



FEATURE

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GOING BALD

We Find Out What It's Like When You Go Bare Down There

By Brian Moylan

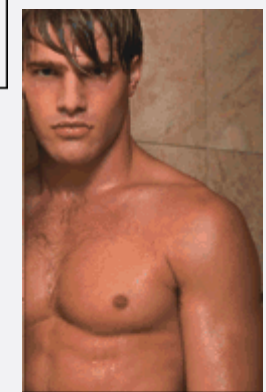
Greetings from Brazil! Ok, I haven't really left my cramped Manhattan apartment, but I would feel at home in that lovely country south of the equator after having waxed everything south of my equator. Yes, girl, all the hair down there is gone.

I've never really tended to my garden, so I always thought the process of "manscaping" was a little bit odd. But I had certainly seen plenty of it, from the buffed buttholes of porn stars to the trimmed and tweezed parts of my male companions. I decided it was time to find out what all the fuss was about. After all, millions of (gay) Americans can't be wrong.

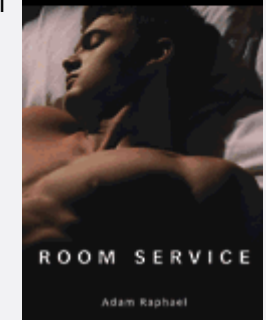
I made an appointment at gay-owned Flatiron spa Face to Face, which specializes in waxing and hair removal. I opted for a treatment called South of the Border, which removes all the hair that might be covered by a pair of briefs.

Spa owner Enrique Ramirez was going to be my practitioner and before we started he said he does this treatment on men up to 10 times a day, sometimes more before a national gay holiday—like Alegria or Pride.

Ramirez first has me up on my hands and knees and disinfects the area he's going to be working on before



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coating it with oil, to keep the wax from sticking the skin and to make the procedure less painful. For the naughty bits, Ramirex uses a hard wax that quickly cools and can be ripped off by itself, rather than being spread on and ripped off with cloth, which is better for large areas of skin like the chest or legs.

He applies a hard wax on the area between the cheeks. Rip! It actually hurts less than you would imagine, and the initial impact is certainly less uncomfortable than that other thing you do in that position.

He continues putting wax on the surrounding areas, venturing into the taint. The most uncomfortable thing about it is holding the awkward position for several minutes.

Next, I'm instructed to turn over onto my back. There's a towel covering my lower abdomen, but it doesn't really seem necessary since everything is pretty much on display.

There's no rousing down there, even though the handsome Ramirez is freely handling my junk while waxing what he refers to as the "marble sack" and shaft. Maybe that has something to do with the ripping motion that punctuates our free flowing dialogue. In fact, Ramirez conversation makes everything seem to go faster and make it less painful. The banter takes my mind off the whole deforestation process.

And this is where it starts to get a little dicey. When the wax is pulled from the tender areas immediately

surrounding my manhammer, I noticeably wince. That is the first time that anything has actually hurt. Sure, nothing has been comfortable, but this was actually painful. Even worse is the hair in the public area, which is the final and most difficult part of the process, but even that pain is about a five on a scale of one to 10.

When getting dressed, I sneak a peek at my nether regions and it looks a bit like a chicken in the refrigerated section of the supermarket: pink and utterly smooth. It's a little uncomfortable in my boxers, but that sensation is gone after a few hours. What is odd is that way it feels walking down the street. It's like if you wear shoes and socks your whole life and one day you go without socks. It doesn't feel bad—just different.

Actually, the whole area feels quite good and even smoother than you can imagine. During a visit with a "gentleman caller" a few days later, he can't keep his hands (and other parts) off the area and says that he enjoys the "new 'do." I actually enjoy it myself, and while it's still a little surprising to see myself completely bare, I finally know why everyone wants to go to Brazil. N

