

ACORN

1991 Issue No 1

**Editor
David Acorn**

Contents

Editorial	D.A.	Page 2
Medical Rites	Anthony	Page 2
Circumcision Endorsement	F.K.	Page 3
Shonky	J.D.A.	Page 4
The First Rites Of Man	S.L.	Page 6
That Old Circumcision Chestnut	Andree	Page 11
Nature Study	Ms D.C.	Page 12
You Name It	M.L.	Page 14
What A Lot Of Balls	Miss S.S.	Page 14
Your Sexual Status	D.A.	Page 16

**Newsletter Contributions,
Letters for Forwarding**

to:- DAVID ACORN

**Membership, Fees, Advice,
Personal Matters**

to:- TONY ACORN

P.O. Box 113, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AVON, BS23 2ED

© 1991 Acorn & Contributors

Printed & Published in England by Acorn

Editorial

Welcome to the first edition of your magazine for 1991, and we hope that this year will bring as many interesting contributions as in the past. It's only as good as you make it, and you certainly have done that so far.

Tony, as he wrote a couple of editions ago, has been finding it hard to fit this work in with a busy career and has asked me to have a stab at editorialising (nice word, that). All, we hope, will go on as usual, but we have decided that I shall be known as David Acorn.

Most of the contents in this edition is a backlog of contributions that haven't been able to find their way in previously. I'm particularly glad to see contributions from the female sector; after all, they are the ones who mostly use the commodity in question. Also a long article on the ritual side.

Confidentiality

Contributions are identified by initials and town or county, unless either you ask for greater anonymity or, conversely, you state that you would like a name and/or address published.

David Acorn

Medical Rites

I was disturbed by the description of seeming misconduct towards the prepuce at medical inspections. Those examined must have been taken aback in both senses, but decapping was necessary for a full glans inspection. I can recall a Naval rating telling the Medical Officer, "Do that again, sir, and I'll shoot my load."

When traction was put on a decades old circumcision scar to 'test it', for no reason, to the point of redness, the misconduct would have advanced to indecency.

I was told by one who had served on wartime Merchant Navy convoy duties that sailors reaching the United States were given a compulsory 'medical'. Seamen were examined in batches, the medic greeting each one with a strongly accented, "Cocks out, skins back." Men were required to present the denuded glans which, I feel, to be more acceptable both morally and ethically. This is automatic to the Japanese to whom appearing 'Kawakamuri' (skin covered) would offend against decency. In public, the European would quickly draw his retracted foreskin forward, but the special needs of a medical examination should override normal etiquette.

My own remembered experience of medical examinations started at 10 years old at primary school. News of the lady doctor, the dropping of shorts and underpants, the curious pencil lift, and the tap if arousal should take place (naughty boy), raged like brushfire through the affected classes. Boys went

in one by one, and when it came to my turn I felt very apprehensive. Before my underpants had reached knee level the lady announced “That’s alright.” I didn’t even see the pencil, let alone feel its varnished edge. Only one boy in my class met with similar nonchalance; we felt disappointment when hearing the bravado of the others.

Works’ medicals over the years have become more thorough. My recent comment to a colleague was, “It’s so thorough, they don’t leave a stone unturned.” The five second flash for the “Drop ‘em and cough” has extended to “Everything off” before a thorough going over, with a quick cough at the end. Never has the term ‘circumcised’ arisen from the lips of the examining physician, but I have had to face the nurse acting as medical secretary. I dreaded the question “Any surgical procedures?”, and always answered “Tonsils out”. Then a pause, blood surging to my head, and a deepening blush as I continued “I, er, was circumcised”. One inquisitive sister followed that up with “When and why?”, leaving my face as ruddy as a fresh circumcision scar itself. For one ‘topped and tailed’, I had to wait some time for the reassuring comfort of a lady supervisor who remarked, “I like men who have been under the knife”.

Anthony – North Devon

Circumcision Endorsement **(Letter From Another Magazine)**

I would like to add a vigorous and knowledgeable endorsement to the ongoing debate on the merits of circumcision. I had this operation at the age of 21 after a prolonged period of recurrent problems with my foreskin. I have had no problems since and have never regretted the decision. It has been 10 years since my circumcision, and I can attest that there has been no loss of sensation in my penis.

I also have an enhanced self image. Though this benefit is intangible, I consider it just as important as the medical aspects of this procedure. Being uncircumcised in this day and age for men under 40 means being different. [This is in the U.S.A. – *Editor*] During maturation ‘being different’ can cause great emotional stress. I can cite several examples in my own experience. When I was in the 9th. and 10th. grades we were required to take swimming. In the all-male classes, due to problems with suit fibres in the pool filters, the boys all swam naked. I can still remember 30 or 40 of us, all nude, standing in line or sitting along the edge of the pool with our legs dangling in the water. Being uncircumcised meant being one of only three in that group. Even if nobody made a wisecrack, I felt extremely different. It is normal to compare yourself with others, and I remember seeing eyes on me, checking me out.

I’m sure many of the boys didn’t even realise that they had been surgically altered – to them ‘cut’ was natural and I was not. Sadly, ignorant as I was about such things, I entertained the same thoughts. It was not until some

time later, about the time I was 17, that I finally understood the difference between the cut and the uncut. I was glad to know that I was not a freak, but I was still unhappy about being different.

Though I had thought about having the procedure done and had wished that it had been done at birth, ultimately it was the onset of troubles with balanitis at 20 that precipitated my surgery. Two physicians at my college clinic had recommended the procedure, then treated me for the inflammations.

I was in the hospital for 5 days for the procedure. I had excellent care and felt that my privacy was greatly respected. I was examined by my doctor, a resident, and an intern prior to the surgery. However, I was not given an enema prior to the operation and was not shaved. After the surgery I awoke to a mild pain. The nurse who changed my bandage told me that during the operation I had bled less than 20cc. I still had erections at night and were painful, for which I was given painkillers. I found that these were very effective in lowering these painful erections. I was sore for a week and was fully healed in a month. There has been no loss of pleasure since.

I feel better about my body and my genitals. I have swum in the nude during men's hours at the college pool and am not self-conscious about it. This is a liberating feeling.

I had a medical problem. Since my circumcision I have it no more. For the first time in my life I enjoy being nude in front of people. If you are considering having it done, I recommend you do it, and if you have a son I think it is the kindest thing you can do for him.

F.K. – Michigan

Shonky

Reading R.B.W.'s lament for his lost foreskin in past issues struck an immediate chord with me and I feel he should know that he is not alone in the sense of deprivation and unhappiness caused by an unthinking act on the part of a well meaning parent.

I too lost my foreskin to trendy notions in the face of medical thinking, and although I can't claim to have suffered as a smaller child the way he did, my problems became only too apparent when I reached puberty and started getting seriously interested in sex. After the humiliating discovery that I was not acceptable to take part in a wanking game because the girl who organised it found my penis difficult to manipulate, I went on to find that I was condemned to a second class love life when I grew to maturity.

In a desire to see the world I joined the army for a 3-year stint and found myself living in an ancient barrack-block in Gibraltar. The bed next to mine was occupied by one of the most repulsive human beings I have

seen; a latterday Neanderthal, no less. He was covered from head to foot in bristles, had a receding forehead which barely separated his eyebrows from his hairline, and I swear his knuckles brushed the ground when he walked. This fellow's one redeeming feature though, was an extremely impressive and well-appointed cock, which he never stopped fingering. He would spend a lot of his spare time flopped out naked on his pit reading comics (or rather looking at the pictures) with his cock lying on his belly like a huge white slug, and the whole time he would play with the wretched thing, totally oblivious to the rude remarks he got. I was fascinated to see how he would lie there winding his hose-like foreskin round his finger and then stretching it out to an unbelievable extent, well beyond his navel, before letting it spring back into place like a length of elastic.

As the only circumcised man in the unit I was lost in wonderment to see just how different and exotic-looking his streamlined length was from my own tightly clipped prim looking prick, and, I have to say it, was consumed with envy. And not without very good reason. Of course the other fellows had all cottoned on instantly to the fact that I was circumcised and I was christened 'Shonky', despite my protestations that there wasn't a drop of Jewish blood in my veins.

What really hurt though was the fact that the small select band of WRAC girls in the camp also called me Shonky, which brings me onto the nub of this tale. Most of the girls were fairly free with their favours, and being in tremendous demand, could pick and choose at whim. But after a couple of them had been out with me once and satisfied their curiosity about my altered organ, I was dropped in favour of the other chaps in the unit. To my intense annoyance my Neanderthal roommate was the one most in demand. I can tell you, my faith in British womanhood took a devastating blow when I realised that these girls, who were all specialists with A levels, without exception, preferred a sub-human as a boyfriend to a fine chap like me! It became sadly clear that, whilst these females might have heads full of brains, their basic instincts were located between their legs, and there was absolutely no connection between the two.

From remarks during conversations, I gathered that one thing these girls liked about my ape-like friend was the dense pelt of fur that covered him. But one of them, who had overdone the lager, let the cat out of the bag when she giggled and said he was a sexy beast and had the best cock in the garrison. She then looked at me and giggled again. "Pity about yours, Shonky" she said, and I could have crawled under a stone. The thing is, those girls knew what they liked and liked what they knew. What they didn't know about was cocks like mine. Several said it was odd looking and one said that it made her teeth go on edge at the thought of having an internal organ permanently on show.

I consequently found myself excluded from the favoured group who enjoyed the goodwill of these girls: my cock was a figure of fun and disqualified me as a serious sex partner.

So I know how you feel, mate. But don't let it get you down too much. I eventually met a girl who couldn't care less about my 'alteration', and this improved my confidence to the point where I almost stopped thinking about it. But I still hanker after the intact state, and shall never forgive my father for overruling my mother and having it done.

J.D.A. – Herts

The First Rites Of Man

(An article by Steven Levy in *Esquire Magazine*, May 1981)

The day is hot, but the mohel's Oldsmobile diesel station wagon is air-conditioned. The car is a concession to his comfort and, especially to his image, which had threatened to get out of hand. The sports cars and vintage motor cycles that he collects and restores in an 8-bay garage alongside his tree-shaded house are fine for many things, and they give him his second greatest pleasure, his greatest being his two children aged 6 and 8. But sports cars are no longer for working. People had come to call him the Jaguar mohel. He prefers to be known simply as the mohel (pronounce it oil with an m).

His work is sensitive, and it depends on people trusting him. He has earned respect and takes pains not to jeopardise it. But nothing he does will eliminate the jokes. They are a hazard of his rare occupation: his is a public function, yet many of his audiences are unprepared – physically, spiritually, and emotionally – to witness what he does.

What he does is this: he performs ritual circumcision. He removes the foreskins of 8 day-old Jewish males. He recites Hebrew blessings, he names the children, and he fulfills the covenant between God and Abraham: "You shall circumcise the flesh of the foreskin".

It is no insignificant pact. Abraham's circumcision of Isaac with a sharp stone marked the boy as a Jew. Though circumcision wasn't unknown then, it had been performed mostly on adolescents as a pagan coming of age ceremony. Performing this act ritually upon infants represents a blood commitment to monotheism. The officiating mohel, as circumciser, literally makes Jewish males Jews.

It is the 4th of July. Jews and gentiles alike have postponed their labours in order to celebrate America's independence. The mohel works. Jewish law holds that nothing – not the Sabbath, not even a high holiday – supercedes the obligation to perform circumcision on the eighth day of life. Exceptions are granted only in case of the infant's poor health or prematurity.

As is customary, the parents of the baby open the house to guests for the bris, or circumcision, (the word means, literally 'covenant') ceremony. In the past, mothers would maintain an all night vigil, staying by the cribside to ward off any evil that might bedevil the boy on the fatal day. Now, instructions to the parents are less exotic: have handy a box of 4 x 4 gauze pads, extra

diapers, some Betadine antiseptic ointment, a tiny bottle of formula or glucose solution, and a hungry baby.

“There is something incredible about the biblical command to circumcise on the 8th. day.” Joel Shoulson muses. “Because that day is ideal – hemostatically and dermatologically – for the operation.” Shoulson prides himself on his expertise in both the liturgical and the medical aspects of his work. In the latter, he is so proficient that he frequently acts as consultant to doctors in correcting faulty hospital circumcisions – of which there are more than the medical profession would care to admit. Though no formal medical training is required of mohels, Shoulson survived a rigorous apprenticeship with a master teacher, a man who has helped to modernise the circumcision procedure with new tools, new research, and a new compassion. The teacher was Rabbi Morris Shoulson, Joel’s father and circumciser.

Joel Shoulson was born to his role but was reluctant to assume it. For generations the Shoulsons had been rabbis and mohels. The pressure was great for Joel to follow and take his place in the hereditary mandala. As soon as the youngster was tall enough to see over the circumcision table, he would observe the rite. He would accompany his father to bris’n, setting the table with the appropriate tools. One day, at a hospital bris, the elder Shoulson made the usual announcement that no one was required to stay for the surgical part of the ceremony. Everybody left but the 16 year old Joel. Morris stepped back from the table and said to his son, “You do this one.”

“Was I nervous?” recalls Joel with a smile. “Yes.” Morris Shoulson was not. “I have trained over 115 mohels,” he later explained, “and there comes a time in the training of every one of them when they ask, “Rabbi, excuse me for being blunt – but how do you know how much to take off?” Joel was different. He was the only one to ask the right question. “Daddy,” he said to me “how do you know how much to leave on?”

But the extensive training to become one of the nation’s few full-time mohels (the vast majority are part-timers) had to wait. A spell in the army as a photographer and then rabbinical training but deciding against ordination. It was not until it looked as if Morris Shoulson would turn to another as his successor that Joel decided that he wanted to do it. After another year of learning the finer points and details he was ready to become a future craftsman.

“There are so many things to go wrong,” he says, “and the scandal is that some mohels are... butchers. People just don’t know; they take more care choosing a podiatrist. The local Board of Rabbis certifies mohels for competence, but some don’t bother to take the tests and perform anyway. It’s perfectly legal.

Joel Shoulson has tried to restore sensitivity to the rite. It is not an ingredient of many Jewish circumcisions, in which the mohel is a strange and ominous visitor, cloaked in orthodox garb, rigidly performing an archaic

ceremony. Joel himself realised that his performances were emotionally inadequate when, several years ago, "I looked over the table and realised that those people had no idea why I was there." This feeling was reinforced when he circumcised his own son and, for the first time, empathised with the fears and confusion of the parents. He resolved to contemporise the ceremony, to make it relevant to the participants – and to the mohel.

In the process, he elevated himself from a technician to a respected figure in the Philadelphia area. Since many of his clients are people who haven't been in a synagogue for years, the mohel meets a larger public than rabbis do. And in the religious community this mohel has come to be regarded as a special figure. He carries both his religious and his secular authority with distinction, and unlike many in his profession, he does not just cut and run. He explains his actions forthrightly and precisely, even as the parents watch him take a scalpel to their newborn boy.

This change was difficult, and important, because the prevalence of circumcision throughout America had created a fuzzy idea of the religious rite among American Jews. For gentiles, the procedure is similar only in a raw surgical sense. The site is a hospital and not a home. The baby is strapped – arms and legs – to a plastic form-fitting board for long minutes, waiting for a doctor. Often, hospitals will line up several babies – all males in the nursery from 3 to 5 days old – and when the doctor arrives (the wait varies from a minute to the best part of an hour) he or she performs the task mechanically, lingering over no infant. No anaesthetic is used. Parents are not present. Many obstetricians avoid performing this low-status, non-lucrative operation, and it is the interns and residents, relative novices, who have circumcised most of America. The procedure is optional, and though doctors give the impression that circumcision is as routine as cutting the umbilical cord, it is illegal to circumcise a child without his parents specific permission. Of course, the prophylactic rationale for the operation has prevailed in America, and circumcision is the norm. But some gentile doctors, knowing the haphazard quality of hospital circumcisions, choose to have experienced mohels perform the operation on their own sons.

In Philadelphia, Joel is the one the doctors usually turn to, though gentile babies form only a tiny percentage of his cases. He has conducted clinics for doctors wishing to improve their own circumcision skills. His witnesses have included an audience of several hundred in a hospital observation chamber and thousands of others attending some of the twenty bris'n he performs each week. He also performs circumcisions on adult converts to Judaism, his oldest case being 72 years old. Asked if he has ever harmed any of his 20,000 patients, he replies, "Not to my knowledge, and I would have known." He relies on keeping his record perfect: carrying insurance would mean raising his rates from the average 100 dollars he now charges. Working without a liability doesn't bother him. "I'm doing second generation circumcisions now, so I must be doing something right.

He pulls up to a split-level house in the suburbs, where a sloping lawn is dotted with people holding cocktail glasses. Some are wearing suits, others casually dressed. He enters a living room filled with people and seeks the parents. The mother is almost slim again. The father is wearing white shirt and jeans. A couple in their late twenties, they are doing well.

Apparently this is not a day that the mother has been looking forward to. Her smile is of forced bravery as Shoulson leads them into the kitchen. "Now, I'd like to warn you," the mohel says, "that several things are going to make the baby unhappy today. Not the circumcision itself, because, unlike his parents, he doesn't know what's going to happen, and he's unable to localise pain at his age. But he will be restrained and on his back, and babies don't like that. Also, the spray I use to freeze the area is cold, and he'll respond. But that's why he'll be crying – not because of what I'm going to do with the surgical tools." The mother nods with a trace of scepticism.

The circumcision area must have light and space for observers to crowd around; the surface for the baby to lie on must be firm and high. Almost always this means the kitchen or dining room table. In this case the mohel approves the kitchen table and sets out his own sort of silverware. From a small steriliser he removes two scissor-like hemostats, a scalpel, an odd-looking, squarish metal clamp, and a bottle of Cetacaine dental anaesthetic. Other tools include a can of skin-freeze, some maroon-coloured Betadine ointment squeezed on a gauze pad, and a folding board upholstered in blue. This circumcision board was designed by Joel and his father, and will allow the baby to lie down as comfortably as possible, his legs restrained by soft straps stabilised by velcro strips. A bottle of wine and a special cup are brought to the table. The mohel leaves to wash up.

In his absence there are jokes. People drift into the kitchen, amiably discussing whether they will stay in the room to watch the mohel work. As the men enter, they put on shiny black yarmulkes (skullcaps) with practiced solemnity. Some previously gregarious guests fall into a throat-clearing silence. The parents exchange distracted small-talk as the mohel returns, having replaced his sports jacket with a white smock. He nods to the guests, smiling reassuringly. A few nod back, acknowledging his command of the situation, recognising that, from this point, the stage is his.

A grandmother enters, carrying the baby. The tiny newcomer senses that something is up. His pinched hobbit-like face twitches with what seems like pained annoyance. He is handed to his mother.

"I'd like everyone to stay in the room," says the mohel, "at least for the non-surgical part of the ceremony." More guests enter until there are about thirty people in the normally roomy kitchen. There are three parts to this," says the mohel, his voice rising automatically to the level required to hold the attention of all, "and I would certainly recommend that you stay for the first. The second is the surgical part, which takes about 20 seconds, and

you're all welcome to stay for that, too." He turns to the mother. "I strongly recommend that you stay for that," he says, and she nods slowly. He repeats what he has said to the parents about what might make the baby unhappy, and after explaining that the third part of the ceremony – the naming – will require everyone's presence, he begins.

First the mohel recites blessings as the baby is passed to the godparents, to the parents, and to the sandek, a man chosen as the honoured elder patron. In the past, the sandek was responsible for holding the child on a pillow nesting in his lap during the actual circumcision. Joel Shoulson, like all but the most orthodox mohels, does not favour that custom. Instead the mohel carefully lowers the baby to the blue padded board and rests the child's head on a blanket, under which he tucks the baby's arms. He wraps the soft straps on the board around the baby's legs. The board may then be placed on the sandek's lap, but this time it is not. By now the child is whimpering.

A few faces turn grey, and one or two people leave the kitchen. Joel has seen people pass out while watching his handiwork (seldom women, almost never the parents) and can recognise a spectator in distress. Everything here is smooth though. Working without hesitation, but deliberately, the mohel removes the baby's nappy and slips a clean one round the groin, leaving the shaft of the penis exposed. "The circumcision table is the first place you see that all men aren't created equal", he has noted. He sprays the shaft with the skin-freeze, then takes a hemostat and grips the foreskin with it.

Why must the foreskin go? According to Jewish law, it is unclean, not kosher. Some uncircumcised males have problems in cleaning underneath the foreskin, and for this reason, most American males are circumcised. A controversy still stews over its necessity, even though retention of the foreskin has been linked with cancer. In Judaism, the reason is not health; it goes back to Abraham's covenant, an act of faith that has spanned centuries.

The keeper of this covenant now dips a hemostat in the maroon ointment and slips it underneath the foreskin, stretching the skin to separate any stray membranes attaching it to the head of the penis. This second hemostat, fastened opposite the first, is used to hold the foreskin away from the head. Moving fluidly, the mohel takes the metal clamp – it is called a Mogen (Hebrew for shield) clamp – and angles its open jaws to trap the foreskin. When the clamp closes, the head remains on the clamp's underside while the foreskin is pushed above. With an almost imperceptible movement of his hand, the mohel slices off the foreskin with his scalpel, quickly whisking it away. (Later it will be discarded.) As he cuts, he recites a Hebrew blessing in a low voice. It has, indeed, taken only 20 seconds.

Removing the clamp, he pulls back the skin bunched around the top of the infant's tiny shaft. Shining and red – not with blood, since the firm-closing Mogen clamp has prevented any serious bleeding – a perfect glans is exposed. There are murmurs of approval, and intense wailing from the owner. The mohel

sprays the area with Cetacaine, and in 10 seconds the anaesthetic takes effect. The baby accepts the glucose formula and the mohel holds the baby.

"You can take pictures now," he says, "but not of the table, though. In twenty years time the boy might not appreciate it." From his bag, the mohel extracts a tiny white yarmulke and places it on the newly circumcised child. He begins his spiel, an explanation of the origins of the ceremony, and then recites the prayers that will give the child its name.

Finally, the kiddush – the drinking of wine. The mohel dips a gauze pad in the wine cup and puts it to the infant's lips. The lips twist with displeasure, then take the droplets in. The mohel nods in delight and everyone laughs. "He's Jewish now", says the mohel. The mother holds her son, not hearing. Eight days old, and the baby has taken a step towards manhood.

The mohel has three more cases today, the 4th. of July 1980: the 20th. of Tammuz 5740. The day is hot and he misses his own children. But the job has its rewards.

That Old Circumcision Chestnut **Letter to *Health & Efficiency Magazine.***

Always a naturist and a regular reader of *H & E* for thirty years, I note the same three subjects cropping up again and again:-

1. Whether to shave the pubic area or not.
2. Fear of erections in public.
3. Should they circumcise their penis or not.

Lots of advice always, but never mine! So, here's my point of view.

With or without 'fur' a naturist is always beautiful on the beach. If my husband and I shave each other it's not for the aesthetics, but for the sexual pleasure caused in the course of our lovemaking.

As for erections, I have never been traumatised by the sight of an erect penis on the beach, a condition which is not an intentional happening.

'Do you have obsessions?', in the last issue, discusses again the question of circumcision. If all circumcised naturists feel that their penis is mutilated, then they should wear a G-string.

Those that arrive at the state through religion, that's a terrible inhuman practice to cut an innocent child who is unaware of it. An affront to freedom and the Rights of Man, fixed in this way for life. Some, though, do it for hygiene, with freedom of choice. Others, because of some fantasy about their body, or because they think it makes their love life better.

I'm 63 and have been a nudist for 40 years. I have had, and still have, a complete sexual life. I've had circumcised lovers, and others who were

not, but they've all given me orgasms each as good as the other. The vaginal pleasure of a woman can't be augmented in the least by circumcision, because, anyway, the skin must draw back when the penis penetrates. The pleasure for a circumcised man would be inferior, the glans being permanently without skin would rub constantly against the material of the underwear, and after some years become less sensitive (that's proven medically). Conversely, the penis that is only denuded during the game of love keeps all its sensibilities for the contact with the vagina.

Hygiene? Come now, a man knows well how to keep himself clean under his foreskin.

Andree – Roanne, France

Nature Study

One of the myths perpetuated by the naturist press in search of respectability, is that nudism is totally separated from sexuality. According to them, unselfconsciousness reigns supreme, with no one giving their own or anyone else's willy a second thought. This totally ignores the theory that nudists are impelled by an equal measure of exhibitionism and voyeurism, which, I'm sure, is much closer to the truth.

My own experience as an unprotesting conscript (I was brought up in the tradition, both parents being keen naturists) certainly supports the less sanctimonious view. Although I was used from the earliest to seeing people naked on holiday, the rest of the year was spent in a clothed environment, so there was always an impact whenever the time came round for me to confront *winkle en masse*.

Consequently, I and all my childhood friends, were intensely conscious of what we and others had between our legs. I became a compulsive cock-watcher, and quickly discovered the astonishing variety, in particular the immediately identifiable appearance of circumcision, although only the middle-aged and elderly seemed to be affected. More of this later.

Children's natural curiosity towards sex and urge to experiment are made so much easier in a nudist environment: far from being unconscious of each other's parts, we were forever calling attention to them. There was no end of groping and touching up, quite openly if adults weren't present, with the girls more often than not taking the initiative. I used to love embarrassing the boys by teasing them to erection, either by touching, or at a distance by some unspeakably rude or provocative act – like standing over a potted geranium and giving it a prolonged watering whilst nonchalantly engaging them in conversation. Pissing games were very popular because:- a) they were 'not done' in the outside world, and b) they were so easy to perform before a selected audience.

My observations over the years brought home to me the individuality of men's cocks, and I discovered that they often have a character totally different from that of their owners. For example, I once saw a cock like a rolling pin sported by the most shocking wimp as ever had sand kicked in his face, whereas it was often the case that a fine figure of a man had a tiny little dicky such as to make a toddler blush.

To return to the subject of circumcision. My experiments with the boys in our group had instructed me in the art of pulling back the foreskin to reveal the same knob which was permanently on display on men who had been circumcised. I asked my Mum about it. She looked embarrassed and told me it was called circumcision and that it was no longer practised. She tried to change the subject when I asked why my Dad and brothers had not been done like the chap in the next chalet, and said it was a matter of personal choice, but was not done much these days as it served no useful purpose.

Another thing which tickled me and my friends was a couple of men who tried to pretend that they were circumcised by keeping their foreskins permanently retracted. It looked so funny to see the bunch of skin bulging out behind the knob. I tried to get the boys in our group to try, but they all found it uncomfortable except for one who succeeded in keeping it back the whole afternoon – until his Mum caught him and made him pull it forward again, telling him it was rude and he'd do himself a mischief. In fact the poor kid got his exposed knob sunburnt during those hours and was in agony for days.

Finally, I was able to fill in the gaps my mother had so tantalisingly left in my knowledge about circumcision when a woman with a boy who'd been circumcised moved in. We got friendly and one day I asked him why his plonk looked so different from my brothers'. His mum overheard me and gave us all a lecture on the subject, demonstrating on my brother's foreskin with a felt pen where the cut had been made, and pulling his foreskin back to show where on the lining the scar would occur – my brother of course let the side down by getting a monstrous horn on, much to our amusement. Apparently the boy had suffered from an infection after getting it caught in his trouser zip. The poor kid felt very self-conscious about it and tended to keep in the background.

My verdict? I don't think I'm qualified to say very much since the males of my age group are almost exclusively uncircumcised, and I've only had one circumcised sexual partner. But I think I go along with a woman who wrote to one of the naturist publications recently (letter above) on the subject, saying that there was no difference as far as a woman's satisfaction was concerned, but that the pleasure for a circumcised man would be inferior. She went on to say that the operation was an affront to freedom and the Rights of Man, which I think may be over the top, but I do think it should be reserved for those that need it or want it. Since the lady had 40 years of experience with

circumcised and uncircumcised men, I bow to her greater knowledge. The lady was French: is that significant, do you think?

Ms D.C. – London

You Name It

I wonder if any other members share my feelings of irritation at being described as ‘uncircumcised’.

The word has biblical connotations of being unclean, unchristian, a Philistine, a person to be derided. Yet Christian teaching is that men need not be, arguably should not be, circumcised, though this is generally overlooked.

I see that in the U.S.A. the term non-circumcised is used for this very reason, and this is more acceptable. Alternatively, not having had our penises messed about with, could we not be described as intact.

Those of us who have foreskins represent over 80% of the world’s population and probably over 90% in Britain and Europe. I suspect we wouldn’t mind being called normal.

M.L. – Gwent

What A Lot Of Balls

There must be a lot of girls like me around, who hear about circumcision and its benefits through *Forum* and the like, but who have little chance of satisfying any resultant curiosity, since hardly any younger men are circumcised these days.

I first became interested in the subject through being a keen supporter of a rugby club. I used to watch all their home fixtures and as a result was offered a place on the bus for away fixtures as well. These little trips proved to be a fund of information – and entertainment – on subjects I’d never otherwise given a thought to. For example, at the end of one match on a bitterly cold day, the scrum-half Dai decided for a joke to invite me into our side’s dressing room to coincide with the boys’ return from the shower. So, plucking up courage, I marched in, to be confronted by a shocked silence, as I stood there with 15 bollock-naked rugby players, and asked nervously, “Where’s the ladies, please?”, followed by a roar of scandalised amusement. After that it became standard practice for me to sit in the warmth of the changing room, pretending not to notice, as cocks of all shapes and sizes flopped about on every side, the boys growing less self-conscious and more boastful as the novelty wore off. My main impression then was how tiny their willies were from the cold until they’d warmed up in the shower. I may say that I was considered a ‘good sport’.

Although it was a tremendous giggle to join the boys at their ablutions, I did feel rather conspicuous, and to spread the load I invited Joan, one of the livlier girls from work who said she'd love to see such a sight, to join me on the next match. She came into the dressing room with me to the appreciation of the fifteen naked blokes, but had such a fit of the giggles that she wet herself. Which brings me onto the next point.

