

My Personal Story

I grew up in the sexually repressed '50s when society dictated that a woman should save herself for the man she'd marry and be a virgin on her wedding night. It was considered trappy and morally wrong to have sex before marriage. And if you did—so you were told—the guy would immediately lose respect for you and talk to all the other guys about you behind your back. A girl really worried about getting a “bad reputation” in those days. Neighborhoods were more of a close-knit community back then, and if a girl slept with someone, she felt certain that everyone would know about it the next day. Gossip was the neighborhood pastime.

In the mid-'60s, “the pill” came onto the scene to free a woman from the fear of unwanted pregnancy. This kicked off the beginning of the sexual revolution, and sexual mores relaxed considerably. It was just about that time that I fell madly in love with Tom, a married man who was one of my co-workers. To make a long story short, we began an affair that lasted for three years, and lingered on intermittently for another 12.

In retrospect, I feel guilty for having intruded on another woman's territory. But at the time, I was young, naive, and much too much in love to comprehend the reprehensibility of my behavior. And this is not a justification, but if I hadn't had that affair, I wouldn't be writing this book, because Tom had a natural penis, and the men of any consequence who came into my life after him did not.

I saw Tom once a week, and during the time I was involved with him, I also got involved with another man named Mike.

Mike was circumcised. I was about 25 at the time, and like most women of that age, I was hoping to find a great guy to marry and settle down with. In the back of my mind, I realized that my relationship with Tom, the married man, was a dead-end street. I was hoping that Mike could fill his shoes.

Mike lived some distance away, so I only saw him on Wednesday nights and weekends. On average, I was having sex with Tom once a week and twice a week with Mike. It was probably because I was having sex with two different men within a short period of time that I was impacted by the vast difference in both the intercourse experience and my general attitude toward these two men.

With Tom, the natural man, sex was passionate, gentle, softly-smooth, and sensuous—all the wonderful things a woman dreams it should be. When we had sex, I truly wanted it to go on forever and would beg him for more, more, more. Too much was never enough. He knew the exact thrusting rhythms to use, bringing me to indescribable heights of passion and pleasure. Every cell of my body became filled with desire and ecstasy when we touched. I eagerly anticipated our next rendezvous and constantly daydreamed about his sweet, sexy, splendid lovemaking.

In comparison, sex with Mike, the circumcised man, was considerably less pleasurable. His penis felt much too hard and his thrusting actions were uncomfortably bang-away. Our sexual thrusting rhythms were completely out of sync and I always had to tell him, “Please don’t do it that way—do it this way.” This frustrated me to no end because he didn’t seem to be able to get it right no matter how many times I mentioned it—what was naturally pleasing for him wasn’t naturally pleasing for me. We were obviously having two separate experiences, his and mine. It definitely lacked a feeling of unison. Sex seemed to be narrowly focused in the genital area, and although my youthful hormones gave me a healthy sex drive, still, I was always glad to get the sexual session over with. I seemed to desire sex with him only to satisfy my own inner craving for sex itself, rather than a desire to experience *him*. Sex with him had a wide-

awake, on-alert edge to it and an awareness of my genitals being completely separate from his. The one thing that stands out most in my mind about circumcised intercourse is its complete lack of connectedness—like I was just using his penis as a masturbating object without being emotionally and physically connected to the penis and the person on the other side of it. My vagina seemed to have the attitude, “Let’s have our orgasms and get this over with.”

But in contrast, when I had sex with Tom, the feeling was dreamy, ecstatically relaxed—both sets of genitals melted into one another—there was no feeling of separateness; I didn’t know where my genitals ended and my partner’s began—we were one—it was an experience of mutual pleasuring, each giving and receiving, receiving and giving, simultaneously.

My sexual attitude toward Tom was in sharp contrast to my attitude toward Mike. With Tom, I just couldn’t get enough, absolutely couldn’t get enough of him, but with Mike I seemed to be able to take it or leave it—driven only by my innate need for sex itself. There was no daydreaming of our next rendezvous. In fact, many times I said to myself, “I hope he doesn’t want sex when I see him tonight.” But if Tom could have miraculously appeared instead, it would have been just the opposite; I wouldn’t have been able to get him into bed fast enough.

