrets. It’s been a great trip, and it isn’t over yet!

*You mentioned that your relatives do not know about your mods. If they were ever to find out, do you think they would be open-minded and accepting of your choices?*

We get to choose our friends but not our relatives. Even so, only a few of my closest friends know about my body art because friends have a spectrum of ability to accept things that are strange to them. I can be selective about whom I tell, partly because not all my friends know each other so I can tell one and ask that they keep it to themselves and be reasonably confident they will not talk about me with people who might not be able to understand. Relatives are a much closer-knit group and while there’s the advantage that they are more likely to be accepting, at least in the long run after the initial shock wears off, they are also in much closer communication so it seems impossible to tell one without having everybody know.

If I wanted everybody to know, I would want them to know the whole story: how I got started in body art and what it means to me, and I would want the chance to answer their individual questions so that they didn’t walk away with fragments of facts or absurd rumors. I see no practical way to do this. I think their initial reactions would be negative and difficult to deal with. In the long run, once they realized I’m the same productive stable guy they’ve always known and that their new knowledge of me represents a sudden change in their thinking but that I haven’t really changed at all, I think they would simmer down and accept, though not completely understand, because not everyone, either friend or relative, is capable of such understanding.

In the course of every person’s spiritual seeking (at least for those who are seekers), we sometimes find pathways up the mountain that are already well worn, and we may choose to take advantage of some of those paths on the hunch that others who went before us apparently found a way that is safe or a way that gives inspiring vistas. Every person’s path is unique. If a guru shows up to tell you the way, you’re following his way and not your own and you will never get any further than he got and at that point he will be standing between you and your enlightenment. So I can’t tell you about my way, but one thing my own path requires is a drab exterior hiding the ‘jewels.’ People who make their body art obvious, even impossible to ignore, are on a different path. I find no fault with that, and I could have gone that way but chose not to.

*What experiences/enlightenments if any caused you to decide you wanted a head split after your two years at sea?*

Several reasons came together at that time. I had gone to sea partly to try to get over a broken relationship and put a “spacer” in my life so I could think about what I wanted to do with the rest of my time here. I was afraid that the trip had failed to quench the pull I still felt toward that person, and it seemed to me that they were the type who would not be able

to accept a head split. I hoped that by getting a mod I thought they would not like, it would help me in my decision not to fall back into that relationship. Also, a head split would put me out of commission sexually for about three weeks, and that might help me keep my pants on in their presence. In addition, by the end of the trip I was pretty much alone, bored, without any sex life and genital body mods do provide a sex life — something erotic that can be done with the body. I know that may sound strange to some people, but I am confident there are others who've been there and know what I mean. If there's nobody around to do something new and different with, you can do it with yourself! I liked the appearance of head splits I saw on BME, and I wanted one. Finally, it was a matter of timing: a head split takes weeks and weeks to heal completely, and if you're ever going to do it you want to pick a time when you're not involved in an ongoing sexual relationship.

*Many "normal" people in society are not very accepting of modifications in general, and even many pierced and tattooed individuals are not very accepting of more extreme modifications. Many would label someone who has performed the modifications you have as suffering from some form of mental problem or illness. What type of reasoning can you provide to convince them otherwise? Also, why do you think people are so unaccepting of such mods in the first place?*

I went to a Harley rally last spring and listened to the proud owners tell me about their bikes. The frills that made their bikes different from a stock bike fell into three categories. Some were into pin-stripes and patterns, like tribal tattoos, and others favored airbrushed art of scenes that inspired them, more like regular tattoos. Some bought chrome-plated decorations to give their bike an individual touch, and that reminded me of piercings. A few made fundamental changes in the engineering of the bike, affecting performance. Like body mods, if a biker were to make a change that caused a significant reduction in the competitive ability of the bike, I think the others would be turned off and wonder what was the matter with him, and they might have a point! The same with body mods. Extreme mods that interfere with performance are less acceptable or understandable, even to open-minded people, than mods that provide a dramatic change in appearance without causing impaired ability to function. Fun and function are important, I think.

There's no doubt that some people attack their bodies for sick reasons. In the medical literature genital mutilation is reported in schizophrenia or serious depression, and alcohol abuse may be a factor. Some guys who cut their genitals want to be female or think they already are, and some are worried about homosexuality and are not able to deal with that, while others may feel guilty over the things their sex drive seems to be urging them toward (such as incest) and they cut to punish themselves and some are only doing what the "voices" told them to do or are punishing themselves for some failure in what they think is the male role. These reasons fall into the "mental" category.

It's a little easier to accept a mod when it is widely performed in a particular culture for ceremonial reasons, like

circumcision in the Jewish culture. This is the "culture" category. Among some: Aborigines of Australia where subincision is a universal rite of passage, the question of mental health never gets asked since that mod is taken for granted as a part of coming of age! The tribal women are said to appreciate the greater stimulation they get during intercourse because of the increased width of the penis after subincision and may reject an uncut partner. Similarly, some Southeast Asian women want their man to have an ampallang piercing, and in India, some women want a man who has an apadravya. (See BME for details of male genital piercings.)

Something as simple as a meatotomy can expose sensitive surfaces to exploration and delight. Some people who would never consider a mod themselves are turned on by their partner's mods.

"Bodies Under Siege," by Armando R. Favazza, M.D. has more information on the subject of body modification. The author points out that male mods have "diverse explanations and rationalizations ranging from the vulgar and utilitarian to noble and profound sentiments associated with religion and amity." Dr. Favazza comments that the sense of calmness some people feel after self-surgery may be a result of a resolution of unconscious conflicts, but he points out this beneficial effect is usually temporary.

The first American psychiatrist to be bold enough to write about self-mutilation was Karl Menninger, in 1938. He divided the causes of so-called self-mutilation into neurotic, psychotic, organic, and religious. (He wrote "Man Against Himself," and in 1959, "A Psychiatrist's World.") Modern psychiatrists frequently consider anyone with a significant male genital body modification to have a character disorder, which is less serious than a psychosis; common diagnoses include antisocial, borderline, and mixed personality disorders.

So what do we know? We know that psychotic and severely neurotic patients sometimes mutilate their genitals, and we know that in some parts of the world genital body mods are not only accepted, they are normal. The question you're asking is this: is there a third category? Is there such a thing as a sane person with a genital body mod in our culture?

I'd say that just because some people who cut themselves are seriously emotionally disturbed does not mean that everyone who appreciates the artistry or eroticism of genital mods is crazy. Our society is heavily oriented towards machines, and machines work great when they deal with a uniform, predictable product, including us . . . to quote a bright young Harvard graduate (whom I shall identify in just a moment),

*" . . . our society tends to regard as a 'sickness' any mode of thought or behavior that is inconvenient for the system, and this is plausible because when an individual doesn't fit into the system it causes pain to the individual as well as problems for the system. Thus the manipulation of an individual to adjust him to the system is seen as a 'cure' for a 'sickness' and therefore as good."*



In a world that seems bent on packing us all into conformist crypts because a nonconformist is a thorn in the side of educators, consumerist capitalism, and the not-really-two-party political system, a strong natural drive for individuality must find an outlet or risk madness. I believe body art provides one such outlet. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a great American philosopher born nearly 200 years ago, said, "The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization." Too much of a good thing. Body art is nonconformist and it gives people a relatively safe way of acting out. The Harvard grad, by the way, was Ted Kaczynski. There are some people who are squeamish about any kind of surgery; there are others who are timid and frightened by anything unusual and these folks are not going to accept mods, and because the idea is so foreign to them they are going to have trouble accepting the possibility that a third category could exist: cut your nuts and you're obviously nuts, as far as they're concerned!

It's worth mentioning at this point that many doctors are hostile toward people who cut themselves: they hate to see them come into the ER, and some psychiatrists don't want anything to do with them and may place strict limits on the number of such patients they are willing to handle at one time. The word in the profession is that these patients are a major drain of the doctor's emotions and time and treatment results are discouraging. Medical people tend to associate mods with mental illness because the mentally ill people who do mods often botch the job and end up in the emergency room. The people who know what they want and know how to get it done safely avoid the ER and do not come to the attention of doctors.

I can think of a few tests that help us to know whether someone is in the first category, and in need of a shrink, or in the third category, and in need of an open-minded partner. The mental patient will probably have negative self esteem. The healthy person will have positive self esteem and will consider that the mod makes him or her more attractive or interesting. The mental patient will probably act impulsively without adequate research of the dangers and techniques but the healthy person will spend a lot of time deciding if they

really want to take this step, and if they want it they will spend more time learning how it can be done safely.

As for me, I've had one productive career and I'm starting another and I'm neither sadistic nor masochistic. I've attained the appearance I wanted and I've stopped cutting. The healthy person knows what they want and when it's been achieved they quit. The neurotic (or worse) just keeps on cutting.

*Do you think modifications such as yours will ever reach the popularity and acceptance that mods like piercings and tattoos have today?*

I doubt it, for many reasons. Major male mods like subincision and head splitting are by their nature the sort of thing you don't go around showing in public, so the average person doesn't know they exist. Even female sex workers, who must see hundreds or thousands of men every year, are surprised by my mods. Some consider them bizarre, possibly because they're hard for the average person to understand so they get branded as something crazy. It's true that severe mutilation like self-penectomy and self-castration is sometimes done as an act of desperation by someone who has serious mental problems, and I think the public at large isn't interested in making a distinction between body mods



Jerry after adding piercings to his subincision.



and self mutilation so the whole process often gets labeled as insane. Anyone who wants a tattoo can find a skilled artist who uses sterile supplies and the process is reasonably safe, available, and affordable. Same with piercing. These things have become popular. Mods, in contrast, are another matter. They can be expensive and painful and they may require a long healing time. Some talented cutters hesitate to work in this lawyer-happy society. It's hard to find an experienced cutter who knows the anatomy well, knows what's possible and what's foolish, and can give sensible advice for the healing period.

*Do you have any future plans for further modifications? If so, what?*

I'm happy with the way my head split's curves blend with the subincision, and I've got enough piercings. I've asked an artist to design a tattoo that will commemorate my present life, another "growth ring" in my tree, but it isn't a genital tattoo and it isn't erotic. As I said earlier, one difference between body art and self-mutilation is the ability to know when enough is enough.

*Is there any type of body modification that you haven't performed that you find especially interesting?*

I am amazed by some of the wilder mods like deep shaft piercings or genital bisection or subincision all the way to the scrotum. I think scrotal reduction looks neat. These things are not for me, though.

*Is there any type of body modification that you have a problem with? That you can't see the reasoning behind or that bothers*

*you?*

I believe fun and function are important and I wouldn't sacrifice either one for the sake of attaining a "far out" appearance.

Fun? I want to be able to have intercourse, but penetration with a bisected penis has to be difficult or borderline impossible.

Function? I don't want to have to pee sitting down. I did that for a while (see "J: The Story of a Subincision") but not any more, and it's very handy to be able to whip it out and use a urinal.

Obviously, I'm not into penectomy or castration. That doesn't mean I'm making negative judgements about guys who want or have had those mods. They violate my principles of fun and function and I think there's little doubt that the people who want them have emotional problems. Now that might sound like disapproval except for this: some people may find such a radical surgical approach the best solution to their problems and after they recover from the modification they may find new relief from their emotional pain. Who could disapprove of that? After all, it's their body and their path, and I'm on the outside looking in but they're on the inside looking out and it's their life and their choice. I want to believe that nothing human is alien to me.

Jerry after adding piercings to his subincision.





## Daniel: Penile Implant and Glans Split

I was born in 1955 in Argentina, and today I'm 50 years old. I grew up an average home in the suburbs near Buenos Aires. My parents got divorced when I was about ten years old. My mother was the super-protective sort, so she kicked my father out of the house, and later my grandfather as well. She had aversion of everything that had to do with sex or sexuality. Growing up in such a disastrous family was bad for me, and for my affectionate and sexual life.

I began to study biology at the university but I didn't finish the course. Growing up, my first job was at a drugstore, and I ended up working in the pharmaceutical industry for thirty-five years. I also always drew and I painted — later I learned how to photograph and do everything related with “the art of seeing”. In parallel I began learning psychology, or if you want, “the art of seeing inside”.

In 1978 I moved to Brazil, and now I live in Rio de Janeiro, where I survive painting and photographing and making websites. I currently live alone in a small apartment in Copacabana, although I don't like be alone. I would prefer to be married but in the last while I've had bad luck, so right now I'm not actively looking. As to how long I will live in Rio de Janeiro, I don't know... Sometimes I think about moving to a calmer place.

*Tell me about your genital mods?*

My cock mods are all of the self done type, except the penile prosthesis, which was inserted by surgeon. My most important mods are my two circumcisions, my meatotomy (which I did in several steps), as well as my partially split head. I like my modified cock a lot, the way it is now, and I've found that my partners enjoy it a lot as well. I think for me I've reached the time to stop with the mods, and I would only continue if I found a very strong reason to (and it was “convenient”).

*How did CBT play in your life?*

For a long time I enjoyed CBT, other than perhaps the most aggressive forms. I could not control my desire to play and I liked that a lot, but in some moments I saw that the CBT and the mods were limiting my sexual life and my relationships with other people. At that point I practically stopped with the modifications — although the desire for continuing stays alive. I have also been doing very little CBT, trying to leave it to my partners to play with my cock — if they want to and they like that sort of thing. However, my desires for CBT and mods haven't changed with time. They continue in me — however they don't dominate me any more, and now I'm the master of my domain, and no longer a slave to my desires.

These days my priority is to date and to have healthy sex, and leave open the door for love — I need it.

*How did you get started with body mods?*

My first body modification was a frenulum piercing with a cactus thorn. Later I redid the piercing with a sewing needle and I left a piece of cotton thread in the hole. After one week the hole in the frenum was definitive. After that I did a frenectomy, a new frenum piercing, and the second frenectomy — and so on, until I had completely removed my

frenum.

I did my meatotomy in numerous steps over many years, and at that time I was already working at the pharmacy, which gave me access to local anesthetics and hemostats. I followed my meatotomy and the circumcisions.

*Do you use anesthesia for CBT as well?*



Daniel's CBT plant, and his clamp-and-cut meatotomy work.

When I do the more hard types of CBT I use anesthetics — I like to play but I don't like the pain.

*It's nice that your doctor let you take pictures when your penile prosthesis was done — is that a Brazilian thing?*

I don't know if each country has a specific legislation for that, and I can't say if all Brazilian doctors let be taken pictures during the surgeries. It's possible that the a better question is about whether many patients would want the be photographed, especially on such a delicate part of their anatomy. I wanted it though. My doctor wasn't sure if it would be possible, as no patient had asked him that before, but he said to bring my camera to the hospital. In the end it was possible.

*What was it like getting to use the implant for the first time?*

Three weeks after my surgery the wound was healed and I had just a little bruising, but I went to my doctor for what he assured me was an unrelated bladder infection, and he said everything was looking good, and ordered me to go out and fuck next weekend. He also told me something that put some fear in me because we hadn't talked about it before. He told me that the first sexual relation would be the worst, but that it would get better. He told me to use lots of lube, and warned me that I'd have to relearn everything. But, smiling, he assured me that it would be a lot of fun

I waited a bit longer than he'd ordered, because I didn't just want to find sex, I wanted to do it in an environment of love. In some ways I was a virgin again, and I wanted to lose this second virginity with someone special that I wanted a lot. It was very good and my performance was as good as in the old days, maybe better... Objectively it seems like a simple thing, and I suppose it's not complicated, but you really do have to relearn everything when you have a penile prosthesis. The normal mechanism of erection is irreversibly destroyed during the surgery, being substituted by other one equally efficient, however very different. In certain aspects it's advantageous — you're always ready, no problems with erection — but I know perfectly well that at some times these can be constraining situations. Nonetheless, I'm happy!

The results of my prosthesis were excellent. I don't feel the presence of the implants at all. It's as if they didn't exist and as if my cock has always been like this. I love it. I'm ready for sex 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Because of the fact that I never soften, the quality of the sex is very good and normal. There were no changes in orgasms or in the general sensitivity — everything is absolutely normal. Of course, to be always ready for sex doesn't mean to be always be willing to have sex. In that point, I continue as calm as always, but now free from the concerns of failure... because that is now impossible! I look and I feel fantastic. I like how I am a lot.



Daniel's penile rod implant procedure and subsequent healing



*Talula was another eunuch that I interviewed early in the days of BME, and as a nerdier, quieter guy than an extrovert like Bruce, who had become my internal stereotype of who eunuchs were, he broadened my impression of eunuchs (and probably made them more accurate). It may also have been when I started realizing there was very little stereotype that could in fact be created about the type of person that got into heavy mods in general... that every single demographic group had people in it that loved body modification. Talula went on to become very active in the online eunuch community.*

*How did you get castrated and can you tell me why and method of your choice?*

To me honest, my desire to be castrated started before puberty and stemmed from a desire to be feminized.

*Did this manifest itself in any other ways? (Transvestitism, wigs, makeup, etc.)?*

Yes it did. My best friend at the time and I would often curl each others hair and apply makeup. We were also into gay sex which always led to penetration. Alone I would often tuck my genitals up between my legs to simulate being female.

*Do you have any interest in a sex change?*

No, not anymore. When I was young I would often times go to sleep praying that when I woke up I would be turned female. This feeling began to go away while I was going through my teen years. When I got married my thoughts changed and I began to real enjoy being male. I look upon myself as male, just a castrated male, and no longer think about sex change.

*How far back do you remember this going on?*

I would have to say it started at the age of nine and really was prevalent in my mind at 11-12. I really hated my balls and dreamt of being abducted, chained to a wall naked with a locking ring around them, and used. I even went so far as to approximate the situation with string, tying up my balls to the point they would change color. As I grew into adolescence my desire to be feminized dissolved but my desire to be a submissive bottom increased, and the desire to be castrated grew. As a young man my desire to be castrated was as strong as ever, but also was my need to experience love and sex with women so I lost my virginity and began an important and difficult part of my life.

I married a wonderful woman when we were both in our twenties, and sex with her was good most of the time but lurking in my mind was my over-whelming desire to be castrated for reasons that are impossible to accurately put into words. To be castrated and not be male nor feminine is about the best description I can communicate. I started reading anything I could find about castration and began experimenting with the band-type emasculator. Then I started cutting. My wife grew unhappy with our relationship and left the house which then allowed me the freedom to really start experimenting. I began making bolder and deeper cuts in my penis and scrotum until one day around June 1994 when the I made the biggest cut of them all.

My intentions were to open up the side of my scrotum and pull the testicle out just to see what one looked like.

However, after cutting in deep enough to the point the testicle was visible I realized that no matter what, it wasn't going to go back in and I needed emergency room care. I figured if this was the case I might as well remove the testicle and make the trip worth while so I did. Frightening massive bleeding began and I fashioned a bandage out of a washcloth and duct tape then drove to the hospital where they removed the cord all the way up inside and kept me for three days.

I lived with just one testicle for 3 years while I pondered the removal of the second one. In Feb of 1997 it occurred. I had been thinking about full castration all day and had decided that I was going to go ahead with it when a friend came by for no reason at all to visit. He knew of my desires and encouraged me to follow my dreams, so I handed him a burdizzo clamp and laid out on the table. With two applications to the cord I began life as a eunuch. I had an ultrasound done and it proved the testicle was dead. A month later I removed the testicle to keep in a jar, but unfortunately I didn't think to ligate the cord, so it was back to the hospital where they fixed me up and kept me for observation.

*What kind of observation?*

Both times I was in the hospital I was kept in the urology ward for a few days to make sure I was physically able to function after losing so much blood. I was continually filled with antibiotics and saline and of course had to drag the IV stand wherever I went (a.k.a. the iron tree). I was also in a lot of pain from them digging into my innards so far. In the first surgery when they removed to cord all the way up it felt like someone had firmly inserted a shoe up my inguinal canal and left it there. Also, during the procedure they put an endotracheal tube down my throat so my entire chest felt like it had be crushed in a industrial strength trash compactor. During the second surgery they used an epidural which is suppose to numb the body from the waist down, but didn't work too well in my case so they pumped me full of Demerol while the supposedly pulling down the spermatic cord to attached it to the body. What it felt like was the equivalent of them tying it to a door knob then opening and slamming the door. The pain killers they gave me after the procedures were strong enough to lessen the torture greatly, but they also made me rather dysfunctional. During the first surgery I lied through my teeth about how I lost the testicle which couldn't be disproved so I was released after 3 days. After I had recovered sufficiently from the second surgery they sent me to the psyche ward because I had admitted I had removed it myself.

In retrospect I would have to say my method of choice would be to have the procedure done by a licensed professional. Surgical castration is a very tricky thing and bleeding to death is a real issue. My second choice would be the application of a 14 inch or larger burdizzo clamp, crushing each cord twice instead of the usual once. The clamp is non-invasive and easy to use. The recovery time is minimal.

*Do you still have a scrotum?*

Yes I do. It of course is very small and the skin is very thick due to the shrinkage. Also, due to my previous cuttings and

my castration, it is badly scarred. If you look at me from my left side, it looks like there is nothing below my penis. On the right side it looks like there might be a testicle, but it would have to be very tiny. For some reason it itches.

*Do you intend to have it removed at any point?*

At first, no. Removing my nuts was the ultimate act for me and anything further was undesirable. Now I am considering it and have been in contact with both plastic surgeons and urologists in my area to see about it's removal. I think that if I had only the castration scars I wouldn't desire it's removal, but as said before it is kinda torn up and doesn't look very attractive.

*How long has it been since your castration? Is your cock shrinking and if so how much?*

At the time of this writing it has been almost a year since my remaining testicle was removed. The size of my penis really hasn't changed. When I stopped taking hormones, my penis was of course small but no smaller than it would be on a cold day. With hormones I have had two experiences in size. Injections of Depo-testosterone from my normal clinic provide erections that aren't as strong as ones I experienced before castration and so the size of the erection is smaller both in length and girth. They are also more flexible. One injection of supposedly the same amount of testosterone from a clinic I visited while on vacation provided raging hard-ons with erections the same size and durability as before castration. I do not know why the injections were so different, but they were. Frankly, I believe that no permanent change in penile size will occur that won't be regained with hormone treatment.

*What made you decide to (1) start taking hormones?*

The hot flashes. 3 months or so after my castration I noticed a lessened libido and problems with orgasm. What orgasm I had was fantastic-better than ever in my life, but I couldn't maintain an erection for more than half a minute without extreme stimulation. As the summer progressed I began to get the hot flashes which normally wouldn't have bothered me except I was working in a warehouse environment with outside temperature over 90F. It was more than uncomfortable and really for that sole reason alone, I began taking hormones.

*...and (2) stop taking them?*

I couldn't afford them. Depo-testosterone is only \$18 US but it was too much for me. The summer had cooled down so that wasn't a problem anymore. I didn't want to ask someone for \$18 so I stopped taking them. The results were what you might expect. Loss of libido, inability to have erections, etc. I was very happy with the thought of being sexually shut down, but at the same time in my heart I really wanted, and needed, sex. I still haven't experienced it after my castration, but hopefully that will change some day.

*Will you stay off of hormones then?*

Not at this time. I am having a problem with my weight and while I don't look too bad yet I don't want to get any heavier which would happen if I stopped my hormone treatment. Also, as mentioned before, the hormone treatments aren't

working as well as they probably should and thus I get the best of both worlds.

*How would you feel at a nudist beach with women pointing and laughing at you?*

I have had some concern about how my altered state would affect the opposite sex. but have never thought about walking down the beach being laughed at. I guess I would take in it good cheer and ask the ladies if they would like to have a closer look. In talking to woman, both that I know and ones I have met on chat lines, I get mixed opinions. The females that know me feel that it makes no difference being castrated or not. The ladies on the chat lines who have gotten to know me feel the same way saying that Love and your heart matter more to them than having testicles. Some say that the thought is very erotic and yesterday I heard from a woman that I chat with often who said she masturbated the night before to the thought of us having sex together in my castrated state. I was very flattered. Unfortunately I have also had some very negative comments saying that the thought was vulgar and repulsive. To each their own.

*Do you date?*

No, not yet in the sense of taking someone out for dinner and to see the show. My divorce took several years to iron out and all that time I foolishly hoped that my wife might come back. I also felt that my marriage vow was a promise that while I was married I wasn't going to see others. Friends minimized my feelings during that time and tried to match me up with possible soul/sex mates but I just couldn't break my vows. Now that my divorce has been finalized and am ready to date again, I just can't seem to find that special one that trips my trigger. However, I am young and patient and time is on my side.

*Have you been with women since your castration?*

No. Not physically. Mentally yes, with members of both sexes. I look forward to the day the real thing comes along.

*Do you miss shooting a nice big load?*

No, not really. Orgasm is something very special to me now, rather than a necessity. It is also very much more intense. Although the actual feeling of fluid flowing up your penis is wonderful part of orgasm, I have had some of my most intense orgasms with only a drop of fluid appearing at the tip of the urethra. In fact, some of my best ever. Taking hormones has increased the amount of semen discharge, but not to it's previous extent. Of course, like normal, the amount differs from orgasm to orgasm. It is whitish-clear in color. I don't know if it tastes different.

*Do you have any sexual desire left at all? Do you ever feel horny?*

At my lowest hormone level, no. I had no sexual desire, no erections, no nothing. Everything sexual was shut down. Taking hormones has raised me to a functional level but thankfully not to the level before castration. I had a real problem with sexual urges before and would often times masturbate 3 to 4 times a day. It was very inconvenient and even affected my job performance. Now I feel much more in control. My sexual urges stem more from mental desire than



physical need. I still masturbate but only 1-2 times a week and most time I am unable to have orgasm, which means it is much more special an event. Another change in me is my erotic thoughts. Before castration I was more interested in shoving my dick in any orifice and screwing it. Now I realize that I might not be able to preform normally and my lips, teeth, tongue, and fingers might be the only sexual tools I can use and I find that very erotic.

*Are you interested in carrying your nullification further, to penectomy?*

No. I personally know of men who have had their genitalia completely removed but it was primarily done to deprive them of sexual release except possible orgasm while they acted as bottoms. All of them were very happy that the procedure was done, but frankly I would have a hard time with the inability to urinate standing up.

*I think it's safe to say that the eunuch community, at least the public one, is a gay male group. What affinity, if any, do you feel with them?*



I feel a tremendous kinship to any man who is voluntarily castrated as castration steps over sexual preference. Every man has his own reasons and gay men are perhaps most noted to castration, but look at ads through out the Internet under the heading s/m relationships and you will see straight males willing to be castrated in order to satisfy their female doms. In both cases (gay men — s/m relationship) the message can be interpreted as a desire to be submissive to a greater power. However, I contend, that underlying the desire to be submissive is a desire to be castrated just for castration's sake and that if asked, most eunuchs cannot put their feelings into words. However a castration done to please someone else and not yourself is a crime. There is also a group of men who's main desire to be relieved of their testicles is the need to end sexual desire. A friend of mine who I recently castrated is in this group. He considers himself bi and just wants the sex drive eradicated. Naturally, he is not planning on taking hormones unless some physical need necessitates it.

*Did you ever seek "traditional" psychiatric care for this desire?*

I was afraid to. Doctors and therapists are suppose to take a professional and candid attitude about what is discussed with them but I was very concerned about what my happen if anything leaked out. I was also afraid that I would be

declared insane or something just as bad and shipped off. And really, inside my heart, I believed that my desire didn't stem from any sort of mental disorder but rather a desire that I would have liked to have fulfilled and not something that would ruin my life if it didn't come true. My eventual castration was the result of years of soul-searching, pondering, researching, etc. It was not a rapid thing. In fact, if anyone who reads this witnesses someone all of a sudden deciding he wants to be castrated and whips out a pocket knife, restrain that person and get them help right away.

*Did you have friends or even online contacts to help you through this period, or were you effectively alone?*

I saw a copy of Drummer Magazine and submitted an ad describing my desires and got back quite alot of responses. Some were hokey while others were very sincere and I replied to them. What was most reassuring was the ability for the first time in my life, to say to another person that I wanted to be castrated and not feel like I was going to be criticized or ridiculed. At the time there was no one talking



about castration and therefore I did get a flood of mail which took along time to answer, but nearly everyone I corresponded with that desired to be castrated couldn't easily tell me why they wanted it done. It seemed that most of the guys felt just like I did, they just

really wanted it done. At that time there was almost nothing on the Internet about castration and it is refreshing to see that has changed. I have kept in contact with a few of the people I met because of that Drummer ad and one of asked me to castrate him, which I did. Otherwise I can say that I now have an emotional support group, people that know me perhaps better than I know myself.

*How did the doctors react to you?*

Not very well. Initially, their major concern was repairing a life threatening wound. Later they became strange and aloof. I am sure that doctors have to be this way in order to survive the ordeals of the job. I never felt like just a piece of meat in their care, nor did I feel like a human being.

*What do you think of eunuchs that do their castrations in a much more fetishistic environment?*

I think that those that allow themselves to be castrated in such an environment are foolish. What are these people thinking? The "come on over and let's have a ball-slashing good time" mentality is ludicrous. It just isn't reality. Becoming a eunuch is a life changing proposition and needs to be approached with thought and planning. You can allow a piercing to heal up. You can laser off a tattoo. You cannot replace your testicles, and once you lose them you are a eunuch for life. Castration is too an important decision to

allow it to happen at the spur of the moment or during the heat of sex.

*...And those that go so far as to eat the testicles?*

I would think that it would be so much nicer to keep them in a jar for all to see. Eating the testicles would mean cannibalism and although I am a very open minded person and willing to participate in just about anything, that is not something I could see me do. I guess I could cook them and arrange them with a little garnish for someone else, but I couldn't eat them. If a person wants to taste testicle there are many restaurants and grocery stores one can buy them. When I lived in a southern state there was a weekly all-you-can-eat deer fry chow.

*What advice would you have for would-be eunuchs?*

Oh boy. I sure don't want to sound like a mother-hen because what is good for me may not be for another. I guess the most important advice I can give is to thoroughly examine your desire in a realistic fashion. Take your time in examining yourself and what make you tick. Take years. Most would-be eunuchs I have spoken with are sufficiently young enough that thinking it out for ten years or more will still provide a life time of experience as a eunuch. There are older would-be eunuchs that I have talked with and in their case they don't have much time. But, because of their wisdom and experience they are able to make the decision in a far more realistic manner i.e. "If I become a eunuch today, I will have to live as a eunuch until the day I die. Is that something I will be able to handle down the line?". Don't get me wrong though. If a person understands the implications, has the overwhelming desires, and can say honestly "I want this done for ME", then by all means go for it. It is that honesty part that can be a little tricky and it is probably the most important facet of your decision. One thing I do not understand are gentlemen confiding in me that wish to be castrated so they can be more submissive in their present love affair. What it tells me is that "I don't want this done for me really, my significant other wants it done" and that is a no-no. The decision needs to be made by yourself and for yourself. The only other bit of advice I can give is that the procedure, if done surgically, really should be done by a trained professional.



The results of Mark's (opposite) extreme circumcision or cock skinning, which resulted in a voluntary mental health stay.



"Lust is to the other passions what the nervous fluid is to life; it supports them all, lends strength to them all ambition, cruelty, avarice, revenge, are all founded on lust."

— Marquis de Sade



## Mark: Donut Penis

*In addition to some struggling with genital abuse including completely skinning his penis, Mark had a remarkable set of vertical shaft piercings in his subincised penis which he stretched and expanded over time until he had an incredible bisected penis, but with the head still mostly intact, giving him a unique circular “donut penis”, in some ways more remarkable, and more functional, than a full bisection. In our interview, which grew from private conversations, we spoke at length and openly about the sometimes dark psychiatric nature of genital cutting.*

*Tell me a bit about yourself.*

Shannon, my life doesn't fit neatly into short sentences, it's too complicated and complex for that so I'm going to try my hand at a 'life story' of sorts and hopefully answer most of your questions along the way. Pay attention now because there will be a quiz at the end.

I grew up on the borders of our local forest and as a kid I spent hours exploring and playing in the forest with my two sisters (later three) and the two girls from next door. My childhood at that time seemed normal except that I didn't really feel happy in 'our' family, the grass is always greener on the other side as they say and I remember comparing my situation with my school friends and wishing I was them. Somehow they seemed to have a lot more going for them, kinder parents, better homes, more pocket money and Dad's that took them places!



Above, Right before piercing the shaft, mark's penis looking relatively normal from the top (although from below a subincision exists, and some scarring is visible. Right, the initial piercing.

*If you don't mind me asking, were your parents overly unkind or otherwise abusive?*

Our parents were quite strict, something that I still have problems with today. In my mind we were brought up to respect our elders and behave well, if we didn't make the grade then we were punished accordingly. There were definite times when money was very short in the family and it was difficult to feed us, I'm told that there were times when Mum & Dad sat down to a tin of baked beans.

I guess that when you are young you think that the world revolves around you and as always the grass is always greener on the other side — as the saying goes, either way I had this constant feeling that I was hard done by and that other kids were getting a better deal — which some of them were.



From the point that I guess I was becoming developed, eleven onwards, I remember I was intrigued by my genitals, I had something my sisters didn't and I was beginning to spend more time in my bedroom discovering myself. My earliest forms of play included tying myself up with a lace, putting a curtain ring over my penis, seeing how many times I could thread my penis through the chromed wire tray that straddled the bath, clamping myself in the vice in the shed and kneeling at the tap end of the bath, putting my foreskin over the hot tap and tying it in place and filling the foreskin with water until it was as expanded as I could manage. These practices were enjoyable and I needed to explore further though at times my activities were beginning to attract the attention of the rest of the family.

*That's funny... Was there a pain/pleasure link, or was it more a matter of just childhood experimenting that snowballed?*

Good question, that's got me thinking. To me it was a totally natural thing to do, I really didn't question it, I just did it and got a lot of satisfaction from doing it. At the same time I wondered if other kids were doing the same thing, I doubted they did, maybe one or two, but I had got the impression from kids talk and reactions that it was somehow a weird thing to be doing, at least no one else I knew admitted to it. I would say that the thrill factor was much more exciting than

the pain side of it.

I was a bit shy in my youth and I wasn't particularly into sports, especially when it came to showering afterwards, these were embarrassing times and I would do my best to avoid these times but on the other hand I was keen to see what other boys had down below, I needed to compare and was wondering if my school mates played with their penises like I did. Judging by the items I found in Dad's bedside cabinet I wasn't alone in this.

*Just traditional pornography, or something kinkier?*

There were womens magazines under the bed and curtain rings and bits of cord in the bedside tables draw. I naturally assumed what they would be used for as I was using similar things myself.

My play sessions increased as I found new ways of playing with myself and I was beginning to get bigger erections followed by ejaculations. Soon I found myself playing with pins, needles, safety pins and Mum's knitting needles were going missing! Again, I'm getting too close to being discovered and I'd better start being a bit more careful and quiet too. I guess my favorite at the time was rolling my foreskin back to expose my head, squeezing the shaft low down to force the blood into the head and make the skin go tight, holding this position I would stick a pin into my head, leave it there a few minutes then re-gorge the head and finally removing the pin to see how far I could make the blood spurt, really exciting stuff but absolutely no idea really why I was doing it other than it excited me. The thought of not stopping the blood or infection never entered my head — the other one that is! Second to that must be sticking knitting needles down my pee-hole, how far would they go and how big could I manage?

I was beginning to be invited to parties of a different sort to the jellies and ice-cream that I was used to, these were much more adult-like, different music, drink and suddenly something was scaring me — the chance of contact, being paired up with the opposite sex, now this was frightening! Needless to say, like the sports, I wriggled and wormed my way out of all such situations that could lead to 'encounters'.

To this day I'm not sure if I was in any way to blame but my left testicle swelled to the size of a tennis ball which as you can imagine is pretty hard for a fourteen year old to conceal, but being shy I kept quiet about it and after a week I was in so much pain I eventually plucked up the courage to mention it to my Mum, Dad wasn't an option to talk to, he really wasn't a father figure that I could have talked to. Mum being an ex nurse immediately realized the gravity of the situation and rushed me to the doctors who took one look and phoned for an ambulance. Scary stuff for a kid I can tell you. I was admitted to hospital and was given pain killers and a had a three day course of antibiotics which they had hoped would reduce the inflammation — but didn't. The following day I was on the operating table and the excess fluid was drained from my testicle. Back on the ward I awoke, my hand went straight down the bed sheets and onto a mound of bandages, I could feel a safety pin and something else hard and with a sharp end. What was it, where did it go, what was





it there for, what had they done, was my testicle still there, why won't anyone tell me what's going on. The following day the family visited, Mum, Dad and my two sisters, followed by my God Parents, it was weird, nobody talked about what was going on with me, it was all so taboo. My sisters didn't have a clue why I was in hospital until about seventeen years later, that's how taboo the subject was! A day or two later the dressings were changed and I discovered that the hard bit with a safety pin was a drain tube which went directly into my testicle (ouch) which was removed the following day. Over the next weeks the wounds healed and my testicle shriveled and eventually almost disappeared. I can distinctly remember some doctor telling me that I could function properly with only one testicle and that I shouldn't worry,



those words were wasted on me and my life began to change dramatically.

*You know what's funny? I had a hydrocele problem at almost exactly this same age and probably had a similar surgery. They took all the skin off the testicle and turned it inside out as I understand it. They weren't sure if it would survive but in the end I was fine and both testicles survived... I wonder... if it hadn't, would my life have been different? Do you think your views on yourself and your genitals would have been very different if you'd not gone through this experience?*

*What were your thoughts about your problem at the time?*

It would be easy to say that it was the beginning of my problems but in reality I was already doing 'weird' things to myself. The event itself left me feeling more ashamed of myself, different, shyer about my private parts and less willing

to have any sort of a relationship and also 'incomplete' and certainly a few years later has led me to self mutilation as I felt a certain hatred to my genitals.

From then on I became very shy and events such as swimming were out of the question because once again it involved public changing rooms and also that people may be able to see I had a testicle missing through my trunks. I had changed, I was incomplete as a man (well boy really). There was no way I was going to let anyone know what had happened, let alone get involved with any girl — think of the embarrassment. I remember vividly the chants at school of "Hitler, has only got one ball". God help me if anyone finds out — and so a life of secrecy develops.

The rest of my school days pass, I take my exams and before long I find myself in the Royal Navy, yeah I know what you're thinking but it was never anything like that. It was sort of family tradition for sons to enter the forces and that's what I chose. Looking back, it wasn't a very wise choice to make, fifty two other blokes of similar age in the same confined space, going ashore, getting drunk, getting laid — not me. This was six years of hiding in the shower cubicle, dodging situations where women were involved and keeping myself and my feelings secret. Obviously, my play sessions were somewhat limited but it was in the Navy that I removed my frenum. First it was pierced, I had my 'housewife' with needles and cotton and later enlarged to about 8mm and eventually one day I tied the top and bottom off with elastic bands and a day or two later the skin that surrounded the piercing was gone, no frenum which also meant I could pull the foreskin back further underneath. Now this was interesting, the feeling of a totally exposed head. Once I sewed my foreskin back for a day to get the feel for a circumcision and loved it as uncomfortable as it was. Every mess deck has it's porn merchant and ours was always wheeling and dealing, the magazines were flowing freely and while everyone else was ogling the women — when I had the chance I would check out the husbands section — this was what was really interesting me and it was here I saw my first cock with a cock-ring, so I was not alone! Later I also watched a Christian Slater film where he mentions wearing a cock-ring and which has stuck in my mind for some reason.

I leave the Navy and spend a while living with my parents, then move into my sisters house followed by a couple of stays in lodgings. During these times as ever my play sessions continue to evolve and I have a fixation about my foreskin, I am discovering that I prefer the feeling of not having a flap of skin covering my penis head and I have a ring which I put half-way down my shaft, I then pull the foreskin back and over the ring then stretch an 'o' ring over the now concealed metal ring which holds everything in place, hey presto I now look circumcised! Also while out walking one weekend I come across a torn up magazine in the ditch, I almost passed it thinking it was just another Fiesta magazine but something caught my eye. Upon closer inspection I discover it's not women at all, it's young guys, hey this is one hell of a find! I carefully collect all the pieces and put them safely in my rucksack, later that evening I match up all the pieces to

complete the pictures, wow. This is the first magazine of this type I have found and it was like treasure to me, from the magazine I started a subscription and so my collection of porn started. Also, during this period the loss of a testicle is affecting me a lot as I'm not feeling 'complete' and in my play sessions only one testicle is limiting how I can tie myself up, I miss the symmetrical look and feelings.

*Do you consider yourself gay or bisexual, or straight with an interest in male genitals?*

This has always been a big issue with me and I wish there was an easy answer, I find it difficult to label myself. I don't confess to being gay because I haven't had a male to male relationship, I haven't touched another male, I haven't kissed another male or anything remotely like that. Am I attracted to males — yes. Am I attracted to females — no. Males turn me on, females don't — it's all very black and white, no gray areas. Would I like to have a male/male relationship — yes! Could I have a male/male relationship — no, I'm far too shy.

In my recent visit to Martin, we spoke a lot but in all the time we were together we must have spent no more than two minutes showing each other our genitals in just the one session, that's how shy I am. In hindsight I felt really bad about it and would love to change — but that's how I've grown to be. Don't include this bit as it is.

I actually find it very difficult to respond to any sort of relationship, it's like an internal mechanism kicks in and blocks any attempt to be nice or say kind words, I hate that.

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Eventually, I'm earning more money and can afford to rent a studio apartment and at last I have my own place where I can practice what interests me the most. First up is a PA which is made where the skin is so thin and it is a really easy piercing to do, no blood, no pain, heals quickly and is easy to stretch.

Soon it is 6mm and I find in my local tattoo place that they have a circular barbell that fits. I thought it was cool to have a piercing and wondered how many others could say the same, it excited me and I was itching to tell someone about it but sadly I never did, it stayed a secret of mine. Everything good thing has a price to pay and with this comes toilet training. When out in the country popping round the back of a tree for a quick pee suddenly becomes an exact science if you are not going to spray your jeans too so sitting to pee soon becomes second nature, hard to explain to friends but necessary.

A second PA about 15mm further down the urethra soon followed and the jewelry I was using could now be re-located lower down.

I was getting more interested in circumcision, I've been doing some research and at work I made a bell-type circumcision device from solid nylon which although in practice it would appear to work was very uncomfortable in use, I tried it a few times and gave up on it — it hurt too much. Having exhausted most other possibilities that left just one — the knife. Over the following months I did some exploration work testing the ground, a cut here, a cut there, see how it heals etc. Hey, I've just seen my testicle — how many other guys can say that. Quite a few now-a-days actually. The preparation work over, the time came to do something about it — I finished work Friday and I had the weekend all to myself, the scene was set, the tools ready, I had all the proper equipment, a razor-blade, kitchen roll and toilet paper, no anesthetic, no iodine, nothing to clean the wound, just a couple of sutures I had acquired from a foreign travel first-aid kit. I had spent ages beforehand working out where I needed to cut so began about 7 PM on the Friday evening. I started by cutting all around my dick towards the base which took a while as it was rather painful, when this was done the

skin could be rolled forward over my glans and hung off the end, the adrenaline was flowing but I didn't know for how much longer. I took a breather and wiped the sweat from my forehead, first stage complete do I stop here or complete what I had started. I was asking myself questions and beginning to doubt if I was doing the right thing. I had cut nearest to me first hoping that the second circular cut near the glans where there is much more feeling would be easier — I guess it was easier but didn't think so at the time, again the cutting took ages. It was 1 AM by now and I was holding a neat band of skin taken from around my penis in my hand. My skinned dick was looking a bit sad and withdrawn in fear for what may happen next to it. Sadly digital cameras were not around at the time and I didn't even think of photographing my self at the time anyway,

I was more absorbed in what I was doing and how it would turn out. The time came to tack the two cut edges together and begin the sewing progress having to be very economical with the thread. Over an hour later I was all stitched up and





cleaned up and the pain was beginning to set in. I wrapped myself in kitchen paper and an old tea-towel, took some paracetamol and went to bed. Guess what, I didn't sleep hardly! One thing I didn't want right now was an erection.

The sight of seeing my skinned dick was really hard to describe, I felt turned on by it but didn't get erect, I wanted to leave it like that but knew it had to be covered up. The thought of a life without that foreskin getting in the way was what was driving me. The next day was uncomfortable and everything had to happen in slow-motion but I had this enormous buzz feeling knowing what I had achieved, I couldn't believe it, my own work, I was foreskin-less at last. Later in the morning I fished the skin I had removed from my tooth-mug and cleaned it and played with it for a while being interested by the way it still shrank and could be stretched. I removed a few hairs from it and removed a few bits of odd tissue from the reverse side, rinsing it a last time I stretched it and pinned it out over a piece of heavy cardboard where it was left to dry.

If I was uncomfortable Saturday, Sunday was worse and moving about was more difficult to say the least. I needed to air my flat to get the smell of stale blood out and I was feeling weaker.

Monday, the swelling was getting out of hand, it was very sore, I was feeling very poorly and the stitches couldn't hold the swelling — things were coming apart! First I phoned in sick at work, then I spent the next hour sat on the edge of my bed contemplating what to do next. I was in too much pain to even consider more DIY surgery, don't know what I could have done anyway. I could phone the doctors, but then I would have had a lot of explaining to do and besides that he would just refer me to the hospital. Decisions, decisions. The doctors was the closest option so that's where I ended up. Once there I hobbled in and said that I had a problem down below that I thought the doctor should see, I had the best part of a half-hour wait sitting nervously and in much pain. The doctor was most helpful, he even commented on my neat stitching, he didn't ask awkward questions, he did his job professionally and once he had taken a good look at what I had done he phoned through to the reception and asked the staff to call for an ambulance — emergency!

*That must have been terrifying making the decision to go in... I had to go in once because of some self cutting and it was incredibly embarrassing, and while the doctors were nice, the nurses were quite hostile.*

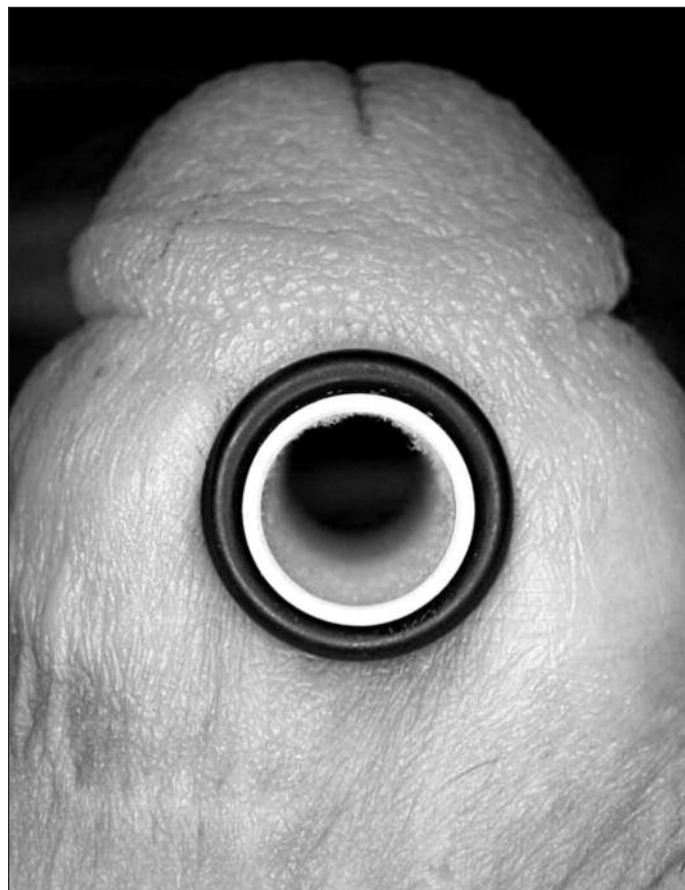
I wish there was a better understanding of self harm, I have had my fair share of comments which only seems to make me feel unwanted and a burden on society who doesn't fit the 'normal' mold. It can and has also led directly to further self harm.

*Part of me thinks that doctors see this FAR FAR FAR more often than we all assume.*

I often wonder how many males go through the castration dilemma at some point in their life, lots probably — some even do it as we know! The same must be said for so many other DIY surgery attempts, I just wish I knew these people

personally.

I waited in with the doctor and within a short time we heard the sirens approaching. I was wheeled out in a wheelchair covered with a blanket past all the other people in the waiting room, looks of puzzlement on their faces. Once settled in the ambulance we set off for the hospital and was asked a series of questions — all routine stuff, name, address etc. At the hospital a cubicle was ready for me where I was almost immediately seen by a doctor, more questions and more awkward questions this time too, lectures on why I shouldn't do DIY surgery, the risks of infections — you know the routine. Eventually, I was taken to a minor operations room which looked fairly well equipped to me and remembered thinking how I'd love to get my hands on some of this stuff, now that looks like the drawers where the sutures will be, what about anesthetic — where would that be? So far things were going well, people had been nice and I had no complaints. Someone entered the room and left via a different door, I'm laying there, my private parts fully exposed, my make-shift bandages lay over my left thigh, wonder who that was. Several minutes later a youngish male nurse came in and announced what he would do. He injected me in several places (I'm in pay attention and learning mode here) with a syringe that he had bought in with him along with several other things placed beside the bed. After a few minutes the began removing my remaining intact stitches and swabbed the area fully with Betadine carefully rolling the skin forward and off the end of the penis as I had done a couple of nights earlier. Wonder if he has done this sort of thing before, do you get training for this? Once washed he



returned the skin to its normal position and much the same as I had done he re-stitched my wounds having a bit of difficulty as he went, my assistance was asked for at one point to help hold the skin together. The whole thing was almost totally painless and getting an erection at this point wasn't an option though normally this sort of thing would excite me. Once his work was complete he cleared up and told me someone would be along to dress the wound, all along there was hardly any conversation which in some way pleased me but in another I'd done something pretty major in my life and felt I needed to talk about it or at least explain what brought me to do such a thing, this guy walks in does his job, doesn't ask any questions and leaves — what must he be thinking?

So, I'm laying on this bed half naked wondering what's going to happen next, and wondering when I'm going to get the next lecture. Time passes, I keep looking up at the clock. Eventually a youngish nurse enters takes a look at my privates and leaves, a few minutes later she returns with some bandages, gauze, saline and tape which she sets down beside me then leaves. Someone else enters, has a good look at my parts as she walks past the foot of my bed and leaves via the other door. Oh yeah. Soon two other nurses enter have a good ogle and leave, I'm getting paranoid now, it's turned into a freak show, invite your mates along to have a look. The first nurse returns straight faced and proceeds to bandage me up but obviously hasn't had to bandage up one of these before and makes a bit of a hash of it, luckily tape holds all

the important bits together.

A bed was found for me on one of the wards and after a couple of days the bandages are removed during the morning doctors rounds and it is discovered that the stitches have not been tied correctly and once again it's all coming apart, that explains all the leakage I thought. Once again, off we go, same room, different guy does the stitches using different thread and before long I'm back on the ward.

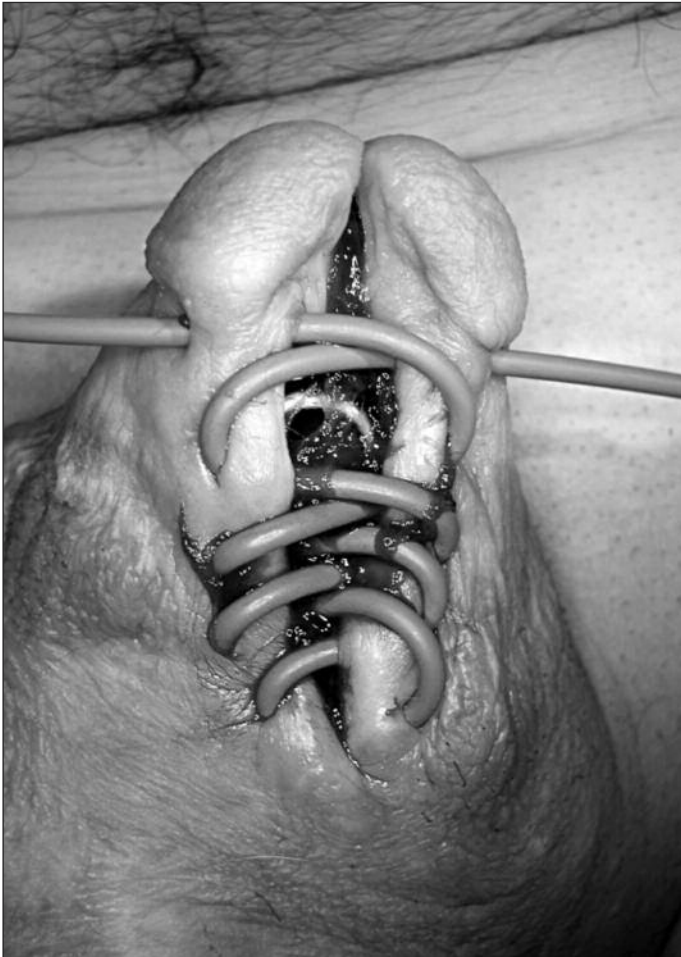
I get discharged several days later and have to attend a few clinics where they can monitor my healing progress. Boy, am I glad to get home!

I was interested to see how my foreskin was that was drying out, it was a sort of pinky/semi-transparent skin much thinner than it was before and felt as if it may be rather brittle. I removed it carefully from the card and held it up to the light and noticed the hair roots in it. It was a kind of 'trophy' for my efforts and I kept it for some time to come.

*What did you end up doing with it? Just threw it out one day?*

Yes, it went out on one of those 'I really need to sort my life out, have a really good clear out, start afresh' whims that never last.

Generally, people learn by their mistakes but when you start to be come obsessed with your genitals — nothing else matters and nothing will stop you. Although with the extra aid of antibiotics and hospitalization I had got through this, it wasn't a complete success. Some months later the scar was healing nicely and the scar-line was becoming unattached





from the penis shaft to which it had decided to adhere itself. Also, and more worrying the skin was covering the head of my penis more and more, where the heck was this extra skin coming from, after all I had been careful in my measurements and thought I had removed plenty of skin. I eventually put it down to the fact that usually people are circumcised at a very early age whereas I was much more 'mature' shall we say. To this day I don't know if there is any logic in this but it fitted at the time.

*The large band of whitish skin that you have is all from the circumcision? Or is there more to that story? It also looks like you were re-circumcised later? (I suppose that maybe that's a story for later?)*

Yes, doing something like that obviously has a great impact on blood flow to the area, also the area you note is completely new tissue, there was nothing there before but the shaft. I skinned my penis first, then came the skin graft, then when the surgeons kept bugging me around — like saying I didn't really want to be circumcised, I re-did it leaving it as it is today, shortened and having what I call 'tenting' problems where the skin at the base of the penis/groin tents out as it is being stretched when I get an erection.

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My play sessions continue and at work I make a stainless steel hinged cock-ring with a locking pin.

I am experiencing loneliness because I am living a life of secrecy pretty much and apart from going out to work I'm

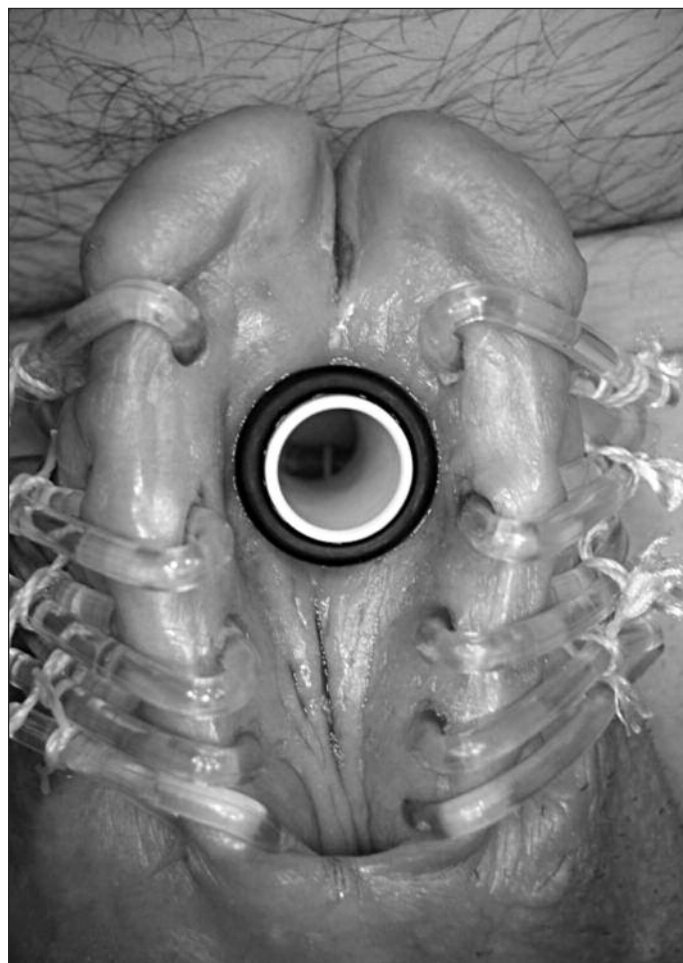
not doing much else other than playing with myself.

*I don't know if I've asked how old you are by the way?*

I'm forty four but unfortunately this is subject to change.

The loss of a testicle is beginning to really get to me, I was feeling in-complete and somehow although to all intense and purposes I was functioning normally in that area (as far as I knew) I am not very happy. I wanted my testicle back or I didn't want either! Since then I haven't had any high regard from my testicle and it has received a lot of abuse in the past. This was about the time that I got my first computer and I scoured through any free encyclopedia CDs for information on anything to do with the genitals for I was far too shy to go to the library for this. Castration and circumcision were top of the list and anything to do with anatomy.

One weekend I tied off my testicle and run my scalpel directly through it stopping in the middle of the handle. The initial prick as the blade entered the scrotum was a bit of a sharp pain but very soon went, there was a bit of resistance as the blade punctured the testicle but as the blade was very sharp it made light work of penetrating. There was only slight blood loss at the point of entry and the blade made light work of passing through the ball, the wall on the other side provided resistance and a slight sharp pain and I put my finger across what would be the exit point which was becoming visible as the blood was being forced away in the scrotum. The last phase was more difficult and I had to grit my teeth, hold my breath and (it felt) quite forcibly push the





scalpel until at last the blade tip just broke the skin and pricked my finger, this was the most painful part. I relaxed my hold and took a breather then supporting the skin with my fingers around the exit point I once again pushed the knife only making little progress, I had to do this several times before the blade was through enough to really cut it's way through and I was feeling every moment of it! Once the blade was exposed it took a hefty push to clear the beginnings of the scalpel handle after which point the handle tapers before becoming wider again. What a relief, I was through and expecting it to hurt at this stage but didn't. I noted that if I was to do this again I needed to file the scalpel down where the blade fits to ease entry next time, gosh I'm already thinking of a next time. I follow the scalpel through with a small length of tubing and then stretch the hole slightly by following that up with a spike on a handle that is from my toolkit, this takes a bit of pushing to get it through and at one point have visions of not being able to complete it. Once this has been in place for a while allowing the skin to give a little I then retract the spike following it through with a 12" stainless steel tube 1/4" in diameter. I am able to pull my testicle about in all directions without any pain and can suspend a house brick from the rod via strings, I stand in my lounge with my legs apart and can swing this weight dangling from my testicle to and fro, it is giving me a real buzz of excitement. Later I replaced the rod with the hinged ring and closed it shut. I feel a sense of being trapped and recall the time when I spent the day with a chain attached to the ring in my PA to a central anchor point in my flat. I play

with this for a while, attaching cord to the ring and pulling it in all directions noting how much I can stretch my scrotum and how good it looks, I was wishing I could leave the ring in place but recall that the piercing would not 'take', I wondered how true this was or whether it was more of a scare tactic. Next I removed the ring from my PA and worked the hinged ring through one of the PA holes then closed the ring and inserted the locking pin. I was now officially chastised I thought and the thought of not being able to get a proper erection or get my hand around my penis to stimulate myself added to the effect, it felt strangely good. Time was getting on now and I had had a pierced testicle for about three and a half hours, I felt I had almost exhausted the possibilities and would need to remove it soon. I threaded the ring back off the PA hole and replaced the PA ring and once again attached the cord to the ring through my ball, I made a loop in the end of the cord which I placed over my right foot and extended my leg until my testicle was being pulled away from me as much as I could comfortably stand then proceeded to masturbate slowly at first then speeding up as I lost all sense of where I was and began to slip away into this ecstatic state of mind and body, very soon I was spurting cum all over my stomach and groin. I had read that the average cum was a teaspoon full, I think the Guinness Book of Records should have been there that day because I reckoned I must have drained myself dry in one attempt! I drew my leg up to release the tension on the cord, laid back and was still away in the clouds for a while longer. Sheer glory! I thought to myself — it's going to take a while to beat that! When I





began feeling more down-to-earth I cleared up the mess I had made and very gingerly and unwantingly slowly removed the ring from my testicle, I was ready with an old towel and kitchen paper for any sudden blood flow but there was hardly any, I was soon able to take a pee and wrap myself in toilet tissue and don my Y-Fronts. As a precaution I took some paracetamol. The entry/exit wounds soon closed and apart from quite a bit of swelling up in the testicle which lasted a few weeks and which I was beginning to have doubts if it would reduce, I survived the event intact.

Cock-rings have always interested me and this is the reason for wanting to make my own. I had previously been experimenting with them but I was unhappy with the way that they cut the circulation so much in your penile skin and scrotum if you included that too, but loved the extra hardness of a constricted shaft. In playing I realized that there was something I could do which was pretty dramatic but if it worked the results would be well worth it.

Follow your shaft down, below your nuts (lucky you — if you have two) and to the point just before where the shaft attaches to your body, circle your shaft with thumb on one side and fingers the other and pull away from you — now imagine a close fitting cock-ring inside there circling your shaft fully concealed at the lowest point possible. That's what I had one for several years! Get a hard on and the ring does the same thing as if it were on the outside but you don't get the loss of flow to your foreskin turning it purple.

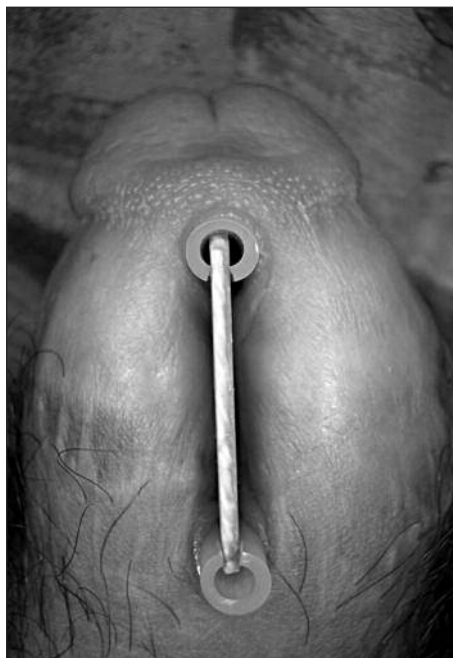
*That's amazing! I'm surprised more people haven't tried that but*

*it's really quite rare...*

That took quite a bit of experimentation beforehand to make sure it was possible, practical, getting the right size and that it could be done! Yes, it was amazing and once it had settled down was an absolute pleasure, just don't try peeing with a hard on! The sad thing was that I couldn't show anyone it. I assume you have seen the semi-external cock-ring that I did beforehand. I certainly haven't heard of it before or even to date, it was so unique and shows my ingenuity and the lengths I would go to. It was removed in hospital during another repair job and I was later told it was infected but I didn't believe it, it was causing no problems at all, I guessed that it was just a scare tactic, I didn't get the ring back either. No doubt they photographed the removal for their own records and have the ring in a hall of fame somewhere!

Obviously, I was careful to choose a ring of the right size to get the right effect but the result was so cool, it fitted so well and nobody would ever know it was there.

Again, using my trusty scalpel I held myself as detailed above and passed the knife behind my shaft and exited the other side, I had drilled a hole ready in the end of the scalpel handle and I attached a short length of cord to it which was closely attached to the half opened ring. I could now withdraw the scalpel pulling through the first half of the ring which was somewhat trickier than I expected, the hole was large enough, I just hadn't counted on having to deal with the blood making things slippery and congealing making it hard to see the holes and I was losing my grip. The ring did pull



through but met a lot of resistance and wasn't too painful. Once through I could relax my grip and think about what came next. The idea was to do exactly the same but this time over the shaft using the same entry/exit holes. In practice this wasn't going to work and ended up enlarging the exit point and going in again over the shaft and out just past the center-line of my scrotum. I attached the ring to the end of the scalpel and had to do a lot of manipulating to get the end of the ring back in together with the scalpel, aligned properly without getting tissue caught and pulled through and out of the next hole. It took some doing, I was getting sore, I was sweating a bit by now and I was beginning to swell up. It seemed a simple enough task to complete the operation as I was three quarters there but the next part seemed to take the longest, at one point I lost one end of the ring and had trouble working it around to the exit hole without closing the

ring and trapping tissue in it. I ended up making the hole I was trying to work through much larger and eventually got the two ends of the ring together only at that point to get an erection and struggled to keep the ring closed, next up was getting that tiny stainless pin through the two halves and getting a pair of pliers across it to drive the pin securely home. Easier said than done. I managed it but found that my measurements were slightly out, the pin was protruding slightly and may catch as I rotated it, I had another go with the pliers but couldn't force it any further so I set about filing it smooth with a flat jewelers file trying to stop the filings entering the wound which was pretty futile. I cleaned up as best I could and stitched up the holes and had a good wash. Doing this I had my first full erection and I realized that all my work was going to be worth it. The ring fitted almost perfectly, maybe a touch loose but I had a better than average hard-on and it feeling pretty solid... and without getting a purple foreskin, I was so relieved. As I cleared up the mess I had made in my flat I kept thinking about it which gave me an erection and each time I felt how hard it was. I was pretty sore and was longing to test my new device out fully but resisted the temptation because I tend to have quite strong negative feelings immediately after ejaculating and didn't want to risk going through all this only to remove it straight away!

My main concern initially was that as it healed a protective layer of tissue would form around the ring and so restrict the ring further making it tighter which did seem to happen but later receded. The

next days caused a few problems, number one — riding my bike to work was out of the question, number two was the leakage, there was a lot! On the Monday morning I walking into work through the park very well padded with kitchen paper and one of the entry/exit points blew, all of the fluid in my scrotum emptied out soaking the tissues and overflowed onto my light colored trousers. I had to get rid of the soaking mound of tissues and replaced it with the tissue from my pocket and return home to quickly change. This went on for a while and finally healed fully. I felt good about what I had done and was beginning to really enjoy it's benefits.

Like most good things in life, there is a draw-back. Get a raging hard-on and ejaculating becomes difficult as the ring also restricts the urethra, I wasn't able to pee either with an erection not that it mattered. The ring served me well but



was really another one of those things that I just couldn't talk about which was such a pity because I felt I had such a unique thing!

My attention turns to my testicle next. My previous encounters with my GP have put me at ease a little and I manage to persuade my him and later a consultant at the hospital that having a pair of testicles was going to mean the world to me, it would make me more confident and may actually lead to me being able to start a relationship, which is what I was longing for the most. It was agreed to have an operation to insert a prosthesis testicle under general anesthetic. I had to wait a while and in the mean time this meant 'no cutting', I managed to get on the list where if someone dropped out I would take their place. The day came and I was admitted to the day unit where I was prepped. I can't express how much this operation meant to me and the staff actually had to stop me running to the operating theater I was so 'up for it' and excited about the whole idea. I was soon 'under' and the next thing I knew was being woken up on the ward and feeling rather groggy and very cold — I always feel very cold after general anesthetic. As the time before in hospital, my hand went down the bed clothes to see what I could feel, not much really, a big wad of bandages that started somewhat higher than I was expecting. The guy in the bed opposite was ahead of me and soon was up and about, dressed and on his way home while I was nibbling toast. Other than being given something to eat no one asked how I was, no one spoke to me, was I being blocked because they felt I was a time waster and that I was stopping another more important operation being carried out I thought. The time came to get dressed and I asked the nurse how the operation went, she said she didn't know anything about it and helped me get dressed. In my half embarrassment — I was being helped to get dressed! I couldn't help noticing that there was something odd but couldn't

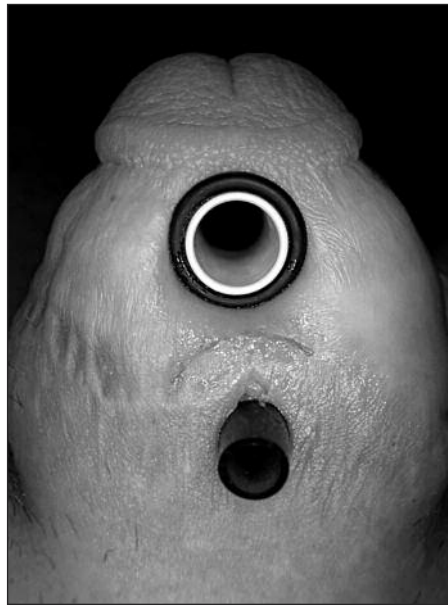
quite put my finger on it or had the time to explore it for myself, I was after all being hurried. Once dressed I was moved to the day room where I waited for Mum to pick me up.

Something was odd, I didn't know what but it was beginning to eat away at me and it really took the edge off things, a few hours ago I was running to the operating theater, but now I felt depressed, this wasn't right, maybe it was just the anesthetic. Mum arrived and took possession of me and it was already decided that I go home to my parents place rather than back to an empty flat. On the way home instead of

looking where we were going I was staring out of the side window and not looking at anything in particular, just staring aimlessly. Mum asked me what was wrong and I just shrugged and said "nothing's wrong", I didn't know what to say, I didn't even know what was wrong if anything anyway, was it all in my mind? Once home Mum made a nice cup of tea and I can vividly remember sitting there so glum and itching to take a better look. At the first chance, when Mum started preparing dinner I was straight off to the loo to drop trousers and investigate and ... what's this, this isn't what I'd expected, how comes I've got a big scar right up here and what's this bulge, where's the new testicle? After dinner I was at rock bottom, I was seething, I remember Mum & Dad talking to me but I must have been a million miles away, I was in my own world, shutting all else out, defending myself, my defenses were up, brick walls all around me, sounds were only 'just' getting through, I had trusted someone to operate on me and they fucked it up big-time, I felt like I was about to go to war yet felt so insignificant, lost and alone. The evening really dragged, there was only one thing on my mind and one thing only, I think Mum & Dad tried to get me to play cards but don't really remember because they were outside. At some point I went to bed but hardly slept.

The next morning was a new day, a fresh start some say. Not for me it wasn't, I was feeling very low indeed. I managed a bit of cereal and moped about the house for half the morning, Mum sat me down and wanted to talk to me. I think Mum knew exactly how much this op meant to me and was having trouble understanding what the hell was going on, god knows what must have been going through her mind. We sat down and I reluctantly began talking about what I had expected and then briefly said what I had ended up with. Mums reaction being an ex nurse was typically "You only had the operation yesterday, you have to give these





things time". That was like water off a ducks back to me, didn't even get near me nor did I believe a word of it, Mum was out of her depth, didn't know what she was talking about and besides she hadn't seen it. We talked more and I began to get even more upset and was beginning to rage, I was about to blow. Which is exactly what happened, standing up and shouting at Mum I said "If you don't fucking believe me fucking well see for yourself" and dropped my trousers in front of her in the kitchen. She calmly led me to the bedroom where I laid on the bed and I pointed out my concerns to her. "I must admit, it's not what I had expected" were Mums words which immediately comforted me, I was no alone anymore.

I had a scar in my groin through which the operation was conducted and immediately to the left of my penis, more in the groin than in the scrotum was a small mound where the false testicle was placed, no where near where I expected it to at all. We spoke about it at lunch time and decided to phone the hospital who said if we came at 4 PM we would be able to catch the surgeon after he finished his daily ops. This is what we did and completely in tears we saw the surgeon that did the operation who said "Well, I'm sorry but I did the best I could in the time available".

"Did the best in the time available? what am I — a slab of meat on a conveyor belt" I exclaimed absolutely fuming to hear his words.

*That's insane!!!*

*What were they thinking?*

I guess they weren't thinking at all... But it's amazing that they'd treat you so badly.

That's the story of my life, well that's how it seems. They don't approve of you doing DIY surgery in your home and when you entrust them to do their job — they fuck it up! Makes you want to go home and do it yourself! This was probably the lowest point in my life and things just went downhill from there as I tried to get myself sorted out. From then on I felt trapped within their 'care' for want of a better

word. You have to wait ages to see someone, you have to wait for an operation to put things right, in the meantime you cant harm significantly because it may jeopardize their ongoing work, talk about feeling helpless and in the end it's a botched job anyway!

As you can guess that did absolutely zero for my confidence and self-worth, the following weeks were dark times for me and depression was becoming a daily occurrence for me. Eventually I got an appointment to see the surgeons boss who agreed that the operation wasn't at all a success. I asked about the total loss of feeling in the area and he explained that the cut was made 'across' an area of the groin where hundreds of nerves pass and thus I was experiencing a loss of sensation there — no kidding, I'd call it bad practice and hence my confidence in the medical profession was beginning to break down. The doctor agreed to re-do the operation himself and put things right, this time with a better sized implant. To cut a long story short, I had quite a wait but the operation did eventually go ahead, this time it was done properly and in the general hospital.

I got on well with the new testicle over time but it just didn't feel like the real thing. My right testicle which was having to do the work of two, was larger still and eventually I became so obsessed with it's indifference that I removed the implant. I now have the original implant which was given to me after the second operation and now I have the other one too which I'm saving for a rainy day. About the best thing of the implant was that it made a great stress relief device, you could flip it end over end in your scrotum with your fingers.

*Do you think you'll get it replaced? They have larger ones as well...*

No, I don't think so. I've often wondered about replacing the larger one I have but haven't done so yet. I went through a long phase of thinking I could lose my remaining testicle and have a pair of matched implants, physically this would mean more to me than one one false and one original, mentally it's another question.



At times in my life it seemed the more I did to improve matters, the worse things would get.

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*It's been three years since we last talked in depth I think. How have you been since then?*

I find it very hard to write about myself and have always been like that, I have quite a low opinion of myself.

*Do you think there's a link between this self-opinion and the quest to modify/improve oneself?*

Yes and no.

I have always been shy and reserved and a loner, I have always felt somehow inferior though perhaps not so much whilst I was in the Royal Navy (sixteen to twenty two). At school I remember always trying to get into one of the more select groups — but never managing to. The onset of modification mostly came about after the desire to be circumcised and not having the guts to seek proper help, I guess needles and play piercing started at about the age of 13/14 (That's at thirteen or fourteen years old and not thirteen fourteenths of a year — that would be silly). Off course losing a testicle was a major blow and really upset the balance, then there was all the pain and anguish of dealing with the medical profession that caused me so many more problems in my life — none of which did my self esteem any favors. That was a spiral that should have never happened.

*How did you bridge from wanting a circumcision to playing with needles? Was it self abuse? Experimentation? Play? Something in all those categories?*

Playing with myself was getting a bit mundane and the next step was needles (of the sewing variety) at first. I don't recall having seen any genital piercings at that time but it was just sort of a logical thing to do. It was definitely play with a bit of experimentation thrown in testing myself, my body and my reactions. Sewing my foreskin back gave my first insight into how it would feel to be circumcised.

*It's really amazing how many people come to the idea of genital piercing (and other modifications) with no external influence. It shows that no matter what happens with public trends, this scene will NEVER go away because it's an instinctual part of humanity in a certain percentage of people.*

I often used to wonder how many other school kids played

with themselves in the ways that I did and who else was experimenting with pins, needles and sewing thread. I was under the impression I was different.

*Do you remember what you thought about what you were doing at the time?*

I found it exciting but also daring and had to carried out in secrecy in a house shared with three sisters, only yesterday I was reminded how I used to block the door keyholes with toilet paper. Having lost a testicle — not knowing if it was my doing or not, made these sessions all the more risky but obviously not enough to stop my progression.

Modification is a funny thing, some do it for all different reasons and some find it quite addictive. Personally for me, in the past it has also been a channel for anger, a sort of 'it's me that's the problem so it's me that I must punish' attitude — and to an extent it does work. Heck, even once I was praised by the medical profession for harming myself!

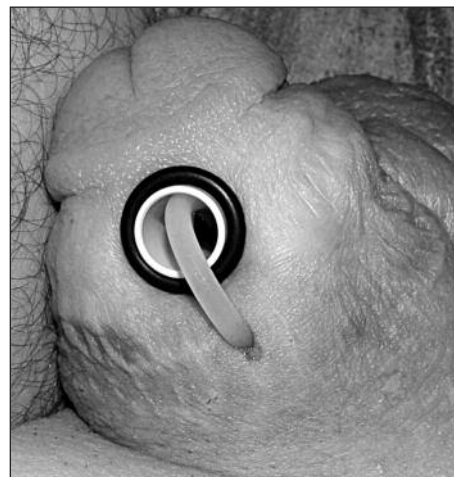
*Praised???*

A six inch deep slash to my forearm was deemed better progress rather than cutting my genitals — so I did more to show my on-going progress.

*That's more than a little disturbing — really shows you what a deep prejudice the mainstream has toward genital cutting...!!! Could you tell me that story in detail? It's really rather upsetting.*

*[Editor's note: Mark asked me to leave most of this story out. In short, after his shaft skinning he was voluntarily moved to a mental health unit, which turned out to be a poorly maintained shared room smelling of piss and covered in stains. About the worst place to be with sore healing wounds. Complaints lead the carpet being cleaned but no other improvement. The unit seemed to cater primarily to those with severe substance abuse problems, isolating Mark and playing into his "secretive habits and building barriers" around himself. Staff cycled regularly, which made it impossible for him to talk about his issues, let alone build up trust them. Instead of improving his mental or physical health, it got significantly worse during the duration of the stay. It wasn't until he started repeatedly cutting his arms that they decided he was "better", because apparently it's OK to cut your arm, but not your cock.]*

*When you've cut out of a self-punishment aspect, are you happy with the physical results? That is, does it successfully transform*





*something negative into something positive, or is it more like a scar from an unpleasant wound.*

That depends on many factors, my state of mind being the most influential, anger being the second. In the past I have been mentally quite ill but at the same time have been very methodical and careful with my exploits, sometimes carefully planning beforehand, like you know a kettle's about to boil... I don't think I have ever really wanted to do real lasting damage to myself, certainly not in my genital area, a lot of it has been about self-improvement through self-punishment. Except for two very deliberate suicide attempts that should have done the trick, my other attempts have been more of a cry for help in 'very' difficult times.

Afterwards, self-caring also plays an important role though at times longer healing times themselves became a problem as there is no such thing as a quick fix — especially with DIY surgery. In most cases, cutting has relieved a lot of anger and frustrations and has led (our thought would lead) to improvement.

*Self-improvement through self-punishment has a long history of being the most profound form of self-improvement, especially among spiritual people (monks, etc.)... I don't get the impression that there's an aspect of that for you (a spiritual aspect, a sense of connection to the universe, etc.), but if there is, please correct me?*

No there isn't — except that I have grown up with my friends and especially my cousins who have all gone on to get married and have kids. I have always said that I have 'failed the prime directive' in life and at times it has been very clear by my Mum that she feels let down as a result. Only son / peer pressure.

As I age I'm definitely not doing the sort of play things that I was once doing and even at times think I'm losing the urge to modify, but then a week later all that's changed. I also don't think that now-a-days I am being influenced much by the Internet either.

(I think I have said it before, I reached a real low point in my life when I tried to end my life on several occasions, it's hard to explain and writing this now tears are welling up in my eyes but when you are truly that desperate it's something that you can't just not remember and get on with your life. It's one of those invisible scars that you can't put into context on a claim form. I don't think my self opinion will ever change.)

Having said that, there's also a lot of people that I don't have a very high opinion of, guess my standards are still quite high in that respect.

*I think that the tendency to have suicidal ideation is hardwired — even when life is good someone who's wired that we seems to think that way... I think it's not unusual for many of us. Do you find that when you're feeling down you're more likely or less likely to cut?*



More likely to cut for sure, it's habit forming and becomes a way of life to an extent. If I wasn't still on medication I often wonder how different things would be, I also wonder really how much good the tablets are doing — for me the belief makes taking them worthwhile so please don't burst my bubble.

#### *Medication slows cutting down then?*

Not directly but the better my mood, the less likely I am to cut or harm in anger or without proper thought going into it and leading to a botched job.

Anyways, I don't really remember where my last communication left off, my memory is like a sieve so I'll just babble on for a bit in the hope that you can put the two parts together and make something of it — don't know who's got the worst part! My last few years entertainment has centered around a hole in my life, a hole through the shaft of my penis (I can say penis can I?). Previously, the first hole was repaired some years back following a stay at a London hospital where I was 'encouraged' to put things back to normal again.

The hole has always been on my mind and once again I found myself re-creating this hole. Initially progress was slow and the first hole made with a home sharpened needle was rather painful as at the time I hadn't discovered anesthetic.

Over time the hole was slowly enlarged by a series of tapered pencil paint brush handles and pieces of thin-walled tube, basically anything that fit the bill. I progressed up in sizes, along the way trying to be inventive, one such idea was to split a length of tube that would just fit the hole and put a scalpel blade in the split so that as the blade was passed through the hole the blade would slice the hole open going up to the next size, this was a neat idea but at the time the hole was very sensitive and progress was slow at best.

The idea of a shaft piercing once again was becoming a reality and I liked the idea of having such an unusual piercing, that was sort of fitting for me. As the hole progressed I soon realized that I needed to lengthen my sub to accommodate a larger hole and also did a few shaft skin tightening modifications along the way. Speaking of the sub, even though I have always really liked the idea I have had to limit the extent of it because I have always felt that having only one ball it has left me a bit one-sided and also my urethra seems to favor the non-balled side, I just don't think a too long sub would sit right and I didn't want to get into a situation where I was quite unhappy with how it had turned out.

A while later I made a second shaft piercing in much the same way of the first but this one was about 15mm further down the shaft, my end as it were. This one was enlarged to the size of the first and eventually the gap between them was cut making a rather odd shaped hole. I did lose quite a bit of the diameter in the following weeks as it healed but progress was being made. I went through a phase of wanting to give up on it as it seemed that I couldn't never enjoy my cock because it was for ever in trauma and a stage of healing.

#### *How long did it actually take to stabilize?*

It never did really stabilize and was a big reason why I did

what followed. I was beginning to think 'either take the tube out and let it do what it wants to do and just leave the bloody thing alone' or 'to do something else that would get around the problems I was facing' split the head!

As the hole was getting bigger I was continually trying to find suitable objects slightly larger than the previous to stretch the hole, it was a job at times and occasionally I would get it wrong and use something that wasn't very compatible on occasion having to go back a size and let it recover before carrying on. Slightly tapering plastic bottle necks proved the best when used with rubber 'O' rings to stop it sliding out of the hole.

As time went by I was getting more and more impressed with the hole and it's uniqueness, on occasion I would wonder just how many other people (where I was at the time) had anything like I had tucked away in my pants and even what their reaction to it would be. I would have loved to have gone into a piercing studio and showed them my handiwork but I never did as I was too shy to do so, in-fact to date only a very few privileged people have seen it in the flesh — less people than I have fingers on my left hand to be more precise!

*It's sort of funny in way — you're a "penis celebrity" online to some extent, but offline you have a secret identity.*

That's right, I guess I'm a bit proud of what I've achieved but too shy to show anyone in the flesh.

I'm not looking forward to the time when I have to face doctors/hospitals for mens problems in the future.

#### *Have doctor's attitudes at least improved over time?*

Ha, you're joking right? Let me pick myself up and get back onto my chair. With health budgets being cut so drastically anything self-inflicted is frowned upon at best. If you are lucky enough you may come across someone sympathetic — probably someone new to the profession — but they are few and far between. Best not to get involved in the first place.

#### *Sad but true, yeah...*

As young kids grow up and as we see so much on our streets, piercing is becoming very much more the accepted thing. There must also be more kids experimenting on their genitals, wanting piercings etc but not being able to afford todays higher prices which may lead to more and more doing it themselves and ending up having to seek help, something's got to change.

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Obviously milestones along the way have been times like when I was first able to put my little finger through the hole, being able to thumb the hole was also memorable as it was a more natural and comfortable thing to do. Pleasure-wise, it was a great feeling but as the skin was continually being stretched — the skin was thin and was easily damaged. In fact I was having more and more healing problems, because I was continually wearing something in the hole, air wasn't getting to the skin lining the hole and so wasn't healing well enough. If I didn't wear anything in the hole, the hole would very soon shrink so I was caught in a damned if you do —

damned if you don't situation. Over the months the hole was stretched, the largest it got was about 39mm and that's a socking great hole in a little penis.

It was an amazing time but not very practical and the dreaded healing problems persisted, after a while I reduced the hole in size a bit where it remained until fairly recently. I was interested in the BME videos of people using cautery pens and so bought one. My first session was to have a go at deepening my sub, I have never really thought much of the idea of splitting my shaft but I did like the idea of making it deeper, maybe even deep enough so that the shaft from the underside looked as though it was split but not from the top!

Another of my 'I want to be unique' ideas.

So the first session went quite well, I deepened the sub by about 8mm at the deepest point and cut about 25mm long, this was enough to make a difference and an insight into seeing how far I'd have to go before the halves began to separate. I went on holiday shortly afterwards and didn't do hardly anything to stop re-growth so before long I was almost back to where I started. I intend to progress further with this during the winter months.

*Is the cautery pen a tool you'd use again or recommend? What were the pros and cons of it?*

Yes, I'd use it again and yes I would recommend it for minor surgeries.

In the areas that I'm using it is taxing it to the limit, the bridge of skin joining the two halves of my cock head was quite tough because of the strain the hole has put on it over the years and the skin has toughened up well there — being the point that had to take the weight when I had anything heavy in the hole. The center of the cock is pretty tough too!

AA batteries just aren't man enough, for my next session I have bought a couple of twin 'D' cell battery boxes which I will link together and use that instead, hopefully that should give a more stable output and suffer less from the heat being wicked away from the tip as soon as you make contact.

Laying in the bath one evening and trying to decide how to progress and not being happy with the hole not healing properly and having to constantly wear something in the hole I thought about splitting the rest of the head. I really liked the idea but thought I would miss the hole so much that I had for years been enlarging. Over the next week I gradually reduced the size of the tube in the hole to see just how small the hole would go and to my surprise — I didn't lose too much in diameter, before I knew it I was numbed up again and cautery pen in hand, I set about severing the link between the head halves and was very soon semi-split shafted. What a great feeling that was but once again healing had to be respected and too much play was out of the question. I don't regret losing the hole, it's more like a change is as good as a rest and I now have a new play thing — though to be truthful I don't play half as much as I used to, sadly those days are gone. And that's where we are today folks. Like I said, over the winter I will start to deepen the sub and quite possibly continue the split further, I see no reason not to — it's just a case of seeing how far I can comfortably go retaining a pleasant look.





## Impgrin: Mineral Oil Injections Salvaged With Love

*I first met my friend "Impgrin" when he sent me photos of his mineral oil injection which had, as they always do, gone terribly wrong. In his early thirties, his interests centered around body inflation of all sorts — saline, air, water, pumping, and more — but he had catastrophically deformed genitals thanks to his body's response to the mineral oil. After hiding it, untreated for half a decade, he met the woman who was to be his wife and eventually had to face the wages of his fetish with her. Ultimately, his story is a love story, and with her support, he went through a difficult repair process and now enjoys his fetishes with borders that they can both enjoy without risk.*

I was born and raised in the Montreal, Canada area and am a strictly heterosexual male, married, with no kids yet. I came from a normal family — you know, we ate dinner together every night — not super happy and close knit like the perfect families you see in the movies, but we were all pretty much normal and content. I was always more reserved and kept to myself growing up, with no girlfriends until I met my wife five years ago...

I breezed through high school and then did one semester of college. I didn't really like the way the teaching structure was set up: "Ok, class, read pages 100 to 975, do the exercises on pages 976 through 980, and if you have any questions ask me later" — a quote from almost all my teachers... If I wanted to teach myself everything, I would have gone to the library. I dropped out and went to work and had several jobs over the years until I found I had a talent and passion for computers. Now I work in the IT industry in a corporate environment.

*What body modifications have you undergone?*

The only permanent "mods" I have are one nipple ring in my right nip, and a huge asshole from regular stretching.

I had tried genital beading a short time after having read an article in Penthouse. I didn't know how so I just cut slots in the skin and pushed the beads in and taped up the holes. After a couple days, the holes hadn't healed and were starting to look bad, so I got scared and opened them up. I hadn't used stainless steel so the beads were turning black... I popped them out, washed everything, and let it heal.

I now have skin graft scars on my entire penis and scrotum except for the knob. The graft was the result of that stupidity with mineral oil...

*Why did you inject mineral oil into your genitals? It almost always turns out badly when people try that... I hope it wasn't after you saw it on BME!*

I decided to do this on my own but it happened in two steps. Once, before I had heard of BME, I wanted to do something to make my dick bigger a little more permanently.

Thinking of the different things around the house, I came up with the bright idea of injecting mineral oil. The reasoning was "if we can drink it, I can inject it." Thing is, I didn't know at the time that mineral oil is used to help with constipation — the body can't absorb it so it gets expelled...

The first time I only used a little — maybe a couple of CCs. It made a small bump on the top of my cock about an inch long by 3/4 inch wide and 1/4 inch high, roughly oval in shape. I got scared at that point and stopped. The lump sort of flattened, like a saline injection and stayed sort of soft for about a day, getting firmer and firmer. It stopped changing texture after a day or two and didn't move in any way, shape, or form after that.

When I did the major injection I was twenty one or twenty two and it was several years after the first injection. I hadn't had a girlfriend (or sex) yet and my dick was all lumpy. I was depressed and looking for a way out, either up or down — I don't think I cared. I started obsessing about my dick and I can remember thinking that if I made it bigger and smoothed out the bumps, maybe I would get some confidence back and find myself a woman... Vacuum pumping was temporary, as was saline, and I came back to the oil... It had worked the first time, so I did it.

The same state came over me again where my hands were shaking, my heart was pounding, and I was not in control anymore... the little short circuit in my brain that pushes me to do all these things was more there than I was I think. I injected some oil into my cock and it looked good, so I injected more... I was hard as a rock and I could really see what it looked like — nice and fat and smooth. It looked normal, but really fat, like after a good pumping session. I was in a trance and just kept thinking how I wanted to be bigger and injected a whole lot more into my sac, at the base of my cock. It didn't hurt at all — none of it. I don't know if it was the euphoric state I was in, or if mineral oil just goes in that way. I massaged the oil around to make it even and by then was so primed up I had to jerk off. I had no other choice: I had to cum...

In all I think I injected 500cc into my sac and maybe 250cc



The condition of Impgrin's genitals when we first met, due to a reaction to mineral oil injections.

more into my dick...

Over the next couple of days the euphoria wore off pretty quickly. I was sure I was going to die because of this. Not because it looked bad at first or anything — I just sort of had a premonition... Because of my state of mind at that point I just said “ok, shit happens” and let it go... The appearance deteriorated over the first week, sort of stopped for a while, and then constantly got worse and worse...

The problem is, my dick, like every other guy's on the planet, isn't erect 24 hours a day. Because I had filled it up while hard, my skin was stretched out over the length of my erect cock. When I go soft, I am about half the erect length, and the oil and stretched skin had to go somewhere... the best analogy I can think of would be grabbing your cock at the base and pulling the skin towards the knob. It sort of bunches up around the head, right? Imagine this now with 250cc of oil under the skin. The oil wanted to stay long and flat because it was hardening, but my soft cock was trying to pull back into my body like usual.

It took about a month but I finally wound up with a sort of doughnut shaped bulge of skin around the head of my soft cock. The bulge took up the whole length of my dick between the head and the base. It wasn't lumpy, and it stayed smooth, but it was very firm and not pliable. It was permanent, and when I got hard, the skin didn't change shape or stretch out. It pulled the skin from the base of my dick outwards. I was the same length hard as before, only half of my dick stayed inside. Think of my previous analogy — when you pull the skin of your dick towards the head, the pad at the base sort of pulls up along your cock, right? Same thing was happening to me. All the time. The skin that had been injected didn't move, didn't slide, or bend — it was just stuck to the outer half of my dick. Because the skin didn't move this caused two complications.

First, because I had also injected into my sac, the joint between dick and sac was no longer very flexible. Erections at night and from masturbation pulled out my dick, but the skin under there couldn't handle it and eventually split. The split grew wider and deeper until I was scared it would cut into my urethra. It never healed over and no matter how often I washed it, it was constantly seeping puss or lymph... the split never cut into the urethra but it wound up covering a third of the diameter of my dick.

The second complication was caused by the same problem — getting hard was pulling on tissue that had no give but was aggravated by being soft too. The skin just below head of my dick and where the shaft attached started to split as well. The head of my cock was slowly being pulled under the skin, but there was no give there either. The skin split on top of my dick too, just below where the glans ends. This pocket went about half way around and was about 3/4 inch deep, and because it was very hard to keep clean, puss and lymph would build up under there. The pocket broke through eventually and made a second hole in the surface skin. That hole slowly tore out along the whitish scarred lump until it totally separated on that side.

All this took about five years to evolve. It wasn't painful, but

it was gross. I had to put folded up paper towels in my underwear to keep the oozing under control, and it always stank.

*What did you tell the doctors when you eventually decided to have it treated?*

What did I tell them? The truth. I wanted them to fix it and I wanted everything to work so I had to give the docs all the info they needed to do the job right. I actually had several doctors... In Montreal there are mostly teaching hospitals so I saw just about every intern there — they don't see stuff like this every day I guess! My actual doctors though consisted of three of the senior urologists and the senior plastic surgeon.

They started by removing most of the mass from my sac as much as they could. I had an epidural and sedative for this part and I actually started to wake up during the operation. All of a sudden I could feel them pulling on my genitals. It was scary for a few seconds until someone gave me another shot of sedative and I fell asleep again. This took a while to heal, and there was a complication because the drains were taken out too early so I had a build up of blood in my sac. They had sent me home to rest and I would go in a couple times a week for follow up. The blood clot finally forced open the sutures, so when I went back in they had to rinse out the holes to break up the clot. I was told to massage out as much of the clot as I could every day in the shower after irrigating the hole with saline from a big syringe. The first time, about 125ml of clotted blood came out. I was resigned to all this so it didn't affect me too much... well, when the sutures split I freaked out a bit, but afterwards I was sort of detached — clinical about it all.

My wife didn't look too much because she's squeamish, but she was always there to support me. Luckily, I had continued doing inflation play after injecting the oil which had stretched the tissue, so there was enough healthy skin to leave me a good sized sac. The scrotal results were encouraging, and it was time to remove the rest of the mass from my dick. The doctors had no idea if I would still be able to function afterwards — at this point I could still get hard and ejaculate — so the wife and I went to a fertility clinic to set up a sperm bank. We found out that I was producing no live sperm... no sperm at all in fact. There just seemed to be some immature sperm but nothing else. That hurt. I wasn't really sure if I wanted kids but to have the option taken away like that hurt both of us...

The penis operation was sort of like a breast lift. They cut a vertical incision in the skin above my cock to where the base was supposed to be and pulled the shaft back up to that point. They stitched the skin together around the base to close it up. Then they removed all the injected skin on my shaft, which is to say, all of it. There was no original skin left on it at all, so they took a slice of skin from my belly in the crease where your pants button up for the graft — a free tummy tuck. The plastic surgeon had never done anything like this before so this was her best guess. She wrapped the strip around the shaft from the base towards the tip and stapled the sides of the strip together to form a sort of tube. They put it in a cast and sutured the knob to my belly button.



The cast was to keep the graft in place, and it was stitched to my navel to keep it stretched out.

I was in the hospital for two weeks I think, but I can't really remember because I was on morphine. The pain was excruciating. I would get erections at night, and at first I was happy it still worked, but getting hard in the cast pulled at the graft. I can remember waking up writhing in pain from my hard on, and hitting the plunger for more morphine from the automatic drip. I would fall asleep only to wake up later writhing again... I asked for something to keep me from getting hard, but they said that kind of medicine restricts blood flow and wouldn't be good for the graft. It was a week before I could get by without the morphine, and a week after that they sent me home.

I complained to the nurse that the cast smelled funny before leaving and she told me that it was because I couldn't wash properly, but the next day I was delirious and running a fever. My wife rushed me back to the hospital where they took lots of blood for tests, and discovered I had a systemic infection. About an hour later the plastic surgeon showed up and took off the cast. She started grumbling under her breath and started to remove bits of skin and staples. The skin was brown and looked like leather. When she was done she said something like "it's all messed up" and stormed off.

I was scared shitless. I thought my dick was going to fall off! Turns out that 80% of the graft had failed — only a fifth of it was still alive. Apparently they had me under observation in the urology wing, but the nurses didn't recognize the signs of the graft failing. They kept me for another week to cure the infection, cleaned up my dick, and sent me to the local clinic for daily follow ups. The failed skin had to scar completely and the grafted skin needed a chance to heal. I had to take baths every night in water and use bleach to clean it.

When it was finally healed enough to try again the plastic surgeon used another technique. She took a patch of skin off of my thigh, a rectangle about 4 inches by 6 inches which was only the surface layers of skin though, unlike the first strip which had the complete epidermis. A sort of waxed

gauze was used as a bandage that gave support, but was not too rigid. This graft worked much better with about 80% surviving this time, and then back to the baths and cleaning, until the grafted skin spread to fill in the gaps. In all it took about four months.

All this time I had a catheter through my belly, directly into my bladder to urinate. Even that caused problems. Because I was being seen by a plastic surgeon and not a urologist, they forgot to have the catheter changed. After four months, mineral deposits had formed on the tube in my bladder and the doctor couldn't get it out. This caused more complications, pain, and worry... The funny thing about all this is that I am a hairy guy. Why is that funny? The first graft came from my belly, and since it was the whole thickness of skin it included the hair follicles — I now have a couple of spots on my dick that I have to pluck once in a while. If I don't, my wife complains they tickle her throat!

After the initial healing was done, we were super happy. I could still get hard, and could still ejaculate and orgasm. My dick was short though — skin grafts shrink while they heal, so I only had about half my original length. But, at least that half could be used for what it should be — SEX!

*A friend of mine who had similar graft work after cancer almost totally lost sensation in the shaft. Did you lose much sensation?*

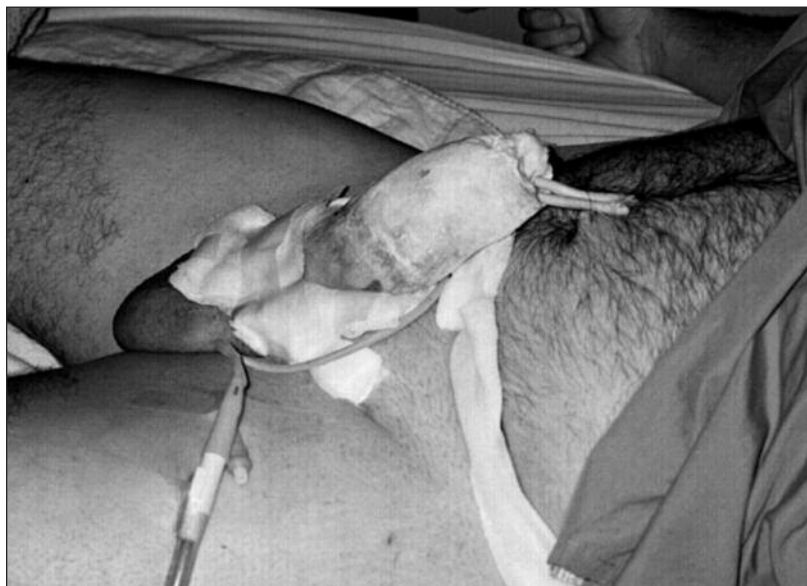
I lost a lot, but not all of it — maybe 60%. I am really happy that none of the oil made it into my knob! I strongly suggest pumping for your friend. It engorges the skin with blood, and the swelling helps the tissue expand.

*I guess if the oil had gotten into the glans, you'd probably have lost it, and if you'd gone deeper, into the cavernosum, you'd need an implant to get hard?*

Yup, that's what the docs told me, but the implant wouldn't work. No glans, no skin, and no cavernosum — nothing to put an implant in! It would have come off... ugh... I get chills just thinking about it...

*How was the healing?*

I had trouble sleeping... The catheter and bag meant that my



Impgrin healing from the reconstructive surgery to repair the mineral oil damage in his penis, and after the initial healing.

bladder hadn't been used to hold piss for four months, and it shrunk. Also, because the skin grafts were tight and inflexible, being basically scars, erections at night were painful if they lasted too long. I'd have to get up to piss every hour or two, making for short nights... When I finally got back to work, bus rides turned into my worst nightmare. Almost every day I would get on the bus only to have to take a piss five minutes later and by the time I got to town, the pain from holding it in was terrible. After a while though things got back to normal.

I started pumping both my cock and balls again, and have done some inflation. The pumping actually had an added benefit too. Pumping my cock actually helped stretch out the grafted skin! When I get hard, I actually have almost all of my original length and the skin is much more supple. I also went back to the fertility clinic for more tests and found out that I am now producing 40% live sperm, 90% of which are "fast", which means that I could reproduce naturally without too much difficulty!

*That's excellent news. Do you mind telling me about the first time you had sex after your penis was fixed? What was it like?*

The first time we tried, not long after the operation, sort of flopped. We were both too nervous... but the second time, we both came — it was a very special moment for us. We had loved each other for a long time and had not been able to have sex... sure, we did other things but it was not the same.

All in all it turned out very well. The graft is more supple but doesn't slide up and down like normal dick skin, and I think this is a good thing... for my wife. She really likes how it feels. I'm sort of like a real, living, textured dildo!

*Think you'll every try a permanent expansion again, this time with something a bit safer like silicone?*

No — I will never do anything like that again. Pumping is the only thing I do to it now. I think the fact that I'm with my wife, coupled with all the pain I had to endure have knocked back that uncontrollable urge, so I won't get carried away... in any case, my wife likes it the way it is!

*You've mentioned pumping and inflation — let's talk about your play activities.*

In my case, "play" has always been private and sexual in nature. Everything I ever did to myself was either to make something bigger, or to get off. Simple as that. These things turn me on in one way or another. Don't ask me why though because I couldn't tell you — the only guess I can come up with is that it is genetic.

*Part of me actually thinks it's quite normal, and that most people just keep it repressed.*

Normal? I don't think so. Some people may keep these urges repressed and that's not good, but I tend to think that there is no "norm". Everybody's brain is wired differently — simple as that. That's why we have violent people and passive ones, leaders and followers, mathematicians and poets and race car drivers. It's rare that one person is really good in more than one situation. I think the same goes for our appetites and urges as well...

*So you literally think it's genetic I guess —*

My first cock pump was stolen out of my dad's drawer — washed before use of course — and he had some other stuff in there too... we are of German descent on his side, and if you think about it, where does most of the hardcore kink on the net or on video come from? Deutschland. 1+1=2, I guess...

*I don't suppose it's something you really talk to your parents to, but do you know the extent to which he was into these things? I wonder...*

No, we didn't really talk about it but he had needles and elastic bands and tubes, and a dildo too... he knew that something was up. When he gave the "sexuality speech" to my sister and I, he told us about the time he put a hatpin in his dick when he was in puberty and it got stuck. He had to go to the hospital to get it removed. The point of the story was to get us to ask questions instead of doing something stupid... I wasn't much of a talker I guess...

*So how did it all start for you?*

The first "weird" thing I can remember doing goes back to just after I hit puberty. I had taken a latex rubber glove from the first aid kit and blown it up in my pants. The sight of my "balls" blowing up, slowly getting bigger and bigger was a real turn on for me. The pressure of the inflated glove pressing on my cock and balls was also really nice.

Around the same time I had seen one of the James Bond movies where Bond kills the bad guy at the end by putting a compressed air pellet in his mouth. The villain blew up like a balloon, floated up to the ceiling where a spike burst him. I don't remember which episode it was and I'm not sure if I saw the movie before or after the glove but these two things are what kicked off my obsession with erotic play in the inflation-expansion-stretching fetish domain.

Over the years I have "played" by sticking things up my ass, always deeper and bigger, always trying to get in a little bit more — I love being fisted by my wife! I also love things in my mouth... the dildos I used up my ass also went down my throat, after being cleaned. Never real cock though — as strange as it may seem, I have absolutely no homosexual tendencies, repressed or otherwise... I have inserted condoms and balloons into all my different orifices and blown them up. I have pumped my cock and balls. I've done saline and air inflation of my cock, balls, and breasts. Deep sounding. Multiple piercings of my nipples, cock, and balls. At one point I even bought several six foot diameter balloons — the same ones you can actually get inside. My current play favorite is body inflation. Using either air or water, I slowly fill myself up until my belly is completely distended.

*I've never tried that — what does that feel like? It's basically like an enema but with a lot more volume?*

That's it exactly, a high volume enema with air or water. This one definitely isn't for everyone... if your intestines can't take it, you can't do it even if you want to! This goes back to my main fetish of inflation, getting bigger, and swelling. It's also the physical sensation that goes along with it — sort of a double whammy... Think of it this way: you have a thirty



foot long balloon in your gut called intestines, and the more you fill them up, the bigger you get!

*Is it different depending on whether you use air or water?*

The process and feeling are unique to each. With air you just stick in a hose and start pumping until you're full. You have to go slow for a couple reasons though — to allow your intestines to relax and expand (otherwise you get cramps), and if there is a plug of shit in there somewhere it gives time for the air to seep around it... And you go slow to avoid too much pressure — if you burst your intestine you're probably going to die from it. Also, from my experiments with inflation in other body parts, air can infuse tissues which is probably not a great idea.

Water is different in that it makes a big mess... I usually do it lying down in the tub. Again, low pressure is the key to getting big, but because water is denser than air it won't seep around any plugs. This means you have to fill up some, let out the water — and anything else — and start again, and usually you get more in every time. I think it is also safer because it won't permeate the tissues like air does. It won't compress though, and it also tends to come out right away since it's harder to hold in.

In both cases the best position for filling is on your back in an almost seated position. Lying flat stretches out the stomach too much and you don't bulge as much.

*And what does it feel like?*

The sensation is incredible... you can feel both air or water slowly seeping deeper into you, filling you up, pressing on your bladder, stomach, belly, and diaphragm... slowly pressing your belly outwards, getting tighter and tighter — I have actually had to take shallow breaths because of the pressure. The sight of your belly blowing up combined with the tight, blown up feeling is a real trip! With air it is lighter and gives a rounder, more pronounced belly. Tapping on it when you're really full sounds almost like a balloon — hollow... Water feels much heavier, and when you're full, you're full... because of the weight it tends to spread you out more width-wise than in height. You're not going to look nine months pregnant — more like you're pushing out your gut as far as you can. Obviously the more you do it, the bigger you'll get too. At first it can be a little disappointing because you can't hold too much. You really have to be able to relax and let it flow.

Getting the air or water out again is also different. When I use water, it all comes out in a few minutes. The whole process, including several inflations, can take an hour or so combined. Air on the other hand takes a lot longer. Since you can't really move around when you're full, you had better pick a good spot. The best thing to do is roll over on your left side and just fart until it all gets out. It usually takes me twenty minutes to get the air down to a "normal feeling" pressure, but it can take hours to get it all out. I guess air is better if you want to have sex or masturbate while filled because you keep it in more easily and can do it pretty much anywhere. Water is good for solo sessions.

*After all the problems you've had, what keeps you going?*

Sometimes I just really get the urge to blow myself up... A raging need to inflate, stretch, or pierce something and get off by doing it. I have toned down my activity now that I'm married, but it always comes back to getting bigger and getting off. My wife isn't really into this stuff but she tolerates it, and even participates sometimes when I get the urge!

*That's good — I know a few guys who've actually gotten divorced because their wives weren't able to understand their needs in this area.*

She doesn't really like most of the things I do but won't put her foot down if I feel like scratching an urge, even if she doesn't understand why... She doesn't stifle me at all, but having her in my life and knowing that she doesn't want me to get hurt keeps me grounded and within safe limits... before I met her I was obsessive about my fetish. It was compulsive and dangerous I wound up in the hospital a couple of times...

In any case we love each other enough to be able to let these things slide...

*I think it's quite normal for guys' masturbatory play to amplify when their partners aren't around or they don't have them. I know that's the case for most of the people I've interviewed!*

I hear you — If I wasn't married and I didn't have to go to work every day I would probably need a football to plug my ass and have a beach ball sized nut sack! I actually still fantasize about that, even after all I've been through... injecting saline, or inflating day after day until my scrotum is several feet in diameter... and doing my gut until I'm huge is another fantasy. My biggest fantasy though would be to blow up my wife. Nothing permanent — this is a fantasy — but blowing her tits and belly up like balloons while fucking her... mmmmmmmmm...

My wife is actually a little modded herself... she had breast implants done last year, so she has a little bit of an idea of what's going on.

*Her breast implants were for her own reasons I assume?*

I brought up the idea but she had always said she wanted to be bigger — it was 100% for both of us. She actually wants to go bigger now... again for both of us, but this time she was the one who suggested it. Now that I think if it, she really



Vacuum pumping with a DIY setup

got hot for the idea after I blew up a couple of balloons in her bra under her clothes. We had sex like that and the sight of herself in the mirror with those big tits turned her on.

*When you were young, after doing the inflations in your underwear, what did you try next?*

The next thing I can remember is sounding. I would take a 1/4 inch tube and stick it in all my holes. At first I would push it up my cock, using a little spit for lube and working it up. Feeling it go in deeper and deeper was a real turn on. The more I would do it, the further I would go too... all the way into my bladder! A couple of times I would blow air or water into myself this way, filling up my bladder to its limit. It felt really weird, seeing the air bubbles coming out of my dick while expelling the air.

*What does it feel like? Is it just like having to pee or is there more to it? Is it a head trip or a physical sensation?*

It's not quite the same as having to pee — I never had to pee that bad! It sort of burns a bit too, but it's not a super experience physically so I would have to say it's more of a head trip related to the inflation fetish... It's probably dangerous too — I don't think kidneys would react to well having air forced into them.

*And you actually did inflations in your urethra as well?*

At first I wanted see how much I could blow up a condom in my cock. The pressure would build and I could feel the condom stretching inside my urethra bit by bit... after a couple of tries I could see my cock expanding a little from the pressure. The cool thing about condoms is that they are clean — if not sterile — and very smooth and very stretchy, and also start stretching with little force. A condom blows up easily while you really have to strain to get a balloon going. This means that once the condom is blocked off by the walls of a body cavity, it won't exert much pressure on anything before stretching off wherever it has room. Being so stretchy and smooth, it can expand like this quite some way. You just have to be careful because they burst more easily.

Once or twice I actually pushed the condom all the way into my bladder. Once the end of the condom was in my bladder — trust me you can feel it — I would blow into it gently. I could feel the condom expanding, stretching out my bladder, until I felt like I had to piss. I could also feel it stretching out the opening of my urethra. While I was doing this I would be so turned on — heart pounding, light-headed, and euphoric. I would only see the excitement of it... after another intense orgasm, the blood in my cum brought me down to earth fast, blood from my urethra being stretched out and torn. Pissing really burned afterwards too, but I have always seemed to heal quickly though and this discomfort only seemed to last a few days. Because of the risk of a condom bursting inside me, I started inflating condoms and balloons in my ass instead.

*But you started the ass inflation games with earlier dildo play?*

All of these fetishes sort of developed along with each other, and as each one got more and more extreme I would incorporate the others in and develop them as well... I first tried anal insertion using the tube in the shower to blow

some air up my ass. I had done an enema so I felt clean enough to start playing up there with my fingers — slowly I would try to get more fingers in. It was a bit painful but it didn't hurt — it felt good! I wanted to see how deep I could go, and what it would feel like, so I grabbed what I could — the toilet brush! I was still young at this point, and didn't have any money, and not much sense. It went in fairly easily and I worked it in deeper and deeper. I could feel it hit my intestine where it turns over to the side — a weird sensation, but in a good way. I said "what the fuck" and sort of twisted it to the side so I could get in deeper. I managed to push it in the rest of the way — about fourteen inches of plastic handle was up my ass! You can guess how I felt now, so I masturbated there in the shower with the toilet brush handle up my ass. From then on my parents started calling me "Mister Clean" because I was always in the shower!

As time went on I started working, and I bought several dildos in different sizes, from an average sized dick up to a big chunk of hand molded rubber roughly square, 3x4 inches in size... and even that wasn't big enough...

I always started with a nice long enema to get myself cleaned out — shit is not one of my turn-ons! I would go lie down in bed and stretch myself out. At first the stretching consisted of putting the dildo and as many fingers as I could up my ass, and later it would be two dildos and fingers, then three... Eventually I was able to fist myself and I have big hands! I bought a Long John Silver dildo — about a foot and a half long and three inches thick — and would ride it for hours. I even used my handyman techniques on it — I had cut out a hole in the dildo near my anus and put in a dissected vibrator, sealed the hole up with melted rubber, and went along for the ride. After a while I wanted even more so I went out and bought "the chunk"... the sensation was amazing, being totally stretched out. I would bring myself to "anal orgasm", and my intestine would spasm pushing out the dildo — it was like cumming but ten times stronger. Even this wasn't enough though.

At this point I started experimenting with bigger inflations in my ass. I would inflate condoms as big as I could get them, and I used those cylindrical balloons as well. Not the small ones clowns use to make animals, but the bigger ones. I was blowing them up just to the point where it started to hurt, each time filling up more and more. Feeling the balloon push deeper into my belly, I would masturbate that way with the balloon filling me up. The spasming of ejaculation uses some of the same muscles as clenching your ass so the feeling of being stretched and trying to clench while cumming was mind blowing.

When I finished I would push out the balloon to see how big I had gone that day — by now my ass was huge, but for part of me, it wasn't enough. I wanted to stretch myself out more... Ingenuity to the rescue again! I melted down the Long Dong Silver dildo on the kitchen stove. At night while my parents were sleeping I had made a plaster mold of a Pepsi Super Gulp bottle and filled it with the melted rubber. Long John wasn't enough, so I melted down another dildo the next night and I wound up with a big bullet shaped hunk



of rubber. I was hard as a rock and dripping with the thought of forcing this thing up my ass — “force” being the operative word! After the standard enema and a little warm-up I tried... and tried. It wouldn't go all the way in to its biggest point. Did I stop? No, I grabbed a chair, put the dildo on it and sat down. I used my weight to force it in slowly. In a bit, out a bit, in a little more... god, that thing was huge! It took me several tries on different days but I finally got it in. I came so hard I almost passed out! That thing was taking all the free space down there and making more, pressing on my prostate and everything else. I kept at it until I was able to use it like a normal dildo, pushing it in by hand.

I still wanted more, so I made another mold. This one was a vase that was about the same size as the Super Gulp but I used some “lifelike dildos” made of softer rubber... softer because I wanted this one this one to be inflatable. Same process — mold, melted rubber, but I put a thick, three foot balloon inside which was about 8 inches and flat when deflated. I hooked it up to a bicycle pump and really stretched my ass out! This one looked a bit like a giant butt plug — pointy, bigger in the middle, and narrower at the base... the balloon was right at the biggest point which was also about as deep as I could get it inside me. I would start with the chunk, then switch to the plug, again forcing it in with my weight, and then I would start pumping. It was painful but the sensation of stretching out and building up the pressure was intense — I can't really describe it... just orgasmically intense! I could feel the plug actually pushing on my pelvic bones... it was amazing being stretched this much! This became an obsession — I always wanted to get bigger and bigger...

*And you were doing vacuum pumping and inflating as well?*

Yes, standard stuff. I couldn't make any permanent growth, but I would get really fat, filling up the tube. I always used my mouth to create the suction so I could go harder than with a hand bulb. I used to blister myself all the time but I wouldn't stop — the pressure was too exciting. I would burst

the blisters as they would appear to keep them from getting bigger and keep pumping... Once I had more blisters on the end of my cock than skin. I couldn't even masturbate afterwards, it was so sore. I am not a masochist though... pain doesn't turn me on, nor does inflicting pain. It's just that sometimes I can turn the pain from some areas of my body off, or change it into pleasure when I'm in the right frame of mind. Nipples, cock, and nut sack — that's it. Anything else doesn't do it for me...

After pumping my cock I tried to pump my balls but couldn't really do it well with a standard pump. This is before I started working, so I didn't have money to buy anything bigger... I tried to make some pumps out of stuff around the house but I couldn't get anything to work. That's when I said to myself, what if I blew my nut sack up like a balloon? It's “empty” like a balloon and stretchy, and pumping takes a long time anyways — so why not? How to do it though? I got out one of my hoses and a needle I used to blow up footballs, and a stainless steel nail. I cleaned everything with alcohol, put the needle on the end of the hose, punched a hole in my sac with the nail, and pushed the needle in.

*Ouch?*

It doesn't really hurt to tell the truth. Sort of a prick and pop, and it goes in. I usually poke around for an area that is less sensitive — in general I don't feel pain like most people do either... I remember in school we did an experiment where the teacher stamped a small grid of twenty-five squares onto our arms. We then used a needle to poke our skin to see how many squares we felt pain in. Most people felt pain in about 80% of the squares. I only actually felt pain in about a tenth.

*Anyway, so you're sitting there with a needle in your nut sack and a football pump.*

My hands were shaking I was so wound up, and I can remember thinking “this is probably not a good idea”... but that other part of my brain that seems to take over when I get an “urge” said, “fuck it, blow” and I did.



The results of Impgrin vacuum pumping his scrotum with DIY tools.



The sensation was really different. First, because the needle had a relatively large diameter I was able to inflate much quicker than with, say, a syringe. I could feel the air spreading out under my skin while my sac expanded. It sort of tickled. My sac didn't blow up like a balloon like I thought it would either — I could see the air spreading out under the skin, raising up the surface like Bugs Bunny digging a tunnel. When the air had raised the surface of my sac evenly I really started to swell. The first time I got to about the size of a big orange. I could feel the air pushing into the cavities where my balls dropped down from as a baby... I was hard as a rock and ready to cum. Then I started to feel the air pushing into the pad of skin around the base of my cock, under my pubes, and I came back down to earth. I hadn't tied anything off so the air was spreading up into the skin of my belly.

Still excited, I pulled out the needle and watched as I deflated... a little. Then it stopped. Now I was a little worried. I had thought the air would all come back out... not! I pressed on my balls, squeezed them to force more air out, and that worked. I inflated again, this time using a bit of string to tie off my sac. Because I was tied off I could go bigger and use more pressure... I was shaking in the grip of a kind of euphoric madness I guess, and I couldn't stop inflating and deflating myself. At the biggest, I could see the color of the skin changing to a sort of yellowy orange as air bubbles spread between the different layers of skin. I was the size of a big grapefruit and the skin was so full it was shiny. I jerked off to one of the most powerful ejaculations in my life. Then I came back to myself a little and started pushing out as much air as I could.

I only managed to get out about half — the air had permeated my skin and wasn't coming out the hole! I was a little worried, but my logic was "if they can operate on people and let air in I'll be alright." But later that evening I got the shakes and felt sick. As if I had a fever, but I didn't... after two days the feeling went away but my sac was still huge.

*That's really frightening — have you ever dragged an infection into your scrotum from air or saline play? I know a couple guys that have come very close to death because of how quickly these types of infections can escalate.*

I wound up in the hospital twice with an infection. The first time was really bad. I had tried using water to inflate and was poorly prepared, and when the water didn't work, I used air. The swelling went down, and then came back, red and hot. I wasn't feeling very good by then and in the shower one morning about a week later I was massaging my balls when the original hole opened up and some purple yellow puss spewed out. That scared the shit out of me and I got my parents to take me to the hospital.

*You're lucky you didn't die! Seriously!*

I had a general infection at that point and could have died had I let it go any longer. I told my parents that I had fallen on the back of a chair while changing a light bulb. This had caused the swelling and a shaving cut on my nuts caused the infection — I told them that I was too shy to tell them about the swelling. The second time I recognized the symptoms sooner and took myself to the hospital...

*On that second air inflation, how long did it take the air to eventually dissipate?*

Three weeks of wearing loose clothes and tight underwear — loose clothes to hide what I'd done, and tight underwear to press the air into my system as fast as possible. From what I could find out, the sick feeling I experienced was a form of shock. Of course, my logic at this point said, "I lived, I am healthy and healed, so I can do this again!"

I did, many times... too often to count. The sick feeling got less and less every time I did it, but was always enough to make me feel weird for a few days. The biggest I ever got was about the size of a cantaloupe. I have also inflated my cock using a syringe needle — like vacuum pumping but instantaneous. I even used so much pressure — with a bicycle pump — that the air was forced under the skin of my knob a couple of times. It was completely inflated, so light tapping on it made a hollow sound like a balloon that's about to pop. Feeling the skin of your cock being filled to the limit like that is intense! The yellowing was definitely air bubbles, and the sensation was twice as strong in the knob because of its sponge-like nature. I jerked off my now-fat cock and came hard as usual, but it itched like crazy afterwards, especially the knob.

*I know there's no truth to the "if you get air in your bloodstream you'll die of an embolism" warning, but did you ever worry that you weren't just going to have a problem afterwards, but actually drop dead on the spot?*

I was in the hospital once and the nurse was giving me an IV and there was a tiny bubble in the line. I asked her if it was dangerous and she said no. Air in your bloodstream can kill you, but you need to inject it directly into an artery going to the heart, and you need enough of a bubble to cause cavitation in the heart's ventricles — it's impossible to do this inflating your sac. I also came across a procedure or two on the net where doctors inject air into body cavities to perform endoscopic surgeries, and saw a news article where a woman working in a balloon shop fell on the compressed air canister, punctured her skin, and inflated her ass and one leg! Apparently she felt the same shock reaction I mentioned.

*I guess it was that shock sensation that made you try out saline instead?*

Yes — by now I had an Internet connection so I did a little research and found BME! Wow, there are others like me? Cool! I found the saline section — Eureka! There were no side-effects mentioned, and it was able to be absorbed quickly by the body naturally. What could be better? The only problem was that I was still at home, couldn't order it, and in any case, was leery of ordering stuff off the Internet and injecting it into my body... I went to the drugstore to see what I could find. All they had was saline for contact lenses... I figured if I could put it in my eyes I should be able to inject it, right?

I built a drip bag by cleaning out a 2 liter plastic bottle and putting a hole in the bottom. I forced a length of vinyl tubing into the hole and sealed it off on the outside using hot glue. I flushed it out with alcohol, filled it, and started... Nothing



happened. The needles I had were all very small and needed pressure to get the liquid through in enough quantities to make a visible difference, so I cut the nozzle off of a bicycle inner tube, leaving a circle of rubber around the base. I drilled a hole in the bottle cap the size of the nozzle, put the nozzle through the hole and screwed the cap on the bottle. The cap pressed the rubber circle enough to create a seal so I was in business. I hooked in the bicycle pump and started building up pressure slowly. I could feel the saline infusing the tissue but it was too slow. I couldn't see it happening so I increased the pressure. I could now see the saline going down in the bottle and see my sac filling up. It was way different than the air. Air is not at all painful — it sort of tickles going in — but this was more invasive, more like it was forcing its way in and it hurt — real pain, not a “feel good” pain... But I wanted to see myself bigger, so I kept at it.

That day I made it to 500ml. My sack felt really full and heavy when I stood up, and it pulled at my abdominal flesh and muscles. The heavy feeling was extremely erotic, but then it started to ache... and spasm. I don't know if this was caused by the type of saline I used, the speed I infused at, or if it is normal but fuck it hurt!

*It was probably the type of saline... You also get a lot of pain if you use water rather than saline.*

I laid down on my side cradling my sac for what seemed like a couple of hours until the pain subsided. It went completely away, leaving me with a huge heavy sac full of saline. I started playing with it, fondling, feeling the weight, swinging it between my legs. This actually forced the saline a little lower into my sac and made it look more natural. Again, I was

completely aroused... I guess by now I don't need to explain what happened next!

I tried this several times, again going bigger and bigger. The druggist where I bought my saline started to look at me funny I was buying so much. The biggest volume I ever reached using saline was over a liter and a half... My sac was completely stretched out... shiny and transparent looking. When the pain subsided and I could enjoy the experience I was ecstatic. I was huge and heavy — really heavy! The skin of my sac was super sensitive and it was stretched out so much. It was actually pulling the abdominal skin above my cock down over it. I couldn't even walk straight I was so big... I noticed that the weight of so much saline was forcing its way down, stretching my already filled-to-the-limit skin even more. What looked like stretch marks formed under my sac, red lines racing across the underside... I didn't care though, I was huge!

After a shower, I dried off and waddled back to my room. I took off my bathrobe — the only way to dress if you want to hide something like this by the way — and I noticed some moisture between my legs. The weight of the saline was actually forcing it to seep out through my skin! I lay down to take off some of the weight and I played with myself for hours that day while my body reabsorbed the saline. It was an unforgettable experience. I stopped using saline after that though — it hurt too much to be worth it. I tried using hot water to pump several times and got so-so results, but it took too long to get to a good size. Part of the trip is seeing myself grow, not just the results of eight hours of pumping.



*You mentioned earlier that you did some permanent piercing as well?*

I have made pincushions out of my knob and nipples — always for the same reason: bigger, bigger, more, more, more! I had read stories about how piercings in erogenous zones increase sensitivity and I said, this is for me. I sharpened a bicycle spoke with a file and polished it until it could cut paper — if you haven't guessed by now, one of my jobs back then was at a bicycle store. I numbed my nipple using ice and stuck the needle in, and realized that nipples are really tough! I had to re-freeze my nipple three times before I got all the way through. I then put in a ring, bought at a piercing shop, and discovered why people use tapers to get the jewelry in. This was a learning experience though, and the pain of the piercing wore off in a couple minutes, leaving me with a swollen, hyper-sensitive nipple. Being sensitive anyways, it was really exciting. The feel of it, all tight and pulsing was somehow very erotic for me. In the weeks that followed, I moved on to my other nipple, then a frenum piercing.

I went back to the shop and bought a couple heavier gauge rings, wondering how I was going to get them in. I used my trusty bicycle spokes to make homemade stretcher rings. Each time I stretched it was just as sensitive as the first piercing... each time I was so aroused I had to jerk off. Eventually the skin under my knob couldn't take it any more and split, leaving two little stumps. I wanted to do my cock again so I pierced myself a Prince Albert and stretched it out one ring at a time, up to 2 gauge. It felt great! Feeling the weight hanging off my cock, pulling at it all the time was another unique, intense sensation in among a multitude of unique, intense sensations! I could force my little finger through the hole to the first knuckle. In the meantime this had inspired to do more piercings... My left nipple got the same treatment as the PA, although I stopped at an 8 gauge. My right nipple had four homemade studs through it, one horizontal, one vertical, and two others making an 'X' behind them. My knob also got more metal, eventually working up to several ampallangs. I couldn't wait to heal them... I had to jerk off... the feel of the metal rings and balls in my hand, and the sensation of them pulling at the holes was so intense... I should have waited to heal though, as I wound up in the hospital with another general infection! All the piercings came out after that, but I recently redid my nipples.

*You said your wife fists you and that she's generally supportive of you, but how did you first tell her about your fetishes?*

Well, she doesn't really like what I do, but sometimes I get her to participate. The fisting for example — she didn't want anything to do with it at first, but I convinced her to try... she wound up liking it. She likes the fact that she can bring me to such intense orgasms, and actually, the most intense orgasms I have had were from her fisting me. Usually she is in complete control too. When she's halfway to her elbow up my ass she can make me cum or not — it's up to her. If she doesn't stop when I tell her to, I just keep cumming... it's very intense. She has even said she's a bit jealous that she can't cum like that.

When I met her I was badly scarred from the injections — I

hadn't sought out treatment for the mineral oil until after I met my wife. We met, fell in love, and when we were in bed for the first time I didn't have any choice but to tell her. I choked up and had trouble saying anything... I was scared she'd dump me... remember, this was my first and only relationship.

*Wow, that must have been incredibly terrifying...*

Tell me about it! That's the thing with my wife though. I was totally at ease talking to her as opposed to being totally clammed up... this was tough but it was do or die.

I had managed to keep it hidden from her up to that point and put her hand on it through my shorts. She asked to see it and I showed her. She was freaked out, but nowhere near as much as she could have been. She was coming out of a bad relationship so it turned out to be a mutual healing process for both of us — literally in my case. I helped her get her mind out of the past and she helped me get treatment.

"I have been accustomed for some time past, to apply leeches to the inflamed testicle, which practice has always been followed with most happy effects."

— William Buchan, 1798  
*Domestic Medicine*





## Ozeballs: CBT and Meatotomy

I'm almost forty years old and grew up in a normal English family, with nothing out of the obvious until I started to "play" at the age of about sixteen. Small things to begin with, but it grew from there. I've been working in the IT industry since I was about eighteen years old.

*How did your interests increase over the years?*

I started small but as I grew older I began to play a little more, however it was not until the age of about thirty that I began to play around with piercing and some small amount of cutting. Two or so years later I found BME and realized I was not alone in what I wanted, and from then on I had to get a PA... and a reverse PA... and then I began some heavier cutting. The first thing I did was to cut my PA out so it became a meatotomy, and from there I started to split my glans.

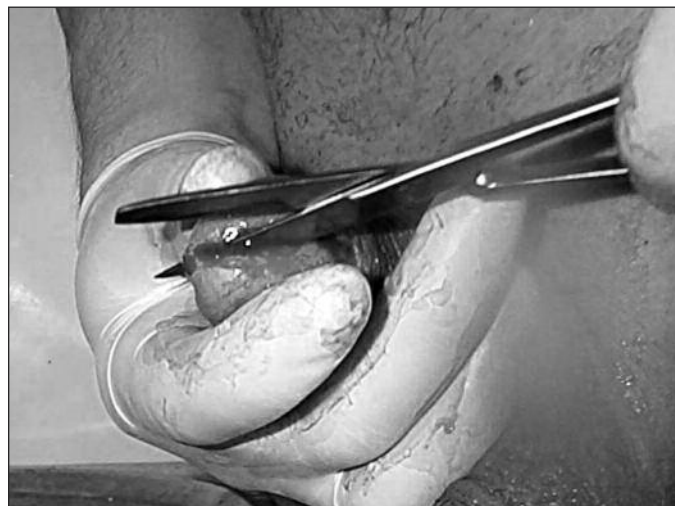
Later on I started to think about testicular exposure, and a fantasy of actually having my testicals removed... I also started with play piercing and blood play, going on to pushing pins in to my testicles, penis shaft, and glans... and of late on to testicle and penis banding (not sure if I can say cock and balls here... but's that what I normally say)...

*You can definitely say cock and balls here.*

The "why" is something else... I feel that I lead a rather mundane life, so my mods are really a way of making a statment to myself rather than other people. I know the I am different from others... but they do not. I mean, one or two people have commented on my pierced nipple, but when I hit the big four Oh... I think I will remove them.... but quite frankly, I like the feeling, and somewhat the pain that it gives me as well.

I also wanted to thank you because I thought I was strange before I discovered BME... now I know I am not... I've met and spoken to a great many people through BME and I can honestly say they are some of the nicest people I've met.

*Unfortunately our interview didn't go much beyond that, because like me, Ozeballs found himself going through a difficult divorce ("that nearly killed me"), leaving him with just his split head. It's not that his wife took his needles in the divorce, it's just that "I've not felt like doing much more, since the divorce I've lost the drive... but I am getting better now." I meanton this because it's interesting to contrast the different things that make people modify and play with their bodies — some people do it when they're feeling depressed, and others, like Ozeballs, do it when they're at their best.*



## Chris: Beading and Head Split

*While Chris, a “well-educated and law-abiding” gay man who was fifty when he first joined BME, had always been turned on by mods ever since seeing a PA in a gay magazine featuring an interview with famous pioneering British piercer Mr.*

*Sebastian. Being too shy at the time to seek out the studio, the first thing he did was give himself a PA with a darning needle an a “most unsuitable thin silver earring”. Not long afterwards he met a man who would become his lover for the next decade, a man who also happened to have a properly done PA that dragged Chris to Mr. Sebastian to have his PA done right. The PA was followed not long afterwards by a pair of nipple piercings and an ampallang, and Chris also began cutting his urethra to enlarge it. But it was discovering BME that really sealed his fate.*

*Had you experimented with anything before seeing that first PA?*

Being quite deviant, I'd experimented with making small cuts in my penile shaft skin and discovered that it was easy to work a knitting needle around under the shaft skin. I'd even blown up the skin of my cock with air, using a needle-valve for football inflation!

*Tell about finding BME.*

I've probably spent more time on the BME website than I should have. I realised that I love male — and even female! — genital mods, and the more extreme the better!

The mods which most fascinated me were foreskin piercings, genital beading, headsplitting, and this might surprise you, clit piercings. Having had very few experiences with ‘the fair sex’, it was only recently that I discovered that the clitoris is like a small penis! I have to say that I like what I see and would welcome the chance to explore more. Alas I have no foreskin, but I love to see a foreskin ‘locked’ forward by having one ring holding two piercings together). I love the look of genital beading and, having done it since then (with more beads to be added), I can confirm just how good it feels for wanking.

As for splitting, as far as I'm concerned, the bigger the piss

slit the better. It simply looks so good, particularly to see a flaccid cock, in the shower, say, when it is clear that the owner has opted to modify his dick or have it modified. Seeing the pictures of headsplits made me certain that it was what I wanted. To me, a big piss-slit is SO MANLY!

*How did you do your headsplit?*

I'd seen pictures on BME of headsplits and had read as much as I could in the experiences sections. I just knew that this was what I needed because, as I said, a big piss-slit is the mark of a MAN! I ordered some clamps from BMeshop, and when they arrived, I had a try at crushing the flesh on the top of my nob, but, although I have a high pain-tolerance, it was just too painful for me to endure! I tried again the next day with lots of EMLA cream [a topical local anesthetic also sold by BMeshop] and after the area was quite numb I was able to fully close the clamps on my nob.

After an hour or so, I removed the clamps. The flesh still wasn't “paper-thin”, as so often described, but it was thinner and there was a clearly defined groove which gave an indication as to where I should cut. I settled down and pushed a #11 scalpel through my nob, inside to out, about 1/2” down into the flesh. There was a little bleeding, but not too much. It was suprisingly painless. The scalpel blade had now skewered my nob. The next stage was to pull the embedded blade upwards toward natural then slit.

Then came the blood!!! I would guess that I lost about 1/2 mugful of blood in 1/2 minute — I was worried! I stood up and there was a constant drip, drip, drip, but, after about five minutes it had all but stopped — what a relief! I looked down at my handiwork. It looked brilliant!

Healing took longer than I'd imagined, taking about five weeks to heal completely. While it was healing I soaked my dick in a warm saline solution at least twice a day, and it was pretty weepy for the first four weeks, rather like a bad burn, but then it suddenly dried up and the healing completed quickly over the next week. I also removed the bar in my ampalland during this period, thinking that it was holding the cut edges together but that the rings would hold them apart.

*I trust you're happy with the results?*

Yes, I'm so pleased that I've started my headsplit. I now know that I NEED a full headsplit to below the glans and into the shaft... just a bit).

One good thing that comes with age is that you no longer care what other people think! I know it limits the number of men who want to have sex with me, but those who do can't get enough of my mods!

*But before doing your headsplit, you'd already done some genital beading?*

Yeah, I was blown away by the pictures of male genital beading on BME and was BLOWN AWAY — just as twenty years earlier when I'd seen my first PA, I thought it was so sexy and just had to have it.



Chris healing from his first try at headsplitting.





Chris's headsplit procedure finished after several steps.



Chris doing the DIY beading procedure.

### *Tell me about how you did it.*

Like with the supplies for my headsplit, I contacted BMEshop for the supplies — scalpels, forceps, anesthetic, a bead insertion tool, and Teflon beads in 1/4" and 3/8". I don't have a reason why I went with Teflon over nylon, apart from the fact that it sounded somehow better quality. When they arrived in the mail I just had to do it that very day.

Because of my experience with pushing a knitting needle under the skin, I decided not to use the beading tool which I'd bought, but to make a pocket and use the implant method, rather than the piercing method.

My thinking behind this was that I would be able to insert a number of beads using only one incision, rather than two incisions for each bead using the insertion tool and the piercing method. After numbing my skin I made a small 3/8" incision at the junction of the shaft and the glans. It was easy to push in the pusher rod from the insertion kit and move it around under the skin, creating my first tunnel for bead insertion down the righthand side of my cock. In the end I was able to insert ten beads in this tunnel, alternating the two sizes. There was minimal bleeding and they looked and felt SO GOOD.

It seemed fine at first, but a week later my cock was swollen, angry, and hot to the touch. Everything had come from BME pre-autoclaved, apart from the beads. If only I had sterilized the beads, because it was quite clear that I had an infection, which became worse and worse over the next five days. My cock was bloated and deformed and it became clear that I needed to seek medical help, so off to the hospital emergency room I went.

Beading isn't strange to you or me, but my doctor was quite clearly mystified and had obviously never come across genital modifications of any sort. He gave me a course of oral antibiotics, and things calmed down, so a week later — after sterilizing the beads this time — I inserted a further seven beads down a tunnel on the lefthand side of my cock. However, after week, and despite my sterilization, my cock became infected again, and this time it was much, much worse than the first time. It felt as if I were being constantly stung by wasps and my cock looked more like a deformed potato than anything. Worse, the intense pressure of the pus build-up had caused a rupture, and there was pus pouring out. So a second trip to the emergency room, and this time they insisted I see a urologist, who immediately admitted me as an in-patient and put me on a powerful intravenous antibiotic drip.

The following morning things were even worse and they decided — I had no choice in the matter — to operate to remove the beads. I had seventeen at this stage, and as far as I was concerned taking them out was unnecessary — all they needed to do was control the infection. But the doctors did what they thought was right, and it wasn't up to me. Later that day they put me under a spinal block — again unnecessary as I was used to just a large dab of EMLA cream — and the beads came out. Admittedly things felt and looked much better after the operation, but I still think it wasn't needed. Plus they missed four beads, which are still

there to this day. I stayed in the hospital for three more days with drain tubes in place and I transitioned from the IV antibiotics to oral.

*How did your friends and family respond?*

One of the people who visited me while I was in the hospital was my beloved sister. We're very close and I told her the truth, and she said to me, "promise me you'll never do that again."

I had to tell her that I couldn't promise, as it was what I had wanted — and still was. When I was all healed after my hospital stay, I got in touch with a friend who's an amateur piercer and tattooist. He has a proper autoclave, so I did the next attempt at this studio, which went much better. We created a tunnel using a sterilized knitting needle and the pusher rod — really more of a large pocket than tunnel — and in all inserted a further twenty beads, mostly 3/8" but a few 1/4". Thanks to my friend and the sterile conditions, this time there were no problems — a week later it was all healed, I had no infection, and a total of 24 Teflon beads under my shaft skin.

*Are you going to do more?*

I'm still not satisfied and regard full genital beading — say, 100 beads — as my mission in life. Unfortunately that's been complicated because a lot of scar tissue has formed under the

skin and it's gotten very difficult to create the pocket, so now only a couple beads can be put in at a time.

*Have there been any complications beyond the infections?*

When the beads were first implanted they moved around freely under the skin, but, little by little, found just where they wanted to settle. After over a year only two out of them have any movement at all, but there even though some beads are individually set, there is a certain amount of "bunching" with clusters of four to six beads. The clusters put more pressure on the surrounding skin, causing it to stretch and thin, and after nine months, two of the beads became exposed, to the extent that I could see a hole in the skin and more than half of these beads exposed. There was no way that it would have been possible to bring the thinned skin surrounding a 1/4" diameter hole together, so I had to resort to cutting out the beads using a pre-sterilised scalpel. The wounds healed fairly quickly as the skin was no longer under pressure. I held the cut edges together with steristrips during healing.