On our away trips we always retired to a local hostelry for a celebration before starting home, and the boys put away vast quantities of ale. On the way home we'd have to stop for a pee break with the lads lining up at the side of the bus to relieve themselves, whilst Joan and I had a grandstand view from our seat on the bus. One day we helped celebrate and drank a few too many G & T's in the process and as a result we found ourselves feeling merry but in extreme discomfort. When the bus stopped at the layby to let the lads drain off, instead of sitting there for the rest of the journey with our legs crossed, I thought it would be a bit of a laugh to strike a blow for sexual equality. As the last player got off, Joan and I slipped off too, and joined the end of the line of boozy tinkling players. Standing in the shadows so far unnoticed, we pulled our skirts up, tucked our knickers to the sides, and took a standing pee, almost finishing before anyone noticed. Of course, when they realised what was happening, a roar of joyous disbelief went up, but by that time we had dropped our skirts and scuttled back on the bus.

By now you'll be wondering what all this has got to do with your chosen subject. The thing is, quite a lot of the rude songs the boys sing on the coach (to the untold amusement of Joan and myself) concern circumcision, and poke fun at circumcised cocks. Since it was only too evident from our visits to the changing rooms that none of the lads were circumcised, I couldn't understand why it figured so much in the songs. Dai told me the songs dated from years ago when lots of the players were circumcised, but that nowadays the only teams likely to contain circumcised players were public school ones. By now my curiosity was well and truly whetted, but first, an observation.

Anyone who watches football has to be impressed by the amount players fiddle with their cocks. It struck me that they must all have itchy foreskins and need circumcising, but I'm sure that really it's just to remind themselves what real men they are. Anyway, from my viewpoint in the bus, I was able to ascertain that the boys played with themselves while having a pee. One or two pulled their foreskins right back to pee, but most didn't bother, but pulled and stretched them afterwards to milk out the last drops.

To continue, I was dying to know what a circumcised cock looked like, and to compare it with my boyfriend's long muscular foreskin. Joan provided the answer: she offered to introduce me to an ex-boyfriend who was circumcised. The result was that I went out with this fellow two or three times and was able to satisfy my curiosity once and for all.

Your readers might (or might not) be disappointed to hear that there was no glorious revelation – the difference between the cut and the uncut cock, as far as female satisfaction is concerned, is no big deal; and as far as I personally am concerned, whether a guy's circumcised or not has hardly any bearing on his desirability as a boyfriend or a lover. But I do have one or two personal views on the subject. Firstly, I'm not sure I'm all that happy about the ethical and the aesthetical aspects of disfiguring a boy's genitals for such a questionable benefit. Also, a plus, as far as my regular boyfriend is concerned, is the fact that on the thrust stroke his extra skin bunches up around the base of his cock, giving that extra bulk just where it's needed. This was noticeably absent with my circumcised friend. Also, I reckon that every circumcised cock should have a set of instructions with it for the benefit of a girl who likes to give a 'manual'.

Miss S.S. – Harrow

Your Sexual Status

Current contact magazine ads sometimes start with, 'Although I consider myself a totally heterosexual male, I would be happy to meet another male to indulge in fondling, masturbation, etc...' Or words to that effect.

Where, then, does heterosexuality end, bisexuality start and finish, to end in homosexuality. Each member of *Acorn* falls somewhere within the parameters of this grouping. The middle section appears to be the grey area, no debate or article can I ever remember having defined bisexuality. Just by being members of *Acorn* shows that we are all interested to one degree or another in male genitalia. Taking that everyone is happy getting inside female knickers, where, through the following, would the concensus of opinion be for bisexuality to start?

- a) Covertly watching other men pee.
- b) Mutual masturbation.
- c) Mutual oral.
- d) Mutual anal.

Or is it not strictly confined to sex, but possibly more in the mind, confining it to the ability to fall in love with one's own sex, as well as the other.

Comments!!

D.A.

ACORN

1991 Issue No 2

**Editor
David Acorn**

Contents

Editorial	D.A.	Page 2
Americans Find Out	Mrs E.C.	Page 2
Turn On	J.B.T.	Page 3
Penile Development	Anon	Page 4
Self Lubrication	V.	Page 4
Masturbation Survey	C.T.	Page 5
Multi Orgasms	H.M.	Page 8
Surrogate Foreskin	Warren	Page 8
Photos and Videos	C.P.	Page 9
Warning	N. Anthony	Page 10
Incidence of Circumcision	Richard	Page 10
Contributors' Statistics		Page 11
Penis Survey		Page 12
Books	R.B.W.	Page 12
Bisexuality	Tony Acorn	Page 14
Contact Corner		Page 17

**Newsletter Contributions,
Letters for Forwarding**

to:- DAVID ACORN

**Membership, Fees, Advice,
Personal Matters**

to:- TONY ACORN

P.O. Box 113, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AVON, BS23 2ED

© 1991 Acorn & Contributors

Printed & Published in England by Acorn

Editorial

Here is my second effort, and a nice long mixed bag it is too. I hope you enjoy it. Really it's all your work though, so keep the contributions coming in. When I have plenty of contributions I will give priority to members' letters first, then articles in answer to members' letters, then fantasies (sorry you Hertfordshire Girls!!), but please state that they are fantasies. How many noticed last year that J.H. of Helsinki had two full circumcisions, one by his own hand and one by a Turkish barber? Some of these fantasies sound so real that others might try to emulate whatever the subject is, to their possible detriment. The last priority goes to articles purloined from other magazines. Of course, if anything of red-hot interest comes up, it goes in.

Anyway, happy reading.

D.A.

Americans Find Out

Some years ago I was on my way to join my husband in New Zealand and stopped off for a few days in Bali. I managed a bus tour and shared the back seat with three American women.

You see things abroad which would never happen in U.K. and it pays to keep your eyes open – it certainly did on this trip! The bus stopped in the town of Denpasar for half an hour and we decided to stay put. A high sided hay cart, pulled by a donkey, parked itself sideways on at the back of the bus, and, on looking over my shoulder, I found myself staring at the cart driver who was only a couple of feet away from me on the other side of the glass, sitting on top of his load of hay. He couldn't see me though, because the bus had one-way glass to cut down the tropical glare, and I was able to admire his well-proportioned brown body undetected. Suddenly he looked round, sat on his heels, and poked his hand under the scrap of cloth round his loins, producing a large and perfect specimen of masculine beauty, all brown and velvety. "Hey, look at this", I whispered, and the American girls turned round to see. The young man was cradling his sleek penis in the palm of his hand and studying it with careful and admiring attention. So were we. We were so close we could have leant out and shaken hands with it if the glass had not been there. "Gee, he's uncircumcised", said one of the Americans. He was too, with a long foreskin terminating in a rosebud, with a long and pendulous underlip. He squeezed the shaft hard, making the bulge of his glans stand out sharply through his skin, and then kneeled up and proceeded to take a powerful pee down the back of our bus. I almost burst out laughing, but the American next to me motioned me furiously to be quiet. As he peed he absently stretched his foreskin, squeezing off the tip from time to time to interrupt the flow, making his foreskin swell out round the knob. The Yankees were almost beside themselves! Finally he finished off, kneeling there under our gaze, tugged and squeezed at his foreskin to milk out the last few drops trapped

behind his glans. To make absolutely sure he then drew his foreskin right back, revealing a wet and glistening dark red knob, then shook it vigorously before rehooding it and tucking it away. Obviously a well-brought-up young man who's been trained by his mum to look after his underpants, I thought.

This scene made a huge impression on the American girls because, unbelievably, none of them had seen an uncircumcised penis before, let alone the interesting little games you could turn it to. It made rather less of an impression on me, since the men in my family had been known to perform similarly, though not in public. The Yanks, being totally uninhibited, then started a lively and embarrassing discussion on the subject of circumcision, in which I got reluctantly involved. They quickly forced the admission from me that my husband and both my sons were uncircumcised. They were deeply curious about 'how the foreskin worked' and 'cleanliness' and, although they were intrigued and attracted by its possibilities, they were all repelled by the thought of 'smegma', until I explained that it was no problem with any normal man who understood soap and water; to me sex with a foreskin was the norm – I didn't imagine it could possibly be better without. The upshot was that they all declared their wish to try one out before their return to the States, and to my knowledge, they did.

On reflection, the thing that puzzled me, and still does, is how an adult Indonesian came to be uncircumcised, since I'm told that Indonesia is a strongly Muslim country. Any ideas?

Mrs. E.C. – Herts

Turn On

I recently sent an inquiry to the *Forum Society* and noted from the literature returned to me that there is a special interest group devoted to foreskins (or lack of them). Circumcision is a subject I have long been interested in, since the age of 5 in fact, when I saw my first circumcised cock on the boy who lived next door. I can remember being fascinated by it and wondered how his cock came to be so different from mine. It was only later that I discovered it was caused by an (often painful) operation, but my interest really manifested itself at grammar school. The open showers and changing rooms gave me the easy opportunity to examine the other boys' equipment. I discovered that 'cut dick' was more common than I thought, at least in our school. I came to feel very envious of boys who had received circumcision, especially those who had received the more radical forms of the operation, ie, permanent fully exposed knob and tight shaft skin. I found (and indeed still find), seeing circumcision scars a terrific 'turn on'.

My early attempts to emulate my circumcised classmates met with frustration as my foreskin would not stay retracted. A change to tighter underwear and trousers helped, although the resultant erection caused by

the friction on the newly exposed glans was not appreciated by the authorities in my all boys school, resulting in painful disciplinary arrangements being made. On leaving school I decided to keep my cock stripped of foreskin for at least some of the time. For the past 10 years or so I have kept it retracted all my waking hours, but have given up trying to keep it retracted at night. Frustratingly however I find my foreskin bunches against the glans rim – I personally prefer the skin stretched tightly back so the ‘neck’ behind the rim also receives friction.

I would be pleased to hear from other members of the group – it’s nice to learn that there are others with a similar interest to mine. For the record, I am 41 years old, single, 6ft. tall, weigh 11.5 stone, with an 8" uncut dick. My interests are swim/sportswear, leather, denim, and some discipline.

Hoping to hear from you all soon,

J.B.T. – Essex

[Join the Club, as they say, J.B.T. I know that you will find many members who have had the same childhood experiences as yourself and developed them into maturity. — D.A.]

Penile Development

I have been reading *Acorn* since the beginning and have found the articles interesting and informative. There is however a concentration on roundhead/cavalier matters, although *Acorn* is intended to encompass everything about the penis and particularly ‘getting the phallus into the best possible shape’.

Could I ask you therefore to encourage more articles on, the appearance and development of the penis as a whole. Personal experiences of exercises to maximise the rigidity and size of erection, muscle control and strengthening, overall appearance and feel enhancement, would, I am sure, be of great interest to many, including not a few of the ladies.

Thanks for all your hard work in keeping *Acorn* running so successfully.

Anon

Self-Lubrication

The letter from R.W. – Sussex in Issue T raises a number of questions that have puzzled me too.

From the onset of puberty I have always lubricated readily and copiously, and for a time assumed that all males did so. However, in years long past, I have had physical contact with a few others and was surprised that in about half the cases the penis remained quite dry although erect for long periods.

Evidently, this absence of lubrication must be more common than I and, from your comments, you also imagined. There is further evidence of this from some of the hard-core videos I have seen, where, again, in spite of long and vigorous stimulation, the penis appears to remain basically dry in about half the cases.

In my case, lubrication appears most easily as the result of thought processes, whether in expectation of intercourse, or just in anticipation of a good story when the postman delivers my copy of *Acorn*. The presence or absence of an erection does not seem to be a factor, although if the stimulus is strong enough to induce an erection, the time for the lubricant to start flowing is reduced. Merely lying in bed, snuggling up to my wife, without any thought of sex, is also enough to induce a flow after about 20 minutes or so.

I secrete quite copiously, with more than enough to coat not only the glans, but the full length of my penis when erect. Clearly I have never suffered the problems of dryness of which R.W. complains. The lubricant certainly enhances the sensitivity of the glans and whenever possible I delay starting to masturbate until I am wet. In this respect R.W. has my sympathies because dryness detracts from his performance.

I have never imagined that circumcision would reduce the ability to lubricate, and would say that I was fully circumcised at birth.

In your comments on R.W.'s letter you wonder how age affects the ability to lubricate. I am now 78 and still lubricate as readily and copiously as I ever did whenever I need relief which is normally twice a week still.

It will be interesting to see a summary of other people's experiences if you receive a meaningful number of replies.

V. – Shropshire

Masturbation Survey

Age: 60.

When first: My first clear memory of masturbation dates from about 11, when I was teaching a younger brother how to do it.

How often: Younger, several times a day. Later on, mainly daily, although there are periods when I don't do it for 5 or 6 days – only to find that I have to do it twice a day when starting again. All the above is defining masturbation as an act leading to ejaculation. If I also count penetration without ejaculation as masturbation then my answer would read: several times a day.

More at some times than at others: See above. I have not been able to discover what phenomenon causes the periodicity. However, it is not lack of stimuli. Maybe weather or physical fitness in general. (Of course, a whisky or two heightens the interest).

How long: Also here it is a matter of definition. Even if you count from the first tactile, rubbing penetration onwards, it varies from only a few minutes (less than 5) up to certainly more than an hour. But you could also say that the 'act' starts when you, for example, pose before a mirror and initiate masturbation without handwork, and in such case the time will of course be a good bit longer. When using soap and hot water there is only one or two minutes work preceding ejaculation.

How many orgasms: Sometimes I manage to stop immediately before an orgasm, when only, say, one half of the semen comes, which I could use for drinking or for lubricating the penis for further masturbation. In lubricating cases there is usually less than a minute until the final orgasm occurs.

Where: Everywhere! Standing before a mirror, sitting in a chair, lying in the bed (especially in darkness when awakening at night), in the toilet, at the beach, in my office-room; wherever you could be alone.

What excites: Being extremely narcissistic, looking at my own body gives me the strongest feelings when masturbating. It could be looking at the penis (when dressed) or at the whole body (when naked). It could also be – and is most often – playing with my piercing jewellery in the frenulum. I often use a large – 8mm gauge – circular barbell (dangling), but at other times a couple of smaller circular barbells (one 4mm, plus two 3.5mm, plus one 2mm), and seeing them and hearing them bangle to each other gives me a heavy kick. As I have an extremely long foreskin (thanks to carrying heavy weights – up to 400g – in my piercing now and then during the years) I could easily collect the surplus skin of the flaccid penis in a bunch, more than 4cm long, above the tip. Fastening a rubber band at the lowest 'free' point, I could play with the rosette, so to speak, apart from the main penis. However, I have to loosen the rubber band rather soon for two reasons: the erection demands part of the foreskin and it could be dangerous to stop the free blood circulation for too long a time. Pushing my foreskin so tight and heavily forwards that it takes on a blackish look is exciting, and improving my glans tattoo by sticking a blackened needle into some part of it: (if you don't stick too deep it is quite delightful).

Films/videos: No

What do you use: Mainly the right hand, but I have now and then succeeded in orgasms without any handwork at all, e.g. by swinging the body in such a way that the penis swings from a position right out on the left side to right out on the right side. The barbells, weighing about 100g together, help to give speed and strength in the swinging. Also heavy swinging up and down (to the stomach and to the perineum) are often practised until orgasm, sometime combined with 'banging' the penis on the edge of a table. The long, loose foreskin gives an acoustic sensation too, a loud 'smack' when meeting the body. Other 'look no hands' varieties include, for instance, standing at an open door, one leg on each side, and frigging against the door. A most

interesting variety, also without handwork, consists of – while sitting with the legs crossed and the penis, but not the balls, up between the legs – pressing the legs so hard together that a strong erection occurs, which often results in ejaculation. When using hands, you could hold sticky things inside the palm, e.g. rolls used by ladies for hair curling, some models being very convenient if you have a masochistic leaning. (When using spit in the palm, it will go too fast in my opinion).

What parts: I have found that, when holding the penis in the ‘normal’ masturbating way – with either the right or left hand – scratching the skin with a sharp nail of the little finger at the side of the root, heightens the feeling substantially.

Use of foreskin: As I said above I have a very long and loose foreskin, so long that I can hide the top of the erect penis under it and still have more than 2cm of skin ‘free’. These 2cm could be manipulated at the masturbation, and the semen could be kept in the ‘bowl’ thus formed. By and large, playing with all this ‘surplus’ foreskin is a very rewarding activity.

Other areas: Balls of course. but also the perineum e.g. by ‘riding’ on one of the top edges of a stool or chair-back. Nipples and face – never.

Naked: If not fully dressed, either naked or wearing very minimal panties, hooked up behind the balls.

Substitute for sex: Masturbation is sex! (Nevertheless: I am married with three children).

Describe etc: The best tip I could give to heavy masturbators is: acquire a piercing! (I can only talk about frenulums, but they are mightily arousing.) They have given me hours of pleasurable experiences every day since I acquired them. You could play with the piercing jewellery, you could stretch the hole and the foreskin and also other areas, modifying the look of the penis substantially – all this being an everyday task. Certainly, you may have to wait years until the foreskin is very long (if this happens to be your ideal), but you will enjoy every second of trying to reach this goal. And – important – acquiring a piercing is not at all so dangerous or painful as would appear from seeing pictures or live. But do be careful hygienically.

Finally a comment: The article on infibulation in the Nov/Dec issue by M.D. of Oxford was really interesting and instructive (well-written too). He promised to return with more details of his own experiences. Please do! I disagree only on one point: he says that only stainless steel could be recommended. I myself often change between jewellery (rings, straight barbells, circular barbells etc.) in stainless steel, silver and 18ct. gold, and I have never experienced any problems with any of them. The central statement in his article is, however, this one: “Wearing a ring in the piercing can be quite comfortable”. Certainly!

C.T. – Copenhagen

Multi-Orgasms

You may wish to add the following to the list of 'what's yours called':-

Bishop – as in bashing his bishop – wanking.

Mutton – as in flogging his mutton – wanking

Pennorth (of potherbs) – pennyworth of vegetables i.e. carrot, onion and turnip.

Meat – meat and two veg. – again the inference is clear.

All the above were in use in my school in North London between 1924 and 1932. Being quite 'domestic' words for the area and period they enabled us schoolkids to refer to forbidden topics within earshot of our elders, although the fact that they might have been well aware of their significance did not then occur to us.

We also had a metalwork master who referred to any pupil whose name he couldn't recall as John Thomas, much to our ill suppressed delight.

I was very interested in the information given in 'Philistine Foreskins' – it certainly takes all sorts, thank goodness. My heartfelt commiserations to H.B. of Norwich.

During my 30's to 50's I was sometimes multi-orgasmic but cannot recall the circumstances. Usually though, it was, once ejaculation occurred, the spirit might be very willing but the flesh was definitely weak. Although, according to my diary for 1939, I once achieved 3 ejaculations in succession, a feat many times essayed but never repeated, but the following year produced several double ejaculations. Now alas, once a week is an achievement.

Many thanks for an interesting and informative publication.

H.M. – Colchester

Surrogate Foreskin

Many men, who were circumcised neonatally, wonder what it would feel like to have a foreskin. I offer the following suggestion based upon a two month experiment that I performed.

Take a piece of Saran wrap [anyone any ideas on what this is? — Editor] about 80mm wide and 400mm long and wrap it around the end of your cock to form a sleeve that extends about 10mm past the tip of your glans. It will protect your glans like a true foreskin. Your glans will become moist, and, after a time, some of its original sensitivity will return. Of course, this artificial foreskin has no nerves in it and will not provide the sensations that a true foreskin does in masturbation, but it will give your glans the sensation of being covered with a foreskin. I can confirm this because I did not get circumcised

until I was 21 years old; hence I know the sensations both with and without a foreskin.

Just as an uncircumcised man must retract his foreskin and wash his cock every day to prevent odour and irritation of the glans and sulcus, one must remove the Saran wrap every day and wash as well. Throw away the old wrapper and put on a new one; it is too difficult to wash and dry the old one. Just as an uncircumcised man does, you will notice some odour after 8 to 24 hours. I haven't however, found any smegma present when using the Saran foreskin as I used to find with my real foreskin. It must be that the glands that form smegma are in the inner layer of the foreskin (the mucosa) and are removed by circumcision.

Warren

Photos And Videos

Since I last wrote an article for *Acorn* I have had replies from interested female readers wishing to see photographs of penises with and without a foreskin covering. I have quite a lot of photos of penises both covered and uncovered.

Some of these photos show a very long foreskin that will stay stretched along the shaft and looks as if the penis has been circumcised, and some where the foreskin has been pierced and has a little gold ring fitted. All of these photos I have taken myself.

If any of our female readers are interested, and are undecided about the circumcised look, I am quite willing for them to borrow them and have a good look, and who knows, it may encourage them to get their husbands/boyfriends circumcised.

Any enquiries will be treated with the strictest confidence.

As a naturist I find that most women like to talk about circumcision and compare notes on the subject, and are not afraid to show their problems to one another.

I know of a video of circumcision operations being performed on children and adult men, the problem being that it is on American format and will not play on VHS, and somehow I have to get it copied so that all of us who wish to see it being done can do so.

Many people that I have spoken to have said that if they could see what happens then they would be circumcised. Any further developments on this score and I will keep *Acorn* posted.

I had word from a clinic to say that they charge £860 for a private circumcision, which is the highest that I have heard of, the price range now in my book being between £100 and £860, London still being the cheapest area.

C.P. – Wilts.

Warning

I am enclosing my subscription for 1991 with reservations. I find your publication very interesting and unique. I am pro-circumcision and enjoy reading other people's views on the subject. I am, however, increasingly disturbed by the number of articles on 'true experiences' which mention children. For instance, 'Malaysian Experience', December 1990 was quite unacceptable by mentioning a three year old child in a sexual context. I fear that if you do not practice self-censorship you may find yourselves in trouble with the law, which would spoil it for everyone else.

If you intend publishing articles of that nature in the future, I would be grateful if you would return the enclosed cheque and cancel my subscription.

N. Anthony

[I have just reread the article in question and would hesitate to call it a sexual context. I know by putting the words 'true experiences' in inverted commas you are challenging the authenticity of the account, but the editor has no entitlement to challenge it. Different cultures have different attitudes to the human body and also, if I may say so, to sex itself. I remember once reading an article on how the Polynesians once lived as a family in one room where the children were allowed to see their parents having sex, and were also instructed by their parents in masturbation. There was no incidence of suicide and very little mental illness. Cometh the white man who put them in clothes and taught them that what they had been doing was sinful. Now their suicide rate is the same as ours, as well as mental illness.

Nevertheless I feel I should warn contributors against sending in letters and articles where children are mentioned with erotic connotations. — *David Acorn*]

Incidence Of Circumcision

I enclose my subscription for another year of *Acorn*. I must admit to have found recent issues a little dull, as they seemed to have concentrated on the actual operation of circumcision. Personally, I find this a less interesting topic than the incidence of circumcision and attitudes towards a circumcised cock.

I have been fascinated by the subject since my public schooldays in the late 50's. Ever since then I have been fascinated by cocks – both cut and uncut. Since then I have wanted to categorise all my friends into roundhead or cavalier camps. Even now, at the age of 48, I like to know the status of all my friends, and, particularly, whether my girlfriends (I am divorced) prefer a foreskin or not.

Contrary to general opinion, at one of the country's leading public schools in 1958, I would estimate that only half of my contemporaries had been circumcised. The very grand aristocrats were mostly circumcised, as were those whose parents were obviously trying to social climb and emulate the grand. There was a large body of upper middle class intelligentsia who were clearly unimpressed by the social advantages and decided to leave their sons' foreskins alone. I was among this group, but was very ambivalent towards my foreskin. My close friends all tended to be circumcised and I would have liked to have been like them.

My impression is that, despite medical opinion as endorsed by childcare books in the 60's, it continued to be practised (in the provinces more than London) throughout this period.

My own children were born in the 70's in London teaching hospitals, and circumcision was strongly discouraged by the consultants. My subsequent observations of my friends' sons is that, although the National Health born were left intact, those same consultants were still circumcising those in private care who wanted it. To give them their due, doctors were not encouraging mothers to have their sons circumcised, but were equally not actively dissuading them. Interestingly, again with personal observation, they were leaving their own sons intact.

Anyway, keep up the good work. I do suggest that you publish again the overall results of your penis survey. I suggest also that you enclose a questionnaire in your next issue asking all your members for the details of their cocks and the state of their foreskins. It would also be interesting if they could be asked to estimate the incidence of circumcision amongst their friends.

Richard

Contributors' Statistics

You may well be interested to learn, Richard, that up to the last issue of this magazine, the different contributors fell into the following categories:-

Circumcised	- 57 (26 in adulthood)
Natural	- 42
Unknown	- 14 (mostly early issues)
Females (pro circumcision)	- 1

Females (pro foreskins)	-	9
Females (no preference)	-	2

With regard to the penis survey which was taken at the end of 1989, I thought it might be a good thing if, before printing the last overall results, we ask all those who didn't bother last time to have a go now and also those who have become members since. A full survey would be marvellous. I'll now print the questionnaire again:-

1. Length of penis along top from base to tip of glans, flaccid.
2. Length of penis along top from base to tip of glans, erect.
3. Circumference of penis at base, flaccid.
4. Circumference of penis at base, erect.
5. If circumcised, distance of scarline from glans rim.
If uncircumcised, U.
6. If uncircumcised, how much ($\frac{1}{10}$'s) of glans covered, flaccid.
7. If uncircumcised, how much ($\frac{1}{10}$'s) of glans covered, erect.
8. If uncircumcised, is foreskin tight (T) or loose (L).
9. When standing against a wall with penis erect, how far from glans tip to nearest part of stomach.
10. Height.
11. Age.
12. Identification (initials and place).

Books

The recent case concerning the saucy vicar who slipped a length to his curate's wife, not to mention a lady parishioner, brings home the change in our attitude to circumcision since I was a lad. The fact that both ladies found the defrocked vicar's defrocked ding-dong remarkable enough to proclaim the fact bears witness to the increasing rarity of the operation in the country today. It is highly unlikely that either of them had previously seen a penis without its natural covering, whereas if the incident had taken place 30 years ago chances are that both ladies would, with their peer group, have had circumcised husbands, and would have found the vicar's circumcised penis nothing out of the ordinary, and certainly not worth commenting on.

This brings me on to a couple of books for your bibliography. Martin Amis proves himself a child of the times in his book *The Rachel Papers*, since his sexually precocious teenage subject notes smugly at a posh party where he first meets Rachel, that he is probably the owner of the only foreskin present (the others all look Jewish). Later, and this should wow some of your more eager circumcisionists, he stumbles blindly into the bathroom after a drunken

sexual orgy with Rachel, and prepares to sever the teat of the condom he is still wearing so that it will flush away instead of floating. He stretches the teat as far as he can, picks up his razor blade, and then, sensing that something is wrong, looks down. To his horror he finds the condom gone and that it is his foreskin he is stretching, and realises that he has come within an ace of circumcising himself.

The Jewish writer, Howard Jacobson, describes how the subject of his novel, *The Voyeur*, gets his girlfriend to agree to a threesome with a gentile friend, and watches enviously while she expertly manipulates his foreskin, thereafter wondering indignantly as to where a good Jewish girl learned how to fondle a foreskin so felicitously.

Finally, Nancy Friday's compendium of authentic female fantasies, *The Secret Garden*, once again bears witness to the decline in the modern girl's experience of circumcised cocks, since circumcision is only mentioned once – when an incurable crotch-watcher says she is dying to find out whether the penis bulging behind someone's flies has been circumcised, declaring that she prefers uncircumcised boys, regrettably without giving a reason. On the other hand, several of the ladies who contribute, feature foreskins in their dreams. One describes entering a house, to find a huge black man, with his equally large black wife. The woman orders her to undress whilst she opens her husband's flies, extracts an enormous black cock and pulls the foreskin back and forth to harden him up before forcing her to impale herself on it. Another woman livens up her sex life by reliving an episode in her youth when she and some other fourteen year-old girls got chatting to a group of boys who forced one of their number to expose his rampant penis to them, before pairing off into a necking session. She says she can't remember whether their explorations led to actual penetration, but what really charged her sexual battery was the vision of his cherry-red tip appearing and disappearing as she worked his foreskin up and down.

Let's hear of other authors who are not afraid to feature circumcision and foreskins in their novels – they can be quite illuminating.

R.B.W. – Bedford

P.S. Although the foregoing does nothing to promote the roundhead cause, I do hope you will be able to include it, since it is genuine and should be of interest to roundheads and cavaliers alike. My continued membership will depend on the degree of balance in the last two issues outstanding for the year. But whatever the outcome, I shall always be grateful to you for the opportunity to express the unhappiness I have suffered due to circumcision, when I got it off my chest in issue Q, and wish you all the best for the future.

R.B.W.

[This surely is where our group scores. The very act of being able to uninhibitedly share your private sorrows, and also your jubilations of course, is a hugely uplifting process, knowing that there are dozens of interested people to read it and knowing also that the great majority sympathise with you. — *David Acorn*]

Bisexuality

Between the completely male and the completely female person lies a range of psychological and/or physical possibilities known as intersex. At the middle of the range lie the anomalies arising from genetic factors or physical development. Lesser divergences from the wholly male or wholly female types are thought to be due to factors arising from social development. Bisexuals are the intersex categories closest to the typical male or female.

Social influences which may encourage a person towards an intersex category may include:-

Female

- 1 Upbringing & conditioning
- 2 Male role envy
- 4 Masculine imprinting
- 6 Hostile father
- 7 Absent father

Male

- Upbringing & conditioning 1
- Female role envy 3
- Feminine imprinting 5
- Hostile father 6
- Feminine clothes envy 8
- Possessive mother 9
- Weak father &/or hostile mother 10

The range of sex types includes:-

A. Female: physical and psychological identity is completely female; fertile, with full female gonads; XX chromosomes. Main sexual influence 1.