I was always very uninhibited when it came to sex—I had absolutely no hangups—I wanted to derive as much pleasure as possible. During natural sex, I would surrender myself completely to the pleasure of the moment. But during circumcised sex, I never felt like I totally surrendered to my partner. I was never truly enraptured. I was aware of pleasure and lack of pleasure simultaneously, never going over the edge, never able to truly abandon myself in unbounded passion.

At the time, I had no idea that the difference in my sexual attitude toward Mike was related to his surgically altered penis. I thought it was because I was in love with Tom, and not in love with Mike. It simply never occurred to me that it could be the penis, not the man. My relationship with Mike lasted about a

year. During the next two years, I continued to see Tom on a once-a-week basis, while at the same time, I had several short-term involvements with mostly circumcised, but also two uncircumcised men.

At some point, I began to *vaguely* realize that I enjoyed sex much more with men who were natural, and I remember remarking to a female friend that I thought there was a difference. *But it didn't strike me, profoundly, on a conscious level*, that there was actually something about circumcised intercourse that I didn't quite like. At the time, being young and full of passion, I more or less thought I enjoyed myself during circumcised sex, and I'm sure my partners thought I did, but in retrospect, I found it simultaneously annoying—it had an unpleasant edge to it—even though I would have categorized it overall as pleasurable.

It's a very difficult thing to explain. Sex is so overpoweringly pleasurable it's hard to conceive that it could strike one as both pleasurable and bothersome at the same time. The following anecdote from an article that appeared in *Glamour* magazine may help me to make my point:

Sharon, a 30-year-old concert violinist, fell in love with Kevin when she was 23. Wanting to please him, she read as many books as she could find about sexual technique. "I felt like everyone in the world knew what to do in bed except me," she says. "He was six years older and much more experienced than I was at the time—I thought he wouldn't consider me a good lover. Well, I made up for that! I must have suggested three different positions every night."

Despite the athleticism of their lovemaking, Kevin suspected something was wrong, and over dinner one evening he asked Sharon point-blank if she enjoyed having sex with him. "I was embarrassed, even angry," she remembers, "but I surprised myself by saying, no, I didn't" (1).

I think that in the above scenario, if the truth were to be known, the circumcised penis is the real culprit behind Sharon's dissatisfaction. I've spoken with many women personally

(women who have experienced only circumcised sex) and virtually all of them could identify with the concept that sex can be both pleasurable and simultaneously aggravating. As mentioned, however, some women may not consciously discern displeasure during the act, especially if a woman has never experienced natural intercourse as a comparison; the displeasures of circumcised sex may be below her level of conscious awareness. She may simply get caught up in whatever pleasure she is experiencing and make the best of it. Yet, in the back of her mind, she may be quite dissatisfied, like Sharon, in the above anecdote.

At the end of the third year of my affair with Tom, I met my future husband, Jeff. I was instantly attracted to his kind, gentle personality, his intelligence, and his philosophy of life. I had never met anyone quite as wonderful, warm, and genuine. I realized that if my relationship with Jeff was to ever get off the ground, I would have to stop seeing Tom, though I was still painfully in love with him. After a concerted effort, I was finally able to break away from Tom (who was no longer my co-worker), and Jeff and I began to see each other steadily. I developed a genuine, deep affection for him and wanted it to blossom into the kind of love I knew was possible. I grew to love him for the wonderful human being that he is, but I didn't fall as deeply *in love* with him as I had with Tom. I blamed it on the fact that I was still nursing the wounds of my previous love affair. I didn't realize that Jeff's surgically altered circumcised penis was a factor in the depth of our love relationship.

Sex with Jeff was good, and he was a caring, considerate lover, but it wasn't great. It didn't lift me to the overwhelming heights of passion and pleasure I had experienced with Tom. I enjoyed sex with Jeff, but I didn't swooningly love it the way I had with Tom. I continued to blame the difference on the fact that deep down I was still in love with my old flame. I was sure that with time I would fall more in love with Jeff and that that would bring new meaning to our sexual relationship.