I want my beads as permanent implants and was dismayed when after a little while I could see two more beads rejecting. The rejection showed itself as white dots — the Teflon itself — about 1/8" diameter at the highest point of these beads. I'd already lost two and didn't want to lose any more! I've had to lay off my cock since then as I didn't want the holes to get



Chris with his 24 beads, after several misadventures working up to them.



any bigger. Once again, I've used steristrips to bring the skin together and it seemed to be working. I've also used home-made sutures, simply a sewing needle and thread, boiled rapidly for 20 minutes. I'm optimistic and hopeful that I can keep my remaining beads for the rest of my life — and perhaps onlookers will hear them explode in the furnace as I'm cremated!

*I'm glad you're happy with it even though it's been a rough ride.*

Despite the infection problems and my cock looking rather strange, I would recommend genital beading to all males. In fact, I think it should be compulsory! I suppose the favourable reaction from my one and only sexual partner has helped, although I've had comments from less enlightened "vanilla" folks asking why I should want to ruin a perfectly good penis in such a way. But it just feels so, so good — particularly when hard and the beads press into the flesh for added sensation. Actually, I wish I'd known about beading and done it years ago!

*Anything else you want to add?*

Always remember the difference between an egg and a wank: you can beat an egg!



Having fun with electricity.



Chris with all his mods — although it's safe to say more beads (and maybe more cutting) will come in the future!

## Blake: Coming Out Subincized

I was raised on a rural New England dairy farm, and always wanted to get away, to an area where there were more diverse people. Tattoos, piercings, and general body modification has always interested me. I remember watching a TV show as a teenager about suspension and was really interested in what they were doing, but trying not to act interested, because of what my parents might think. They couldn't stand to watch it and turned the station. I got off the farm and joined the military when I was 21. It certainly opened my eyes.

### *Opened your eyes in what way?*

Well, for one thing, I was now around a large group of people who were very diverse in race and ethnic group, and from a lot of different backgrounds. And while we had all joined the military and were all on the same "team", I soon also found out not everybody was a friend. My very first night after we were issued toiletries, First night in boot camp, somebody stole my toothpaste and shaving cream. We all had the same stuff, and its cheap, and nobody needed it because we all had it, but yet someone felt they had to steal it. I soon found I was not in my small town where people might actually care about me. In here, all most people cared about was themselves. I wasn't used to that and wasn't thrilled about it. But it is the world we live in.

After my enlistment was up, there was a ton of things I wanted to see, try, learn about, etc, and being gay, I wanted more exposure to that group. All the things the military wouldn't allow, so I knew I wanted to get out. The November I got out, I got a Prince Albert. I worked for a couple companies, and after a while I started getting into the meatotomy, and later a short subincision. I kept wanting to cut more, but never could find the perfect time when I wouldn't have to work, and could take it easy for healing. Later I quit my job (for other reasons) and became self employed. Now I was able to make my own schedule, and as soon as things slowed down, I went to (Sean Phillips) and had him cut my penis to the halfway point all at once!

### *What are your current body modifications and how did you get to this point?*

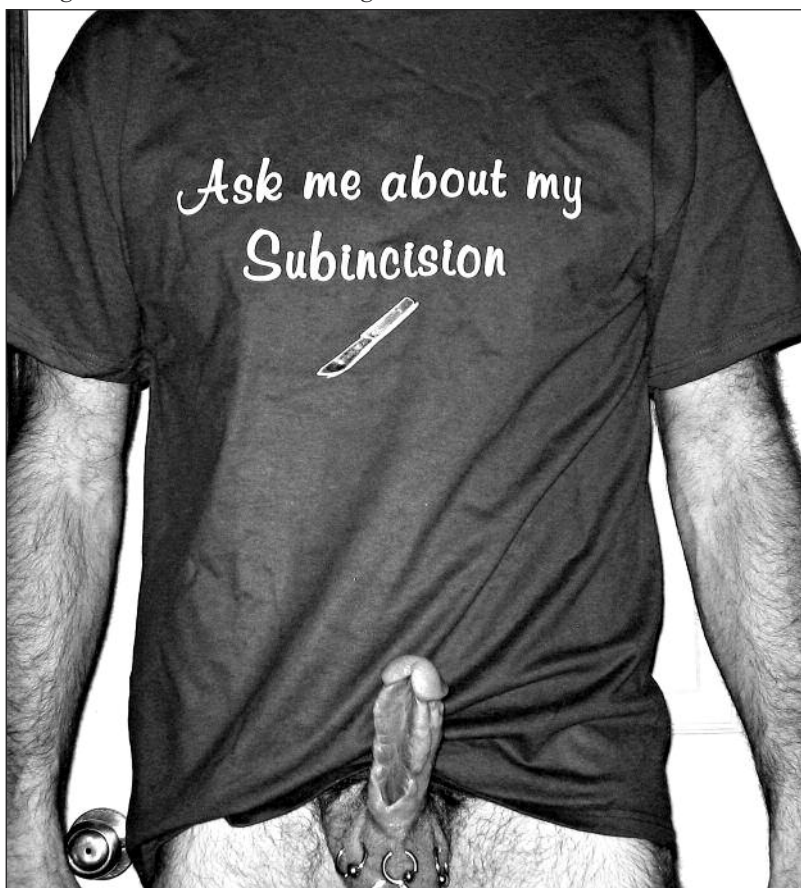
I had seen men in (porn) magazines with a Prince Albert, and something mysterious and masculine about it kept me looking back at it again. Then I read a model's interview and he explained a bit about the PA, so all the mystery was gone. The year I got out of the Military, I got my PA, and it was an easy piercing, and I enjoyed it. Soon I was stretching up to heavy and large gage rings. I kept going back to my piercer, and he warned me about getting too large a ring, and making the skin get thin and fragile. He said it could pull out and I'd have a gap. I got to thinking about that, and I kind of liked the idea! Soon after I got a computer and connected to the internet, and was searching all kinds of things, the more "extreme" the more interested I was. I read about all kinds of genital

piercings, a man who had castrated himself, and Todd Bertrang had pictures of his subincision. Soon I was lead to BME. I was drawn to all the modifications, and all the people contributing to keep it new all the time. I especially couldn't take my eyes of the meatotomies and subincisions. Thankfully, a few of the people that had them had email connected to their picture so I asked them about their procedure, and how well they liked it. I decided to cut the little strip of skin holding my PA in one night, and it was so easy, painless and bloodless I was permanently hooked! Soon after that, I was a full time member of BME, and have been ever since.

After the first cut, I began slowly, a couple times a year, making a small cut to extend my urethral opening. It took me about 6 cuts to get to nearly 1.5" down my shaft, and I liked the opening, but was tired of the healing processes each time. It was soon after that I became self employed. Since then, every January I've done more cutting. January 2006 I had a cutter — Sean Phillips — cut my penis to the halfway point. January 2007, I had him cut me another 1.5" or so. January 2008, I took matters into my own hands, and did some cutting at home. January 2009 another short cut is scheduled into my shaft, which is getting into the scrotum skin now.

### *What procedures were used for your modifications?*

When I did my own cutting, I used the "clamp and cut" procedure. It works pretty well, to cut until the blood starts and I couldn't see what I was doing. I met an older gentleman online who told me about clamping for 24 hrs or more and no cutting needed. I tried that, and the first time it





worked good. I left the clamp on for just about 24 hrs, and while it was uncomfortable, I ended up with a section that was completely white, and in 2 days, it was starting to shed the dead skin. I decided to speed things up by the 3rd or 4th day and try cutting it, and to my amazement, I could cut right through the white area with no pain, no blood. I felt nothing.

*And it stayed closed? That sounds like it's definitely the most trouble free... Short of the issue you had with the clamps, is this a method you'd recommend?*

I used the hemostats that click closed, and I found you have to use the ones with the gripping ridges. The smooth ones slowly slide off, and that is VERY painful. I would say its a personal choice, that if you can put up with the dull throbbing that long, its a clean blood free alternative. But the pain, while not extreme, is something to deal with the whole time. and I don't think it works as well when you get farther down on the shaft into thicker flesh, but individuals vary. I think people should be aware and make their own choice. I'm considering that method for my next extension, being so far into my scrotum.

The next time I tried it, I was having some fierce night erections, even with the clamps on! That was quite agonizing. I had bought some small "mosquito" clamps, thinking they would be more manageable to wear under my clothes. I woke up and went to the kitchen (at the 18 hr mark) and when I pulled my penis out to see, one side of the clamp was broke! Luckily, it was the side on the outside, so I didn't have to pull a broken piece of metal out of my urethra! After that, I decided to abandon the clamp-until-dead-flesh method. I later talked to the gentleman who had suggested the procedure, and he told me he was in his mid 70s and no longer gets erections. Now he tells me!! When I went to the cutter, his method was (to numb the area) {he told me this was illegal, so not to show it on the video, but isn't non-medical professions cutting a sub illegal?} And simply slide surgical scissors down and start cutting. The actual cutting takes about a minute and a half, and the suturing took about 20 min. I recommend it, though because it takes the burden of cutting ones self off, and its sutured, but that has its pros and cons too.

*I guess the difference in the long term is just some scarring from the sutures?*

That is probably the only difference. I have some scarring and I took the sutures out 2-3 days sooner than was recommended to me. I wish I didn't have the scars.

*And in the short term, did it take a bit longer or a bit shorter to heal for you?*

I had a lot cut at one time, and I think longer cuts take a bit longer to heal. I'm not sure healing is that much faster as long as your a healthy individual and you keep sanitary, etc.

*What started your interest in body modification?*

I would have to say seeing other men with wide open urethras who kept extending them really said to me, there must be something really good about this, or they wouldn't keep cutting! Its just one of those things that you sort of get hooked on, because its different, I guess.

*What do you like and dislike about your body modifications?*

I just love to wake up in the morning, pull my boxers down and look at my pink, wide open urethra! And if I'm erect, its even better! There's something powerful looking about an erect penis with a full subincision, in my opinion. I like that the urine flows out of the bottom of my penis. I like being able to talk to other interested people about it. I like being asked about it, and I think some people have pursued a subincision because of my subincision, at least in part. And



Early in the process, when Blake's subincision was barely more than a glimmer in the eye of a meatotomy.

most of all, I like what my partner can do to me when he licks the urethra! Even if I'm not really in the mood, that puts me in the mood every time!! And I also like that when I'm inside my partner, my load comes outside him. I think he's getting to like it too, since he doesn't have to clean out after sex. (TMI?)

*What sort of play do you enjoy?*

I like the feeling of inserting things in my urethra, and on occasion, I use a catheter. But I've had two urinary tract infections in the past, and have learned to be very careful. The first time I was young, in the military and using an rubber aspirator bulb I forced water into my bladder by inserting the tip of the bulb into my penis, and forcing the water in. (I had a natural penis then) It was a very different feeling, the bladder muscle trying to hold, then giving way while the water went inside the bladder. A very bad idea, I ended up going to medical but they were cool about it and gave me the antibiotics to fight the infection. The second time, I had ¾ of my penis subincised, and had a piercing in the base that was supposed to act as an anchor for future cutting. The anchor didn't want to heal, and I finally took it



Blake bruised, swollen, and healing during one of the later stages of subincision.

out. Too soon, I used a catheter and inserted it fully, into my bladder. I'd done this a number of times, with no problem other than a mildly irritated urethra. This time I didn't realize there was a bit of mucous around the irritated piercing, and I'd pushed that into my bladder, for another infection. Since then, I've used the catheter, had unprotected sex many times (with my monogamous partner), used sounds and never had a problem. So I know it was the unhealed piercing area.

*Does anyone know about what you do?*

Very few people know about my genital modification, and I think even fewer know I use sounds and catheters once in a while. Unfortunately, I seem to have less time for my personal "fun activities" being self employed than before. But I do enjoy a good sounding session!

*Ever have any medical encounters?*

When I went to the ER (I couldn't stand the pain and my doctor's office takes forever to get in) for the catheter play urinary infection, I was interviewed by a young intern doctor. He asked me if I'd ever had a UTI before, and I said yes. So he said he wanted to examine me for any "anatomical abnormalities". Well...in the exam room, he asked me to drop trou so he could examine my penis. Before I did, I decided I'd better tell him my urethra was opened. He looked confused, but when he lifted my penis to look at the underside, he studied it for a moment, and without missing a beat, asked "do you engage in anal sex?" Well, yeah, but...

*A subincision plus anal sex might actually increase your possibility of a UTI?*

I thought you'd like that story. And yes, but supposedly, a natural penis barebacking anal is increasing UTI chances as well. But I've never ever had any infections from sex. But I also make a point to urinate after, or as soon after as I can, and I wash and shower.

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*I was happy to catch up with Blake again four years after we'd*

*done the interview above and he got me up to date with all the latest in his life, some good, some bad. Like me, he'd been dumped by his long-term partner, although his was of thirteen and a half years. To make matters worse, the subincision was used as an easy justification for the breakup, and as many breakups unfortunately are, it was messy and unpleasant – taking two and a half years to sever ties since they owned a house together – and involved Blake being smeared far and wide.*

He told everyone we were friends with or that knew me all sorts of personal things — including that I had "cut my penis open". Some people actually asked me directly, which I did not deny, and from what I can tell I think he even may have told my mother. Now, through the rough times, I've closed my business, and have a very good job, the house, and am back on my feet getting on with my life. And I've been told more than once that "he's changed, but you are still the same Blake we know".

After we had "officially" broke up, I began seeing other people, and sometimes became intimate with them. I started to get a better understanding of what people really thought about something as "extreme" as a subincision. There was no prediction on how anyone would react, but I began to see a pattern. I tried different approaches, like trying to warn them or explain that I was different, or just not saying anything until they saw me and reacted. What I learned was those that seemed to lead a comfortable protected life were more closed minded, and those that were less fortunate financially and socially were more open to what I had done. They couldn't always understand why but could accept the result.

During my transition I was feeling insecure and sometimes paranoid, because I knew my ex was trying to undermine my credibility with friends, and I wasn't sure how far he was taking it. At one point I'd removed myself from the internet — pretty much scrubbed the internet clean of myself. But the body modification community is nonexistent in my region, so my only contact was on the internet, and I missed being able to discuss experience and chat with others on the



path to modification. I did eventually get back on the internet, and I think subincisions are becoming more accepted as people see them around more.

I now have a partner who is very open minded, but I would say neutral. He isn't crazy about my modification, but isn't turned off either. And he's very supportive of my choice to extend it when I decide I want to. I've made four more cuts since the big breakup, and three of those since being with my new partner. I've continued to make new friends in the modification community, and some have told me I've inspired them. I've only met one person in real life that has a subincision, and only briefly, but the word is getting out and people are educating themselves. There still are, and will always be people who hate and threaten me for my choice to modify – mutilate, to them — but I can't let these few closed minded people keep me down.

One of the final “hurdles” for me is being 100% upfront with my doctor, who is very open minded. He had first checked my penis when I had a short meatotomy, and we discussed it a bit and he was fine with it. He didn't lecture me other than telling me to be very careful. The most recent visit with him in March 2012 was for a check-up and coincidentally I had made a cut a few weeks before which was beginning to heal a bit strange, closing off part of my urethra opening. Since I was seeing him anyway, I decided to ask his opinion on whether something should be done. The first thing he wanted to do was see what I was talking about, so I showed him my fully subincized penis for the first time. Being flaccid, I had to stretch it out so he could get a look at the opening and his only comment was “you've really filleted that thing.” He seemed to back up a bit, telling me how I'm lucky to have cut it all the way open with no medical complications or infections, and that he believes it's a very personal decision, so he would keep the genital modification in a separate part of my medical record, since there's no reason anyone else needs to know about it. It's a sigh of relief that even personally, my doctor is looking out for my best interests.

*Tell me a bit more about the range of reactions you've gotten from new partners while you were dating?*

It was widely varied. After the breakup, I started using free weights and getting more serious with my physical fitness since, and got quite muscular and thin, down to 177 pounds, and I'm 6 foot 4 inches tall. My pictures on the online dating site were getting a lot of attention, though I wasn't trying to have sex with everyone out there. My ex was only the second person I'd ever had sex with, and I'd been monogamous, so I was kind of interested to see what was out there. My first approach after talking with someone was to tell the person about my modification if he wanted to meet and might want to have sex. That pretty much led to either being blocked or



Above: clamped, below: cut.

ignored by nearly everyone I told. Since that wasn't working out too well, I decided to not tell them about it and make up a “little white lie” that it was caused from an accident before we got nude. That worked really well, as people had a bit of sympathy, and seemed able to overlook it or accept it. A few still couldn't deal with the sight of it though. And my third approach was to just say nothing, wait until they see it and explain it however seemed best at the time depending on their reaction. The little white lie worked well, and I had one guy that accepted it, but wouldn't suck it, but he found the rest of me attractive enough that he wanted to see me more often, and we became fairly regular sex buddies. He was a lot of fun, and seemed to start to enjoy making me ejaculate, and watch how it came out of me. Of course I was fine with that!

One few of the times I didn't mention my sub, when we were fully getting it on, starting to explore each others bodies, and as soon as I got hard and he saw the underneath, he began making excuses that he just remembered that he had to pick up his roommate. Another guy just flat-out stopped and told me it wasn't working. Once a guy had been pestering me that he wanted to suck me, and when I finally said OK and went over to his place, he started to suck, I got hard, and he was a minute or two into it when he came off to check out the look

of my cock and he seemed like he was very shocked and freaked out! I thought it was odd that he'd been sucking on me and didn't notice! I was cut well over half at the time, and there was no mistaking my subincision for anything else!

Then the time I'll never forget. I'd contacted a guy and he told me he had been married, had two boys and decided not to come out but was gay and living closeted and separated from his family. He was only about thirty-two, and he told me he didn't want to be part of the gay community, but just wanted to keep in touch with a few people. He seemed standoffish, so I left him alone. One day he texted me out of the blue telling me about his day, and his rim was stuck on his car. I told him I wasn't busy, and might be able to come over and help him with it. So I drove my work truck over, and managed to get the rim off the car. It was a tough job for sure. It was hot and humid and he invited me in and got some ice water. We got to talking, and I was commenting that the layout of his house was almost identical to mine, and I guess I wasn't paying attention because he was leading me to his room. All of a sudden he gave me a full mouth kiss and started groping, and within seconds, we were naked! He was extremely masculine and both of us were sweaty. Something about him turned me 100% submissive, and in just a minute he was inside me! He never batted an eye and I'm not sure he even noticed my subincision, but I'm sure he had to have seen it, fully hard in plain view! I didn't last too long, and he soon made me cum, but we were so sexually charged, I let him keep going until he was through. He filled the condom and was ready to pull out but asked me if I came yet, I told him yes, a minute ago! We caught our breath and got dressed. I was still wet with lube and cum, but I didn't care since my clothes were sweaty work clothes anyway. We were trying to act casual walking out of his room, but a female roommate had came home and started talking to him, and she saw me, and my face still had the glow from hot sex, she just kind of laughed and decided to go in another room. I think that was the hottest sex I've ever had in my life. The most memorable, at least. I used to think stories like this were pure fantasy, but it happened to me!

I'd joined a small male nude group that is hosted privately once a month in the summer, and became close friends with one of the guys there. When I showed him my sub, he was very interested and curious. He later told me it wasn't so much the the subincision he felt attracted to, but that I felt free enough to do it. We also had a bit of a summer thing going for a bit. I really enjoyed myself the year of 2009!

One guy I'd met online and picked up turned out to be a video gamer with the guy that was working for me. I'd known my friend and at the time employee for several years, and anyway, this guy, his friend, and I came to my

place and had sex. He was personally indifferent, but apparently my employee had told "everyone" about my sub, and after we all realized we knew each other, they suggested I come to his house for a party, and if I wanted to talk about it, there were some interested people. I was a bit nervous, but showed up. I got some questions, which I answered and it satisfied most people, but three girls wanted to see it. I was kind of reluctant, but they knew the technique! They fed me liquor until I was pretty well lit, they asked me really nicely if I'd show them, and of course I said yes! I was so drunk I couldn't get hard even if I'd wanted to, but they all got a good look, and wanted to touch the inside, so I let them. Since then, my employee's now ex-girlfriend and I have become good friends and she comes over fairly often and isn't bothered when I use my hot tub nude. She always wants to take a look at my sub, and told me one day she'd like to see it hard and even cum if I'm OK with that.





*John, who I first met when he had “just” piercings, like many people has slowly expanded his mods and become more and more fascinating and remarkable to me. I put the “just” in quotes though, because even when I first met him his piercings were quite something, a set of gorgeous large gauge piercings set deep, just behind the glans. John also made my life real easy as a journalist. A lot of the time it takes a lot of back and forth and questioning and cajoling to really understand a person or their history. Some people you ask a question and you’re lucky to get back a sentence, but with John, I got back a memoir. I’m but with John I just had to ask a question or two and he replied with a memoir. The majority of what follows is presented almost completely unedited and exactly as he sent it to me.*

I am in my mid fifties and was born and grew up in the northeastern United States in a rather conservative family. I have a degree in mechanical engineering which may account for my natural curiosity for the way that things work — and possibly improving on them — including the human body. I am totally heterosexual but wouldn’t say that if the “right” opportunity came along that I wouldn’t have interest in a little experimentation (or maybe exploration may be a better word). I am currently happily married, but as I’m sure is not uncommon as a marriage evolves, we share less of a sex life than I would like. Don’t get me wrong though — the times that we do make love are really great even though she is extremely conservative when it comes to sex. Therefore, I am forced to keep myself fully satisfied sexually by other means.

*What do you think first got you interested in altering your body?*

I must admit that probably unlike a lot of other people involved in body modification, I have absolutely no interest in it from an artistic standpoint. As a matter of fact I am very careful as to what types of modifications I perform, and how I perform them, so as not to fall into what I would consider (in my mind) mutilation of my body. Before I go any further I want to explain that these feelings, and those that I express in what follows, are my own personal feelings and are not meant to insult others, or in any way suggest that what they are doing is wrong. I simply have a strong appreciation for the human body as it is naturally and am very reluctant to change it except for very good reasons. That said, I have found some tattoos and body modifications attractive on certain women.

So then why, you may be thinking, have I gotten involved in body modifications at all? Well... the answer is that my interests are strictly sexual in nature. I believe that certain modifications can greatly enhance sexual enjoyment and that the thought of performing them on myself, and the feelings generated by them afterward have worked toward keeping me mentally sexually active. For example, the thought of having a solid piece of steel passing through my penis can drive me almost to orgasm and the time spent thinking about how I will accomplish it keeps me at a constant state of arousal.

*How did it all actually begin?*

I guess it all started when I was around ten or eleven years old as I became aware of my sexuality and my body. I didn’t have any pubic hair yet but had seen it on older boys at camp

and had wondered when I would start to grow mine. In the mean time I really enjoyed touching my smooth genitals and fantasized about being caught naked by girls my age with my sexuality fully exposed without any hair hiding it. I had been circumcised when I was baby and quite frankly preferred the look of the cut penis, even then. Initially, I enjoyed touching and massaging my genitals, tying cords around my cock and balls to pull on and to hang things from. I also got enjoyment from sliding my penis into small lubricated bottles such as Alka Seltzer bottles which was even more fun as I started to get erections.

Initially my orgasms were dry but it wasn’t long before I started seeing a white liquid appear from my penis when I reached the height of my excitement. I wondered where it was coming from so I started inserting objects such as small diameter rope, insulated wires and later fish tank tubing into the tip of my cock to see how far in they would go and to see if I could tell the direction that they went. It didn’t take long to realize that inserting things into my urethra felt really great so I did it a lot until my first UTI which made me realize that I needed to be more careful.

When I reached twelve or thirteen I got the wish that I would later regret... I started getting pubic hair. At first it was sparse, thin, and soft, so it wasn’t much of a problem but as it started filling in more and getting longer I began to realize how much I really preferred being hairless and smooth. My father had an electric razor so I would trim the hair first with hand trimmers and then use the electric razor to remove the rest. Not bad, but it didn’t take long before it would grow back again which was probably good because I was extremely worried about the other boys seeing me without pubic hair, especially as I got older.

As time went on I limited my personal sexual activities to masturbating, occasional sounding, and rope play, as I knew (or had hoped) that one day soon I would have sex with a girl and I didn’t want to come across as being weird with shaved pubes. Not much happened through high school and college as my time was consumed with other things. In my mid twenties I met the right girl and we got married so the frequent (although conservative) sex kept me fully satisfied and not thinking much about anything kinky for a couple of years. Around that time I was in the military reserves and on occasions had to take open showers with the guys so I again was limited as to what I could do in the way of genital modifications. Besides, all of the other guys had full crops of pubic hair and were normal in every way so I would really appear to be weird if I was shaved or was modified in any way.

During that time I fantasized about numerous methods and devices for chastity that I could implement on myself. I enjoyed masturbating tremendously and the thought of not being able to, while my genitals were locked up, kept me constantly aroused and thinking of ways to accomplish it. I tried various methods, but none worked very well since they would all tend to come off once my erection subsided and my sex organs shrank. It quickly became obvious that the only method that would work would be to have some sort of hole

through my penis or sex organs to fasten a locking device to. Wow, just the thought of that was a tremendous high because I knew that some day I just might get up enough nerve to do it!

I experimented gradually, starting by putting safety pins through the tab of flesh that hung under the head of the penis. I quickly realized that it wouldn't hold much and began to dislike the look of that fleshy tab so I started cutting away at it little by little. Within a week I had cut it all off completely and couldn't believe how incredibly fantastic it felt to have a piece of flesh separated from my body in my hand.

Through the later part of my twenties and early thirties I continued sounding and removing my pubic hair periodically. By that time it had grown fuller and coarser and annoyed me constantly. You can't imagine how I longed for the feeling of being hairless and smooth that I enjoyed when I was young. But still I worried about how people would react if they saw me without any pubic hair and I certainly wasn't aware of anyone else doing it. During the spells when I knew I had a long enough period of time for it to grow back without being discovered I would shave off all of my pubic hair. Gradually, I moved from shaving (which only lasted a day or two) to plucking which lasted three to four weeks. Plucking was very time consuming and I began to wonder if there was a way to



thin out some of the hairs permanently so there would be fewer to pluck. I tried various gimmicks such as electric tweezers and various chemicals but none of them worked.

Ironically, this endeavor led to my first true body modification at about the age of forty, one that was totally unplanned and unexpected but at the same time has provided me with the most enjoyment over the years, and one that I wish I had the nerve to have done sooner. During my ongoing search for a method of thinning out pubic hairs, so my plucking wouldn't take as long, I came across the "One

Touch" home electrolysis unit. My immediate thought was that it was just another gimmick... but it wasn't very expensive, so I figured I'd give it a try. Because of my previous unsuccessful experiences I decided to over compensate and treat each and every hair follicle with the highest setting hoping that I might possibly kill at least a few hairs. It took about a month, working a couple hours a day to complete the task.

After two months had passed I realized that none of the hairs (except for a straggler or two) had reappeared. I waited another couple months and still nothing. I was petrified... what had I done? How was I going to explain this? What would I do if someone were to see me like this? As additional time passed I began to realize that this unexpected event was truly permanent and there was no turning back. With that I decided to get rid of the remaining stragglers and to also do my scrotum while I was at it. As the skin healed and the holes where the hair exited the skin closed, the skin around my genitals became extremely smooth and sensitive and I came to absolutely love what I had done. Just touching my genital area still drives me crazy and I love the look of having my sex organs being fully exposed without any hair hiding them again. I have never regretted having it gone forever.

Now that the pubic hair problem was taken care of once and for all I could focus my attention on finding ways of putting holes through my cock (once again) that would enable me to attach things to and experiment further with my ideas for chastity. One idea that was always in my mind was being able to attach items to my penis that would help to stimulate and arousing my partner during intercourse.

Through my early forties I experimented with various piercings through the thinner skin of my genitals such as through my frenum and scrotum. I tried a frenum ladder that extended down the middle of my penis and scrotum which looked kind of cool but eventually I got tired of it and let it grow out. I then moved to my nipples which were always very sensitive and a tremendous source of pleasure. After





performing a horizontal piercing through the first one — by myself, as with all of my modifications — I loved the feeling so much that I didn't waste any time in doing the other one and then stretching them both to 1/8". This made my nipples larger and more sensitive than before and I especially loved the feel as the rings and my nipples rubbed against my clothing. They kept me aroused pretty much right through the day, especially thinking of how else I could modify my body to heighten my sexual pleasure. From there I moved on to adding vertical piercings through each nipple which didn't do a whole lot for me. They didn't add anything to the sensitivity or feeling and I wasn't real keen on the way they looked, and besides, they seemed to weaken the nipples and made me afraid that they would tear out if I were to get too rough, so I abandoned them.

Now that I was able to attach and hang things from nipples I wanted to be able to do the same with my cock. So I started by piercing the frenum and the outer wall of the urethra right behind the and below the head where the tab of flesh was that I had removed. Even though I enjoyed the look and feel of this piercing, once it healed I found that it couldn't support a lot of weight without the worry of tearing the skin so shortly after I followed up with another deeper one along the rim of the head. This time I went through the middle of the urethra. This piercing bled a lot more and took about four or five months to heal to the point where I could put pressure on it by hanging weights from the jewelry.



In line with my ideas regarding chastity, I thought that having a vertical piercing at the front of my anus would allow me to fold my penis back between my legs and to fasten the penis to the anal piercing to prevent me from being able to use my penis for sex and also require that I sit to pee. This worked out very well and I had a tremendous amount of fun with it. Later, I added three more vertical piercings between my anus and scrotum which gave me a lot of pleasure, feeling them constantly rubbing between my legs and exerting

pressure when I sat. But unfortunately, eventually the anus piercing migrated out and the other ones healed over.

As my sounding activities increased during my mid forties and I worked at getting larger objects into my urethra I realized that I needed to remove the restriction at the tip of my penis. I took a single edge razor blade and — little by little, over a period of a month — cut back on my pee hole until I reached the back of the rim of the head. At the time I didn't know that there was a word to describe this type of modification — meatotomy — and that other people were doing it also. Anyway, this gave me a straight shot down the urethra and allowed me to start stretching to the point of getting my little finger in up to my second knuckle. It also allowed me to be able to get objects up to a half inch diameter and roughly four inches long down my urethra. I even experimented, and still do, with passing a lit 12 volt light bulb connected to a stiff insulated copper wire down my urethra as a sound. The heat from light bulb adds an extra level of pleasure in addition to the mental stimulation of seeing the light shine through the skin as it travels all of the way down to behind the scrotum where the urethra turns inward to the prostate. Slitting the urethra also opened up and exposed my previous piercings so that I could use additional rings in various configurations. I later toyed with the idea of head splitting and thought that it would look





and feel cool so I started with a 1/4" deep cut. The bleeding was heavy since I didn't restrict the blood flow before starting and after a couple of days the cut just healed over. Later after seeing some photos of penis head splits done by others on BME I decided that I really didn't like the look of a penis head split after all. So I'm glad now that it didn't work out. Besides, it would have spoiled an idea for a piercing that I would want down the road.

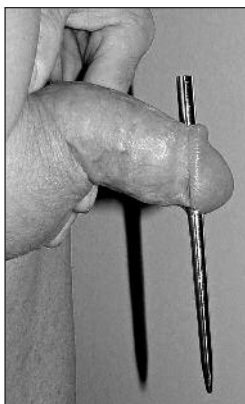
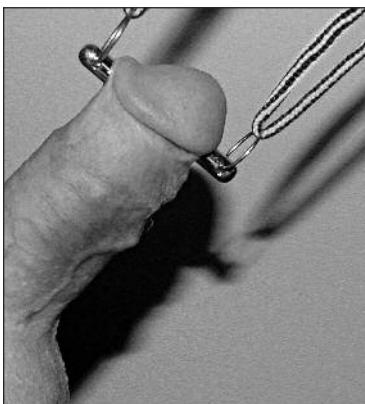
As I approached my fifties, I noticed that the hair on my chest was getting coarse and wirey, kind of like a coarse steel wool, and that it was becoming unbearably annoying when my clothes would rub against it. I also noticed that I would become annoyed when my wife would caress my chest during love making as the hair felt rough and irritated my skin. After having enjoyed my smooth pubes for ten years now, it was an easy decision that I wanted a smooth chest also. Once again, I decided to use home electrolysis since it worked so well on my pubes. It took about a full year to complete and was more difficult because I had to work using a magnified mirror most of the time, but the result was well worth all of the work. My chest and pubes now feel as soft as a baby's skin, my sensitive nipples are fully exposed, and I love being touched and caressed once again. As a matter of fact I can almost bring myself to orgasm now just by caressing my skin.

With another accomplishment behind me I started to shift my focus back to my penis and playing with my frenum piercings once again. I quickly came to realize that I was still pretty limited as to the amount of weight my piercings could hold, as the deepest one, which was through middle of the urethra, still passed through less than 3/16" of



flesh. So my thoughts started to drift to the possibility of somehow putting a hole through my shaft where the tissue was denser and thicker. Just thinking about where to put it and how to accomplish it kept me at a perpetual sexual high. I also knew that it wouldn't be easy as I remember that the piercing through my urethra bled, and hurt a lot until it healed.

I considered a number of options for placement. The first was a standard apadravya which would be located somewhere through the head. I ruled this out as I didn't want anything to obstruct the stimulation of the head during sex and also if I decided that if I didn't like it, or it didn't work out for whatever reason, I would be left with a visible scar in the smooth skin of the head. Next I considered putting it somewhere between the head and the base of the penis (where the flexible skin might hide it) but decided against that because I felt that it might interfere with the outer layer of skin sliding on the shaft. Another concern was the expansion of the erectile tissue putting pressure on the piercing during an erection since I wouldn't dare doing the piercing when the penis was erect and pressurized with blood. The other thing was that I wanted it closer to the end of the shaft so I could hang weights from it and stretch the shaft. I also wanted to be able to prevent the use of the penis entirely during chastity play. So after considering the options I decided that the best place for it would be directly behind the head of the penis. It wouldn't interfere with the skin sliding as it was already stationary to the shaft at that point, it would be a good place to conceal it if need be, and also a scar wouldn't be noticeable if I decided to abandon it. In addition to all that it would provide a very strong piercing that I felt would look (and feel) really great and provide numerous possibilities for adding additional devices to help stimulate my partner during sex. To maximize the surface area of the flesh around







the piercing (for strength) and also make it more aesthetically pleasing to me, I decided that I wanted it to pass through the shaft at an angle that followed the rim of the head. This would conveniently put the lower exit point at the end of my meatotomy and I wouldn't have to go through the outer layer of the urethra.

The day finally came when I got up the nerve to go ahead with it, after months of fantasizing and secreting much precum over just the thought of passing a piece of steel through the middle of my penis shaft. My precious penis, the part of my body that has given me the most pleasure and enjoyment over the years... what was I about to do to it? Suppose something went wrong like I couldn't stop the bleeding, suppose it got infected, what if it hurt really badly? There was no turning back for I had decided this was the day. I didn't dare put a larger hole than was needed to start with so I used what I remember to be a .020" diameter needle and figured that after it healed I would begin to stretch it from there. My hope was to someday be able to put a 1/4" padlock through it as a chastity device or use a 1/4" inch diameter hook to hang weights from.

I didn't have anything that I could use to ease the pain however, but I wasn't going to let that stop me, so I decided to just go slow and bear with it. As I started to push the sterilized needle in the first thing that struck me was how tough the skin was and how much effort it took to push on it. It seemed to take an eternity to get it even close to the

other side while all of the time making sure that it was aligned at the proper angle with the rim and that it would come out in the middle of the urethra. Finally, as I was just breaking through, the unexpected happened. The needle snapped off almost even with the flesh! I was panic stricken! As I assessed my options I decided that since the tip of the needle was sticking out of the urethra I would try to pull it through with a pair of pliers. With a steady pulling pressure I was able to pull the remaining portion of needle through. The next surprise came quite quickly. Blood started spraying out in a steady stream from the entrance and was gushing out rapidly from the urethra. I tried keeping pressure on it but the second I would let up it would start gushing again. It took between nearly an hour for it to stop by which time I decided I didn't want to chance inserting any jewelry and having it start bleeding again. So with absolute disappointment I aborted the procedure.

Two days later after the hole had scabbed over and I had a chance to think about the difficulty in getting to that point I decided that I wouldn't want to have to start again from scratch. I therefore took a hat pin and rounded of the end so that I could poke it into the existing hole and try to find the path through. It bled a little but not nearly as much as before and amazingly, I was able to fish the pin clear through the hole. I put a piece of rubber eraser over the end of the pin so it wouldn't fall and figured that I'd wait for it to heal. Well, within two days the soft tissue around the puncture site

started to swell considerably and the head and shaft of my penis became incredibly sore, almost as bad as a tooth ache. After a day of the excruciating pain I decided that I had to remove the pin. Within two days the pain and swelling subsided, and desperate to succeed with this piercing, I was able to get the pin inserted again. This time the pain and swelling wasn't quite as bad. The biggest problem came at night when I would get an erection while I was sleeping and

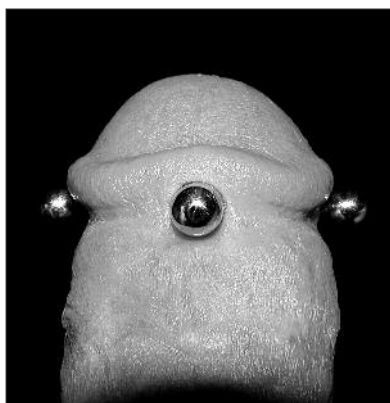


the-head piercing. With it I can redirect my pee — and cum — into an upward stream which is pretty neat to watch. I also fabricated a device which can screw into the upper end of this tube and has a bar (which runs parallel to the penis shaft) with a ring on the end that supports off the

the erectile tissue would expand and push against the pin. The pain was intense and on a few occasions I'd have to remove the pin until the morning.

After about a month of healing I decided that I wanted to start stretching so I found a stainless steel pin that was about .030" larger in diameter, and with a little pressure, inserted it. Every couple of weeks I increased the diameter incrementally until after about two years I got to .385" so that I could insert standard 3/8" inch items without them being tight in the hole. This was the most difficult piercing to heal as it took two years until it didn't bleed and hurt when I put pressure on the jewelry, although the constant stretching to a larger size opening during that time didn't help.

This piercing has proven to be the most versatile and fun one of all and I can honestly say that I haven't had a single regret about doing it even though it did provide me with many hours of pain and inconvenience while it healed. It can withstand as much weight as I dare to hang from it without ripping the penis from its base. I can attach up to a 3/8" diameter stud with 1/2" diameter balls to provide vaginal stimulation during intercourse while still allowing my penis head to be exposed for maximum stimulation.

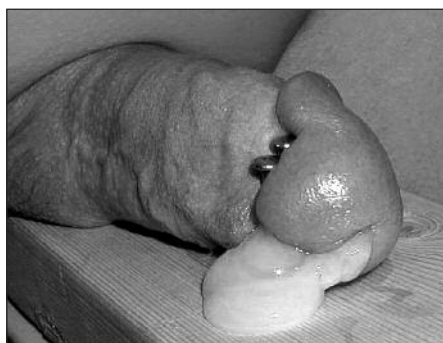


I can install all kinds of devices and locks to aid in my chastity play and being that it is in line with the frenum/urethra piercing I can pass a stud or ring through the frenum piercing to hold a pin or rod in the vertical one. I also created a couple of unique devices which allow me to play and do all kinds of other fun things with my penis. One is a 3/8" hollow tube that inserts about 4" down the urethra and has a sharp bend in it that passes up through the behind-the-head piercing. With it I can redirect my pee — and cum — into an upward stream which is pretty neat to watch. I also fabricated a device which can screw into the upper end of this tube and has a bar (which runs parallel to the penis shaft) with a ring on the end that supports off the base of the penis that can act as a splint to keep the penis extended even without an erection. Just thinking about all of the future possibilities is sexually exhilarating!

Now that the vertical piercing had fully healed it was time to figure out how I could enhance and expand on it. So about a year ago I decided that I wanted to do a horizontal, behind-the-head piercing that would intersect with the vertical one at about the middle of the shaft. This piercing could be used to hold jewelry and toys in the vertical one and provide additional vaginal stimulation, by providing four points of contact instead of two. Aside from all of this, I thought that it would look absolutely wild to have a steel cross running through the shaft of my cock.

Knowing in advance what to expect from a pain and healing standpoint I decided to do this piercing in two steps — each side separately to minimize the pain. I started by drilling a small hole in the middle of the vertical post to accept the needle. Then I made a pin with a slight taper on the end that would fit tight in this hole in the post. Once I had the needle through the flesh and into the post I removed it and inserted the pin, giving it a tap to lock the taper into the post. I then left it in place for a couple of weeks





for the pain and oozing of blood to subside. At that point I repeated the procedure on the opposite side which would gave me a hole right through horizontally in perfect alignment with the middle of the vertical piercing. The initial plan was to leave this piercing small to accommodate a 1/16" (or so) diameter pin, however in time I decided I wanted to go larger and so far I have stretched it out to just over 1/4". I figure that with a 3/8 inch post in the vertical piercing that I could have a 1/4" hole through it for a horizontal post or ring. The horizontal piercing is still not fully healed and I expect that it will probably take at least another six months. But in the meantime, I still can play with it and I am liking it more and more every day.

Aside from the body modifications that I have performed on myself I have kept myself mentally and physically active sexually over the years with various forms of play. One example deals with my enjoyment from anal/prostrate stimulation combined with my fantasies of exhibitionism. When I was younger I often inserted smaller objects into my

rectum including tubes connected to syringes where I would get off by injecting warm water and other liquids. So as my ideas for anal play evolved I devised a form of anal bondage where I would go out into the woods and find a tree that was roughly two inches in diameter. I would cut it (and round off the end) to a height so that when I was standing over it, with it inserted into my rectum, I couldn't lift myself off of it by standing on my toes. I would then get undressed and while standing on a log, straddle the tree and insert it into my rectum. Next I would step off the log and kick it out of reach. That would leave me standing there naked, with my smooth hairless pubes, unable to escape for an extended period of time until I was able to whittle away at the tree trunk with a small, dull pocket knife and free myself. In the meantime if anyone happened to be passing by (which fortunately, never happened) they would surely see me with my sexuality fully exposed. While fantasizing about such an occurrence my plan was to say that I was left like that as part of a club initiation.

As time went on I experimented with inserting various larger objects into my rectum. They ranged from pipe fittings, balloons inflated with liquid, to multiple eggs which I would then break inside myself and have to remove piece by piece.

The biggest scare of my life came one day while playing with inserting a 100 watt household light bulb into my rectum. My thought was to attach a pair of leads to an insulated socket screwed to the base of the bulb and to light the bulb while it was inserted. The bulb was a little large and wouldn't quite fit so I tried stretching my rectum over a period of a couple of days until I was finally able to get it to go all of the way in. I then increased the voltage to the bulb gradually until I had the bulb at full brightness. The feel of the warmth of the bulb inside me was beyond words and I could actually see my pelvis light up from within. I was to have one of the strongest orgasms of my life before tragedy struck. When I started to withdraw the light bulb I met a lot of resistance as the tissue inside the rectum had started to swell. As I pulled on the socket attached to the base of the bulb I heard the most frightening sound of my life as the bulb popped and



burst inside me. Within seconds blood started to gush out of my rectum and I wondered if I would even make it to the hospital emergency room in time. Panic stricken I decided to



reach inside and pull out the pieces of broken glass so that I could possibly stuff my rectum with gauze to try to stop the bleeding. After I pulled out four or five larger pieces and a couple of smaller ones I realized that the bleeding was starting to slow down some. Fortunately, (as I later learned) the tissue inside the rectum is such that any bleeding will stop quickly as it did (in my case) within a matter of minutes. However, those were the scariest couple of minutes of my life. Since then I have limited my anal play to items that aren't made of thin glass! The list of objects is too long to describe here but include beer bottles, aerosol spray cans, tennis balls, heavy pieces of steel — many that I would leave inserted and walk around with through the day.

Other forms of genital play included blood play by inserting hollow needles into the head and shaft of my penis, ball skewing, testicular and penis clamping, temporary nullification, and hanging from ropes attached to my genitals. I have also tried various types of electrical stimulation with electrodes attached or inserted anywhere you can imagine.

So what does the future hold? Aside from the new ideas I haven't even dreamed of yet, I have always fantasized about having my pee hole relocated to between my legs and having to sit to pee. I think that it would be fun to not have cum ooze out of the end of my dick — I can't squirt any distance any more because of the meatotomy — when I ejaculate aside from the contraceptive benefit it could offer. Another benefit would be that when I get a blow job from my wife — who doesn't want me to cum in her mouth — I could actually climax without having to stop right at the best part! There are two things that stopped me from performing this modification on myself a long time ago. First, I know that initially, having to sit to pee would be different, fun and cool, but I'm afraid that after time it would just become a real inconvenience and I would regret having done it. Secondly, I'm pretty sure that I could get away without my wife noticing, but I'm still very concerned about having to explain it at the doctor's office or the

hospital if the situation arose.

Nevertheless, I want to try a urethral reroute so badly that I have been wracking my brain trying to think of a way of doing it while avoiding the issues that I mentioned. Currently, I'm thinking that if I started with a piercing that I could stretch, instead of cutting and suturing, that I could just let it close up if it turned out that I didn't want it anymore. However, if I decided that I liked it and wanted something more permanent I could do some cutting and open it up further. Another idea that I have been considering was to start with a short dolphin [a piercing that enters the urethra through the lower skin similarly to a PA, but instead of exiting out the tip of the urethra, travels a short distance down the urethra and then exits through a second PA-type piercing hole — sort of like a dolphin diving out and back into the water, thus the name] and then — if I wanted — later I could tie it off and cut the skin between the two piercings (once they are healed) to give me a larger opening without cutting and suturing.

At any rate, I want to put a lot of thought into any modification that has the potential of changing my life so drastically. Besides, the planning and contemplation is half the fun and excitement!

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*The majority of the first half of this conversation took place in May 2005, but when we talked in November 2012, when I was putting the final touches on the book, John let me know that he'd made some dramatic improvements and took the time to update me with the latest — again making my job easy for me by writing a wonderful modification memoir.*

A lot of things have taken place since 2005. The first is that I have achieved my previous goal of a urethral reroute. Not “behind” my scrotum as I always had wanted, but “above” or “before”. I wanted to experiment with performing a reroute in a place that was more visible and accessible, and then later use what I would learn to achieve my ultimate goal. What I learned is that obtaining a functional opening in the urethra





The initial size of John's urethra opening with meatotomy, about 3/8".



After the first application of hair remover, the urethra just bairly fit this 1/8" pin.



The results of the final application of hair remover to permanently close the urethra.

is not an easy feat and after much work have learned to appreciate at least having the one above my scrotum. I've also learned that there are advantages unique to each and that for various reasons I like having one above my scrotum. One of the advantages is that I can easily see it and play with it all the time. If it were below my scrotum it would be more "out-of-sight, out-of-mind". The other is that when my warm pee dribbles down over my cold scrotum it feels incredible.

Next I expanded on my behind-the-glans apadravya piercing by adding a horizontal piercing that intersected with it, and I

fashioned some unique jewelry and toys that kind of held each other in place.

Once I decided that I liked having a urethral reroute and that it wasn't going to close up on me I began working on closing up the opening at the tip of my penis so that there would never be any fluids exiting from the tip of my penis again. I did that by inserting a Q-tip



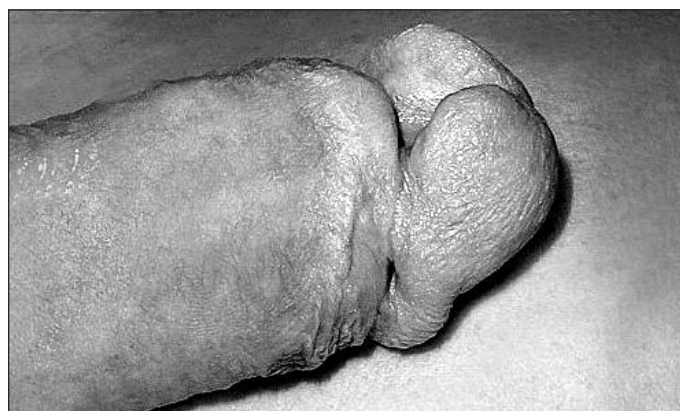
Glans liberation cut one.

soaked with hair remover (if left on long enough it dissolves the top layer of skin) and inserting it about 1/2 inch down my urethra. I then went in with a brass 22 caliber rifle bore cleaning brush to make sure that all the skin was removed so that the opening could heal closed.

In the final photo of my urethral closure, you can see that at about the same time I got the idea of freeing my glans from my shaft. I already had three horizontal piercings that were positioned behind and along the ridge of my glans that I felt would make good stopping points for cutting. The first was through the middle of my urethra. The second at the top of my urethra and the third was in the middle of my shaft which put it actually two thirds of the way up in my penis when you consider my urethra.

I wanted to cut to one piercing at a time so that I could determine if I liked the result before progressing. With the first cut my meatotomy really started to open up and I liked the feel of the bottom edges of my glans being able to move around a lot more easily.

With the next cut — which wasn't really that far from the



Glans liberation cut two (above), and three and four (below).





first the effect of the loosened glans — was even better.

The third cut was pretty radical as I actually had to cut off the tips of my cavernosa, because they extended slightly from the shaft into the glans. This was also the longest of my cuts. I controlled the bleeding by doing small cuts each morning so that the bleeding was completely stopped before I went to bed that night — I sure didn't want to wake up in a pool of blood. With each cut I enjoyed the additional freedom of my glans from my shaft and that gave me the drive to keep going. The biggest surprise came when I made the final cut into my shaft piercing. Up until that time my glans was still held pretty close to my shaft and I would have to bend it away with my fingers to open it away from my shaft.

However with the final cut my glans really became free from my shaft, to the point that if I laid on my back or inverted my penis it would easily flop away from my shaft all by itself.

There was one consequence of the cutting needed for my “Glans Liberation” that I did not take into consideration, one where when I first realized it, I was devastated and couldn't believe what I had done. But after a little time I began to realize that it was the best thing that could have happened to me and if it hadn't occurred accidentally, I never would have known the benefit. By cutting across my urethra and shaft, I cut through a lot of the nerves that supply the glans with its high level of sensitivity. Most people don't realize this, but

the nerves that supply most sensitivity to the surface of the glans travel along each side of the urethra. All-in-all I would say I decreased the sensitivity of my glans to roughly ten to fifteen percent of original.

Since the primary goal of all of my modifications has always been to enhance and heighten sexual enjoyment, losing most of the sensation in my glans seemed like the last thing I ever wanted. However, once I had a chance to experiment I realized that I could still easily achieve orgasm. As I gained more and more confidence and worried less, I began to relax and I started to realize that I was now enjoying sex even more than before. I could now enjoy the sensations provided by my penis shaft skin and groin — and my whole body — without them being overpowered by my glans. These sensations are much more subtle and consequently more enjoyable since they allowed for a more gradual build up to orgasm. If I had to describe what my orgasms are like now, I would say they are now more “female” in that I can enjoy the sex act longer and therefore have a more powerful orgasm in the end. Since my glans isn't becoming hypersensitive to the point of hurting, as it did previously, I am ready for another orgasm quickly. I believe that the rapid build to orgasm that us guys experience results in more of a letdown afterward, which in turn makes it even more difficult to recover quickly. This experience has taught me the lesson that “less can be more”!



Most recently, I started — and have just in the past day in fact — completed the next stage of my glans liberation. In the first cuttings I had liberated my glans from my shaft and allowed it more freedom to move vertically. In this stage I intended to split it vertically and allow for both halves to move independently as well as moving more freely sideways. As always, I wasn't sure just how long of a slit I would want but I wasn't disappointed in the very least with the result from the initial cutting so I decided to cut to just in front of the ridge of my glans.

I then allowed everything to heal so I could truly begin to enjoy the full effect of my modification. I have been very pleased with the result although there had been some regrowth and I had lost about 3/16" in the length of the cut. Over that time I had been contemplating the possibility of cutting to my "vertical behind the glans" piercing but wasn't

sure if I wanted to go that radical, since I knew from my previous separation that once I reached the piercing that the freedom of movement would increase substantially and I wasn't sure I wanted both glans halves to be separated rather than drawn together normally.

As I got into the cutting I realized that the regrowth was cut through easily and there was minimal bleeding. Very quickly I was at the point of making a decision to go further of stop there — the answer now was simple. I wanted the maximum freedom for my glans halves so I cut through to my vertical shaft piercing. The

last 1/8" to 3/16" from reaching my piercing appeared to be the hardest and took the longest because of the increased pain and bleeding. At times I felt like I was cutting directly into the dorsal nerve — and I'm sure I was. That last portion took about a week to actually cut through. So far I have to say that the suffering was well worth it.

So now the question once again comes to where will my modifications go from here? As always, my modifications have consistently been about enhancing sex and my sexuality, and they will certainly continue along those same lines. I have learned some important lessons along the way, and I imagine my modifications will evolve along the "less is more" theme. I have learned that I do not need my glans for sexual pleasure and in fact that it can even be so much better without it. Nevertheless, I do enjoy the appearance and feel of my modified glans and look forward with excitement to the possibilities

it can offer for sexual play for me and my partner. With that being said I do envision the day will most likely come when I will decide to remove it completely. This will probably be the first step in shortening my penis. I have been experimenting and have come to trust that I can have orgasms and enjoy stimulation from just the base of my penis.

I have always dreamed of having a smoother pelvis without the bulge of my penis, especially when erect. I think having a short stump for a penis would force me to find new ways of having sex with my female partner, kind of like starting again at puberty and learning how to satisfy myself and my partner sexually. I have always welcomed changes and new experiences, so who knows what the future holds for me?





I am now fifty-one years old. I started cutting my scrotum when I was just thirteen, trying to insert marbles inside of it, but not succeeding. After a while, I got hung up on masturbation, which was introduced to me by a male cousin. I started dating, started petting, but never had intercourse until after I was married.

I enlisted in the Army in 1975, and during my initial medical exam, I was lined up with over a dozen other enlistees. We stood there naked while the doctor had us bend over and check us out. I checked out the other males and felt short changed, compared to several well hung males. Later I realized that I was simply average in that department. I married early and am still married to that same woman, though it has not been easy. We have two grown children.

While in the Army and stationed in Germany I started to cut my scrotum again. I didn't know why, but it was sexually exciting. I continued to cut myself, my scrotum, repeatedly over several years, though I never thought about castration. In fact, castration was the farthest thing from my mind. I wouldn't even consider it — it was too drastic. But I decided in my early thirties to cut my scrotum in half and did so very slowly over a period of years.

### *How did you do the scrotal split?*

I achieved this using a knife that I placed in boiling water, repeatedly cutting it bit by bit. It worked well and I could control the bleeding because it sealed off the blood vessels. Eventually I severed it completely in half vertically.

Finally, when I was living in New Jersey, I started to consider castration. I don't know where the thought came from, and initially it was just a fantasy but I would often go to sleep dreaming about it. It was a sort of sexual release. My wife and I continued to have sexual relations, but she only had sex to satisfy me and to stop me from hounding her. She did not want to try anything new and our sex life was dull in many ways. Perhaps that's why castration started to creep into my thoughts. I don't know for sure.

When I turned thirty-seven I started to think more and more about castration, in fact, the thoughts themselves started to overwhelm me — overtake me. I remember driving home from one day, saying out loud, "I'm going to castrate myself," and then looking down at my testicles to talk to them, warning them that they were going to get cut off.

My desire for castration kept growing and growing. I had repeatedly cut my scrotum open and my uncontrollable urge to get castrated haunted me mercilessly. I finally went to see a doctor. I specifically asked for a certain female doctor who was amazed at my divided scrotum. She asked if I had had any sexual problems because of it, but I hadn't had any problems, except, as I told her, "I have this nagging desire to get castrated."

She talked me through a lot of things that were going on in my life and wondered if I might be a transsexual. But I told her I didn't want to be a woman — I just wanted to get castrated. She made an appointment for me with a urologist just to make sure that there wasn't any physical damage to my testicles. I didn't really want to go, and went mostly out of curiosity. When the urologist examined me, he treated me as some psycho idiot, so I left and vowed never to return.

I'm not sure, but either I was being demonically manipulated or I was psychotic. I don't really know for sure, but one December night, I attempted cutting off my left testicle. I woke up one morning at 4am, thinking about castration. I walked downstairs to the kitchen, pulled out a thin sharp knife, and calmly cut open my sack, without any anesthetic. The pain felt strangely satisfying. It was wild. I could not stop myself. I had to do it. The desire overtook me.

It didn't bleed very much so I tried to push out the testicle, but even though the slit was large enough, it wouldn't come out. There was another sack covering it and holding it in. But I was fanatical and I quickly cut through it and popped the testicle out. There in the early morning light, while my wife slept, I examined my left testicle. It was a strange looking

thing, white with streaks of red. I must have held it for five minutes and then I decided to cut it off. I took the knife and started to saw slowly back and forth through the cord. The scalding knife seared the skin, but then I hit the nerve and fell back against my seat. I stood there, holding the testicle, when all of a sudden I noticed the intense bleeding. It scared me something awful and shocked me back to reality. I pushed the testicle back in and taped my scrotum back together with some surgery type tape. After a few days my scrotum started to swell and it hurt.



Hash before castration, showing his split scrotum

Of course I got an infection and drove myself to the ER a few days later. The nurse was wonderful and treated me with the great kindness, even when she saw what I had done. The doctor was a jerk and said some things that made me want to punch him. When the time was right, after receiving a shot of antibiotics, I got up and walked out. No one noticed and I had not given them correct information.

None of this stopped my castration desires or fantasies. All through the following spring and summer I thought about castration, then on Sept 27th, I woke up early again, with an overwhelming desire to get castrated. I went to the garage, microwaved a large cup of boiling water to use to clean things with, and got out a small paring knife. I took the knife sharpener and sharpened it. I got some towels out, antiseptic solution, and taped my penis to my stomach. I was extremely excited about doing this. It was a natural high, that even to this day, I can't explain and it's only been duplicated once. I heated the little knife on the small stove we had in the garage and slowly inserted it into the left side of my scrotum. There was no turning back. The scrotum split open more easily than

I could have imagined. I made a two inch incision. I felt no pain. The hot knife stemmed the bleeding. Then I calmly reached in and pulled the testicle out, laying it on top of the scrotum. I heated the knife slightly and placed it on the cord as high as I could. I picked up the testicle and pulled it tight. Slowly I started to cut through the cord. The first few cuts were easy, but then I hit a nerve and I jumped. It didn't stop me though, and I continued to cut through the cord and all of a sudden the testicle was free.

I was exhilarated. I placed the testicle on the table and stared at it for several minutes. I picked it up and played with it.

Then I started to have lots of pain. I panicked initially, but I gained composure and sewed up the slit. I cleaned up the mess, took a shower and actually went to work. I worked alone most of the time and so I did not anticipate seeing anyone.

When I got to work, my scrotum started to swell and swell. It got huge. I thought it would burst, but I refused to go to the ER. I rested for hours in my car and slept periodically. My scrotum stopped swelling, but I had a large hematoma, and I knew I was in trouble. I went to the hospital, but instead of going to see a doctor, I first went to the computer room and read all that I could about hematomas. I realized that

it could go down or go away after several days or weeks and so I decided to do nothing. After the second week the swelling had mostly subsided. I was elated. I had managed to partially castrate myself.

The testicle? I froze it, though eventually I disposed of it. My thoughts of castration went away briefly and I had rest from the nagging desire. In fact, during the first few months, my erections were minimal, I had no sexual desire, and my penis shrunk. Then my right testicle started to grow and produce more testosterone, and that's when I started to think about finishing the job. But instead of castrating myself, I abused my right testicle. I abused it to the point that in after a few years, it stopped functioning and I really was in all ways a eunuch.

I went to my female doctor — I had stopped seeing male doctors after the episode with the jerk doctor in the ER — and she asked me to try using testosterone gel because of

osteoporosis. I started to use the gel and my castration thoughts returned, which makes me think, that in my case, testosterone played — plays — a role in castration. I thought about buying an elastrator but I made an appointment with Dr. Kimmel to have my last testicle removed. I got excited thinking about getting castrated. I remember standing in his waiting room, grabbing my remaining testicle and telling it, "You're going bye bye!"



Hash immediately after his castration. Look carefully and see if you notice anything "not quite right"!

In less than an hour, Dr. Kimmel castrated me, making me a true eunuch.

*I've seen the pictures and we have enough mutual friend that I know you're not playing fantasy games and making up that you're a eunuch, but from the photos I can see that the story you're telling me is a good one, but it's not what happened. I can see from the pictures that both sides of your split scrotum were elastrated, and then the cut off at the same time. This isn't unusual — sometimes eunuchs have a cover story to protect a cutter or what really happened, and sometimes because they prefer a fantasy version. There's almost always truth in each story. So... You've made me very curious!*

OK...

Rewind to after my first failed castration attempt.

I began to confide in a female co-worker who was always open and understanding. Since we were friends and often shared a car to do our work, I asked her one day if I could



talk about something personal. She said sure, but she wasn't ready for what I told her. When I told her that I wanted to be castrated, she was shocked and amazed. She told me to see a psychiatrist and that I must be sexually mixed up. She wasn't as sympathetic as I had hoped. Over the next three months she'd occasionally bring it up and ask me what I was doing about it. When I mentioned that I had difficulty controlling my sexual urges and was afraid of what I might do, she seemed to understand my predicament. She said she had read some articles about men who were castrated for sex crimes. But then she told me she could understand why I would want it done. She asked me if there were any doctors who would castrate me and I told her that I didn't know of any, even though I did.

I told her it wasn't that difficult of an operation, and I told her about the elastration tool that I had purchased, and that it was a simple and quick method of castration. She asked me to show it to her, and so I did. Then I popped the question. I asked her if she'd help me use it on myself. Her face turned pale and she said she didn't think she could. But a few days later she said she would, as long as she didn't have to touch my scrotum or balls. I assured her that she wouldn't. Underneath I think the idea of castration fascinated her. We set a date and time and decided to perform my castration at work. So after everyone else left the building, we locked the doors, and got out everything that I thought we'd need.

We chose a special chair and I took off my pants. I turned up the heat, washed my genitals, and used some special medicinal disinfectant on them. Then I poured some peroxide over them. I had shaved off all the hair previously to make it easier for the band to take hold. However, it wasn't easy for my friend, who still seemed scared and uneasy. I talked to her and tried to calm her, but I was scared myself. Finally I took the elastrator and fitted the special rubber band or bungee hose over my scrotum. Then I asked her to ratchet it tight. Nervously she did. But after every click on so, she kept asking me if it hurt, but I assured her that it didn't — but it sure did. Finally it was time to crimp the metal clip. I instructed her and she did it perfectly. Everything was set for me to lose my balls. I took a deep breath and she said, "now what do I do?"

I took the long handled V-shaped knife that came with the bander, placed it underneath my balls where the clip held my scrotum securely in place, and motioned for my friend to take hold of it. I moved the bucket under my balls and told my friend, "This is it! All you have to do is pull quick and hard." But she said, "I don't think I can!" She was really getting cold feet. But I encouraged her and finally she said, "I don't want to hurt you."

I assured her it would release me from the constant pain of thinking about it year after year, and she agreed to try. She was in front of me and the knife was still in place. I told her to pull quick and hard on three, and she closed her eyes and I counted. When I hit three she pulled so hard she half pulled me off of the chair. As I struggled to get up on the chair, she opened her eyes, screamed, and ran away. She stopped after several feet, and yelled back, "They're on the floor!"

Sure enough I was castrated and my balls and scrotum were on the lying on the floor. I looked at them and started to get sick. The realization that I had actually been castrated overwhelmed me. She ran over and tears were running down her face. She began to tell me how sorry she was, but I quietly told her I was glad she helped me.

When we got our composure back, we gathered up my balls, put them in a canister and cleaned up the mess. Finally we examined the remains of my scrotum. Everything was held tightly in place, but I was in pain and feeling really sick. Needless to say, I ended up in the hospital that night and had to have surgery. Boy, was that embarrassing. Today I'm a happy Eunuch, though I do take some testosterone to maintain my health. My female helper is still my friend, who keeps my secret safe. I never tell anyone she participated. I only wish I'd videotaped it.

*You have other modifications beyond your castration as well?*

I have a partial subincision or meatotomy — just the tip of my penis or glans — which I did using a scalpel. I actually did that after my castration. It was exciting, but not as much as the castration. I also have a two frenum rings through the front of my penis, near the glans. The piercer who did these also did my "Eunuch" tattoo — she was into S&M years earlier and told me she'd met other eunuchs. I thought about doing a whole ladder, but am not feeling motivated. I also tried to cut my suspensory ligament, but there was too much blood and it scared me. If I still had my testicles and the hormones they made, I think I would have completed it. Without testosterone — or at least more of it — I am not pushed to do strange and dangerous things to my genitals. My glans tip has been tattooed hot pink. I thought that would be cool and had it done by a lesbian tattoo artist, while I paid another woman from a store nearby to take pictures. She was anxious to see a eunuch! I also let a local piercer try her first ampallang piercing on me.

*Beyond hormones, any idea about what caused any of these drives in the first place?*

I always felt compelled by an inner urge. Fantasy turned to reality, and that was especially true for the castration. But I really feel better being castrated. I believe I was motivated by testosterone, though there may be some underlying mental aspects that I still do not understand.

*Are you completely satisfied with the castration?*

The only thing I dislike is the fact that I'm not completely smooth under my penis. I wish I would have had Dr. Kimmel remove the skin.

*Do you still do CBT play of any kind?*

I no longer play anymore — not like I did before castration. Before castration I got excited cutting myself, especially my scrotum. I can't do that anymore. I personally get excited when I can bring my wife to orgasm and when she calls me "her eunuch", a wave of passion comes over me. I don't get excited with by male orgasm, but something like an orgasm occurs when I hear my wife orgasm. I get a rush over my body. I don't ejaculate, but I feel wonderful.

*Who knows about what you've done?*

Almost no one knows about me being a eunuch who's close to me. My wife's friend knows I had one testicle removed, but that's all. To disclose my eunuch condition might cause too many problems and it's unnecessary. Only my doctor, a few piercers and tattoo artists, and a couple massage girls know that I'm a eunuch. When I have the chance or opportunity I tell people, and if they want to take a peek that's OK too! Most people are more amazed and curious then shocked. Only one massage girl said that she was "sorry to hear that." I corrected her and told her I wanted it done, at which point she was curious too.

*It sounds like playing guinea pig for your castrator may have been more than a little scary, but playing guinea pig for a piercer's first ampallang must have been a bit less stressful...*

The piercer warned me that it takes a lot of time for this type of piercing to heal and that she'd be using a 14ga barbell. When she held it up for me to see, I was like, "That's pretty thick bar, isn't it?" but she assured me that it was the proper size [editor's note: if anything, 14ga is on the small end], though a lot of guys have the same reaction. Convinced that she was telling me the truth, I said all right. Then she told me about the pain that I would feel. She told me that it would be sudden and severe, but would be over quickly.

"Are you sure you want this?"

"Yes, I'm sure," I replied, and she told me to lay back as she went to work, tightening a clamp over the tip of my penis so tight it began to hurt. She told me to take some big breaths and hold onto the table. I closed my eyes and didn't watch what she was about to do. Suddenly, I felt the most excruciating pain! Linda had pushed the large needle through my penis and I was seeing stars. I bit my lip and then yelled. It was quite a rush, but then just as quickly, the pain subsided. Linda pushed the barbell through and I had my ampallang. She told me to look and I saw my now erect penis proudly displaying its new ampallang piercing. Blood was still oozing out a little, but Linda quickly wiped it away and told me that it would stop soon. She stood back admiring her work and asked me if I liked it. I admitted to her that I did — it made it stand out and I was proud.





## Don: Subincision with Penile Rods

I'm currently sixty, was born in Kentucky to an average everyday family, and have lived here most of my life. I wrecked a tractor trailer, which resulted in three operations and ended my working career. I also had colon cancer, detected in 1982, which not only left me with a permanent colostomy, but resulted in putting an end to my sex life. Having a wife that's a complete sex maniac, and because of my cancer, she "played outside our home." For the sake of our children, a boy and a girl, I held on and stuck with it until they were of legal age. But in 1996 I said "enough is enough", and after thirty-four years we got a divorce.

I had seen an ad in the city newspaper about a local doctor who could help men with erectile problems. I made an appointment with him and we discussed the issue for quiet some time. We decided on the malleable rod implants due to less possibility of complications in comparison to the inflatable type. I checked into hospital one morning, the rods were implanted that day, and I checked out the next morning.

After only a week's waiting I was ready to try them out. I met a lady and things got very exciting after our first love making session. I can go as long as I choose to, and this fascinated her. After we went our separate ways I started getting phone calls from other women — some of them lived a distance away. I never suggested staying at their homes overnight due to my being a little nervous about that. Once I stayed at their place, it seemed like they fell in love with me and my dololly. A couple of the ladys were very nice and I decided to see just how far I could go with them. After one of the ladies grandchild left for school, I warned her that she'd better be ready for a different kind of day. I told her to undress and to get ready for one hell of a day! This really made her wonder what was about to take place, and I assured her that there was not going to be anything that would create pain. This seemed to really make her wonder what the hell was about to take place. We sat and drank a cup of coffee in the nude as I really played with her mind. After the coffee I told her to get ready and I "accidentally" dropped a spoon on the floor — when she bent over to pick it up I took advantage of the situation and slipped my willy in her. She put her head on a chair and I watched the clock and to see just how long she

could last. After twenty minutes she said she gave up. That day resulted in six sessions that lasted at least fifteen minutes each. The kid came home from school and as soon as she saw granny she asked her if she was OK because she was so dishevelled.

"Don't worry dear, I've just been hard at work cleaning all day."

I started laughing and her grandchild asked me what was so funny. I told him that I didn't help granny do a single thing. She went in another room and hollered for me to come in there to give her a hand doing something. She told me that it was my fault that she looked like she did. It was Friday, and the boy asked if he could spend the night with one of his school friends. Granny pulled me to the side and asked if I would promise to act decent if he went, and I told her, "I'll act just like you expect me to... you know I will!"

We drove the boy to his friend's house after we stopped and got a bite to eat. We went back to her house and she watched TV while I had a bath — damned if she didn't walk in while I was drying! I told her that she shouldn't do that — it's not the proper thing to do — and she apologized and walked out. Of course once I was dry I walked out into the living room totally nude, and told her I was very upset that she'd walked in on me in my birthday suit, and that she'd pay for that! She tried to calm me down, but I wouldn't let her, and told her to stand up. She seemed confused, wondering what I was going to do. I reached and took her gown and lifted it up and took it off. All she said was "oh, hell," and we got at it again.

She slept better that night than she had in a long time, but the next morning she wanted to know the doctor's name that operated on me so she could call him and cuss him out! We fooled around some more the next day, but she messed things up about a week later when she asked me to lend her money. I didn't feel comfortable doing that, refused her, and cut our relationship off. She called me several times after that and told me that she loved me, and that in her thirty years of marriage and the five years since her husband died, that she had never experienced anything like me. Could I please come see her? I haven't and that was that.

*Did you have your subincision at that point?*



I got into the body mods about six months later, after sending some pics of my cartoon tattoos to BME and getting into your site and it arousing my curiosity. I got to looking at all the different mods on your site, and decided I'd like to try some of them. I'd settled on a subincision and read about getting the pressure tongs at Radio Shack, and how to do it. After I got them and discovered that there was no pain in applying them, I decided to start with a short cut. I wanted a split that was nice and wide, so I used two pairs of forceps at the same to so it would suit me. After leaving the clamps in place for maybe as much as two hours, the first cut I made was only about half an inch long, but I liked it, and I liked the looks of it, so I decided to go for it all, to extend that to a full subincision, which I finished over the next two weeks. It's all been good, and I have not noticed any loss of sensation that I can tell.

I was amazed that there were maybe six drops of blood during the whole procedure. After I completed the subincision I decided to try something else. I decided to try to make my sack fit a little more snug around my gonads so using my pressure tongs I started on down-sizing the sack. I haven't got it quite as small as I want it yet. I've started downsizing the head but I am being very careful because one of the rods came out through the head.

*As in goes partially into the head or as in removed through the head?*

It came right out, but it still works with just one rod. I have found another lady — 63 years old — that I can talk to about my mods. I gave her the removed rod and asked her if she knew what it was. She didn't know, but later found out from a pharmacist she knew. Curiosity is tearing her up real bad, and she wants to go to one of the gambling boats near our homes and suggested we spend the night. I know she is very curious and she has been single for about six and a half years since her husband passed away. She's very attractive, and like all the women I've met she has probably got 38 or 40's.

*Do women tend to comment on your mods?*

No, they generally don't comment on any of my mods at all...

They were all satisfied with what took place and most of the time we've created a very good relationship.

*How did you come to have the cartoon tattoos?*

Back when I was drinking, a lady bet me I wouldn't get a tattoo. So I got to some more drinking and went and got one. After he first one and showing it to people and all their laughing and joking, I decided to get more and more and more. I've ran out of room that, beacuse I like to keep them covered unless I wear shorts. Then everyone asks about them, and me being the joker I am, I ask them if they would kiss Bugs Bunny if they had the chance. You know what happens next. Down comes the pants and they roar.

*What's next?*

I'm interested in doing the ball-type implants in my penis as soon as I learn a little more and get the supplies!

"I used to think anyone doing anything weird was weird. Now I know that it is the people that call others weird that are weird."

— Paul McCartney





## Charlie: Meatotomy for Sounding

I am now fifty-five, married with two grown children. I was born and grew up in North Carolina and grew up there. I am now disabled and retired, but previously worked in the aviation industry.

*Can I ask in what way you're disabled, and as both my [now ex] and I have been working on our pilot's license, I'm curious about your work.*

I have a spinal cord injury from an accident, and since that time I have had a heart attack and stroke because of the limited ability to exercise. I also have developed something like MS, where the lining around the nerves in my neck at the top of the cervical column are disintegrating. They have fused my back and neck trying to help with the numbness and pain, but it is still there and the neck problem causes terrible headaches.

I started out in the aviation industry when I was sixteen years old as a mechanic's apprentice. I went to school and obtained my mechanics license, then went into the Air Force and there I learned a lot about jet engines and how to overhaul them. I got out of the Air Force and went back to work in the general aviation field and after a couple of years I got my inspectors license so that I could do annuals and major repair inspections.

I also had my private pilots license and did some flying. I was offered a job in the corporate world keeping up two jets for a company. I took this job and remained there until my accident. The doctors would not let me return to this type of work, which is unfortunate because I thoroughly enjoyed the aviation industry and miss it. Both of my kids have their pilots license. One of them has his instructors license, commercial, instrument, and multi engine ratings. The other one has just bought an airplane, and the one with the instructors license is going to teach him his instrument stuff and help him get that.

A pilot's license is a wonderful thing to have and fun also. I was always told that once you have been bitten by the aviation bug, you can never get rid of it.

*Tell me about what you've done to your penis.*

I have a meatotomy, because I enjoy the look and feel of it. I do a lot of sounding and stretching of the urethra and am working on getting up to at least a Fr.50 sound. I do a lot of catheter play also. I like to do lidocaine injections into the balls and penis area for a totally numb effect, and I have often thought of removing the balls or penis or maybe both. I get really turned on at the thought of removing maybe the cock head next. The sounding and catheter play and the injections get me off too.

I have been interested in genital mods and torture since about eight or nine years old. I use to build a lot of models and had 'T' pins and a wooden building table. I was by myself a lot and would pin my ball sack to the building board. Then I started pinning my cock to the board also. After some time doing this I tried sticking the pins through my balls. This hurt and bothered me

to begin with, but I soon got to the point I could push a 'T' pin through the ball and into my work table.

Then at about the age of thirteen or fourteen years old, I decided to do the meatotomy. I got one of my real sharp exacto knives with a stainless blade, a soldering iron with stainless tip, and my 'T' pins out. I boiled them to try and sterilize them. I then plugged in the soldering iron and let it get hot in case I need to use it to cauterize. I pinned my ball sack to my board, then twisted my cock around upside down so that I could see what I was doing and pinned it to the board. I then took my exacto knife and started cutting. It didn't hurt very much or bleed that much, and I was enjoying what I was doing so much I started squirting all over by the time I had finished cutting!

The sensation of the cutting was a slight burning sensation and that was all. I wish I could tell you why I did it, but I can't. I didn't realize at the time I did this that there was anyone else into such stuff. There was no internet or any way I could find out about people that would do this kind of stuff to themselves. I guess the why answer is that I was just fascinated at that young age of doing this kind of thing. My wife is not into these things, so I kind of laid off for a while, but it was always in my mind. I am back to doing as much as possible when she is gone, as she travels a lot.



*It's often not easy to come up with a reason beyond "it turns me on".*

I don't know what got me into this stuff. As I said, it was just something I liked to do when I was young, and have always thought about. I stay with it because I like the feel of what I do and I am still fascinated with the genital mod scene... I still have lots of thoughts of more mods at some point, hopefully removing all of it, maybe bit by bit, eventually.

*Is your wife upset about what you're doing?*

The meatotomy was done long before I met her, so she just accepts it as something that happened before our meeting and never questions it. As a side note, all of the girls that I have ever been with loved the meatotomy because when hard the head really flares out and must really feel good to them. I think my wife just tolerates it as something I have to do and never questions it and is ok with it, as long as I do it in private and she doesn't know about it.

*Do you think the removal thoughts will ever come true, or does it stay fantasy?*

It is very possible that I might do more. It is a fantasy at the moment, but the thought is growing more prevalent everyday.

*I don't imagine your wife would be thrilled with that though?*

I doubt that she would be thrilled! We used to have a normal sex life, because when I had the spinal cord injury they put in an inflatable penile implant. This thing was great. It failed after ten years and was replaced and that one failed in two years. They put another one in two years ago and my body rejected it for some reason and they had to remove it. They told me that I had to wait two years before getting another one. I haven't made up my mind if I am going through that again — it's not because of the pain, but the surgery puts me down for six weeks and that drives me nuts.

*Eight or nine years old is very young to get into sounding — it tends to surprise me when someone starts out in this pre-pubescent.*

Yes, it goes back before puberty and was probably part of pre-pubescent masturbation to start off with, and a little about experimenting with my genitals. There was definitely something else there, in my brain, that made me want to do everything. I guess it's hard to explain, especially since this was before the time of any way to know that others might have done this too. It was kind of like an itch that had to be scratched and my mind just came up with the things to do to my genitals.

*Even fourteen is very young to be doing a meatotomy on oneself.*

I think I just got bored with the pins and started looking closer at my genitals to see what I could do next. I had poked ink pens in my urethra and found that interesting and exciting, so I just decided to see if I could take my exacto knife and open things up a little and see what was there. I was really excited when I did it, and

being young, I wasn't to afraid of anything — like all kids — and for some reason the thought of pain or being in pain never really bothered me. And it really wasn't that painful anyway. The blade was probably as sharp as a scalpel. There was just a little burning sensation, and the bleeding wasn't that bad either.

I had put a rubber band around my cock just below the head to try to keep the bleeding to a minimum. After I was done, I used the soldering gun to cauterize the area and removed the rubber band. I had some antibacterial cream that I put on and wrapped gauze around the head and changed it two times a day for about four days and all was healed. I was never worried about getting caught, as my parents had a strict schedule and never varied from it. They were very predictable. I never hurt myself bad enough to need medical attention and I never got caught.

*Did having your injury increase or decrease your play activities?*

I guess my play activities increased because I had a lot of time on my hands that I didn't have before, and I had to think of something to take up the time!

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*Charlie and I spoke again two or three years later, and he let me know about the decision he'd made regarding trying the genital implant out one more time.*

Since we last talked, I have had another inflatable penile implant put in. I tried to get the urologist to remove the testicles at the same time, but that didn't fly with him, although he had a female intern that worked for him that said if it was her call she would do it. I told her to contact me when she was on her own. I also started splitting my head more. I have to go about 1/8" at the time because these days I bleed really easily due to my medications. I had some more medical problems — breathing and they thought my ticker was fixing to quit again, so they did a double heart cath and echo-cardiogram and all was great. And it turns out a misdiagnosed and mistreated bad case of bronchitis when I was younger has left me with real bad bronchial tube damage.

I still do a lot of different playing with sounds, caths, and testicle injections with alcohol when I have time, although it can be hard to find the time because my grandkids come to visit so often.





## Terry: Scrotal Stretching

I'm just your ordinary everyday guy. I keep to myself most of the time. I like gardening, working on old cars, making things in my woodshop, or helping others to fix things — cars, houses, appliances, whatever. Currently and for the past five months I have been a stay at home dad for our two daughters due to a work related injury. Outside of that not a whole lot of exciting going on, all I can say is that my life is pretty plain...

*But you have done things that many people do find exciting.*

Currently I have my left nipple pierced, a 6ga frenum piercing, and my scrotum is stretched an additional four and a half inches. The nipple piercing was a good faith kind of thing for my wife and mistress. Since she already had four piercings that I wanted, it was time I got one she wanted — all is fair in love and war, eh? The frenum piercing was a compromise from getting a PA — she wasn't ready for me to have that piercing yet, although it looks like it might happen in the near future. As for the scrotal stretching, well, one day we were shopping at an adult store and came across those split collar weights. That seemed like a lot of fun so we got one and one thing led to another so to say.

*Did she do your piercings?*

No, the piercings were done at a piercing and tattoo studio. The scrotal stretching was done at home though, always with the split collars and additional weights attached.

*How did the modifications evolve in your relationship?*

It's been a gradual process. Early in our relationship we explored our fantasies, which were beyond the realm of "normal" for everyone we knew. Then that progressed into further exploring and learning more about who and what was out there. So now we just keep exploring and expanding our knowledge, limits, and fantasies!

*What do you like about scrotal stretching?*

I really like the way they look all encased in metal and stretched out. But I love the way they feel even more, especially when my wife/mistress is doing the stretching. The only "dislike" I have would be the waiting time needed to achieve results. I sometimes grow impatient and want them to stretch faster than what my body allows, but I soon get over it and accept it.

*How long does the stretching take for you?*

The first 3.5" went pretty quickly, but that last inch we just achieved this summer and it took about a year. It was a lot of on and off. We didn't focus on it very hard, but we made it. We do intend to push it further — our current short-range goal is 6". Ultimately we would like to try for knee length.

*So when you reached 3.5", there was sort of a*



*threshold you hit? Like maybe you started having to stretch the cords rather than just the skin?*

No the cords haven't come into play yet, believe it or not. I think mostly it was because we just didn't take it very serious. I was working on a framing job and I decided to leave them off so I could work without interference or injury. But now that I am off work I have been wearing the weights as much as I can to try and get used to them on 24/7 and go for some more stretching. Speaking of the cords I usually can feel them starting to stretch when we have all 4.5" on and we start adding the weights. They don't seem to be a hinderance yet.

*What other games are you into?*

We are into orgasm control and denial, orgasm edging, some bondage, and testicle torture and stretching. They have all stemmed from fantasies, desires, and from reading others stories and fantasies. Gradually we have grown more and more.

*Who knows about your games or mods?*

My wife and mistress is the only one who knows. Many of our friends & family know that we are a kinky couple, just not how freaky we really are.

One time at work I leapt down from a dozer, and when I landed one of the weights forced its way off by sliding over both testicles at the same time. If you've seen one of these up close you know that there is not enough room for one of them to do that, much less both! Needless to say it took a few moments to compose myself after that one! Fortunately for me no one saw it, and I just picked up the weight and put it in my pocket. The only other thing that still reoccurs is when I'm putting on a pair of pants I accidentally put my heel into my balls. You would think that after a few years I would be a little more aware.

*Were you always a kinky couple?*

Our relationship started with some kink in it from the beginning, but soon after we started to shop adult stores things definately picked up. Then when the internet came along, well things really took off!

"Sex is full of lies. The body tries to tell the truth. But, it's usually too battered with rules to be heard, and bound with pretenses so it can hardly move. We cripple ourselves with lies."

— Jim Morrison





## Spoon: Beading and Genital Cutting

*Spoon was unfortunately another one of those interviews that had the potential to be fascinating, but was largely tanked by the language barrier. In addition to the piercings and cutting and beading that we talked about, Spoon had also experimented with injecting Hyaluronic acid gel fillers into his glans, giving it a sort of "pumping up" or "rejuvenation" that I found quite interesting.*



Spoon's experiment injecting facial cosmetic filler.

I was born in 1958 in Japan. I completed a technical college degree at SASEBO, and I now work as a mechanical engineer. I also work part time for a web store about body piercing, low-rise jeans, and so on.

*What body modifications do you have?*

I currently have a 18mm transscrotal piercing, fifteen genital beads, and a partial subincision. I started my body modifications twenty three years ago with three bead implants. A few years after that I discovered body piercing — I felt it could satisfy my libido, so I tried to do a piercing in my glans. This was my first dydoe piercing. The next time I added two more dydoes, and later a PA piercing. Since then it has grown to a partial subincision using tie-off and clamps.

The three scrotal rings are my pleasure, and the transscrotal is exciting, but I had to remove three dydoes and three scrotal rings. My daughter started to notice something about the aberration of my cock — I don't think my daughter has any reason to be exposed to that. I would like my daughter to be normal.

*What gave you the idea to do a beading in the first place?*

We Japanese people know genital beading as "Yakuza Beading" from a long time ago. Traditionally, the pearl beads are used for Yakuza

beading, but the Yakuza people put it in on their own, using a razor to cut the penis skin and then pushing the beads in. It's very difficult to operate on yourself, so these days, many cosmetic surgeons publish ads in adult magazines about genital beading and other procedures. They recommend silicone beads as genital beading.

I had dreamed about genital beading for a long time, but my dreams became realistic because of cosmetic surgery.

*Who did your modifications?*

All of the body piercings were done by myself, and the beadings were done by a cosmetic surgeon. In Japan, the doctor's method of doing a beading is much better than doing it yourself. Because of the deeper placement (in the



Genital beading and meatotomy

fascia, between the Colles fascias and the Buck's fascias instead of in the subcutaneous tissue right under the dermis), the beads don't move much. That's why I didn't do it myself.

*How much did it cost?*

It costs 20000 (\$185) to 30000 (\$280) yen. For 30000 you can get three 9mm beads, or for 20000 you could get twelve 8mm beads. My total cost was... hahaha!

*What procedure did you use for the transscrotal?*

I did the piercing by myself, piercing it at first with a 14ga. Later I stretched it to a 12ga using an insertion taper, and later to 10ga, 8ga, and finally now it's 18mm. Sometimes I had to use special size barbells, because a transscrotal piercing needs a long barbell.

*I'm surprised that worked so well — you had no problems? How long did it take?*

I had almost no problems. To get from 14ga to 18mm took me a few years.

*Do you enjoy your modifications?*

Yes, I like the partial subincision very much, and I don't dislike any body modifications. I think they satisfy twenty to thirty percent of my libido. Yes, body modification is not all of my libido, but it is an indisputable fact that body modification satisfies a large part of it.

"Sexuality is the lyricism of the masses."  
— Charles Baudelaire





## SplitCock: Bifurcated Penis

*"Splitcock" was one of the first people I got to know well that had not just a subincision, but a complete genital bisection. This interview appeared first on BME, and is reprinted here very close to its original form.*

*Tell me a bit about yourself... Anything that you think draws the framework that your mods fit into.*

That's a tough one. Certainly, it all "fits" in some sense, but, without being so selective about which demographic details to present as to give a distorted picture, it's hard to draw a framework that "fits" my modifications in an intuitive way.

I'm forty-one years old, male (of course), and my sexual orientation is male to male. I share my life with another male who is about two years my junior, and we both consider the relationship to be permanent. He, incidentally, is not enthused about my interest in body modification: It's not the modification itself he minds, it's the additional modifications I want to perform — the idea of me modifying myself surgically scares him — but we've been together now for four and a half years. Outside of completing the bisection of my penis, to the juncture with my abdomen, I also want to open a second 'piss hole' behind the scrotum, and to stretch the the portion of the urethra between the original opening and this second outlet to permit inter- penile intercourse, with either unmodified males or other males having similarly bifurcated penises.

I hold a BA in Economic Geography from Ohio State, '81, and until very recently was a manager in the group underwriting area of a large insurance company. My social life revolves around my home and life partner, biological family (mine and his), a modest circle of close friends, and a lot of acquaintances that come and go. I'm sometimes a bit of recluse, so the credit for maintaining many of these relationships belongs to my partner. Neither of us is active in social or community organizations. Together we live in a ranch home in the suburbs of Columbus, Ohio.

I'm the oldest of five. I have three sisters and a brother. Mom is from Buffalo, New York, of Hungarian and German descent; Dad is from NYC, of mostly German descent; and they remain happily married. I was born in the middle of the afternoon on a hot day in August 1956, in Buffalo, New York. My father was an insurance salesman, and travelled a lot for work. As a result, my mother did most of the child-rearing. My family moved around a lot, entirely within the Northeastern US, moving from Buffalo, to Long Island, back to Buffalo, to Boston, back to Buffalo again, to Pittsburgh and finally to Philadelphia where I completed high school and became active in the local democratic party. After high school, I moved with my family to Columbus, Ohio where I began attending the Ohio State University, with interest in an eventual career in law and politics. I became involved with a religious group (some would say a 'cult') at the age of 18, with which I travelled for about two and half years, spending significant amounts of time in California and in and around New York City. In 1978 I became disenchanted with this group and returned to Columbus where I soon resumed my

education. By this time I had come to feel disillusioned with law and politics, and took an interest in City and Regional Planning (hence my degree in Economic Geography). I was encouraged to continue my schooling and perhaps eventually to teach at the college level, but I was anxious to make a life in the 'real' world and began looking for work. Unable to find work in my chosen profession, I held a variety of jobs over the next five years. In 1986 I took a job as an insurance underwriter in order to 'pay the bills', expecting it to be temporary (insurance is the dead last place I ever thought I'd find myself), but within a short time I came to feel committed to certain projects I'd begun and also I was fortunate to see a rapid increase in income and benefits which then became hard to give up. That takes us up to the



present. The operation that has employed me for the past 11+ years is now in the process of shutting down (the shut-down was announced right around the time I received your questions which is the reason I was unable to respond sooner), and I'm looking at the prospect of losing some of the material benefits I've enjoyed, but this situation has also given me the best opportunity I may ever have to reevaluate life's goals and consider making some changes I've been wanting to make for a long time... perhaps move to the West Coast, live more simply, and maybe open a coffee house or one of about half a dozen other small business ventures I've been thinking about. (Porgy was right: "De folks wid plenty o' plenty got a lock on de door, 'fraid somebody's a-goin' to rob 'em while dey's out a-makin' more. What for?")

*When did you actually come out, both to yourself, to your friends, and to others?*

For me at least, reconciling external and internal conflicts, 'coming out', was a process rather than a moment. I had substantially 'come out' to friends and family by my middle twenties, but another ten years went by before I felt I had resolved the issues that were most significant for me. I don't think that where I would eventually arrive had been a matter of doubt to me since I was in my early twenties, but once the

destination was recognized the trip had yet to be made.

*Previously, were you living a secret life, or a life of denial?*

No, not exactly. My first efforts to seek out other men for sexual contact were furtive, but I would not say that living a secretive life style ever became a stable or long-term pattern. As I began to meet more people and I became more confident I also became progressively more open. On the other hand, even today there are some people, such as certain individuals connected with my work, with whom I feel I need to be more discrete.

In my own case, there's a connection between body modification and sexual orientation, but I think that requires some explanation: For me, the process of coming to terms with my desire for other men (and the many implications of that such as a decision to forgo 'conventional' family life or the possibility of children) was also a process of overcoming a

taboo, it was a process of distinguishing between this taboo and morality, and it was a process of gaining confidence in my own connection to God rather than relying on definitions of morality provided by others.

The perspective gained as a result of that process opened the door to possibilities that hadn't existed before. I had been secretly fascinated with the idea of splitting my penis ever since reading about the circumcision rite of certain Australian Aboriginal peoples when I was in my teens, but I would never allow myself to give it serious thought. Now, having broken one taboo that defined my teens and much of my early twenties, in the process of embracing my sexuality, I began to think about this other thing that was previously unthinkable. Suddenly, it was not only possible for me to consider the idea of splitting my penis, and idea which had always excited me for its own sake, but how better to symbolize and commemorate the passage which I had just made than by remaking my sexual organ.

*In breaking the sexuality taboo, you made yourself capable of performing extreme genital modifications. Were other aspects of your life similarly affected — like, did you start sky diving?*

I didn't mean to suggest that there was a direct causal relationship between overcoming the sexuality taboo and splitting my cock. It was not exactly "this therefore that". Rather the two were causally related in a collateral sense. The idea of genital modification was erotically exciting to me apart from any sexual identity issues; but erotic stimulation is something that the idea of genital modification and the idea of sexual intercourse with my own gender both share. It also seems to me that genital modification and male-male intercourse fall under similar taboos, and these taboos somehow feel different from taboos applying to other things. Perhaps it could even be said that they fall under a single broad taboo which applies to the use of one's body. (So the weakening of one is the weakening of the other.) Furthermore, my particular modifications seem symbolically analogous to certain aspects of overcoming these taboos and also to the subsequent personal growth which this engendered. But, sky diving, to use your example, shares none of these characteristics for me.

Other aspects of my life have indeed changed, but for the most part, other than my mods, these are more internal than external. These involve transcending my body, transcending life even, in terms of being able to view my life (and my body) from a larger perspective, to be the master of my body and of my life rather than living as a servant to my body and in constant fear of death.

However, there are many threads that come together here, and I don't wish to imply that I believe there's a linear connection between sexual orientation and body modification. In my case, it was overcoming fear of rejection — not only by others but possibly by God himself — in accepting myself in terms of my sexual





orientation that liberated me to explore a previously latent interest in body modification, but I don't think that my interest in body modification itself arose from my sexual orientation. I suspect that a latent interest in body modification is probably present in equal proportion among individuals of all sexual orientations, but individuals whose sexual orientation is not in conflict with conventional mores may be less likely to experience certain sorts of watershed events that in my case helped to trigger exploration of this interest.

#### *How and when did you first get interested in genital modification?*

I have had fantasies about various sorts of physical modification since I was very young. These were not specifically genital, and some of them went way beyond what is credible. I remember one late night, when I was about ten years old, sitting up with my parents and watching a 'B'-grade movie about the lost continent of Atlantis. In the movie, were hybrid creatures with the bodies of young men and the heads of bulls, and I can remember feeling very aroused by this even though I did not yet understand the meaning of arousal or know that what I felt had a name. I also remember a Saturday morning children's program, not exactly a cartoon — more like claymation or similar technology — in which normal people could be turned into 'plant people' by receiving an injection of some sort, and then would begin to change shape, sprout leaves from their shoulders, and so forth. I found it exciting to close my eyes and imagine my body changing in this way.

When I became a little older, and more aware of my genitals, I liked to play be inserting various objects up my urethra. I can remember having vague ideas about changing the shape of my genitals, but nothing very specific. I think I felt some fear that I was crossing a line and I did not indulge my thoughts too much.

When I was in my teens, I would get very excited reading about various circumcision rites, and remember feeling regret that I did not have a foreskin (I was circumcised at birth) and the options which that would give me. Most exciting was one story I came across about the circumcision rites of Australian aboriginal peoples, which described how after removal of the foreskin the underside of the penis would be slit open to about two inches below the original opening of the meatus; and that older men, having already had this procedure performed, would often ask to have their own subincisions extended. This particular story also mentioned a tribe of legend which cut not only the lower side, but also the upper half, so that the penis was completely bifurcated in homage to the serpent god. At this time I could not seriously imagine

that I might ultimately perform this operation on myself, but I couldn't get this story out of my head and I secretly desired to have my own organ modified in this way.

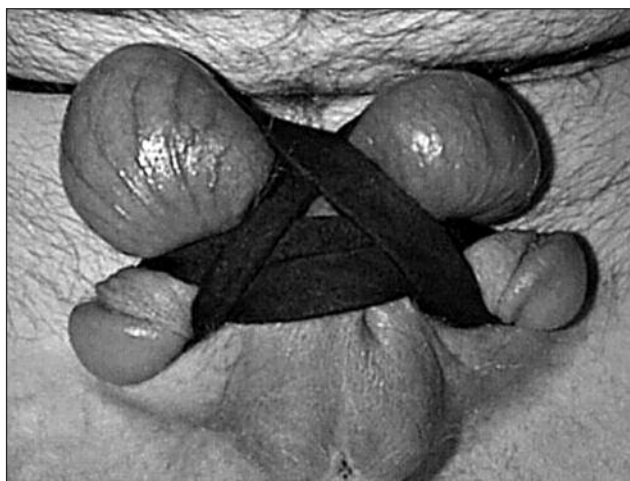
Six or seven years ago, I saw a picture of Carl Carrol. This was the first I had ever seen a bifurcated penis, and it revived memories of the story I had once read about the aborigines. At this point I'd already given myself a PA (but removed it because I wasn't satisfied with how it was healing), enlarged my pisshole by cutting it about halfway to where the PA had been, and done some other experimental cutting of the skin around the shaft of my penis in attempts to recreate a foreskin. Seeing Carl's picture gave me the inspiration to progress.

#### *Was there a gradual progression between modifications? That is, piercing, to subincision, to bifurcation?*

Yes, I started out with a PA without anticipation of further mods, then later gave myself a partial meatotomy. It had been rolling around in my head for a long time as fantasy, but I was afraid of it. I think it began to take on a certain reality to me, at least insofar as 'yes, I could really do this', after I had enlarged my piss hole and seen a picture of Carl Carroll. However, the thought that I really might do it came quite suddenly. One Friday night I felt inspired. I sat in my bath tub, I think with the idea that I might just give myself a meatotomy. When I began cutting I don't think I ever imagined how far I would actually go. Watching the glans fall open as I completed the meatotomy was so exciting that I wanted to continue. After the first couple of cuts the pain seemed to disappear and it was almost as if I was watching from some vantage point outside my own body. Only when the bleeding became too heavy did I stop. By that time I had extended the incision all the way down to the scrotum.

The following month I was in San Francisco on business and decided to take some vacation time (saving the cost of airfare). It was late September, and originally my plan had been to drive up the coast. I actually started out, but by the end of the first day I was longing more for some human contact than I was for yet another hundred miles of scenery, so I headed back to SF. I ran into a couple guys I knew from Columbus who told me they were there for leather week (dumb me, I didn't even know, and leather is something I'm into). My mind was made up.

That night I ran into a couple guys in one of the leather clubs south of Market, and they invited me to a small private 'party' at the business establishment one of them was running (which also happened to be his living space). He and the other guy, who was now living in Denver, had once dated and still remained good friends. The Denver guy, 'Scott', and I sort of had a chemistry and hung around that week. It was



Scott who suggested the full split. (Actually, that's how I interpreted his question. He later told me that he had meant splitting the ball sack.) No one needed to twist my arm and a short time later I started working on the upper half. That had to be done in several stages: The tissue is thicker and tougher there than on the underside, and certain areas seem to have a high concentration of nerve fibers so that it was possible to cut only a little at a time.

*Do your friends know about your mods? How do they react?*

Excepting sexual partners, I have a few friends who know about my mods. I've been surprised by the lack of questions or apparent interest. I think that extreme modifications of this sort call up deep atavistic emotions that friends may be uncomfortable confronting, or in other words they might not want to know the answers for fear of what the answers say about them — or to them.

*What has the response from lovers been?*

Some freak out, but those are generally the close-minded assholes I want to screen out anyway. Most are indifferent. A few can't get enough.

*Have you ever met anyone with similar mods?*

Not in person. I'd like to. I've been corresponding with a couple individuals and maybe that will change soon.

*What are your feelings about your modifications?*

I do feel they're personal in the sense of not sharing this with everyone. There's a saying, "Don't throw your pearls before swine, and don't give dogs what is holy". But I like sharing them with people I think are open and don't don attitudes of pseudo-horror and self-righteous moralization. In that context, yes I would say I feel proud. Like, 'look at me'. I guess I'm a show-off at heart.

I'm a little bit of an exhibitionist, especially in certain crowds and situations. I like the reaction I get from some people. And, having mods like this is unique. I like being recognized as someone who can do this.

*What about the response of men at urinals (or do you sit)?*

I use urinals in certain settings, as in a leather bar (where you couldn't pay me enough to sit on the toilet!), but I usually am not too comfortable being watched in that setting. When I am watched in that setting, I don't seem to get comments. I suspect a lot of guys don't know what to say, or aren't sure what they're seeing!

*How do you justify to people — or yourself — that you're not crazy for having done something like this to yourself?*

I don't try to justify. For one thing, I've never thought for a moment that I'm crazy because I've done this. It's just my body; I can't take it with me; I might as well have some fun with it while I've got it; and besides, what I've done is no different than what the doctor did to me at birth.

*Is it a matter of "if they don't get it, they never will"?*

I mostly agree with that statement, but I don't think that's got anything to with crazyness in the sense to which I was referring (or understood you to be referring in your original question to me). If one's perspective is that crazyness is nothing more than a socially constructed concept and that the term "crazy" is equivalent to "different" or "eccentric" or

"marginal" or whatever, then yes "if they don't get it, they never will"; and in the narrow context in which that definition is applied (ie American culture) then I am indeed crazy, but it's not an issue for me because I don't consider the label a 'negative' when used in that way. However, there is also a clinical definition of "crazy", ie having one or more various severe psychic dysfunctions. This definition has often been mixed up with the former, by people who wish to label as dysfunctional others who are merely different; and I think this has sometimes been done consciously for egregious reasons as well as out of mere ignorance. I think that labeling all individuals with an interest in genital modification as a form of the latter sort of crazyness would be an example of that confusion, and with regard to myself I don't believe that the latter definition of crazy applies.

(That is not to say I think that there are not some forms and patterns of self-mutilation that are probably related to real psychological illness, but I don't think you can just look at someone who has a defined and

controlled interest in certain forms of body modification and say that such a person is 'crazy' in the second sense that I've used it.)

*What procedures did you use to do the subincision?*

I started with a sterilized exacto knife, but once I had cut about a half inch below the meatus I noticed that the knife was leaving a jagged cut and it was difficult to keep it straight. I have a pair of scissors used for cutting roots on orchids for repotting: these were fairly new, and the two blades fit very tightly. I decided to try these and found they produced a very precise cut without pinching. I continued the cut with these.





### *And when you started splitting the top half?*

For the superincision, I first had to split the head, of course. For this I used either an exacto knife or a pen knife. Over the course of a several sessions I was able to cut the head down about two-thirds of the way to its base. This is a slow process, partly because of bleeding and partly because it's damn painful! At that point I reached what seemed to be a bundle of nerve fibers and which slowed my progress even further: Each time I would cut through the top layer of newly healed skin (from the prior cutting) just the touch of the knife blade against the exposed nerve fibers was excruciating — much more painful than the first two thirds of the head had been. I had to find another approach.

I had earlier experimented with various sorts of needles to find which ones were best for piercing skin. (I did not have ready access to either piercing needles or the hollow-point needles used in syringes.) I found that glovers needles, which are used for leather work, are good for this purpose. (However, they are generally made of an alloy which is not non-reactive, ie it rusts!, and I would not recommend that anyone using this approach leave needles of this type in the skin for any period of time.)

I used a glovers needle to thread a piece of brass wire through my penis below the spot I was having trouble with, cinched the brass wire tight (which helped to reduce sensation) and then used the wire as a guide for the knife. I continued using this approach until I had completed splitting the head and extended the incision an additional two inches or so.

Recently, to extend the bisection, I began using forceps to clamp off the area I want to cut and no longer use the needle and cinch method.

### *Were anaesthetics used?*

I've never used anaesthetics. I'm not into pain, as such, but I want to feel the cutting. It is, for me, a sort of manhood rite, which can be had only through enduring the pain. And I want to feel my body as I perform this rite. That is not to say I do not try to find less painful methods for doing the cutting. But anaesthetics seem too clinical and artificial.

### *How much pain and bleeding did you experience?*

Cutting the underside was not difficult in terms of the pain. Once I had made the first couple cuts, my endorphins kicked in and I experienced mild euphoria and a sense of separation from my body. But that became dangerous when I began to see excessive bleeding and did not stop. Over the following twelve to twenty-four hours I soaked several towels in my own blood and at one point passed out on the floor of bedroom only to wake up several minutes later soaked in more blood. I finally got it to slow down and stop. I stayed in bed for three days and only got out to drink milk and take vitamins, to replenish the blood I'd lost.

When I began cutting the topside, I'd already learned my lesson about trying to cut too much at once. (The rule now is that when the bleeding first starts to get heavy I stop, immediately, and let the cut heal before I continue.) But, as I mentioned, the topside was much more painful and I could

not say how many times I've worked on it to get to the point I'm at now ... and I still have a ways to go.

### *Was the experience ever a frightening one?*

Well, yes, of course. The bleeding itself didn't scare me too much at first, but when I saw it spurting, I could not get it to stop, and I began losing consciousness when I would stand up, you better believe I was scared! I thought I might die, and I could have. But in retrospect I think that was a good experience. (I'm not sure, though, what my conclusion about this experience would have been if the outcome had been different).

### *You say your subincision was originally into the scrotum — it looks shorter now. Why is that?*

At certain points as I progressed with the bisection and would want the cut on the topside to heal (because I was dating someone, or whatever), it tended to pull open repeatedly and would bleed. So, in order to help hold the two sides of my penis together to help the top half to heal, I reopened both sides of the lower part of my subincision, layered the skin, and sutured these together.

### *What type of aftercare did you use during the healing?*

For any but the most minor cuts, I keep things wrapped in Soft-Wick® or other non-sticking gauze pads which I've coated in antiseptic such as Neosporin® cream. I also make sure to clean the area regularly, and wipe it down or flush it with Betadine® or similar antibacterial wash. I generally keep an antibiotic around and take these at any sign of infection. For major cuts, like the subincision, I also soak the cut regularly in a tub of hot water which seems to help the healing process.

### *Did you experience any negative aftereffects?*

After the entire cut (which had taken several months to complete) had healed, there was at first some reduced sensitivity along the inside surfaces of the incision and in adjacent areas where some scar tissue had developed. Over time, however, the scar tissue diminished and I've found that full, or nearly full, sensitivity has returned to the original outer surfaces of my penis and I also enjoy the sensations resulting from stimulation of the inside surfaces which are now exposed.

The scar tissue which developed at first had another interesting effect. The inner, incised surface was pulled tight by the scar tissue so that the outer surfaces of my penis were actually longer than the inner surface. This caused each half of my penis to bow inwards. That effect has practically disappeared as the scar tissue has softened and been replaced by normal epithelial tissues.

One effect which I did not fully anticipate, and about which I do have some regret, is that my erections are no longer as firm as they once were. The bands of connective tissue which surround the cavernous bodies and hold them tightly together seem to be critical to erectile rigidity. I am still able to get erections as always, and each half of my penis becomes engorged, but without the same degree of rigidity which my penis had previously. Erect, my penis has always been relatively large in diameter but not extremely long, and the

combined effect of splitting the penis and reducing erectile rigidity is similar to the effect which would be realized by further widening and shortening of the penis; so I now find that insertion is often quite difficult. (Although the attempt is sometimes interesting!)

*Do you have an interest in nullification? Are these steps toward removal?*

Definitely not nullification. Once it's gone, the fun's over. I want to keep playing with it, but in that vein I'm sure I'll continue to think of new ways to modify it.

*Tell me a bit more about your religious background.*

I was raised Lutheran. Although my personal beliefs are strongly influenced by Judeo-Christian thought, I don't consider myself to be either Jewish or Christian. If God has a voice, I believe it's least likely to be heard by those who aren't listening for it because they're already sure they have the inside track.

*Have you heard "God's Voice"?*

When I used the term "God's voice" just now, I was using it figuratively, but in that sense the answer to your question is "yes", and I am always listening..

*What do you think God thinks about your mods, if anything?*

As far as the mods themselves, I think God would perhaps berate me mildly for putting myself at jeopardy (I've taken some risks I should not have taken), but would otherwise regard it as a moot issue. In terms of their spiritual and transcendental significance, I think God would approve.

*Where do you stand spiritually at this point in your life?*

I believe that there is an awful lot I do not know. I believe that we have a spirit which transcends our body, and that continues after death. I believe in a superior being, a God, that is good; and that there are certain absolutes, including an absolute definition of good and of evil. I am comforted by prayer. I try live my life according to these beliefs, as if these things were true. But I do not know these things. So, one of my prayers is that I may know the truth of these things, and that I would live according to the truth as it is revealed. I am not afraid of what awaits me after death, because I believe in the goodness of God and that God knows the sincerity of my desire to know the truth and do what is good; and if I am wrong in my belief and God is not good, then I have no hope regardless of anything I may do or believe.

*How does your bifurcation fit into your transcendental or spiritual life?*

At a most basic level, this modification transcends the physical body in terms of modifying it and also in terms of overcoming the physical pain and possibly danger which accompany the cutting itself. At a symbolic level it represents overcoming fear of death of the physical body, and fear of what may await on the other side. For me, it represents victory in the moral struggle that let me put these fears aside.

*What advice would you have to people considering heavy genital modification?*

Don't take it too fast. Do your proverbial homework. Take appropriate precautions. Be sure it's something you want and that you can live with what you've got afterwards. If you have the opportunity, talk to someone who has personal experience with the mods you're interested in; but make sure it's someone who will provide balanced counsel, and not push you to do something you're not ready to do. Once you make the decision, take personal responsibility for it. Enjoy the hell out of it.





I am in my early thirties, born and raised on the southeast New England coast. I am an only child of a divorced mother. I spent all my summers in the south with my father and step-family. I was spoiled rotten by my mother and my grandparents who lived close-by, even though we didn't have much money. I was an average student until college with a small group of close friends. As a child, I used to dream that I was a girl. In fact, I would pretend I was a girl any time there was nobody else around.

*That's interesting — do you think if things had played out differently you could have gone through with the transsexual route (and been happy with it)?*

I don't imagine so. I enjoy being a guy, but there's still a very small part of me that wonders if maybe things could have been different. I do know that I've never been in a position to seriously consider surgery. I would make a horrifying woman, anyhow!

My mother pretended that she didn't notice, but the day I asked her to call me Marcia (as in Brady) because I wanted to be a girl should have been a hint of things to come. But it was the 80's and most parents just didn't assume things about their children then. In my early teens, the desire to be a girl went away and all that was left was homosexuality. I realize that these things are not necessarily connected, but somewhere in there must be the planted seed that became my desire for castration. I went off to college and went in and out of the closet several times as the mood struck me. I found many women who were great matches for me emotionally, but when it came to sexuality, there was never anything there. I finished college, became a school teacher, and got a Master's degree before moving into airline management, my current career. My friends would describe me as caring, strong, crazy, and intelligent. My best friends say I lead a boring life — I love TV — but I'm perfectly content.

*When did you first hear about castration?*

The first time I heard of castration as an adult was while reading "Cry to Heaven" by Anne Rice. I was incredibly turned on by the scenes of the boy's castration and by all descriptions thereof.

*That's really the first time that you had any inclination you had an interest in castration?*

Totally. The thought had never crossed my mind until then! And believe me, it was a shock to find myself turned on by it!! The scene is a young — 11-12 year old — boy being kidnapped from his family — he had a good singing voice — and castrated rather violently. Sounds horrible, and I have no clue why that had the effect on me that it did. I love Anne Rice. You should read the book if you get the time. It's really a great story about those times when the castrati were so popular in Italy.

*Somewhat of an unpleasant question here then... Because of the age of the boy, do you feel that you have pedophilia-type drives, or was the fantasy in having it done to yourself only?*

It was definitely the act of the castration, not the subject, that got me off. It doesn't matter who is being castrated, the act

of removing the testicles is what does it. I suppose there's a slight amputee fetish in there somewhere, but I certainly don't have any desire to get rid of any other body parts.

Anyway, after that story, I found a sexually explicit story online. In the story — which I thought was about something altogether different — a man is castrated forcibly. It was very strange to me how erotic I found that part of the story. I'm not sure what came next, but eventually I found the Eunuch Archive and my thoughts of castration grew for the next seven years. It was really just fantasy for me most of the time, and I never did anything but masturbate at the idea of being castrated: no bloodplay, no CBT at all. I'm not a big fan of pain.

*Were you interested in this type of submission in your real life before finding these stories and the Archive? Or was it repressed totally and these stories had it sort of cracking through the surface all of a sudden?*

That's exactly it. I had never considered submission at all. I hadn't really even identified myself as a bottom at the time. But these stories really helped me figure out who I was, sexually.

*Did you go on to explore that side of yourself, or was it cut off due to the castration?*

Ha, cut off! I didn't really explore submission. I've never been all that sexually active, believe it or not! I was a big masturbator. I can't stand drama, and sexual partners — or any partners for that matter — tend to bring drama. I only explored it in porn. Looking back on it, I don't regret that I didn't go farther. Now, of course, I have no sex drive whatsoever, so in a sense it has been cut off.

Of course, my Eunuch Archive visits led me to BME. About two years ago, I joined up with the IAM community and made several friends who shared my interest in castration. These friends were younger than the folks I met on the EA, and I felt more connected to them. Soon enough, one of these friends got castrated. That really sealed the idea in my mind. It was another year, though, before I made the commitment myself, with my friend's help.

*Do you get the impression that the eunuch community is diversifying and starting to move into a younger bracket? Do you think this is a good thing or do you think it's potentially dangerous? You'd been obviously fixated on castration for a long time, but maybe not everyone waits so long these days...?*

I do think it's diversifying: I've met — online — almost ten guys around my age who are either castrated or seriously considering the procedure. As for whether it's a good thing or not, that's a very difficult question. For me it was a great thing. For one friend, it was just okay. For several I've only heard of, it's instantly regretted. I think it's a decision that should take a lot of time to make, but with the internet, it's pretty easy to just make a snap decision and go for it. I waited quite a long time and I still wondered if I had thought it out well enough. In the end, it doesn't matter for me, since I'm pleased with the results. There's definitely danger involved. Many cutters have little or no experience. Some may be strictly fetishists who could leave a person

dead. Hell, even the most experienced cutter could do that (even Dr. Kimmel has some poor results from time to time).

*Why did you take the big step?*

Wow, that's such a hard question. I don't even really know that there's a definitive answer. Yes, it was a tremendous sexual fantasy that I wanted to fulfill, and I suppose that's the main reason I did it in the end, but that isn't the only reason. I wanted control of my sex drive, or even suppression of it. I'm often uncomfortable with my strong sexuality and seemingly irrepressible sex drive. Now, I'm much more calm and in control of it.

*Is it that you're in control of it, or just that it's "gone"? I guess I'll ask the obvious devil's advocate question here — wouldn't counseling to deal with your sex drive have been easier, or did you try that?*

It's that it's gone. I really love not having a sex drive. Isn't that strange? I thought for sure that I'd go right on hormone therapy, but I have absolutely no desire to do that now. If the other side effects get too hard to live with, then I'll do what I have to. For now, my only side effect is fatigue. Oy, the fatigue. I'm a sleepy fellow, anyhow, but this is crazy. Not bad enough though, to go on hormones. As for counseling, that sounds nice, but it does nothing to reduce sex drive (a

product of testosterone). And then the fantasy wouldn't have been fulfilled! I did counseling for a while, even confiding that I wanted to be castrated. It did no good.

*What was the castration procedure like?*

The procedure was "surgical" in that there was no sexual scene. I had a friend and the cutter with me, and it was done on my dining room table. Thinking about it now, it's positively surreal that I would have done it in that way. I must admit, though, that I don't regret it, nor have I regretted it at all since it was done. I was doped up on Demerol and numbed completely with Lidocaine. It was over before I knew it. Then I was in bed recovering for a few days with my friend. There was no "last masturbation intact" that so many guys seem to imagine. In fact, I can't imagine that I could have gotten it up with all the Demerol and Lidocaine in my system. My friend brought the testicles to me in a bowl to prove that it was done. I didn't even know the cutter had finished.

*What ended up happening to the testicles?*

I was perfectly content to throw them away. The cutter didn't want them. In the end, my friend took them home with him. They're in a jar somewhere in his house. I had no desire to keep them. God forbid my parents should happen upon



Top row (L-R): 1. opening the scrotum, 2. exposing the testicle, Bottom row: 3. pulling out the first testicle, 4. first testicle severed.



them while visiting!!!

*Was the recovery uneventful on the whole?*

Yes, mostly. The worst part was the fact that I took Advil for the pain. Turns out that causes bleeding under the skin. I was really black and blue for a week. The stitches were annoying (they poked like crazy) but that was the worst of it. I was off work for over a week after the procedure, and that was such a blessing.

*How — if at all — did your doctor respond? Do they know? Have you told anyone else?*

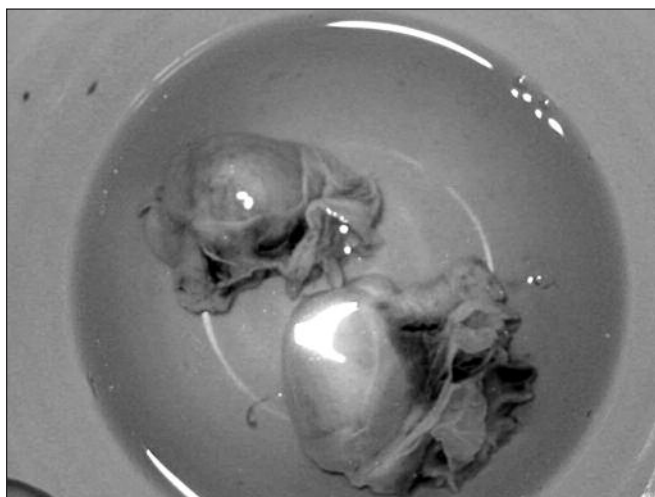
My doctor doesn't know yet. I'm interested to see how he'll react. I usually see the P.A. He's really nice, but this may blow him away. Of course, he doesn't know that I ever had testicles in the first place: they've never done a testosterone level on me. There's only one person in my life who knows about this, and he's totally cool with it. We had shared some pictures before and got on the topic of how one guy looked like he had no balls. My friend said that it looked sexy. That opened the door. I mentioned that I was interested in perhaps doing it. Then he was at work the day I came back after my procedure. I was walking a little funny and I told him why. He was psyched for me.

*What made you decide to go with an underground cutter (versus say going down to Philly)?*

As for Philly, there were several things that made that unattractive. Sure, I liked the idea of a medical setting. But I didn't have the money (around \$2000) or the desire to be so far from home (I live in Florida now) for the procedure. Then there's Kimmel's results: not usually the greatest from the stories I've heard. Then there's the fact that my friend had not one but two procedures by his cutter and they both came out great. Oh, and they would both travel to me. Something feels right about having that "home-field advantage."

*How did you find, contact, and make the arrangements with the cutter?*

Here's where my common sense and good judgment were allowed to take a vacation. My friend made all the arrangements for me with the cutter he had used. I never even chatted online with the guy until the day of the procedure. I allowed myself to trust my friend's judgment. Thinking back on it, it seems absolutely ridiculous for a reasonably intelligent man to act in such an irresponsible way. But considering the cost of the more sane medical option, well, there was no option other than holding off. I really



Top row (L-R): 5. second testicle pulled out, 6. both cords cut. Bottom row: 7. testicle soup? 8. swollen and healing.

didn't want to do that as I was, I felt, totally ready.

*Do you have any plans for future body modifications?*

Right now, with my sex drive completely gone, I don't have a strong drive to do anything further. I know I'll get more tattoos, but I can't imagine getting more piercings or genital mods for now. It's probable that if I ever go on testosterone, I'll get into those mods again.

*Have you experienced any problems from not being on testosterone? Did you go through a hormonal adjustment period a la menopause?*

My main problem is the fatigue. I may have put on a few pounds, but I'm not thin to start with, so it's not really noticeable. There are hot flashes, to be sure, but they're not bad most of the time. I am, perhaps, a bit more emotional than I was before. That's about it!

*What are the hot flashes like?*

Ha, one minute I feel normal, the next minute I feel like I'm in a hot oven! My ears get really hot and red and I start to sweat. Fortunately I keep my A/C at 68 degrees all the time, so all I have to do is pull the covers off and I'm freezing in a minute or less! At work I just have to fan myself. It happens mostly at night. I suppose that's why some people call it the "night sweats." It's not the most pleasant thing, but it's not a big deal.

*Have you adjusted your diet or exercise program to compensate (or do you think you'll have to)? Or is it a non-issue to you if you put on a few pounds... I've seen a few young eunuchs put on a LOT of weight...*

Diet and exercise program???? I'm not sure I know those words! Um, if by compensate you mean eat more cake and pie and ice cream, then yes. Otherwise, no. I'll be lucky to live to 40 at this rate. I'm very unhealthy, in fact. The only reason I think I've made it this far is vitamins! I was terrified of putting on tons of weight, but if that happens, I'll shape up. For now, I still hate vegetables and sweating, so...

Fred goes to a doctor and says, "Doc, I want to be castrated."

The doctor says, "Look, I don't know what kind of cult you're into or what your motives are, but I'm not going to do that sort of operation."

Fred replies, "Doc, I just want to be castrated and I'm a little embarrassed about talking about it, but I have \$5,000 cash right here. Will you do it?"

The doctor says, "Well, okay, I guess I could make this one exception. I don't understand it, but alright."

He puts Fred to sleep, does the operation and is waiting at the bedside when Fred wakes up. "Well, Doc, how'd it go?" Fred asks.

"It went fine, just fine. It's really not too difficult of an operation. As a matter of fact, \$5,000 is a lot to pay for such a simple task and I felt a little guilty about taking that much. So, while I was operating, I also noticed that you had never been circumcised, so I went ahead and did that, too. I think it's really better for a man to be circumcised, and I hope you don't mind my..."

**"Circumcised!"** yells Fred in horror. "That's the word!"

Joe was a successful lawyer, but as he got older he was increasingly hampered by incredible headaches. When his career and love life started to suffer, he sought medical help. After being referred from one specialist to another, he finally came across an old country doctor who solved the problem.

"The good news is I can cure your headaches... the bad news is that it will require castration. You have a very rare condition which causes your testicles to press up against the base of your spine and the pressure creates one hell of a headache. The only way to relieve the pressure is to remove the testicles."

Joe was shocked and depressed. He wondered if he had anything to live for. He couldn't concentrate long enough to answer, but decided he had no choice but to go under the knife. When he left the hospital he was without a headache for the first time in twenty years, but he felt like he was missing an important part of himself.

As he walked down the street, he realized that he felt like a different person. He could make a new beginning and live a new life. He saw a men's clothing store and thought, "that's what I need... a new suit."

He entered the shop and told the salesman, "I'd like a new suit." The elderly tailor eyed him briefly and said, "Let's see... size 42 long." Joe laughed, "That's right, how did you know?" "Been in business sixty years!" Joe tried on the suit. It fit perfectly. As Joe admired himself in the mirror, the salesman asked, "how about a new shirt?" Joe thought for a moment and then said "sure..." The salesman eyed Joe and said "let's see... 34 sleeves and... 16 and a half neck." Joe was surprised, "that's right, how did you know?" "Been in the business sixty years!" Joe tried on the shirt, and it fit perfectly. As Joe adjusted the collar in the mirror, the salesman asked, "how about some new shoes?" Joe was on a roll and said "sure!"

The salesman eyed Joe's feet and said "Let's see... 10-1/2... E." Joe said, astonished, "that's right, how did you know?" "Been in business sixty years!" Joe tried on the shoes and they fit perfectly. Joe walked comfortably around the shop and the salesman asked "how about some new underwear?" Joe thought for a second and said, "sure!" The salesman stepped back, eyed Joe's waist and said "Let's see... size 36."

Joe laughed, "Ah ha! I got you! I've worn a size 34 since I was eighteen years old." The salesman shook his head, "you can't wear a size 34 — it will press your testicles up against the base of your spine and give you one hell of a headache!"



*Alan doesn't have body modifications per se — he's one of the people who's sexual rituals don't involve permanent changes to the body, although he does have an accidental meatotomy due to the intensity of his play. He is tortured and loving it, using his genitals in atypical play to reach higher or alternate levels of pleasure.*

I am a thirty-five year old network administrator with a large international retailer. I can't say I ever planned to have any "modifications", although I do have a somewhat wider urethral opening due to a couple of torn play piercings. I used to work in a package store while in college. If you've ever seen the elaborate signs and animated point-of-sale materials they put up on case displays, the poles are attached to the cases with springs that have L hooks on the ends. I had a bunch of those. My girlfriend and I used to push hat pins and needles through into the urethra and down through the underside of my cock. At one point, we did this and kept pushing progressively larger needles through the hole until it was large enough to take the L-hook on those springs. I'd attach the other end to a metal rack in the garage — the kind with the bolt holes — and try to get as far away as I could and just sit there taking turns pulling on my cock like it was a fishing rod or something.

The sensation was fantastic and we'd do it just about every day and I'd cum just about every time. After about two weeks though, the hole had stretched considerably and when I sat back, the first time she pulled on my cock, it tore. Barely any blood and the pain was minute.

The second time we tried this was a bit different. I'd stand on a couple of chairs and Stacey would hang things from a decoration hook (shaped like a fancy S) that was run through a hole that was a little bit further down. She'd hang all kind of things: a dictionary, a small walking weight, a hanging plant, a half gallon jug of water. The sensation was about the same, not as intense, but still "pleasurable" to me. Stacey would usually run her tongue back and forth over my cock head until I came, half dripping half shooting all over the place.

*When did you get started?*

I'm not quite sure. I started doing all sorts of stuff to my cock when I was about fourteen. I couldn't tell you if it was because of my parents divorce or what.

*Are you happy with your accidental meatotomy?*

Yes, in that I love that the cumhole

is somewhat wider. But it wasn't intentional — it's because of mistakes that I made — and I don't like that part of it.

*Is your wife always involved?*

We do quite a bit. Stacey is into it too, and we do a lot together, but most of the time I do myself while she watches. Sometimes I let her do it.

*What are your favorite types of play?*

I love insertions. I'll just list them:

- \* Doubled over power cords (the thin AC adapter type) — push the blunt end in and keep pushing until I can feel it at the entrance of my bladder. Stacey does this normally and she'll cut the ends off leaving only a couple inches, which she ties neatly into a little knot, stuffed just inside the head. And I'm telling you, it's a VERY erotic sensation to be balling a woman with several inches of wire run down the shaft. The wire doesn't 'travel' so it doesn't get lost. She's usually able to simply pull it out.
- \* Chain — I've crammed small chains down my shaft. It's a weird feeling the huge bumps the links make along the underside of my cock. Stacey likes to give me hand jobs like that. It's a weird feeling. Of course, my cock can't contract so I can't ejaculate and we rarely get that far — I don't like leaving it in for long as I'm paranoid — of all things — of losing a link!

\* LONG construction nails. We see how many will fit.

\* AAA batteries. I can take two down the shaft.

\* Sharpie markers.

\* Audio cable with plugs (for electro play)

\* Those heavy duty ribbed straws that come with the reusable drink cups. We've used those in the fire ant play.

We've also superglued my cock closed. I will hold the cumhole open as far as I can and use a tissue to dab up any pre-cum that's leaking. Stacey will then put a large droplet of superglue in and then pinch my cock head until it has set. When she let's go, my cock head is completely sealed. We've used everything from Superglue brand to Bondi gel — it all works the same. The interesting thing about it is that it doesn't (A) sting or (B) last long. It comes right off, unlike the glue that sometimes gets on our fingers. I don't mean it'll just come right off, but after working my cock either through a handjob, masturbating or intercourse, the glue loosens up enough to simply



peel off (and it does all come off easily). I have only once allowed myself to come while superglued and that was only because we had done it leaving a tiny opening for cum to escape. I'm not a fan of retrograde ejaculation — I've only had that happen once, and once was enough.

I have yet to ever experience electro play with a proper TENS unit — the only way we've ever done it is with a low power stereo A/V receiver using the headphone jack. I went to Radio Shack and bought a heavy duty 1/4" plug to 1/4" plug cable and one end goes down my shaft and the other into the headphone jack of the receiver. The BEST CD for this type of play is Techmaster PEB Subwoofer Test. Turn the bass all the way up and the treble nearly all the way down. My cock vibrates from the current! I have cum numerous times this way.

#### *And lately you've gotten into fire ants!*

As you've seen, fire ant play is a more recent addition to the fun. I had actually gotten bit on my ball sac while sitting at a picnic. It was a painful yet somewhat stimulating situation. I talked to Stacey about it and we devised a technique to capture a lot of fire ants without getting bitten or stung in the process — and, more importantly, without having to worry about the dirt. All you need is a large Mason jar, a funnel with a mouth large enough to sit in the opening of the jar without leaving any gaps around the rim, and a can of Off! Use a single layer of duct tape and attach the funnel with the point inside, sealing it all the way around. With the jar face down on a piece of cardboard, spray the outside of the jar with Off! Kick over a mound and place the jar right on top. The ants won't climb the outside of the jar but will the inside of the funnel. Once you get enough ants, pick up the jar, brush off the dirt and turn it right side up. Tap it enough to get all the ants to the bottom and remove the funnel and screw on the lid.

I have fantasized — and we have discussed — simply setting up some sort of contraption that would allow me to plunge my cock into a mound without worrying about being overwhelmed. Off! Works really well in keeping the ants away from places you don't want them to bite/sting, but I doubt that would work by simply spraying everywhere except my cock and laying on top a mound. I'm sure the spray wouldn't work well at all.

Stacey likes to refrigerate our little

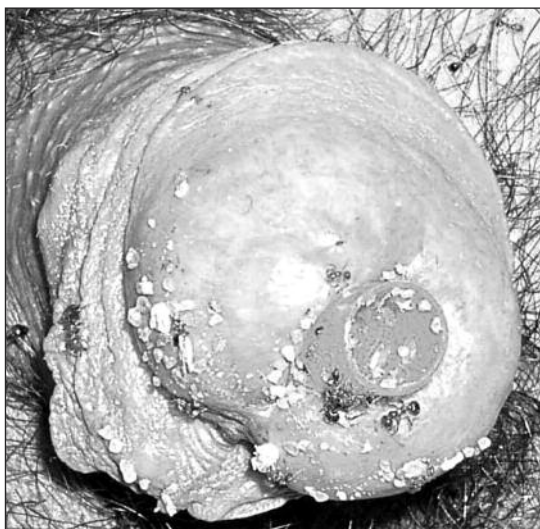
friends for a while to get them in a more calm state. She'll then sort out the bigger ones — thus the ones with the largest mandibles — and place them in a long, clear medicine jar. The jar's opening is just big enough to take my cock at its thickest and all the way to my balls before the my cock head hits bottom. I'm sometimes tied up for this. She waits until they are really active again and starts shaking the jar really hard before quickly removing the top and sticking my cock into it. For that part, my feet aren't tied and I'm able to twist over to my side so she doesn't spill them. For these sessions, Stacey inserts one of those ribbed straws — the straws have been riddled with large holes all over. The ants easily make their way down inside my cock and bite and sting the shit out of it.

The session ends only once I've shot off a load in the jar. My cock swells up to huge proportions for about three hours — followed with a massive dose of Benadryl. It gets extremely bumpy within those three hours and the lesions form a couple hours after that. With both ingested and applied Benadryl, they go away in a couple days and my cock is back to normal within three to four days. That's why we usually only do this during vacations and weekends. I've never had a

problem peeing or cumming, even with all the swelling and lesions both inside and out. Pee might go here and there occasionally during recovery, but not much.

#### *Anything else?*

I also enjoy skewers and fish hooks. I like doing this myself. I'll sit on the floor (we have a solid terrazzo floor) with a small piece of scrap wood under my cock and take metal BBQ skewers and hammer them from side-to-side through the frenulum along the underside of my cock. I'll do a whole packet of them and run them through and walk around with them jangling, hanging from my cock by the eyelets. I'm not talking the tiny skewers, but the foot long ones. Of course, hammering them has to be done slowly and gently. Just banging away will bend them. I have also run everything from small 0/1 gauge fishhooks to 12/0 gauge hooks (complete with barbs) through the underside of my cock. The little ones go through easily — but depending on the brand, can be impossible to simply gut with wire cutters to get out. The ones that won't cut with cutters are actually designed (I discovered this by mistake) to allow you to take pliers and crush the barb inward,





allowing you to back it out. The larger hooks take a lot of time and tugging to get through. The pain is exquisite and I've actually cum more than once while doing it. (I mean I'll cum and then cum again — usually when the barb finally breaks through and the tension is relieved).

The first time I ever tried a BIG hook, We were camping in North Carolina in October. Yes, October. It was all of 40 degrees out and we were in a pop up tent in a back corner of a KOA. Stacey and I actually enjoy the cold (we sleep in the winter with the windows open and fans going — but we live in Florida too — it only gets into 40s and we have lots of blankets and each other to keep warm). Anyways, I'm laying there with this enormous erection and Stacey has the skin pulled out and is pulling the hook point against it until it's stretched to a point. She keeps tugging on it until I feel it break through the skin on one side and slowly, over the next hour, she works it further and further through. It was only about five minutes after the first side broke that most of the point was through the other side. Precum running down my shaft like a volcano. The barb was the hard (and painful) part. She pulled and pulled and it slowly stretched the hole on one side. After 25 minutes or so, the barb was INSIDE the skin — no going back now. The other side hole slowly expanded and the barb finally came through and I started cumming hard. No cutters or crushing the barb on this one. I wore that hook in my pants (with some padding of course) until we got home. It took a Dremel to cut through it so it could be removed. We've done the big hooks about a dozen times now. Stacey finally wanted to try it with her labia and she's enjoyed doing that a couple of times now.

I ran a couple of small hooks from inside to outside (like we did with the needles and pins). I simply put the sharp end in the cumhole with the stem pointed down the underside of my cock. And then used leverage — pulling up one stem — to force the sharp end through the inside and then underside of my cock head. Putting the worm on a hook. I've only done that a couple of times and never with anything big — maybe someday.

One other thing we do is rings. We used to use a metal ring from Home Depot around the base of my cock, but one time I got so hard, and the ring was so tight, that we thought we'd have to make an embarrassing trip to the ER. So ever since, we've used thick rubber o-rings from the plumping department. They keep me just as hard but can be easily removed in a pinch.

#### *Who knows about your activities?*

Other than Stacey, my cousin (who is a year younger than me) knows. She walked in on me (by myself as it were) doing the electroplay. There I was, sitting back in the recliner with this thick wire disappearing into my cock, a big lump (from the 1/4 inch plug) near the bottom, me stroking it and moaning with my eyes closed. I only found out a few days later that she had walked in, saw me, backed out and watched me from around a corner. She seemed more worried that I might be hurting myself than anything else. After some explanation and actually watching me a couple more times, she's fine with it, though she does not participate (or watch

anymore). She's a knockout — at least to me — and I have admittedly fantasized about both her and Stacey doing the various things to me.

#### *What do you think started you on this road?*

When I was a teen, masturbating was always 'good' but it wasn't exciting, so I started out squeezing my cock head in a pair of pliers or a screw-vise. The soreness just was an adrenaline rush. I progressed fairly slowly, doing little things. First "piercing" — before I knew any better — I stuck a sewing needle into my very hard cockhead. When I pulled it out, I thought I was going to bleed to death — really! But at the same time, it was such a rush I actually started cumming. Then I'd take Dixie cups and push pins through the sides all the way around and put tape around to keep them from pushing out. Then I'd stick my cockhead in there — it would go in easily but trying to pull it back out lead to quite a few punctures; especially along the coronal edge. A homemade iron maiden.

We lived in set of low-income apartments (in California) and I'd find all sorts thrown out porn mags in the alley behind them. Some were the everyday vanilla Playboy and Penthouse. But some were really wicked. One had a story about a woman who liked to have cigarettes put out on her ass. I thought that was pretty twisted but I wanted to try it on myself. My mom was a smoker and I stole one of her cigarettes and while she was at work one day, I lit it up in the bathroom, got undressed and proceeded to smash it out - or at least try — on my cock. Ended up with a 2nd degree. I decided that that was NOT for me. My cock hurt so bad and I ended up with this big blister. The only time I ever hurt nearly that badly again was when I accidentally dropped a soldering iron (the type you stick in the little gas furnace and were used to solder sheet metal seams) on my leg in metal shop.

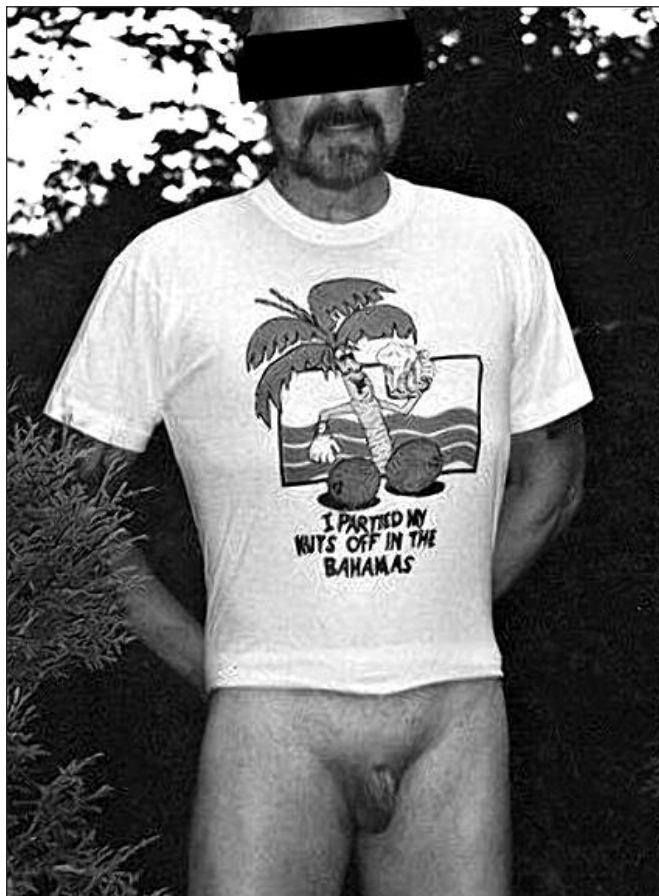
#### *And how did kinky things start with your wife?*

Stacey was my second girlfriend in high school — been together ever since. Back then, she didn't know about anything I did. We were all about the sex. The play part came much later. She decided to get her nipples pierced and confessed to me that she actually 'enjoyed' the whole piercing process. I decided that we should have a talk about what I did when she wasn't around. She was a bit taken aback, but she would watch at first and after seeing how much I enjoyed it, she wanted to participate. Meanwhile, I fulfilled her desires for a little painful pleasure — mainly spanking and jabbing (gently poking tender areas with a sterilized needle). The jabbing eventually led to play piercing in and around her vaginal area, though she doesn't maintain any permanent hardware (and she gave up her nipple piercings when she became pregnant). All in all, I was relieved that she became so accepting and then wanted to participate. I probably wouldn't be able to handle having her leave or even disapprove.

I admit my heart was racing when I decided to tell her, even though she had just admitted to enjoying the same type of rush.

