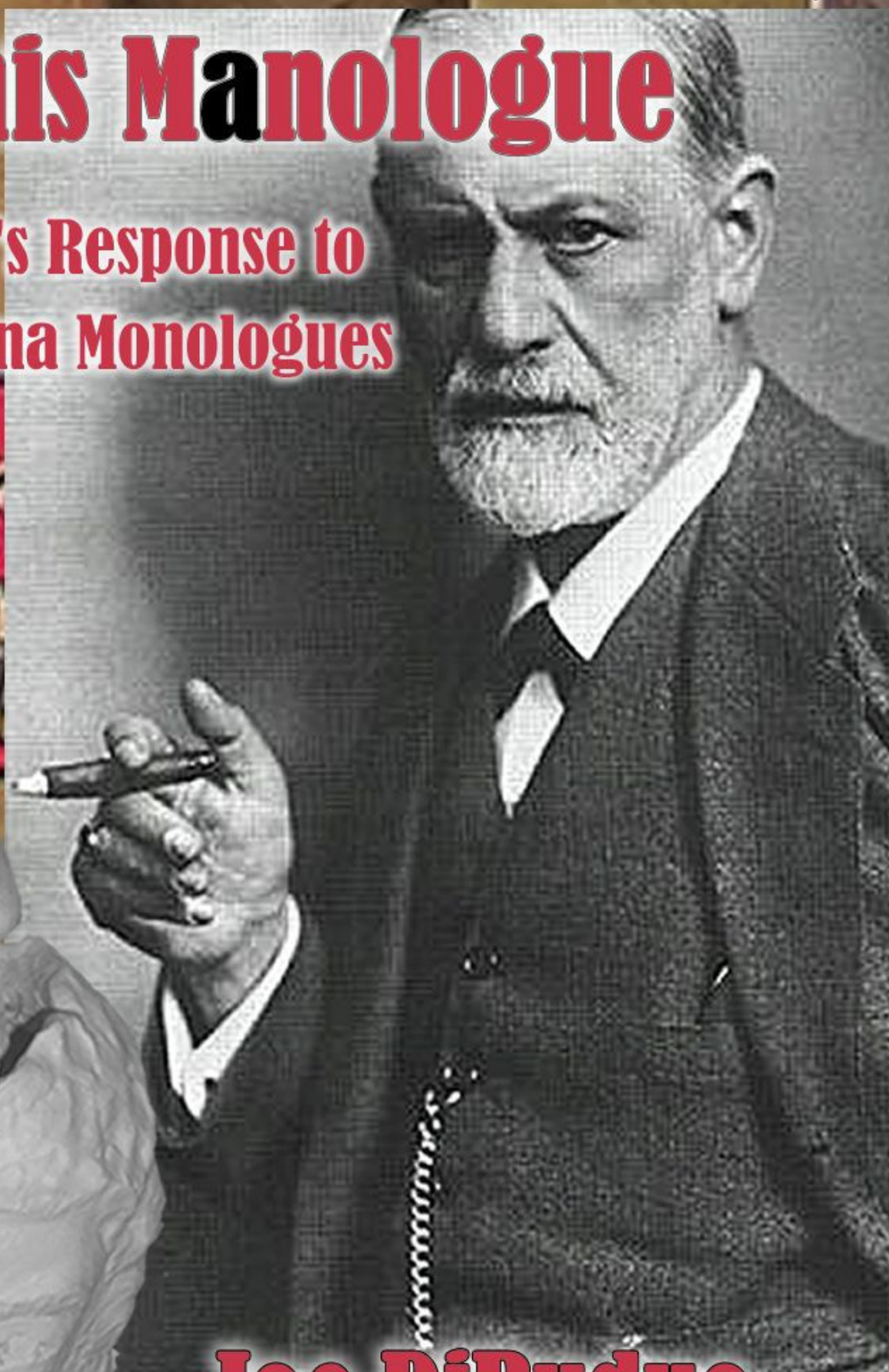


A Penis Manologue

One Man's Response to
The Vagina Monologues



Joe DiBuduo



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Dedication

This book is dedicated to one of my creative writing instructors at Yavapai College who thought the story too crude to be discussed in her class.

She required us to read *The Vagina Monologues*, and Eve Ensler talks about rape and mutilation of women in her book. I felt my instructor was being sexist because when I wanted to discuss men being raped in prison, she thought it too risqué and crude for her class.

When someone tells me “no,” I yearn to do it, just to prove that I can. I can’t help myself. So my instructor telling me “no” resulted in my writing this book.

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Foreword

After reading *The Vagina Monologues*, I put together a survey for both men and women. I passed out self-addressed stamped envelopes for the anonymous questionnaire. Everyone I asked personally agreed to fill one out. I put the survey on my Web site, www.JoeDiBudo.com, and on Facebook, Craig's List, and on www.Cryonicman.com, the site for my first unpublished novel. I created a Web site, <http://www.APenisManologue.com>, and started a blog at <http://www.APenisManologue.com/Blog>. I expected to get several hundred replies to my survey. Total replies I received: only one. I couldn't believe that in this enlightened age men and women wouldn't talk about the penises in their lives.

I asked a guy at my gym if he would fill out the survey, and after he read it he replied, "If you were twenty years younger I'd kick your ass for asking me questions like that."

Shocked, I asked, "Why?"

"Too personal," was his answer.

Expecting to acquaint myself with some open-minded men willing to fill out my survey, I attended a meeting on Men and Masculinity at Prescott College in Prescott, AZ. To my surprise, mostly women showed up to discuss masculinity. They seemed interested to learn what makes us guys tick. Apparently, we men don't talk about how masculine we are, so I don't know how women are going to learn about masculinity without any men willing to share their thoughts. I guess most men feel we already know

we're masculine and don't need to discuss our feelings and emotions as women do. If we do, other men will look at us as though we're sissified.

The instructor in this meeting asked us how we perceived masculinity. Several women equated men to an onion because an onion has many layers. The outside layer is hard and tough but the deeper the layer, the sweeter the onion. I thought that was a nice analogy, as men have to be tough on the outside even if their emotions want them to cry or act in some other unmasculine way. After experiencing the reluctance of males to talk about their penises, I figured I'd change the title of my work to *A Penis Manologue*, because I'm the only one expressing an opinion.