About a year after Jeff and I met, we got an apartment together, and a year after that we got married in a simple, but beautiful, outdoor ceremony. It was the happiest day of my life. But something happened on our honeymoon that jolted me back to reality. We spent our honeymoon canoeing the Saco River in Maine, and at every bend of the river he wanted to have sex again. It suddenly struck me, profoundly, that I had just made a permanent commitment to him, and although he was the greatest person I had ever met, if I was going to be completely honest with myself, there was something about his sexing that I didn't quite like. It just wasn't the same as it had been with Tom—something was fundamentally wrong.

I tried to put it out of my mind. After all, I would never meet a more wonderful person, and sex with him wasn't *that* bad; it just wasn't quite right—it was somehow strangely frustrating even though I always achieved vaginal orgasm.

After the first year of marriage we settled into a twice-a-week schedule. Although sex with Jeff was enjoyable, and he was a kind, considerate lover who tried to please me in every way and did not “bang away” at my genitals like Mike, still, his penis felt too hard, I didn't like his long thrusts, and my vagina didn't “melt” and “purr” like it had with Tom. I must emphasize that I probably would not have had these thoughts, to such a degree, if my vagina hadn't been “spoiled” by the softly-stiff characteristics of the natural penis; I would have thought that the sex Jeff and I were having was “normal,” not knowing any better.

Yet, I was never truly lifted to overwhelming heights of ecstasy and passion. It always seemed like we were having two separate experiences and that that feeling of sexual oneness was somewhere out of reach. It lacked a feeling of true connectedness, like I was taking, instead of giving and receiving simultaneously. *There was always a frenzied concentration toward achieving orgasm without being truly excited throughout the experience* because I had to simultaneously block out those aspects that the vagina considered bothersome and annoying. There was an unpleasant edge to it when he was actively thrusting. In order

to enjoy it, I had to limit his long thrusts by pulling him in close with my legs. His instinct was to pull away and use long strokes. It was always a struggle.

Even though I usually achieved multiple vaginal orgasms using the face-to-face, side-by-side position (see Appendix A), they weren't *truly* satisfying. They had an edge of frustration to them in the build-up. They provided physical relief, but it was an "on-the-surface" relief, not deep, not connected to the depths of my inner being. It was more like a masturbatory experience rather than a union of pleasuring. And my mental attitude after sex seemed to be, "Well, we got that out of the way—that should hold me for a few days." *Yet I knew that my attitude really should have been*—"Boy, I can't wait until the next time we have sex." Why such a difference? It made me wonder.

As time went by and I began to comprehend the meaning of the word "forever"—that I was going to live the rest of my life with him—I began to resent, more and more, his inability to give me the kind of sexing I intensely craved and fantasized about. I became increasingly irritable toward him and started quarrels over little, meaningless things. I didn't realize that the frustration I was experiencing between the sheets, due to the inadequacies and displeasurements of circumcised sex, was being carried far beyond the bedroom door into our everyday relationship. His surgically altered penis was inhibiting us from developing a meaningful love bond.

A few years into the marriage, I began seeing Tom again. I couldn't help myself—I absolutely could not resist him. And I still hadn't resolved my love for him. He was a magnet, and I was steel.

I really wanted to remain faithful to my husband, and I wanted the marriage to work out, but the memories of the moments and hours I shared with Tom were irrepressible. I loved everything about him—the way he walked, the way he talked, his smile, his laugh, his moments of pensiveness, his very touch, his kiss. And the way the light sparkled in his eyes when he spoke—I swear I could hear the angels sing. But in actuality, was he really

that great? How much power did the penis wield over my adorations—and how much of it was the man? In all honesty, a little of both, for this was truly an exceptional man. But would I have thought him so charming if he had been circumcised? I'm certain that I would not have. I would have been sexually dissatisfied with him and would be bitching and complaining about him, just like the other two men in this story. And the affair would have been short-lived. Instead, I remained head over heels in love with him.

After renewing our affair, we saw each other five or six times over a couple of years, then we drifted apart for a few years. But the memory of his lovemaking crowded my thoughts and filled my dreams.

Meanwhile, the relationship with my husband was strained, but for the most part civil. We got along, probably as well as most circumcised couples do, but our relationship was deficient in sexual love. I loved him for the good, gentle person that he is, and we enjoyed each other's company. But our love lacked depth—the kind of depth that exists when a couple has a deeply satisfying, exquisitely delicious, sensuous, sexual interconnectedness. Although we were still having sex about once a week, it was encumbered by the problems previously discussed. I learned to endure the way things were, but I longed for so much more.