## Marcel: Smoothy

*I got to know Marcel, who was splitting his time between Montreal and Toronto, after being introduced to him by other eunuchs who idolized his complete "smoothy" Ken Doll appearance, as not only had he been castrated but he'd also had his penis removed, and even his nipples. Over the time that I've known him, Marcel has also experimented with exotic jewelry that can only be worn by a person of his construction, and he's also covered his entire body with neotribal blackwork tattooing. This interview is excerpted from his appearance on my*



*BMEradio show.*

I retired about eight years ago and back then I was a financial accountant for a big company. I did my university training between 1957 and 1961, and lived and worked in Montreal from then until the end of 1998, when I moved to Toronto. My childhood was very normal — there's absolutely nothing I can say about it. Just the normal childhood with a brother and two sisters.

*I assume you're the only one that took this sort of path?*

My brother is straight, and he knows that I am gay, but he doesn't know about my body modifications.

*You are becoming quite public over time, so he may well stumble over it.*

Yes — well, that I don't care.

*How old were you when you came out?*

I came out at the age of twenty-one. Most of the people that I know, knew when they were thirteen or fourteen that they were gay. I dated girls, and had fun with them, although I

never had any sexual intercourse with the girls — but because I was born and raised in a Catholic area, you weren't supposed to have sex before marriage.

One in Montreal, I just by accident had sex with a man, and then I knew. I was at a party, and I was quite drunk and the guy took me up to his place and we had sex. I love it, so that's how I learned I was gay. I wasn't straight any more. I was attracted to men.

*I assume you were leading a pretty normal gay life for a while?*

Oh yes, it was what we call vanilla. Very much vanilla sex, just normal sex between two men. Until 1970 when I joined a leather club, and then I knew what S&M was, you know, and all those things. I even had a motorbike 1974-1976 and belonged to a leather club. I visited other clubs like the Spearhead in Toronto, clubs in Boston, New York, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, and I got involved with S&M activities.

*What sort of things did you do?*

It was Tops and bottoms you know, Masters and slaves. But I was definitely marked by one guy in particular in New York City. He belonged to a local leather club, and he was the first man I saw with small gold nipple rings. To me it was such a shock and I couldn't believe it — it was so nice and I was absolutely jealous of that man. This was back in 1973, 74 and piercing was not popular at all.

That guy was obviously a Top and probably a Cuban or Puerto Rican. His look was kind of a god, you know? Very dark complexion, and absolutely gorgeous looking with those two gold nipple rings, it was absolutely awesome! After that I tried to pierce myself in 1976 just using a sewing needle, a big one. And although it was absolutely painful I succeeded in doing and getting my first nipple ring.

*And you have lots more piercings now.*

Well, not too many, because I have no genital piercings of course.



*You have genital piercings in a jar!*

Yes! Well, in one I have all my parts. First I started with the frenum, this is the easiest piercing, I think. Then I had a Prince Albert, which I did myself, and then a friend of mine



did the ampallang and I did the apadravya. So those were my genital piercings.

*I'll quickly ask you to define this for listeners who don't know the term, but what is ball torture?*

Well, it is inflicting pain to your balls you know! To a point that the pain just becomes... exquisite.

*So it's not a horrible experience.*

Oh no, not at all! Ball torture can consist of many forms of tortures, you can put a parachute around your scrotum, a little parachute maybe three or four inches in diameter that you put around your balls. It's cut so it fits very well and you put it in place by snaps, and there are three chains hanging and they end up with a hook so you can add weights.

*Like a little skirt for your scrotum.*

Yes, right, and then you can add weights on there. See, this is a form of torture — you can also insert needles in your balls. I've known many guys who like that. And you can also whip your balls, spank your balls, punch your balls, use your feet, you know, hit your balls, all kinds of torture — just use your imagination, according to the giver and the receiver's likes.

*How did you get into that in the first place?*

It's hard to say, but probably it happened when the guy started to squeeze my balls, you know, and the pain was just pleasant, you know? So that's how probably it started.

*Of course there is a massive subculture dedicated to ball torture!*

Oh absolutely, it's called CBT — "Cock and Ball Torture".

I was talking to the owner of Chase Union [an S&M and fetish medical supply company run by a kinky doctor] and what he said was, he's a ball torture proponent, but draws the line at castration — "they're so much fun to torture, so why would you ever want to take them off?"

Well, in my case, what happened one day I was alone and I was horny so I smoked a joint, with poppers, and I put the parachute around my balls and I started to put on weight and I started with five, then I went to 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, and then it felt good you know, and with the poppers I couldn't feel any pain. It was just pleasant. Exquisite. And then I put 45, 50, 55, 60, and 65, 70, 75, and then I put 80 lbs and then I chickened out, I said no way I'm just going to kill myself if I carry on like that, and I stopped. Yeah, that was enough. Although I have seen in an issue of Drummer a guy said he could take 120 pounds.

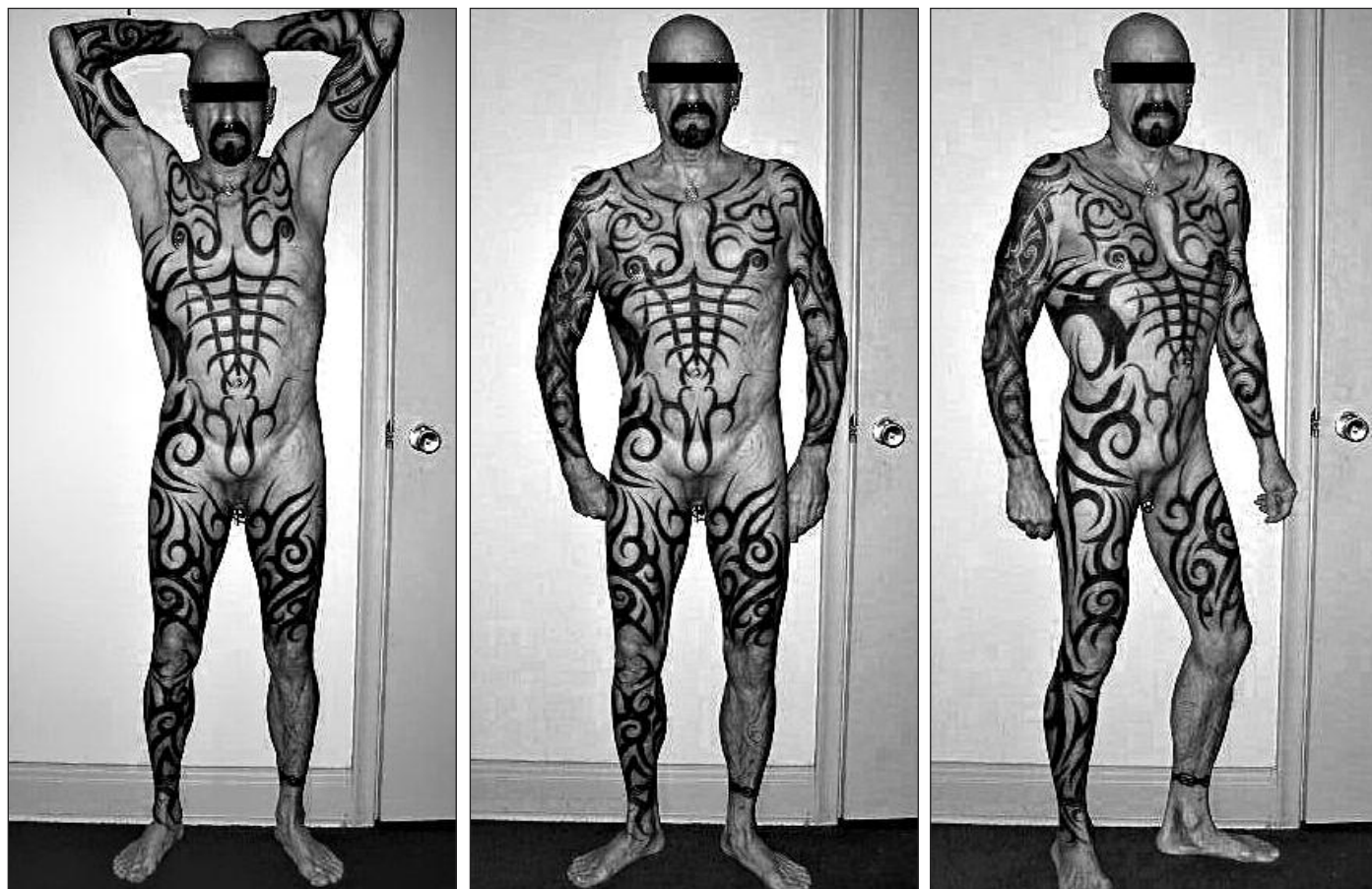
*I've seen guys take three hundred pounds!*

Oh boy! I was afraid to hurt my cords inside my body, and would have to go to the hospital and how would you explain that? After that I never went up to more than forty pounds. I could easily put on forty pounds and jerk off with that, and the problem was that to reach climax I had to do those things, you know. So that was pretty scary at the end.

*It sounds like when a drug addict needs to take more and more drugs to get high.*

Yeah, that's right.

*So ball torture directly lead you to castration?*



Marcel at about the time of the interview.

I think so, because I'm the type of person that will over-do things.

*But I don't think you over-did things – you seem very happy with what you've done?*

Yes, true.

*When did you become aware that castration was a real thing you could do, not just fantasy?*

Back in probably 1985/86 I saw an ad in Drummer about a club dedicated to a man into genital modification, especially castration, and this is how I got involved.

*That would have been BCQ [Ball Club Quarterly] or Unique Magazine?*

I think in those days it was Unique. I became a member and I had a few pen pals so this is how I discovered that about castration, you know.

*Were you already trying to track down a cutter?*

Not at that point. In 1988 I discovered that I was HIV positive, and for a year or two I was in a very depressed mood. I quit that eunuch club because in those days, a person who was positive would die within two years... It was pretty scary in those days.

*And it's been, what, fifteen years now?*

I know, I know. But I started to take medication and my T-cell count was pretty steady at 265-300 and those days I was taking AZT and that kept me going because it was the only medication for AIDS. I survived my depression and probably in 1992 or 1991 I saw another ad in Drummer for Enigma, this was the same kind of club for men into body modification and it was based in the Chicago. I knew the owner. And again I became a member and I just had pen pals, many pen pals, and in 1993 I went to Provincetown, Cape Cod and met one of the members of the club there. He showed me three pictures of guys being modified. One had his cock head removed, another one had been castrated, and the third picture was a smoothie — absolutely no genitals at all. And that was such a turn on for me!

I said, well, I have been thinking of castration for maybe four or five years. I thought it was a fantasy but now I realize it is more and more serious and then asked that member, "who did those modifications?"

"Oh," he says, "it's a guy that I know of".

"Can you get in touch with him?"

So he gave me his name in June of 1993, and I wrote to that guy, or if you want to call him a cutter, and he replied to me and we started a correspondence. I told him about my desire to be castrated and while he said it was no problem. He told me to come down to see him, and don't come alone, bring a friend,

your closest friend, because you will need a person that you trust with you. So we decided that I would go there in the month of September to get castrated and I went and he met me at the bus station with my friend. It was about five o'clock and at eight o'clock he started the procedure on me. That was pretty cool. I was nervous, absolutely nervous. I was a nervous wreck!

I started to ask myself, what I have done? I'm not the type of person to back out when I have given my word, unless I'm shown that I'm wrong I will keep my word and do it. It took about two hours, maybe an hour and forty-five minutes, to castrate me. There was no problem, absolutely almost no bleeding, you know, and he used an anesthetic like Xylocaine so there was absolutely no pain involved.

*I take it we're not talking about a doctor here?*

Well, he has no medical background. He never studied medicine, but he checked the medical books and he knew exactly what to do and I wasn't the first one that he castrated so I could trust him.

*Your first procedure was a castration, removing the testicles but leaving the scrotum and penis intact. How did it progress from there?*

The next modification took place in May of 1994, and this time it was the penectomy. It's very complicated and very delicate procedure – you have to know what you're doing with it.

*This procedure actually left some of the penis still intact though, some erectile tissue still there?*

Yes, exactly. After the penectomy, there was I would say a half an inch stump left.

*With castration, if you're taking hormones afterwards, you're still pretty much the same person, but penectomy seems like it would radically change your sexual identity. What thinking lead up to taking that step?*

Let's put it this way, when I was into S&M I was a Top for a while and then I switched to bottom, so after that, being a bottom I was rather "French active" and "Greek passive".

French active means sucking cocks, and Greek passive means you like to be fucked, you know. So at that point I never had

any great pleasure having or getting a blow job, and, on the contrary, I enjoy very very much being fucked, so after that my penis was more or less useless, if you know what I mean. This is one of the reasons I decided to go for the penectomy.

*So it really didn't change much at all.*

Not at all, as far as I'm concerned, not at all. No. I still enjoy sex and get



Penectomy and castration with intact (but empty) scrotum.





Marcel's initial penectomy procedure.

pleasure, and since I take twice monthly an injection of testosterone I have not lost my sex drive.

*Immediately after being castrated you obviously didn't have that prescription?*

Oh, no, no. But a month and a half after the castration I started to get hot flashes. It's very annoying. You feel it coming up, there's a climax, and then it goes away and then your forehead and chest are covered in sweat. It's very annoying you know, because they can occur about every hour, 24 hours a day, no matter where you are... It's very annoying, but if you take testosterone you don't have that.

So I went to my family doctor, who was looking after me because I was HIV positive and I just told him that I had been castrated, and he looked at me and he said, "Well, Marcel, you're old enough to know what you're doing."

So right, I said I don't like those hot flashes. He says, "Well, we'll start now giving you a testosterone injections and we'll start right now." Everything was back to normal after a week there were no more hot flashes and my sex drive was just like before, you know, oh yeah.

*Then after the penectomy, next you had your empty scrotum amputated?*

By the end of January in 1995 I had the scrotum removed. That was a very simple procedure – it took only about 45 minutes. I didn't like the look because sometimes it looks like a pussy you know? I remember one time I was in Montreal at a nude beach and I was sunbathing and two girls walked by and they looked at me and they started to laugh, probably because they thought I was a transsexual you know?

*Next your nipples came off, right?*

Yes, in May 1998 I had my nipples removed because they were absolutely big and ugly. Over the years they have been abused so many times and tortured and burned, so they look absolutely ugly and I asked my cutter if it was feasible to remove them. "Oh," he says, "no problem there".

So I just went to see him and then it took not more than five minutes each nipple to be removed, and of course he used Xylocaine again as an anesthetic and there was absolutely no pain and after one week the stitches came off and then after two or three weeks the healing was complete, and it was over.

*But the final procedure was the most challenging?*

Yes, the removal of the stump and the relocation of the urethra, to make me a real smoothie. That was a long procedure, five and a half hours. The healing took over a month, maybe a month and a half.

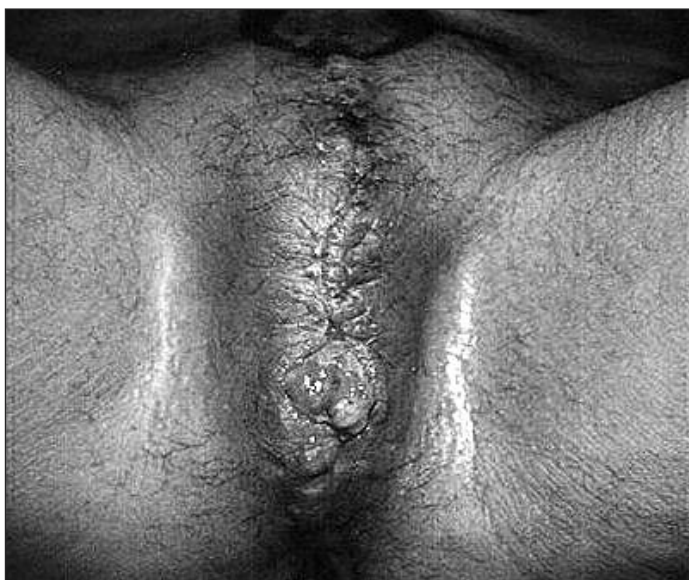
I'm still not happy because the urethra is not close enough to the anus and I pee at a 45 degree angle and it should go straight down into the toilet bowl. The scar is all crooked and there's a lump of skin where the stump was before and it shouldn't be there so it doesn't look very pretty to me. Anyway, I'm not too happy about it.

I'm just waiting to, through my contacts in here in USA, Canada, and Europe to find a urologist who could relocate my urethra about two inches or about 10 centimeters from the anus, and then I will look for a plastic surgeon to make

the crotch very, very smooth. I'm not in a rush — I'm just waiting to meet the right person.

*In addition to your genital work, you're covered in gorgeous custom tribal tattoo work.*

I must say that tattoos are very addicting! You start with one and then after a while you want another one, another one, and so on. I had my first tattoo, oh probably fifteen years



The second stage of Marcel's penectomy procedure.

ago, a panther on my left arm with my name, then an eagle on my right arm, and then a tiger and a fish on my upper back. That was it for a few years, and then when I discovered the tribal designs or drawings, they looked so nice that I started to go tribal. I started slowly, with the two ankle bands, and then I had my leg, and then I met a guy and he loved tattoos as well and he started creating those design on his computer, see this is how I had my chest, abdominal, crotch, and my whole back and my butt done on the computer customized for me from that guy.

*Tattoo artists can be a little conservative... Did any of them notice anything?*

Only the tattooist here in Toronto knows about it, and the tattooist in Montreal who did my crotch. He didn't mind when I told him. I told him there was something missing there but it didn't seem to bother him at all — he didn't see anything though, but he could see that there was nothing down there.

While you've always been really open and accessible through magazines like *Unique* or *Enigma*, recently you've been outing yourself a lot more in the media, and a couple others, Gelding for example, have been doing the same. In light of recent convictions of Dr. Brown and Ed Bodkin, why do you feel secure in doing this?

I feel secure because in my mind I have nothing to hide. And, I'm retired, I'm not working any more, so I don't care, you know. I want to be exposed.

*I worry a bit that some of the media attracts undue attention, and if people are very easy to track down, do you think that will push the cutters more underground and make it harder for people to get work done?*

I'm afraid they will, that's my belief. Let's put it this way — it's illegal, and it should be done only by experts. The cutters I know, they keep a very low profile. They don't mind doing minor modifications like a subincision but as far as castration is concerned or penectomy, they are just petrified. They are very very scared, because you always take a chance, even for a castration, and it has happened in the past... if something goes wrong that's beyond your control, you have to go to hospital. And then, if the police are involved, then you might be in trouble. I know that happened once in California and another time in somewhere in Texas, a guy was castrated but what he didn't tell the cutter that, before the castration, he drank about three or four beers, which he should have not done [this thins out the blood and dramatically increases bleeding].

When the cutter left everything, seemed fine, and after it was gone, then the internal bleeding started and the scrotum became the size of a grapefruit so that was pretty scary. That guy he lived in a small town somewhere in Texas. He drove to Houston, and then with the help of a friend they went to see a gay doctor and they took care of him. Discreetly. But it's not always that simple.

*Perhaps a good thing about the mainstreaming of this is that doctors are realizing that it might be normal, or an acceptable thing to do... But the other worry, I mean, most of the eunuchs up*



*until recently have been much older when they're castrated, but now there's a youth interest and younger people are approaching cutters... what do you think a person needs to think about before actually going through with a castration?*

Before a young person, let's say 25-30 years old, has a castration, I think they should be aware of the effects of a castration, how his life will be changed, and I think he should think of it like I did, for at least three, four, five years before really doing the real procedure, that's my advice.

*Was there any psychological effect of the castration?*

In my case there was no psychological effect because my life was just normal just like before. But for a young person I think they should think twice before doing it because once it's gone it's gone forever, you know?

*Do you wish you'd done it younger?*

No, I really enjoyed myself when I had all my parts and I had my pleasure and I'm happy the way I am now.

*Jerry told me that he's glad he did his subincision at about fifty, because he not only got to experience sex on all different levels, but because if he'd done it when he was a kid he never would have appreciated it quite as much.*

Yes, that's right. I'm exactly like that too. I had a very nice sex life and then I was due for a change, that's all.

*Did it surprise you when the recent GQ magazine article came out speaking so positively about castration?*

Yes, it's a surprise. I was not expecting that. I was really surprised that GQ would be interested in publishing an article on that – and also you didn't mention the National Post in Toronto [a generally conservative-leaning newspaper], which has a big picture of me showing my tattoos. It was taken in my living room, and then with the article about the tattoos there's an article too about body modification, especially castration, and it's about a man called "Frank". People who know me, they know exactly that "Frank" and "Marcel" are really the same person. I was really surprised the National Post would do that.

*Do you hope that one day doctors start offering these procedures?*

Yes, it's going to take time though... After the urethral relocation my crotch was swollen and I went to a hospital

here in Toronto, and soon I had a doctor, a urology student, looking at it and asking me questions like why I did it and so on. Then he called his boss, the urologist in charge of the department, and he came and he looked at that and he said, "Why did you do that?", and he says, "By the way, do you need the help of a psychiatrist?"

I said no! "Do you mind if I call my staff to see what you've done?" I said, "I don't care, bring your staff if you want."

So we have about six persons, men and women, looking at my modifications, and very curious, but they were not shocked, no.

*What sort of feedback have you gotten from the general public?*

Very positive feedback. Guys are absolutely turned on by what they see and they all would like the same procedure done to them. It's very positive. Some of them are real and some of them it's fantasy. If I detect that it's a fantasy, well, I say to them, think about it, don't do anything, just think about it... just like me.



Recent experiments with "smoothie only" piercings.

*This interview is quite short, in part for language reasons and in part because they're just starting to get serious about exploring the world of CBT and body modification. I thought it was still very much worth including because it gives a unique glance into the early thoughts of someone who's not just turned on by the idea of being cut, but by the idea of being a cutter. It wouldn't surprise me one bit if the person interviewed here is now a practitioner.*

I'm a twenty-seven year old gay boy, masculine, from Scicily in Italy. I like computers, arts, electronics, and science, and I like to be positive about future and my life. I'm quite a normal man, well inserted in society and get along with everyone. I don't hide that I'm gay and I'm in a relationship with a man. I'm hiv-negative and do only safe-sex and safe-plays.

I performed on myself a total frenulectomy — yes, most people in Italy are uncut — and started a meatotomy, but so far I'm only 5mm into it. Before removing my frenulum, I had a self-fone frenulum piercing. I love to fuck hard, and without the frenulum slowing me down I can fuck harder, and I also much prefer the appearance of my cock without it. It was also very exciting — and funny — to cut and eat it.

I performed my meatotomy, using the classic clamp-and-cut procedure, because I like large pee holes. For now I don't want to enlarge it any more — I like my cock head as it is now. The frenulum I made by inserting a scalpel into the piercing hold and cutting it out — it was so exciting, all that pain, and seeing so much blood coming out. The I removed the pieces of skin that remained using sharp scissors — very painful but I loved it.

At this moment I'm not interested in doing other modification on myself, I'm happy as I am, for now. I don't know what I'll do on my self in the future, but I know what I want to do on other people!

*Any idea what got you started with cock mods?*

I don't know exactly how or where it started, but I like the idea of transformation and the idea that everyone has the right to change his body as they like, even if it is considered mutilation by the world. I also like to paint and sculpt, and I'm quite creative — perhaps this is linked to the fact I like to transform, and to leave my sign in other's body in a ritualistic fashion (sex and BDSM sessions).

*What is it that you like about your body modifications?*

I like my cock more now. I liked it before, but now I like it even more, and I love when guys enjoy it as it is these days. People usually don't even understand it is a modded cock. I did a good job, and even if these are simple mods, I'm proud of them because they are my first and they are important to me. I did them with my own hands and through my own choice — this is the most important thing perhaps.

*You enjoy CBT play too?*

I dreamed about genital tortures and mutilations since I was a child, long before discovering sexual pleasure, masturbation, or even before I understood I was gay.

I started to do simple tortures on myself when I was fourteen or fifteen years old, every day going into more extreme things

and more extreme desires. I started pleasuring my cock by softly pulling it with hands or ropes, then I tried pencils in my urethra and some months later I put my first needles in cock skin, cock head and balls. Definitely, I love needles in my cock and especially in other guys' cocks and balls.

Some time later I discovered that I was not alone. The web helped me. It was not easy to find someone near to me but I managed to travel to receive and to perform heavy CBT on other people.

Am I a cutter? My hope is to find a guy that would love to experience heavy modification in an S&M scene and donate his genitals to me as dinner — one ball, two balls, cock, or all of it. I still don't have experience in these extreme things, but I've read and studied about this for many years. I hope to enjoy this experience in the near future. Another thing I dream about is to have sexual intercourses with an eunuch. Both as top or as bottom. It would be great if I was the cutter.

I don't know the root of these things and these desires. I have a normal sex life. I'm versatile and enjoy sex a lot. I like to live and I like to respect other people — I don't want to harm anyone against their will — so it's something beyond my consciousness, something deeper that I'm not able to understand. But that's OK for me, though. I simply enjoy these things.

*Is Italian culture open to things like this?*

Usually I prefer to talk about these things with people that I know will understand. Italian people are usually closed mind so it is simply not productive to talk about something that people don't understand — it's like a discussion about the existence of God between an atheist and a Catholic... silence is better.

I'm the atheist, of course!

Before taking into account a modification or a torture that could leave signs on a slave, I always talk to them about the risks and consequences and about the fact that someone — a partner or a doctor — may ask them about it. Some people say, "no, I don't want something that could be recognized, let's do some other thing" and others say, "it doesn't matter, I want this too much". I think it's important to make sure a person really wants something first.

*Is your partner into these things too?*

I have an open relationship with a man I've love for four years. He likes some light BDSM but he doesn't know how extreme I am. I think he wouldn't understand, so I prefer to not upset him with details about what I like and about what I dream of doing, because I don't really want to hurt him.



## Ricki: Diethylstilbestrol Eunuch

*I met Ricki in the early days of BME, and he's one of the only eunuchs I've met where I had serious concerns for his mental health and stability. I wish I could say that people involved in heavy modification are universally stable and sane people, but of course that's never true for any group of people. I do believe though that it is a far better adjusted group than either the general public or the medical community gives it credit as... I wouldn't feel right excluding Ricki to try and give the world a biased impression, so here he is. This interview appeared on BME, as well as in a slightly edited version in Headpress magazine. The pictures in the entry are stills from a video he made for BME showcasing his modifications. I lost touch with Ricki not long after he castrated himself. I hope this is because it brought him some level of peace, and he lost interest in the world of modification — it is certainly not at all uncommon for a eunuch to drop out of mod culture after achieving their goals.*

*"There are some eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive IT, let him receive IT"*

*Matthew 19:12*

*In the spring of 1957, a cigarette smoking alcoholic pregnant woman was prescribed a drug called diethylstilbestrol (DES), intended to reduce her chances of miscarriage. Instead, it etched strange and perverse changes into the character of her unborn son. On the ninth of August 1957 Ricki was born, a breach birth that nearly killed both him and his mother. The delivering Jewish doctor was ethically opposed to Caesarian section, and in the process of literally prying him out, Ricki's hip was dislocated and one ear was almost entirely torn off. The doctor predicted that Ricki was going to be mentally retarded since he'd been without oxygen for so long, but Ricki's brain damage manifested itself in another way. While his IQ was tested at a slightly above average 121, he was, as he puts it, "wacko from birth". Or, to use his psychiatrist's words, Ricki suffers from "bizarre masochistic sexual behavior".*

I recall trying to put objects in my rectum and penis while still in the play pen which puts me at one year old or less. I also took the safety pins from my diapers and pricked my skin all over my body to see how different parts felt. I was playing with fire and intentionally burning my genitals by age four. From age five to eighteen I just did more of the same probing and pricking, but nothing dramatic. I was very anti-social growing up and had no friends.

To this day my mother won't admit I had problems. She pretty much just ignored my behavior, although she used to call me "shithooks" in front of people to hurt my feelings. Of course, I did constantly have my fingers up my butt!

When I was 13 I read the story of "O", and have wanted to be "O" ever since. I find that most folks into S&M are really just into role playing and head games — I'm not like that. I hate head games and role playing and I am serious about mixing sex and genital pain, and

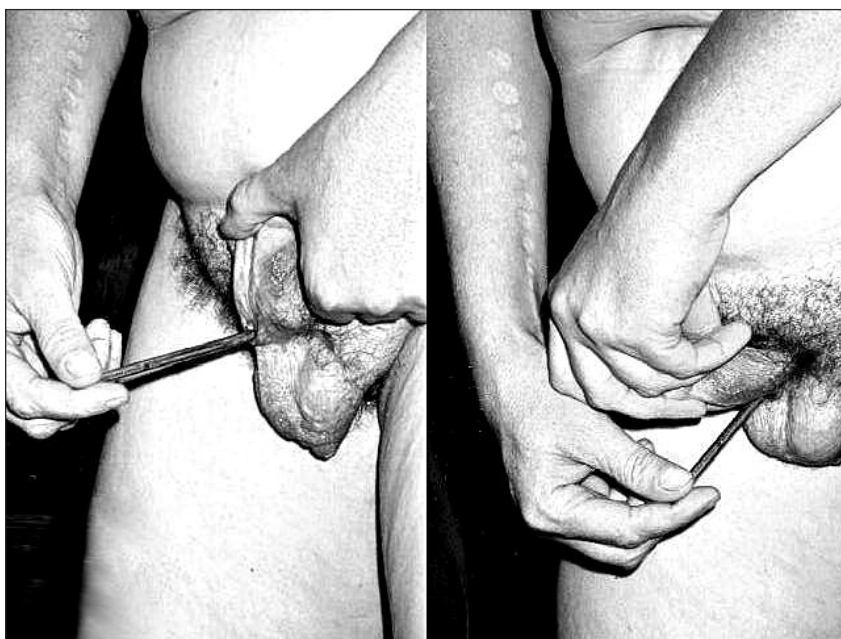
making permanent expressions of my inner feelings on my outer body.

*Ricki suffers from a rare subclass of his personality type that has an odd psychological desire to cut and mark his body lengthwise. Using a salvaged razor blade held in a pair of old pliers, Ricki began subincising his penis, cutting the bottom half open like an over-cooked hot dog, resulting in a strange male/female appearance — even since childhood he'd had a great deal of gender confusion and dysphoria. He had originally intended to remove his penis altogether but was drawn somehow to the idea of splitting the urethra instead and thus the subincision was born.*

After high school I got more and more bold with my sex play. Putting objects all the way into my bladder and a lot of play piercing. Once I even had to go to the emergency room to get a rubber band removed from my bladder. When I was twenty I tried to castrate myself but when I started to cut into the cords the pain stopped me. I had to get stitches at the ER. A few months later I started the subincision.

I was a total sex addict from age twelve until I started on hormones in my twenties. When I was twenty-two I stabbed a police officer who came to break up a fight, and had to do eight months in prison, followed by eight more months in a state mental institution. While waiting to be sentenced to prison I completed my subincision but went to the ER to get the edges stitched and the bleeding stopped.

A fresh subincision is nearly impossible to totally repair unless they get a specialist to do microsurgery, and even then there is no guarantee that it will heal properly. So when I did mine they decided to sew the edges and give me time to think about whether I wanted it repaired later. Getting it repaired would require at least three operations where they make a new urethra from a tube of skin. But of course I didn't want that. The other reason they did not sew it up was because I simply said no. I refused to sign the surgery consent form at that time, but a few days later in the psyche ward they talked me into getting it repaired. When they



wheeled me into surgery, it hit me that they were going to make me look like everyone else, so I hopped off the gurney and walked back to the psyche ward.

Whenever I would cut myself, they would automatically put me in the psyche ward, but in the last four or five years if I go to the ER to get stitches, they call up the psyche ward and the shrink says, "oh him, he has problems that we can't help him with."

The subincision was me making the statement that I did not respect or care about society's sexual rules or roles. I was trying to set myself apart from the herd in a very fundamental way. But I could still blend in when need be because it is usually hidden. To me genital modification is the ultimate way to say "fuck you society!"

*After Ricki's assault on the police officer, he was put into a prison within a prison for the most violent offenders. He'd never experienced even normal prison, and thought he'd "died and went to hell". The one thing that prison did teach him was that he needed to totally disable his ability to be violent. To facilitate that the prison put him on psychiatric drugs and he has been taking them ever since.*

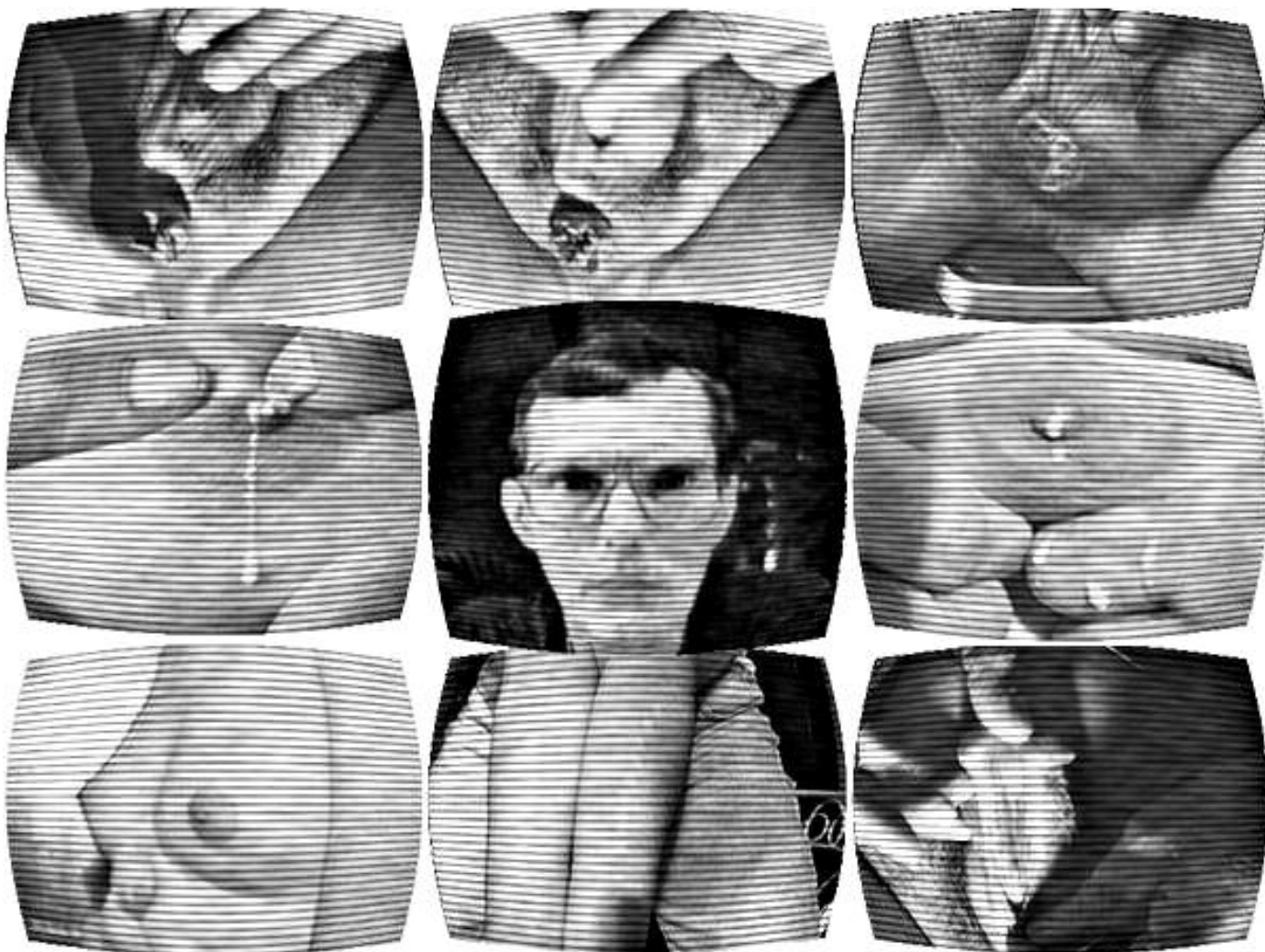
*After finishing his subincision, Ricki had to sit due to a messy flow. He decided that he liked to "pee like a woman", and*

*attempted a urethral reroute, opening the urethra behind the scrotum.*

I attempted this about 5 years ago — I figured my roommate wouldn't notice. It was very hard to do by myself. I put a quarter inch diameter stainless steel rod that I bought at a hardware store (and filed off the sharp edges) in my urethra so I could feel where to cut. Using a mirror so I could see what I was doing, I cut into my urethra from the outside using a razor knife. I did not sew the edges, and hoped it would heal.

It became infected almost right away and I had to go get antibiotics and let it heal over. Right after that my urologist switched me to DES, the same drug my mother took when pregnant with me. It totally calmed me down and let me experience what it was like to be castrated. While I was on the DES, it eliminated my sex drive altogether — I wonder if my mother taking DES while I was in the womb formed the unusual nature of my sexuality? I suspect that at the very least it caused my homosexuality and transsexuality.

I don't feel I fit in as either male or female. My nature is a little of both. The hormones help me with my sex addiction, pacify my desire to hurt myself, get rid of my bad temper, and make my body look more feminine — I've even started



Stills from Ricki's self produced video telling his story and documenting the healing of his DIY castration.



lactating. I am thrilled when referred to as female, when people call me “ma’am”, “miss”, “she”, or “her”. My goal is to be physically and mentally genderless but express myself mostly as female. My desire to be an it is as serious as death.

*When I was talking to Ricki at the time, he stayed at home all day playing with his computer. He had no will power, no friends, and no motivation, rarely even getting into the mood to play with his dildo. Even when he did, he rarely orgasmed. While he admitted that the drug-induced life as a head of lettuce was happy and content, there was something missing — he wasn't able to concentrate enough to ignore pain. The only time that Ricki was shocked out of that was several years before when he severely burned twenty percent of his body in a gasoline flash fire.*

That woke me up. It made me feel angry. It felt wonderful to be alive for the hour or so that the pain was at its worse. I only feel alive when I am in immediate pain. My drugs give me a dry censored view of reality. They mute my emotions. Pain gets through though, and stirs my emotions. With the drugs, I am unable to do self injury, but I think I can hold still for someone else to do it. I feel I really don't need pain as much as I used to. Surprise injuries make me angry at myself for being careless, but at the same time make me feel more alert in a way. On the other hand, pain makes it hard to pay attention to the world around me even more than the drugs do. Without the drugs, I lose contact with reality totally, so it is better to put up with the drugs. However, drugs have never reduced my desire to get my body altered.

*Shortly after the first part of our interview was completed, Ricki, who felt that he was still in the “finding himself” phase of the bod-mod journey, and feeling justified by learning he wasn't alone, ordered himself an elastrator. An elastrator is essentially an elastic band that is placed around the top of the scrotum, slowly and painfully choking it off. Ricki got his from Nasco, a farm and veterinary supply company, for less than fifteen dollars, including tax and shipping. This was far cheaper than the unaffordable \$750 Dr. F.S. in Philadelphia had quoted him for a bilateral orchiectomy or surgical castration. Dr. F.S. is one of a handful of underground doctors making a living performing castrations on the pre-op transsexual and eunuch fetishist communities. He sees it as an essential need, and justifies it with the knowledge that if he doesn't do it, they will risk their lives doing it themselves, and has spent time in jail defending these beliefs.*

*Ricki's elastrator arrived, and several weeks later I heard from him again, receiving sporadic email bursts updating me on his progress.*

I've had the elastrator on for 22 hours. The first six hours were hell, but I'm not experiencing much pain now — although I certainly don't feel my best! I guess it is more taxing on my body than I had expected. Hopefully my balls are dead beyond recovering in case my roommate tries to get me to get treatment. It will be 32 hours into it when he gets home from work tonight. He hopefully won't know for at least a few more days, and then he will probably try to get me committed.

The first three days were very rough because of periodic

severe pain and his whole bottom became inflamed. At four days, Ricki's scrotum was dry and stiff but began to inflate from gasses generated by the rotting tissue. He inserted a thick hypodermic needle to let the noxious gasses escape, leaving a totally numb, black and withered scrotum. Since he had no sharp shears he cut off the scrotum about 3/4” below the elastrator using a serrated ginsu knife for the rough chopping and used nail clippers to clean up the cut.

*A week later Ricki went to a walk-in clinic to get checked and when he told the doctor he'd cut it off with a serrated meat carving knife, the doctor buried his face in his hands for a moment then told Ricki he was the toughest person he ever saw, and ran out of the room. Luckily there was no mention of psychiatrists or hospitals which was a big relief to Ricki. He had prepared himself by taking three different kinds of tranquilizers two hours before he got there — and thus had a composed, bored, but alert appearance. They cleaned him up a little, prescribed him antibiotics for the lightly pussing stump of a scrotum, and sent him home.*

*So now Ricki is smoothly healed and has become the “happy little it” that he's always wanted to be. He joins the thousands of other self-made eunuchs in North America and the half million or so worldwide — his story is far from unique. His roommate and occasional lover has taken the attitude that what's done is done and as Ricki sits at home playing with his computer bought with psychiatric social assistance, he plans his next step; the total removal of his penis, using the same technique.*

I am very glad I cut my balls off; I've wanted it my whole life. It feels good to have a huge empty area between my legs. I'll be happy if I never have another orgasm.

“I would say any behavior that is not the status quo is interpreted as insanity, when, in fact, it might actually be enlightenment. Insanity is sorta in the eye of the beholder.”

— Chuck Palahniuk

## Four Finger Joe: Voluntary Amputee

*Up to this point in the book I've covered extensively male genital body modifications. These are in my eyes the most "pure" of sexually-motivated body modifications, but perhaps a better way of putting it would be "the most obvious". It's no great revelation that someone's sexual fetishes are expressed in their genitals — but as they say, the most important sex organ is the mind, and thus the entire body is the canvas of lust. Even when completely non-sexual in nature (and I believe that it's rare to find someone doing this that isn't an acrotomophile to some extent), amputation, be it small scale (fingers for example) or something as dramatic as a leg, it's almost always done in secret and covered up as an accident — a drive that the advocate bears in private. Joe (who since choosing the name "Four Finger Joe" is actually down to no fingers at all and only two toes on his one remaining leg) wasn't the first amputee I met, but he was a lot of fun because every time I'd get an email from him there'd be some new dramatic — often illustrated with the most graphic and gorey procedure photos — reshaping of his body.*

I'm 53 years old and was born in NYC. I am the oldest of four boys. I can't tell what I do for a living but will tell you this much I deal with a lot of people from day to day. I sell a life time activity.

So far I have five finger stumps, three toes gone on the right foot, and an above knee amputation on the left side.

*Do you remember being exposed to amputation as a child? This seems a common thread, although I'm not whether it's that the early exposure to amputation sometimes creates the amputee desire, or whether someone with that desire already has it from birth, and is thus more likely to notice those with amputations...*

As a little boy my Mom and dad had a neighbor who at times would pick us up from school. This little old man was missing some fingers on the hand that I would always want to hold. At night, when everyone was sleeping, sometimes I would wake up and hide my fingers under the sheets to make my hand look like his, and at the age of sixteen I got that hand. I put my four fingers in a circular saw while working with my dad at home. Back then they wouldn't even try to put them back on, so I knew they'd be gone. It was so fast. There was no pain. After a few days, I knew I was happy — but now I wanted more.

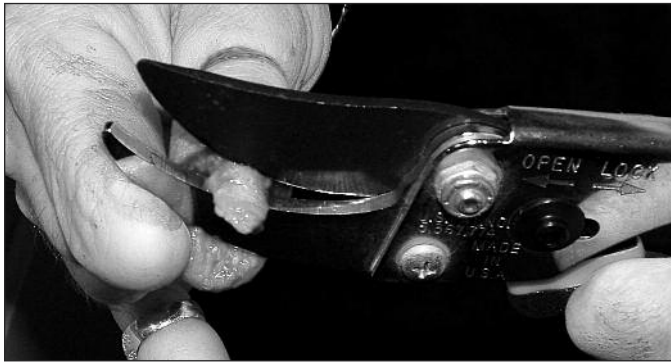
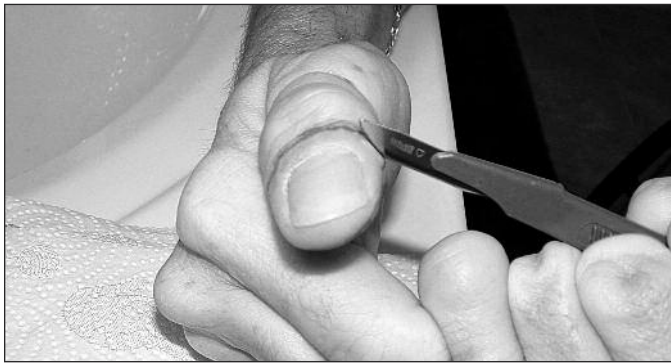
At age twenty-two I did my own thumb with a butchers knife while on a camping trip. One of the reasons I did it out there, so far away from the hospital, was so there'd be no chance they'd be able to get me and the fresh finger to the hospital quickly and reattach it. And the good thing was we had a fire going, so... OOPS! Finger fell into then fire! Can't get it out, so let's go to hospital. Thumb done!

*What did it feel like?*



Top: early finger work, bottom: recent hand reshaping progress.





Step-by-step thumb shortening procedure.

Each time was a wonderful feeling. It is such a rush knowing that you're getting what you need to have — or should I say, not to have!

Moving up from your fingers or toes to your leg seems like a very big step.

When I did my leg, I wanted that so bad. The need to get my leg off drove me to do the most scariest thing I had ever done. I would never tell someone to do it because I just about died, but I needed my leg to be gone. For years after I left home, I wanted to be a leg amputee so badly I use to go on vacations with my leg tied up — nobody ever knew I had two legs. This was AWESOME. Finally at the age of thirty-two, I did it. I got my leg off.

Do I regret it? Hell, no! I love being an amp and I love the feeling of every one of my stumps.

*It sounds like you've always known this is who you are and what you wanted?*

Like I said, even as a child I knew I had to be an amp. One time I told my Dad I wanted to be a pirate for Halloween, and he made and fitted me with a peg leg. He made it out of an old pair of crutches. Well, I was a pirate for the next four years! Now, today as a grown man I don't have to fake it anymore because my leg really is gone.

*What made you take the step at sixteen from fantasy to the real deal?*

When I was young, I use to tie my fingers back and even glue them down, so I could imagine and experience a bit of what it would be like. But when I turned sixteen, I had a job and I could no longer do that because I not have the time to play with my hands. So, I decided that I would go for the real thing. One evening as I was helping my manager close the store where I worked at, I closed the gate on my index finger and it just came right off. There was very little blood at first, and then a moment later when I was looking at my hand the blood began to really come out.

That night I became a finger amputee, and the feeling was "this is right." I knew then that my desires were not false or just fantasy, that these were true feelings. This is the way I am supposed to be. My family just saw it as an accident, and that was fine. They were upset and I had to play the roll. A few years later, I still wanted more but I wanted to do my own, in a controlled situation, where I knew how long, how much bone to clip, how to stitch so on and so on. So I did some homework and at the age of twenty-two I did my middle, ring, and thumb.

*[Unfortunately because I either wasn't paying close enough attention at the time, or because this interview took place slowly over a couple years, I didn't notice at the time that Joe had just told me two completely different version of his amputation. So while I can confirm that the amputation exists, I have no way of knowing how closely his explanation lines up to it. I leave in both versions of his story here not just to let you decide, but more importantly to illustrate that amputees feel forced to make up a story to explain what's happened to them, and how deeply engrained that is. Even talking to me or others who are supporters of voluntary*

*amputation, the voluntary story may not be completely true! This may remind you of some of the eunuch interviews where alternate versions of the castration procedure are presented.]*

I know that to some this is not what is called “NORMAL”, but this to me is as right as anything anybody would want. Some women want large breasts, some men want to be women, some women want to be men, and there is nothing wrong with any that. Why? Because from birth that’s the way they feel and it feels right for them. And so this is for me. Unfortunately you can’t go to a plastic surgeon and say I would like to have these two fingers taken off and get it done. So I do them myself. But there is a safe way of doing it and you really need to find out how it is done with as little loss of blood as possible. I do recommend that if you are going to do something like this, make sure you are ready.

*Do you have any advice for people who are sure this is something they want to do?*

For starters, you need to have all the right tools, and everything should be sterilized. Practice cutting on something other than a real finger. It is definitely best to numb the finger. There are many ways to do this, so choose the method that you feel is right for you. It’s also important that you have sutures to close the wound to avoid infection.

Make sure you know where the nearest hospital is in case anything goes wrong. You need to have a good plan for explaining what has happened because you could get arrested or even put in the loony bin — and we know that you’re not crazy. Most importantly, please, please, please if there is any way you can, make sure you have ANTIBIOTICS because if you should later get an infection you’re going to have to explain not just the missing finger, but why it’s all stitched up and why you didn’t go to the hospital. And most of all, what you really wanted was a finger or two gone, and if you get a serious infection you could find yourself with an arm amputation — that may not be something you’re OK with!

Like anything in life look before you leap. I know of several who have amputated a finger and then after it was done, they wished they never had!

*I’m afraid I know a few people like that too, and I think it’s going to get worse, perhaps from this book, because people may get it in their that it’s somehow “cool” or the epitome of “extreme body mods” to do something like this.*



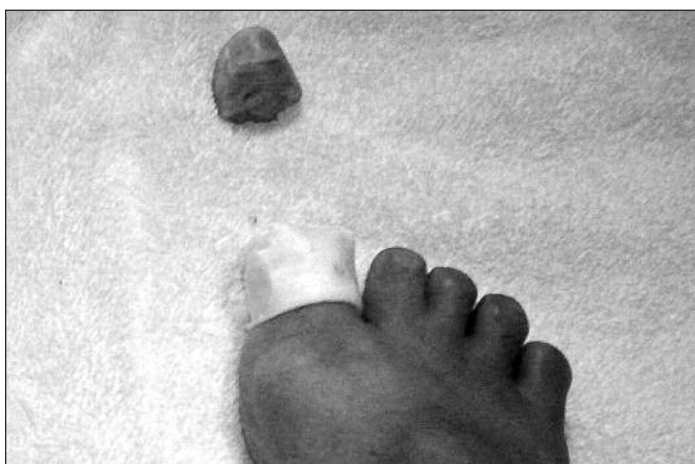
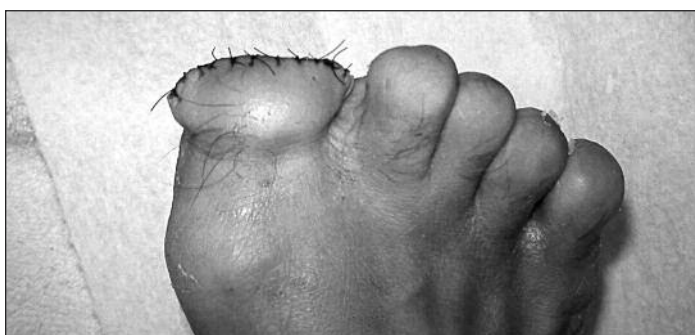
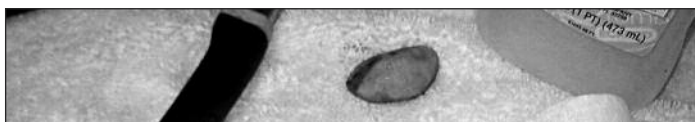
I have amputations, and I enjoy each and every one of them. But this is because it’s the way I feel my hands and body should look like and feel like. I’ve been this way my whole life. I love it, especially once the procedure has healed and looks smooth, as if I was born that way — all my fingers are scar free because of careful wound closure.

Just remember — and I promise you I’m telling the truth here — **they don’t grow back!!!**



This page and opposite: various stages of footwork.





## Denis: A Subincision by Accident

I'm an IT manager in France and have about thirty people under my responsibility. Some of them are aware about the fact that I'm gay and interested in body mods, I'm not trying to hide anything. Some people have also noticed my nipples were pierced because I wear tight shirts.

Since I was very young, my best way to reach great orgasm was to torture my cock and balls in many ways. In fact, I reached my first orgasm tying an iron wire around the base of my cock and pulling very hard backwards. The stress on the cock skin made me come. Regular masturbation didn't really have any effect on me. When I was in my early twenties, I decided to circumcise myself. It had to be a self-circumcision. I got very drunk on gin and just cut the foreskin using a razor blade. This produced a great amount of blood which terrified me first, so I wrapped my injured cock in lots of bandages and didn't touch those until they fell off by themselves about three weeks later. It is amazing that no infection occurred at all.

After I got my nipples pierced by a professional, I decided I wanted a PA, but decided to do this by myself. My frenum was already broken because of too much pulling on the balls and the base of my cock, so I decided it had to be quite low in the shaft and not too close to the piss hole. I just took a large and long nail, a hammer, a wood board and a bottle of poppers. I took in deep breath of poppers and pushed the nail into the shaft as far as I could, as long as I could hold it perpendicular to the shaft so that I could use the hammer on the nail. This was about 1.5cm down the piss hole. I then just hammered the nail which went directly through the shaft and into the wood board. I took the nail out, which produced some

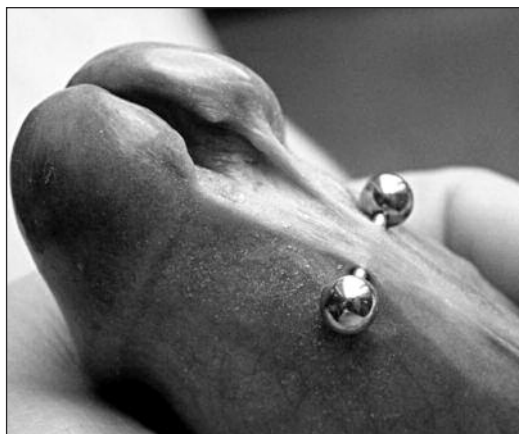
bleeding and replaced it with an 8ga ring inside the freshly made hole. The ring went through without any problems since the nail I had used was quite large. I was really happy with this and I was amazed about how fast it healed. I played so much with this PA that it got loose quite fast and I got to a 0ga ring in less than one year. In the mean time, I had enlarged the pee hole a little bit both ways using a razor blade.

Once while having sex with my partner, he pulled the ring very hard by accident and the PA hole got torn a great deal up the shaft, almost up to the pee hole. It didn't hurt that

much, but the PA hole got so large that I would some times loose the circular barbell since the retaining steel ball would go through the hole. Then, the barbell would just fall down, sometimes right to the floor depending on what kind of underwear I was wearing. This happened to me at work once and nobody noticed because it fell on a carpet and didn't produce any noise!

It was by this time clear that I couldn't wear this ring, which has been quite frustrating. There was no way to put in a larger one since it was already a 0ga. So I bought a regular 0ga CBR with only one steel ball and found out that since there was so little skin left between the PA hole and the enlarged pee hole, it was hurting too much to be worn permanently.

This is when I decided to cut what was left of the skin between those two holes. I just took some poppers again, and introduced a meat cutting knife inside the pee hole and pushed it towards and through the PA hole. The remaining



skin got cut without any pain at all and almost no bleeding. This how I got this partial subincision.

I don't really wish to make the subincision larger than it is now. I'd rather have another PA, which would be very deep, probably a hole which would be approximatively in the middle of the shaft. The problem is to keep the nail I will use perpendicular to the shaft. I am also thinking of a reverse PA which would be really easy to do because of the existing subincision, but I'm a bit afraid of doing this by myself since I would have to pierce through a much more thicker layer of flesh.



## Shawn: Oscar is Cumming

I'm 6'3" and 190 pounds, and am sadly currently single. I'm 29, was born in California and have lived in New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, where I live now. To be honest I've been trying to leave Utah since I got here — I'd rather be in Phoenix. I work part time because I only need to work part time. I couldn't stand work at my current job full time. I've got one year of college and am training to be a computer programmer. Some of my family lives here in Utah but none are Mormons — and never wish to be! I'm the wildest one in the family, with mods and a criminal background.

I started piercing at age twenty — I was at my girlfriend's house, with safety pins, motivated by boredom. I currently have a tongue ring, pubic barbell, a deep transscrotal piercing, an 8ga PA, two crossed guiche piercings, and I just implanted two stainless steel balls in my scrotum three days ago, and have a few more piercings I don't know the official names of. I am planning on implanting more steel balls in the shaft of my penis, and I'd like to do a urethral reroute via a deep PA once this current one heals. With the exception of my tongue piercing, all of these body modifications were done on my own.

*It seems you've been very bored!*

I think it mostly boredom. Also, I think it's a challenge of some sorts.

All my mods were done because it unusual — plus I'd heard they were a sexual enhancement after they healed. Turns out they were right.. although after I've had them for a while it doesn't do anything for me.. I'm sure this is why I keep doing them!

*How did you do the transscrotal piercing?*

I used an 8G needle that I got off of eBay, which is where most of my stuff is purchased. For jewelry I used a 2" long industrial barbell.

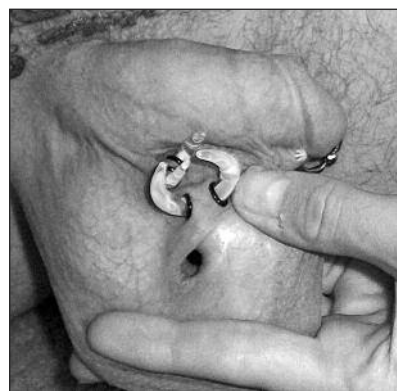
I didn't have any serious problems with the healing, although it took about a year to fully heal. I remember it hurt for many months afterwards. To be honest, I thought about taking it out.



After it healed I have stretched it. I use a rope instead of metal jewelry so air can get in. It seems like when I use stainless steel, the moisture always stays around which causes itching.

*You're lucky it healed so well — so there was no stitching of the front and back?*

Not at all. Although now I realize I was lucky. As a result of doing it that way



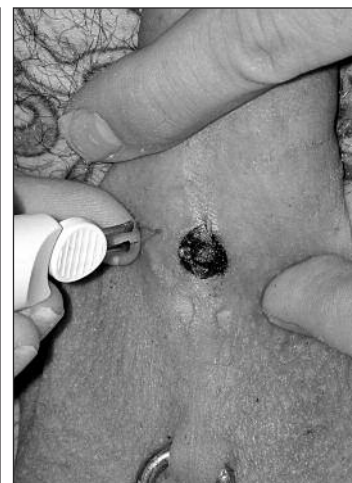
i think that's why I can't wear normal jewelry without it irritating the skin. Mind is deeper than others I've seen as well, about an inch deep plus the skin lays down to produce at least another inch of length. My rope retainer is about 2".

*How did you do your scrotum beads? Are they right inside the scrotum, or just under the surface skin?*

I just inserted them right inside the scrotum. There are two of them, about 1/2" diameter. I used cautery pen and scalpel from BME — then I sewed it up with some fishing line. What can I say? I'm cheap.

*So.. "OSCAR IS CUMMING", right?*

Yes, that's what it says. I designed it then the dude put it on. I just wanted something different I guess. I had that one done professionally along with a devil that is showing his winky, flipping you off with a beer in the other hand. I designed the devil too — three others too, a tiger, a lizard, and a monitor.



## Jean-Michel: LAK Leg Amputation

I am a French engineer, married with children, and am now in my mid forties. I put my leg on railroad tracks and waited for train to run over it just above the knee. I had a touriquet handy, and mobile phone. The surgeon at hospital finished the job off properly. I tell everyone it was a train accident, which is half true.

*It seems a little reckless lying down on the tracks... It seems like that could easily go wrong?*

Yes, it was very risky. I found quiet spot in country with foot crossing, and did it in the dark. I arrived about fifteen minutes before the train was due and checked my cellphone for signal and power. Then just a few seconds before train arrived I lay my leg on track just below the knee.

After the train went past I applied a tourniquet and called for ambulance. It took about an hour for them to find me!!! The train had completely amputated my leg below the knee.

*I thought you said you wanted an above the knee job?*

When I got to the hospital they amputated it again above the knee because of the damage — job done! I think I would prefer a slightly shorter stump, but overall I am pleased with the result.

*What was it like healing from something so serious?*

I was very well looked after, and within one week I was driving. I felt healed in around two to three weeks and was fitted with a prosthetic leg within six weeks. It took me about three months to learn to walk again. I did get six months off work though.

*Seems like it healed really quickly.*

It worked out ok for me. But I was very lucky to survive it.

*Are you happy you did it?*

It feel great! I am very happy with it and I love it. My only regret is that I didn't do it sooner.

*Would you choose a different method if you did it again?*

No. It worked well. But I don't think I will do any more amputations. I do pretend that I have other types of amputations but only for fun.

*Had you been planning this for a long time?*

Yes, since early childhood. I always focussed on legs and in particular the left. It must be above the knee for me.

I had planned the way I was going to do it for about two years. Having finally done it makes me feel normal, content with my body and happy.

*I guess beyond that it's hard to put much of a "why" on it...*

I have some theories and I know there are a number of common factors that seem to apply to most people. I don't know why but I know it feels right for me.





I'm thirty six and was born in Upstate NY to an average middle class family as their only son. I went to college for electrical engineering but dropped out after a yr because I wasn't sure if an electrical engineer is what my life's goal was. Was sort of pushed into the college by my family and advisor, and was accepted as number ten on early admission. So then I went to work as a mainframe programmer at a local company and spent eight years at that job working my way up. Eventually I went to work for a very large computer company and after six months left to work at a business partner. Long story short, I went back to work for the computer company and they moved me to North Carolina where I spent ten years before being laid off due to downsizing. Since I've moved to the west coast, but that's a whole other story. My parents and I haven't spoken in about twelve years due to them not getting along with the rest of the family and not being terribly keen on me being gay — although I now consider myself non-sexual as a Eunuch and not gay. The rest of my family accepted me both times the “big news” was broken to them, first coming out, then telling them I'm a Eunuch. My grandmother said “Well if that's what it takes for you to be happy, then I'm glad”

### *How did you get into CBT and heavier play?*

I've been pretty vanilla most of my life, but in the mid-nineties got into CBT. At first it was very exciting for me, and lead to some limited mutual play as well as some BDSM. Basically I got off on the whole idea. That grew into weights, TENS, clamps, chastity devices, you name it. At the time it was all sexual but there was an undercurrent in the back of my mind that I knew I was doing these things for other reasons. I made lots of gadgets myself, including a “forced milking” cum extractor, balls smashers, etc besides the thousands of dollars of stuff ordered online. Around October of 2003 I started getting kicked in the balls a lot by someone who was willing to do it, just plain kick me as much as I wanted them to. Also around then I got a scrotal piercing and twin dydoes a few months later. Spent lots of time talking online with guys about hurting my balls super bad, but none of that panned out, fortunately. About that time I considered having one testicle removed, in a goofy BDSM submission, to reduce my horniness. After some research, found out that simply is not how things work and the

remaining one would take over testosterone production. Now the CBT got heavier and heavier. Amazingly there was no permanent damage, but that's when it came to me I didn't want but needed to be castrated to reduce or eliminate my libido. Since I've gotten two tattoos and had my scrotum removed. All my surgery was done by Dr Kimmel in Philadelphia — the only safe way to go as opposed to “cutters”.

### *What got you interested in becoming a eunuch in the first place?*

In February of 2004 I found the Eunuch Archive while researching castration/orchiectomy and found loads of information on the site. There were also some fictional stories that at first I would jerk off to, but that subsided quickly as I knew I was serious about the surgery. In May of that year an incident happened between myself and a good — and very straight — friend involving me having a few too many beers and getting way too grabby with him. Then and there I decided to get on course with this to eliminate my ridiculously high libido. No matter how much sex I had and how often I wasn't satisfied with it and felt like shit afterward. The few relationships I did have usually ended up in flames and made me even lonelier. Inside I wanted to be more in control of my libido, and also be somewhat more calm, so castration was the obvious course for me. I spent months, first as a scared kitten, on the EA chat and learned a lot from the other folks there. Some were eunuchs, some were wannabe's and some were just there to jerk off.

I decided to take a six month “test drive” on chemical castration drugs. After the first week it was a done deal but decided to ride it out for a year and then decide. I'm always careful and do lots of research before I make a decision about anything. Well the chemical castration worked well but was really messing with my liver, so by July the decision was made to push up the surgery and I got myself scheduled for September of 2004.

Since then I've become an IRCop (chat moderator) at the EA and made a lot of great freinds, including my soulmate. It's also been an incredible support group and informational front for me — like, “did you have x,y, and z happen?” And one person in particular from the chat saved my life over fourteen times from the mood swings and depression I went through post-op due to no HRT. He and I went back and

forth helping each other in the tough times. He's an incredible person and I love him very very much and want to spend the rest of my life with. What we have is pure love and not inhibited by sex, or looks, or any of that crap. We love each other for who we are.



## Mark: Silicone Freak

*For a while, Mark was the public face of silicone freaks, appearing not just in fetish media, but in mainstream documentaries, making his gargantuan penis and other silicone-inflated body parts an inspiration to many – and nightmare to some. When I first met him, Mark had pushed his genitals to the mega-size-extreme, carrying around a football-sized penis in his pants, but not long afterward, largely due to negative attention rather than his own feelings, he had completely removed the silicone from his penis (although he continued augmenting other body parts) and was debating the other extreme, penectomy. As with many, his modification journey was one of both passion and obsession.*

I was first injected in August of 2000. I didn't keep track of my injection amounts, but on average, I probably got injected every six months with about 300ml each time.

It was incredibly exciting for the first three years or so, but then the excitement started to wane. I was still very proud of it, but knowing that there were a lot of negative opinions about me, it wasn't as fun to "own it" anymore. I also grew tired of being asked the same questions over and over again — literally hundreds of times!

"Did it hurt?"

"Can you still get erect?"

"Why did you do it?"

"Can you still cum?"

I started to avoid meeting anyone new because I got tired of having to explain my motives. I should have at least gotten more involved with the discussions on BME. I probably would have been asked the same questions, but at least I would have been among a community of people who accept body modification, and perhaps I wouldn't have had

such negative feelings about it all.

*How big did you get in the end?*

After the last injection, my penis was twelve inches in circumference and my scrotum was twenty-two inches in circumference. It was awesome, and honestly, I loved it up to the very end. The problem was that I was terribly self-conscious every time I walked out the door. I got to a point where I was only comfortable being at home.

A friend of mine in the UK — who was even bigger than I — had a boyfriend who had some trouble with his silicone injections. He had it removed successfully. A few months later, my friend decided that he had had enough and wanted his removed as well. Again, the procedure was successful. I started to consider having mine removed. I had lived with it for over six years, and I often had a feeling of, "Is this all there is? Am I really going to live with this for the rest of my life?"

I felt like the modification was defining me. I couldn't come up with enough reasons to keep it. The

disadvantages seemed to outweigh the advantages, and so I made the decision to have it removed. I traveled to the UK to have the surgery performed by the same doctor who worked on my friend and his partner. The surgery took six hours. I was told that he removed a total of six pounds of silicone. It's



Mark before beginning his injections.



Mark with over six pounds of silicone in his penis and scrotum, at his largest size before removing it all.





Before and after silicone.

now been one year since it was removed.

#### *Do you miss it?*

Although I still miss some aspects of it, I think I made the right decision. I didn't realize, however, how much it had become a part of me - and not just physically. Although I didn't feel good about the fact that it had defined me, I didn't realize that there were also some very good feelings that came from that. I was incredibly unique, and had done something that very few would have the guts to do. I felt a huge loss, and I went through several periods of mourning. I had put so much time, resources, and emotion into building it up, and to have it all removed in one day was almost too much to think about sometimes. Because it was such an unusual modification, I felt like there were very few people in my life who could understand how I was feeling.

The waves of sadness have subsided, but I still have mixed feelings about having it removed. I'm still glad that I got involved with the injections; I just regret that I was never fully comfortable with it in public or in other social situations.

As you know, I've also had my butt and lips injected with silicone. Maybe it's ironic because there's no way to hide my face, but I truly love the lip injections to this day, and have no regrets about doing it. In fact, I'd like to make them bigger — much bigger. I'd love to have the top lip enlarged repeatedly until it's touching my nostrils; the bottom lip would be equal in size. What can I say? I seem to have a strong drive toward being unusual — and even extreme. Having the lips and butt enlarged has been a happier journey for me. Those areas don't get half the attention that my genitals got, but it's also a less shocking visual image. Everybody has seen large

lips and large butts on men and women, so it's not as big of a deal to have those areas enhanced. Even though my lips are much larger than what would normally be expected on a guy with my ethnic background, I actually get a lot of positive feedback from people, even strangers. I've read that both men and women see large lips as warm and inviting, while the stereotype about thin lips is apparently true: Thin lips communicate feelings of being serious, stern, and even mean-spirited. My butt is certainly bigger, but not in a way that's terribly noticeable. The reactions I've gotten have all been positive.

#### *Do you have any other body modification plans?*

I have a couple of unusual modifications still in mind. With my large lips, I think it would be really interesting, entertaining, and even amusing to have my nose reshaped so that it's something of a cross between a European and an African nose. I've met with two surgeons in Mexico about this already. I just need to decide that I'm actually going to do it.

The other modification I'm considering is a penectomy. I honestly miss being unusual in that area, and with my love for extremes, it almost feels like a natural thing to do now that my huge genital size has been reduced to normal.

If I've learned anything over the course of being modified, it's that it's very important to feel good about myself and to take pride in being as unique as I want to be.

*I guess that with a couple people in the silicone group wanting to get penectomies, I think some people would respond that it speaks to some sort of underlying unhappiness with their genitals in general, going from one extreme to the other — almost like women who get more and more cosmetic surgery but aren't satisfied... Do you think there is a parallel there, or is the silicone work (and then later penectomy desires) more of a seeking of an exotic sexual life experience?*

Oh, it's definitely all geared toward feeling exotic, erotic, experimental, at least it is for me. I can't really speak for the others. My rational side actually would like to have a "normal dick", but the allure of sexual experimentation is



Left: Mark right after his very first injections, and right, early in his journey.



L-R: Mark in 2002, 2003, and 2004

much more exciting and fun to think about.

I understand how it differs from a dissatisfaction with one's appearance, and that's much different. Someone who's not happy with their appearance would more likely go for "regular" cosmetic surgeries — nose jobs, face lifts, etc. — but never being quite happy with the results. I'm glad I don't have that problem. In fact, I think those two different types of people are almost mutually exclusive.

#### *Are you still making movies?*

I've produced a few gay adult movies. The series is titled "Gag The Fag" and features aggressive oral sex between men. For an amateur production, it's been a great success. I can't say that producing "Gag The Fag" is a full-time job — not even close to being full-time, or even part-time! But it is a project I plan to continue.

#### *Who did your procedures?*

I was injected by two "practitioners" — one in Tijuana and the other in the UK. I was referred to the Mexican doctor — a real doctor, by the way — by another guy who had been injected many times. He had received his injections from at least three different sources, and he had nothing but good things to say about the doctor in Tijuana. After about three years, I learned about another injector who was much more

liberal in the amounts he was willing to inject. He was located in the UK.

The Tijuana doctor usually injected 50-150ml in one visit. The UK injector would inject upwards of 500ml in one visit. It doesn't take a lot of silicone for the penis to begin to look really unusual. The scrotum can handle more.

The procedure is pretty simple. The doctor in Tijuana injects an anesthesia, and then injects the silicone. The injector in the UK did not use any anesthesia. There was some pain as the needle was inserted, but once it was in, there was little pain — just pressure as the silicone was injected into the scrotum and underneath the skin of the penis.

#### *What made you want to do this procedure in the first place?*

I was inspired to get injected after seeing someone else on the internet with silicone. His genitals looked enormous. When I first saw his pictures, I immediately started thinking to myself, "This is for me. This is something that would feel natural for me to do." And yes, I wanted to be "extreme" too. I had done various sorts of "sex work" for several years, and had grown somewhat tired of it, but I was still an exhibitionist at heart. I knew this could fill my needs for continuing on this sexual journey I had been on.

I started an online "e-group" about my plans to get injected.





L-R: Mark in 2004, 2005, and 2006

I couldn't believe how much interest there was, and I put a great amount of emotion and energy into this new project. I admit that I loved the attention I was getting.

*Was it about wanting to have a larger penis?*

No, that was never a desire that I had. Of course like most guys, I would have been happy to have a huge penis, but I was satisfied with what I had. I hadn't considered extreme size until I saw the pictures on the internet. It was only about two months later that I was in Tijuana, getting my first injections.

There was no significant change in my functioning during that first year. I think I went for three injections during the first year. After the first couple of sessions, it just looked like I had very large genitals. After the third session, it began to look "modified". I enjoyed the appearance of having naturally large genitals, but that phase didn't last long because my goal was truly to become a freakshow. I was completely driven to go as far as I could go with the size.

*What sort of response did you get from friends?*

I did share my injection project with some of my friends and acquaintances, but most of the support I received came from the online group. I then began to meet some of them in person, and made some new friends. Unfortunately, I also believe that I lost a few friends because of it. They maybe weren't great friends to start with, but in any case, this new journey of mine was just too much for some people to handle. I was too weird for them, suddenly.

*Your comment about other people's opinion greatly affecting your sense of self-esteem and well-being reminds me of a modified friend who moved to Toronto from a smaller town to live with me in the mid nineties. He only had large stretched ears, but that was a lot weirder then than it is now. I remember him coming home from work one day – we were both working at a downtown piercing studio – and basically collapsing on our kitchen floor in tears. He couldn't cope with the subway rides – all sorts of strangers staring at him, judging him. In the smaller town, everyone knew each other and he just wasn't used to this,*

*and I guess that the more people he had to face, the more alone and unusual he felt. Personally I enjoy that feeling, but I may be a bit of a sociopath.*

Although it is easier to find others in the "mod community" in a large city, one also has to deal with the lifestyle of city living, and most of the time this includes dealing with strangers every day - many more than you'd deal with in a rural or even suburban living situation.

I learned from living in San Francisco that I just didn't have whatever it took to be happy being seen as a freak every day of my life. I was talking with a friend recently who said that one would probably have to be a little insane in order to live successfully like that. I'm not sure that insanity is required, but it does take a special breed. I was happy to be an exhibitionist on the internet, and in public when I wanted to get that kind of attention. The challenge was in the fact that I could never turn it OFF. With what eventually looked like a cantaloupe in my pants, it was hard to be comfortable with the stares from people on the street. The worst was when I would see a pack of teenagers - especially a group of girls - even more especially a group of inner-city girls. I avoided them like the plague.

The problem with this kind of modification was that it was almost always hidden, and so almost no one could even imagine what was going on inside my pants. A roommate of mine said it looked like I had a colostomy bag in my pants — not exactly the reaction I was hoping for, but I had to accept that there were probably many others who had the same thought.

There were really only one or two days out of the year that I could feel truly happy and comfortable in public. The Dore Alley Fair and Folsom Street Fair in San Francisco are two events where it's completely acceptable to run around without any clothes on. It's part of the "show" and one of the main reasons people attend these two events. People love a good freakshow, and so I was completely in my element while there. All I had to do was lower my pants and stand

on the side of the street, and within seconds, hundreds of people were staring at me. Most didn't even come up to me; they just stood back several feet from me, staring and whispering to their friends. It really was like a scene out of the old "freak shows" that you'd find in a traveling circus. I loved it for the first three or four years, but then, even those events became tiring.

*You mentioned the boyfriend of a friend, the first silicone removal you heard of, had medical issues that necessitated the removal. What were those?*

He was an avid vacuum pumper, and from I understand, the constant pumping was part of what caused the problem. Silicone decreases the amount of blood and oxygen that can reach the skin and keep it healthy. His skin became so "cut off" from its blood supply that he actually developed gangrene on his penis. I think the removal was, for him, a matter of life or death.

I have known of several men who have said they'd like to have the silicone removed. Until about two years ago, I really didn't even know that removal was possible. So far, however, I only know of myself and three other men who have had it removed. I'm the only American - the other three are

Englishmen. As I think I mentioned, the surgeon who performed the removal procedure is in the UK. Other than the guy with the medical problems, all of us have had it removed by choice, mainly because the thrill had worn off, and it was difficult to live with it from day to day, mainly due to feelings of self-consciousness.

*Besides the social issues and unusual medical problems, what are the disadvantages to silicone work?*

The only other real disadvantage that all of us shared was the difficulty in finding clothes to wear! I actually had custom underwear designed for me. It was quite comfortable, but it did nothing to hide the enormous bulge — if anything, it made the bulge even more obvious. I had a pair of very baggy jeans and a pair of baggy shorts that I could wear, and that was all.

I guess I did downplay the disadvantages a little bit earlier, but for the most part, I was being sincere. I've been teased about the comments I made about wanting to "challenge people's ideas about what a penis should look like", but really, I was being sincere with those thoughts too. I should have been less philosophical about it and just flat out said, "Yep, I wanted to be a freak", and left it at that.



Silicone butt injections, before, immediately after, and healed.





Before lip injections, and subsequent work injecting silicone into the lips.

I was trying to be “interesting”, however, and so I kept talking to fill the silence, a slight mistake that I probably wouldn’t make again if the opportunity presented itself.

*Was the removal successful and are things back to normal?*

The removal surgery was successful. It’s a six hour long surgery, so it’s no small ordeal. Luckily, the surgeon is a specialist in penile reconstruction. I think he did a great job. He was able to remove most of the silicone, but not all of it. Silicone essentially becomes a part of the skin, so it’s impossible to remove it all completely. The procedure involved cutting the skin of the penis and scrotum straight down the middle of the penis (the underside) and opening up the two sides like a butterfly. The silicone is then cut and scraped out, and the skin is sewn back together again. It’s really pretty amazing. I saw pictures of the surgery about a week later when I saw the doctor for a follow-up. Unfortunately, he didn’t send the photos to me, so I can’t share them with you. It’s a rather gruesome sight, really, but I think the BME crowd would probably enjoy seeing them – or at least some of them would.

For the most part, my genitals are back to normal. The only problem – and it’s a “big” problem, so to speak – is that my penis is much shorter than it was before by about 2.5 inches. This is significant. I’ve tried to find out why this happened, but since most doctors have never seen anyone with my particular history, they’re really not sure of why it happened. The most feasible explanation I’ve heard is that the weight of the silicone in my scrotum probably caused my penis to retract back into my body. Whether it will come out again or not, I don’t know. It’s a problem I’d like to resolve, but it doesn’t consume my thoughts. Actually, being the pervert that I am, I’ve wondered if there’s any way to make it even shorter, LOL... I’ve also considered having my penis removed completely. I do miss some of the attention that I got for being so unusual. I think that having it removed would certainly get some attention, and the good thing about that particular modification is that you’re not “on stage” every time you walk out the door.

*Do you have regrets about having gone through this journey?*

I didn’t have any regrets about the sexual limitations that the

silicone placed on me. My only regret in that area came as a result of having it removed, and realizing that I’ve now got a dick that’s shorter than average. Ironical, isn’t it?

I do think that I become a little obsessed with my mods, but who doesn’t go through that? I’m certainly older and wiser than I was when I was going for regular silicone injections in my cock and balls, and so I think I’ve got a better grip on things. With my lips, I’m not even sure that I’ll go as far as I said I wanted to go.

In hindsight, I don’t think I should have stopped with the injections. I truly wanted to go as far as I could go, and for the most part, I did that. Ideally, however, the size would have been perfect after just one or two injections. It was big enough to get attention and still be entirely functional, but not so big that it caused problems — something that I should keep in mind when I look at my lips in the mirror.

*What’s next for you?*

I’ve actually got another procedure in mind that would help me if I ever do decide that I want to hide my lips. It’s a pretty new cosmetic procedure, so like the lips, it could almost be seen as a body modification, depending on how far one wants to take it. I’m looking into having a facial hair transplant. There’s a doctor in Florida who has performed over a hundred and fifty of these procedures, and the pictures I’ve seen so far look pretty impressive. I’ve always been fascinated with the large amounts of facial hair that some guys can grow, and I especially like it when it grows over the lips. I’ve even seen pictures of guys whose facial hair covers both of their lips! It would be an unusual look, but then again, I seem to be attracted to that sort of thing!

The only other “modification” is the silicone in my buttocks. I’d like to go further with those injections, but as I get older – and I’m less of a “bottom” than I used to be – that area is less important to me.

I’ve talked about having my nose “Africanized”, but lately, as I mentioned to you, I’m thinking that maybe a hybrid “white/black” nose might be fine, or even just a smaller “white” nose. I’ve also thought that simply having a smaller, “normal nose” might actually make my lips stand out more, and I like that idea.

*Is it difficult finding people to do these unusual procedures on you?*

I haven't had much trouble finding doctors/practitioners to help me with the changes I've sought. As you know, once you begin to network a little bit in the mod community, and find others who have the mods that you want, they usually know someone who can help you. When I asked my doc in Tijuana if he knew anyone who could give me a "black nose", I was almost flabbergasted to hear him say, "Oh, no problem" as he then picked up his cell phone and called another doctor to ask if he could do it, and what the cost would be. I find it easier to be a "freak" in Tijuana or anywhere outside of the U.S. I think lots of people experience similar feelings when they're out of their normal environment. Suddenly, all of the trappings of their everyday lives are gone, and they're able to feel a greater sense of freedom.

*How have these modifications affected your sex life?*

I haven't had "normal sex" again since the removal. Now, I'm too self-conscious about having a small dick! I guess I'm never happy, LOL... But really, if it could just be a normal size, I think I'd leave it alone. I may want to continue trying to find a way to get the length back rather than chopping it off.

The inability to penetrate actually was one of the thrills of having the huge genitals. I was majorly into humiliation, and so this fed right into that. Besides, I had never really been into fucking or getting sucked, so it didn't matter that I couldn't penetrate. I will admit that I'd like to penetrate now. As we know, our interests really do change over the years, and that's one of the big drawbacks in modifying our bodies permanently.

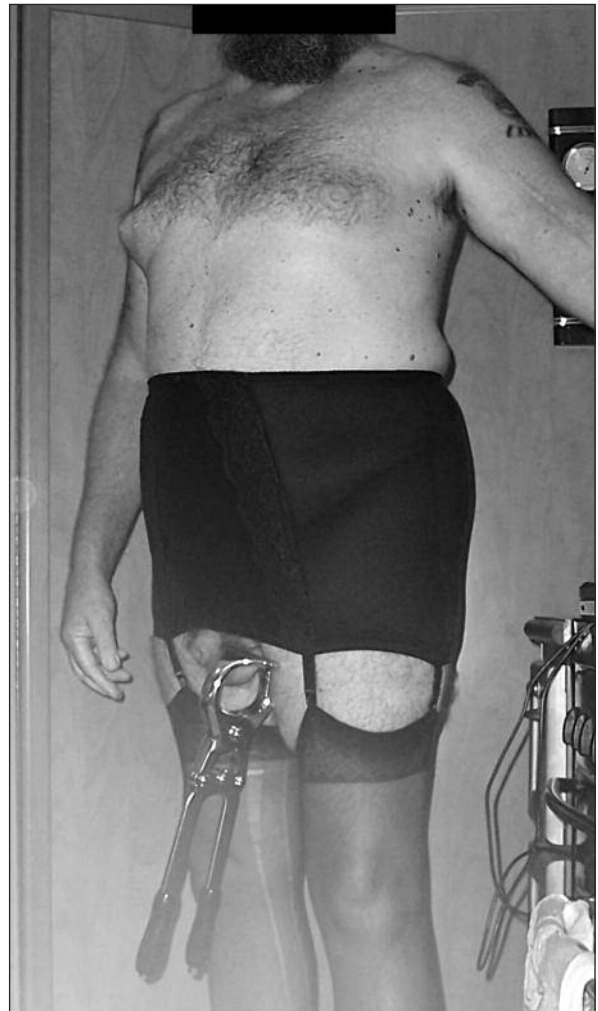
*Any advice for others?*

I don't have much advice for those interested in silicone, other than to state what was obvious for me: You may become tired of it someday. But even knowing this, I wanted to continue.

*Does your desire to be a freak show up in other areas?*

Yes, I think my interest in being unique and extreme has expressed itself throughout my life. I'm highly independent

and have a huge amount of respect for the individuality of others. I believe in "live and let live" much more than most people do.



Above: Ozzy Chris making an attempt with his burdizza (see interview opposite). Note breast development due to female hormones.

Below: Mark's lip development from silicone injection





As a young boy working on sheep and cattle stations I witnessed the castration of thousands of animals using elastrator rings, burdizzo, and the knife. I started experimenting with an elastrator as a teen, and panicked the first time the ring started to bite into my sac and quickly cut it off like a razor blade. But, I was hooked on the feeling of pain to my balls and thought they might die and fall off like the animals we used the elastrators on.

Over the years I subjected my scrotum to pain using rubber bands, rope, weights, and so on. At times I visited a B&D Mistress who would give me cock and ball bondage and pain, including use of needles, rubber rings and weights. The longest time I was able to keep a ring on my balls grew from just a few minutes to over an hour by which time the pain was unbearable! When I cut the ring off the pain was excruciating but pleasant in a sexual way.

After retiring from a successful career, I got divorced I found myself living alone. With the aid of the Internet it was possible to read and see pictures of people who had the same desire as I had, and I read how some of them had been able to fulfill their desire to be castrated. I seriously investigated going to Thailand for an orchidectomy — the removal of the testes, and leaving the scrotum intact — but I kept being drawn back to my childhood remembering the sites and sounds of sheep and cattle being castrated.

I purchased both a burdizzo and an elastrator and started “experimenting” on a more serious level. I also started using hormones to reduce my sexual drive and estrogen to give me that female look, and in fact, my breasts started to swell and became painful and I was delighted with the results! Unfortunately, in my case the use of the female hormones caused thrombosis (blood clots) in my legs and I had to cease using hormones. However, the desire to be neutered remained strong.

I clamped my balls several times using the burdizzo. Unfortunately it was difficult to close them quickly [Editor’s note: if a burdizzo isn’t closed very quickly swelling in the tissue causes the procedure to fail] as the pain — and the thought of the pain — stopped me from closing the clamp quickly enough, even though I used weights to assist in rapid closure.

Finally, I found an elderly cutter named Hugh who lived within an hour’s drive and was willing to assist. The day I drove to his home there was both excitement and some fear. On arrival Hugh made me most welcome. Turns out he was an old bushie who had castrated thousands of animals over the years, and told me he was also responsible for several men becoming eunuchs. I sat on the floor on a sheet of plastic and stretched my scrotum as Hugh tugged the right ball down and tubes to one side.

Suddenly, WHACK! As he clamped my ball, I felt a sharp intense pain and a twang as my severed “tubes” retracted back into my groin. We decided to do the left ball at a later date. We were shooting it on video, but unfortunately the camera failed on us.

Apart from the cut from the burdizzo there wasn’t much to

show... until... On about day three my scrotum turned black, and my right testicle swelled to size of a baseball and I felt quite unwell. The pain slowly subsided and ball shrank to size of a peanut. A few months later when I contacted my cutter to complete the castration, his health had declined and he was in hospital. Unfortunately he never regained his health.

It was watching videos on BME, and seeing other castrations, which gave me the strength to finalize my own neutering. I purchased some Elma cream and was delighted with the way it deadened my balls and skin to such a degree I realized it would be possible to go all the way with an elastrator ring.

After smearing Elma cream on my balls and waiting an hour I fitted an elastrator ring to my balls. There was some minor pain as the ring tightened but it was both bearable and pleasant. At the two-hour mark my balls were a little bluish black and getting cold. I realized I would be a eunuch! The following day the scrotum was a deathly white, felt heavy, and hung lower. There was no feeling whatsoever. It was wonderful walking around with my heavy dead balls swaying!

Day two was a bit of a shock as my balls had turned greenish gray! The skin started to slough off and they STANK! I knew



Using the burdizzo, and the cuts from using it unsuccessfully.



they had to be cut off as the smell was quite noticeable, and I couldn't remain a hermit until they fell off. To be honest, in hindsight my balls and scrotum should have been removed 24 hours after they were banded — that is, before they started to rot and smell!

Using a scalpel and scissors to sever my scrotum took a while, as they are quite tough. I stopped a few times to calm myself down, and to gain the fortitude I needed to finish the mission I had started. I cut the ring off after five days. The wound was red and oozing with clear fluid and there was some discomfort, but not any real pain. I trimmed up the edges using a scalpel as some of the skin was still dying. There was a need to cover the wound with a dressing whenever wearing clothes, and I took two courses of antibiotics, which totally cleared up any infection. I didn't need to go to the hospital or to see a doctor at all.

The wound was totally healed by day fifty. My sex drive plummeted, but for the first week I was still having erections and some fluid when I ejaculated. There were also some hot flushes but never any regrets or depression. My cock started to shrivel through lack of use and erections. Very occasionally I am able to get a halfhearted erection, and with a lot of stimulation have a very weak orgasm.

I feel much calmer and more serene now I have been neutered.





## Hugo: Tattoo Slave

I was born on the first of April 1946, but everyone tells me I look ten years younger. I was born in the eastern part of the Netherlands in a village called Ambt-Delden. I have six brothers and four sisters, although one sister and two brothers have passed away.

*That's a huge family! Are you the only tattooed one?*

Yes, I have a big family but I am the only one who has tattoos and piercings. My family is very conservative.

*How did you come out?*

When I was twenty two, I got married and had two sons, but a few years later I have had my coming out. I am a gay, but I didn't realize that before, when I got married. For the sake of our children we stayed married for another thirteen years but then got divorced in 1989. I met a nice boyfriend from the Caribbean — Aruba — although he lives in the Netherlands. We have been in a relationship for the last fifteen years, and for the last eight years of that we have been living together. In 2000 we got married, but the joy was short lived, because after a once month holiday in California in 2002, we came back and my boyfriend passed away suddenly. It was such a pity. Six month ago I met a new boyfriend, and I am happy with him, but we are living separately, each still in our own houses. My professional job was administrative, a financial



controller, but I'm not working any more. Five years ago I got totally burned out and decided I had to stop working immediately. So I'm in pre-retirement now.

*Is your new boyfriend into tattoos and piercings too?*

Yes, he also likes tattoos, piercings, kinky leather, and so on — we play together all the time, lots of spanking, fisting, playing with the piercings, bondage. And of course sometimes I play with myself too. I love being a sub, so I hope one day I can find a real Master.

*It must have been very difficult coming out as a married man. Was there any link between coming out and starting to get tattooed?*

Coming out... yes, that was very difficult and I had a lot of stress about it in the past. But now it doesn't matter I am happy with it, and everybody knows about it. Everyone knows about my passion for tattoos and piercings as well. Before I came out, as a teenager, I was already interested in tattoos and piercing. So there was no link at all between that and coming out.

*When did you start getting modified?*

When I turned twenty-five I got my first tattoo, and now, more than thirty years later, I have a full bodysuit in Japanese style. My most recent tattoos were done last year, both my wrists, done by a Maori tattoo artist using the traditional method. I also have more than twenty piercings — ear rings, in each I have two or three piercings, a PA, frenum, dydoe, guiche,





labret, and seven more in my sack. The next modification I'm planning is implants in my dick, and my text tattoo is going to be both my feet. I'd like to go to New Zealand with a good friend of mine next year for five or six weeks, and then I'd like to get tattooed by hand, again using the traditional Maori method.

*What was your first piercing?*

The piercings started twenty-five years ago with my PA. I had seen it in the SM gay lifestyle, and I was both excited and horny to see that. I knew right away that it was also something for me.

*I know you got your genital tattoos late in the process — was that because it was hard to find a tattoo artist willing to do it?*

The genital tattooing came late, yes, because it was very difficult to find an artist in Germany, Belgium, or Holland, who wanted to do it. Finally I met a gay friend in the Netherlands and he knew somebody. That same day I went with him to the artist and I was surprised it was one of our members in the Holland Tattoo Club! I don't know if you knew that I've been a member for fifteen years, and for five years I've been the chairman of the club. Anyway, I made the appointment immediately, and after six one hour sessions it was finished. I was so happy with finally getting my genitals tattooed.

*What are you into?*

I like leather, kinky, and SM activities and I am the bottom or slave. I like to be powerless and like to be dominated. I like playing as a dog slave, all tied up by my arms and legs, and then be used — lots of spanking, needles, saline... and my fantasy is still to get saline done and be sounded. I also love play piercing. But it is a pity that I can't find the right



person to do it with me or the right Master. I have some experience with needles and saline but not with sounds.

*What do you think was the drive behind starting to get tattooed?*

I was always interested by strange other cultures and their body modifications, my whole life long... I'm sure that is why I like tattoos and piercings so much. When I was seventeen I saw a movie about the Japanese Yakuza and I was so fascinated by the tattooed bodysuits of the Japanese people. I told to myself that is what I want to get when I am older! And now I have a full bodysuit. The piercings I like too, but I think that's mostly because of how much I like playing with them when I have sex.





## Greg: Penectomy Obsessed

*Every since I've known him, Greg has been completely obsessed with penectomy. At times he tells me he's planning it, at times he tells me it's just happened, and at other times he tells me it's already happened. He's quite good with Photoshopping and casting (taking molds of his penis) and has managed to create very convincing penectomies by gluing his penis inside his body. This was made even more convincing because he had a meatotomy and partial glans liberation and perhaps even partial removal — it's hard for me to know conclusively. There are very few people he wouldn't fooled, but there are very few people who have seem as many modified penises, penectomies, and infibulations, as I have.*

*Every single time I have confronted him, he's been unwilling to cop to it being a fantasy. It's clear that he has a passion for body modification, but it's unclear to me whether the penectomy aspect is pure fantasy, or if it's something that he's leading up to. Personally I think it's fantasy, but it's so hard to say. The problems with this interview exist in a great many of the stories in this book to one extent or another because of how strongly fantasy is tied in to the individual's actions. With the exception of the people that I have a close in-person relationship with over the duration of their modification journey, it can be difficult to completely assess how much of what they tell me is true, and how much of it they only wish was true or want me to believe is true for some reason. When you get someone like Greg who holds on to his story and won't back down, you can imagine how impossible has this makes things for an interviewer when you also throw into the mix that the interview is contacted over email, and generally anonymously. As the old cartoon suggests, "on the internet, no one knows you have a penis"*

I am a Canadian farmer and computer consultant. A voyeur, an exhibitionist, and a long time genital self-modifier. I'm a married heterosexual stuck in a self-indulgent masturbatory lifestyle, which thirty-two years of self-destructive behaviors finally ending in a penectomy have not cured. It all started off as fantasy when I was a young lad, and got more intense over the years. My wife is a qualified vet, so the procedure done with her assistant and was sterile and proper. The key was having me sedated to the point that I didn't get upset or interfere, and the cool thing she did was leave enough of my urethra to split open and sew over the stump, making me a big clitoris-like button.

Looking back on living without it for the past five years, I would give or do anything to have my cock back again. Yes, I get really horny all the time, and get off on showing off my unique stump in public whenever I can. It gives me a thrill to see the reaction from people when they see me at the beach or in the gym. But I loved my penis, way too much, and I just don't understand how I let a stupid fantasy turn me into a freak.

*You've told me in the past that you've done long-duration infibulation?*

After I had done a two-year-long infibulation, I was so thrilled to have my penis back outside my body. In the late 1990s I went too far and ended up removing my glans in one particular hot knife modification frenzy. After it healed, my wife and I decided that I needed a cooling off period before I

did anything more extreme and suggested we try an extended period "away" from my genital obsession by permanently infibulating my remaining shaft to teach me some self control. This thrilled me at the time, and for a while was a



The real Greg? Below: glans loosening or liberation I believe.



very satisfactory solution.

In 2001, we performed a 'cut and tuck' around my shaft base, leaving a small urinary exit hole. This was great when flacid, but over the past year and a half erectile swelling has been extremely frustrating (although we have discovered the real meaning of sensual intimacy - few things can satisfy a woman better than a truly frustrated horny man). Normal body functions and daily hygiene were a major chore, and I was non-orgasmic (except for occasional unconscious nocturnal releases).

*[I went into this conversation assuming that he was referring to the infibulation I could tell he was doing from the photo — gluing his penis inside his body — but it soon became obvious that he was imagining the same procedure but done surgically.]*

My release from this torture came about because of the usual aging male condition of the enlarged prostate. During a checkup with my new open-minded urologist, he suggested that I should consider undoing the closure, and that it would be relatively superficial surgery which could be done in the out-patient clinic at the hospital. Well, I thought that it would be good to look like a normal man again, and it made the necessary urothrosopy possible, so we booked the surgery. I explained to him what he was going to see when my shaft was freed, and that didn't phase him.

On the day of surgery, two nurses were present with us, but he was adamant about no guests and no cameras, which I can accept professionally. With my feet in the stirrups and naked except for my gown, one nurse cleaned my off my bare pubic zone with betadine and draped green towels over my legs and stomach. He administered six injections at various points around my bulge and checked for feeling. When numb, they inserted a catheter all the way into my bladder and hooked it to a bag. Then he made two tiny incisions at either end of the infibulation scar. He poked a surgical probe through the cuts in my skin and felt at various points around my infibulation scar, probed carefully beneath the surface. With pressure from one hand down on my pubic bulge he deftly made one cut with the scalpel between the two small incisions right beside the old scar and when he released pressure out popped my old friend just like that! Oh it was beautiful to see it again!

After more washing, swabbing and rinsing, he performed some other minor snipping with surgical sizzors to re-align the basal skin and began stitching around the base. The

whole thing took less than twenty minutes! I took three weeks for the cut to heal, enough to remove the stitches, and I refrained from any stressing activity as instructed. I was told I shouldn't maintain any erections through the healing period. Of course that was no problem, because now that it's free, when it swells up and anything touches the exposed

cavernosa ends I usually squirt within seconds.

We're both absolutely thrilled with having my big four inch erection back. You can hardly see the basal scar (right at the shaft hairline). I had forgotten how good it feels to have my swollen cavernosa sticking straight out again and I feel like a real man again when I'm at the gym - guys don't stare at me as much. The blunt end makes it a little tricky to use for sex, so my urologist booked me an appointment with a plastic surgeon. We are planning to re-create a glans by trimming back two inches of the sheath and foreskin and sculpting a ridge and neck like a real male penis with a full rounded mushroom head. I was told that to re-create a rounded head, it would end up another half inch shorter, as the urethra is recessed a fair bit and the cavernosa would have to be trimmed and tapered to match. The tips of my shaft cylinders are extremely sensitive, and he assures me it will be much like my original head in appearance and sensation. I will look natural though small when flacid, but unfortunately they can't guarantee much more than three inches erect without cutting suspension ligaments and such. Still, that's better than some men have, and

better than I've had for the past while, and it's great to stand at a urinal again.

*[A little while later I heard from George again.]*

I have readed the end of a long road to freedom. My wife and our veteranerian friend removed the last four inches this past spring, and I am now free from my obsession with my genitalia.

All my friends male and female have confirmed that was the proud owner of the smallest penis they have ever seen on an



Above: elastrated, below: glans infibulated with glue.





adult male. Less than half the size of most of my friends erections, but when flacid I'm no different than anyone else and I look quite normal in the locker room. The difference is when I get really hard, my cock doesn't grow much larger, it just fills up solid.

They all agree I have the best self-done mods though. When I confided in Janis, one of my friends, about my penectomy desires a few years back, she started joking with me regularly, offering that she would sleep with me, if we cut it off and let her keep it afterwards as a souvenir of the smallest one she'd ever had. It really excites me to think that she is serious about this. We have become very good friends and have been with each other naked frequently, but Janis has never let me couple with her, as she says that might hurt our friendship. I love to eat her pussy and she lets me go down on her often. She sometimes sucks on my meat and does me with her hands, but whenever I get carried away and want to come inside her she stops me saying she's afraid of what might happen to our friendship afterwards. Janis says I'm the best with my mouth of any man she's ever been with and doesn't want to spoil what we have by putting my little penis in and

shifting my focus. Janis assures me that my tiny little cock couldn't possibly satisfy her like her other hung boyfriends and she wouldn't want to shatter my ego by proving it. She has several regular boyfriends, and she always confides the intimate details of all her sexual encounters with them, including their fantasies. It seems I'm not the only one who fantasizes over cutting my penis off. Two other guys she does cum hard and strong when she tells them that she is going to have a penis trophy hanging around her neck very soon and it might be them, that this might be their very last fuck.

*I've edited a great deal more pornographic fantasy here, including his wife joining them and getting into a competition over who would get to cut his "little piece of meat" off. And it goes on for a very, very long time, as do detailed technical details of various following procedures. I don't think there's much point in filling page after page with fantasy. I continued to hear from Greg over the years, but while I believe I've seen "the real Greg" in photos, I've never heard the real story from him directly.*



On this page are various infibulation pictures, I believe done by gluing his penis inside his body, with the glans held open, also by glue.

## Derko: Castrated Octopus in Heat

I'm 57 years old and grew up in a small provincial New Zealand town, where I spent holidays on my uncle's farm hay making, shed handing, and castrating and branding young livestock. When my grandfather came to the farm to castrate the bull calves, my job was to hold the little buggers down with their legs spread whilst he cut off the bottom third of the scrotum. Then he'd get the doomed balls in his mouth and chew through the cords. Fuck, that was one horny job! I had a raging hard-on the whole time, leaking precum into my shorts.

*That seems like a pretty intense way to do a castration — you have to be pulling my leg? I grew up on a farm and we occasionally castrated as well, but we used a burdizzo. Seems to me that biting the cords is a bad way to castrate, but a great way to get kicked in the head... Are you kidding with me or is this a fantasy?*

No, I am serious. One hundred percent. The problem with cutting the tubes is there risk of bleeding, whereas grinding the cords between your teeth severs and seals!

I went to school until age eighteen, with a couple years of university that I dropped out of on account of being more interested in truck drivers and blue-collar types. I drove a truck for three years and then headed off to Europe.

My parents absolutely hated tattoos and forbade me from getting one. This meant I had no choice but to get one where they wouldn't be able to see it, so at age fourteen I got my firstattoo. It was a snake on my cock, that I traded for a blow job. I also have a snake fighting an eagle and some Marquesan designs on my chest, a dragon on my right arm and a cobra on the left, a pubic tattoo of two dragons



Derko's penis, a placement to hide it from his parents, showing the snake tattoo he traded for a blow job at age fourteen.

guarding an eagle, the octopus in heat on my butt, and a homoerotic backpage of a slave holding up a sphere... I think tattooing must be in my DNA or etched on my soul or something. If I was going to do it over again, I think I'd cover my whole body in full Marquesan ink, including my head and face — Nuku Hivan! To be a tattooed warrior is to connect yourself to our primeval past, before the missionaries came and cloaked us (clogged us?) with their guilt.

*Speaking quite seriously, I actually think that there is a genetic link to body modification — I know they've discovered that there is a gene linked to self-cutting behavior.*

Well, it has to be a connection like that — I'm sure it's not just random.

*Is tattooing actually a part of your ancestral bloodline?*

Yep. I feel very strongly about my primitive self.

For me, being inked or pierced is also a profoundly sexual experience. I always get an erection before being inked, and during the process... Same thing with cock piercing, which earned me my piercer's \$200 ejaculation fine. So far I've gotten four dydoes at 14ga, a 9mm ampallang, which was dermal punched, four scrotal rings — since retired — as well as my surgical cock mods. Those started with a self-done clamp-and-cut meatotomy, then a partial subincision done under local anesthesia with a scalpel and cauterization and sutures, and finally a full subincision a few months later using surgical scissors and also under anesthesia. Beyond the meatotomy which I did myself, all of the subincision was professionally done by cutters.

When I got older, inspired by the castrations on the farm, I moved on to banding myself with an elastrator, using blue or green rings or a combination of both... I've worn up to twelve rings as a shaft of skin trapped in rubber. I cum much better when banded! Banding became a very addictive practice in my sex life. Rural New Zealand has many sheep shearing sheds. I would drive to them, park the car, and "creep" into them. The thought of being discovered added to the excitement. Invariably there would be wood and dags — shit-encrusted wool — spread over the slatted wooden flood. I would undress to just a black singlet, pulled up over my head, lie on the wood and start up the shearing machine and clipper the hair off my chest and pubes. The smell of sheep shit is a huge turn on to me. I would cum very easily in a shed full of pheromones!



Derko's subincision at the halfway point.





Top: closeup of the face of Derko's "Octopus in Heat"  
 Middle: Just before finishing the final bit of the tattoo.  
 Bottom: Ink dripping out of Derko's now all-black ass-beak.

You know, of course my first genital modification was being circumcised — but I had no choice in the matter so it is awesome to be able to modify one's body exactly the way you wish. I like the fact that my current modifications have all been done with my approval, and what I have had done so far is only the beginning. In time, my aim is to become a total nullo, shorn of all semblance of external sex organs. In fact, I will be castrated later this year by the same cutter that did my full subincision. After that, a full bifurcation and then total penectomy.

*You're actually not the only person to tell me this plan, but why go through the steps? Why put all the work into a split if it's just coming off? Or is it just to experience life in all ways?*

YES! I really want the experience of having my mods staged. I find getting modded very enjoyable.

Even though I want a penectomy and castration, I don't want to be feminised. I am very happy being a butch bottom, and I consider myself to be 110% male. Besides now having to squat to pee — a minor annoyance — I can't think of anything I don't like about my mods! I'm also looking forward to a urethral relocation so make urination easier.

*What kind of play activities do you enjoy?*

I actually did my very first saline session last night. I put 500cc into my cock and 500 into the sac. It was very hot, but my cock looks very bruised today. Mostly though my CBT activities are quite limited and are mainly confined to being banded and fucked. Though I have carried out ball exposure scene on myself — there was lots of blood and a great rush of endorphines! WOW. I would do it again, or have it done to me... hopefully soon.

*That sounds intense. What made you go for the ball exposure?*

The ball exposure scene was done after a period of really turning myself on, after a long, intense banding scene. My blood was up and my desire to cut open my sac and have a look was such an immense and uncontrollable desire. I couldn't stop myself.

*Is it hard finding guys into this in New Zealand?*

Yes, very. I deliberately got the octopus tattoo where it is so I could attract tops to fuck and fist me. It's like being a bitch on heat — very animalistic — but then, that is who I am.

*Who knows about what you've done?*

Not many — but of the people I have shared this part of my life with, I've only gotten a positive reaction from.

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*Derko and I didn't talk again until four years later, at which point some of his additional modification plans had come to fruition, most importantly his castration — "I am now a eunuch," he told me. "I'm hoping I can see my cutter again this summer, because I am hanging out for a cock stubbing and a reroute, and actually, I can't wait!"*

*I told Derko about my health problems, and he told me about his own, a large meningioma in his brain that required an eight hour surgery that turned him epileptic, causing him to lose his license for twelve months after a serious seizure. In more pleasant "small world" news, it turned out that I knew several of his*

*cutters, his initial partial sub having been done by Howie (Luna Cobra) who had tattooed my eyes, and his second cutter and castrator, Matt, was another friend that I'd met when he visited me in Toronto for ModCon. I'd gotten to know Matt not as a cutter, but due to his own cock mods, a split glans, and his love of ball torture — which had acutally reduced him since we'd seen each other to just one ball after too many (or should I say "enough") alcohol injections to the testicle killed it. That dead ball ended up being removed via his abdomen! Derko then began by telling me how his castration had gone.*

We did my castration in a motel in Dunedin. Matt began by taping my cock out of the way. He opened up my sac with one centre-line cut and pulled out my balls through the incision. He then sliced away the tunicas and clamped and cauterised the tubes. The best part was that he allowed me to cut off the last one, which I found very hot! We were really pushed for time as I had an aeroplane to catch so we didn't manage to cook the severed bits. I flew back to Wellington with my severed balls in a plastic bag, and later I buried them under a Kowhai tree, which is growing great.

*How was the healing from the procedure?*

I developed a bad scrotal infection which required a visit to the emergency room, where I found myself the centre of attention. There were lots of interested urologists inspecting my wound. Since castration is illegal here, Matt and I had already devised a story that I could tell the doctors in case something went wrong. I told them I had done the castration myself. I was prescribed some antibiotics and then had to spend the next six weeks spreading my legs and getting the wound cleaned professionally. Unfortunately all the nurses were female, so no cheap thrills there!

*Because of my CBT-themed pornographic chest tattoo, I'm never quite sure whether I should warn doctors before disrobing. After a while I realized that mentioning it just made things needlessly uncomfortable, and anyway, the doctors assured me there was little they hadn't seen before. What kind of response have you gotten medically?*

"We don't want you upsetting other patients," the nurses

would say to me. Hospitals here tend to be rather conservative, so nurses were concerned when I walked down the corridor clad only in surgical gown. You can imagine what my urologist thought when he cauterised the low grade cancer growths from the lining of my bladder! He had to put a cautery pen up my tattooed and fully subincised cock. It may have made his job easier, but WOW, he must of been saying to himself, "what a freak!"

That doctor actually had very little "bedside manner".

Frankly, he was appalling! When I was first diagnosed with bladder cancer I always brought a "support team" with me whenever I visited him, and I guess that made him feel a little uncomfortable. Also, he had a surgeon's view of things — "if it's fucked let's remove it" — but I had no wish to be made impotent or incontinent. I did ask him to castrate me, but bugger, he declined.

*Are you on testosterone?*

Yes, I am on HRT [*Hormone Replacement Therapy*]. My doctor, who knows I am a eunuch but never discusses it, injects 1ml of Sustanon into my butt every three weeks. He often sees the octopus and it doesn't seem to phase him! Guess like your experience in hospitals "we have seen it all before" though I doubt it!

*Are you happy with what you've done?*

Life as a eunuch is great. I have only one regret, which is that I didn't have the balls — no pun intended — to get this operation done forty years ago.

"The human body is the best picture of the human soul."

— Ludwig Wittgenstein



500cc saline in Derko's scrotum and 500cc more in his penis, done some time prior to his eventual castration. In the left photo, note the scar on the rear/right of the scrotum, left over from his ball exposure play.



## Stuart: Labial and Transscrotal Obsessions

I am now 56, born and raised in “Middle” England (in both senses of the word!) into a traditional farming family. I have a brother and sister but both are much older than myself so, in effect, I was an only child. After a good education at a choir and boarding school, although I didn’t bored, I left and joined the family farming business. This was incorporated into a company when I turned twenty-one and continued working with my brother and others until his retirement about three years ago. I now run the company and farm single-handed although my wife is now a fellow director — a sleeping partner! — hence much of the time I work on my own with the livestock.

As far back as I can remember I was abusing my genitals at times even before I was masterbating. Why? simply because it was ‘nice’ and I think it would have been during one of these sessions when I first had an orgasm, so I have probably always associated abuse and pain with ultimate pleasure. This abuse would take the form of tying up, partially suspending from my genitals, or other ways of creating pain, mainly the testicles. It would be some time before moving on to heavier abuse although I remember being very turned on if ever there was accidentle bleeding. This naturally led on to my first experience of nailing probably in my teens. Although I have only ever done it through the scrotum, it was and still is a very intense feeling and surprisingly painless.

I think it would be around my late teens when I started to think about circumcision, which was to be my first serious body mod. I had been unhappy with my foreskin since early teens being unable to retract it over an erect penis and envying those circumcised dicks seen in the school showers. Even then, I had fantasized about cutting it off but never dreamt that one day I would do it. In passing I mentioned it to my wife, who agreed that it was too tight, and she said if I was serious I should go to the doctor. This didn’t appeal to me as no doubt deep down I was wondering about doing it myself. Over the next few years, experiments with carving knives and other tools resulting in pain and scars convinced me that a different approach was called for but I was becoming more serious and determined to remove it. It wasn’t until my second child was born and my wife was in the hospital that I actually did it. I remember it being very intense as I didn’t really know what I was doing — there wasn’t even an internet then! As it happens, all turned out well and even my wife, who is not interested at all in mods, agreed it was better.

*I’d love to hear about this in detail. Like you said, this was forty years ago, so you were really operating by the seat of your pants!*  
I guess it was a case of “ignorance is bliss”!

As my wife’s pregnancy was nearing it’s end, I began to think of ways in which to do it without too much pain or blood. The day before she was to go into hospital arrived and it was now or never! I had decided to try for a bloodless method. I pulled the foreskin forward over a small plastic tube, and then put a tight elastic wound it. After about five minutes this started to get very painful, but I was determined to see it through, and somehow I got through a evening at the pub and later a disturbed night in bed. By morning my foreskin



Stuart’s healthy and healed stretched transscrotal piercing done by Howie, after a lifetime of misadventures leading up to it.

was deep purple and it was impossible to see the rubber band. The pain had thankfully gone, and in fact, I had no feeling at all, so I felt I was making progress. I figured it would be an easy job to chop off the foreskin with scissors, and with no pain or difficulty I managed it, and figured when I removed the rubber band all would be well and I'd be done.

I couldn't have been more wrong!!!

The end looked horrible, with bits of puss-covered black skin and would not retract at all. I didn't feel like I could face the questions at the local emergency room, leaving me only one

option — drastic action was called for! I was starting to panic. Pain or no pain, I was going to have to chop more off, so, armed with new scalpel blades, I tried to find the courage to go ahead. I remember thinking what a recipe for disaster I'd gotten myself into, but I had to go through with it now. I stood there with my foreskin in one hand and a scalpel in the other, and decided I'd have to make as many hard cuts as possible before the pain hit me. I steeled myself and began.

I think I managed to chop through

about half way through the skin's thickness before having to stop. It hurt so much! I ran cold water over it to both wash the blood off — it was really pouring out — and to try and deaden the pain. Soon I was tried again and this time I think I managed to carve through the thickness of the foreskin, making the glans just visible through the wound. With each cut a few more millimeters of hole appeared. The cold water seemed to be slowing down the bleeding too, as I gradually cut all the way round my abused foreskin. The whole thing took about two hours from the first to the last cut and I can still remember the relief of that final cut when the skin came away in my hand.

#### *What was that like?*

The thought of having chopped off my foreskin was really exciting and made the now gradually subsiding pain more than bearable. With the glans in full view, my dick looked great, apart from the large bloody wound where the foreskin had been. It didn't occur to me that the two edges probably needed sutures and I couldn't bear touching them anyway. I

wrapped some tissues around my dick, went to bed and waited for morning. In the morning everything looked OK. Although sore, there was no pain or bleeding, so carefully dressing I went to work as normal, feeling very pleased with myself.

#### *Did it heal OK?*

The wound gradually began to knit together over the next few days and the soreness disappeared. When my wife came home and saw the result I think she was secretly impressed although I was in trouble for being so reckless! Eventually, I dared to begin

moving what was left of the foreskin with no real problems. It appeared completely healed although with a big scar, although with a large scar.

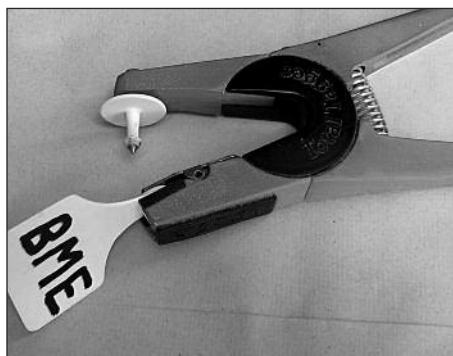
Looking back, I was probably lucky I didn't bleed to death or suffer some infection! But I'm pleased I did it, and if anyone asked me for advice about doing it themselves, I'd have to say, "GO FOR IT!"

From this point, I turned my attention to piercing and managed to persuade her to get an inner labia piercing, which she has worn for many years.

#### *What gave you the idea that you wanted your wife to have a labia piercing?*

In an adult magazine I read a review of a newly released film called "Story of O", and a while later I found it at the newly opened rental shop. My wife and I consumed some wine and began watching it. After seeing the first few minutes I began to have second thoughts about my wife watching it, but she enjoyed it more than expected — and I was completely hooked, particularly with the scenes relating to the genital piercing. I really think that it changed my life. I couldn't stop thinking about it and eventually persuaded Mary that she should have a piercing.

As farmers, hypodermic needles were easy enough to get hold of. Having bought a pair of thin earrings — our first mistake — we picked an evening to attempt it. Mary lay on the bed and spread her legs, unsure what to expect. The plan was to pierce with the needle and then thread the wire of the earring through the hole. Picking what I thought was the



An ill-advised eartag farmer-style attempt



An ill-advised split-steel weight attempt



perfect place on her right inner labia, I told her to take a deep breath and pushed the needle through as quickly as I could. She hit the roof! It hurt, but it was through and stage one was complete. Withdrawing the needle — second mistake — I tried to push the end of the earring through the small hole in her labia. I found it impossible to follow the hole through and after several attempts, had to abandon the idea.

#### *What did you try next time?*

I thought we could find a needle into which I could push the end of the earring and follow the needle through as it was withdrawn. More nervously this time, she again lay on the bed, legs wide open. Deep breaths and the needle went through — the same reaction plus a few choice words — but the earring, threaded into the needle, was carefully drawn through, producing more curses and new words. But it worked! The ring was in position, I was over the moon, and Mary, although uncomfortable, was pleased it was over. I assured her that the pain would only be temporary — third mistake — but three or four days passed and she complained that it was worse than before. I tried to persuade her to keep



The even more ill-advised “just sit on a scalpel” attempt at a DIY transscrotal.

it but she yanked it out, throwing it across the bathroom crying “never again!”

The next few days were a bit frosty, as she was angry that I had put her through the pain, plus I was devastated that we didn't succeed. As far as Mary was concerned that was the end of the matter, but the next opportunity came however by accident. During our second son's birth, the midwife had accidentally cut her labia with the scissors, and being a midwife not a seamstress, the stitches came undone and it healed gaping open. After some repair, she was left with a slit about 1/2” long, so there was no need to pierce her. More cheap earrings — fourth

mistake — and she was looking beautiful. Sadly, this was not to last, as after a short time the labia began to weaken and eventually gave way, probably because of the thin gauge.

#### *Did you give it another try after that?*

It was a definite NO every time I mentioned the subject, thanks to the previous trials... But as with anything that you want but can't have, it became an

obsession. I thought she would be happy with the piercing and it was just the pain stopping her, and thought about other ways of achieving it. I had heard ear piercing was relatively painless when done with a piercing gun so thought this might be the answer. So I bought one from a local beauty supply store and took it home and started trying it on various bits of my genitals. To my delight, it didn't hurt at all! Well, not much. I was sure this was the way and that all I had to do was persuade her. She kept saying no, which brings me to a part of the story I'm not proud of.

I resolved that I would pierce her labia whether she agreed or not and began to scheme. We regularly practised bondage, and I often tied my wife to our bed or even some of the beams in our house. I took care planning how I was going to achieve my objective and hiding the loaded gun at the bottom of the bed was ready. Things went smoothly and, as she was blindfolded as well, had no idea what I was about to do. Retrieving the gun from its hiding place, I carefully placed it in position around her labia. She suddenly felt this cold object on her most tender parts and instinctively reacted. It was now or never! I pulled the trigger and the gun fired, piercing her labia with the stud. To say the shit hit the fan would be an understatement. Needless to say, we didn't have sex and I was made to untie her whereupon she yanked out the stud and flung it at me, accusing me of physical and mental abuse. Eventually we began to talk and I tried to explain just what it meant to me for her to have a piercing. To her credit, she listened, and realising how much it meant to me, agreed to have another go. This time there was no need for ropes. This time the gun produced only a mild expletive and at last, she had a piercing that was comfortable. I fixed a very small ring onto the end of the stud, and had a larger one made at the local jewellers which she is quite happy to wear on “special” occasions. Even now, twenty years



Using a DIY hole-punch (less ill-advised)

on, I get this thrill every time I see it.

During this time, I still had the urge to continue with my self-abuse, mainly the scrotum and testicles. This feeling would be overwhelming at times and only disappear with a good “session” of hanging or more later perhaps of cutting. Strangely, it doesn’t always lead to masturbation but there is always a feeling of calmness and relief afterwards. It is now over ten years since I decided that I also wanted to get a genital piercing. This came after reading about the different piercings in a “health” magazine. I decided to go for an ampallang and successfully had this done at a studio in the local city — although it took my wife a long time to accept it. I spent the next few years gradually stretching up to 10mm which is where it is at today although perhaps unique in that it has a 12mm ridge which sits in the urethra holding it in place. This was done to prevent the balls from moving into and stretching the piercing even further.

At about this point in my life I discovered BME, and it became apparent that I wasn’t the only one with desires such as these. When I saw the section on transscrotals knew that’s what I wanted! It has taken some time to get my wife to accept my desire and during this time I became more and more frustrated with the wait. I am sure this drove me to be more serious abuse using scalpels and knives on my scrotum to appease my urges — even to the extent of welding steel rings around the testes, which involved a painful process of removing them with a hacksaw... the rings that is! Eventually, my wife accepted my desire for a transscrotal piercing and after a few false starts, one when I tried to do it myself unsuccessfully, we arranged for Howie to do one for me properly.

*Would you mind telling me about some of the trials that made you decide to have Howie do it?*

I was pretty sure that I could make the hole no problem after my past experiments, but my big problem was how to suture the two sides together which I knew was essential for it to heal safely. I had also experimented with what are in fact livestock tags. These consist of two 30mm self-locking discs designed to go through animal’s ears, leaving a gap of around 10mm which I felt was about the thickness of the two sides of the scrotum. I therefore reasoned that this could be a way of holding it together long enough for them to heal together. I picked a day just before Christmas when I knew I wouldn’t be disturbed, and which would be followed by the family coming home to stay, giving me chance to avoid any awkward questions from my wife. I carefully devised a method, even to the extent of listing everything I would need so that I wasn’t caught in the middle of it lacking some important piece of equipment. In fact, this part went smoothly — I numbed it with an injectable anesthetic, used rods and elastic bands to form a clamp that force the testes as high as possible giving plenty of room to work, and then punching a hole with a sharpened piece of 15mm chrome pipe. Using a 10mmx15mm spacer to form the hole, the two discs

were then locked into place. Simple, or so I thought!

A few days passed with few problems, although the first night I suffered a major bleed-out, probably due to a nighttime erection pulling on a cut edge. Fortunately I had made it to the bathroom, and with a pad and pressure the bleeding soon stopped. Returning to bed with a bandage fixed to prevent a re-occurrence, the night passed without further incident. It was uncomfortable, but I had been expecting that, and by the sixth day felt progress seemed good. No further bleeding and the swelling seemed to be going down. There was however, some discharge, but nothing that I felt was out of the ordinary. Feeling confident, I decided to talk to a piercer friend about it. When I told her what I had done, her immediate reaction was that it had been tried before and she didn’t think it would work. She said the usual result was poor healing and infection. The seeds of doubt sown, the next morning I decided to have a good look to see what was happening. Sure enough, to my dismay, one side had in fact disappeared into the scrotum leaving the cut edge outside the disc. It was obvious that this was never going to knit together, and so, reluctantly I made the decision to abandon the idea. The only way to remove the discs was to cut them but with one disc hidden inside the sac, that was not going to be easy! As panic began to set in, I managed to cut off the bottom one, but this still left a 30mm disc inside a

15mm hole! There was no choice but to grab it with a pair of pliers and force it through. It was painful but necessary, and after some sweating necessary and I stood there recovering.

I vowed to listen to the experts in future, and eventually had it done professionally. At least I still have my nuts!



Above: Stuart’s big ampallang. Below: Initial white teflon transscrotal jewelry, and later the heavy metal jewelry (by Howie). Note also the results of the DIY partial circumcision.





## Hans: Tattooed Penis Amputation

*When I first met Hans, he had a series of DIY tattoos over his penis and scrotum — a combination of blackwork and women's names. He told me he was thinking about a variety of genital modifications, perhaps a glansectomy or some splitting, but that his final plan was a penectomy. As well as pictures of his real modifications, he sent a series of edited fantasy images imagining himself penectomized. Our conversation began in early 2005, and continued on and off until late 2012.*

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I'm fifty seven. I was born in The Hague, The Netherlands, and grew up in Haarlem, in a normal family — as you might say, 2.4 children, you know. Nothing out of the ordinary and quite old fashioned. My father worked and my mother was a housewife. I had a normal education, went to university for a few years, became a musician, had one son, and then divorced after a couple years. I dated some girls after that but never for very long. Right now I work as an entertainer and painter — a bit of this and a bit of that — and am single now.

*What kind of entertainer?*

I make people laugh.

*And how long have you been single now?*

I've been single for a few years, and I don't mind really... I saw some pictures of someone without a penis, and on of the pictures was labeled "freedom" — I like that.

*What genital modifications do you currently have, and what sort of play do you enjoy?*

I have tattoos which I did myself with needles and a meatotomy which I did with a scalpel — it felt exciting. I like to numb my penis lots of times with rubber bands, and having done it so often, it's largely without feeling now. I like to tie myself with rope, genitals and all, and also like ass play.

*How long did you have to tie off for to start to lose feeling permanently?*

About an hour at a time — I think that's what did it.

*Does it slowly return?*

No, it's rather permanent.

*Did it bother you when you realized it had become permanent?*

No, I wanted it to be numb. I tried ice water and hot water, to kill the nerves, but nerves are very persistent, especially those that feel pain and temperature, especially those in the glans and frenulum... But I was also very persistent.

*How does that affect function?*

There's no need, but the last time I made love there was hardly any feeling... I didn't tell her



Above: Hans when we first met. Below: After more tattooing, still intact.



though.

*When you were young, did you feel “normal” about your genitals and what you did with them?*

I wasn't very satisfied with my genitals — felt kinda ashamed, but found it very intriguing. I didn't dare anything though. The only thing I could do was jerking off and shaving my pubic hair. Later it got “worse” — the sounding, tying, and anal play came in my twenties. I pushed needles through my balls once, and should do it again I think.

*What made you try the needles? That seems quite different than tie-offs — much more painful in comparison.*

The skin is most painful, but not unbearable. The balls didn't hurt at all. But I was curious and it gave me a strange sensation — I expected more pain, so I was very careful, but it was exciting. I don't think a lot of people do it. I also once connected a battery on my balls with threads and pins, strange too.

*Strange in what way?*

In a way that I first felt a shock and cut off the power and then afterwards left the power on and you know that it's not a common thing to do, besides, you only know these things from movies and stories where it is used as heavy torture.

*Any idea why you do these things?*

I've always been rather shy and had trouble with performing. When I was between girls, alone so to speak, I had these playtimes, ever since I was young. I couldn't always do my wishes, but now that I'm single, no one else sees it... I have these periods where I feel the urge to “do” something. It's also very exciting to see myself on the internet, and to see how my genital were years ago — and that I can't reverse it.

About fifteen years ago I saw a bisection, and it's never left my mind since... As I said, there are these periods, but I do have to plan it because of work. One can't just cut and go sporting again — it might be risky. What it is now is just a state and it will proceed.

*Why do other modifications if you're just going to cut it off?*

I like the steps in between — just like the tattoos... Every time I add another one and I enjoy it in that stage.

*The girls names in your tattoo — are they real girls? Were Gwenda, Myrna, Ingrid, Esther, Lenie, and so on girlfriends? Do they know about the tattoos?*

All were, except for Myrna. Myrna is a girl who does a TV show — she's cute. The women don't know. When it was halfway done two girls saw it, but there were no names at the time.

*Have any of the girls taken part in your play? What did they think of your tattoos?*

One girl had fisted me a couple of times — that was great. It was like a wish come true. But as to what they thought of my tattoos, “not particularly enthusiastic.” I never see them anymore. Since then one has gone back to her marriage and the other one has a new friend.

*Was it hard to find a girl that was into fisting?*

I didn't find her actually — she started it, so that was alright.

I don't know about other, and it seems to be a taboo.

*How long have you been considering a penectomy?*

The first time I really really considered getting rid of it was in 1986 after I had seen a certain pose of a girl in Playboy, after which I started numbing it with the tie-offs. Some four years later I saw some photographs of bisection and all, and it aroused me and since then I could not get it out of my mind. But what to do? I tried to slice my glans off, but I hesitated. But the penectomy wish started to grow and grow.

*You said your penis was always causing you problems?*

The story of my life was a bit Knight in Shining Armor, if you catch my drift. I often met ladies who told me that their marriage went down the drain and I was the one to save them. And so I tried. Spent a lot of money on these plans — one was hooked on coke — and when time past by they always went back to their marriages, and I was left with heartache and a lot of anger and of course an empty bank account.

That kind of spiral ruined my life little by little. The idea of losing my cock was one solution — a drastic one for sure. I had a lot of erection problems along the way as well, but I put it down to the stress of all these situations. So no great loss. Only gain. I never actually did like my cock very much in the first place. I've had some great fucks with it, but not too many.

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*About a year later I got email from Hans, writing,*

Hi Shannon, Remember me? I finally did it. Cut it off and I'm glad. It's been years of wishing but now I'm free. I don't know if any girl would like me like this, but I don't mind. The cutting off was so exciting, but one can't get a hard one once it's off.

Be good and bye for now,

Hans

*While he'd certainly told me this had always been his plan, I was still surprised as so many people fantasize about penectomy but never do it, so of course we resumed our interview, taking up where we left off, and he also answered a great deal of questions from the public after posting his pictures online.*

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*Tell me about your penectomy — what made you decide to do it now?*

I needed a moment in which I wouldn't be disturbed by anyone close by, because I didn't know how I would react, so I chose the end of August which is vacation time. I had been planning the whole thing for months before that, making sure I had the anesthetics, the elastic bands, the catheter tube, and the sutures — I couldn't take the risk of severe bleeding, you know. The pictures I took are the last half hour of me being a complete man — very exciting I can tell you, and even as I write this I feel it again.

*How did you do the penectomy?*

You must know that I'm a guy who likes to know how things work and how things are built up. So I figured how a penis is structured and what might happen if it's cut off. I made drawings and also stuck needles in the tissue to find out what



that was like. I also knew that my procedure wasn't like the one they follow in hospitals, but mine couldn't be that bad. I only hoped that the sewing would actually give the result necessary to heal like I wanted it to. For who could tell if the outer skin would grow on the inner tissue? In the end, it healed properly. Apart from the fact that there was the occasional piece of dead meat with the awful smell. But like I said, occasional.

I also had the thought that it would be easier to sew the lot if a tube was inserted. Otherwise you'll never know where the urethra was. For the effect it's more sensational to slice it off just like that, but it's practical. I banded it twice, one to my body and the other one on the penis, the last one to avoid the blood in the penis to come out. I had made several elastics to try out what was best. They were made of latex milk and you can make them as thick and tight as you like. No trouble there. It's important to try this too.

I had removed all hair the day before. I made all kinds of pictures and then put on the emla cream. Some more pics and then the bands.

Count down, so to speak. And very exiting, because this was the final step. Cutting through the tissue, deeper and deeper. After the first cut there's still the possibility to quit, but once you go further and deeper there's no way back. I had wanted this for so long and when it finally came off, it was such a strange feeling. I squeezed it and could still feel it. I laid it aside, for the tricky steps were part two. Needle and thread. That went alright. Still more pictures and the penis in the freezer. Slept well that night. The agony started the next day,

in the afternoon, when I got a high fever, which lasted the whole week.

The whole procedure took about two hours, so from the first picture to the last.

#### *Anything you'd change about the procedure?*

To improve the procedure, I would sew it up in a different way, so like the surgeons do, not one long thread, because that's where the dead meat comes from. And after that be smart and go to see the doctor ask for antibiotics.

#### *How did you feel after the cutting?*

After the cutting I felt very happy, because it was a long time wish. My penis hasn't brought me much happiness and cost me a lot of money through the years. Besides that, I have always felt being a bit in the middle of man and woman. That was, I think the most important part in my decision.

Sunday evening I got a big fever and the rest of the week I stayed in bed. The fever decreased day by day and the week after that I went to work again. Peeing was okay and the healing too. Then four weeks later the pee hole shrank and it became harder to piss normally. I tried to widen the opening but it wouldn't work. My health got worse and worse, because I drank less and less, and by the end of November I felt worse than ever.

I went to see my doctor, and told him the whole story and he gave me antibiotics, because I suffered a severe cystitis. It took me a month to get better and I thought if only I could get the pee hole wide again, everything would be back to normal. But that wouldn't work. The cystitis returned and I

went to the hospital to get new antibiotics but the surgeon kept me there and inserted a tube into my bladder through my belly.

#### *That infection is terrifying — how did your doctor respond? Did they at least treat you well?*

My doctor reacted very neutral. I must admit I was a bit scared. It's not a normal thing to do, but he was very helpful and advising. In the hospital they treated me well, but the surgeon, who is going to operate on me in April, told me I was practically an idiot and thought I needed mental help. I didn't think so.

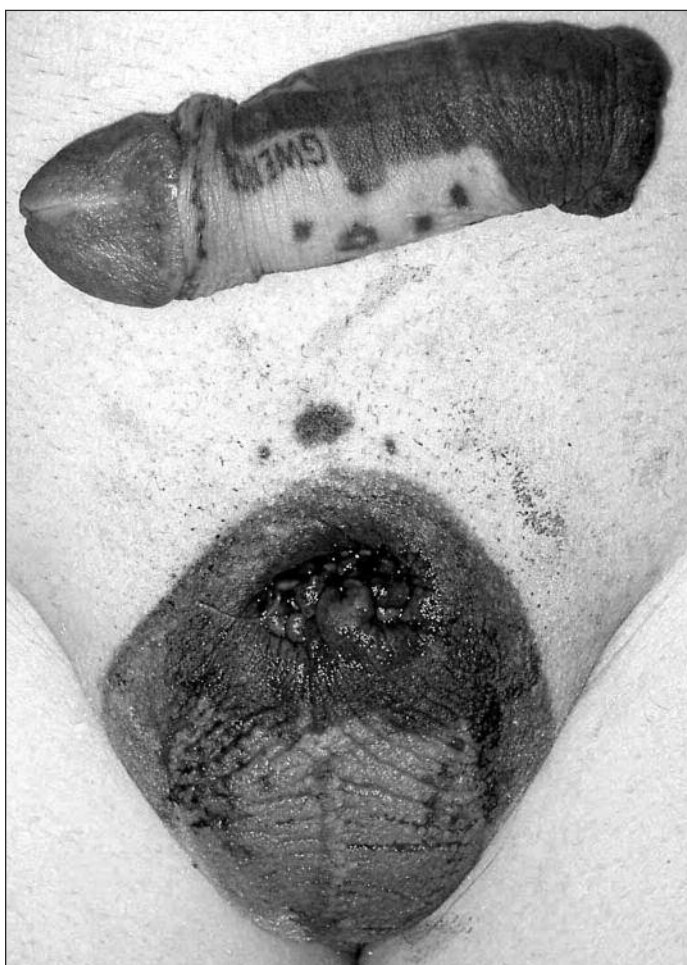
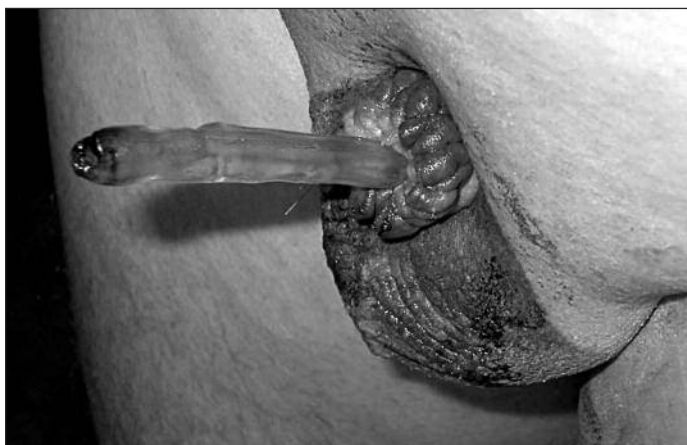
Later on I found out that he had met with someone who had cut off his balls which he had named his stones of stumbling. On religious grounds he had



Hans's penectomy immediate after doing it. Warning: Procedural photos are on the next page.







castrated himself. Afterwards this surgeon, having talked my doctor, told me that I looked actually quite at ease and didn't think I was a nutcase after all. The female nurse was extremely kind and I had a long and pleasant conversation with her. She'd never seen anything like that in the flesh — or what's left of it.

*Have you been happy with it so far?*

Because of the side-effects I haven't been able to fully appreciate my new body, but in due time I hopefully will. I am very happy with it and would do it again, but would leave the tube in much longer,

in order to prevent the opening from shrinking.

*Did you use anesthetic when you did the amputation?*

The numbness was already more intense through the years, but I bought some lidocaine and it worked perfectly.

*Having planned the event for some time, what was the ritual of it like?*

The cutting was very exciting and erotic of course. It is the supreme dilemma: You want to masturbate but you cannot. Total satisfaction! The time before it was exciting too. Should I go on with it? I planned a date. That was the right time. For weeks I knew the day I would do it. Then finally the hour is there. Shaving, numbing, the elastic bands, the knife, the towels, the camera. Everything.

*What did you do after you cut through the flesh with the scalpel?*

I sewed it up and there was no bleeding — I had banded it quite well I suppose. There was no erection, I guess because I had a lot on my mind getting the job done properly. I'd been trying some sewing in advance, to find out if the needle could get through the tissues easily. The tube stayed in during the sewing, otherwise you do not know where you are. In hindsight I should have left the tube in to keep the hole open.

After it was cut off I held it in my hand a while, licked it, sucked on it, for that was something I had never done before, curious about the taste and all. Rather exciting too, I must say, but I do not know about the taste of cocks at all. I know about women only. I took some pictures of it and put it in the freezer, just to think about what I would do with it later.

I slept quite well that night. Tired after all the excitement, I guess. Looking at it from time to time when I woke up every other hour. It was good.

*Was there any pain at all?*

After the anaesthetic wore off there was no pain. I don't know why, but so I felt relieved. I got an infection though, and after a week of delirium and pain, which I cannot really remember well, I took out my cock and cooked it, but was far too hasty, so it became uneatable. It was like a piece of very hard rubber. I am not sure I would have eaten it anyway. Then I sliced it in little pieces and threw it away. One cannot just put a cock in the bin, with forensic investigations and all!

*In the end, how did the stump heal?*

There is no stump. When I have a what you call erection, there is just a tiny stump. I planned one, but apparently I

sliced it off too deep, as you can see on the pictures. It is healed now, but it took weeks. After all I am not a surgeon, but the job was done rather well, the doctor said.

*When the transpubic catheter was removed you had a urethral relocation?*

In April I had an operation for a reroute. Before that I had a tube in my belly and walked with it for several months. Last week the tubes were taken out and now I am back to normal peeing again, that is I pee like a woman. It heals good, I am happy to say.

*What does it feel like to pee now?*

It is a funny feeling really. I cannot describe it, because you cannot feel it. Anyone who has had their cuts, would have a hard time to describe that either, what do you think?

Going to pee, I have to sit down. I did that already because of the head cut, but still could pee standing up somewhere in a public place or so. Now that can never be. I have to sit down like the ladies. I hope I do not to run into dirty toilets too often. You know one of the most exciting things is to put on my knickers. I even bought some ladies underwear. Now I never have to put my cock in, you know what I mean. It is great. And there is this space in my trousers where my cock was. Wonderful. But I think I will have to put something in my underpants while undressing for sports. I always look at crotches and I expect everyone does.

*Can you still orgasm, and how do you get to it?*

I still have wet dreams, and I can cum by looking at pictures or movies long enough, and through rubbing my pubic area.

But I prefer not to cum, because that was the whole idea: to be without penis and therefore to live in chastity.

*Do you ever regret not being able to easily jerk off?*

Sure. And slightly upset, very slightly, because this is what I wanted of course. On the other hand, it is logical to have those nostalgic feelings, I think. The best way would be to borrow the cock of someone else to wank about a bit, would it not?

Holding a hard on has always been a special feeling. Seeing my erection in pictures is a special feeling too. Now I can only feel a hard on, because the blood is still pumping. But I cannot do anything with it, like before. It is rather exciting as well. It is a kind of permanent chastity. One can make these moves as a guy would do holding a virtual guitar, pretending so to speak. But no music.