B. Bisexual Female: physically completely female; sexually attracted to members of both sexes; fertile, XX chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1 and 6.

C. Female Homosexual: physical identity is female; sexually attracted only to another female; fertile, XX chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1 and 6.

D. Butch Female Homosexual: physical identity is female; full female genitals; psychological identity is male; sexually attracted only to another female; fertile, XX chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1, 7 and 4.

E. Trans-Sexual Female: physically completely female, with female gonads, possibly an enlarged clitoris, with envy of male role; psychological identity is male or neutral; fertile, XX chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1, 7 and 4.

F. Testicular Feminisation Syndrome: has outward sexual characteristics of a female (breasts, normal clitoris) but with internal testes and male chromosomes; psychological identity is female; infertile, XY chromosomes. Main sexual influence 1.

G. Gynandrous Female: physically female with all female sex organs, but very masculine in appearance (facial hair, broad frame) – male secondary sexual characteristics; most likely fertile; XX chromosomes.

H. Turner's Syndrome: outward appearance and psychological identity more or less female, but with internal testes; Y-typical congenital malformation (short stature, webbing of neck); infertile; XO chromosomes.

I. Klinefelter's Syndrome: outward appearance male; penis and gonads small, and tendency to obesity; infertile; XXY chromosomes.

J. Gynandrous Male: fully male sex organs, but deficient in male hormones; feminine appearance (lack of facial hair, broad hips); most likely fertile; XY chromosomes.

K. Trans-Sexual Male: physically male, with male gonads and small penis; has envy of male role; psychological identity female or neutral; probably fertile, XY chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1 and 3.

L. Transvestite Male: physically completely male, but enjoys adopting a female role by wearing women's clothes; fertile, XY chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1, 8 and 5.

M. Feminine Male Homosexual: physical identity male; male gonads and genitals; psychological identity female; attracted only to another male; fertile, XY chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1 and 9.

N. Butch Male Homosexual: physical and psychological identity male; sexually attracted only to another male; fertile, XY chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1 and 10.

O. Bisexual Male: physically completely male; sexually attracted to members of both sexes; fertile, XY chromosomes. Main sexual influences 1 and 6.

P. Male: physical and psychological identity male; male gonads & genitals; fertile; XY chromosomes; main sexual influence 1.

(The foregoing information is based on *The Visual Dictionary of Sex*, editor-in-chief Eric J. Trimmer, Pan Books/Macmillan London Ltd, 1978, pp 42-43.)

It is worth mentioning that the prefix *hetero-* means 'the other of two, other, different', while *homo-* (with a short first o) means 'same'; both come from Greek, but the latter is often confused with the Latin *Homo*, (with a long first o), meaning a man. So a female homosexual is a woman who relates to someone of the same sex, another woman, *not* a woman in a relationship

with a man. Equally, a male homosexual is a man who relates sexually to another man.

Physically and chromosomally completely male individuals may be influenced during their upbringing by the various factors listed so as to develop hetero-, bi- or homo-sexual orientations. While some are oriented exclusively towards the opposite sex and others exclusively towards their own sex, most people are able to manage normal social relationships with both sexes.

A bisexual male is physically, genetically and hormonally fully male. In his gender identity or sexual orientation, however, he differs from the extreme of complete maleness by being attracted to members of both sexes, but the differences are purely in his behaviour with other people.

Normal life offers a range of possible interactions with other people. The homophobe demonstrates a morbid fear of a relationship with the same sex by sometimes extreme words or actions. The fully heterosexual will keep the more intimate interactions for relationships with the opposite sex. A bisexual male feels at home in a relationship with either male or female partners, but may well go further with one sex than with the other: he may tend to deep heterosexual relationships and shallow homosexual relationships or vice versa.

Of course sexual relationships can go through some or all of many stages: flirting and conversations with a range of sexual undertones; touching or holding hands, etc; 'petting' or fondling erogenous zones such as breasts, genitals, etc; kissing and other forms of oral interaction; mutual masturbation; mutual use of sex aids and/or toys including fancy condoms, dildoes, etc; penetrative sex – penis/vagina (heterosexual) or anal (heterosexual or homosexual).

There is also an infinite variety of intensities to any sexual relationship whether hetero-, bi-, or homo-sexual, from the deepest commitment to the superficiality of a 'love-them and leave-them' one-night stand or one-hour meeting. There is also a range of possibilities from equality between the partners to the dominance and submission of a very unequal but satisfying relationship. Again, any sexual relationship may vary from tender and placid to violent and stormy.

How individuals rate on a set of analytical categories such as those listed above may not be the same as how we perceive ourselves. *Acorn* members (almost all male) define ourselves by our shared interest in the phallus, foreskins, circumcision, etc, which clearly indicates an interest in the essential maleness of ourselves and others. A few members indicate that they see their main or only sexual orientation as homosexual. A few more think of themselves as bisexual. But most seem to think of themselves in their main orientation as wholly or predominantly heterosexual: their interest in matters phallic is either exceptional or just a small part of their wider interest in sex. Often the *Acorn* interest is clearly perceived in a heterosexual context of preferences for a phallus which should be or is in best shape for (hetero)sexual intercourse.

Many members recall their interest in *Acorn* topics originating in situations where they first became aware of their own phallus because they could compare it with others, sometimes one-to-one and sometimes in more predominantly male situations such as changing-rooms. Often the discovery comes at a transitional stage in life, when a boy is establishing his independence or going through puberty. The social influences listed at the beginning of the article are rarely mentioned in members' accounts, however. It would be interesting but is not easy to explain why *Acorn* members fix and develop their *Acorn* interest when others treat it as a passing phase.

Tony Acorn

Contact Corner

I seek correspondence from fellow Acorns, both shiny and dry, and mini-Acorns (clitoral associates) on aspects of skin care, management, modification, statistics, sensations, secretions, art, attitudes, and aesthetics.

Anthony – Devon

Male, 33, thinning, circumcised, is very interested in making contacts with other *Acorn* members who are aged between 18 and 30 and are circumcised or are contemplating the operation. I can travel anywhere in the U.K. My hobbies are music, photography, and anything to do with the penis and circumcision. A frank letter with a photograph ensures a reply.

R.M. – London

ACORN

1991 Issue No 3

**Editor
David Acorn**

Contents

Editorial	D.A.	Page 2
Auto-Circumcision	J.B.T.	Page 2
Perfection	C.W.	Page 4
Hesitation	J.H.	Page 5
One Who Knows	Bill	Page 5
A Naturalist's View	Anon	Page 6
Coming Up Roses	Ivan	Page 8
Advantages?	M.L.	Page 9
Masturbation and Use of Pornography	Andrew	Page 10
An African Circumcision		Page 11
1900	I.C.	Page 16
Members' Meeting	D.A.	Page 17

**Newsletter Contributions,
Letters for Forwarding**

to:- DAVID ACORN

**Membership, Fees, Advice,
Personal Matters**

to:- TONY ACORN

P.O. Box 113, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AVON, BS23 2ED

© 1991 Acorn & Contributors

Printed & Published in England by Acorn

Editorial

Welcome to another edition of *Acorn*, the newsletter of the *Forum* group for people interested in circumcision, foreskins and everything phallic.

This month you will find the usual mixed bag of views and news. I have tried to keep a balance of pro-foreskin and pro-circumcision material to keep everyone happy in some way.

I think it only fair that you should know something about your editor. So next month I hope to be able to do just that, and how I stand on the issues that always arise.

Information

It must be clearly understood that any information given out, while supplied in good faith, in no way constitutes any recommendation by *Acorn* members, the Editor, or by the *Forum* Society. Anyone acting on any such information does so at their own risk, and must rely on their own judgement in doing so.

D.A.

Auto-Circumcision

Many thanks for the January 1991 issue of *Acorn* and back copies, recently received, which I have read with great interest. I must say what a joy it is to find a circumcision 'fan club' at long last.

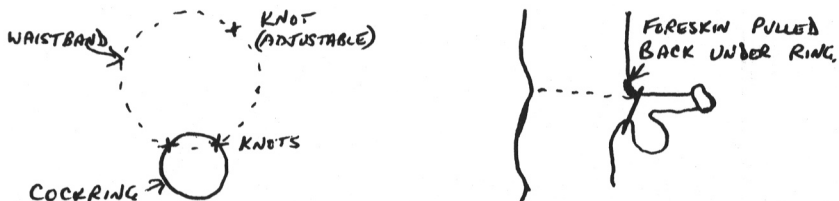
In spite of what one correspondent wrote, I found 'David and the Circumcision Master' one of the most erotic things that I have ever read, especially the part where the Master received his come(cum!)-uppance for being cocky during his own circumcision. It must have appealed to the sado-masochistic side of my nature, as I would love to be the operator prolonging the rite to the mutual enjoyment of us both and the watching participants. I sometimes wonder why some of the stricter skinhead/leather groups don't have such initiation ceremonies i.e. foreskins a compulsory entry requirement, with infibulations, partial removals as the initiate progresses up the 'tree', culminating in radical excision of the foreskin/frenulum and an invitation to carry out your own 'Prince Albert'. Now there's a thought!

I also enjoyed 'A Trip to Ankara', as the 'cut' the correspondent received is the one I would like to receive myself i.e. drumskin-tight shaft skin both slack and erect, with a very prominent circumcision scar halfway up the cock. Is it possible however to have the frenulum totally removed with a sunnet?

My own experiences with my foreskin are similar to many others i.e. saw my first 'cut' dick at 5, was fascinated by it, got my tightish foreskin retracted by the age of 8, missed the chance of a 'cut' at the age of 11 when a

prolonged bout of over-indulgence produced a very sore and inflamed glans, which took its time in healing. I really got into the subject of circumcision at my (boys') grammar school where I viewed with envy the cut shafts of some of the other boys. I found the more radically cut examples an especial 'turn-on', especially those with heavy brown scars halfway up their cocks. With others, I attempted 'auto-circumcision' (keeping the skin retracted), but this did not work well in my case as my skin was (and still is) long and loose (that's what over-indulgence at an early age does for you!!) Tighter underpants and trousers helped, but, being well hung (over 8 inches with foreskin) meant my almost constant erections were soon noticed by 'authorities', and my work suffered as my mind was on one thing all the time. 'Appropriate disciplinary arrangements' were taken, after several bouts of which, culminating in 2 beatings in 2 days, I reluctantly returned my nicely swelling glans to its usual located state.

My second bout of autocircumcision was at college, where my passion for stripped cock and tight jeans was indulged to the full. With skin-tight jeans, I found I could do away with tight underwear as the jeans provided the support required, and also meant the 'cut' shaft was nicely on display. My third and final bout was 12 years ago, since when I have kept my cock stripped all my waking hours, but have given up trying to keep it retracted at night (if anyone has any ideas on this I would be grateful). Like many others I have tried many things to keep my skin tightly retracted, but the only one that works for me with any degree of satisfaction is a cockring on an adjustable waistband i.e.



My foreskin is tucked under the cockring. With a cockring/strap alone, I found the pull of the skin down the shaft meant my foreskin still bunched at the glans rim. With my device, the pull of the waistband on the ring prevents the skin from rolling forward, ensuring a radical result is maintained. I personally wrap sticking plaster over the two knots on the ring to improve comfort, while the additional friction prevents the foreskin sliding forward due to sweat. The ring of course, provides support and maintains erection. Even when erection subsides, the foreskin being tugged back as it tries to slide forward soon leads to re-arousal. There is consequently a constant cycle of arousal/subsidence/re-arousal. A ball support allows the tightly stripped cock to swing free, while the additional friction of jeans or tracksuit (especially the old woollen ones) provides additional titillation to the swollen bared glans. With such a tight result, partners are forced to stimulate my glans and inner foreskin (my most sensitive parts) rather than rub the loose shaft skin which I personally find a 'turn-off'. I have been complimented on the result several

times, even receiving commiserations from a tightly cut guy at the misfortune at losing more than he did. He was amazed when told later that I was uncut and fascinated at how I achieved such a tight result.

With my device I am able to achieve 'circumcision' at will, but it is, of course, no substitute for the real thing. I would accordingly be interested to hear (via *Acorn*, anonymously at first) from guys who have successfully achieved drumskin tight Islamic style circumcision with removal of the frenulum. Any advice, addresses of sunnets etc, would be most welcome.

In the meantime, I look forward to receiving the next issue of *Acorn*. It's nice to know that there are others sharing the same interest in the fascinating subject of circumcision. Best wishes for a successful editorship of *Acorn*.

P.S. How do American circumcision rings fit? Does one lie in the sulcus, the other at the base of the cock? Are they spaced evenly down the shaft?

J.B.T. – Westcliffe-On-Sea

Perfection?

Thank you for all your efforts and the knowledge you have imparted to subscribers. Whilst being heterosexual I have always been interested in the penis and its appearance.

I have come to the conclusion that for me the ideal penis should be expertly circumcised with as much of the inner foreskin removed as possible, as well as total amputation of the frenulum. The result would give the appearance of the glans permanently exposed with the scar just behind the rim, and the operation should be performed in such a manner that the glans should never be covered in any way.

I myself submitted to this operation, but the result of the operator's efforts has left my scar well down the shaft, and my frenulum still bulges down underneath. I would therefore caution prospective 'initiates' to establish carefully just what they are going to be left with when the job is done.

Do I have any regrets about being circumcised? No. I would be done again tomorrow without thinking about it, but this time I would find somebody who would leave me with just what I wanted.

It would be interesting to read other peoples views of what they considered the perfect circumcision, and also what about the ladies? Do they actually care about the state of their partners' penises or is it a matter of indifference to the majority.

C.W.

Hesitation

I suppose every Cavalier has at one time or another considered 'the chop'. I certainly have, mainly because of recurring infections of the foreskin. But I am always hesitant because of the finality of circumcision. What happens if I don't like the sexual effect or I miss my foreskin too much? It would certainly be interesting to hear from others who are either considering circumcision or have gone through the experience in adulthood – we have had some of the latter in *Acorn* but very few of the former. I would be interested to hear from those in the same situation and compare notes on circumcision.

For me, the ideal situation would be the 'convertible' solution – keeping my foreskin, but able to keep it retracted when slack, something I can't do because of a long foreskin and a not very pronounced knob. By rolling the skin under itself, I am able to expose part of my knob, and this helps both the look and the feel.

The extra dimension of the foreskin in foreplay is still important to me, although in masturbation I am only able to enjoy it with the foreskin kept retracted, and movement over the bare knob with lubrication. Interestingly enough, when comparing sensitivity of the knob with someone who had always kept his foreskin retracted and was eventually circumcised 3 or 4 years ago, his was far the more sensitive knob of the two. This really invalidates the argument that circumcision reduces the sensitivity of the glans.

The other factor making me hesitate to go ahead with circumcision is the hassle and pain, plus the mockery of my friends when they saw me in the showers looking somewhat different.

J.H. – Kent

[Have a try at J.B.T's device in the first letter. Who knows, it might be just the answer for you, as well as a good reason for just 'mucking around'. — D.A.]

One Who Knows

I have noticed in the newsletter over the past months that there have been a number of enquiries from members, whether or not it is better to be circumcised, and for comments from those who can remember being a cavalier before becoming a roundhead.

The main point that I would stress is that each individual must be 100% certain that they want to become a roundhead, and it can only be a personal individual decision; the more one reads, the more confusing it can become. Always if possible discuss the matter with your partner, but if in doubt do not proceed, as you may well be disappointed. Circumcision must be regarded as irreversible. Although it is only a small operation, it does take some getting used to, particularly when masturbating, as a different technique is required.

From a very early age I wanted to be circumcised. I went into a changing room and found that everyone there in the showers except me had been circumcised, and I felt different. When I subsequently asked my parents about this, they informed me that God had made me this way. I found this confusing and assumed that boys were either born a cavalier or a roundhead. It was many years before I finally decided to take the plunge and I have never regretted the decision. Although there are always many comments regarding cleanliness and appearance, I have found that the main difference is that my penis now requires considerably more stimulation before climaxing, finding this an advantage as one grows older. It is not the actual climax which is important, but the process and build-up getting there; the longer it lasts the better it becomes; reading a sexy book or magazine in bed while slowly fondling one's penis is bliss! I generally avoid vigorous rubbing to the shaft; if one does not always climax – so what. But I nearly always succeed in producing a good deal of pre-climax lubrication.

Bill – Kingston

A Naturalist's View

Congratulations on becoming editor of *Acorn*. May I offer my thanks to Tony who did an excellent job of founding editor. Recent issues of the magazine have provided a diverse range of material, including much on masturbation as well as on circumcision. The latter remains an important interest of mine and I would like to share my observations on this theme with other readers.

In the early nineteen seventies I first realised that penises came in two forms – circumcised and uncircumcised – when I first saw most of my classmates (at an inner city comprehensive school) naked. As we had been born in the early nineteen sixties, most of us were uncircumcised. Surprisingly, in the light of this, my closest friends had been circumcised. One was Jewish, another had recently lost his foreskin after problems with balanitis, and the third had slightly old-fashioned parents who, I assume, still believed that circumcision was 'the done thing'. Nonetheless, circumcision remained the exception – I would say we had 29 foreskins between every 30 boys.

At the age of seventeen I passed the Oxbridge entrance examination and went away to college. Then, as now, former pupils of the major public schools are over represented in the student body. As a relatively keen sportsman – running and swimming – I once again saw many of my new friends naked and noted a rise in the proportion of those who had been circumcised. I would estimate that between a quarter and a fifth of us were foreskinless. One of the neatest cuts I ever saw was on a fellow member of a life-saving class; his small penis was a beautiful shade of white and ended in a neat naked rose-pink glans. At this time I first began to notice that there were variations in the way

in which circumcisions had been performed. For the first time I saw what I now know to have been an 'Islamic cut', incidentally, on a non-Muslim, but I don't know how it was acquired. In the showers after the early morning swimming sessions on Tuesdays and Thursdays I first saw a range of men of various ages naked, and once again noted that amongst certain groups – this time those over forty – circumcision was far more common than I would have anticipated. At this time I first began to realise that there was both a class and an age bias to circumcision: the older one was, and the higher up the social ladder one's background, the more likely you were to have been circumcised.

At this point an aside. These observations were possible because most men shower naked after sports and swimming. Apparently this is not the case amongst women. A recent report in *The Sunday Times* claimed that women in London were starting to take their communal showers in the nude, and predicted that they would soon start to face away from the wall. My girlfriend tells me that this is not so. We have been using our local baths regularly for almost a year now, and she (who always strips) has only once been joined by another naked woman. I would be interested if any other readers would share their observations on this. Are the women up here in the north more reticent perhaps?

After college I took a job as a teacher at a small private school in East Anglia. The pupils, all boys, ranged in age from 6 to 13. My duties included teaching swimming and being a house-master, hence, at one time or another, I saw all of my charges naked. Circumcision was very common. Approximately one boy in three had been circumcised. It was almost always possible to guarantee that if one brother had been circumcised the other would have been too. I seem to recall that the proportion of circumcised boys was higher amongst the older lads, at least one of whom had been born on a local American air base. This provided further evidence – if any was needed – that there is a link between circumcision and social standing. Since then I have worked at other schools but have rarely taught sports and never held a residential position. Hence I can offer no comparative data.

'Cock-spotting' in showers etc. is not the only way in which I have been able to observe whether and where circumcision is common. My girlfriend and I are naturists, and we have spent 2 or 3 weeks a year naked on the beaches of France for the last 7 or 8 years. The European league of likelihood-to-discard-a-swimming-costume is certainly topped by the Germans. They are followed by the Dutch, the French coming a close third, with the Scandinavians deserving an honourable mention. British naturists are few and far between. Circumcision is not common elsewhere in Europe, with one notable exception; amongst Dutchmen who are in their forties or older. If the view that circumcision was advocated as a way of ensuring cleanliness amongst potential colonial administrators is accepted, this may explain the pattern. The British and the Dutch had extensive overseas territories, unlike the other north Europeans – except the French, but then they are wonderfully perverse!

This summer we are likely to explore the naturist beaches of Denmark, and this will, I hope, provide more information to support or modify my views.

Some of the most memorable circumcisions I have seen were on naturist beaches. Two incidents come to mind. One whilst walking along the shore two men were approaching in the opposite direction, Both were tall, thin and muscular. Both had all-over tans and both were circumcised. Both looked magnificent. Pink glanses emerging proudly from bronze shafts. The other incident: a few years ago we spent a few days with a group of naturists. The men included two Americans, a Brazilian Jew, and another Briton (all of whom were circumcised) – the women (principally German, English and Scandinavian) were all keen, if somewhat furtive, ‘cockspotters’, and it soon became apparent to me whose penises were getting the most frequent and the most admiring glances. Circumcision might be rare amongst the young men of Europe today, but the young women seem to be very keen on it. This is not only true amidst the inhibitions of the naturist beaches. Only a few weeks ago one of my colleagues admitted in the staff room that she was having her baby son circumcised (her husband and other son, she admitted, already were), and two other women teachers openly stated their preference for circumcised partners, and praised the third for taking positive action on this matter.

Two points can be made in conclusion to this letter based on my own subjective observations. One: circumcision is more commonly encountered in older men and amongst those from the upper and the upper-middle classes in Britain. This age pattern is also encountered in Holland, but nowhere else in Europe. Two: a personal note. I am uncircumcised, but if anyone knows of a sympathetic surgeon working in the Manchester area then I will be displaying a bare glans in the showers and on the beach this Summer.

Anon

[If anyone knows of a surgeon or mohel in the Manchester area, or anywhere else for that matter, please let us know so that we can publish for all to see.
— D.A.]

Coming Up Roses

I have seen no references in *Acorn* to the novel *Coming Up Roses*, which appeared in hardback earlier last year and is now out in paperback. Since circumcision is one of its themes, I am enclosing a short review.

Coming Up Roses by Michael Carson, rather topically deals with the threatened invasion of one middle east country, Zibda, by another, Ras Al Surra. Of more interest to *Acorn* readers, however, may be the sub-theme of circumcision.

Abdul Wahhab Higgins is an Irish Catholic converted to Islam and now a member of the Ministry for the Suppression of Vice and the Encouragement of Virtue in Ras Al Surra. He suggests to the King that all ex-patriates should be required to undergo circumcision or leave the country.

“It is indeed a most repulsive thing, this foreskin,” he said. “I know it will be a major contribution to National Purity to eradicate them from the Holy Land of Ras Al Surra.”

Only one of the ex-patriates has been circumcised already (which readers might think a low proportion even in these times). He is not very sympathetic to the complaints of his colleagues:

“And quite right too. Everyone ought to be snipped at birth. You should be grateful for the chance to have the op on the Ras Al Surra government. No waiting lists for you like there would be in old Blighty.”

No-one else seems very keen to be cut, but since most of the Brits are there for financial reasons, they have no option but to go through with the operation. The book relates the meetings to discuss the matter, the medical inspections, and the operations themselves, although these parts are not as detailed or explicit as they might have been. Also the author appears to overestimate the severity of the operation, as he has those who have been circumcised walking with very short steps with legs wide apart, and wearing a plastic codpiece which cupped the genitalia gently as in a padded jewel box. I don't remember finding any of that necessary even on the day of my circumcision.

Eventually, war leads to revolution and all the ex-patriates are deported – so the operations were unnecessary (their opinion, not mine). But at the airport they are all strip-searched, including Abdul Wahhab Higgins, who had also been expelled. And then it is revealed that he “has a foreskin you could wrap a fish in.”

Not a great book, but it is a change to see the subject of circumcision appearing as a major theme in a mainstream novel.

Ivan Goodhart – London

Advantages?

Tony has referred to the ‘great advantages of circumcision’ in *Acorn*. It would be interesting to know just what these advantages are!

I have a normal healthy uncircumcised penis with which I am very satisfied. My foreskin is worn forward in the natural position, completely covering the glans, and I would not want it otherwise. I don't know what is supposed to be wrong with that, or how I am at a disadvantage. If you talk about the advantages of circumcision, tell us about the disadvantages too.

You wrote in issue M about boys and parents being made aware that the foreskin must be retracted in the loo. Why 'must'? Surely it is purely optional, and the need to do so will vary.

Like many of my friends, who were not circumcised either, I didn't have the option of retracting as a lad, and grew up peeing through the hole in my foreskin. At a rough calculation I must have done so more than 25,000 times without ill-effect, so why must it be retracted?

I will admit that one can pee more accurately with the foreskin retracted, and I now do so at home. But in the public loo there is no need at all and the glans remains under the foreskin.

Having a red tip to the foreskin is not a 'problem' either. One of our sons has always had pinkness where his foreskin wrinkles together at the tip, but it doesn't bother him in the least.

Have other readers found balanitis a 'problem'?

M.L. – Gwent

[How about all fervent cavaliers and roundheads each sending in lists of the advantages and disadvantages of their own pride and joy, and of the other cause? — *Editor*]

Masturbation; My Use Of, And Thoughts On, Pornography

I started using glamour photographs in *Playboy*, *Mayfair*, and occasionally other such magazines, as a basis for masturbation in my early twenties. I was somewhat astonished at how successful this material was, not only at arousing me, but also in enhancing the quality of my orgasm. I felt that I was sharing the orgasm with the lady in the photograph: a person, more real than could be created by my imagination alone. The photographs provided someone with whom to share the intense loving feelings that tend to envelope me at, and after, orgasm.

A considerable improvement in my use of this material occurred when I mounted a number of my favourite photographs on sheets of black cardboard. The use of the pictures remained essentially the same: I still knew the names of all the girls I 'fucked' and shared my orgasm with. The advantages of the new form of display were easy access to my favourite pictures, and an enhanced aesthetic pleasure from the look of the photographs standing out against a black background.

A further step forward took place when I realized how much easier it would be to view the cards if I built a small wooden stand to hold them. By this time I had so many photographs that it was not easy to remember the names of all the girls, let alone when, and in which magazine, they had appeared. I solved the problem by making an audio tape which not only reminded me of the

names of the girls, but marvelled over their erotic charms in much the way I do mentally whenever I see such photographs. I found this aural stimulus a pleasing addition to the eroticism of the photographs.

Further progress in my use of pornography occurred when I was able to get hold of some good hardcore videos. Most of them are quite awful, but a few are superb. These I find a perfect delight. They are a more powerful erotic stimulus than still photographs, and now that I am suffering from a very considerable decline in potency they are a real boon. Sometimes I use the videos by themselves, but over the past year I have taken to having a couple of cards of still photographs on view at the same time as watching the video. There are two great advantages in this :-

- 1) There are always some boring passages in the videos. During these, attention can be turned from the screen to the delights of the photographs.
- 2) More importantly, at least half the time I use the still photographs rather than the video as a centre of erotic focus when approaching and reaching climax. Not only is this erotic focus more 'controllable' than what is happening on the screen, but it is easier to form a satisfying psychological bond with the still pictures, which have become 'old friends'. Moreover, the relaxed expressions on the girls' faces are very suitable to the post orgasmic phase.

To sum up. Though I shared my life with a partner for about nine years, solo sex has provided me with $\frac{9}{10}$ ths of the pleasure that I found in sex. Pornography has made, and continues to make, a really valuable contribution to this aspect of my life. It is just a pity that there is not more open access to good quality videos, and more admiration for both the performers and technicians who make the really good ones. Over a few months I find that I will always average out at four orgasms a week; sometimes it's 13, sometimes it's 0, but the average is always close to 4. The presence of an available partner has no influence at all on this average, and I count this as a further tribute to pornography.

Andrew Ferguson – Henley

An African Circumcision

Perhaps the best and most detailed description of an African natural circumcision is at the same time the oldest. It was written down by a Polish physician at the beginning of this century, and it describes the circumcision of three volunteers in central Africa. The following story is written freely from it.

'When I was visiting a camp of the Kongo Army in 1906, I was chatting with the commandant, Colonel Boutse. By coincidence we began to talk about circumcision.

“When I came here four years ago,” he said, “I organized a medical examination for all the men. During this, I noticed which soldiers were circumcised and which were not. At that time only two of the three hundred native soldiers were circumcised. But when I carried out a medical examination last year more than half of them were circumcised, although they were almost all the same men as before. The custom seems to be spreading from the Mohammedan north.”

“I would be very interested,” I said, “to photograph such an operation for anthropological survey, Colonel. Do you think that there would be some men who would allow themselves to be circumcised – in public – in the next few days, and that they would also allow me to photograph it?”

“Oh yes, I am quite sure about that. We have not given the men any leave for quite a long time, because they get themselves circumcised during it and are not fit for a couple of weeks. But I think we could make an exception for your sake. I suppose that there will be quite a lot of men who are willing to do that. Their women are just wild about it and keep on teasing their men until they get themselves circumcised. They say that after it a man can last longer in the sexual act, and both men and women say that the penis looks much more attractive and... well, more erotical. During the evening call tomorrow I shall ask if there are any volunteers. An old medicineman from a northern tribe will perform the operations. But of course, you will have to pay the men in advance...”

Naturally I was willing.

As I came to the headquarters next morning at 8 o'clock, about 150 soldiers were standing in line, maybe half of them all, and I supposed all the uncircumcised men in the camp were there. Many more than I needed.

But I soon found out that there were 37 volunteers who would allow themselves to be circumcised, the others being friends who were already circumcised, but were there to give courage during the operation. (Actually, they were there to hold the men down, as I saw a little later on.)

The commandant was a little surprised by the number of volunteers and he asked me what I wanted to do. I said that I would like to select three of them, and, because of that, I would like them to take their clothes off.

Soon all the candidates stood stark naked in front of me, in line. I picked out three muscular and good looking individuals of different ages and sizes. The first one was a fully grownup young man, an athletic type of about 20, and his penis was exceptionally long and thick. The second was a bit younger, about 18, and his penis was of the usual size and shape. The last one was a boy, perhaps about only 14, not a soldier but an errand boy on the camp. But he was strongly built and his penis was at the typical developing stage for his age.