About eight years into the marriage, Tom and I renewed our affair again, and we saw each other two or three times a year for a couple of years. Sex with him was always totally enrapturing—incredibly luscious—sensuously thrilling. Beyond description. No wonder I couldn't stay away from him. His natural lovemaking had me spellbound.

During our rendezvous, I couldn't help but notice that his penis felt much more sensuous inside me; it felt infinitely better, deliciously better, indescribably better. Entirely different from the sex I was experiencing with my husband Jeff.

In characterizing the differences, now that I have thought about this in-depth, I would say that the circumcised experience is like

being *repeatedly penetrated* in an annoying way, even though simultaneously there is pleasure. And the penis feels too hard, almost foreign-like—you want it, but don't want it, at the same time, driven onward only in hopes of achieving orgasm, the sooner the better. Whereas with natural, the vagina totally surrenders to the soft sensuousness of lingering ecstasy, as it hungrily caresses and lovingly responds to the erotic movements of the softly-stiff penis, and the penis adores and gently strokes the vagina in return. Like two halves of a perfect whole, each organ swoons and sighs to a passionate intermingling and sexual connectedness—the way it was meant to be. With no holding back, lost in voluptuous abandon, you **TOTALLY** want it, you **TOTALLY** need it, and you **TOTALLY** love it.

At some point, I began to vaguely suspect that Jeff's circumcision might have something to do with why his penis felt completely different from Tom's, and that circumcision might have something to do with our waning sexual desire for one another (by this time we were having sex only once or twice a month). It was just starting to seep into my consciousness that circumcision was the culprit. Even though I had remarked to a female friend about ten years earlier that I thought there was a difference between the uncircumcised (having not yet thought of it as natural) and circumcised experience, I had somehow totally repressed it after that time. It was just beginning to strike me on a profound level that it was the penis itself.

About ten years into the marriage, I began to notice considerable vaginal discomfort after Jeff and I had sex. My vaginal cavity would ache with discomfort and pain for about an hour after intercourse, even though we used an artificial lubricant. (I was probably more cognizant of discomfort than the average woman is because we always had our sex in the morning or afternoon, whereas most couples usually have it at bedtime. I'm sure many women experience discomfort after sex, but because they fall off to sleep soon afterwards, they are not conscious that the sensation lingers, and by morning, it may be completely gone.)

Then, from out of nowhere, I developed vaginismus—a condition where the vaginal muscles clamp up tight, making penis entry virtually impossible. From that point on, every time Jeff and I would try to have sex my vagina would not cooperate, even though he would try to loosen up my vagina with circular motions of his inserted fingers. The vagina would accept his fingers, but would only accept his penis after 5-15 minutes of forced entry. After entry, intercourse was quite discomforting; I could only tolerate an extremely minimal amount of thrusting, and after sex was over my vaginal cavity would ache with pain for several hours. I began to increasingly sense that my condition was somehow related to his surgically altered circumcised penis.

Although various explanations have been proposed regarding the cause of vaginismus (molestation during childhood, rape experience, underdeveloped genitalia, anxiety, frigidity, etc.), I would like to propose a new explanation. I submit that many, perhaps most, cases of vaginismus are an involuntary vaginal reflex reaction related to repeated exposures to the circumcised penis, which traumatizes and assaults the woman's vaginal entrance and walls with its hardness, friction, and scraping action. With time, the *vagina* begins to recognize and "remember" the abuse it is receiving. Over time, it takes its toll, and the woman may suddenly develop spontaneous vaginismus. Although it seems to happen "overnight," it may actually develop gradually. Long before a woman has full-blown vaginismus, she may notice that her vagina feels abnormally tightened and tensed during intercourse. The vaginal muscles respond autonomically by recoiling and tensing up in response to the physical trauma it is receiving. As time goes by, the vaginal opening becomes tighter and more resistant to penetration. This condition should be considered mild vaginismus, or sub-clinical vaginismus. Eventually, it may develop into full-blown vaginismus, at which time the man will find penetration increasingly difficult, if not impossible. Even if full-blown vaginismus never develops, the abnormally tightened vaginal walls and entrance should not be considered a normal condition.

