



# BACK, CRACK & SACK

WANT TO BECOME A SMOOTH OPERATOR? DAVID SMIEDT (ABOVE) REPORTS FROM THE FURLESS FRONTIER OF MALE GROOMING



LIKE MANY MEN, I have my insecurities. Like many men, I also have an email address that attracts daily offers of penile enhancement. I regard these pseudo-scientific “breakthroughs” with the suspicion they deserve. Yet, the hypothetical remains. What if you could foster the illusion of substance without the need for the scalpel or ingestion of dubious substances? You see, apparently by removing the undergrowth around it, you can make the penis look somewhat stouter.

Furthermore, the modern woman is apparently rather fond of this neat and tidy look. As Gen-Y females have turned to the razor, laser or waxer with requests of total depilation, they have not only come to expect their men to join the party, but several interviewed for this piece reported being rather turned on by a trimmed-down downtown. In other words, this procedure could conceivably help get you laid.

So it was that this correspondent found himself confirming an appointment for a procedure that has come to be known as the “back, crack and sack”.

*It feels like first heartbreak, a Stanley knife mishap and a nipple cripple combined*

Here are some pieces of information I wish I'd known before my scrotum met molten wax. If you've never trimmed downstairs, do so beforehand, as the longer the hairs, the more difficult and time-consuming they are to remove. Why is speed imperative? Because you are about to experience pain that feels like first heartbreak, a Stanley knife mishap and a nipple cripple combined.

I can now faithfully confirm that women do in fact have a higher pain threshold than blokes. They undergo this process monthly, whereas it took me almost a decade to sum up the courage for a service I will never, ever endure again.

Despite the fact that I had downed half-a-dozen Nurofen and a sly lunchtime beer in preparation, such was the agony involved that, at one point, I had a towel in my mouth to bite onto and the therapist's hand in mine to squeeze.

So let's get down to specifics. It's the foliage around Mr Happy's base that hurts most to denude, while the nutsack is not only surprisingly stretchy but remarkably resilient – think an over-enthusiastic lover running her slightly too-long nails over the area for five minutes.

The entire process takes around 20 minutes and there is absolutely zero chance of embarrassing stiffness. Bits and pieces were moved up, down and

to the side, like the encumbrances they were for this woman, who had seen a thousand willies and was clearly impressed by none of them.

Opting for the “rock 'n' roll” vibe of a pubic hair lightning bolt, I left the salon with \$80 less in my bank balance and a temporary limp.

Sharing my experience with a female colleague, she stopped me during the bit about the towel and the hand-holding to ask, “But you know about the Bonjella, right?”. Umm, no. What possible connection could a baby teething gel have to the most intimate waxing procedure of all? “It's a numbing cream,” she replied, stressing the most obvious word in that sentence. Now you tell me!

As this was intended to be a surprise for my partner, the results were unveiled with a flourish that night. There are certain phrases that are guaranteed to kill passion in the bedroom and “What [snicker] the [chuckle] fuck [smirk] is [cackle] that?” is right up there.

Needless to say, we've been a lights-off house for a while now. Which is just as well, since it looks as if I've been surgically attached to a malnourished frozen spatchcock. With regrowth.

Oh yes, as I write, that regrowth is burrowing its way into my nether region. Suffice to say, I've been exfoliating myself senseless and am now sporting the equivalent of a penile five o'clock shadow.

ESA RUOHONEN; PRE MEDIA