*Do you have a "phantom penis"?*

I do reach for it all the time. Strangely enough I would say, because you might think it has been almost a year now. One gets accustomed, but never entirely. Even while peeing there are these moments I reached out for it. But every time I am glad to find it gone.

*What were your feelings for your penis before it was gone — did you hate it?*

Hating my cock, well, I do not think I hated it. One reason of getting rid of it was the down spiral reason I explained to you earlier. The main reason: in fact I would definitely be someone in between. Like a nullo. What about the balls then? There is this thing about osteoporoses. I do not wish



How Hans looks now.







Note scar from transpubic catheter.

for that. So it is not a question of hating. I just did not want it,

That is all.

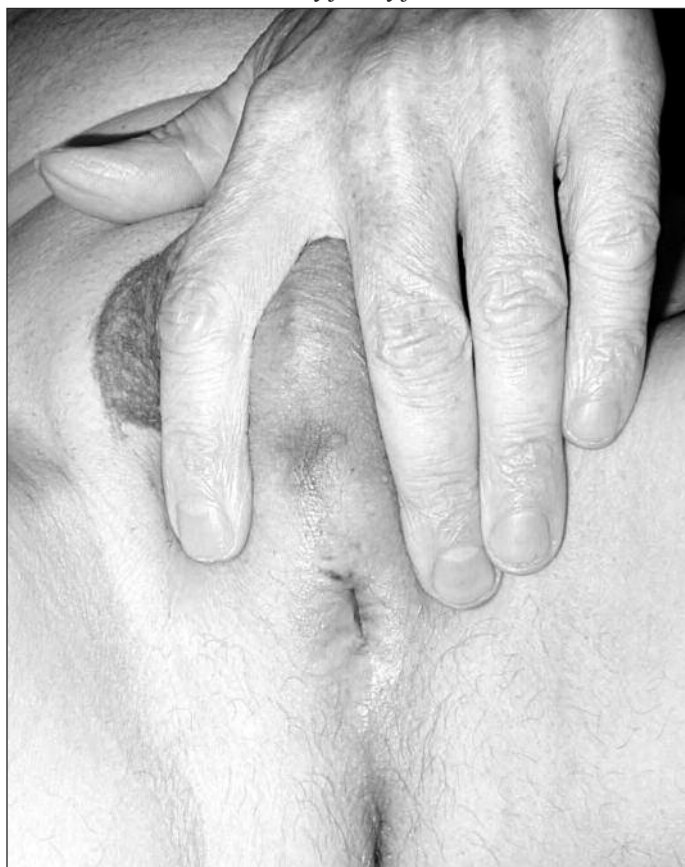
*Do you think you'll have any regrets?*

It's very odd to feel there is no dangling down there. Lots of times I tied my cock between my legs, so that I would not see it. But, sigh, it always was there in the end. I love the new me now and I have seen the pics and regrets you talk about. I am still getting used to it, but I hope it will always be special. I cannot play with it any longer, but that is just what I wanted. But there will also be the

occasional pity in a mild sort of way. I think that is also the exciting part of it. The ultimate chastity.

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*Hans and I spoke again in the late summer of 2008, discussing his penectomy with more perspective, since when we'd last talked about it in detail, he had only freshly finished his urethral*



Urethral reroute and urination.

*reroute. At this point he'd lived with it well healed for about two years.*

*How is your penectomy doing?*

My penectomy is doing fine. The reroute resulted in not being able to cum the normal way: I now cum into my bladder, but the funny thing is that my reroute gets very juicy when I'm horny. Like a vagina almost.

*Why did they choose to do the reroute, rather than just letting you pee out of the stump?*

About the reroute, the hole I made after the cut, gradually closed after a few months, so the time I had to spend in the loo became longer and longer. So one of my "solutions" was to drink less and less. In fact this resulted in and pile of problems: A severe bladder infection, which grew on and on and because of the fact that I didn't drink enough, my health started deteriorate as well. So by the beginning of December 2005 I felt half dead.

Went to the doctor, got antibiotics and some weeks later to the hospital, where the surgeon was a bit angry with me, because of what I had done. He called me a nutcase, but found out I wasn't because I'm an artist and artists thinks different, do they not?

But he was very very helpful. Suggested the reroute and of course I agreed. The peehole was destroyed by me, in the meantime, trying to keep it open. A reroute was something I found rather exciting, so no arguments there.

I recovered quickly after that, thank God.

The procedure was an operation in hospital, with numbing



the lower part of my body. It was a bit strange to realize that nurses who had probably never seen something like that before, were assisting the doctor. But one has to think passed that.

Urination is under control and no infection has come up. After a few months the doctor decided that my peeing was a bit slow and discovered a slight obstruction in my bladder that had been there all the time. It was better to remove it.

After that I found out that my orgasm was going “inside” instead of out in the open, and when I feel excited, my pee-hole gets wet and jelly, like a vagina. I think that’s okay.

Everyone in the hospital was treating me very well, during the operation as well as during aftercare. I can still have orgasms and they feel good, although it’s quite different from the original state, of course. The feeling is the same, but working towards the moment needs to be done differently. The penis is made for that, and there is none, so that’s no surprise.

The good thing about the decision is that I’m much more trying to be friends with the women I meet and already knew, instead of trying to get them between the sheets. That has by the way often been a problem, because I had already numbed my dick to a state of hardly feeling something when I was inside someone. And after that, a penis with all the tattoos was a bit strange anyway I think.

Also I like to have no penis, because I somehow always wanted that, since childhood. Some good things may pop up



Stubby morning wood with a penectomy.

as I said already

*Any negatives?*

The bad thing, well, one has to hide the fact that there’s nothing there. I made an artificial penis that goes in my underwear — it’s bigger than the one I had, haha. I can never pee normally, I have to sit like the ladies. Some other bad things will pop up as well I guess.

*Have you had any trouble achieving orgasm, to the extent that you want to? How exactly do you achieve orgasm most easily?*

Most easily, well first I need to be more horny than before I cut it off. Than is a matter of persisting if I really want to get the orgasm. But most of the time I don’t feel the need to go all the way. Just playing a bit is fine now.

Pinching my nipples will help. Tying a rope around my balls will help and juggle it around as if the piece of rope is the penis. And one time I was making the same moves I made when it was still there, like playing air guitar. It worked, strangely enough. It was a combination with the air-handjob and the pelvis moves that lead to the orgasm.

I’ve not yet tried to put a vibrator in my ass, but a rod helped once.

*And you’re still enjoying it?*

Yes, I somehow always wanted that, ever since childhood. I planned this years ago.

*Yes, I remember you sending me Photoshopped pictures of it years before you did it.*

I never was proud of the thing and I think that that was the reason I felt impotent lots of times. One might assume that shrink-help would have made me more secure, but I doubt that. It was meant to be.

I’m still in a way surprised that the site you gave me [a private online body modification community dedicated to men interested in genital modification] shows so many guys who are really in to these mods. And that they’re so open about it. That’s good. They all admire me for what I did, which is funny, because to be admired for something like that isn’t exactly what one has in mind when the subject of admiration pops up.

*Knowing what you know now, is there anything you’d do differently?*

The cutting itself was alright as was the suturing, but the infection was not foreseen and I should have sought medical help sooner. On the other hand, I wouldn’t have had my reroute then and I like that very much. But the period of being very sick wasn’t exactly a joy!

I would also have kept the penis and done some things with it and finally eat it, I guess.

*Would you do it younger if you could live life over?*

I surely would, but there was absolutely no documentation or internet. I did see some mod photos in the early nineties and since that time it never left my mind. I already had numbed my dick lots of times, tying it off. The internet helped a lot. And it takes years to finally make the step, I found out.

But like with lots of things: Better late than never.



*You're probably one of the few people out there with balls but no penis — usually people remove their balls, and then later the penis. Will you be cutting them off as well, or do you like the way it is now?*

To be totally smooth is really tempting. I really would like to get rid of my balls as well, but the side effects are holding me back, like osteoporosis for instance. There's one guy on the site who has removed everything [Marcel; also interviewed here], which intrigues me a lot. However, I do like the way it is now although I want to change something about it — I'd like to make my sac and balls smaller, but have to think of a good way to do that. I also want to make a bit more tattoo that looks better than what I have now.

*Does anything still come out of the original urethra?*

The original urethra was practically closed. I had been trying to keep it open, because, well, there was no other way out. I was dripping the whole day through, and by sticking sticks in it I did more damage than good. When the surgeon tried to open it, he couldn't get anything in. Therefore he stuck a tube in my belly directly into the bladder to relieve me. I've been walking about with a sack tied to my leg for the urine before he made the reroute. The original hole could now close in peace.

*Ouch, a transpubic catheter... not fun!*

One gets accustomed in the long run, but it wasn't a party. When it was all over I couldn't help feeling better.

*In the photos, the ones where a bit of a nub sticks out is an erection?*

Yes, that's all I can offer these days.

*Any unexpected benefits to the penectomy?*

One pro is a medical one: I would never have found out about my high blood pressure if I hadn't taken ill and the bladder obstruction would have been there for the rest of my life and would have caused some trouble in the end, so I was told!

*Well that's good! Thanks for sharing all this with me.*

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*We chatted one last time, in 2012, and not much had changed in the last few years. Hans was still quite happy with what he had done, and had been playing with injections of vodka into his testicles to slowly kill them, taking testosterone to maintain his hormonal health.*

Since we last spoke I started to inject vodka into my balls. Not too much, because that hurts, but I do it regularly, 1cc at a time. My right one is already 99% down, very small and hard. My left one is on its way there. There is some "pain" when I do the injections, but mostly in the skin — it's just an injection, nothing more, like any other injection. The balls don't hurt at all. The reason I went ahead with doing this is that these days it's very easy to purchase testosterone. I guess I'd like to go so far as to become a true eunuch, but I still want to maintain a safe level of testosterone. Maybe I'll have them off altogether one day, but it's expensive, so we'll see.



## Abe: With Saline, Bigger is Better

I am a white male who is fifty-eight years old. I was born in Alberta, Canada, where I grew up on a farm with my parents and one younger brother. I led a very isolated and sheltered life as we didn't often go anywhere other than to the small town where I attended school. Even my class at school was small, varying in size from year to year but mainly staying under twenty students, with roughly a fifty-fifty male-female split. I have been married for over thirty years with four grown children and six grandchildren. My wife and I are living apart at present due to my work contract but see each other regularly. I have a BSc degree and currently operate my own consulting company while being semi-retired from my job that I held with one company for over thirty years.

My earliest recollections of sexual things was when I was about five years old. That is when I first tried smoking and chewing tobacco — not that those are sexual things. I use to be somewhat fascinated watching my father, grandfather, or hired hands holding their cock and taking a leak around a corner somewhere outside. I also would try to sneak a peek at my mother's breasts any chance I could get. I can remember getting hard-ons often as I watched, but not knowing what they were all about.

By about eight years of age I was enthralled with my own cock and balls, but could not find out much about sex because it was something that parents did not talk to you about in those days. I started putting things like tooth picks, straws, and so on up my pee hole whenever I got a chance. Occasionally I would find a girly magazine that one of the hired hands had hidden somewhere. I would confiscate it and keep it in my own hiding spot, so I could study it for hours. Sexual knowledge was hard to come by and what little information existed was mainly only hear-say from older boys at school. I used to spend hours in a bathroom in our home experimenting with my genitals as best I could. I would pour hydrogen peroxide on my glans and watch it fizzle. I would take my water pistol and try to use it to pump water up my urethra. Of course that eventually led to a bladder infection which I suffered with for a month. I did not dare to tell my mother about it as she would like ask what I had been doing to cause that.

By about age ten I began wondering why my ball sac was so large for only two small balls. Why couldn't one fill it with air or something? I was unaware of the scientific reasons for the way the male genitals were configured and I really didn't much care either at that age. I often wondered if something could be put in my sac to fill and expand it as it seemed to be kind of shriveled up like a prune. I did however perform various experiments with my genitals, which I won't go into here. But since at that time in my life, information on scrotal infusion was not readily available, it ended up only being a curiosity in my mind. Because of my bladder infection experience I was very reluctant to try anything though. So mainly it remained only a curiosity in the back of my mind.

When I would get hard-ons it was pretty much a strange curiosity to me.

Masturbation was an unknown entity to me at that time. Eventually I started wrapping my cock completely in adhesive tape, which seemed to sustain the hard-on for long periods of time, just for something to do with it. One evening I wrapped my hard cock, stuffed it in my pants, and then set out with my entombed hard-on to go fetch the milk cow from a mile away in the field. Once out of the yard and sight of anyone I let my taped hard-on out of my pants. I am uncircumcised, so as I walked the tape held my foreskin while my cock moved back and forth inside the pouch the tape created. The result was like I was jacking-off which I knew nothing about. By the time I was about half way down the field, I started to feel this weird strange tingling sensation in my cock which rapidly grew stronger and stronger. Eventually I laid down on the ground and



Large saline infusions of the scrotum.

slowly continued to pump my taped cock with my hand. Quickly my cock began to sort of pulsate and I experienced what I guess was my first, and likely the strongest orgasm I have ever had. Of course I was still too young to ejaculate, but masturbation was born for me.

It was all strange and wonderful, yet worrisome to me. The feeling had been awesome but when I tried to get up and walk again my cock was so tender that I couldn't stand the rubbing motion anymore. I unwrapped my cock and carefully put it back in my pants. I finished retrieving the cow, but because my prick was so tender I worried all the way that I



had now really damaged my cock somehow. Of course the tenderness subsided and it suffices to say that I went through rolls of adhesive tape over the next few weeks recreating this pleasure as often as possible. I took a lot of long walks around the farm. My mother must have wondered what was happening to all her adhesive tape and all my walking. Eventually I realized that I could achieve the same result just using my hand. Masturbation became an almost daily ritual for me.

At age twelve, I was having my weekly bath one evening. Normally my younger brother and I bathed together but on this occasion he was staying at a friend's home so I was alone. Because of that I decided to masturbate while laying in the tub. Before long I reached climax but this time a small amount of fluid began to come out of my cock. Again I was concerned some about this turn of events, but as I thought about this and related it to things I had heard from older boys at school I quickly concluded I had just experienced my first ejaculation - I was a man. Over the next couple of weeks the volume of ejaculate grew each time I masturbated until I was merrily spouting away each time.

Over the next couple of years I was horny all the time and was always trying to think up something to satisfy my need. I even turned to the farm animals, fucking the milk cow several times - she must have wondered. After the first time I worried that I may have made her pregnant but eventually convinced myself that was not possible. There was one young heifer that was just the right height and size. I will say that she got her fair share of workovers on a regular basis as I tried to satisfy my desires.

At age fifteen I'm not sure what to say happened, but one thing is sure, I lost my virginity. The church I attended held a youth retreat for their region at our local church one weekend. Youth from various churches in several towns and cities attend and were billeted at homes of local youth over Friday night. Two girls, one sixteen and one fourteen, and one boy, my same age, were assigned to my home. I guess my mother asked for the girls to stay as she always wanted a daughter but never had one. After the evening events at the church concluded we all traveled back to my home. On the journey home we horsed around, tickling, pinching, and groping each other in the crowded back seat of the family car.

At home, the two girls were to sleep together in a room upstairs and the boy had a room down in the basement where my room was that I shared with my brother. My brother was younger and not feeling well so he went to bed fairly soon after we got home. The remaining four of us settled in to watch TV in the kitchen while my parents went

to bed.

The fourteen year old girl was rather plain vanilla and had really not blossomed sexually yet. The sixteen year old was a beautiful curvaceous sensual young woman with rather large breasts for her age. She was very easy on the eyes to say the least. Her and the other boy were horsing around a lot and eventually they disappeared. About the same time the other girl announced she was going to go to bed. I continued to watch TV alone. After awhile the other boy returned looking somewhat strange but said nothing and settled in to watch TV with me.

Shortly the girl returned looking somewhat disheveled. Soon she began tickling, poking, and grabbing at various parts of my body. I didn't pay too much attention to it to start with but I did begin to get aroused. Soon I was trying to hide a growing hard-on. Eventually she began tugging at my arm and wanted me to follow her. I could see the other boy kind of smiling. Somewhat reluctantly I went with her.

As we left the kitchen and got out of sight of the other boy she immediately began to rub my bulging cock through my pants making it even harder. I was excited but somewhat concerned as nothing like this had ever happened to me before. She led me to the other boy's room. We started to kiss. Then she started to remove my clothes. My heart was pounding as I thought OMG I'm going to get fucked. Following her lead I began removing her clothes. Being unfamiliar with bra clasps I fumbled some trying to get it

undone. She was a bit annoyed at the time it was taking me so she helped. As her huge breasts sprang free I was totally amazed. Hers were beautiful, these perfect big nipples on firm smooth orbs. I think it was at that moment that my infatuation with breasts also began.

She pushed me over onto the bed as my cock stood up like a flag pole. She wasted no time slipping her dripping wet cunt over my cock. I'm sure she still had some of the



other boy's cum in her cunt. Although she was a little tight her cunt was so wet that I slid in easily. Immediately she began to pump up and down as I reached for her tits. I was trembling as I grabbed them as it was the first time I had felt real live boobs. I am certain she only pumped me about four times and I unloaded in her. She obviously felt my warm cum entering her as she moaned some and I could feel her clamp her pussy down hard on my cock. Then she began pumping very hard and fast, making sure she milked every last drop from my cock. As she continued to fuck me the tenderness returned that I had experienced during my very first orgasm in the field. I wasn't sure how much I could stand, but before long she began to moan loudly as she climaxed herself. We lay there for awhile kissing as I fondled her breasts. It was

then she told me her plan had been to fuck every boy staying at the house where she stayed. If there had been ten boys I guess she would have done them all — horny little thing. Then we got dressed and returned upstairs. Before long we all went off to our separate beds. On the way downstairs the other boy and I discussed what had happened. It was his first fuck too.

The next morning I began to worry that we might have knocked her up as I never even thought about protection, not that I had any to use anyway, but she may have. Obviously she wasn't concerned about it at the time either. I continued to worry for the next few weeks but I never heard anything or ever saw her again. I guess in one sense you could say that she raped me, but I'll never be convinced of that. Any red blooded boy or man no matter what age would have fucked her without even a thought about it. I will never forget it either. What it really did was make me want more.

My later teen years and early twenties were pretty normal as I went to college, dated and got married. When my wife and I were dating we fucked at least once every time we met. The first time we actually slept together we fucked ten separate times that night. Throughout my marriage we enjoyed a very active and varied sex life, getting into swapping among other things.

#### *What about the less "normal" aspects of your sex life?*

I am not too much into pain although under some circumstances it heightens the pleasure. I very much enjoy vacuum pumping of both my cock and balls as well as my nipples occasionally. The vacuum pumping started in about 1998. In addition, I enjoy saline infusion of my scrotum as well as my breasts. The saline infusion stuff started in about 2002, but the larger infusions have only occurred since the beginning of 2005. I have done a couple of testicular injections although I don't really plan on doing anymore of those, but that did lead to some basic needle play and piercing — something I thought I would never do. The testicular injections and needle play have only occurred since the beginning of 2005 as well. I have been seeking to find someone to participate with me in my sessions, and I may have found a lady friend who is willing to become involved so we will see. I do not have any tattoos or permanent piercings since my main reasons for doing what I do is curiosity and the sexual turn-on. Sometimes I do things just to see if I can actually do them — for example, I did a 4000cc scrotal infusion just to see how much my sac could expand and hold. I found the limit, at least for now!

My wife went through menopause as she turned fifty and lost all her sexual drive at that time. I still have a high sex drive, although my ability to sustain a good hard-on is rapidly declining. I consider the fifty age bracket to be a very cruel one sexually as the mental part is still very willing but the physical part is not. Drugs help some, but it just isn't the same. This in part has led to my search for pleasure through some of my alternate activities. As I mentioned before much of what I do gets the adrenalin flowing and becomes a huge turn-on for me.

#### *How did you get exposed to alternative sex play originally?*

In an effort to try to satisfy my sexual cravings I turned to the internet as a source of information, back when it first started up in the early 1990s. Over the years I looked at porn and came across various other interesting things of a sexual nature.

The first was vacuum pumping. I initially had tried this using some cheap equipment which did not work well or stand up to the use, so I eventually ordered a good hand pump and penis cylinder. My purpose was to enlarge my cock as ads had promised. I soon found that if penis enlargement was truly to be an outcome of pumping it would take a more regular pumping regime than I was both able or willing to do. Hence this activity kind of died for a while for me. Then I came across a dual stage cylinder that allowed pumping of both cock and balls so I thought I would try that. I experimented with that for awhile and found that I could greatly enlarge my balls. The effect only lasted for a day or so but I definitely enjoyed the result each time. I developed a routine of pulling a vacuum for 5 minutes at about 10" of HG and then relaxing with no vacuum for 2 1/2 minutes. I found that this resulted in the best outcome. It takes about 4 cycles to achieve a noticeable size change. Seven cycles creates about a doubling in size of the testicles without much increase in my sac size. I typically do 10 cycles which gives a very enjoyable result. The maximum I have done is 24 cycles in an attempt to enlarge my balls to a size where I could not get them out of the 3 1/2" opening in the vessel. At that number it is very close to not being able to extract them but by carefully working each ball you can slowly remove them one at a time from the vessel. I can tell when the session is being very effective if my balls ache while in the vacuum part of the cycle. It feels like someone is trying to pull your balls out of your body.

Because of the number of cycles and the size of my vessel, the hand pump is a bit of a chore to use. I wanted to buy an electric pump but they are so expensive. Eventually I discovered that an old vacuum packing unit, originally used for vacuum packing food, works very well for quickly achieving the desired vacuum level with little effort, so I use that. I have a number of photos and some edited video of these sessions. I still enjoy doing the vacuum pumping and have added it to some of my injection experimenting. The main difference between vacuum pumping of the scrotum and saline infusion is that the pumping enlarges the testicles while saline infusion enlarges the scrotum.

#### *How did you come to do your first saline session?*

In doing searches for information on scrotal vacuum pumping I happened upon a link to a page by a guy called Dutchman I think who was associated with your site. That led to scrotal infusion. I was fascinated by that idea which re-awoke the old lifelong desire I had to inject something into my ball sac. I did more searches and read all I could on the subject. I also went about locating sources of supplies as I was determined to try it. When I had everything I proceeded to do my first infusion. I was somewhat nervous at doing it by myself but I couldn't find anyone else to participate. My wife is unaware of these activities as she is unimpressed with and



against any such activity. She caught me vacuum pumping once and proceeded to harass me about that for days saying how crazy I/it was. Although I had discussed the idea of inflating my sac with my wife she was totally against any such thing. Since I did not want to anger her I decide to proceed without telling her. I had to wait for a time when she would be gone on a weekend as I wanted to be sure I had enough time for things to return to normal after the infusion. At last the chance arose - she left Friday for the weekend to a ladies bowling tournament.

I prepared everything Friday evening and decided to do an initial infusion of 500 cc. My heart was racing and the adrenaline was pumping, but the infusion went without a hitch. The only concern was a slight burning sensation as the saline went in initially, but it went away when I was done. What a wonderful sensation - my life long dream had been realized. I just savored it as much as I could. It was gone far to quickly. All the session had done was hook me - I wanted more, more, more. Then my thoughts turned to, "How much can my sac hold?" The rest is history.

My first session was extremely enjoyable and erotic. It only made me want more.

*Could you tell me about that first time in detail, how you did it specifically?*

From what I had seen, I believed that my scrotum was naturally larger than many. Because of this I felt I could do a 1000 cc saline infusion as a first attempt but decided to proceed in 250 cc increments just in case it couldn't hold as much as I thought. Due to its natural large size I decided to forego all the scrotal massaging I had read that many others did before an infusion. I did apply some warm wet cloths to my genitals for a while and made the room quite warm to make the sac as extended and flaccid as possible. Using all the sterile techniques I had read about, I proceeded with the infusion.

I was a little concerned that the needle insertion may hurt quite a bit so I chose to use a small 28 gauge 3/4" long butterfly needle because I felt smaller would likely be less painful. I inserted the needle about an inch below the intersection of my penis and scrotum just to the right of the

septum in the center of my sac. To my amazement I felt nothing at all as I pushed the needle in as far as it would go, taking care not to impale something inside my sac. I had read in some articles that you needed to use two needles, one on each side to fill both halves of the scrotum. I chose to use just one needle as it was easier since I was doing this by myself and it was difficult enough keeping track of everything. I infused the first 250cc and watched in awe as my scrotum grew. The only sensation was a very slight stinging or tingling in my sac at the start of the infusion. This did not concern me as I had read that others had experienced this as well.

However due to the small gauge of the needle, it took a long time to infuse 250cc, even with the flow line valve wide open. The internal size of the needle in essence determines the

maximum infusion rate that can be achieved. Obviously only one needle was necessary as both halves of my sac were being inflated.

It was apparent that my scrotum could hold much more, which made me very happy, so I decided to switch to a larger 22 gauge 2" needle for the next 250cc to try to speed up the infusion process. Again I felt nothing as this larger needle was jabbed into my sac. It was actually easier to insert this needle since my sac was now inflated with 250 cc of saline. I worried a little about the length of the needle in that I may accidentally prick a testicle or poke the needle out the other side of the scrotum. So I was very careful when I moved around and took care in how the needle was oriented in my sac. Actually, the needle does not move around much relative to other things in the scrotum due to the internal membranes in



Saline-inflated scrotum lit up by flashlight

the sac. In the end I found that as the scrotum grew in size there was even less danger of pricking anything, but still I was careful. The most difficult time to insert the needle I later found is when the scrotum is completely empty as you need to watch so you don't hit a blood vessel in the sac, don't penetrate through the other side of the scrotum, and don't stick the needle into a testicle, cord, or your penis where it passes adjacent to the sac. You want to avoid piercing the



Breast inflations. Nearly any body part can be inflated!

scrotum more than once (i.e. don't pull the needle out and reinsert it if at all possible) as every insertion hole is later a potential leak site, especially on larger volume inflations.

The next 250cc proceeded much quicker but there was a little more stinging in my scrotum as the fluid flowed. I now attribute that stinging to my body's reaction to its first experience with a foreign solution in my virgin sac. At 500cc my scrotum still seemed to have plenty of capability to expand further — great!!!! Overall the feeling was so

absolutely wonderful... very erotic to me. I really can't describe how euphoric I felt. So I continued on with another 250cc to a total of 750cc. Again all went fine, so I made the decision to add another 250cc. At 1000cc my scrotum did not seem to be nearing its volume limit so since I had an additional 250cc bag of solution I decided to infuse it as well.

At 1250 cc my scrotum felt fabulous and my dream had finally been realized. Since my scrotum still seemed to have room, had more solution been available, I would have likely added more, but I was uncertain how much more it could really hold. In any case, I thought at the time that this was sufficient for my first attempt. When I first removed the needle there was a little leakage from the insertion site but after a few minutes of applying pressure to the puncture I was able to stop the flow. I covered the puncture site with a small bandage.

Now I needed to wait to see how long it would take for my sac to return to its normal size. To me, my scrotum now looked like the sac on some bulls I had seen. The sensation of having this large bull sac hanging between my legs was highly exhilarating to say the least. Being able to swing it around and rock it back and forth like a pendulum was so erotic. Sweet precum was flowing profusely from my cock all the while I was doing the infusion so obviously I was quite aroused by the experiment. I would have liked to have tried having intercourse in that condition but since I was alone at the time I had to settle for masturbation. In a matter of moments a huge load of cum flowed from my cock. The quantity seemed larger than my normal ejaculation, probably due to my heightened arousal and excitement for an extended period of time.

Since I did this session on a Sunday morning I had to go to work with a fairly large bulge in my trousers the following day. Although I wore a set of baggier pants, I'm sure that my enlarged package was noticed by the more observant individuals around. Within 48 hours everything was pretty well back to normal. This experiment had so excited me that I wanted to proceed as soon as possible with a larger infusion.

#### *When did you do your next inflation?*

I immediately ordered more supplies! I made a plan to do several more infusions, increasing each infusion session by 500cc above the previous session so I ordered sufficient saline to be able to accomplish this. A couple of days later, the supplies I ordered arrived at the house.

On the evening when the supplies arrived I immediately decided to do a 1500 cc infusion. It was only four days since the first infusion. This time I decided to use a 20 gauge catheter style needle as various articles online had discussed. I felt this would be safer from an internal pricking standpoint. In the end I did not like the catheter needle as I had trouble getting it to flow properly as well as being able to maintain a steady flow through it. I found that I tended to kink it quite a bit. It kinked so much in the same place that I actually became afraid it may break off leaving a piece of the plastic catheter in my sac which I certainly did not need or want.



Overall, everything went well and although my scrotum seemed quite full at 1500 cc I believed it could hold more. One problem arose this time. I was unable to easily get the needle insertion site to stop leaking. As the next day was a work day, I ended up going to work with my sac leaking water. It was leaking quite a bit so my trousers got all wet and I eventually ended up going home early. Later that evening I was able to get the leaking stopped. The profuse leaking was a result of various things. I believe the larger volume infusion contributed because of the increased pressure in the scrotum. The larger needle I used was also a contributor. Lastly, I inserted the needle lower down the front of my sac as I did not want to insert it in that same area as the prior infusion needles had been. This meant that while standing the weight of the saline put more pressure on the infusion site.

After this session, it was a while before I was able to try any further infusions. I also felt I needed to find a way to stop the site leakage quicker, before I tried any larger infusions. Another decision I made was to use only metal needles for all future infusions, although I did try another session with a catheter style needle with no better luck than the initial attempt.

During this time also, I decided to go on the net and try to find out if anyone knew what the largest infusion was that people knew had been done. I posted the question to a couple of websites dealing with infusions. In the responses and searches I was told from one source that 3500cc was the largest they had heard of, while another mentioned a 4000cc infusion done on an acquaintance but neither could provide any photographic evidence to show what they looked like. One respondent stated that they were uncertain as to what the largest infusion was, however they believed that the maximum volume that could be achieved during any infusion session was governed by the individual's state of mind as well as the feeling and condition of the scrotum at the time of infusion. From my own experience so far I doubted if I could really do anything over 2500cc.

*Is then when you worked up to and did your four liter inflation?*

Actually, the next few infusions I did were smaller and more for pure sexual enjoyment. I did one 500cc session with a lady friend, who I had managed to convince to help me. Initially she had been quite skeptical about getting involved with such a ritual, but in the end she had to admit that she truly enjoyed constantly fondling and playing with my enlarged nut sac. I have to say I enjoyed it a lot too! After the infusion was complete, we fucked our brains out that night. An excellent blow job or two were also part of the evening's festivities.

I also decided to try a session where I first vacuum pumped my sac and then did an infusion of 1000cc. This was also very

sensual. I vacuum pump in 7½ minute cycles which consist of 5 minute periods where a 10" vacuum is applied followed by a 2½ minute relaxation period with no vacuum. I did this for seven cycles or a total vacuum time of 35 minutes. The vacuum pumping enlarges the testicles as well as the scrotum, unlike an infusion session which just enlarges the scrotum. It also lengthens the cords. A session of seven cycles approximately doubles the size of my testicles and makes them less tender. It generally takes about fifteen hours for my balls to return to normal size after a vacuum session such as this. During this session, it felt so good to have these enlarged balls sloshing around in the saline.

I have done a maximum of twenty-four cycles of vacuum pumping and that resulted in a huge enlargement in the testicles. I have also found that in the later cycles on a long vacuuming session, the sac skin tends to really thicken a lot so that may have some impact on an inflation session after pumping.

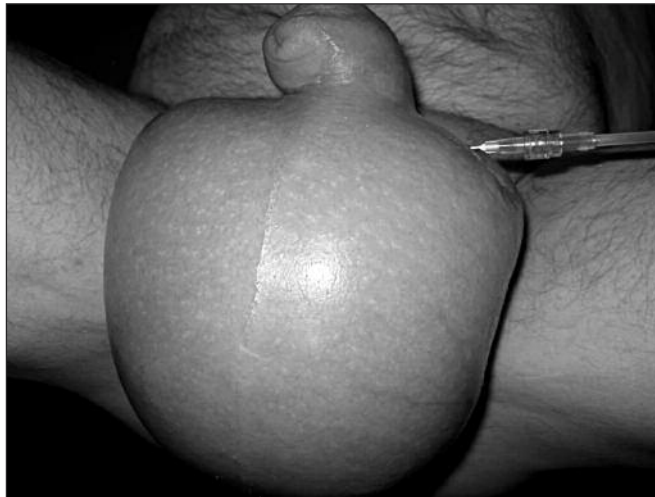
Eventually I decided to try a 2000 cc injection. I also decided to use a large 14 gauge metal needle and see how fast I could fill my sac. The infusion was going well but I had to cut it short at 1900cc due to some unexpected visitors arriving at my place during the infusion! At the point that I stopped it had taken less than forty minutes to infuse the 1900cc. When I stopped the infusion my sac was quite taut and I felt that I was close to its volume limit. My sac was aching quite a bit after the infusion which I believe may have been caused by the high speed at which I infused the saline. Basically I stretched the sac too fast, causing it to hurt, but I also thought I may be reaching to limit of liquid it could take. I learned to use crazy glue to seal the infusion site and keep it

from leaking. This worked quite well even with this large needle. I had also tried other things like liquid bandage but haven't found anything that works as well as glue for stopping leakage.

*What was it like taking the next major step, up to 3000cc?*

I was alone on a Saturday morning, the weather was lousy outside, and I really didn't have much to do inside. Since I would be

alone most of the weekend I thought, "Why not attempt a bigger scrotal infusion on myself?" I was a bit skeptical that my sac could actually take an infusion beyond 2000cc but why not try? I selected a 21 gauge metal needle to try to achieve a reasonable infusion rate and yet hopefully reduce the infusion site hole size and thereby minimize leakage problems after the infusion. As it was quite cold in the room I heated the saline in the microwave to about 110 degrees F. before starting the procedure. This was warmer than the temperature that I normally infuse saline at but I knew it



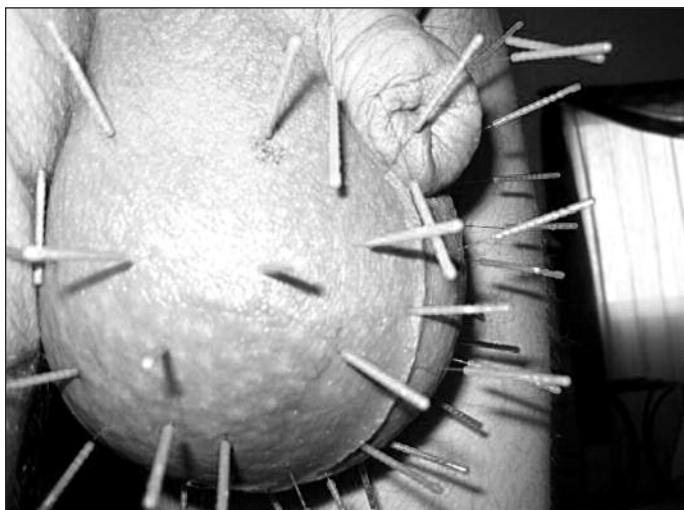
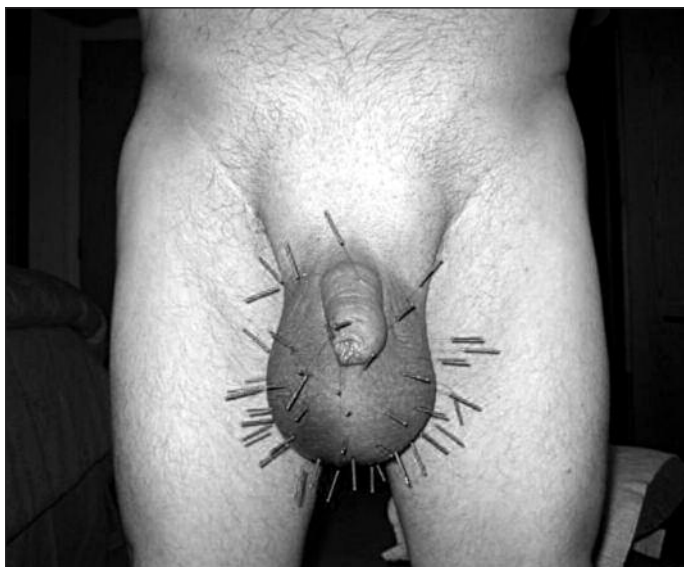
would cool off fairly quickly especially over the time it would take to infuse the volume I planned. I guessed that it would take about three hours to do a 3000cc infusion based on past experience.

The session started and once again there was a slight tingling as the fluid began entering my scrotum. I had not experienced this tingling or stinging sensation since the first couple of sessions I had done. Also my right testicle began to ache slightly so I was concerned that I may have pierced some part of it or the cord and that I may be injecting into it. On purpose I had inserted the needle higher up my sac right at the very base of my cock, which was about an inch higher than where I had usually inserted it in the past. I chose to place it higher in the sac to try to reduce the pressure at the insertion site hoping to minimize leakage when the needle was removed. Unfortunately in attempting to reposition the needle I accidentally ended up removing it and had to reinsert it, but anyway after that the aching quit. With the valve wide open, the saline was flowing at a fast drip so I sat back and watched as my sac grew. It took about forty-five minutes to infuse 1000cc. When I reached around 1500cc I started having a problem with saline leaking from the initial needle insertion hole, so from time to time I had to put pressure on the site to minimize the leak. By the time I reached 2000cc my sac was quite full, but there was no aching. I decided to proceed to 2500cc even though I still believed that I might not reach it. But I did, and all was still feeling very well so I made the final decision to go for 3000cc and that I would reach that volume no matter what! As I reached the 3000cc point my scrotum was aching very slightly but by no means enough to have stopped me from possibly going further. I felt it was quite an achievement, especially since I had not done any infusions for almost 9 months.

Once the infusion stopped everything felt phenomenal. I could hardly believe how large my scrotum had grown — well beyond my wildest thoughts. It is hard to imagine how something that is initially quite small can stretch to that size and possibly even go larger — what is the limit? Is it possible to cause the sac to burst — OMG?

At 3000cc my scrotum's circumference was 21 5/8" or 6.9" in diameter, up from its normal starting circumference of 9" or 2.9" in diameter. Some of the saline had migrated into other areas such as the penis skin and the cavities where the testicle cords enter the abdomen taking away from the scrotal sphere's size. Also, since the infusion site was leaking, I did lose some fluid, thereby reducing the size a small amount. At these larger volumes it was becoming more difficult for my sac to continue to expand and the fluid was seeking other areas to fill. My scrotum was smooth and very firm. The skin was tight but soft. It just glistened. The skin was almost transparent. Just holding the filled sac in my hands without looking at it, felt somewhat like holding a large voluptuous breast. At several times throughout the infusion, I held a bright flashlight against the infused sac. The sac glowed beautifully showing the various veins running through it. In the dark it was quite an exotic sight I think.

It was such a rush to have this huge sac between my legs. In order to walk I had to support it and place it out in front of me creating a huge bulge in my pants. I had the weekend for it to decrease in size and since I was alone I just lay around mainly naked enjoying my fullness. My testicles were nowhere to be found. I guess they were just merrily floating around in all that water. As well, my cock was gone. It looked like my cock was there but it was really just the skin around



Play piercing / CBT combined with saline.

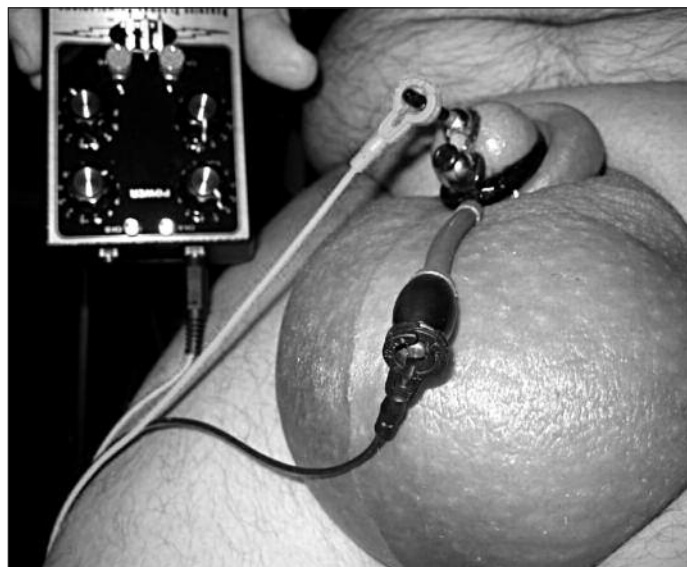
it that had become infused with saline and was poking out of my sac. The penis itself was actually way back in my sac somewhere. I did manage to use a vibrator in the hole to reach orgasm a couple of times.

The main problem I encountered was trying to get the flow of water from the two holes at the infusion site stopped. I guess the pressure in my sac was so high at that volume that it was almost impossible to get it to stop leaking. Having two holes didn't help either. Even the crazy glue wouldn't work as I couldn't keep the site dry for even a few seconds to get it to bond. I would get one hole to stop but then the other one would start up. They were only about 1/4" apart but were hard to see or identify when they weren't leaking. After about six hours, by holding my sac in a way that minimized the



pressure on the sites, I was able to get the leaking stopped using the glue and a bandage.

It was winter where I was located while doing this infusion. As it was relatively cold outside, one thing I noticed was that my sac would get quite frigid at times — in fact down right cold. My testicles were not sufficient heaters to keep that large of a volume of water at body temperature. Since I spent a lot of time naked my sac cooled off even more than it



Electrostim / TENS play, with and without saline.

normally would have if covered with clothing. Hence I had to take a number of hot baths to heat the old sac back up and maintain my own body temperature.

#### *How long did it take for it to return to a normal size?*

After twenty hours my sac was still very large and taunt. I had to use a hand to move it around while lying down. It felt good to pick it up and hold it. That took some of the strain off of the skin and supporting flesh from time to time, although I have to say I enjoyed the pulling, tugging feeling caused by the weight of the saline. 48 hours after the infusion my scrotum was still enlarged. Due to the size, my sac required almost constant support or it began to ache quite a bit. Since my sac was so tight and smooth, it was a joy to

shave it, which I did. I kept it oiled up to try to help with the aching caused by the stretching. There is no doubt that my scrotum had been through quite a work-over and ordeal. Even 60 hours later it was still enlarged some, and was now very tender and sore. Even with lotion applied, there were still a lot of small cracks in the skin at the bottom of my scrotum which is where the weight was concentrated most. Rolling over while sleeping required some careful maneuvering so I didn't pinch or squeeze it too much — ouch!

At 72 hours after the infusion my scrotum was still a little larger than normal, but the soreness had decreased considerably. It was much easier to sleep comfortably. Finally, by 84 hours the fluid was pretty well all gone from the sac. The wall of the scrotum itself had absorbed some saline so it felt a little thicker than normal, almost leathery. The scrotum was longer and hung lower than normal as obviously it was still distended some from the infusion. When I pulled my testicles up into my body the feeling I got was quite sensuous. It made me horny and almost felt orgasmic. I guess the feeling came from my testicles rubbing on the thicker heavier sac wall. I could have used a good fuck at that point.

By 96 hours everything was pretty much back to normal size wise. My scrotum was still a little tender on the bottom. At 108 hours the tenderness was gone and there was no further reduction in my sac size. I was still very horny though!

#### *Does saline combine well with sex of the traditional sort?*

From my experiences so far I would say that a 500cc infusion is the best volume for me for having intercourse. It truly adds to the sexual pleasure. As I thrust my cock in and out of my partner that enlarged sac constantly slaps her really adding quite an effect. It also gives my balls quite a working as well. At 1000cc intercourse is still possible but not as easy to do. However, the general sac size that results at this volume is the size I like a lot as it is quite pleasurable to feel and hold. For me, a 2000cc infusion makes having intercourse very difficult as the sac has engulfed my penis to a great extent, and at 3000cc, my cock is totally hidden inside the sac.

#### *How does the saline affect other things?*

Just urinating becomes quite a chore. I couldn't get my penis out of the sac or push the sac back enough to perform the task. I couldn't really sit down on the toilet to pee as my hanging scrotum hit the bottom of the toilet bowl. Urinating while standing up ended up with urine going every direction as it came erratically out of the hole where my cock had been hidden. I seriously thought of installing a catheter to aid in urinating, but I really couldn't reach the head of my penis to insert one. I will likely insert a catheter prior to starting if I do an infusion of this size or larger in the future.

Walking was quite difficult unless I kept the sac supported and pushed up out in front, which created a huge bulge in the front of my pants. I did have to go out a couple of times and the huge bulge in my pants was highly obvious especially from a side profile view. With larger infusions like this you really need to have the ability to just lay around for a couple of days, not just because of the difficulty in walking, but also

so that you can fully play with and enjoy your engorged sac.

*[Editor's note: We never actually got to talking about his 4000cc inflation, but he sent me video of it. Sorry!]*

***What's it like doing inflation of the testicles themselves, rather than the scrotum?***

You know, since my testicles tend to be quite tender and sensitive I couldn't see how I would be able to do something like that, but wouldn't you know it, eventually my curiosity got the best of me and I had to try it.

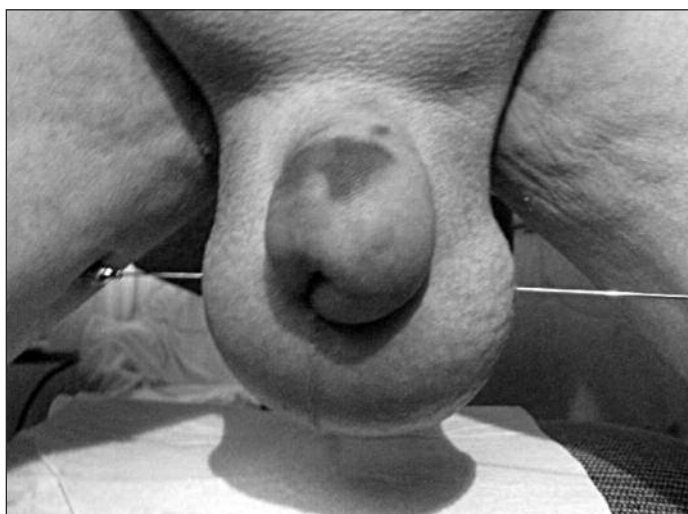
I first did a 10cc injection to the left testicle using a 28 gauge 1/4" long butterfly needle. Amazingly, again I did not feel any pain even as the needle was pushed deep into the center of my testicle. The injection went quickly and very well. The ball grew some in size and became quite hard and firm. I then tried doing the right testicle but after about only 3cc I had to quit as it began to hurt quite a bit. The right testicle hurt for a day or so after the attempt while the left one returned to normal without pain. Because I'm not much into pain and this hurt quite a bit, I decided I wouldn't try this again. However, I think now that if I had repositioned the needle I could have eliminated the pain, so my plan is eventually to do a ten cycle vacuum pumping session on my scrotum. Then with my testicles nicely enlarged, I will do a 30 to 50cc

injection into each ball to really swell and harden them up. I believe that since the testicular tissue will already be expanded, more flexible, and engorged with bodily fluid due to the vacuuming; a relatively large saline injection should be quite easy to do. We'll see. Remember... never say never!

***I was very interested in the injections you've done where you add color to the injections. What kind of ink do you use?***

The color I use is just regular food coloring. Although it is not sterile per se, I have never had any problems with it. I always use fresh bottles every time. I tried tattoo dye on a more recent session on the recommendation of a viewer since it is sterile and in this type of use should not be permanent. However the color I chose — light blue — was obviously not a good choice as it ended up dying the side of my penis somewhat and I now have lump of the dye in my sac. I believe it is due to the light colored pigment in the dye. I know it is the dye in the lump as I can see it through the sac skin. Maybe the right colors would work ok. One positive to the color I used was that it slowed down the absorption of the saline into my body so I was able to keep my sac inflated with 1500cc for almost two weeks, resulting in some increase in my sac size.

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The results of experiments combining different pigments with the saline solution.



*When I talked to Abe a few years later, he told me about some of the new things he'd played around with.*

I have continued to do a variety of genital playing. I got into and have been doing quite a few N2O [Nitrous Oxide] inflations and really enjoy them due to the speed of the process. I have also found a lady friend who enjoys performing them on me as well, and deeply enjoy doing breast inflations on myself and others. Overall my scrotum has increased in size and is now about 15" in circumference versus the 8" it originally was.

Another thing I tried recently, which has always interested me, was to cut my sac open and take a testicle out to inspect it, primarily out of curiosity. I had read of others doing it as well as I had seen some video and was fascinated by it. The fact I also had a larger scrotum due to the inflations made me want to see what things in there looked like. I finally did that last April. It was very interesting. Unfortunately I did not get very good photos or video of it as I was too absorbed in the process. After all was said and done I said I wouldn't do that again, but I have reconsidered and am planning on doing another session with better photographic recording.

*When did you switch from saline to N2O?*

I switched to N2O around the end of 2008 as a result of reading some of your ModBlog articles on guys who had done it. I was a bit hesitant, just like when I did the first saline inflations, but doing those saline inflations gave me the confidence to try nitrous oxide. To a certain extent I was driven by the excitement of the unknown. I do primarily N2O now, although I do sometimes continue to do saline and dextrose as well. I do enjoy the dextrose due to the effect it has in continuing to grow after the infusion stops and for the time it lasts.

*The dextrose is just sugar water?*

Yes, dextrose solution is 5% or 10% dextrose in a 0.9% saline solution. It continues growing because of the osmotic imbalance between the tissue containing dextrose and that which doesn't. The body fluid moves to the sugarier tissue thereby continuing to expand it until an osmotic balance is achieved. It is riskier than saline due to the sugar especially if a person is tending towards diabetes.

I have also recently done a glucose breast inflation, and I noted the inflation tended to last longer because of the glucose. The breasts created seemed to also be more natural as the solution did not seem to migrate as much, and so they stayed rounder and firmer. They felt great! As with dextrose, the area of tissue that has the glucose solution injected into it sucks in surrounding body fluid to equalize the chemical



Testicle skewering

levels so it holds the shape and size better and longer. I only use medical grade purchased solutions and equipment in all my experiments as I am not willing to risk getting a negative reaction or infection from some homemade stuff.

*What is the technical set up for N2O?*

The setup for N2O is similar to saline except the saline bag is replaced by the whipped creamer canister. I made an adapter to go from

the creamer nozzle connection to 1/4" plastic tubing and then use a plastic tubing adapter to step down to the IV line. I have a Y in the IV tubing so I can use two lines and inflate on both sides of my sac at the same time. I use varying needle sizes to help change the speed of inflation. I made the adapter due to the issues I had with the system leaking and losing N2O. Others use a system that uses the N2O cartridge and a regulator. It is smaller and handier but is much more risky due to the potential to expose your sac to very high pressure causing damage internally — I know one guy this happened to.

*Besides the speed of inflation, how does N2O inflation compare to saline?*

The N2O inflation does not give the same weight sensation the saline does and of course the overall duration is shorter. That has its advantages and disadvantages. I like having my sac expanded for longer periods of time, but when your plans change it is harder to do things with your sac filled with saline, and N2O goes away quicker. Also I can get my sac larger with saline.

*I assume that you're only doing N2O in your scrotum?*

No, I actually do N2O on my breasts as well, sometimes alone, and sometimes in conjunction with saline. It helps



A little tender post-saline, but not enough to stop Abe!

speed up the saline infusion.

*How is it different working on breast tissue versus the scrotum?*

Well first N2O has an affinity to fatty tissue, and women's breasts contains a lot of fat, but so do those of older men. The scrotum contains membranes which allow it to expand more rapidly and of course the sac holds the N2O in place. In the breast the fat does help contain the N2O some, but it can migrate more easily in the breast, therefore making it harder to make the breast large and round. Doing N2O with saline creates a void area in the tissue for the saline to go into somewhat.

*How did you meet your lady friend that's into it?*

I met her on a cam site as I perform live on there at times. It is actually amazing how many women on there are into the inflations I do!

*What sort of response do you find yourself getting on these sites?*

One of the first time I did an inflation on the cam, vacuum pumping followed by 1000cc inflation, when I got to the saline part the word spread quickly throughout the site and over a hundred viewers were soon watching. For the majority of them this was something they had never witnessed before and few even knew the practice existed. A small number of people were completely appalled and disgusted by what they saw. I told them if they didn't like it, not to watch, but few left. My video stream never got shut down nor was I banned from the site, so it must not have upset anyone too bad.

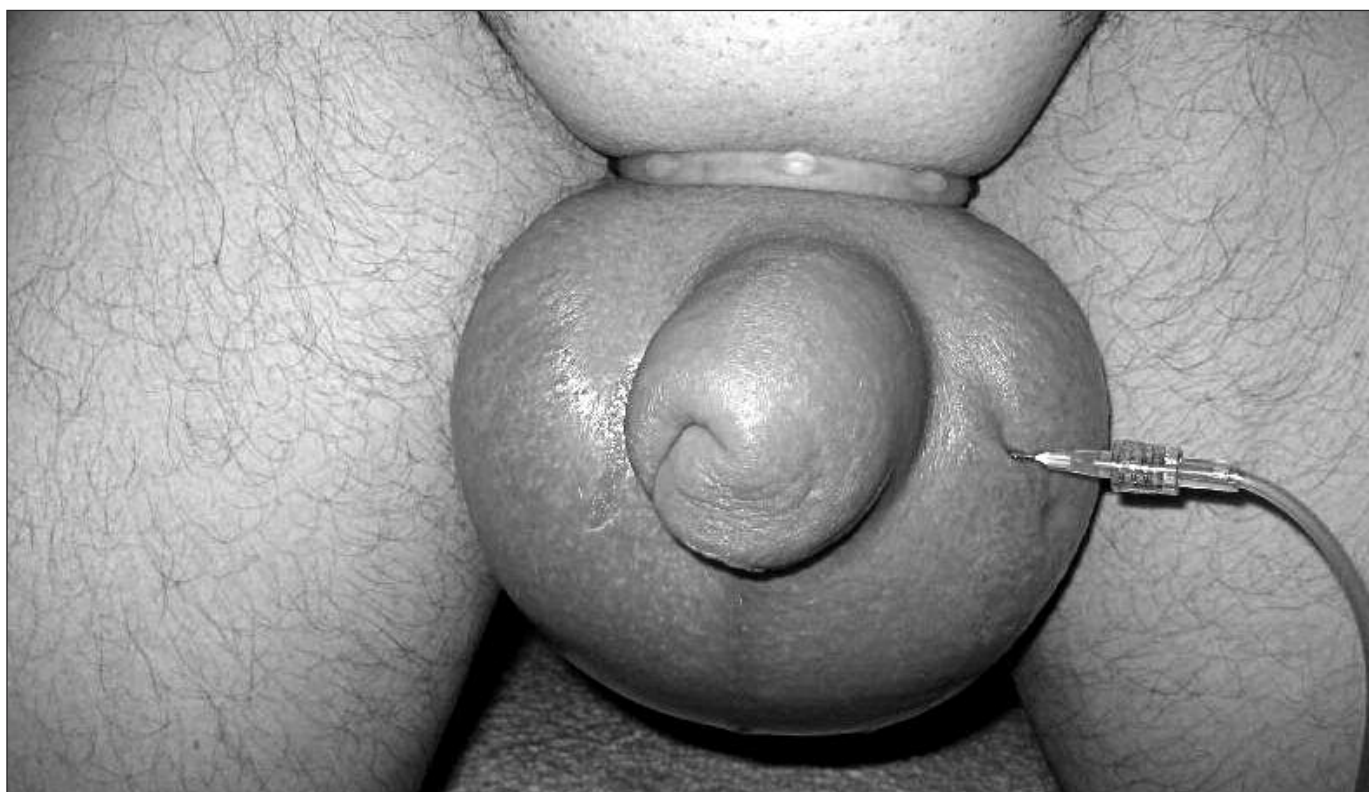
Some viewers were extremely interested and asked a lot of questions. Several men wanted to know how they could get started doing infusions of their own. A few women were very interested and watched intently asking a variety of questions. At least two women were obviously highly turned-on by

what they saw as they both started masturbating on their cams as they watched my cam and the infusion. One twenty-eight year old lady desperately wanted to be right there with me, so, as she said, "could fuck my ass off when I was finished." It would have been nice I must admit, as she was very great eye candy. At times I thought she was going to climb right into her monitor trying to see better what was happening.

Another woman in her fifties, who was also watching and who had asked quite a few very detailed questions, has contacted me several times wanting to get together so she can help me first-hand with an infusion session. I would love to take her up on the offer, but she lives on the other side of the country. It is definitely more enjoyable to do the infusions in the company of someone else. There are the occasional negative comments, but I get a lot more positive comments and many people want to know more and want to understand better what I do. A lot more guys and their lady friends want to try it or have it tried on their partner. Over time I have met a variety of people and helped them get started doing inflations. I find it rewarding to help others get started in inflation play.

"Remember always that you not only have the right to be an individual, you have an obligation to be one."

— Eleanor Roosevelt





My net name is Siwefi, but you can call me Sue. Female, black hair, 5'4" with fair skin, I was born in 1979, in the outskirts of Manila in the Philippines. I am a student at the local college taking English, where I live in campus. My father is a retired civil servant, and my mom is not working. I've got one elder brother.

I like to be burned by fire. Nothing else but fire. My body has many scars from burning, but I limit it to certain areas so that it won't be obvious to other people, especially my parents. I am very fond of FIRE. I've read a lot of stories on BME about scarification by branding, but I don't know anyone else that likes burning themselves with direct flame. I am not really into branding, but totally into BURNING, applying flame to my skin. My favorite place is my buttocks since I think that is the least painful of all other places, and easy to conceal. The ability to hide it is actually the main reason since I am sure that I would be chastised if my parents came to know what I have done so far to my body.

### *How did this interest come to be?*

I experienced being burned by witchdoctor or traditional healer during my childhood (around seven years old). After that event, I found out that being burned by fire brings a strange feeling to me which later I recognized as arousal. Since then I started playing with fire.

### *What else do you burn and how do you do it?*

Other places I burn are my fingers, nipples, navel and vagina, of course. I always do it in my bedroom, after my parents and brothers have gone to bed. I use matches of course, and also candles, lighters, and

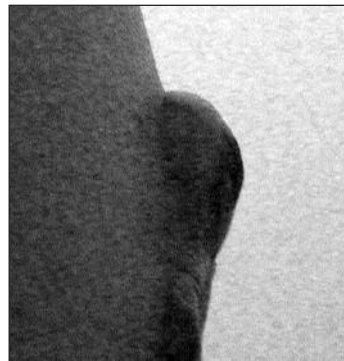
lighter fluid. In the early years, I just lit some matches and put them out on my butts. The pain is very sharp and the results are small white blisters, mainly due to the hot tips of the matches. The scars are pretty light and sometimes very difficult to see after a couple of months.

When I become more brave and my tolerance towards fire and pain had increased, I choose to use candlewicks. I take a half inch of wicks and dip it into the hot wax of the candle. The purpose of this is so that it can burn longer. Then I placed it on my butt while I lay down on my stomach. Using a lighter, I light the wick. The fire starts to grow big and the flame starts licking my skin. The pain is so sharp and white that I had to restrain myself from screaming. However, I let the wick continue burning and after about five seconds, the pain has turned into some kind of dull sensation. I figured out that my nerve ends had been burnt off due to the flame. Normally the flame will keep on burning my skin for about ten to fifteen seconds.

What I love most is to see how the flame has burnt and

changed my skin. At the start of burning, my skin will look wrinkled, after that a white blister starts to form. Next, it changes to brownish and finally turns to black. No bubbles yet — instead, the burned skin will be pretty hard and charred. Normally, I end up with two or three wicks at the same place.

The biggest problem is the aftercare. It is really difficult to care about the burns, and normally it will take three to four weeks for the skin to heal completely. This actually has prevented me



from burning myself every day. After two months, the scar starts to raise. This is the beauty of burn scars. I can feel it whenever I rub my fingers on it.

Since my first burning, I have used the wicks numerous times and scars cover almost all of my butt, left and right. If I am not using the wicks, I use my other favorite method, where I will take a piece of tissue paper, rolled it into balls as big as fingertips. Then I will pour lighter fluid onto it, let it soak, and after I've placed it on my butt, I will light it with a lighter or match. The flame of the rolled tissue paper is always bigger than the wicks, and so is the heat and pain. Normally it will take fifteen to twenty seconds to be completely burned. Sometimes I use alcohol instead of lighter fluid, but the heat of the alcohol-soaked tissue is too great, and it normally produces tears in my eyes. But normally I just light a match, let the flame grow big, and just drop it on my butt. I will immediately start with the second match even if the first one is still burning on my skin. The session will stop after ten to twenty matches.

### *How much permanent scarring do you have?*

My butts are so scarred that I can feel the raised scars even if I am wearing jeans. And to tell the truth, I really love those scars, every single of them. I also have scars on my nipples. I think that my nipples are totally scarred, so beautiful and smooth. My vagina lips also have a couple of raised scars.

Recently, I found out that if I burn myself on the previous scars, the pain is less and it heals faster. Since my new discovery, I do not need to find new places to burn. I can just burn my skin at the same place all over again, and I think that is the beauty of scars. My scars may not be as pretty as branding, since branding uses some kind of pattern as a guide. But I think that my scars have a beauty of their own, and the feel of the scars make me feel alive and kicking.

I still feel the same excitement as the first time I burned myself seven years ago.

## Walter: Sex Anarchist and Sex Artist

*Walter was another difficult interview for me to do, because it was nearly impossible to pull him out of his "Sexanar" role — he literally never broke character.*

*Why do you go by "SEXANAR" online?*

The choice of my alias "SEXANAR" stems from the firm conviction that sex is the driving force of the living in general, and that Non-violent Anarchy is the only valid governing system for human society.

*Can you tell me a little about your background?*

That is about impossible.

*How did you get started with all this?*

I started "body-modding" about forty years ago. I have always acted alone — No witnesses.

*Any idea what first motivated it?*

Intuitive naive curiosity.

My "incursions" involving cuttings, brandings, perforations and accelerated yearly. They peaked around the year 2000. Centering on the erotic zones (nipples) and genitals, the most successful, the most pleasant experiences were the testicle explorations.

The additional difficulty of bringing the proceedings to a good end, while documenting with self shot pictures was a challenge in itself.

I am pleased with all my body mods, however clumsy they are. They are proof of my authenticity. Of my being myself.

As all my files have been stocked on my laptop, which has been stolen, other malevolent persons have used this material to get me "in dire straits": I have been judged a "psychiatric" case, have been ousted from my room, found myself dependent from "public welfare".

I do not regret any of what I have baptized "Post Punk Multi Sex" PPMS activities.

My body-mods are positive proof of my revolt against society at large. Against a de-humanizing, self-destructive humanity. I rather act myself than being acted upon.

*Why did things peak in 2000?*

Extreme poor living conditions.

Pro-Nazi administrators who disliked my non-violent anarchist convictions had me expelled.

I now live in a dirty shack where I can forget to continue my experiments.

*What motivates your actions?*

The internationally renowned Flemish artist Jan Fabre, to describe the ensemble of his oeuvre, called it "an act of poetical terrorism".

The notion terror — derived from the Latin: "fear", "fright" — conveys feelings, shared by many who deal, or are confronted with explicit pictures of a quite large available array of body modifications. While "terrorism" is defined as violence against civilians, and violence as "the exercise of physical force so as to cause injury or damage to a person, property etc.", it is in most countries considered as unlawful, even when it concerns individuals alone or engaged in

consensual body modifying activities.

BME participants, excepting the voyeuristic mental sickly, often belonging to the inquisitor type who are among the ones exploiting the judiciary to have them condemned, get at times carried away by their acts. In spite of the constantly repeated warnings from the BME staff, from Shannon Larratt, in spite of the BME/risks editions, in spite of the mishaps reported by participants, some are not able to control their passion.

The Hard Core BMEzine pages, ordered in various "Galleries" distinguishing male, female, male & female activities, about twenty-five all together, ranging from tattoos to piercings, from implants to injections, from various play-type to surgery-like interventions, from torture to castration, to amputation and so on, present some amazing ventures and modifications. Every person having a unique genetic and cultural background, it would be unfair, unjust, to judge individual human behavior, documented in the submitted pictures, along some "ethical scales of conduct". One must therefore discard feelings of disgust, feelings of reprobation, feelings of rejection. (Some may suggest feelings of Judeo-Christian "compassion" instead, but this angle of approach inevitably leads to even more inextricable, contradictory, up to exclusive, intolerant statements.)

Seen in the global context of a deepening world crisis, where the inflation of human genius, the super conducted acceleration of electronic media exchange, and the total absence of "appeasement" - meditation having been absorbed in the mercantile sector, as well as "healing" in the medical profession - leads to frenetic, delirious, insane governance. The BME ethos stands as an out of natural necessity born phenomenon, a white star in an expanding galaxy. For all these reasons, material, financial and moral support are necessary to guarantee further development.

Some may consider this reasoning as futile intellectual trash.

Having had the chance to live a short while in the midst of an analphabetic community — a Bandi village near the town of Mathura, India — I myself have developed a deep distrust in intellectualism.

My contribution to BME is mainly inspired by convinced involvement.

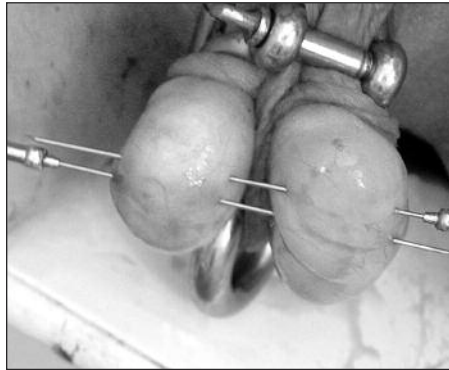
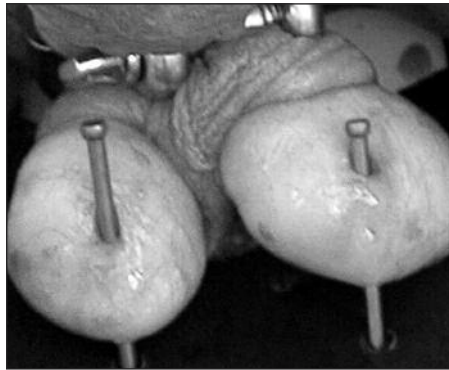
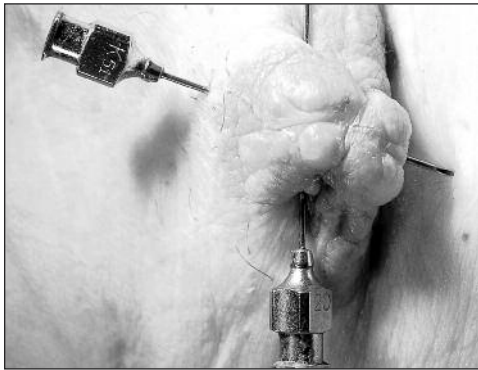
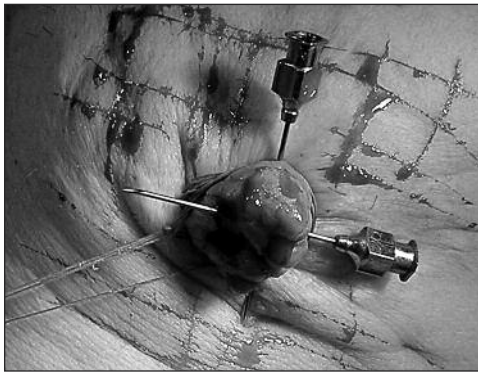
*What are your basic convictions?*

That chaos precedes order, that neither dinosaurs nor human beings are to be considered as "successes" in the creation process, that human hubris lies at the root of human cultures tendency to both sublimatory and self destructive actions, I favor atheist pacific anarchism as a behavior standard. I advocate resistance against religious proselytizing.

Equally convinced that sexuality is the leading drive in genetic and cultural behavior, I favor a constant artificial exertion of pornographic oriented activity, as well in the material as in the intellectual field.

I am well aware that violence, even extreme violence oriented porno practitioners pervade marginal sex communities around the world, and that the "power-overdrive" as has been documented by Nazi, fascist and other totalitarian regimes





serves as catalysis for mainly male, but also some female porno-deviates, I endeavor to neutralize this danger.

*Tell me about "Sexanar in Wonderland".*

"Sexanar in Wonderland" is a 90-minute adaptation of the classic Alice in Wonderland, starring me in the role of the White Rabbit, but instead of a giant bunny carrying a watch, I appear as an aristocratic gentleman in a latex buttonless garment, revealing my two-hands-full pumed and saline scrotum. No watch, but I do have a chronometer in a stainless steel box along with elastrators, large gauge needles, hooks, scalpels, branding and cautery irons, and last but not least, a set of mysterious nano tubes.

Alice is now thirty years old and appears with her sisters Lorina (Prima) and Edith (Tertia) as well as their house-maid Mary Ann. Alice loves spiked leatherwear, showing off her immense pierced breasts and pumped up and pierced genitals. Her sadistic sister Lorina tortures while her innocent looking sister Edith provides opium, LSD, ecstasy, and other drugs, ruining people in the process.

The story begins with Alix running desperately to catch up with the continuously ejaculating Sexanar, slipping in a pool of his seminal fluid. In tears but nevertheless shaken by uncontrollable orgasms, the pool rises dramatically, and attracts a good many animals who begin adding their own amniotic fluids and dejections... The story continues like this, a deviant satire on both the classic story while also tying in not just all forms of sexual art, but also issues from today's world.

*I shall eagerly await. I'm sure it will be a blockbuster hit when it begins theatrical showings...*

## FK: "The Indestructible Man"

*When I first met FK in 2007, I was completely amazed, and maybe a little excited because I'd always gotten a kind of thrill from the feeling of a piercing needle or an implant rod moving around under my skin like some metallic parasite. His ability to seemingly shrug off repeated self-surgeries seemed superhuman to me at the time, although since then I've come down to Earth and been reminded just how resilient the human body is to injury. The interview below is essentially as it appeared on BME's ModBlog.*

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*A few months ago I met "FK" in Germany. His personal play involves intense body insertions with dramatically large (and often unorthodox) objects, as well as other play and body modification activities. Due to an abnormally well developed immune system, he is able to push the limits of "if it feels good, do it" farther than most. The interview below is a translated version (the interview was done in German) of our conversation about his remarkable games. Let me emphasize that this is explicit, an adult interview, and that the activities you see here are dangerous and should not be emulated! Play carefully and know your limits!*

*How did this type of play begin?*

At first I experimented with pins and so on. This was when I was about thirteen years old. I was very drawn to the feeling of putting something inside my body.

At first it was curiosity — how much could I take? Then I found that pain excited me sexually, and over time it became more and more extreme. The thought of putting things under my skin is very hot and exciting. After pins I moved on to skewers, and sometimes 10mm stainless steel rod and aquarium heating rods (not turned on).

To insert the larger rods, I use very sharp special scissors that are normally used for cutting fishing line to make the incision. I'm an avid angler, so I always have them around the house. I usually don't leave the objects in for long, no more than a day. Last year I inserted a metal rod in myself and rode a 100km bicycle route, which was quite extreme! This was an experiment to see how much I could stand and for how long. Healing from heavy play takes

two to four weeks, and then everything is back to normal. I've stopped now because of the considerable scars that I have from the play.

*What do you think about while you're doing this play?*

Obviously it hurts, but to tell the truth, this sort of pain excites me greatly. I don't think about anything while I'm doing it, it's just a turn on. It is a kind of "sex", and is very exciting right up until the orgasm.

*Do you think that you have strengthened your immune system with this sort of play?*

My immune system is naturally extremely strong. I've never had an infection or other complication, in my entire life, which is already quite unusual. I can eat poisonous fruits and mushrooms without difficulty. Drugs and narcotics are almost completely ineffective on me — a few years ago I had surgery with general anaesthesia and I required three times the normal dose!

*It's as if you're a "superhero"...*

It's a mystery to me as to why my immune system is so durable! As I said, I've never had any inflammation or infection my whole life. The only reason I stopped was because of the scars, but on the other hand, the scars are a sort of body decoration that I carry with pride. Perhaps I'll do it sometime again.

*Have there been any complications from your play?*

Other than some bleeding, I've never seen any danger in what I do, but I know my body very well. If I push a metal bar through my belly, I always remain in the fatty tissue, in order to not hurt anything vital. I do not sterilize the items but I clean them with soap and water — as I said, I am practically immune to germs. If I wasn't like that, I'd probably not be here right now!

*...and how in the world did you find out that you could survive poisons???*

That was coincidence — as a child I ate poisonous mushrooms and had no complaints! Then when I went to the dentist the anesthetic didn't work — getting a tooth pulled without it is not fun! Later, in the hospital, for a tooth operation they put me





completely under, and afterwards the anestheologist told me the does could have killed a cow... A while ago I smoked a joint with a friend. It was strong and my friend was totally stoned, but I couldn't feel it — I'd probably have to smoke a whole lawn to get stoned!

*Do narcotics work at all for you?*

Haha, yes, but I have to take a lot! Everything works, I just have to take a larger quantity than others.

*What made you decide to document it with photos and videos?*

I always photographed and videotaped it so I could watch it over and over and remember it, especially because I don't do this type of play any more. The last scene I did was the one you see in the "stomach torture" video on BMEvideo.

*Do you do other play or body modification as well?*

My other passion is extreme anal expansion. I insert bottles, fruit, and other things into my ass. In addition, I enjoy fisting myself and being fisted by others. I don't have any tattoos, but I have piercings in my cock, scrotum, and nipples.

*How do you explain your scars to partners?*

I tell them a story about how I went through a window. Many of my scars are actually from a car accident about twelve years ago — I was almost cut in half due to the car not having safety glass... My current partner is not bothered by the scars, but finds it all a bit mad. He mostly fists me, and says that he likes the scars a lot.

*Did you heal well after your car accident as well (I assume that wasn't exciting sexually)?*

Yes, amazingly fast. I had a broken nose, a dislocated shoulder, cracked ribs, and my belly was nearly completely slit open. It was definitely not sexually exciting, but after three weeks I was back at work farming fish.

*I hope this isn't a silly question, but do you consider yourself a sort of "fakir" or is there any spiritual aspect to what you do?*

It's not a silly question, but quite justified. However, there is no spiritual aspect and I am not a fakir. I much prefer sleeping on a comfortable mattress than a bed of nails!



Below: FK also enjoying anal stretching and scrotal saline inflation.



## Fred: Addicted to Splitting

*Fred, a prolific self-pornographer, was another person who was difficult for me to really speak to at the length and depth I'd wanted due to the language barrier. In addition, as with many BME members, they loved modifying and playing with their bodies, and taking photos of it, but didn't really get off on talking about it or feel that it was of great importance — it was simply what they enjoyed, with no analysis needed beyond that. This has actually been one of the biggest struggles in creating this book. If you meet a hundred people performing a given bodmod-sexual activity, you're lucky to find a single one of them willing to talk about it at any length. I have no doubt that since Fred and I last talked he has continued splitting and piercing, because like many, it has become a deep addiction.*

I am fifty-eight years and divorced. I began piercing my cock I think when I was about eighteen, maybe as young as fourteen now that I think about it more, doing it for the first time with safety pins. I don't know why, but it felt good when I put a needle in my cock or sac. When I got married it stopped for a very long time, but then when I got divorced I was able to go much further. Right now I have eight piercings in my sac, four in my glans, and six in my foreskin. I had nipple rings for a while too, but they grew out.

Once again, I began with safety pins and I made my first PA about fifteen years ago, and discovered again how nice and addicting this is. Slowly I got further with piercing my cock, and reached a moment where I wanted to make my peehole bigger. So I began by cutting the PA bigger, bit by bit over several months and years using a piercing needle as a blade, eventually cutting it out until it was first a meatotomy and then a subincision. Each time I cut only a little bit — mostly only half a cm at a time, about 1/4", no more than one cm. In this way I could control the bleeding because the wounds were small. I discovered that I really liked cutting in my cock, so the process went on and on and repeated itself.

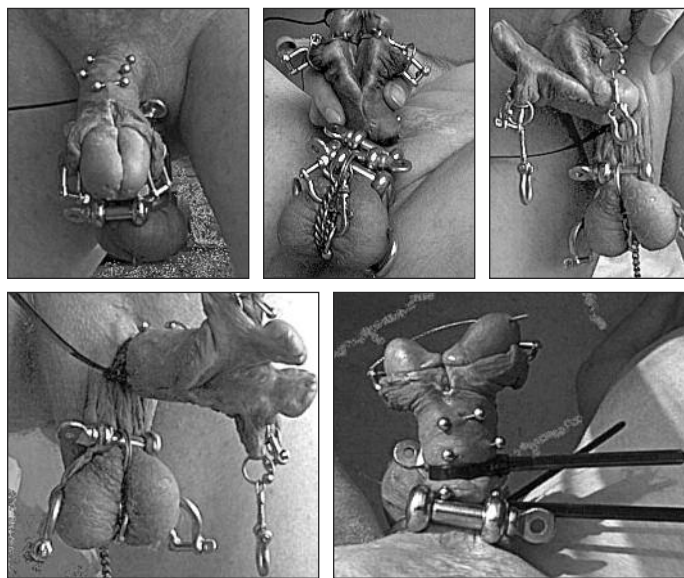
After that I went on with the process and split my glans as well, and then part of the shaft. I have also made some brandings with the use of a welding torch on a bolt to make a scar all the way around the shaft... It feels smooth, and I love the touch of it, it's special. I've also done cock whipping and banding.

I do not know how I got interest in all of this in the first place — it seemed to "just happen" — but I think I always have had it. I think I had it in me to play with myself from when I was a kid. My earliest memories are playing on the playground of our school, where there was a flagpole. When I climbed on it, I remember a very nice feeling in

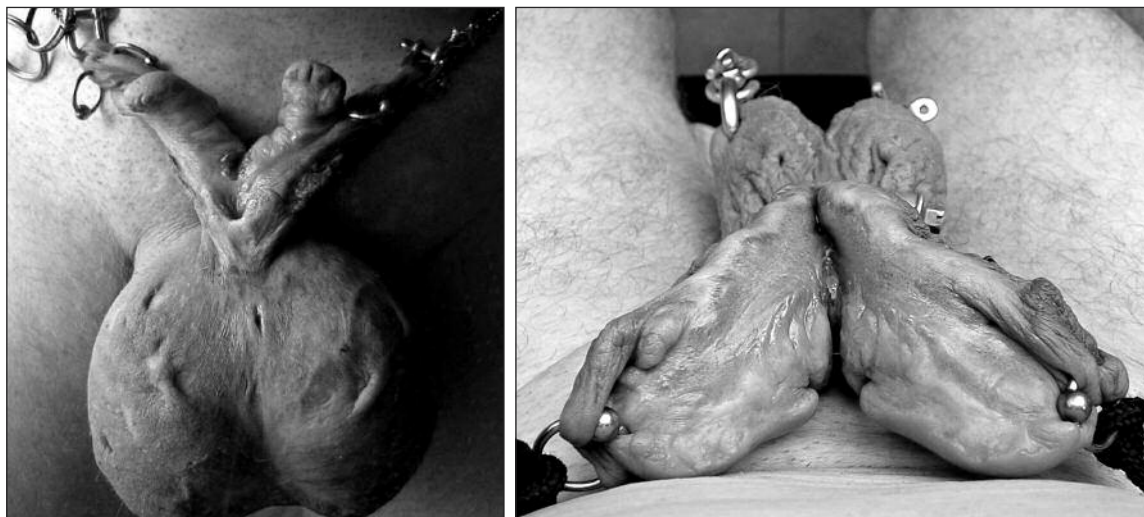
my genitals. I still like to play with my genitals, but now I do it with my spit cock. As I already said, cutting is addictive, so in addition to cutting my cock I'm also working on splitting my sac. This I've been doing using a small electric cauterity pen instead of a needle. At this moment I'm happy with the split, where I have it, but you never know. Maybe sometime I will go on and split my cock or sac further than it is at this moment. Whatever I choose, I think it will be a long and nice time doing it. I've never wanted to do it all at once because splitting is so nice.

I've recently also started stretching my scrotum, and it swings nicely on its own when I walk, so I think it's about 20cm long.

Nobody else knows about what I do, so for a long time I worried about what I was doing, but when I finally saw pictures on the internet of other people doing it as well I finally no longer thought I was crazy and alone, and I knew that others were doing it too. I love seeing modified genitals, my own or others — I love it every time I see them.



Above: Fred in 2002, Below: Two years later.





## Robert: Chemical Castration and Body Modifications

*Robert is to some extent an oddity in this book, because he is both involved in the private kinkier, intuitive side of body play that this book largely discusses, but is also an active enthusiast in the somewhat youth-oriented pop culture body modification movement that is so popular these days.*

Born and raised in northern Virginia. My mother was a stay at home mom, my dad is a CEO of a major corporation. My family life was wonderful, had a wonderful up bringing, and really couldn't ask for anything more.

I grew up normal, more of a computer geek than anything else. I always found trouble with sexuality though, and actually convinced myself for a few years (ten to twelve) that I was actually female, but just made male. I had a huge fascination with aliens as well...and always secretly hoped that they would abduct me, for no real reason. I was a weird kid...

*Do you think the female thing was due to just self-esteem issues and problems with dealing with yourself (i.e. an easy "out"), or do you think there were real gender issues there under the surface?*

I honestly think it was an easy way out. I always was curious about everything... and maybe I couldn't explain why I was male? I'm still not quite sure.

When I hit puberty though I struggled quite hard with learning how to talk to people. I had friends, but anything involving a female I was so....nervous with. I lived my life avoiding any female contact.

*Do you have bisexual tendencies?*

I do, but not very strong ones. I've kissed a few guys, but would never dream of actually dating one.

Not saying though I didn't have sexual thoughts. I had a ton. But my ever evolving fear of females due to rejection grew and grew. I masturbated quite often, sometimes even six times a day. It grew to much and eventually it just became an annoyance than pleasure.

*I think that's really common by the way — almost everyone I've talked to about this seems to have a heavy sex drive. Was the masturbation "normal" in terms of what you did (i.e. no sounding, anal play, animals, etc.) and so on?*

I used to masturbate about things that would scare me. Like the thought of being tied up and beaten, or choking someone. But I never actually did any sounding or animals or the like... just thoughts.

Then I found a girl. She was wonderful and really everything I could of asked for then. But sexually she couldn't keep up with me at all. So I had to find another girl to please me sexually at the same time. Not sure how it all worked out really, and I was seventeen at the time, but I had two girls at the same time for over a year pleasing me sexually. They both knew about each other, and not really sure why they didn't mind.

*Lucky guy many would say. When you say "sexually couldn't keep up" what do you mean by that? Just didn't have the drive, or wasn't kinky enough on some level?*

Wasn't...kinky enough. Wasn't exciting enough. I needed

something different every day. The other girl definitely did that for me, but looking back on it... wow, I was stupid.

Eventually it all went away...

At nineteen I thought about it all, and was guilt ridden. VERY guilt ridden. Here I had treated my first love really horribly just because she couldn't please me sexually. I dunno. I just wish I had the foresight to see that my future would be awesome if I could just get my penis under control during the present.

That guilt would go on to play a huge role in my mods..

Now at twenty two I'm a restaurant manager, and an independent business owner in a heavily competitive corporate world.

*There are a lot of successful people I'm interviewing. Do you think the two go hand in hand? After all, if you have dissatisfaction with your body and actually have the drive to surgically correct and improve it, often solo, that could be taken as a mark of an unstoppable perfectionist.*

I definitely agree. Most people are happy with just being status quo, deal the hand they got. Whereas myself and I'm sure others are not happy with their hand, and in fact want to be better than everyone.

*What is your history with body modifications?*

I loved labret piercings. So at eighteen, after I went to college I got it done. Made me so happy...

Three years later after learning about BME, and having a few more piercings(including an apadravya and two frenums) I wanted a

meatotomy. Not really sure why, Just did. I thought it looked neat...and I didn't really see my penis as anything good, so I thought hey, lets just cut it in half a little bit. So I did. I clamped it all myself (a cutter was watching), and after five or six long minutes of trying to clamp it all myself I did. Then after forty five minutes of doing so I unclamped it, got the paper thin skin cut, and cauterized it. The joy on my face was enormous...Just seeing how my penis looked cut open like that brought a new sense of happiness to my face.

Looking back on it, I'm not sure why it made me so happy. I'm thinking it was the guilt I had for my over sex drive. For making me treat someone I loved so badly. I never blamed myself for it...only my penis. So inflicting destruction on something I hated seemed so right...

*Do you really think it was that? I know I experienced an immense happiness when I first saw everything open up, and the majority of guys I've talked to have had that "moment"... sort of like a clichéd choir "ahhhh!" and light shining from the heavens (sort of like in TV commercials when something really over-the-top is revealed)... It's interesting that you say you think it might*



*have been satisfaction from achieving something negative... For most I think it's a victory or a revelation.*

I thought it was neat, but no, From what I understand I was so happy that I had completely mutilated my penis. Forever. A constant reminder that I fucked up in the past, and I shouldn't in the future.

Unfortunately it didn't get rid of the guilt....so when I was twenty-one I researched castration. I heard a little bit about it, but really nothing until I talked to a few people about it. After speaking with a few eunuchs I realized what would make me ultimately happy and make things be right again, I had to be castrated. At least for a while....

So Androcur was my best bet there.

Bought it, and took it for three months. Weirdest three months of my entire life, let me tell you.

*Does Androcur simply "cancel out" male hormones (i.e effectively making you a no-testosterone eunuch or sort of a post-menopausal woman), or does it have female hormonal effects as well?*

It stops the production of androgens, which are the hormones that 'make you male'. Unfortunately though with no androgen, estrogen gets kicked up...and its bad times.

Mood swings, crying fits, weight gain, hot flashes, and no hair growth...but...I was happy. I never experienced any sexual thoughts for two good months. I had a ton of good female friendships during that time, And I cherished the fact I could have them without fucking them up with sex. That feeling made me feel human again, not like some monster.

*So even though you didn't stick with the Androcur, it was totally the right decision. Have the effects been long-lasting? That is, has it improved your ability to sustain platonic relationships with women?*

The effects lasted for over a year after I stopped. Unfortunately now my drive is back in full, and I dunno...I'm at a weird spot which I'm not sure if I want to just castrate myself or go back on the pills. But I need to choose soon.

I then met a girl. She and myself had a huge conversation about the drug I was taking..and through her thoughts and my thoughts, I went off of the drug. I knew I couldn't be on it forever, nor could I live with the fact I had the wildest mood swings ever. Being female is quite hard.

This girl also retaught me how to have sex without being guilt ridden. We actually had a very healthy sex life for a while. It really showed me happiness. In the long run though we really couldn't get along, and besides the sex, there

was really no long lasting return on it all.

*Did she to some get off on the "re-de-virginizing" aspect of it all?*

Oh, definitely! She admitted it to me later as well.

I also then fell in love with my current fiancé. I sometimes wonder if it was a grace of god that I met her, but she has really helped me balance everything out. I felt whole, and stable with her.

*What makes her different from the others, and able to deal with (and I hope enjoy) all the quirks in your character?*

She was virginal. She didn't judge me, or want me to be someone. For the first time I could just be me. I know its said a lot, but i mean it. She let me be me...

*How did the Androcur affect your relationships with men?*

I hated them. I couldn't get along with them and thought all the things they did were ridiculous. It was so weird looking back on it.

*Did you have any sexuality at all during that period? Even attempts to masturbate just to see if it would work?*

I tried. But no avail. I couldn't get an erection or even aroused to save my life.

*What was coming off the drug like?*

It was alright. I could go on for hours about how I felt day to day, but to sum it up, it was weird. All my feelings came back, masturbating for the first time in three months was neat. And not feeling moody definitely made me happy

Anyways, back to my mods.

I got my subincision after I met my fiancé, as just a coming to grips with the fact that I can have a healthy sexuality and be fine with it. I think many people want to get a subincision as a cultural thing, but I found no solace in that. I found no spiritual meaning out of it either. To be quite honest, I just wanted new feelings. I wanted to have a penis that could be used a vagina.

*Did she encourage it, enjoy it, or just "allow" it as a part of who you are?*

She allowed it. Never once has she stopped me from getting anything I've wanted. Shes always supported me..even if she disagrees.

*How was your subincision actually done?*

I don't remember much of the procedure. Needless to say, I was insanely nervous, almost to the point of backing out. This fear made me call up my best friend, and I made her come with me. I laid back on the table and just held my friend's hand. I stared right up at the ceiling and talked to her about our day, what we wanted to do when we grow up, and so on. We talked about just whatever, just to calm me down.

All the while I had lidocaine being injected into my penis and clamps crushing the tissue that would eventually be split. The injection of the lidocaine was the most painful out of the entire procedure — as my cutter said, "it will burn like hell".

After it was clamped for a good half hour, he unclamped my penis and proceeded to cut the crushed tissue. From what he told me, it didn't bleed much at all until the sutures. After the cutting he pulled the subincision physically open, and started to suture the sides to themselves so they wouldn't heal back together. It's nerve wracking to feel this limp thing between your legs, and seeing someone with a suture right there,





sewing your cock back together! I glanced down for only a moment before I stared back up at the ceiling and continued my conversation with my best friend.

After the suturing I laid there for a good five minutes and then slowly got up. For anyone who wants to have a subincision done, get diapers. These were my savior. My cock didn't bleed much at all during the procedure, with only moderate flow during the suturing. Only until after I left the studio did it really start to bleed. We went to Chili's to get a bite to eat, and when we were walking to our table, my penis felt like it was bleeding more, so I excused myself and went to the bathroom.

Thank god I had the diaper on, because at this point a huge pool of blood had formed! It took a few minutes but I cleaned up myself in the bathroom, and went back to eat. I ate quite fast, wanting to go home to take a shower and take care of myself there. The bleeding stopped for the night, so I changed diapers and went to sleep. Morning erections were the worst part of this. Not only did it bleed heavily when I had an erection, but the sutures were put on rather tight so they cut into my penis. For the first week, I got up three or four times a night to urinate just so my penis would go limp. It was terrible, but eventually the painful erections went away.

If you plan on having this done, request that the sutures are put a little looser if you are a "grower". Having the suture wire cutting into your cock is perhaps the most painful feeling of all. The healing was a complete pain in the ass. No sleep for a good week, a nice amount of blood loss, and extreme discomfort for a good month. Luckily there are many good things though — the feeling of having your urethra touched, sex (hetero) feels ten times better, plus the feeling of having your top treat you like a girl because your penis somewhat resembles a vagina. It was all worth it.

Later, I got my head split done as well, because my apadravya was constantly annoying me, and I really enjoyed the look of it. I really wish I could say more, but really, That's why. I almost died from the mod though... Four straight hours of bleeding three days afterward. Scariest moment of my life.

*What did you do? Did you just tough it out and eventually it stopped, or did you bite the bullet and go to the hospital?*

I freaked out bad. Called my cutter (who was hours away) and he helped me a little. I basically squeezed the shit out of my cock head and I said a prayer to god. I asked him to stop the bleeding..and to spare me. Keep in mind I've never been religious, and besides that night, never have I even said a prayer. If that's some indication of how nuts I was. But after four hours I went to sleep and woke up with light blood on me, and I was fine.

*In terms of the transition from meatotomy to subincision to head split, how did that functionally affect you (i.e how did it feel, work, etc. both solo and with partners), and how did they respond both physically and emotionally/aesthetically?*

It was tough with work. I bar tend, and to move all the time in tightish pants, was difficult. Also It was hard to get to "relearn" masturbating That was super tough, because

normally most guys get into a pattern. But when you have that...you have to completely relearn a new way of doing things. My partners didn't mind at all, they just accepted it much to my delight

With every cut I was happier. I loved just sitting in my bed late at night and touching my subincision. Just thinking about what I did...I felt accomplished.

*What keeps you interested in body modifications?*

I love how it looks. To be honest I've completely come to grips with all the guilt and sexuality issues I had. Now I just really like how I look. I had a very low self esteem in past years..but now with my 'new body' I feel like a million dollars. I love how I feel and look with them all.



*Is the appeal mostly for looks?*

I love how they look! I love people being scared-interested-quizzical with them. I think there is a small part that likes them sexually, my fiance loves how they look, specially when I'm all dressed up. She says I look sexy...so..there we go

The subincision... I'm not quite sure yet how I feel about it. I'm still not a hundred percent confident on why I got them either. But I'm happy I did... I really can't answer that question.

*Do you think though that if you didn't have self esteem issues you would still do this? That is, if you'd had counseling, been dragged to a gym your whole life (or maybe that would make it worse), or whatever... is what you've done the result of something "hardwired" or more of a way of dealing with the world?*

I think it was overcoming myself. I was never the smartest, or the fastest or anything as a kid. Never. That really made me upset. But when I discovered I could change my body to how I want. Just made my life better.

But if I didn't have self esteem issues..I wouldn't see myself doing any of it, no...

*You were born a “eunuch”?*

To tell you my own story, as briefly as possible. Like many children of the fifties, I was born with undescended testicles.

*Why is that?*

In the fifties and into the sixties there were many medications given to expectant mothers that they only learned later, had sexual complications for male fetuses. Hypospadias, and other penile deformities were much more common, and so was undescended testicles.

Not just that they hadn't dropped from the inguinal canals. They did not appear in the inguinal canals until I was six years old. Through the years my father steadfastly refused to allow them to remove my testicles. He even refused to allow them to do orchidopexy, since the doctors had told him if they were not viable, they would be removed during that surgery.

While in the throws of a really horrible cold just before I was sixteen, I was coughing so hard that my testicles broke through. They were not large, like chick peas, and of course, since they had never hung, I had virtually no scrotum for them to reside in. I had been on testosterone therapy since I was twelve, and once my nuts appeared they changed and injected it directly into the testicles. That was a horrible time to live through, but it only proved that their development would not occur. I am now, and have been for most of the last thirty something years on HRT.

*Did the injection experience manifest later in life as CBT?*

The injection experience only made me more convinced that having testicles was not for me. I went each week to get those shots, and ended up hurting so bad that walking was a challenge for three or four days. Just about the time it was feeling good again, it was time for another shot. My useless testicles are way too tender to ever have any kind of abuse, but I have gotten into some mild cock torture. Not to a level that even comes close to many on BME, but light abuse on occasion. I have also experimented with lidocaine, and other numbing agents.

As a kid, one of the doctors that I was seeing, who had other young patients who were in similar situations, made a point that we all met. I became friends with a few of those boys and so began a lifelong fascination with genital anomalies, and thereby mods.

*That's an interesting parallel subculture to the people who are in the genital mods groups — people who were born with genital “modifications” already done.*

There is another whole subculture of guys who had no choice in their mods. Many are not remotely into the “scene”, but instead, try to blend in as much as possible. Guys with shortened cocks or no balls, are either accepted by the mainstream gay community or it repulses them. There is no gray area there. More than a few of the childhood eunuchs that I have known, have had testicle implants to look “normal”.

My own appearance is that of a eunuch with a slightly tightened scrotum. There is some loose skin beneath my

penis, but not enough to house normal sized testicles. They still spend all their time in the inguinal canals.

*Any voluntary body modifications?*

At the moment I have only piercings, and a clipped frenulum, but am actively seeking removal of my testicles, and the scrotum that I have. I am fascinated by other mods especially those to the penis, and may at some point choose to do one or more of them. I would really prefer to have secured a loving relationship with a like minded individual before considering anything else. Its taken me a while to reach the point that I don't care what others think, and will therefore do it, to please myself.

Being gay, and knowing that early, proved to be an advantage with my visible lack of testicles. The boys who might otherwise have felt “queer” fooling around somehow could rationalize that I wasn't really a boy.

*I assume you identify as male, rather than as a third gender?*

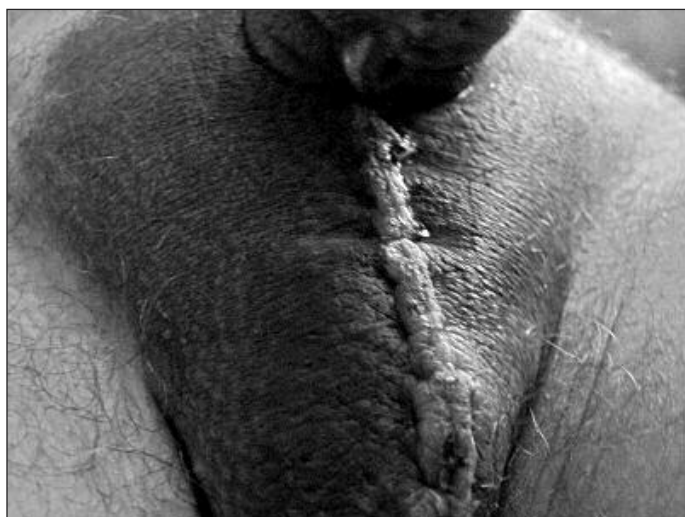
I identify as third gender, with male traits. I am masculine, and have no desire to be feminine or female. But since I have never been fertile, I have never quite identified as male.

As I came into the gay scene in the late seventies, I also found that I was something of a novelty with guys. All too soon, the whole of the gay community knew that I was “different”. This brought out some others who were also “different”. By the early eighties I had a circle of friends that were either eunuchs, or had some sort of penile issue. Among that group were a few guys who had endured a partial penectomy as a means to cure a severe hypospadias. We also had in our circle for a time, a guy who had actually cut off his own penis when he was five. But that is another story.

*Please tell me!*

I have known Sean nearly all my life. He is a year older than I am. He is a middle birth, being followed by twins, one of whom was very sick. He was taught to bath and dress himself, so that his mother could concentrate on the twins. The loss of her attention manifested itself in him wetting the bed. Conventional wisdom at that time was to scold the child, or even spank them. Bill grew tired of the spankings, but just could not stop wetting the bed. He says that it dawned on him that his penis was the culprit, since that was where the pee came from. One night he snuck out of bed, took his mother's sewing scissors, and simply snipped it off. He applied Bactine to the wound, tossed his severed penis in the trash, and went back to bed. Much to his surprise, in the morning he had to pee. He told no one, and several days went by before his parents were aware of the situation. Until we were thirteen or so, I had no idea that he didn't have a dick. While out playing a game one day, he went to leave. The rest of us, had stopped to pee on a tree if needed, and so we would not accept his reason for leaving. We held him down, and depantsed him. As we grew older, and he became aware that I fooled around with some of the other boys, he approached me. He was fully matured by sixteen, and while he has virtually no penis flaccid, he can become just over two inches erect. We fooled around, and he was quite fascinated with my penis, as I am uncut. That continued through





Two days after scrotal removal surgery.

college, and then he met and married a wonderful gal. They are still together, and managed to have two daughters. All through high school, his father would not allow him to avoid PE, and the required showers, so virtually everyone knew that he didn't have a dick. We got together for a few drinks not long ago, and ended up talking about it. He says that while he would not do it again, if he could change the past, that he has had a very content life, not having a dick.

Our little group, was quite close at one time, and we found that even once the novelty wore off among the other gays, we still had each other. Some of our parties were the type of thing that most guys just dream of. Eight or ten attractive guys, all naked, and fooling around.

I spent twenty seven years in the country music business as a traveling singer, and so traveled the country, and soon met others like our little group. In the south, its not uncommon to find guys who were castrated by their fathers for getting caught fucking boys.

*"Not uncommon"? I have to admit that sounds like fantasy? I've found that there's a strong mix between fantasy and reality in people's stories.*

One of my closest friends is a guy from small town Tennessee, near the Kentucky border. He was caught by his father with another boy, actually with his dick buried deep in him. His father separated them, and then took Darryl , to the wood shed, and cut off his balls and sack. He then reported what had happened to the other boys parents, and he soon met the same fate. Both were sent away, and thats how we met. Ironically, Darryl was the only son, and when his father died a few years later, he ended up the owner of the family lands. He and the other boy are still together, and now live there in rural Tennessee. Through them I have met several others who were castrated by angry fathers. Additionally, its not just southern. One night coming out of Lancaster Pa, a friend of mine picked up this obviously Amish boy hitch hiking. He soon found out that the boy had been caught by his oldest brother, the man of the house, with a dick up his ass. The brother castrated him, shaved him, and then set him into the street with only one change of clothes. He was brought here to Baltimore, and we all tried to convince him to go to the police. He refused, since the local law tends not to mess with Amish stuff. He by the way, is now a highly successful real estate agent here in town.

For the most part, until the Internet, my exposure to guys who were modded, was limited to those who had no choice in the matter. Slowly in the nineties as the Internet grew, I became aware of those who had chosen to have parts removed. I was quite intrigued by the whole thing, and thanks to a few guys I knew, am actually very interested in getting a partial penectomy myself.

Today, through various groups, I have met men from all over, who have chosen to snip off some of their bits, or do other mods such as a subincision. All of them fascinate me, both the mods, and the reasons behind them. Its quite frustrating to me, that the medical community has so strongly opposed any opening up of voluntary surgeries to create genital mods. Even for a guy who has serious testicular issues, like myself, (they are often painful, and potentially very dangerous since checking for cancer is more difficult), it is nearly impossible to find a doctor who will agree to perform a castration. This leads to the whole underworld of mods, and people that are really hurting themselves in an attempt to achieve their desires. My personal goal is to try to find a way to make mods available to any who want them, safely, and legally.

*How will you achieve this?*

I am very open about my own desires, and I freely share what I know of others who are into Mods. By doing so, it makes them seem more “normal”, and accepted. Those that I still associate with who are modded are the same, and we live relatively vanilla lives, by comparison to the idea that many have about how it would be for a guy with genital mods. I have been very vocal in several forums about the need for a medical doctor, to replace Dear old Kimmel in Philly. I have even discussed helping to bankroll a young intern in setting up a practice specifically devoted to male genital mods. I became quite good friends with my urologist when I was in Tennessee, and he is actually a victim of unwanted mods himself. He however sees the erotic nature of being different, and while he so far has stopped short of offering to do mods, may in the near future set up an office for just that purpose. In most states, it is not illegal to do a partial penectomy or castration, on someone who has no medical reason, it is just frowned on by the AMA. A doctor is at the mercy of the local medical board, to keep his license, and so they avoid issue by not doing these types of elective procedures. I am lobbying, open minded members of several state medical boards, to get them to change their stance on voluntary genital changes. What is amusing is that a woman, who has bad periods, can request and quickly receive a hysterectomy. Let a man see a doctor, cause he has really painful testicles, that affect his quality of life, and they want to send him to a shrink. By the same token, a large breasted woman can merely ask and receive a breast reduction, but for a man who is well endowed, to manage to have some of it removed, is nearly impossible, short of an unlicensed cutter.

I am trying to do my part, to make it easier for those seeking mods, to have them safely, and legally. I don't know that I'll succeed, but I am trying to do my part.

I am recently amazed at the number of much younger men, who are quite sure of their desires, and act on them. In the past, it was largely guys over forty, who were finally acting on their desires, at a point in their lives that is really almost too late to find real pleasure in their mods. Today, I am friendly with at least a couple dozen guys well under thirty who have either achieved their mods, or are close to success. Even the



Two weeks after scrotal removal surgery.

membership of mod sites bears out that guys are acting on their desires earlier. Amen to that !!

I'll be happy to elaborate on some of the people that I have known from the past, with the understanding that any who are living I will do so only by concealing their identity. Many have drifted from my circle, and so I can not get their approval to share with you. Those who are willing, I will try to get to contact you, of the ones that I am still in touch with.

I hope that I have provided something useful, but be aware that until fairly recently, those I knew who were modded men, mostly had no choice in the situation. They just came to accept and enjoy their differences.

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*The previous portion of the interview with Ray was conducted in 2008. Since then he has been able to achieve a true castration, as well as having had his scrotum removed (these are the images that you see here). I hope I'm not spoiling the ending too badly, he described it as a "godsend", and was happy to be able to tell me that "the pain stopped instantly once the testicles were gone, and I have not had a bad day since. Not even in the surgical recovery."*

In March of 2008, I had reached the point where the testicular pain was affecting virtually every part of my life. Battling long term pain is a very draining thing, it saps your energy, and causes depression. In desperation I went back to my GP and begged for yet another referral to another urologist.

I went well armed to that appointment, having taken time to document all the treatments I had had, from a small child, and including a pain diary that I had been keeping for several months. I was quite candid with this new urologist who listened intently and winced a few times when I described some of the more gruesome treatments I have been thru. She, yes I said she, after listening to what I had to say, including that I was a gay male nearing fifty who was and always had been infertile, and had depended on Testosterone therapy all my life. after some back and forth discussion she agreed subject to a conference with a couple colleagues to try removal.

We agreed that we would try one side, to see if we actually solved the pain. Since the left was usually worse that was the first one to go. On October 8th, 2008 I got a local and she removed the left one. From the first injection of lidocaine, the pain was gone. It has never even remotely returned. At my post-surgery followup two days later we scheduled the right for one month later. Although functionally I have been a eunuch all my life, I officially became one on November 10th 2008. The second surgery went so easily that four hours after i was out in my yard dipping leaves out of my pool.

At this point I suppose even if its tacky I should say that in spite of warnings not to, I could not resist having that first orgasm as an official eunuch. I can not begin to tell you the euphoria I was feeling knowing that the pain was over, and those things that to me had always been so foreign were no longer a part of me.



As the days turned into weeks, the swelling went way , and the bruising as well, and I really began to feel the changes. For years doctor after doctor had kept me on low dose testosterone. After the surgery I went with a full dose. Suddenly I had a libido like a teenager again! I felt stronger, dropped a few nagging pounds that approaching middle age had brought on, and now being pain-free, I was working non-stop, and playing non-stop.

Over those first months I also discovered that I could now have multiple “dry” orgasms, leading up to the real thing. Each was nearly as mind-blowing as a real orgasm, but the desire did not fade. This was an unexpected benefit, but one that I have come to really cherish.

Later, in May of this year [2012], I had the scrotoplasty, the removal of the scrotum, completed. Life got in the way, but I finally had that done. Believe it or not, it is actually a much more involved procedure than castration. Took a couple weeks to heal, but i am tickled with the result. It is now a very sensitive spot.

During all this I was very active at the EA [Eunuch Archive] and on several other mod sites, and offered advice and counsel to others who for whatever reason were seeking castration. These days, I hear from two or three new guys a week, who either from seeing my profile someplace or from getting my name from another, have found out that I am an advocate for wannabe eunuchs.

I like this role of teacher/confidant and try to help all those that reach out to me.



Finally and officially, Ray becomes a real healthy happy eunuch.

“I never set out to be weird. It was always other people who called me weird.”

— Frank Zappa

“A civilized society is one which tolerates eccentricity to the point of doubtful sanity.”

— Robert Frost

## Neil: Partial Subincision

I'm thirty-seven, born in Kent, England and grew up a fairly normal life. I went to a all boys grammar school, but left at the age of sixteen to work in an office as the general work situation was pretty poor at that time. After a couple of years I left this to pursue a high powered career in London as a broker. I did this for thirteen years and decided to leave to pursue a girl in New Zealand and to learn to fly helicopters. And that, as they say, is where my story with body modifications began. Since 1998 I have successfully completed my commercial helicopter pilots licence, ran a motorcycle repair shop as a chief mechanic, traveled the world, and am now living in Australia with my gorgeous wife Suzi. We have two daughters — Lily, four years and Amelia, five months, and I am currently studying for my Licensed Aircraft Maintenance Engineer Apprenticeship.

*How did your body modifications progress once you moved to New Zealand?*

I guess it all started with a very innocuous piercing I had done in Auckland New Zealand. I had a PA done as I knew when I left London in 1998 there were many things to experience in life and this was top of my list. The thrill was to explore what could be done to your body and what effects it has upon your body and soul and come to think of it, your partner. I guess also I didn't want to be just another person — I wanted to stand out but in a personal way rather than shout "hey world, here I am!"

The next was again in NZ where I had a nipple ring. This only lasted a few months as I found it to be quite irritating and I got some unwanted attention from the same sex! After that I decided to regularly play with my piercing while masturbating, constantly pulling it for the ouch/wow factor and trying to stretch the hole to take a more comfortable fitting. This proved such a buzz that within six months I had gauged up to the 00gauge BCR. Great for self masturbating but hurt my girlfriend at that time, so I decided to see what else might be available and that's where the wonderful world of BME sent me in to heaven! To see a head split was such a buzz I just had to do it!

So one evening with some very strong clean fishing line I tied the hole up tight and waited. And man was the wait excruciatingly long! But that moment of when I cut the last piece of skin allowing the head to open out was so erotic and sexually exciting it still makes me smile. But, as they say one piercing or mod was not enough and I decided to try some self piercing, I did a reverse PA, a transscrotal, and a shaft piercing on the lower part of my meatotomy. All were successful and with no complications with the real kick of the high adrenalin and pushing yourself to an unimaginable goal of this. But still it wasn't enough!

That's when again I saw the double anal piercings which I really wanted as I have a very sensitive area that would be complemented by these piercings. This I had carried out by a studio in Brighton England who were really professional and the results were excellent. However, the pain for the next couple of weeks was almost unbearable and they had installed rings instead of the bars that I did originally ask for, so the piercings eventually pulled out and that piercing was





sent to the archives along with the transscrotal. The reverse PA and the meatotomy piercing were still in use by me but I had seen the subincision and head bisection which were my next goals. Both were carried out with the tie off method and again no major problems experienced.

The reason for the subincision was to open up the urethra for finger and tongue play and I wanted the head split as I just really loved the look. The head still remains half split and I do want to go all the way but I have reached an extremely sensitive and high blood area which has on two occasions nearly put me in hospital with the inability to stem the rather high blood flow. I would like further help but sadly there are very few persons capable of this one so that's it so far

*Can you tell me about doing the meatotomy/subincision cutting procedure in more detail?*

After I saw that with a cut I could piss straight, and get a lovely looking cock that I could play with and where my partner could lick the inside of my glans, it was all systems



go!!! Just cutting it would leave an awful lot of skin bare and would produce a lot of blood. The PA opening had been stretched to take 10mm — about 0ga — jewelry, so the only option for me would be a tie-off and cut method. Since I was back in England and knew of no good studios I decided to do the job myself.

Armed with some fishing line, and of all things, a steel guitar string, I first tied the PA opening and top of my urethra as tightly as I could. Initially the pain was extreme, but subsided quickly, thanks in part to it being extremely arousing!

I waited until I felt it was safe for the next stage — probably an hour or two — where I untied the fishing line and got out the very thin and extremely strong guitar wire. I inserted the guitar string through my PA opening and pulled it toward me in a sawing motion — similar to cutting cheese! I have to say the cutting went smoothly with little to no blood, and was an extremely clean cut. The biggest rush both physically — and yes, sexually — was when I got the the last piece of skin at the top of the urethra. A few saws and suddenly done! The head now gently parted, and with the inner section glistening, wow, was I going to have fun!

*It was just the desire to be different that fueled all of this?*

It was a desire to be different and to stand out from the crowd, but in a personal manner. I have always been a person with a high sexual drive and the desire and have and like to experience all that life and sex has to offer. This was a natural path that I liked and love to this day. I want to do more, have a few more tattoos, the complete head split and a urethral reroute (wife depending!). I guess it still is my on personal desire as I know my wife likes it but is not into it and would prefer me to stay how I am.



Two fresh anal piercings (dark liquid is iodine) and a guiche.

## Steven: Studded Cock on Fire

I am thirty-one years old but you wouldn't guess it by looking at me — most people put me at early twenties. I was born and raised in a suburb of Toronto, and have lived in the Toronto area all my life other than the occasional summer for work. I have the typical dysfunctional upbringing in that my parents were both workaholics and were often pretty much nonexistent in my life. My mother resorted to hitting to teach a lesson and my father was pretty much nonemotional. I recently discovered that I am bipolar — I feel like I am probably one of the most dysfunctional persons you'll ever meet, which makes me easily taken advantage of. A life of being put down by friends, family, and lovers unfortunately has made bitter. However, don't let me jade your opinion of me. I am making an effort to make the world a better place, to take what I know and give back through skating. I feel amazing for it.

Anyway, so when I was growing up I had to adapt to teach myself the things I wanted and needed to know. At age fourteen I picked up my first skateboard, and took to it almost instantly. Skating has been the ultimate high of my entire life. There's something about the thrill and unlimited challenge that will keep me skating until I am dead. Currently I am working for the city of Toronto building skateparks — honestly, there couldn't be a better job for me.

Currently, I have two tongues at 12 gauge and 6 gauge, lobes at 6 gauge, nipples at 10 gauge. Lorum at 8 gauge, two apas at 12 gauge and a guiche at 4 gauge. My tattoos are "slave" on the back of my neck, flames on my forearm with an eye just above the flames, a sun on the right forearm, a fish on my belly, two black bands on my ankles, and flames tattooed on my cock. Also worth mentioning is that I have ten beads strategically inserted in between the flames on my cock and a short subincision or meatotomy past the glans.

It is quite obvious that almost all of these piercings have more functional value than aesthetics, and this is the motivation for all my piercings, insertions, and other body modifications. I would also like to note that I have had about thirty piercings in me at one time or another that I've since taken out. I consider myself primarily straight and take great pride in satisfying my partner more than satisfying myself — this is the main reason why I chose most of the piercings I got. However, because I lead an active lifestyle, some piercings just don't work for me. I have also found that some piercings don't work for my partner either.

*I apologize if this seems like a rude question, but is there an aspect of inadequacy or a feeling of "need" to be better — more length from the PA, more stimulation from the beads, and so on?*

Well, I do feel the need to satisfy my partners... my partner's satisfaction is a very important factor in my relationships. She's happy, I'm happy. From my male perspective it's also an issue of how good it feels for her. As a teen I had no basis for comparison. I had few partners, one of which I was with eight years, and all of these partners were inexperienced as well. In my mid twenties I started dating again and was astounded to hear from lovers that I am very satisfying.

Of course there are some piercings that simply do not satisfy, and some that simply can't be felt at all during vaginal

intercourse. My greatest response has been from my four dydoes. Unfortunately if you lead an active lifestyle these are probably not very functional for the piercee. My worst response was from a frenum ladder. The beads would continually catch on the vaginal opening and it was very uncomfortable. I've found some positions work better than others depending on the piercing. A lot of women have difficulty with anal, so because of my size I have to reserve it for experienced partners. That said, apart having to be careful with some women, I have yet to have a bad anal experience with women.

The safest bet I would say on a male has to be a captive bead PA ring. Not so much in the missionary position but from behind it's amazing for both. Well, from behind is amazing





for both anyway, but the PA makes it even better since it hits her in just the right spot. You have to get used to peeing while sitting till you can control the urine stream, and cum shots won't shoot to the ceiling any more, but it's a safe bet for him and her. And I think the best bet for a woman is a hood ring — very functional, pretty, and heals mighty quick.

*I'm sure the piercings feel good for you as well.*

Yes, definately. Apart from my nipples, my pa is by far the best piercing I have ever had. To be quite honest, I actually miss having it. Although restricting my sensation is good in the fact that I can last as long as i want and control my orgasm.

*How did your body modification journey begin?*

My first body modification — not including my earlobe piercings of course — had to be my PA. I did this one because I had read in a local magazine that someone had got the piercing to add weight to in order to lengthen his penis. I was sixteen after all! What male in his teens doesn't want a longer penis? I pierced it with a needle from my mom's sewing machine. It had a thin point that tapered at the blunt end. Despite the crude and improper method, it worked for me. This prompted me to seek out more. My first tattoo was the old Airwalk "ollie" logo — a monumental figure in skateboarding at the time. I covered it when airwalk went mainstream.

Later, in a PFIQ article, I had read about bead insertion into the penis by inmates in aisa. The prisoners would insert one bead under the skin of the penis for each year incarcerated. Having taken out some of my piercings because of my active lifestyle, I decided that this would be a good alternative. At this time I had some very good connections with a jewlery making shop in the city, so I scored myself some large gauge needles and beads. I inserted the first set of five half an inch behind the glands in a ring configuration around my cock. I did them by first piercing with the needle, then chasing the needle with the bead, and then chasing the bead with a pusher-taper to hold the bead in place. I did the beads over three seperate sessions so as to not put too much strain on my body. At this point my PA had turned into a dolphin and I had quickly streched it to 6 gauge. Because of the force of the jewlery there was not much skin to hold the jewlery in place, and I cut the last flap of skin at the end of my urethra with a razor. It was quick and the bleeding was minimal. The remaining dolphin hole became a regular PA, just deeper, which I soon streched to 4 gauge. Eventually I cut the second PA section out as well with a pair of scissors. This time there was much more blood, and a lengthy healing time.

*Did you ever get worried by the blood and consider getting medical attention?*

I've suffered from allergies all of my life, and when I was younger I used to rub my nose a lot. Really wind it up, the damn thing was itchy! I think I was seven when I rubbed so much that I broke a blood vessel in my nose, and wow it bled a lot! I tried to get it cauterized but the gun made me sneeze! Speaking of sneezes, my record is thirty-seven sneezes in a row. I think I have about fifty or sixty brain cells left. But



really, I have no problem with blood.

*Why did you do your own beading rather than going to a professional?*

At the time I was comfortable with it, knowing my limits and going at the pace I wanted to. I can say the same for pretty much all my piercings.

I had been considering the tattooed flames or some other tattoo on my cock for years. Two questions. What would I get exactly, and how would I make it work with my existing bead implants? In doing reasearch about cock tatoos, I got the impression that anything detailed would not be decipherable after a year. So I knew that I would have to get something solid. My first thought was to get bands like a bumble bee, complete with jewlery stinger at the end — a great idea, but not me. I went with fire because it best describes my personality.

On a trip to British Columbia I decided that the time was right. I searched endlessly for a shop that would take this work, and I finally found one. I visited the artist to determine how it would be done, and we decided that flames would work well because he could work the whisps of the flames around the beads. He also suggested we use Emla, a topical anesthetic. It took one session to complete and the whole session I didn't feel a thing. I will make mention that all tattoos scab over to some extent, and this was no different. That night sleeping was difficult, and when the sun came up it hurt even more thanks to, as all men get, morning wood. It healed nicely and the colour is still doing quite well. Some areas simply do not take at all though, like the underside and

all the spots previously pierced that had scar tissue.

*Was avoiding the beads because he was worried about tattooing over them?*

Yes, that was an issue. It was his first tattoo on a penis, let alone one that had bead implants, so he was unsure of the results of tattooing over an insertion. We both agreed that the best idea was to avoid and design around the beads.

*In hindsight, was using the Emla the right call? I don't get the impression that you're INTO pain, but it does seem like you accept pain's value as "punctuation" in life, if that makes any sense...*

I've also heard stories that Emla pulls the colour out, but this was not the case for me [Editor's note: there's no reason why this should happen, although it is a common rumor]. I would have liked to have felt the pain naturally to experience what it feels like to have my penis tattooed. I can handle quite a bit of pain but I'm really not into it, any more than I can handle getting hurt but I don't go out looking for it. Pain is most definitely something you don't forget though.

*What drew you to body modifications beyond wanting to satisfy your partner?*

I think what got me into it was, quite honestly, my history of pain. I have been through a lot of trauma throughout my life, both physically and mentally. It is very safe to say that I've become accustomed to pain and seek it out. Skateboarding for seventeen years played a big part in that aspect. To this day I get bummed if I come out of a skate session without getting hurt.

For tattoos, I get a new tattoo as a symbol or means of moving to a new stage of my life — to visually mark that I have moved on. All of my tattoos have a specific reason that is personal to me. My piercings and mods, well, like I said, they're about feeling good and making others feel good.

*I'm not sure if your relationship is open, but I'm sure you meet a lot of younger, experimentally-minded girls while working skateparks, so I guess I'll ask if girls sometimes seek you out because they want to "try out" the things you've done? Feel free to tell me that I watch too much porn.*

To be quite honest my piercings and mods aren't too visible, and really, girls don't approach me that much. Until I get to know a person I'm really quite shy and reserved. Funny how that is. I love the idea of experimenting because as long as the conditions are right, that's the best way to learn: by trying. I am quite upfront to most people about my piercings and mods after I determine that they will be comfortable with them, but I don't tell a person point blank. IAM has been quite the outlet for me. All of the people here know what to expect pretty much. I have had some bad experiences, and some good, and I have hooked up with a few women thru IAM. The kinds of women I end up with tend to have piercings and tattoos as well. It's a personal preference for me. I do have a bit of a preference of going for the younger women. I find they tend to be a little more experimental than older women, and a little more accepting as well. I'm pretty fit, I work construction in the summer and skate year round, so I attract all types from gay bears to

cougars to the very young.

*You've mentioned a few times your active lifestyle causing some problems for you.*

In case you haven't guessed already, I'm not a huge fan of wearing undergarments. Tightly-whiteys are too sweaty and boxers ride up when you push on your board. I can remember losing countless pieces of jewelry due to skating. Let this be a lesson keep your threaded beads tight! One occasion in particular I had my left nipple rip and stain a shirt from running into a kid at a skatepark — his watch got caught on the ring thru the shirt and dragged me with him.

Unfortunately from that day on, lefty would never be the same as righty. I've had jewelry catch the inside of my pants and fall off while doing a trick down ten steps of stairs. Picture four dudes looking for a stainless bead at the bottom of a flight of stairs and one dude holding his crotch in pain.





## Riverwind and Shamu: Eunuchs

*As I mentioned earlier when I presented the interview with Talula, he would go on to become an active and central figure in the online eunuch community. One of the first big steps in that direction was in writing a monthly eunuch column for the early days of BME/News, and in that column he interviewed two mutual eunuch friends, Riverwind, and Shamu, also active on BME and the Eunuch Archive. I present these two interviews here now, exactly as he did them. All credit for these go to the people involved. Beyond some minor editing, it is all their work.*

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*The drive to be castrated is so strong that some do not care whether they live or die seeking the procedure. This was not the case of Riverwind, who is the topic of this month's column. He was castrated by a real medical doctor, and is a moderator at the Eunuch Archive Chat room. Riverwind and his ex-wife kindly accepted this interview which we did in mid June, 2003.*

*Who is the real Riverwind? Can you talk about yourself?*

I am 56 years old, divorced, with five kids and six grandkids. I am a eunuch.

*When did the concept of becoming a eunuch come to you?*

Wow... I was about eight or nine years old. It has been on my "to-do list" for most of my life.

*What made you decide that course was right for you and when did you start planning?*

I guess about seven or eight years ago. After years of abuse to my testicles the only thing left was to remove them. I did read up on how to do it and tried it myself: bad, bad idea. It was one of my more stupid ideas and I am lucky that nothing bad happened after. I cut the sac open and pulled the right nut out but that was as far as I got. It was about six months later that I finally got on the internet and within a day or two found BME. I sent the film of what I had done and a story to Shannon (yes, it's on a video at BME). The next thing I did after reading all the stories and looking at all the pictures was to get an elastrator. I did band my balls a couple of times — if anybody wants to try this, it is very painful. Another bad idea. Then I looked for a cutter. I never found one that I felt I could trust with my life... yet another bad idea. I finally went to a doctor in Philly and had it done. That was last September.

*What was your life like before castration?*

That was a lifetime of never being the person I really was. I never felt like I was part of the group and never really understood how other men think. It was a secret that was mine and mine alone. I never told anybody until I found BME and the Eunuch Archive. It was then that I realized that I was not the only person that felt this way. I finally found the brotherhood that I have been looking for my whole life.

*How did you become a eunuch?*

I finally decided that becoming a eunuch was what I had to do but there was that tiny doubt, so I went on chemical castration. I used the drug Androcur which I ordered off the net as it's not yet approved in the USA. I decided that I would take it for a year and then decide. As my testosterone

levels dropped I started to realize that I was finally becoming who I have always been. I loved the effects so the only thing left was to see a doctor. Dr. Kimmel in Philly is a urologist and does castrations and scrotum removal — I went for both on September 6th, 2002. I remember walking down the hall after surgery to meet my friends and thinking, "I am finally complete."

*Were there any immediate problems with your surgery?*

Yes, all of which were my own fault. The doctor had prescribed an antibiotic to fight infection. When I returned home and emptied my backpack the bottle got stuck in the pocket. I had several different pills that I was taking and never missed them. Fourteen days later I was in the hospital for the infection. That had to be the funniest four days of my life. I think about forty different doctors, nurses, interns, and students had to come in to look at the new eunuch. The last morning there was a group of about fourteen that came in at once. Ok, throw back the sheets, pull up the gown and spread your legs. If you can't find humor in life, you can never be truly happy. The infection healed and today I am out of pain and loving everyday as a eunuch.

*Have there been any long term problems because of castration?*

I have been under my doctor's care from about March of last year and I told him what I was doing and what my goal was. He ran the usual tests, checking the liver and testosterone levels, along with everything else. Last December I asked him if I could get a bone scan. He agreed and the diagnosis was that I have osteoporosis. This is a common side effect that can be handled by exercise and good diet, of which I was doing neither. Now I take Fosamax, which is a once-a-week tablet. I have increased my calcium intake and I joined the gym. Next x-ray is in December.

*Are you happy with your castration? What is your life like now?*

For the first time in my life I feel whole and complete. I have never been happier in my life. It was the right choice for me. Castration is not for everybody but for those of us that have this desire, there is no peace of mind until its done. Becoming a eunuch is the best thing I have ever done for myself.

*Have you told any members of your family and friends?*

Other than friends at the Eunuch Archive and BME, I have not told anybody other than my ex-wife. She told the kids — they're all grown and all of them are ok with it. It does get a lot of one liners in reference to balls or the lack of them. We do have a lot of fun with it which I think is good for them and me. I really don't know if I will ever tell local friends... I just don't know.

*Anything you'd like to tell the readers?*

In the process of becoming a eunuch I have met the staff of the Eunuch Archive as well as other eunuchs and some that will become one some day. We have become close friends and travel many miles to spend time with each other. We are straight, bi, gay, married, with partner, alone, divorced, young, middle aged, and old. We come from all walks of life; from all over the world. We are a brotherhood and share a common bond that is stronger than anything I have ever

found.

Castration is a major surgery. Your body will react to the loss with phantom pains and really objects to having them removed. It's not like having a disk removed or gallbladder surgery (I have had both). If you think castration is right for you, do a lot of research, and talk to guys that are already eunuchs. This is not a fantasy — this is reality. Make sure you understand all the things that will happen to your body with the lack of testosterone. It's more than hot flashes and night sweats or the lack of erections and being horny. Make sure you are 100% sure that this is what you want. Don't rush into it — take your time — four or five years. Make sure that this is what you want for you, not for someone else. Be safe and use a qualified medical professional: a doctor. The best cutters with lots of experience can still have one that doesn't go well and then you find yourself in the emergency room and he finds himself in jail. Use a doctor. Remember, this is not for everyone. If it is right for you, do it safely.

\* \* \*

*As I mentioned, we also had a chance to talk to "Mrs. ex-Riverwind":*

*How long were you married to Riverwind?*

We were married in 1977 and divorced in 1991. We lived together for two and a half years before we got married.

*What was he like?*

Well, this is a very vague question... He was a dad, a husband, a friend, a companion, a working man. A pretty normal guy.

*Do you see a difference in him now?*

Yes and no. He has many of the same characteristics with a few new ones thrown in.

*When Riverwind told you about his procedure what was your reaction?*

Concern and worry. I was unsure of what would be the right thing to say and or do. I am not a flighty woman by nature and usually handle things as they come. I suppose I took a back seat for a while on this and just waited to see what would happen.

*In your married life did Riverwind ever talk about his desire for castration? Did he seem different?*

No and no. We had an active sex life and as far as I knew he was happy with it.

*After you found out about Riverwind becoming a eunuch did your thoughts about him change?*

He is the father of our four sons, and that that will not change. He is a friend, and that will not change. I worry about him, but that too hasn't and won't change. He is a person, with all the feelings and foibles people come packaged with.

*Would you say Riverwind's life is better because of castration and why?*

No, I would not say better... different, yes. He is still dealing with this and until that has settled for him, I will not know if it's for the better or not. I can see that he's had to do a lot of adjusting, but that takes time and he's giving himself that

time.

*Is there anything you would like to add?*

I moved here following my grandchildren. I am pleased that Riverwind has chosen to become an active member of the family. I know that the kids and grandkids like and enjoy his company.

\* \* \*

*Following is Talula's separate interview with Shamu, another eunuch with a slightly different story.*

*What originally made you pursue castration and when?*

That's a hard question to answer. In all honestly I have to say I don't know. It is something that just is meant for me and I've felt this way as long as I can remember.

*What made your mind up to proceed with surgery?*

After years of wishing to become a eunuch I came across an ad in a magazine that asked if there were any others out there that were interested in castration. I never knew there was anybody else that felt the same way I did.

*So this magazine advertisement was the first thing you had ever read informing you that you were not alone in your interest in castration for yourself?*

Oh yes! I never dreamt that there was anything like that 'out there'. In fact I had a hard time believing that there were other people who felt the same way I did.

*And this was before the internet became widely available?*

Yes. Even if it were available and if I had a computer at that time, I probably would have been too afraid to even search for such information.

*So you communicated with people after reading that article.*

*What were your thoughts then and how many did you communicate with? How often?*

Well, directly I only contacted one individual who turned out to be a real prince of a guy. Through him I learned of a few others that I contacted (that is, after I got the guts to contact them). This led to fairly regular telephone and mail correspondence.

*You found a cutter. How did you find him?*

By word of mouth I got wind of an individual that presented himself as a 'qualified cutter'. He lived fairly close by so logistics wouldn't be too hard of a problem. You see, there have been others who have presented themselves as cutters — and I'm sure they are, but traveling a thousand miles does present a problem in timing, logistics, and so on.

*You drove to his house. What his home like? Did he appear as capable as your impressions were in previous conversations?*

I went to his home for a 'clinical as possible' castration. When I got there things were not as I had hoped. He had someone else there to observe and I've been in garage restrooms that were cleaner than this place. But I wanted this so bad I consented to go ahead. It was a real botched mess. The highlight was went he had to leave to go buy paper towels because he had run out of them — he started the procedure with half a roll of towels.



*Why didn't you leave as soon as you discovered your circumstances?*

As I stated before, this was something that I had wanted to have done to me and at that time, besides being scared out of my wits, I wasn't thinking too clearly.

*And he stopped mid-surgery so he could go purchase more paper towels?*

That's right. He went to purchase paper towels to soak up blood. At least he bought a name brand and not generic towels.

*How long was he gone?*

Probably between half an hour and an hour. It seemed like an eternity though.

*At anytime during the surgery did he tell you that he was video-taping?*

No. He had a video camera and television set up there, "so you can watch." I told him I had no desire to watch, so he continued with the procedure. I never once thought of it being recorded. That was stupid on my part.

*What specifically was it that made you ask him to stop so you could leave?*

I could feel myself going into shock. I had all the signs. Cold — Shaky — Clammy feeling — Thirsty. Thank goodness I had presence of mind to tell him to stop.

*From there you went to the hospital, correct?*

Not right away. I knew things were not going right when my scrotum swelled to about the size of a large grapefruit. I tried contacting the cutter but he was not answering his phone. So then I went to the hospital.

*How did they treat you there?*

I was never so humiliated in my life. When they found out the problem they actually laughed out loud. I mean you could hear them discussing it and laughing clear back in the room I was in and they were at the nurse's station.

Anyway when the Urological Surgeon got there he couldn't have been nicer. He wanted to know what happened and I told him the truth — without names of course. He didn't flinch a bit and was totally cool about it.

*What were the short-term problems?*

I had to have surgery to repair damage done to the scrotum. The surgeon said it looked like he used a steak knife on me.

*Any long-term problems?*

I had some infection problems, but that is okay now. But nothing too earth shaking.

*Later, after you went through this, you discovered that he had video-taped your surgery and later sold the tape. How did you*

*find out about this and what was your reaction?*

I found out through a close friend who saw the advertisement. My reaction? Scared shitless and furious beyond words! I thought at that time that I would be discovered and that would not go well for me. As for being furious I felt like I'd been raped. How dare he publish anything against my free will!?!

*Did you inform the seller that the tape was of you and that it was taken without your knowledge? What was the response?*

I did not. I was too scared and mad. However, my friend contacted the dealer to tell him that what he was doing was illegal as I had not given my permission. His reply was that he had a signed release (forged of course) and I could sue him if I wanted to do so. He knew I had no desire to drag this out into the public.

*You mentioned that your cutter has since been convicted of medical improprieties. Can you tell us about that? What was he convicted of and why?*

Well, it seems that he continued with his butcher shop. His main error was when he tried to convince a friend of his to be castrated. After I was 'operated on' the cutter told me some things he wanted to do to people that really scared me.

I'd rather not go into details but his comments made me question his true sanity. He was convicted of practicing medicine without a license. It seems that he kept records and all his correspondence with his clients, so I presume that I am in some police records lockup somewhere. And yes, I was foolish enough to use my real name.

*I gather you were not sorry when you saw him going to prison?*

Sorry — Not at all. I only hope he ended up in a cell with Bubba — a 6'4" tall, 290 lb. psychopath who is looking for a new girlfriend.

*Will you proceed with the other testicle if a doctor were to do the surgery?*

Very much so! Of course, it's back to the usual problems of money and logistics. But, someday it will happen. You see, I have time on my side.



## Peter: Torture Artist

I am forty-seven years old and live in Amsterdam. I am the father of a beautiful daughter and a widower (my wife died four years ago) — also jazz musician, seeker. I love mankind, sex and love and truth...

*What are you into?*

I stick needles in all interesting places of me: cock, balls, nipples etc... heavy CBT and heavy nipple torture with lots of needles and other creativity. I wanted to show that, because I love it.

*Was your wife aware of your interests, or did these evolve afterwards?*

My beloved wife... I really wanted to show her everything I was. And she also truly wanted to know: Who she was, who I was, and all about sex. We really went into that as far as we could. We both wanted to know and to experience, what about: man-woman-sex?

And we explored a lot together: Tantra, SM, latex, a great deal, but no needles and no (physical) pain. She did once in our sexplay threaten to put a safety pin through my nipple, but she never actually did (she knew I would always love her for doing that, but as I already did, she did not have to).

*Is your play an extension of what you learned with tantra?*

It sure has to do with tantra: Exploring all that is in a

curious, loving, mindful and radical manner — that's what tantra is.

It was after my wife's death that my BME history began. The possibilities BME offered, were just what I needed. BME was the Love and the Space. The eyes that looked and did not judge... the curious (and loving) invitation: "Show me what you(re) like..."

Freedom is very important for me. My wife's death urged me to go on, on my own account, and she, although dead and gone, approved of me going on like this.

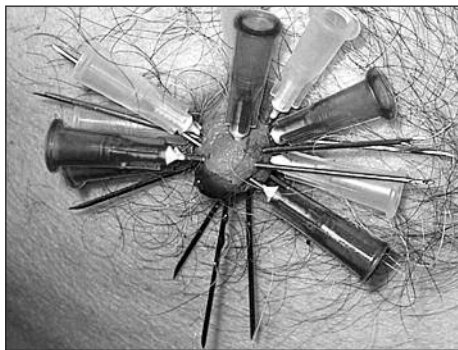
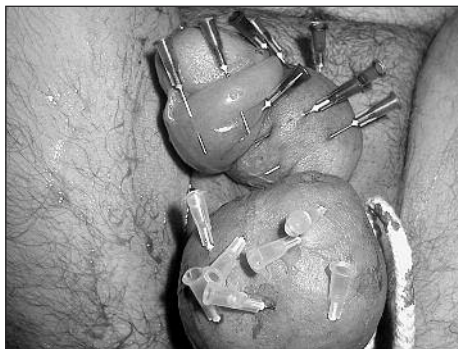
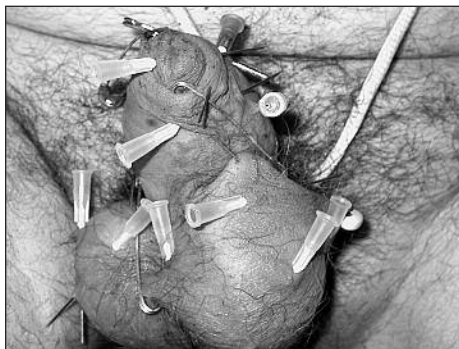
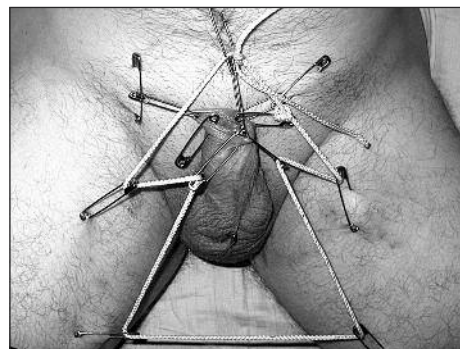
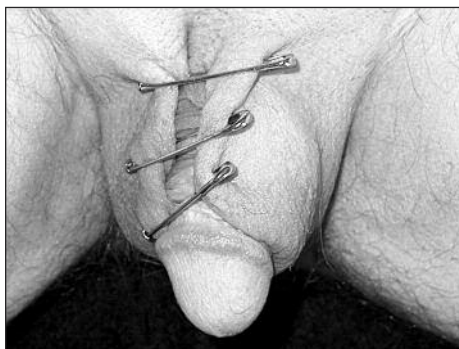
So I went on.

It was thrilling when the postman delivered the box containing more than 1500 hypodermic needles in all different sizes... How much I enjoyed that — just the needles being there for me. And the freedom to just apply them to me. Every way I wanted...

Sticking the needles into me is surrendering. The tortured body surrenders... The breathless, or the unfree, or the penetrated body surrenders. I try to surrender...

From my point of view, I am curious: what is it that you like in my ways of doing?

*I'm not sure; it's hard to articulate but there's definitely a sense of artistry that is contained in the photos.*





I am glad you sense my artistry even when I just do what I do — that's encouraging.

As you already noticed: I am a devoted seeker of new ways. I seek everywhere. Maybe something new evolves, or a new opening appears. Politics, science, art, music, spirituality are allways in my interest therefore I could not do without them.

But sex and bodily experiments or sacrifice — they are something special above or besides or integrating that. Sex seems to provide unique opportunities...

The most bizarre practices can bring you to the most profound illuminations — moments of light and truth... I think you'll recognize that?

Sex is also a lot of confusion...

It is probably the ultimate confusion, haha.

*I get the impression with your work, and a few others ("Sexanar" for example) that there's a strong artistic element, and sometimes a philosophical message as well — as much performance art as it is personal play... Is there a message or theme to the photoshoots and activities you do?*

I find this a nice question... I think there are always artistic, philosophical, ritualistic and shamanistic issues involved in our sexual and relational behavior. There sure are for me.

There is always a reason behind a reason. We do not do

things as we do them, because of what we know or think, but according to what our spirit seeks.

I do not know... I would like to elaborate on the philosophical issues, but really I do not know, except that it seems to wanna happen.

*That's interesting that you mention shamanistic issues — a few people have linked a sense of spirituality to their sexual behavior — when they're doing these things that they experience a sense of unity with the universe... Similar to what people describe with suspension and so on. Do you have any comments on that?*

Unity.