How quickly a woman develops full-blown vaginismus from sub-clinical vaginismus will depend on several factors—her age, how much exposure she has had to the circumcised intercourse experience, how frequently she has intercourse, how long intercourse lasts, the degree of lubrication, how tightly her partner is circumcised, and how vigorously he thrusts during intercourse.

After I developed vaginismus and suspected more and more that the circumcised penis was at fault, I became curious to see if the natural penis could “undo” my vaginismus. To check out my theory I called Tom, whom I hadn’t seen for some time. A few days later we met for lunch and then went to a motel.

I told him nothing about my vaginismus, having decided that the best resolve was to simply let nature take its course. Much to my surprise and delight, when his penis head approached the vaginal opening, the vagina gave a split-second wince and then accepted his penis easily and willingly. Incredibly, the vaginal opening could somehow tell the difference between Tom’s natural penis head and Jeff’s circumcised penis head. We then proceeded to have a lengthy, heavenly intercourse. Afterward, there was no vaginal discomfort or pain; instead, there was a pleasantly pulsating afterglow throughout my entire genital area, just like I had experienced with him before. That experience was enough to convince me that the circumcised penis was the cause of my vaginismus. I mentioned to my husband, briefly, that I thought circumcision might be at the root of our sexual problems, but I didn’t think there was a solution, so I didn’t press the issue.

Not long after that, Jeff inadvertently came across an article on foreskin restoration. I was incredibly excited about it. We had a long talk about everything, including Tom, and I persuaded him to get surgically restored. I was certain that it would cure my vaginismus and make a 180-degree difference in our sex life, and that this in turn would add new depth to our love relationship.

After his operation healed, we attempted intercourse. My vagina did not instantly accept his restored penis, but each time we attempted intercourse, intromission got progressively easier and less discomforting. After about four months, we were

able to have normal sexual relations—*totally fabulous, in fact*. I think the reason it took a while for things to normalize was because it required time for his penis head to gradually change from abnormally hard to softly stiff, as a result of the foreskin's moisturizing effects. As the vaginal opening gradually noticed the difference, it gradually became more accepting of his penis, and ultimately my vaginismus completely corrected itself.

(I must stress that for normal sexual relations, it is very important to the woman's pleasure that the restoring man achieve full coverage, whereby his foreskin extends beyond the glans. This insures that the necessary moisture to maintain the glans softly-stiff characteristics will be present.)

I am delighted to say that our love and sexual relationship is now everything I knew it should be—everything I've attributed to the natural penis throughout the book—because our relationship has been able to develop its sexual dimension. And we owe it all to the restored penis. After almost 30 years of marriage, we are now more in love than we have ever been, and I feel like a princess in a fairy tale who gets to live happily ever after with the love prince of her dreams. Not only is Jeff the most wonderful man I could ever hope to meet, but his magical, restored penis, with its splendorous lovemaking abilities, takes my breath away, making me fall more in love with him with every passing day, if that's possible. In my opinion, from the woman's sexual perspective, the restored penis is virtually equivalent to the natural penis in every respect.* For the circumcised man and his female partner, who are now caught "in between times," foreskin restoration truly offers a quantum leap in improved sexuality, allowing them to resurrect the sexuality that was stolen from them, and holds the promise for a love relationship to be "born anew."

* In actuality, I can only speak for the restored penis as reconstructed using Dr. Greer's surgical technique (see Jeff's story Chapter 12). However, women are reportedly very happy with the non-surgically restored penis.

IMPORTANT

Be sure to check out the Appendixes below.

The secrets they reveal are worth a thousand times
the price of the book.

APPENDIX A:

HOW TO HAVE A VAGINAL ORGASM 99.99%
OF THE TIME USING THE SIDE-BY-SIDE
(FACE-TO-FACE) POSITION—THE MOST COMFORTABLE
AND MOST SATISFYING POSITION OF ALL

APPENDIX B:

HOW TO MINIMIZE PREMATURE EJACULATION
AND THE “TAP ME” SECRET
TO PROLONGING INTERCOURSE

APPENDIX C:

A SOLUTION FOR THOSE CIRCUMCISED MEN
WHO TAKE LONGER THAN THEY WANT
TO REACH ORGASM