A highly educated woman who read my outline implied that I'd portrayed all men as potential rapists because of my statements throughout the story indicating that men think about and need sex often. Having sex is a healthy habit, in my opinion, but I told her that rape has nothing to do with sex—it's all about control. Rape is a crime of violence, not passion. Sex is not the chief thing that motivates rapists, says A. Nicholas Groth, director of an innovative sex-offender program at the state prison in Somers, Connecticut. "Rape is the sexual expression of aggression."¹ I personally have never thought about raping anybody even though I've been a horn dog most of my life. I can't remember anyone ever saying, "I'd rape her", or "I'd like to rape her," during any group discussion. I've heard men say what they'd like to enjoy doing sexually to some beauty, but never once heard a man talk about raping someone.

When I was researching penis facts, I found information that has changed my entire attitude. When I began to write my response to *The Vagina Monologues*, I wanted to make a comedy out of the story. However, once I started researching and saw the

horrors of genital mutilation and other practices that go on around the world, in all strata of societies, I became emotionally upset. I'm one of those people who empathize with any type of victim. The thought of being raped is horrendous to me, and I can't begin to say how I was affected when I learned about genital mutilation.

When I first began to write what eventually turned into this book, my intention was to use it in a screenwriting class at Yavapai College. However, when I attempted to read my chapter on prison rape, my female instructor banned the story from the classroom. It was hard for me to believe that a college instructor would find talking about Jolly Jellybeans a taboo subject. Maybe because nobody likes to talk about what goes on in prison. I began to think that for my mental health, I should shelve the project. Living and breathing penises was getting to me. It seemed like an abnormal subject to be devoting so much time to. However, when I saw how reticent most men and even a college teacher were to talk about penises, I felt obligated to write about them. So I elected myself to be the official Nookie Probe writer.



Introduction

One of the most celebrated pieces of Italian Renaissance pottery was bought in 2003 by the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, England for nearly £250,000 and added to the museum's collection.¹ According to the museum description, the plate was presumably made with an individual in mind. This piece is an image of a male head made up of about fifty penises. Glazed onto a ceramic plate, the work is thought to have been created by Francisco Urbini in 1536. This goes to show that in those days they knew the penis had a mind of its own, and the image of a guy having his head made from fifty Cockus Erecti probably was meant to show how smart he was.

When I was an adult I realized that a man has two brains—a big brain and a small brain—the one in his head and the one in his pants. I already knew that the small brain generally rules the big one. Does a penis have a mind of its own? Of course it does. Our Small Brains control almost everything we do until they reach an age where they become weak and malfunction because our testosterone levels decline. A young man usually

thinks with his genitals. Author and neuro-psychiatrist Dr. Louann Brizendine writes in her book, *The Female Brain*, that men think about sex every 52 seconds, while women usually only think of it once a day. (The frequency of sexual thoughts and erections are attributable to younger men, not old-timers like me who consider it time to celebrate when the Man Pole raises his tired head.) If men think about sex so often, how do they ever get any work done? How fair is it that men think about it all the time and women less often?

In August 2006, fifty-nine-year-old Oklahoma district court judge Donald Thompson was sentenced to four years in prison for exposing himself and using a penis pump and masturbating as he presided over various court cases, including several murder cases. This is a case of penis control over a man's rational mind, and I think, proof positive of the power of the Jolly GreenGiant.¹

I believe the reason men name their male organ is so they won't feel that a complete stranger is making their decisions for them. Not only do men have nicknames for their Mr. Merry-maker, but their wives, girlfriends, and lovers all have a pet name for it as well. No wonder our penises are confused.

I wondered how many names for the small brain I could collect. Do you know how many penis names there are? Way too many. See Appendix A - Penis Names in Prose. I'll use as many names as possible throughout this book to give the reader an idea of the myriad names for every man's most treasured possession. In fact, my very manly unit is named, *Pokey*.

My Best Friend Pokey

My best friend is tried and true. He awakens every morning with his head held high. I know he'll continue to be there to guide me through life, and bring me pleasure whenever he can. A friend like this is hard to find, but lucky me, I was born with mine. We treat one another well, and he does all the thinking while I follow. The big brain is under the direction of the small brain, as every man knows. My sympathy goes out to all women because they can never have such a friend. Although I call my friend Pokey, most people call him by his proper name, Mr. Penis. Penises are what the following pages are all about.





Chapter 1

The Penis and its Replicas



I think it's time to lose our zipperphobia and talk about what's behind the zipper. Is the male organ beautiful, or even pretty? In fourteenth-century Europe, high-ranking noblemen were permitted to display their genitals below a short tunic. Those not impressively endowed wore a fake penis if they chose. These people probably thought their penises beautiful if they displayed them just because they could. I imagine the less well-endowed men made sure their fake penises were a thing of beauty.

Dildos

Our Babymakers must be fashionable if not downright beautiful, because replicas of them are sold worldwide. Many women seem to have a desire to play with a penis of their own. They go to parties, stores, or online to find a penis the size and color they desire.

It appears that dildos have been trying to replace penises since the beginning of civilization. Dildos, in one form or another, have been present in society throughout history. The first dildos were made of stone, tar, wood, and other materials easily shaped as penises and firm enough to be used as penetrative sex toys. Modern dildos are made of many different materials and come in all shapes and sizes.

Artifacts found from the high culture era of 10,000 to 40,000 years ago are called “batons” by archaeologists. Some scientists believe the size and shape of these ice age implements leaves little doubt that they were “sex toys.” The world’s oldest known dildo is a 20-centimeter siltstone phallus, found in Hohle Fels Cave near Ulm, Germany, and is estimated to be 30,000 years old. This dildo was on display at a Blaubeuren museum exhibition.

Dildos were called “olisbos” by the ancient Greeks who fashioned them out of wood, leather, and stone. Italians in the fifteenth century happily named the toy “diletto,” which means *delight* in Italian. The term “dildo” evolved from diletto.

Victorian-era doctors created a mechanical portable vibrator to massage female genitals in attempts to cure “hysteria.” Were they trying to replace the penis with this invention? Later, the device was advertised in a Sears catalog in 1918.