The commandant had already sent for the circumciser, as the operations were to take place on that day. He was an elderly man, perhaps over 60. I am not sure whether I would have wanted him to be my surgeon, but the commandant assured me that he had circumcised most of the men in the camp and that all trusted him.

I must point out now that many African tribes use circumcision as a puberty rite, and as it is a part of leading a boy to manhood, it often puts the boy's courage to a severe test. Among those tribes the boys and men are not allowed to cry or to show any sign of fear on their faces. But now the commandant explained to me that the reasons why these men wanted to be circumcised was only erotic and cosmetic, so there was no need to be brave and hide away any pain. He had seen some circumcisions taking place, and many of the men made no attempt to hide that they felt severe pain. He also said that, interestingly enough, the newly circumcised lied to the uncircumcised ones that the pain was only slight, so that as many men as possible would have themselves circumcised.

He explained further, that when the wounds were in the healing process, the newly circumcised could not wear trousers or loin cloths – thus they were naked from the waist down during that time.

The old medicineman wanted very eagerly to begin. He, the three candidates, and I with my heavy camera, walked to a hut. In front of it there was a big pot, full with slowly boiling water, on a small fire. Here the two men and the boy took off their olive green short trousers, all they had on. Once again I admired their beautiful bodies and marvellous penises – and their long foreskins, so soon to be sacrificed.

The oldest soldier, who seemed to be thinking about what was going to happen, had a partial erection; the upper part of his penis was of a lighter hue than the underside. The foreskin was pushed backwards slightly and the tip of his glans showed. (At my first examination, his foreskin was very long and extended more than two centimetres beyond the glans' tip.) I could see from his face that, now that the circumcision was going to take place, he wasn't so assured as he had been an hour earlier.

The medicineman signalled to me to select the first one, and I selected the eldest. He guided him to the pot and carefully washed the total area between the knees and navel, then pushed his foreskin fully back and washed carefully underneath. When his glans came fully into view, it, and the inner layer, were to me surprisingly light and pale in colour. As soon as this was finished, one of his already circumcised friends sat down on the ground, legs wide apart. The man to be circumcised had to sit in front of him and also spread his legs and thighs as wide as possible, so that the circumciser would have totally free access to the penis.

The friend who sat behind him put one hand under the arm and round the chest to hold one hand, and with the other hand covered the soldier's eyes.

Two other friends were there too, and kept hold of his legs with their hands.

Then the medicineman bent down and examined his penis meticulously. He stretched it by pressing the glans between thumb and fingers to see how much skin should be left, after the incision, when the penis would be erected. He then rubbed the glans slightly, pulled the foreskin forwards and marked with white clay where he would make the first cut. Then he made the first incision.

The incision was long and almost circular, going from the right side of the penis, down and under, and up on the left side back to the beginning. A white line came to sight at the incision area, and a rather big portion of skin fell to the ground.

Up to this point the man had sat calmly and had shown no discomfort, but as soon as the knife began to cut he started to wriggle and tried to get free. He was very strong, the others only keeping him in place with difficulty. But the operation was not over yet.

His friends took a stronger grip on him as the next phase began. The remaining part of the inner layer, which still covered a large proportion of the glans, was then pushed up and back behind the neck of the glans, where it formed a kind of bleeding collar. It was about half as long as the glans, almost two centimetres. The medicineman then stretched it with his fingers and split it with his knife from its orifice to the point where the outer skin ended. Then he cut it away at the glans' rim on both sides. The man groaned, as this was obviously the most painful part of the operation, but the old man took care to be very quick at this stage. When he reached the frenulum and cut right through it, the man let out a very loud cry, but this was the final incision, and the circumcision was complete. I don't think it took longer than two or three minutes. Then he was helped to sit near the hut and pressed his bleeding wound with maniok leaves and his fingers.

The second circumcision was almost identical to the first one, although he could not wriggle as much because he was not as strong as the first candidate. I was surprised to see what a good end result the medicineman achieved in spite of the primitive conditions. Soon the second patient sat next to the first one, and now it was the boy's turn. I admired how brave he was – he had just witnessed two circumcisions, and now was going through the same himself. He could not wriggle much because the friends holding him were much bigger and stronger than he, and maybe he did not feel that much pain because his penis was not yet fully developed, and his foreskin was rather thin and elastic. However, when the knife went through his frenulum he just screamed. But soon he was done as well, sitting next to his other two freshly circumcised friends.

Because I could not understand their language I was not able to talk to them, but I clapped them on the shoulders and gave them some money.

About four months later I returned to the camp. Obviously my compensation for them had been valued highly, because I realised that they had been awaiting my return. A canoe took me across the small river to the camp, and the paddlers, who were all naked and uncircumcised, made me understand that they wanted to have me photograph their circumcisions too – they pulled their long foreskins forward and imitated a knife with their fingers. But as my camera had broken down during my journey I could not do that. But I explained to them with the help of an interpreter that I would pay them a little if I could watch their operations, which was happily accepted.

The three four-months-ago-circumcised greeted me at the river bank with friendly smiles. They were now all wearing trousers. I was eager to see the results now that their circumcisions would be well healed. They had no objections for me to examine their penises, so we went to a small barrack at the camp's sick station.

I would now find out how well the old medicineman had done his work. With the oldest, maybe because he had wriggled so much during the operation, the part of the inner layer which was left was quite uneven. The scar line went zig-zag round his penis, like the points of a star, behind the glans. It was beautiful though – the contrast between the lighter inner and the darker outer skin enhanced his circumcision state strangely. With the second, just the right amount of skin had been removed. The inner skin formed a clear light collar just behind the glans, and it was certainly wide enough to guarantee a good sensitivity and feel. His glans was also totally bare, but the skin was not overtight on the shaft.

With the boy, the scar was absolutely even and smooth, but I wondered whether too much skin had been removed. I thought that perhaps the skin would be so tight during erection that it would pull his scrotum forwards. (I soon had the chance to witness that this was the case.)

They then put their trousers on and left the barrack. After a minute or two the boy came back to the door, looking at me as though he wanted to say something. But as I could not speak his language I could only smile. Then he put his hand inside his trousers and clearly fingered his penis in there, while staring at me inquiringly. It was not so difficult to understand what he meant, and I nodded to him. He took his trousers down and showed to me that he wanted to masturbate in front of me. His almost fully-grown testicles were tightly lifted up against his body and his penis pointed stiffly upwards, as is often among boys and young men.

I could see already in fact a bit too much skin had been removed. The skin on his penis pulled his scrotal sac forwards quite a lot with the tension clearly stretching the scar line. This did not seem to bother him; maybe just enhancing his pleasure.

He formed a ring with his thumb and index finger and rubbed his penis the whole length again and again, up and down. After a couple of minutes

he began to concentrate on the same place, then at the area where the rest of the inner layer was, and also on the tightly stretched rim of his glans. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Then he spat on his fingers to spread a slippery layer all over his penis and glans. Now he worked mostly at the point where the scar was, which was now quite prominent because of the tight stretching. That all seemed to give him pleasure beyond expression. He approached orgasm, made a pause to let himself cool down, then went to the edge again and tried to stop. But now he had gone too far and could not stop. He suddenly sank to his knees and came violently with throbbing jerks. It lasted almost a minute. Then he sat tired on the floor and looked at me with shy dark eyes, as if proud of the fact that he had performed well in his new state, having had to learn a new technique. I then left him to go to my room to write all this down.'

1900

Students of human nature and willie watchers in general of both sexes would have been tickled pink on Saturday night 15th. December last year if they watched the first episode of the epic Italian film *1900*. In it two boys, one the son of the landowner, the other the son of a peasant, grow up together in a small rural community, and become inseparable friends. In one episode, where both boys are at the threshold of puberty, they are larking about in a barn, and the peasant's son strips himself stark naked. In a clear close-up you can see the boy's surprisingly large, plump penis, still equipped with the long pendant foreskin of childhood. Sitting on a bale of straw he starts playing with his penis, and the camera zooms in as he slowly and lasciviously stretches his foreskin before sliding it all the way back to reveal the moist purple glans. Whereupon he invites his companion to get his cock out and pull his skin back too. The landowner's son, who had been watching intently, undoes his trousers, produces another fat and well-developed penis, and struggles vainly to retract his long tight foreskin, finally complaining that it burns and gives up, looking despondent, as well he might.

Later, both boys are in a cornfield having a pee, when the rich boy tells his friend that he can pull his skin back now, and proudly does so in front of the camera. The peasant's son laughs and says, no doubt accurately, that it's only because he's started wanking, whereupon both boys start frantically rubbing their penises up and down.

As the boys grow into young men, they discover girls, and while the rich boy is masturbating his spoiled aristocratic girlfriend during a hunting expedition, we are treated to the sensual picture of the other boy being induced

by his schoolmistress girlfriend to suck her off as she sits in a chair. Having made him kneel in front of her and kiss her knees, she puts her skirt over his head and pulls his face up to her crutch. You then watch her face as it is transformed from laughter to gasps of pleasure, while his head can be seen moving rapidly up and down over her genital area.

Assuming that Italian film makers are as keen on realism as ours are, several points spring to mind. The first is that the Italian ruling classes of those days did not share the British aristocracy's predilection for circumcision, since the Briton at the turn of the century would most probably have been circumcised. Also his mother didn't take much interest in her son's development and hygiene if she let him grow up with an unretractable foreskin; or did such things not matter in those days? And lastly, one is left with the titillating thought that Italian girls in those days could not have worn knickers. I wonder if that's still the case?

I.C. – Middx.

[If I remember rightly, an early issue of *Acorn* stated that boys in Spain never tried to retract their foreskins until they were about seventeen. I find that a bit hard to swallow, but there might be a grain of substance in it, so that this film might not be too far from the truth. If so, it belies the idea that vile smells and diseases emanate from unretracted foreskins. — *David Acorn*]

Members' Meeting

I have been asked by one or two members if we could have another meeting. Although the last one could not by any means be called a success, nevertheless if there are enough members who would enjoy meeting others, maybe we could have another try. Anyone who has any positive ideas on a format or feels that something solid could be accomplished please let us know.

David Acorn

ACORN

1991 Issue No 4

**Editor
David Acorn**

Contents

Editorial	D.A.	Page 2
The Editor	D.A.	Page 2
Love of a Foreskin	H.J.M.	Page 3
The Operation	C.P.	Page 4
Technique	Bill	Page 5
Saran	J.T.D.	Page 6
Foreskin Piercing and Stretching	A.D.	Page 6
Circumcisers	T.A.	Page 9
Five Minute Tragedy		Page 10
Foreskin Stretching	Samantha	Page 14
More From <i>The Independent</i>		Page 16
Pissing Survey	A.D.	Page 16
Penis Survey		Page 17
Home Circumcision	D.A.	Page 17

**Newsletter Contributions,
Letters for Forwarding**

to:- DAVID ACORN

**Membership, Fees, Advice,
Personal Matters**

to:- TONY ACORN

P.O. Box 113, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AVON, BS23 2ED

© 1991 Acorn & Contributors

Printed & Published in England by Acorn

Editorial

Time for another edition of your favourite magazine, with quite a lot to interest just about everyone I think, from lengthening the foreskin to cutting it off. Please don't be afraid of introducing any other subject which has associations with our main one.

Contributions

Most of the letters we receive start with, "I enjoy the magazine very much", "One of the highlights of my life", "I eagerly await its arrival", and other phrases to that effect. This means that you are extremely interested in other members and their stories, and likewise they are interested in yours, the magazine being almost entirely contributions from yourselves.

So please keep items coming in; your experiences, opinions, feelings, agreements, arguments, habits, likes, dislikes etc. It doesn't matter if you think your spelling or grammar is not up to scratch, that's easily overcome. It's the ideas that are important. In the last couple of issues I have tried to start talking points but have had little response. Read back a few issues and see if you have any opinions on anything you read. I personally like short items as these give the magazine more colour and variety.

Thank you.

Confidentiality

Contributions will be identified by initials and town or county, unless either you ask for even greater anonymity or, conversely, you state explicitly that you would like a name and/or address published. Letters may be forwarded anonymously if you wish. Obviously we gain in frankness from being able to write with these guarantees in mind. Other *Members* may be contacted by sending your letter to *Acorn* in the usual way and asking for it to be sent on to the person named. It is your decision whether to give your address, and it is their decision whether to reply or not.

David Acorn

The Editor

I promised last month that I would let you know something about myself.

I am an ex-married, living on my own in the west country, semi-retired, in an almost idyllic state. Although not circumcised, my interest in our subject started, like most of our members, at a very early age; and again, like most members, it was more to do with the difference rather than one way or the other. It seemed to me that only poor boys were born with this length of skin, causing me to develop a lack of self-esteem which lasted through my formative years, and took a great effort to be rid of.

The syndrome, if you can call it that, in which most of us find ourselves, will apparently never leave us; the necessity to know the condition of all our fellows, and the thirst for knowing how others feel about the same subject.

Although I do feel strongly about certain aspects, which will probably surface from time to time, my general attitude is that, in the light of my early-years' trauma, all boys should be left natural, given a good education regarding circumcision without bias, and left to make up their own minds in their teens. What is certain to me is that it has no effect on anyone except the person himself. Being of the age when I can get away with asking awkward questions to anyone, I have found that, asking a good number of women about preference, all say they can't feel any difference, during intercourse, between circumcised or not, and very few worried about the look of it.

David Acorn

Love Of A Foreskin

Thanks for allowing me to join *Acorn*, and I enjoyed all the newsletters you sent me. I liked the letter from C.T. – Copenhagen describing his beautiful long loose foreskin. He has the kind of penis I dream about, but don't expect to see let alone handle.

About myself, I'm 70 years of age, and very fit. I'm uncircumcised, my penis being 5" flaccid and 7" erect, and my foreskin covers my glans but not the peehole. It's very loose and will stay where it's put, but I keep it forward always. I would love to have a long foreskin like C.T. and have started stretching exercises.

My foreskin has given me great joy over the years and still does. I hope you and the readers like this poem:-

Foreskins are fun,
And there's no fun without one.
Some are cut away,
Mine is here to stay.
It will stretch like elastic
and it looks fantastic.
It's creamy and white
and never gets tight.
It slides back and fore
and never gets sore.
I get so much joy
from my favourite toy.
Foreskins are fun,
I wouldn't be without one.

H.J.M. – Glamorgan

The Operation

I have just read the latest edition of *Acorn*, which I always look forward to very much. I feel I must share with everybody my own recent experience of being circumcised. I had an appointment with the Surgical Advisory Service in London, to be circumcised on April 16th., after trying to pluck up enough courage to have it done for the past 5 years. I travelled up from Wiltshire on the train just in case I didn't feel like driving home. On the way up I certainly had butterflies in my stomach about what it would be like on the way home and how much pain I would have.

When I arrived outside the Clinic I hesitated and wondered about going in. My ladyfriend was with me and she said, "Just think how nice it will be afterwards", and gave me that last encouraging push through the door. Once inside, with the signing in having taken place, I sat in the waiting room waiting to be called. I couldn't wait to get on the operating table, all my fears vanishing once I was welcomed in. At 12.45 the surgeon's nurse called me into a little room to get undressed, everything coming off except my small T-shirt. Both she and the surgeon were very nice and I felt quite at home, and getting very interested in the operating room and its contents.

Once I was comfortable on the operating table I had the injections in the foreskin, the needle being so fine that I didn't feel a thing, and within about two minutes the top of my penis was dead, a fantastic feeling. Once he was sure that the feeling was gone he proceeded to cut away the foreskin. It was wonderful to watch that piece of skin being cut off and not able to feel it. Once it was off he began to stitch up the cut ends, about 15 stitches in all.

When I got off the table, there was my foreskin on his little operating trolley, and I thought, "Thank goodness that's gone". The surgeon put a small piece of bandage just around the cut and that was it. I left the Clinic and was back on the underground by 1:30, just three-quarters of an hour later.

It is now 6 weeks later and all is healed up, the frenulum is gone, and the skin on my penis is nice and tight with a fully exposed glans, and the feeling is wonderful. I am very pleased and my ladyfriend thinks it is a great improvement.

The only thing that I would like to say is that I would like to have it done all over again if I had another foreskin. It was a great experience and I would recommend it to anyone contemplating circumcision.

I am 58 years old, which may seem a bit late for this operation, but it is well worth it. If any genuine reader wishes to contact me through *Acorn* I am quite prepared to show anyone the finished article, be it male or female, I don't mind; anything to encourage others to be circumcised and share this great feeling. I have some video pictures of myself showing the long foreskin which I had and some pictures of the various stages of healing since my circumcision.

All I can say to people who, like myself, tried to keep the foreskin pulled back, get down to London and have it cut off – no pain – no fuss – and well worth it.

C.P. – Wiltshire

Technique

Dear David,

Many thanks for the newsletters for 1991; all the best as you take on the editorship; you must get many interesting and amusing letters to read!! The fact that some of the letters tend to be repetitive doesn't matter; everyone has a chance to reveal their experiences and views to an interested readership. That is what is important.

With particular reference to newsletter No 1/91, I thought the contributions from the ladies were excellent, and do hope that in future more ladies will be making contributions. The comments from Miss S.S. of Harrow about the rugby changing rooms and coach journeys were quite hilarious!! I wonder if any men have yet been seen in a ladies' changing room? I very much doubt it, but perhaps that day is not too far distant.

Her final sentence, "every circumcised cock should have a set of instructions with it" set me thinking. Surely it is up to every good partner to invent instructions, and to build on this as the years progress? It is easy to wank an uncircumcised penis; the foreskin is of considerable assistance. But with a circumcised cock it is different, and this is where technique and imagination are important, and where a patient and experienced partner is invaluable; it is not the climax that is important but the slow build-up. I have yet to hear of a partner who prefers to give 'oral' to an uncircumcised cock, but perhaps the contributors to the newsletter will feel differently.

I do hope that Miss S.S. of Harrow is beginning to compile the chapters of her instruction manual, and that in due course she will be prepared to share them through the pages of the newsletter. By way of introduction I will offer one piece of advice – women very much appreciate having their appearance complimented upon by the opposite sex, but I have noticed that they are not always that keen to return the same. A few complimentary 'cock' comments can work wonders, and that doesn't require much technique!

Bill – Kingston

Saran

Saran: I presume that you will have had other replies, but if not: this is what is in my dictionary:-

A thermoplastic copolymer of vinylidene chloride and usually small amounts of vinyl chloride or acrylonitrile: used as a fibre for packaging and for making acid-resistant pipe (formerly a trade name). I have no idea however where you would get it; perhaps a packaging specialist could help.

I have been meaning to write to you about another subject, although not specifically an *Acorn* one. This refers to the ability to ejaculate into high age. I am over 70, have had a prostatectomy, and have recently begun to take vitamins and other additives. I have not noticed much benefit, except for zinc. I did not even know that this helps, but ever since I have taken a pearl of zinc a day I find that I can come again almost daily. Vitamin E is well known to help where libido is lost, though neither I nor my wife benefited much (maybe we did not need it as we make love daily). She suffers from lack of lubrication and mussel extract helped so much that she had to stop taking the pills because the flow became embarrassing. All these supplements are available from health shops and postal suppliers. Anyone who wants an address I will gladly supply.

J.T.D. – London

[I understand 'Saran' to be a form of cling-film. — *Tony Acorn*]

Foreskin Piercing And Stretching

I would like to respond to the requests of Tony Acorn (Issue Y), C.T. – Copenhagen (Issue 2/91) and others (who have written to me privately) to write about my experiences of foreskin piercing and stretching. I have done this before in two separate and original articles, each with a different emphasis, published in 1989, in two different magazines (*Piercing World* No 4 and *Body Art* No 7). If this article bears similarities to the other two it is not due to plagiarism (one can't be accused of plagiarising one's own work), but because I am writing about the same experiences and enthusiasms in the same personal style of expression.

Nature had endowed me with a short foreskin, the type which terminated in an exquisite rosette barely covering the glans tip. This situation changed radically with the onset of puberty. During the years of my 'adolescence spurt' I started growing quickly in all directions but one! My foreskin seemed to be growing much slower than my glans, so that in its natural flaccid state more than half the glans was permanently exposed. This gave my penis tip an 'acorn and cap' look.

This development had certain consequences. I found that various

unwelcome stimuli (such as friction with underwear when dressed, the passage of warm air when nude, or certain feelings, viz. embarrassment, anxiety, excitement etc.) would cause this short foreskin to roll back of its own accord to fully expose the glans, and sometimes cause an incipient erection. I seemed to be helpless in controlling this retraction which gave my penis a bold and brazen look, when in reality I was feeling very exposed and vulnerable, especially as I grew up in an environment of uncut males (the 'cut' ones were very rare). I had to endure this whenever I had to undress in front of a group to change, shower, etc. after P.E. and games in school, National Service in the forces, and later in college, as these institutions all had open plan locker rooms and showers. In the forces I recall several medicals (for courses, postings etc.) which involved queuing up and waiting around in the nude.

During this time I had read about infibulation in the novel *Mandingo* by Kyle Onstett, which described how slaves were 'ringed' to control their sexual activities. As you can imagine, this concept held great appeal for me, since I could apply it to solve my retraction problem – and perhaps use it to stretch my foreskin (by hanging weights). However, I had to wait several years before I discovered the excellent services of Mr. Sebastian (a professional piercer).

My first piercings were a pair (on opposite sides of the foreskin), and these remain my favourites for aesthetic and practical reasons. As soon as they healed I used a ring to 'muzzle' the glans, and enjoyed the look and sensation of this restraint. When a single ring was fitted through both holes discomfort increased with the intensity of one's erection, because of the short foreskin. I could then empathize with all those infibulated slaves. With two separate rings this was not the case, as the short foreskin could be drawn back and forth at one's pleasure. A few people have written to me about this, wondering if such rings would impede the movement.

Later I began to stretch both the holes and the foreskin by inserting a series of thicker rings and attaching weights to them. Over the next four years (during which period I had more important matters to concentrate on, like achieving a good B.A.). I gradually transformed the length and shape of my foreskin in a series of stages – the 'Peek-a-boo' look (with the stretched foreskin almost covering the glans) – the 'Rosette' look (with the foreskin puckering into a dainty rosette) – the 'Tassel' look (with a small excess of skin dangling at the tip) – and the 'Bottleneck' (with a long, narrow tube of excess foreskin at the penis tip). My elongated foreskin was now nearly 2 inches long, over the penis tip, when attached to a weight of 600 grams and over an inch without a load.

At this stage I decided to widen the circumference of the elongated foreskin and change the 'Bottleneck' look. I did this by wearing two infibulation rings, and then wearing a simple harness, improvised from a loop of broad tape, with one end worn around the neck, and the other attached to one infibulation ring, so that the opening of the foreskin was pulled apart when a weight was attached to the other infibulation ring. This was most effective for my purpose,

but I also had a second pair of piercings, this time much higher than the original pair, sited at the front against the top of the glans. I was then able to stretch the circumference of the foreskin from more angles. By suspending a series of heavier weights, and by wearing the harness for longer periods of time, I have succeeded in transforming the 'Bottleneck' look into the flared 'Bellbottom' look!

The possession of this long and loose foreskin is a source of intense satisfaction to me – versatile, practical, and pleasure-giving in its scope. I shall summarise on a few of its qualities. With a tiny ring worn through its two infibulation holes, the circumference of the foreskin is effectively halved, so that it becomes quite a squeeze to retract the foreskin and expose the glans fully. This is one solution to the problem of retraction expressed by various *Acorn* readers, because the foreskin is firmly but comfortably held back behind the glans' flange.

Another way is to wear a larger ring (which matches the circumference of the wearer's penis) so that it and the foreskin can be retracted comfortably, and firmly, to expose the glans fully, whilst the folds of the retracted foreskin conceal the rings behind the flange. Frequently I use one of these methods when I take an apres-squash or apres-swim shower, and change with non-pierced friends in the open-plan showers and changing rooms. This enables me to expose the glans for washing and to wear, yet conceal, my infibulation ring from certain people. Thus I enjoy the happy position of being able to modify my appendage to appear circumcised, fully hooded (with overhang), submissive (with ring through foreskin), or stretched (with weight attached) to suit my audience or my whim. Visual appeal enhances sex.

This type of foreskin is also pleasure-giving in the physical sense because it provides more surfaces for stimulation, as well as an extra channel for tactile pleasure for both partners. The pleasure of docking should appeal to the imaginative.

Sometimes (especially in summer, or wearing shorts on holiday abroad) I use the guiche ring connected to the foreskin ring to support my penis across the scrotum and under my crotch. I find this support of penis and testicles both comfortable and bulge-concealing, and wonder why ballet dancers, gymnasts, athletes etc. have not been advised about the practicality of such suspension. It would eliminate the need for jockstraps, etc. The use of a suitable barbell facilitates quick and convenient 'unhooking' for calls of nature. I find that the presence of the infibulation ring does not interfere with the flow or the aim, whether the foreskin is retracted or not. Weight hanging, for me, is a special pleasure – a therapeutic blend of the stimulating and the soothing. It can be indulged in when one is engaged in boring, mechanical tasks like ironing, washing-up, gardening, shopping, or even when watching TV, reading or writing (as I am now, with a 600 gram weight attached). The sensations of pulling, tugging, jerking, swinging etc. are akin to those experienced in masturbation or foreplay.

The infibulation holes have been widened to accommodate a 5mm gauge ring very easily. This means that I can safely remove and leave the ring/rings off for over a month with no problem experienced in refitting them. Thus I can also choose to go about 'ringed' or natural. Without the rings, the holes are not obvious to a viewer unless they searched for them. Thus I and my partner can enjoy penetrative sex with rings or without.

This account of my journey into the realms of piercing and stretching is much more detailed than the other two I mentioned. I do not encourage anyone else to emulate me, since such experiences are so personal, and probably have different consequences for different persons.

A.D. – Oxford

Circumcisers

The last issue of *Acorn* asked for names of circumcisers in Manchester. Mohalim licenced via the Initiation Society for the year 5749 (1989/90) were (in alphabetical order of towns, excluding London):

Rabbi L. Benarroch, 90 Bath Hill Court, Bath Road, BOURNEMOUTH (0202-296103)

Rabbi L. Book, 66 Middle Street, BRIGHTON, BN1 1AL (0273-27785)

Dr. S.B. Bolel, 36 Ashtree Gardens, Low Fell, GATESHEAD (0632-4771176)

Rabbi A. Weiniger, 94 Whitehall Road, GATESHEAD (0632-770443)

Rabbi D.S. Ezagui, 176 Queen's Hill Avenue, LEEDS, LS17 6BR (0532-692735)

M. Fine, 15 Dixon Drive, Stoneygate, LEICESTER, LE2 1RA (0533-700130)

S. Adler, 10 Roston Road, SALFORD, M7 0HH (061-740 3071)

J. Cofnas, Flat 4, Brantwood Court, Brantwood Road, SALFORD (061-792 2123)

A.L. Cohen, 48 Singleton Road, SALFORD, M7 0EG (061-792 9284)

Dr. Z. Davis, 45 Cavendish Road, SALFORD, M7 0WP (061-792 4198)

M. Heilpern, 21 Broom Lane, SALFORD, M7 0EP (061-792 2127)

Dr. D.L. Hibbert, 11 Moorside Road, SALFORD, M7 0PJ (061-792 2470)

N.M. Halpern, 27 Waterpark Road, SALFORD, M7 0FT (061-740 1185)

Rabbi A. Hassan, 47 Stanley Road, SALFORD, M7 (061-740 0906)

C.J. Heilpern, 45 Old Hall Road, SALFORD, M7 (061-792 2468)

D. Olsberg, 22 New Hall Avenue, SALFORD, M7 (061-792 1907)

D. Katanka, 354 Carter Knowle Road, SHEFFIELD, S11 (0742-350542)

A. Dee, 5 St. Bartholomew's Gardens, SOUTHSEA, Portsmouth, Hants.
(0705-815833)

Members should make their own discreet enquiries, making clear at the outset whether their request is religious or non-religious. Mohalim do not have a set charge, but expect grateful parents/patients to make a suitable donation and to cover travel expenses if necessary. Those with the title 'Dr' are more likely to consider circumcising adults, since the training of mohalim is, of course, mainly concerned with 8-day old patients.

Dr. Sifman, (whose details we have given in past issues) would be interested in hearing from *Acorn* members regarding circumcision or revision operations. Please write to him through the normal *Acorn* channel.

Tony Acorn

Five Minuets That Ended A Baby Boy's Life A Report in *The Independent*, April 30th 1991

It was a back-street job, carried out in a council flat on a run-down housing estate in Hackney, East London. In a hospital, a doctor would have considered it an easy operation, but there were no doctors present on this occasion.

The day after the operation, the patient died. He was a healthy baby boy, only two weeks old. The operation, which was not medically necessary, was a circumcision, and it was not an isolated case. More than 100 boys, from babies to teenagers, were treated in hospital accident and emergency departments last year for life-threatening complications – such as haemorrhaging and infection – after a home circumcision.

The child who died was Boma Oruitemeka. His parents are devout members of a Nigerian Christian sect, The Brotherhood of the Cross and Star, for which circumcision is a membership requirement. The Homerton hospital where he was born, refused to circumcise him. The operation is normally done on the NHS only if there is a medical need for it. One doctor suggested the parents go to a local rabbi, who would do the operation for about £50.

Instead, Boma's parents turned to their church for help. A member of the congregation told them of a woman in North London, a member of the same sect, who would perform the operation at no charge. Though now a chef, the woman had worked as a midwife in Nigeria 25 years previously and still did circumcisions when asked.

She arrived at the third-floor flat in Hackney, carrying a little bag of instruments. A towel was spread over a coffee table in the middle of the sitting room. Then Boma was brought from his cot and laid on his back on the table. The operation was over in five minutes. Using forceps, the midwife pulled his foreskin forwards and held it tight. Then, with a pair of scissors, she cut it off. Boma's penis was bandaged but not stitched, and after a while the midwife left.

