

BOYS AND CIRCUMCISION AKI THE BLACK BOY

Among the many circumcisions we did at the Youth Hospital there were a number of really unusual cases. One of them was the unforgettable Aki, a beautiful big chocolate-colored Black boy who showed up one day with three friends just as dark as himself - and asked to be circumcised. In fact he insisted on it. His friends, he explained, had come along to provide moral support.

He said if we didn't do him here in the hospital he would have one of his friends take care of it - in somebody's garage with a jack knife, if necessary. (A couple of months later we got just such a case to repair.) After a long conversation the doctor he said he would consider it, at least, and we sent Aki home with the standard release form (parent's or guardian's permission to treat) for a signature.

A half hour later he was back again with some kind of signature on the bottom of the form. We gave him the usual physical exam and determined that he had no fever or other counterindications .

When he took off his jeans I could see even through the material of his undershorts that he was pretty well hung. Then he took them off too, and stood naked and proud in front of me, his hands on his hips: his expression, in fact the whole attitude of his body expressed pride - and challenge.

He was a wonderfully well-built, muscular fellow five foot ten inches tall with an unforgettable face: in spite of the aggressive and challenging expression he had assumed for the occasion there was something sweet and almost affecting about him. Unlike his body, his face still had something boyish about it. In particular his dark, shining eyes got to me. His sex organs, as I had already noticed, were well developed (in fact I had initially estimated his age at seventeen). He had broad shoulders, narrow hips, long arms and legs, a flat belly and a behind with round, firm cheeks.

He looked in general probably much as his East African ancestors had looked, who I suspect originally came from the region of the Upper Nile: the long bones of his arms and legs were longer than you usually see on white kids, and he was quite thin, so that the muscles on his body looked a little exaggerated, almost sculpted. He wore an Afro hairdo made of lots of little braids. (At the time Black consciousness was something new in America. Aki was one of the first and best arguments for the idea that "Black is Beautiful".) He had very little pubic hair, just a couple of dozen small, tight curls, but a distinctly long penis, like many Blacks descended from people of the region Nile Valley. I estimated it at almost seven inches nonerect. The impression of length was underscored by the presence (it a long, pointed foreskin shaped like the end of an elephant's trunk (a kind that you also often see on men of noncircumcising Upper Nile tribes like the Nuba).

Upon examination the foreskin proved to be loose, stretchable, and

easily retractable - it had obviously been in use for a few years. When I saw how easily it could be slipped back I told him that I could think of no medical reason whatsoever why he should want to have it removed.

But there he stood stark naked in front of me, insisting on being circumcised on the spot. In the strong light from the window I could see every detail of his athletic young body. His hands were on his hips and his pelvis was thrust forward. As he shifted his weight from one leg to the other, his long, sumptuous dick swung heavily back and forth. He said, "Man, we're gonna do this. Either you or somebody else. I wanna join the Black Moslems, and they ain't gonna let me in until I been cut." That made sense, because I knew that he was talking about an Islamic sect. I explained all this to the doctor on the phone and he finally said OK.

When I started to explain to Aki that we were going to do it under a local anesthesia, he said "No way, man!" He and his friends looked on a circumcision as a kind of test of courage. He had read something about Africa and knew that was how it works there. His friends, who had been watching me examine him silently but with frank interest, nodded in agreement.

So I asked him to put his shorts on again, sat him down, and explained to the four Black teenagers how a circumcision works, and that without an anesthetic it would be really painful. Aki said he could take it. Then we talked about a few important details such as how much of the foreskin should be removed. I drew a few sketches and showed the boys some photos from our files. But Aki got impatient as I talked. He suddenly turned to his friends and said "Hey, take off your pants and show the doctor what I want!" While I tried to explain that I wasn't a doctor, they stripped, and before I could finish, their pants and undershorts were down around their ankles, and three cocks of different shapes, but all size "L", were hanging there for my inspection. All three guys were unmistakably circumcised. It looked as though whoever had done them had used a simpler method than anything I was familiar with. Apparently somebody had simply pulled their foreskins forward and trimmed them off as close as possible. Two of the guys had really irregular scars as a result, but the reason was clear: if you don't use an anesthetic of any kind you have to have a technique that is fast and not very refined. There could be no question of spending ten minutes cutting around in living, sensitive flesh with a scalpel and scissors.

The surgeon was shocked, of course, when he found out what Aki wanted. He asked for time to think about it, and I sat the boys in the waiting room while he did some other procedures and thought about how he was going to proceed. I explained to Aki that it was going to have to be fast, but that the few minutes that the operation would take would probably be the longest minutes of his life to date. And that we couldn't guarantee very much in the way of a cosmetic result.