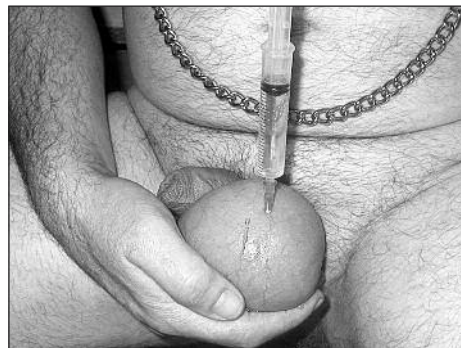
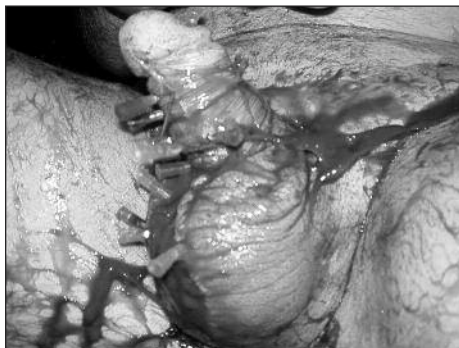
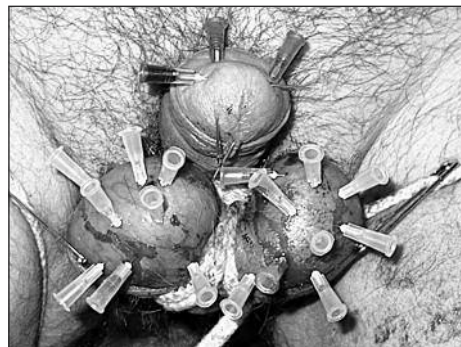
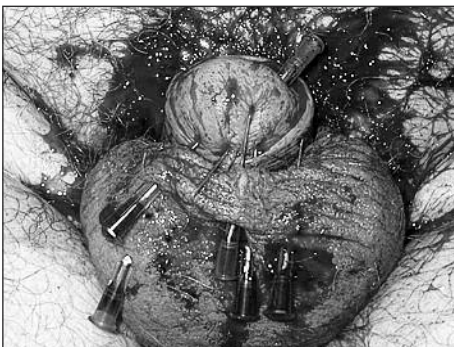
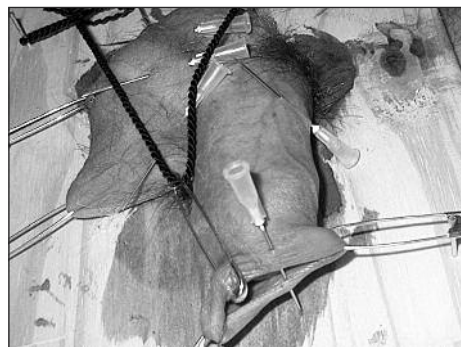
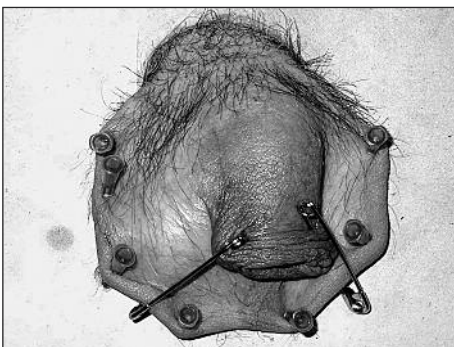
Being pioneers like this we polarize a lot. We seek the outer fringes. We want to let all extremes be true, and bring them together in us, in Ourselves, our experience. All dualities, all oppositions, they come from God, C.G. Jung said. That's why we have to deal with them.

*Why do you sometimes wear the gas masks and costumes?*

The gas masks and the costumes make me an alien — no one, every one. To experience everything I want to be everyone — to experience all.

*What started your interest?*

Life itself started these interests. It did progress in a very unpredictable way, and it took me on course... I had a great





urge when I was a child, to do things my parents would not understand or approve of — maybe there it started.

Again: I wanted to be free!

*How old were you and how did it unfold?*

Just like that: when my sexuality came up

*What do you like about it — and what do you dislike?*

What I like, is that it's happening to me, very unpredictable... what I dislike is that it bothers me, confronts me, confuses me.

*What makes it enjoyable?*

It is not really likable or enjoyable. It is more like 'must happen' to me.

I can not hold this...

When the blood squirts out of my cockhead, or when my balls are inflated or pierced or waxed, it is indeed sort of enjoyable, but it often has a lot of painful and disturbing after effects that sometimes frighten me.

I rather do not hurt or damage myself, and I know: it's also part of the game.

Mostly I wonder: what is this? What am I doing? Where does this lead me? And also: am I destroying or living myself?

In the mean time, I go on with the needles, the ropes and the rubber. This has to mean something, something particular... Challenge me here, if you will.

I think it is very much about knowing how to enjoy and suffer, or how to let go of your body by means of your body. Is not the secret that our body offers us the opportunity to experience?

*Any funny stories about what you've done?*

A Very Big adventure it is still, but stories? I do not know if I have stories. It is a magic story I can not tell yet, but the story is already going on.

*Is there a message or theme to what you do?*

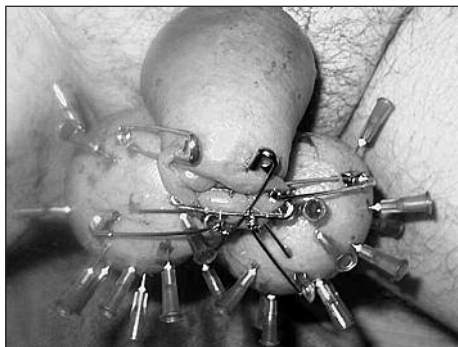
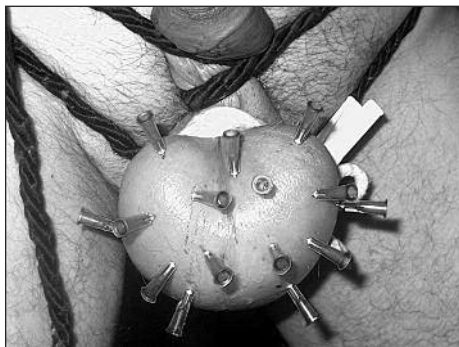
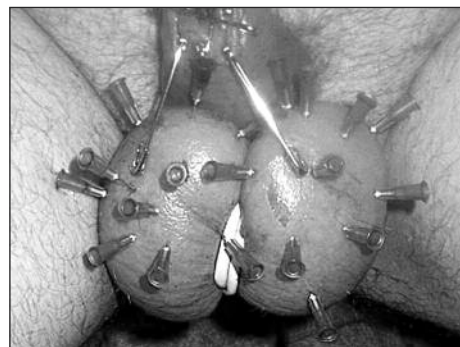
Not as such... There is always the inherent message that states: do what you long for, feel free. Love yourself as you are, how odd or different you may seem! But it is not a message or theme that moves me on. It is the energy and the opportunity that sets me in motion.

The impulse. The inner moving that always surprises me again.

I surely have hated these impulses because they brought me 'into trouble'... then again it was exactly the trouble I needed.

*How does self-doubt/worry affect you?*

Good Question. These feelings are the opposite. The self-





doubt is the force that goes against and always together with the seeking of freedom and experience.

I always worry, and I always blame myself for what I do. And it often was painful and frightening: My painful and hurting penis and balls. My nipples, because of the intensive 'play piercing', are bigger and puffier than most women have.

I find it difficult to cope with that: the greediness, the secret movements

*Do you find that orgasm has a negative effect on your feelings? I ask this because many people find that their attitude swings the other direction after orgasm and they begin to question themselves.*

Orgasm is the dying of sex and of life itself, in the moment — Le petit mort. It is also the bringer of life.

*Do you have any specific favorite sort of play?*

There is no favorite play. Since I got rid of the needles, all the rubber is the main challenger, I think. What I Have done to myself, and what you saw of me on BME, I do not think I'll ever do that again...

It's done.

*Done? Why? No sense in repeating oneself?*

Yah — when it's done, it's done... Although I never know for sure if it is really done.

The feeling is: I have repeated myself a lot. All the time actually — and it was good, really good while it lasted, although confusing and frightening. But in time and in the body eventually we heal ourselves. Integrating the painful opposites.

I am forty-seven now — I have really used my freedom to explore, and now the bizarre is not bizarre anymore... So I wonder what's next? I expect it will be less attached and that it will be bodily in a different way.

Most of the BME members are about twenty years younger than me, and that's logical. I love their explorations — so daring and truthful. I wish I was like that in my twenties, but I am in a different phase now.

Maybe you also like my things because I am near the end of it. The real Outer Fringes.

"Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character had abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and courage which it contained."

— John Stuart Mill



## Sidney and Cynthia: Eunuch and Cutter

I'm forty-nine years old. Oregon was where I was born, and I grew up there on a farm. I am a full time farmer that has been with one woman a long time.

*What body modifications do you have?*

The only body modification i have is that I am castrated. We did it with a burdizzo. That handy instrument we use on the farm. My girlfriend — I guess we can call her that, or partner works with me — on the farm decided to involve the instrument in sex-play about seven years before we actually did the deed. I enjoyed it a lot which surprised me. She enjoyed it a lot more. Then she asked me if I would let her go all the way. She had nearly completed the procedure so many times before that. It was now no big deal to me so I let her try.

*What was the day of your castration like?*

The night before I was to be castrated I took a bath and shaved the hair off my scrotum then soaped and washed the area well, went to bed and got a good sleep so I would be ready for the morning. I think castrating is best done early morning on a empty stomach.

My partner showed up about 9AM and made the burdizzo ready by dipping the jaws in boiling water and then coating it with a Neosporin and Lidocaine cream I bought at the grocery. The sac must be very loose to do a good job of castrating so the cords can be felt and trapped — to do this I filled the bathtub with very warm water and sat in it for forty five minutes. After applying some of the Neosporin to my scrotum to disinfect it and hopefully to numb it a little. We chose the bathroom as the place to do the castration — it would be easy to clean up the mess and it is the warmest room in the house.

My partner came into the room and laid the burdizzo on a stand by the tub. I stepped out of the tub, toweled dry, and sat on the edge of the tub and spread my legs wide.

My partner grabbed the loose skin of the scrotum and quickly trapped the cords of the right testicle against the side of the sac. She had about one and a half inches of sac which she pushed into the jaws of burdizzo. I held the sac in place while the burdizzo was slowly closed to one sixteenth of a inch. I felt the pressure on my cord, leaned back, braced myself, and said "go for it!!"

With smooth even pressure the jaws closed and the burdizzo locked shut. At the same time I had a sharp burning pain in my back just above my right buttock. It was gone almost as fast as it came — all I had now was a dull throbbing in my

scrotum. There also was a crisp crunching noise I was familiar with when the burdizzo crushes the cord. We felt the cord below the burdizzo jaws and could feel the cord was cut, opened the jaws, and moved on to the left testicle with the same results. The burdizzo leaves two little white grooves in the skin of the sac after the jaws are opened and they bleed a little bit after a while.

I rubbed some Neosporin cream into them and then packed them with tissue paper like you would use on a shaving cut and then put on a supporter to hold up the scrotum. It hurt hanging down the first day. Where the burdizzo crushed the

cords two lumps formed about the size a quarter. In the time that followed I noticed only one testicle had been terminated. About two months later we redid the missed one.

*No issues with the healing? They just kind of shrank up and that was that?*

I know I am a very fast healer. I get cut and scratched all the time. Heals very fast. The ruptured cords had knots the size of large marbles in then right after. Then there

is the normal ruts in the scrotum. We had the tissue paper ready and pack the ruts after applying Neosporin with lidocaine to the nuts. I went back to work the next day. Pain was minimal. Healed so well I can't see the scars. I think a lot of the problems with the burdizzo is the wrong tool. I hated the burdizzo I had on the farm that said "Burdizzo" on it. I had more misses with it. Then I tried one named "Chifa" made in Poland. It was worse. Then I bought a stainless steel "Wimco" 19 inch. It works great and never rusts. I bought a new Wimco16 inch for us to play with. That's the one that finally castrated me. Wimco has very thin jaws so it does a much better job cutting cords with less crushed scrotum. Bleeding was minimal.

*What happened when you went to your doctor for your next physical?*

They call and have me make an appointment every three years back then. I was nervous as to what the doctor might say. I have a female doctor. I hoped she would not notice. She did. I was developing a hernia on both sides from the farm work that the doctor was keeping an eye on. They were just getting started not large yet. She asked what happened so I told her. She asked what a burdizzo was. She never heard of it.

When I got home I dug up the operators manual and dropped it off the next day when I went in to have my blood





drawn for a testosterone test. My test was 25 if I remember right. Normal range is 200-900. My doctor made me an appointment with a doctor to have my testicle remnants removed and tie off the canals that the spermatic cord goes through so I couldn't herniate through the channels.

*How did she respond? Was it positive or at least accepting?*

I have been to three female doctors and six male doctors over the years. The female doctors never once showed any weird reaction. They just went about the exam and asked their questions. I had three of the male doctors get mad and yell at me. The other three just did the exam no big deal. My urologist is special. I understand he does a lot of orchiectomies. He is good at what he does and understands the equipment.

*What was the procedure of having the remnants removed like?*

I showed up at his office at first thing in the morning for my appointment. The nurse who was to assist didn't show up so they had to find a sub. I was led to the room where the procedure was to be done. There was a table draped with white paper with a blue paper pad at the bottom of it. On

top of it was a stainless steel pad 12 inches square greased with what looked like Vaseline and connected to a machine by a yellow wire. There was a stirrup on each side of the pad with a white towel in each one. The doctor told me to strip from the waist down and plant my butt on the pad and put my legs in the stirrups. I did it, and then he proceeded to numb me up by injecting Lidocaine into the cords on each side of my pubis or just above

the groin. It burned when he did, as he warned me. He injected my scrotum next — this didn't hurt at all. Then he shaved my scrotum and spent a long time scrubbing it, and then dried it with a towel and swabbed it with Betadine. A blue drape with a round hole in the center was thrown over me and my scrotum was pulled through the hole, and he clicked a switch on the wall to call the nurse to assist and asked if I was ready to do this. The nurse came in and boy what a red face — she had never assisted in a castration before. She stood beside me while the doctor was between my legs sitting on a chair. Then he began with a, "here goes."

I felt him pulling at my scrotum as he manipulated the testicle to avoid the larger veins. We decided to make an incision on each side to avoid the scar tissue in the center of my scrotum. He made the cuts just under the penis on each side of the scrotum horizontally. He made the first cut with

one pass — no pain, good. Then he squeezed the scrotum to make the testicle bulge out and widened the hole with the scalpel and with a little more squeezing out it popped. The testicle was still inside the tunic, a tough inner sac around the testicle which he proceeded to tie off after he pulled it further out of me.

This was uncomfortable and caused some nausea but no pain. Then I heard what I didn't want to hear — the doctor said there was a lot of scar tissue from the burdizzo and it would make removing the testicle more difficult. The fun begins — he starts up the electric cautery knife. That's what what the steel pad I was sitting on was for — it was grounding me.

It sounds like a arc welder and snaps and crackles as it burns through the flesh and makes an awful smell like burnt hair. He was cutting while the nurse was holding my testicle up in the air about six inches over me. This went on for ten minutes — then he hit a tender spot and I jerked. He gave me another shot and went back to work. In five more minutes he said, "got it", and the nurse dropped my severed left testicle on the blue cloth laying over my belly. You could

not see much more than a pink blob because the tunic was still around it. I laid back — now I was tired as the doctor burned some more bleeders. Then he started on the right side. I didn't watch it but I knew it was done when the testicle plopped on my belly as before. I lifted my head and saw both lying there side by side.

Stitching me shut must have taken twenty minutes. The testicles were thrown in a bowl and the drape was



removed. He was getting ready to leave and I asked if I could keep my testicles. He said no, and that he was keeping them — he would put them in a jar and keep them himself. We went to the bowl and he cut the tunic off the testicles and showed me what they looked like. I poked them around a little bit. I asked if I could have a picture and he agreed. I was billed \$350 and given a prescription for pain medication.

Anyway, the doctor gave me a prescription for Testaderm patches which I used till they quite making them sixteen months ago. Now I use Androgel.

*Before you went on the patch, had your testosterone dropped enough or long enough for you to have to go through hot flashes or notice any such effects?*

Yes it did. The hot flashes are the one thing I found annoying. They are quite tolerable because I work outside

99% of the time and it's cold anyway. To this day I still have one or two hot flashes a day. Mostly in the evening when the T is running out. I apply the Androgel when I get up in the morning. The patches all ways gave me a rush and a hot flash when applied in the morning But nothing in the evening because they lasted 24 hours. I went back on the Androgel because I was too fatigued all the time to do the heavy physical labor I had to do. Castration did fix my high blood pressure. Now it is always perfect when tested. It was always very high most of my life. The Androgel doesn't seem to affect that.

*Do you regulate your sex drive with the patches? Is it just that it's not giving you quite enough testosterone?*

Patches were not manufactured any more about a year ago. Now I buy a gel that is rubbed on the skin of the shoulders in the morning. If I forget to do it I get light headed by 11 am then remember I forgot. I apply it every day. I think the lack of interest in sex is caused by the lack of any organs getting filled up. I can double up the Androgel and nothing changes. I can always preform well when she shows interest. I just don't initiate any more. She does not like to do the initiating — her hangup.

*How is your sex life?*

Sex is just great — only not as often. My girlfriend complains because the burdizzo can't be used any more. When she sees me naked and castrated it always gets her going. She cant keep her hands off the scrotum. I am surprised how much feeling was in the scrotum itself. As far as the testicles, I don't miss them at all.

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*Cynthia, Sid's partner and castrator also talked to me about the experience.*

*How did you two meet and then start seeing each other romantically?*

His parents have a farm a mile down the road from my parents. I walked down the road and talked to him over the fence when he was working in the field. That is how we first talked.

*How did you discover your mutual interest in Burdizzo play?*

He holds the animals while I do the deed. We joked around a lot when we were working. Then it got more serious in my mind over time that I can actually do this. He didn't have to be restrained when I suggested we play at it. I knew he enjoyed it.

*How did it actually progress to wanting to do a castration for real?*

He suggested getting a vasectomy. I suggested that I castrate him. I was interested in sex about fifteen days every month. He wanted to do it all the time. I thought that if it slowed him down that would be perfect. It slowed him down to about four times a month. A little less than I wanted. Acceptable to me. He is not chasing me

around the farm all the time now.

*What was it like doing it?*

A very huge rush. I was in complete control and I loved it.

*Can you describe it?*

We agreed on a day and a place and he bent over and let me do it. At least he did not squirm like the animals do .It is so much easier to use the burdizzo when the subject is still and not moving around. Also he was not all hairy. No hair or wool to get in the way!

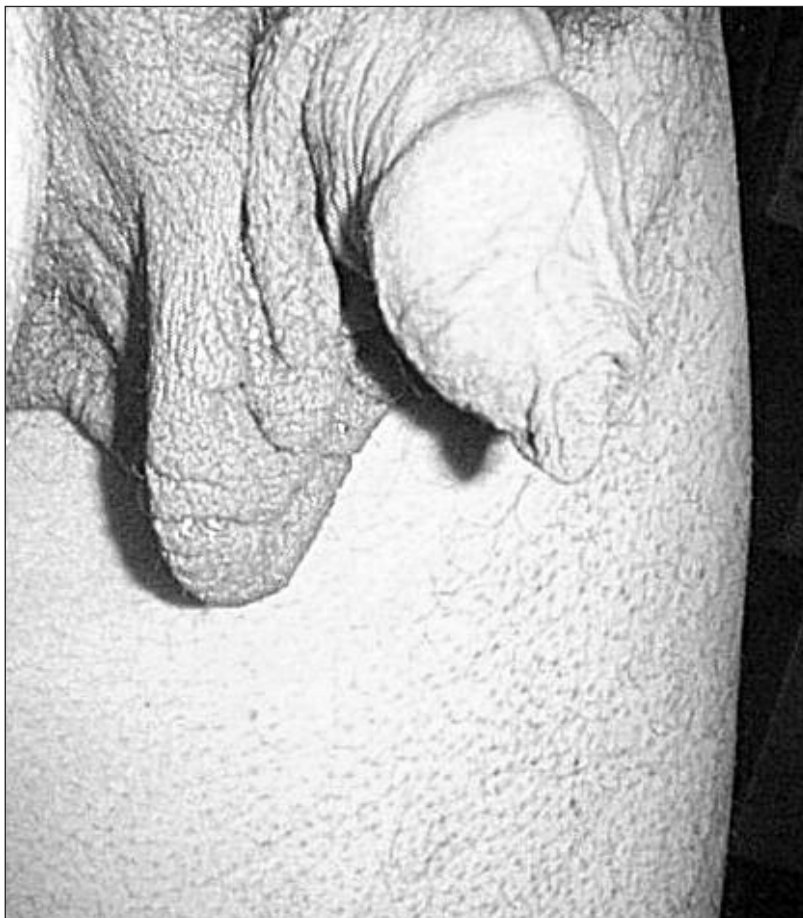
*What do you think of the results? Are there any things you'd change?*

The one problem was the one testicle did not get done the first try. I had to redo it at a later date. The other was we both have the same doctor and it was embarrassing when she brought up at my appointment what I did to Sid. I told her that he wanted it done and she left it at that. It is between us anyway. Private.

I like the way he looks naked and castrated. I say to myself I did that. What a rush! I don't worry about getting pregnant with him. He is 100% safe now.

*Would you be willing to castrated other potential eunuchs, or would that be "cheating"?*

Sid would consider it cheating and that's what matters. We also have our farm paid for. I will not do anything that someone can sue us for and take all our hard work away. People can't be trusted. Sid and I trust each other.





## Peter: El Horizonte, Subincision Champion

*It took me almost a decade to wrangle Peter into an interview about his incredible subincision, cut as deep as is humanly possible, right to the point where the urethra turns up into the body, past his remarkable split and stretched scrotum. Part of the reason it was hard to pull an interview out of Peter is that he's remarkably sane and pure of motivation, so I think from his point of view what was there even to talk about? It turned him on, so he did it, and as expected, it was great. That's the whole story. However, once we got talking he seemed to enjoy it more than expected and it was a great pleasure to finally get some more insight into this wonderful man.*

I am Swedish national and spent my early life in Sweden. I was sent to a Jesuit College in England at the age of fourteen, and completed my education in England, finally becoming a financial controller for London's four and five star hotels. I moved to Spain at the age of thirty-nine and to run a naturist bed and breakfast and have been here ever since. My partner was my second in command at the office and we have now been together twenty-eight years. Running a gay naturist B&B can be a very eye-opening experience, not to mention tiring.

*Is your partner a body modification enthusiast as well?*

My partner has pierced nipples and had a Prince Albert and an ampallang, both of which he abandoned as in both cases they must have been through a nerve and caused him discomfort. He says it's not for him, but it doesn't freak him out. It has not in the least changed my sex life as everything functions just as it used to. The only change is that I produce precum by the bucket load all day long.

*Tell me about your modification journey, which as I remember started slowly and then went into high gear once you discovered BME.*

I started off very simply by having my nipples pierced. I had been to Ibiza on holiday and saw a few Germans with pierced nipples, and I thought it would be a cool thing to do. I then got to be friends with my piercer, who was a very nice guy and he gave me

more ideas. I next had a Prince Albert, followed by a guiche, and then an ampallang. All these procedures were done with the aid of local anaesthetic, so I never felt a thing.

Then I took a rest from piercing and started stretching my balls instead, which I did for a number of years until I could wear 19cm (seven and a half inches) of steel ballweights.

It was looking at BME that got me into cutting — before that I didn't even know that these things existed. I thought a subincision looked like a cool thing to do, and that the extra stimulation from the open urethra could add some good feelings. So I set about doing one, it only took about three months to get right down to the top of the scrotum. This was all done with Xylocaine from BME, so there was a lot of blood but no pain and I never did any suturing. Once I had finished the subincision I decided to do a headsplitt. This was going well, until at one point I must have hit a bloodvessel. When I woke in the morning I must have lost at least a litre of blood and I realised that I could really have died had I not woken up, so the headsplitt was abandoned and never attempted again. For the headsplitt I used an electrocautery tool, but it didn't stop the bleeding. For everything else I just cut with a scalpel.





They say that cutting is addictive, which is probably true. Then I decided that a split scrotum would be cool, so I did a transcrotal piercing near the top of my scrotum, waited for that to heal and then started to cut from the bottom up. It did not take many months to completely split the scrotum so that I now have two separate scrotii. I did find after I'd finished splitting the scrotum that the scar tissue was not as

which I have enlarged, both to a diameter of 70mm. I am now in my resting phase and only continue stretching each scrotum separately.

*What are the things you like and dislike about your modifications?*

I have never thought about what I like about my mods or dislike, it is just me. It is however cool to be able to have a wank, while you are massaging your prostate with a finger from inside the urethra.

*Do you do any CBT?*

The only CBT activity I enjoy is wearing ballweights, I love the feel of the weight tugging on my balls and I wear them all day long.

*How public are your body modifications?*

Lots of people know, as I often go to the local gay sauna. To this day most people who play with my junk are intrigued and interested and want to do just that — i.e. play with it.

*Do you show your mods at nude beaches? I've gotten the impression this is generally frowned upon.*

If I go to a public naturist beach I remove it all as I don't think straights, on the whole, handle genital piercings well, nevermind mindblowing body mods like mine. I never wish to invite ridicule or disapproval.

*Are you planning future modifications?*

I don't want a bifurcation, due to me near death experience, too dangerous. I think I will remain where I am, unless I get a bright idea one day.

If you have any other questions, ask whatever you like.

*I probably don't have a lot more for you — to be honest I think your story is pretty simple and straight up. Simple, pure answers.... Some people have long introspective stories, other*

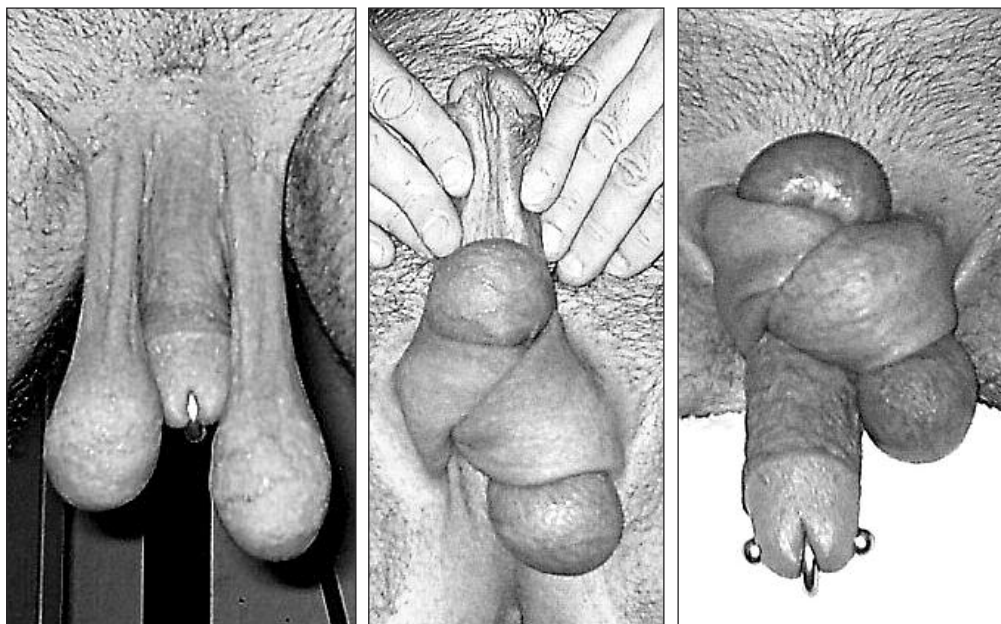


Some of Peter's early steps

elastic as the ordinary skin, and that my whole sack had shrunk considerably and had produced two sacks with sort of side skirts riding up the shaft. To drop the whole lot I did a piercing in each side, and then cutting it out. This worked, and the whole lot dropped considerably, but it was still far less than before and I'm not only wearing about 1.6 kilos — over three pounds — on each side. I suppose that's still quite a lot. One can hav more fun with weights having two halves.

I also did several urethral reroute piercings, which were cut out over time to make the subincision as deep as possible. Suffice it to say that radical is not the word to describe it. I did not realize that the inward turn of my urethra was only a quarter inch into my existing sub, hence I have now cut out about an inch past the the entrance and deep is not the word. For this I went on heavy antibiotics and anti-inflammatories, so I didn't die of gangrene or blood-poisoning, which I thought was a definite possibility. I wasn't about to go to the ER and risk being locked up, but the difficulty is that to keeping infection away from such a deep wound so close to the anus is virtually impossible. I'd have to advice everyone not to try something like this unless they're a doctor — there can't be a deeper sub than mine and I doubt there ever will be one.

The last thing I did was a transcrotal on each scrotum,



Peter: Not NUTS but definitely KNOTS.



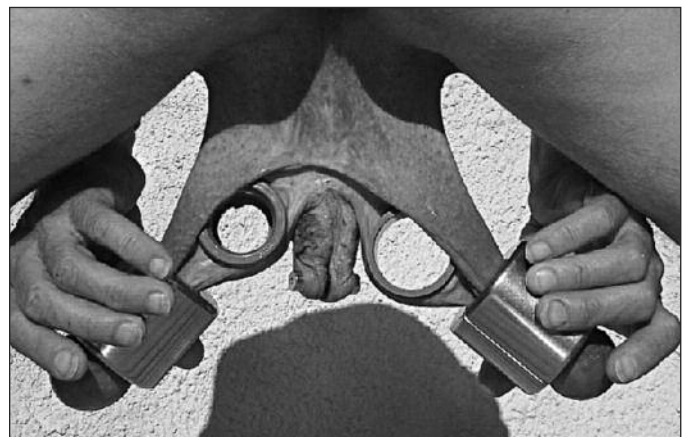
*people have easy stories.*

As an accountant I don't have an imagination. I am sorry to disappoint you by not having any deeply buried psychoses, where I could unearth some weird psychological reasons why I did all these mods, which then ruined my life, so that I now feel compelled to cut my arms, thighs... but would you have enjoyed that anyway? The fact is that I am a sane intelligent guy, who made a sober decision to do something I thought would be cool. I planned it all with meticulous precision and carried it all out at exactly the way I had planned to do it.

Some body mod devotees are totally normal, not raving lunatics, contrary to popular belief, I have never regretted any of it and still don't. I can't honestly say I enjoy my mods as such. I am happy I did them but now they are just me. I can't say I enjoyed the healing, but it was just part of the calculated plan. An unnecessary evil if you will. I can't say I did it because I like pain — I don't, and I didn't have any. I wanted a certain look, I went for it in a logical way, and I would like to believe that most body modders are like me — certainly the ones I have talked to seem as sane as me.

*Hahabababab!!! No, sometimes it is a great relief to met someone who has a simple, healthy, pleasure-affirming story!!!!*

The one thing I have never actually revealed is that I am actually a very shy person, I know you may find that difficult to reconcile with running a gay naturist B&B, body mods that would have me sent to hell by most straights, but shyness is not only a physical manifestation, it is mainly a mental one and I have actually only opened up like this to very few people in all my life. I am willing to put myself out there if I have to, but in general I don't wish to entertain discussions about whatever you see — live with it is what I say. I don't want to hear your opinions, if you don't like it walk away. It's my life I'll live it the way I want to, not the way you expect me to.



## James: Open and Out Eunuch

I am currently thirty-four, born in Corning, NY. I grew up a strict Baptist with missionary great grand parents. I grew up in Watkins Glen, NY. Professional background... Hmm... I used to show dogs and work in food service, but now I am pretty much a house husband. My husband — we were married last June in P'Town, Mass — is a lawyer for the Federal Government and is sixty-six. He supports me in every way possible. He held my hand and fed me taffy during my castration. The rest of my family is pretty kewl with what I am doing to my body... although I am sure they wish I were a little more "normal". I hybridize Daylilies on a super small scale and also keep honey bees for bee venom therapy. I can be found on nice days relaxing with a cigarette and coffee next to my Koi pond that I put in two years ago.

*You're a regular at a friend of mine's piercing studio — what have you gotten to date?*

It all started with a tongue piercing, now 6 gauge, many years ago and it has just kept going. So far I have 8 gauge nipples, a 14 gauge pubic surface, 14 gauge eyebrow, 12 gauge Septum, 0 gauge PA, and 3/4 inch scalped lobes. I am hoping eventually to have 1 1/4 inch lobes... maybe larger. I have gone too far to turn back now... I love everything I have done to my body and know I will eventually have more work done as time and finances allow.

*And your heavier modifications?*

I was castrated on last October. I'm currently on female hormones to grow breasts, but am not planning on SRS — the breasts are all I want... the penis stays! I enjoy being a male and plan on keeping my main male member!

*What makes you want breasts?*

From the time I was a small child, I knew I wanted breasts. Why? I really don't know! There has always been this yearning inside to have breasts that I had a hard time reconciling to myself. I did the whole Drag Queen thing... that allowed me to have the appearance of breasts when I was practicing and performing. Soon I found myself consumed with my female persona and had more female

clothes than male clothes in my closet. This frightened me at numerous points in my life and I would give away all my clothes and make up. Soon I would miss being able to dress up and have breasts, so I would slowly amass a huge wardrobe of female clothes again... freak out later and give them all away again. This viscous cycle repeated itself like a bad record for many years.

*It seems like this "purge" cycle is a very common thing to go through — how did you come to commit to it?*

In 1995, when I was twenty-five, I met a wonderful man, Fredrick. He said he loved me for me and the drag idea didn't bother him... he rather enjoyed it! However, when I mentioned growing breasts, this was another matter completely and he was not very open to it. So, for years I suppressed the desire to have breasts. This caused a lot of problems in our relationship. Finally in late 2002, I could deny my desires no more! We agreed that I would move away for a period of six months, stay with my "brother" and his family and start hormones. So, in late June of 2002, I packed my things and moved out of state to my "brothers" house. Things slowly turned into a disaster there and were becoming equally bad between Fredrick and I. We both realized we had many of issues that needed to be resolved before we could be together. It took several months for us to talk things out over the phone and a lot of heartfelt and brutally honest e-mails! In September of 2002, I moved back to NY to be with Fredrick.

Things had never worked out for me to start hormones while I was in PA at my "brothers". Things did not work out for me to take hormones until March of 2003. But, on March 20 of 2003, I started hormones and finally began to feel total acceptance from Fredrick. Progress on the hormones was slow... it made a snail look like a race horse! We had finally got a very kewl and open minded doctor for me who was willing to monitor my hormone levels and prescribe the hormones for me. But things were still going very slow!

In September of 2004 at my doctor's appointment, my doctor





came to the conclusion Fredrick and I had already come to. I had to lose my testicles if I was going to see any real progress. My doctor made a referral to a urologist to have my testicles removed... I thought this would be simple and easy. Yeah Right! NOT! The Urologist told us that NO Urologist in NY would do a castration because there was no medical reason for one. Fredrick and I knew I needed a castration, but how was I going to get it done?

A long term friend of ours suggested I go to an underground cutter, as he had for his castration. This made me very nervous, but I knew it really was the only option for me. So, with fear and intrepidation I had our friend make arrangements for me to be castrated by a cutter. Then I sat and waited nervously for arrangements to get made. Finally we got things worked out and our friend and his partner went with us out of state for my castration.

We arrived at our hotel room on a Thursday afternoon. Our friends were staying with a friend of theirs, which happened to be the location I was to be castrated. We all went to dinner that night and had a nice time. I assumed that I could have nothing after 9pm, since this was a surgery. So I tried to be good and not eat after 9pm and definitely missed my morning coffee the next morning. As we waited outside our hotel to be picked up I was nervous, but anxious and excited. Finally, they arrived to take us to the apartment where I would be castrated. I met with the cutter, we talked, and soon, we were ready to start.

Up on the kitchen bar I went. I have to admit I think it was a little unfair... I was the only naked one in the room and pictures were being taken. I soon found out that my assumption about not eating was definitely wrong! [Not eating is only an issue when general anesthesia is to be used; in normal procedures it's actually better to eat because it keeps your strength up and reduces the chance of you passing out or going into shock.] The cutter taped my penis out of the way, scrubbed the area with betadine and started injecting lidocaine to numb the right side of my scrotum. All went fine with the first two injections... then came the third... It was Oh My God, I'm going to be sick... someone get me a pail, I'm going to puke! My friends quickly got me a trash can and proceeded to make me a peanut butter sandwich. After a few minutes I felt better and the cutter could continue. Talk about being embarrassed!

Oh yeah, did I mention some friends were watching on live webcam back in NY? Yeah, I didn't realize it at first and embarrassed myself with some comments about one of the guys... not realizing he could hear me!

*Nothing bad I hope?*

During my "I'm going to puke" moment, one of our friends, who was watching via webcam told me to calm down, relax and I would be fine... this was very nice of him! He made comments here and there throughout the whole procedure, telling me how great I was doing and to get well and get back to NY soon. This was the same guy I had said was HOT and a few sexual comments about... the ones I didn't realize he could hear!

Soon enough, I saw my right testicle in the cutters hand, then in a bowl of ice. Now it was time to do my left side. I asked the cutter what that third injection had been and he politely said, "Some things are just best left unknown." So, I asked him if that third injection had been into my testicle. He again politely told me yes it had. I had figured as much! So, when it came time for that painful third injection on my left side, I was a little better prepared and was fine... some deep breathing and I did ok... no feeling like I was going to pass out or puke!

The cutter let me numb up and then proceeded to remove my left testicle. He explained parts of what he was doing and why to our friends. This was kewl... I like knowing what's happening and why! Soon enough, there was my left testicle in the cutters hand, then it joined the other in the bowl of ice. When he was done suturing everything up on the left side, I could finally set up a bit more and see what was going on better.

My cutter was excellent... I would say start to finish it only took about two and a half hours. Our gracious host then gently cleaned me up and let me go rest on his bed in the other room. Everyone kept coming in to check on me and to refresh my ice packs. Several hours later, our friends made dinner and I could finally go out onto the patio and have a cigarette... ok, I cheated and had three before coming back in to eat.

Fredrick had held my hand through the whole thing and fed me M&M's and Salt Water Taffy... he was such a wonderful support! My mom had known where I was going and what I was having done, so I had agreed to call her and let her know how things went when I could... she breathed a big sigh of relief when I called her!

I spent the next several days at the hotel before returning to NY to finish recovering at home. While at the hotel, Fredrick's son and daughter in law came and stayed with us. Fredrick's son is great... he knew we were going to be about three hours from him and why... he was very supportive! I was amazed at how well my family and friends supported my decision to go to a cutter and be castrated.

I would not trade my castration for anything! In fact, I wish I had done it many years before! For the first time in my life, I finally feel like I am on the road to being who I really am! We are now looking for a house boi slash third person to share our home and lives with.



I've been very fortunate in my life. My parents both had very well paid jobs — my mother owned a couple of shops and my father was a lawyer — so money was never much of a problem. I went to public school (in the UK that means school that had to be paid for) and so managed to get a better education than most. Somehow I managed to get through the whole education bit and ended up with a degree in electronics. I was never that interested in the theory side — much better to get on with actually building something rather than finding out how the inner bits worked.

Very soon after university, I moved on to writing software which was the new thing. I remember being very privileged to get to use one of the THREE microprocessor systems owned by the university! That was in the very early 80's and the micro explosion had yet to happen. I'm now fifty-three years old and still writing software. If you own a recent Ford or Jaguar, you will probably be looking at some of my work. As for my private life, I'm married and have one daughter. She arrived after a break away from the rat-race. We spent almost a year travelling around Australia. That was over ten years ago, but it still remains one of the highlights of my life.

I think most people don't really know when they first got "into" body modification. I do remember being fascinated with the look of a circumcised cock when I was probably ten years old. I wasn't circumcised, which is the norm in the UK, but I wished that I had been. In retrospect, the fact that I wasn't cut probably led to a yearning to alter the look of my body. As I got older the desire to be circumcised remained. I would often pull my foreskin back and try to keep it that way during the day. It wouldn't stay that way on its own, so I had to use sticky tape to hold the skin back. It never worked very

well though.

I had my first experimentation with body piercing around 1984. I didn't really know what I was doing and used a sewing needle to pierce through my frenum. I'm not sure what got me started, but I was sitting in bed one morning and just decided to do it. It was only when I found myself with a needle sticking through me that I thought about what to put in the hole. I didn't have anything so rushed down to the shops and bought a set of cheap earring hoops. Before long I had moved on from the frenum and had pierced a PA (although I had no idea of its real name then).

At this time my wife had no idea what I was doing. For me this was something for myself and I didn't see any reason why she would need to know about my fetish. She did find out in the end but we talked it over and she finally accepted what I was doing.

*Can you remember the earliest time you were ever exposed to piercing (beyond ears) on anyone other than yourself?*

I'm sure the first non-ear piercing was in an adult magazine. I remember Viper whose pictures are still around on the Net. There was also another another woman with one inner labia piercing who introduced a series of adult videos. I don't remember her name. Obviously, these were pictures only. Navels were probably the first real-life piercings that I came across, but it was while camping next to the beach in North Queensland, Australia that I met others with intimate piercings. My wife preferred the shade, but I enjoyed being in the sun, so I spent a lot of time on the beach. I met many other people there, and became friends with one couple in particular who were pierced. We never brought up the subject of piercing though.

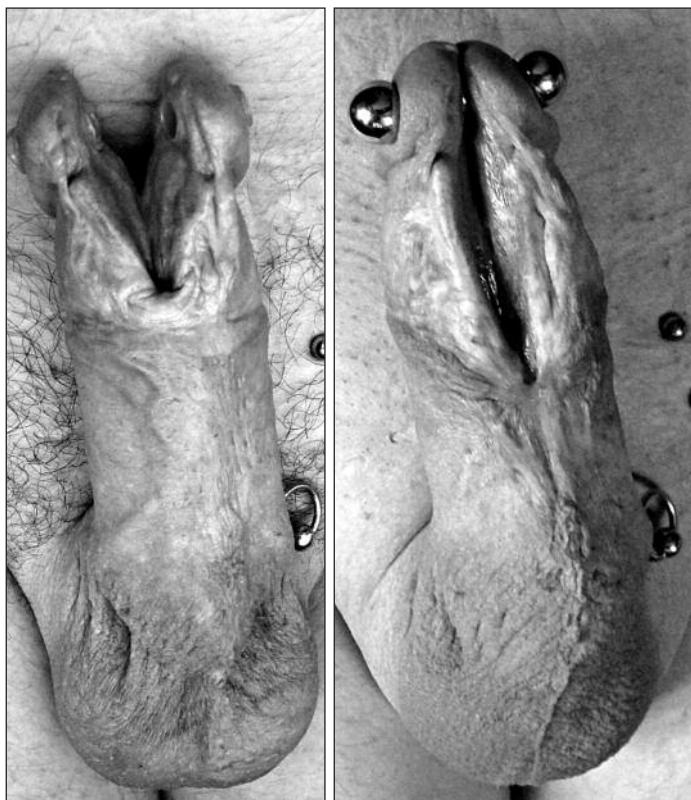
*When you were first piercing yourself and hiding it from your wife, how did you pull that off?*

That was a stressful time — trying to make sure I wasn't discovered. I was always first to get up in the morning and at first, would re-fit the jewellery before she got up. I could then wear it all day and remove it just before going to bed. Later on, I started to keep the jewellery in place over-night and only remove it prior to morning sex. It's a horrible way to treat new pierces though, and lots failed when I could not get the jewellery back in place.

*How did she finally find out, and what was that like?*

I think it was when I started keeping the jewellery in place overnight. She used to stop me snoring by touching me on or close to my penis. Apparently one touch and I would roll over and breathe quietly. She confronted me about "bumps on my penis" one morning after sex. I think everything that I had was pretty-well healed and she wanted to see the holes which I allowed. We talked about it for quite some time. I think I suggested that she could have one too, but she declined. We have never really talked about the subject since. I don't hide what I do from her and she does see my modifications regularly — in the bathroom, lying naked after sex — but it is something that never gets talked about.

After my first piercings, the frenum and PA, I moved on to more 'serious' piercings. A very shallow apadravya came first



Rew with and without his ampallang holding the glans together.



followed by an ampallang. All done by myself at home with only very basic tools. The ampallang was actually two separate piercings which I joined together with a length of nylon cord. By now I had worked out that things needed to be left alone to heal and after many months I did end up with holes that didn't want to heal up immediately.

I discovered the pleasure of increasing the size of the holes in my body. First I worked on the frenum but this eventually tore open. The same happened to the PA and I still remember staring in wonder at the size of the hole I had created. It was probably at about this time that I first discovered BME. I don't remember any restrictions to the content at that time, and I soon found out that other people were doing the same sort of thing as me. A few were going much much further. Back then I remember seeing a head split and subincision and thought there was no way I would go that far. How wrong I was.

Over the next years I tried all sorts of different piercings. All on or around my penis. Piercing was fun. Stretching the holes was great. Cutting them out was the end result. That's how I ended up with a complete head split. The meatotomy was extended down to the point where my foreskin met the shaft and for a while that was as far as I thought I would go.

*Your head split looks pretty "choppy" in terms of the division. Are those marks from old piercings?*

One side is much smoother than the other. The "choppy" side is the remnants of the older piercings. I've just got used to it. It's one of the pitfalls of a do-it-yourself lifestyle I guess. Sometimes I wish that the cut was perfectly straight, but that would probably only have been possible by going to a professional, or not to have pierced there in the first place.

In 2011 I finally did my own circumcision. I used an elastic band to clamp the foreskin against a home-made collar then cut through the lifeless skin with a razor blade. The healing process went fairly well — considering what I had just done — but I had finally managed to get rid of something that I had been thinking about since childhood.

*When you did your circumcision, did you suture it or just let it heal open?*

No sutures at all. I kept the band in place for a couple of days until the hard scab had formed and that kept the wound closed for a while. When that started to fall away, I used butterfly bandages to hold the two edges together. These had to be changed several times a day for a couple of weeks until it had healed up enough to stay together on its own. I won't pretend that this was 100% successful though. Several times the two edges pulled apart — especially on the underside — but I managed to keep everything under control enough to stop the whole thing tearing apart.

*What did you do with the removed foreskin?*

I've still got it in the drawer of my desk. I let it dry out around a cardboard tube so it still retains something close to its original shape.

With the foreskin out of the way, transforming my meatotomy into a subincision seemed the natural thing to do.

I took a razor blade and cut down the whole length of my penis. That first time I didn't go all the way through and it healed up with only a long scar to show what I had done. Subsequent sessions had more success and I gradually worked my way almost to my scrotum. That's where I have got to so far. I'm still considering going further, but progress is slow because of the amount of bleeding.

Up until my circumcision, every piercing has been able to be masked or hidden when exposure to others was necessary -



Selfcastration using a DIY clamp and elastic... and the leftovers.

either by removing the jewellery or making sure my foreskin was in its correct place. I only got caught out once during a medical exam, but the doctor only expressed mild interest and quickly moved on. Now that I have no foreskin, I have turned things round completely. I have visited naturist beaches on several occasions and enjoy being naked out in the open. There's no hiding my ampallang (now up to 8mm) but the head split and subincision do go unnoticed by most. I think there are more comments when someone turns up on the beach completely shaved!

*What procedure specifically did you use for the subincision and the head split?*

I've tried clamp and cut which has never worked that well. Early on, I found that clamping for thirty minutes or so every day over a week or so gradually deadened the skin and I could cut almost bloodlessly. More recently I have just been cutting with a razor blade. The technique is to cut as much as I dare, then pack some dressings into the groove and wrap tightly in a bandage. By the next day the wound is no longer bleeding so I can unwrap everything and continue a bit further.

*Beyond things that you could put normal earrings in, what were you using for jewelry, for example for the larger or longer piercings?*

Anything — all it had to be was long and thin. I normally pierced with a 1.5mm needle, so nylon twine designed for garden trimmers worked well. For a slightly larger gauge, I used sticks from candy lollipops, the ink tubes from ballpoint pens, silicone tubing which was available from work. This ranged in size from about 3mm up to somewhere around 6mm diameter. Going even larger, Costa coffee stirring straws, wooden dowels, knitting needles, glass bottle stops, corks for wine bottles wrapped in cling film. The largest was the top of a plastic coke bottle. I would saw off the thread for the screw cap and cut round the neck part. This formed a pretty good tunnel probably somewhere around 40mm diameter. It was one these that I used as the collar for my circumcision.

*How do the different mods change the sexual experience?*

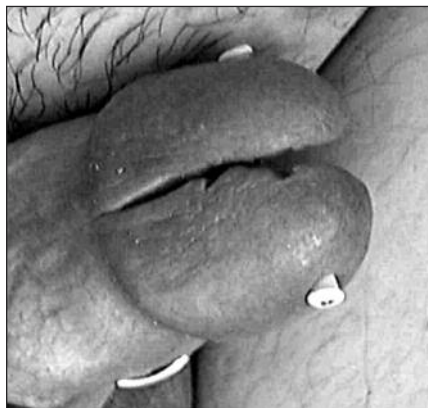
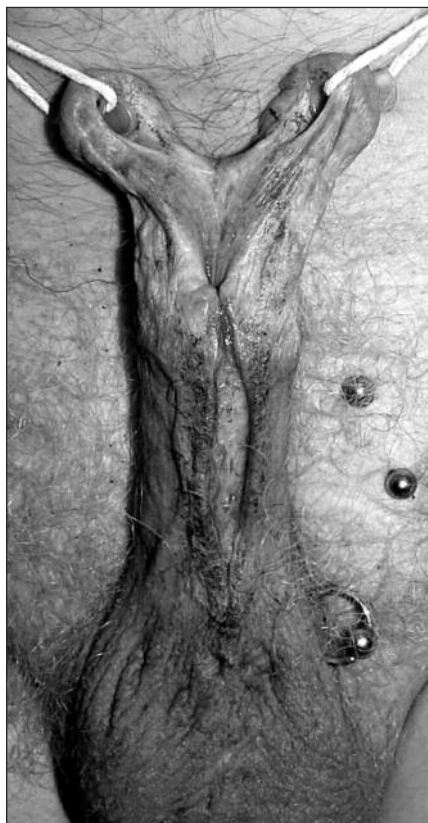
The biggest change was with the circumcision. There is now so much more sensation and I can keep things going for ages with only gentle movement. Pre-circ I would have to work really hard! The subincision brings the sensations to the inner surfaces (or what used to be). This just increases the pleasure for me. I know that my wife prefers the longer slower experiences that I can now manage.

What do I want for the future? That's hard to tell. The subincision is still "work in progress". I have thought about working on my scrotum

- either splitting or stretching, but possibly both. I have been stretching the ampallang fairly steadily, so expect more progress there over the next few months. Other than that I have no plans at the moment. Will I cut again? Probably. Will I pierce my penis again? Probably.

For those starting out with body modification, I say go for it. I can't speak about tattooing since I don't have any. As far as piercing goes, give it a try, but if you are going to do it yourself, be absolutely sure about the risks you are getting yourself into. Piercings through skin are fairly easy, however deeper pierces (eg through the head of the penis) are much harder. If you decide it's not for you, you can remove the jewellery and it will be back to normal pretty quickly.

Cutting though is a different matter. It's PERMANENT! Once done, the only way to go back is to do some significant SURGERY, and this is something that you are unlikely to be able to do yourself. Think twice, cut once.





*Bruce did for me like what he did for many others — he introduced to and pulled me into the world of castration. I began interviewing him in 1996, making him one of the first interviews I did of any kind, which as you'll learn made it easy for him to spin me yarns that I bought hook-line-and-sinker. But it was a lot of fun, and it inspired me to get deeper into this world. The interview was first published on BME, and later Jon Cobb helped me rework and expand it while we were tossing around the idea of creating Modern Primitives II — unfortunately RE/search told us that this material was too extreme and the public would never want to read it. So on to the world of self publishing, and this version, which appears below, first appeared in the ModCon book.*

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*While on vacation in San Francisco, Bruce went to a bar looking for some adventure and perhaps a little company. Then he met two leathermen and decided to go home with them...and the unspeakable happened: They tied him up and cut out and ate his testicles.*

*And Bruce? He got off...*

*Bruce had led a life that prepared him to face a wide variety of challenges and crisis situations. He had been a commissioned Air Force officer, a military instructor/teacher for the Marine Corps at Quantico, and a graduate of Hamilton College with a degree in mathematics. He also corporate secretary and treasurer of "Brother, Help Thyself," a D.C.-based gay charity.*

*Not even this impressive resume, however, can begin to account for the cool hand he played when — after smoking a little pot and cracking a couple of poppers with the San Francisco rough-trade twosome — Bruce experienced the unspeakable.*

*In this interview, Bruce relives his descent to the delicious heights of hell.*

*What happened?*

I should address something before I answer that. The S&M community, both gay and straight, promotes safe and sane guidelines for those participating in play. The guidelines are common sense rules of behavior that players should follow. In the heat of arousal, though, it is often hard to stick to the rules. In this particular case, I ignored most of them.

I was vacationing in a strange city where I knew very few people. I approached a studly leather couple, obviously top and bottom; both were hot, hairy chested, leather-wearing men. A couple of drinks (a rule violation) had given me false courage to ask if there was any "interesting" leather sex to be had. "Worthwhile" is the word I think I used; it probably sounded condescending to them, and rightly so. The guys said sure, but what did I want? They asked me to tell them about what I had gotten into. Other than the standard fare and bondage, I volunteered that I liked to tie up my balls and put hypodermic needles into them as I played with mental fantasies of castration.

They asked if I had these fantasies frequently. I admitted that the whole idea turned me on. They invited me to come to their playroom, and I accepted. I was handcuffed and blindfolded for the drive. I didn't even know their names (somehow no one asked those questions; all my statements

were prefaced with "Sir") and I was going someplace with them, blindfolded and in a strange city.

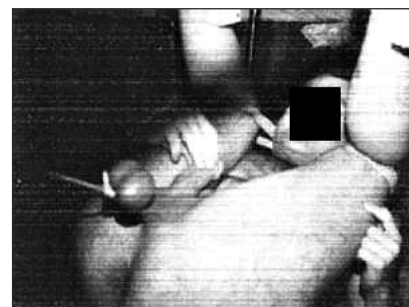
Once in their playroom, they stripped me naked and strapped me to a table. I was aroused and eager. I was given some amyl (nitrate) and smoked some weed (another new experience), and got really high. The leathermen doubled me up with a rope harness that lifted and spread my legs, tying the rope behind my neck. I felt a needle in my butt muscles; it was something potent. I felt a rush...

*You were just going along with this?*

No one had spoken of limits, a normal thing for S & M players, beyond which the top will not go. There is always a "safe word" the bottom can say to clearly tell the top that the limits have been reached, and the current activity must stop. As I said before, though, no one had spoken of limits.

*So what happened?*

One guy stroked my penis and fondled me all over while the other played with my balls, tying them off with wire twisted tight. It made



my balls ache a lot, and Bruce's pre-castration play stung brutally. I could watch from my hog-tied position. They gave me more amyl to sniff. As I reached orgasm, I saw the guy holding my balls suddenly pick up a large knife, then felt it cut into my sac, then through it. The pain was a shock, but it was unexpected and quickly over. I stared stupidly at the guy's hand holding my balls...

I was groggy by then. They untied me from the doubled-up position to lay me out on the table. One guy injected local anesthetic, then cleaned up the remains of my scrotum and sutured it closed.

*What was going through your mind?*

Complete mental shock is about the closest description I can give of what I was feeling after the scene in the playroom. I was mellow from the drugs I had been given, but felt the realization of a deeply felt, suppressed sexual fantasy. Feelings of loss fought with those of accomplishment.

I went upstairs with them to a bedroom, where both mounted me, one after the other. I was told I was a harem boy, a eunuch made for pleasuring males. My groggy state let me play that role with enthusiasm, and I got off a couple of times. They told me I'd be shooting blanks by morning, having ejaculated three times since being castrated.

*Do you resent your assailants for what they did, or at least how they went about it?*

No, I have no regrets. I think in my discussion with them, prior to going home with them, I had given them a lot of my personal fantasies, and I told them that I had done things like putting piercing needles through my nuts that were potentially damaging. In looking back at this, I can see how they would assume I was ready for the real thing. The way

that they carried out the act itself was as though I had written it. The castration fantasies I had were similar to the actual event. All the essential parts were there: Being tied and helpless to object to or prevent anything, the presence of more than one male to take part and to watch, even the cooking and eating of my excised testicles was something I had imagined in my wildest of fantasies! Telling me that they would tan and mount my sac on a plaque as a trophy prize of the chase was the frosting on the cake...

Maybe they had a lot of experience in carrying out other people's fantasies and just applied those experiences to my own – I couldn't imagine them doing anything else that would have added to the experience. For me, it was the

ultimate castration experience in every way.

*Would you have been willingly castrated eventually, or was this coincidentally the only set of circumstances under which you would've actually realized your fantasy?*

I think I would have eventually done something to myself if it had not been done for me. I'd had this fantasy for so many years that it had become a true fixation. My increasingly damaging play with myself was leading to self-mutilation, and I would eventually have satisfied the urge to be castrated.

After my castration, I felt relieved that it had been done, and that I had somewhat of an excuse for it. It's easier to explain to people that other males had nussed me instead of bearing the whole responsibility on my own.

*After you left in the morning, what did you do?*

In the cold morning light of the day after, when I returned to the home of my friend and host, I looked at the line of sutures that had replaced my scrotum, and the questions began: What should I do? What would this mean for my life? Would I become impotent? Was I "still a man?" Was having castration fantasies a sign of mental illness?

About four weeks after I was castrated, I lost the ability to have erections. I also found myself experiencing hot flashes. A couple of times while at work, people would notice my face was flushed. They lasted for thirty seconds to a minute and continue for a week or two, starting about three weeks

after castration. I lost all sexual interest; a friend of mine noticed this when he pointed out a particularly studly specimen at the beach and I displayed a complete lack of response, of any kind.

*How did doctors react to your situation?*

Most medical professionals exceed my expectations when it comes to responding to tough situations. My shrink (he likes the term, as it encompasses a number of concepts with a short word) was calm and very knowledgeable. I was somewhat abnormal in readily accepting my castration, but not unusual in having fantasies about it.

My own gay doctor was quite calm when I told him I had been castrated during an S & M scene. He asked if the sex had been safe, as well as technical questions regarding the sterility of the scene. He treated me as a patient, without asking questions about my mental state or scolding me about what had happened other than to remind me about safe and sane guidelines (he being a leather-type also). He started me on testosterone shots, telling me that the pain in my butt would help to remind me also. We tried once a month injections. About a week after the first hormone shot I achieved an erection, and I was really happy. Two days later I was also able to achieve orgasm and ejaculation, which surprised me; I was not expecting normal ejaculate. The fluid in ejaculate is mostly from the prostate, so it is not diminished much by castration. I could now function normally! I called a friend to lend a hand to my recovery, so to speak. We celebrated all night...

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*After talking with Bruce a few more times, seemed his "fantasy-come-true" story was a little too perfect.*

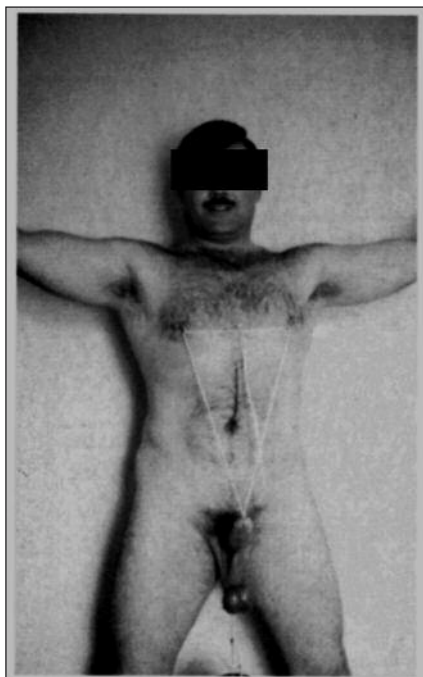
*Your story is so tailored to your fantasy that I can't help but wonder if there's more to it. Is there?*

While body modification other than castration can be done with relative impunity, castration, especially with any involvement of emergency room or doctor's intervention, often leads to notification of the police. Some states have laws where the state itself can prosecute "mayhem" which they consider castration to be, without testimony of the victim. For this reason, there are cutters who will not work within the state in which they reside, but do procedures only when travelling, and then, only to certain states.

It is best to accept the cover stories provided. In order to protect both modified and modifiers from scrutiny from zealous authorities, it might be best to not inspect materials too closely. People need to be utterly discrete in their public postings. One day, I may write an autobiography, after all statutes of limitation have run their course, perhaps.

I encourage all to construct a plausible story to tell physicians who discover their modifications, a story that removes the "voluntary" aspect of the castration for their own protection against future health plan claim refusal of benefits as well as protection against the likely label of psychiatric problems.

Several eunuchs who castrated themselves had no cover story and freely admitted their acts to physicians. They paid for expensive ER work themselves, their lives have been messed



#### BUTCH

Top, bottom, B&D, S&M, leather, military scenes, very versatile, 36, 5'10", 185 lbs., uncut, pierced, novice shaver, located in the nation's capital. Anything else you need to know: T.C. No. 1064.

Bruce's ad in Drummer



up by the stigma of self-mutilation. Several have lost jobs as well as wives and partners. It is for these that I continue to do referrals and to provide assistance. Telling too much would jeopardize that work.

My castration was fairly recent, in 1994. I waited for almost 20 years between the time Buck promised to castrate me to the time I was castrated. It points out the problems we have had, until recently, in finding someone who does castration.

*Who's Buck? I thought these two leathermen were your first contact with castration?*

Buck was my lover, and was supposed to do my castration. We met when I was in the Air Force, stationed at Lowry AFB in Denver CO. I was a "mustang," former enlisted, now a commissioned officer. I was feeling frisky one Friday night and I went to the Triangle Bar in downtown Denver's triangle area. I had the typical jeans and flannel shirt common in that city in the early fall. I had a few drinks tucked away when the Marlboro Man walked into the bar, complete with cowboy hat, boots, and cigarette. He wore a moustache, stood about 6'3", and his chest and shoulders were as broad as his hips were narrow. I fell in lust immediately. I left my drink on the table and went to the bar next to him to order another for me and one for him. He got the idea I was interested in him. He took me home to his ranch in his pickup truck, about an hour drive from downtown.

He told me he'd like to tie me up in the barn and play with me. I said "sure", let him take my clothes off, then stretched me between two posts by my arms and legs. Then he fired up a small charcoal grill in front of me and tossed on a branding iron of his ranch logo. He began to strap my butt, telling me when he got it hot enough, he'd use the branding iron and then fuck me.

He finally stopped whipping my ass when the iron got hot enough. He got behind me, gave me a hit of real amyl, and then I felt the hot iron hit my ass and smelled burning meat. I screamed a lot and then he fucked me. When he let me down, I found out his little secret: He had used the hot iron on a side of beef in a freezer in the barn while he hit my butt with an iron kept at zero °F. The freezing iron stuck to my wet skin and took some of it off, giving me a lot of pain and stinging.

Of course, it was love at first scene, and I spent the whole weekend with him. I dated him every weekend for a month and then he asked me to move in with him. This was so he could fuck me whenever he wanted to and show me off to his buddies in bondage and leather, a younger military officer willing to be his slave; in fact, willing to let him castrate me in the end.

He had agreed he would do me that following spring. This was my Christmas present from him, his agreement. He

always liked to make plans and get agreement and then wait for continued agreement and reinforcement before actually getting a male on his table, or wherever. He was killed while I was on temporary duty in Hawaii in March. He was to take my balls for my birthday at the end of March; I returned to find a shambles of everything. It was a very bad birthday. I volunteered immediately to take a transfer to Quantico VA and I left all those memories behind. That probably contributed to severing all the contacts as well, since only mail going to my military address got forwarded and I had forgotten to forward any mail for me going to the ranch. I waited almost twenty years before I got my castration.

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*How did you develop your castration fixation?*

I had a number of buried reasons: Recurring long-term pain caused by a soccer kick in college that sent my balls into my inguinal canals, a rebellion against my parents' wanting me to have children, and a desire to be submissive despite my bearish appearance. Maybe I just wanted to cross my legs without mashing my balls, or having them fall out the leg of my shorts when sitting down. They were low hangers, you see.

*As outspoken as you are about all this, have you come across other eunuchs? Do they tend to be more secretive?*

The number of eunuchs I know is increasing year by year. Before I was castrated, I knew of only two; today I can put names to over one hundred and twenty. Outside of those I have heard of perhaps ten more who were castrated within the last two years.

As far as I know, I'm the most forthcoming and public with my status. I have a web page that tells my history and gives advice. Most eunuchs hide their condition from their friends and sort of "retire" from public life. Some do inform friends and continue their involvement by contributing to

contact newsletters. In that respect, they create a contact group, if not a "secret society."

Today, I'm corresponding with over seven hundred males who are seeking castration. Most are seeking information, some have enough information to satisfy themselves that this is what they need as well as want. I'll do what I can to help them achieve their goal.

*I'm sure some of their reasons are quite interesting...*

Overall, most eunuchs are normal apart from the fantasy itself.

Some simply feel controlled by an obsessive sex drive and want the clarity castration brings. Without balls, you have more options as to how you live your life. With them, you're chained to hormone addiction.

There's a man in Oregon who feared his family's legacy of prostate cancer; another feared his hormonal drive might



result in getting AIDS.

An Australian bodybuilder with “too large a basket in his posing strap” cut his nuts off with a meat cleaver, as did another Aussie in the exact same city a week later using a chef’s knife. I’ve asked each if I can put them in contact with the other. Better late than never.

There are even heterosexually married men that seek castration with full support of their wives. I was astounded they would even consider it, but after lengthy correspondence with the males, and in one case the female, I understand better. The females see castration as a sexual thing, and all see the possibilities of controlling the male’s sexual response with hormones or the lack thereof. Dominant wives can withhold hormones like daily patches and put them on only when they feel like sex. The response to patches is pretty fast. I can put two on in the morning after being at zero and I’m able to function that night, though mental arousal returns before physical ability.

*Is there a correlation between castration and other body modifications, sexual orientation, or childhood sexual abuse?*

Regarding sexual abuse, no more so than any other slice of the population. I was abused by my sister’s first husband, who fucked me at sixteen, but I consider that beneficial in that it gave me the right view of myself.

Both gay and straight males seek castration, but primarily gay; I’d say about two to every one.

Maybe half of those who come to me have genital piercings; I’ve seen a lot of attempts at other body mod, and there are some seeking castration who have subincisions or other minor work.

*Subincision referred to as minor work... that’s probably a first!*

Sorry; not to laugh, I’ve seen some major subincisions. I’ve also seen split genitals. I guess it depends on the amount of change that has taken place; a subincision that runs half the length of the cock is surely a major work.

*With all the different motivations for doing this, have you found anything universal?*

Throughout my discussions with other eunuchs, I have found two common threads: Long-time fixation on this fantasy, and increasingly damaging play with the testicles. Most of them had done invasive things like piercing through the testicles, some had opened the scrotum with blades, and still others had cut off the circulation to the testicles for hours on end. Additionally, many possessed or had investigated getting castration equipment of their own.

*What do you tell people when they contact you?*

I advise those who contact me to examine their desires carefully, and to evaluate how important the need for castration is in their lives. Most truly seeking castration have very similar traits. They have no desire to change sex, and are usually submissive in nature regardless of sexual orientation. If the idea has been a long term one, where it enters masturbation fantasies regularly or every time a male has sex for longer than two years, then clearly the desire has become a fixation. If one has also been doing things to himself that

are progressively more intense and potentially damaging, he is on the path to self-mutilation. Before he hurts himself, he should seek castration.

Once a male is castrated, whether he takes hormones or not, the fixation is satisfied and most men do not seek to go further. By going farther I include nullification, in which the castration is joined with a penectomy (removal of the penis) to yield complete removal of the external male genitals – I may hang up my own gun one day, so to speak.

Finally, seeking psychiatric evaluation can help determine whether someone’s castration fixations are likely to take them further. Therapists may not be entirely helpful, however; the medical profession condemns destruction of healthy body parts, and may actually result only in staving off the inevitable. It is a rare psychiatrist that is even willing to consider making the determination that one would be better off without some of his genitals and castration should be done as a medical necessity. My own said that he would have counseled me against it if I had seen him prior to the act itself.

Consequently, the male is needlessly subjected to continued dissatisfaction with his life and body. Case studies of males who have been castrated voluntarily and who fit the above profile show they are happy and well-adjusted to their chosen lifestyle, regardless of whether or not male hormone therapy is chosen to maintain an active sex life.

*No wonder the US eunuch scene is so underground. It’s almost as if it’s a literal secret society.*

Since doing castration is not legal except when done by a doctor and even then it’s usually only done out of “medical necessity”, all others involved in it’s practice are secretive as to their participation. We do keep in touch with each other to exchange information on medical advances, health concerns, etc. Also, we provide word-of-mouth referrals to each other, and welcome new eunuchs as they join the fraternity. The majority of them are not very open about revealing their membership either.

*How do potential eunuchs find out about those practitioners, or other eunuchs in the first place?*

Until now, there’s always been a real lack of networks to contact. When I began seeking my own castration I’d seen some ads in Drummer magazine and made contact that way with a guy in Florida. He had a private resort where he performed procedures in an S & M setting, but I decided he was too strange to let him do mine. I visited him for lunch on Memorial Day of 1994. Turns out he was a Satanist and I do no better with them than I do with Southern Baptists. I’ve met one nice gay Mormon though; he prayed for forgiveness before we had sex. He was one hot number. This was in San Antonio. I saw him several times, and he was hot each time. He finally finished his missionary work in the city and went elsewhere.

*Praying certainly heightens the perversion level...*

I’ve been around somewhat. I attended the high Episcopal Church in Washington DC with a former lover while we were together. I’ve also had a witch for a lover, and he took



me to meetings. Sometimes, I feel a little upset by the way that TV evangelists beat their pulpits and ask for money.

Back to the question...

There was a now defunct publication called Enigma, created by a fellow member of the Chicago Hellfire Club (I'm an association member, and should point out that they do not advocate castration, nor do have they, to my knowledge done any at their runs), that was of help. Ironically, I didn't even hear of it from him, but read of it in an ad in PFIQ and subscribed. I know Jim Ward, who attended several of the CHC runs I was at.

The now infamous Dr. Brown had several former patients who made new contacts for him.

*Do you know anything about Dr. Brown?*

He practiced in Tijuana in a small clinic with about 10 beds before he retired to Seattle. I have a video showing him doing a sex reassignment and also doing a ligament procedure.

I knew a marine that went to Dr. Brown for severe penis relocation, where the doctor cut all the suspensory ligaments as well as cut the penis from the abdominal wall so it hung down straight from its root. He could push it into himself and it could get erect, though not too much so in that part that was previously attached to the abdomen.

He'd even keep it there when we went to the base gym to work out. I remember showering in the gym with him and seeing the looks he got from other servicemen in the showers. Nobody dared to ask questions of him. When his cock was hanging free, it was a long hose, very impressive hang; guys would not stare, but took a lot of glances at it. I watched them when he was in the showers and saw how they'd look, look away, then look quickly again. It was all I could do to keep from laughing.

I fucked him on a couple of occasions while I was in Denver; one of the videos lost with my things at Buck's was of one encounter. He was a lot of fun. He liked shocking people with his true foot-long-limp cock. It was uncircumcised, but after the relocation the foreskin did not cover the head anymore due to the extra external length.

I lost contact with him sometime around 1993, when I moved to Florida. I know he had stayed in the Marine Corps and retired as an NCO after 20 years of service, probably at age 37 if only for 20, as he had enlisted at 17 with his parents' permission.

From what I've heard of Dr. Brown from Jack and others, he did experiment some with

cock lengthening by simple ligament procedure, used silicone injections to add girth to cocks, injected silicon into scrotum to make the balls appear bigger, and so on. He also did sex reassignment using colon resect method.

My impression is that you could have what you wanted, as long as you paid for it. His price for simple testicle ablation was \$2,500 in 1985, \$3,500 for removal of scrotum with castration. Castration patients were required to stay across the border in the U.S. in small motels, where he would visit the next day or two to inspect the dressings, and then they were on their way.

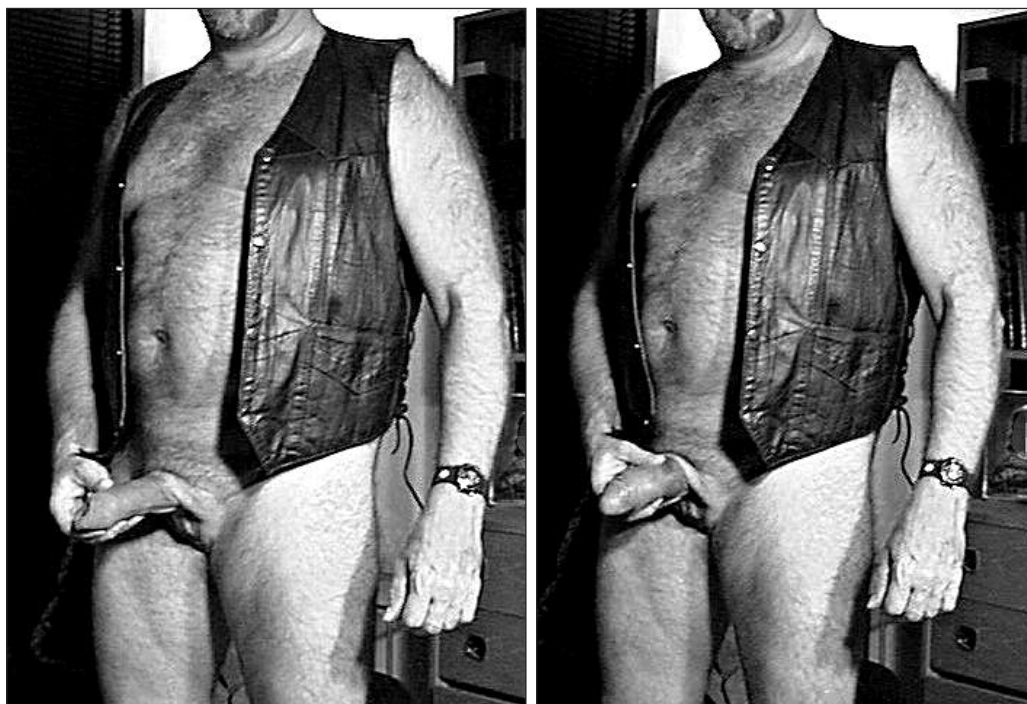
I knew Jack Yount in DC, but at the time didn't know he was even castrated himself, much less a practitioner. I didn't tell him of my interest until we met again after he had moved to Florida. I'd submitted an ad to Enigma, and Jack answered.

Over the years, I've known some four other doctors who have done castrations. The one who did a friend of mine in Vermont has now decided not to do any more, despite the fact that he is happier now than ever before and had a psychiatrist's recommendation. He is typical of doctors who do it once and then decide their ethics could be questioned.

Nowadays, it's a lot easier. We have Unique, an offshoot of Ball Club Quarterly, a newsletter with about two hundred and fifty subscribers dedicated to heavy-duty genital modification. Then of course, we also have the Internet.

Since going online, I've done four castrations and referred twenty, twelve of which got castrated and are now living happily as eunuchs. Several even shared their stories with me. I just heard from a guy who botched several self-attempts so far, creating scar tissues and a possible fistula in his scrotum. Now he's had an EZE band on his scrotum for two days, so he's gone regardless of what else he does now. He's contacted me to ask if it's all right to cut his ball off now, and mentioned that his wife may have just left him.

I now have nine active non-medical practitioners with some



medical skills to whom I've given referrals, including one in the U.K., and there are several females (about four) who have expressed interest in learning. None have sufficiently followed up with corresponding to the degree where I am ready to train them, though.

I've made contact with a surgeon in Canada who is going to do castrations I refer to him. This is very much a tentative arrangement, as most doctors look at removal of healthy tissue as something they won't do. I've found this doctor to be more discerning, seeing the greater benefit of the male being castrated by a doctor rather than suffer through a botched self-castration.

He sent me a questionnaire for the candidates to fill out, which I'll print out and send to applicants, who send them back to me to be passed on. Then, he'll contact the applicant and make travel arrangements to his clinic, or send regrets through me. He's concerned that the male have a true desire to be castrated and that he be happier after castration, "cured" of his castration complex.

Unfortunately, all of these castrations will probably be off-limits to the public until such time as the doctor is no longer performing them. Were any publicity be given to something like this, the press would have a field day.

#### *What else is important to know?*

Before I go on... Any reference to eunuch for the remainder of this question refers to a castrated male not taking male hormones...

Even if you take hormones to remain sexually active, the fact that you are castrated will change your mental outlook. The calming effect of castration is profound, not a minor change. You will be different in a major way.

Any fat you gain now goes to your hips and breasts. Human adrenal glands naturally produce both male and female hormones. The degree to which the female ones are produced will have a great deal of bearing on how much feminine

development takes place, unless coupled with male hormone therapy; lactation has even been reported, though rarely.

For the same reasons, the penis will atrophy, shrinking in both length and girth. Some of this is circumstantially related to a lack of nocturnal erections, which take place during rapid eye movement (REM) dreaming. Taking erectile medications such as MUSE or other injectable prostaglandins will maintain the size of the erectile sinuses of the penis and so retain a normal appearance.

If a penectomy is also done, there is a significant danger of creating a blockage in the urethra, a life-threatening situation that requires immediate medical intervention, as the inability to urinate is very dangerous. A new urinary opening can be made in the base of the penis between the scrotum and the anus to permit entire removal of the urethra, to circumvent the possibility entirely. This is also sometimes done for its own sake. Should the opening be made too low on the penis and consequently too close to the anus, there will be the constant danger of infection, both immediate and recurrent. Also, if a new urinary opening is added but the penis is not removed, it must be kept cleaned out by regular flushing with urine; this is accomplished by closing off the new opening by holding it closed while urinating.

If the penis is removed without cutting the suspensory ligaments, then the urinary opening is left high up on the wall of the abdomen, which creates problems when sitting down to urinate. Creating a new urinary opening permits the closure of the urethra within the penis, as well as the removal of the entire penis so the surface skin can be closed above the remaining stump.

Body hair may diminish and become much finer in eunuchs. Facial hair may also diminish. Head hair is not affected, except that a balding male will likely not lose more hair.

Impotence usually occurs in eunuchs, though those taking male hormones retain all normal male sexual characteristics.

Ejaculation volume isn't affected.

Depression may accompany hot flashes due to the change in hormone levels. The lowered hormone levels sometimes result in difficulty achieving erection or orgasm, which (for obvious reason) can also lead to depression.

Regarding the technical end, there are a variety of techniques for castrating; all have their pros and cons, both in and of themselves and coupled with the skills of the people implementing them. Don't underestimate that when seeking a practitioner.

The Burdizzo is a veterinary castration tool that looks like hedge trimmers but with crushing jaws rather than blades. Of the three sizes it comes in, the small clamp is usually employed. Any of them will do fine, though; the only difference is handle length. It is employed on one side





of the scrotum at a time, not across the whole thing. Using this method may result in internal swelling and aching pain, which can be controlled by taking over the counter pain remedies; think non-aspirin, something like Tylenol or Ibuprofen. Regular activities can be resumed the next day, barring athletics. If the ache persists, warm sitz baths help.

This tool will only castrate when used properly; if the handles are not brought together quickly, the cords tend to deform rather than sever, resulting in severe bruising, great pain, and internal bleeding. Most men let out a small yelp of pain as the jaws crunch together, but it's more of surprise or expectation than real pain. The actual pain is short lived, if sharp.

Don't use a professional castration knife.

#### *What's that?*

It's a device that looks like hedge pruners. The jaws have a crushing section and a blade that acts like scissors; the sharp blade cuts off the sac and balls while the crushing section crushes the cords to stop bleeding. It works well on small animals, and probably humans, but I'd never use it. I'll probably use it as a limb cutter for shrubbery here. It should work well for that.

The elastrator is another veterinary castration tool. The elastrators come in two types: A small band type suitable for small animals like sheep and dogs, and a large professional model like the EZE that uses latex tubing and a heavy, gun-like applicator. The latter is better for human use, as it is less painful and achieves stronger compression. The method relies on the tourniquet effect of the elastic band or latex tubing to kill the tissue and a sharp knife to sever the scrotum and balls below the band a day or two later after using crushed ice and ice water to numb the bottom of the scrotum. The remaining tissue below the band should be massaged to force out trapped blood to speed up the drying process, then apply a small band elastrator on the open scrotum to keep it tidy. A pad bandage over the stump will absorb draining fluids and help keep the area clean until the remainder of the scrotum drops off in a couple of weeks.

Of course, this method also carries several risks. If the band is placed too high on the neck of the scrotum, it could pull on the skin of the penis and reduce its blood supply, resulting in gangrene. This placement also puts more skin inside the band, lessening the pressure on the cords. To reduce the risk of the severed cords being pulled inside the skin, they must be sutured to the edge of the remaining scrotum. Suturing the edges of the scrotum together results in a cleaner healed appearance after the remaining portion of scrotum below the band is cut off.



Relying on the band alone can cause a buildup of necrotic fluids, etc. Not a good idea... If for no other reason, the band itself may break.

Even a full surgical approach has its problems; infections will result if there is a breach in sterile technique, as everything exposed gets sealed inside when closed. There is also risk of insufficient pressure on or improper ligation of the cords, or sutures breaking. Each of these results in internal bleeding.

Needless to say, all of these are best accomplished with proper anesthesia. Just taking the pain aside, it's impossible to have objectivity and maximum physical ability to do the procedure when in a lot of pain. Most cannot endure the first two hours needed to kill off the testicles blood supply without it.

Independent of method, taking vitamin E gel caps, 400 IU, twice a day along with 50 mg chelated zinc once a day may assist healing.

*Through BME, we've read of people trying to do their own castrations with devices such as Burdizzos, most ending up as aborted attempts with a lot of pain and complications. Finding sympathetic doctors isn't easy, I'm sure, but surely that's not the route to go?*

It was once related to me by another eunuch that a man named Jack in Arizona taped up his genitals into a package and then blew them away with both barrels of a shotgun, wounding himself lightly in the legs.

Guys hesitate to use the Burdizzo the way it's meant to be used. They go slow, thinking they'll feel what pain there is and adapt to it. With correct use, the handles are closed with full force and the jaws crush the cords properly, instantly castrating the male with sharp but momentary pain. The balls lose feeling very quickly. Got to use the tools

properly... Realistically, this is beyond most people's capabilities, and not a good idea.

There are good practitioners of castration throughout the U. S. that aren't necessarily medical personnel, myself included, and can be found through contacting me or BME via Internet.

#### *Where did you learn to do castrations?*

When I was in the service I lived on a ranch in Colorado with my lover, a veterinarian named Buck. The ranch was primarily for doing castration under the table; the animals were mostly there to demonstrate his skills, rather than to make money. He and I did twenty-six together, and I another six unassisted but in his presence. We worked in a well-equipped operating room for the most part, but did travel "into the field" occasionally.

#### *How did people find out about it?*

Word of mouth was the only way Buck let the word out, as this was years ago and he was cautious. Most came from California, mainly Los Angeles and San Diego, and a

surprising number were marines. I have no idea how they explained the loss of their scrotum and testicles to military doctors.

*I would have thought more people would prefer a fetishistic scene, like "yours?"*

Most opt for a straightforward procedure. Those who do want a scene, I question their sincerity, as they may want more of a sexual thrill rather than the long-term reality of living as a eunuch. I know of a couple of eunuchs who were castrated in response to pressure from a master or mistress; each regrets having lost his balls, since their partners did not keep them and now they view themselves as damaged goods. Some legitimate prospects do want a scene though, and that's a lot of fun. I like to tie them up and make them helpless.

*What becomes of the testicle and penis after removal? I've heard of trophy collections... How true is this?*

I've seen some collections. There's one in Michigan with over two hundred pairs in it, but he got them from a doctor at a medical school. Some destroy them; one eunuch stomped on his, scraped up the remains and put them in the dog's dish at the ranch. The majority keep them in jars of preservative to

show their friends.

The guys who took mine ate them; I like to do that also.

*You just eat them?!*

You have to be careful not to blow them up by cooking them too fast. Slow sauté with mushrooms is good. A slow roast in a covered dish is also good. They're soft inside and sort of "pop" when you cut them.

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*Let's talk about the darker side of the eunuch world for a minute. In other conversations we've had you've mentioned a "slave trade" of ten to sixteen year-old boys that get kidnapped, castrated, and sold. Can you talk about this?*

A little background is needed here. A drunk driver killed Buck while I was away on duty in Hawaii. His sister took possession of his ranch and I guess she found what he had been doing, probably along with photos, private letters and videos along the lines of me fucking the hung eunuch marine. Buck had lots of photos. I got back after a month in Hawaii wondering why he hadn't responded to my calls and then the answering machine wasn't picking up at all, followed by "that number has been disconnected" on my final call. I was really frantic. I drove to the ranch to find everything burned to the ground: House and barn. All my things went with it, with the exception of what I still had at the air base in my officers' quarters apartment. Nothing left at all...

I'd seen photos Buck brought back from a visit to Saudi Arabia at the invitation of an Arabian castrator, whose clientele were oil barons in the market for their own personal boy eunuchs.

*Some Arabian guy contacted Buck out of nowhere?*

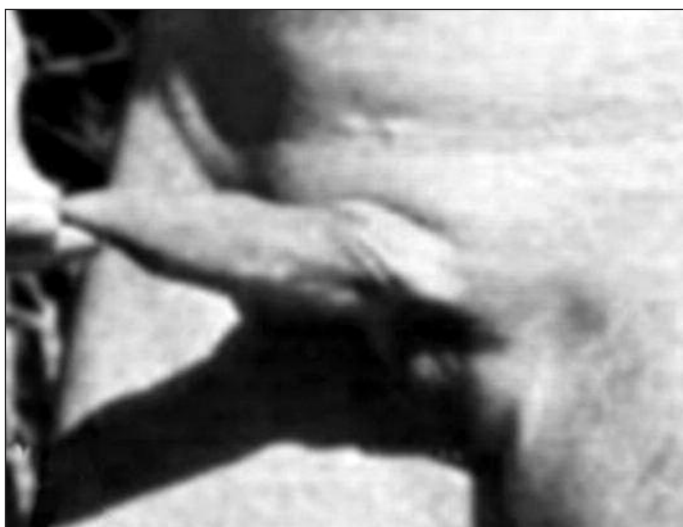
The contact came through a member of the staff of the military attaché to one of the Arab countries, a marine Buck castrated. I'm pretty sure it was Saudi Arabia. He may have been on the embassy detail; the information was not made that clear to me as to which particular detail he was on, or even his rank.

*He just went to the military attaché and said, "say, do you know any castrators?"*

I don't think all the details of how the Arab met the Marine came out. I suspect that the marine met one of the Arabs who was into young men, and that Arab introduced him around, perhaps at a very private party. In Saudi, especially, servicemen are freer to socialize with professional-level men than in other countries. The Arabs consider anyone under about twenty-two to be boys, in the sense that they're fair game as sex toys.

This was sometime in the mid-seventies. I knew only a handful of men back then who shared our interests. They contacted him by mail with a letter given to the marine, Buck's contact; an invitation to visit was made, he wrote back directly to accept.

There are very wealthy men out there with a fetish for young boy eunuch sex toys. A very exotic and probably universally condemned market has arisen to fulfill that desire. Some were Brazilian street orphans that just vanished off the





streets. Criminals can make good money selling boys to someone that wants them; they're quite willing to pay. I can't get excited over the thought of young boys being neutered for playthings myself.

#### *Street children are kidnapped and turned into eunuchs?*

There were several ways the gentleman got his boys; abduction or "sale" was one, and this was probably where he got the blondes, which are always in demand. The rest were probably orphans or runaways. Few know where these boys ended up, including the boys.

#### *Why was Buck invited?*

Buck was treated as an expert due to his background as a medical man; I think he wanted him to review his methods and make suggestions to improve his technique. His host kept him well supplied with boy eunuchs to keep him company, possibly as thanks.

#### *Now, this isn't just more fantasy, is it?*

No, I personally saw the photos that Buck brought back, as I developed them myself at the ranch. We had the facilities for both B&W and color, and I did all of them. I blew some up and we framed them for the operating room for when candidates would enter and be impressed. In addition to the private nuttings, that Arab also had parties where some close wealthy friends would come to watch as boys were neutered. Buck said that he heard some of the balls were served to friends but he never saw that.

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It was during my life with Buck that there were two problem castrations, and the memories of those haunted me for some time. Two guys Buck knew and who knew Buck's secrets tried to castrate slaves in S&M scenes. The first was a tie-off-and-slice that resulted in heavy bleeding. Buck was called to suture up a blindfolded eunuch, who was upset, but had really wanted to be castrated.

That event was followed about two months later by another botched castration in similar circumstances. As before, they had tied off this short younger guy's balls and cut them off; but to our horror, the new eunuch had not agreed to this, only to playing at it and was really upset. The castrator called Buck to come and help, which he did. Buck arrived to find the eunuch had been blindfolded. He used some sedatives to help calm the eunuch down and then closed the scrotum carefully. The guy was still castrated, but at least now he had a clean closure. The amateur castrator had recorded the scene on audiotape and had caught the bottom's plainly said

agreement to be castrated. They reached the agreement after we had left that nothing would be done, but that the castrator would take care of the eunuch and play with him as his slave. It worked for several months, but then the top moved away, leaving his eunuch alone. Buck and I chose not to keep in touch with either of the couple: Seeing the guy lying there naked and castrated and crying was a serious memory.

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*It's obvious that you're a significant figure in the eunuch community. How do you see yourself? Guide, father figure, maybe a facilitator?*

A cheerleader, perhaps. Maybe a gourmet; it's just that the delicacies are so hard to obtain...

"It is always by way of pain one arrives at pleasure."

— Marquis de Sade



## Peter: Shaft Apadravyas

I was born in a small eastern town and after highschool and college am working in a big office. I am 54 now and my piercings are private. Only my wife knows of them and does not approve but accepts. Sometimes it even adds to love-making.

*Do you take your piercings out for sex, or keep them in?*

During love-making only the piercings in my penis are left in, the others are taken out. It feels fine, both for me as for my wife. The shaft piercings are even more stimulating than without.

*No doubt!*

Yes, I can feel them moving inside. The headsplitt feels very good when inside, gives slightly more problems to get inside, the same with the subincision. Although she tells me that she feels nothing or only very little of my piercings, she reaches her climax much earlier and more often.

*When did you discover you enjoyed pain with pleasure?*

Already as a child I remember that some pain in playing with my penis, as infants sometimes do in discovering their body, gave me some good feeling in the lower belly, and still sometimes you need to feel your body again, especially in recovering from a minor illness. During my life there were moments I needed pain. Pain and love-making go very well together.

*Does your wife know what you enjoy?*

My wife knows that pain can be pleasant, but rejects it mostly. Therefore I have done most piercings when she was away for some days. The first shaft piercing, I was in my late twenties, was just behind the head and I took a safety pin and a small hammer. It felt very good. Later I enlarged the piercing with a small knife to about 1/3 of an inch and put some plastic tube in it. It healed, but only a hole of 1/20th of an inch remained leaving room for one barbel. Later I added the other deep shafts using a needle and sometimes also a hammer, and put in the barbels straight away. The head splitting I did with a knife (that was painful but very exciting), for the subincision I used a clamp (less blood). I always used betadine before I started and at least one week thereafter. It only infected once and I had to wait a month to start again.

*How did the piercings start?*

It started with pinching and bondage, later needles came into the play. I think my first deep shaft needle is more than twenty years ago. At this moment I feel to have reached a maximum, although I still like some more deep shaft

apadravyas.

*How did you do these piercings?*

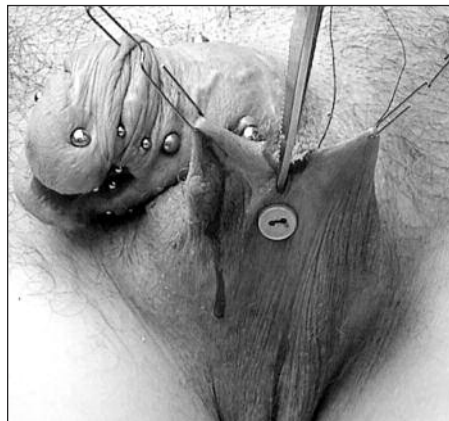
All the piercings I did myself, also the cutting. I have now: two rings each nipple, two navel rings, four deep shaft apadravyas, complete head splitting with an ampallang in each half, subincision with two barbels on each side and two foreskin barbels.

*The navel piercings are sexual in nature as well?*

The navel piercings also give sexual pleasure, you can feel it low in your belly when piercing, and I like them.

*How difficult is it to heal the shaft piercings?*

Healing is slow. Even after one year, the piercings close when the barbels are not in place for more than twelve hours. So healing takes a long time. I have had sex with my wife within four days, without problems.





## Martin: Transformer Cock

*I first met Martin in the mid-nineties when he began experiments in “cock skinning”, a radical sort of circumcision where large amounts of tissue are removed from the shaft of the penis, leaving tightened and scarred skin. While this was not his first journey into body modification, it began a series of heavy duty DIY changes to his genitals that continue to this day — he’s been subincised, closed that subincision, opened it up again (and repeated that more than once), injected hydrogels, reshaped his scrotum multiple times, cut his own suspensory ligament, and more. Thanks to a bullet-proof immune system and the apparent ability to heal almost anything, his adventures just keep escalating.*

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*Tell me a little about yourself.*

I’m thirty-six now. I was born abroad, but have lived in the UK for most of my life. I am single and probably always will be unless someone comes along who accepts me for who I am — but I’d much rather be in a relationship. My close family are still abroad, so I am basically alone here in the UK, although I do have some close friends. I am gay and was very late in accepting it and coming out — I was thirty when I finally came out.

As for work and everyday life, I am self employed in the electrical/electronics repair service trade. It’s a bad career to be involved in, and I would not recommend anyone else starting up in this business since it’s becoming less profitable every year as things become cheaper to replace instead of repair.

*So you came out with extreme mods before you came out as gay — I guess it was easier accepting your interest in genital modification than your interest in men? Has it been doubly hard striking up relationships because of the genital modifications?*

I have always been shy and have the fear of rejection, so even before any mods, I’ve never had the courage to ask anyone out. In those days it was only women that I was wanting to find, because that was expected of me by my parents and I could not accept the fact that I was gay. I knew that women never turned me on sexually, but men on the other hand did turn me on. Only the really cute ones — the ones where you could see their package in their tight jeans... it was always the genitals that really did it for me.

I have to admit that once I circumcised myself, it did make

me even more shy to show my cock, and also, when I first circumcised my cock I did not know about the term ‘circumcision’ and I didn’t even know that other men were circumcised — I thought I made my cock different from everyone else’s! In those days I did not have access to any pictures of cocks and I had never heard about removing foreskin. In school showers all the boys had foreskins. Another thing that bugged me was that my circumcision scar was very defined. You could see the pale inner skin suddenly change to the darker outer skin, with a ring joining the two together. That made me feel embarrassed because I thought that people would know that I’d cut my foreskin off, but since then I’ve found out that that look is very normal in a circumcised penis.

*Do you think your life would have turned out quite differently had you come out at a much younger age?*

In a simple answer — yes! If I had the guts to say I was gay before I did any cutting, I might have just gone out and enjoyed myself among other gay friends. I might never have had the thought of that hole in the foreskin, and I might never have made that hole, and then never have had cut the



Martin’s subincision, about when I first met him.

skin, making me not get addicted to cutting in the first place...

If I had left my penis well alone as I was when I was born, I’m sure I would have had more courage back then to go out looking for a female relationship and might have gotten married... my genital mods have definitely changed my life, but I don’t really know for certain how much of a change it’s made because I will never know how differently my life





Martin surprised me a great deal when he closed his subincision himself.

would have evolved had I not cut my cock.

*You mentioned that you run an electronics repair business — do you think your interest and talents in fixing electronics are related on some level to your interest and talents in “fixing genitals”? I know it’s a bit of a goofy question, but I was actually asked a series of questions along these lines myself by some TV show because I was customizing cars and had some in my yard when they came over to film.*

Funny you should ask that — no, it’s not a daft question at all. There could well be a connection there. Since I was a kid I’ve always been into electronics and anything technical. When I got a transistor radio, the first thing I did was take it apart to see its workings. Everything I’ve had I’ve always pulled apart or tried to modify to make it work better, like modifying coils in TVs and radios to see what effect it had... That could also be why I’m interested in my cock, taking it apart and seeing how I can make it feel and function differently.

Ever since I can remember, I was always fascinated with my genitals. Even as a kid before puberty I used to play with my cock, making it go hard and tying rubber bands around it to make the veins stand out. At that time I could not pull my foreskin back and I didn’t even know what a foreskin was — all I could see was the very tip of my glans through the end of my foreskin. I remember my mother giving me a bath. She tried to pull my foreskin back but because it was causing me pain, I didn’t let her, but as the years went by and I entered puberty I started exploring my cock more by tugging on the foreskin, making the opening get wider and wider. I was always too scared to pull the foreskin right back, just in case it got stuck there, or worse yet my glans would fall out — the stupid thing was that I thought that my glans was a separate ball that was only held in place by my foreskin!

*That’s pretty funny... I’m surprised how early your interested started to show. I think most people see it coming out about the time of puberty. Maybe that means it’s really hardwired in your case!*

I remember when I was six years old I had a very strange thought... I saw my dad doing a job with concrete around a pipe, sealing it in a floor, and I had thoughts of filling up my pants with concrete so I could no longer access my cock. I thought concrete was so permanent that nothing could break it open after it went hard. I imagined myself wearing concrete pants for the rest of my life — an early thought of chastity I guess!

One day in the bath I decided to play and experiment again, and this time I pulled as hard as I could to get my foreskin right back. I held my hand out under my cock just in case the head fell out so I could catch it, but when the skin went





“Ball drop” procedure

back, I was so amazed at how the glans was attached and how very sensitive it was. This made me start off new experiments and I discovered masturbation a few weeks later — it was totally unexpected, but the first orgasm I had I can still remember today. It was so good that I haven’t stopped ever since that day.

For several years I just masturbated, but I always wondered what else I could do to turn me on. I knew that it was my dick that turned me on the most. I tried to look at girls, but they just did not turn me on sexually, although young men very much did... Not by their faces — I was more turned on by their cocks. I admired the bulge they displayed in their tight jeans. Back in the 1980’s tight jeans were very commonplace and it was fantastic to see guys wearing tight jeans as long as they showed a bulge. In those days I was twelve, and always promised myself that when I grew up and my cock was bigger I too would wear tight jeans to show off my bulge — and yes, that’s exactly what I now do, and always have. Seeing my cock bulge out of my tight jeans is more of a turn on for me than anything else.

Back when I was fifteen I saw a pair of leather punches — I don’t know why, but looking at how they punched a hole in a strip of leather made me want to punch a hole in the top of my foreskin. I never did but the thoughts of having a hole in my foreskin



Scrotal splitting



seemed to stay with me. About two years later I was getting bored of masturbating with the same old cock and wanted to make my foreskin pull back further but the frenum was in the way, so one night I got a very sharp pointed kitchen knife and pushed the point through the inside of the frenum and cut it through in an out-and-upwards direction. Because I still had a foreskin I put tissue paper over the cut and closed my foreskin up over it, but it hardly bled at all and it was healed within about a week.

*What did it feel like? Was the cutting a part of masturbation, or were the two separate?*

The cutting was a “now or never” spur of the moment thing in the bath. I was having a bath and had that thought about making a hole in my foreskin again, so I quickly decided to do it before I changed my mind. If I would have cum, I would have changed my mind — if I masturbate before the cutting, as soon as I cum the cutting thoughts are gone until next time. I actually use it as a way to slow me down and keep me from cutting myself too often.

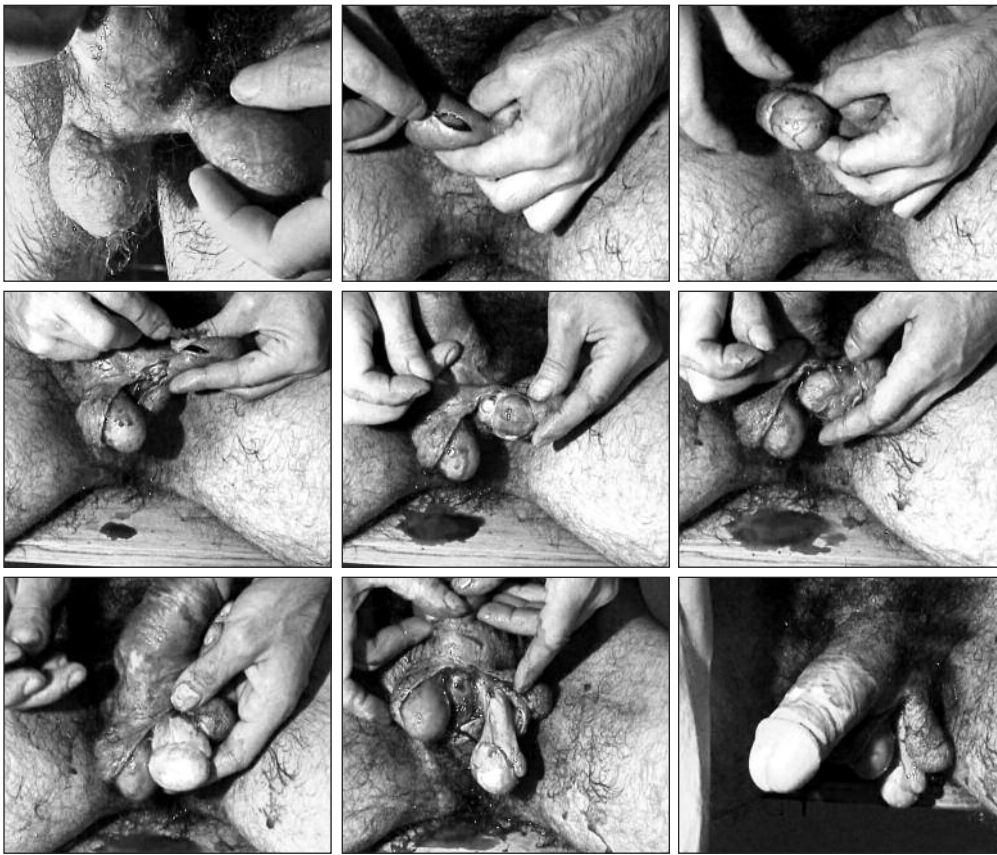
*It’s interesting the role that orgasm plays in it. I know a lot of people who even stop going to orgasm — almost, but not quite there — to avoid losing that feeling, and some even feel bad about the cutting after they cum...*

If I manage to cum just after a cutting session, I do sometimes feel bad for having cut myself because the erotic excitement is gone, but my biggest piss off is after a major cut and I have to avoid erections in case of bleeding or popping stitches, and sometimes I have to wait for ten or fifteen days before I can masturbate again! It’s the downtime I hate, but the excitement of a newly modeled cock is so erotic, and that’s another reason why I alter and cut my cock.

I guess that was how I first started to get interested in modding my cock. I never intended to cut it anymore but then I guess I was already becoming addicted. I think as well because I didn’t have any access to touch and see anyone else’s cock back then, I just wanted mine to feel different.

*So you did end up eventually making that hole in your foreskin?*

The thoughts of having a hole in my foreskin never left me, so one night when I was alone I decided to try making a hole, and I cut a small hole from left to right in the area where I could see the ridge of my glans under the skin. When I made this hole I was so turned on at the sight of seeing my glans through the hole that I pushed the glans out



Ball exposure and further scrotal modification.

through it... That looked really hot, and my proper foreskin opening was now all wrinkled under my shaft and a problem then started. I got very erect and my glans swelled up, and because the hole was too small, it began to strangle the glans and was becoming very painful. No matter how much I tried I just could not push the glans back out from that hole, so I had no choice but to insert the blade from a pair of scissors between the cut hole and the original hole, and cut through that skin. As soon as the blade cut through it, the tightness went away and a strange kind of looseness came, because suddenly the foreskin no longer had any tightness to it when

retracted. It was hanging off under my head, which felt sort of uncomfortable but looked really fantastic, seeing my glans with no foreskin trying to slide over it. That said, it was very untidy looking, so one day I thought of trying to repair the skin by opening up the cut edges and sewing them together again, but when I did try that, it was far too painful and I gave up...

I knew that I could not leave my cock looking this untidy — after all, I was only eighteen back then and was planning to have relationships. I decided to cut off that lose hanging bit of foreskin, which really hurt, but after it was off, I knew that I wasn't finished because there were still other areas that needed tidying up. From there on I spent several times cutting bits off to neaten my circumcision scar. Then came a day when I wanted to cut more skin off, mainly because I found

it such a turn on to remove skin from my penis. The problem I had was that I didn't have any loose skin left. I was already very tightly circumcised, but the desire was still with me to cut more skin off. I decided to cut all the skin off my penis shaft — the loosely attached skin that slides along the shaft when masturbating. I made a circular cut around the base, and another cut just behind the head, and then a long cut joining the two cuts. I slowly lifted the skin off as I was cutting it free from the shaft.

*Did you ever have problems that needed medical attention back then, or ever get caught in any way? I had to go to the emergency room once, and it was a very embarrassing experience!*



Inflation games

Luckily no, not back then. I was always ready with a whole roll of toilet paper just in case it bled too much. The circumcision was very manageable. The only problem I had was when I was cutting it off — I was sitting on the edge of the bath for nearly three hours trying to cut the lower part of skin off and my parents were due to come home very soon! That cutting was giving me so much pain I didn't know how to finish it, but luckily I had the idea of going to the freezer and scraping ice from its internal walls into a cup and adding water. I dunked my





Re-opening the subincision

cock in the iced water and that made it much more bearable and I managed to cut it off before they came home and clear up the bloody mess in the bath.

*Lucky! Getting back to the cock skinning, what did you do after you cut the skin free?*

When I was finished I was left with a raw shaft, and it was wet and bloody. I became erect and found that my skinned shaft looked so erotic to me — it was sort of whitish pink in color and it looked hot, but worrying at the same time, seeing my shaft skin start at the base of my cock for only about half an inch, then stop, leaving an opening in my body for my raw skinned cock to protrude from.

It took a good eight weeks to heal over fully, with a new scar-like replacement tissue. The trouble I had was the fact that during healing it pulls together, and I was left with a much smaller cock than before. I knew I would never be happy with that so I thought that if I reopened the wound where the new skin joined the remaining old skin, I would pull the edges apart and wait for more new skin to grow in between. This did work and I repeated it twice, and was left with a penis that was about the same as the original length but the skin was totally immobile. The new skin is attached directly to the shaft and has no movement at all to it.

*How does that feel in comparison? Is it still like that or did it separate and loosen over time?*

In the beginning the shaft was extremely tight. It was a bit like an hourglass because of the tight bandaging I did to make the new skin heal tightly, but after a few months it softened up and became more normal in shape. The new skin is still tighter than normal skin, and even today and there is no gliding motion anymore. Before skinning it I could feel the shaft meat under the skin, and I could feel the ripples in the cock meat under the skin as I moved my fingers up and down it. I could see all the veins bulging through the skin, but now all that's no longer possible. It bothered me to start with, but I'm now so used to it that I don't even think about it anymore.

*The photos make it look like you've got no worries in the size*

*department — were you aware of that as you were growing up?*

It's only since I've been sending pictures on the Internet that I've been getting responses saying that I'm quite big. For me I've always seen myself as being too small, but that's only because I wish I was huge. I've always imagined myself having a cock that's so big that I have trouble getting dressed — it's an obsession for me to wear tight jeans to show a big bulge. It gives me confidence knowing that my dick is big enough to show through my clothes — if I don't show a bulge, like if I wear baggy jeans, I feel less confident

in front of others, especially if I'm among other guys and one or two do show a bulge... it makes me feel even smaller and underdeveloped.

*After the skinning, how did you get into the subincision and other mods?*

The skinning took place in 1992 and I didn't do much after that anymore until 1997, when I got my first computer. The first thing I looked for on the Internet was for information about self-circumcision, mainly to see if other people also did it, and I stumbled across BME and I immediately bought myself an extreme subscription. That was where I first saw subincisions and bisections, and since then it's been the green light and the inspiration I've been looking for to continue with my genital mods.



DIY ligament cutting



Subincision closed for the second time.

The skin was about to rip open! I could not feel anything because I had injected anesthetic first.

I got a large needle and stabbed my cock from all directions. The air hissed out of my cock, along with bubbles of blood. While I was tied off, after I had squeezed all the air out, I got a pair of scissors and inserted one blade in my piss hole and the other along the top center of my glans and I split it through — there was no blood and no pain, so I suddenly had a split head! I inserted a tube down my urethra and wedged tissue between the split, and then tightly bandaged the head up and released the band at the base of my cock to allow the blood to flow in again. Amazingly, it didn't bleed at all... It went red, and soaked in blood, but it never ran or dripped with blood, so that was good.

I know it was a stupid thing to do — I knew it when I did it — but I thought I'd take the chance because I wanted to see how big I could inflate my cock. Yes, I was stupid to have done that, so don't

tell me I was because I know anyway!

*I'd love to hear the stories of of your subincision and how you came to close it up.*

Back in 1987 I was in the airport in Austria waiting for my flight, and that was the very first time I had ever thought about subincision. I didn't know even that it was possible, yet alone knew that others did it — it was a thought totally out of the blue and I even remember where I was when that thought came to mind. I didn't call it a subincision, I called it

*Before that, were you at all aware that other people were doing it as well?*

In those days I was not aware that others did any kind of self cutting. I thought I was totally alone with it and felt like a freak because of that... I was very relieved to find out that I was not alone anymore, and better yet, because the Internet is two way interactive, I've managed to chat and contact several others. It's just a shame that they are all so far away.

*Did you ever try "lighter" stuff along the lines of pumping or saline? Or was it always cutting that was the turn-on?*

When it comes to non-cutting mods, yes, I've done several, but because they don't last, they are not as exciting. I have pumped with an electric pump — it was a paint sprayer compressor I modified to suck in air through a tube. The vacuum was so strong that I filled my tube in two sessions, but after only a few sessions it was hurting too much in an aching sort of way, so I gave up.

I also used the compressor as an inflator — I attached a needle on the end of the tube and inserted it under my shaft skin and inflated my cock. The base was tied off tight, and I left the pump on until my cock was about to explode — it was so hard including the head. The thing that made me quickly turn the pump off was the fact that I could hear cracking noises in the head!



Subincision opened once again.



a gutter! I never did it for many years after, but I did decide to experiment with that thought, and one night in the bath I decided to lengthen the piss slit. I did this by tying off my cock, putting ice on it to deaden the pain, and got a blade and cut myself a meatotomy all the way to the rim of the glans. I was amazed at how easy it was, and the fact that it was even possible to do. It healed quite quickly but I found that peeing standing up was bad — it sprayed everywhere and I hated that, so after one year I decided that it must be possible to close it up.

I opened the healed sides — back then I didn't have access to anesthetic so I used freezer spray, a spray can that's used for cooling electronic components when tracing thermal faults. I sprayed it on my meatotomy edges and my glans became white, hard, and frozen on the two sides of the meatotomy. I quickly got scissors and sliced a chunk off the glans from either side. By then it was thawing out and becoming soft again, so I brought the two sides together and taped it up with surgical sticky tape. When the feeling came back it hurt so much I nearly cried... After that, peeing was done very slowly so as not to put too much pressure on the wound, and after a few days it had knitted together and it was totally healed in about two weeks.

It wasn't until 2000 that I decided that I wanted a meatotomy again, mainly because I then knew that others also did it, so I decided to reopen my meatotomy again, but this time I stopped about a centimeter into the shaft. It was amazing to see the inside of my cock again, and because I knew others also cut themselves I knew I wasn't a freak to cut myself, so I just continued to cut.

Returning to the first thoughts of a subincision back in that airport, when I stumbled across pictures of my first subincision all my memories came back to me. I just could not believe that someone had actually done that to their cock... Back then I had promised myself not to cut my cock anymore, but every time I looked at subincision pictures, particularly the full subincisions, I knew I wanted one on my cock one day too. After I redid the meatotomy, I left it to heal, always knowing that I wanted to extend it further. A few months later I cut it further using a clamp-and-cut method. I did this twice more and I loved the feeling of how my urethra fell open wider each time — the feel of air hitting the sensitive tissue gave me a real hard on, and I came after only a few strokes!

By the end of the year I had a full subincision and I loved it, but one night I was having a bath and I had the thoughts of extending my sub further, and as I got the blade near it, I wondered if it was possible to repair it again. I opted for the latter, and in an attempt to be "normal" again, I used

injectable anesthetic and removed a strip of skin from each side of my sub and then sutured it all together. During the next few days peeing was rather painful and I had to control how hard I let the pee flow — it's really difficult to trickle out pee when you're bursting to go! But, after a week it was knitted together enough to not rip apart anymore. I left my entire shaft tightly bandaged so that erections didn't put too much strain on the rejoined area.

*But that closure didn't last, did it?*

No — I have reopened it again, and this time it's all the way to the scrotum. I plan on splitting the scrotum again as well and taking the subincision between the balls.



Healing from various procedures.

*I assume everything you're doing is cock-related? No changes to any other body parts at all?*

I am only interested in modifying my cock. Other body parts don't turn me on in any way, although some look cool on others... but for me it's only my cock.

*Let's keep talking about your modifications... What came after the subincision?*

A year after that I did my next extreme modification. I was not happy with the way that after my tight circumcision and skinning that my scrotum was pulled up covering more than half the length of the under side of my cock shaft. I had this idea to cut the scrotum away from the shaft to try and make it hang lower down.

*I'm going to guess this story begins with "I was in the bath"...*

Yes — I was in the bath and my scrotum was loose and floppy from the heat of the warm water. I injected anesthetic into the area that I was going to cut, and I then got a long blunt object (the handle of a screw driver), and I pushed this handle on the left side of my scrotum as far back as possible and felt for it bulging through the scrotal skin on the right side. Once I was happy with the position, I got a blade and cut from the right side through to the left, using the handle as a base to cut against. I cut until the handle pushed through

to the other side. I suppose it could be classed as an extremely deep scrotal or lorum piercing.

I then got a pair of scissors and inserted one blade through this hole and out the other side, and then slowly began to cut in an outward direction along my shaft. This was totally painless, and once I cut through, my scrotum fell downwards, exposing the tops of my balls and the raw underside of my penis. It did bleed quite a lot, but with compression, it stopped after about thirty minutes — I think I must have cut a big vein!

I then sutured the scrotum together joining the left side to the right, but left my penis raw above it. It took about two months to fully heal, and I did regrow about half way up the shaft again, but it was definitely lower down than before. I wanted it to be as low down as possible, so I decided to repeat this cutting procedure a second time around. Once it healed the second time, my scrotum was hanging very low and virtually between my legs. I liked it that way a lot but I wanted more and decided that I wanted to split my scrotum so I'd have two independent balls hanging.

#### *How did you perform the scrotal splitting procedure?*

I used the same technique of using the handle of a screw driver as a cutting guide behind the scrotum and I cut to it from the front. My goal was for maximum separation, so I made sure that I cut as high up the scrotum as possible. This time however I did not cut the scrotum in half — I decided to wait until the hole I just made healed, and I inserted a thick tube through that hole and formed a ring out of it, holding it together with a cable tie. After about three weeks it was time for me to split the scrotum in two, so I removed that tube and had a nearly healed hole at the base to cut out from. I injected anesthetic again, and used scissors to cut from the hole downwards. After the final snip my two balls fell apart — I could suddenly hold them, one in each hand, about six inches apart!

I loved that new look and feel, but there was one problem

after it had healed — because my scrotums were so small, they tended to shrivel up when cold and my balls would disappear up next to my cock leaving two empty scrotums that looked like two bits of loose skin. I wanted to keep my balls down in the sacks so I decided to do more cutting.

The next cut was an attempt to make the neck of my left scrotum only thick enough for the cord of the testicle. This was a bad idea, but I did it anyway, not thinking about the consequences. I felt for my testes cord and pushed it to the outside edge of the sack. Then I made a hole in the neck of the sack right next to the cord. I left that hole to heal, using the tube as I did when I split the sack. After it had healed I cut the scrotum through the hole towards the center horizontally, leaving just the part that had my cord running through it. There was blood everywhere and I had to call for an ambulance as I could not stop the bleeding — that was the most embarrassing day of my life! But it healed quite well and my left testicle was now hanging in a scrotum from a thin neck, sort of like a pendulum between my legs... But after a few months, due to cold weather, it managed to squeeze past the narrow neck and up next to my cock, so it didn't work as planned.

#### *How did they react to you at the hospital?*

An Indian doctor came to check me over, and saw what I had done. He said that if I cut too close to the cord of the testes, that the thin scrotal neck could swell and strangle the cord and I could lose that ball. I already had it in my mind that I was going to lose my left ball, but the doc then said that there was no point in suturing the wound together, because I'd already done a good job of that. I was surprised, and he looked at my then partial subincision and asked if I did it. I told him I did and he said that I would have problems with it later in life — I don't know what he meant by that. He wanted to keep me in on an IV drip, but I refused and dismissed myself. They gave me a packet full of pills and I went home and was at work the next day.



Bringing the subincision to its maximum depth.



*How did the ligament cutting happen? DIY is certainly a better deal than paying \$3000 or so to have a plastic surgeon do it...*

I injected the area with anesthetic and pulled hard on my penis in a downward direction. When I felt the pubic area I could feel ligaments through the skin tensioning up and it was these ligaments that I planned to cut. I got a blade and made a hole just over the area that I could feel the ligaments through, and I cut that hole about half an inch across and dug the blade in on one side of the tensioned ligament and cut towards it. I could hear the tearing sound, and once I cut through it my cock suddenly felt longer and I could actually see it drop lower down!

It was one of the easiest mods I've ever done. I sutured the hole shut and I was even able to masturbate the same night! I had bruising for about one week but I gained just over one inch when soft. But it still wasn't enough.

*Wow, I didn't realize that it was that "easy" to do... Did you gain any hard length as well, or just when soft?*

Yes, I found it the easiest mod ever, but I didn't notice any more length when hard. I did notice however that my cock hangs lower down... I never did any stretching, although I should have, but having said that, I didn't lose any length that I gained and I now can no longer feel the ligament under the skin anymore.

*Has it changed things like angle of erection and so on as well?*

My angle of erection was pointing down long before the ligament cutting because of a lot of manual pulling downwards on my cock by hand at every available moment. Every time I had to go to the toilet, I always ended with a real hard pull on my cock in an attempt to stretch it — there was a time I could put the head in my mouth, but I stopped pulling on it because the results were too minimal. That's why I opted for the ligament cut. Maybe I might try pulling on it again soon, as I might get more length now that the ligament is cut.

*What other things have you tried to increase the size?*

I had heard of Hydrogel and was given a contact address to obtain some. First I wanted my cock to look normal again before I injected it so I decided to close up the full subincision.

This was my second-time-round subincision, as I had already closed it up before and then cut it open again. I removed a slice of skin from along each side and sutured the two sides together, but this time I left a hole right at the base in order to pee through so my pee pressure would not disturb healing on the rest of the sub.

After it was healed I had to close that hole in the base so that I could pee from the end again, and I removed a ring of skin from around that hole and sutured that open ring closed. For the first few days I was very careful not to pee too hard, and within a week I was able to pee standing up again. I managed to close my subincision down to a 5mm pee hole in the glans!

After my sub was closed again, I decided that I wanted my scrotum back as a whole so that I could inject the hydrogel into it and get a big round bulge, but I had problems with my left sack when trying to join it to the right one. I cut open the right sack until it was fully open in the area that was originally split, and then I tried doing the same with the left one but the narrow neck where the cord was running through was so close to the testicle that when I cut it open, my testicle popped out and fell in my hand, hanging from its cord. It was out of its internal sack too, and started to give me stomach cramp pains. I started to panic because I could not push it back in, and I fumbled about for several minutes in pain and finally I pulled my stomach in while breathing — that tends to pull the balls up. Luckily my testicle pulled up into the mutilated scrotum, and I quickly sutured the two sacks back together again.

It has healed surprisingly well. You wouldn't think that my sack was ever split if it wasn't for the scar along the center.

Then it was time for the hydrogel. I ordered 250ml and have used most of it. I've injected it into my shaft under the skin and it's made my cock very thick, but I've also tried injecting





Headsplitting, a first step toward bisection

it into the scrotum, but it seems to make lumps instead of evening out. It feels like I have three balls... I wasn't happy with that, so I removed it from the scrotum again.

*Were there problems due to the way your skin is attached so tightly?*

No big problems — although it was not possible to inject along the bottom of my shaft because it was my closed subincision, so there were no skin pockets under there at all. Along the sides and on the top was loose enough for injecting the gel.

*You ordered the Hydrogel from China I guess?*

Yes, I did, but recently I have heard of something even better, apparently it's a filler that's made up of small spheres, like micro beads. The Hydrogel is good, but I can squeeze it back out if I wanted to — I'd like something that can't be removed! I find the permanence of a mod so erotic. To get the Hydrogel out all I needed to do was make a hole in the area with a needle and squeeze it out like a tube of tooth paste.

*But now you've opened your subincision up again?*

I've always loved the look of subincisions and after repairing mine I was missing having it, so after nearly two years of having it fully repaired I decided to reopen it again. I have since cut it right up to the scrotum, and it's longer than the original full sub I

had by about an inch.

I like the feel of the exposed urethra so much so that I wanted to feel it all the time, rubbing in my pants, but because my sub is more of a deep groove I needed to find a way to open it out flat. I decided to remove a length of shaft skin from along the top of my cock. I cut off a sheet of skin that was about an inch and a half wide by three inches long, and I brought the edges together and sutured it, making my sub underneath open out really tight and flat when soft. I then wrapped my cock tightly in tape and dressings so that erections

wouldn't pull the sutures apart. After about two weeks it was time to test the results. I removed the dressings for the final time and let myself get fully erect — wow, that was rather painful to start with. The sub was so stretched wide open, it was shiny and very tight, and when soft my sub is now totally flat and fully exposed permanently. It feels great in my pants when walking about, but the skin has loosened up a bit since, and now there is no way that I could ever re-repair my sub. It's now permanently open.

It's not going to end here. I plan on doing lots more in the future, and my next plan is to re-split my scrotum, because as with my sub after repairing it, I now miss the feel and look of



Above, partial bisection, and below, getting deeper (and wider).







having two balls. Next time I plan on first making a transscrotal big enough to push my cock through. I'm also very seriously thinking about a fully split penis — I would want it split so far back that when hard I've got the split starting right at the pubic area.

*I can't wait to hear what happens next. Thanks for*

*sharing your story, and I look forward to talking to you again!*

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*Fast-forward a few years — eight years since we'd first begun in fact — and Martin had, as expected, completed many more remarkable genital modifications, making his subincision more radical, and taking the step of a bisected penis as well. I received a letter from Martin letting me know what he'd done here, which I include here essentially verbatim.*

Dear Shannon,

Here is an update to what happened since we last spoke.

I did resplit my scrotum, and that second time it was easier, with less bleeding than the original cut and join. It seemed to be mostly scar tissue, which I found easy to recut. After my scrotum was re-split, it allowed me to continue my subincision by extending it deeper, between the split scrotal area, which I accomplished by fist piercing, and allowing to heal, a deep large gauge PA as an anchor, then cutting it out. By extending my subincision using this method, I was able to control bleeding and healing time was very fast.

I have since extended my subincision through my split scrotum, and ending behind it at the point where the urethra makes a sharp 90 degree turn upwards. This is the maximum a subincision can be opened up to. The extra feelings I'm experiencing from my urethra opened up this deep are much more sensual and erotic than the feelings further towards the end of the penis.

After completing my subincision, I felt I wanted to do more — as many of you in the mod community know, cutting is addictive — so I decided it was time to split my penis along the top.

After my subincision was complete, the bisection was quite easy. What I did was clamp off the base of my cock to stop blood flowing into it, then inject the shaft with lidocaine to numb it. To bisect the shaft symmetrically and to make sure I

was exactly in the center between the cavasosas, I cut and split into the shaft from the subincision side, as the subincision has a clear center line crease which I used as a cutting guide.

As I cut, only trapped blood came out, all in one go. This was fine, because after the trapped blood was out of the shaft, it became easy to see where I was cutting. I cut about one inch at a time, and after I was satisfied with the new cut, I placed sterile dressing absorbant pads into the bisected area and placed the two halves of my bisection together with the pads in between and then bandaged up my cock as one.

The bandage was wrapped around semi tight — plenty of it too — before un-clamping the base to let blood flow back into the freshly split shaft. I then waited for a while and to my relief it never started bleeding through the bandage. After a short while the feelings returned, but it wasn't unbearable at all!

It wasn't long after that I found how glad I was that I had cut a full subincision prior to starting my bisection. Because of that, I was able to pee as often as I needed from the base of my sub, without having to disturb my bandaged up dick.

After two days I removed the bandages very carefully, always in the bathtub, just in case it bleeds, and after two days it settled enough to not start bleeding after unwrapping the bandage. I re-banded it again, and after the first two days, the worst was over and I was dressing the wound with fresh bandages becomes easy after then.

My penis is now split over half way, and if I pull them apart they measure 9 inches from head to head. I also now have a twin bulge in my jeans! Masturbating is much more interesting now as I can hole each dick-half in each hand.

I still plan to continue my bisection until I reach the pubic bone, then I hope to be able to tie both halves together in a knot, as I have a friend who can actually do this! Many will no doubt think I'm crazy for having done what I did, but I did it for myself and not for anyone else. It's my body to enjoy!

And thanks to you and BME, which made me realise I was not alone.

Sincerely,  
Martin



## John: Leg Amputation and Meatotomy

*I met John because of his meatotomy originally, but got to know him in more detail after his leg amputation, which was both voluntary and involuntary in nature. At the time we were talking about it, I was just beginning to have medical problems myself and spent a lot of time wondering whether having my legs amputated could make my pain end so it was very helpful getting to hear his experiences.*

I'm a 51 year old bi-sexual man with some ink and other body mods. I'm Ex-US Navy Sub Forces — “Deeper Longer Faster” — and have been happily married to my husband, an RN, for about thirty years. We are monogamous and were fortunate enough to meet before the AIDS plague. We were friends all through school and were fortunate to never have eyes for anyone but each other.

I have several extreme S&M fetishes and fantasies — castrations, ball torture, genital splitting. I would love to be the person removing someone's balls and cock, feeling and then watch them slowly cool and twitch in my hand as they died. My life partner doesn't share these fetishes but nonetheless we have a great life together. I recently added amputation as a new interest, having become one myself.

*Tell me about your amputation?*

The procedure was done by a doctor and was a trans-femoral (above the knee) amputation of my left leg. It was a very difficult procedure actually as there was titanium hardware in the bone from prior surgery. They had to make a step cut of the tissues, avoiding previous scar tissue as much as possible. The step cut, if you took the leg and looked at it from the side was cut to look like a step. This allows a thick flap of meat and fat to form a cushion and also a good closure of the remnant limb. All the major arteries needed to be tied off as well as the nerves being cut. Also, tendons need to be reattached in a fashion that will help you walk with a prosthetic. Trust me, a leg amputation is not for an amateur to do! Slip up and, well, you can easily bleed out very quickly and not have any real mobility even with a prosthetic.

*What story do you tell about how your amputation?*

Well, it depends on the person (LOL)!!!

Mostly I tell the straight out truth short version. The long version is what leads up to me deciding to do this.

Roughly six years ago I was hit head on and my left leg was shattered along with numerous other injuries. I almost died. I had lots of pain and the left leg never really healed. Trust me, after being in a wheelchair or on crutches for almost five

years it gets tired real fast, especially if you are an active person like me. I went round and round with various doctors and got the song and dance “it's a viable limb,” meaning, “yeah, it's alive, so what if it's useless.”

Total bullshit — typical of the attitude in medicine today. Seriously, it's a double standard in medicine. We can keep a limb alive even though it will never be useful again, so we will and let the patient go through hell. It even comes down to a double standard in other areas as well. Women can get



lipo, boob jobs, or reductions hysterectomies... mastectomies, hey no problem, no letters from a psych... just “can you pay?” Yet if a man wants an Orchi, well, he must be nuts — better get two Psych's to say hey it's okay... bullshit. Medicine has ignored the most important thing — your quality of life and only you can say what is best for that, not some white robed geek. I was fortunate that my personal MD knew of a vascular surgeon who takes that into account, so no psych board. I know many other amputees who went through hell before they got the surgery they needed to get on with life.

*What was your aftercare and healing process like?*

Very painful and drawn out. The burning sensation was enough to drive me up a wall. Healing took about eight weeks for the initial period, and total healing almost a year. Getting comfortable was the hard part, especially in bed. You need to relearn sleep posture. Aftercare was like any other major surgery but with an exception — daily checking the stub with a mirror, looking for wound openings and tissue break downs. The process also was getting used to showering sitting down. The first time after staple removal I tried standing up — it felt like the leg was still there and down I went. That's the hard part. You still feel the limb even though it's gone.

Aftercare involved eight weeks of PT to re-strengthen the limb and my back for normal posture, and then another twelve weeks learning to walk again with the prosthetic and also to straighten my back out from years in a chair.



*What does it feel like now and how do you like it?*

It's painful many days... I have what are called neuromas. These are nerves that were cut but have regrown into ball-like structures that are very sensitive to heat, humidity, cold, and touch. But truth is, I feel great. I can walk again and enjoy walking along the beach like I used to. I feel whole again.

Most days I am happy with my decision — remember I elected to do this — but there are other days I wish the hell I had my leg back.

*Anything you would do differently if you did it again?*

Yes, I would have done it much sooner than I did

*Are you at all interested in other amputations? You mentioned an orchi (castration)?*

For me where I am in life an Orchi is a viable thing from several aspects. First off, I am prone to epididymitis due to a series of injuries to my testes. Seriously I have had two bouts in the last year and the pain is very exquisite — not the nice kind any way. Second, my partner has a very low sex drive and, well, masturbation just staves off the itch only so long. Even though I am bi I am monogamist so relief outside of the relationship is both not in my character or realistic. There have also been six cases of testicular cancer on my fathers side of the family developing around the age I am now. So from one view it would be health insurance so to speak. I also have no need to reproduce with my son grown and moved away as well as my daughter being a parent as well. No need to be a dad again for this kid, LOL. From an erotic point I also find it appealing to have a large degree of control of my sex drive and also find the whole thing a big arousal. Body image comes in as well I really never have felt totally comfortable with my testes, or for that matter, my birth gender as well. Latent Transsexual I guess. Seriously, when growing up Westerns were the big thing on the tube and while my male friends always wanted to play the cowboy or gunslinger, secretly inside I wanted to be the one rescued.

Remember the era I grew up in SRS was a new thing with only one in the States at the time as far as we know Christine Jorgensen and Stonewall was a recent event.

*How did you decide to go through with amputation?*

Almost five years getting my mind set right and it still was a hard thing to do. I mean, sure, mine was sort of driven by a health need, albeit I could have gone on without having it done, but it is not a thing to take lightly. I have seen some of the photos of folks taking chisel to a joint or toe or more, but

I bet most of them did not think it through long term. An amputation is not like ink in that you can laser it off or remove the implant or jewelry. Once that part is gone, that's it, game over, for that part of the body.

There are also many things to research before doing this things like “Phantom Pain” — for example your left toe hurts like you stubbed it but it's not there. “Phantom limb” — your leg is folded under you sitting on couch but it's really not there. Then there are neuromas — nerves that have regrown into a ball... very very painful! Then there are the looks you get. People staring, but when you catch them, they avert their eyes — they are sackless assholes staring like that.

*Would you call what you did a “voluntary” amputation, or something that was medically required?*

It was a completely voluntary amputation. I wanted to try to have some form of normalcy again. I was hoping to end the pain I was in 24/7 and get off the pain killers that were fogging my mind. Plus the messed up leg was to me an eyesore on my body. I also couldn't really do anything prior to the amp. It was pure hell sitting and not being able to take part. Well, I did get some normalcy back. I like my body again, but I still have pain... oh, well, trade offs... LOL.

I had to more or less kick and scream and brow beat people to have it done. The Doctors were not willing to do the surgery as it was not a life threatening issue and the soft

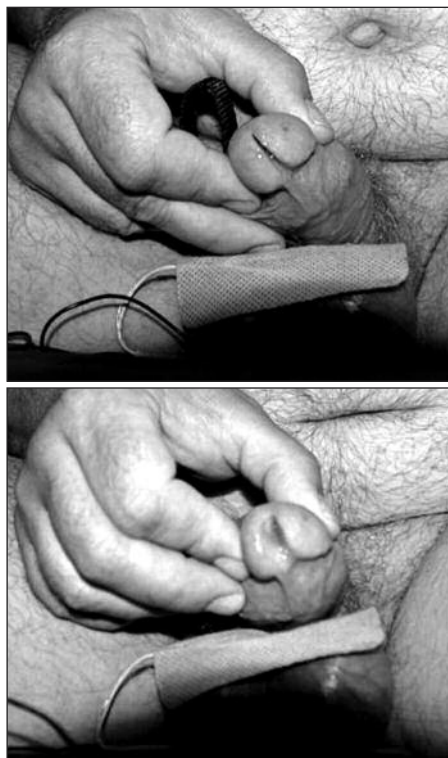
tissues were healthy. The Femur itself had never healed completely. As far as they were concerned it was healthy for me to spend my life in a wheelchair or get around on crutches. It really took a lot of effort to get the amputation. With the exception of one doctor they had “ethics” issues cutting off what they perceived as a healthy (LMAO) limb.

*I definitely understand what you mean though on the pain issues — I had a surgery (bone tumor removal) that messed up the nerves in my leg, and while I'm physically fine, I'm in constant pain from it and have thought for a long time about whether it would be better to amputate it (not that a doctor would for me, and realistically, the phantom pain could easily stay after an amputation).*

You could do the route that I took and keep telling your primary care MD that the pain is intolerable, pain med's are not an option, and that it is affecting your overall quality of life. I was fortunate that when I relocated to this area and my new primary care MD is an extreme advocate of quality of life for the

patient. Many MDs are still of the mindset that as long as the limb is viable they won't do it even though the patient's life is miserable. There are patient advocates around — a web search can help.

Phantom pain is a weird thing — it is totally different then what I even thought. Best thing I can describe is it feels like



you stubbed your left toe yet the toe is gone on up to cramps and stuff in the limb like it is still there it is not in the remnant area but below that. Now what I have is different — that is the neuroma where the nerves have regrown into a ball. Phantom pain can be controlled and eliminated by several means from using a mirror to trick the mind to scratching or rubbing the non existent limb. Yeah it sounds odd, but it works and it can also be controlled with acupuncture. Besides, in 99% of the cases it is not a constant thing, and for most people well it stops after a while once and for all.

#### *How did you get introduced to meatotomy?*

Completely by accident — I had found BME and there was a shot of this cock with a hot slit running down it. On occasion I enjoy sounding, sometimes with electroplay, and after some reading and chatting with other people who do this said that with a meatotomy more nerves are exposed for stim, and also that larger sounds could be accommodated. The more I read, the more turned on I became. My partner would never have consented to my doing it so I waited till he went away on a month-long trip. I gathered the stuff I needed to do the cut myself, saying I was buying the locking forceps as a tool I needed to tie some fishing flies — my partner doesn't fish so he had no clue. Everything else I found in our first aid kit.

I met someone who had done a few meatotomies on others, and he offered to do mine, but I wanted to do it myself and felt I could after reading in detail how he did it. Part of this was to self fulfill the excitement of actually cutting my own flesh and watching it part and bleed.

I began by laying out a clean field area with fresh washed sheets and set out betadine and some Neosporin with numbing agents — this was for after the cut, to keep it from healing itself shut. I took my forceps and placed them in an aluminum foil wrap and placed them in my oven at 400 degrees for two hours then let the package cool to room temp. I then took the whole package and placed it on the clean field area.

Just thinking that soon my cock would feel the bite of the forceps and then the sweet slice of the scalpel blade made me hard as a teenager and I was dripping precum in anticipation of the whole sweet ordeal. I stripped, showered, and then carefully washed my cock and hands with surgical soap and put on my sterile nitrile gloves. I sat down on the clean field and took the forceps out of the pouch. As I was about to start crushing the tissues to help control bleeding and accelerate healing I thought, why not just cut beside the frenum strip that had given me so many climaxes from being licked? So to preserve this bridge of oh so sensitive skin I clamped down slightly to the left side. Getting the forceps to the first lock was a slow and painful ten minute period, but at the same time very, very much a trigger for waves of pleasure. When the first lock clicked, I noticed copious precum dripping from my slit. I waited about twenty minutes and then continued closing the forceps one notch at a time. Each time the

jaws closed more precum boiled out of my rock hard cock. Finally I just said fuck it and quickly squeezed the forceps handles shut all the way, and the second they locked I climaxed from the pleasure and pain.

Shaking from it I gathered my thoughts and noticed I stayed hard, and sperm was all over the forceps, so, carefully holding the forceps in place I walked to the bathroom and showered and cleaned everything with surgical soap again. I went back to the bed room and put on a movie while I waited for the forceps to crush and destroy the tissue. When the movie was over I removed the forceps and saw the thin strip of tissue was a dark brown and less than paper thin. I took the betadine swab and wiped the area where I was about to slice my sweet flesh. I popped the scalpel out of its wrap and slowly touched it to the thin tissue. A stinging sensation came from the point of contact with the edge and I slowly drew the blade across the tissue. I was surprised how tough it was to cut, each slice burned, and with the fourth this burn became pleasure and I got hard again. I took my time cutting down to where the clamped area ended, savoring both the feel in my hand and my cock. Regrettably the cut was over all too soon. As I was making the last cuts the tissues did start bleeding a bit and that was a rush as well, and knowing this was my living cock I was changing forever into what I wanted. Finally, I then took an alum stick and swiped it across the cut area to stop any further weeping of blood and slathered the whole cock head with the Neosporin and loosely wrapped it in gauze with a pad to absorb any minor bleeding. I cleaned up the area of my self surgery and took two Valium and went to bed for the night.

The next morning I carefully unwrapped my cock, showered, and reapplied the Neosporin. It had bled a bit overnight but no more than say, cutting a finger on a razor blade. By day three there was no bleeding, just a tiny scab on the cut edges. By the sixth day fresh skin far forming, and by the end of the second week it was healed and you couldn't tell I had a meatotomy unless I opened it.

*I understand how thrilling cutting a meatotomy is, and I admit that I didn't warn my partner in advance when I cut mine either, but I'm a little surprised that you'd put thirty years of marriage at risk. How did your husband respond?*

When my partner returned he was at first pissed. But it wasn't long before he was turned on by the fact that he could lick the meatotomy and drive me wild. As a bonus, he says he can even feel it open when I fuck him... The sensation is just wild. I love it. I'd do it again, and maybe I'll cut longer in the future. Who knows what's next?





## Kai: Slow Cutting, Slow Castration

I was born in 1973 in Germany, where I grew up, and am 181cm tall and weigh 70kg. I currently live alone, having divorced a little over a year ago, and enjoy reading, travelling, and — of course — body mods and CBT.

*Was your divorce related to your interest in modification?*

No, my interests didn't play into my divorce at all — I split up with her because she cheated on me. Most of the work I did on my penis and testicles happened after the separation anyway.

I am still in the process of modifying myself, and recently removed the right half of my split glans, but the left one is still there. It has been healing slowly, in part because I work so much and just moved to a new apartment. I am planning to remove the left half as well, since it doesn't work properly any more and doesn't get fully hard when I get an erection.

I did this removal by numbing the halves of the glans using Emla cream, a topic anesthetic, and then tying them off. I first cut off the already partially removed right half with a salpel, and it hardly bled at all. The mistake I made was that I left the band in place after the cutting session, and left it on for two days out of fear that I might bleed heavily. I think this is probably why the left half stopped working properly — it was half dead. I'm sure this is what it was, because after a few days the problems began — the entire top layer of skin came off, and I was left with a skinned glans.