Even now, there's a harvest and prosperity festival (Hōnen Matsuri) led by Shinto priests celebrating fertility every March 15 in Komaki, Japan. Costumed participants parade a 620-pound wooden penis around Komaki. Throngs of women carry massive dildos in their arms and the food and souvenirs are usually phallus shaped.

The only reason I mention dildos is to point out that no matter how many have been created in varying sizes, textures, and colors, the old tried and true flesh and blood, natural-born penis is irreplaceable. But guys, the good news is, we can create replicas of our very own. There are mold making kits out there to replicate your Curious George. There's Clone-a-Willy, Create-A-Mate, Clone Your Bone. All we have to do is mix the substances in the kits, put them in a super-sized soft drink cup, insert an erect Dingaroo, and wait five minutes. That gives us the negative mold, which we then fill with wax or other soft or hard substances to create a clone of our very own. Once the mold is finished, we can produce as many clones as we want. Think of all the money we'll save at Christmas by giving our girlfriend or wives the part of us they like best.



Chapter 2

Blueballs



People like to joke about us men being led by our Little Soldiers, but what I'm telling you is true. Penises have ways to control their owners that we never speak about. Like getting hard and so stiff that the owner can hardly walk, sit, or even sleep without it getting in the way.

Those of you who have never experienced vascular congestion won't understand how if you ignore your Anaconda long enough it'll conspire with the testes to make you so miserable that you have to go hunting for a partner to relieve vascular congestion and prevent the onset of the dreaded blueballs (BB).

BB is the slang term for a congested prostate or vasocongestion, the condition of temporary fluid build-up in the testicles and prostate region that is caused by prolonged

sexual arousal. A pain in the testes usually accompanies the condition. The way to relieve the symptoms of blueballs is through ejaculation. While well known to men, there's scant information in medical literature about BB.

I'll bet most men don't know that women can also experience discomfort due to unrelieved vasocongestion as their pelvic area becomes engorged with blood during sexual arousal. They can experience pelvic heaviness (aka blue walls or blue labia) and aching if they do not reach orgasm. The term, *pelvic congestion*, refers to pain as it occurs in either sex.

I think there should be a blueballs.com where people suffering BB can go to the site and meet a partner so they could relieve one another, either by practicing online sex or hooking up at an agreed-upon location. If there was such a site you'd never see me dancing again. Pokey, that little devil, would lose a lot of control if I could easily meet a sex partner on the internet.

As a young boy in school, I hated it when the teacher would call my name and I had to stand beside my desk. Every time, it seemed my Under Thunder stuck out from my crotch as though a tent had been erected in my pants. Pushing Under Thunder between my legs worked for a minute or two, but when I was young, it was so strong that it would soon break free and the tent would form as its all-seeing eye tried to bore through my pant leg. I'm guessing that's why most young men wear jeans today. The heavy material doesn't allow tent making by "you know who."

In those days, there were no surveys and no one admitted they were of average size. All the guys said they were amply endowed with bigger Pleasure Pistons than mine. In 1950, I wasn't a man yet and figured once I could ejaculate, I'd be magically

transformed. I did the five-knuckle shuffle with my Weenie every day until I finally ejaculated. I was around eleven and I can still remember that first time. I was lying in bed tenderizing the meat, and when the One-eyed Gecko burped, the load shot over my left shoulder and hit the headboard. That young sperm sure was powerful to travel that far. The older I got, the less distance it travelled. I can remember five or six of us doing what we called a circle jerk. We'd all pull out our Jerk Sticks, spank the monkey, and see who could shoot the farthest. The winner got bragging rights until the next contest. A famous American sex educator, author, and artist, Betty Dodson, PhD, thought this behavior perfectly normal. She conducted workshops for more than thirty years in which groups of about ten or more women (and at least once, a group of men) would talk, explore their own bodies, and masturbate together.

Morning Erections

Called Morning Wood in the U.S. and Morning Glory in the U.K., nocturnal penile tumescence is the term used in the urology world. It's all a matter of wet dreams and fantasies during the night—the penis becomes erect in anticipation of a sexual act due to some dream or fantasy. This increased desire to have sex or to masturbate is a good thing for most guys, because frequent erections are good for the health of a Porridge Pump. On average, men experience three to five erections during a normal night's sleep. Erections are the body's natural way of keeping the penis healthy by infusing it with fresh, nutrient-rich blood.

One disadvantage is when you're awakened in the morning by a female relative or if you're in a hurry to leave your home and catch a bus and the erection just won't go

away. Morning erections are not at all abnormal and probably are a result of your Gulliver Hard's fantasies. But when you get on that bus, be careful of whom you bump into or you'll be accused of frotteurism—rubbing one's genitals against strangers.



Chapter 3

Use It or Lose It



The issues of the Big Number One will shrink if you don't stretch them with a normal erection every day. To keep the body sexually fit, an orgasm every day helps the muscles of your pelvis to stay trim, your prostate gland to stay healthier, and your sex drive to stay stronger. Men who have sex more often live longer than those who don't. Sex lowers blood pressure, reinforces a relationship, and keeps men active. Regular sex seems to protect men from a heart attack and they say that men who have the most sex live the longest.

Frequent ejaculation—whether it happens during sexual intercourse, masturbation, or a dream—isn't likely to increase men's risk of prostate cancer any more than it causes hair to grow from the palms of your hands (an old warning given to

youthful masturbators). In fact, new research reviewed by Brunilda Nazario, MD suggests it may have the opposite effect and help protect the prostate—apparently, masturbation can be considered a healthy exercise.¹ Next time somebody tells you to exercise more, you know what to do!

Some Penis Facts


Intercourse between a man and woman usually lasts two minutes. An average woman's orgasm lasts 23 seconds, and a man's lasts 6 seconds. When the man ejaculates, the amount of semen is usually around one to two teaspoons full. An average man will ejaculate 7,000 times in his lifetime and 2,000 of those ejaculations will occur with masturbation. A man ejaculates 14 gallons of semen in his lifetime. Each teaspoon of ejaculate has about five to seven calories and less than three grams of protein.