In the case of two of the friends the operation could indeed have been done in somebody's garage. In both cases too much of the outer skin layer had been left: irregular scraps of skin hung down behind the edge

of the crown in various places. But almost all of the inner layer had been sacrificed. I asked them why they hadn't come to us in the first place, but at that they frowned and lapsed into surly silence.

It was also evident that one of the friends had suffered the operation not too long ago: the scar was wide and still very fresh, and head was still bright pink, like the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet. It would probably darken in time. But the boy wouldn't tell me when or where he had been operated on.

When the doctor had arrived and scrubbed, he asked Aki if he really was prepared to have this done without any kind of anesthesia, and when the boy said yes, he added a note to this effect on the permission form. Aki announced he wanted to go through it standing up.

He planted himself in front of the doctor (who seemed a little unsure of himself in this situation). Aki then asked one of his friends to hold his hands behind his back, in case he should involuntarily struggle or try to get his hands in the way. The other two guys knelt down and held his ankles. They seemed to have a certain routine: I had the feeling they had done this before. Aki refused to put on a hospital johnny or allow us to use sterile drapes. He wouldn't let me shave his pubic hair, either. But he did admit that it would be a good idea to swab the area down with disinfectant. But before we did this, I set to washing the operation area with green soap. When I gently pulled his ample foreskin back and started to wash the head, he got totally stiff. His cock pointed upward at an acute angle and almost instantly expanded to almost nine inches.

I explained that it would be a good idea if he didn't have an erection for as long as possible after the operation, because it would pull at the incision. It didn't take him long to figure out what I meant: in spite of the fact that there were five other people in the room, he thrust his hips forward and spat, squarely hitting the glans. Then he reached down and pulled his generous, fleshy and entirely healthy foreskin forward and back a few times. His face entirely impassive, his eyes focussed on the middle distance, within ten or fifteen seconds he started to ejaculate, firing ten or a dozen shots of thick, grey jissom into a towel which I hastily grabbed and held in front of him.

Afterward I washed him again, painted his penis and scrotum with disinfectant - and we were ready for the action. The doctor, using a marking pen, drew a circular line around Aki's penis marking the place where he wanted the cut to be. He then looked up and studied Aki's face for a moment. There was no sign of anxiety. He asked again if this was really how he wanted it, and the boy nodded yes. And there he stood, his legs apart, with his friends holding his hands and his ankles. By now his color was not so good: he looked more bluish-grey than brown, and there were beads of sweat on his forehead. His muscular young legs were trembling slightly, but his face was completely expressionless.

The doctor pulled the foreskin forward as far as it would go and put a clamp on it, just behind the mark. Even this little procedure must have

been pretty painful, but Aki didn't budge or change his expression. Then, picking up a scalpel, the doctor took a deep breath and deftly made a long, circular cut, removing everything outside the clamp. Aki's eyes widened, his mouth opened, and he drew in his breath with a sharp, hissing sound. I was afraid he was going to cry out. But no sound escaped his lips. As soon as the clamp was removed he began to bleed copiously. Streams of scarlet started to run down the glans and drip onto his dark brown thighs. But we could see that it had been a neat cut, resulting in a clean, oval wound. The doctor then gently peeled the inner, mucosal layer back, and remarked that it really should be trimmed back some. But he couldn't bring himself to do it: this way the scar was going to end up pretty far back on the shaft, farther back than he would like. I wondered what the final result would look like.

Aki sat down, and the doctor started to tie off the bleeders. He pulled the two skin layers together and started to put in skin sutures. Finally he put vaseline on a bandage and carefully wrapped it around the wounded cock. While all this was going on, Aki talked quietly with his friends and acted as though he couldn't feel a thing. But he was still pretty grey, and his hands shook as he smoked the cigarette one of his friends gave him. It was clear to me that he must be feeling everything, particularly when the needle was being stuck through the edge of his foreskin and the threads pulled up tight. I thought the suturing was never going to end, but when it was all over I looked at my watch and saw that the whole procedure had taken less than ten minutes.

We kept him with his friends in the recovery room for another two hours, but since he wasn't bleeding any more, we let him go home. I told him to go to bed and put an ice-bag on his cock. He was to call us immediately if he started to bleed again, and was to show up the next day to have us check him. In my mind's eye I still see him going down the corridor with his friends on the way out, laughing, joking, to all appearances "full of piss and vinegar". But he was walking slowly, a little awkwardly, and distinctly bow-legged.