It was not apparent until next morning that something was wrong. Boma's breathing was irregular and he was pale and listless. He was taken to a GP, then rushed to hospital, but he was dead on arrival. During the night he had suffered severe haemorrhaging.

At the inquest into Boma's death, early last year, the coroner's verdict was death by misadventure.

It is not obligatory to be medically qualified to perform circumcisions in this country and the midwife was judged to have acted competently and without fault.

Yet because doctors are seeing a rapid increase in the number of post-circumcision emergency patients, questions are being asked about the legitimacy of having the operation done at home, and about the NHS's policy of refusing to perform the operation.

Ten years ago circumcision was far more freely available on the NHS. Mr. Roger Brereton, a consultant paediatric surgeon, says a shortage of money and longer waiting lists have forced the NHS virtually to abolish the service. In turn, this has forced parents, who are unwilling or who cannot afford to pay up to £90 to have the operation done privately by a GP or a trained rabbi, to go to someone with less obvious credentials. The problem has been made worse by the demand for the operation, caused by the growth of the Muslim population, which in some areas is doubling every 20 years.

Mr. Brereton says: "In the early Eighties my unit did at least 100 circumcisions a year, but now we only do a very few, restricted to boys with serious bleeding problems or some other medical need. I have no choice. Money is tight, and if I did more circumcisions I'd have to do less of something else."

Last year, Mr. Brereton treated 12 emergency cases. He says most of the boys admitted to the casualty department were Muslims from Bangladesh, Pakistan or Turkey, or Christians from Africa or the West Indies. No Jews had been admitted. "In the Jewish faith, there is a strict procedure in which a specially trained rabbi operates on the eighth day after birth. But with the other communities there is a much less standard way of doing it", he says.

With Muslim boys the age at which circumcision is done ranges from newly born to about eighteen. In older boys, circumcision is a much more

traumatic experience than for a baby. “Ten years old seems to be a very typical age for Muslim boys”, he said.

The complications arising from a circumcision can be very severe. The most common problem is bleeding, but Mr. Mark Stringer, a paediatric surgeon, says he has seen boys with septicaemia, meningitis, and arthritis caused by a spread of infection. Frequently, the head of the penis is partially severed.

These are horrendous complications from a procedure that ought to be very minor. At least 100 boys every year, across the country, are now being treated in hospitals for this sort of thing, which makes it a terrible and increasing problem.

The NHS is unlikely, however, to be capable of taking responsibility for all circumcisions, in addition to all the other demands on its time.

And despite some proven medical benefits – a reduced risk of urinary tract infection and of penile cancer – Mr. Stringer believes that circumcision does not justify a greater share of the NHS budget. “The medical benefits are probably outweighed by the risks of the operation, and it would be hugely costly.”

Others believe the problem should be tackled by new legislation. Emad Jumaily, an Iraqi GP in Bow, who performs 600 circumcisions a year for a private fee of between £30 and £50, says only doctors know how to give an anaesthetic and how to stitch. “There should be a law forbidding non-medical people from doing circumcisions. It is far too dangerous.”

Under existing law, a boy who has been maimed in a circumcision may be able to prosecute for assault, according to Maureen O’Hara of the Children’s Legal Centre in London. She says, “It is possible such a prosecution could be successful. But the best way to tackle the problem is not to confront communities that circumcise their boys, but to educate them more about the risks.” In some areas with a high Muslim population, doctors will visit the local mosque to talk about the dangers of home circumcision.

Pamela Timms of the NSPCC says if the NSPCC was informed that a child was in great pain during a circumcision, they would take immediate action. “We don’t want to stomp over people’s traditions, but cruelty to children is our business. If it was a matter of life or death, we would send the police in.”

Not stomping on people’s traditions was high on the mind of the coroner who heard the case of baby Boma. He says, “If I had judged that the midwife was negligent because she didn’t have all the equipment of a hospital to hand, then where would that leave all the hundreds of rabbis who do the same thing? I didn’t want to stir up that hornet’s nest, oh no, thank you, not at all.” But until somebody does, the casualties of home circumcisions are likely to continue.

A Responding Letter to *The Independent*, by Tony Acorn

Sir,

Your article points to the risks of haemorrhage or septicaemia from 'home' circumcision, but acknowledges that circumcision is widely practiced as a religious commitment by Jews, Muslims, and by many Christians from Africa or the West Indies (and you could have added the Phillipines). Indeed, at a rough estimate, one quarter of all males the world over are circumcised.

The dangers arise because the NHS has always discouraged circumcision and, as your article makes clear, has further reduced its availability under recent financial pressures. But the demand remains, and is increasing in Britain, both on the customary and religious grounds you describe, and from a significant group of men with a clear preference which cannot be justified as medical emergency, but is definite none-the-less.

In the new spirit of enterprise which is to pervade general practice, the opportunity clearly exists for GPs to use their surgeries to offer circumcision at a price which can be afforded, and to advertise this service widely enough for good practice to drive out bad. The obligation to do so lies especially with GPs from the faith communities who practice circumcision. Jews have well-trained mohalim organised through The Initiation Society. Muslims and other religious communities should likewise train and organise practitioners and make their services widely available.

Tony Acorn

Another Responding Letter to *The Independent* Muslim Rights To Safe Circumcision

Sir,

Your report on the practice of circumcision has highlighted again our concern about the safety of this religious practice and the complications arising from it. In fact, recently this year, similar comments were made by different doctors in various issues of the *British Medical Journal*.

We in the Islamic Medical Association have been campaigning for years to organise proper and safe circumcision to satisfy the religious needs of the Muslim community.

Until now the Muslim community and others have been at a loss about where to go for, and where to perform, circumcisions. They have been neglected all these years, sometimes exploited by those who perform the operation, and sometimes the circumcision has been performed in unhygienic conditions. All this when Muslims are, after all, permanent British citizens and regular taxpayers.

We feel the time has come to organise properly and safely this religious practice, especially when we see that this minor operation is required by Muslims, Jews and Christians as your article illustrated.

There are also people who want to have the operation for medical reasons. Some facilities should be organised in clinics and hospitals for all those who want circumcision, perhaps at the weekend, using the free time of (Muslim) doctors and nurses, possibly with a small fee to be paid to the hospital. This could be done without affecting the hospital waiting list for other procedures.

*Dr. A. Majid Katme
(President, Islamic Medical Association)*

Foreskin Stretching

Both my brothers were circumcised, and it wasn't until we had a visit from my cousin that I discovered that cocks came in another variety. Cousin Stan was about my age, nine, a striking boy with fabulous black eyelashes and a pale girlish complexion. The revelation came when Our Mum paraded all four of us for a bath. The three boys were stripped down and I was curious to see that, whereas my brothers' willies were in two segments with a bare knob stuck on the end of a stalk, Stan's was a smooth banana totally enveloped in velvety white skin with a pink spout on the end like a length of fire hose. At this point Our Mum turned her attention to me and stripped me off as well. Stan's eyes bulged out of his head! Whereas my two brothers were used to seeing little sister bare on bathnights, Stan was not, and that exhibitional streak which most girls secretly have was flattered when I caught him gawping surreptitiously at my fanny. (My goodness though, he made up for any lack of experience when he grew up into the handsomest man I'd ever met – girls queuing up to get their hands on him, including me!)

The trouble was, Stan's enthusiasm at the sight of my hairless split immediately took the form of a large (for a boy of his age) erection. The chatter died to an embarrassed silence as we all stood there looking at his four-and-a-half inches of solid gristle (I took a ruler to it after so I'm sure of my facts). I watched in fascination as it jerked upwards until it was almost parallel to his belly, with the bulge and darker colour of the knob clearly visible through the distended skin. Then of course my brothers followed suit, and there was I confronted by three rigid willies all roughly the same size but so different in appearance, whilst Our Mum just stood there looking flustered.

I couldn't help it, I just collapsed giggling, quickly followed by Our Mum and the three boys. The embarrassment dissolved and horseplay started, with the three boys accusing each other of being 'rude', and trying to grab each other's erections. Our Mum soon put a stop to that and, grabbing Stan, stood him in the bath to wash him down, at which point I was in for another shock, because she knelt down beside the bath, and taking his still erect penis in

her hand, drew the skin right back to reveal his glistening purple knob. She washed and dried it before pulling the skin back over his knob.

Afterwards I asked Our Mum why Stan's dicky was different from my brothers'. She explained what circumcision was, and said that Dad had wanted the boys 'done' whilst the family was abroad, but it really made no difference and was not considered necessary in England. As I grew more adventurous I discovered how true this was: my brothers' were the only circumcised cocks I ever got to see.

Afterwards we four kids had lively discussions on the different sorts of cocks, my brothers stoutly defending their knobs, and saying that foreskins were sissy. I supported poor Stan, and said I thought it was very pretty and much shinier than theirs. One of my brothers then said that it got in the way when you peed, and challenged Stan to a pissing contest. I was appointed umpire. (They wanted me to take part as well, but nice little girls don't do those sort of things. Sorely tempted though, because I'd have wiped the floor with them if I had, in both range and volume.)

So I had to draw a line and mark the furthest splash in each case with a twig. My two brothers were within a foot of each other, but when it came to Stan's turn, he pinched the tip of his foreskin and caused it to balloon out to an enormous size, letting it go under pressure by squeezing the balloon of skin to increase the range. Of course he won by a mile to the fury of my brothers, who accused him of cheating. I on the other hand was thrilled to bits – not all young ladies are privileged to witness such challenging sights.

So why should you be interested in these childish reminiscences? Perhaps a lot of you are not, but there is a spin-off which might concern some of your foreskin orientated readers.

I was so taken with this exciting balloon game that I made all my boyfriends perform it for my personal appreciation. I felt so aggrieved that my own anatomy wouldn't permit such things. Also when I got married I would often stop on the way home from the pub for a slash break, and have hubby perform the balloon trick, which always gave him a stiffy, which I would then deal with by giving him a 'wet wank'. At first his foreskin would swell up like a tennis ball, but as he grew older it went all leathery and lost its give, so he couldn't manage the same impressive swelling. At the same time his foreskin receded slightly, and instead of a half-an-inch overlap, the edge reached barely to the eye, so that it interfered with the flow when he peed, causing it to spray everywhere and giving him a chafed tip from rubbing against his pants. I instructed him to pull his foreskin back when he peed, but he's such a forgetful bugger! We talked about circumcision, but neither of us cared for the idea, and anyway it was far too drastic for the problem. So I hit on another idea. I found a huge ball-bearing and, greasing it with baby oil, I inserted it under his foreskin and taped the opening up with surgical tape, leaving a hole just big enough to pee through. Immediately his foreskin sagged down

towards his knees, bouncing gently up and down with the weight of the ball (1 inch plus), and I told him to leave it there until the tape gave way, which it did three days later. Then we started all over again.

The upshot is that six months later his foreskin has permanently stretched to a prodigious length, extending nearly two inches beyond the tip. This has cured his accuracy problem completely, plus his chafing problem, and prompted him to invent all sorts of rude party tricks.

So if any of your middle-aged members, who still have their foreskins, find trouble with foreskin recession, they should take heart. A foreskin will stretch, but it needs commitment on both your part and your partner's.

Samantha – London

More From *The Independent*

A dozen Filipino boys had a rare treat at the presidential palace in Manila on Wednesday – after meeting President Corazon Aquino they were promptly circumcised. The palace has just started offering free dental and circumcision services for needy families living in the neighbourhood.

April 12, 1991

Sir: Though removal of the foreskin is far less abominable than female 'circumcision', it is nevertheless a mutilation. If few complain openly, it is for a number of reasons besides the private nature of the loss: many years usually elapse between the deed and adult awareness of it: hardly anyone can compare before and after: nothing can undo the damage: and it is not often clear who to blame – though responsibility is often pinned on God. To deal with this last difficulty, circumcisers should be legally obliged to endorse the birth certificate with the name of the person who demanded the operation. We might see some interesting court cases in 20 to 30 years time.

Philip Stewart – Oxford

[Not being a reader of *The Independent*, I am beginning to wonder if it ever has any space for the rest of the news. Should we have a merger? — *David Acorn*]

Pissing Survey

I do this with the foreskin fully retracted when outside the home environment. Within the home environment, I indulge in a variety of styles (like Dick S. of Southampton, Issue M, 1989), with the glans bared or hooded, sometimes rolling back and forth whilst pissing. I always rinse the glans after

a pee (at home), and give it a good clean during my daily shower, and whenever I wash and dress to go out.

I am not an exhibitionist, but I do not bother to conceal my dick if strangers look whilst I use a public urinal. I tend to hold it with thumb on top and fingers curled underneath it (with right hand).

P.S. In answer to query of E.C. Herts. in issue 2/91. Before the Muslim conversion, Indonesia was Hindu (colonised by Indian imperialists in ancient times). Bali remained Hindu (just as Timor became Portuguese and R.C.). By accidents of history this is why the males of these two islands are uncut Indonesians.

A.D. – Oxford

Penis Survey

There was a very disappointing response to my request for members, who hadn't done so before, to take part in the penis survey. Come on everyone, it's anonymous, should be lots of fun to do, and where else could anyone get statistics such as these? You could be part of posterity.

Herewith the one and only response:-

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
4.5	6.3	4.3	5	U	12	11	V.L.		5'7"	45 AD Oxford

Home Circumcision

I wonder how many members saw a few weeks ago on television the film, *Drowning by Numbers*. A black comedy, one of its sub-stories started where a girl of about thirteen asked her boy friend of the same age if he was circumcised. He didn't know what that meant, so she told him it was where part of a boy's willy was cut off, and her mother had said it was the right thing to do.

The boy went home to his father and asked him about it, and what it looked like, so his father showed him his own circumcised penis. The boy was later found in bed with the sheets covered in blood where he had done a do-it-yourself job on himself. He was then rushed off to hospital to repair the damage, and appeared afterwards to have suffered no ill effects.

David Acorn

ACORN

1991 Issue No 5

**Editor
David Acorn**

Contents

Editorial	D.A.	Page 2
An Interview	D.A.	Page 2
The Opposite View	Anon	Page 5
Before and After	J.C.S.T.	Page 6
The Necessary Operation	J.A.	Page 7
Yearnings	P.H.	Page 9
Thoughts	Anon	Page 13
Technique and Tradition	Anthony	Page 13
Short Foreskin	J.M.	Page 16
Penis Survey		Page 17
Hawaiian Habits	H.J.M.	Page 17

**Newsletter Contributions,
Letters for Forwarding**

to:- DAVID ACORN

**Membership, Fees, Advice,
Personal Matters**

to:- TONY ACORN

P.O. Box 113, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AVON, BS23 2ED

© 1991 Acorn & Contributors

Printed & Published in England by Acorn

Editorial

With the summer almost over you all might find time to read your next edition of *Acorn*, and possibly find some contentious point of view that you don't agree with, to move you to pick up a pen. I have to say that I don't agree with all the viewpoints, but firstly, I'm sure no-one wants my interjections all over the place like a journalistic dictator, and secondly, I'll defend everyone's right to have printed what they think and feel.

I would like to thank all of our contributors and must congratulate them on their efforts. My work is made very easy inasmuch as editing is very minimal. I feel that if anyone takes a lot of time to write, then it is not for me to muck it about.

Anyway I enjoy reading everything as much as everyone else, and for some reason the topic never flags. Can we call our regard for the penis a fetish? I've just looked at my mini dictionary, and it describes a fetish as:-

- a. An object worshipped by primitive people.
- b. A thing given foolishly excessive respect.

I'm sure we would all agree on the word fetish if they cut out the words 'primitive' and 'foolishly excessive'.

As usual, happy reading.

D.A.

An Interview

I have a friend who is a very frank and open person, and also has some firm ideas on male appurtenances and associated subjects. She stresses that these are all purely personal and other women might have the completely opposite point of view on some of the subjects.

Thinking that her views would be of some interest to our members, I asked her if she would agree to a form of interview. In this way I thought that I could put myself in the place of members and ask those questions, pertinent and impertinent, which might be relevant.

Q. What age are you?

A. 47.

Q. Are you single, married, or divorced?

A. Divorced.

Q. And how long were you married?

A. 19 years.

- Q. How many children do you have?
- A. Three boys and a girl, aged 27,26,21, and 19.
- Q. How old is your ex-husband now?
- A. 63.
- Q. Would you describe your ex-husband's penis?
- A. Ah, yes. Well. He was rather well endowed as they say nowadays. About 9 inches long, with a very big helmet. He'd been circumcised, with a very, very deep cut, and there wasn't any loose skin left on the shaft, but there were very prominent veins on it.
- Q. Did these veins become more prominent with age?
- A. Yes.
- Q. You didn't mention his frenulum. Did he still have that?
- A. Yes. I remember it wasn't very sensitive though. The knob was very, very hard and also wasn't sensitive. I know that I've read that when grown men have their foreskin removed they tend to say that they have an increase in sensitivity, but surely this can only be on the scar, as nothing should be more sensitive than a knob always covered with a foreskin.
- Q. More to the point. Did he satisfy you?
- A. In the early years, yes. Later he took me for granted, I was always available to him, and I then felt I was only a vessel for dirty water. As long as he was satisfied it didn't matter about me.
- Q. What were your feelings about his penis? I mean, as a penis.
- A. I was young when I first met him. I'd seen a few penises of course, but only seen. And when I saw that, I thought, "Ooh lovely", but later, especially after my hysterectomy, and his treatment of me, his knob used to hurt at the end of the inward stroke.
- Q. Can you describe your ideal penis?
- A. Well first, one that's got a foreskin. Not too tight and not too loose, so that there's a satisfaction in pulling it back and forward. With a knob that's soft and smooth, you know, satiny. About 7 inches long and medium thickness. I like the feel of a longish foreskin bunched up behind the knob during intercourse. This to me is better than a large rigid rim of a hard knob, and is soft and moves. Mind you, no sort of prick is any good without a caring attitude, that's of utmost importance.
- Q. Right, now let's move onto your sons. Were they circumcised?
- A. No.

- Q. What were your husband's feelings about them not being circumcised?
- A. He didn't appear to have any opinions on it. He was done as a baby, took it as a matter of fact, as it was so common in those days, and thought no more about it one way or the other. I don't think he had any interest in what other people had or what they looked like, only where he was going to put his next.
- Q. Did you have any problems with your boys' foreskins when they were babies?
- A. Only with the eldest. His foreskin was a bit tight, but the doctor eased it back and told me to do it during bathing just with soap. This I did and there was no trouble after that.
- Q. At what age was this?
- A. As soon as they were born. I know that nowadays they say to leave it alone until they are about 4 years old, but it didn't seem to harm mine. It was part of the post-natal education given by the maternity unit that I attended.
- Q. Was there any adhering of the inner foreskins to the knobs?
- A. No, they went back completely.
- Q. As babies, were their foreskins very long?
- A. Two of them were and one of them wasn't. The two youngest had about half an inch hanging over, but the eldest only came to the end of his knob.
- Q. Have you seen them since puberty?
- A. I think I last saw the two younger ones when they were about 16. The eldest I've seen as a grown man.
- Q. Would you say that they were all built alike.
- A. No. The books say, 'like father, like son', but in this case I don't think it worked, (yes, they all had the same father), as I think the range is from 9 inches down to 6.
- Q. Have they ever discussed circumcision?
- A. Not with me, but I've heard them between themselves. It seemed just curiosity, they didn't know much about it, it's so uncommon now. I wouldn't have objected if one of them had wanted it. After all, it's up to him to be the way he wants.
- Q. What was your attitude to masturbation?
- A. I knew they all did it. I never said anything as it might have embarrassed them. I used to find their books, read them, and put them back. Nowadays, the two youngest sons are away most of the time, but the eldest is around,

and we talk quite frankly with each other about all aspects of sex.

- Q. You've had other relationships since your divorce. How have you found them?
- A. Mixed. There'll always be men who just want a quick leg over, which isn't my cup of tea. I can now indulge my tastes, so now I want a man who has a nice foreskin, and likes soft touching as part of a long foreplay (my husband didn't like touching). Present company is fine.
- Q. You like foreskins. Have you ever suffered bad smells or deposits under any foreskins?
- A. Just once. I ran. A dirty person in one way is a dirty person in others. A dirty circumcised person has to be found out in another way, I suppose.
- Q. Last question for the record. Did you find any difference in the tightness of your vagina before and after having four children?
- A. Yes. There was much less feeling afterwards due to slackness. Then funnily enough, after my hysterectomy it all tightened up again.

If any readers have any other questions, I'm sure I can get the answers.

David Acorn

The Opposite View

Two brief items which might be of interest to Acornists. One is a typically whimsical item from *The Guardian's* diary column. The other is from *Health and Efficiency*. Mrs. B. Moore's lucidly expressed and quite understandable preference (it's my own 49 year old lady's too) made me question something.

Is anything known about women's age and preference for/against circumcision? Do women in their forties and fifties, whose partners/brothers etc. are more likely to have been circumcised, have different views to women in their teens and twenties, whose experience of 'the snip' is likely to be much more limited.

Anon - Derby

[The above interview is one. Let's have some more. — D.A.]

The Guardian - June 12, 1991

Sand in anything is a nuisance, but sand in your pants is something else. The Royal Army Medical Corps enjoyed a swift trade in circumcisions during the Gulf War. Operation Desert Storm caused troops to complain of

inflammation of the important parts, on account of having half the desert down their trousers. Any urologist will tell you that this can lead to the infection balanitis. The quick snip cure is nothing new. It was used during the second world war when the Desert Rats came under the knife to protect themselves from the ravages of the evil grain. It is a little known fact that German troops also adopted circumcision as a preventative measure, but Rommel was less inclined to shout about it.

H & E Vol. 92 No 6.

I can never understand why circumcision causes so much controversy. As a woman I have always felt that circumcision is a sensible thing to do.

The foreskin serves no useful purpose and should be removed, preferably at an early age. The circumcised penis is easier to keep clean and therefore more hygienic; this is important to me personally. My husband is circumcised, for which I am thankful.

I also think that the penis is more attractive to look at when the glans is permanently revealed by circumcision. It is neater and, frankly, more sexy that way. Men who feel 'incomplete' because they are circumcised should stop worrying and go on a nudist holiday.

There are plenty of nice women who appreciate a well-circumcised penis. I met my husband on a nudist holiday and the fact that he was circumcised was one of the things which attracted me from the outset.

Mrs. B Moore, Avon

Before And After

I am responding to several points raised by both yourself and other contributors in the last issue of *Acorn*.

I am 40 years old and was circumcised two years ago under a local anaesthetic at the Surgical Advisory Service in London, and, like C.P. of Wiltshire, I could not fault the reception or treatment I received. The operation was carried out entirely without pain or embarrassment, and I have had no regrets or misgivings since.

I disagree with Phillip Stewart of Oxford's anti-circumcision comments for the simple reason that it is impossible to generalise. Every penis is different, and what may suit one man, or woman, will not suit another. However, as one who has experienced both states, I can say without hesitation that my sex life has been improved since the operation. Not only has my glans become more enlarged than before, freed from the restrictions of a rolled-back, hair-trapping foreskin when erect, but I now also enjoy a much deeper sensation during foreplay, and a greater satisfaction after ejaculation, which I previously did not know existed.

It is often said by pro-foreskin writers that circumcision desensitizes the glans and restricts masturbation. On the contrary, several months after the operation my glans became smooth and silky, making it much easier to stroke without the need for lubrication. The pleasure too of being able to feel the rim of the glans during foreplay, creating a very different and protracted orgasm, has to be experienced to be fully appreciated.

As far as I am concerned my foreskin was an appendage inherited from a distant ancestor who went around naked and vulnerable, and valuing its protection against the rigours of rough living. In these modern times I no longer need this natural sheath, and personally I am delighted to be rid of it.

Like the majority of other men who have been cut in later life my only regret is that I waited so long.

Unlike you, David Acorn, I would advocate routine male circumcision on the grounds that no matter how good a job the surgeon does with the adult member, the end result is never as good as that performed when young.

Finally, what about *Acorn* producing ties and small lapel badges with the acorn motif for its members? Who knows what interesting conversations might spring up from them!

J.C.S.T. – Argyll

The Necessary Operation

I would like to offer some advice to any readers who suffer from unretractable foreskins (phimosis). I am sure you will have heard it before, but the message is – don't delay – get yourself circumcised now. I endured my phimosis for twenty years before having the op., and because of the delay results are less than perfect.

My problems began at about the age of 11, when my foreskin, which had previously been fully retractable, became progressively tighter, until I was unable to uncover even the tip of my glans. A tight, inflexible collar of skin seemed to have formed around the opening of the prepuce, just in front of the glans. At first I was not too worried about this. I had not yet discovered masturbation and I did not know much about sex, so I did not realise the importance of being able to expose the glans. And in any case I knew that some of my schoolfriends were unable to pull their skins back, without any apparent problems.

Later in my teenage years I began to realise the loss of pleasure I would suffer during sex if my knob remained covered, and by then I had learnt that the cure for the condition was circumcision. However, I was too embarrassed to tell anyone about it, and, dreading it being discovered at a medical, I started making attempts to stretch the opening. One method was to insert the end of a pair of long-nosed pliers under the foreskin and opening them out. The

skin would hardly stretch at all, and the attempts usually caused minor tears in the skin, which meant that I would have to leave off the treatment until the soreness went down. Even when I managed to stretch the skin a little it would tighten up again if it was left for only a few days. What I didn't realise at the time was that, when the tears in the skin healed, scar tissue formed which made the skin even less flexible than before.

These efforts at retraction continued on and off during my twenties without any success, and I began to accept the fact that I would never see my glans again. I even wrote to *Forum* Adviser asking if there was any means of stretching the skin, but their answer was no – the only option was to face the dreaded knife. I was still reluctant to submit to circumcision, due to a combination of fear, uncertainty as to whether it would really be an improvement, and the persistent faint hope that I might one day succeed in my efforts at retraction. I never suffered from any discomfort during erections, nor did I suffer from any infections.

Two factors eventually made me decide to undergo the relieving cut. First was joining *Acorn* and reading the accounts of readers who had taken the plunge and had been delighted with the results. Second was the fact that the opening in my foreskin seemed to be 'migrating' upwards, and was no longer in line with the slit in my glans. The skin had become so hard and inflexible that it would not move or stretch, and when urinating it was extremely difficult to avoid spraying in all directions.

I made the decision to be cut last year, and had it done by The Surgical Advisory Service in January of this year. The surgeon was quite horrified at the state of my penis, although he said that he had seen worse. After twenty years of being tightly pressed together, the glans and prepuce had more or less fused together in some places, especially around the rim and the frenulum, and he had great difficulty in separating them. He eventually managed, but had to remove all the inner foreskin as it was so badly damaged. The shaft skin then had to be attached directly to the rim of the glans, which has resulted in a rather unusual final appearance, especially on the underside where the shaft skin seems to merge into the glans gradually with no trace of the frenulum, and not even a 'dip' where it should be. Also the areas of the glans where the foreskin had adhered are still redder than the remainder of the glans, six months after the operation.

Even though the outcome has not been as I had wished in terms of appearance, I do not regret having had the op. My penis still functions perfectly of course, and it really was a great joy to be able to pee with a nice neat jet. I must add though that, like some of your correspondents, I have found masturbation less pleasurable without a foreskin, even though it wasn't retractable. It is nice to have the semen squirting out, though, instead of just oozing out of my foreskin.

Although there have been accounts in *Acorn* from readers who have

successfully managed to free a previously unretractable foreskin, I think that in my case circumcision was the only option, and I would urge any other readers who suffer from severe phimosis to get themselves cut as soon as possible. It really is just as simple and painless as everyone says, and I am sure you are only storing up trouble for later if you leave things as they are. And this is advice from someone who is basically anti-circumcision (I would dearly love to have a foreskin back, provided it wasn't tight), but who has accepted that there are situations where it is necessary.

I would be interested to hear accounts from any other readers who have suffered from phimosis, especially if they managed to overcome the problem, and finally achieved full retraction.

J.A. – York

[It's great to know that we can be of positive help to one another with our contributions to our magazine. — *D.A.*]

Yearnings

I have read several of the *Acorn* magazines sent to me by a pen-friend who is a member, and now that I am a member I thought I should write and thereby make a contribution to the magazine.

I suspect my story will read much the same as everyone else's who has ever gone through the burning desire to be circumcised, and to take eventually what I consider the ultimate and inevitable step, of finally submitting to the surgeon's knife.

I suppose my awareness of cocks and their different styles first came to my knowledge at about the age of ten when at primary school. My best mate Alan and another classmate, Rodney, both had, I noticed when changing for swimming lessons, no skin covering the end of their equipment; unlike mine which was well and truly covered with ample to spare. I didn't know then that they were circumcised, but upon inquiry Alan told me that "It has always been like it!" I was immediately envious of the look of the naked helmet and spent hours trying to keep my rather long, loose and bulky foreskin permanently retracted behind the glans rim. Looking back now, I'm surprised that at the age of 10 I was not able to effect some sort of permanent retraction, but no matter what I did it would not stay back. I tried everything; elastic bands, sellotape, string and thread, all of which achieved nothing but discomfort and pain.

From then onwards my interest in circumcision took on monumental proportions. By the age of 12 I could be seen looking through books on baby care or health matters in the local library etc., and it was as a result of this research that I discovered the word circumcision, and from then on there

was no stopping me – even dictionaries were read to discover more about the whole fascinating topic.

Also at this age my Father began to supervise our bathtime (I have three brothers – all younger), and he would regularly ask, “Does that skin push back? Let me have a look”, and I would have to pull my foreskin back for inspection. I suppose he was just checking to see that the skin was retractable, and that there was no hint of phimosis or any other related problems.