Sixty percent of men say they masturbate, and fifty-four percent claim to masturbate at least once a day. Forty-one percent say they feel guilty about masturbating that often. The time needed for a man to regain an erection is from two minutes to two weeks. An average man will have around eleven erections per day, and nine at night.

Men will do almost anything to acquire a massive Muff Mole. Modern science is experimenting with allo-transplants of penises (transfer of an organ or body tissue between two genetically different individuals belonging to the same species.). Guess what? Fantasies can come true. An allo-transplant was performed in Guangzhou, China. The patient had sustained the loss of most of his Man Cannon in an accident. Although he gained quite a bit of length and girth, his wife suffered psychologically and insisted that the surgery be reversed. Poor guy, first he loses it, gets a new, improved model, and then


his wife tells him he can't keep it. I would've found a new wife who could appreciate my newest addition. Women don't seem to understand that penis size influences men's lives tremendously.

Another manhood fantasy gone real is a lab-grown Maypole. In 2006 researchers succeeded in replacing a rabbit's Wookiee with one grown in a laboratory. The penis was grown on a matrix from the rabbit's own cells. Soon we'll be able to grow custom sized Wing Dings. The term Saturday Night Special takes on a completely new meaning.



Chapter 4

Losing It



Big Dick answers to a part of the nervous system that's not always under conscious control. Sexual arousal usually isn't voluntary. The conscious mind is complicit, but a lot of sexual arousal goes on in the sympathetic nervous system. Therefore, the order for ejaculation comes from the spinal cord, not the big brain, so sexual functioning is affected by spinal cord injury. For men, the main changes are in sensation (or feeling), getting erections (hard), and ejaculating (producing sperm).

Fortunately, men have an advantage over women—we don't need a book to tell us where our penis is located. In *The Vagina Monologues*, the author describes how some women went through their entire lives without seeing their vaginas. Every man knows he

has a Bone Phone, and he's been aware of it and touching it almost from the day he was born. We all know that it has a mind of its own. It takes years of training to stop it from raising its head at the most inappropriate times.


For those of you who aren't familiar with the story, on the night of June 23, 1993, John Wayne Bobbit raped his wife Lorena. She got a knife while he slept and cut off more than half of his Louisville Slugger. After mutilating her husband, Lorena left the apartment with the severed penis. After driving a while, she rolled down the car window and threw the penis into a field. John's severed member lay in a field screaming to be reunited with him. Then some poor guy had to pick up the severed organ and bring it to the hospital where it was re-attached after a nine-hour long operation.

Lorena was found not guilty. After the trial for assaulting her husband, Lorena was treated as a feminist "hero." "Bobbittmania" or copycat crimes were reported soon after. The name Lorena Bobbitt eventually became synonymous with penis removal. If your significant other ever threatens to "Bobbittise" you, cross your legs and hobble away as fast as you can. Lorena could have saved herself a lot of trouble if she would have hired someone to make his Bald-headed Yogurt Slinger disappear. No kidding, they're out there.

I don't know who they are, or how they do it, but a BBC article reported that "members of the evangelical sect, Brotherhood of the Cross, went to the town of Ilesa, Nigeria on 12 April, 2001. The sect members were on a house-to-house preaching mission when someone raised an alarm that his penis had disappeared. An angry mob descended on the visiting evangelists and burned eight of them to death. Two buses and a car were also burned." That'll teach them to make a man's penis disappear! Then, during


September 2003, mass hysteria spread through Khartoum, the capital of Sudan, which was ultimately quelled by police intervention and statements made by the health minister. The panic was caused by rumors of foreigners roaming the city and shaking men's hands, making their penises disappear. The rumors spread rapidly in text messages on cellular phones.¹

Penis panics in Southeast Asia are known by the term "Koro." In Chinese, the term used for the condition is shook yang (suo yang, 縮陽). Outbreaks of Koro in China were reported in 1948, 1955, 1966, 1974, 1984, and 1985, although none have been reported in the twenty or so years since.²



Chapter 5

Guns and Penises



There are about 95,000 firearms per 100,000 Americans¹ With all those guns out there, those who say that possessing a gun causes murder may as well say that possessing a penis causes rape.

It's said that American society's problem isn't firearms, but the sexually dysfunctional men and women who abuse them. I wonder if that's true, or if this is a blatantly false statement. Consider that American soldiers during basic training used to recite with one hand gripping their rifle and the other gripping their penis: "This is my rifle, this is my gun. One's for shooting, the other's for fun!"

We don't need Freud to tell us about phallic symbols. The identification of guns with explosive male sexuality is implicit. Some claim the ownership by females of

firearms relates to penis envy, but those same people just might suffer from it, in my opinion. In many instances, I've read that men or women who abuse guns are equally sexually dysfunctional. If this were true, I believe there would be many more women abusing guns than we currently hear about, considering the scores of dysfunctional women I've met!

Females and guns don't mix as often as men and guns, but shooting and hunting organizations for women have become increasingly popular and greater numbers of women than ever are registered gun owners and practice on shooting ranges. Women are trained to use firearms in our military and on our police forces, but crimes in which women shoot people are rarer than cases in which men misuse firearms.

A few well-known women are noted for their gun-slinging skills or their violent use of firearms. Annie Oakley became famous for her expertise with firearms. Squeaky Fromme tried to kill President Gerald Ford with a gun and became famous for her crime. Valerie Solanas killed Andy Warhol in a shooting.

I often wonder what exactly is meant by abusing a gun. Do you deprive it of gun oil—"You've been a bad gun, no oil for you." Or maybe you put it in a drawer and never take it to the firing range. Does not paying attention to it make you an abusive gun owner? I suppose using it incorrectly, as in shooting your husband or your wife is what abuse of a firearm means.

Are the people demanding gun control actually screaming for penis control? Take away a man's guns and he can be controlled. Control a man and by proxy, you control his penis. The next time someone wants to take our guns away and put our penises in servitude we need to ask them these questions: If a car kills five children, do we ban cars

or drivers? If a bus crash kills 15 children, do we ban buses or bus drivers? Each year doctors kill 9,000 patients to every gun death in the U.S., so do we ban doctors? If some idiot goes on a killing spree using guns to kill people, do we ban guns? Makes one see the underlying motivation, doesn't it?