He didn't come back the next day though. In fact he didn't come back until four days later. He was alone, and I didn't like the way he looked. His skin was still pretty bluish-grey in color, and when I took his temperature he had a fever of just over 100. He confessed that he was having a lot of pain. When he took off his pants I saw that his cock was swollen and sore-looking, dusky in color, and with the veins standing out.

When I started to change his dressing I saw that there was fresh blood in it. Three of the stitches had ripped out and the wound had become infected.

I asked him what had happened. How was this possible? "Well," he said, "the second day I felt so good that I went out and played baseball for a while. But pretty soon my cock started to hurt more, and when I got home I saw I had bled a little." The third day, when he saw that the wound was infected, he decided he had better come in after all.

The doctor shook his head and mumbled dark things to himself as he sewed the damaged incision up again. We gave Aki a shot of penicillin. The incision was now jagged at the three places where the stitches had ripped out. In general Aki's cock, with the broad band of mucosal layer which had been left, was quite a bit more decorative than our usual job. Aki confessed at one point that he had scratched the scab off a couple of times "to make the scar look thicker and tougher." The effect he was trying to get, apparently, was to make it look more like the result of an African bush-style circumcision. "Well," I said, "if that's what you wanted you should have asked us not to use stitches."

"I didn't think of that," Aki said.

When he came back the day after, it was clear that he was going to get better. The fever and swelling were down. I asked him to come back again in a month, and was surprised when he really did show up.

He was more cheerful now. He gave me a grin and a firm handshake. When we were alone in my office I asked him how his cock was doing. "Great," he said. "Let me show you, Doc." (I still hadn't been able to convince him that I wasn't a doctor). While I went over to lock the door of the room, he stood up. When I turned around, he was out of his shorts and bending over to take off his sneakers. From behind I saw his firm, round, brown buttocks, his well-developed scrotum dangling between them. As he turned, grinning, his thick, heavy cock swung into view, erect - and very circumcised-looking.

When he sat down on the examining table he apologized in advance: this probably wouldn't go as fast as the last time: he had had to learn to modify his masturbation technique. Without a foreskin it was somehow different. And the whole business was still pretty sensitive, he added.

He closed his eyes and started to rub his cock. Even with a full erection, the edge of the foreskin overlapped the edge of the glans when he pulled it forward, I noted. Soon a drop of precum emerged at the tip. Then he made a ring with his thumb and his forefinger and began to work farther back, where the broad and still-pink scar was.

Soon he was energetically working the whole length of the shaft. In half a minute he started to thrust with his hips and contract his buttocks, and soon he started pumping it out, grunting softly with pleasure as each gout of semen surged up through his trembling cock and shot out of the slit. This time I was forewarned, and held out a jar. I collected about three tablespoonfuls of warm, thick, boy jissom.

He opened his eyes and grinned at me. "How was that? Pretty good, huh?" I had to agree.

When his erection had gone down I could get a better idea of what the final result of his circumcision was going to be. It wasn't going to be bad, I decided, if you were willing to accept a little more scar tissue than you would expect on the "boy next door".

The final photo we took of Aki, fourteen weeks after his circumcision, shows a handsome Black boy with a larger-than average, half-erect cock. The back of the shaft is almost straight, but on the underside there is a delightful curve, and the glans has a kind of "pushed-up nose" effect. It and the broad band of tissue behind it are still bright pink. Together with the dark brown of the shaft skin, the total effect is pretty dramatic.

I had been afraid that the remains of the inner layer might hang down over the edge of the glans, but on the photo they are lying in neat folds just behind the crown, like a sort of collar.

Studying the photo, I wondered if it might in general be a good idea to leave as much of this layer as possible; in fact Aki took pains to tell me how wonderfully sensitive this inner skin layer is. He was glad the doctor had not trimmed it off.

I told him it could take a couple of years for the skin of the head to get as dark as the shaft skin, and that in time the scar would probably darken, too, so it wouldn't be too obvious. "Shit, man," he said, "that don't matter to me. Nobody ain't gonna see it but me and my friends - and my woman!"

And off he went. In the years to come he probably sired a dozen or so boys with big, beautiful cocks just like his own. His last words to me - delivered with a big, toothy and engaging grin - were "Hey thanks, Doc. You were really OK. But I'm gonna tell you one thing, just between you and me. If I have any kids, any boys, I gonna have 'em cut right after they born. Gettin' cut as a teenager is no picnic. I thought I was gonna pass out when the doctor cut into me!"

Aki was the first in a long series of Black kids that came to us over the next couple of years asking to be circumcised. It was clear that he had recommended us. But he was the only kid in my experience who ever wanted to go through it without an anesthetic.