*Can you remember where your interests began?*

My interests go back to when I was seventeen years old. That's when I started cutting and scratching my penis

repeatedly with knives and blades. Then in 1999 I got on the internet and found BME, and this incubated my nascent desires. Up until that point I'd always been afraid of going



Meatotomy to subincision (note small cut)



much farther, because I was so afraid of bleeding, but once I saw what others had done, and what could be done safely, I began in small careful steps to implement my desires and turn my fantasies into action.

It all started when I cut through my frenulum. After that I split my foreskin, and later on went through with a meatotomy. From that I kept on cutting and completely split my glans and did a full subincision. I also opened up my scrotum and pulled out my left testicle and cut it off — although this was with the help of a friendly kinky couple. I also have cut open the skin on my shaft, partially skinning it, but I sutured it closed again. That's what I've done up until today...

*Has it all been worthwhile?*

Yes, so far I actually like everything I have done, although there have been a few minor unplanned side effects. For example, because of the ball exposure play or CBT, my right testicle has adhere to the scrotum, and as I mentioned, my left glans half has been rendered useless. I actually think that it may just fall off on its own, but if not I'll remove it myself as a last resort. The skin on the shaft also didn't grow back together quite as well as it should have after I skinned it, so I think I may go back and refinish that.

*You mentioned that you also enjoy CBT?*

Besides permanent modifications, I like torturing my remaining right testicle with saline injections, and so far have



Testicle exposure scene



Various cock skinning

injected as much as 20mg at once into it. I also enjoy skewering the testicle, piercing it side-to-side with sharp objects, and I do this to my penis in the same way. When I do this it's always such an awesome feeling, it doesn't really hurt all that much, and has become a great source of pleasure for me.

#### *Does anyone else know about what you do?*

There are many like-minded people who know about it, but most of them are online, people who've seen it on BME and other sites and think it's super hot. As far as my friends and family are concerned, I don't think they would accept it, so as far as they're concerned it's a dog bite injury that's to blame for the subincision and headsplit. People believe the story because I train German Shepherds. Since getting divorced, I've given a lot of thought to the idea of meeting a woman who might be willing to complete my castration.

#### *What procedure was used for your castration?*

As I said there was no doctor involved — it was just a good friend and his wife there. We numbed the scrotum using Emla cream, and she cut an incision about 4cm long (almost two inches) on the left side. The testicle was pulled out and exposed, the whole thing, still attached to the cord. Emla was applied to the cord to numb it since it doesn't go that deep through the skin, and two clamps were then put on the cord. She separated the veins, which she cut and sutured, and then the testicle itself, I cut off myself. She then sutured it for me and the common cord was packed up back inside the scrotum. Healing went quite well and only took about a week. In a few years I figure I'll be rid of my other testicle as well.

#### *How did you meet this couple?*

I had written a fantasy story about castration in the Eunuch Archive, and they wrote me asking if I'd like to make the fantasy happen for real. We exchanged a few emails talking about it, and then agreed to meet in person — and well, you know what happened then. I haven't looked back since, and haven't had a single regret... I can't imagine not losing the second one as well. Perhaps I can find a woman who'd be willing to cut it off with a special Guillotine.

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#### *A couple years later I checked in with Kai to see whether he'd managed to complete his castration and head-removal plans, and what other adventures and tortures he'd enjoyed.*

I've continued my modifications and play, and the left half of my glans no longer exists. This time I got it well numbed with Emla and then just tied it off securely with an elastic band and let myself die, which was a lot easier. Within twenty four hours it had changed to a black color. It took a few days to die — two days after I cut the end of it with a fine blade and it didn't bleed — and after about a week the withered stump fell off quite easily in the shower. After about two weeks the scab came off, although the new skin was still very thin and it took about three weeks to be fully healed. I've also



Testicle skewering



continued extending the subincision so it's now about half-cock in length.

Oh, and the right testicle, well he is still alive but his strength is completely gone. I've done another ball exposure, and that testicle has suffered so much more! I can without difficulty or pain squeeze the testicle flat between my fingers, and I'm also playing with the idea of cutting my cock off, but I'm going to do it in small steps to avoid excessive scarring. Perhaps end up with a partial penectomy.

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And even more years passed, bringing us to today, and I checked with Kai again to see how things had been going for him.

*Has the damage to your testicles affected your testosterone levels?*

Well, I don't know, since only a doctor could really answer that and I haven't wanted to answer any uncomfortable questions. Kids are probably out of the question but since I don't want them anyway, that's just fine. I can still grow a beard, and my libido is unchanged, but my erections aren't as long-lasting as they once were... but they still last long enough.

*Have you completed your subincision?*

The sub isn't done yet. I still want to do it, but I always do the cuts in the smallest increments so I don't negatively affect erection ability or cause problems, especially since the rest of the cock has already shrunk by two centimeters because of the scarring. From an original length of 17.5cm erect (almost seven inches), I am now down to just 12cm erect (4 3/4"). The other advantage of doing the cutting in small sections is

that I don't have to suture it — and I get to do more cuts. I do want to shorten the penis later anyway to 7cm (2 3/4") and then eventually cut it off completely, but it's got to be little by little — I want to keep having fun every step of the way. I don't want to create any major scar tissue either, plus, because I have a job and have to go to work, I need to keep bleeding to a minimum.



Before and after glans removal (note healing shaft skinning in left photo)



Final glans removal procedure

## Roger: Killer Cutter

*Interviewing underground cutters — those that offer castration services and other body modifications to this market — has been extremely difficult. Almost all of them are extremely paranoid and worried about being arrested (which has happened multiple times), unlike today's younger, eager practitioners of implants and other heavy body mods of the socially acceptable sort, who seem to adore enjoying their fifteen minutes of fame. Of the hundreds of talented cutters operating quietly behind closed doors, only a tiny percentage are willing to submit photos to BME, letting their clients post end results but rarely procedural photos that might hint at their identities. Only a tiny percentage are willing to speak to journalists, even those who have "proven" themselves as being on the same side. It simply isn't worth the risk for them. And even when they are willing to speak, at least three quarters of the interviews were failures because of extremely terse or evasive answers.*

*This interview with a cutter originally appeared in the ModCon book. Not long afterward, the practitioner — who really was a cutter, which I can confirm as I know some of his clients independently — was arrested and is still behind bars. To my immense surprise, it had nothing to do with his body modification cutting. Or maybe it had everything to do with it, I don't know, because it turned out that he was a serial killer that was dissecting his victims in ways that mirrored some of the procedures he offered, and taking photos of these killings. Some of these photos were even submitted to BME as voluntary procedures and appeared in a gallery that had been set up just for him, which has since been removed, along with every bit of correspondence we ever had (lest I be pulled into any investigation), this interview being the only thing left. So, I can't tell you conclusively what's true in this interview. The parts I can confirm — his professional bio for example, some of his clients — are true, but beyond that, I don't know, because his secret life came as a complete shock to me.*

I'm almost sixty now, have a master's degree in counseling and an undergraduate degree in education with majors in English, Psychology, and Journalism. I have been a teacher in junior and senior high schools (many years ago), a juvenile officer, a professional in the BSA, a social worker/counselor at a hospital for criminally insane doing both therapy and evaluations to see if people were mentally ill when committing crimes, a director of counseling services for a community counseling agency and taught new counselors, developed and directed substance abuse in and out patient treatment programs, directed halfway house programs for inmates, counseled HIV positive inmates in the Missouri prison system, directed a hospice program and I am currently the owner of a recruiting firm.

I left the social service side of things and bought this business after I found myself involved in a federal case that sent me to federal prison for a

short period of time. Following that prison time, most programs aimed at reintegrating offenders or counseling have no place for an offender.

*What types of procedures do you do?*

I do castrations, urethral changes, subincisions, bifurcations, and all the variety of things that can be done in that area. I have also removed penises by both "stubbing" and by removing all of it. I have also gone in and severed the ligaments that hold the cock erect which had the effect of lengthening the cock.

*What types of clients do you prefer?*

I prefer the ones who come in from referrals from former clients since there is already a bit of screening done by the person who has previously had the procedure or secured the procedure for his lover.

*How do people get in touch with you?*

I usually like to keep one person between me and the one being done if it's a heavy procedure. This is especially true





after Bodkin (a cutter recently convicted of practicing medicine without a license). Some will screen very well, while others will refer almost anyone.

*How do you decide if a person is ready to have a procedure done?*

I will not do someone who is not sure that he wants to be done or is in such a situation that it is likely that he will later experience remorse for what he has had done to him. I often give someone who contacts me the name of someone who has had the procedure and have them talk to them about the ins and outs of what would happen and what their life would be like. Myself, I have the penis head fully split (top and bottom) and can tell them the good things and the difficulties of it. My urethra is stretched to nearly a half inch across, so I can tell them the pleasures and the problems of that procedure and how to do it themselves safely if they so wish.

In the case of those wanting more radical procedures like castrations, penectomies, and amputations (which I don't enjoy doing that much), I want to know if their significant other/spouse knows and agrees. Surprisingly many do not. I also want to know when they began the thought process, and why they want it done. I will often try to talk them out of it. If they are truly serious, and it is an internal desire more than a fantasy or a "self-loathing" kind of thing, I will then put them in touch with someone to discuss what would happen, how they healed, what to expect, and the kind of medical backup that would be needed for removal of stitches, changing of dressings, and a discussion of testosterone replacement or what would be likely to occur if it is not replaced. In some cases, I recommend that they see a doctor to be chemically castrated for a period of time if I detect any waffling over their desire to do it. I assist them with the "story" that they need to tell him in order to get the medication.

I again go over these things with the person when we meet to do the procedure. I also tell them that they will be the one to make the final cut of their testicles. In the case of lovers, it can be the other one who does the second. If they do not have the resolve to do that, then I would question if they had the resolve for me to do it. I have not always followed through with that, but most are quite pleased to be the one to do it.

I am not on a "power trip" to emasculate men. Frankly, I like my "boys with toys". I personally would make a urethral relocation on a sub of mine, if he were committed, since I enjoy the idea of his toys being rather useless except for fun, but I wouldn't castrate one of my lovers. I look only for those with no other alternative and who are totally committed when I do an extreme procedure.

"As a matter of fact," the other voice went on, "if you do tie her up from time to time, or whip her just a little, and she begins to like it, that's no good either. You have to get past the pleasure stage, until you reach the stage of tears."

— Pauline Réage, *Story of O*

"To others, the universe seems decent because decent people have gelded eyes. That is why they fear lewdness. They are never frightened by the crowing of a rooster or when strolling under a starry heaven. In general, people savor the "pleasures of the flesh" only on condition that they be insipid.

But as of then, no doubt existed for me: I did not care for what is known as "pleasures of the flesh" because they really are insipid; I cared only for what is classified as "dirty." On the other hand, I was not even satisfied with the usual debauchery, because the only thing it dirties is debauchery itself, while, in some way or other, anything sublime and perfectly pure is left intact by it. My kind of debauchery soils not only my body and my thoughts, but also anything I may conceive in its course, that is to say, the vast starry universe, which merely serves as a backdrop."

— Georges Bataille, *Story of the Eye*

"Hey I'm not nervous 'cause you got this weird fetish with butts. I'm scared because your favourite food is sausage and nuts!"

— John Cena



## Lindsay: Penis Stubbing

*This interview originally appeared in the ModCon book, but Lindsay was an early "out" stubbing enthusiast who shared his pictures and experiences not just on BME but also in early body modification contact zines such as BCQ [Ball Club Quarterly], inspiring more men than I suspect he is aware of.*

*When did you first become interested in body modification?*

When I was in my teens I discovered the concept and practice of castration and emasculation and the existence of eunuchs through my reading of history books and some of my father's medical texts (he was a pathologist here in Tucson for nearly thirty years).

I began actively modifying myself at about age twenty with a double PA which I later turned into a meatotomy by snipping the flesh between the holes and my urethral opening. Over the next several years I extended the meatotomy into a subincision by inserting a metal rod into my urethra and using an X-acto blade to open up the underside. This process took some time as I only cut about half an inch at any one time with healing periods in between, but I kept at it and as a result my subincision now begins about three-quarters of an inch from the scrotal junction.

*What made you move from just body modification to actually becoming a one ball man?*

In 1988 I discovered a lump in my right testicle which I immediately suspected was cancer. Ultrasound and X-ray were inconclusive, so exploratory surgery was recommended. The surgeon discovered that a blood clot of unknown origin had invaded and destroyed almost all of the testicular tissue and total removal was the only solution. Having retained my left testicle, I was curious about what effect this might have on sexual function; the surgeon assured me that there should be no problems as only one testicle is all that's necessary for full, normal function. He also told me to expect some possible enlargement of my remaining testicle as it took over for the missing one and he was right: my left testicle has grown by about fifteen percent!

*OK – you had no choice – that was a medical necessity. But then you went ahead and cut off the glans of your penis?*

Yes. I cut off the head of my penis using just a tourniquet and a twelve-inch carving knife with subsequent cauterization of the wound. I was left with a six-inch, headless shaft and a five-inch subincision. I followed this up with a much less "barbaric" amputation as I had access to professional equipment at that time. I used a Xylocaine injection and Elastrator bands which I left on my shaft for five days until I was sure that the tissues were fully necrotic. At the end of the

five days I used a scalpel to remove the dead tissue and then trimmed up the end of my shaft with a small pair of cuticle scissors; three weeks of Neosporin and light bandaging and I was fully healed. This amputation removed an additional two or so inches of shaft so, today, I have almost exactly four inches when erect and one inch when soft with a one-inch "foreskin" draping over the end.

*Are you still sexually functional?*

Yes – despite my modifications everything works. In fact, when I get an erection, my body is trying to pump seven inches worth of blood into a shaft only four inches long which results in a rock-hard rod. Also, my last amputation exposed the Pudendal nerve which transmits sexual sensation to the spine; this nerve-end manifests itself as a small bump in the center of the end of my shaft and is ultra-sensitive. In addition, now that I am firmly in my forties, like many other men, my scrotum has begun to lengthen allowing my remaining testicle to hang a good four or five inches in warm weather which is great when I'm hiking nude in Redington Canyon!

For many years now I've enjoyed inserting objects into my urethra and have a small collection of rods and strings of beads, which I use when masturbating. Thus, with a rod down my urethra, one hand pulling my testicle out as far as it will go and a finger rubbing the bump at the end of my shaft, give me five minutes and I've shot all over my stomach!

*Do you think you'll go any farther with this?*

I have to admit to some ambivalence there; Marcel had everything removed, penis, scrotum, testicles, the lot. He now has only a hole and a slight linear scar where everything used to hang and I find it very arousing to fantasize that I have the same, but I'm not fully convinced that I'm ready for that extreme a state myself. I have begun thinking about another amputation – I've been told by many people that they would never have realized that I wasn't fully intact (just poorly endowed) unless I'd told them or they experienced it for themselves. My thought for my next project is to separate the skin of my remaining shaft from the underlying flesh and place an Elastrator band one inch back from the end of the shaft before amputating. This would give me an effective erection of about three inches but, when soft, would result in a mere pucker of skin flush with my abdomen. Mind you, this is only a thought at this time with no definite execution date, so we'll just have to wait and see how things progress!





I'm twenty years old right now and was born in a small town, a gathering of huts in Nebraska with about 20,000 people. I've lived here for most of my life, with the exception of a couple odd year-or-so moves to random places around the US. My family situation, hmm... I've never met, talked to, or seen a picture of my father, and the urge is pretty much gone now. I went through some fairly tough times dealing with my stepfather for a couple of years when I was in high school. I wasn't ever physically abused, and I don't think what I went through is completely beyond the pale of the "average" American family. I did learn how to walk through any area in almost complete silence, I've decided that's my reward for all the crap, and using so much energy trying to avoid him.

The first modification I underwent was getting a tattoo with my best friend, Jamie, who I refer to as "my sister" when I talk about her with anyone who doesn't know us that well yet. We'd watched *Boondock Saints* a couple months before this, and become mildly infatuated with it, so when the idea of the two of us getting a tattoo together came about, we naturally gravitated toward something inspired by the movie. The main characters were twins and each of them had matching tattoos. They also had a pair of words tattooed, one each, up one of their fingers. One being "VERITAS"... truth, the other being "AEQUITAS"... justice, equality, etc. I'd been interested in Latin long before this, and had started learning a little when I was younger, but my grasp of it had slipped by this time. I'm not sure what drove us to get this tattoo, but it felt right, so we did it. We got them on April Fools' Day.

My interest in play piercing was kindled by browsing its respective section on BME. I'm not quite sure when exactly I started play piercing, but the earliest set of pictures on my computer is dated a year ago this month. I did it before that for a couple months, before I started taking pictures.

Play piercing, whether general, or the CBT/genital variety, is sexual to me. I'm not sure why, maybe the intensity and uniqueness of the sensation, maybe the endorphins, maybe something else completely. But you can be sure, almost every time the needles come out and the blood stops seeping, I can't hold back from masturbating. Although I'll project an aura of innocence, piercing another person turns me on even more.

The first few times, it was more curiosity than anything deeper. The longer that I've been doing it, I've found that it helps me immensely. It connects me to my body more solidly. I feel more "me" when I'm doing it or have recently. I also do it during times of high stress, because...it seems to ground me, and help me realize how petty most of my problems are, and that I don't need to get all worked up about them. It keeps me grounded, but it also keeps me off the ground. It sounds odd, I know, but I also just kind of float away from myself

at times when I'm sliding the needles through. I don't really tend to classify my play piercing as "pain" per se, because it doesn't feel like any other pain that I've felt most of the time. Sometimes there's a spot especially dense with nerves, and the sensation of it takes me almost out of myself. I'm watching someone else do it for a split second, then I snap back to my normal state of mind. It's wonderful.

On a side note, I'm amazed by how accepting the people I know are of play piercing. They're not people who I'd think would want anything to do with it, but sure enough, get everyone drunk, pull out the needles, and there are skewered body parts all around. No one has really called me disgusting or recoiled in horror at the idea of it all. I've pierced two of my girlfriends, and one... one-night-stand. Along with a few squeamish young men. Oddly enough, the females don't whine as much. Every time I play pierce, it turns me on like you wouldn't believe.

The "non-pain" aspects of play piercing also fascinate me. I'm very much in tune with my senses, so it's an intense experience on a lot of levels, for me. The feeling of the needles gliding between the layers of my tissues, that slight give-and-take friction as the needle pokes through unknown little gristly parts. One of the most interesting things, sometimes though, is the utter lack of sensation. You feel the "ow" as it goes through your skin, but then the entire "under-skin" distance, you don't feel anything at all. The only sensation you feel is on top of the skin, when the needles catch on something, and pull on the upper layers of skin, producing a light, delicate sensation that I haven't felt any other time. It's almost creepy...but in a good way.

One night, I was sitting at home, alone, drinking, and I decided it was time to delve into some CBT. I disrobed (read: unzipped my pants and stumbled out of them), swabbed my nether bits down with 2 or 3 alcohol swabs, and started poking away. It was definitely the most intense experience I've had with play piercing, in the pain category, but not unbearable. The sensation is completely different from that of piercing one's arm, hand, or stomach. Piercing the glans produces more a burning than a puncturing sensation. I ended up with around 40 needles in me, and I would



definitely say it turned me on intensely, although I didn't do anything about it at the time, because....how exactly does one jerk off with 40 needles in his cock? I mean, I'm sure it's been done, but I hadn't the fine motor skills for it at the time.

The day after, my penis was a warzone. It remained in this visual state for about a week, maybe a week and a half. It didn't hurt at all, other than the occasional my-zipper-is-rubbing-on-a-recently-acquired-puncture-wound moment. I took loads of pictures, but they must have gotten lost somewhere along the way. CBT is definitely something I'll be experimenting with more in the future, and now that you've mentioned this, I'll likely do some tonight. The future of the relationship between my cock and needles looks to be bright, especially since my SO is very into body modification, also. Rawr.

The next permanent mod I got was when I had my ears pierced. I didn't decide I wanted my ears pierced. I didn't decide I wanted to be cool and have stretched ears. I dreamt it. The dream was mostly unmemorable, but I vividly remembered that my ears were pierced in it. In my dream, when I felt them, they evidently had somewhere between 1/2" and 7/8" silicone eyelets in them. I woke up the next day, and all I thought about the next 3 days was getting my ears pierced. A month later, my body followed through and had its ears pierced. I did this on my 20th birthday, which I found to be pretty cool. It didn't hurt nearly as much as I'd imagined. It's now been about 9 months since I got my ears pierced, and i'm currently sitting at a loose 2 gauge.

My next modification will be more in the life-altering sense of the word. I dreamed this one, also. I was once again having a fairly unmemorable dream, until i looked down at my arms and saw new tattoos. I'd describe them now, but it would be hard to picture without a visual aide, so we'll go basic. They're solid-color geometric shapes, covering most of the top of each forearm, extending down the middle fingers, and encircling each wrist.

Once I dream of one, it's always in the back of my head, until I get it. They make me, in my eyes, a more complete, more attractive, more "me"...me.

*When did your interest in this kick in?*

My interest in body modification and its culture was fairly strong from about the time I started puberty. In this respect, I think it's very sexually motivated. I don't necessarily always think of my body modification drive in a sexual manner, but it's always there.

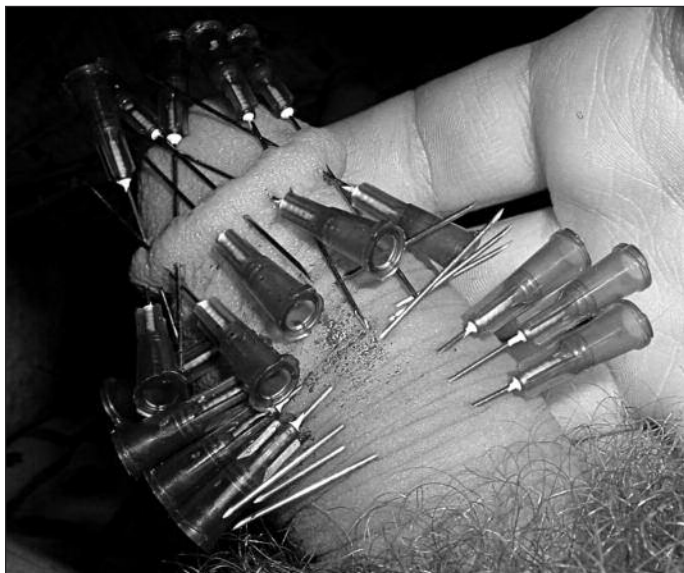
My first real exploration of body modification started the first day I visited BMEzine. I believe I was around fourteen at that time. It blew my developing mind to bits that I wasn't the only one out there interested in this stuff. The scope and extremity of it all was amazing. For a couple years, those thoughts were in the backseat to "normal" life. Then, I just kind of got way into it one day and never stopped. I started visiting BME pretty much every day. My interest grew deeper and deeper, and I started finding it to be less an interest, and more a part of me.

*How did you transition from play piercing to CBT?*

I'd been interested in play piercing for some time, and I do get a sexual thrill from it. And it seemed like if play piercing my arm was hot, play piercing my cock would be even hotter. There's an aspect of it being exploration, as i'm a very curious person. I like new sensations, and exploring new intensities of sensation. It doesn't seem in any way unusual to me, i guess. It seems like a natural next step from play piercing.

Play piercing and CBT serve me on both a sexual and an emotional level. I use them to relieve stress and clear my head, but they get me off, too. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes both.

It also bleeds more, and I'm turned on by that as well. You know? It's your blood, it keeps you alive, you should know what it looks like, what it feels like, what it tastes like. And after I bleed more than a few drops, i feel refreshed, like my body needed to get rid of "old" blood, and the "new" blood rejuvenates me when it's made.





## Conor: Subincision and Nipple Removal

*Conor is one of a small number of people in this book that matches the profile of the average modern body modification enthusiast of the upcoming generation. If someone writes a follow-up in a few years, I suspect you'll see many people that closely echo his story. It's interesting to me seeing both the parallels and the differences in the motivations and drives between people like Conor, who discovered body modification in a world where it was above ground from the day they were aware of it, to older people who felt completely alone.*

I was born in Arcadia, California but I moved away from California when I was five years old to Flagstaff, Arizona. I have lived here ever since, except for a six month period when I lived in Portland, Oregon while I was eighteen. I grew up with both my parents and my sister, and my parents are still together to this day. I have a good relationship with both of my parents but I am living on my own now, although still in the same city as them. I am in school at NAU and am currently deciding on a major, but I will most likely either do nursing or pre-med.

*Do your modification interests play at all in your choice of schooling?*

I feel that the interest in modifications and my interest in medicine are interconnected. I have always had a deep interest in how the body works and the ways which people can have power over that. It is interesting for me to learn about ways in which the body works, and from there I obviously like to manipulate that. I have been worried that my appearance could be a problem, and it is for some people. At the same time I am willing to work my hardest to accomplish my goals, and all I can do is try my hardest. I don't rule out toning down my public appearance if I have to. It's not something I want to do, but I won't rule it out.

As far as body modification goes I have had quite a few things done. I have had many different piercings, most of which were stretched. I have large ears, large nostrils, large conches, and some other areas where I am not currently wearing jewelry. I have also had some tattoo work done. As far as heavier modifications I have a partial subincision and amputated nipples, three bead implants in my arm, and my tongue is split. The reasons I have done these modifications are actually somewhat varied. Certainly I do enjoy the

aesthetics of everything I have done, and I also have used all of the modifications as a way of expressing myself. As long as I can remember I have done things — whether we're talking about body modification or my actions in general — that were unique and usually outside normal behaviors. To this day I cannot really say what draws me to the periphery, but I find myself more comfortable here. I removed the nipples in part because I was unhappy with them, and in part because I really liked the idea of how I would look without them, and even more so when I tattoo over the area. Most of it hurt to do, some of it a lot, since in the beginning I didn't use anesthetics. When I started doing more surgical modifications I started using anesthetics because I wanted to be able to experience what was going on technically, without being so connected to my body.

I remember seeing people and pictures of people with body modifications when I was younger and I was very attracted to the changes people had. My dad has had tattoos all my life, which he got while he was in the Air Force — all of them done while he was drinking. I think it was just the thing to do at the time. He doesn't really enjoy them very much, but I've always liked them. As I got older I started to find out about the more surgical modifications and found myself even more drawn. I still cannot completely explain why, maybe it is the idea that I can have this much control over myself. Once I turned eighteen I began to put in place the plans that I had to get modified and that puts me where I am now.

*Were your nipples and subincision DIY or by a practitioner?*

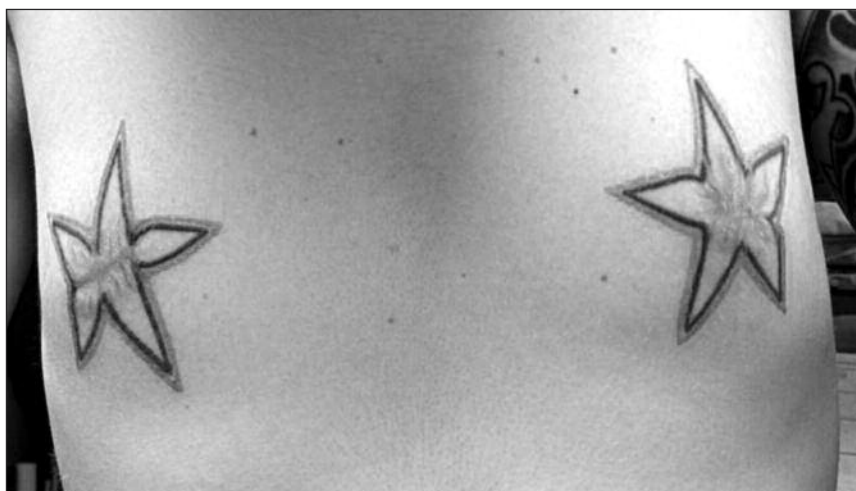
Both of these modifications were done by a practitioner.

*What exactly made you unhappy with your nipples? Your previous tattoos almost seem to draw attention to them.*

It is hard for me to say why exactly I was unhappy with them, but that is the way I had felt for a long period of time. It probably connects to feelings I had when I was younger of being overweight. My nipples just added to this discomfort by showing through clothing. When I was younger I taped them down for a long time so they would not show at all. As I got older I decided that I would someday cut them off. I think I originally tattooed over the area to try and gain comfort with my chest.



Conor's healed nipple removal procedure



*Was the weight issue a minor gynecomastia issue?*

I do not think that I had gynecomastia — it was more of an issue with comfort in my own body. When I was younger I had many discomforts with my body, and since I have gotten older I have done things to try and deal with those issues. When I was heavier I was worried about both my nipples and breast tissue, but when I lost the weight the breasts went away, but my nipples were still bigger than I was comfortable with.

*How was the procedure ultimately done?*

The procedure was done by first injecting anesthetic into the area, then a cut was made around the nipple. Next we cut underneath the area to peel the nipple off. Finally the tissue on the top and bottom were pulled together and sutured shut. For the most part the healing went wonderfully. Initially there was a lot of pain because of the stress placed on the tissue by pulling it together, but when that went away after the first couple days I just kept them clean. After about two weeks I removed the sutures.

*What do they feel like?*

The feeling that is there now is interesting, and hard to explain. If you rub over the scar tissue I cannot really feel anything, but if pressure is applied then I can still feel quite a bit. We did not cut very deep under the nipple, so a lot of the nerve endings still have feeling. To be perfectly honest when I went into the procedure I did not know if I would retain any feeling, and it was not a big issue. It turns out I have retained a lot of feeling, especially the deeper nerves, and I enjoy it.

*The results are fairly heavily scarred, and it's distorted the tattoos; are you happy with how it's turned out?*

Since the pictures were taken the tissue has stretched out a bit, and currently the stars have gone back to almost their original shape, so I am not bothered by it. I am planning on filling the stars in black or doing a new design altogether, so at that point the scar tissue should not even be apparent. I am completely happy with it. I did not like how my nipples stuck out before, and this definitely does not happen now.

*What about your subincision? Why did you want that?*

I was never uncomfortable with my penis at all before doing the procedure, I just felt that I could improve upon what I already had. I have enjoyed how subincisions look for a long time, and I felt it would fit me. I liked, for some reason I do not know, the idea of peeing out of a different area of the penis, and I was also interested to see how it would feel after exposing the tissue of the urethra.

*What did it feel like when you first saw it open up?*

For me it was an amazing experience... especially because I was able to watch without being consumed by pain. It was almost like it was not happening to me, but I was amazed with what was going on.

The procedure was done by a friend who is also a practitioner. Again we began by injecting anesthetic into my penis, and then inserted a tube into the urethra. The tube had a slit which faced toward the bottom of my penis, which

acted as a guide for the incision. We used a scalpel to cut the tissue from the underside of the head to about an inch and a half back. After that sutures were put in for healing. After the anesthetic wore off I felt a pain in my urethra that was similar to needing to pee very badly, but that pain went away over night. Peeing hurt for the first couple of days, and was complicated because I had bandages over the area which were also stopping my penis from bleeding much. After the first couple days I just dealt with swelling and kept the area very clean. After about two or three weeks I removed the sutures.

I really enjoy the healed results both visually and functionally. I personally do not feel that I physically feel pleasure in the area much differently then before though. One partner that I had after the procedure seemed to enjoy what I had done, and all of them have been quite intrigued by it.

*Did they describe what they liked about it, or was it more of a head-trip you think?*

I think they mostly liked it because it was different — they had never seen anything like it before. I do not know if anything in particular about it got them excited. I am guessing it was also a head trip though. For most people seeing something like a subincision for the first time it would be!

*Do your parents know about what you've done below the belt?*

My parents found out about the subincision because my mom is nosy, and had the idea that I had modified my penis. She asked my sister who I had told about it, and my sister told her about it. That was a tense period for my parents and me. They do not understand why I would do it, and they do not like it. At the same time, it is not any of their business what I do with my penis. I don't talk to them, and I had preferred to keep it private from them.





## Phil: Mr. Lumpy

I spent years trying to get a proper interview out of Phil, who went as M1fly on the site, and occasionally as “Mr. Lumpy” in the media, appearing as a remarkable post-script to an article I wrote for the UK’s Bizarre for example.

Unfortunately we never seemed to get past agreeing we should get started on it and me sending some starter questions. This was a real shame, because Phil is one of the most incredibly modified individuals I have ever met in the world of male genital modification. We’d made plans as well for him to come up for a ModCon event, but because of his busy schedule as a custom home builder, that never happened either. I was greatly looking forward to it, because he’d told me, “The pictures don’t do much with how my cock and balls sound. The implants clank and roll around inside the pouches filled with air. Feels pretty cool, to tell you the truth.”

His collection of genital mods, some self done, and some done by a kinky doctor girlfriend who he’d met when he was just 19 and used him as her first male experiment, included at least three pounds of stainless steel bead implants, with 600 BB-sized beads in the core of the shaft (which is extremely unusual) as well as over a hundred under the skin. He says, it “took a lot of convincing from her, but now that I’m used to it, it’s wonderful.” In addition to these beads, his doctor friend has created a large healed pouch of skin on the underside of the penis which contained a bulk of 5/8” diameter steel balls. This pouch could be quickly inflated with air (or quickly deflated as well) giving it even more size — “my penis size is adjustable from big to huge” — and allowing the beads to rattle audibly. They also injected some silicone into the pocket, which not only seemed to make it stretchier, but also kept it quiet. Much of this silicone has since been sucked out again. He also had even larger steel balls in his scrotum, six one inch beads weighing about a pound (and last time we spoke he was about to add six more), and they could also be made to rattle when he inflated his scrotum. About these he says, “They even clank louder than what’s in my penis. I have to be careful at times how I walk around some people.” Phil had actually experimented with quite a broad and surprising range of implants — everything from broken car glass to glass beads, plastic caps and beads, hair, small stones, LED lights, sutures, wires, and a retired electronic tune player. “Yes,” he said, “my penis used to play a tune when squeezed and even light up inside!”

One of Phil’s favorite unusual implant materials was thorns. Generally this meant blackberry thorns, which he’d break off and push straight into the last two inches of the penis (glans included). To my surprise the body didn’t reject them, but simply swallowed them up. I’m beginning to think he has a miniature black hole implanted that just keeps eating up everything he feeds it, because he’d managed to push in over 400 thorns the last time we spoke (and that was five years ago). In addition to the small blackberry thorns in the tip, he’d also shoved large 4” long cactus thorns into the shaft core. The thorn idea first started after he met a Domme who wanted to try it, starting with 25 and enjoying the feeling and how different it was than playing with needles. A month after their first session she returned, brining along a few of her friends, eager to play with him and try some experiments





themselves.

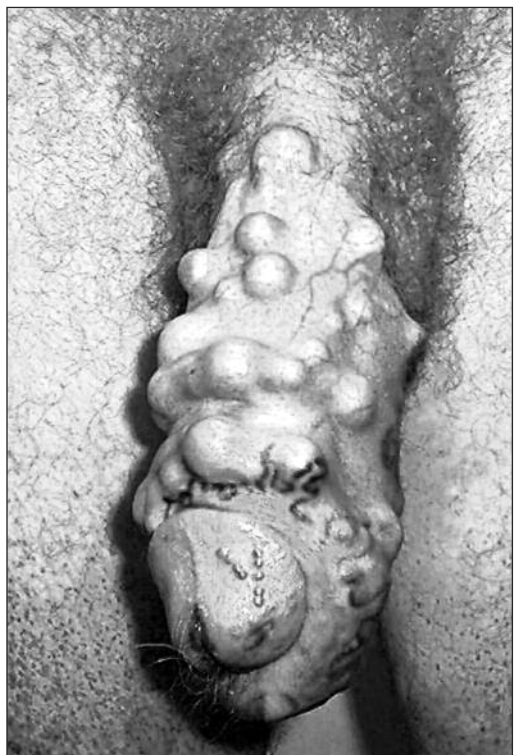
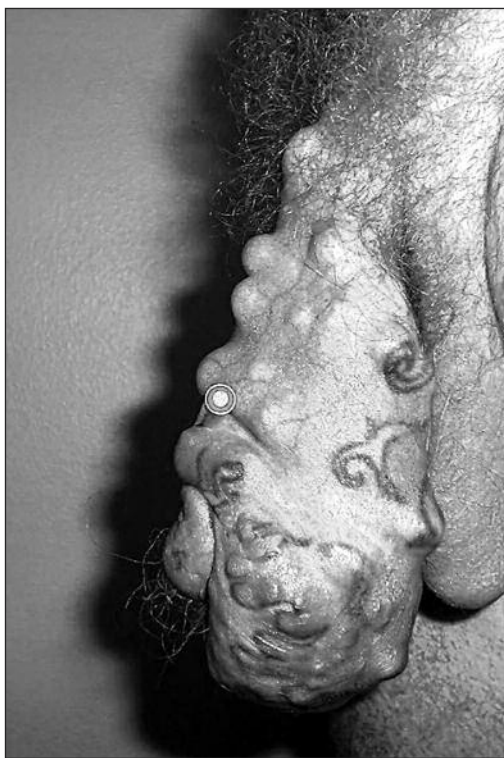
Phil is one of the only people in the body modification community putting implants into the actual core of the shaft, in a style that echoes some of the implants that doctors do as an erection aid. Although doctors aren't using cactus thorns of course! In addition to the thorns, he's also pushed many feet of fishing line into the core, which is currently mostly wadded up below the scrotum as a trial run for eventually completely filling the shaft full and hard. The woman who did it used a special rod tool to do the initial test, and

inserted it all in about five minutes, creating a hard area. She begins by pushing it down the center core, and then works it up and down an inch at a time, feeding the line right in. The more she does this, the more gets packed in, in what he describes as a surprisingly painless procedure. After this first successful test, she figures that she should be able to stuff the entire shaft so that it is "permanently rock solid" in about half an hour. Also, as with silicone work, more could be added every month as the tissue stretched, allowing the penis to be made fatter and fatter. There are also some lengths under the skin of the shaft, and more recently he's added a series of

"whiskers" into the glans by sewing 10lb (clear) and 25lb (red or green) fishing line through the head and urethra, with lengths sticking out on each side and a loose knot embedded in the middle. The knot is there to allow the tissue to grow through it, causing the whole assemblage to lock in place. At this point he can pull hard on them and they seem to be there for good — which is what he wanted, because the permanence is part of the thrill. The extent to which Phil's body tolerates all this foreign material is quite remarkable and I can see massive complications and infection setting in if someone else were to attempt to emulate it.

Over time Phil has also been adding lots of tattoos to both his penis and scrotum. Most of it is small, silly tattoos, done as practice or for just for fun. Small symbols, funny writing, and names, and in time he hopes to have the whole area covered. The specifics don't seem terribly important to him, as he often just leaves the specifics of the content of the tattoos up to the artist. At one point Phil also had numerous genital piercings, but as he got more and more implant weight they started to become irritated or even reject and he took most of them out. And he adds, "the implants are more fun, so the piercings had to go!"

In addition to enlarging the penis through implants and



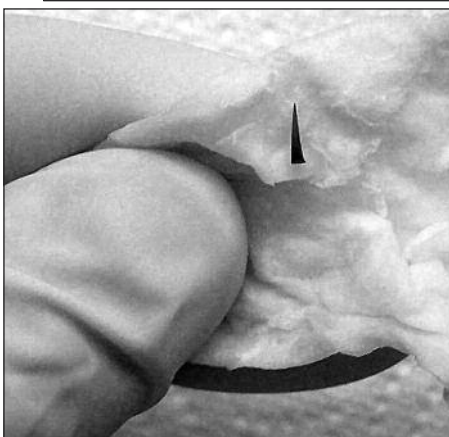
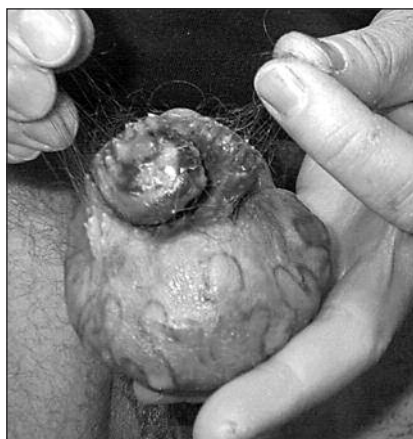


decorating it, he's also played with sounding and has stretched the urethra. When he was seeing his kinky doctor, she was on a mission to see how big it could get and at one point it could hold objects over an inch in diameter, but since then he hasn't kept up with the stretching regiment so it's shrunk slightly down to about 7/8". It has the potential to come in handy at picnics, because at times it has simultaneously held a table knife, spoon, and fork. At its present size it can easily fit a finger, but not a full set of utensils. Some large objects and coins have even become lost inside his bladder, and the more I write about Phil, the more I hope that he becomes fossilized or mummified and confuses the hell out of future archeologists. He's also had his bladder inflated with butane (much to the New Year's Eve enjoyment of the girls who did it) from a lighter shoved up his urethra, which created both hilarious sounds and terrifyingly large flames.

Finally, one of the strangest things about Phil's genitals is that for some strange reason he has copious amounts of hair growing out of his urethra and over the glans surface, with more coming all the time. He doesn't know why this happens. I do wonder whether it has some genetic link to the surprising resilience his body seems to have, or if it's a side effect of the modifications, which is his theory. A few years ago it just started happening overnight, growing around and inside the urethra, and soon the whole head was covered with five inch long hair! He's had most of this hair removed, at great cost, but the hair growing out of the urethra they can't (or won't) get at, so it's there to stay — in fact, most of the time when he tries to have it removed, it just ends up coming back worse, and doctors have advised him to stop trying to remove it as it seems to be making it worse. He says he's used to it now, and "it's a conversation piece if nothing else, and feels nice when pulled on".

In his "real life", Phil seeks out new experiences and exciting things as he does below the belt, exploring both the water with scuba diving and the air as a pilot. In addition to flying open air ultralights,

he loves to fly aerobatics, saying "the G-forces can be strange with all my implants!" It should be obvious as well that he's always got his eyes opened for fun open-minded women — "anything goes with me, and I'll try most anything at least once!" Unlike most of the male genital mods in this book which are self done and completely solo, Phil loves letting women modify him as they like, even introducing them to the art, as he has all the equipment ready at home.



## Jim: Love or Mods

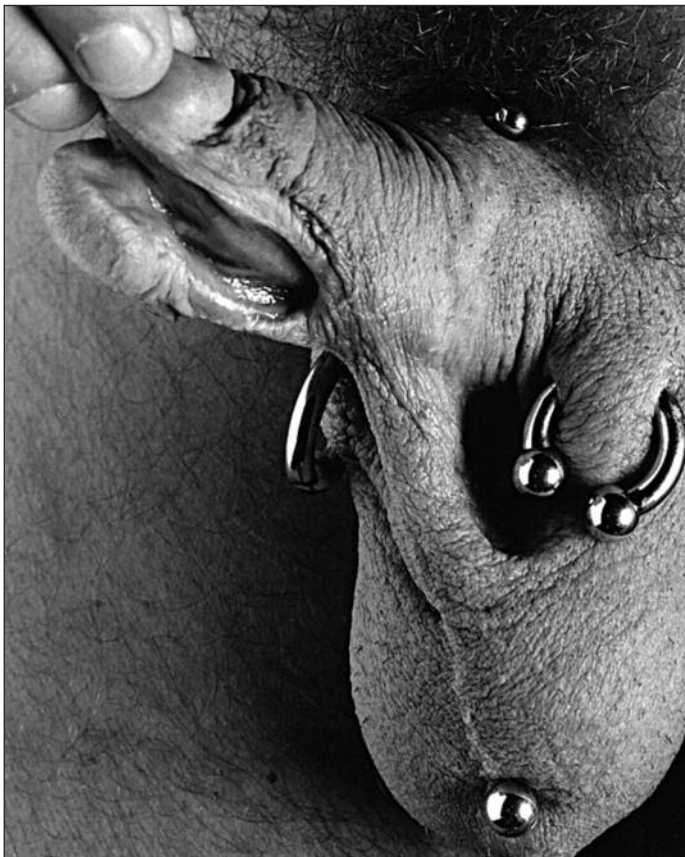
*This conversation was short, probably the shortest in the book, but I wanted to include it because Jim interests me due to the fact that he has a beautifully and tastefully modified penis that he takes great photos of on a regular basis, but describes himself as unfortunately asexual. I include this interview because even though it's "common knowledge" that getting your face tattooed can have a serious negative impact on your life, but it's important to understand (and Jim isn't the only one to point this out, but he's worth including because to my eye his mods are aesthetically perfect and realized about as well as possible) that even relatively minor genital modification can also have a serious negative impact on your life. Jim had hoped that our interview would be therapeutic for him, but I think in the end he decided he wasn't ready yet to talk about it.*

I'm fifty years old, born and lived in Montreal, where I studied in graphic arts and have been a professional photographer in the advertising industry since 1990. I start with piercings in the mid 1990s after discovering the BME website. I was fascinated by this new world and started performing many

types of genital mods and piercings on myself. The whole time I enjoyed taking pictures of my penis, from when it was normal, to now, with extreme mods. It's part of a project to make a scrapbook from the beginning to the end.

I currently have self-stretched nipples, started at 8ga and now at 4ga, as well as my subincision and genital work. One important consequence of this fascination in "bodmod" is that I have almost no sex life. I'm gay, and the few times I've met people when I've brought them home and the "time" arrived to have sex, these buddies I met didn't understand at

all. But independent of the fact that BodMod ruined my sexual life "for now", I like my modifications, and I'm waiting to meet someone with an open mind. I have the feeling that Montreal is not a hot place for people like me. Maybe talking about this a little is good therapy for me, perhaps for people reading it too.





## Stephan: Ultra PA to Subincision

*I apologize for the brevity of this interview, which was complicated by language issues... You'd think that German being my first language I'd be better at interviewing people in it, but when you stop speaking it when you're about ten you haven't yet learned all the sex slang!*

I'm forty-four years old and was born in Bremen, Germany, and am a professional trucker and am married.

My adventures began with a deep piercing in my penis, a hole at the base of the shaft stretched to about 1/4" in which I could wear a large clamp. That was my first piercing and still my only, but my current body modification focus is all about penis splitting — subincision — which I'd wanted to do completely for a long time and have finally finished. It began because I had an infection in my base PA piercing which required an emergency operation, enlarging the hole. When this healed, I thought it was so great, especially because of the pictures of subincisions I'd seen on BME, that I decided I wanted to open my urethra completely.

This penis cutting started with me opening it up in 2000. I began the process by covering my penis with anesthetic cream called Emla that is available over the counter here in Germany. After applying the cream you have to wait forty-five minutes, and then the area becomes completely numb. I pushed a 5mm wide (3/16"), 10cm long tube into the urethra and cut a 1cm long slit with a scalpel down to the tube, which I then allowed to heal. It took me six sessions in all, and I still have 5mm to go and then the urethra will be opened up a total of 10cm down from the back of the glans. I wanted to keep my foreskin though, so I left it intact when I cut from the scrotum forward along the urethra. That's how I got to where I am now.

There are many people online who know how I live and there are always a few who seek me out because of it, and want the same sort of subincision for themselves. Sometimes there's some criticism, but usually it's all positive.

I enjoy sex games like CBT, fisting, catheter games, and saline injections as well. My



Above: the initial piercing, below: the cutting process and result.

wife is great — she takes part in these activities, does the CBT with me and the saline injections. It's part of our sex games. However, after I discovered BME on the Internet, I kept looking at more and more pictures of split penises, and it was all I could think about. Unfortunately, even though my wife was OK with playing CBT games, once I made the subincision, she wouldn't even touch it. She said it wasn't the sort of thing a normal human should be doing, but it was really just a matter of getting used to it, becoming comfortable with the idea the urethra opening up. She is used to it now though, and our sex life has improved a great deal after having done this, it's much wider and feels better.



I was always interested in tattoos, but I didn't get my first one until two years after my divorce in June, 1975. I was riding my motorcycle around Phoenix, AZ one Saturday night, and stopped into a street tattoo shop, Peter-Tat-2. Saw a design I liked, and had it tattooed on me. It was a colored tribal piece and took about three hours to tattoo. Within a month I had a bird tattooed on the outside of each leg. This was all done in 1977. I was married to a nice Jewish American princess for twenty-three years, and she bore me two fine sons. I moved to San Francisco in 1977. By early 1978, I had made contact with Ed Hardy, and he did the dragon on my right chest and upper right arm. Sometime in the late seventies, I found out that Cliff Raven had opened a shop in the SOMA of SF. I went to him, and he did the dragon on my left chest and left arm. He also sleeved both arms. In 1981, First Interstate Bank gave me a job transfer to LA. Cliff Raven worked on me at his private studio on Las Palmas Ave, and in twenty-nine Palms, near Palm Springs, in the high desert. Robert Benedetti did my back piece at Sunset Strip Studio. Bob Roberts did my left leg, and the snake on my stomach. Yushi Takai from Apocalypse Tattoo in Seattle did my dragon hands. Erik Payme, Inkvision Tattoo in Boise, Idaho, did the sides and front of my neck. Dave Peterson, At Dave's Unique Ink in Vancouver, WA, did the back of my neck.

I have had some recoloring and touchups. I don't have any skin left for new ink. I suffered a minor stroke a couple of weeks ago, and the doctors put me on coumadin, which is a strong blood thinner, so I don't think I will be getting any more recoloring. Before the coumadin, I was on Plavex and aspirin, and I had no problem getting tattooed. Hardly bleed at all. Anyway, I am 78 years old, and have a BA in industrial management, and 33 units towards an MNA in Accounting. I was interested in piercing long before I got tattooed.

*What exposed you to piercing in the first place?*

I got turned on by men who wore earrings. Later on I saw men with rings and studs in their nostrils. That was a real turn on, earrings and nostril

piercings. I used to camp with some of the motorcycle clubs, and saw many other pierced body parts, nipples, genitals, and so on.

My favorite body mod is tattooing, piercing second. Tongue splitting, scarification, and some of the other far-out mods do not interest me. Though I do enjoy large nostril and labret plugs. My ears were stretched to 1 3/8" inches, but I kept knocking the plugs out. I reached across my car seat to retrieve a bottle of water, and my shoulder knocked the left plug out. I down sized to 1 1/4", but had a lot of difficulty putting the plugs and o-rings on. I would get the o-ring on, but the plug would pop out. I am not driving now because of the stroke, but when I can drive, I will go to Black Hole Piercing, and they will work with me to get a smaller plug in so I can restart the stretching process again. My motto: bigger holes are better holes.

I was one of the founders of the Illustrated Men, which was a group of gay men interested in tattooing and piercing. We

were all over the country, from Washington D.C. to LA and SF. We would go to a tattoo convention, and have a meet and greet in a member's hotel room. Sometimes we would have a little party in a gay bar. I remember we did that in Dallas, Philadelphia, and LA. We met in other cities, but bars were not always amenable, interested or available. We had a nice one in St. Louis, and Nashville. At 78, I still get turned on by a good looking man or woman with good ink.

*What sort of men were members in the early days?*

I was a computer programmer. Another man was an electrical engineer for the City of Burbank, Ca. Another guy was an anesthesiologist. Several did not work, but seemed to have a source of income.

*What was it like "crossing the line" and getting your public skin inked?*

I don't have any facial ink, but I got my hands done and there were no comments from my sons. I

was already retired, and did not want to work for corporate America again. There were no comments from my family when I got my neck done. That surprised. I had expected





something from my ex-wife or her husband, but nothing.

*What does your wife think of your tattoos and piercings in general?*

She has never commented on my tattooing and piercings — she is probably afraid of what my response might be!

*What got you into piercing as well?*

I was completely turned on by piercing, especially pierced nipples on men. I had to wait until December, 1982 to get my nipples pierced. I went to the West Hollywood Gauntlet, after the bank transferred me to LA, and Jim Ward pierced my nipples — I still have those. It was painful but real fast. My nipples took a month to six weeks to heal. He also did a PA on me. Bled a lot, but healed fast. I had no facial piercings at that time. I was a Senior Programmer for First Interstate Bank, before it was bought by Wells Fargo Bank. After the PA I started a ladder. I do like piercings, but they take too much time to heal and are too much work to take care of. Tattoos are so much easier.

*Do you have future plans for further body modifications?*

I would love to get a half inch labret. I have had three labret piercings. The first one was a lark. I had it pierced before I went to a tattoo convention in Boise, Idaho, and took it out before the weekend was over. I had to be at work on Monday. The second one was done after I was laid off from my programming job at Fred Meyer Grocery Co. I got caught in a major layoff. I was in New York City having dinner with a friend in Chinatown, when the labret fell out, and landed on the dirty floor. We found the labret, but I didn't put it back in because I didn't want to get an infection. I was up to four gauge on the third piercing. I went to the emergency room, because I had a lot of gut pain, and was told I needed emergency gall bladder surgery. I had brought my tools with me to the ER, and took my body jewelry out. The labret grew back before I could get the jewelry back in. It is a good thing I took the labret out, because I was on a ventilator for twenty-four hours. I love body jewelry, but it requires too much attention for the piercing to heal properly. I am really ambivalent about getting any more facial piercings. Only time will tell.

*To what extent does the gay lifestyle factor into your modification interests?*

I think it amplifies them, like any fetish.

*How do most people your age usually react to you?*

I think mostly with disgust. They talk to me, but won't talk about my tattoos or piercings.

*And what about younger people?*

I think young. I like to be amongst young people. Younger girls love my tattoos and piercings. I don't get comments from younger boys and men though. Probably because they think I am gay, and are afraid of me.

*What do you think about the many very young people these days getting quite heavy tattooing in their teens and twenties?*

I think it is great, as long as they get good ink, not a bunch of crap on their skin. You should be able to look at a tattoo, and tell what it is from a few feet away.

*How have tattoo and piercing shops changed in the last thirty years?*

I would say the shops are brighter, cleaner, and more family oriented. They are turning into places to hang out.

*What's your advice for young people interested in tattoos?*

Look for a good artist, and don't get the cheapest because you will regret it. You only get what you pay for. Check out an artist's portfolio, and be sure you like their work.

*Do you have any work that you regret?*

NO!

*If you could do it over again, would you get tattooed earlier in life?*

...Hell yes!



I was born in Pittsburgh but my mother and I moved to San Diego when I was a kid, and that's where she met the man who who become my future stepfather, a man for whom I would shed no tears for at his funeral. He was such a brute and I was happy when he died. When they were married we lived in San Mateo, Honolulu, and San Diego, where I later attended San Diego State University and got a degree in journalism. For a while I worked public relations for various companies, and then at an independent school, eventually becoming assistant headmaster until my semi-retirement in 2003. I'm married — sorry, was married — with two grown son. We had our two boys after we had been together for six years. When I came out as gay to my wife she moved with the boys to Oregon. I'm currently living in La Jolla, working in a local bookstore, and giving free massages at home and enjoying various other extracurricular activities.

I've had a glansectomy, a partial scrotumectomy, and had one testicle removed. My last mod was a year ago when I removed part of my scrotum, leaving only a small sack for my one remaining testicle. For the glansectomy I used EMLA cream and a scalpel. The testicle was removed by a doctor after it was decided it was so abcessed that I needed to have it removed. Every step I was treated in hospital — when I lost my testicle I had to stay in the hospital for two days.

### *How did your testicle become abcessed?*

I had been using needles and pins to put through the scrotum, and went for days with my sack with thread interwoven in it. I really wanted to put a needle through both testicles and kind of sew them together. Instead I found a lot of pleasure by inserting sharp tools. One of my experiences around the same time as the glansectomy must have created an infection. One started getting really sore, and was

swelling. The pain was too much, so I went to the emergency room. The doctor asked if I wanted to have antibiotics, warning me that might take days to kick in and might not work anyway, or whether I was OK with just going ahead and having it removed?

I almost jumped out of my chair at the joy of having a testicle removed on purpose! I could be partially castrated, halfway to where I really wanted to go — although I haven't gotten there yet.

### *Were you treated decently at the hospital?*

The nurses and doctors pretty much treated me as any other injured patient and did everything they could to clean me up. When I opened my scrotum and I took out my testicle, I pulled on it so much that all the attached cords came out, too. I tried to put it all back in but the pain was unbearable, so I had to be hospitalized. I've probably been to urgent care at least ten times over the years I've started mods. They always wanted to know if I wanted to see a psychiatrist, and I passed every time. One visit there was a suicide watch in my room, and while I slept, the guy assigned to keep an eye on me watched television. I had no desire to commit suicide, but doctors were concerned that my self mutilation was a sign of bigger problems.

The things I've done are on my hospital records so that when I go to the doctor, that is one thing they know about me before even seeing me. I recently developed a bladder infection and was in the hospital three days. The doctor asked me how I think it happened and I told him that I didn't know. But I could tell he knew exactly what happened, with my history!

### *What actually started your interest in penectomy?*

I'd had a fantasy for many years of having my cock cut off. When I started watching mod pics and procedures I realized it could be done, and by me, about two years ago. I went from soundings, to, as



Partial Penectomy



I've already mentioned, cutting the glans in half, to removing one half of the glans and then the other, having the good fortune to having had a ball removed unexpectedly. I did the scrotumectomy myself, removing about 75 percent, but the band didn't hold so I had to go to hospital again.

*Where do you think those initial fantasies of getting your cock cut off came from, and how did they build to the real thing?*

My first foray into mods was just something that happened one night when I wondered what it would be like to put something in my urethra. I had hunted for web sites of men who have had their penis' removed, or even just pictures of a penis that's been cut off, or was in the process of being cut off. I discovered your web site, BME, and I was incredibly happy that these kinds of things were photographed. Then I wondered about cutting the glans, which I saw on the site. It was so invigorating! But I couldn't stop there. Once I'd cut the glans in half I considered removing it all together. I saw pictures of a detached glans and was awed by it, and so I took the next step.

*Do you think that the difficulty with your step-father played any role in your desire for penectomy and castration?*

It may have. He was so cruel. I never saw his penis and when we shared a motel room traveling, I tried to look up his boxers. I wanted to see it and touch it and I needed someone to help me. He did everything he could to alienate himself from me. I found refuge in my bedroom with my hobbies, and enjoyed being alone. That is still an issue I'm dealing with: isolation. I prefer being alone, although I'm surrounded by people. I think the way my stepfather treated me influenced this part of me. I felt safe in my bedroom and he didn't come in. My tendency to isolate myself is definitely a result of that.

I have for many years hated having a penis, but I didn't want to be a girl. I imagined cutting it off when I was in high school. I found times when I hated having a penis so much that I seriously considered it and imagined using a pair of scissors. My stepfather's rejection of me, I internalized.

*I'm personally of the opinion that gay versus straight is largely a hardwired matter rather than influenced by environment, so I would be surprised if that relationship changed anything, but I do wonder if it played a role in coming out so late in life?*

Yes, I agree that it is hardwired, just as much as a person's skin color. I had clues I was gay from when I was in sixth grade babysitting neighbor kids and admiring Danny's legs — how much fuller and handsome they were compared to his sister's. I was so afraid of being gay and I did everything I could to change that. I got married, had two sons, was divorced not long after they were born. I hated having the thoughts and desires because really, other than that my life was fine. I still wish I weren't gay. There was one choice that I could have attempted, and that was to be celibate.

But I wanted to be with a man so badly, and that eventually overcame everything else. I was really afraid of what it would be like to be homosexual. A therapist in high school, after I'd confided in the one adult I'd ever talked with about this, told me just to stay away from men. Uh... that didn't help much.

Looking back I wish I had a relationship with a guy when I was in high school. Peter was my best friend and I just couldn't tell him what was going on in my head, as much as I desired to be with him physically. When I realized it could actually be done and that men had done this to themselves, I decided my fantasies weren't enough. So the many years ago when I imagined cutting off my cock I finally was able to do. I was thrilled at the time.

*Who knows about what you've done?*

Guys I've been with, mostly through massage. They're more fascinated than appalled. Other than that, my doctors are the only others who know.

I really like the smallness of my cock and sack. I've let the hair grow back and now it's all covered. I have started plucking my pube hairs, but stopped about six months ago. I dislike knowing that I now have little to tempt a guy into bed with me and haven't found anyone who's really cool about my surgeries. Guys are fascinated with what they see, though, especially during massages when my stump is hard and dripping.



Above: partial penectomy covered by foreskin, below: scrotal reduction scars



## Lee and Connie

Connie and I met and fell in love on the job. That was thirty-three years ago. I had been previously married, and she was an eighteen year old virgin.

*I hope you don't mind me asking a crass questions, but have you had a bit of silicone or fat grafting work done, or are you pumped in the pictures?*

My cock is natural — I only occasionally pump it up (once or twice per week). I've been pumping for about five years.

It never was a tiny wennie, but the pumping over the past five years has definitely added to its girth. As far as how much gain... I'd say  $\frac{3}{4}$ " in length — now  $6\frac{1}{2}$ " — and  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " in girth — now  $8\frac{1}{2}$ " in circumference.

*How did you first get into genital modification?*

I have owned a tattoo parlor — I'm a tattoo artist, but now I build streetrods, although I still do tats — and decided one day (about six years ago) to tattoo my cock. Connie was recuperating from a hysterectomy at the time so I was out of commission if you know what I mean. I did my cock — she was impressed — as well as four other tattoos that are all on my left side. Painwise, the shaft was not nearly as sensitive as the glans. The tattoos all healed very quickly, the one on my cock has not been touched up and has been affected by pumping to over  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " in girth.

As for the piercings, I just thought that the double ampallangs looked cool, but wow, they hurt far worse than the tats! I had them both done at the same time by a shop in Phoenix.

*Did the pumping affect your genital mods at all?*

I also have some keloiding on my ampallangs, which could have been avoided by wearing longer bars. The keloiding on them has been caused by pumping with barbells that were too short thru the glans. If they were longer it most likely would not have happened. In addition, I think that pumping has somewhat distorted the tattoo, definition lines are not as fine as original.

*Which of your modifications is your favorite?*

My favorite modification is probably the amppallangs.

*Are you planning anything more?*

I enjoy sounding — it feels marvellous. So if it counts, my only future plans are to continue increasing the size of the sounds — it feels soooo good when Connie frenches my pee hole. I can only imagine that it feels kind of similar to getting your pussy stretched. I got starting into sounding by looking at BME. It is an awesome feeling taking that 11mm sound all the way. My sound kit only goes up to 11mm and I started about a year ago with a 5mm size. Connie does not take part in my pumping, besides being the happy receipt of a nice thick cock.

I'm really happy with everything I've done and there hasn't been a single negative aspect.





I am half a century old this year and was born on the island where the ampallang was said to be first originated — Borneo. I grew up on the island, but did stay overseas during my student life. At that time, body mod was not that popular or I would have gotten many done at the time.

*Can I ask what you do for a living?*

I am a professional, and in our society it is still not acceptable to have visible body mods for man of my age. Yes, for youngsters it's OK, but not for a professional like me or a man of my age. I am married and only my wife knows about my body mod — hahaha!

*Did you see piercing on the island when you were growing up?*

I was born here in Borneo, but am not from the indigenous group. However, I was living near the natives who have a lot of cultural practices such as genital piercing (the ampallang), ear piercing with stretching, and large body tattoos for both men and women. These days, only the older generation still have the traditional ones.

When we were in secondary school, we went to the museum and someone pointed out the ampallang piercing in an exhibit, but it only struck me as an amusement and a tale of old times. We had a good laugh but I never thought of getting one. However, as I grew older, it did stick in my mind what a good thing it would be to have one. Later, during my working life I had the real chance to travel to the interior part of the island and I got to know a little more about this piercing. Most of the old men had them.

*Were you able to talk to the older men about them?*

It was quite difficult to talk to the older men about genital piercing as it was considered to be very private. I could usually only talk to them about the visual mods — the ear, nose, and the body tattoos. Missionary works had changed a lot of their culture. As I mentioned earlier, there was a generation gap in these practices. If you were to go to the age group between thirty-five to sixty, you would not find any modifications because during that time people stopped doing and having modifications due to the missionaries... So to see it we had to go to the villages where the old folks were. In the towns or cities these days you will find young people going to a studio for tattoos or piercings but most of them will get “modern” piercings like the labret or just earlobe piercings... not like what their ancestors have. I reckon this is because of the influence of the media. I'm not sure whether some of them have ampallangs — the ampallang was traditionally a sign of courage and manhood.

*Was your first modification an ampallang, or did you start with other things?*

My first body mod was my circumcision, and after the first one my remaining foreskin stretched, and it grew back a couple of centimeters. After several years I went for a second one. Then it was quite nice and tight on full erection.

After that came the thought of an implant. I first had three pearls implanted on the top side of the shaft, and added a nice big black pearl a few months later. A year later I had two pearls implanted on the underside, but they were not done properly, and I retired them. My skin was quite sensitive and

could not accept the stitches, so the holes just opened up and I just had to press the pearls out. I am still contemplating having a few new ones done on the underside.

*Other than the ampallangs in Borneo, how did you discover genital piercing?*

I only got to know about genital piercing when I saw a picture of a naked man full of genital piercings in 1999 — I could not believe it! Then a chat pal introduced me to the BME site. Ohhhh, that was an eye opener! Ideas started to come into my mind — I felt a stream of excitement that flowed through my body. What a feeling it would be to have mine pierced!

It took me a long time to actually pierce myself and get my PA, and it was not that successful on the first few trials. I did not have the correct equipment or jewelry to do it with. It was only after the third or fourth time that I had a nice PA — I ordered everything on the ‘net. Unfortunately it migrated and was only supported by a thin piece of skin. When I showed it to a pal, his advice was to cut it and have a meatotomy.

*Why did you do the piercing yourself?*

I chose to do the piercing DIY after I tried to contact “Primitive Art” in Singapore for an appointment and the piercer was not able to offer what I wanted; a reverse PA. As I said, I didn't get it right the first few times, but I learned a fair bit — you know, at the time it never even occurred to me that a piercing could migrate! Many of my DIY piercings have been a failure, and I think now I've finally learned my



Beading at various points in Cao's life

lesson?

*Hababa, ok, tell me about the first procedure you ever did on yourself...*

I went to a pharmacy and got the biggest hypo needle I could — I was so excited to try it out. I didn't have any proper jewelry, so to satisfy my ego, I tried with the needle and with a copper wire, after boiling them in water for twenty minutes. I sat on the toilet seat with the cover down, and with the needle in my hand, I tried to line it up into the receiving tube. Blood started to ooze out and I panicked, withdrawing the needle and giving it a hard compression. The bleeding stopped after a few minutes. I tried again — my hands were shaking, and it was hard to control. But, with determination, I gave a quick and hard push and the needle went all the way through... I held my breath... well, it wasn't that painful. Then what to do next? I pulled out the needle and tried to insert the wire, but blood was everywhere and I couldn't figure out where to insert it. I knew it was a failure and I abandoned the whole procedure.

*But eventually you figured it out?*

Yes, after reading experiences and seeing how others did it I managed to do a 10ga PA, although I walked around with a twisted piece of wire in it for a few weeks. I was proud of it, but it looked awful, and I worried how long could I put up with it. I would not be able to have sex with my wife like that, so I was very happy when a curved barbell came in the mail.

*What made you want the circumcision and the beading?*

Friends talked about things like circumcision and pearling — how would a girl respond to these? Ohhhh, as a youngster then though, it was real a challenge to get them. There was no studio that would carry out all these body mods. Circumcision usually was done by doctors or medical assistants, and pearling was also done by the medical assistants. There was no information then for doing it yourself — the Internet was not in existence, and there were no magazines or even pals to ask.

*So you got the circumcision as an adult?*

Yes, although everyone talked about being circumcised in school — to have clean genitals, to have the ultimate sensation, and so on. So I was interested in having a circumcision as a teen, but never had the opportunity until I turned twenty-five. Here, circumcision is performed by a doctor or a hospital medical assistant, and luckily is a very common practice because of religion (Islam).

I went for it after a few guys in college who had theirs done showed them off and boasted how great it was — they helped me arrange getting it done. I always overstretch my foreskin during masturbation which caused it to bleed — I noticed that just after healing, it was a nice new sensation. I have been very happy with my circumcision, although I know there are guys who want to have their foreskins

back.

*Do things feel different now that you're circumcised?*

With the rim, my feeling is different. I usually will only use my glans for the initial play without pushing in the whole thing. When my wife starts to apply pressure, I then insert the whole thing and get the maximum feeling. But the circumcision didn't give me all the feeling I was looking for and I wanted to get an implant as well.

*Tell me about it?*

I have one big pearling which will usually moves around and that gives the ultimate feeling. A male nurse did it for me. I went with a friend, and when it was my turn — I went first — he put a cloth with a hole over my dick. It kept getting hard and he had to apply pressure quite a few times to get it down. After injecting a local anesthetic, he cut a hole with a scalpel, and had to try a few times before he got it right — in my mind, I worried he had not done many of these! After the pearls were in he stitched them up.

*When you say "pearls", do you mean that literally?*

Yes, mine are real pearls — as you know, in Asia, pearls are very common (I reckon people in Japan also use pearl for the implants). I had to go to a shop that sells pearls and bought those without the hole in them.



Early meatotomy (fresh), and second meatotomy procedure, cutting through PA



### *Were any of your implants DIY?*

Almost... I made a homemade taper by sanding a chopstick down to size. I boiled it along with some pearls and needles. I made a piercing with an 8ga needle and then started to push through the taper. It started to hurt as I had to push it harder and it stretched. But then I started to wonder if I would have the skill to get the bead in... I had come so far, I couldn't give up, but the bead kept slipping off. The bead wouldn't go in and blood was oozing out like anything. I tried again but still couldn't get it in and eventually gave up.

The bleeding continued for a few days, and when I had sex next — about a week later — the wound opened up and started bleeding again quite badly! I'm telling you this because I would not want anyone else to have the same experience... if you really want to, do it at your own risk. For me, the next time I went to a professional!

The crown implants were done much later. I had an opportunity to visit Canada and got in touch with a piercer — I told him through e-mail that I wanted to have a piercing done as soon as I arrived there. I wanted an apadravya so badly. I went to the studio that afternoon after I arrived, expecting to have it done then and there, but he only gave me an inspection. On seeing my PA, he advised me to have a meatotomy and get a deep PA together with a reverse PA. I was not too willing to let go of my PA, and as he did not have the jewelry, he would only be able to do the piercing a week later. With the anxiety of waiting there for a week, a few days later I decided to get implants instead — mostly the fear of being pierced through the glans made me chicken out! He agreed to do the implants and suggested the crown placement.

I love it, and in hindsight should have gone at least half way around. These implants were done with silicon beads, and he ensured they would be very stable and I've had no problems with them. When I returned, whoa, it was a hard experience with my wife! The circumference of the crown had increased and I had a hard time trying to enter, hahahaha! But now I have developed a technique of entering her sideways...

### *Does your wife like your piercings?*

After I got my first PA, my wife was not too happy or excited about it. I wanted to have sex with the jewelry, but she was too scared. Fear overcame the excitement and the enjoyment part. I had to take out the jewelry each time. Since I have the jewelry stretched to 8ga, the piercing hole has stayed quite permanent. I could leave the piercing without the jewelry for a long time.

### *And the implants?*

Before I got married, I already had the initial implants, so she had no complaints about it. She never said anything how she likes or dislikes them, but I reckon she loves their presence, hahahaha.

When I first got my implants done, and it came for the time to see how good they were with sex, I met a girl willing to play with my modification — she really enjoyed it! We made love two times in a row that night. But I had to be very careful in getting other girls to make love, as not all of them liked the idea of being with a modified guy. I did get a few rejections, but that was fifteen years back.

### *Thanks for talking to us! Any last advice to others?*

If you like DIY like me, do lots of good research before you embark on it!



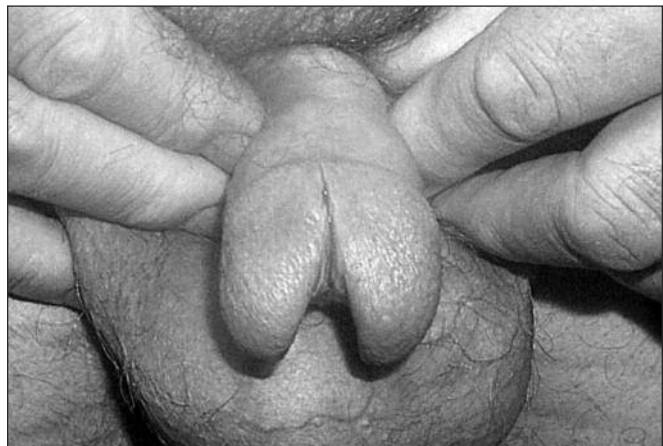
Reverse PA procedure with pre-existing beadings

## Mike: Post-TURP Bisection Journey

I have lived a very conventional life and still do at least outwardly. I grew up on a farm; therefore learned of the “birds and the bees” at an early age. I graduated from high school after WWII and did not have enough money to attend college, so I worked at a couple of jobs until I joined the army in 1952. There was no other way out of rural Pennsylvania unless I went to the service. If I enlisted for three years, I would be guaranteed four years of college. The choice was simple. I served almost three years with the Presidential Honor Guard in Arlington, VA. I was very lucky because I was the only man assigned stateside duty. Later I discovered that almost half of my barrack in basic training were killed or wounded in Korea. While in the army, my closest brush with death occurred when I once jay-walked on Arlington Blvd., adjacent to the army post.. I was discharged in 1955 and within a week was attending college. I had been married since 1953 and by the time I graduated we had had 4 children. (Dutiful Catholics rather than careless Protestants) In the mid 1960's, we had our fifth child. I had completed my masters and had begun my doctorate (History) which I completed in 1969. I taught high school and also taught part time at three universities.

I managed a drive-in theater in the summers. In the June 1967, I was arrested for showing dirty movies. The Back Story: We had a rabid District Attorney who was making an effort to deflect a federal investigation of his office: therefore, he raged against the dirty movies that made him look good before the eyes of the public. He and a popular female TV journalist had been railing against dirty movies for almost a year prior to my arrest. When this film, “Promises, Promises” played in Pittsburgh six months previously, it had to be pulled because of “public outcry.” The next July it was booked into my theater. I thought to myself: Isn't this the sucker that caused such a stink last year? Then I thought: Well, the heat must be off, for the company knows what is going on. There will be no trouble! Here's where my lesson in reality began.

The movie, “Promises, Promises” (not to be confused with an excellent musical a few years later) was a silly film starring Joe Flynn and Jane Mansfield. It was a one joke movie, that is Joe Flynn (McHale's Navy) could not make his wife, Jane Mansfield, pregnant. Poor Jane (In 1973 was decapitated in a truck-auto accident) was shown nude from the waist up four times, twice frontally and twice from a profile (and what she had were real!). If it had not been for the brief nude shots, the film would have been rated G. On the fourth night of the show, the county police raided us, thus beginning an odyssey from innocence to reality. I spent a almost 8 hours in night court.... The good guys (the cops), all dressed in pork pie hats, all looking like they were rejects from the “Detective Story,” milled about near the raised judge's chair. The bad guys (practically all teachers) were on the other side of the railing. We were the dangerous ones who spread filth and porn to our pure residents of our fair Pittsburgh. Since my company was a legitimate movie company, I was finally released when our General Manager took the rap. He told the judge that as a teacher I would be ruined. “Besides,” he said, “He didn't book the movie, my company did. He only works for us.” The judge replied, “I don't give a damn about your story. All I



Early in the journey: partial subincision and headsplit.  
Note urethral tattoo.



need is someone's name on the arrest docket." My GM agreed to be on the arrest warrant and I was sprung! A free man! At seven AM I returned home explaining to my wife that I had been in jail. That evening, I transferred to an adjoining theater that was showing The "Adventures of Moll Flanders" and "Snow White and the Seven Little Things!" At any moment, I expected the law to crash down on me again. Three days later, a judge threw out our case based on a slight technicality: The DA raided our theater in an adjoining county, not in his jurisdiction! The whole matter taught me a whole lot: Had I been arrested, my name would have appeared in the Sunday papers. I would have been ruined. Fired from my teaching position. Since the GM took the rap, I was Simple Simon pure! I couldn't sue, the county was safe, and the movie company made a bundle later on. I saw tons of free publicity generated by this "raid" in the papers and on TV. When the film was shown at the drive-in the following weekend, it attracted fans from as far as 100 miles away. Before the raid we grossed less than \$500.00 for three nights. After the raid, the gross was well over \$1,000.00 a night!. This film became a cash-cow for the company. Later when the feds moved against the DA, he shot himself (rumor had it that the Mob may have helped him along just a tad).

My little experience with the movie was an insignificant speck in relationship to the charges raised about the DA. It just so happened that I was a bit player in this tale sans even any billing. However, I lost my innocence about politics and business.

While teaching I did some research and writing. But teaching was my first love. After retirement, I had a novel published about the Great Depression seen through the eyes of a couple of tough, street-wise, young men from Pittsburgh. Interestingly, there were a few explicit sex scenes in the book that raised the eyebrows of some of my friends. They wanted to know where I learned all that stuff. I always responded, "I watch HBO a lot!" That usually hushed them up.

Since then I have continued to do regional historical research. I also have done three historical TV documentaries shown on a small market TV station. I don't intend to die bored. I'll probably die in the woods while researching another historical project.

*It sounds like you have had a healthy sex life — and plenty of "normal" masturbation (albeit a little kinky in many people's eyes) — that brought you five children. Is that a fair characterization?*

Yes it is. We had four kids early on in our marriage and then another child in the mid sixties. By then we had discovered birth control... the pill and condoms. The pill was wonderful, but my wife could not take it so I relied on condoms. Since

my wife was quite regular, we moved on to the rhythm system. It took a lot of self-restraint on my part but it worked. Our first and last children were planned. I might add, that it is a wonderful feeling when you can say "that" was the moment when we created a child. I still remember warmly that feeling today. Regarding birth control... you have



Mike shows the pump of his penile implant.

to keep in mind that birth control in most states was illegal. One could not buy a condom without a great degree of difficulty. The advent of the "pill" changed that. I have always enjoyed sex. After marriage I continued to masturbate, but less frequently.

I had engaged in many types of masturbation. To me anything that felt so good couldn't be that bad. Presently, my eyes are a bit weak but I certainly will

not attribute that problem to excessive wanking. The first time I masturbated was at age twelve. I found a condom on the road. I picked it up and took it home where my cock was already delightfully hard. I tore open the package, unrolled it on my member, and I came immediately. This was the beginning of a pleasure pact between me and my cock.

*Your wife's aging sounds like it was a turning point in your life, drawing you toward more reckless masturbation?*

Let's say it became more adventuresome, Actually it was pretty tame compared with what I have read on BME pages. I engaged in urethral play which led to an occasional urethral infection. Sounding was always enjoyable. So was prostate play. As one ages, it is more difficult to cum and perhaps that was a factor in increasing the range of masturbation, whereby heightening the stimulation. Since my wife was ill frequently, I turned more and more to masturbation as an outlet for sexual expression.

As a couple grows old together, one must be aware that no two people ages equally. Certainly having five kids was hard on my wife, but it was ultimately arthritis that began to beat her down. She was allergic to the NSAIDS, and gradually she developed systemic arthritis. This led to two knee replacements, a MARSIA infection picked up at the hospital that nearly was fatal, and two more knee operations to fight the infection that had centered in her knee. After that, things got worse. She had two major hernia operations, two carpal tunnel operations, two broken wrists, and a TIA. Constant pain led to severe depression on her part, and although I didn't have time to recognize it, depression began to plague me, too. But since I was the chief caregiver (our children are scattered throughout the country) I had to keep going.

*You say "I am a cutter" but that it's limited to your genitals largely for sociological reasons. Do you do this literally in the sense of cutting yourself to heal yourself or to deal with the complications of life?*

I limited my cutting to my genital area simply because few people would be aware of it. Although I respect and admire those who cut for everyone to see, I am still very conservative in that nature and will never graduate to let's say, tongue splitting. You might charge me as a hypocrite but I am simply not brave enough to face the public otherwise. I have often wondered why I cut. Maybe, deep down, psychologically, I may be cutting to deal with complications in life. I know that could be a logical explanation for any shrink. But this desire to cut is not new. It has been engrained in my thought process for well over twenty years..

*I know it's like saying "describe an orgasm." Tough to put into words. But is there anyway you can describe the rush of cutting? I think for me it's the same as driving incredibly fast... that is a thrill like fighting, more so than a thrill of sex...*

I believe it is the great personal rush I get when cutting. I don't do drugs but I have had morphine in the hospital after surgery. The reactions I had were sensational. The drug lifted me up and took me away from out of myself. It became a floating sensation, and I didn't want it to end. It is euphoric. Absolute euphoric!

At times, when I used the TENS unit with the leads attached to the head and base of the cock, I would run the unit to high, feeling the jolts of pleasure/pain. At the same time, I extended head splitting. The blood would begin to flow ever so evenly while the crashing current of electricity literally took over my cock. I would turn off the unit but the massive tingling continued. I would take the razor and cut some more, still overwhelmed by the unit. The blood seemed to flow from the incision like water from a



Early bisection progress.

mystical source. It bubbled up and around my cock, and when I cupped my cock with my hand, it flowed slowly down my hand and onto my quivering arm. My heart was racing but everything seemed to be in slow motion. The blood continued to flow like lava from a volcano. It was an absolute euphoric sensation that one must feel when taking uppers.

Cutting is like sex. Not every experience is a shot to the moon. Once again reality intrudes. Cutting the head, although not really painful, perhaps a 5 on the one to ten continuum, gets very messy. It is not too hard to stop the flow of blood even though it can be quite profuse. I never wanted to cut a great deal at one time because I always wanted to be able to control the bleeding. Firm pressure for about five minutes generally helped to clot the blood. Then you must will yourself to come down from that marvelous high. When that is accomplished, you put everything away, and allow nature to do its thing: to heal.

Cutting can create a sense of accomplishment. There is a measure of recklessness involved, like walking to the very edge of reality, up to the abyss, so to speak. All the juices are flowing and there is a kick you feel. But tempering the euphoria, there must be the element of self-control.. There is always a point where you must not cross over. You must be able to stop, thus escaping harm's way. Here is the chief difference between cutting and taking drugs. You are not in control when you huff, pop little yellow pills, mainline heroin, or do a line of cocaine. For me, there is always this little voice reminding me, "Enough is enough! Stop! There will be another day."



*Were you trying to hurt your genitals to make the sexual longing to go away or satiate it with rough genital play?*

I don't hate my genitals. They are a source of pleasure to me and always have been. I do, however, enjoy sexual rough play. That is something that my wife does not enjoy. We were far removed from a missionary position, but we never crossed the line into real rough sex. For myself, however, that is another story.

*When you had your TURP procedure and saw the cutting, how did it start? What was the scene when you made the first cuts?*

A TURP is a trans urethral resection of the prostate. I had it done when I was sixty-two because of an enlarged prostate that squeezed the urethra making it difficult for me to urinate. The surgeon runs a various instruments slightly larger than a ball point pen through the urethra and into the bladder. Because of my previous urethral play, I am sure I had significant strictures where the urethra goes into the penis head.. In order to go through the meatus, the opening where I pee, the surgeon had to make a deeper, larger cut...practically a meatotomy. While in the recovery room, I noticed I was bleeding profusely from what I thought was internal, bleeding. The nurse laughed as she applied pressure to my penis head (not very erotic when a catheter tube is sticking into you). She said, "The bleeding is coming from the penis head because your hole wasn't large enough to make a regular entry without additional cutting."

It was at that point that my idea of cutting was born. Having been a devotee of BME, I knew the particulars and I knew it was doable. So for the next few years I cut slowly and carefully, never making the new extension particularly obvious. During this time my wife was rapidly losing her interest in sex. She knew that the doctors had cut me significantly so it became a non issue with her. When we did make love, I initiated it and was the active partner. I always made sure she had an orgasm before my cumming. As her illnesses progressed, it was difficult even to bring her to orgasm using my finger or my tongue.

*It sounds like you've tried almost everything—ball torture, saline solution, infusions, implants, etc., but it is cutting that is most you. What drew you to those other activities and how did you know they weren't for you?*

Since I am an avid reader of BME I knew that what I had been doing was being done by many, many people. Further reading stimulated me to try new things. I have infused my scrotum with saline solution a number of times. Seeing the ball sac double in size wasn't really erotic, plus my balls would become discolored for a week to ten days. This was made worse by my taking aspirin, a blood thinner. Each time I infused myself I could count on this discolorization.. I infused my balls twice. Not much but it was an infusion nevertheless. Actually it was not a good feeling. I also felt it was pretty risky.

I used a plant that was caused the penis to swell to almost twice its size. It, too, was not erotic and in addition, the burning lasted for hours. I found that by taking an allergy pill or two, the irritation was greatly lessened. This was another

experiment that was short lived.

The TENS unit was something else. For the longest time it could produce hands off orgasms that were sensational. Since my prostate cancer radiation last year, the TENS unit is ineffective because the nerves in my prostate are dead, killed along with the cancer cells, I hope. I did use the TENS unit for my original efforts at head splitting. It worked very well. The sensations of the TENS overcame any pain I might have had. But I didn't have enough hands to hold, cut, and control the unit so I moved away from the unit and just went to cutting without using any pain control. But I always came back to cutting. Nothing mystic about it! I just enjoyed it and I enjoyed the looks of my handiwork.

*Are you going to split deeper?*

I just can't split farther because of the real possibility of cutting into one or both of the tubes that hold the saline solution during my "erection." It's a possibility and I don't really care to push this as it could lead to real physical problems.

*Now that you are taking an antidepressant, do you enjoy cutting more or less and are drawn to it more or less?*

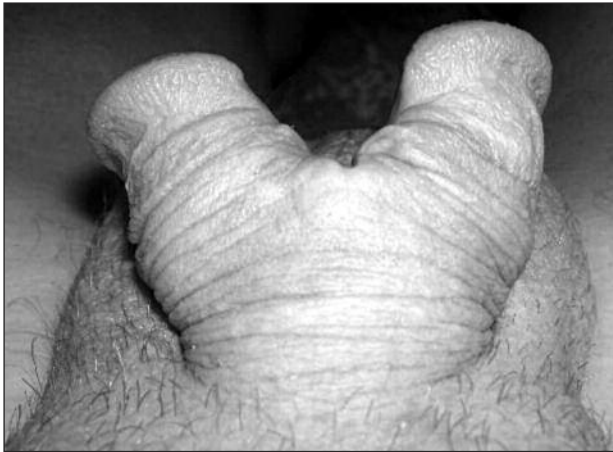
The doctor prescribed celexa, ten mm daily. I have been taking it for about three years and it does take the edge off things, especially when I am setting in city traffic. It has not hindered me intellectually or even creatively, so I believe I will be on it for some time. I have continued cutting since my cancer therapy last year. But I find that the penile implant hinders it a great deal. I have two small tubes in the corpus cavs plus tubes from the scrotal implant to the penile tubes and to the reservoir located under an abdominal muscle right above the

pubic bone. I would like to continue my bisection but many of my BME friends are concerned about my cutting into the tubes, thus destroying the implant's effectiveness or more seriously, causing an infection. That is reality.

That is the yellow flag I am facing. Desire is one thing; stark reality another. The latter has nothing to do with the celexa I am taking. Over the past couple of months I have increased by sub somewhat. However, here I am facing reality again. I am to the point where the urethra drops off fast and deep.



Bruising in erect fresh bisection.



The subincision deepens.

My recent cutting has been superficial...only the outer tissues cut. I need an experienced hand, a surgeon, to complete it. I have an offer from a doctor friend from the Northeast who said he would complete it if I come to his place this summer.

I have contacted another surgeon indirectly but he works in Florida.. My doctor friend lives in Maine. Trips are impossible because my wife can fall and if she does, she is nearly helpless. Falls over the past three years caused her fractures to her wrists. Had I not been home, I just don't know what would have happened. Now she carries a cell phone with her with a voice activated number to 911. That eases my worries a great deal but I can not afford to leave home overnight. Once again reality becomes the over riding factor..

*You say that you're enjoying cutting the top half more because it's more personal and less political...just because you wanted it.... Did you feel your sub incision had been co-opted by the other things going on in your life that fueled it?*

Actually the subincision was really part of by overall plan for a complete bisection. I just started it first that's all. One cannot see a sub quite as well as a split head. I cut my head over a couple of years and in the past year or so have continued the cut to the circumcision line. I essentially have two heads now...tough to fit into a condom, I'll admit. I know how long it took, and I enjoy the looks of it. But as I had said before, I have to be aware of my implants.

*Tell me about your urethral tat — yours was the first I had ever seen and I think I've only seen a couple of other examples since seeing yours. How did you do it? What did it feel like? How long did it take to heal?*

The tattoo was a hoot! When a person has a sub and a split head, the cock looks like a gutted fish. After I had successfully cut my cock head and began to cut the shaft, I decided to take a break and let everything heal. That BTW is my motto re modifications... do it slowly and do it carefully. As the healing progressed, I kept looking at my cock head. Then Inspiration. I want a tattoo, reaching a quarter of an inch from where my urethra was to the sides of the split head.

With that decision made, I figured all I had to do was look up tattoos in the Yellow Pages and go from there. Big Mistake! The first chap was horrified and hung up on me. The second thought it might be against the law. Stilll another "artist" thought I was nuts. Finally on the fourth try, I got someone who was willing to listen. "No, he had never done this before," he said, but "Yes, he was a qualified tattoo artist," He also thought this was a great idea. So I visited him. He showed me pages and pages of his work. His work place was very clean. He had never seen a sub. When I did he showed me his PA. I had never seen a Prince Albert before.

I set up an appointment. He said he had never done anything like this before. He was gracious enough to set me at ease by showing me his split. He asked if it was ok if his apprentice took pictures of it. "No problem," I replied. Then we had to agree what image we would create. He said that the problem was that basically the tattoo would have to be quite small since obviously there wasn't much room there to do anything earth shaking. We agreed on a simple nondescript. Both agreed that he wasn't doing the Sistine Chapel. He sketched out a tiny template and fitted it in the proper location. He did a test run to see if the pain would be too great. I passed the test. No pain; some mild stinging. I picked out the design and came back the following week when he fitted the design on me. It was a



little tricky but finally we agreed on the whole matter. While his assistant took pictures, he began the procedure. As I said, the pain was slight. I was more tender in the upper portions of the head than in the lower section closer to the shaft. It felt good and I actually came during the procedure. Since I have retrograde ejaculation, caused by the TURP, nothing came out. But he could still feel my contractions. He smiled and continued.. The whole thing took about one hour. Swelling was very little and in about five days I was as good as ever. It was a piece of cake!

*Your new urologist, do you think he was actually more likely to accept you as a patient because of your interesting genitals or do you believe it was a non-issue to him because he has seen it all before?*

I believe it is very difficult to shock an urologist because they have seen it all. Men and women have shoved just about anything imaginable in their cocks and vaginas leaving the urologist to extract whatever. Having said that, my previous urologist has watched my cutting proclivities expand. Once I came to his office for a regular checkup. He looked at my penis that was healing from a wax burn. I told him what had caused it, and he just looked away. He wanted to know how long I was going to cut and I told him I just did not know. It was evident that he did not approve, even though I had been his patient for ten years. The last couple of times I visited him, he stood very close to the door, a distance of ten feet, most of the visit. It was then I knew I had to move on to a new doctor. I felt he would not treat me well if I developed a serious problem.

A nurse, who worked for my family doctor, went to work for two urologists. I asked her which was younger and a bit more flexible. I then wrote him a letter and told him of my mods and asked him if he would take me on as a patient. A week later his nurse scheduled me for my first appointment. When he examined me, he remarked to a Resident, "That is where he pees from now." End of issue.

Since then he has done a penile implant and assisted an oncologist who placed radioactive seeds into my prostate to kill the cancer. His role was to guide the oncologist's placement of the seeds. He used a rectal ultrasound plus a monitor to accomplish this act. He has never made me feel like a second-class citizen. After the implant, I had to visit him once a week for him to check the swelling and ultimately to show me how to use the implant. This obviously required his handling my penis and scrotum. Never once has he made any comment about my life choices. He's a good man.

*How long have you enjoyed your penile implant?*

The implant was the best Christmas present I could have given myself. My previous urologist never suggested an implant even though I had ED.. My new one thought it important that I have one, First he explained the procedure and then told me to think it over. I came back the following week and said, "Let's move on it." In the meantime, I had watched a number of times a penile implant done by an urologist from New York City. So I pretty much knew what to expect. The only big surprise were the swelling of the balls and their terrible, ugly discolorization. They were almost black from blood and bruising, I had experienced something like this with infusion so I knew that within a few weeks the normal color would return.

However I had a perpetual hard on because of the saline solution in my polyurethane receptacles located on each side of my penis in the corpus cavs. This might have been everyman's dream but after a



More cutting.

while, It became damn uncomfortable. I went in to the office New Year's Eve, 2002. The doctor was vacationing. The nurse had brought in a technician from the implant company. Then she asked if she could assist because she wanted to learn more about the penile implant. The technician was hesitant to do anything except watch me struggle to find the release valve. I finally told him I would not sue as all I wanted was relief. He put on gloves and went to work. There was no pain but as he squeezed my swollen balls in an effort to find the valve, he kept saying, "God, this must hurt." It didn't. When he failed, I started again but to no avail.

Then the nurse took over. She had a great deal of professional decorum and a sound sense of humor. I was sitting on an examining table wearing only a T shirt. As she began to hold and tug, I was becoming aroused. Precum was seeping out my cock. (They say the last thing to die in a man is his cock) Then she held my cock and left ball while I struggled to find the valve in my enlarged scrotum. Finally, we were able to release the valve. It was a good feeling. The nurse thanked me profusely for allowing her to assist and said that it was an excellent. In retrospect, it was more like a scene from Mad Magazine and seems terribly funny.

*You mentioned that you were holding back on cutting due to the penile implant?*

The penile implant has a pump and a release valve, a small sized object half the size of a cigarette lighter in the right side of my scrotum. It then has two small tubes that were implanted on each side of my cock where the corpus cavernosa were. There is also a tiny reservoir of saline solution implanted beneath a muscle just above by pubic hairline. Of course everything is connected by small tubes/ When I desire an erection, I engage the pump with my thumb and forefinger, the solution goes from the reservoir into the two tubes on each side of the cock. When I release the valve, again with my thumb and forefinger, the solution goes back into the 50cc reservoir. The pump and the release valve are both in the object in my scrotum.

After the implant I continued to cut modestly. But I realized that if I continued I might nick one of the tubes in my cock. This would obviously impair the implant and could be a basis of a possible severe infection. I don't want to do that obviously, as I opted for the penile implant for psychological reasons. So the destruction of the implant would be

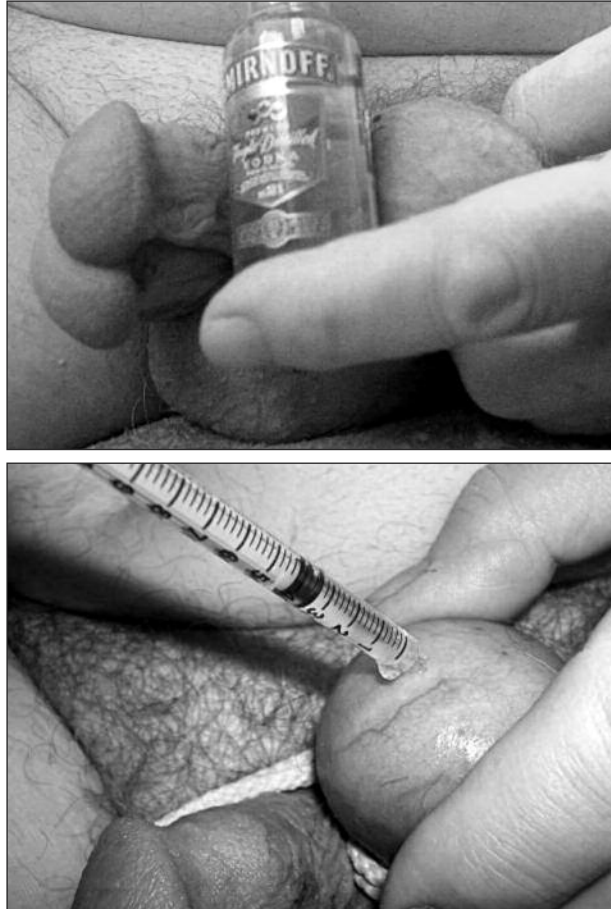
counterproductive for both physical and psychological reasons.

*Tell me about your flirtation with castration.*

When my wife's libido reached zero about five years ago, I was desperate and depressed. She is severely affected by arthritis that is throughout her body. Sex caused her a great deal of pain for her and I certainly did not want to inflict

anymore. I knew she had absolutely no interest in sex anymore, and I would not force myself on her. I am sure I could have but it was not fair to her as sex caused her a great deal of pain. On occasion she would masturbate me if I asked. I decided to opt for chemical castration so I asked my old urologist. He damn near fell through the floor. He mumbled something about my needing to take cold showers and talk up running. I thought I was back in Catholic school!

I had done a lot of research on the web and found that androcur plus estrogen would work. Both were used in successful male to female transformations. At that time both meds were available from overseas pharmacies at a reasonable price. Within a few weeks I had received the meds and began self-treatment. I was aware of the complications but thought it necessary to see if I could reduce my libido to that



Alcohol injections into Mike's testicle

of my wife's. The effects of the estrogen were interesting. Initially it produced a self-calm in me. Then I began to get headaches...not bad but bothersome. Obviously something was cooking. The calm made me feel loopy at times. I found it hard to concentrate. After about 3 weeks the androcur kicked in. It seemed to team up with the estrogen in that I was much less aggressive. I became quite laid back.

One day my family doctor checked my testosterone. It was low normal, but more significantly, my prolactin (a hormone secreted by the pituitary to stimulate milk secretion) had greatly increased. Next came a cat scan of the pituitary gland. The cat scan showed the pituitary to be ok, but it scared the hell out of me. I reasoned that if the meds were already affecting the pituitary, what the hell might they be doing to my heart and liver?. Over the next few weeks I weaned myself from these two drugs.

But my basic issue had not been solved. My libido returned with gusto. I knew of a Philadelphia doctor who did castrations. But I was wary of seventy-five year old plus doctor cutting me. I had read to many horror tales about



botched castrations. It was easy to bleed to death, among other things. It has always eluded me the logic in the medical community that sanctions excess numbers of hysterectomies while at the same time looking horror stricken if a man requests surgical castration. I eventually reasoned that my medical insurance would frown upon a surgical castration. I then bought a burdizzo. If it worked for cattle, it would work for men. My problem then was that for a job to be efficiently done, it required two people: the patient and the person who would clamp the instrument. Once again I was in a quandary when my doctor friend said he would help if I were really serious. We talked for some time, maybe a month or so. It was that time that I began taking an antidepressant. Shortly thereafter, I told my friend that I had decided against this technique. He seemed greatly relieved. But I value him as a true friend because he would have done it had I insisted. People are lucky to have such true friends. BTW, I met him on the BME chat line about six years ago. He has visited at my home and is one helluva man..I might add he has been retired for the past ten years so his position was different from a practicing doctor.

Finally I reached the conclusion that castration in any form was not for me. Later when my new urologist suggested an implant, I thought that this might be a psychological lift I needed. I had suffered from ED for over ten years. Enough was enough! I wanted to have erections again and I did not want to wonder if I could ever get it up. Medical engineering came to my rescue. Psychologically it fit my needs. And as I said previously, it was the best Christmas present I ever bought. Probably cost at least \$12,000 but it's worth every penny of it. Let's hear it for Medicare and my private health insurance company who fully paid for the procedure.

How long will it last? At least ten years I am told and longer if they are not abused, i.e, pumped up and down dozens of times a day. Usually they are infection free and totally accepted by the body. I read that one urologist has an 85 year old patient who has intercourse three to four times weekly. Of course that's way out of the norm. For most men is good that it is there and

they use it on occasion. It certainly would be terribly unfair if a seventy-year-old insisted on sex with his sixty-eight-year-old wife as if each were twenty again. By the way, this is a real problem facing couples who must deal with penile implants. I have not imposed myself on my wife because of her condition. No I am not a saint... It just wouldn't be fair to her.

*You did some alcohol injections into your testicles — how close did that get you to a castration?*

The left ball has been reduced in size about 30 per cent. It also feels harder than the other one. I used vodka as the solution. I had only insulin type needles( quite small and short) As a result I couldn't penetrate deep within the nut. I believe if that would have been possible I would have had greater impact, that is reduced it in size even more so.

*You point out that your reading suggests that professionals and generally successful people are more commonly drawn toward heavy genital mods. This has been my experience too. Why do you think this is true?*

This is a gut reaction but if you have achieved reasonably well in society you have certain characteristics that many people do not have. You are less willing to follow and more willing to break from tradition. There is a spirit of experimentation some people have that lead to body mods. These people have



a certain ability to flip a finger at society because many of them push their respective envelopes everyday. Also there is a great tradition and history of body mods in our society and other societies. The more we understand and accept others, the more we are willing to accept some of their beliefs and traditions. The suttee is certainly an extreme tradition that most societies do not embrace, But more and more, I am beginning to see Hindu traditions here in the Pittsburgh. I live not to far from a major Hindu Temple. During some of their holidays, I find the facial adornments on men and women very interesting. When I look at some of the facial adornments on men and women on BME, I find that more and more, we are accepting what we think best from many cultures, particularly the Eastern cultures.

*One of the most interesting things you've mentioned is deciding to opt for the homosexual experience rather than the heterosexual one. What made you decide on that? Or was it an interest you always had? One of the impressions I get from you is that outside everything else you are intensely curious.*

I have always liked men. When I see an attractive man I react the same way as I would when seeing a pretty woman. I have always been like that. It is part of my nature. I have never struggled with that. It is a non issue As a teenager, I had an experience with aother young man my age. I found I enjoyed it. Later on, my cousin came home on leave from the navy and seduced me. There was not penetration but much kissing, sucking, and hugging. Do I feel like a victim? I have never felt that way. In fact, I rather enjoyed the whole experience. Sadly, he was killed in action in the war.

Over the past year I have had a few homosexual interludes. Yes, curiosity is a keen factor. Maybe I want to know what I have been missing. Maybe I like the more casual approach. I certainly do not want a relationship. I believe a man is more willing to take that course than a woman who thinks of sex more differently than a man. I also believe that a man knows how to pleasure a man better than a woman..

I am seventy-two. Sex does not die with the aging process for the majority of older people. I still want to live and explore. However here's where reality pops up again. There's not much out there for older codgers like me. It reminds me of a few lines from "Lion In The Winter." Henry II is berating his wife, Eleanor for her past sexual excesses. He bellows: You were like a public drawbridge. Always going down for everyone.

Very quietly, she replies: There is very little traffic on my road today.

*Having gone through a few genital variations, what have the pros and cons of each been?*

The only negative side of a sub and splitting is that you tend to spray when peeing. Frankly it's easier to sit down while peeing. But I have learned that if I hold my cock correctly

putting some pressure on the bottom of my sub, I can control the flow a bit. But still the spray is there. The split looks very clean and neat. It gives me pride in what I have done since there is quite a bit of danger in doing them. I must admit I learned a lot as I continued cutting. That is not to panic when the bleeding becomes profuse. I know that it can be stopped with solid pressure over a few minutes time. I also know then it is time to stop and allow things to calm down and heal a bit before resuming cutting. And of course when splitting follow the lines of the meatus. Don't ad liob, that is cut too far of the line either right or left, You could nick the corpus cavs which would cause severe bleeding and possibly death.

*Any advice to younger guys starting out on a path of genital modification?*

Yes. Go slow. Don't hurry the cuttings. In other words don't cut and inch or two at a time. We're talking about a n eighth or a quarter inch at a time. DO IT SLOWLY. Give your cock time to heal between cuts, Certainly read about genital cutting and educate yourself about the anatomy of the penis. For example know that your cockhead can bleed profusely. But that is the nature of that part of the body. After all that's how an erection occurs. Cutting the shaft is different than doing a subincision. The tissue is different; therefore expect



bleeding to be different too. Also cutting the shaft is more difficult to do. Takes a lot more pressure and it hurts differently. With a subincision, you are merely opening a tube. However if you extend the sub toward the scrotum, you will find that the urethra runs deeper into the body. Here cutting becomes dangerous because now your are into deep tissue. That's why mine is not extended to the scrotum. I am not medically or mentally equipped to

deal with a deep incision. You also need sutures. I do not know how to suture so it's best to stop cutting. So as a final precaution, I would urge you to know your limits!

I have always been interested in some tpe of genital play. From urethral play to cuttings. They came in a natural progression, that is from one to another. I did a lot of play piercing using needles. I suppose I have tried, to one degree or another, just about everything short of castration.

Ater the TURP procedure, I noticed that my cockhead was bleeding severely. The nurse stopped the bleeding easily and assured me it was not internal bleeding. Then I realize that they enlarged my meatus in order to insert the instruments into my urethra.

A light bulb came on! I thought if they can do that why can' I. Thus was born future and more serious cuttings

Please don't misinterpret my experiences as someone who hates his penis. On the contrary, my penis has afforded me great pleasue. I certainly would not want to wack it off. It remains a vital part of my make up!



*I should mention that in addition to the conversation we had here, GP (under the pseudonym “bcglider”) wrote about his experiences extensively on BME. I considered including some of those here, but decided it was just as easy to let those who were interested go to BME for themselves and read those stories — and the tens of thousands of other people’s stories — for themselves. Hopefully that archive will persist in some form — and continue to grow — for an eternity in the species memory we’re creating in the Internet. If what you read in this book opens your mind or speaks to you in some way, remember that what you read in this book is only a tiny sliver — a conversation with 0.001% of the people involved. There are multitudes more to be found.*

I am forty-seven — born and raised in the Vancouver area of BC. I suppose one could say that I was raised in a conservative, religious family going to private schools for elementary and most of secondary school. Professionally I have been a draughtsman, was an Able Seaman in the Canadian Navy, Corrections Officer for BC at Oakalla. After that I worked at installing cedar siding while I recuperated from Oakalla, some time was spent on Social Assistance and now I am a Corporate Accounts Officer for the Canada Revenue Agency. Because most of my family are extremely right wing, they are only aware of my ear piercings.

*I wonder what they’d say if they found out?*

Hehe, it would just confirm their view that I am a complete failure. They’ve gotten used to the ears and don’t say anything about them, but sometimes it’s best to let sleeping dogs lie and since my folks are well into their eighties. Mom told Dad to shut-up about my ears when I got them years ago. Her Grandfather was in the Dutch Merchant Marine and wore earrings... maybe it is genetic.

My mods, at present I am down to only thirty-one piercing and four genital beads. I also have an “E” on my right shoulder, a frog and stork on my belly/chest and a bee on the head of my penis. The “E” is a Mistress mark, the frog and stork is a reminder that you should never give up as there is always a chance and the bee is one of my initials.

*Can I ask who “E” is?*

I met “E” at a BDSM munch in Vancouver several years ago, she is a switch and only topped with the consent of her Master/husband. She was the first one to send me into subspace, the tattoo helps me to remember the playtime with her.

*What do you mean by “subspace”?*

Subspace would be similar to the endorphin rush when you suspend, except you get there much slower. I find that a suspension or a carpull sends you into a state of euphoria like a rocket. Getting there via a flogging, hot wax or other BDSM methods is more like getting a train to top speed. At least that has been my experience, a piercing, implants, or a tattoo will give me a slight rush but nothing like when the world disappears during a long play scene.

*Why do you do these things?*

Why? Because I can’t afford a sports car!

That’s what I usually tell people when they ask me “the big question”. think it is a challenge and a way to explore new experiences that are not mainstream. At my age it has nothing to do with being “trendy” or anything like that.

*“I can’t afford a sports car”, ha ha, I like that... Is that in jest, or is there some kind of mid-life-crisis thing going on here too?*

It is in jest but I feel that when people get to their 40’s they start to think about what they have/have not accomplished. I spent my twenties in one uniform or another and was restricted in my activities, my thirties were spent trying to get my head back together. Turning forty was a form of rebirth for me, like the Phoenix I rose from the ashes. I wanted to try new things, things that weren’t expected from someone my age. I get a kick from the reactions that I do get from the younger people, the people my age and older just don’t want to know.



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The scrotal project started after I found out just how easy the piercing were to get and to heal. I decided to find out just how many my sac could hold and still maintain a level of comfort. I stopped at forty-eight, if I remember correctly. The nipples just kept growing and allowed for a triple piercing on each of them.

I have the first piercings of many piercers — there is a long list of them. I enjoy doing as I feel that it gives the piercer an opportunity to do piercings on someone who is experienced in receiving them and gives them a chance to relax.

*Beyond the “why”, “what” introduced you to piercing?*

I am into BDSM, I was doing some CBT with someone one several years ago and she mentioned that it would be nice to have a ring in my penis to hang things from, the seed was planted. I gave it some thought and eventually got a PA done.

*By the way, do you think there’s any crossover between pulling or*

*suspension, widely accepted by youth culture, and CBT, which is not so accepted but seems like it might draw from the same neurology?*

I hadn't thought about there being a crossover between the two. Other than the needles, the pain that I get during a carpull I do to myself and it goes away as soon as the pain is balanced between the hooks. CBT is something that someone else does to me to create pain, lately I have been involved in very little CBT, just some play piercing. There is a bigger "rush" doing the carpulls than in CBT, at least so far. Most of the youth that I know are involved with BME, I think that there is more exposure to suspensions and pulls than there is to CBT, so they would be more familiar with it. I have done some play piercing and some very light CBT with a few of the girls, they are willing to try a few needles but I think they feel that they might be hurting me. CBT is still in the realm of the unknown, all I try to do is provide a safe opportunity for those that wish to try it.

*What keeps you interested?*

I stay in it because though I have most likely finished with the piercing part of it, there are still other mods that I am interested in doing. I am still doing research on the possibility of a meatotomy and the idea of getting a transcrotal done fascinates me. The transcrotal will be done once I can afford the cash and the time for the travel.

Body modification is a very interesting world, there is always something new to explore. I also enjoy the reactions of people when they discover or see just what this "old" man has under his clothes.

*Why did you decide to go for genital beading, after mostly exploring piercing?*

The beads were something new, different and it was something that both Jody and myself were interested in trying. Jody also did most of my scrotal project as well. Looking back, I would say that the piercings were a way for me to relax. I enjoy my work but it can be stressful at times.

The beads are more of a mystery to people, and the guys seem to freak out more, specially if they haven't had any work done themselves. If only they knew how easy it all is, the girls take them more in stride.

*I love your bee glans tattoo by the way.*

The bee was done by Sarah Bolen, she was recommended to me by another BME member. I am still trying to track her down to touch up the bee and to colour the frog and stork. "Did it hurt?" — That's the BIG question with the tattoo. I did use EMLA for both the genital beads and the tattoo, since it allowed Jody to focus on what she was doing knowing that she wasn't hurting me. Sarah recommended EMLA for the tattoo, but even with the EMLA the area around my apadravya scar was extremely sensitive. I can't imagine doing the tattoo without it.

*What procedure was used for your genital beading?*

Jody used piercing and taper method. All I felt was some pressure, now the taper, just more pressure and the first pearl followed the taper and the pusher part of the taper popped out. The second pearl followed much like the first except there was more discomfort verging on the edge of pain. One more to go, this one went just like the first, it was all good. There was no bleeding at this time, the pearls were aligned, splinted and gauze was wrapped around the entire area to keep the shaft clean and protected. It was done.

24 hours later I took the bandage off, and I was black and blue — almost the entire shaft was that colour. I hadn't had a bruise that colour for a couple of years — it looked neat and lasted for three or four days. Aftercare was a breeze, just the regular cleaning twice a day till the scabs were gone and an olive oil massage in a feeble attempt to keep them lined up. They settled into a triangular pattern and I like the look.





## Fyrezice: Surprise Penectomy

*My interview with Fyrezice began innocently enough, talking about his various genital modifications and play activities, and then to my complete surprise about half way through the interview he decided to go through with chopping it all off. Even though he had told me several times he fantasized or even planned a penectomy I never took it seriously — the reason it surprised me is that he was active in playing with himself and enjoying his penis in various ways, although I've found that it's actually not that unusual for active penis-play enthusiasts to see penectomy as the eventual target of their play and modification journey, as counter-intuitive as that may seem. I apologize if this interview is a little disjointed, but the time I reached this point in the book I had suffered significant apnea-related complications and found it extremely difficult to understand.*

I was born in 1949 and grew up just outside of Winnipeg. I have an older half sister and a younger brother. I attended a one-room school for the first two years and then my parents paid to send me to a city school because they thought I would thereby get a better start on my education. I survived this experience and rejoined my local cohort in grade five. I toured Europe after graduating from high school and then entered University as I had been programmed to do by my father. I chose to major in Biology because I had liked to keep pets when I was younger. I met the mother of my children in first year and we married at the end of second year. After graduating I started a Master's program but quit after a few months because I came to realize that I did not understand the subject of my thesis and neither did my advisor. I got a term job with the government doing biological research which developed into thirteen years in that field. Meanwhile my wife and I had two sons and I built an addition to our house. The marriage ended when I was forty years old. I resigned my job and moved to BC with a girlfriend where I worked in construction. I went through a few jobs and a few relationships in BC before spending a year and a half installing kitchen cabinets in the Cayman Islands. When that contract ended I returned to Winnipeg and worked as an organic baker for a couple of years. About four years ago I took a course and got a job doing computer assisted drafting, and two years ago I was accepted as the consensual slave of HB and for the last year I have been living as part of Her family.

Currently I enjoy a number of body modifications — a stretched anus, nipples and other piercings, tattoos, branding,

cutting, and a urethral reroute.

I started the anal stretching when I was a very young boy. I remember exploring my anus with my finger and discovering that I could insert my finger. This was in the fifties and I was very shy and naive. I thought I must be the only one in the whole world who had ever done such a depraved thing.

However, I must have liked it because I eventually discovered that I could insert two fingers if I went slowly and tolerated the stretching sensation. Over the years I progressed through carrots and cucumbers and at each new threshold of stretching there would be a point at which I would ask myself if I really wanted to do this. There would be the guilt to consider, the fear that I might do some damage, and anticipation of the intensity of sensation as my anus was stretched beyond its previous limit. Almost always I decided that yes, I don't have to do this, I could stop now, but I want to do this.

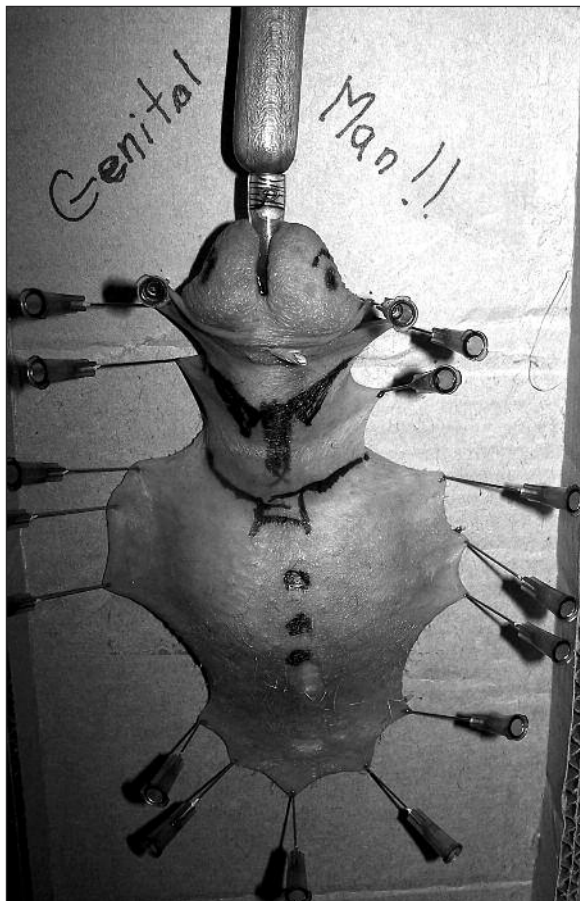
As a teenager I came across a sex manual and discovered that I was not the only person who played with their anus. This knowledge eased my feelings of guilt and isolation and reduced my fear of doing damage, but I did not really learn much else. Somehow I remained so sexually naive that I did not learn how to masturbate until I was eighteen years old. I was in the bath playing with the hose from a hand held shower, directing the flow into my rectum, not really paying any attention to my penis, when my first orgasm happened. Thus, it was through my ass that I discovered my penis.

At present my favorite anal toy is a Man in a Barrel which is a little over three inches in diameter and five and a half inches of inserted

length. I have been using it at least once almost every day for a while now. It still gives my anus a nice stretch each time and I am gradually getting more and more used to the stretching pressure that the tip puts on my inner sphincter. In the future I will probably make or buy something specifically to work on stretching this inner sphincter. A few years ago I had a relationship with a gay guy and I really loved the anal intercourse part.

*Do you consider yourself bisexual? Or is it more that you're an open-minded straight guy that happens to enjoy anal?*

I have never felt physically attracted to a male the way I have to women, so although I also like to perform fellatio on men, I consider myself to be straight.



Having fun, early in his journey (and relatively mod-free)

Lastly on this subject, my Owner, HB, likes to fist me every once in a while and She tells me that she has double fisted me a few times.

*Double fisting — and even regular fisting — is quite a bit larger than the Man in a Barrel — do you have to do any preparation for something like that?*

I try to loosen up with the Man in a Barrel and get cleared and clean whenever I suspect that HB might get into the mood. Sometimes, however, She catches me by surprise. Usually She will tell me to go get clean and I will take that opportunity to loosen up. One time, however, She just put on a glove and went for it. I often feel like I am getting raped. She likes to go pretty fast, the sensations are very intense, and I have no choice in how fast She goes and how long it lasts. Afterward I feel vulnerable and affectionate. There are no physical aftereffects except that it takes a little while for my sphincter to contract to its normal condition.

### *How did the piercing get started?*

My horizontal nipple piercings are my oldest piercings. There is less early history associated with them but I do recall periodically playing with clothes pegs on my nipples when I was a boy, adding elastics to increase the pressure as time went on, and experimenting with electrical and paper clamps. The first few times I pierced my nipples I used safety pins and I only left them in a short time. I think I was probably in my thirties when I found some stainless steel pins that I could leave in place. I did not consciously set out to do any stretching but over the years I have gradually increased the piercings to 8 guage. It has been about five years since I have had a regular sexual partner and over that time I developed the habit of masturbating with intense nipple stimulation, either by lacing my nipple rings to the ceiling or by using nipple clamps of one kind or another. My next oldest piercing is the ampallang.

### *Were you aware of piercing culture at the time?*

I think I did this before I had a BME membership, but I had seen the free samples and knew that it had been done before. Again I used a stainless steel needle and actually did it twice because after a while I decided the first attempt was not straight enough. This piercing is about 10 gauge now, I think. I do not regularly wear jewelry in this piercing these days because I am focused on other mods in that area. My last existing piercings are 10 gauge vertical nipple bars which I inserted using a syringe needle within the last two years. I had a short lived anal piercing which I lost while trying to insert a more comfortable ring a few months ago and I have had pubic and scrotal piercings which are now retired. I did a vertical piercing at the base of my penis. That was intended to be an anchor for a chastity tube, but I found the piercing uncomfortable during erections and gave up on it after a few weeks. I have done play piercings of my penis and buttocks and a couple of testicle skewerings on my own.

### *What was the context for the testicle skewering?*

I had seen testicle play piercing and skewering on BME so I knew it was possible and had incorporated these things in my masochistic fantasies. I would get the idea to do it and then the idea would take over, like a compulsion. Sometimes I would think I was in the mood, would start play piercing or skewering my balls, and then would decide that I did not really want to to it.



One of Fyrezice's many unsuccessful reroute adventures



Other times I would tolerate the pain and keep going. Often one of the driving factors would be to take pictures.

*Is it possible to characterize the sensation differences between play piercing in the testicles, penis, ass, chest/nipples, etc.?*

When piercing the ass, testicles, and penis shaft there is pain when the needle enters through the skin. There is also pain when the needle enters through the covering of the testicle. Then there is no pain as the needle travels under the skin or through the testicle. Then again there is pain when the needle exits through the testicle covering or skin. When piercing the glans or nipple there is pain all the way through.

*I've always loved the base apadravya piercing, but it's hard to heal it... Were there any issues with it other than erection pain? How did the healing seem to be going?*



I might have put up with the pain if it looked like the piercing would serve as an anchor for a truly effective chastity tube that I could wear for long periods. While I had the piercing I experimented with various

configurations. The tube had to be comfortable and inconspicuous under clothing and yet be able to accommodate erection pressures without causing too much discomfort. I did not want a torture device. I just wanted to see what it would be like to not have access to my penis. When I realized that I would not be able to design a tube to meet my needs I lost interest in the piercing.

*Was it hard to do? I remember Jon Cobb's story about doing his — and he had to hammer the needle through with a Maglight!*

I used an 18 gauge needle with the plastic removed to lead a skewer. The hardest part was ensuring that the piercing remained centered while enduring the pain. I did not use an anesthetic. As it turned out I discovered about a week after I first did the piercing that it went through on one side of my urethra so I had to pull it back and re-insert. The barbell shaft was about 1 3/4" long, originally with a 16g bar and then stretched up to 10ga, and the ball on the top is a plastic bead from a craft shop.

I did all of these piercings myself but I have also been pierced three times by hands other than my own. I had earlobe piercings done in a studio when I first started to cross dress in any public way. These have closed up in the last year or so from lack of use. The last two times I have been pierced by it has been by HB, who has been my Master for about the last two years. The first time She pushed a needle into me it was through both my testicles. This was Her first experience as a piercer and She thoroughly enjoyed

it, judging by the fact that She proceeded to hang weights on the skewer and to decorate my skewered balls with a felt pen. In fact She liked it so much that a while later She decided to insert a row of four rings on each side of my spine. I had prepared ten titanium rings, but W/we lost one during the procedure and She decided that



four on each side would be just fine. These remained in place for a few weeks during which W/we learned that such piercings are surface piercings which are difficult to do successfully.

*Were the brands you did pain play or visual art?*

My first brands were multiple cigarette burns on my buttocks, plus one on my inner thigh, which I did in the seventies after drinking a few beer and dropping some acid.

*Branding on LSD? Oh man, I've done more than my fair share of acid, and I would be worried that could spiral things off into a bad trip very easily!*

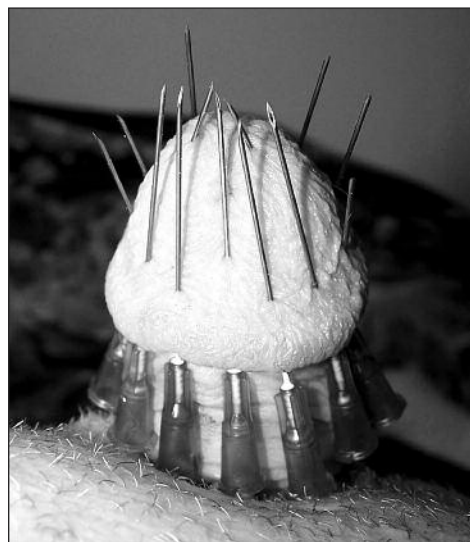
While I was doing the cigarette burns I remember thinking I really do want to do this. Being stoned gave me the excuse to do what I really wanted to do. The act was one that I had fantasized about many times. I was living out one of my fantasies. The trip did not seem bad at the time, but I suffered from a very long depression afterward, although it's probably I was depressed to begin with. The months of having to sit on

the burns as they healed, washing my underwear each night in secret, and the guilt, plunged me even deeper into depression. The buttock burns have all faded but the thigh brand is still very clear.

I also have a "BB" brand on my pubic area which is a souvenir of my first foray into BDSM that was not solely imaginary and solitary. I responded by letter to Barry's ad in a

Vancouver newspaper

and met him once. He tied me up a bit and his was the first cock I ever sucked. I guess I must have asked him what brand he would like me to have. He suggested the "BB" standing for Barry's Boy. I did the brand using a dental tooth scraper heated in a propane torch. I never did see Barry more than the once. Later I used the same method to brand lines



around the base of my penis, which I thought of as marking where I would like my penis cut off if I ever decided to do that, and again the same method to brand a line following the corona of my glans which I did just for fun.

*Is a penectomy something you just fantasize about or is it something you think actually go through with?*

I think about removing my penis often, and it seems that if I think about something enough, I end up doing it. The fact that I have put a great deal of thought and effort into preparing also makes it more likely that I will actually do it. I tried long and hard to design the perfect chastity device partly as a test of my desire to do a penectomy. I wanted to see how I would deal without access to my penis in a reversible way before going ahead. I also spent considerable effort trying to do a reroute. The main reason for trying to do a urethral reroute was so that I would be free to do a penectomy without risking blockage of my urethra. Finally, I have recently done a subincision and scrotal split for the same reason. I had never really considered doing these mods until after I realized that I would not be able to do the reroute. I have not made a commitment to do a penectomy, but I would like to be ready to do it before I reach the age of sixty. That way, if I do go ahead I will likely have a few healthy years to enjoy not having a penis.

*One the scrotal split, I notice that the two halves have quite a bit of "point" to them...? It also looks like you'd done some pre-splitting stretching?*

I think the scrotum "points" are caused by the swelling under the stitch lines and the scar tissue. The right side still has a haematoma about the size of my testicle in the pictures you're referring to, which reabsorbed over time. And yes, I had stretched my scrotum a bit over the years.

Back to the branding, I used a brand design and method of branding that I devised myself for a brand on my left buttock. The brand design is a combination of the biological symbols for male and female sharing the same circle. On the third radial axis of the circle there is an "s" which stands for "slave". I meant the symbol to represent both my own masculine and feminine qualities and my desire to serve both

masculine and feminine dominants. To make the brand I formed a strip of stainless steel into the desired shape and then devised a way to attach it to a light bulb in such a way that the heat of the bulb would be transferred fairly evenly to all parts of the brand. I then strapped the contraption in place, turned the light bulb on for as long as I could tolerate, and then turned it off. I repeated the process a few times and the result was a very satisfactory brand with only as much stress as I was willing to inflict on myself at any one time. The brand is now about five years old and is still visible at times, but needs refreshing.

I have two other brands worth mentioning. Both are strike brands in the form of an "HB" done in script form and the brands were done by HB. The first was done on O/our first annual camping trip last summer using a stainless steel brand that I formed from a trace of Her initials. It is on my left buttock very close to my male/female/slave brand. It has faded a great deal in the last year and something had to be done. I knew that trying to strike another brand in the same place would not yield a satisfactory result and HB agreed to choose a new location. I was prepared to be branded at the end of our second annual camping trip a few weeks ago, but HB chose to wait until we got home. I was securely tied to the kitchen table with a gag in my mouth before it dawned on me what was about to happen. This time there is no doubt that the brand will be permanent and prominent.

*Urethral reroutes are notoriously difficult — were you successful with that?*

I have made three serious attempts to do a urethral reroute. The first attempt was five years ago. I used a knitting needle about 1/4" diameter which is more like a knitting "rod". I inserted the rod through my regular urethral opening and pushed it down my penis shaft until the point was at the location for the new opening, about 3/4" behind my scrotum. I pulled the needle back toward my belly at the top end so that the point created a bulge that I could see in a mirror. I used a razor blade to slice through the skin down to the tip of the rod. I kept slicing and pushing on the rod until it popped through. There was some pain but not a great deal. I



Anal vacuum pumping, during and after



pulled the rod all the way through until the button at the top of the rod was sitting against the new hole on the inside of my urethra and then cut the rod off so there was about an inch sticking out. That is the short of it. The long of it is that I was working by looking in a mirror so everything was backwards and I had made a couple of slices in the wrong places. These I stitched up with a needle and thread. I think I used peroxide as a disinfectant and that was that.

The next day I had an appointment with a counselor who I was seeing for depression and I ended up telling him what I had done. At that time I was thinking of doing a penectomy at some point and the reroute was in preparation for that. The counselor convinced me that I might not want to cut my penis off and made me promise to go to the hospital and get my self-surgery fixed up. I did go to the hospital and my handiwork was looked at by a couple of surprised but seemingly competent doctors who decided they did not have the expertise to remove the plug from my urethra.

*I assume you just couldn't pull it out because of the head of the needle being too large for the hole?*

Yes, the head would not go out through the new hole and the tissues had swollen so much that I could not push it back through the way it went in. All they had to do was slice a bit more and pull the rod button through, but they did not want to do that. They were worried about doing more damage and referred me to a urologist. That meant a trip to a different hospital in a medi-van. The urologist decided that he would remove the plug by pulling it back out through my urethra, the way it had gone in, and this meant an operating room and general anesthesia. It also meant a few days in the hospital with a catheter in place and then another week walking around with the catheter until the wound had healed.

I was a bit disappointed that the reroute was a failure but I was also dealing with depression. I accepted the facts as they were and got on with my life as best I could with the thought that I could always try again some time and would use my experience to avoid the same mistakes. If I was really serious about doing the reroute I should not have told the counselor and then let him persuade me to get the plug taken out. Getting the plug taken out when I did required the surgery procedure because the tissues had swollen. If I had left the plug in place and let the reroute heal completely I think I could have simply connected the stub of the plug to another rod and pushed it back out through my urethra.

A couple of years later I tried the reroute again. This time I was a little smarter and instead of using a plug that I would not be able to get out I sharpened the end of a stainless steel

tube to act like a leather punch. I put some wax on the sharp end of the punch to keep it from cutting before it got to the right place and then inserted the punch into my urethra down to the point where I wanted to make the hole. I sat on a block of wood and tried to force the punch through my urethra and the skin of my peroneum but I could not tolerate the pain and gave up.

After some time had passed and my urethra had healed completely from the leather punch experiment I did the



Anal stretching in action, after, and an anal cast.

reroute which I mentioned on IAM. I also posted some picture on BME. I used the method I had used with the knitting rod but replaced the rod with a 1/4" diameter stainless steel tube with a rounded wood plug in one end. The wood plug end of the tube went into my urethra and again I held it at an angle that created a visible bulge where I wanted to make the opening. I then sliced down to the plug and pushed the rod through. The other end of the tube had length of 1/4" plastic tubing forced into it and I simply pulled the tubing through, removed the stainless tube, and connected the two ends of the plastic tubing to make a ring. I wore this for about a week but found nocturnal erections to be very uncomfortable and one night I just pulled the tube

out because of the discomfort and frustration. I had hoped that the reroute would be healed enough to stay open, but that was not the case. I was able to use my new hole the first time I urinated, but I had to clamp down on my penis to force the urine through the new opening and by the next time I urinated the new hole was sealed tight.

Finally, a bit under two years ago I repeated the procedure on last time, but this time I left a longer section of tubing to make a larger ring, thinking this would reduce the nocturnal erection discomfort. The larger ring, however, became a problem when I got dressed to go out. I had to wear underwear to keep the blood from soaking through my pants and the large ring simply would not fit inside my underwear and pants without putting severe stress on the reroute. This caused bleeding and I could not sit down without causing even more stress on the reroute. I knew this was not a sustainable situation so I disconnected the two ends of the ring. I laced the back end of the tubing to a cord around my waist so that the tubing emerged from the reroute and laid flat along my peroneum and up past my anus. I have an ampallang piercing so I made a hole in the front end of the tubing about 3/4" from the end and anchored the tubing there with an ampallang bar. This made a nice neat package and I got dressed and went to my Christmas Eve party with some padding in my underwear to absorb blood.

When I got home from the party I found that my penis had become infibulated. I guess the lace at the back was pulling on the tubing and that was pulling the ampallang back toward the base of my penis. When my glans became flaccid while I was partying the shaft skin folded out over my glans as if I had a foreskin. I have played with infibulation many times in the past and have used needle and thread and temporary piercings to keep the infibulation in place for short periods. I like the infibulated condition. My penis appears to be only about an inch and a half long and has a penectomized look. I used a stainless steel skewer, gauge about 18 to pierce the two sides of my new foreskin and to

make a ring to keep the infibulation in place even when pressure is released on the reroute tube.

Four days later I decided to remove the infibulation ring. I came to understand that this method of doing a urethral reroute has seldom if ever resulted in a stable opening, and because of the level of discomfort (although it was less than the time before). Because of the infibulation the ampallang bar was inside the fold of my new foreskin and it protruded enough on each side to press my new foreskin against my underwear. I split the infibulation ring in two without removing it and tried to reform two smaller rings so that I could get at the ampallang and shorten it without losing the infibulation piercing. I could not, however, find my good needle nose pliers and was unable to make satisfactory small rings so I had to remove them. It was probably fortunate that this happened.

*I did like the big titanium ring that you used. Was that jewelry of your own creation?*

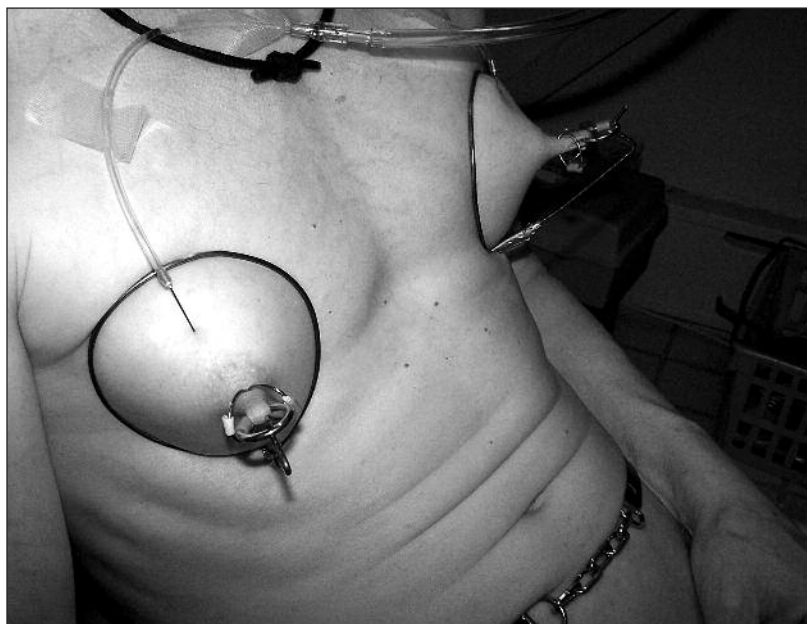
After getting a quote of \$800 to have a ring made professionally, I bought titanium bar for \$20 and shaped it using a propane torch.

*Any advice to people seeing to try a DIY reroute — it sounds like the answer may be "don't bother"?*

Exactly. There are no follow-up success stories of permanent self done reroutes at BME Experiences. I contacted some of the authors who described doing a reroute to see how things turned out and found not one who still had the reroute. I also started a thread at the Eunuch Archive which generated a great deal of interest but again nobody posted a success story. I was contacted directly by one person who reported a successful reroute, which I quoted in the thread, but he indicated that his reroute was very difficult to maintain.

*How did you get started with genital cutting?*

I did my first cutting just for fun. It was a partial glans split and I cut back to the shaft on the bottom and about half way back on the top using a tooth scraper chisel heated in a



Breast saline, during inflation and after.



propane torch.

The main reason I had been attempting to do a urethral reroute was to make it so my penis was not necessary for elimination of fluids. I wanted to be free to do a penectomy, if I chose to do so, without having urinary complications. I had learned that I could not do a successful reroute on my own so I decided to do a subincision to accomplish the same objective. I did the subincision in three steps and took it as far as the loose skin on my scrotum. I clamped with needle holder forceps and cut with scissors.

I wanted to extend the subincision beyond my testicles, hopefully to the location of my reroute attempts. This requires splitting and stitching of the scrotum which is beyond my experience so I got some help from a professional. He extended the sub almost up to the scrotal split at the same time. I now need to let the scrotal split heal before taking the sub further.

#### *What procedure was done for the scrotal split?*

The scrotal split was done by clamping a forcep on each side of the scrotum centerline, cutting between the forceps and then stitching the back of the scrotum to the front. This was repeated three or four times. The subincision was then extended almost up to the scrotum split. The cutting for the sub was done with a Hyfrecator and then the cut edge of the surface skin was stitched to the cut edge of the urethra. As I mention above I want to take the scrotal split higher and extend the sub farther back.

#### *Are you happy with all your modifications?*

I am not thrilled with the "BB" brand on my pubic area. I would be happier even if it was "Bb" because then it would have a little more meaning. The only other mod that I am not completely happy with is the first part of the subincision. I did it fast and without stitches and the scar tissue constricts my erection so that my penis curves down. However, I may solve that problem by cutting the whole thing off so I am not that concerned.

#### *Are there any positive effects to the subincision as well?*

Not really. It is a bit novel to feel my exposed urethra and I once brought myself to orgasm by rubbing only there, but I

did the subincision to change the location of my urethral opening rather than because I was interested in the mod for its own sake.

#### *Do you enjoy CBT as well?*

I first got into CBT after hearing from a junior high school classmate about college freshmen having strings tied to the penises. Over the years I have tied up my testicles in every way I can imagine. Every once in a while I elastrate my

testicles and occasionally my penis. A few times I have done play piercings of my penis and testicles. I skewered my balls twice and HB skewered them once. I also like to hang weights from my balls on occasion. Then of course there is the cutting which is also a kind of CBT play.

I have been thinking lately about why I do these things and I think there are two main factors. One is my fantasy life and the other is the fact that I was so sexually naive for so long.

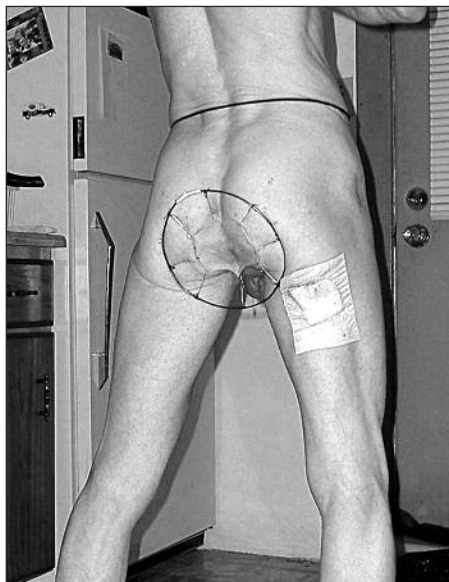
My fantasy life started when I was very young. I was a very shy and sensitive child and there was almost constant emotional tension in my family. I started escaping into a world of masochistic fantasy when I was just a little boy, before I reached puberty if I recall correctly. The first fantasy involved a spanking machine to which I was tied for punishment and I developed this theme night after night. Later the fantasies began to incorporate sexual elements. The first one of those had me riding a horse naked and there was a girl in the story.

I have noticed that I used the fantasies to deal with things that frightened me. The spanking machine is the first example. My first exposure to deliberate cruelty initiated a new fantasy theme. I saw a TV program in which the bad guys tied a good guy to a bucking horse. The good guy had some kind of condition such that the bucking would, and did kill. This upset me a great deal to begin with and then I began to fantasize about it. From a young age I was programmed by my father that I would be going to university when I grew up. When I saw a TV program about hazing I was initially terrified that that would happen to me. Then began to develop initiation fantasies. I was so shy that I would burst into tears if I had to speak in front of the class at school and I developed a whole series of humiliation fantasies. I have spent a great part of my life in this fantasy world and what I do physically is an attempt to live out parts of these fantasies.

I was so naive about my genitals that I did not have my first conscious ejaculation until I was eighteen years old and it happened spontaneously while I was playing around with my anus. I was not even touching my penis. I started tying my



Above: chastity, below: Anal dreamcatcher



penis up long before I realized that it could be used for pleasure in other ways and it just became a habit.