Men and Guns

What is it about men and guns? Is a gun like a penis extender that makes us feel all manly about being able to blow someone's brains out from 50 yards away? Is that manly? Talking about an extender reminds me of condoms, and the most effective condom ad I ever saw was pictures of fruit with warts all over from not using protection. Natural, robust, assertive masculinity in our society is defined by some as a disease that must be cured. Being a man used to be so simple. Young males had role models and knew exactly how to talk and act like a man. Today all I ever hear is that men need to become more sensitive. Supposedly, we should be as talkative as women and get in touch with our banal feelings.

I see white, upper-middle-class mothers cling to their whiny sons. The result of this stalls the evolution of masculine identity, which requires boys to leave the maternal nest. Is it any wonder that in the U.S., white male children learn to use guns before they learn to use their penises, while Hispanic and black male children learn to use their penises before they learn to use guns? Don't believe me? Look at the birth rates and see who's using their Hockey Sticks.


Males need to start a penis revolution—burn our jock straps and jockey shorts as the women burned bras in the 70s. Let penises all hang freely in their natural state. No more penis suppression or imprisonment—give them freedom or they'll all be deflated.

It's been proven throughout history that penises are irreplaceable, so maybe they could go on strike, and demand support. Although some may not need support, many do, especially the older ones. Penises need to stand together to demonstrate penis power and demand women support them when requested.



Chapter 6

Does Size Matter?



Zamboners come in an array of shapes and sizes. Generally, there are two types. One expands and lengthens when becoming erect (a grower). The other appears long most of the time, but doesn't get much bigger after achieving erection (a shower). The shower belongs to the guys who walk around the locker room without a towel wrapped around their waist. It has been shown that shorter flaccid penises tend to gain about twice as much length as longer flaccid ones.

Size and Ethnicity

In the 1890s, Dr. Jacobus found the largest penis ever measured in a Sudanese Negro: 12 inches by 2 inches. The stunned researcher concluded it was “a terrific

machine” and “more likely the penis of a donkey than of a man.” He concluded that the “Sudanese Negro possesses the largest genital organ of all the races of mankind.”

Dr. Robert Chartham measured erect Blue-veined Jackhammers for groups of men of various nationalities.¹ The largest organs for each nationality were as follows: English - 10½ inches; West German - 8½ inches; Negro - 7½ inches; (sic - I have no idea why he used this term when the rest were measured by nationalities) French - 7¾ inches; Danish 8 inches; American - 7¾ inches; and Swedish 7¾ inches.

The smallest organs in the various nationality groups were as follows: English - 2¾ inches; West German - 3½ inches; Negro - 4 inches (again this is his term, not mine); French 3½ inches; Danish - 5 inches; American - 3½ inches; and Swedish - 5 inches. There’s no mention of India, and I heard the men there didn’t want to be measured.

The BBC confirms these sizes with stories stating that a survey of more than 1,000 men in India has concluded that condoms made according to international sizes are too large for a majority of Indian men. The study found that more than half of the men measured had penises that were shorter than international standards for condoms. A range of extra-large condoms has been launched in South Africa, to cater to well-endowed men. “A large number of South African men are bigger and complain about condoms being uncomfortable and too small,” said Durex manager, Stuart Roberts. A smaller version is sold in Asia.

“When it comes to size,” says Dr. Ciril Godec, chairman of urology at Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn, “the thing to remember is this: the vagina always adjusts to the penis that’s in it.”

Size and Identity

My understanding is that a man's weight, build, and height bear no relation to the size of his Colossus in either the soft or erect state, nor are sizes related to foot, hand or nose size. Art and the media, particularly men's magazines and erotic books and movies, often portray male genitals in "larger than life" dimensions, giving men an unrealistic standard of comparison that can contribute to their concerns about their Digit size.

The question is why do many women wish their partner had a larger penis? After a lot of experimentation, I found that women have sexual pleasure centers that need to be physically stimulated in order to achieve orgasm and sexual satisfaction. Women who make love to a man with an insufficiently sized Shaft of Cupid sometimes admit that they're sexually unfulfilled. Sometimes they counterfeit an orgasm. That statement takes precedence over "size doesn't matter." I think that size statement was spread around to comfort the millions of men who have smaller than normal Single-Barreled Pumps.

Women don't usually talk about vaginas and men don't usually discuss the size of our Willie Wonkas, unless they're big enough to brag about. Then we want to show them to everyone who'll look. That may be my opinion, but how many naked pictures have you seen of men with little bitty ones?

I suspected it all along, and believe I'm right. Size does matter. I used to worry about not being able to satisfy a partner with my undersized Nanopud. I was anxious about how I'd compare to other men or my lover's earlier partners. When someone might glance at the Little Guy, I tried to hide him. Having a size that I'm unhappy with has been one of the most frustrating experiences of my life.

The largest penis in the animal kingdom is an 11-foot Boney Cannelloni found on the male blue whale. The female blue whale owns the largest vagina. The smallest natural human penis recorded is 5/8th of an inch. That poor guy could never fellatio himself, and he'd probably have a hard time masturbating with only 5/8th of an inch to hold onto. Gorillas, despite their immense size, have puny organs. They measure just two inches. So the guy with 5/8th of an inch can brag that he's almost hung like a gorilla.

But there's hope for these unfortunate men. Surgeons are perfecting a way to build up the size of very small penises to enable proper urination and a full sex life. It's estimated that about one in 200 men is born with what is known as a micro-penis. Whereas the average size of the human penis is around 12.5 cm (5 inches), a micro-penis spans less than 7 cm. In the past doctors have recommended gender reassignment, so these males were brought up as girls, but this is a practice that has ceased in recent years. A University College London (UCL) team has been refining a technique called phalloplasty, or penile enlargement. This involves cutting a flap of skin from the patient's forearm and shaping it into a penis four or five inches long. To maintain erogenous sensation, the original penis is incorporated into the surface of the transplanted skin. Patients receive a urethra to enable them to urinate, and an inflatable penile prosthesis to allow an erection to engage in sexual intercourse.²

My Louisville Plugger's size determines who I am and has a huge influence on the quality of my being. It affects my entire existence. I know if I don't measure up, there's always a rubber extender for her pleasure, not mine. I remember way back when it was hard to find sex toys. I somehow got a few French-Ticklers, condoms with rubber bumps and squiggly things on the outside that drove my girlfriend wild. They were so

rare in the old days that she'd wash them out and powder them so we could use them again. I'm guessing if I wore one of those extenders that come as a condom with a solid part on top that measures one to four inches, I'd be big enough for most women, no matter what my original size.