On one occasion he had me and my three brothers line up naked in the bathroom, and some comment was made to my Mother, though what the comment was I never found out. But shortly after that night the village doctor called and inspected each of our cocks, and checked the degree of foreskin retraction, though I quite clearly remember he did not push the skin back to behind the corona. He seemed to study the meatus for some time, gently squeezing the glans as he did so. I wonder now, does my Father share the same curiosity for the exposed glans as I do? He himself is not circumcised, but prefers to keep the skin fully retracted all of the time.

On joining secondary school and taking part in PE and games, the necessary showers began to reveal that about one in every ten boys were circumcised. It was at this stage that I began to realise that all was obviously not quite right with me, as I was beginning to find boys a sexual turn-on, and especially so if they were circumcised or had a retracted foreskin.

As I progressed through the school and went through the year groups it was interesting to note the different rates of growth and apparent masculine development that was occurring with my mates – several of them were beginning to develop hairy stomachs, some the beginnings of chest hair, and some were beginning to acquire well-proportioned cocks. My own cock at this time was already quite a lot bigger than the others, and I was constantly referred to as “the guy whose dick’s too big”. There was one other boy who was bigger than me who took great pride in displaying it for all to see.

By the age of about 16 or so I began to explore my sexual feelings with a close friend, and we would run naked through the woods etc. He was lucky; he could pull his foreskin back and it would stay back without any help on his part as he ran around. Mine, however, would only remain back if I held it firmly in place, and I became increasingly unhappy about the fact that I was not circumcised.

An incident then occurred which spurred me on even more to have myself circumcised. Whilst on holiday, my parents bought for me a new pair of swimming trunks with a zip fly. One afternoon, in my haste to get changed into ordinary clothes, I tugged the zip down and literally ran my foreskin through it. The pain was unbearable and there was nothing I could do to relieve the situation. I called my Father who, with the aid of a pair of scissors, managed to extricate my now very sore and swollen foreskin, adding the comment as he went about the job, “You’d be far better off without this, you know”. How

true I thought, and how near I came to needing to have it done anyway at that point in time. I was quite disappointed that Dad did not take me to Colchester General Hospital to check that everything was still in proper working order – secretly hoping that it wasn't and that I'd have to be circumcised.

The *Forum* magazine was just coming to my notice by now, and whenever I was at home in the family business transport yard, I would go through the cabs of the vans in search of the magazine, which was being regularly bought by one of the drivers. It was in the magazine that I discovered that it was possible to be circumcised at any age provided that you had the money. I couldn't do what some of the members do, ie a self-circumcision.

By the age of 18 things were getting quite frustrating! I did have a girlfriend – only because my younger brother had one, and I thought it would be the done thing if I had one too – though the thought of having sex with her was not an appealing one. Whereas having sex with a circumcised guy, just the thought of it did, and still does, appeal very much. Meanwhile my foreskin had developed to an incredible size, and it was quite possible, whilst in the bath, to slip a complete tablet of bath soap into it. When in a flaccid state my foreskin would dangle a good inch and a half beyond the glans, and when erect the skin remained completely covering it. To me my foreskin was the most inconvenient and unnecessary part of me, though I do suspect that many *Acorn* readers will be appalled at my sentiments, so I do apologize. My cock had developed to a bigger than average size too, which now caused embarrassment, and was therefore kept firmly tucked inside my trousers. As a result of this reservation etc. I probably missed a great many sexual adventures; but there we are!

By the time I was 19 years old I had gathered enough conviction to set about finding out how to get a circumcision. I wrote to *Forum*, who replied very swiftly enclosing the name of Dr. R. Newell, a name familiar to many of you.

So in the May of 1974 I found myself taking the afternoon off work to visit Dr. Newell in Wimpole St., London. I wasn't too sure whether the doctor was going to circumcise me that day or not, but it turned out to be for consultation only. We had a pleasant chat and discussed the advantages of the circumcised state, though not once did he ask to see my cock, or even why I wanted the operation anyway. I can only assume that he felt such questions were irrelevant.

He gave me a prescription for anti-erection tablets, and sent me home saying he would see me in 14 days time.

I went back to him on the prescribed day and he expressed surprise that I had in fact turned up. It seemed that many people had requested him to circumcise them and then on the actual day not turned up, usually proffering some lame excuse or other.

He asked me if I had had any erections in the past week, which I hadn't, and then told me to strip from the waist down. Well, this was it, I was to become a roundhead for once and for all. I won't go into the details of the circumcision, as similar reports have been written by other people who underwent the same procedure as myself.

The operation was all over and done with in about 45 minutes, including the instructions on how to dress the wound etc.

The train journey back to Milton Keynes was one of great intrigue. For some strange reason I felt like telling everyone on the train that I'd just been circumcised; and I also found myself wondering who else on the train was like me – a roundhead.

The excitement was so great that the first stirrings of an erection began despite the pills that I'd been on for a week. The panic of burst stitches soon settled things down however, and I vowed not to think about circumcision and such thoughts until the stitches were dissolved and gone. However, one has no control over dreams, and the following few nights were disturbed by raging erections which refused to go down. I didn't dare wank through fear of ruptured blood vessels etc., so just had to divert my thoughts away. When everything had finally settled down – about 10 days in all – I had my first wank with my newly circumcised cock. The result was the most powerful, fulfilling and memorable wank that I have ever had, and was one that has never been repeated to quite the same ecstatic extent since. It was absolutely shattering and incredibly forceful too.

The sense of elation that my circumcision caused was beyond words, and still is. Why this should be so I have no idea. Can any of the readers answer it? In my opinion, my circumcision is an expert job, though I'd like verification of this. The glans is completely exposed with the shaft skin perfectly tensioned, not too tight but not too loose either. There is no bunching of redundant skin or raw patches of stretched skin sometimes referred to by readers with unsatisfactory circumcisions, and aesthetically the end result is very pleasing.

For years I have felt guilty that I should be so aroused by the subject of circumcision, and you can imagine what a relief it is to know that I am by no means the only one to have such a fetish.

Being gay, and there really is no doubt (the bisexual bit came and went years ago), has at least allowed me to indulge in my yearning for a relationship with a circumcised guy. This has happened only on a handful of occasions though, as cut guys don't seem to live in the Bucks/Beds area. Heaven knows where they all are.

With the above comments in mind could I please place the following contact ad.

Tall, slim, good-looking, professional, 36 years old, VWE, cut, gay guy seeks contact with others interested in circumcision and related topics. Beds/Bucks/Herts/Northants areas preferred.

P.H. – Milton Keynes

[P.H.'s entry, both fore and after (if you'll pardon the pun), in the penis survey appears at the end of the magazine. — D.A.]

Thoughts

I am glad that the *Forum* Society mentioned the *Acorn* group, as I feel it fulfills a worthwhile function for people like myself, where we can communicate with like-minded members and, in doing so, exchange points of view and experiences etc.

I have a very strong fetish about foreskins, they are very erotic and sexually stimulating. From a purely artistic point of view I have always found the circumcised state to be very attractive to look at and admire very much.

At both primary and secondary schools, I remember that the majority (90%) of boys had no bother in pulling back their foreskins long before sexual maturity and the start of puberty. I always indulge in cock-spotting in male changing rooms etc.; it has always been one of my favourite pastimes. I used to take a note of the number of circumcised and uncircumcised cocks, but I cannot recall ever coming across uncircumcised men with their foreskins pulled back and kept that way.

Anon – Dundee

Technique And Tradition

I would like to render a tripartite contribution on this occasion, hoping that it is not a too heavy-handed introduction. Before I start, may I wish that your editorial reign be one of measured satisfaction rather than penile servitude.

1. The Gomco Clamp

In a recent issue of *Acorn*, the Gomco clamp was most effectively described, but I would like to correct one detail. It was not invented by Dr. Hiram S. Yellen, but by Aaron Goldstein in 1934. The pioneering Yellen trials of the instrument on over 500 newborns, and his report, led to the clamp being wrongly ascribed to him, even in medical literature. His article from *The American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynaecology* in July 1935, 'Bloodless Circumcision of the Newborn,' was paired with Dr. Ernest L. Brodie's 'Office Technic of Adult Circumcision,' as promotional material by the manufacturer, Gomco.

The Gomco Catalogue places the circumcision clamp as the final item after a formidable array of pumps and aspiration units for medical, dental, surgical and maternity use. The chrome plated clamp comes in 9 sizes to accommodate glans sizes from small newborn babies to large adult, ($\frac{7}{16}$ " to $1\frac{3}{8}$ ")

Though the clamp prevents accidental damage to the infant glans during cutting, over-zealous use by an inexperienced operator could lead to excessive removal of skin, and shaft denudation. Even when correctly used on the newborn, one complication observed by Dr. John Graves of Iowa, was the tendency toward pinpoint urinary meatus. Circumcision using traditional techniques left the slit-shaped opening in the glans.

2. Non-ritual Circumcision – From Wholesale to Continuing Decline.

My graphs comparing the incidence of circumcision in the U.S.A. and U.K. up to 1980 (in the very early issues of *Acorn*), showed a U.S.A. maximum of 92% falling to 78%, and a U.K. decline from 35% to 5% over 30 years. Wherever the roundhead status has been of social significance, the non-ritual circumcising of babies has been falling off. Even in Canada, where circumcision was never a majority condition, the rate was reduced from 40% to a current 25%, well above the Mother Country's figure of less than 1% of babies non-ritually circumcised.

Against this background of general attenuation, it came as a surprise to come across figures from Australia. In that land where junior doctors had long emulated the Jewish technique by substituting the split-shield with bone-cutting forceps, the majority of newborn Australian males were clipped into conformity. Over the last decade however, the change 'down under' proved quite startling, with the circumcision rate plummeting from over 70% to a minority of 30%. Whether this rate is uniform to both the air-conditioned city environment and the outback is uncertain; I doubt if the Royal Flying Doctor Service extends to that of an airborne Mohel! Nevertheless, among the reducing number of Aboriginal people, circumcision still continues, but with the use of the white man's safety razor blade.

3. Tradition & Reform

Thank you for printing Steve Levy's sympathetic account of the dedication of Joel Shoulson, the American full-time mohel and veteran of over 2000 circumcisions. His use of the mogen clamp and cetacaine anaesthetic is enlightening when compared to the practice of the orthodox mohel in Britain, and his more humane approach akin to that of the Reform Movement. There are several differences between the approach to ritual circumcision of Orthodox and Reform Judaism, of which I propose to highlight three.

(i) In Orthodox Judaism a circumcision is 'invalid' if performed before the 8th day, or by a non-Jewish doctor, necessitating the operation of 'Drawing drops of blood of the Covenant' to correct the situation. Even where the time and operator are suitable, should the 'end' result deviate from strict criteria,

offending remnants of foreskin are excised to ensure compliance, even on the Sabbath. Further pain is inflicted should the glans be covered for more than half its height, even at one point, or the ridge of the corona is more than half covered. Where a child is properly circumcised, any fleshy overhang occurring later is subject to scrutiny of the penis during an erection. If a third of the glans is not visible the overhang is vigorously clipped back until the glans is entirely exposed. In the least favourable instance the baby would be subjected to three cutting sessions without anaesthesia.

The Reform Movement have no concept of an invalid circumcision, so the baby is spared any additional pain or ceremony. His Jewish status remains unaffected.

(ii) Most Orthodox Mohalim in Britain are not medically qualified, to the extent that only 9% were doctors in year 5737. Only qualified medical practitioners, further trained in religious and ceremonial aspects, and practising members of an appropriate synagogue are used by the Reform Movement. This qualified attention ensures greater safety, proficiency that reduces pain, and ensures parental confidence without any loss of religiosity or sense of occasion.

(iii) Up to the 17th century, all Jewish circumcisions were performed free-handed, but the split shield introduced at that time gave a degree of glans protection, but no control of bleeding. This split metal plate is still used by the Orthodox mohel today, and recently developed circumcision clamps that ensure haemostasis are strictly taboo.

Because of a more reasoned approach to changes in technique, the Reform mohel can use instruments such as the mogen clamp, thus refining a time-honoured operation in terms of speed, safety, and final appearance. (The makers of the mogen clamp claim it is possible to perform circumcision in under a minute.)

In Britain the number of Reform Mohalim is small, comprising 10 practising doctor mohalim, with 5 in training, including one lady 'mohelet', the very first to be accepted for that office. A female approach, though controversial, will be unique, innovative, and possibly lead to subtle changes in the performance or the physical result of circumcision.

All mohelim are encouraged to make video recordings of their performing the Brit Milah for the purposes of comparing techniques and training. Together with consultations with each other, and mohalim in other countries, notably U.S.A. and France, the Reform procedure will become swifter, neater, and certainly less painful than the unchanged Orthodox technique.

Anthony – Devon

Short Foreskin

I was surprised to learn in Issue 4/91 that you'd had a disappointing response to your request for members to take part in your penis survey. I sent my details in some time ago and I can only think that my letter has gone missing. Anyway, I've just measured myself again and I list my details below.

A couple of points that might be of interest: firstly, I'm one of the small minority who has a foreskin but as a teenager decided to keep it retracted; secondly, I've got an appointment to be circumcised in the Autumn.

At the age of 14 I discovered that if I pulled back my foreskin it would tend to stay back of its own accord for several hours at a time. I enjoyed the look of my uncovered glans, considering it to be very attractive, with its 'always ready for action' look. I suppose that I thought it looked rather 'rude' and it excited me and gave me great pleasure to know that inside my trousers my skin was back and my glans bare – I was always envious of men who are circumcised. Initially, the rubbing of my sensitive glans against my underwear was a great turn-on, and I had an almost permanent semi-erection. Over the years my glans has dried and toughened, and has the appearance of that of a circumcised man. I find the reduced sensitivity no problem at all. I have increased 'staying powers' and can tolerate (and indeed enjoy) direct stimulation to my glans which I would have found uncomfortable had I kept my glans soft and sensitive.

My foreskin never fully covered my glans anyway. The tip protruded even as a child. After a few months of trying to keep my foreskin retracted it would tend to stay where I put it. Mostly, though, I preferred to keep it back, and over the years it seems to have shrunk in length while the opening has become very loose, with no tendency to contract at the tip. Its normal resting place nowadays when my penis is flaccid, is wrinkled up in the sulcus behind my glans corona. It appears to prefer it there, and if I grasp it and pull it forward it seems to resist. The inner layer doesn't slip naturally over my glans any more, and to get it to fit I have to tug it by hand. This done, it covers the glans rim and little more, about $\frac{3}{10}$ in all. Very soon after letting go my foreskin slips back of its own accord – it's quite interesting to watch – until once again my glans is fully bared and the foreskin nestling in folds behind the rim. If I'm cold or anxious, and my penis is particularly shrunk, I find that it does retreat under the folds of skin to some extent. That's not to say that the foreskin comes forward in the normal sense, but it tends to cover the glans inside out. By that I mean tht the inner layer of foreskin stays wrinkled up behind the corona, while the outer skin sags down and partially covers the glans.

Because I still have all my inner foreskin, and because it spends most of the time wrinkled up, it hasn't dried up like my glans. It therefore continues to produce moisture which I dislike and wash away several times a day. The narrow band of skin at the point where the inner and outer layers meet is, in

my case, very thin, and prone to becoming sore, and even bleeding if I handle it roughly. With these things to consider, I've decided that I would like to be circumcised, and I've made an appointment with a clinic in London for a day in the Autumn.

I've enjoyed my retracted state for a number of years, and I consider it a vast improvement on keeping the foreskin forward. If any cavalier out there hasn't tried it, I heartily recommend it. It looks good and the sensations are pleasant. The time is fast approaching for me to say goodbye to my foreskin. I don't think I'll miss it. I'll write again after my operation and describe my new look, and my feelings and experience on the operating table. If anyone wants to contact me, they can do so via the normal *Acorn* channel, and any letters will be carefully read and promptly answered.

J.M. – Middx.

Penis Survey

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
6.0	7.5	6.0	7.7	U	20/10	10/10	V/L	5	6'1"	35	(P.H. (Milton
6.0	7.5	6.0	7.7	0.6	-	-	-	5	6'1"	36	(Keynes
4.2	6.1	4.3	5.0	U	0	0	V/L	6	6'4"	31	J.M.Middx

[More contributions gratefully received. — D.A.]

Hawaiian Habits

Firstly, let me say how much I enjoyed No 4/91. Samantha's letter was very good, getting her husband's penis back into shape. It reminded me of an American magazine I read about 30 years ago.

On a Hawaiian island the boys, when they reached puberty, were told by their elders to pinch the tip of their foreskins when urinating causing ballooning. This resulted in 4 things:-

1. Flushing of the inside of the foreskin.
2. Getting rid of adhesions.
3. Making the pocket of the foreskin larger.
4. Making the tip of the foreskin loose.

This, they said, prepared the boys for sex in a few years time. It was noted by visitors that all the males, even the elderly, had foreskins which covered

their glans completely. When asked about this, they were told it gave them the 'virgin look'.

Hope this has been of some interest to members.

H.J.M. – Glamorgan

ACORN

1991 Issue No 6

**Editor
David Acorn**

Contents

Editorial	D.A.	Page 2
Afterwards	R.H.	Page 3
Amah	C.D.	Page 5
Women's Points of View	J.R.	Page 7
Rites	C.L.	Page 8
We Know What You Mean, Harry	H.M.	Page 9
What's Wrong With My Willy?	T.A.	Page 9
American Women's Views	Warren	Page 10
Contact Corner		Page 16

**Newsletter Contributions,
Letters for Forwarding**

to:- DAVID ACORN

**Membership, Fees, Advice,
Personal Matters**

to:- TONY ACORN

P.O. Box 113, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AVON, BS23 2ED

© 1991 Acorn & Contributors

Printed & Published in England by Acorn

Editorial

The editorial of *Forum* magazine Vol. 24, No 10 goes as follows:-

“Just what is all the fuss about circumcision? Ever since I started work on *Forum* I have been constantly baffled by the amount of fuss made over a couple of square inches of skin. Some men are sensible enough to have joined the Forum Society’s *Acorn* group, which caters to those who want to discuss foreskins in any depth. But each morning my mailbag is still full of letters from men who want it chopped off, men who want it sewn back on, and men who want a whole issue devoted to the subject.

I’m not the only one to find the whole issue tedious. When Roger Baker was editor he became so tired with the incessant wrangling over the pros and cons that he declared a moratorium on the subject, a move I’m seriously thinking of following.

This may all sound very much against the *Forum* ethos of free and frank discussion, but circumcision is a matter that veers dangerously close to obsession in some people. Circumcision for religious reasons is one matter. It’s when otherwise rational men spend all their time thinking up excuses for why the state of their penis is preferable to the state of another man’s penis that it all becomes a little wearing. Strong claims have been made that circumcision is more hygienic, and cuts down on the transmission of STD’s. For the former it’s a simple matter of washing – and if a man doesn’t wash, do you really want to go to bed with him? As for the latter, wearing a condom has the same effect. I can never understand why one of the supposed pluses of circumcision is that it makes the head of the penis less sensitive and thus allows intercourse to last longer, when that same effect has always been seen as one of the minuses of a condom.

The sad thing is that so many men seem to be completely screwed up by whether or not they have had it done. There are frequent tales of locker-room abuse for being ‘different’, and occasional outbursts of bitter hatred towards the parent who allowed a supposed ‘mutilation’. Like women who pin their hopes of attracting a partner, or getting a better job, on a nose job or breast enlargements, some men focus all their fears and inadequacies on their penis, and long for the operation which will cure all their ills.

Extravagant claims are made that many women will only fellate a circumcised penis and scorn a partner who has not been cut. The truth is closer to an American survey which revealed that 50% of women did not know whether their partners had been circumcised or not, presumably because most of them never saw the organ in a limp state. Some women are never going to put a cock in their mouth, whether snipped or not, and arguments about hygiene, sensitivity and the like will not sway them. Personally, I don’t give a damn whether or not a man’s circumcised: it only matters to me that he knows how to use it, and that he is aware that a penis, cut or not, isn’t the sun around which the sexual universe revolves.

I'm sure I'm letting myself in for sackfuls of mail: if anyone has anything intelligent to add to the debate, instead of the usual self-obsessed ramblings, please feel free to comment. If not, can we please call a ceasefire in this protracted, unnecessary war between the cavaliers and roundheads.

Elizabeth Caldwell

I have written to Elizabeth, asking her if she would post on to us all her unwanted circumcision mail, so that we in turn can inform the writers of our existence and aims.

At the same time I am hoping that she might give us a small write-up in the 'Forefront' section of *Forum*, which is a good advertising medium.

David Acorn

Afterwards

I have been fascinated to the point of obsession by the subject of circumcision ever since, as a small boy, I noticed that all 5 sons of friends of my parents looked different (I later discovered that all were born in the U.S.A.). When I was about 8 I remember at a prep school medical not being able to pull back my foreskin, and the doctor discussing it with my father who was present. What he said I don't know but it didn't lead to my being circumcised, nor was anything said or done about easing it back at bathtime or anything like that. As I became more mature I became interested in all cut cocks at school (most boys of my generation – I'm 40 – at public schools were roundheads as I recall) to the point of jealousy and a sense of inadequacy on my part. Whilst at university I entertained the idea of being done but never had the courage. But after years of fantasising about the operation and trying to keep my rather long foreskin permanently back, I decided about 6 months ago, as it was becoming tight and hurting just at the moment when it should have felt best, to have it removed. I was very nervous and had to force myself through the door of the Surgical Advisory Service Clinic. C.P. of Wiltshire, in issue 4, was lucky if he didn't feel the needle at all – for me it was the most painful part – though obviously bearable. I wanted to, but didn't dare watch as I am rather squeamish – read a book instead – and it was all very quick and painless really. The greatest discomfort afterwards was the stitches catching on my underpants, and being woken with the pain of nightly erections. About the third night, presumably I was dreaming about the op. and my new look cock, I had a wet dream more intense than I've had before or since. I was terrified that this would tear the stitches but they were quite unmoved.

I noticed during the first tentative wank after 2 to 3 weeks, that just before orgasm, there was an incredible feeling of pins and needles in the area where the two skin layers had been cut and joined. This has now gone I am

glad to say. I would have preferred that my cock, even when flaccid, had a completely smooth shaft with the scar ring half way down, but on good advice I requested the surgeon to leave some skin. This way there is movement of the penile skin during wanking. With so many men who were circumcised as infants, when no one can know how the penis will develop, too much skin was taken and it leaves their cocks taut like a drum, especially in erection. I am left with a few small bumps and wrinkles, but these pull out and disappear when I am erect.

One thing I would recommend to those going to get themselves cut is that they have the frenulum removed. Interestingly, when I had to make a return visit to the clinic, because a small area on the underside was not healing, I asked the surgeon why he had removed the frenulum (as in the blurb given before the op. it said you had to specially request this) and he denied doing so, thinking perhaps I was going to sue him, when in fact I was very happy that he'd been so thorough. I have noticed in men obviously circumcised in adulthood a great bunch of skin around the frenulum, and this not only looks unattractive but I think must feel so, as my cock has this lovely feeling of a dip on the underside, where, before I was done, it was always tight, bulky, and painful to the touch. To my eye it had certainly been removed, for not only is there only a vestige left of what was there before, but also why was there a stitch put into my glans at the very place where the frenulum once joined it and then the gut wound round at several thicknesses back down and stitched into the shaft just where previously the bottom end of the frenulum had run into the inner skin. Maybe the surgeon had to remove my frenulum to accommodate my request to have more skin left along the shaft, or I would have been left with a sagging bulk of skin around the frenulum, which I have described above and which looks so nasty.

But what being circumcised as an adult has taught me most is that, because my cock hasn't had years of being desensitised by rubbing against clothing, as it must be in men cut as babies, the head of my dick is still soft and sensitive, and the feeling of it being stroked, sucked, rubbed or whatever, is infinitely pleasurable.

Before being done I had believed that all boys should be circumcised as babies, for, as there will always be some who have to be for medical reasons, it is better that all are done, so that none are made to feel different, deprived or whatever. But now I feel very strongly that it should be done by law when boys reach the age of 16 to 18, and certainly before marriage, so that they have greater pleasure as well as all the other benefits that the operation affords.

Another thing that I have noticed is that sometimes when I pee I have two streams – one lesser one dropping vertically – the other main stream shooting out diagonally – then before one finishes they always join. Do others cut in infancy or later experience this.

I enjoyed the piece called 'African Circumcision', but surely no adult

male can be circumcised, especially if the frenulum is cut, without bleeding profusely, unless there are stitches. Pressing the wound with leaves when a major vein is cut is surely useless.

Happily a roundhead.

R.H. – London SW8

[I would imagine R.H., that due to your newish state you tend to become sexually excited more often, causing you to lubricate at odd times. It is probably this lubrication, becoming a little blob just under the opening, that causes you to pee in two streams which join up later. I'm sure that most members have experienced this at one time or another. — D.A.]

Amah

[In the Far East, the amah (sometimes pronounced 'armah') was usually a nanny. Very often, though, she was also the major-domo, the cook, the parlourmaid, the housemaid and the laundress. A definitive history of these remarkable women, *Superior Servants: The Legendary Cantonese Amahs of the Far East*, has been written by Kenneth Gaw (published in November 1991 by Oxford University Press; 200 pages, 56 illustrations, 2 maps, 0-19-588555-4, £15).

In addition to the duties already listed, an amah could have an important influence on the upbringing of a child in her charge, as is well illustrated by the following account by one of our members:-]

As a little boy I lived in Burma. My mother died when I was an infant. My father worked away most of the time. I was looked after by an old amah, who only saw to my basic needs as far as food and clothing were concerned. In the mornings a man would come to teach me reading, writing and so on. After lunch I was free to play as I wanted, until called in by the amah.

I remember getting ill, and a new amah came. She was younger, and I liked her. I was about 9 or 10 when she came. I remember on her first day she was cross because I had wet my bed – I did every night. That evening she ran a bath for me, but didn't just let me get on with it myself: she washed me, paying particular attention to my penis, gently pulling the foreskin back and splashing it with water. It soon got hard, and she pulled the skin, saying now she knew why I wet the bed and peed so often.

Later, when I was in bed, the amah came into the room and sat near my bed. She told me to go to sleep and not pay any attention to what she would do. She poured some oil into her hand and slid it under the sheet. Her other hand gently stroked my hair and neck, all the time telling me to sleep. With the oil she began to massage my penis. I could feel her pulling and tugging it.

It was very hard and felt nice. Every now and then I felt a slight discomfort, but I was tired and it felt nice. Suddenly I felt that I needed a pee. I told the amah; she smiled and carried on. After a second or two I felt a tremor and pleasure – my first orgasm. Amah slowed down but carried on pulling and stroking; she wouldn't let me see what she was doing. A few minutes later she stopped and left the room. I slept. Later on I woke to find her there again: this time the cover was back; she was using both hands; my penis was very stiff; she was holding the foreskin back and rubbing oil into the tip.

I awoke early in the morning and crept to the loo. My cock was very red and a bit uncomfortable. I had a pee. This time the tip didn't swell up as usual and the pee came out fast. On the way back to my room the amah met me and asked if I was OK. I said yes. I didn't have any clothes on. "Let me look." She knelt down and gently pulled the skin back and declared it was better.

Each night for a week or ten days, after my bath, she would come into my room and repeat the exercise. On some nights I had two or three orgasms. She must have spent an hour each night stretching my foreskin; for all that time I was very aware of my cock; it didn't hurt but it was sensitive. The amah never let me see what she was doing, until one night she said, "There, look." She pulled the sheet back and let me see her with two fingers slip the foreskin back behind the glans rim. When she let go, it slowly rolled back up. She then told me to pull it back every time I had a wee, and when I went to bed to gently hold the skin back until I fell asleep. When she stopped coming to my room I couldn't sleep. She said she'd come. A minute later she came into my room, started to stroke my hair and squeezed my cock. I very soon had an orgasm and slept. The amah stayed with us for several months. She told me that when I couldn't sleep I should make myself come, and that as I got older there would be more of the wet stuff that beaded at the tip, and that was the way that babies were started. I'll always be grateful to her for removing what could have been the need for adolescent circumcision, and for gentle and kind instruction into the finer art of growing up.

I soon made a good friend in Burma that I was to go to school with in Singapore, and quite often I stayed with him. One night Charles and I were engaged in some horseplay after we had been sent to bed. Charles' amah came into the room and told us to get into bed. Then she did more or less the same as my amah had done, first to Charles and then to me. I was quite surprised. Later on we talked about it. Ever since Charles could remember his amah had helped him sleep in that way. What a pity that the English are so hung up about this sort of comfort: I suppose it would be deemed 'child sexual abuse'.

C.D. – Wales

Women's Points Of View

I have just read the latest *Acorn*, for which many thanks. Your appeal for contributions has touched my conscience, so I am making time to write – I think for the third time.

I very much enjoyed Samantha's contribution, and it made me think about the attitudes of women I have known towards foreskins and circumcision. I grew up with a long loose foreskin, having been subjected to several painful stretching sessions by the family G.P., and, having been to boarding school where about 80% were circumcised, I had developed a keen interest in the subject.

When I met my ex-wife, she had a friend who used to insist that all her boyfriends had been circumcised. This gave us a basis for interest, and for 5 years we struggled with my foreskin, which used to stay motionless in her vagina whilst my penis slid in and out of it. Eventually I was circumcised and both of us were delighted with the improvement. When our son was born she was insistent that he be circumcised, and of course in 1966 she had quite a row in the hospital to get it done.

Since she left I have had several partners. The first was fairly keen on circumcision and used to enjoy examining my scar. She had a small nephew who had a very short foreskin which eventually rolled itself back permanently.

The second was particularly interested in foreskins because she had left her husband, and part of the reason turned out to be that he had a totally unretractable foreskin, so much so that he found it painful to attempt intercourse. Quite why he didn't go and have himself circumcised I never found out, but as I subsequently heard that he had remarried to an American lady I think that maybe he eventually did.