*So I guess to some extent it was a defense mechanism; turning something frightening into something you could enjoy?*

Yes. I turned my fears into stories and thereby gained some sort of control, I think.

*Who knows about the things you do?*

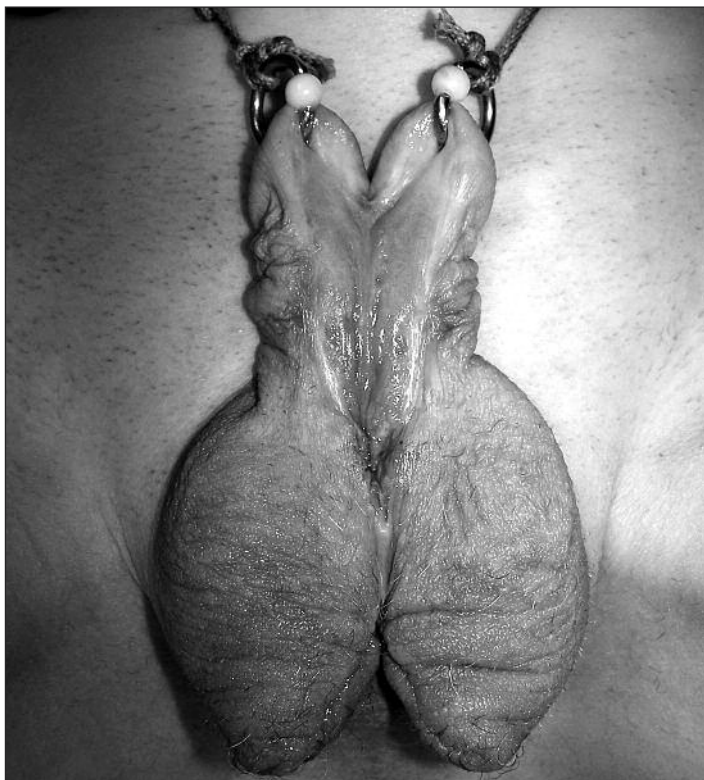
The mother of my children accidentally discovered one of my anal toys one time and she was aghast. I thought it would end our relationship immediately, but we struggled on for a few more miserable years. My sons have a general understanding that I do kinky things, but don't want to know any of the details. I have told them things mostly when I

have been feeling guilty and depressed so it is not a happy subject. One of my son's knows that I am living with a Domme and he seems to be fine with that because I am happy now.

My older sister knows of my masochistic tendencies and was very supportive, again when I was very depressed. HB, of course knows everything and it feels very good to be totally accepted as I am by at least one person. Her husband also has a general understanding, is not interested in details, yet he makes me feel part of the family.

*How did you meet HB and develop that relationship?*

I met HB through a large online BDSM community. W/we met after exchanging a few emails got to know and trust each



The degree of Fyreze's splitting pre-penectomy.





other quite rapidly. W/we sorted through some misunderstandings and adjusted some expectations along the way but W/we always ended up laughing a great deal. The first winter after W/we first met I descended into a depression and decided I needed to give up my kinky ways. HB insisted on continuing to visit me and make me laugh. In the spring She invited me to spend some time at Her place and I started getting some fresh air and exercise doing yard work. I gradually emerged from my depression and regained my interest in BDSM. By the time fall had come I had met Her husband and they had invited me to come and live with them.

*HB is separated, or has an open relationship? (Feel free to skip this if you don't want to get into her life).*

HB is married. Her husband has no interest in BDSM but he wants Her to be happy. The relationship between HB and myself is not sexual, at least W/we do not think of it as such. W/we do hug and She fists me when She feels like it but that is as far as it goes. I am left to my own devices as far as my own sexual release is concerned and that is entirely a solo affair.

*I know you also do pumping and saline play. Many people are familiar with penis pumping, but what sensation and functional differences does anal pumping make?*

The rectum remains protruding for three or four hours and during that time I am very aware of it. The tissue is very sensitive and not normally exposed to the air. Also the anal sphincter is kept open by the swollen rectal tissue so I am very aware of that too. I ensure my rectum is clear before pumping so there is no need to use these parts for their strictly utilitarian function. The anal sphincter remains a bit more relaxed than usual for a day or so but then returns to normal.

*How quickly can you inflate your chest with saline? Is active pressure required? Does it take longer to dissipate than other inflations? What sensation difference does it make?*

The breast inflations took less than an hour I think. We simply raised the saline reservoir to increase the pressure.

*I'd assumed it would have taken more than just raising the reservoir to force the saline into the tissue for breasts.*

I think we simply raised the reservoir to about two feet above the needles once they were inserted and flowing properly.

As I recall both breast and scrotal inflations were interestingly large for a few hours and then took a few days to entirely dissipate. The breast inflation causes a bit of stretch at first but my inflated breasts were not large enough to flop around so it was mostly a visual pleasure. Tissues remained tender until the saline had completely dissipated. The inflated scrotum was large enough to flop around and that was interesting but I experienced so much discomfort over the next few days that I have not been interested in repeating the experience.

*What sort of discomfort?*

Tenderness and aching. Perhaps I did not have the saline concentration exactly right. I have not seen reports of others

with this experience (although, come to think of it, I have not previously reported it myself).

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*At the point above, which was mid-September 2008, we took a break so I could edit what I had, work on some of the other interview. Six or seven weeks later, on November 2nd, I got an email briefly asking me how the book was going, and then the short, surprising sentence, "I did my penectomy a few days ago." For whatever reason, we didn't actual interview officially about it in detail until a few years, as he put his efforts into running a body modification of his own, documenting the penectomy and sharing it with an increasingly and remarkably supportive large audience. Parts of what he wrote on that blog are included below as he pasted it into our conversation when relevant.*

Until the last half year I ejaculated almost exactly as frequently as I did as I had been doing before the penectomy — I began to be obsessive about keeping records a few weeks before the event and have continued to the present day. Lately the frequency has become much reduced from the five day period that was the previous average. At present I have gone for over a month without ejaculating and have no desire to do so. I had been curious to see if having no exposed penis would lead to reduced desire to ejaculate and find it interesting that it took several years for this to come into effect. I now get my sexual kicks mostly from anal stimulation and stretching. Sometimes in the past I would ejaculate from anal stimulation alone but lately I have avoided bringing myself to that point. I have also not been doing much urethral stretching for the last while. Often this would initiate a spontaneous ejaculation and I seem to have lost interest in this happening.

*What made you decide it was time to do it?*

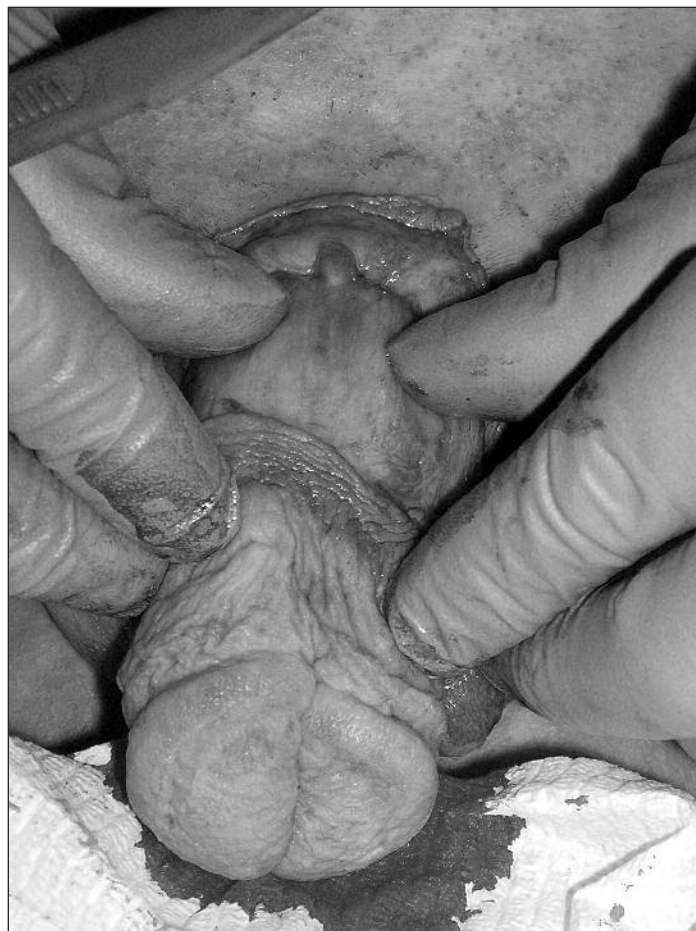
I had been thinking about it for a long time and decided that if I was going to do it it had to be before my 60th birthday so that I could reasonably expect to live with the consequences while still healthy for a few years. A complicating factor was that I was (and still am) a consensual slave and I had to wait for my My Owner to give me permission to go ahead. She did so in the latter part of October of that year and Halloween night was chosen as a convenient and fitting time to do it. I felt somewhat sobered by the thought that the momentum was building toward the final end.

The deed didn't go exactly according to plan, but few days later it was done. We stayed cool and kept from panic, thanks to some wise words from friends.

I loaded up with topical and injected anesthetic, then started by cutting off the end of a balloon and rolled it up to serve as a tourniquet, getting it positioned as far up the shaft as possible with the help of a plastic cylinder. The first cut was made through the subincised urethral tissue about 1/4" in front of the urethral opening. I then used scissors to cut the skin around the rest of the shaft, leaving enough skin still attached to cover the open wound. Before I started I thought I might get emotional, but I found myself just trying to get the job done as best I could. At the same time I was fully conscious that this was my own penis I was cutting up and







Fyrezice's complete penectomy procedure. Opposite top shows the penis banded to stop bleeding, and bottom shows the initial cuts being made. This page top shows the top layer of skin being removed, leaving a small amount to cover the wound. Left shows the penis actually being cut off, and below the job is complete. "Complete" may be a bit of an overstatement though, since the next morning Fyrezice went to the hospital where the wound closure was professionally completed due to the band slipping.







Penectomy, as closed by the hospital's urologist Opposite page shows fully healed (note "BB" brand in opposite top photo).

that this was a rather unusual thing to be doing.

Next I used a scalpel to loosen the shaft skin back to the elastic so that I could cut the interior tissues as close to the elastic as possible, and the final step was to cut through the shaft from bottom to top. We sat there, admiring a job well done, and it just as it was dawning on me, that I'd finally done it, that I had just cut my penis off, the elastic started to slip forward. As the elastic continued to slip forward it soon became evident that it was no longer serving the function of controlling blood loss so I pulled it all the way off and applied a pressure dressing to stop the blood flow. I applied extra padding and slipped into a tight leotard to keep the pressure on the wound while we discussed what to do next.

Our first plan was to let the clots form overnight, get some sleep, and then suture the next morning. The night passed without incident except for an episode of blood loss when I tried to roll over and sleep on my side. When morning came we were able to take the dressing off without causing more bleeding. However, I realized that I could not clean the wound without causing the bleeding to start again and I was reluctant to stitch over the existing clots. We therefore decided to go to the hospital and let professionals deal with it properly, which, in the end, they did.

*What were was it like looking at it when you finally achieved it?*

When I was cutting I was pretty focused on doing a good job. It took a few minutes after it was off for me to realize what I had just done. I was not in shock nor relieved, more like amazed that I had actually done it. This sense of amazement hit me anew several times in the first few hours. Even now, three days later it still hits me every once in a while.

*What was it like at the hospital?*

I ended up talking to the emergency department triage nurse at about 7:00 AM Saturday morning. There were a few other people close enough that I thought they might be able to hear our conversation so when he asked me what I was there for I said I had a genital injury. He asked me to be more specific. I said it was a long story. He asked me for the short version.

So I said, "I cut my penis off."

Answering further questions, I told him that I had disposed of the penis and I had done it because I wanted to do it. That was the only lie I told — that I had flushed it down the toilets when in fact it was sitting at home in the fridge. After all this I did not want any heroic efforts made to reattach it. I was then given priority level two and taken immediately to a room where I had to undress, get into a bed, and repeat the same things to a nurse and then to an intern. The intern was very nice. He came back in a few minutes later and said that this is the most unusual thing he had ever seen in his whole career. He had to ask me a few more questions, probably to get an initial assessment of my sanity, but he also seemed genuinely interested.

We had brought a picture of my subincision with us to help explain that there would not be a problem with urinary blockage. The the picture was very grainy but the intern and



nurse seemed to understand and the picture was attached to my chart. A nurse hooked me up to an IV and started an antibiotic drip. After a couple hours of waiting the intern told us that they were calling in a urologist. He explained that the urologist might want to put me under general anesthetic so I could not have anything to eat or drink. They gave me a chest x-ray for the same reason. Then there was more waiting. I should add that with the exception of one judgemental nurse everyone acted very professionally regardless of what they really thought — although they probably chatted about at coffee later!

Some time around noon the urologist arrived. The nurse's station was just outside my room and my friend said she overheard the urologist ask "Now where is my interesting man?" He turned out to be a gruff old coot but he had a good sense of humor. He asked me if I had been able to "piss" and if I wanted "the change", meaning sex re-assignment surgery. He talked about the urethra retracting and causing urinary blockage so we dug another copy of the picture out (the first seemed to be missing from my chart) and I tried to explain that this would not be a problem because of my subincision. After he had drawn a diagram and I drawn another he finally understood the situation and he left.

It all happened very quickly, the surgery being scheduled for about an hour later. They did put me under, and I woke up in my hospital bed later that afternoon. At 5PM I was lucid again and a psychiatrist appeared, I guess to assess whether or not I would be likely to harm myself or others when I was released from the hospital. He asked many questions and I ended up telling him that I had been planning and preparing for a long time, and I did not want to be a woman. I did it because I wanted to, not because I heard voices in my head or saw things that were not there. I did not intend to cut off any more bits in the near future, nor was I concerned about meeting the woman of my dreams and regretting the fact that I no longer had a penis. I admitted that I had suffered depression in the distant past, and that this was no longer an issue, and that I didn't want or need follow-up counselling.

#### *How was the healing?*

One of the side effects that I forgot to anticipate was the discomfort caused by spontaneous erections. They occurred occasionally throughout the day and urinating helped them subside fairly quickly. Nocturnal erections seemed to be more frequent and persistent — I suspect that the wound was causing sensations that stimulated the erectile response. When I woke up from the pain I sought relief in the bathroom, but this problem only lasted about a week. It did not seem to matter that there was hardly any urine to pass. Even releasing a little dribble was effective enough to allow me to get back to sleep. A few times I stayed in bed and was able to relax just enough to ease the erection a little bit without wetting the bed. However, it was much more effective to get up and relax completely on the toilet. I'm glad that I did the subincision first, because if I hadn't done that, there would have been a very great risk of the urethra pulling into the body, blocking the urethra and making it impossible to pee, forcing me to wear a catheter for a long time, which comes with dangers of its own. About four weeks later the sutures were removed, which was a little tender but only took one or two minutes.

#### *What was it like going out in public for the first time as a penectomized man?*

The first time I went out in public without a penis was when I drove to the convenience store to buy cigarettes. There were a few male



customers in the store and the clerk was a male. I had images of these dangly things around me that were still attached to their owners while mine was still safely at home in the fridge. Later in the day, when I saw some women on the street I thought of two things. One was that my anatomy is slightly more like theirs now. The other thought was that they are all safe from getting fucked by me.

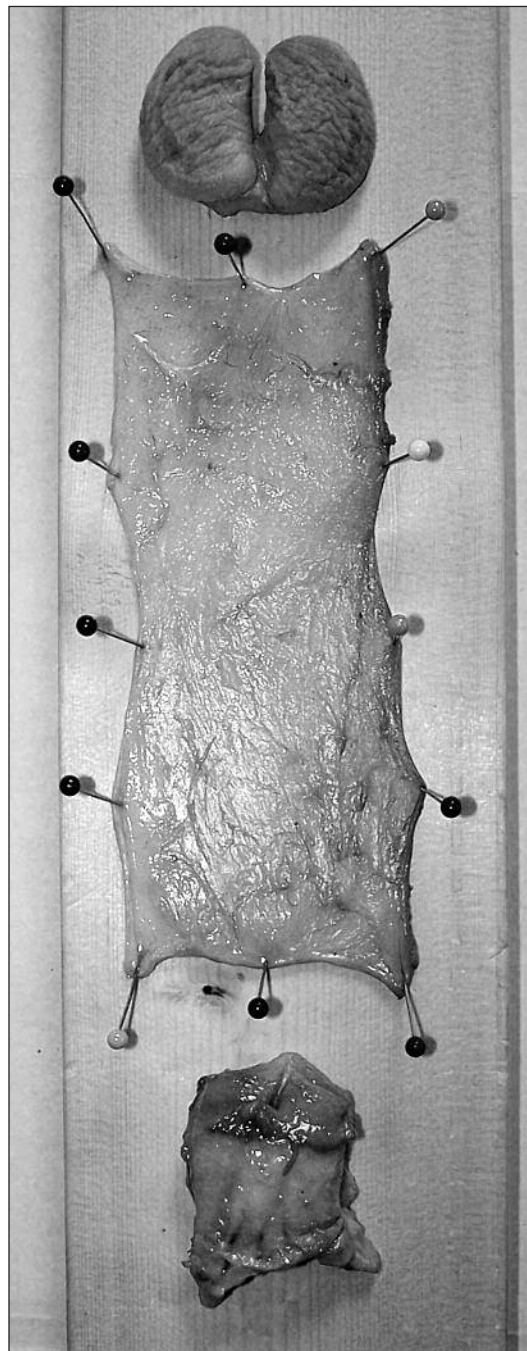
*How sensitive is the remaining nub?*

Not very. It is just a small piece of bunched up surface skin that used to be at the top of my shaft. Stimulating it would be like stimulating only the top 1/4" of your penis shaft skin, without moving your fingers around to the side, and without putting any pressure at all on the underlying tissues. I had no expectation that the little knob at the top will ever be anything other than decoration. It is too bad it is not perfectly bilaterally symmetrical, but then genitals never are, nor are any other body parts. I have received feedback that it looks "cute", and I think I will keep it.

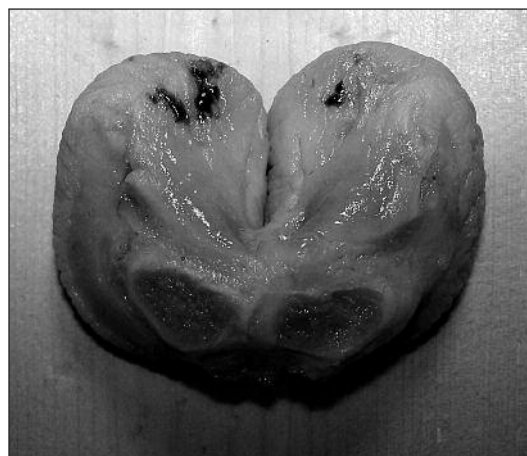
*Do you have a "phantom penis", similar to how some amputees describe "phantom limbs" that they can still experience and imagine and even feel inside their heads?*

I do not feel the part of the penis that is not still there, although at first it felt like I have a cock ring slightly compressing the base of my peni, with no indication that the penis was missing. However, as soon as the sutures were removed, that sensation disappeared, so I assume the sutures must have been putting pressure on the skin. Since the sutured skin originally came from the base of my penis, it makes sense that it would feel like a ring.

*In hindsight, do you think you*



Amputated penis remnants and, opposite, the tree that grew from some of them.



*could have finished the procedure yourself with the selection of a better banding elastic?*

No. I asked the urologist how he had controlled blood loss and he said that he had first sutured the cavernosa and the dartos muscle tissues closed using dissolvable sutures, catching the major blood vessels in the sutures as well. This is not something I would have been able to do myself so I am again, thankful that things worked out the way they did.

*What did you do with the cut-off bits?*

My little penis spent its first few days of independence in the fridge. When I had recovered sufficiently I cut the glans off and removed the skin from the rest of the shaft. I cleaned the skin and stretched it out on a board to dry. I put the glans in a bowl of silica gel in the freezer, left the skin to dry at room temperature, and planted a sapling over the inside part in the yard. The shaft skin dried out in a few days and became a stiff piece of rawhide which I have been using as a bookmark. After about a month I checked the glans. It looked much the same as it did when it was fresh. I decided to leave it in the silica gel at room temperature to see what would happen.

The internal pieces were buried. A friend and I went the nearest nursery to pick out a tree to plant over them. When we were asked what kind of tree we wanted we said we did not know what species, but we wanted a "manly" tree. We had not discussed this beforehand but one of the other friends we live with often uses the word "manly" with a special intonation and the word has become part of our family jargon. The man who was helping us immediately lead us to a Northern Gem Ash and the deal was done. We planted the tree over the package containing the interior parts of my penis. The package looked very small indeed, sitting alone in the bottom of the hole. My new tree is growing from what's left of my penis on a beautiful river acreage.

*Are you castrated as well?*

No.

*Does castration interest you as well? Why or why not?*

Castration does not interest me much. I



have fantasies about it some times but I have no real desire to actually do it. One of the reasons is that I do not want to have to deal with the hormonal issues. After a lifetime of depression I have been relatively happy for the past few years and I do not want to take the risk that castration is said to present. My lack of depression has more to do with my career and my personal relationships than it has to do with my penectomy, in case you were going to ask.

*You also superceded your old "BB" brand with an "HB" brand?*

I made a stainless steel cookie cutter type brand in the shape of HB's initials. Two summers ago She used in on my left buttock. It looked good for a while but it did fade. This past summer She tied me to the kitchen table, put a gag in my mouth, and used the brand again on my right buttock. This time She held the brand in contact with the skin for a good long time. Initially the "HB" design was clear, but as it healed the interior detail was lost. It is about five months now and my guess is that the brand will be permanent for life.

*Why are you holding back on orgasms now?*

I am not consciously and deliberately holding back as if I am countering some desire. Perhaps it is just that the desire for orgasm is not as strong as the knowledge that for me there has always been a let down after orgasm. This is fine if you get to enjoy breakfast the next morning with the partner you love and spend the next few days enjoying life and letting the sexual tension build again.

As it is now I am alone sexually. My Owner pays very little attention to me sexually and leaves me to do what I want in that regard. I am allowed to have sexual relationships, but I have pretty well lost interest having an intimate relationships with women. Perhaps as a result of my obvious handicap in that regard I am happy just to enjoy the visuals without any desire to get closer. I have had an on and off relationship with a gay guy, including a session of a few weeks or months after the penectomy but I have always ended up getting really tired of his gayness, his constant talking when there is nothing to say and his tendency to start to act like he is in love with me. I guess I am getting pretty picky in my later years.

A couple of years ago I had my nipples removed as well by a professional in Chicago. They had previously been the most reliable trigger for my orgasms and as a result of piercings and vigorous and regular stimulation over the years had become quite large. I wanted to see what their absence would do to my desire and ability to reach orgasm and asked the artist who did the procedure to remove sufficient tissue to remove all erotic sensation. A few months after healing I discovered through the use of a pair of vicious alligator clamps that he had not quite reached the objective. I used these clamps occasionally to force orgasm for a while but lately have discontinued their use for this purpose. I the applied them a week or so ago just for old times sake, but only left them on until I acclimated to the intense stimulation, the removed them.

*Do you still have a sex life in any traditional sense of the word?*

HB and I live a fairly normal life but She gets to spank me

when She wants to and I do not argue, well not for long anyway. She is also my best friend. The only thing we do that some might say is sexual is Her fisting me when She feels like it. She is happily married and Her husband has accepted me as part of the family although he has no interest in the kinky stuff.

*Did they take part in the penectomy at all?*

HB gave me permission and was there when I did it. Her husband was not told until later. His response? "What a loon."

*Did you do any other mods since we last spoke but before your penectomy?*

I did try one final attempt to establish a urethral reroute so I could do the penectomy without having to worry about elimination of urine. Like all my previous attempts this one was not successful.

I inserted the loop in my urethra, held it so that the end made a bulge in my perineum where I wanted the reroute to be, cut down to it with a scalpel and pushed it through.

During the couple of weeks I had it in place I scoured BME for information. There was not one story of a reroute that reported successful healing. Regardless, I tried to contact all the authors. All of the ones who responded said the reroute had failed. I was in touch with Patrick in Britain who had done reroutes and picked his brain. Actually, he was the one who suggested the titanium loop to begin with I think. I don't know how many he did, but he knew of none of his that turned out to be permanent. In spite of great effort I could not find anyone anywhere who reported a permanent do-it-yourself reroute. Successful reroutes were always ones that were done by suturing the urethral tissue to the surface skin of the perineum.

I concluded that there was virtually no hope that I would be able to establish a permanent reroute just by persevering. The reroute entry in the BME Wiki makes it sound easy, but I know for a fact it is not, at least in my case. I think that some time afterwards I did come across someone who said they had a long lasting self done reroute but as I recall it required constant attention to keep it open.

*Are you still able to orgasm without a penis?*

I waited about seven weeks before trying to masturbate without a penis. By then I had not had an orgasm for sixty days and had given up hope of experiencing a wet dream, which was the reason I had abstained for so long.

When I still had a penis



my masturbation routine usually involved warming up with anal stimulation, scrotal stretching, genital bondage and such and invariably ended with intense nipple stimulation while I rubbed my penis. When I woke up on the appointed morning I had the “normal” morning erection (which in my case now is a bump of a stump) and I started rubbing it. It seemed to me that I could have reached orgasm quite quickly by continuing, but old habits die hard and I stopped to put bulldog paper clamps on my nipples. In the past this would have forced an orgasm within a minute or so, but this time it had the opposite effect. I took the clamps off and was able to get my stump hard again by the usual manual method, modified to take into account that there was not much left to get my hands on. I had set up a video camera to capture my first orgasm which I had expected to happen as soon as I put the nipple clamps on. Since that did not work according to plan I turned the camera off and settled down to rubbing my stump.

It probably took about fifteen minutes before I reached orgasm and it was a relief but it certainly was not mind blowing. I think that is because the desire was mostly in my head. The day had come and I wanted to do it. I had not done any solitary foreplay to get my body in the mood and I was also working with morning wood, which is notoriously unreliable. The next morning I masturbated again, without aggressive nipple stimulation and that was a bit more pleasant.

On Boxing Day I was stretching my urethra using a paint brush handle as a taper and was able to loosen my urethra enough to insert a Sharpie felt pen which is about 1/2” diameter (12 mm). This got me in the mood and afterward I masturbated by rubbing my stump for 15 or 20 minutes without any nipple stimulation. This was a spontaneous event. I had not planned it ahead of time and I find it interesting that it happened five days after my previous orgasm. Before my penectomy I was in the habit of masturbating about every five days.

Having no penis is still a novelty for me and it will probably take a while for new habits to develop, but so far it looks like forcing orgasm with intense nipple stimulation may no longer work and it certainly takes me much longer to reach orgasm.

#### *How was the longer-term healing and lifestyle?*

Most of the healing was complete in the first six weeks and the novelty of my condition continued for another month or so, and after that life pretty much returned to normal. I’m back to the same sexual fantasies as always, but without fantasizing

about getting a penectomy of course. I’m now back to masturbating just as often as always, and the method is almost the same except that I don’t have a shaft to rub. Occasionally throughout the day I think about my lack of penis — especially if I notice another man’s package — but probably no more often than I thought about my penis when I had one.

One subtle difference is that I am aware that my package is less noticeable under clothing. My penis was not large but now that it is gone I have no bulge to speak of, especially considering that I wear panties that keep my testicles snuggled up against my perineum.

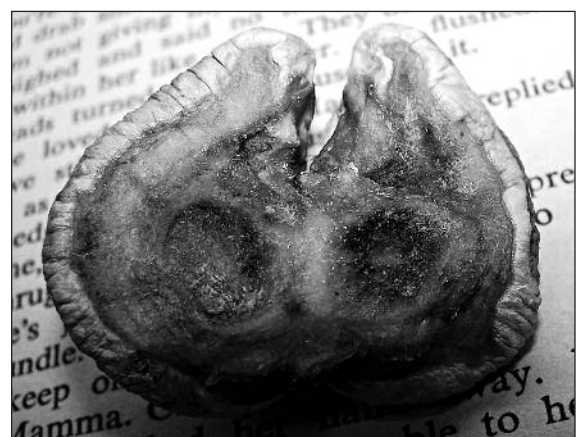
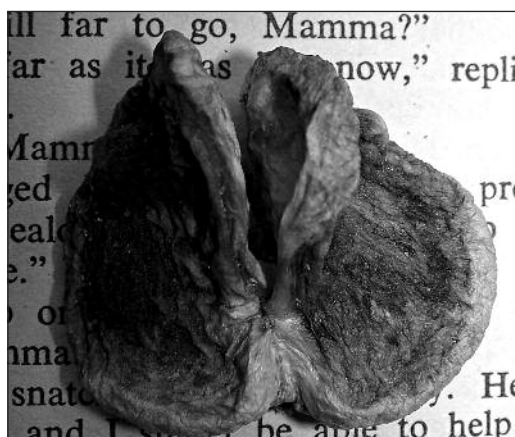
#### *Have you had any sexual encounters beyond your BDSM relationship with HB?*

I got an email from an old friend, Sid, who who I’d had a few flings with in the past but hadn’t talked to since the last time we hooked up, long before my penectomy. A beer at the pub led to a scotch at his apartment, which led to his pants at his ankles and me on my knees. I had intended to keep things at that stage because I was a little nervous about how Sid would react to my lack of a penis but before long we were both naked in his bed. Sid made a passing comment but had other things on his mind at the time so my first sexual outing without a penis was almost disappointingly uneventful!

We have been together once ever week or two since, and he has expressed no curiosity whatsoever except that he wants to try to make me cum. I don’t really care about that but I suppose I will let him try one of these days if he really wants to.

The only other thing I can add at this time is that over the past week or two there have been a couple of occasions when I became especially aware of the fact that my penis is gone for the rest of my life. Of course I know this intellectually all the time, but on those couple of occasions the feeling was especially poignant. It is hard to put the feeling into words, but looking back from the present I can honestly say that I have never had the slightest regret.

Fyrezice’s dried glans, that hopefully no future guest will toss into soup, mistaking it for a dried mushroom.





## “PLP56”: Ass Stretching

*I interviewed “PLP56” at the height of the “goatse.cx” meme. Goatse.cx was a shock image that pre-dated Rickrolling and most viral internet memes, and involved “surprising” someone with an image of a man holding open his gaping, massively stretched rectum. People were constantly asking me if I knew him, and asking me to interview him. While I do believe that the main pictured in this image occasionally submitted pictures to the BME galleries, he wasn’t easy to get in touch with so I ended up interviewing a young French ass stretching enthusiast. This was one of BME’s first published overtly sex-oriented interviews, and is republished here as it was first presented. This was meant to be a light, fun article for a mainstream but open-minded audience.*

*When did you first realize that your ass could be the source of pleasure?*

While watching porno films I saw women getting dick in their ass all the time and they seemed to like it a lot, so I thought I’d give it a try.

*What was it like the first time you stuck anything in your ass?*

I was about twenty at the time the first time I tried it. The first time — actually most of the first year — I took no pleasure from it. But, I knew that the porn stars seemed to enjoy it, so I stuck at it and grew to love it as well.

*Why did you start putting larger objects in?*

I saw gay films where men who were taking whole arms up their ass were getting pleasure from it. I learned to take pleasure from stretching my ass, and the wider I opened it, the more pleasure I took.

*How quickly were you able to move up to bigger items? Do you have a training regime?*

It took me about two years to be able to take a wine bottle, and four years to take a 32cm ball. Recently I’ve been able to take a big ball, much bigger than the bottle. To pass that level I had to first train my ass with bigger bottles, like 1.5L pop bottles. There were a number of painful sessions with a lot of blood and ass-hurt for about four days after each session.

When I first started, I was using small bottles of shampoo. After that, I tried small apples, and then bigger ones. At this point I’d put a year of stretching in, and bought myself a large dildo.

My method was to dilate my ass as often as I could — every day, even if just for a short while. Before starting it’s important to use a large dildo; use it to both warm up and clean your ass, so make sure you stick it up all the way. When you find that you can take this large dildo without any work-up or preparation, then you know that you’re ready to take it

to the next step.

Then, in each session, to get your bottom prepared, put in a big cucumber. Soon you’ll arrive at a point where even the biggest cucumbers you can buy at the grocery fit easily in your ass. Now you’re ready to get serious. Buy a small Coke bottle, and use that in your ass. When that passes in and out easily, move on to bottles of wine. Once you can take wine bottles easily, you can move on to even bigger things.

If at this point you’re having trouble with the 1.5L Coke bottle (just try not to force it out because the bottle is very hard), you can also have slower stretching fun with candles. Try putting them in one by one and seeing how many you can fit in — at this time I was putting in about fifteen at the same time. The candles are great because they allow your anus to stretch very slowly.

Once the 1.5L Coke bottle can enter your ass, train every day

or two (use a large dildo first, then the bottle every session). Most of the time I use Vaseline, but don’t do what I do in this case. I think that the best lubricants are the ones you can buy for this in a sex shop.

When the 1.5L bottle is passing easily, go out and buy plastic balls that start at a diameter a little bigger than the bottle. Play with those, and with time, and a little luck, you’ll arrive at my level too. (Don’t feel bad if you’re just beginning — when I first started, I could barely shove a finger in my ass).

What I’m going to tell you now is very important if you plan on doing extreme sessions and taking large gauge. Do not bandage your ass. Do not tighten your buttocks. Try not to get an erection — you want the blood to be in your ass lips, not in your cock. It’s not easy, but it’s important that you think of nothing and empty your mind. It’s absolutely necessary that you concentrate on your breathing.

Don’t think of the pain; know

that it will pass. The real secret though is to breath — and remember, without the pain, it’s IMPOSSIBLE TO TAKE THE BIG ONES!

*What does it feel like? Is it sort of like getting fucked by a really well hung guy?*

I want to make it very clear that I’m not gay — I LOVE WOMEN!

*I’m sorry — I imagine people must make this mistake all the time?*



All the time, yes. Frankly I'm getting fed up with it.

*But you didn't tell me you'd gotten the idea for the bigger play from watching gay porn?*

Yes, but the gay aspect never aroused me — just the ass part. The films only helped show me that men enjoyed anal play as much as the women did.

I just want to find a woman who wants to play fisting with me (to fist me, or to let me fist her). I'm searching for one or two or more women to join me in my play — I want them to stretch my ass with four hands at the same time while my body is supported. If there are any French women reading this, please write me — it's my dream to do this performance.

Back to your earlier question, playing with a very large object feels a lot like having to take a shit very urgently. Even though you feel like you need to shit, that's just your imagination, and you can get extreme enjoyment with your ass so full.

*Do you like the way your ass looks when it's all purple and blown out?*

Not at all, I prefer it when my ass accepts the stretching without any damage.

*Have you ever bled from the bigger objects?*

Maybe eight or ten times I've had blood, but it was mostly because I didn't use enough lubricant.

*So... how big do you think you can go?*

I'm looking for a bigger ball right now. I want to push my stretching as far as my body can physically support. I go slow though, because I never use drugs or anesthetics of any kind; I prefer feeling all the pleasure and the pain!

*What's the difference between pleasure and pain?*

When I reach the limits of stretching, the pleasure and pain merge into the same feeling — the pleasure this brings is amazing! Just two days ago I managed to put in a ball 37cm around (that's almost 15"). The feeling of pushing that out of my ass was indescribably pleasurable. Next time I do that I'm going to be sure to video tape it — I'm sure I could probably even make money with that one!

*What are some of the objects you've stuck up your ass?*

I've stuck up two big cucumbers at the same time, 1.5L and 2L Coke bottles, balls of all sizes, every size of wine bottle, lots of big butt plugs, etc.

I had a lot of trouble taking the 2L bottle because it doesn't fit in the ass gently. I can take a bigger ball, but a big rubber ball deforms to fit the shape of the ass — it doesn't get smaller, but it's an easier fit.

*After a session, how long does it take for your ass to go back to normal?*

Just five or six hours usually.

*Does it hurt afterwards?*

No, not at all, but for the next few hours I can feel the ass's big lips.

*Are there permanent effects?*

Yes — my ass is bigger than ever!!!

*Do you need to wear a diaper? Does everything still work?*

I'm not a baby!!! Everything is normal for me. All of the "anal destruction" I've done was done by me with care, and my ass is as normal as yours is... Although sometimes when I'm taking a crap it's huge because I've now got the capacity to really stock up. My digestion is trouble free though, and I've had no problems at all.

*What sorts of emails do you get from your fans?*

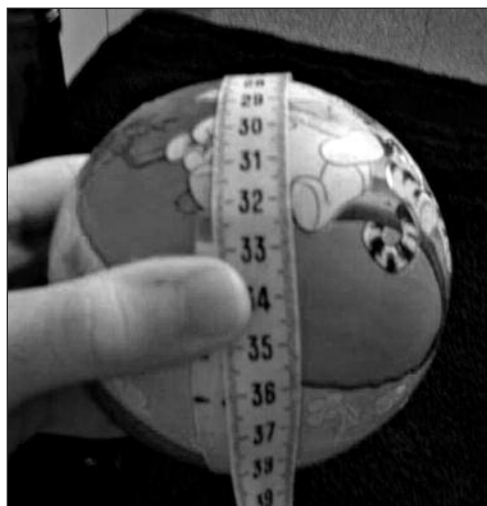
Well, I don't know that many people online, but mostly admiration, asking for advice, and I've met a few other ass stretchers who've sent me pictures of their stretching.

*If someone wants to starting putting bigger things up their ass, how should they get started?*

Take it slow. Start with little toys, and take your time growing your ass.

*Have you told any of your friends or sex partners about your ass play?*

Oh, no! Up until now it's been TOP SECRET!



I believe this is known as the Pooh Ball.



## Anal Piercing Interview Set

*This next chapter is group of interviews was first published on BME as a series of interviews on anal piercing — like a Prince Albert piercing, but for the asshole — and is the only interview in this book that is not a singular individual. In fact, it's six interviews covering different people's experiences with anal piercing. Anal piercing tend not to last long, but much of the time that's due to the play abuse they suffer rather than any biological limitation. Much to many piercer's surprise for example, they are completely capable of healing without inducing the serious infection that common sense would first suggest.*

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*First we'll talk to Travis, a thirty year old white-collar business owner. He's rather mainstream looking when you first see him, but he does have a few genital piercings, and rather by accident, found himself with an anal piercing as well. After a gland became infected, Travis developed an anal fistula, an infected tract inside the body with one end exiting inside the anal canal, and the other externally, near the anus. Fistulas of this type can be treated in a number of ways. They can be cut out (by inserting a rod into the fistula and literally excising along its length), they can be glued shut internally, hoping they'll drain out and heal, or they can be tricked into "rejecting", which is what happened in Travis's case.*

*So how was your piercing actually performed?*

The "piercing" was done under general anesthetic. The doctor inserted a device to open the rectum, where he was able to find the "fistula" or "tract" opening where the infection was spreading. He inserted a rod into the tract as far as he could go, and then he used a needle to pierce the butt cheek to connect to the tract where the receiving rod was inserted. There were two bands inserted that were effectively like a Oga piercing, which looked like a rubber band but thicker and much less stretchy. The band went in the anus, thru the sphincter muscle, and eventually exited 5/8" away from the anus on my left butt cheek. The second band was a backup incase the first broke — which was a good thing since one did break. In piercing terms, it was a Prince Albert for the ass — or like a navel piercing where the belly button would be the anus.

*What was the healing like?*

It was the most painful thing I ever experienced. At each doctor's visit, once a week, the doctor would use a clamp tool that normally is used to pinch off veins in surgery to tighten the band. He would pull on both ends of the band and squeeze the clamp tight on the skin. He would not let me leave the office for twenty minutes after the tightening, as the pain was so intense I would go into shock and sweats. Note that while my procedure was done intentionally to migrate the piercing, the doctor did indicate that the bands would have migrated themselves and did not tighten them the first month after surgery because he thought they would migrate without tightening. Needless to say, this area is much more tender than even my penis — my ampallang was child's play compared to this! To look at a little rubber band causing so much pain shows the power of the sensory nerves in the area! Wiping my butt after movements was painful — and dirty



stuff would get into the wound and the bands would get pulled on by the toilet paper. I tried to take showers after every movement, which meant planning my day accordingly. I would also use wet paper towels to clean the area when showers were not an option. But for the first month, using toilet paper was out of the question, so I would have to drive home to go to the bathroom — not a fun experience when you "gotta go!"

*I took twenty minute super-hot baths once a day to soak the wound.*

The first three days after the procedure I laid on my stomach moaning in pain. The doctor originally prescribed common prescription pain killers, but moved into heavy narcotics after I called the second day and said I was not able to take the pain... He said it is not uncommon for patients to admit themselves to the hospital two days later to get IV pain killers.

I think this initial extreme pain was because the band was tied tight under general anesthetic, whereas he could never get it that tight when I was awake — otherwise I surely would have punched him! I recommended to him that next time he keep the bands rather loose after surgery and wait a week until they are tightened so the new "piercing" has a while to calm down.

Note that the band was not excessively tight, just that any pulling, especially constant pulling, kept it so sensitive that the pain never went away. Even six months later, even when the bands were loose like a more traditional piercing, the pain was unbearable at times. Granted, the area was never able to heal — it was intentionally migrating though.

*After it got to the point where you had adjusted to the pain, how did it feel?*

I could forget at times it was there — but going to the bathroom was not any fun. Sexually it did nothing for me. In fact, it made the area painful to the touch in a bad way. I enjoy anal sexual play, so I did try to make it a "positive" experience, but it got in the way of activities with my partner. When I was in high school, ten years ago, I enjoyed play piercing to see how far my pain tolerance could go. I enjoyed my ampallang piercing a lot and found the pain to be spiritual and soothing — but the anal procedure had nothing

good.

*So what ended up happening?*

I had it for six months. It finally fell out on its own, leaving a nice scar that took a while to heal.

*What advice would you have for people who want an anal piercing?*

Don't do it. The area is really dirty, and the risk of infection is quite high. If the area does get infected, you likely will have a fistula, like I had. That will require the "jewelry band" to be inserted and tightened until it migrates out. I have been told that once a hole is formed in the anal canal, it will not close up as the gunk in the hole will keep it infected. It is not like your ear or penis where it will heal easily.

Also, remember your sphincter is quite shallow. While you might not be too worried about it now, when you are sixty you probably want the healthiest sphincter you can have or else you will be wearing diapers before you get your AARP card.

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*Next, we talked to Mike, a 58 year old retired doctor from the Midlands (are you beginning to think this is a very British piercing yet?). For almost fifty years he's enjoyed anal sensations, and was always looking for something that could provide an "ongoing anal awareness". After seeing his first anal piercing on BME, it became a "must have".*

*I know you've done a most of your own body modification work — did you do this piercing yourself?*

I did think of doing the piercing myself, having already done my PA, ampallang, and a scalpelled apadravya (following Todd Bertrang's photo series of doing them at 2ga). I soon abandoned the idea — for a start, I would not be able to see what I was doing! Looking around, I decided to phone Patrick Bartholomew and later went to him. I wanted a good deep placement to minimize the risk of cutting out, and to have it on the perineal edge. Patrick was very pleasant and matter of fact about it. My only problem was bending enough for good access — I am rather plump! He did it with a canula needle and placed a 2.4mm 19mm titanium ring (10ga 3/4"). I would rate the pain only as discomfort — a lot less than my ampallang. The pain didn't last long and I had no problem sitting on the train home.

*Was the healing that easy as well?*

It was no problem — just washing it and occasional tea tree oil in warm water. I think it took about a month to heal. The only downside was toilet paper. If I did it again I would stick with using a bidet.

*How does it feel sexually if you don't mind me asking?*

I've been a widower now for four years and am not in a relationship, so I can't give you an answer on that. I reckon it would be good both for myself and partner. I have only used butt plugs with good feelings. In daily life it was no problem — in fact, easily forgotten. It didn't give the "ongoing" sensations I was looking for though.

*How long did you end up keeping it?*

I had it for about six months. If it had given me the feelings I wanted I would have been perfectly happy to put up with the toilet paper nuisance, but it didn't so I removed it. There was no infection, and on removal it healed very quickly indeed, with no specific care. If I do it again I'm taking Don's advice and using a larger gauge.

*Any advice to people looking for the piercing themselves?*

I would say to anyone at all interested to have no hesitation in going for it! The only real problem I had was in finding and deciding on a piercer willing to do more than ampallangs and so on... not really knowing where to look I found BME a great help. Long may you appear!

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*Next we talked to Ian, a 54 year old brewer from the UK, who'd met a friend with an anal piercing. He loved the erotic look of it, and wanted to know what it felt like himself. Unfortunately the tattoo artist, also known for his advanced piercing work, who'd pierced his friend had recently passed away. After some searching, he found a male nurse who was performing piercings. After thinking about it for a while, the nurse told Ian he'd be willing to do it.*

A speculum was inserted into my arsehole, and expanded. This then allowed the sphincter to be opened so that the needle could be inserted for the piercing. As I was used to relaxing my sphincter muscle, the process of expanding the speculum was a not unpleasant experience, and I experienced no problems. The placement needed to be discussed, and we decided that it would go through the outer sphincter, as this would help to prevent "leakage" once the ring was inserted. I decided that I wanted it in the area by the base of my spine. There was no specific reason why I wanted it there, as it can be placed in either location.

The actual piercing was no different from having a piercing anywhere else. Once the needle had been pushed through, which only took a second — although it was quite tough going through — and we were satisfied with the positioning, the needle canula was left for the ring to follow. This was a 2.5mm ring 13mm in diameter (10ga 1/2").

*How did the piercing heal?*

I had no problems with the healing of the piercing. It took, perhaps, a little longer than some other piercings, but was no problem at all. It was possibly the easiest of my piercings to heal. I showered every day, and obviously washed the area carefully. There was a slightly different technique needed after I had sat on the toilet, but this was soon mastered. I did, in the early stages of healing, use a saline solution to wash my anus after using the toilet. It is also very important to avoid constipation, as this can put excessive strain on the piercing and cause bleeding. I experienced very little bleeding indeed, and this never became a problem.

After about six or seven weeks had passed I returned to my piercer to have the piercing stretched up to 3.2mm (8ga), but the same diameter as the smaller ring, as this looks a much better size, and has generally a more substantial feel to it. It was quite a struggle to do this as the space is somewhat limited in room. This is the size that I have continued to



wear, and seems about the optimum size.

I was very pleasantly surprised at how easy it was to care for the piercing in the early stages, and I experienced no problems whatsoever.

#### *How do you like having the piercing?*

I am extremely happy with the piercing, and find that on a day to day basis, I hardly notice it. As far as sexual feeling is concerned, I find it increases the awareness of my anus, and if penetrative sex is practiced I am very conscious of the movement of my partners penis as he thrusts and then withdraws. Both he and I have found it enhances that side of sex. If a PA is worn, I cannot say whether this would be comfortable or not, as I have never experienced that. However, I feel that to fully benefit from this piercing, you have to have an anus that when stimulated causes an arousal sexually.

#### *I assume that means you're keeping the piercing?*

I have no wish to remove it. I also worry that to remove it might cause problems with feces getting into the open piercing... I have had it now for over ten years, and it is well healed. From a sexual point of view it is still erotic and stimulating.

#### *Any advice to those interested in anal piercing?*

The piercing has to be placed very carefully, or there might be permanent damage to the sphinctal muscle. The piercing can migrate, and possibly it could cause incontinence if it worked its way fully out. There is also the chance that there could be a constant weepage of fluids from the anal passage. I found a bit of this in the early days, and had to wear an absorbent pad for a while. Eventually I found that it ceased to leak, and now I have no problems. I suppose it took about nine months for it to finally heal and stop leaking.

It is a fantastic piercing, and if you want one, then think carefully about the implications, get a piercer who you can

trust, and have patience. It is not the piercing for everyone. For the person who gets pleasure from anal stimulation though, it can be terrific.

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*We had a chance to talk to another Briton as well, Don, a fifty year old engineer from Manchester. Don started piercing himself twenty years ago after seeing a nipple ring in a porn. He then moved on to a PA, which rejected, and he then pierced it again and it held. He started to enjoy play piercing, and, placing ladders down the shaft and across the scrotum soon lead him to his anus... and as he puts it, "the next thing was inevitable!"*

#### *What procedure did you use to do the piercing?*

I've done all my piercings using a 16ga hypo, sometimes leaving it in overnight, then following through with a ring. The ring doesn't align very well with the needle so often I have one entrance hole and two exit holes!

I intended to place the last ring horizontally through the little bit of flesh near the anus — I don't know what else it's for! I didn't even look at what I was doing, as mirrors can be confusing if you're not used to them. I was pleased with the placement, though you deemed it an "almost anal piercing" when you posted it in the BME galleries.

I decided to re-do the piecing, this time vertically and deeper, starting behind the bud, working toward the anus. The process was sexually pleasurable, and with remarkably little pain. In both cases healing was very quick and clean (one week) and by far my easiest piercing.

#### *One week? Wow — what did you do to take care of it?*

No aftercare was necessary — I'm a bit reckless, but I always shower after the toilet.

This area is very soft, and it is easy to stretch to a larger gauge... I went from 16ga to 5mm (4ga) in six weeks, although I generally wear a 3mm x 20mm ring (8ga 3/4") which is relatively heavy. Normal movements cause the ring to swing, giving a constant reminder of its presence.

#### *How long have you had this piercing?*

My wife of many years divorced me because of my piercings. Recently a girlfriend said she didn't like my ladder. I removed them, but they're back now! I've had the anal ring for about a year now.

It's not the sort of thing to show your mates, but it gives more sensation than any other piercing!

#### *Any advice for people who want one?*

Forget toilet tissue — wash!

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*We also talked to our old friend Nena in Germany, a thirty five year old transgender entrepreneur. About three years ago Nena saw a picture of a woman with an anal piercing (done by "Dr. Evil" in Moscow), and had to have one for herself.*



As a Sista, I mean a full styled transgender, I try to do my best to look female. Women have their pussies pierced, and so I thought I would look sexier if I had such jewelry in my ass-pussy as well. After I saw Dr. Evil's work on BME, I said to myself, now's the time for it!

I've always done all my piercings on my own, since when I started doing it in 1987 there wasn't a professional piercer around here. But I was fascinated by the pictures of pierced women and it was something I love, so I started. This anal piercing was very unusual and there wasn't much information about it on the Web, only some pictures. I tried to find the right placement for the piercing — I knew I shouldn't pierce through the muscle, so my first step was to learn how to get the needle into the right place... Let's just say it look some needle play! [laughs]

You know, if you do an anal piercing on your own, you really need a mirror to get a good view of it — if you'd seen me doing it you would have laughed for hours. The piercing itself didn't hurt that much. I used a very small needle and then had to widen the hole — I didn't have any special tools for doing it, so let's just say I did it "primitive style!"

I only made one little mistake, and that was using a very small gauge captive bead ring. So when I was penetrated there, the piercing cut like a knife through my skin. I gauged up to a bigger ring and it was fine.

*Did you have any other problems with it?*

The piercing itself healed very well and without any problems. My only aftercare was that after going to the toilet I showered my anus to keep the piercing clean... that's the best way to keep it clean and I still do it all the time now. Toilet paper isn't enough, you know...

*How long did it take to heal and how long have you had it?*

I don't remember exactly but I think it was healed in about four weeks. Sometimes I take the piercing out, but mostly it's a part of me. I have had it for a long time now... I think about three years.

*What's it like having the piercing, just day to day?*

It's such a good and sexy feeling to know that it's there. I don't see the piercing much unless I look at my ass in the mirror — but I know it's there and that's way cool! I don't feel it much though when I have sex. I think for the people I play with it's something very exotic... my T-girl Jennifer is a chick like me and loves it — hi hi!

As I said earlier, the only problem with having the piercing is all the cleaning... but, everything has its price and I'm more than willing to pay it in this special case.

*Any advice for people who want one?*

This isn't something like a navel piercing! You have to be aware that cleaning this special place won't be easy going like on other piercings. After every shitting you have to shower your anus until you don't smell like shit any more — ok? Also, small gauge rings will reject, so be sure you use a bigger gauge ring for a good result... I think captive bead rings are best for it.

And try and go to an experienced piercer!

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*Finally, we talked to our old friend Nobu (you've seen his "Holst90" bonus gallery in BME/HARD). Nobu, a youthful 51 year old chemical engineer in Japan first came across the idea looking at anal play piercing photos on BME, and although he has not yet been able to permanently keep an anal ring, he's greatly enjoyed it for the short period he has had it.*

I have a large interest in anal stimulation and anal stretching, and I wanted to get an anal piercing after I saw the pictures on BME. At first I thought it would be very hard for me to maintain an anal piercing, and didn't do it... But, one day, I felt an overwhelming desire to finally have a piercing on my anus.

*You did it yourself I assume?*

Yes. I pierced from inside my anus to the front side using a curved 14ga needle that I bent to shape. It wasn't hard to do the piercing, but it was very hard to insert the 14ga ring and I gave up. I tried again, this time using a 12ga needle — this time it wasn't hard to follow through the 14ga captive bead ring, but setting the bead in place was very difficult. It took many tries to set it!

*What was the healing like?*

I took care of it like any other piercing, but... I really like anal stretching! Anal stretching and heavy anal stimulation isn't so good for a healing anal piercing, so I admit that I took the piercing out after only three days.

*While you had it, how did it feel?*

Anal piercing gave me a lot of fun sexually when I was playing anally, and in day to day life... but it gave me pain too!

*If you liked it so much, why remove it?*

I got a lot of satisfaction from it, that's true, but I gave up on maintaining it after three days because the pain and inconvenience was too much. But, I'd like to get more anal piercings in the future... I just have to take a break from my anal stretching play!

*Any advice for others?*

If you want to get an anal piercing, go for it! It will give you much pleasure, and much pain.





*liam (he prefers it without the capital) is a little different than most of the interviews in this point. Different enough in fact that I almost chose not to include it, mostly because he doesn't appear to be sexually motivated in any way — he has more of a quirky sense of self-exploration, the same sense of wonder that all children are born with but usually have stripped from them by growing up. But I realized I could see this same self-exploration and experimentation in many other interviews in this book, so decided that it was worth including after all, especially because many of the conclusions he draws are important and worthwhile, and I think some of a little of what I'm trying to accomplish with the book in the first place.*

In terms of the majority of people I associate with, I do seem to have a unique perspective on the body.

One a simple level, only yesterday was I stood in the kitchen with my 12 year old friend, talking to her about accepting pain as a way of balancing our desire to be comfortable. In order to demonstrate what I meant, we tipped some lemon into two cuts that she had on her hand. As the sting began to take hold, she looked me in the eye and embraced it. She understood my words. It was very sweet.

On a deeper level, I love my body and the fact that I can experiment with it. The removal of my finger was probably the largest experiment that I made, but I have tried bits of skin removal as well as a piece of ear. If you will excuse the pun, it was very revealing! I love being around people who have relationships with their bodies which are closer to my own ideas. Though these meetings are few and far between. I love scars, amputations and tattoos. I love crazy people and am naturally attracted to people who are otherwise on the fringes.

I find people with strong and domineering character fascinating and love coming into to contact with them. I usually find that the people I am drawn to most, are the very same people that most people are repelled by. But I love straight people too, and due to the fact they seem to be in the majority, they are usually the kind I end up associating with most!

People think me quite complex. I think I'm pretty straight forward.

Mainly I work within the arts. I'm a freelance stage manager and light and sound technician.

Primarily I work within the theatre industry but I have lots of ties with other artists, creating and installing light and sound art works. I make too little of my own work, but when I do, I tend towards mixed media installation that explores the boundary

between the second and third dimensions. I have one daughter who is is gorgeous. She is now 23 already, graduated from university and works in the clothing industry.

*Tell me about your body modifications?*

My main modifications are one finger removal, one piece of ear removal, two small pieces of skin removal and numerous tattoos all over my body. With the more intense modifications, they took some time to achieve. My body didn't want to, but my mind did. For the skin removal, I used a clip that would weigh down the piece of skin being removed and a razor blade!

*Your ear removal is quite interesting and unusual...*

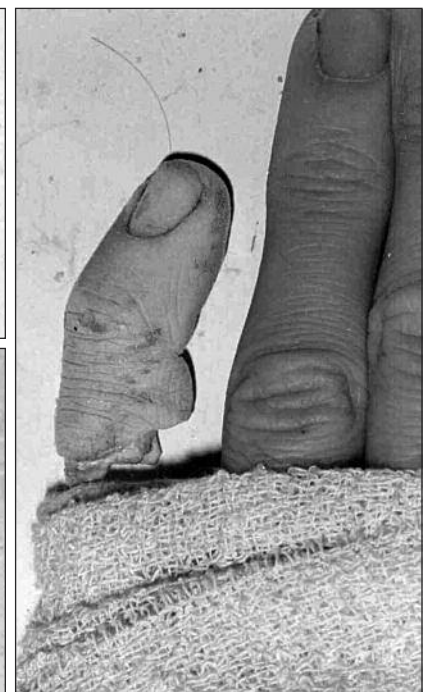
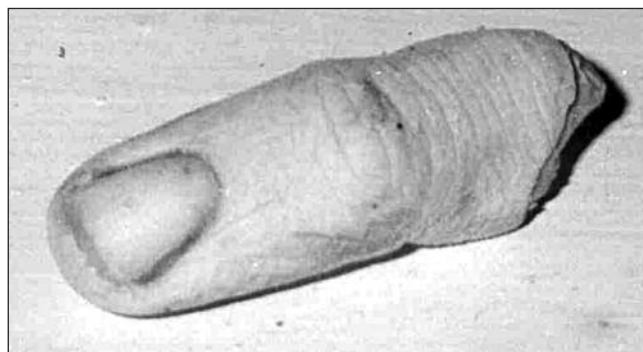
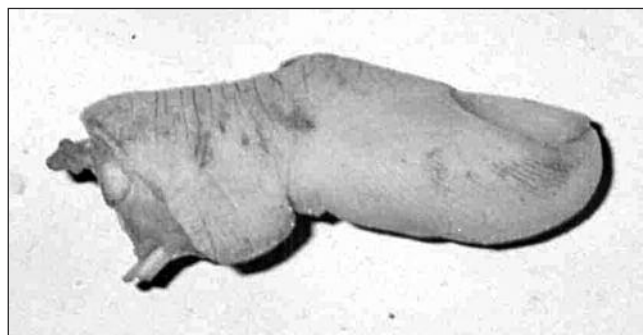
The ear section removal was an experiment to see how I could accept and embrace pain. It proved to be very very simple and hurt so little, that it had finished without me feeling a single thing. My endorphins must have been working overtime. I just used a standard scalpel with my ear on a wooden block.

*When did you first become aware that amputation existed?*

As a child, I began to notice that not all the people in my world were complete. Some limped down the road on their crutches, pinning back the material, drawing attention to where a leg once stepped. Others swayed their arms as if they deliberately wanted me to envy their comfortably fitted, artificial hand. And I felt then, at that young age that I wanted part of my body to be incomplete.

*Did you always plan on a specific amputation, or did you choose at the time, or did it change over time and eventually settle?*

As time went by and the idea blossomed, my attention became more and more focused towards my left hand. I began to fold it down, hiding it and imagining what my arm would look like if it ended at the wrist. I imagined it would feel light and wondered what phantom feelings must be like as they coaxed the mind into false itches and non-existent



movements. Plans began to formulate as stylised guillotines and chopping machines became the centre of a creative attention. I found myself looking at electrical tools in a whole new way. However, whilst I loved developing these ideas, one issue troubled me from the outset. That was my ability to intentionally carry out the removing of a limb.

To be more specific, the thought terrified me. I knew that it would be extremely painful and potentially life threatening. It would also take all the will-power I owned to set the blade in motion. I was well accustomed to opening my skin with sharp blades and glass. It was an act I had always engaged in. But the thought of removing a part of my body was the biggest dilemma I now encountered and the one which caused me the most difficulty over the years.

Once, in the mid nineties, I built a guillotine in my bedroom. I structured it using the wood from my kitchen drawers, my sharpest meat knife I could muster and a variety of weights which would simultaneously anchor the device whilst pulling the sharpened blade in one quick, uninterrupted motion. But it wasn't to be. I began making feeble excuses for not being able to drop the metal onto my wrist and these thoughts caused me no end of anguish. In retrospect, I now know that I didn't have the courage to proceed. I spent that night in the cosy confines of a police station for criminal damage and I never told them my original intent. I felt like I had failed and that I was weak but I knew the thoughts would never leave me.

A few years passed and I was still thinking about my desire to amputate. Then one day, an idea came. It was an answer to my questions about managing life without a left hand and it allowed me to stop giving myself such a hard time about being weak and scared of pain. It was simple. Rather than my whole hand, what if I was to just remove my finger; my little finger. It all fitted. It would be easy to manage, not missed, safe and could be done with minimal pain relief. Plus it was a goal I could easily achieve.

The idea was planted then. Just one year ago, in September 2002, after much deliberation and distracted thoughts, I decided to go ahead with the removal. I was both nervous and excited though the latter of these was definitely the fuelled me on. I spent the whole evening relishing the idea that tonight was the night and that, after all these years, I

was finally going to remove a part of my body.

#### *How did you actually do the amputation?*

I spent the early part of the day drinking beers at home and sharpening my meat cleaver, finally running my finger along its edge with satisfaction. I dressed up and hit the town with my brother and some friends. I was high, high on anticipation. My drinking colleagues thought I was crazy, though they have known me for a long time. They knew how determined I could be. They tried to dissuade me but to no avail. Around closing time, on the knowledge that I had some bottles of good Australian red to chill with, I returned home with my brother and a friend. They wanted to make sure I was safe.

After downing several more drinks and feeling satisfactorily anaesthetised, I entered the kitchen. I got a clean towel and the phone ready and steadied myself, my heart racing and adrenalin flowing through my body. I placed my left hand on the counter and brought the heavy blade to the joint half way up my little finger. I felt numb. I pushed the blade down hard and away from me and admired the red flow as it made its way from the already deep gash. I had started. As I sawed to and fro with careful strokes, I could feel the handle of the cleaver vibrate as the metal blade scratched bone. But I was undeterred. I cut a vein and the blood squirted against the wall. Ha, I thought, just like in the movies. I speeded up then to prevent making too much mess. With one final push, the blade was through the remaining pieces of attached skin. I lifted my hand and felt a surge of relief as the remains of my finger stayed put. I had done it. After some many years of wondering whether I could, I had finally removed something.

I covered my pulsating wound with a towel and phoned the ambulance. Then I stored my little digit in the freezer, hiding it behind the frozen peas. I wanted it out of reach of inquisitive ambulance drivers as I was sure they would be asking its whereabouts. Indeed they did. I laughed and just told them that it was my little secret and not to concern themselves.

The rest, well you can imagine; Bandages, pain-killers and relief. I am now the proud owner of nine and a half digits and though it is a long way from removing a whole hand, it will suffice. I now feel a lot more relaxed about myself. I have





no doubts as to my abilities and certainly no more desires to remove any more parts of my body.

Well, at least, not yet I don't.

*What started your interest in mods in general?*

My interest for bod mod started very very young after seeing images of other cultures and the things they do to their bodies. And then, some time around the age of about nine, my friends and I broke into the local school. We ended up in the science department. Whilst we were rummaging around, I opened the teachers draw to reveal a whole lot of brand new scalpels. I put them in my pocket and took them home. I soon found a fondness for slicing my skin surface and watching blood ooze out of the crevasse. I enjoyed watching it. It was something that stayed with me for many years. I would occasionally collect some samples of my blood and store them away to see what happened to it afterwards. I explored it in relation to texture and smell.

I enjoyed the whole area of recovery too, from early scabbing through to scarification. I have always enjoyed the healing process, from both cuts or other injuries.

In the past, having been beaten up on the street, I loved the feeling of bruised ribs and sores.

I maintain that I do not enjoy pain though. That's It's a common misconception people have about me. I like blood... I love skulls and bones. I admire death for all it's beauty. I recently visted Varanasi in India, a place you can go to see bodies being cremated. I truly think the body is amazing, and the process of birth is no more beautiful then death! It's just that the latter has stronger negative emotions attached to it.

*Your enjoyment of injuries... what do you think motivated that? I think the average psyciatrist would lean toward a self-harm explanation, but it doesn't really sound like that to me... more like a strange sort of curiosity or self-experimentation?*

I know that there is a tendancy to believe it as self harm, but it really does not seem like that to me either. I feel like I have a very natural and completely understandable — to me at least — curiosity toward my body. To put that into a little perspective, whenever I make a sculpture, or plan something I want to make, it is often related to the idea of magnification. I like to think in terms of enlarged surfaces... or blowing things up to inspect them under microscopes or

magnifying glasses.

When I was about seve, I had an accident at school in which I lost the sight in my right eye — or more accurately, lost about 80% focus, distorting the image into a fractured scene and knocking the image off balance so I now see a ghostly second image floating in space. I was never able to see 3D and I took a real interest in magnification. I remember when I was very young, sitting in a doctors waiting room to have my foot seen to, when I opened a magazine and saw some microscopic images of a pin head. I was fascinated, captured by the differences between what exists and what I can sense.

Blood oozing from out of a fresh cut, reflects this concept of exploring the contrast between sensation and reality. When I cut my skin, especially when it is with something nice and sharp, I love imagining that the open wound is a canyon. From the depths of the crevice rises the lava, like from a volcano. It rises to the top of the crater and pauses for a moment as surface tension of the blood builds, attempting to break and spill over. Eventually it does, and then I can dab it with some tissue and watch it happening all over again.

In the past, I have had an injury, so many times I have been offered solutions to help 'the bruising come out', in order to let it heal faster. But I always wondered — why would I want a bruise to heal faster? The speed at which my body heals itself is just right, and it's a great process to watch. Bruises are amazing! But my favorite was when I dislocated my left shoulder — that was the deepest bruise I have ever had.

As a child, I was always a lover of horror. The old Hammer House of Horrors are what I loved most — spine chilling horrors with gruesome stories. But what I love even more are those accidental nighttime treats — nightmares! I mean, how much better can it get? Caught in real-time in something very disturbing... Only to find out that I was never in any real danger. Before I became vegan I ate as much cheese before bed as I could to bring on creative dreams.

For me, the body and mind are amazing! I love testing myself, doing things that I do not want to, and going against the flow. I simply don't accept "me" for who I think I am.

*How do you feel about your amputation?*

I love my missing finger.

It stands for all those years of thinking about the act of



removal. I identify with it. And I love all of my tattoos too. Well, all bar one or two. The one I have on my left arm, I would like to get done over. It makes me feel uncomfortable. I do a lot of work in schools, with teachers and kids, and with people who are pretty straight. I feel a bit conscious of my left arm as in I feel it looks a bit messy. So that's the one area I'd like to get done. I'd love to get more scribbling, loose sketchy type tattoos done. I'd have more over my body, around my neck and torso.

#### *Do you enjoy temporary body rituals as well?*

One thing I used to really like doing when I was young was seeing how many cuts I could do in one go. My maximum was 30. Not a lot by some standards but I felt I had achieved something. Later, I used to enjoy doing stuff when I was at work. Especially when I worked in care. That was due to the fact that I felt like I was a contradiction to what we (carers) are supposed to be like. For example, one of the residents had a habit of swallowing spoons. So much so, that after so many operations to have them removed, he could no longer sit up. His stomach was one single mass of scars. And then, on the night time when I was working shifts on my own, I would raid the workman's tool box for a nice fresh blade and smother myself in blood in the bath room mirror. I thought it odd that I felt so in control, but yet, if anybody could see me, they would consider me to be a little crazy. I felt in total control however. At no point was any of the residents ever at risk or in danger.

#### *How public are you about your body play?*

The kinds of people I tell about myself nowadays are close friends. I am very open about all the things I have done over the years and am happy to show people my finger bones. All my family know, some colleagues. But I still find it hard to decide who I tell and when. I believe in total honesty. I am very upfront. But I feel like I need to hide myself from people sometimes, because people react in such strange and negative ways. It would seem a little bizarre to have admitted to the kids in the class room when asked... In front of all those teachers. They would have asked me to leave the room and never come back.

I find the people tend to react negatively, thinking that there must be something wrong with me. Or that I had/have a problem. I try to explain that to me, everything I think is normal. It is, to me, normal to want to remove a piece of your body. It's NOT abnormal to not want to. So why is it not normal to want to? Confusing.

#### *Do you experiment with your senses in other ways as well?*

One time I was experimenting with my senses by taking lots of Valium. Lots and lots. I reached the point where I was on about six a day and I was totally happy (unsurprisingly). Having combined that with lots of strong alcohol, I have a vague recollection of standing in my kitchen with a knife. I

remember pushing the tip of the blade into and under the surface of my skin, and I remember thinking: "wow... I can't feel a thing." That was my last memory. The next morning, I awoke to the phone ringing. Upon answering it, my then partner started shout and was swearing at me over the phone and was amazed that I had no idea why she was so angry at me. She drove over to explain.

It appears that sometime after my last memory of the evening before, I had phoned her up in hysterics and demanded that she come over. She said that when she walked through the door, I raised my left hand to demonstrate my achievement. I had managed to push a large 6" nail through the back of my hand, out through the palm, and then hammered the whole hand to a block of wood. When I looked at my hand, all I had was two massive scabs and some bruising. My hand was working totally fine if a little stiff.

I thought it was hysterical. She claimed that I had emotionally scarred her.

I still to this day think that that's funny. I can't believe I didn't take a photo!

#### *How do you explain your finger amputation?*

People, like my mom, have never brought it up. Actually, the only person in my family who ever mentions it is one of my sisters — I am one of seven. The rest of the family would not want to bring up the subject. My mother would find it too upsetting. My very close friends just bring it up in jest, when trying to find ways to describe me or my actions, or if there is a 'dirty' job that needs doing, i'd be the first choice as I must have a 'strong stomach'.

The mother of my daughter Jade, phoned me just afterwards telling me that she

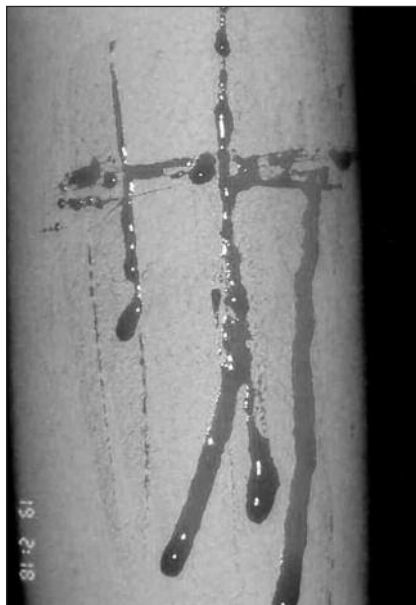
didn't want me telling Jade the truth. She was thirteen at the time, and I told her I would tell my daughter the truth how and when I chose, and I did so very soon afterwards. When I'm in the company of people who know about me removing my finger, and somebody else notices and asks, my friends just laugh and wait to see how I'm going to reply. Depending on what mood I'm in, I might just say it our straight, or maybe joke it off.

Other people think that I did it because I had an alcohol problem, and then I explain things to them and they get a clearer picture. It's true that I was drunk on the night I did it, but I did not do it because I was drunk — I drank as an anesthetic, and it worked like a treat!

#### *Do people even believe you when you tell the story?*

Lots of people I have told have kind of thought that I was lying or just making it up, and some people have took quite a bit of convincing. A few have responded unfavorable.

For example, with one woman, I had been babysitting her child whilst she went out. The next day, it up that I had





removed my finger. She screamed, and I quote, “If I knew that, I would never have let you look after my daughter!”

Whatever!

I was good enough before she knew, and suddenly not?

Most people cringe at the idea of cutting the skin. They think that it must be really painful, and they think that I must like causing myself pain. I don't. I just like scars and blood. Some people, my close friends, really like it all. They say it distinguishes me from other people. My daughter likes it too.

I have experimented with myself in other ways too. In a kind of naive way, sometimes without thinking about the decision for long enough. For example, when I was about 26, I decided that I was going to explode the drum in my left ear. I decided that I would live the rest of my days only being able to hear from one side. I pushed a pin into my ear expecting it to explode. I braced myself.

Instead, the pin pierced the drum and became, to my amazement, became a live stylus. I was like my very own PA system — the end of the pin could pick up every single crevice in my finger tip,

though I had no volume control and it was really loud.

To me, this was an amazing find, but I have yet to find anybody who finds it as amazing as me. That your head can be a live instrument. Who needs headphones? Even when I've shared my findings with sound technicians who brag about sound and clarity, it falls astray. How they could not find it amazing, I don't understand... they all just screw their faces up and ask the same old question: “why?”

I don't have an answer beyond this, and I'm OK with that — “Because!”

*Do you get the impression that society is becoming more or less accepting of this sort of thing?*

To me, the world hasn't really changed very much at all... especially in terms of how I am accepted or understood. Basically, people just seem to get stuck with a mind set that feels like, “well, it's not the sort of thing I would do to myself, so why would you want to do it to yourself?”

If some random Joe loves inserting drawing pins under his eye lids, then that's what Joe enjoys doing. I've never done it, never thought of it, but he did, and so he did it. Simple. If he tells me that he did it, then now I know that he did it. I didn't know before, now I do. Being surprised is a kind of narrow mindedness. Accepting people should be easy — you just keep an open mind.

Everyone is different — you like this, I like that

Through sharing, we find out that I like that and you like this. It's not hard!



## Scorpio: Genital Enthusiasm

*I knew Scorpio through his bonus gallery in BME/HARD, where he posted a very wide range of play, almost as if he wanted to try everything. After interviewing him, it was clear that he was still in that "excited kid in a candy shop" phase, wanting to try every option, every style of play, as he burst out long chain of all the different things that excited him.*

I have two 9mm foreskin plugs, two 4mm foreskin rings, four shaft skin bars, a half split head, a subincision, and two piercings behind the head through the sub, and a 16mm transscrotal. I love the holes and I love to hang weights on them and stretch them. The only thing I hate is that they can become uncomfortable when it pinches skin under your underwear and you have to adjust it.

I grew up in a small town in South Africa. From quite young I was always fascinated with my genitals. I would hang toys and stuff on my foreskin. The problem I always had was how to attach them properly and always used to tie string or used tape etc. to get them to stay.

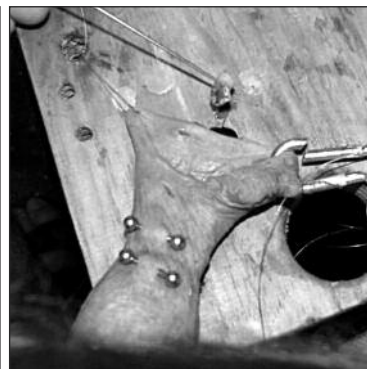
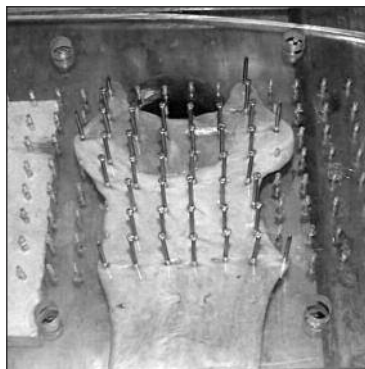
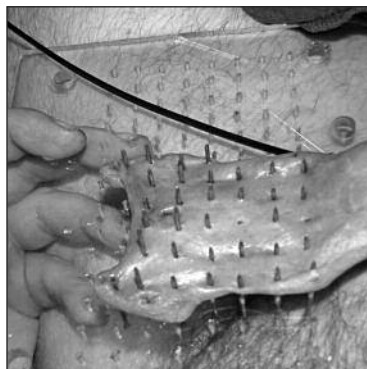
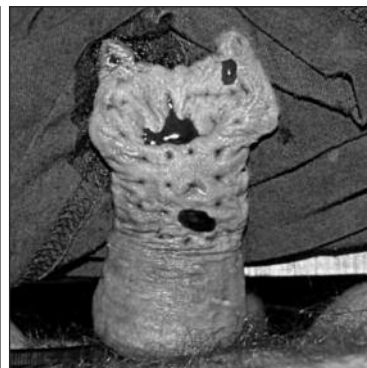
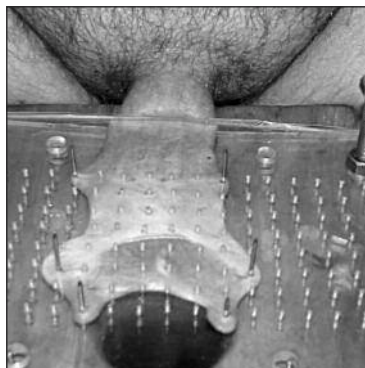
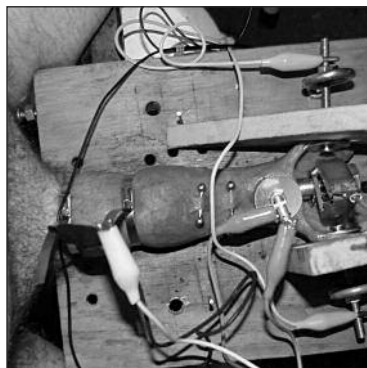
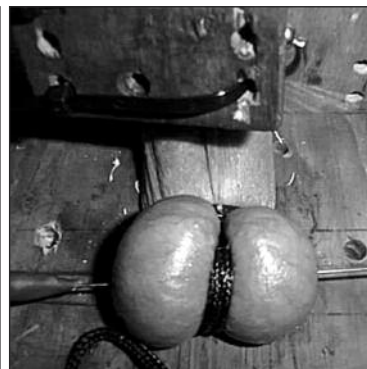
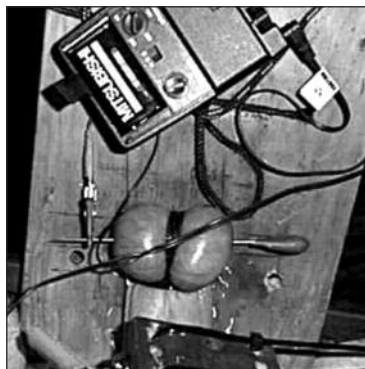
Then one day I decided to nail something to my foreskin. Well that was fantastic and from there is was a regular event. I would pre-drill double metal plates and then nail the foreskin through after bolting the two plates over the foreskin. The only problem I had was

hiding the holes and damage from my parents as I shared a bathroom and we had a fairly open relationship as far as nudity went. I was probably around fourteen at that time. I also liked to inflate the foreskin and used to tie the end of a bicycle pump pipe into the foreskin and blow it up. Then accidentally one day I did a nailing session and decided right after to inflate. Well of course the air went in under the skin due to the holes from the nailing. Well, that started a whole new genre of play for me. I also discovered Electrical play and simply used straight DC current from a car battery charger.

Well, after leaving school at eighteen and doing military

service for two years there was no playing and then I went to study as a programmer. I got a steady girlfriend so play wasn't such an urgent interest for me anymore. I would occasionally still do it, but the opportunity was just not there as often, and the need seemed to have dimmed a bit with all the regular sex available.

Then a couple of years after I was married somebody sent me a pic of somebody's balls nailed to a plank – I know now that was Erebli. It turned me on HUGELY and on the picture of course was the BME site address. I was in there like Fred



Bear and surfed the site as much as I could afford. Our currency to the dollar is about eight times weaker so it was quite expensive buying a membership. But I did and me and the wife started looking at BME as regularly as we could. We also had to go to an internet cafe because I did not have internet access at home! We would look at everything. Up to that point of my life I had not REALLY thought of genital piercing or even really realized how many possibilities exist in different piercings. I also had no idea how to do them or where to have them done either. We were both really turned. Even the fairly strange stuff turned the wife on and we would get seriously horny surfing the site.



I then decided a piercing is what I had to have. Frenums turned me on bigtime and in hindsight that was perhaps a bad choice as it was quite tough to do. I learned on BME that one has to have either a hollow needle or something like the saline drip needles [catheter needles] with a separate plastic sleeve. I had no idea where to source those and didn't at that point realize you could basically walk into a pharmacy here and order or just ask for them. Anyway - I went and found a captive bead ring in 1.6mm [14ga] and set to work with a needle that turned out to be too small to fit the ring

uncomfortable to wear as I sit the entire day for a living. This turned out to be the way piercings would go for me in the future. I would really want something - do it and then either keep it when it was comfortable and take it out if it wasn't. I then started buying rings myself and getting needles and simply do them myself as having them done 'professionally' was prohibitively expensive. In the meantime now having grown with BME there were all kinds of new things to try in the line of play piercings, ball skewering, penis skewering, and so on and so on... I also started sending contributions

and now could surf for free - it was fantastic. I have tried a great many different play piercings, several penis skin piercings, and still just absolutely loved to hang weight off my foreskin. This turned into loving hanging weights off my balls which was really painful in the beginning but I made metal rings similar to the BME ball weights and went heavier and heavier. I also went to the point of also using big nails to nail the nuts to a plank, but the healing time and pain after that was just too long. I settled down to skewering them with a solid pin of around 0.8 mm in thickness.

In the meantime I had a reverse PA done professionally and it was a great piercing. Then I decided to stretch it and it started rejecting. I decided to take it out and the hole closed quite quickly.

inside... but I made the hole and simply forced the ring through. Of course this was far from ideal, I know that now. That kind of hurt but then I don't mind that too much. It was a little swollen and uncomfortable for a couple of days but then it basically settled down and both me and the wife really enjoyed it. That's when I decided I want more.

We researched a bit and found a place in South Africa that does professional piercings, and does it like BME advises. So off I went to have two hafada piercings done. This was basically my first foray into doing anything with the scrotum or nuts. Up to that point I really only ever played with my penis or foreskin. They were successful but were very

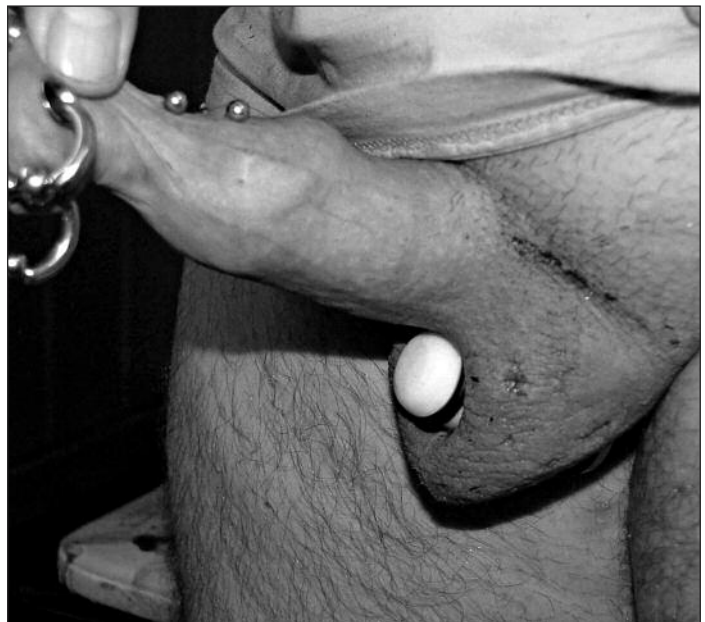
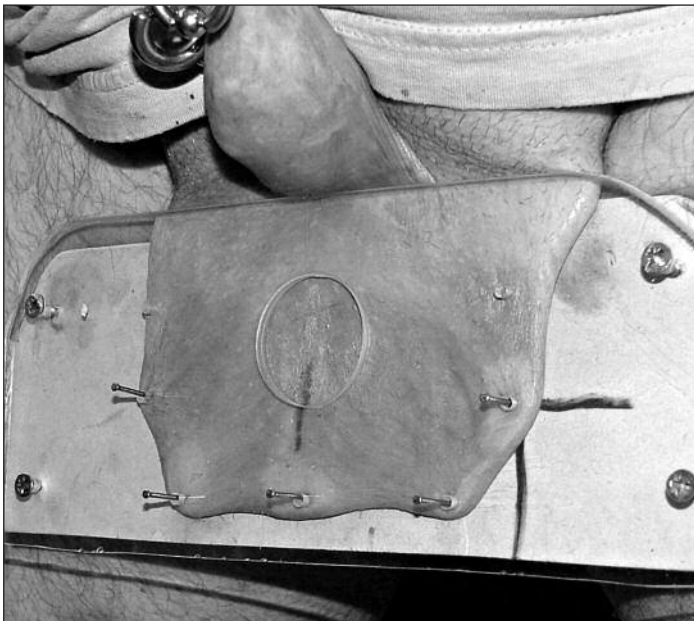
Then I did a PA myself and that was great to wear. I constantly played with hanging weight of my nuts, foreskin, and PA piercings. More and more weight went on and I had a pretty big lower foreskin hole. One night I hung a hundred pounds between the three foreskin holes but most of the weight was held in the bottom ring - it tore out with a snap but it basically felt like nothing. I now had a bottom piece of foreskin that was torn and a couple of now odd looking piercings to the side.

In between here and somewhere I decided that I wanted the hole in the front of my penis to be bigger, for doing better soundings. I decided to sacrifice the PA and to cut my dick



open. It was a scary thought because I didn't know what kind of veins run there and whether I could control the bleeding and so on. So one night, after a party, I was horny as hell. The wife had gone to bed and I decided this was it. I took the PA out, and, armed with a sharp modeling knife and a string I set to work. I bound my dick up at the base and building up courage I actually cut through the bottom piece in one go, creating a meatotomy. I almost passed out with elation - it was not nearly as sore as I thought it ought to be, and the bleeding calmed down quite quickly. I was mighty impressed and so was the wife with the end result. After that I became fascinated with doing a bigger head split and slowly in about three sessions I did a number of small splits. They kept growing back a bit annoyingly so I would cut them further than where I ended the end result. Currently I have about half a head split and the start of a subincision. I really want to go to a much bigger head split but the wife does not like it

so currently that is on hold. She says she doesn't like the full bisections because then it doesn't look like a penis anymore and she is scared about the loss of erection that might happen. With the sub though she actually gets to rub it 'inside' and it still looks and works fine. Just a personal like/dislike thing on her side. So currently I have a small sub, also with two piercings through the bottom of the penis to keep it open for when I cut it a bit more. I would actually like to cut it all the way down but I'll do that with time. We might still want children, and with a fully extended subincision that is pretty much out the window. I had also at some point trimmed the leftover bits of foreskin from the torn out piercing and re-did the bottom piercing. The two on the sides have been punched bigger, to 9mm. That healed so fast that I will never do a piercing... I might want a bisection one day to a small size and try to stretch it. I have much better results with simply punching it to the big size right



Scorpio's improvised tools for transscrotal piercing

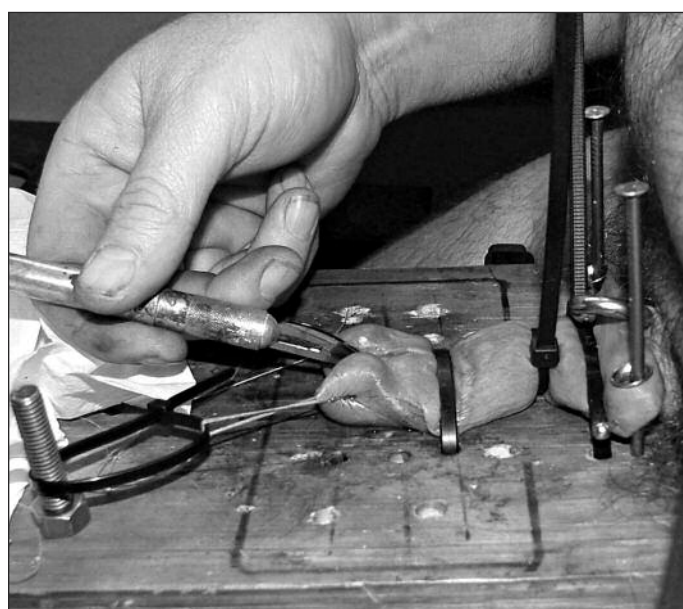
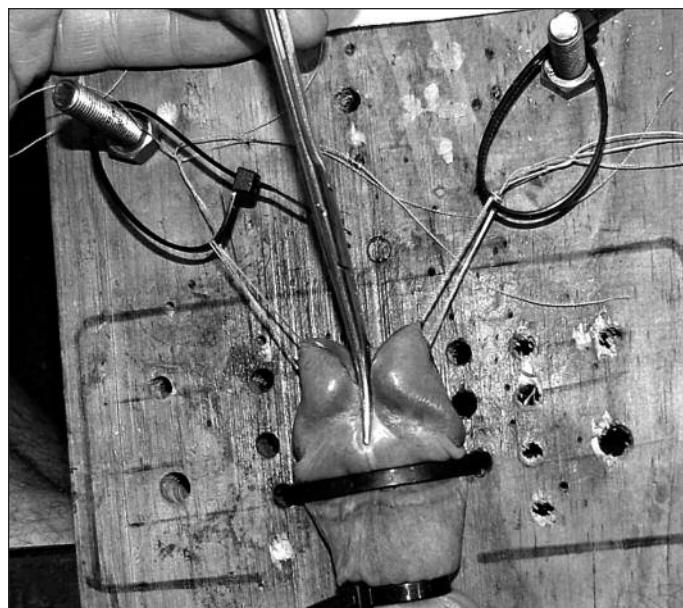


from the start.

For a while I had been looking at transscrotal piercings too but I knew of nobody doing them in South Africa so I'd kind of written one off. So then I decided to do it myself, after a bit of discussion with you. I wanted to simply punch the hole and sew up the sides, and it turned out that that was an acceptable way and so I set out to do it. Getting suture material turned out to be a bit of a challenge but I managed to get some and chose a night. My wife is a little blood-squeamish but I told her that she would have to assist with this one. Now she would not actually do much as she can't handle that, so I made a perspex scrotum holder to immobilize the lot. That holds it in place while I punch and suture. Having that in place I set about and punched the hole. Sadly I didn't do that with enough force and it turned out a section at the bottom did not punch through. I seriously underestimated how tough that scrotum skin is! But I persevered - cut that skin out with a scalpel and after almost passing out, finished suturing the hole in six places. I never realized how difficult it is to make those small knots. But I finished it off and put a plug into it. I went with 20mm. It turned out great but it got a little irritated one day and I made the mistake of leaving the plug out one night. I shrunk it a bit and I went down to a 16mm plug. I'm currently wearing that and it's very comfortable. I'll stretch it much bigger in the future. My wife wants to be able to stick her hand through it.

"The secret of success is learning how to use pain and pleasure instead of having pain and pleasure use you. If you do that, you're in control of your life. If you don't, life controls you."

— Tony Robbins



Some of Scorpio's splitting work.

## CM HURT: Mistress Of Modification

*Cynthia, professionally CM HURT, ran a dungeon where she did piercings and a wide range of body modifications and play activities. She helped produce some of BME/extreme's early FAQs on saline inflation, sounding, and female genital pumping, and was the first interview I ever did that discussed the increasingly high profile BDSM community. This interview first appeared on BME in late 1996.*

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*Cynthia lives in a house with two dogs and a white picket fence. Cynthia Hurt rides a 750 Intruder, and CM Hurt is a sadist.*

Professionally I got into body mods through body play (bdsm) — I got into temporary and permanent body mods about five years ago, when it was called extreme play.

The funniest thing that ever happened to me in play was that I got stuck performing an anal double fisting. It wasn't funny at the time, but I have come to appreciate the humor in it...

I have always been dominant in my personal relationships, even before I knew what it was. I have to laugh when I look back and remember trying to get my needs met in a vanilla world. More than one man was surprised by my foot in his mouth during sex! I always wanted to tie my partners up and give them intense sensations — I was a sensualist long before I knew what bdsm was. I date my serious interest of bdsm back to my sobriety, as that was when my clarity and focus shifted. It became more than just "kinky" sex.

I was so fascinated with the physical, mental and spiritual aspects of play piercing that I decided to study Permanent Piercing. I apprenticed in LA at a studio that I won't name as the owner didn't approve of my art beyond piercing.

*What type of apprenticeship was it? Paid? Working?*

I started out cleaning the studio, tools, etc and observing the techniques. I was marking and assisting by the end of the first week. I did my first permanent piercing on my own in the second week and was hooked. The arrangement was never for money, it was about learning and the experience. I wanted to do it for the rush, the creativity, and the thrill — I ever thought about it as a profession. I like to experience things.

I stayed there about four months — The owner had a problem with where I was going with my piercings. My interests were not limited to "straight" piercings and he wasn't impressed with my being a Professional Dominatrix or what he called "mutilation" of the flesh — aka Body mods. I stayed as long as I could, but I was looking to work with someone closer to my area (LA is an hour away). I soon found out that most of the piercers in the area were located in trendy retail shops, and piercing young people as a fashion

statement. I also found them to be, for the most part, inexperienced, doing a "job" and not compatible with me. I am very opinionated and I know what I know.

I studied everything that I could get my hands on, videos, articles, etc. In 1995 I started on my own, and opened my studio, CM Hurt.

*What was the environment of the studio? "Typical", or BDSM-leaning?*

The studio, CM Hurt, was a straight, typical studio. I would do most all types of piercings there, but made arrangements for body mods and body play for after hours and elsewhere. People would come to me for a straight piercing and in the course of conversation, would disclose enough about themselves for me to determine their headspace. I was actually surprised at the number of middle aged people that

would come for a piercing and we would wind up talking body mods and play. It was so refreshing to be able to assist them in their journeys. Most of them have become friends. When my oldest son was apprenticing with me, he would primarily handle the young crowd, the fashion people, etc. I had a steady flow of clients from bdsm circles, and they were typically older and into more "advanced" piercings and mods.

*Do you think that sometimes people who are coming from a fetishistic headspace are concerned more with the "act" of modification than the end product? If so, do you think there is a risk here that they might be unhappy, especially with heavier permanent mods?*

No, I have seen that the majority of them have given a lot of thought not to just the "act" but to what they want it to look like or do for them. Their piercing or mod has a meaning, it

signifies something to them. It is just not about a new sensory experience or a pain obsession. Many of the mods are long term projects, urethral stretching, scrotal lengthening, anal stretching, multiple piercing projects, some beading/pearling are usually, in my experience, done for the end result, the aesthetic value. Many of the piercings mark a significant event or relationship. I always suggest that a person give very serious consideration to modifying their bodies in any way. It should be considered permanent. I personally have chosen not to do certain mods on specific people or certain mods on no one. I chose not to study castration and clitectomy because I am not emotionally capable of performing them. I always advise caution when cutting, go slowly, bisections, meatotomy, subincisions, female genital cuttings all, in my opinion require great forethought and consideration to the permanency of it.

Most of my piercing is done within the bdsm community and my people come to me mostly by word of mouth. I recently closed down the commercial studio due to a conflict with the city where it was located. I practice my arts in a private location that has areas specifically set up for different types of procedures/play.





*Are the body modifications that you do almost always in a scene, or do you have more “normal” clients and piercings as well?*

[Laughs] Normal is relative. Right now about 75% of the piercings and mods are done in a scene setting. Maybe 15% are bdsm/fetishists opting for a non scene setting, they are usually unpartnered. The remaining 10% haven't a clue about me and my world, they just want to get their tongues or navels pierced because it's “cool”. I believe that only 5% of them will progress further into piercings, mods or play.

I own three autoclaves, an ultrasonic and so many tools and toys that I have collected. I have been seriously studying aspects of body play for several years, making it a point to search out and research prior to practicing anything. I have to be totally in control of the situation and technique or my conscience prevents me from doing it. I have been practicing temporary body mods as a Pro Domme for quite a while, :) I learned much of what I know about male genital modification from my gay leather friends, I just took it a step further. Much of what I have learned was through studying on my own and common sense.

I have always been fascinated with the pain/pleasure concept and I suppose that I am quite adept at applying it, I work a lot. I found others with an interest in body mods, mostly temporary, within the local bdsm community but no others with real skill or experience. It wasn't until I started searching the web that I found that I was not alone.

*Have you also made contacts online?*

Most definately, I spent quite a bit of time surfing for info. I would have to say that I even learned a lot from online, the people and things I found were so exciting — I would browse the newsgroups but they were close to impossible to keep up with. I didn't use my name at first... I used a screen name. I was up in Sacramento presenting a program on Play Piercing to a bdsm group and one of the people there steered me to BME. I was home :) — I found people that didn't think I was “extreme”. I like knowing that there are more people like myself, fascinated with the manipulation of flesh. I have such high regard for many of the others that have work displayed in the EXTREME section. I would love to spend time picking the brains of people like Steve, Keith, Patrick, Todd, DocF, and a few others for the techniques they have pioneered. (Why are they all men?) As far as clients, I have met many online. I seem to be able to facilitate acquiring items needed for mods, and that is nice, it helps pay for the website and it gives me the opportunity to be certain that these people fully understand the procedure and are being as safe as possible to themselves. Lastly, online contact made me cognizant that in some areas of mods, I had gained more knowledge and experience than most others.

I didn't realize that things I love to do were abnormal for perverts. I have a fascination with body mods, it is an art, I create and recreate. I love to manipulate flesh. I love to enter the bodies of others. I love the energy that passes between us. I love to see the glaze in their eyes. I love what I do.

Besides many piercings, my experiences in body mods include scrotal and labial saline inflation (which are displayed

on BME), advanced piercing,

*What do you mean by advanced piercing?*

I classify advanced as procedures such as beading/pearling, implants, transscrotals, designing multiple pierce projects, deep shaft piercings, cosmetic piercing (I recently performed a female piercing designed to hold excessive tissue covering the clithood back away from the clit, which is holding and healing quite well at this point), piercing based chastity devices, traditional surface piercing, beading/pearling, urethral stretching, scrotal lengthening, anal stretching, infibulation, vacuum enlargement, foreskin stretching, frenulum removal, partial circumcision (male and female), labial trimming, branding, scarring and lots of cutting and suturing.

I am very apprehensive of giving people just enough information to damage themselves or another. I almost prefer saying nothing at all over saying enough to lead someone into thinking that it is a simple thing, without risks. I am also quite concerned with opening myself up to possible investigation by nosey authorites.

The male circumcision was so intense, it was done in a partial fulfillment of a castration fantasy, he did not want a castration. In all honesty it was partial because I was concerned about taking too much off the top, so to speak. I was unfamiliar with Tara Klamps and other tools, so I went with what I knew. Clamp, scalpel, suture. It took a very long time and it was successful. I did not cut or remove the frenulum. He would like more skin removed and does not wish a different procedure. It's a possibility. I am interested in studying this further and certainly do not claim to be an expert. I research and go slowly when cutting away is involved.

The female circumcisions were different, one involved removing a V-shaped piece of tissue at the top and pulling the remaining skin together and suturing. The point was to remove excessive tissue — kind of like a nip and tuck. The other required trimming a small amount of tissue from both sides and above the clitoris. This one involved cauterization rather than suturing. Both women had requested this from their doctors, who had declined, not seeing the need. They did not recognize the women's rights over their own bodies.

*Well, if doctors refuse to do it, then you're not practising medicine without a license, right?*

Shannon, I am not nor have I ever claimed to have any medical experience or training. The things that I practice are not practicing medicine. I do want to stress common sense and safety. I know that there are people out there doing very risky, probably very dangerous things to themselves and to others. I really want for everyone to be safe and sane. I want people to check out anyone that they are considering allowing to do body art or modification on them, whether it's a tattooist, piercer, top, mod practitioner or shaman. Interview them, check out their workspace, equipment, health certificates, emergency response certification, and their headspace. I urge anyone considering mods to/on themselves to be sure that they are not mutilating or killing themselves.

I don't want anyone to think that these are things they should or could rush out and do. I have consulted with sympathetic medical persons and I go to great lengths not to damage anyone's genitals. Safety is my first and foremost concern.

The labial procedure only required trimming on one side, to even out the lips. They were grossly out of proportion. Again, a situation where the doctors consulted thought it unnecessary. I am known to have a thing about symmetry.

I practice both temporary and permanent body modifications and teach them also. I practice, obviously, on both males and females, straight and otherwise. I consider my art and play as pansexual. My experiences in play are quite extensive as are my interests.

*Are you always on the giving end, or did you go through a period where you were on the receiving end as well?*

I made a decision in very recent years to "submit" for the experience. I discovered what I already knew: I am a Dominant, a sadist, a Top. I have had one "Top" in my adventures. It never has involved pain or submission... I took some pain to experience it but really couldn't appreciate it. I have allowed myself to be put into restrictive bondage and receiving intense, almost unbearable erotic sensations for hours. [Laughs] I am not much of a masochist or a submissive and I am accused of topping from the bottom, but as long as he and I agree to it, it works for us. I look at masochists I am playing with and marvel at the head space they are in. I love masochists and I love submissives, they give me what I need.

I find bondage frees the spirit, sensory deprivation focuses and pain transcends. I practice Power Exchange, I am the guide, the manipulator, the facilitator. Some of the cutting and suturing techniques I have learned were taught to me by a pet of mine, a dental surgeon.

*How (socioeconomically) would you characterize your clients?*

My strictly piercing and permanent mods clients tend to be upper middle class, between twenty-five to fifty-five years old, college educated, involved in the bdsm community, male and female. There are a few that are younger and less economically stable, but they are not the norm. The bdsm clientel, which almost always involves temporary genital modifications is over 30, male, middle to upper class, and not out in the scene. I have never pierced anyone under 18, except ears and I won't do genital mods or piercings on anyone under twenty-one. I prefer people that have truly considered what they are doing and are not doing it to be fashionable. I want it all to have some purpose and meaning for them, whatever that might be.

The most spiritually intense piercing I have done was a nipple ring bonding ritual with two gay men, both HIV positive. The ritual was done in a private dungeon and extreme caution was observed. The energy between the four participants, they invited a guest, was overwhelming as was the love that the two men had. It was so intense that I was barely able to complete the closing of the rings for the tears in my eyes. There was an energy among us that overwhelmed

us all, as I looked up from the rings, I saw such clarity through the tears of us all. We were all speechless and we all felt the same connectedness. Amazing.

I have studied anatomy and continue to do so. The more that I learn, the less that I know... This coming year I am studying further in branding and tattooing — I don't plan on being a tattoo artist, I just want to be better at it. I have stopped working in outside areas in order to devote myself to my studies this year. I am fortunate that I can make a living doing what I love. I have a desire to meet and learn from the others that are Body Modification Practitioners, they amaze and astound me. I have given many Presentations and teach within the bdsm community on various areas of body play and modification. I make it a point to always stress safety and sterility, and I will not show certain aspects of how something is performed in a public setting. I accept many individuals and couples for training in these areas, where I can have one on one contact. This allows me to be comfortable that they fully understand what they are doing. I have clients from all over the country and have the opportunity to engage in the most interesting, fulfilling and outrageous experiences. My use of mods as a form of advanced body play seems to be a bit out of the norm, whatever that is. To enter another's body through these ways is as, or sometimes even more, intimate than sex. I take it as an honor when a person allows me this privilege. I feel the same about play, I value the person that submit's and turns over the control of their mind, body and spirit to me.

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I am originally from the east coast and have been in CA for 22 years. I am 41 years young, a mother of 3, and my oldest son (25) apprenticed piercing under me for a year and the youngest (twenty-two) is apprenticing with him in Alabama. They plan to open a CM Hurt Alabama this year.

*Wow. Do you think that it's genetic, or the way they were raised, or what?*

[Laughs] Maybe both, but probably due more to the age group they are in and the degree of acceptability that accompanies that group. They both had tats and piercings before me. They were into the "punk" scene and ran around with safety pins in their bodies. My sons' environment growing up was not "normal" by any stretch. We did many unconventional things and they basically grew up in the rock music business and were exposed to many things that other young people weren't. They were raised by me so that must give you some idea they were raised in an alternative environment. However for the most part they also were involved in "normal" childhood things like team sports and all. The most important thing that I ever wanted to teach them was to be true to themselves and to be responsible for their own happiness. They are fine young men with very nice manners.

*Are they also BDSM dominants?*

I am sure that they wouldn't like me to discuss their personal lives in a public forum!

Both are into tattoos and piercing but consider my interest in



mods and play a bit extreme, I have pierced both of my sons and their wives, we are multigenerationally pierced... My daughter (seven) is way to young for any knowledge other than that I am a Piercer. I am going to be a grandmother in July.

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I am not married, and I am a lifestyle Domina.

I dropped out of high school at 15 as I was an unwed mother. I enrolled in college at nineteen, with two kids and graduated magna cum laude. I majored in Behavioral Science — it comes in pretty handy. I am a past member of Mensa. I worked in the bar and music business to put myself through college. I booked R&R bands in the 80's. I worked in the corporate structure for a while, always in management. I have been self employed, one way or another, for over 10 years, I make a lousy employee.

I have practiced a twelve step spiritual based program for over 13 years. That means clean and sober.

I have a tattoo of two roses on my butt cheek and I am looking for a fairy sprinkling stars on my breast for the next. I pierced my nipples (ouch), and my son did my navel and we both contributed to the six piercings in each ear. I want a Triangle but am waiting for the right person to have it done. I plan to take a brand in March. But as much as I love doing mods, I feel tis better to give than receive.

*Is it going to be a bit strange receiving the brand, branding being a very "bottom" sort of modification?*

I have given brands in the past, but do not consider my studies complete. I seek out teachers for specific things I wish to learn... I am required to take a brand in order to study with a specific person. I have put it off as long as I can — if I want the knowledge, I have to do it. I wouldn't do it for a long time, but now it's time. I view taking a brand the same as I do a piercing or a tat, it's an expression of ones' self. It is art and I am the canvas. People are marked in the scene as "property" by piercings, cuttings, tats, branding, etc, so I don't consider it only as a bottom thing.

It will be my choice of design, location, and time. I believe that I will create a unique brand for myself, a design that I may eventually give to my slaves. It becomes very meaningful.

I devote ten to fifteen hours a week working with women recovering from alcoholism/drug addiction and other life abuse issues. I teach a spiritual and soul cleansing process in order to recover their spirits. I also advocate abstinence from all mind altering substances not produced by your own body. The body is quite capable of producing the euphoria that we seek.

I do these things to share the knowledge and processes that I have learned and experienced. These women are awesome powerful beings. They can do anything that they want, they need to undergo a process first and remove barriers in the mind, body and soul. They run the gamut, women that have been to prison, lost custody of their children, been abused, broken in spirit, homeless, addicts/alcoholics, real women with real issues trying to get better. The ones that stay are

miracles and I get to be a part of it. It's very gratifying. Sometimes they leave and that can also be devastating. So I focus on the winners...

*You live off of your modification career I assume?*

[Laughs] Does the IRS read BME? "I am not employed."

I believe that chemicals, natural or manufactured, in the body, cut us off from the spiritual aspects. This is based on my own experiences as a drug user for many years. I find that I became much more open to the positive energy in the world and to a higher power when my body became chemical free. I prefer not to work with people not in touch with themselves naturally.

BUT... The endorphins and "natural drugs" produced by intense ritual activities and extreme play are very analogous to externally produced drugs. Why is one OK and not the other? How do they differ?

I do not advocate complete abstinence for all people. Many are quite capable of occasional use of mind altering substances, recreational or otherwise. That is fine for them. I enjoyed many years of drugs and alcohol and if it hadn't escalated to addiction for me, I probably still would. I do not have the ability to use occasionally, so for me, complete abstinence is necessary. Having been clean and sober for a number of years, I have found a connectedness with a power source that is truly awesome. I believe that using can cut me off from that, I see it happen all the time to others. Perhaps it is because I do not stay "under the influence" of the body producing chemicals or "high" produced from bdsm, piercing, mods and sex for any extended period of time that they do not cause me to be blocked from the spiritual energy that surrounds us. I don't work or play with people that are under the influence of drugs or alcohol because I want them to have the full benefit of the high that these activities can bring by themselves and because I want them to be fully "with me". Maybe it's a control issue. I want them controlled by me, not the substances they have ingested.

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"I believe that women are the Dominant gender."



## Gustav: Hiding Sex In Skin

*It was immediately obvious to me that Gustav was an interesting character. Not only was he covered in a dense collage of pornographic tattoos, but he was also using liquid paraffin to sculpt the skin, so its shape echoed the bodies pictured in the tattoos. Unfortunately he'd also injected Vaseline into his penis and scrotum in an effort to enlarge it, with disastrous effects, according to him because it contains many impurities as well as crystals which can damage and puncture cell walls, causing inflammations.*

*While some kinds of refined mineral oils can be relatively non-reactive when injected in very small amounts in the body, when injected in large quantities they often cause dramatic granulomas to form as the body attempts to encapsulate them, which is why people often get a snowballing response where tissue quickly blows up and deforms in the affected areas. More pleasantly, Gustav later experimented with unique hollow glass implants of his own creation — which were inert in the body — inserting tiny beads inside the glass so they'd click under the surface. It was at that point that we switched our conversation from informal to a proper interview.*

*[This interview was originally done in 2005, but I have added some notes where relevant to reflect healing processes and so on that became apparent when we spoke most recently in late 2012.]*

*I just love your new clicking beads!*

Yes, they are fun. The great thing for me is that I can keep them kind of hidden and they don't need any maintenance. Even though glass works well for small implants, perhaps somebody should pick it up and work it out in stainless steel

for larger implants. It seems that implants are getting more functional, like the magnetic implants. It also reminds me of implants for slow release of medication and hearing equipment for deaf people. I'm sometimes thinking of other functionalities; technically, it should be possible to make a safe alternative for glow in the dark and fluorescent tattoos, built-in music equipment, a compass or GPS — or a built-in buzzer for erotic stimulation in the sexual parts. Actually, current implantation technologies are capable and available to do this all, but unfortunately, I don't have the time to work it out.

*Would you mind giving me a bit of an autobiography?*

Wow, this could easily turn into a long story. My age is forty-four, and I was born in the Denmark.

I grew up in a very normal way, nothing really special about my family. I had some problems in my youth because I stuttered a lot, which put me in a somewhat lonely situation, being laughed at.

I was also a bit of an introverted nerd when I was young, interested in anything scientific. In secondary school and university I slowly regained some self-confidence by usually being close to best of class. I did a PhD in chemistry focused on catalysis. I also did several art classes and mastered portrait drawing to get myself among people. I am now heading a research group in polymer science for R&D in the fabrics industry, and I've become more people-oriented and generally extroverted.

The feeling of being neglected by the other sex, something that I experienced during adolescence, had an important





effect on me and I filled the gap in my life with solo SM games and tattoos of nude women.

I suppose on one hand you might think that I was sexually frustrated, but in fact it is more accurate to say that I simply grew up being happy having sex with myself, which was an effective and convenient substitute. The reward it gave me removed the urge to look for more normal types of sexual relations, even though by that time I probably could easily have found them. The first “real” girlfriend entered my sheltered world when I was twenty-six — she post-docced at the lab where I was working — and she turned out to be an SM practitioner. Perhaps a coincidence; but maybe I simply had already developed a sense for recognizing the corresponding life attitude in her communication. We had a good time!!! But she had to leave for another post-doc position after one year, after which I had several other relations, which were however sexually less exciting. I believe these more normal experiences would have been exciting for most other people, but not so much for me, because I had become adapted to more extreme sex forms.

*That's some good luck about meeting her — I wonder how it would have turned out if you'd been able to stay together?*

First, how it did turn out — after her return to the US she had been in search of new lovers with tattoos, had been in SM relations a few times after me, but the relations didn't last long. I guess they were not like me! After those she had a long “normal” relation for eight years or so, breaking up recently.

For me, I was in search of tattooed lovers and actually had some for a short time, but they turned out to be quite different from me in other respects. I learnt from this that similarity in character is much more important than the urge for bodymods. Now, if we would have stayed together, I'm not sure, but I think we would have been fairly covered by tattoos right now! I learnt a lot from her and she from me. Our characters were quite fitting and we both felt it was difficult to break up. In fact, for that reason I might have moved away from SM, since I cannot really practice sadism on someone I really feel close to. I like my sexual fantasies as fantasies — not things I actually want to do with someone I really deeply appreciate.

I'm now married for five years. We get along well in general, but my wife is not into body modification at all — which hasn't always been easy for both of us.

*How did your life change after meeting your wife?*

When I met her I actually felt really bad about my body mods. But she was very accepting and thought it made me special. But body mods are addictive, so I continued in the more invisible way by injecting paraffin in my penis and scrotum. When she found out it was too late already and the inflammations had already started and I was heading for reconstructive surgery.

This was really hard. After the operations, I fell into compulsive tattooing of my hands, arms, and legs. I have a love-hate relation with those. My wife doesn't like it at all (neither do I actually, because of how it hurts social





intercourse) and it put a lot of stress on our relation. Sex is physically very difficult for me as well, so be careful with experimenting!

*The love-hate relationship is interesting to me... Do you want to stop? Or is it that it's something you genuinely want but since the world isn't accepting, you are put in an emotionally difficult place balancing who you are with what the world will accept?*

Good point. It is somewhere in between. If the world were more accepting, it would be easier to open up about it. I would be more able to be proud about it, and would get more artistic tattoos, basically because they are more accepted/less misunderstood by others. I really like tattoos on women, basically because for me the tattoos strongly enhance their sexual attractiveness. I don't really have that with tattoos on men, although with men I feel a sense of recognition that is pleasant. Although the quality of the art for me does matter to some extent, it is actually the very permanence of any tattoo that I like. I can also like art for being artistic, but then I have felt it very disappointing if the high quality of the art reflects the person of the artist rather than its wearer. In other words, I like the personalities who choose to have tattoos because of some deep personal drive, in which case a person's own good taste for quality or attractive placing on the body really adds to it. Maybe another try to express it: I like the looks of women, but at the same time that attractiveness is not their own effort; a beautiful body doesn't say much about the personality. Tattoos are a self-motivated control of appearance, for me intricately linked with sexuality and personal choices, which empowers the personality. That makes it highly attractive to me.

*When did your interest in body modification begin?*

My interest for tattoos started really young, perhaps when I was about six years old, but it developed into a substitute for normal sexuality at puberty.

*Six is very young! What happened?*

I saw guy with a clover tattoo on his arm who was sitting at a

terrace with other people, while I was playing in the playground nearby. He didn't interact with me or anything, but I just saw it and it drew my attention ("he is going to have wear that forever") — perhaps this was one my first sadomasochistic thoughts? At a time that I didn't even know what that was, and it wasn't in fact until a year later that my mother told me where babies come from.

"It's going to be there forever" seems like an odd first thought to have. My father had a tattoo when I was young and I don't think I ever thought about that aspect until I was much older. It's interesting that it's this aspect which caught your attention.

I had that thought immediately, and in retrospect I definitely recognize it as sadistic in nature.

*But also I wonder how we come up with what's normal — why not get the best out of that body by adorning it and have pleasure with it?*

When I was a bit older, 28 or so, I tried to get in contact with tattooed people because of my own private involvement in that field. At that time, the late eighties, the quality of professional tattoos was on average very mediocre compared to my own work, and that's why these new friends asked me to tattoo them. I bought some good equipment and actually did some reasonably good work on them, always custom made to their wishes.

I grew quite popular with that, and I still create tattoos every now and then for people who often travel long distances to get tattooed by me. I think that it is good this way — they see it as a very personal thing that I can give to them. They don't want commercial tattoos — artistic quality isn't the only thing to give a tattoo value, it's also the personal connection.

Regarding my own tattoos, the subject-matter of the tattoos is perfect for private enjoyment — they are like the female nude pictures in a sex magazine. These images are attractive to men, even though rationally the female bodies are boringly similar, yet they keep attracting men forever. In the same way,





my nude tattoos still keep catching my attention — from that point of view they are and always will be very functional. I never buy sex magazines, because I have my own 160-or-so erotic pictures on me wherever I go. To some extent, however, I also like that tension of having this secret. The negative aspect is that I have to keep them hidden. I experimented with showing them on online, curious about the reactions they would provoke, and fortunately they have been completely positive. This makes me quite happy.

I'm really considering getting artistic and showable tattoos, because nowadays I'm rather extroverted and really like to share my bodymods. I'm in love with the scenery of nude bodies, however, so perhaps I should let them be inspired by the famous sculptures by Gustav Vigeland (Vigeland park, Oslo Norway). Ha ha, would it be in the name?

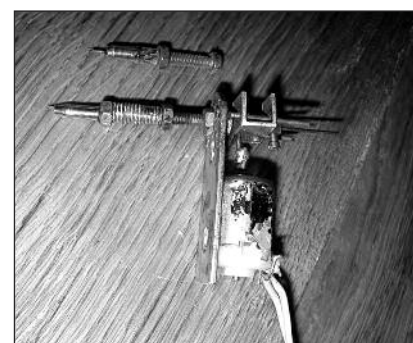
Being an amateur tattooer myself has also been a very good vehicle in this sense. Ideally I would like to tattoo part-time in a shop, and did enquiries for this in the neighbourhood, but unfortunately this doesn't seem to be a possible road and probably it will have to stay a hobby. Maybe this is the right way for me though — my motivations are pure, people come to me because they like me to perform the procedure, I'm never in a hurry, I can give the people the attention they need, I take the time to draw and redraw the design over and over again, and I like the personal contact.

It would love to have all this accepted by society in general, but it won't happen for me either way at this point in my career and family.

*Apart from tattooing you also experimented a lot on yourself. Why?*

Maybe just because I like to explore anything that draws my interest. Apart from all kinds of bondage play, starting at age sixteen, I tried all sorts of self-made piercings and implants, usually rounds beads, but sometimes long rods as well. Many of these were rejected or were too uncomfortable to keep, but I still have a few that remained. For example I have pieces of

thin nylon wire implants in my tongue, along its length and “horizontal”. I like those not to be visible or cause any damage. But I can sometimes feel they are there, as they move a bit under the skin. Those give a nice sensation for some time, but the problem



DIY tattoo machine.

with this type of implant is that in some places the skin moves and stretches too much, and the wires poke and irritate the skin. After a while the skin gets inflamed and the implant is rejected. Not a good idea!

*I don't think I've ever heard of someone putting implants in their tongue before!*

I inserted those using a hypodermic needle. I put a thin nylon wire, 2 cm long, in the needle, and then insert the needle in the tongue, just below the skin layer. Then I put a steel wire into the tip of the needle, pulling out the needle while at the same time pushing in the steel wire at the same rate. So then when the needle was out, the nylon wire was in place. The tongue surface heals closed quite quickly, and I can still feel them if I curve my tongue. The wire seems to be enclosed in a thin layer of tissue and slide and “pop” if I curve my tongue. Some of them began poking out of the skin, usually within a few weeks, but some of the ones I did are still in place many years later. I also have a thing gold wire inside my tongue tip. The good thing about those is that you cannot see them — I have them for myself. [Note: Seven years after the initial interview, these have stayed in place and not migrated out.]

*Did you have a purpose in mind or was it pure experimentation?*

Yes, just an experiment to invent an invisible alternative to a tongue piercing.

The good implants are the rounded glass ones, some of which are hollow and contain a little piece of iron, silver, gold or glass and make a permanently clicking sound. I wear them inside my hands and close to my ears where I can hear them.

*How did you come up with making these in the first place?*

Not knowing much about implants at the time, glass appeared to be one of the safest materials and easy to get. With heat glass can be made very smooth and into any shape, and working in a laboratory I could easily get glass rods and tubes. I made them nicely rounded and smooth, just a few mm in size since at that size it's impossible to break them. Then I realized that if I could put something inside the glass beads, I







could feel or hear it if the implant is shaken. I started to make small ampoules out of glass tubing, with small pieces of metal wire, gold, silver, or iron, or a small glass ball that I got from a fountain pen cartridge. The 4mm glass tubing with 1mm thick walls worked well. After thoroughly sterilizing everything, I inserted them through small holes I made using a hypodermic syringe or a thin scalpel. They healed quickly and easily in just a few days.

I probably have about fifteen of those right now, and they never caused any problem during the ten years that I've had them. Several are in the palms of my hands and in my fingers. It seems that the tissue of the skin is so soft that it soothes any external forces, luckily, so that I can do anything with my hands like drilling, hammering, and so on. I can feel them if I shake my hands and then they also make a soft clicking sound. I like that they are truly permanent, they cannot be seen by others, but I can feel and hear them myself. I also put a few under my ear lobes, and I can hear them rather loudly if I shake my head, which is fun. The ones

that contain iron also react to strong magnetic fields, and actually, I had an MRI scan made some time ago and wow, I could really feel the iron pieces reorient in the magnetic field! This also caused the MRI scan to fail, so there are some situations where they would have to be removed.

Back to the paraffin injections in your penis. This is quite unusual — what made you do that, and where did you get the idea it would work in the first place? [Note: at this point I am probably thinking “please don’t say BME, please don’t say BME, please don’t say BME”, because there had been a brief period where BME had a mineral oil gallery without warnings, as I was initially unaware of the risks, and I had a constant paranoia that BME had inspired people to damage themselves!]

I’ve originally got the idea from my implants. I was wondering if it would be possible to inject a solidifying implant, leaving no scar. Then I read the book “Tattooee, Qui Etes Vous” which described the use of liquefied paraffin injections to mark thieves permanently. The technique was





banned around 1900 I think. Then I read a book by Henk Schiffmacher talking about a guy who used liquid paraffin to enhance his scrotum. This got me started. I first tried Vaseline liquefied au bain-marie [ie. a water bath method of heating; similar to a double boiler], and later liquid paraffin. Both are bad, but the worst seems to be the Vaseline, probably because it contains irritating materials. I've also tried tetradecane (I thought that would be pure at least), but I found that was really inflammatory, makes a deep wound that pushes out the oil over the next half a year and leaves a scar. Now the scientist again: it is a straight chain liquid hydrocarbon; longer straight chains (higher molecular weights would crystallize), and because of the relative low molecular weight it is still rather volatile and soluble in water. Paraffins however, are not straight chain (highly branched and cyclic molecules) with a high molecular weight, but because of their shape cannot easily crystallize, hence despite their low volatility and solubility they are liquid. Minor quantities of paraffin seem to be relatively stable. I still have it in my nipples, lips, cheeks, forehead, and hand, where it gives body to a tattoo. It's not inert though — part of the effect of paraffin is actually the scar tissue formation.



*Why not try with silicone or hydrogel or something more inert?*

I simply didn't know about it. Most of this happened before I had internet access, so I only knew about the use of paraffin. But even now I wouldn't know where to get silicon or hydrogel legally. There are many complications in getting these materials, which is understandable since it is risky — but this also has the negative side effect of people using inferior materials, which is even riskier. Also, silicon oil does not provoke any inflammatory reaction, so it will spread through the system. Small PDMS beads might be an option, as long as they will not clog together forming a tough nodule in the skin.

*In relation to your wife — you kept what you'd done a secret from her until it was impossible not to?*

Yes. Secrecy seems to be an important aspect related to my bodmod activities. They are intended for myself only, not so much for display. [Gustav pointed out that it wasn't only a secret "from" her but also, from his point of view, a secret "for" her.]

There are several aspects to it. First, the lack of self-confidence, stuttering, and an over-dominant brother during my adolescence led me to create my own shielded world. Second, during adolescence I viewed sexuality and the related bodymods as some weak aspect of humanity that shouldn't be talked about openly. I considered them be irrational, taking control over me, an expression of something dirty and uncivilized — animalistic — that needed to be suppressed. Third, because obviously, I was unable to keep these under

control and permitted myself to continue doing it, but keep it hidden.

All these aspects have grown into the way I experience sexuality and my bodymod activities. I like it, but at the same time feel ashamed about it. So ashamed that I tried to keep it

hidden, even from my wife. Of course she noticed the then still slight increased size of my penis, which she assumed was natural and liked a lot — that was after the first smaller injection, which then motivated me to do the next larger and finalizing shot. When the inflammation started, and it grew to an unnatural size, I had to tell her. I also had to inform my parents that I had to have surgery, but I've never told them the cause of the inflammation. This was all very painful psychologically, which is the actual danger of this particular modification. It is immediately drastic and within a

very short time, there is no testing of effect or control of the process by social feedback as occurs for slower body modifications.

This was all before I got on BME. It wasn't until after my operation in 1997 that I bought a computer with internet and found BME. BME has helped me a lot to open up and share things with other people, which I like lot. And it's been a great support for me meeting people to which I feel close regarding body modification. My wife is not involved in BME, but she joined me on one of the BME BBQ's (we actually went bowling), where she met several people from the European group. Her impression: these people are not different from others, but clearly somewhat younger than I am. She was neutral about the BM aspect, and just sees the people as they are — the bodmod aspect is not as special to her as it is to me.

*What was method of placing it specifically and what effect did you achieve?*

In the penis and scrotum I did the injection using a simple thin hypodermic needle on a syringe. Healing is fast. The needle hole heals within days, and it is as if you didn't inject anything. There is no discomfort during the healing, no pain, no bruising, nothing. The effect is quite nice in the beginning, before the inflammation sets in, probably like how silicone oil would be — a soft rubbery volume, actually very pleasing to the touch. This is why I proceeded. In a way, the inflammation started too late, because at that point I had done quite a bit of it and by then there was no way back. With paraffin, this inflammation starts after a few months. This was probably induced by the inflammation caused by the Vaseline, or maybe the paraffin-enlarged volume made the swelling caused by Vaseline more visible. In retrospect, perhaps the surgeon should have first only removed the Vaseline infected scrotum and not the skin of the penis shaft.

*How much did you inject?*

The scrotum can take a lot of volume of course — I think I

put in about 200cc of Vaseline in the scrotum and maybe 10cc in the penis before the inflammation set in. The inflammation led to a lot of swelling and ulcers, hemorrhaging and leaking all the time. After a while it got infected as well, and I had to use antibiotics all the time. The surgeon finally removed 2kg of scrotum, so you could say the whole thing was rather swollen!

*Two kilograms out of swollen scrotum tissue, wow... Most of that was pus and dead tissue I suppose, all mixed up with giant granulomas? You must have been at some risk by the time you had surgery...*

Yes, serious risk of death even! Judging by the rate and intensity of the fevers I got, I doubt I would have lived more than a few months if I hadn't gone to the doctors. There was a very acute need for surgery. Even on antibiotics, I had fevers of over 41 degrees Celsius [106 degrees Fahrenheit] once or twice a week before my surgery. Fevers like that really

knock you of the world, and they can be lethal.

#### *How did the doctors treat you?*

It was really hard to find a doctor who would help me. I couldn't find anybody who wanted to take the risk involved with treating me. They were thinking of their careers. So they would say they didn't have the expertise to help, and told me to ask some other department — urology, dermatology — or just sent me back to my family doctor. I had to go through these doctors, because any other route would not have been supported by insurance. It was psychologically really stressful for me to have to explain my story every time, again and again, and be treated like dirt and sent home again.

My family doctor had me surviving on antibiotics for two years, until I finally found a plastic surgeon who wanted to help me. He suggested full amputation... of the skin only. I suspect a sadistic tendency there, because he seemed to like the shock effect of saying "full amputation"



The surgeon did a literature search on similar problems with paraffin and found examples of people who had plastic surgery for that, and also consulted a colleague experienced in gender transformations. Actually, he was somewhat interested in body modification — we talked about Fakir Musafar and so on! Was perhaps his career in plastic surgery triggered by a hidden interest in body modification? He showed quite a bit of interest in my library on the subject, but never actually took the step to come and visit my home, perhaps for professional reasons. He's now working at a breast enhancement clinic. It still took about one year before I was on the list for surgery.

The operation itself took eight hours. The surgeon was assisted by his colleague specialized in gender modification. When I was anaesthetized, I was not sure if and in what condition I would awake. There was a chance that paraffin clots released during the surgery could lead to thrombosis, and it was not sure if my penis could be retained at all. It worked out as well as it could have. I am now left with a relatively small scrotum made of the soft skin between the scrotum and the anus, and a penis covered by skin taken from my leg.

*I have to ask you about the pictures of the end result of the reconstruction... Is it soft or erect in the pictures?*

*It looks a bit injured...*

I hope the pictures don't shock you — they still shock me a bit. In these pictures you're seeing it at its permanent size, without an erection.

The glans often oozes a bit through little wounds, because there is still paraffin in it. I refused to have the glans removed. A few months after the operation I tattooed the new skin to "make it mine again". The shaft skin is almost numb. I have returned to hospital to see if they could do something about the recurring infection and inflammation, but there was nothing they could do,



DIY clicker beads



which is painful for me.

*I guess it's almost impossible to get the remaining paraffin out at this point?*

I hope that with the oozing, the body is slowly discharging the paraffin, and that eventually enough of it comes out so the surrounding skin can adapt.

*[Note: The paraffin leaking from the glans has since resolved itself, and as Gustav's doctor put it, "time heals all wounds". In addition, some of the sensation has returned over time. The inflammations and infections have been gone for many years now.]*

*Have you tried anything like vacuum pumping to start restoring the sensitivity, or is that too risky because of the paraffin?*

I tried, and yes, it restores some feeling, but it also worsens the swelling. Moreover, my wife is against it.

*It still looks decent sized... Does it get erect still? Does it get larger or just harder?*

Ah, that's a weak point. Yes and no. I have erection problems, but the cause is unclear. I got morning erections in the first year after the operation, and they were perfect.

The penis increased in size, but not to the degree it once did. It does get hard, but not with arousal. My theory is that this is psychological, and sex therapy helped a little but my marriage has been troubled. All of this is extremely sexually frustrating, which led to more body modifications — all those tattoos of nude women served as an alternative to sex. I've found a new therapist, who is very expensive, but an expert in parafilia and famous for his treatments of sex offenders. I'm becoming more comfortable with myself again. One of my problems in solving this is that I can't get access to my medical files — here the files are closed, even for the patient himself! But I think things are slowly getting better.

*Is it painful?*

The wounds on the glans hurt like hell from any touch. Even water touching it during showering makes me shout. I hope the wounds will disappear if the swelling is reduced, and that seems to help.

*It really bothers me that you get so little support from the medical industry.*

The hospital just does not want to take responsibility or get involved. I don't want to start a lawsuit, because I'm so ashamed and don't want to get too much attention from it. I'd like to keep it hidden, but maybe that is not the wisest thing to do.

*You also injected paraffin in other parts of your body?*

For my nipples it was sexually motivated — you feel your nipples more and they're more visible under a T-shirt. For my face I didn't like my appearance so much and wanted a softer, more sexual appearance. This likely has to do with the sexual neglect I experienced when I was younger.

These mods are noticeable, but only just. Perhaps people wonder about it. When I visited Vietnam, where people are much more expressive and women really like big lips, several times they would yell very enthusiastically, "enlarged lips!" as soon as they saw me, and would come over and talk to me. This has never happened to me anywhere else. Probably people notice, and maybe they guess the reason, but they never say anything. I did once go to an interview at a company in Paris, and I was rejected within five minutes being told, "I don't like your face." However, I don't really get negative reactions anymore, except from people finding me

look very friendly — expressing that that might be because of my bigger lips, not knowing what had made them bigger — and judge me younger than I am.

*It looks like you got quite nice detail when sculpting on your hands.*

Sure! But right now I wish I had done the same thing with more artsy tattoos. I don't like the negative connection people will make. The technique itself



certainly would give new interesting opportunities. But be careful: it is absolutely permanent, much more than an implant and even more than a tattoo. Serious skin transplantation is the only way to remove it.

To mention one more technique that I've done successfully — and a much less risky way to do this skin sculpting, although way less effective — is the implantation of small particles. It isn't as deep as a normal implant. What I did was insert a needle just below the epidermis, parallel to the skin surface. Either through the needle or after taking the needle out, I inserted small pieces of material in the skin. The technique is somewhere between tattooing ink and implantation, because the particles are larger than ink particles and therefore create a small permanent bump in the skin, but are smaller than 3D-art implants and very near to the surface. The size of the particles is, for example 0.25mm diameter, or sometimes small rods.

The particles I used are tiny glass spheres, small nylon rods cut and rounded from nylon wire, pieces of glow in the dark plastic, and thin gold plate. The first two gave a single small bump and can just be felt. A string of these particles make an elevated line — if you look carefully you can see that the labia and the pee-line of the paraffin enhanced tattoo on my hand are slightly accented this way. Without using ink, one should be able to make a very subtle scarification-like structure in the skin.

The glow in the dark particles really glow in the dark for about five years now, and because of the small surface to volume ratio of the particles they are very stable and there have been no skin reactions. The intensity of the glow is



*shallow depth and shines with reflecting light.*

The shininess is obtained only if the gold is placed very high in the skin — just deep enough for it not grow out — and to prevent rejection by poking out it should be really thin, like gold leaf. So far I could only make two small shiny dots this way. I made those five years ago and they seem completely stable. However, it is difficult to position the gold parallel to the skin at the right depth without folding it, but in principle it should be possible to use it to make a (somewhat) shiny surface in a tattoo, like a metallic sheen. Perhaps it could be done by cutting open a thin layer of skin, placing the foil, and then closing it again.

*Besides the negative issues, what do you think keeps your interest in body modification up?*

Several reasons... First of all, I have been involved so long that it's really part of my inner self. Secondly, I now know several people with tattoos — hey, I often made them — and I tend to hold tight to friends. Thirdly, the interest and the passion. Fourthly, I feel better among people with bodymods.

However, my tattoos and bodymods have also become a sort of threat to me, because I find myself experiencing an increasing risk of

going too far, and then to no longer be fully accepted at work. I have all these nude tattoos on my hands, arms and legs, which I still am able to conceal reasonably well. I guess people accept me because I'm known to be quite good and original at work and friendly toward people. Some sort of eccentric genius... But they do put a restriction in my career. For example, I was interviewed twice for a professorship, but failed each time by coming in second place. I don't know if this was because of my tattoos — oh well, I suppose that my stuttering also holds me back to some degree.

*How did you manage to tattoo under your fingernail by the way?*

These tattoos were actually very easily done by turning a single-needle tattoo machine on with the needle protruding from the tube a little further than normal, and then do a hand-poking tattoo action directly through the nail. It doesn't even hurt that much that way. Since the needle pushes the ink down through the nail by a kind of piston action, the longer you stay at one spot, the more ink will go in and the larger the dot will become.

*I have to admit, I really like the nude tattoos you have most of all, but I can imagine how they cause you problems. Did you think about this when you first did them?*

I'm a bit a masochist in these things... I have to hide them all the time and I go through giga-quantities of Dermablend [a line of makeup designed specifically for hiding tattoos]

however much less than with the glow in the dark inks.

*[Note: Regarding the glow particles, I checked again with Gustav at well over ten years past implantation, and he wrote, "Still there, all of them, and still glowing in the dark as ever. I think they consist of glow-in-the-dark materials embedded in polyethylene. Polyethylene is very inert because it is composed of hydrocarbon chains that do not bind any water, making them more inert even than nylon, which has polar groups in the molecular structure that does allow some hydration, and water permeability is very low. So it very efficiently encapsulates the glow-in-the-dark material.]*

*The gold plate is interesting as well, because it is at a very*



which I have to import from the US. It's expensive and always causes trouble with customs... I did find one cosmetic shop in the Hague that sells it, but only in one shade that's wrong for me. The strange thing is that in Europe it's only by prescription which is an expensive extra step. Likely many people have noticed that I use Dermablend on my hands, and several have asked about it. Even with the Dermablend the thickening from the paraffin is noticeable. I make use of people's polite nature not to ask deeper questions, but I'm sure they talk about it with others.

*I suppose that's an advantage to living in a polite region of the world!*

Perhaps, but I think it is more that people are too shy to ask. I liked the Vietnam way better — they take it as it is, laugh and smile, touch and show interest. With my hand they would touch and worry, but all in a very genuine way. I don't mind — and even like it — if people ask and touch as long as they are genuine and react positively.

Maybe I'm not the perfect example for the bodmod community, but on the other hand I also believe that there is a dark side to body modification. One the one hand I think it is good to publish negative aspects of bodmod (which may be a lesson for some, exciting for others), but on the other it can be used against me and the whole bodmod movement by the press. In general, however, I think bodmods are a very exciting and interesting aspect of humanity, which I support.

I don't think there is any shame in talking about one's misadventures — and I think that being able to lucidly understand one's errors is an essential part of growth.

*What reflections or advice do you have from your adventures in body modification?*

A disastrous body modification is easily performed, and the consequences can be severe. I'm a normal person in everyday life — not a “freak”, and not involved in any weird scene or whatever. Nobody, including myself, would even have thought of some of these things happening to me. Yet, some experimenting with body modification almost killed me. I know I'm not the only one that has done things like this, so I hope my story will prevent other people from repeating these mistakes.

Why would somebody inject liquid paraffin into their penis? It gave me an adrenalin rush to see my penis grow, and it seemed simple. I had a bottle of paraffin at home and just tried it for the fun of it. I didn't know it was dangerous when I first did it. It didn't hurt at first, and if anything, the thicker, rubbery swollen feeling of my thickened skin was highly pleasurable and erotic. Plus my girlfriend liked it and all of this encouraged me to inject more. But the fun only lasted for a couple weeks, and after that everything started going wrong. The swelling and ulcers got worse and worse, and I assure you, wearing a painful web football in your pants is very embarrassing, and the weight is literally unbearable. I

was unable to stand for more than five minutes because it felt like my scrotum was being torn off. In the beginning the swelling could still be pushed back, but once the scarring built up, it was permanent. I should have contacted doctors far sooner than I did. I should have done more research before I did it. I hope this will be a warning to those of you who are experimenting with body modification. I hope it teaches people to first do a lot of research on what you are intending to do — and perhaps you'd better not do it at all. A serious mistake that disrupts your well-being for life is just a few minutes away!



## Russ: From Piercer to Cutter to Cut

*Interviewing cutters — underground practitioners offering procedures that neither the mainstream medical community or the mainstream body modification world provide — is extremely difficult. First of all, most are extremely paranoid about talking to anyone they don't know extremely well, and even then, they're unlikely to do it on the record. Not only that, but the cutters that last tend to very grounded and down to earth — they are level headed, have simple and lucid explanations for the things they things they do, and lean toward short answers. Russ and I began this interview by email — a few times actually, and then completed it by telephone just before this book went to print.*

*Someone looking at you from the outside, what sort of person would they see?*

I'm sixty-seven years old and I'm retired, after having worked various conventional jobs. I've been a driver, worked on river boats, and that sort of thing, as well as local politics and civic matters, once being elected to the District Planning Council. It's hasn't been all that unusual.

*You grew up in a traditional family?*

Well, my father died when I was nine. My mother remarried after a few years and we lived in the affluent suburbs. My stepfather was a junior high school teacher for twenty years, my mother was a supervisor of the accounting division of the veterans administration. Again, mostly conventional.

*At what point in your youth did it start to become obvious — or maybe not obvious at the time, but obvious now — that your interests weren't quite the same as everyone else's?*

It's kind of hard to say exactly when. It's almost as if the concept sprang fully formed into my mind. I suppose I was in my mid teens, at about the point where anybody becomes sexually awakened, and I was just interested in seeing, gee, can this be done or can that be done, or what can not be done... I was pretty exploratory. It started out private but then I expanded it into play with partners when I realized that there were probably other people interested in exploring things too.

*How did you meet people that were into...?*

Kind of by accident. I hadn't really been hunting for anyone particular, but some of the people I met I just kind of sounded them out for what they might be interested in.

*How did your own mods progress over time?*

I thought about it for a long time and then decided that even if I was the only person who'd ever thought about ever doing anything like this I was gonna give it a try, and by that time I was in my mid twenties. I started up by experimenting with piercing... play piercing for the most part, genital piercing, then somewhere when I was in my thirties I got the bright idea I was definitely going to have pierced nipples. Those were the first permanent piercings I did, at least to myself. I'd thought about other things but that was the first one I tried — I could get a good view of my nipples so it was easy to do. Right now I have ten piercings — nipples and penis — a meatotomy, partial glans split, and castration. I planned some tattoos, but never got any, having been stopped by a nasty MRSA infection that I picked up in a hospital. I did have a PA but when I did the meatotomy there was no place

left to put it. I have had and abandoned twenty or so other piercings.