There are online sites where you can get a certificate stating that you own the name that you have given your Mr. Clean, and other sites that will generate a name for it.³ Will Cockus Erecti names be copyrighted so eventually we'll have to give them numbers, maybe even a tattooed bar code for identification purposes? This might happen in a world where every penis is highly valued and to transplant a bigger one where a small one existed before would be a crime.

Enlargement or Implant?

Lobbyists for the Custard Cannon's industry will probably get that law passed because transplantation will cut into the enlargement business. Statistics are hard to find about how many men respond to all those enlargement ads, but with hundreds of sites advertising online, I'd venture to say a large percentage. After all, our Protein Spigot is what makes us men. The bigger it is, the more confidence we have. I'm sure the enlargement industry is making a fortune selling formulas and promoting enlargement operations. People now are paying for eye color changes, breast enhancements, and many other body image surgeries. I think many men are willing to go through the expense and pain to gain as little as an inch to their Standing Hamptons. Some claims made by the bigger-is-better industry state that by using pills, stretching instruments, exercise, and patches, they'll make your member longer and wider.

If you feel that your Ruby-Headed Love Dart isn't big enough, then you're not alone. Despite the fact that most men wish they had a larger Shaft, it is still a taboo subject. Many women are unsatisfied with the size of their partner's Penetrator, yet most would deny it if asked directly, but that's only my opinion. Pokey agrees with me, and smart as he is, I'd say we're correct. This issue has resulted in many men feeling inadequate, and many women feeling sexually unfulfilled. Getting back to size, medical science has determined that the Crack Hunter size is important to a man's self confidence, emotional health, sexual activity, and overall well being.

I call my Man Pole "Pokey" because he always wants to poke someone. He thinks I stunted his growth by not eating the proper diet while he grew. To make up for his phobia about being too small, he wants me to wear shoes two sizes too big. He insists that women always check out my shoe size to estimate how big he is.

If I could have one wish granted it would be that someone invented the internet in 1950. Why 1950? I was ten years old and my Thrill Drill didn't measure up. If only I could have received the thousands of enlargement ads I now get every day.

The average size for men is 5½ inches, so we're mostly all average, but where are all those under 5½ inchers? Whenever I see a porno flick the guys always have a foot-long Bean Stalk or bigger. Maybe I never see the smaller ones because that size is usually hidden. What guy in his right mind is going to show off five inches or less? And what about the unfortunates who are born with micro-penises, or in extreme cases, with a condition called hypoplasia, where the body of the penis is absent and the head is attached to the pubis?



Chapter 7

Penis Enlargement Procedures



Most enlargement procedures come with risks that may not be worth taking. Most men are unhappy with their penis operations. The majority of men who have penis enlargements end up dissatisfied with the results, a study says. The European Urology Journal reported that surgeons at St Peter's Andrology Centre in London quizzed forty-two men who underwent operations. The average increase was 1.3 centimeters (0.5 inch), and two-thirds of the patients said they were unhappy with the results.

Understandable when the enlargement ads promise three inches in length and three inches in girth by simply taking their magic formula. One method of surgical "Swizzle Stick enlargement" is to cut the ligament that holds the root of the penis tucked up inside the pelvis and firmly attached to the pubic bone. This operation may give a little

extra length if more of the Swingin' Sirloin protrudes from the body, but there are side effects. This ligament, called the suspensory ligament, makes an erection sturdy. With that ligament cut, the erect Ivory shaft loses its upward angle and it wobbles at the base. The lack of sturdiness can lead to injury. Then again if it's too sturdy, it can break. There is no "Beaver Buster Bone," but the male organ can break. Our Beef Bayonet contains ligaments and cartilage. When a break happens, there's "an audible pop or snap." The Bayonet turns black and blue and there's terrible pain. It's rare and usually happens to younger men because their erections tend to be quite rigid; and enthusiastic masturbation is the most common cause of penile rupture.

Penile Physiology and Embellishment

The Mighty Monkey is constructed of three main areas. One smaller chamber, the lower corpus spongiosum, functions for urination and ejaculation. Two upper chambers, called the corpora cavernosa, are the areas where 90% of the blood is retained during an erection. You didn't know that, I bet, and you probably think this is getting boring. I don't want to be ignorant of how my penis functions, and you men should know this too, just to prove yours isn't the only one with a brain.

To enhance your All-day Sucker you need to develop the size of the corpora cavernosa. Like any tissue of the body, this can be achieved with proper exercises. Not all exercises are effective, and some can be downright dangerous. Traction devices, pumps, and weights have been used with the theory that tissue stretched for a length of time will eventually retain the lengthened level.

There are bizarre practices used by men worldwide to enhance the size of their penis, including the Topinama of Brazil, who encourage poisonous snakes to bite their penises to enlarge them for six months.¹ In Japan, the Yakuza (organized crime) often plant spherical objects under the skin of the penis to increase its size. Asian men have been trying to increase the size of their penises by injecting themselves with Vaseline and other oils. The practice of embellishing the human body by injecting oils beneath the skin has been known for over a century. A man in Britain used a high-pressure pneumatic grease gun to inject his penis. He injected himself with oil to give himself more confidence sexually. But the girth of the man's penis continued to grow and he was no longer able to achieve an erection. Cases of penis enlargement by injection of oils have dangerous side effects.²

Clamping is a technique that uses a constricting device, such as a shoestring, cable clamp, or a tight cock ring. Stretching consists of attaching a penis stretcher or “extender” device to it for set time periods. The device exerts a constant traction on it, which, in theory, lengthens and widens the appendage.