The third didn't really mind whether her men had foreskins or not – it eventually turned out that her husband was as keen on retaining his foreskin (which he did) as I was on getting rid of mine. She had a ten-year-old son when I met her, and it turned out that she had never been able to retract his foreskin at all. Her husband had told her to leave it alone and it would eventually sort itself out. I suggested that she really ought to take him to the doctor, so she had one more try at retracting his foreskin, but couldn't even expose the tip of his glans. The doctor took one look at him and declared that it was a clear case for circumcision, which he had at the age of 11. She used to tell me that it was quite neatly done except for a fair bunch of skin around the frenulum, but she and he were very pleased to have had it done.

The current lady in my life is a nurse, so when I met her I thought she would know more about the subject than I did. No Way! All the previous men in her life, and there had been several, all had foreskins, but I have a feeling that she never pulled their foreskins back. However, I am educating her.

Finally, I don't think you have ever mentioned the short film *Dick*, which was shown at last year's Edinburgh Festival, and consists of shots of hundreds of varied penises, with and without foreskins, including one with a large ring through the foreskin. It is available on video from:-

Island Visual Arts, P.O. Box 1477, London. W6 9ND.

J.R. - Diss

Rites

Firstly I must congratulate you on continuing the excellent work with the *Acorn* newsletter.

I am uncut, but regularly fantasize about having my foreskin removed. I intend to put these down on paper in the near future so that you can use them in the newsletter if you think fit.

I enclose a review from the *Weekend Telegraph* of a book called *Rites: A Childhood in Guatemala*, by Victor Perera, which you might find of interest.

C.L. - Penrith

'The book is an account of a family of Sephardic Jews in exile, as seen through the eyes of a child, and deals mainly with the unimaginable poverty of the people. Included in this is the author's personal problems. The first being that, back in Jerusalem, perhaps to save on rabbinical costs, he had been circumcised by a Gentile doctor. Now, six years later, a troubled family conscience demanded a repetition of the operation in proper ritual fashion, and a Rabbi newly arrived from Turkey called in with the clippers.

Anaesthetics were out of order, and the Rabbi, humpbacked, virtually a dwarf, and with a hooked nose from which "wiry hairs radiated like an insect's antennae", leaned over him whispering unintelligible comfort in 15th. century Spanish. "The rest was howls, astonishing pain, and the bitter sinking knowledge that I would never again be whole." The experience damaged Victor's sexual development, and, as a result, he was 17 before he could achieve an erection.

It was a predicament that severely harmed his prestige in a boyhood environment in which one of his Guatemalan schoolchums could be initiated into sex by his aunt by way of an 11th birthday present. Shortly afterwards, he was stripped by his playmates in search of the tail which Jews were supposed to possess, the organ so brutally ravaged by the Rabbi's clippers being loudly derided. He struggled through to social acceptance and his share in the misery of the poor. He eventually married a Hindu girl (a religiously foreskinned people).'

We Know What You Mean, Harry

Your plea for contributions goes not unheeded. Another addition to the 'What's yours called' list that you kindly published in Issue 2, 1991.

Some of my schoolfellows referred to willie as 'gonga' or 'gonger' (as in longer gonger), the g being hard. No pun intended.

As the penis survey shows, I am circumcised and now 76. Over the years the skin of the penis stem has stretched, and I can now pull it forward and push the glans into it. This forms a very short stubby prick covered by skin as though a cavalier: something I have long desired.

After reading the information on piercing in Issue 4, I'm wondering whether my slack skin could be pierced and held forward over the glans at will. The difficulty as I see it would be that the holes would be in skin lining the stem. Any ideas, anyone please?

There is enough slack on my flaccid penis to protrude some $\frac{1}{2}$ " (doubled) over the top of the glans, and this overhang can be pinned with wooden clothes pegs or pulled through a $\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter metal ring to hold the cavalier look against an erection. In fact, I often wear it ringed for several hours at a time both naked at home or when outdoors dressed.

Harry M. – Colchester

What's Wrong With My Willy? by Ray Hamble

The author writes the medical advice column in *Him* magazine, and in the past has written similar columns for a series of other gay men's magazines. Medically qualified and in his late 50's, he has spent most of his career in the administrative side of the medical profession. This book is the fruit of his long journalistic experience. He uses a selection of letters he has received to lead into his, sometimes quite full, comments and advice. He comes over as tolerant, wise, and willing to smile with his correspondents at some of the oddities of a wide range of male sexual behaviour. But he is also quick with a well explained warning where an activity is dangerous, especially if it is illegal or likely to encourage the spread of infection.

The first chapter, headed 'Wankers World', includes letters and comments on earliest orgasms, wanking ways and woes. A 'Cockerama' chapter, with several items about foreskins and circumcision is of special interest to *Acorn* members. While giving a sympathetic hearing to both pro-foreskin and pro-circumcision perspectives, his sympathies are with the latter. This chapter also covers size (bigger and smaller than average – again he prefers the latter) and the problems of having a bent cock (if severe, this can be cured surgically).

Another chapter deals with problems in homosexual relationships. This is one of the strongest in the book, with sensible advice to correspondents

facing various dilemmas. Many of these could arise in any kind of sexual relationship, but are posed with extra acuteness for gay men because of the legal and social prejudices they face. The advice is often to opt for the lesser evil, or to meet trouble half-way. But some dilemmas cannot be resolved, or conflicting loyalties makes a choice essential: then Ray helps to clarify the options.

There is a chapter which begins “We all have our funny little ways” – some of them funny ha-ha and some of them funny-very-peculiar. This one is guaranteed to include “something old something new” to any reader. Cock piercing is covered quite fully. There is advice to avoid truly dangerous bondage situations, and to seek broadly based relationships rather than indulge introverted narcissism. Other fetishes also covered include hirsutism, depilation, cockstraps and transvestism, plus the comparative virtues of boxer shorts and briefs. Another chapter continues the fetish and fantasy theme, but points out the need for safe limits, and encourages readers not to allow a fantasy to become more important than reality. There is also a cautious, realistic and sensible chapter on AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases, which draws on the author’s experience of running the AIDS advisory service in a large British city.

The title of the book gives a narrower impression of the contents than turns out to be the case. Gay readers will find that it has much to tell them which relates directly to their condition, but the book is a mine of information both sensible and bizarre, and it holds much to interest straight readers too. The book is available from GMP Publishers Ltd., P.O. Box 247, London N17 9QR, £5.95 plus £1.50 p & p (any number of copies); or from Gay Times Book Service, 283, Camden High St., London, NW1 7BX, allowing 65p per copy for UK p & p, £1.20 overseas.

T.A.

American Women’s Views

Congratulations on the fine job you are doing. Tony did such a fine job that I am sure it is no easy task to follow in his footsteps. I have a complete set starting from Issue A and enjoy going back over them. Old issues of *Acorn* are never out of date.

I have seen requests for the woman’s viewpoint on circumcision, so I am enclosing a few clippings from American magazines expressing women’s views on the subject. It would seem that in countries where circumcision is the norm, women prefer a circumcised penis. They think it looks sexier, is cleaner, safer and more stimulating in coitus. In countries where circumcision is practised more infrequently, women either don’t care, or prefer the uncircumcised penis. They like playing with the foreskin.

Warren – U.S.A.

[Thanks very much Warren, for your kind remarks. I have to say here that most of these letters are forcefully written, with opinions given as facts (eg. Men with foreskins don't enjoy sex as much as circumcised men), sweeping statements (eg. It is difficult enough to persuade a male of any age to wash properly, therefore all foreskins are filthy), and an ignorance of history (eg. circumcision is the modern look).

Since the beginning of *Acorn* I have made a point of asking the right people, ladies in particular (see the last issue), about the incidence of dirty and smelly foreskins. Most of them wonder what I am talking about. Well, I'd never heard of them before *Acorn* either. I would imagine that men who don't wash, don't get sex. Also if it was the case, with almost all men under 40 being intact, there would be such an outcry in the women's and medical magazines that circumcisions would be an NHS priority, with governments falling on the issue. You can guess that I own a sweet smelling foreskin, and that this is a topic that I do get incensed about, as it gives me an undeserved bad name in our circles.

The bigotry is not by any means confined to the pro-circumcisionists. Nevertheless, read on, and make of them what you will. — D.A.]

It Looks Nicer

My husband is circumcised and I wouldn't have married him if he wasn't. My two boys are too, as I made sure of that when they were born. All of my friends had their babies circumcised. In our crowd, when we meet any new friend who's pregnant, we make sure they hear our side and have their babies circumcised, if it's a boy.

We think it looks nicer, that's all.

We know that the main reason isn't medical, but for looks, because it's sexier to be cut. I can often tell when a man or boy has been circumcised, because I can see the rim of the head through the clothing, especially if he's wearing a bathing suit. This turns me on. With tight pants in style, many men show off their manhood this way, and this gives us a lot to watch, especially around the swimming pool. Unless the man's wearing loose trunks we can always tell if he's got the modern look.

The reason that it looks nicer is that there's a fat head and thick rim, sticking out proudly, instead of hidden under a tight shroud. It's nice to see a man's most sensitive part permanently exposed.

When we take showers together, I always soap up my husband's penis, rubbing him until he comes. He likes it, and so do I, because there's not any extra skin to get in the way. I also taught my boys to wash themselves carefully, and sometimes I see them soaping themselves there when they take showers. I don't say anything because they enjoy it. I told them why I had them circumcised, and they're very happy about it, especially as they don't want to be different from other boys or their father.

I think it's best to do it when born, because it hurts, and sometimes bleeds for a while. The boy doesn't remember though, and when he grows older he only remembers the pleasure of super sex.

What Nurses Think

As nurses, we may be able to offer well-balanced views on this topic, based on our experience on the wards, and also the more intimate moments with our boyfriends.

First it must be said that the majority of smart, well-groomed men show a complete disregard for hygiene where the penis is concerned.

This is only noticeable when the man or boy is uncircumcised, and obviously many are unaware that the sticky secretions beneath the foreskin are foul-smelling and objectionable. When a man complains that his girl or wife will not take his penis into her mouth, he should perhaps take a minute to examine his penis with his foreskin drawn right back, and judge for himself whether he has the right to expect his partner to suck him.

We consider that a man with a long intact foreskin has an advantage when he is being masturbated. It is a pleasure to roll the skin back and ease it forward again and watch the shiny blue tip emerge in all its glory and disappear again, especially so if he has a slightly tight foreskin, and it has to stretch a little to allow the knob to be uncovered.

It is surprising the number of males, not all boys or teenagers by any means, who have difficulty in retracting their foreskin behind the tip without considerable pain. No girl should enter into any sex-play until she has completely uncovered the glans and satisfied herself that it is clean and healthy underneath and behind the knob.

We have found that a penis without a foreskin is more satisfying inside the vagina. This may be due to the greater friction caused when the loose skin slides back and forth over the tip. It is noticeable that when a penis is circumcised the glans grows larger, being unrestricted by a sleeve of skin.

Opinion generally is divided on whether a penis looks prettier with its tapering foreskin or without. Either looks attractive to most girls, but I believe many of us love to see the tip with the skin cut well back to show it off all the time. Two of my friends agree with me, but the other believes that it is better looking with a long tapering foreskin gathered in front of the tip.

To summarise: we cannot agree on aesthetic qualities. We consider the long foreskin superior for masturbating and fondling. We agree that only the most fastidious of uncircumcised men are a joy to suck – the circumcised cock really comes into favour where fellatio is concerned, and we know most females agree on this point.

On balance, we are convinced that a man is cleaner, healthier and sexier without a foreskin.

I Am All For Circumcision

I am all for circumcision. Some men say that before they were circumcised they were far more sensitive and reached orgasm faster; but most of them are happier after the operation. It is pretty painful for adults, and in most countries nowadays it is automatically performed right after birth. [Well, I never!! — *Ed.*]. Today the vogue for circumcision is based on hygienic reasons. It almost certainly prevents cancer of the penis, and cancer of the cervix is rare among wives of men who were circumcised at birth.

As for lovemaking, the taste and smell of leftover urine, sperm and perspiration behind the foreskin can be a complete turn-off for any woman who might consider going down on her husband. If a man is not circumcised he should keep as clean as possible. In particular, pull the skin back and wash the head of the penis thoroughly.

Women's Ignorance About Circumcision

I never cease to be astonished by the incredible ignorance of the American women – and men – about the subject of circumcision. Having had a liberal upbringing in Denmark, an American education, and travelled extensively during my 10 years of swinging marriage to an American Air Force officer, I have encountered no less than 300 penises during my life – about half of which were uncircumcised. I feel more than qualified to enlighten your readers on some of the most common misconceptions concerning uncircumcised males.

I first became aware of how naive American women were about circumcision during my freshman year at an American university. My roommate and I were dating the same guy, and I made the comment to her that I “dug Ron the most because he was uncircumcised like my Danish boyfriends back home.” There ensued a heated argument because my roommate insisted that Ron was circumcised. It seems that she had only seen his penis in the erect state, when the foreskin was quite naturally retracted, and assumed that, because the head of his penis was exposed, he must be circumcised.

It's not surprising, in a country where more than 90% of all males are circumcised shortly after birth, that such naiveté exists. Since the explanations usually offered by magazine editors to such questions only further mystify the inquirer, I'd like to share my observations as a way to clarify the matter once and for all.

First of all, all normal uncircumcised penises have a foreskin that is capable of being completely retracted. While length and tautness of foreskin varies widely among males, the overwhelming majority fall within a narrow mean. Since my uncircumcised husband falls well within this mean, I will use his penis to illustrate what I am talking about.

When comfortably flaccid, his foreskin covers all but the tip of his glans penis. Only during extreme cold or physical exertion does the foreskin cover his penis entirely. During various stages of semi-erection, his foreskin covers

anywhere from three-quarters of the head to just the corona of the glans. During normal full erection, the head is completely exposed, with the foreskin gathered in loose folds behind the rim of the glans. During extreme erection, the foreskin is stretched back so tautly that there are no folds of skin at all. So much for the natural positioning of the foreskin. When my husband manually retracts his foreskin (in the flaccid state), it will normally remain retracted – unless he sits down, or jumps into the swimming pool (water has strange effects on the penis, I've noticed) – and look as though circumcised.

I find it a crime that so many American males are mutilated by circumcision. True, from an aesthetic point of view the completely exposed head of the penis is a work of art, but, as I have already pointed out, the uncircumcised male can achieve the same look by merely retracting his foreskin.

At the same time the uncircumcised penis has a 'cuteness' and personality of its own, and has much more potential in foreplay than the relatively inflexible circumcised penis. The head retains a smooth satiny texture and an extreme sensitivity to touch throughout one's life. Another little known fact is that the leading one inch or so of foreskin, which is the part removed in circumcision, is richly endowed with erectile tissue, which responds to oral and manual stimulation in the same way as a female nipple.

The most common argument for circumcision is cleanliness, but it doesn't take much to keep a penis clean. Ironically, the hormonal secretions that create smegma, when fresh, are the source of the deliciously musky, salty penis taste that many women adore. Circumcised penises are virtually tasteless and nowhere near as much fun to suck.

Adult circumcisions that I have seen, very seldom seem satisfactory, often leaving an ugly scar that is neither pleasing to the eye nor the tongue.

An Exposed Glans Is Pornographic

First let me say that I consider the human body beautiful. There is nothing pornographic about the male or female body shown 'au naturel', provided that the body is indeed natural, or as nature made it.

But I disagree with your reader in the last issue who finds the circumcised penis very attractive to view. I consider the exposed glans of a circumcised adult male repulsive and pornographic. It is like showing a man with an erection. Both excite feelings that are proper only in a marriage relationship.

When Michelangelo carved his famous sculpture of the Biblical David, he modestly added a foreskin to cover David's bare circumcised glans. Other artists have used the fig leaf. We would do well to follow their example.

Problem Page

My problem is that I can't have sexual relations with an uncircumcised man. I have never heard of this problem before, but my doctor seemed familiar with it.

Three years ago I got venereal warts. The doctor said I probably got them from an uncircumcised man, and, since I had been with one a month before, that seemed logical. All the men I slept with for the next two years were circumcised. It wasn't until 8 months ago that I had any trouble again, when I met the guy I'm still seeing. At first I didn't even realise he was uncircumcised as he was always very clean and his foreskin was usually retracted. After about 3 weeks however, I got a terrible itch in my genital region. It didn't feel like an infection, just irritation, and seemed to get worse the day after I was with my boyfriend.

I talked with the doctor and he said that many uncircumcised men have a virus which they carry naturally. This virus can be irritating to a woman's tissues, particularly if she is fair skinned like myself. Condoms seem to alleviate the problem, but I went on the pill simply because I don't like condoms.

If I ever saw an argument for guys being circumcised, I think this is it. It is really embarrassing for me to have to ask a guy if he is circumcised before we get intimate, but then that's better than itching to death. Obviously I could never marry someone who was uncircumcised.

I presume the viruses elude soap and water. Have you ever heard of this before?

Answer

There is no scientific evidence for your belief that uncircumcised men have more viruses than do circumcised men. Nor is there any scientific support that you contracted a wart producing virus because you had relations with a man who was uncircumcised.

It is believed that uncircumcised men have cancer of the penis more often than do the circumcised. However, not all data support this hypothesis. Cancer of the penis is certainly not limited to men with foreskins; cases are reported in circumcised men as well. It should be stated also, that this is a rare cancer anyway.

Incidentally, the possibility of a virus being removed with soap and water is remote. Viruses tend to live within cells. They pass from cell to cell and would therefore be unaffected by washing.

Millions of women marry uncircumcised men and are not adversely affected. In fact, the majority of the world population is uncircumcised, and the problems you complain of are not common. This in itself is an indication that the fact that your symptoms followed experiences with uncircumcised men may be an unusual coincidence. For this reason I don't think it very wise to determine in advance that you would not marry an uncircumcised man.

There is a possibility that you might be allergic to the secretions found under the foreskin, but the study of allergies is still in its infancy. There's also the possibility that your problem with uncircumcised men has an emotional

basis. If so, it can be dealt with. If your problem is sufficiently severe in this regard, and if the man you were involved with felt it would help your relationship, he might be willing to undergo a circumcision for your sake.

Contact Corner

Circumcision Video Now Available

Have you ever wondered what happens when a Jewish baby is circumcised? Send for details with S.A.E. included to:-

Barry Griffiths 582A, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, London, N22 5BY

* * * *

Male, 33, thinning, circumcised, is very interested in making contacts with other *Acorn* members who are aged between 18 and 30, who are circumcised or who are seriously contemplating the operation. I can travel anywhere in the U.K. My hobbies are music, photography, and anything to do with the penis and circumcision. A frank letter with a photograph ensures a reply.

R.M. - London E17

* * * *

I would like to share with other males and females my fetish of the lack of foreskin.

I am Neil, 46, working in London. My ladyfriend, Elaine, 43, lives near Chesterfield, Derbyshire. Both of us are clean, discreet, reliable, down to earth, mixing well in any company. Both have a sense of humour, and enjoy the company of likeminded genuine sexually experienced people who also value fun and friendship.

N.L. - London NW10

[If you wish to write to any contributor of the newsletter, please send the letter, enclosed, to our box number, giving the initial and town of the contributor. — D.A.]

ACORN

1991 Issue No 7

**Editor
David Acorn**

Contents

Editorial	D.A.	Page 2
Arabian Rites	I.J.	Page 2
Pornographic!!	C.P.	Page 9
Bath Times	R.L.	Page 9
Carracula Baths at Baden Baden	T.A.	Page 11
Ecstasy	H.J.M.	Page 12
Hang-ups	Ms P.H.	Page 12
Young Naturists	H.J.	Page 14
Excerpts from Books	J.H.	Page 16
Christmas Greetings	T.A. & D.A.	Page 19

**Newsletter Contributions,
Letters for Forwarding**

to:- DAVID ACORN

**Membership, Fees, Advice,
Personal Matters**

to:- TONY ACORN

P.O. Box 113, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, AVON, BS23 2ED

© 1991 Acorn & Contributors

Printed & Published in England by Acorn

Editorial

From now on the address to write to will always be at the bottom of the front page, so that you won't have to look up a back copy each time you feverishly pick up a pen and send me a letter.

In this newsletter you will find two leaflets. The first is to tell you that it's subscription time again. The subscription remains the same for the second year running, and I'm sure that next year's issues will be as interesting as in the past. The second leaflet is the final exhortation to send in your vital statistics. As I said before, this is a chance to go down in posterity, quite anonymously. The two leaflets should fit snugly in one envelope.

All the issues this year have been bigger than in previous years and we hope to keep this up. This issue is bigger still, forming two issues to make up for the gap in the summer when it was found impossible to get one out.

It doesn't seem a year since I first started my stint with you. I've really enjoyed it and hope to keep on in the same way. If you have any suggestions with regard to the format please let us know.

David Acorn

Arabian Rites

Having seen a copy of your newsletter which was sent to me from England, I thought that I would drop you a line concerning my thoughts and experiences of circumcision.

From the age of five I lived in Qatar, so consequently I grew up in close proximity to a number of Arab children. One of our neighbouring families, who spoke excellent English, had two boys with whom I was particularly friendly. Ahmed, who was my age, and Ali, who was two years older.

We used to go swimming at the beach quite regularly, and it was on one of these trips that I noticed that Ali's willy looked different to mine or Ahmed's. When I got home that evening I asked my father about it. He explained to me about circumcisions and how all little Arab boys had to have this small operation done at a special ceremony "because they believed in it."

A few months later my father came to have a talk with me as I was getting ready for bed, in the course of which he asked me if I would like to be circumcised. I said I wasn't sure. However, when he told me that Ahmed was to be 'done', and that I could be 'done' at the same time, my mind was made up. (Some years later my parents told me that they had been concerned about my tight foreskin for some time and the opportunity was too good to be missed).

The following morning I dashed round to see Ahmed to let him know

that I was going to be going through the same ceremony with him. We were both wildly excited.

The following Friday evening Ahmed's parents gave a big party at their house, the circumcision itself being scheduled for the following day. Ahmed and I had on our best clothes and were the stars of the evening, being spoilt by all the guests who gave us money and sweets.

Late in the evening Ahmed and I were packed off to bed (I was to sleep in his room so that the grownups could carry on with the party). As we undressed for bed Ali came in and started to talk to us. He asked us if we were scared, to which of course we said not. "It does hurt, you know", he said, but Ahmed and I were not bothered, we were too excited. I did however ask to take a close look at Ali's willy to know exactly what I was letting myself in for. He obligingly took off his shorts and let me handle his willy. It was the first time that I had had a really close look at a circumcised penis, and I ran my finger along the smooth line which ran around the shaft about halfway down, and examined his permanently exposed knob. Ali's little penis stiffened as I tried to move the skin backwards and forwards on the shaft. Ali asked to look at my willy which I willingly let him do. He pulled back my foreskin gently but he could not expose the tip to make my penis look like his as my foreskin was too tight. He then pulled my foreskin forwards holding the tip of my long soft tassel of skin between his thumb and forefinger. He said, "They will do this to you tomorrow, and then they will make the cut, so you will be like me." I could not wait. Both Ahmed and I slept fitfully that night, our curiosity and excitement keeping us talking half the night.

We were woken early and told to take a thorough bath. We scrubbed together in the same tub of water, slightly too cold for comfort, Ahmed's mother saying that this was to make us ready. After our baths we got dressed in a pair of white dis-das gowns which had been given to us the evening before.

When we came downstairs the grownups were already gathered in the yard of the house, where a trestle table had been placed covered with a sheet. Ahmed's father made a brief speech and then called me forward – as guest it seemed that I was to be first.

I was helped onto the table and my white gown was pulled up to my waist exposing my all to the watching crowd. My arms and legs were held gently but securely by a couple of the guests. A man whom I'd never seen before bent over me and said, "Don't worry, I will do it quickly." The man then gently started to examine my willy, pulling my long thin foreskin backwards and forwards until I was stiff. By lifting my head I could watch everything. Once I had erected, the operator took a thin metal probe which he ran inside my foreskin. I felt the cold metal move around past my glans, a sensation that excited me even more, and sent tingling sensations all over my body. Surprisingly I did not feel in the slightest bit scared, or even embarrassed that my privates were on display to all. My father, standing beside me, smiled and said, "Look at

me.” As he said this I felt the operator pull hard on my foreskin, followed by a crushing sensation. I looked down and saw a wooden clamp a bit like a thin wooden clothes peg being placed on my foreskin. My father said, “No, look up at me,” but I could not bring myself to take my eyes off what was being done to my body. The operator pulled hard with his left hand on the very tip of my tassel of foreskin, now stretched out a good inch and a half beyond the wooden clamp which he was pushing on with his right hand. It started to hurt a lot and I remember crying out. Suddenly I was aware of a quick movement by my privates, and I felt a warm glowing sensation in my willy. The painful pulling feeling vanished and was replaced by a sharp stinging sensation. I looked down again and saw the acorn shaped tip of my glans for the first time ever. The operator gently pushed back the remains of the thin inner skin, which did not hurt at all, and then wrapped the shaft of my penis in a gauze bandage, leaving my freshly-exposed moist, purple-coloured glans protruding for all to see. It was over. I was helped down from the table and my gown was replaced.

My place was taken by Ahmed, who received the same treatment. I could not see what was going on, however, as I was led away by my father. He took me up to Ahmed’s room and got me onto my bed of the night before. In minutes, Ahmed was brought up by his father and put onto his bed.

Well-wishers came and told us how brave we had been, and were brought drinks. After everybody had gone except our parents and Ali, our gowns were pulled up again and the bandages checked. My bandages had a little blood on them but obviously not enough to cause concern. I could see that Ahmed’s penis was bandaged just like mine with the tip free from the bandage.

Both of us were then left to rest, which we did, the lack of sleep the previous night catching up with us.

I spent the next couple of days convalescing at Ahmed’s house, as our parents thought that we would like to be together. On the third morning after the ceremony we were both taken for a bath and the bandages were removed by Ahmed’s mother as we soaked. I remember being a little frightened by the appearance of my willy, which looked bruised and battered with a scab running round it like a ring. However, Ahmed’s looked just like it so I stopped worrying.

Over the next couple of days we rapidly returned to our normal energetic little selves, running around and generally causing mayhem. I think that Ahmed’s parents were quite glad to see me go back to my house after that.

Over the next couple of weeks both our wounds healed rapidly so that all that was left was a smooth red ring around the shaft (we compared our wounds as frequently as we could). Both our knobs changed from being shiny purple acorns, very sensitive to the touch, to being pinker and less sensitive.

Neither of us had any loose skin at all, the scar being halfway down the

shaft with the glans rim being completely free from overhanging tissue. During our comparisons we would both often get erections, which made us even more proud of our new status. I am still proud of my circumcision, which I consider to be very neatly done. I also remember the day of my circumcision with pleasure, and not as having been an ordeal; evidence that circumcision in childhood does not necessarily damage the psyche.

When I was ten years old I was sent back to England to go to boarding school. The school was an all-boys school in an old country house in Yorkshire, pupils being accommodated five to a bedroom rather than in large dormitories. I quickly made friends with the other four boys in my room, who all knew each other from prep school. David, who had the next bed to mine was particularly friendly and welcoming, and I sensed that we would become good chums.

The first evening at bedtime we all undressed very shy of the fact that we were exposing our bodies in front of others, but at the same time sneaking little glances at everyone else. Up to that time all of my friends had been circumcised like myself, but my rapid inspection of my room-mates that evening revealed that all of them were in possession of foreskins. The fact that I was different from them did not escape their attentions either, although nobody passed comment; we were all too shy. Whilst in Qatar I was proud of my circumcision because I was one of the gang, but all of a sudden I felt different.

The following evening we were told that we all had to take a bath before bed, and to my surprise and horror it turned out that we had to share tubs in one large room fitted with several large baths. This was to be the moment of reckoning. We all undressed and climbed into the tubs and I felt that everyone's eyes were on me. I tried to ignore the stares but my embarrassment was plain for all to see. No-one said anything until we were back in our room and preparing ourselves for bed; then Richard, the most outspoken of my room-mates said, "I hope you don't mind me asking, but what happened to your dick?" I coloured bright red, and then mustering my courage to overcome my embarrassment, told my friends about circumcision. They all eagerly asked questions and seemed shocked when I told them how the operation had been done. "Didn't it hurt," asked John. "No," I replied, "not at the time, and only a little bit afterwards." My friends seemed impressed which made me feel much better about being different.

Richard asked to look at my willy, to which I replied, "Yes, if I can look at yours." I sat on my bed and pulled my pyjama trousers down, exposing what had become the centre of attention. Richard looked closely and then felt my penis with his fingers, running his fingertips around the smooth scar which encircled my shaft. The others I could see were no less interested than Richard. Being the centre made my penis stiffen to erection, making my permanently exposed little knob stand proudly out from my groin.

"Let's have a look at yours then", and pulled Richard's pyjamas down for him. Richard's penis was already firmly erect as I uncovered it, and his

short foreskin had withdrawn just enough to expose the tip of his glans. I examined his penis and, to my surprise, discovered that his foreskin could be pulled back to expose his purple knob. I expressed surprise, and said, "I didn't know you could do that", which made all the others laugh. Richard said, "Come on you lot, let Ian have a look at yours as well, then." John and Paul enthusiastically exposed their willies for examination, as did David, who had been rather quiet throughout. John and Paul both had penises like Richard's, with short thin, easily retractable foreskins, which both of them pulled back exposing their moist shiny little knobs. David's penis by comparison was completely different, much smaller than any of the others, and endowed with a long tapering tassel of foreskin, which even in his erect state protruded a good quarter of an inch beyond the end of his knob, the outline of which could be clearly seen underneath his thin pale foreskin.

David, obviously embarrassed, said, "Mine won't pull back, and I have got to be circumcised like Ian. I went to the hospital last week and they are going to do it for me." As he said this we heard the steps of the duty master coming up the stairs to turn off the lights, so we all quickly jumped under the covers and made like nothing had happened.