*I suppose by the time you did yours that you'd seen nipple piercings on others?*

Mostly in photographs, there weren't many people I don't think who were willing to take their shirt off if they had piercings at that stage. People were pretty self conscious about it if they'd been doing it.

*What were you using for jewelry?*

I was mostly using earrings and modified earrings... the old gold hoops and that sort of stuff.

*How did people find out you were doing piercings back then?*

I think it started with people that I knew well, and that weren't afraid to ask me to do something like that, they'd tell other people after they became confident having work done by me. It wasn't growing very rapidly — it wasn't exactly a brisk business. If I'd been trying to make a living at it I'd have starved to death!

*When did you move from piercing to cutting?*

I had been piercing other people and someone asked me if I would help him do some work on his foreskin. He wanted his foreskin split so it looked like a cape. I thought, well, I don't see why this can't be done. So I went ahead and helped him. That's the first thing I ever did, and I kind of opened up a whole new world.

*Did you start running ads in BCQ or anything like that?*

No, but I subscribed to that and everything else I could get my hands on. In a sort of quest for knowledge I wrote to everyone who I thought had an honest ad in these things, trying to get information — that's when I encountered Jack Yount.

*You say "honest ad" — was a lot of it just fantasy for people?*

Oh yeah, absolutely! It was fairly easy to pick up on. People who aren't really experienced and aren't really into doing things like this tend to want to want too much too fast, and you can tell, sometimes by the wording, that they're just getting more and more excited with every word they write.

*How did things progress after the foreskin cape?*

That was kind of what taught me that if you plan something like this out carefully, that you can go ahead and do things that are well beyond piercing and not be taking too many chances on anyone. That's part of why I was writing all these letters and trying to get as much information as I could and find sources for gear and hardware of various kinds.

*Where were you getting your equipment?*

Usually it was you'd write to somebody and you'd talk over a couple of letters about what you had in mind, what you really wanted to accomplish, and what you thought you needed to get it done... And they'd say, I know somebody who can get a hold of something, or who will supply you with something if you give him my name... That's kind of how it got started, people supplying equipment and materials and got to know who I was and it wasn't too difficult after that. There were some things that were shockingly easy to get, but no where



near as easy as it got after the internet got big!!!

*For sure! I guess the internet raised the level of noise, got you lots more people getting into the fantasy of it?*

I think so, I think it did... But then again it also allowed people who were serious the ability to contact others so I think it probably worked pretty much the same in that direction.

*So the piercing lead to the foreskin splitting, and the foreskin splitting lead to...*

That lead to the occasional circumcision, and there was a



period of a couple of years before it developed into anything really heavy. From there it went to things like head splitting and finally at the very end it went into castration, which actually there's pretty little demand for, honestly.

*You'd said that you liked to work everything out and plan it really well... When you're talking about a procedure like a head splitting, where there isn't really a reference, it's not like you can read about it in a medical book, how do you work out how you're going to do it?*

Part of it is the experience you had doing other work. You have to try to get the opinions of others who've done similar work, you have to familiarize yourself with the anatomy... Once upon a time I had a whole shelf full of medical and urology books, which if you slog your way through them will give you a lot of ideas how to do something safely.

Sometimes there was more bleeding than I was comfortable with. Bleeding can be really difficult to control in genital work, but nothing that was panic making. The only person who ever had to go to the hospital for a procedure I did was me! I actually didn't do the work on my own castration... The work was done well but I had a problem I didn't realize I had,

and ended up going to the hospital because I was bleeding. I had a weakened blood vessel upstream of where the cord was tied off and that burst.

*How did they treat you at the hospital?*

It wasn't too bad. The people in the emergency room were really good, apparently this isn't the first such thing they've encountered. The lady who was the head of the emergency room said that they get more business from people taking medicine into their own hands than they do from anything other automobile accidents. They were pretty calm about it. I

did have to have an interview with a psychiatrist, who said that here only concern was that they weren't going to turn me loose and have me in a couple of days off myself.

I pretty much explained to her what was going on, and she didn't have any problem accepting it. Overall not a bad experience. The only annoyance I've actually had are actually with urologists — I think they are taught that you don't remove things or alter things except as a last resort. I think that's kind where they stand. I don't think it's a moral judgement on their part, just an artifact of how they've been trained. The biggest problem that I had from calling 911 was that since I refused to name any

participant, I was threatened with charges for conspiracy to commit assault with a deadly weapon — a scalpel — and all my equipment was confiscated. After a few weeks the case was dropped and all my gear — including my testicles! — was returned.

*You mentioned that bleeding is the main problem in procedures — is banding how you normally control that?*

Yes, frequently I would band or tie it off, tourniquet-like sometimes. There are chemicals that will slow bleeding but there's nothing that will slow or affect arterial bleeding except clamping the artery and suturing it, which I have learnt how to do.

*What was your screening process for potential clients — how did you decide who you were comfortable working on?*

The biggest part of it was finding out how they knew I was willing to do these things, and kind of what they expected from me. It's a little difficult to explain — a lot of it's getting the feel you have about someone in the emotional sense.

*Did you ever get the impression that anyone you talked to was law enforcement?*

Yes! I got letters from people that I was absolutely sure were law enforcement people. I don't know if it was going after the community overall so much as I think they were probably after people who were causing an awful lot of harm.

*By harm you mean like people whose customers were consistently ending up in the ER?*

Right, or possibly even dead for all I know. You wouldn't necessarily hear an awful lot about that. I think that seemed to be their concern and if I suspected someone was law enforcement I'd simply deny I had anything to do with it and refuse to have anything to do with them. A couple letters and a couple of refusals and I wouldn't hear from them again.

That and I won't go very far away from home to do anything. Some people would travel to me, but a lot of them were like me, trying to stay close to home. I think it's a matter of feeling secure.

*Did you work exclusively on men?*

Yeah. Any heavy work was exclusively on men. I did a lot of piercing on women, but the heavy work was all on men. I've talked to women who wanted heavier work done, and women who had heavier work done, but I wasn't doing any of it myself. To be honest even though it sounds like I did an awful lot of this there was very little heavier work done in comparison to piercings, and even all that was low level because I was trying to maintain a family and a job and everything at the same time.

*How many people do you think have had a castration done in America? I know that's hard to guess.*

I don't know. I'm still heavily involved in the Eunuch Archive and we've got surveys going and some very competent scholars working with us, and we really haven't got a clue.

*It's always been hard for me to guess it as well. Especially because you get both a false impression of it being very popular when you're looking at these dedicated communities, but at the same time these dedicated communities are still only hitting a tiny sliver of the people who are actually interested...*

I presume that there aren't that many cutters doing it... At least on the end



that I'm involved, which came directly from modifications and some interest in S&M, and just exploratory sex in general.

*Do you get the impression that younger modification community, the people doing implants and things like that, are willing to move into this? Or do you think those communities will continue to stay quite separate?*

I think it's probably separate groups with some crossover and quite a bit of mutual interest. But I don't think they're essentially the same group at all. I see most of the work with implants and some of that general sort of work as being... like tattooing...

*It's people changing their public identity — not a private thing usually.*

I see a lot of the heavier work as being very personal. You can get two people having exactly the same thing done by the same person in the same manner and yet it's completely different in its effect on that person and the person doing the work.

*How much does it affect you, doing the procedure?*

Quite a lot actually. You have a, not necessarily long lasting but a very strong bond with the person you're working on. You get very protective, or at least in my case, very protective of them, and kind of defensive if anyone says the usual "why on earth would you do something like that"... It's a sort of closeness but not really conventional.

*I suppose you've helped someone through a kind of a rebirthing process, you're almost a parent on some level.*

Yeah, I like the rebirthing concept — I think of it as transcendent, that is a movement from one state of being to another.

*Why do people do genital mods in your experience?*

In the case of castration, which is my principal interest, it goes from "I don't want sex or gender, I want



nothing to do with it” to people who want to move into a different or a new form of gender, rather than to be free of it. That’s kind of a wide range... It may seem similar on the surface but when you talk to them it’s really different. It’s very hard to set out one thing or another about it though.

*I get the impression that for most people it’s more of a sexual act than an asexual act — is that accurate?*

I believe that. Absolutely. In a lot of cases it’s a gee whizz I’ve done all these sexual things, so now I’m going to move to this, which is a whole new range of sexuality. I see a lot of that, and that’s kind of where I was at when I had it done. Of course then I was also catching up to what I’d originally thought of for myself about thirty years earlier.

*Any thoughts as to the sort of demographic that typically came to you?*

I haven’t thought much about conservative social roles. I can say from observation I have been constantly surprised how many seem to be married men, most often with their wife’s support for whatever modifications they found to their liking. Still, the majority interested in having genital mods seem to be bi or gay or maybe as a bi male I just interpret it that way.

*What made you decide to go to someone else for your castration rather than just doing it yourself?*

I wasn’t going to do it on myself. I don’t think that’s a good idea at all for anything major. If something goes wrong you’ve already lost control of the situation. So I instructed someone how I wanted it done, I set it all up, got all the gear together and kind of served as an adviser on myself. It was an interesting experience all by itself. That went well. I’m getting older now, and I don’t really have the dexterity I once had, so that’s part of why I’m retired from this. I don’t really want to get to a position where I’ve done one too many. I wanted to get out while the getting’s good. The very first one I did I was asked to assist a close friend who was doing a castration. For the first one I was tensed up and it took a little while before I felt I had the



ability to properly assist. My friend and his client deserve a lot of credit for giving me the confidence to go on to do more. I do not have the dexterity or good enough vision to do this anymore. Also, I’ve never done something really heavy like a castration or genital modification in which I was alone. I always had someone to assist me, or I was assisting someone else. I feel that’s the only way to be safe about it.

*Are you taking testosterone or did you go off of it?*

I’ve experimented with large amounts of testosterone, small amounts of testosterone, no testosterone at all, in various ways over several years since I’ve been castrated. At this point I am taking no testosterone.

*How do the different amounts change both day to day life and sex life?*

Day to day life that was the most dramatic because I’m a fairly large person and I’ve always been physically strong and that pretty much went away, even on small amounts of testosterone. That was a very big deal. As far as sex life goes, I haven’t completely lost interest in sexually matters, it’s just turned the volume way down. It comes back with testosterone, but I find the effect diminishes as time goes on. That’s part of why I decided to stay off testosterone as long as possible.

The higher amounts made some differences in some of my physical abilities but I didn’t feel particularly good — I felt kind of uneasy all the time, I had difficulty sleeping... That didn’t last long.

*How active is your sex life these days?*

I no longer engage in the level of S&M or CBT play that I once did. Partly due to my advancing age, partly due to circulation and neurologic problems which keep me in constant pain and restrict my movement. And, of course,

partners are few and far between for a sixty-seven year old who is pierced and castrated.

*Something that people ask me regularly is “what have you seen that scares you or that is further out than you’re comfortable with”, and beyond the non-consensual, the only thing I’ve seen that sort of freaks me out is the erotic death community where castration is just a step toward a sort of ritualized suicide. Where does the line fall for you for what starts to make you uncomfortable and what is still healthy?*

I think things that affect your ability to take care of yourself, or to lead your life independently is where I start drawing the line.... that is, removal of feet and hands and things... Nobody’s ever asked me but I’ve been pretty plain in my objections to the idea for a long time.

I don’t do penectomies either, but that’s because I don’t think there’s any way I could safely do them. I don’t have the equipment, or a good place to do it, or experienced people to guide me through it. I’m not opposed to the idea. I just don’t feel confident doing it, and I’m not going to knowingly endanger someone due to my inability to handle a situation. I’ve talked to a couple of people on the phone over the years who’ve done it and they don’t necessarily sound like they’re willing to encourage anyone else to do it, and that kind of gives me a clue that it’s a little further out there than I really want to get into!

*I think three quarters of the people I know who’ve done it have ended up in the hospital.*

I think that’s a good guess... I know some people that haven’t, I’m thinking Marcel particularly... Just amazed some of the things he’s had done and not ended up in the hospital.

*And he had his done twice as well!!!*

Interesting guy he was, and very likable. I think the biggest influence on me as far as attitudes about these things is kind of between Marcel and Jack Yount. Jack was very adventurous, but friendly, jolly... all-around good guy. I think because of knowing him, not in person but by correspondence and telephone, I think he’s pretty much gave me the confidence to move into some heavy stuff.

*I think Jack touched a lot of people’s lives. There are a few people like Jack, or in piercing you’ve got Doug Malloy, that acted as catalysts in a lot of people’s lives to shape where everything went... I’m sure you’ve met a lot of interesting characters.*

There have been so many unforgettable, but one of the scariest was someone I never actually met. He sent me letters for several years, in red pen and all capital letters with intricate drawings and some of the strangest thoughts that you could possibly imagine. Does that sound scary to you? I did my best not to encourage him, but didn’t want to stop writing to him either!

The first heavy procedure I did, the modification of the foreskin — I thought that was amusing — and it was a very light hearted thing for him too, making this caped coped. He just wanted something that nobody else had that he knew of, and was easy to do and looked a little silly. That’s what he wanted. He was an interesting guy, a little younger than me but he really had a good handle on what he wanted to do.

Unfortunately we kind of lost track. I lost track of a number of people... December of 1976, my house burned down and I lost my wife and four kids in the fire... I spent a little bit of time not being very open to communicating with anyone, and I lost track of a lot of people then. That set me back a little bit. I’ve been married a total of three times. It’s been... I don’t know... It’s been interesting.

*Did your wives assist at times on procedures?*

No, no... My second wife, the one that died in the fire, was kind of interested in that sort of thing. She and I would talk about it pretty openly. The lady I’m married to now doesn’t disapprove of anything, but it’s kind of an “I don’t want to know the details” sort of thing. My first wife was before I did any of this at all — before I was drafted into the Army and expanded my horizons.

*It was the Army that “expanded your horizons”?*

I’m sure I had thoughts somewhere, and a lot of them, but I wasn’t really conscious of it or paying a lot of attention to it and I got to Vietnam and the guys... I was a car driver in Vietnam, and the guys that they sent in from the field because they were getting a little nutsy in the field, they used to assign to the truck as guards. These guys were telling me about castrations on both sides in combat, usually dead bodies but not always. That started me thinking about it and I started getting excited by it and I finally got to talk it over with my girlfriend who was Chinese, and she didn’t think it was unusual at all that i was interested in or excited by something like that! So then I just kind of started exploring, at least in my own mind, all those thoughts. When I got back I started looking into piercing and other things and realized that I’d been probably interested in that sort of thing all along, I just didn’t have a clue as to what it was about.

*When you’re doing procedures on others is that something that turns you on? Is that a sexual act as a technical act?*

It’s sexual, but it’s not necessarily arousing. But there is a strong sexual element to it. i think that’s true of most people who do that sort of thing, but most people won’t admit it.

*Honestly, I think that it’s true even of most people in mainstream piercing, and even the tattoo world.*

I think so too, it’s just that most people won’t admit it, or somehow internally suppress the thought, but I’m pretty sure of that.

*Outside of the sexual aspect, what do you like about your modifications?*

I like my piercings and modifications because I feel that they accentuate my individuality. They set me apart from others even though they are not unique in a strict sense. They are still individual in the same way that ears or fingers are individual even though most people have them.

*So there is more personality in a given piercing than simply its presence?*

Oh absolutely there is. Each piercing has personal meaning for the individual pierced as well as the individual doing the piercing. The importance of my own piercings will be different to me, than the same piercing would be to another.



For instance, for our 10th anniversary, I pierced my wife's nipple. For our 20th anniversary, I pierced the other nipple. And then there's the time when my son was about ten years old, I caught a nipple ring on a refrigerator door while making my lunch. When I straightened up, the ring bent nearly into a straight line. To endure the pain without cursing in front of the kid, I hopped around the kitchen while mumbling under my breath and turning red-faced. He was entertained by the action and laughed the whole time.

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*Russ's cutter (apprentice?) gave me permission to include some excerpts from an email she sent me not long after doing the procedure. Below is an excerpt thereof.*

To summarize what happened, we started by placing a catheter then numbing the scrotum and testicles by injecting them with Lidocaine. Once the area was good and numb and Russ couldn't feel a thing, I made one incision down the center of his scrotum. We pulled out the first testicle, clamped and cut the cord. While cutting, I came across a pocked of fluid build up that was under quite a bit of pressure to it... If you've never had the inside of someone's scrotum unexpectedly spray fluid in your face, well... I wouldn't recommend it. Making sure there was no infection visible there, we sutured the cord above the clamp to prevent any unnecessary and potentially hazardous bleeding then cut and released the cord. We then followed suit with the second testicle. The first testicle was oddly misshapen and small, and had a small growth attached to it, a small nodule that was grayish in color, approximately the size of a pea and had the shape of a kidney bean. We placed that in a separate specimen jar of formalin, so that perhaps he could take it in for testing by his doctor. The second testicle was much larger and healthier.

During the surgery, we noticed some excess bleeding. We attempted to cauterize the broken blood vessel with a cautery pen, but were unsuccessful. While the bleeding did begin to slow, we sutured the scrotum closed and placed a drain to aid in relieving pressure. All in all, the surgery itself went off without a hitch. However, when the bleeding did not subside, and Russ began to get light headed and incoherent I

decided it was time to call 911. Of course I didn't explain exactly what happened, in fact the plan all along had been that if we needed to call, to tell them I'd found him this way. Well, the ambulance came and hauled him off to the hospital, followed by many police officers who raided the house



looking for evidence.

They couldn't decide whether or not they wanted to believe he'd paid someone to do this or if someone had come into the house and forced him into it. They wouldn't let anyone back into the house until they searched its entirety and took whatever they wanted. They pretty much bagged up everything they could carry out of what we have come to call the OR — a place most people know as Russ's bedroom. They did find the testicles, took all sorts of books and medical supplies with them, plus Russ's computer. They kept telling me that he most likely found whoever did this on the internet and that they'd be able to locate the "suspect" by dissecting his hard drive. Who was I to correct them?

The ER urologist commented on several occasions how impressed he was with the professional quality of the work performed. The incision was straight, the suture knots were done beautifully and the procedure as explained to him was step by step exactly how it would have been done in a hospital. Turns out the excess bleeding was a total fluke. A blood vessel broke, most likely from the pressure of being moved around. Doc said it could have happened from sitting down too hard, or being kicked in that area, only if it had been either of those two scenarios he would have bled internally and could have gone quite some time without knowing it, thus creating a situation that would could have been quite hazardous to his general health. While there was nothing the hospital could do to stop the bleeding either, they were at least able to monitor it. A few days later they sent him home with lots of gauze and told him to let it bleed out and follow up with his own doctor.

It was also around the time he was released from the hospital that the police Sergeant assigned to the case called Russ a few times to discuss it. Ultimately, they never did figure out what happened. Instead, they decided they weren't going to worry about it and released all his belongings to him.

He was slow in healing, partly because of his age but mostly because while in the ER he managed to pick up a staph infection. A few weeks later, he was back in the ER having a rather large chunk of his butt cheek removed. It was a persistent little bug, as it moved to the other butt cheek and he ended up having that one lanced and monitored closely. But now, six months later, Russ's doing quite well. He's had no more flareups with the staph infection and the scrotum has healed closed. His primary physician laughed all the way through his first visit with her after surgery, and was very pleased with how well it healed. The nodule we'd removed from his testicle? Turns out to have been a cyst, and was nothing at all to worry about, but that and the other pocket of fluid I'd cut into very well may have been huge contributors to his pain.

## Elio: DIY Human Experimentation

*I first met Tucson, Arizona-based Elio when he wrote me after I posted some pictures of saline inflation done using food color, and mused about the idea of using tattoo ink in order to dye large areas of tissue using a single injection and, done carefully, minimal pain. After he sent the fascinating results of his experiments with that technique, I started learning about his other modifications, all of them self-done and often bizarre and unique, a number of them things that no one else that I knew of had ever tried before. A number of these were made even more unique by the fact of Elio being born with female genitals which have been sculpted and enhanced not just with body modification but with hormones as part of a female-to-male gender transformation. It was a huge pleasure talking to Elio — it's always liberating hearing the story of people who go their own way.*

*While the general body modification community (by that I mean the public world — the sort you'd expect someone in their twenties to be a part of — versus the sort that does a subincision behind closed bedroom doors) these days can be rather hostile to DIY modifications and explorations that are arguably better left to experienced professionals, because my body modification journey started in the 1980s when DIY was often the only option I have never been particularly bothered by people choosing that path up the mountain. It's not the safest path for sure, and it's not one that I'd recommend to most people — and for me to do so would be irresponsible given that there are safe and well marked trails up that mountain — but there are unique benefits (and dangers) to free climbing new routes or even those others have previously marked as dangerously impossible.*

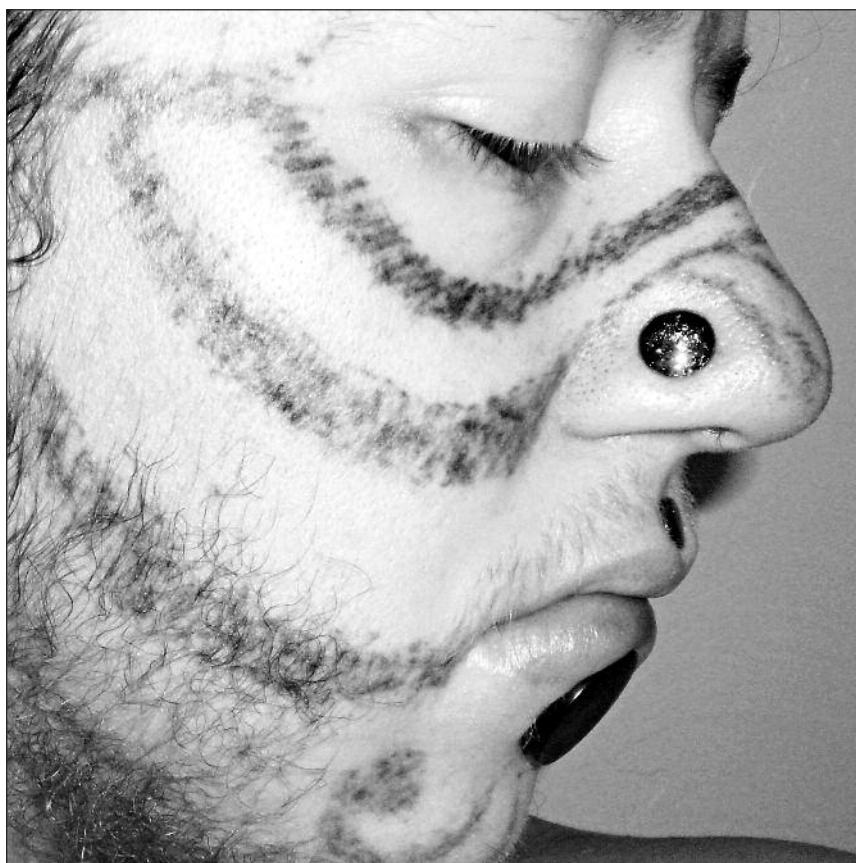
I'm twenty-six and I grew up in a very liberal, very smart, and very dysfunctional family in the San Francisco Bay Area. We — me, Mom, Dad, a younger sister and a younger brother — identified as nudist, and it was always understood that if one of us kids turned out to be gay that would be just fine. It turned out that trans, kinky, and modified were all a different matter, as I was to find out. At the same time, screaming at each other over dinner was normal, and I was constantly stressed out.

Professionally, I did tutoring for about eight years, but education was never really where I wanted to be, so I tried going back to school to switch gears into a Masters in biomedical engineering. My undergrad degree was in linguistics. Since I was sixteen — also the age at which I started college, though I don't think these two things are related — I'd been getting migraine headaches that had been getting steadily worse. By my first semester of graduate school when I was twenty-four, I was getting them every day, leading to a major breakdown I still haven't recovered from entirely two years later.

Since then, I've been applying — unsuccessfully, so far — for disability and trying to work on my writing. I wrote professionally for those silly eHow articles before that dried up, participated in National Novel Writing Month, and now I'm — slowly — working on a novel I hope will actually be publishable.

*Are you still practicing nudism?*

Not actively, no. I am known for not noticing I'm still unclothed at my BDSM club, though. I recall taking a break



Elio's self-done facial tattoos, piercings, and black eyeball tattoo done by injecting ink under the conjunctiva with a syringe.



from a scene for everyone to go eat, only to learn there was an unspoken rule not covered in my orientation: “Don’t go in the food room or lobby naked.” However, I was saved when someone pointed out that I wasn’t naked — I was wearing socks! A few months later the council ruled that genitals must be covered in the food room, I think entirely because of me.

*How did you realize that you didn’t quite fit into the gender you started in?*

I like to say there are trans people who are more trans — the types who fought to do it even in the fifties and sixties when it was extremely hard — and there are trans people who are less trans. I’m in the latter category. Yeah, I fought against wearing dresses growing up, but because my family was so open in talking to us about sexuality, I never went around under the delusion that I’d never menstruate and would instead turn into a boy when I hit puberty. My mom has always gone on and on about what a bum deal being a woman is, so I figured I was experiencing what everyone born female experiences. When, upon being introduced to Lois McMaster Bujold’s work, I strongly identified with the hermaphrodite character, I just thought it was me being strange.

It wasn’t until I started spending a lot of time in the queer community and met some transmen that I started seriously considering transitioning. I originally got involved with the queer community because, having identified as bisexual for years and still feeling that something was wrong, I thought I’d try identifying as lesbian. That lasted about two weeks before I fell in love with a gay man. I now think I had assimilated the stereotypes about lesbians, and assumed that the reason I felt abnormally masculine for a woman was because I was really a lesbian.

I started living as a man mid-2009, came out to my family that Christmas — “ruining the holidays for everyone,” they called it — and started taking testosterone on St. Patrick’s Day 2010.

*Where do you draw the nature vs. nurture line personally?*

I think — and a couple family friends agree — that my mother’s negativity about women stems from not being comfortable as a woman herself. So that would seem to imply that her negativity is really just a manifestation of a genetic tendency toward being slightly trans, so I guess nature is your answer.

*What first got you interested in body modification in general?*

I was always fascinated by people I saw with piercings or tattoos. I was about eight when a character in a book I was reading had three piercings in each lobe, and I thought that was just the wildest thing I’d ever heard of and wanted that

for myself some day. As a compromise, I asked my mom if I could get just one extra piercing in a lobe — I thought I was being smart, arguing that I could put to use the stray earrings that had lost their mate.

But she said no, and I managed to repress my interest until I was fourteen when I pierced my nipple with a safety pin. To keep this a secret in spite of the fact that we considered it normal to change clothes in the same room with each other, I had to pretend I was embarrassed about my adolescent body, wearing bras I never really needed so I could keep them hidden.



Stretched oral piercings. Note injected lip tattoo.

*When you start taking T, how*

*quickly do you experience changes like clitoral enlargement and general masculinization?*

I still can’t grow a decent beard after three years, though I suppose being fair-haired doesn’t help. On the other hand, a couple weeks after my first shot, I looked down at my clit and said, “Holy \*\*\*\*!”, because it had at least tripled in size. No one prepared me for that happening so quickly. Body hair came in slowly over the first year and a half, same with the fat redistribution away from the hips and into the belly.

*Did going on testosterone change any of your body modification interests?*

It might have made me more likely to act on my interests; I don’t really know. Then again, after starting transition, being interested in body modification was my last bastion of closeted-ness, and I think of my transition more as clearing the way for my biggest and most important coming-out — that is, living openly as a heavily modified person.

*The world seems pretty mod-friendly these days, so why were you uncomfortable coming out about that?*

My parents are very against it. I think it’s harder for female-bodied people — there’s such an incentive to keep your body “pristine.” I even had that sense for a long time; the thing that made me lose my iron grip of control on my interests was when I was left with appendectomy scars at fourteen. I figured that my body was no longer “perfect,” so why hold back any longer?

*For sure — even in today’s age where piercings and tattoos and so on are very popular and accepted, it is very true that women are still expected to meet a very specific profile with their mods.*



*As they say, the more things change, the more they stay the same...*

At least I've never had anyone use the expression "ruining yourself" to me.

I also think the unfortunate fact that body modification is associated with criminality and drug life played into it. My family is a little subtly classist, even though we were only ever upper-middle class ourselves. I felt a lot of trepidation that people would assume I was a "lowlife" or "scum" if I talked openly about my interests. Sure enough, nowadays I do get people assuming I'm on heavy street drugs or have been to prison, but I just don't care that much anymore.

*I remember ages ago going to the premiere of the wonderful F2M documentary "You Don't Know Dick" and it having a funny scene of people talking about how their sex drive kicked into high gear and became more "vulgar" to shorten what they said... I was curious if you'd experienced anything like that?*

I feel like I keep accidentally failing to answer what you're getting at about the T. Hopefully this time I'll be more on the mark.

I'd always had a high sex drive, and that really didn't change. The only thing that changed was that the swings were more drastic — rather than an almost constant low level of arousal, I went through a time where disinterest would suddenly spike to urgency in a way I hadn't experienced before.

*That's funny given that there's the stereotype of mood swings being more closely linked to female hormones than male.*

Yeah, well, some stereotypes are bullshit.

As far as being more "vulgar," I do find that I "get" dirty jokes and innuendos all of a sudden. It's weird that I spent so many years constantly thinking about sex yet having the jokes sail right over my head. It's like I've suddenly learned another language. Puns, too, are something I used to never get and accepted that was just the way I was. With T, suddenly I was not only getting them, I was finding them funny and making my own puns. I never expected this weird shift in my perception of language, because I've never heard anyone else

talk about anything like it.

*What modifications do you have now?*

I'm sure to forget something, but I have many tattoos, mostly DIY hand-poked with various sizes of tattoo machine needles — face, eyes, neck, ear, forearms mostly sleeved, upper arms some coverage, hands, various front of torso pieces, nipples, clitoris — or "mini penis," as I like to think of it — right leg significant coverage, and left leg some coverage. You'll notice that one of the most-tattooed places on people — the back — is completely blank on me because (a) I can't reach it, and (b) I can't SEE it, so what would be the point? LOL.

*Why do you mostly do your own tattoos?*

It's mostly a cost issue, but at the same time, most of my professionally done tattoos — there are only five — are based on designs I'd drawn. Once, I decided to get a piece of flash off the wall just to see what it felt like for contrast, and even though the work is stunning, I feel a certain detachment from it, a certain alien-ness. I have this bizarre sense that it's a fake tattoo because it doesn't feel connected to me the way the others do. So even if I were to get more money, I'd probably stick to coming up with my own designs.

*I totally get what you're saying about your back by the way — I never had particular interest in a tattoo or body modification that I can't see or experience... I do these things first and foremost for myself, not because I want to impress others.*

It's weird how people don't believe me when I say I do it for myself. I've decided to accept that most people must make decisions about their appearances based on getting reactions from the outside world, since people so consistently expect that to be the motive for my behavior.

*Honestly, I think that a world where it's assumed people get modified for other people rather than themselves is a sad reflection on the popularization and gentrification of body modification.*

*When I first got into it, everyone was doing it for themselves, because they enjoyed it or got off on it on some level. There are*



*still people like that, it sounds like you're one of them, but I think that because mods are so public and so mainstream these days, they have the same "peer pressure" style influences on people are fashion or music and so on. It's hard for people to do it for themselves these days because it's now a part of shared society, rather than a private or at least outsider activity... In some ways I really miss the days when it was still punk or fetish and so on.*

Nah, if I'd have lived back in those days, I would have become convinced I was crazy for wanting these things. My dad still thinks I'm not admitting that I have bipolar disorder and schizophrenia, and that if I'd continued to be on tons of psychiatric meds I'd never have modified myself to this extent. This completely ignores that I modified myself that whole entire three years, too, but he's never been particularly open to reality when he's made up his mind.

Anyway, as far as my piercings go, they're all DIY, and I have a 23mm scalpeled labret, 8mm dermal punched philtrum, 9mm dermal punched nostrils, 6mm retired septum, three 14ga helix — through healed-over old 8mm dermal punches — 5mm scalpeled navel, 10mm stretched apadravya, and an 8mm retired scalpeled side of hood piercing.

*I love that heavy clitoral apadravya piercing by the way.*

Well, it may be "heavy" in the sense of "extreme," but thanks to a Teflon barbell from Aesthetics, it's actually very light! I wish I enjoyed weight there, as it's a psychological turn-on, but my body doesn't like it.

*What do you mean your "body doesn't like it"?*

Weights are painful and cause sensitivity in a way that makes me slightly panicky rather than turned-on. It's like sounding in that I've done it on myself for lack of anyone else to do it on, but eventually stopped that and made do with my imagination.

*Are you trained as a piercer? What made you decide to go DIY?*

I've never trained or worked as a piercer. I flub some things,

but I'm happy with my success rate. Frankly, some of the most crooked, shallow piercings I've gotten are the professionally done ones. Added to the difficulty of finding someone qualified and willing to attempt some of these things and it's just easier to do it myself.

I also think I have an advantage when working on myself in that I don't have to use a clamp or receiving tube or cork — I can just put my finger on the other side and FEEL where the needle is going to come out. That, combined with the fact that I have no qualms about immediately redoing a piercing, means that I'm much more precise about placement. I also enjoy the ritualistic aspect of doing these things alone, in my own private space. Again, I just don't get the same sense of ownership if I go out to a professional establishment and make a commercial exchange.

In addition to my piercings and tattooing, I have many surgical modifications, which are all DIY as well, other than my bilateral breast reduction which was done by a plastic surgeon. I have a split tongue, which I have redone at least six times to deal with regrowth. Also a right ear conch removal — that's just partial until I go back and fix it. I had 1? lobes in the past, both ears, which I attempted but failed to reverse. Eventually I intend to remove the leftover knobs of flesh and just be lobeless. I've done a quarter of this so far. My nipples were split both directions with a scalpel, cutting out from a pair from stretched horizontal and vertical piercings plus a central pocketing. I also have both labia removed, a hood split which I made by scalpeling out a 5mm piercing. Eventually I intend to remove the hood completely. Finally, I have a female subincision — I opened the split with a scalpel, starting with a female PA, a Princess Albertina, which I had stretched to  $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

*Now we're getting into fascinating territory — heavy female genitals mods seem so rare to begin with.*

Why is that, anyway? I await the day when someone comes



Surgical breast removal, DIY scarification, ink rubbing, tattoos, and split nipples



Some of Elio's DIY leg tattoos. Right tattoo's blurriness is due to the ink being injected rather than "poked" in place like a standard tattoo.

up with a plausible theory.

*I personally think there is a strong link between male sexuality, male "mating dance behavior", and testosterone in general with body modification of this specific type.*

*With your 3/4" PA — do you mean placement, or stretched size?*

Yes, the jewelry size. I pierced it at 10ga, I think, and it healed and stretched so fast I was up to 00ga within a month. At 3/4", wearing a tunnel, I actually had this strange problem that it directed the urine stream backward and irritated the area that rubs between my thighs. Plus, I wasn't sure I liked the way it stuck out of my vagina; it looked kind of silly, like a tongue or something. I'd never heard of a female subincision, so I decided to go ahead. The whole thing was practically painless, from piercing to split. Since then, I've noticed I do get a few more UTIs than I used to, but since I can reliably cure them by drinking a glass of cranberry juice at the onset, it's not a big deal.

*What made you want the PA? Were you into urethral stimulation?*

I knew it was very rare and as far as I could tell, no one had stretched it to a significant degree. I wanted to find out what would happen and what it would look like... I wanted to be into urethral stimulation. As time goes on, I keep giving up on the idea of being a fifty-fifty switch and realizing I'd just rather do most of these things than have them done to me. But it's really hard to find someone even into sounding, let alone cutting or what I ultimately want to do, which is modify someone else permanently as part of a scene, repeatedly.

It's weird because the PA piercing sounds so extreme, but it was so easy, fast, and painless. I think I got onto the idea because I'm mentally turned on by sounding, enough so that even though it's more uncomfortable than pleasurable for me to receive, I'd been playing around with it on myself for a while.

*How does your subincision run anatomically?*

The distal end of my urethra is open to my vagina.

*What procedure did you use to do it?*

I just cut through the piercing. I'd just stretched up a couple days before, so the stretched parts hanging off the opening kind of tightened up afterwards, which was nice. I've had that happen before — after having my retired 00ga helix punches healed down to open 2ga and 4ga holes, I stretched back up to 0ga and retired them again — only this time the holes healed right over. I think that's a good thing to try if you're trying to shrink a stretched piercing — stretching up and then removing the jewelry after a couple days with the stretch not healed yet.

*How about healing?*

It barely bled at all, there was no pain beyond an extremely mild stinging when peeing for a day or two, and there were no complications. Easy-peasy.

*Did it have a functional effect?*

Whereas sounding is painful for me on removal, I like stimulation around the urethral opening. The subincision enhanced that sensation when receiving vaginal penetration, which I enjoyed a great deal back when I was doing a lot of that.

*It's hard for me to understand the length of the subincision exactly in terms of how far it runs. It just mostly just cutting out the big PA, or does it run up the shaft of the clitoris, thus exposing more nerves? I guess at that point the anatomical parallels start to diverge a bit.*

Yes, they do, because the clitoris is a pretty separate entity from the urethra. Okay, so imagine you have a soup can and you glue a straw that's the same height as the soup can to its inside, standing up vertically. That's like the vagina and the urethra. If you cut a slit in the top end of the straw, that's essentially what my subincision is like. And then if you really



stretch the metaphor and get one of those little hot dogs people use for pigs-in-a-blanket and set it on the counter nearby, that's my enlarged clit.

The subincision is just basically me cutting out the large piercing. Since the piercing protruded a bit, I'd guess the subincision goes in maybe 12mm. Considering the female urethra is only like 6 or 7cm long, though, that's not an inconsiderable percentage.

Another interest of mine is scarification, some done with a dermal punch, and some of it with a punch and ink-rubbing. I've never seen anyone else do that yet, but it's such an obvious idea.

*Was your tongue split done over six sessions because you were just cutting slowly?*

No, actually. The first time I got it pretty far back, but every time it healed, it returned to an unsatisfactorily short split. Realizing this was partially because I was having trouble getting the scalpel far enough back in my small mouth, the last time I used surgical scissors, and that seems to have worked a little bit better.

The first time I did it, I was actually just playing around with large-gauge temporary tongue piercings. I was nineteen and living with my mom, and I wasn't allowed to have non-ear piercings at all, so I played with these things late at night and took them out right away. I'd been mostly piercing and stretching — that is, ripping — to larger sizes, but I knew scalpel was supposed to be cleaner and result in easier healing. But once I'd pushed the scalpel — okay, actually it was an Xacto craft knife that time — through my tongue, the blade was facing forward as I had it, and I was on such a high from the sight of it that I kept cutting all the way. That still wasn't enough to satisfy my need, though, so I risked pissing off my mom even further by also cutting my 00ga lobes to 5/8". I thought I'd be able to hide these things — I had long hair — but I was wrong.

*Did cutting and re-cutting it like that affect the way it healed? More scar tissue or an unevenness or anything? I assume you weren't suturing it.*

Yeah, I wasn't suturing it. I knew some professionals weren't using sutures, either, so it didn't seem worth the trouble to get the materials and learn how to do it. I don't think it affected healing at all. Whereas it still could be deeper, I'm very pleased with it aesthetically.

Oh, that reminds me, I should have mentioned — somewhere in the tongue-splitting FAQ it warns that a three- or four-way split would "likely end in disaster." Well, I tried going in about half an inch on one of the existing forks just to see what would happen — I didn't think there would be a terribly great "disaster" just with that short split. You can see from the pics that you can't even tell it's there, really. I didn't like it at all — unlike the original split, it didn't feel natural, and it wasn't the turn on I expected. The outside part of the split went kind of numb. For what it's worth, I was able to pull it

apart with my muscles; it wasn't just a passive lump of flesh. But it healed back together quite quickly, and that was the end of that experiment.

*It's sounding like DIY is something that's very important to you. Does that permeate other aspects of your life as well?*

Haha, yes. I'm very bad about asking for help when I need it. That combination of stoicism, independence, and stubbornness ends up hurting me a lot, as you might imagine. If I hadn't kept insisting I could do it just to prove it to myself, I would never have tried to work normally for as long as I did before finally admitting that my migraines are too



Note scars in top tongue splitting image from "octopus" attempt.

big an obstacle.

*You seem to really enjoy using yourself as an experiment.*

It's less enjoyable than compelling. It's similar to all my creative ventures in that way — it's not "fun" per se, but it's



Hood tattooing and stretched clitoral piercing.

something I find so interesting I can't not do it.

*Given the warning you'd read why did you do it?*

I'm a little mulish when it comes to warnings. "Oh, you're telling me not to do this? Well I don't have to listen to that! Watch me do it anyway and turn out fine!" If I read a warning somewhere that it's a really bad idea to impale your entire body on a 20cm wide spike, I'd probably have a great deal of trouble getting the idea out of my mind. I wouldn't do it, but I'd keep returning to the thought.

*When you did the "octopus tongue", for lack of a better name, do you have an sense as to how that would have turned out if you'd forced it to heal, say by suturing it?*

Haha, "octopus tongue" is a perfect name for it — even though octopuses probably don't have tongues. I think it would have just have continued to be numb and awkward-feeling. It feels fine now that it's healed back together. There's a little strip of scar tissue I can feel if I try, but that's it.

*What made you decide to do the labial removal and hood removal? Was that related to trans interests, or mod interests?*

Both. I can't really separate it out. I always hated my labia; they didn't enjoy being touched, and I found them ugly. I was always attracted to the idea of having the area clean of superfluous folds and having nothing but the clit there.

*Do you mind me asking about you sex interests in general, or is*

*that no-go territory? I'm also curious about whether testosterone has influenced them.*

I'm pretty open about my sex interests. I think it's important for kinky people who CAN be out to do so to increase visibility.

The first year on T, I had copious amounts of sex with a veritable plethora of partners — mostly gay, bearish men, but some straight men were still interested for a while, and if there was BDSM involved and there were no guys around, I could go for women, too. I'd been enjoying slutting around for a couple years before T, though, so I think it was only maybe a 50% increase in activity. I did, however, go from virtually never masturbating to doing so about twice a day — almost always with a vibrator for efficiency, even though it seems like a kind of womanly way to get off.

Then, when I had the aforementioned breakdown, my sex drive kind of shut down for a while, except for masturbation. That time period was when I finally committed to being irreversibly visibly modified. I realized that I'd always had a conflict between being a performer and being modified, and that every single stinking time, I'd chosen the former over the latter. It was time to make the other choice. Besides, I'd discovered improv comedy, where your looks are pretty irrelevant, and I'd turned into a gamer — where your looks are REALLY irrelevant — when my sister introduced me to Magic: The Gathering. Anyway, the weird thing is that now that I can look in the mirror without being startled by my lack of modifications, and I really don't care to have sex with other people any more. Being able to just cater to my fetish made masturbation that much more satisfying. My modification motivations are 40% fetish, 35% a matter of be-who-you-are, 15% love of experimentation, and 10% spiritual.

*What gave you the idea of doing tattoos by injecting the ink instead of just tattooing it?*

The idea began because I was trying to accomplish something that would be more like an implant than anything. I wanted to have bumps filled with color on my leg, and, being a cheap bastard, I tried this with acrylic paint, figuring that at least it's non-toxic.

*I guess you discovered there's a big difference between "non-toxic" and "bio-compatible"!*

I knew there was; I just wanted to make sure I didn't go crazy from lead poisoning while experimenting. I've also always been comfortable with mods "going wrong" — I enjoy the strange scars and configurations that result from accidents as much as the successful mods. I figured one of three things were likely to happen: it would work, it would push back out of the skin and scar, or it'd become infected and painful and I'd have to debride it myself. I was comfortable with any of those three options, and could at least tolerate the possibility of having to seek professional medical care. The green and yellow ink stayed, but the other four colors all pushed back out in a long, painful process.

*Long painful process?*

It took months with the paint weeping back out the injection



site or forming new holes to the surface. I'm a picker — I can't seem to help it — so eventually I hastened the process by picking away the skin that was on its way out anyway, leaving me with irregular craters in my skin there. I kind of like the result, as it's hard to get a depressed scar like that except by sticking something non-bio-compatible in there. I did have a rash of mild food allergies for a couple years afterward, and someone I knew said that was linked to tattoos in general, so maybe the yellow and green weren't completely inert. Anyway, now my body seems to have successfully encapsulated them, and they've given me no trouble. Some of the green did weep a bit, which is why there's a white spot in the middle of those areas, like a collapsed caldera.

Later, I moved toward injected ink that I hoped would to spread out. When I did my eyes — yes, I saw the idea on the internet — I noticed how the fact that there isn't really any tissue that bonds the conjunctiva to the sclera, or any tight fibers running vertically that would stop the ink from

spreading. In addition to the eye, I'd seen a photograph on ModBlog awhile back where a guy injected his own blood under the skin of his penis and got a cool, color-changing temporary tattoo. The two ideas just sort of melded in my mind, and I injected black tattoo ink under the loose shaft skin of my tiny penis.

Just that spread out really well and covered everything but the underside, where the tissue is a lot tighter. It's very similar to the inside of a subincision there, which makes anatomical sense. I was really impressed with this, so I tried putting some ink in the head as well, which just came out like random black blobs even after three or four attempts.

As I played with this more on different parts of the body, I realized the shallow injections just under the skin don't work very well unless the skin is very loose. The process hurts like hell wherever you do it, and the ink just doesn't spread out enough most places to justify using the technique over normal tattooing. However, the one time I managed to get the ink into the fat underneath and it spread — this only



Female subincision created by cutting out a stretched Princess Albertina piercing.

worked the first time, so far — I got an interesting, result kind of like a permanent bruise. I just wish I could get colors other than black to work that way, as I think it'd be neat to extend the idea into a rainbow thigh piece.

Healing isn't too bad with this, though the swelling on top of the pressure created by the ink itself is more painful than you'd expect. Honestly, I've never gotten a serious infection with any mod I've done. I don't even really bother with sterility unless I'm doing something extreme, as (a) I'm lazy about prep work, and (b) I look at all the indigenous cultures that do these things on the ground in the dirt with completely inappropriate materials — yet you never see them with ripped piercings or other failed mods. True, some of them probably die from infection, but if I ever got a serious infection, at least I have access to antibiotics.

*I said something similar in one of my old FAQs — if the piercing can be done in a dirty environment using simple homemade tools, it's probably relatively low risk. You do however occasionally see indigenous people with torn earlobes and such of course...*

I've actually yet to run across an image of that, though I always figured it must happen. In general, I think our bodies are much more durable than we give them credit for. I've always figured that if I were a piercer, I'd be slowly driven nuts by people being overly anxious about mild mods.

*By the way, I'm always impressed when people tattoo their own eyes, and I think there's a kind of nihilism to it as well...*

Nihilism? I don't know about that... I think I'm too happy to be a nihilist.

*I know, but I think with eye tattoos, other than people who are blissfully unaware of risks, you have to have a certain moment of "fuck it, if I go blind, I go blind"...*

*It may have been a little different for me because I was the first to do it, so we were much more in the dark about what might occur.*

It was more like, "I've yet to hear of anyone going blind; that may just be an overreaction of a warning. Plus, if I do go blind, it would be a whole new way of living life. Sure, it'd be frustrating and disheartening at first, but it would also be a challenge and an adventure." Since then, I've learned that studies show people who lose a limb involuntarily are less happy than they were for about a year, but after that they go back to being just as happy — or unhappy — as they were before. That's made me a lot less anxious about the potential of getting in a bad car wreck, which I worry about a lot more than I worry about any ill effects of my mods.

*What was that experience like? Did you do full coverage or just a spot?*

Full coverage. I did the right eye, two or three injections, and it was easy and looked gorgeous. Then I did the left eye... aieeee! Why is one side always so much harder than the other in bilateral mods? I absolutely couldn't get part of it to fill in

— still haven't, after multiple revisits — and healing on that side featured my sclera kind of detaching in a fluid-filled blister — which I popped with a sterile needle — blurred vision, a headache so bad I thought I was having an aneurysm and went to the ER, and black "floaters" in my vision for a year afterward.

My optometrist has since informed me that there's ink on my left optic nerve, making me at risk for glaucoma because the ink molecules, like the melanin molecules in dark-skinned people, can block the flow of fluid out the fine mesh in the retina. Oh well.

*Can you tell me more about the problems you had?*

I used an 18ga draw needle on a 3cc syringe to draw up about 1cc of black tattoo ink directly from the bottle — to avoid contaminants from involving extra containers — I switched to a 25ga needle to inject the ink. I put the needle in open side down. I wasn't sure the needle was in far enough at first, but when I tried depressing the plunger, the ink went right in and spread out over about 40% of my right eye. I repeated this with similar results twice on the right eye and twice on the left eye.

The other twenty percent of the left eye refused to take ink. I tried injecting shallower, deeper, in different locations, but after about six times, I gave up. It had black spots where the needle had been, but the ink wouldn't spread out. I later repeated the procedure on multiple occasions with similar lack of results.

My right eye produced no pain and healed fine except for



The eye tattoo that gave Elio problems



minor leakage into the area around the eye, giving me the “black eye” effect over about a square centimeter. I was a little light-sensitive the first week of healing. Two days after the initial procedure, my left eye... how do I describe it? It’s like the whole sclera detached and was kind of floating free in the eye socket, though tied down to the cornea still. It was also swollen like a blister. Once I lanced the blister with a 25ga needle, clear fluid leaked out, and the sclera went back to normal, though still very loose and jelly-like. Over the next two or three days, that healed back to normal.

Meanwhile, day three I got that monster headache I mentioned. At the hospital, I was keeping my eyes shut or squinted because of the light sensitivity, so they never knew about the eyeball tattoos. They said it was just a particularly bad migraine, which is what I thought, too, for a long time until I kind of reassessed what had happened. The headache was tolerable with aspirin the next day. As far as the glaucoma risk, I don’t know much more about it than what I already told you. The “floaters” were teeny black specks that tumbled down through my vision for a year afterward, but since have disappeared — I assume they eventually collected back on the optic nerve as the eye filtered out that fluid.

*Do you feel that there is a male bias in body modification in general? Or in heavy modification?*

I’m not sure it’s a matter of “feel” on this one — someone must have studied this at least to the extent of counting up the number of men and women in body modification, and I’m sure it would come out biased toward men.

*How do you think this could be addressed or corrected — or do you think it will always be that way because it’s reflective not just of societal pressure, but of legitimate differences in the way genders express themselves?*

We haven’t exactly talked about it from a community angle yet. I don’t know if it’s something that needs to be “corrected”, or that we’d get a 48-52 split in the absence of societal pressures, but when an activity is this men-dominated — I’d guess 90-10 in heavy modification — I have to think it’s more about cultural norms than anything innate. Men and women just aren’t that different; we’re all people.

If the ratio does change, I think it will just take time. It’s popular to say that women stay away from men-dominated activities because men are jerks toward them when they try to get involved, but that’s always struck me as a rather pat explanation. Anyway, writing a finger-wagging “Men, you’re being bad!” isn’t really helpful, because any man who actually is a jerk isn’t going to think you’re talking about him.

*For people who are ignorant to trans-culture, I think it might be worth explaining “what’s the point” of becoming a transman and having a relationship with a gay man... I mean, why not just be a straight woman with a straight man? What’s the difference?*

If there’s anywhere you don’t want to pretend to be someone else, it’s in your intimate relationships. I was very uncomfortable with straight and even bi men needing to see me as a woman to be sexual with me, because I knew

“woman” was the one thing I wasn’t. It’s really hard to have people perceive you as you are over a dinner conversation, but then to have that go out the window as soon as you’re naked.

*Do you ever wonder if it would have just been easier to “pretend to be normal”? Be a housewife with a white picket fence and two and a half kids or something? As wonderful an adventure you’re on, it can’t be easy on many levels.*

The trope of the mad housewife makes me want to laugh and cry simultaneously whenever I see it, because I think that would have been me in another time. I’ve been relatively spineless about standing up for who I am even now, so if I had been born in an era when it was harder, I probably would have lived a life of secrecy, shame, and deep malcontent with my “normal” life.

*I know that at 26 you’re still coming to terms with your own life, but since there may be numerous people going through the same thing, but teenagers that may be ten years earlier in their personal journey, is there any advice you’d give to a younger version of yourself? Be it about the body modification journey or about the trans journey...*

Don’t doubt yourself. When people say something’s “just a phase,” they’re often putting their wishful thinking onto you. Don’t listen to that nonsense if your gut says otherwise. Also, it does get better, but it takes longer than you’d think possible, and it gets better in unpredictable ways, along axes you weren’t even aware existed.

I wonder if anyone will ever start an “It Gets Better” project for modified youth the way there’s one for queer youth?

“As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect.”

— Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*

“Be daring, be different, be impractical, be anything that will assert integrity of purpose and imaginative vision against the play-it-safers, the creatures of the commonplace, the slaves of the ordinary.”

— Sir Cecil Beaton

## KT: Complete Genital Bisection

*KT is another one of the people I met through BME that was a great inspiration to me. This wasn't just because he had remarkable body modifications, but more importantly because of his attitudes about life and the reasoning and process behind those modifications.*

I was born in 1956 in Los Angeles, and moved to Palo Alto when I was eleven for a year, and then to Richland, Washington, where I stayed for the next twelve years. I have moved around a bit, mostly in the Pacific Northwest, but now live in Bend, Oregon. I've never traveled any farther east than Kansas, and to tell the truth, while it might be nice to visit, it's hard to imagine living somewhere that you don't have open spaces.

I was adopted by two wonderful parents. Nothing about me that could be considered "bad" or even "offbeat" is their fault, and in fact, they put up with me far more than could ever be expected. I have a younger sister, also adopted, who is doing well. My parents were the best. Because I was adopted I knew that I was wanted, not just some accidental extra mouth to feed. My father was in the nuclear engineering field and my mother was an English teacher. I can't imagine having been mope lucky. They had me reading and writing before I ever went to school. Writing has never been my strong point, but reading I can't say enough about. Start young and read everything and anything! You can go anywhere (or any-when) through reading. I probably read at least a book a week, sometimes blasting through one a day — fiction, sci-fi, historical fiction, modern history, adventures... I thank my parents for passing on the desire to hunt for knowledge, but especially the acceptance of everyone as equals. Even through the anguish I caused my folks — I was not a very nice child, which is probably why I decided not to have children — they never abandoned me or treated me like I was a lost cause. All that is good in me I owe my parents, and I take the blame for the rest.

I don't drink much but occasionally enjoy a little pot, but in my younger days it was acid, mescaline, mushrooms, speed, and coke. I can't say I wouldn't enjoy playing around with those again given the chance and the right situation. I got through high school, but barely. It's not that I wasn't smart — I just wasn't interested. Drove my parents crazy, because whenever I was interested I did fantastic. I graduated high school just in time to be arrested for selling drugs. That changed my life around for a year or so — I never had to do jail time or anything like that, but I learned to be careful. I really didn't have a clue what I wanted to do in those fun years, and I worked a commercial fishing boat off the coast, and also got myself a two year degree and became a mechanic. I did that for the next twenty-five years. It wasn't the "fix your car ma'am?" type job — heavy duty equipment, everything from taking the starter off your D-9 Caterpillar to rebuilding snowmobiles, and even raising shipwrecks. I spent about ten years working the equipment at ski areas, teaching skiing during the days, handling the hardware in the evening. It was fantastic for me — I'll never forget the fun. But as you make more money the fun starts to get left behind, and after ten years I came out of the mountains and got a "real job".

I became a fleet manager for a little sand and gravel outfit, and later decided to switch careers and took a job working in the Office of the Census. I ended up administrations manager, and then after the census ended I was shanghaied into an inspection and testing company, checking the construction of buildings, concrete, steel erection, masonry — 99% of my work is just look and verify, but every now and then you actually find someone who doesn't know or doesn't care about minimum specifications. I say there were two types of iron workers who watched the collapse of the towers on 9/11. One type said "I'm glad I put the extra effort into that; it may have stayed up a few minutes longer because of it" — that's the group I'm in — and the other type said "gee, maybe if I had really made sure the bolts were tight it may







have stayed up longer”.

From early in life I was a bit different than the normal “boy”. My best friend through most of elementary school was a girl, a tom boy, and we got along great. I often wonder where that relationship would have gone if we hadn’t moved apart when I was ten. As an adolescence I discovered I had an interest in dressing as a girl, and that began a neverending battle of gender identity that even today pops up now and then. I have always felt that we should be able to enjoy both sides of the coin, and actually considered a gender change a few years back. I found though that I would not have been happy either way — my inner self is happy playing both sides, but to the outside world I am pretty much a straight guy. This probably has something to do with my mods today, and I am sure a shrink get rich exploring it.

As a skiing instructor I’m very athletic, and am also into climbing, back packing, and sailing. You may notice none of these are “team” sports, and that is true of my life in general. I have a difficult time putting up with people and their narrow views, so it’s not easy for to make friends, especially in the last fifteen years or so. I just don’t enjoy being in the company of most “guys” and their football, NASCAR, “fuck the bitch”, and “damn nigger” type attitudes. I definitely have a different outlook on life than most and have had it since high school. I noticed that the guys in high school would always try to fuck the girls, and if they did, then the girls were whores or sluts. I could never understand this, and looked at going out with a woman to be fun for both, not just a way to get my jollies. I found out real fast that I did not fit in well. Even today I still don’t understand some of the attitudes and views when it comes to minorities. I can’t believe there are still people who judge others by their accent or their skin color.

*Let’s talk about how you first discovered body modification.*

As for my body mods, it all started when I saw an article in a 1981 “Gallery” or “Oui” or one of the early skin mags from Annie Sprinkle — that will dates me, doesn’t it? — about body piercing. I got hooked after doing my first nipple piercing, which I did using a sewing needle, dental floss, and a cork. At that time I was living with a gal who thought it was neat, and I enjoyed the eroticism. Later down the road the mods became a big part of our break-up, but that came later. The first jewelry I used were small hoop earrings. Today you can pick up all

sorts of jewelry cheaply, but back then there was very limited access to any type of “body” jewelry, and it was very expensive.

PFIQ was the first actual magazine I saw with piercings, and it gave me several ideas. I found BME in 1995 and there was a definite change in life from that point on. Multiple genital piercing and nipple piercings were the order of the day. I still lived in a rural area so most of my equipment was homemade, but it worked well for me. I would buy syringe needles at the local ranch and farm store and pull the needles out of the hubs, thus giving me a piercing needle. Jewelry was made from stock stainless rod that I picked up at my local metal supplier. This might bring shudders and gasps of terror from much of the mod community today, but you know, it worked well for me for many years, and I still feel that I

know more tricks than a lot of newbies. I never did work on anyone except myself, and have never had a bad infection or medical issue.

After that, the next step was to turn to the knife, and I started my bisection, which eventually led to full bisection which I still work on today. A lot of the push to do this was brought about because others had done it and had shared some of the tips they had learned. I feel pretty confident that what I do now is not life threatening, and I can get medical help if needed. There is still a lot of ignorance out there on how the body works, but most of the good information is on the web. You just need to look for it, and have the ability to figure out what is ca-ca and what is valid.

*What do you think makes you keep at it, keep exploring new or progressive modifications?*

I enjoy all the new and different feelings I get. It's like skiing a new hill for the first time, everything is different. I still have orgasms and probably can still fuck. I believe I am much more in tune with my body and how it functions and heals than most people. It's always interesting to look at what I have done so far and think about something else.

As I mentioned, I think a lot of this has to do with my acceptance of more than the stereo definition of male and female. There is some natural genetic thing where normal people look at genital mods with horror. I still have a good full life, but I am not locked into these boundaries so many people have. I kind of feel like one of the early aviators. Most people at the time thought they had a death wish, but look at the aviation industry today. While full mods like mine will probably never be common place, acceptance is not so major a step as some would think. Remember even in the medical





field there is much ignorance about mods. A doctor has experience stitching wounds back together so the tissue grows back together, but not in pulling a wound open so it heals separated. The only advantage a medical person has is equipment and location, but most of the doctors I have met are really rather stupid in anything other than their exact field. It is very lonely in the forefront of innovation.

*What kind of play do you enjoy?*

I'm pretty much a bottom type and enjoy dildo play a lot. This probably goes back to my intro and the gender issues of my life. Whatever, as long as it is enjoyable and doesn't threaten the existence of our planet I say why not. Let's give it a shot.

*Who knows about what you've done?*

Basically no one knows of my mods. I hope that someday I

can meet someone who will enjoy the mods as much as I do, but I actually figure my life will pretty much be solo. Sad, and for this reason I really don't suggest others try these mods. At least be sure you have a partner that truly loves you for you, and doesn't think they can turn you into some normal, conforming to stereo expectations version of you.

*I think you're probably one of the broader people I know in almost all ways — modifications, sexuality, and general outlook — what are you looking for in life?*

That is a difficult answer, but wealth, power, fame, and saving the world all been place toward the back of the priority line. I guess satisfaction. I'd like the satisfaction of knowing that I made some type of a difference in this world, no matter how small. I'd like to have the satisfaction of the knowledge that there will still be people on this world in five hundred years. I





want the satisfaction of knowing I did my best when ever I could. I would like the satisfaction of bringing happiness to others. When I was younger — and probably this is true for all of us — a “live for today” feeling seemed right... Follow your bliss, and my bliss was skiing, so that is how I spent a good part of my life. I loved it and would do it again — very hedonistic and self-centered, shame on me!

I never quit learning. I want to know everything — all there is. If I quit learning, bury me, because in a couple of days I'll start to stink! Learning is life, and there is no point to living with out the thirst to expand horizons. I guess I am not sure exactly what I am after.

#### *How about what you're after sexually?*

The sky is the limit! Sex, or the act of having sex is way too much fun to lock away in the closet. A thousand years ago our morals, ethics, and religion helped the “dumb masses” — maybe that's still what we are — get through an existence where almost everything we know today was unknown. Nowadays with care and safety there is no reason not to enjoy sex for the pleasurable, fun, and free activity that it can be. Don't get me wrong — relationships of love and commitment are far different than a fun orgy or two. My preferences are androgynous... I enjoy sex with anyone, and gender is not an issue. I remember back in high school reading a book with a scene out of an orgy in it. The game involved an older guy blindfolded and being played with by the other guests, and he was supposed to guess whether it was a man or a woman giving him a blowjob. It turned out to be a woman, but he quite because he was so worried it might be a man — it seemed crazy to me to worry about something like that since it feels so good either way. What a stupid mentality we foster. When I had my first chance at gay sex, I

wasn't hesitant at all. It felt great and was for fun. Over the years I enjoyed visits to the Seattle bath houses, but have never even hinted that to my friends and family, even to this day. I'm very introverted, and besides why push it? No one cares or asks about it.

Gender identity has been a major issue of my life. I started cross dressing in my teens and continued ever since, although I haven't for a few years. I did the classic purge several times, and even continued a bit during my relation with my ex. She never really got off on it sexually, and neither of us knew how to handle the identity part. We broke up about five years ago, but still share the house. It's not a great relationship but we don't hate each other. She just wasn't happy with us together as a couple any more. The mods were partly responsible for the break-up. Some people might say I lack the fortitude and drive to set life goals, but I much prefer leaving my life open to variables as they come-up.

#### *You mentioned that your mods started with a nipple piercing and grew to bisection — could you tell me that path in a bit more detail?*

My nipple piercing was followed by a low frenum, multiple nipples, all kinds of frenums and hafdas and other assorted rings — at the time most of the piercings were just coming to the stage where they had defined names. Making my own jewelry enabled me to stretch piercings a lot, and I ended up with many piercings of pretty good size. My subincision started in the early nineties, and when my marriage separated in '98 I started the urethra work and completed the sub-incision. After the subincision was done I just had to start the bisection, so here I am today. All the piercings and mods were an enjoyable experience, and just made me want to do more and more.





*When you first started cutting a meatotomy, did you have any idea where it would take you?*

Not a clue! I figured the sub would be about all I would really do, but mods sure are addictive, aren't they? I do think that the deciding moment in my journey of major mods occurred right after one of the big sub cuts. I had already entered the "more than just a piercing" realm, but at that point my mind sort of said, "well, you've changed stuff this much, so why stop now?"

*How have things changed since you first started seriously modifying yourself?*

The biggest change is just knowing that there are other people who enjoy mods. When I found some issues of PFIQ in 1989 I had my first glimmer that others were in the same mindset as myself. Having never lived in large population areas I have always been pretty isolated from the "mainstream" piercing community, so I still use pretty much the same procedures that I started with, although the access to Xylocaine probably helped my cutting advance at the fastest rate. I love the results, but I do not enjoy the pain of cutting, so I endure the process of getting there. BME really helped in setting my direction due to seeing what others had accomplished, showing me that it could be done.

*How has your technique in terms of doing the cutting and aftercare evolved over those years?*

My basic cutting method is still the same, and as I mentioned the pain killers really help. I have become more experienced at controlling bleeding and have a pretty good system for infection prevention — so far. The main change is that I am more experienced with what is going to happen after the cutting and during the healing process. I we've all



gone through the post-subincision horror of waking up in the morning and finding ourselves in a pool of blood, perhaps from the nighttime erection. I know now that I should figure on a week of healing time before I can really get back into the normal swing of things. Just understanding my body has advanced a lot. But this is also one of the reasons I don't push my ideas on others — yes, it works for me but I am not sure how well it will work for you.

*You said you've had no infection problems but I've seen some pretty scary looking pictures from you that sure look infected?*

Actually I was surprised to see my subincision picture included in the infection entry on the BME/encyclopedia — an unexpected claim to fame! The picture you're thinking of was taken right after a cut, and is covered in coagulant powder with anti-biotic cream all over it. That powder also seals the wound area and it works very good at slowing re-growth, but it looks ghastly. The fact that the powder is from a veterinarian supply — Wonder Dust, for horses — would probably freak some people, but it works well for me. Lots of my methods, equipment, and jewelry do not fit the "standards" for they've proved over time that they work for me. In reality I have never had an infection from cutting, although I did once have a deep abscess from a nipple piercing that I allowed to close up without taking proper care. That got opened up and drained using hot compresses and was fine. There have been one or two times where I thought that I might have to see a doctor, but I would wait a day or two and things would start looking OK. In my early cuts bleeding was always scary, but through I know it always looks like more than it is, and usually if you keep a calm head bleeding can be controlled and hospital visits are not needed. I did once get an infection-related abscess on my inner upper



thigh while my bisection was early in its healing. Since an abscess isn't going to heal if you don't drain it, I ended up at the emergency room. After a couple of days of strong antibiotics the doctors were able to lance it — somehow I had acquired one of those antibiotic resistant staph infections. Oddly, the bisection had no signs of infection and while it's possible it could have been the entry point for the infection, the doctors figured it was just luck of the draw.

*Procedure-wise, technically, how did you accomplish your splitting?*

Well, The subincision was the start of the major mod, past the PA that is. I started using stitches and xylocaine about half way down on the sub, as bleeding was an issue for a few days after each cut. The scrotum split started as a re-route, but then just sort of grew together with the sub. The scrotum was a difficult procedure as I was worried of urine getting into scrotum while healing and causing problems, so some very careful sutures were needed. I have used xylocaine for all major cuts, hard enough to do the work without trying to fight the pain also. The Bisection was done with open air healing, just kept the area clean and changed coverings a lot. Bleeding during bisection was far less than sub as you are not cutting right through one of the spongy areas of the penis, cutting between the cavernosa.

*Do you think the cultural shift to slowly make subincision "normal" — and available — is good or bad, due to the possibility of it encouraging young people to jump right into a subincision? I've heard some older splitters suggest they may not properly appreciate it because they haven't passed through all the stages and enjoyed every "flavor"?*

I'm not going to make decisions for others. I am certainly not going to say "when I was your age," because the world is not the same as when I was young. Adults should not try to judge the actions of youth by what it was like when we grew up. The world changes so fast now that it is not even the same. The last fifty years have changed the world in ways we never imagined. That said, I personally think waiting is a good idea. I used my equipment for many years before changing things. Many factors are relevant here, so I am not pushing or preaching the wait part... just my two cents worth.

*From a structural and functional point of view, how has the bisection work changed things?*

The structural part is pretty obvious, and like all piercings and mods it makes you more aware of the modded area all the time. Just sitting here writing this I feel sensations and signals that are totally alien to what I felt two years ago. Orgasms are a bit different, as sensations are more spread out and not so centrally located. I have found several new places that feel good during manipulation, that I had no idea existed before. I can orgasm without ever playing with the penis, but it is still fun to play with everything. I really think I am aroused more often, and enjoy daily evening play. The toilet is much cleaner too since I sit to pee. No more splatter, that's a plus.

Also, the two heads are fun, but I am noticing that they tend





This is an anti-coagulant powder, not an infection (as I first assumed).

to “cycle” a lot. By that I mean hard, semi-hard, hard — if you have a reason to keep it hard, it’s not much of a problem though. I also think that spontaneous erections don’t stay hard quite as long.

*What was it like finally meeting people into modifications when you went to your first suspension event?*

It was a moment that I will remember forever. I did a suicide suspension, my first ever, and can’t imagine a better group of people to experience this with. The atmosphere and personalities were like nothing I’d ever seen. We were a group of people from all over the country, for many including me, meeting for the first time, but there was a feeling of complete trust and openness that I have seldom seen. It just felt good, and relaxing from my normal everyday world were people are

just waiting to jump on you for almost anything. I made a note in a forum from one of the others who were there: “This was the type of experience that I will smile about for years to come, and when I do others around me will wonder what could be so wonderful to bring that smile to my face”.

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*When I reconnected with KT in 2012, I read with some concern and sadness on his LAM page comments he’d made second-guessing his entire modification. After a long time single, he had met a girl he thought might be a lot of fun his mods blocked things from moving forward — he wrote, “she would like a good dick to fuck with and right now I can’t deliver that.” Debating whether it was more important to find a personal relationship than to satisfy his mod drives, he considered approaching a urologist to have the whole thing reversed. As mentioned above, ten years earlier he had split up with his wife, although they continued to live together and there were many little signs that they still cared a great deal for each other, even though*

*they may have been blind to them. After a little while spent fantasizing about the new woman he’d met, KT realized that it wasn’t going to work out even if he managed to restore his penis to factory default conditions. However, somehow he and his wife found each other again, and their relationship is on the mend. After everything they’ve been through, they accept each other as they are, mods and all.*

*I was happy to see not only that things were looking good for his personal life, but that he no longer regretted his mods. However, he did warn, “I still would not advise others to do heavy mods unless they have a really good strong true relationship with another, because it will not be easily accepted. Will I go to the doctor and have it fixed? I’m not sure. There are also alternatives*

*that I could try on my own, because while I’m no surgeon I am pretty familiar with my body and how things work, especially down there.”*

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*You’ve recently mentioned regrets, and thoughts of reversing all your hard work. Is this something you’re seriously considering?*

Actually no. While the doctors said it could be placed back together and Martin [interviewed previously] has done a self repair I plan on keeping what I have and will probably do at least a little more work. I had a small fling and the partner in that wanted it fixed so I looked into the matter, but in reality was just a spur of the moment thing. I like what I have at this time and there were a whole lot of issues that would have made the relationship not



work besides the split. My current partner — twenty-six years and going for more — likes me as I am and that is good, very good and I am lucky to have her.

*What about a halfway solution, for example, a partial reconnection, either surgically (for example, reattaching the head to make penetration simpler), or piercings to hold everything straight, or even temporary like a series of cock rings?*

With my current partner, we have tried several ideas and what will probably work best is giving her sexual pleasure through oral, toys, stap-on and other non-fuck with dick methods. I enjoy any type of sexual play so for me it really does not matter.

*What is penetrative sex like with a radical bisection like yours?*

When I first did the bisection I was a lot harder during erections and sex would have been much easier. I believe my age may be some of the factor as well as the bisection now as I do not get as hard as before. We can have penetration, a bit awkward and not very long, but not a great big issue in our life. Sexual pleasure does not require sticking a dick into a vagina, lots of other ways to enjoy sensual play. Is definitely something to be considered by all before doing a major bisection. One of the issues is that the halves are no longer a three column structure (as nature designed it) and so tends to be soft on the inner side of each half, allowing them to sort of fold inward. If you do hold both halves together then they do penetrate better. Have not really tried rings but may do some shaft piercings that I can tie the two halves together with.

*Was there a point at which the penis fundamentally changed into a “new anatomical organ”? That is, a point at which it was no longer suited for its original use?*

I think that clear back at the subincision the dick became a sexual item for pleasure and no longer an item for getting females pregnant. The intent now is to be a pleasurable item for me, and a fun item for others who are interested in the unusual.

“Any deviation is looked upon as a perversion, is feared, and is usually a target of hatred and prejudice.”

— Joey Skaggs





## Todd Bertrang: Oracle, Prophet, and Martyr

*Todd Bertrang has no censor button, not on his passions, and not on his voice, and this is why he is both loved and hated. Todd was a brilliant modification artist often at odds with the rest of the piercing world not only because he pushed alternative aftercare of his own invention, large gauge procedures, and procedures some thought better left to doctors, all before the world was ready to accept it, but because it seemed hard for him to separate his promiscuous sexuality from his life as a practitioner. But this was also part of his charm, his honest lust for all things body modification. Unfortunately it ended up being his downfall as well.*

*Todd had a habit of flirting with girls in BME's chatrooms, figuring that's what the chat rooms were there for, and a number of people became angrier and angrier. Convincing themselves that "the end justifies the means", they set out to get rid of Todd, perhaps out of jealousy, perhaps prudishness, or perhaps simply because people need a target, and the older creepy guy hitting on young girls is a real easy target. So they began filing fictitious reports with the police and ultimately the FBI, falsely claiming that Todd was cutting labias and clits off of minors. At the time, California had just passed an anti-FGM (female genital mutilation) and was looking for a test case, and a perfect storm formed to destroy Todd's life.*

*The FBI didn't really have a good grasp on the body modification community let alone the world of BDSM, so when they went after Todd thinking they were policing African and Middle Eastern immigrants with them who were bringing the horrific tradition of infibulating prepubescent girls, it was irrelevant that they saw no crime, because they saw something worse — someone whose lifestyle offended them enough that they were willing to throw him in jail even without a crime. After it became clear that Todd hadn't committed the crime they were investigating, they set about constructing a sting with an imaginary victim — and Todd made it clear that he wasn't interested. The FBI agent pursuing the case against him (who went on to write a book calling Todd's story "the weirdest crime he'd ever seen" and called his girlfriend's SM interests proof of mental illness) eventually had to call in favours with friends in the federal system after the state was unwilling to*

*prosecute. Eventually after being held behind bars without formal charges or even disclosure of the evidence against him, Todd signed a plea bargain he wasn't even given the opportunity to read, being told it was that or face twenty years. The prosecutors all got promotions, and Todd believes his lawyer appears to have used his conviction as a "trade" to get another client off, a pedophile priest, and the body modification community was split on the matter, with the a disturbing majority seemingly being just fine with the travesty of justice due to their dislike of Todd.*

*After Todd eventually got out, we talked every year or so, and it was clear that the experience had done nothing to dull his lust for body modification. He seemed to have a strong desire to get back into it, but both because this was largely during the period of my*

*own legal troubles, and because I knew that if Todd appeared on the scene again he would almost certainly get himself in trouble again from the same people, I did what I could to diffuse his lust. I'm sure it was unsuccessful — the underlying feelings are completely hard-wired.*

*Eventually Todd decided to do one last interview with me reflecting on his experiences — he was pleasantly surprised that at least the technical legacy he left had been vindicated. Many of his ideas about natural aftercare had taken hold, as had his advocacy of larger gauge piercings, and what many may not be aware of is that his willingness to do tongue splittings in the late 1990s opened the door for body*



A portrait of Todd from the 1990s.

*modification artists around the world realizing that this didn't have to be restricted to doctors — which is a good thing, because at about that same time, doctors began refusing the procedure due to the media attention it was getting. If it weren't for Todd's belief in his abilities, it's quite possible that tongue splitting would be only a fraction of what it is now. In any case, we did one last interview to try and vindicate his personal history as well as his technical history, and to fill people in on many of the details of his case that became muddled by partial details and the*

*rumour mill. Following are excerpts from an interview I did with Todd in, I believe 2002, for BME/Radio — I'd interviewed him first in 1998 for BME/news. Both of these interviews predate Todd's legal trouble, but he was already a well known love-him-or-hate-him public figure in the world of both mainstream piercing and of cutters. Following that interview is the most recent one, done in December 2012 by telephone.*

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*Welcome back everyone, I'm Shannon Larratt and you're listening to the sixteenth broadcast of BME/radio. Today's show may be a little bit more dis-coordinated than usual cause we're doing this interview across time zones, so it's real late here and I've got coffee in one hand and a beer in the other hand. So, probably not a healthy thing. Anyway, the person we're speaking with today has generated more online hate mail than any other body modification artist but at the same time almost everyone that's had work done by him swears by him and never goes to a mainstream piercer again. His techniques involve almost exclusively large gauges and use a scalpel far more than a needle. His aftercare is radically different than what you'd be told by either your piercer or your doctor and to top it all off, his opinions are exclusionary and if you don't do it his way you're probably not doing it right. Todd Bertrang, thanks for talking to us today.*

That was quite an intro Shannon.

*It was.*

I was trying not to giggle on the other end. Oh boy, I hadn't quite the idea I had that kind of reputation there!

*Well if you have anything it's a reputation. The first thing I want to ask you about is piercing technique. Why go big?*

Well, the right size is not necessarily big. It's the right size for the right body part. When you're dealing in below the neck areas you're generally dealing in an area that moves more such as the navel, but also in areas that swell and expand and contract considerably with heat, cold, and sexual arousal such as your nipples and your genital region. When you're dealing in a thin gauge such as a 14, in your earlobe or your eyebrow well hey, that's just fine, but in your nipples or genitals it tends to be like a dull knife in the skin and continually cuts the tissue, building up massive scar tissue which becomes hardened, causes loss of sensation, migration, rejection, all kinds of serious problems including a permanent pathway for infectious diseases. It's really bad for you to start with the wrong jewelry in the wrong area. Most people consider that if they have a ring in their thing, no matter what size, it would be a good piercing. And that is not my opinion. A ring in your thing means that you have a ring in your thing and that's it. It doesn't make it good a piercing. It can be done better. Why go buy a Model T when you can go buy a Ferrari? You know? Why do that?

*I think that some people would say that they like the look of the 14ga, of the thinner jewelry.*

Sure. But some people do it just for looks. But I think most of those people have absolutely no concept of how good it can feel with the proper gauge and healing techniques. It's like, "well, gee I really want to make love to my boyfriend but

um, is this supposed to feel good?"

"What's an orgasm?" [laughs]

And there's people out there like that. I mean really really bad. I went to the Ink Slinger's Ball here last year and these girls wanted to me to show them what kinds of genital piercings could be done. This girl was thirty some years old, had kids, and had no concept what a hood was or what inner labia was. And \*\*\* was with me and she was just aghast at this girl — "Wait a minute here. You're like thirty something years old and you've got children and you don't even know what labia is? You've never heard this word?"

If someone has been educated takes the time to understand their body what can be done and why and what the differences are, they won't get a 14ga in their nipple. The problem is, it's going to take two or three hours to sit there and educate the person on the what and why and what's going on, and then you've got the cost issue — when Silver Anchor was in business literally I'd spend three to ten thousand dollars an order. I invest that to have my stuff done right and I would still only get my price down to \$12 a ring for 6ga, whereas you can buy 14ga for a buck.

*This may be more true in parts of Europe, but often among piercers there's this sort of denial that even genital piercing is a sexual thing. There are a lot of piercers who don't want to admit that — they they want you to believe that it's just decoration.*



Todd's ahead-of-its-time ear ladder



Last I heard I heard in England it's illegal to get pierced for a sexual reason. You can pierce anything, until you say it's sexual.

*It may not be now but it certainly was at one point.*

And that point where those were the rules, that's when piercing sort of defined itself.

*I want to talk a bit about the overlap between piercing and sexuality. That's actually how you learnt how to pierce?*

Yes — when I saw my first piercing it was a tremendous emotional, mental, sexual response. I was eighteen years old, and at eighteen years old anything new and wild and wow your hormones are in full swing — this girl was very beautiful and she had her nose pierced of all things. It hadn't even occurred to me that you could pierce anything besides your ear — which was common at the time, if you were a girl, but you didn't see anything else. It was right here in LA, and I was just like, "Oh my god, this is just incredible." I must have followed her around the store with my mouth hanging open. It struck me, it was tremendous. And when I finally went out and got pierced, which took me a while because the relationship I was in at the time couldn't deal with it, and even all of society at the time, if you were male and you had a piercing you were considered gay. There's historical reason for this — Jim Ward, the owner of The Gauntlet was gay, into leather, and very very heterophobic and this literally kept piercings in the closet for many years. He didn't want straight people to get pierced. He didn't like them at all. When he did his first clit piercing, the girl literally had to sit there and show him what a clitoris was — he had no concept at all of what a clitoris was! One of the reasons my techniques are so controversial is that everyone follows Gauntlet procedures. He was backed by a millionaire, Doug Malloy, which is why he succeeded when everybody else at the time failed. There were other small people around, but they didn't have the money, they didn't have the backing...

*There's this mythology that at the time there were you know seven people in North America involved in piercing but that's a load of crap right. Even though there weren't you know piercing studios on every corner like there are now, there were still tens of thousands of people practicing piercing in their homes. And it didn't have the tribal or modern primitive overtures you see a lot now — it was all in the sexual arena.*

Piercing was entirely sexual. Even Gauntlet came from a sexual arena — gay leather, wild intense sex.

It's only recently that it's been removed from the sexual arena, thanks to all the young teeny-boppers who are afraid to admit that, "Gee I get my tongue pierced because I might give my boyfriend head tonight." They're too afraid to admit that, "Gee I wanna get fucked." I mean, they're young kids, they're immature young kids that do it, because they saw their buddy do it.

*And it's not like piercing is just for weird sex — I think piercing adds to even just vanilla sex.*

Oh yeah, it has nothing to do with any type of specific sex.

Whenever you change your body — or even lack of a change, like having dreadlocks, twisting your hair around, and it's

dirty and smelly — whatever you do, I don't care what it is, you wear a suit, you wear nothing, you paint your body, you cut your hair, you shave your head, anything you do to change your look will cause your self and your personality to be perceived differently by those around you, causing a sexual attraction with those around you within certain parameters based upon your perception of yourself or of those who you want to attract.

Piercing does this even more so than anything else you can do because it's a statement, it's a poke in the eye, "Look at me, look at my shiny thing in my body!" It draws attention to that. Anybody who can say that piercing is a non-sexual thing is literally wearing blinders about what sexuality is all about and what people do. Why does a girl wear a miniskirt, why does she wear makeup, why does she wear perfume, why does she spend thousands of dollars on nice clothes? Because she thinks she's ugly? Cause she doesn't want somebody to come up and ask her out? Cause she doesn't want to feel good about herself? Or because she's doing it because she feels good about her sexuality and wants to be sexual? You have two choices here.

*You actually learnt how to pierce during a period in your life where you were promiscuous and you know you experimented with piercing with your girlfriends and through that you learnt what piercings worked sexually, how they worked...*

Through that I learnt size, gauge, placement, diameter, and I



Todd's subincision

came up with a lot of the theories that I use today. I took a lot of time to develop those theories because of lack of tools, because of lack of proper jewellery and so forth.

For a younger person in their twenties or their teens there's this myth of the sexual revolution and free love in the hippie days, but the reality is that until roughly 1990 if you were in the heterosexual crowd in a big city and you went out to a club and you wanted to go home and sleep with someone you literally met someone, went home, and you fucked them. It was that simple. It was that easy. You met someone on the street corner, they stuck their thumb out and within an hour

you were in bed. This was normal. This is what everybody did. No condom, no protection, no worry about AIDS, no worry about disease — and we did it for years. I never got anything. At the time I was going out to clubs in Hollywood and if I wanted a girl to have a piercing — the didn't have them — well guess who got to pierce her?

You didn't see people a lot in Hollywood with pierced anything. I mean, I was in the thick of the club scene in Hollywood and I had little 14ga nipple rings and I had crowds around me because I had my nipples pierced. You never saw it. They were like, "Oh my god look at that guy."

Today it's common but it wasn't then — but the other side of the coin is today you don't go out and just meet someone and hop in bed in an hour. That's uncommon, it's really rare.

Things have changed, society has changed. But that's literally what I'd do, I'd go out and I'd go to clubs and I'd meet a girl and I'd bring her home and shave her pussy and pierce her nipples and if I liked her and she hung out and we went out again I'd pierce her pussy and if I liked her and hung out again and I'd pierce a few other things.

I kept in touch with the vast majority of these girls and so it taught me a lot. It taught me a lot — a lot. If I'd been in some massive volume studio doing twenty-thirty thousand piercings a year, I wouldn't have had the chance to talk to these people... I'd just just poke a hole and send them on their way, and here's your little paragraph of instructions.

*And more importantly you wouldn't have a chance to fuck them afterwards.*

Well, regardless of whether you fuck them or not you don't have the opportunity to actually sit down, and in a intimate environment see what's really happening with their body and what's working. Regardless of whether you actually stuck something inside them you got to see what is working and why. What is working on



Todd's own genital piercings and split head



my body getting them off, why is it working, what's working on their body and all their different shapes and sizes and why, all in this very very intense sexual arena. That gave me an insight that I don't know that anybody else has. At all.

*I think you're probably right. The few promiscuous piercers I can think of are gay, and that's a whole different set of issues I'm sure.*

Yes, it's a whole different set of issues, but while I'm not gay, I've still had plenty of anal sex which works very similar gay or straight, so I have, I have insights into all types of sexuality from the straight to the bisexual to the gay set because of the amount of women I've been with and the amount of different types of sex I've had so...

*I think it's very difficult for people to understand what a different world it was in the late eighties and early nineties... Incomparable.*

Totally different world. Much smaller. In the late eighties and early nineties you didn't have a tattoo shop on every street corner offering piercings. There was one piercing emporium in the world — Gauntlet — and that was IT. You can tell people, but they just can't understand the rarity.

*I had stretched ears in the eighties, and that was very unusual, and I remember any time I'd go out people would be taking pictures, but now, nobody even notices...*

Back then you couldn't get a job if you had an unusual piercing. Even an ear cartilage piercing had to be taken out for a regular job.

*Honestly, even a guy with both earlobes back then would be out of most jobs.*

Yeah. Now it's just everywhere.

Back in about 1986, I had a friend of mine by the name of Donny Whitman, and I would sell him real nice FLH's for \$3500 a pop, and he'd sell them to his buddies in Hollywood for \$4500 and make us both some money. He starts selling them to the Hollywood crowd, and it was our bikes that were the very first bikes that showed up on the Sunset Strip. By 1991 there were bikes all up and down the Sunset strip... but what caused that is that we started going to this club called the Cathouse, which was owned at the time by Riki Rachtman, and everyone in the rock and roll world is showing up, like Guns'n'Roses, going through Cathouse to play. Riki knew them all, and Riki was like these bikes are cool, I'll let you in for free, tell all your friends, so all of a sudden real fast everyone starts showing up that had bought bikes through Donny and me, to Cathouse. I sold Riki his first bike. Now Riki was the guy from Headbanger's Ball, and Guns'n'Roses went through his club to become big and got him that job... I'm the cause of all those rockers at that point in time wanting all those Harley Davidsons. I was selling them through my buddy Donny, who knew everybody.

At this point in time, that's when I'm running down to Gauntlet, asking Jim Ward, hey sell me all this stuff, why do you only keep this, and hey, I think this would be much better, because I'm pursuing my knowledge of piercing while all this is going on. So I'm doing the bike world and I'm doing the piercing world. I'm showing up, and I've got little

14ga nipple rings that Jim Ward put in, and I'm showing up at Cathouse in '88, and I've got crowds of people in the rock'n'roll club — this is the heaviest coolest trendiest rock'n'roll club in the country — crowds of people surrounding me, "oh my gawd he's got his nipples pierced!"

That's how that ties in, that's how piercing was at this time. This was the coolest wildest trendiest bitchinest club, people were flying in from Europe to go to the Cathouse — I know this because people would stop me on the street like "where is da cat club, how do I get there?" — the line was around the block of girls wearing little mini-dresses and little bra tops.... Around the block to get into this place! But I'd pull up on a bike and just walk right in, and I had crowds of people surrounding me because I had little bitty nipple rings.

*Were you piercing any of those guys as well or was it just girlfriends?*

I didn't pierce any of the rock stars per se, at the time I just started my ear ladder and I had a couple... We were out, we weren't cool, we weren't the rockers... some of the more wilder guys that were more into punk rock and crossed over into that, I ended up piercing some of them. But piercings were really really "out" — they were NOT cool. They were... weird. Just an earring in the top of your ear was weird. At this particular point in time, I'd take a camera with me to Cathouse, and anyone with a piercing I'd take their picture.

*Now that you're doing this as a business a bit is it sometimes difficult? Do the lines blur between client and girlfriend?*

When you have enough sexual experience you can tell if someone wants to be approached or not. When you're a young male and you're eighteen or twenty years old you don't know whether this girl wants you to ask her out, so what you do is ask them all out or you don't get laid... I get a lot of flack for this because I go into BME chat and I try to explain to people, this is like going to a bar, I'm off here, I'm not working, and I might flirt with every girl in there but I'm flirting. This isn't real, this is cyber here. We're in here to chat, flirt, have a good time. It's not like they're in front of me and their clothes are off.

In a real live situation, you can look at someone, if you have enough sexual experience, and you can tell right away whether they want to fuck you or not and you have the option to pick up on that and decide whether you want them or not. But with the sexual experience I have, if I approach someone, I already am pretty sure if they want to or not. So there's no more "Gee, should I ask this girl out and what's she gonna say?" Ever.

*I think you know that one of the things that people accuse you of is, in the chat, being on the prowl for young girls to modify.*

Well, that's what I was just talking about — they're not walking into my house, they're not walking into my studio, okay? When I'm in the chat rooms, I'm off — this is my off time. I'm out having fun. What, just because I'm a piercer, if I go to a club, okay regardless of the fact whether I'm a piercer or not, if I'm going out to a club to meet girls and get laid what am I gonna do? I'm going to flirt with them, I'm hopefully going to talk about my piercings, whether they

want some, because if they don't want any, why do I want to take them home?

If they're not into piercing, I don't even want to know their name. I just crossed them out. If they can't talk about my piercings and I can't ask them about theirs, they're done, off to the next one. That's in a club social environment where you're going to go out and trying to get laid. These people that are accusing me, they've never met me. They haven't walked into my studio and they haven't been pierced by me. I don't do any of that in a commercial environment.

The average person accusing me of this is in their mid twenties or younger, and didn't live through the sexual revolution. They haven't had hundreds and hundreds of sexual partners, which from their standpoint that's just, "Oh my god you're kidding me you're lying." They don't believe it could happen, but from where I'm standing it's like, hundreds of partners is all I had, while most of my friends had thousands. It was just a different lifestyle. Hell, I'm thirty-seven, I'm at the bottom rung of these. Most of my friends are forty-five, fifty years old and they did it for a whole decade prior to me getting old enough to do it and they had thousands of partners. It was nothing.

*But like you said, this is a different generation, these are sixteen to twenty-five year old kids that just don't have that experience and don't know how to deal with this sort of thing. But let's move on to your aftercare ideas — say someone gets a Prince Albert from you. What's the aftercare you recommend?*

It depends on the gauge. The more tissue damage you cause the more intense it is and you really have to have to use the next level of intense aftercare just right to make it heal or you're going to have a really big problem. Depending upon the person's maturity level, what type of sexual response they want to achieve, and what type of aftercare that I think they're willing to do, I sit there and explain the differences between an 8ga and a 6ga and a 4ga and a 2ga, and what they're really going to have to do to heal it and so forth. A 2ga PA, those can heal on someone who's healthy, who doesn't drink, who actually eats red meat and doesn't do drugs, in two weeks. Done. But it's a very intense two weeks. They can't just get this and go back to work and pretend nothing has happened. They've had very intense minor surgery.

Say if we're doing a 2 ga this is a scalpel procedure. It's going to bleed. I use three herbs for healing, which are antibiotic and anti-inflammatory, one's a very good anti-bruising agent, and I also use another herb that will slow and finally stop the blood loss. It's not instantaneous — you have to soak in it and finally it will stop the blood loss — so they're going to be sticking their dick in a cup of these herbs for a good hour or two. I'd rather site with my dick in a cup for a few hours than to wake up the next morning with a big baggie full of blood. It'll seep for the next day or two, and if their dick gets really large upon erection they might get that baggie in any case. In that case there's a special herb they put on...

*Let me interrupt here — the special herbs, can you say what they are, or is this "Todd's Magic Formula" that you don't want to give out?*

The main herbs are lavender, red clover and arnica. Arnica is the anti-bruising agent they're all anti-inflammatory antibiotics. The other herb is an Aztec herb called Cuachalalate, which can be extremely dangerous if overused, which is why I don't list it on my website. It's easy to overuse and dry out the tissue if you use too much.

*Like alcohol does?*

It doesn't have the "crystallization" effect alcohol has for lack of a better term. Let's say someone has a bleeding ulcer, well, contemporary medical science says, "Well we have to cut this out and re-sew your stomach lining — that's the only way we can heal it." Cuachalalate will dry it up and cure it and heal it. It's strong enough to where, let's say you have a third degree burn, just doing soaks with only this herb and peeling off the dead tissue as it dries daily, I'd say a third degree burn on your hand will be just a slight discolouration by the time you're done healing. It's that potent, but you have to know how to use the herb. You can really injure someone if you don't know what you're doing. And most people, they don't know.

*How did you figure out how to use it?*

My girlfriend \*\*\* who I've been with for eight years, her uncle is a renowned Mexican herbalist who people fly in from all over the world. The healing of the burn on the hand I just mentioned to you, that's what her aunt used on her cousin when they were little girls. Just that herb was all it took.

And when I met her I had a little bit of a subincision, and the next time I did a cutting, and she mentioned that herb and we tried it — I tend to experiment around on my own body before I use it on other people so I get the whole feeling of what exactly I'm doing. That's exactly how I learnt to use the herb is on my penis.

*It's definitely the best way to learn — doing stuff on yourself.*

I'm absolutely in amazement when people go, "Oh I'm a piercer" and they've got two or three piercings. No, you're someone who pokes holes in people and takes money and pretends to be a piercer. That they have no comprehension of what they're doing. That's my opinion of those people.

*I know for me personally that a lot of my understanding of the way piercing works is just by having had tons of piercings and knowing how they've all healed differently after having treated them differently and seeing the different results.*

*I have to ask you about something else you've gotten an awful lot of flack about online — when I say to piercers that I'm interviewing you, they say "ask him about his autoclave", implying you don't have one or don't use one... So tell me Todd, what's up with that?*

Well, I actually happen to have one!

*But you don't always use it?*

No. Piercers have this idea that they have medical training. They don't, usually. Anybody that truly has medical training knows that there are chemical sterilization processes. There's something called an endoscope, a camera that they can use to put down your arteries to see whether they're clogged or not,



and an endoscope is not autoclavable. There is nothing at higher risk of infection than the arteries of your heart. Period. End of story. But if they can put that endoscope in Wavicide and use it just fine but, don't you think it's good enough for piercing tools? These piercers have no concept of what they're doing at all.

They scare me. They're so ignorant of true medical terminology or medical science. The reason they say an autoclave is a must is because the APP said it's a must, and the APP said it's a must because an autoclave at the time cost forty-five hundred bucks. Gauntlet didn't want all these little piercing stores popping up doing piercings and they thought they could control it like that.

*Because you can buy a jug of Wavicide for forty bucks.*

Bingo. And be sterile. Wavicide is perfectly sterile when used properly. This stuff is wonderful, when it doesn't work anymore it turns colour you can see it's not going to work.

*I think points out that a lot of piercers don't really concentrate on understanding what they're doing — piercing for them is sort of a rules based system.*

Yeah, well you know it's the same with doctors, they go to medical school, they get their degree and all they know about is what they read. And piercers do the same thing, which is absolutely pathetic. There's no room for improvement or any experimentation, any true understanding of the process of what they're actually doing to someone. And here they're altering someone's life.

*Piercing in the west is a new field you know. I think people who are piercing need to be on their toes and need to really know what they're doing and need to, need to always be learning and I think a lot of them aren't.*

I'd say that 99.999% of them are not, or learn to a degree and they're done.

And the other side to the coin is there are two ways to make money in this business. You can either put up with the fact you're not, or you get to the point where all you do is production piercing. You're in and out, you're gone and it's good enough to create a hole and a ring and see ya. Because if you can't do it that way you're not going to make any money. There are people who make a hundred grand a year or better in this business but that's the only way they're doing it. They're in and out using the smallest jewelry possible — they're going to come back to you and get bigger jewellery, you get 70% back of everything you do, and this \$30 piercing, by the time they come back and they stretch it a bunch and get something else or their buddy does and over the course of a year this \$30 piercing turns into two-thousand bucks.

*You're selling them subscriptions instead of a single magazine.*

Exactly. And that's what makes money. But unfortunately it's absolutely detrimental to the piercee.

I mean it's fine if they want a 14ga eyebrow, but not if they want a really good sexual piercing or if they want something really good otherwise — a lot of the people don't want a 14 ga labret, they want an 8ga labret. But they go in for that 8ga and, "Oh no, no, we have to start like this and stretch it up..." because it makes them money. That's all it's about.

*Besides the money, if someone gets a 12ga PA and stretches it to 2ga over a year, how is the end result any different if it had just been done big to start with?*

It's quite a bit different, depending on how they healed it. First there's the matter of whether they even got good placement, since most piercers who start at 12ga won't place them properly. But let's assume they get good placement, what happens is, because it's thinner, you're creating a much denser area of scar tissue. It's much harder to stretch. The denser area of scar tissue is much less sensitive. So they just desensitized their dick. So you get a piercing for sensation



Subincision on a client.

and do it in such a way that it desensitizes the area that you put it in? That's pretty stupid. You will lose anywhere from 30-100% of your sensation from starting from small in that given area.

*I don't think that's true for everyone...*

For 80% of the people.

*I don't know if I'd agree with that number but...*

That's a statistical average based upon my twelve years of experience. Who've I pierced and who I've come in contact with. To give you an example, I've talked to two girls who swear up and down that prior to getting their nipples pierced at 14ga they were breast orgasmic, but afterwards they weren't. At 6ga or 4ga, you're talking about 80% or better who are going to be able to have breast orgasms from those piercings done and healed properly at that size. But you're not going to get that when you pierce at a 14ga and stretch it out.

*You know, that reminds me that I've gotten a few e-mails in the last month from girls wanting to know if it was normal for their nipple piercings to eliminate sensation in their nipples — these were all regular 14ga nipples.*

It's very very common. Especially over time, especially over a couple of years, because the scar tissue continually builds up. It's continually expanding and contracting and cutting and I would say somewhere between 30-50% lose partial to complete sensation in a piercings done thinner than 8ga in the nipples. Conservatively.

*I think we could argue about those percentages but I'll say even if it's one in fifty there's a solid argument for doing it bigger.*

In my opinion even if it's one in a thousand, it's too many.

*A whole different set of play is available in an 8ga or larger piercing, but even if you're into just light play, it's really easy to accidentally give that piercing a solid tug you know and you can do damage.*

Yeah, real easily. Look at it this way. If someone doesn't like to have a dull knife stuck inside them and get off that way, then why are they putting a dull knife in their nipple? Why are they putting a dull knife inside their penis or labia? Because that's what it is. A 14ga ring is the same thickness as



Labial removal procedure

a dull knife. Don't you want something that feels good like a finger? You gotta go thicker then.

*That's a good point. Do you want a dull knife or do you want a finger?*

Yeah, what feels good to your body?

*Let's talk about female circumcision — first, what is that?*

Female circumcision is one of several things. To circumcise literally means to cut around, but it doesn't say around what. That's the actual meaning of the word. In the female it could be remove around the vulva, anything in the vulva area — you can remove partially or completely the hood, the inner labia, the outer labia if you wanted to — but generally it means anything to do with the hood or the inner labia in most contexts. Some people will include the removal of the clitoris itself in that context, but that's incorrect. That's called a clitorodectomy.

The anti-female circumcision groups try to persuade the gullible that female circumcision is truly labial occlusion, which is actually really rare. Labial occlusion is where they remove the inner labia, the hood, the external clitoris and almost all of the outer labia, leaving only a very small menstrual and urinary opening.

*Essentially it's a total genital amputation.*

Essentially yeah, external genital amputation. They try to call it female circumcision but that's not true at all. Female



circumcision in its true sense, like I said, is partial or complete removal of the hood and/or the inner labia or any portion thereof.

*I think people, especially in this scene, don't realize how common this is. About a month ago, McLean's (which is Canada's equivalent to Time magazine) had a cover article on female circumcision as done by plastic surgeons here on women in the West and spoke very positively about it. I think Cosmo has done the same, as have any number of other magazines. This isn't a far out thing, and a lot of real legitimate doctors have stood behind this.*

There are very legitimate reasons to have it done. First off you're, why does a girl get a boob job or a breast reduction? Enhancement or reduction, because they're not comfortable with how their bodies are shaped. They want to be shaped like this. They like it. Why shouldn't someone have power over how their genitals look or respond? We're under the illusion that because it's down there on a woman's body it automatically feels good. Well this is simply not true. Inner labia or hood can actually feel better than the clitoris for some people, but they can also feel very bad to touch for others. Still other women feel nothing at all. So if something is feeling bad to touch down there or doesn't feel a thing, why would you want it on your body? You don't. And you're better off to remove it. Even if it's just that you don't like the way it looks — it grosses you out — everyone has a different shape of what they want to look like, and we as adults should have the right to choose that. In the United States there are some doctors that do offer labiaplasty, but most of them absolutely suck — they're horrible. They're very expensive, and many doctors won't touch you anyway for fear of medical malpractice lawsuits. They are afraid they'll lose their medical license. It's a very, very touchy subject here in the US. It's really scary because I've known girls who've actually taken matters into their own hands and cut it off with scissors and have tremendous problems from it. But done right it can be a very, very enhancing procedure, and can actually cause a tremendous increase in sexual sensation.

*The footage that I've seen of you doing it, it looks like a very bloody procedure, especially when you're talking about the deeper removals that are fairly complete. Is it a dangerous procedure?*

Any time you're dealing with a loss of blood you're dealing with potential shock. And when you're dealing with potential shock you're dealing with potential death. It boggles my mind that I've almost never been in a piercing studio or tattoo studio that has a refrigerator with some orange juice and some cookies and some bananas on hand for when people have a blood sugar reaction. They don't even ask them if they've eaten. They don't. It goes right over their head. And then people pass out on the floor and think, "Oh gee it was so painful."

It had nothing to do with the pain! They didn't eat and they didn't take care of themselves and they think it's like when they get their haircut, and then they have a blood sugar reaction and pass out. I mean you could go into epileptic shock and seizure and death from this and people just don't take care of business, and it's really really sad. But shock is

very easy to prevent. When the brain reacts to this injury it reaches for its food, which is blood sugar. So it can assimilate the new reactions that it's having, "Oh my god somebody's cutting my pussy! Oh my god somebody's cutting my dick! Oh my god this is happening to me!" And you don't go into shock. It's quite simple.

You have enough blankets on hand, and if you're doing something major you really want to have an IV drip on hand, depending on what you're doing, but anybody that does any type of body mod that doesn't have something as simple as orange juice and bananas on hand shouldn't be in the business.

And that's almost everybody out there.

*Like we mentioned before, most piercers work in a pretty clinical and impersonal environment if I remember some of your photos of the procedures that we're talking about here, there's a couple naked girls, there's a bed, there's some ropes... what sort of situation are these procedures done in?*

They're done in a home studio. Right in a bed. What's the difference in a hospital bed or the bed in your house? It's a bed... A bed's a bed's a bed.

*Is it a scene?*

Most people come here because they don't want to be in a clinical environment. They have enough intelligence to realize, there's more to piercing than what the average person is offering, and they travel from all over the world for this different type of environment. They spend thousands of dollars to get here for a hundred dollar piercing.

If I'm getting all these people from all over the world spending thousands of dollars to come here to get a hundred dollar piercing, well, that's pretty pathetic on everybody else's end. They're so primitive. Good for me bad for them I guess.

But piercings to me are sexual. Do I want to have sex in a doctor's office? Probably not, unless you're really into the medical aspect and that turns you on. You're probably not going to get turned on by this real clinical thing. Most people want to have their piercings, in my experience, be a very intimate memorable and sexual experience. It has nothing to do with whether they're having sex with me, I'm just the mode of how they achieve this inner sexual experience.

I'm just the, the doctor of the moment that allows it to happen for them. They'd much rather be in that type of environment. I've been asked to do many types of SM scenes with piercings and that sort of thing, with ropes and flogging and all that — it's really not that uncommon. As we mentioned earlier, this is where piercings came from. The SM movement. It's where it came from, what it's all about.

*Let me ask you then — do you think it's healthier to do a piercing in that type of environment, healthier on a psychological level?*

Absolutely, tremendously. It's tremendously freeing. It means you appreciate what you're doing. It means that you are doing it for yourself, for your innermost gain — not because my buddy got it and I thought it was cool.

*Let's move on to subincisions... In a way it's analogous to female circumcision, or splitting of the hood.*

In some aspects..

*I've seen the footage of subincisions you've done, and it doesn't look like they're marked. Just a quick cut it and they seem to turn out perfectly... It is simple? Or is there more to it that I'm not seeing?*

Well, it's simple for me, but... if you have an eight year old who's a musical prodigy, she or he will sit down and go, "well it's really easy, why can't you do it?" It's simple for me but that doesn't mean it's simple for someone else. As you mentioned on one of the BME FAQs, there's a line that goes down the body centrally, that separates everything — all you've got to do is follow the line. It's either on center or off center, but it gives you a line.

*So you don't have to draw a line because it's already there.*

Bingo.

*I guess that's true. Now, you've had a couple unusual procedures come to you. One of them is this strip circumcision. What was that and why did the guy want it done?*

It took me forever to get this guy to tell me this, but he was very erotized about the concept of having a scar on his penis. This all resulted from his first sexual experience, because the girl was licking his newly circumcised penis as a teenager and him orgasming from it. He was almost seventy years old and evidently this had stuck in his mind as the best sexual experiences he'd had, and he wanted to recreate this by having the scar on his penis. That was his whole concept — literally scarification of the penis.

*I don't even know how much I want to talk about her, because it will just result in this slew of e-mails to both me and you, but as much as this seventy year old guy was real solid and sane, not all your clients have been... how do I put it... quite so easy to deal with.*

I've had a few people be out on the far end of insane, to where you wonder how they were even let out of the funny farm. And that particular person you're alluding to actually hasn't been the only one. That one just got very deep under my skin, shall we say. I've come to the conclusion that there's a very significant amount of people that are into modification of the body that aren't quite all there in their head. Which is really scary, to me, or really sad. And yeah, I certainly got a loo loo for one of those.

*Do you think that your eagerness to do these procedures, and maybe because of your own sexual excitement attached to them sort of sometimes makes you miss some of the other person's problems and maybe blinds you to a reason why maybe you shouldn't be working on them?*

That hits very close to the truth.

Let me give an analogy in your own life. Let's go back to where you got your first computer and were first getting into mods and now today you've got zillions of subscriptions. You're it as far as on the Internet if anybody wants to do anything with piercings. You are it Shannon. And have been it for a long time. But let's just say back then when you had this inkling of an idea, someone spelled out, "Gee if you do this for me I can do that for you and make you do that

tomorrow."

You'd want that to happen. And you'd believe their story. If it sounded reasonable. And that's exactly what happened with this girl. She gave me a story that I wanted to believe in, that sounded reasonable to me and because I'm open to other types of cultural things and other types of sexuality I gave her the benefit of the doubt. It didn't occur to me that someone would invent literally their entire life story, their friends, their family — everything in detail.

*Well, hopefully you'll be more careful about people pretending to be someone they're not in the future, and you can go on bringing unique modifications to people who really want them rather than having to deal with various crazies and liars. Thanks for talking to us today, Todd.*

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*Looking back on it now, some of the things Todd and I talked about were unfortunate foreshadowing of the things to come. As I said, the FBI initially got it in their head that he was performing circumcisions of the horrific infubulation sort for African and Middle Eastern immigrants wanting their young children mutilated. When the FBI began their investigation, they quickly realized that there were no victims — that Todd had committed no crimes they were aware of. They don't deny that he only worked on adults, and was obsessed with enhancing women's sexuality, rather than destroying it, and even though he was being aggressively investigated, they never got him on tape agreeing to do the procedure let alone accepting money to do a something — the destruction of a child's future sex life — which he clearly would have no interest in doing. Ultimately this came down to Todd's word against those of the agent's, with not a shred of evidence to support the agent's claims, and the government's ability to beat a person — any person — into submission with or without evidence. In researching this story I also interviewed one of the clients who was at the house while the FBI agents showed up — he'd just had a urethral reroute done by Todd — and he remembers how they made Todd deeply uncomfortable and he did everything he could to usher them out as quickly as possible.*

*Unfortunately Todd's lifestyle deeply offended the FBI agent running the sting, who, as mentioned earlier, went on to write a book lobbing insult after insult at Todd, his friends, and his lifestyle. They showed a profound lack of empathy or understanding for the SM lifestyle, going so far as attempting to commit Robyn since "no sane person would volunteer to be a slave". At the end of the investigation, they had nothing — the state and others refused to prosecute until the lead investigator called in "a favor" to have the case pushed forward. To make the case stronger, they added some dubious gun charges and even child porn accusations of dubious providence, images that the FBI emailed him while investigating.*

*In the end, they strong-armed Todd into a plea bargain that they wouldn't let him read, after refusing to give him disclosure or even reveal to him the case against him. We did this interview several years after his release. He served nearly five years behind bars, a significant percentage of them in solitary, for a crime that never happened, after an investigation launched into a victim that never existed.*



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*Maybe the easiest way for us to start would be for you to walk us through what happened... I mean, I have a vague idea of everything that happened, but I was piecing it together from the outside. Why don't you explain how you were set up?*

A group of people in what was then "BMEchat" [This was a live chatroom system that BME hosted for five to ten years, beginning prior to the IAM community site, which eventually supplanted it -Ed.] decided it was really fun, right from the inception of BMEchat, to... HATE ME. It didn't matter what they said, or how true it was, but the more people they could get hating me, the better they felt about themselves I guess.

*I think in a lot of ways it echoes cyberbullying. Same thing, it just escalated to a much higher level.*

That's exactly it. I hate to use the term "cyberbullying" because that makes you feel like a little kid, but that's exactly what it was. They decided that they hated me so much, that if they ever saw me they'd hurt me or beat me up or kill me or whatever, and a group of them decided it would be really fun repeatedly to email the FBI how I'd circumcised one of them and their ten year old cousin. The mention of a "ten year old cousin", being a crime, got their attention. They had a name, but there was no ten year old cousin, and the person who said I circumcised them, well, I didn't do that either.

*Were all of these claims filed anonymously? These people were never a part of any trial?*

What they figured, because this type of thing had never been prosecuted, and because my lifestyle was so inflammatory, and I actually had circumcised Robyn [Todd's adult girlfriend, young looking but in her thirties -Ed.] that they could make a case. They went to the California medical board and said "we want a warrant to investigate these people", and in the course of their investigation they used the FBI undercover agents, who contacted me, saying "my Egyptian princess wife wants me to circumcise our eight and twelve year old daughters, and I want to talk her out of it — can you help me talk her out of it?"

He didn't say "can you do it" — he said "can you talk her out of it," and I said "sure, that's not something you should do."

And then it proceeded, "what do you do for a living?" — "Well, I buy and sell motorcycles," and he's like, "Really? Do you need an investor? Because I have a big investment firm," and I said, "why yes I do!"

"Well, I have a \$20 million dollar fund, and if you can help me to talk her out of this, maybe we can do business," and I said "that would be great."

So they came over and the reported Egyptian wife told me that she'd been "smoothed out" and starts yelling about how it's her right to do this to her daughters, and I was like, "well, this is not what I do."

They finally got me on the phone one day, and I was telling them that I don't even charge for this and I don't do children, but they kept asking me, if you \*did\* charge, and if you \*did\* do it — and I was really sick with the flu, and this is over a period of several months of them asking me over and over — and I said, "I don't know, maybe eight thousand bucks?" I was sick, you know, it didn't even occur to me that it might be a sting... I wasn't thinking straight.

Robyn got involved, because we were supposed to go to their place for Thanksgiving, where we'd be talking to their investment company, and he says, "I hope you can make the girls feel comfortable", and she says "I hope so too" — and



Todd working on Robyn, in a "scene" rather than a traditional body piercing / modification studio.



Complete clitoral removal (as well as earlier hood and labial removal), healing well at 17 days post-procedure

that made her a co-conspirator. That was the crime. She did two years in prison for that.

They knew there wasn't a crime, but they wanted this conviction. They get promoted off of how many years they get, and only really proceed on cases they can name in the paper, so it's sensational, it gets their name in the paper all over the world — they actually wrote a book about this — and they made a sensational crime out of something that didn't exist. I assume they do this quite frequently to people... in this case they got us.

In the federal system, [they can go after you] if you have six images of "child pornography", it doesn't matter what it shows or what the age in these images is, I mean it can be anything... that is perfectly legal in the federal system at this time. Robyn being a young bisexual girl, liking women who look like her, petite and with small breasts, periodically my

work slows down and at this particular moment it was very slow and I was online perusing various 18+ porn sites looking for various similar-looking women to show her. I got an email for an 18+ porn group saying "look at these images", and seven of them, plus an eighth one, an FBI badge. They were small, just thumbnails, and I stupidly saved them, thinking I could blow them up and do something with them, because you couldn't even see what it was, and those images once I blew them up, were the exact same images that they showed me — these were big titted women, but you couldn't tell their age — and said "look at this child porn we have". That was my child porn. That's what I pled guilty to.

I found out later that if you don't have eighteen year old or older adults saying "yes, that's me, and here's my ID" you're guilty of child porn because it might be. You have to actually prove it. Not they have to prove it. You have to prove it. They tried to say that Robyn's images were child porn — and she's



Removal of hood and labial with clitoris left intact and exposed (left: fresh, right: healing)



like, “that’s me! how can it be child porn? I’m not illegal!” but it didn’t matter because she looked underage. So they dropped that...

The law that they used to get us had been proven unconstitutional by the California Supreme Court eleven years prior to our arrests. What it was that a fictitious victim that us manufactured by the police to ensnare a doctor practising medicine without a license was perfectly legal under this statute, but the California Supreme Court said “no you can not do that.” There actually has to be someone saying they’re a doctor, and there actually has to be a victim [to charge someone with practising medicine without a license]. That’s how they got their evidence that we later plead guilty to, which makes the entire case illegal. They took this evidence to a federal judge, saying this is a legal warrant, and we want to arrest these people.

They threw us in solitary, in the hole. Robyn got her evidence, but I never got my evidence. I got no discovery. All I got was a piece of paper saying I was indicted on these charges, and it turned out later that I wasn’t even indicted — it was just a piece of paper they printed out! Nobody’s talking to me... and the best piece of advice I got was from another inmate who’d been down four times — and was actually talking to me; most people wouldn’t even talk to me because of my charges, and we weren’t exactly let out of our cells... we had forty-five minutes a day to shower, to make a phone call, get outside in a little box, walk around outside our cell in a little room. Anyway, he says, I know you shouldn’t be here, I believe your story, but if you plead out you’re going to be here, but if you don’t, this is what’s going to happen: they can shop you around to four different districts, take four years to get a conviction (or not), and each time they can come at you with a new set of charges with absolutely no evidence at all, then you have to fight to show you’re not guilty of whatever they decide to charge you with, and so you’re basically going to be in the hole for the next sixteen to twenty years trying to fight whatever, and sooner or later they’re going to convict you on nothing, because you’re going to be exhausted fighting it. He says to me, you’re doing OK right now, but people don’t understand what living like this does to somebody over years of time... you won’t know who you are or where you’re at when they convict you. And they’ll feel good about it.

So I said to Robyn, “look, we’re gonna get fucked, we need to figure out what to do to save our lives”... And she’s alive somewhere as far as I know, but her lawyer got a federal court order to have her mentally evaluated because you can not be sane and want to be a slave... Her lawyer told the judge she must be mentally ill and when they do that to you in the federal system you must take these psychiatric drugs, and say what they want to hear, or you get punished and violated. They polygraph you, and if they don’t believe your polygraph, they violate you. A violation of a polygraph can be just a reaction... I almost went back to prison for having a reaction to my polygraph. And everybody reacts when you’re initially polygraphed, and if they polygraph operator doesn’t like you, they can word the question they want you to fail on in a way

where you’re going to react to it.

They thought it was funny when they locked us up, and they were laughing at us. They told us, “we don’t like you, we don’t like your lifestyle, and we cannot allow that lifestyle running rampant, and we’re going to do whatever it takes to put you in prison.” And that’s exactly what it turned out they did.

*Did you get any support from the S&M community? It seems like this would be something they’d want to defend.*

None.

Everybody, after seeing what they did to me, anyone in the S&M community that could have been affected either completely stopped the lifestyle, or went completely underground. “Ok, we don’t exist.” Everyone was so afraid that they’d do that to them. It just stopped, all over the country. This sort of thing now, thanks to the US Patriot Act, is now an act of terrorism. We were arrested by the anti-terrorism squad.

According to the US Constitution, the way we live is supposed to be supported as a lifestyle choice, under the first amendment... I wish we’d done this interview when I first got out because I had it all memorized, but that was some years ago. If I was a wealthier person, we wouldn’t have gone to prison.

*When you gave them that \$8,000 number, what was the context? What were you thinking?*

He was just asking me to name the price... I just wasn’t thinking, it was just the first number that came into my head.

*Is that a number like “this is what you should expect to pay for a procedure like this”, or more of a “fuck it, give me \$8,000 and I’ll do it?”*

No, it wasn’t even I’ll do it at all, no matter what the price. He was asking for a number and it didn’t even really compute that he might be asking like he’d actually give me whatever amount I said.

*So there was never an agreement to do it? Was there ever a date to do it, or any exchange of money...?*

No. No. Never...

*I just don’t understand —*

...all they have to do is arrest you and hold indefinitely, until you eventually sign on the dotted line. They wouldn’t even let me see my plea bargain!

*It seems to me that their case would have been much stronger if they had been able to get you to accept money. The fact that they didn’t take it to that point say to me that they knew you weren’t interested in doing it.*

Right. They had a totally illegal case, they knew they had an illegal case, but that didn’t matter. All that matters at the end of the day is that they were able to coerce a plea bargain out of me, out of both of us. And they did that by threat of us going to prison for an extended period of time, mostly spent in the hole. And I didn’t want to risk that.

*Was this just about you two, or was this about setting a precedent, or even overturning the previous Constitutional loss that they’d had?*

It was about them getting their names in the paper and getting famous. All these people in the FBI, the federal prosecutor, they all got promoted because of this. We're talking about personal gain.

*So there was no change of law from this.*

No. It wasn't a precedent-setting situation, it was all about personal gain for them. They knew they could take these two people who didn't have the monetary power to fight, and they knew no one was going to step up and fight for us anyhow because of what we were accused of, and that they could create a conviction. It doesn't matter how innocent you are if you plead out. If you sign on a piece of paper saying "I did it", then as far as the law is concerned, you did it.

You have to have a very good set of reasons to get that off of you — which I do, since the whole case was illegal, but it would cost a tremendous amount of money to go back and fight that, and I don't have those kinds of resources. If I'd have had, say, \$20 million cash in the bank, we would have won and we wouldn't have gone to prison.

*I would suggest that if you had \$20 million in the bank, they never would have gone after you in the first place.*

Right, yeah, they knew we didn't have the financial resources that would make us capable of going up against them. They picked us because we were an easy target, we had this wild lifestyle, and they knew they could do exactly what they did.

*They may have come into it believing the things they'd been told, but it would have become clear almost immediately that those things were not true...*

They knew what they were doing. They did it purposely. They constructed it on purpose.

When they did the plea bargain, that was supposed to happen first thing so we could read it over. They were supposed to come and get us at 8AM, but they didn't end up getting us until 3 o'clock... we had to rush down the highway at eighty, ninety miles an hour with the police ahead of us clearing the road to get downtown in time. They end up bringing us into the courthouse in chains, just a few minutes before five, and we sit down, and everyone including my own lawyer is laughing at us. They let Robyn read hers, and she signs it, and then I'm like "hey, I want to read mine," and they're like, "no, there's no time, so you either sign this right now or we're giving you twenty years tomorrow."

The whole time this is going on they're all laughing at me, even my lawyer... This is the same lawyer, Leonard Lavine, who got the priest who was actually screwing little boys, the Arch Diocese, off on probation. We were the exchange. The priest had a lot more money, and they all made a deal — "let the pederast priest, with lots of church money to spend, go free and we'll give you these two convictions in trade." So I was never allowed to read my plea or my conviction. I had to file from prison, as my own lawyer, to finally get my evidence, to get my discovery, to find out what exactly I'd even pled guilty to. I had no idea!!! I didn't find any of this out until I was in prison.

They took forever to sentence me. The judge was sitting there laughing at me, saying "we've got to make sure you're

properly punished," and they just thought it was a great big joke. They finally get us sentenced — it took almost three years to sentence us — and they took me up to prison and withing two and a half months the cops are calling me out in the chow hall, saying "hey, Todd, tell us all about your case" in front of everyone, and I was at constant risk of being tortured or killed in the yard. Spent another three months in the hole and ended up transferred to Florida which actually did me a big favor because I had much better commissary, much better food, and an excellent legal library where I was able to file two appeals. They were denied, but because I did that I have the rights of habeus corpus, and could still follow it up if I ever came up with enough money to actually do it. You're talking about buying federal judges so they obey the law. That's what you have to do in this country — you have to pay them off so they obey the law. Starting price to begin proceedings is ten mil, and I don't have it. That's what it would take. It can be done, but it would be very difficult.

They did it knowingly, and they thought it was funny.

*And you think it all boiled down to lifestyle... Just rubbed them the wrong way?*

In part, but it really was more that they knew they could take us because of our lifestyle and the nature of the charges and get their names in the paper and get "pecuniary gain"... it was pure personal gain on their part. They did it to advance themselves. Like I said, the investigating FBI agent wrote a book about his cases, and Robyn and I are some of the core featured players. We are "the weirdest case he's ever had" according to his book.

*You have to wonder how many people this has happened to.*

Almost every sting you see, maybe ninety percent of them, are made up. All it takes to go to prison in this country is... let's say they catch Joe Blow with five pounds of cocaine, all Joe Blow has to do is give them names and get his sentence reduced to almsot nothing. Those people with names, there doesn't need to be any proof that they were involved other than the fact that Joe Blow is willing to plead out and say he's willing to get up on the stand and testify against them, but since they'll plead out too, to get less time, he won't even have to testify. If someone goes to trial in this country you're looking at twenty to life, as opposed to four or five years. That's why they have a 95% conviction rate. They get you to plead out on whatever they want to hear, and oh, by the way, we'll reduce your sentence if you give us more names.

*Did they want you to pull more people in?*

Oh yeah!!!

*Were there targets in mind, or were they just fishing?*

They were just fishing — "give us names, who else does this?"

*I guess it's hard to give names when it's not even real.*

Yeah...

*Tell me more about the child porn charges?*

If they had only brought charges for a conspiracy to commit FGM on a minor, they knew they did not have a case. Anyone accused of child porn today, just the accusation, makes them (the charged) seem more likely to have done





Pierced clitoris post-circumcision

whatever else the Government accuses them of. Basically, “we are going to add on so many charges, something will stick, and since no one will defend someone accused of child porn we know they will do time.”

At first they were going to charge us for child porn production for Robyn’s pictures, even though she was in her twenties. When Robyn told them “how could these be child porn when they are of ME?”, those charges were dropped, and I found myself being charged with these pictures it turned out the FBI had emailed me that I had assumed were adult women — they had big breasts and appeared about thirty. If I’d only looked at them, it wouldn’t have been a crime, but apparently because I saved seven of them, it became a Federal crime.

*You mentioned that one of the pictures was an “FBI badge”... Did you mean that the image had an FBI logo on it? Or the person was wearing an FBI badge?*

The eighth picture was literally of an FBI badge, not a naked girl. I thought it was a joke, but it was actually a “calling card” that the agent doing the sting liked to leave. Jokes on me...

Another image I had saved during these searches was an image of a person kneeling, with a cucumber held up by a man’s hand in such a way that the cucumber completely obscured any view of the person’s genitalia or anal region. You could not see their face, tell if they had clothing on, tell their age or see their gender. everything that would of been telling, was out of the picture or covered by this cucumber. One of the charges I plead guilty to was sending this image over the net, which became sending an image of child porn over the net (a worse charge then simple possession). However, in this plea bargain, this image became the actual anal insertion of this “foreign” object inside the anus of a minor child.

*Hub?*

Evidently, I plead guilty to sending a picture of a child being sodomized by a foreign object. I was not allowed to read my

plea bargain before signing and never given a copy until I filed on my attorney once sent to a Federal Prison. All you need is computer access to change a file and someone in the San Bernadino county jail did just that. I found out when a friend picked up my clothes at the jail — someone had slipped my file into the clothing bag. When I contacted the San Bernadino Sheriff about this, they raided my cell and took me out for interrogation to find out how I’d gotten access to a closed file. My guess is someone was rather pissed that I had a female visitor and was trying to share with her what I was in prison for.

By the time I had been sentenced, but still in county jail, my file had been changed to read that I personally had anally raped a child with a foreign object! This is still on my file held by the police agency I have to register with.

*Some people might say that the obvious question is why would you sign a plea bargain if you’re not guilty?*

That’s easy to say until you walk the walk we had to do. First, I was held in the hole, with no discovery, no evidence, blocked phone access, no bail, no hope of bail. Second, I had a slave who, if they broke her — which they did try — all they had to do was make her say on the record, “he forced me”, in any regards to do anything at all, and I would have had a life sentence. Third, by plea bargaining, they withdrew a child porn production charge that was brought about by naked pictures Robyn had taken of her two year old who was potty training running around the house naked. They never let me see these supposed pictures, and I have no way of knowing what exactly they were of.

*[Editor’s note: I believe Robyn actually posted these pictures on her IAM page on BME, so I’ve seen them. They were completely harmless, the sort of thing that you might find in many family albums. That said, because of paranoia about such things, I asked her to remove the pictures at the time and they were never on BME for more than a day. But they were absolutely not erotic in nature and calling them child porn is frankly perverse.]*

They said “we do not want to create another victim by letting you see these pictures”. Now, that makes me believe that these seven “child porn pictures” that I plead to, were indeed adults “as they would not want to create another victim”. But unless you go to trial and with enough money to find out the truth of any and all their assertions, you really have no chance. It is a matter of how bad of a fucking are you going to get. I found out during this, that, unlike the State, the US Government has no burden of proof to file charges, no limit on how many additional charges they can bring, and nearly no limit to how long they can incarcerate you as they drag you “through the mud”. Had we not plea bargained, they could have taken four years to bring us to trial. If they lost, they could shop around for another US Federal district to being charges, and re-try us four more times. Twenty years in the hole, fighting, with no limit to the amount of charges, and us with no resources to fight or to pay attorneys to fight for us. The chances of being found innocent when there were no limits to how many charges they could bring over such a tremendous period of time virtually assured we would be found guilty on something, eventually. If you fight, the

amount of time you get goes up dramatically. We'd have gotten twenty or thirty years or more trying to fight. Much like when the classroom bullies hold you down, with your fifty pounds up against their three hundred pounds, you have to know when to say "ok, you won".

*I guess at that point it's not about right and wrong any more — it's just about surviving it.*

I signed to save my life and that of my slave Robyn. Once I finally got to Federal Prison, which was delayed "to make sure we were properly punished" according to my sentencing judge, I was able to finally see and read, my discovery and my pre-sentencing report. In the report, the only thing true at all, was my name and address. The rest was complete fabrication.

*So what did you end up pleading to?*

There were four charges I plead guilty to. First, conspiracy to commit female genital mutilation on a minor, second, possession of seven child porn images, third, sending an image of child porn over the Internet and fourth, a felon in possession of a fire arm (which came as a surprise). I read some comments after my release saying I was a felon, and any felon has to be a sleazebag, and anyone who is a felon must know they are a felon.

*Why were you already a felon and why didn't you know it?*

Years earlier I'd tried to get a driver's license under a new name because I had so many speeding tickets. I erased a "g" from the name on my birth certificate, and the purjory of

doing this while I already had an existing driver's license is what got me a felony conviction. Even the judge told me that it was really minor, and that after three years it would erase itself from my record — I should have known that was too good to be true but I never gave it much thought and didn't even realize I was a felon. Because they could class me as a repeat offender they were also able to add more time to my sentence.

There were two separate arrests. Our first arrest was by the California Medical Board. This was on December 12th 2002. This was, "coincidentally", one year to the day from when Robyn had come out to live with me. During this arrest, Robyn's and \*\*\*'s guns were taken, our computers were taken, and all my piercing supplies and piercing picture books of the piercing's and mods I had done, along with my phone book were taken. The second arrest was for the pictures they emailed me.

*So that "18+" porn email came after they already were investigating you or setting up the case and knew they'd need to "create" more "crimes" to get you?*

Right — they had been investigating me at least one year prior to Robyn's coming out. Her showing up simply made it easier to prosecute me. Without additional "crimes" they would of never been able to get a conviction on us. Essentially, without the BME people e-mailing the FBI repeatably saying I had circumcised her and her ten year old cousin, none of this would of ever have happened. But, that, my site, and the utter hate some BME'ers felt for me made their case plausible.

*Well, at least you've been vindicated as a body artist — large gauge procedures are commonplace, herbal aftercare is widely accepted, you paved the way for surgical modifications, to say nothing of the link between sexuality and body modification being much more publicly acceptable these days.*

The fact that eight years later my then-ostracized body modification ideas are now "the norm" and BDSM is so commonplace that Harvard now recognizes it as a lifestyle not much different than being gay is a gutter punch to the stomach.

*Do you ever think about getting back into the body modification world or is it just too risky?*

Look at it this way — I haven't had sex in eight years. Not since prior to being locked up. It's too risky just for me to even have a sexual partner. As far as doing piercings even, or anything that might be construed as sexual conduct, even "hey what's your name, what are you doing tonight? ... I can't even do it. It's really ironic that here prior to this, I based my entire forty years of existence on my sexuality, ever since I was a small child. I now find myself in a situation where I have to be completely asexual. It's just too risky.

*It sucks because the thing that got you, that got this started, was just you being honest about who you are... and a bunch of kids not understanding it.*

They thought it was really fun and cool to be in some "in crowd" that hates Todd. That's what it was all about. We can be cool, flock together, have a little clique, and Todd is the



Play piercing session



focal point of what we're about... hating Todd.

*It doesn't matter if they're an insider crowder or an outsider crowd, every little group always seems to be looking for someone to turn into their victim.*

*What advice would you have, not so much for mainstream practitioners, but people who are cutters in the SM world or underground castration scene, given your experiences?*

Move outside the United States and do whatever it takes to get rid of your US citizenship. As hard as it is, find a group where you can do this without having to be online, because the US Patriot Act will allow you to be kidnapped from any country, against your will, regardless of extradition, and brought here to trial. They'll just kidnap you. There were all sorts of people I met who had just been snatched out of bed and put on a plane and brought here to the United States. It allows for that, since now everything is considered "terrorism".

Or don't do it.

I've done more in my life than most people ever dream of. Nothing I've ever done in my life, including everything I've done afterwards, was ever worth going to prison for.

*So if you could live life over again, would you do this over again or would you repress your whole sexuality?*

[Long pause]

The problem is, when you live life over, you're aware of things you couldn't be aware of, or things you couldn't see...

*I guess what I'm asking is that given this life you've had, where you've gotten to have a pretty long period doing things that very few people get to do, living a very free life, a freer life than most, but you had to sacrifice, and have this terrible experience... versus a normal life, that doesn't include any of that — which is the better choice?*

[Even longer pause]

I'm not at all certain.

Every action causes a reaction... because you walked down this street, you didn't get hit by the car that swerved across the sidewalk. Every second of every day you make decisions that irrevocably alter your life and puts you on a different timestream. I know what you're trying to say...

*Is it better to have an exceptional but difficult life, or is it better to have an easy but normal life?*

I would say it's better to have an exceptional but difficult life.

I'm basing that upon my conversations with a tremendous number of older people that I've known over the years. When they are in their eighties and nineties, without exception, what they regret is what they didn't do, not what they did. "I wish I'd just had the balls" to do whatever it was...

It was very miserable being in prison, but I was able to benefit from it by learning about the United States



Todd at work.

government in ways I'd otherwise never have learned... is it better to keep your head in the sand, or is it better to be aware of what's around you? I'd rather be aware. I was also able to get in shape for the first time in my life, actually really good shape for my age, which had always been a personal goal that I'd never been able to attain.

I was able to come out and do more in my motorcycle world after I came out, which is very different from my

previous modification world that was always conflict anyways, than I'd ever done in my life. It's very difficult to know if I'd been able to do the same thing if I'd been out the whole time, as I'd have been in a different place, a different time, with a different drive. I landed on my feet, running in the right direction. Due to my being in prison and on probation, I found myself in a different mindset than I'd have been able to be in otherwise. Inadvertantly it caused me to succeed to a degree I'd never been able to before. I'd say adversity, to the right person, that has drive, can breed success. I've heard this over and over from many successful people. I'm not worth a hundred million or a billion or even a million, but I'm definitely more successful in the past four years than in the previous forty-six. I'm fifty now.—

"So long as the laws remain such as they are today, employ some discretion: loud opinion forces us to do so; but in privacy and silence let us compensate ourselves for that cruel chastity we are obliged to display in public."

— Marquis de Sade

Below is the logo (representing a split penis and skewered testicle) of the ModCon convention, a gathering conceived by Shawn Porter and I of individuals involved in body modification of the type featured in this book. At the time we first tossed the idea around, the idea of actually meeting other people interested in such things just seemed so wonderful and validating. Until recently almost everyone who was wired to express their sexuality in this way spent a long time feeling very alone. BME and ModCon were battles in the fight against that isolation, and I hope this book has been another big step toward the acceptance and understanding of all forms of human sexuality and expression.



Become yourself and  
Keep sharing your stories.  
With much love and gratitude,  
Shannon



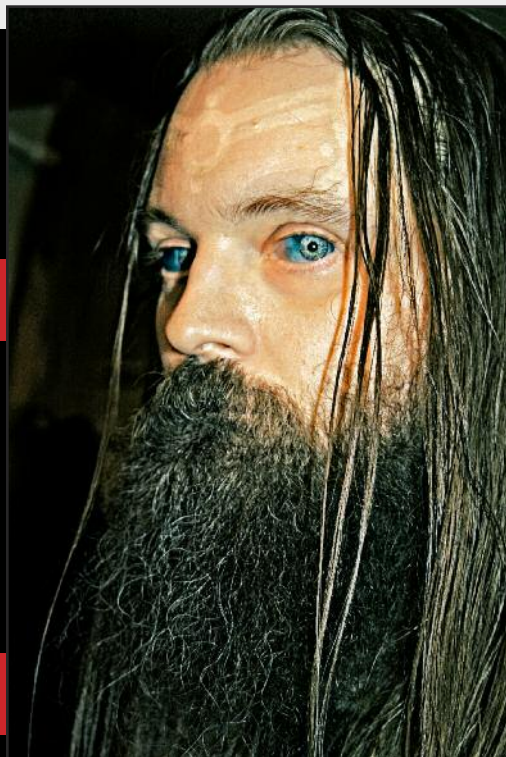
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r Inflation / Alcohol Injection / Ampallang / Shaft Ampallang / Anal Piercing / Anal Pumping / Anal Stretching / Apadravya / Base Apadravya / Shaft Apadravya / Ball Exposure / Ball Skewering / Ball Stretching / Banding / Beading / BME / Branding / Breast Inflation / Burdizzo / Castration / Catheter / CBT / Chastity Device / Chastity Piercing / Female Circumcision / Male Circumcision / Strip Circumcision / Clamp and Cut / Clitrectomy / Cock Skinning / Cutter / Dolphin / Dydo / Elastrator / Electrostim / The Eunuch Archive / FGM / Foreskin Restoration / Foreskin Splitting / Frenectomy / Frenulum Piercing / Frenum / Frenum Ladder / Glans Removal / Glans Splitting / Glucose Inflation / Gluing / Guiche / Hafada / Halfadravya / Hood Removal / Hood Splitting / HRT / IAM / Implant / Inflation / Injection Tattooing / Inversion / Labial Removal / Ligament Cutting / Meatotomy / Mineral Oil Injection / ModBlog / Nipple Removal / NO2 Inflation / Omentectomy / Paraffin Injection / Pearling / Penectomy / Penile Rod Implant / Penis Bisection/Bifurcation / Penis Stubbing / Play Piercing / Prince Albert (PA) / Reverse Prince Albert / Deep Prince Albert / Reverse Prince Albert / Prince's Wand / Princess Albertina / Pubic Piercing / Saline Injection/Inflation / Scrotal Reduction / Scrotal Release / Scrotal Splitting / Scrotal Stretching / Scrotal Suspension / Scrotal Trimming / Scrotoectomy / Silicone Injection / Smoothie / Sounding / Subincision / Subincision and Atypical Cutting / Suprapubic Catheter / TENS machine and Electricity Play / Transscrotal Piercing / Urethral Reroute / Vacuum Pumping

*"Meet Tommy" (borrowed from a mistranslation of the term "meatotomy" in a Japanese comic) contains over a hundred interviews done between 1995 and 2012 with body modification enthusiasts about their private journeys into the fringes of self-surgery and human sexual expression, plus over a thousand graphic and uncensored photographs illustrating these activities. This book invites these individuals to share their stories in their own words, explaining the wide range of reasons that cause a person to perform unusual and radical automutilation, in most cases on their own genitals, or engage in play that blurs the line between the extremes of agony and ecstasy.*

*Fellow body modification archivist and journalist Shawn Porter once compared these individuals to Clive Barker's Cenobites—"explorers in the further regions of experience, showing sights beyond limits... pain and pleasure, indivisible." In this book are shared stories brought back from these realms, some enlightening and illuminating, some frightening and upsetting, some about unique and fantastic characters who have pushed boundaries from the day they were born, and some about mundane and otherwise unremarkable people who simply happened to stumble into a different way of enjoying themselves than most.*

*This collection should feel welcoming and validating to those who have also explored these realms, perhaps alone until now, and for those with an arm's length interest, it will educate, inform, and humanize. While the activities depicted in this book may seem bizarre to many people, in the right context they are a healthy and joy-filled part of the human experience.*



*Shannon Larratt is the founder and former publisher (1994-2008) of BME: Body Modification Ezine (bme.com), the largest and arguably most influential body modification resource to date.*

**WARNING:** THIS BOOK CONTAINS ADULT MATERIAL AND FRANK DISCUSSION OF ATYPICAL SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND BODY MODIFICATION. THIS BOOK IS INTENDED FOR RESEARCH AND EDUCATION, AND IS NOT EROTICA OR PORNOGRAPHY. FILE UNDER ANTHROPOLOGY OR HUMAN SEXUALITY.