Hanging a weight from the penis is perhaps the oldest self-applied method of enlargement. Over time, the result is similar to the same positive results achieved in Pilates exercises for the body. Then there's the 100% natural way to increase penis size. Jelqing is penis milking—no, you don't get milk from your penis, but you do imitate a milking motion to make it bigger. This isn't one of those abundant scams on the internet about penile enlargement. Jelqing is a natural way to increase the penis length and girth. The method is based on massage techniques that force more blood into the penis. This causes the corpora cavernosa tissue to expand. Men claim that thirty minutes a day of

jelging results in tremendous gains. This method is accepted as the most natural penis enlargement process available.

The workout starts by warming the penis up by wrapping it in a towel that has been soaked in hot water. This stimulates blood flow to the penis. Before starting to jelg, lubricate the penis with K-Y Jelly or Vaseline. Once warmed up, start jelging using a grip that completely encircles the base of the penis, then gently milk towards the head, thus causing more blood to flow there. Two hundred or more strokes make for a good workout. Results should be apparent after several months.

“Stunt cock” is a term for a well-endowed penis used in extreme close-ups, or when the leading man doesn’t measure up or can’t get an erection.³ The stunt cock does the same job a stunt man does. Well not really—it doesn’t do dangerous jobs, so I guess “body double” would be a better term.



Chapter 8

Weird Stuff



How's it hanging? By now, both your brains are spinning and you're ready for some light entertainment. Well, not that kind of entertainment, but I'm happy to share a few fun facts and a short story.

“How's it hanging” is an expression commonly thought of as an appropriate greeting between friends. I wonder if this phrase didn't come to us from the days of public hangings when some men were hung, they'd get an erection and ejaculate while being hung.

The Caramoja tribe of Northern Uganda tie a weight on the end of their penises to elongate them, sometimes having to knot it up, and the Mambas of the New Hebrides

wrap theirs in yards of cloth, making them look up to 17 inches long. If you happen to visit Kenya, you better hold on to your Mister Bojangles. Two Kenyan boys had their penises cut off to make a potion to treat HIV/AIDS. The practice of mutilating the penises of virgin boys is not a tradition, but the object of this mutilation was to “make a potion to cure HIV/Aids,” the website said.

When men of the Walibri tribe of central Australia greet each other, they shake Big Macs instead of hands. I can imagine walking into a business meeting with a bunch of Walibiris! But I’d rather shake penises than partake in the ritual of the Etoro tribe. They’re located in New Guinea, on the southern slopes of Mt. Sisa. The young boys of this tribe must swallow the semen of their elders to become powerful adults!

Indigenous people around the world modify their Pocket Otters to enhance their pleasure. There’s meatotomy, where one splits the uretha to the base of the glans. Some people split the top of the penis as well to achieve genital bisection. Splitting the glans but not the shaft is known as head splitting. Subincision refers to splitting the top of the penis.¹

Mr. Lifto (a real person) is living proof of how a penis can propel one to fame. His primary claim to fame is the swinging and lifting of weights and objects from his genital, nipple, and other piercings. While many sideshow acts emulate his act, Mr. Lifto can be credited with starting this modern craze.

For the underperformers who don’t rise to the occasion, there’s a penile injection kit available. The doctor prescribes an injection kit along with the needed drugs. Then the penis needs to be injected with a hypodermic needle in order to get an erection. Poking

Pokey with a hypodermic needle to get an erection doesn't seem worthwhile to me, but I guess some guys are willing to do anything for sex.

Three men from Taipei, Taiwan, caused a stir by pulling a wagon loaded with one hundred men for 3 meters by means of cords attached to their penises. With the aid of seventeen more penis pullers, they aim to haul a Boeing 747 along a runway using the same method. According to the Sydney Morning Herald, the team hopes to break several world records by doing this.

I don't know how true this is, but it's said that King Fatefehi of Tonga deflowered 37,800 women between the years 1770 and 1784—that's about seven virgins a day. Wilt Chamberlain, the famous basketball player, claimed he had sex with 20000 women. Then, of course, there's the good old-fashioned, everyday red-blooded American male:

Nudist Camp

I looked around. Bob, the only other patron in the bar, nursed his Budweiser with a hangdog expression.

“Hey,” I called in his direction. He aimed one eye at me. “You wanna go see a bunch of nude women line up for a beauty contest? Bob opened the other eye and stood up, a resounding yes in his universe. His enthusiasm propelled us to my car. We loaded a couple of cases of beer into the trunk and drove the hundred or so miles to the camp. We'd downed a case and were feeling pretty good by the time we got to Naked City. Bob and I paid our admittance fee and entered the camp. We inquired where the contest would be, and walked around looking at the sights. The best was an area where artists were painting designs on nude women. When we tried to get closer for a good look, security

(muscular men dressed in black) got all upset and were so threatening that we backed off. My memory is a little foggy, but what I'm telling you is true, maybe with some details mixed up, but it basically happened this way.

Somebody told me Naked City was owned by a paraplegic who made a fortune by recruiting shut-ins (people who had to stay home for one reason or another) to listen to the radio. He figured a way to have them keep track of advertisements in order to assure the companies paying for ads that they received their spots.

I'll never forget the first time I saw this dude. A Lincoln limousine pulled up to the judging area. The Lincoln was driven by a drop-dead beautiful naked woman, and beside her sat another naked woman who looked like a centerfold model. Once the limo stopped both got out and their beauty stunned the crowd of men waiting to photograph the nude contest entrants. Their loud chatter stopped so suddenly when the ladies exited the car and walked to the rear door that it was like someone had pushed a power switch. The two vixens opened the rear door of the limo, exposing the pink fur upholstery. The loud voices of the men rose again as they oohed and aahed at the irresistible combination of limo and succulent females. The genius who owned the camp sat in a wheel chair with a big grin plastered across his face. I heard this guy also opened a truck stop with nude waitresses. Very creative, I thought.

Both nudes rolled his chair from the rear of the limo and were so attentive to him I was almost envious, but I knew I wouldn't trade places with him for anything, no matter how many beautiful women he had fawning over him.

Bob and I saw all these beautiful women arriving and going into this one circular building. Then I had a brainstorm—I don't know where I got this idea, but I imagine

Pokey gave it to me. Pokey was very happy that we came. I put a case of beer on my shoulder and told Bob to follow me.