After the lights went out and the master had gone, I leant across to David and said, "Don't worry about it, you'll be ever so pleased after it's done." I had forgotten completely about being different.

That evening was the start of a process which saw the five of us become very close friends. David and I became particularly close, and he frequently quizzed me about circumcision, obviously very nervous about what lay ahead for him.

On the first day after the Xmas holiday, David came up to me, and in a half whisper, said "I have had it done. It isn't too bad, is it." That evening at bedtime, with obvious pride, he exposed his restyled willy as he was getting undressed for bed. I said, "Now there's two of us then", which got everyone else's attention. We all gathered round David who happily let us examine the surgeon's handiwork.

David's circumcision was quite different to mine, his scar being right behind his small acorn shaped knob, with very little of the pink inner skin remaining. As the others looked at his willy he grinned happily at me, obviously happy to be circumcised.

P.S. Out of my class of twenty boys aged 11 in 1970, eight were circumcised. One boy had what I now know to be a Jewish type of circumcision, with a very tight result on top, and a small bunch of inner foreskin remaining by the frenulum. Three boys had loosely trimmed foreskins, which covered the glans rim, and three boys (including David) had tight results with no loose skin, and with the scar close to the glans rim. I was the only possessor of an Arab type circumcision.

Having told you about my circumcision and of my school experiences, I thought that I would complete the tale by writing about the circumcision of my children.

After I left university, I obtained a job in Dubai. Whilst there I met and married an American lady, and a year later became the father of twin boys. There was no doubt in either of our minds that they should be circumcised, my being happy with my own, and Jackie, being American, had only ever seen circumcised boys. What we were not keen on, however, was the prospect of our boys being circumcised just after birth in the maternity hospital, the results that we had seen on some of our friends' children being far from neat, with ragged collars of inner foreskin remaining around the glans (out here most little boys are circumcised within the first couple of days of life, Muslim and non-Muslim alike).

I asked the advice of one of my Muslim colleagues at work, who recommended me to a traditional Arab barber surgeon in the next Emirate. So when the boys were about 6 months old we arranged an appointment to see Ekrem the barber to have the boys 'done'.

Ekrem turned out to be a delightful chap, Turkish in origin. He agreed to operate on the boys there and then, delighted that an English father should wish his boys to have a Muslim circumcision.

I undressed the boys and lifted them onto the padded couch which was in the room. Ekrem said that he wished me to hold Paul for the operation, whilst Jackie looked after Thomas. We laid Paul flat on the couch with me at the foot end, holding my son's legs apart at an angle of about 33 degrees.

Ekrem prepared his instruments and then washed Paul's groin with a disinfectant solution. He then took Paul's little willy gently between the finger and thumb of one hand and massaged it until it became erect. He then took a thin metal probe and inserted it under the foreskin, sweeping it from side to side to separate the skin from the underlying glans. Having done this he made a little scratch with his thumbnail at the point where the edge of the glans could be seen through the thin underlying foreskin. Next he gripped the tip of the foreskin with the finger and thumb of his left hand and pulled upwards, stretching the mobile skin to its full extent. Paul let out a whimper at this stage, which turned to a cry as Ekrem placed a clamp on the foreskin. The clamp was a thin metal disc with a V-shaped notch cut into it, into which the foreskin was slid. Using his right hand to slide the clamp down the foreskin so that the glans remained protected, he pulled as firmly as possible on the protruding tassel of skin with his left hand. Having placed the clamp in position, he took a razor in his right hand, and with a quick movement cut the foreskin along the upper face of the metal disc. The clamp fell away and the cut outer shaft skin flicked back to a point about halfway down Paul's still erect penis. Ekrem pushed back the delicate layer of inner skin from the shiny plum-coloured glans so that it met the cut edge of the shaft skin, and

then applied a paraffin gauze dressing which he covered with a lint bandage. There was only the smallest amount of blood spilt which was quickly soaked up by the lint. Paul's cries were quickly comforted by a cuddle before Thomas was dealt with in exactly the same way.

After a cup of tea we paid Ekrem the princely sum of 20 dirhams (two pounds) for his services and took the boys home. Both boys slept for most of the ride home, following which they acted as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. Following Ekrem's instructions we left the bandages for two days before soaking them off in the bath. When they came off, healing was already starting to take place, although they both had slightly bruised shafts. After about two weeks the final scabs fell away leaving a clean smooth result. Both boys had an identical result with no loose skin remaining. The red coloured scar which lay almost exactly halfway down the shaft of their penises rapidly turned into a thin white line, separating the slightly darker skin of the shaft from the paler remains of the inner foreskin.

They are now six years of age and we have had discussions with them about circumcision. They are both happy that they have been done as most (about 75% by their account) of their friends at school are circumcised too.

Since our experience we have referred several other parents to Ekrem, all of whom have been equally happy with his handiwork. I am firmly convinced that the Arab circumcision is by far the neatest. Done expertly in childhood, it leaves a smooth scar with no loose skin, even when flaccid. The glans is permanently bare and is clean and dry. On erection the glans becomes well defined, with its rim standing proud from the tight skin of the shaft, a situation which leads to delightful sensations on intercourse. The only disadvantage of the tight Muslim circumcision is that there is no loose skin on the shaft for masturbation. However, I get around this by stimulating my glans rim with my index finger and thumb in a ring. Ideally I think that the operation should be done in the first year of life, although if delayed until later in childhood it is quite tolerable even without an anaesthetic.

Have any of your readers had experience of traditional Muslim style circumcisions in Britain?

I.J. – Dubai

[Thanks, Ian, for a very educational lucid account. It's nice to know that we are read around the world. — D.A.]

Pornographic!!

I was quite interested to read in *Acorn* 6/91 the small article entitled 'An Exposed Glans is Pornographic'.

I must say that the writer obviously doesn't know the true definition of the word 'pornographic', which is, 'Explicit presentation of sexual activity in literature and films'. I can only assume that she must have been watching a circumcised penis being waved around in a provocative manner for someone to film.

Well, whatever turns you on, so be it. I'm sure that most of us who are circumcised do not find that looking at our glans is in any way sexually stimulating. Also an erection is surely a healthy normal occurrence.

I have been a naturist now for many years and have never yet seen any male in public with an erection. At the various clubs there are many circumcised men and boys around with many naked women, and the effect is quite normal.

I personally am very proud of the fact that I am circumcised, and it has improved my penis to quite an extent. In my case circumcision was necessary and to know that my ladyfriend is not so likely to get cervical cancer is quite satisfying. I had trouble for many years with my foreskin and therefore had to have it removed, exactly the same as an appendix or any other part of the body if it is causing discomfort. Keeping the body natural doesn't mean letting it run wild, but keeping it in trim; clean and tidy. If this means circumcision in some cases, then I can hardly see that this can be called pornography. In my book it is just healthy good sense.

C.P. – Wiltshire

[Well, I did say at the time that there were some very odd views in those letters. — *D.A.*]

Bath Times

I was brought up in the historical city of Bath, and in the fifties, at the age of 15, I and my school chum Terry joined an archaeological working party to sort out the famous hot Roman Baths which had been neglected since before the war. One glorious summer's afternoon, Terry and I were working clearing rubble under the supervision of a lady archaeologist, a thinnish scholarly lady in her thirties, called Rosemary. We continued working at our task until long after everyone else had gone, until eventually Rosemary called a halt. We were all hot, sweaty and dusty, and Rosemary suggested we all take a dip in the warm bath to clean up. It seemed a fabulous idea, but as I pointed out, neither of us had a swimsuit. "So what?" said Rosemary, and told us that lots of them had previously gone skinny-dipping. "Anyway," she said, "I'm going in

even if you're not", and before our delighted gaze she stripped off and jumped straight in the pool whilst Terry and I sat there aghast. "For heaven's sake," she said, "what are you afraid of? Come on in and stop being silly." Terry and I looked at each other, quickly undressed, and sheepishly dived in, modestly covering our genitals with our hands.

The sensation of the hot water was so delightful that we instantly forgot our embarrassment and revelled in this new experience. After twenty minutes or so of hilarity, Rosemary got out of the pool and stood at the edge watching us, nonchalantly combing her hair, and incidentally giving us our first clear view of her wiry but shapely body. I had never before seen an adult woman naked, and was excited beyond description to see in the clear light her prominent mons with a sort of pubic crewcut, so that the deep incision of her sexual slot was clearly visible. She laughed. "Come on," she said, "you've had your treat. Now let's see what you've got to offer." By this time I had jacked up a fabulous hard-on, but, realising there was no escape, brazened it out, and, emerging, stood there in front of her drying myself furiously with my erection wobbling about, to Rosemary's enormous amusement. Terry in the meantime also got out, quickly dried himself, and we all got dressed and went.

Next weekend we went to continue our rubble clearing, once again staying late, but this time Terry had to go early, which left only Rosemary and I. This time when Rosemary suggested a swim I didn't hesitate, and once more we enjoyed a romp in the hot steaming water, before emerging to stand on the smooth stones at the pool's edge. Once again I got a hard-on I could have cracked a safe with, at the unrestricted view of Rosemary's fleshy, tightly compressed vulva. She looked at my prong curiously and then, to my embarrassment, asked me how I'd managed to avoid the rite of circumcision. A majority of the males of our peer group were circumcised in those days, including Terry, and she had noticed the difference immediately. There then occurred an event which was the most exciting I had till then experienced; or for that matter, till now if I'm honest. She reached out and grabbing the sprig of excess foreskin quivering about on the end of my erection, started rolling it between her thumb and forefinger. "As a classicist I approve," she said, "you would have gone down well with the Romans. They admired a good long foreskin, and the Roman matrons used to have their slaves' foreskins stretched to a considerable length. Look at this." She then produced from her bag a small statuette of a placentarius or tray-bearing slave she had unearthed. It was a beautifully sculpted naked man with a beard and a large phallus which terminated in a narrow foreskin extending nearly a third of its total length, and belling out to a blunderbuss-like opening at the end. Then, continuing her fondling of the loose tip of my skin, she told me how the Greeks and Romans, besides venerating a long foreskin, had no time for circumcision, which they associated with the Jews, who were a despised nation even in those days. "Your friend Terry would not have been well received", she said, and told me about the rude epigram written by a Roman poet, in which a lady was pilloried when her slave, who was attending her in a bath, probably very

similar to the one we were beside, lost his penile sheath and was seen by all her friends to be circumcised.

It was considered a terrible disgrace for a Roman woman of breeding to consort with a circumcised man, and the unfortunate woman could look forward to universal condemnation.

Rosemary continued, "The boot's on the other foot these days. Most educated men are circumcised, and a lot of girls are worried about hygiene and therefore prefer the men that way." This was not good news as far as I was concerned, and Rosemary must have noticed it in my face. She laughed. "Don't worry," she said, "as long as you keep this clean the girls will find you irresistible. Let's check." With that she stretched my foreskin back over my shaft so as to expose the dark shiny plum. She examined it closely, expressed herself satisfied, and rehooded my willy. She giggled. "Have you started wanking yet?" she asked. "No", I lied. Whereupon she told me I could console myself with the knowledge that a willy with a foreskin was much nicer to wank than one without, and, swearing me to secrecy, proceeded to rub my skin to and fro fast over the underlying knob until, with a moan, my knees sagged, and a stream of sperm shot into the steaming bath.

There were many future occasions when Rosemary, Terry and I went skinny-dipping in the baths thereafter, but unfortunately there was no repetition of Rosemary's handling of my prick, since she refused to do any such thing whilst Terry was there.

I didn't forget Rosemary's little lecture, and for a time was a bit concerned about my uncircumcised state. But as she predicted, I had no trouble at all. I'm curious to know if I have missed anything by not being circumcised, but on balance I think I am better off as I am. I've nothing against circumcision though, but I reckon it's best to let people make their own decision on such a personal matter.

R.L. – Barnett

The Carracula Therme At Baden Baden

Baden Baden at the northern end of the Black Forest in West Germany has been a spa town since Roman times, and a highly fashionable resort for a century or more. The Carracula baths are a modern construction which provides for people to 'take the waters' in luxurious surroundings. The feature of these waters is their temperature, a naturally occurring 28 degrees C. There are some children among the clientele, but, because of their therapeutic emphasis, the baths mainly attract older bathers.

Changing arrangements are in beautifully clean individual cubicles, so the main opportunities for cock-spotting are in the showers and, best of all, the sauna; in both, a nudity rule applies. Visiting there in August 1991, the

most interesting observation was that, instead of the expectation that almost all users would be cavaliers, the contrary was the case; most of the men seen were bare-glansed. Indeed, of about twenty, only two had foreskins in evidence, and both these were loose ones reaching just as far as the glans tip.

Most of the men seen were aged 40-60, and most of their cocks were shortish and flaccid. One micro-short cock raised some smiles behind the owner's back. It was impossible, in the circumstances, to tell whether the men with bare glans were circumcised, or simply kept their foreskins retracted: the latter presumably.

There were two men there with their sons aged 10 or 11. A bearded Frenchman in his 40's was well-hung and well-circumcised. His son's cock was short and circumcised, with the small glans nestling in a thick collar of shaft skin which still left most of the glans exposed. The other pair were German-speaking. The father's average endowment showed little hint of foreskin. The son's cock was above average for a pre-pubertal lad, and had been clearly and neatly circumcised in Islamic style, with a clear band of old inner foreskin covering about one-third the length of the shaft.

Tony Acorn

Ecstasy

I would like to congratulate you as you come up to your first year as editor. You have given us a fair and balanced view of the letters you get. I enjoyed the letter from C.D. – Wales on the 'Amah'. The many advantages of having a foreskin are too numerous to mention in this letter, but one of importance I find are the nerve endings in the lips. When these are mashed together over the tip, they give the owner complete ecstasy. Foreskins are fun.

H.J.M. – Glamorgan

[Thank you for your kind words. — D.A.]

Hang-Ups

As a working class girl brought up in South London, the word circumcision meant nothing to me. My brothers and father were uncircumcised and so were all my male schoolfriends. To me a foreskin was a favourite plaything for little boys and big girls, but otherwise had no significance.

How wrong I was! In later life I was to discover that the foreskin is the seat for untold fears for so many men, and the source of much superstition concerning class and religion.

After training as a nurse and learning that circumcision was a rare treatment for penile malfunctions, but once had been quite widely practised in

this country, I then joined the medical staff of an oil company, and during my many postings, mostly overseas, I was in heavy demand socially as one of the few presentable girls around. As a result I had the pick of all the handsomest men, and discovered in myself a talent for the enjoyment of sex which was much greater than was perhaps good for me. I must have had well over 20 sexual partners during my fabulous 10 years with the oil company. The trouble is, the handsomest are not often the best, and I found myself knocking on thirty without having met anyone I'd want to marry.

I then met Mike, an engineer with a large neighbouring company, who was different from my normal run of boyfriends, being only average in height, appearance and conversation. But I soon found out that I'd far more in common with him on a deeper plane, and I fell in love – this guy was definitely wedding fodder. He was also different in another way from my previous boyfriends inasmuch as he was circumcised. I'd only had one previous circumcised boyfriend, who was Jewish, and totally unselfconscious about the odd (to me) appearance of his cock. Poor Mike on the other hand had the most ferocious hang-up about it, and used to really curse his father for having him 'done' against his mother's wishes. I did my best to tell him not to worry, since I was more than happy with him as he was, but this only made it worse. Sexually he was a considerate and highly competent lover: he would bring me slowly to a peak of excitement with his fingers and penis, and when I was absolutely frantic he would take me over the top, usually with his tongue, and used to marvel at the power of my response. But I usually had to finish him off manually since he could not, or would not, come inside me. Then, when the contentment had worn off, he would start. He'd insist on quizzing me about my attitude to his 'mutilated cock', not believing me when I assured him that it meant nothing to me at all. He hit rock bottom in despair and depression when, in questioning me about my sex life, I revealed that all my previous boyfriends except one had been intact, being certain that I'd make detrimental comparisons, and not being mollified in the least when I reassured him that he more than made up for his altered penis with his imaginative and inspired lovemaking.

Occasionally we would have a chap in for relief of phimosis or balanitis, and Mike would want to know all about the treatment, including all the gory detail of circumcision when it was necessary, since I would have to nurse the guy afterwards. Trying to make a joke of it, I told him about the time I'd once asked the doctor if a fellow with a long foreskin needed circumcising. The doctor had replied that there was no such thing as a too long foreskin; the longer it was the better. I suppose it was a bit tactless but it really put him down. He wanted to know if any of my previous boyfriends had had tight foreskins (they hadn't), and wasn't I put off by lack of personal hygiene (never encountered any).

I got so concerned about Mike's hang-up that I asked my boss, the camp M.O. about circumcision and its effects. He said that Mike was suffering from

a neurosis which was fairly common among men who were circumcised in infancy, although usually less severe. It was one reason why the op was ceased in this country. He suggested that Mike needed psychiatric help, but doubted whether he would ever be completely free of his neurosis.

So with deepest regrets on both sides I gave him up, kissed him farewell, and returned to U.K. to start a new life. The last thing that he said to me through his tears was, "When you have kids, Pat, don't even think about having them circumcised, will you." He was preaching to the converted.

However, that is not all of the story. Firstly, I don't think that all circumcised men feel as bad about it as Mike did – my Jewish friend for example couldn't have cared less and was quite proud of his circumcised cock. Likewise I've since met men who had had it done as adults and most claimed that their love life had gained as a result. But this is to be expected if the foreskin was removed to relieve a malfunction.

As far as appearance is concerned, I marginally prefer the more familiar smooth look of a longish foreskin, but it would be entirely wrong to give this slight preference too much significance: a man's character and general looks are far more important than the shape of his cock.

Ms. P.H. – Herts

Young Naturists

Any of your readers who reads *Health and Efficiency* will know that circumcision is a subject of abiding interest for those who go in for communal nudity; in nearly every edition there is an article or a letter on the subject.

The thing about nudists is that, amongst the older generation, there is a defensive attitude which gives rise to a lot of hypocrisy. Because of previous condemnation and derision, they find it necessary to link nudism with puritanical concepts such as no smoking, vegetarianism, compulsory 'miniten' and laughably, a denial that there is any correlation between nudism and sex. The truth of the matter is that most nudists are driven by voyeurism and exhibitionism in equal measure, both of which are sexual in origin.

This puritanism and self-denial amongst the older generation also manifests itself in their attitude to circumcision; most of those who espouse the roundhead cause are now senior citizens, whilst younger nudists who nowadays have virtually no experience of the operation look upon it merely as an interesting oddity.

My parents were self-described 'bohemians', and were keen naturists, so I was brought up in the tradition. They too subscribed to the fads of vegetarianism etc., but when it came to circumcision they differed sharply. My father was circumcised and a keen supporter whilst my mother was fanatically pro-foreskin. Why, I can only guess. But she used to pull his leg unmercifully

about his 'sawn-off cock', and I know they had an unhappy sexual relationship. Their views were purely hypothetical as far as I was concerned since I and most of my companions were not eligible for the operation unless there was a medical need. Anyway, my mother viewed my foreskin with satisfaction, whereas my father was disappointed in his wish to have me circumcised.

Although my parents subscribed to the denial of sexuality in nudism, I and all my young friends found that whenever holiday time came around, and we changed from a clothed environment to a nude one, the initial impact was one of extreme sexual excitement. It still is. I certainly don't take the puritanical view, and readily admit that I get a terrific buzz to go on holiday, and to see attractive females with their tits and fannies on show. As a kid, I and my friends of both sexes found ourselves in a sexually charged atmosphere and took full advantage of it. The opportunities for kids to indulge in sexual games in a nudist environment are boundless, and all inhibitions disappear when you have no clothes on. The girls, if anything, were worse than the boys in taking sexual initiatives. Demure young ladies would try to get you sexually aroused by sitting in front of you with their legs splayed to display their crack, or by surreptitiously handling someone's penis. One girl used to stir us up by challenging us to a pissing contest which she always won. I and my friends were taught the noble art of wanking by an older girl who had an obsession for the male genital, and organised half a dozen of us into a wanking circle.

As far as circumcision was concerned, our interest was initially restricted to 'knob-spotting'. We would set off down the beach in different directions, making a note each time we spotted a roundhead. One of the funniest sights I remember seeing was a group of Americans on holiday in Yugoslavia. The three men were grotesquely obese and, of course, circumcised. But what caused the hilarity was the fact that they avoided sunburn by liberally daubing, not only their noses and lips with white zinc ointment, but also their bare knobs. For this reason if for no other, circumcision is not a good idea for naturists. My dad used to get very painful sunburn on his denuded glans, and precious little sympathy from my mother.

Once a circumcised boy was invited into our wanking circle and was temporarily the centre of attention. But it soon became clear that the young lady who did the honours preferred the more varied repertoire in handling uncircumcised cocks.

I've never had any urge to dispose of my foreskin, but I think I can understand the feelings of those who do. As far as I am concerned my foreskin has given me nothing but pleasure, and I thank my lucky stars that I wasn't born into the previous generation.

H.J. – London

Excerpts From Books

The following excerpts are taken from Allen Edwardes: *The Cradle of Erotica* and *The Jewel in the Lotus* – and Bruno Bettelheim: *Symbolic Wounds*. I hope they are of interest.

J.H. – Helsinki

In Arabia, masturbation 'has been almost the custom of the land'. Indeed, the first sexual trauma of the male infant, or small boy, occurs when his little penis is rubbed to erection, his foreskin forcibly retracted, drawn tightly forwards again, clamped and cut off. Parents who do not have their sons circumcised soon after birth, but who wait to possibly three to six years, make a custom of repeatedly pulling down the long prepuce, thereby denuding the glans, which the boys then do when they are old enough. Both the act of circumcision and that of preputial retraction seem to cause an intense concentration of erotic sensitivity in the penis, resulting in repeated erections and arousing the child to genital handling. Almost without exception, all Muslim and Jewish boys masturbate in one form or another from earliest infancy. During erections occurring spontaneously (without external or imagistic erotic stimulus), or due to chance of rubbing, the delicate and sensitive glans of the circumcised infant or boy is wholly denuded, and fondling produces such sensations of titillation that frequent masturbatory activity is almost inevitable.

During the circumcision ceremonies, little Arab boys awaiting their turn will allay their fear of the operation by pulling down their pants and each playing with the other's penis. Before circumcising a boy, the surgeon systematically examines his penis by retracting, manipulating or stretching the prepuce, looking for adhesions and cleaning away any smegma. To facilitate this procedure an erection is induced. Thus, since tumescence is necessary for pre-circumcisional examination, striplings do not hesitate to stimulate themselves, and one another, just before the operation.

The Muslim and Jewish methods of circumcision are essentially the same throughout North Africa and the Middle East; age is the only difference worthy of note. All Jewish males are circumcised in early infancy, within a week after birth. Many Muslim males are, also, especially if they are born in hospitals and their parents are westernized.

Among the Jews, the Mohel, or circumciser, takes the infant's penis by his thumb and forefinger, and gently rubs it several times to produce an erection; then he proceeds with the examination and operation. The Muslim Khettan, or circumciser, fingers the little child's penis until it is erect. Then he pulls the prepuce all the way down, completely exposing the glans, which he examines, and removes any sebaceous matter. There are several ways of clamping, tying or compressing the foreskin, after it is drawn tightly forward; then it is removed with an expert flick of the blade. Now comes the delicate procedure. When the clamp is removed, the integumental skin, or outer layer

of the prepuce, retracts often well far beyond the rim of the glans. The sheath of the penis is thus shortened by the removal of its forward fold, which is now a mere remnant, the so-called preputial root. The thin inner layer of foreskin, which still is partly covering the glans, is then lacerated and split on the upper side and turned back over the corona to join the thick outer skin, and form a kind of cicatricial ring, or narrow band of scar tissue, around the glans. The wound is now anointed and bandaged, healing in a week's time.

The little Muslim boy looks forward to circumcision with great anticipation, because it means that masturbation will then be more pleasurable to him. The foreskin is an interference, frequently too long and too tight, and the orgasm is hastened by its friction against the glans. This rubbing irritates, and often inflames, the delicate and sensitive corona, especially if the opening of the prepuce is very narrow, or if there are adhesions. Within two or three weeks after the operation the little fellow is masturbating regularly again, this time with his 'new' penis. The skin is now tense during erection, resisting friction of the glans, and making the manipulation more pleasantly vigorous and prolonged. All previous discomfort is replaced by continuous titillation.

Jacobus observed that in Arab circumcision 'the skin of the sheath of the penis and the mucous membrane are cut at the same level, and after the operation is completed there is absolutely no prepuce'. This is the desired result. The penis is literally strained to stiffness when erect, for the skin is stretched tight; and the entire glans, including the corona and the 'neck' of the corona, are fully exposed by the retraction. The ring of cicatrice, which is formed at the junction of the inner and outer flesh, now forming the preputial root, is the principal target of stimulation in the circumcised, necessarily taking place of the glans in the uncircumcised.

El-hhemameh (the dove) is the nickname bestowed on the penis of the Semitic Arab or Jew, which measures from three to four inches in quiescence, and from five to six inches in erection. This clever comparison becomes apparent when we note that in the circumcised penis the root of the prepuce encircles the neck of the glans like a fleshy collar, thus giving the male organ, when it retracts to the level of the scrotum, the appearance of a ring-necked dove resting upon two eggs. Baydz (eggs) or baydzetan (two eggs) are colloquial for testicles.

* * * *

Not as essential nor practical in northern climates, and amongst civilized people, the virtues of prepubescent circumcision were many in the squalid East. Accurate circumcision facilitated cleanliness, the supreme prophylactic, and in many cases stayed the individual from intemperate excesses.

But the original design of circumcision, that of blood covenant, was soon forgotten, and the motive of cleanliness was replaced by apathy or sensual gratification. "Inshallah-Te'auleh, yah Khwaudjeh," exclaimed an 18th. century Egyptian to a young French convert in Napoleon's army, "how does

it feel to have the precious hood removed? Wehhyah-en-Nebee! One cannot fully appreciate The Cut, adore the glories of El-Islam, unless he has been initiated at a later moment in life. How can an innocent boy, circumcised ere pubescence, know the full value of natural prolongation of pleasure if he has not at first endured the frustrating hypersensitivity that plagues the uncircumcised?"

Prior to circumcision, the young motahir (one who is without stain) was dressed as a girl and, in great honour, mounted upon a richly trapped donkey. Were he to be circumcised on the same day as a prince or the son of an official, his esteem would be even greater and his gifts more lavish. So disposed, he was paraded through the narrow streets, accompanied by a raucous procession of family, friends, and musicians. All the while, for protection against the evil eye, and so that harmful jinn might not enter his body and defile the consecrated ritual, he scrupulously covered his mouth, nose, ears, and all other bodily orifices with heavy shawls. The omnipresent Eye also accounted for his feminine attire.

Arriving at the establishment of the barber (mezeyyin) or physician (hhekeem), he was taken down from the donkey and borne upstairs by his male relatives. All females were barred from the hallowed ceremony. Stripped naked, he – sweating profusely – was laid upon a divan spread with white sheets; and, when ready, the surgeon came forward to amputate.

A bit of stick is used as a probe, and carried round and round between the glans and prepuce to ascertain the exact extent of the frenulum, and that no unnatural adhesions exist. The foreskin is then drawn forwards, and a pair of forceps – consisting of a couple of pieces of split bamboo, five or six inches long and a quarter of an inch thick, tied firmly at one end with string – applied from above in an oblique direction, so as to exclude about an inch and a half of the prepuce above, and three-quarters of an inch below. The forceps severely grasping it causes a good deal of pain; but this state of suffering does not continue long, since the next thing to be done is the removal, which is done by one stroke of the razor drawn directly forwards. The haemorrhage which follows is inconsiderable, and easily stopped by the application of burnt rags and ashes.

* * * *

Male reactions to circumcision

The wish to possess a circumcised penis is very different from these boys' obsessive interest in female sex characteristics and functions.

At the Orthogenic school, a ten-year-old uncircumcised boy, living with a group of boys who had been circumcised in infancy, wanted the operation very badly.

Eventually we had to arrange for circumcision due to adhesions. When told about it he was happy but anxious, as was to be expected. He spoke at great length about his fear of the pain of the operation.

But powerful as were his fears, still more impressive were, his wish for, and, after the operation, his pride in what he called his 'new penis'. As soon as the wound was healed he proudly displayed his penis to everybody, whereas before he had always tried to hide it. As soon as the bandage was taken off he declared, "I think my penis is now very handsome and elegant." With great pride he told how much better his penis functioned. Now he could fully enjoy masturbation, which previously, because of adhesions, had been partly painful. He summed up his feeling by saying, "Boy, I can do anything now." Circumcision demonstrated to him the organ's importance. The freed glans represented a newly won masculinity. Circumcision had indeed provided him with a better penis, and with sexual pleasure previously not available.

Similar observations were made by Nunberg during the analysis of an adult. The patient had experienced circumcision as a reassertion in general, and of the importance of the penis in particular. "The painful sensation around the glans after the operation drew narcissistic libido to the penis. As a consequence, the patient became more aware of his genital than before. The experience of circumcision increased penis consciousness as if it were a demonstration of the organ's importance."

If not inhibited, boys liked to show off their penises with what might be called 'phallic pride'. Competition to determine who has the biggest or best penis becomes a matter of great importance. They demonstrate a desire to know who is further ahead in development; who is more manly and less childish. Exhibiting the glans freed of the foreskin is part of such efforts to assert manliness, and in this the circumcised boy is at a definite advantage; his glans always shows, and this is often taken as a sign of greater masculinity. In this respect, too, Nunberg's observations corroborate those made on our children. He says, "By the circumcision the glans penis is freed... a new penis is born which looks like a phallus in erection with retracted foreskin."

Christmas Greetings

Finally, we, Tony Acorn and David Acorn, wish all our members a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year, with all your penises feeling just as you like them.