I knocked on the door that I had seen the women go through. There was a sign on it that said *Authorized Personnel Only*. The door was opened by a rough looking man. “Yeah?” he growled.

“Delivery,” I said and pointed to the case of beer on my shoulder. He waved me in and Bob followed, both eyes wide open this time. It was very busy inside and almost everyone was nude. The contestants were getting undressed and fixing their hair and doing their make-up for the contest. I put the beer in an empty room and took off my clothes. Bob chose another room and also undressed. We fit right in with the crowd. After watching the procedure for a few minutes, we saw that when the girls came through the door they didn’t know where to go or what to do, because everyone was so busy. We watched as eventually a contest volunteer would guide them to a dressing room, or should I say undressing room.

Inspired by my small brain, I grabbed the next girl who walked through the door and introduced myself as a judge for the contest. Bob followed my lead and he did the same with the next girl. I told the girl I’d guide her to her dressing room, and I took her to the room I’d stored the beer in. Seemed like a natural thing to help her undress. What a thrill it was to peel the clothes from a knockout. She told me she lived in Indiana, as did every other contestant I talked to. I knew there couldn’t be that many beautiful girls willing to parade nude in front of a crowd from such a small area. I believe they were told to say they lived in the area if anyone asked, because there was probably some kind of law about crossing state lines. After she got in line, I went to the entrance and guided

another new arrival to her room and repeated the procedure. The only mistake I made was that I told each of the dozen or so women that they had my vote as a judge. Once they lined up to stroll out to the stage one of them purred, “Joe, don’t forget, you promised to vote for me.” Another shouted, “He’s voting for me,” and another screamed, “He told me the same thing!” I got scathing looks from every one of them. My small brain let my big brain take over at this point, and I didn’t let their comments deter me.

I grabbed my camera and mixed in with the crowd of photographers who were all fully dressed. Once the contest started and the girls strolled around the stage doing their antics, such as bending over and squatting down, the crowd of photographers went wild. I couldn’t believe the looks on their faces, some hungry, others leering, and all obviously excited. I turned my camera away from the women and onto the crowd of pushing, shoving men. They all acted as though they had never seen a naked woman in public before. Although, being in Indiana, maybe it was true.

Once the contest was over and a winner declared, Bob and I roamed the camp, still nude of course. After walking around a while and scoping out the sizes of most other Towers of Power, I thought the only naked guys in this nudist camp were the ones who were here to parade their oversized members around. As a man I’ve been trained to never look at another man’s Morning Glory, but when it’s waved around in the open air, it’s pretty hard not to notice one that’s three and four times the size of mine. The size of Pokey didn’t measure up to those Chubby Conquistadors surrounding me.

Pokey didn’t let that deter me as I bounced up and down on the diving board, even though it seemed like everyone around the pool watched Pokey with derision. I didn’t let it get to me because I was fantasizing about the nude dance that would be

starting in an hour or so. I guess making Pokey flop up and down didn't set well with some folks, because Security flapped at us like a flock of crows. They threw our clothes to us, then escorted us to the gate and told us not to come back.

Me 'n Bob were disappointed about missing the dance, but we were both exhilarated from the day's events, and Pokey was thrilled to the core. When I got to my car, it wouldn't start. We ended up hitchhiking back to Chicago. A mild-mannered, balding man in his thirties picked us up, and Bob and I told him about our day.

“Please, guys. I'm a priest. I don't want to hear that kind of talk.” He sat up a little straighter as though to show us he meant business. Bob stared out the window and started whistling. Mortified, we rode the rest of the way in silence. To this day, I consider it one of the best days of my life; and Pokey agrees with me.



Chapter 9

Penis Fantasies



One of my fantasies has always been to invent “Instant Pussy,” but not like the stuff that’s manufactured now. Everything that’s available now is way too complicated. I want my instant Putang Pie to be as easy as opening a pack of sugar. Something that small could be sold over the counter in bars, restaurants, or wherever. Men could satisfy their lust anytime, anywhere. My invention would be created out of some substance that could be packaged like a condom, but when exposed to water it would expand and heat up at the same time. I’d just dunk it in a glass of water and watch as what looked like a chunk of chewing gum unfold and go through a metamorphosis and become the most beautiful and sweetest smelling vagina ever experienced.

A Love Thruster inserted into this device would experience pleasure beyond its wildest dreams. The goop would use nanotechnology in such a way that the instant Cock Sock would almost have a life of its own as it expanded and contracted, heated up, and fit snugly around any sized Bacon Bazooker, a feeling so sensuous that any man who used it would never go back to any other organic pussy substitute.

My invention would change the world. Once men discovered how great it was, they'd prefer instant Tuna Pocket to the real thing. I can picture how I'd walk into a bar, order a beer and two instant Hairy Marys, one for now and one for later. No more blueballs for me. My whole focus would change. Instead of searching for an available woman, I could kick back, drink my beer, and watch whatever game was on television. I know it wouldn't last though. Once women realized the tables had been turned and we didn't need them for sex any longer, they'd become much more aggressive than they currently are.

While trying to watch the game all these horny women would try to buy me drinks and asking me to dance. If I agreed, they'd grope me on the dance floor, trying to excite my Ball Buddy. Walking down the street, I'd hear horns beeping and shouts of "Hey, man! Looking good!" from horny women of all ages. I'd wish they'd just leave me alone. I'm guessing that's the spot women are in now—they can pick and choose because just about every Beaver Cleaver is looking to hook up. There's so much truth in that old country and western song that says "All the women get prettier at closing time." That would become true for men now. I'd sit in a bar, and at closing time, I'd suddenly be swamped with offers of breakfast in bed and maybe something better. "My day is

coming,” I tell myself as Pokey draws me out of my fantasy by raising his head when a sexy blonde walks by.

Given a choice of which organ I wanted to donate as transplantable on the back of my driver’s license, I volunteered my Sugar Stick, and it coerced me into doing so. It never wants to quit and is always looking to grow. I always imagined a once well-endowed man who lost his Pleasure Missile in an accident and needed a transplant would probably get my Pokey sewn onto him because that was the only organ I gave permission to donate. Once he took the bandages off and saw Pokey, he’d want to sue the doctors.