

CUT/UNCUT: PRO & CON

BEING CIRCUMCISED has no effect on my sex life, except perhaps occasionally wondering how sex would "feel" with my original equipment. Foreskin has been one of my eroticisms since my teens. In high school, when first seeing it on other boys and realizing what it was, I liked it. It wasn't just a curiosity. I liked everything about it and admired and envied the very few who had it. As an adult, the fascination remains. Foreskin is attractive. I enjoy seeing it and still wish I had my own. It's rude, but I tend to stare when uncut is available to look at. I do often look at my own perfect clip-job and wonder how much skin was removed... how much overhang I'd have and how wonderful it would be to watch and feel the head appear and disappear into its own skin rather than my hand. Something's missing.

★ ★ ★

I DON'T ESPECIALLY FIND the uncut penis with a long overhang very exciting. I prefer the ones where the cockhead appears about ready to burst out of its cocoon.

★ ★ ★

I FIRST SAW uncut cock at age six—it was my eleven-year-old cousin whom I greatly admired. I didn't know why there was such a vast difference in appearance until my mother told me about the operation when I was nine. Needless to say, it caused me considerable curiosity and sexual arousal whenever I saw any uncut members, and I was greatly dismayed in junior high school when I noted that about thirty-five percent of the boys were uncut. I felt much better when I attended an Episcopal military school where only about fifteen percent were uncut, which reassured me that I was normal and in the majority. I have had sex with both cut/uncut and greatly enjoy French active/passive activities and j/o (mutual) with either. However, the fantasies behind each are totally different! I currently work out at an athletic club in San Francisco which features mainly beefy Irish-Italian types, policemen, businessmen, athletes, about ninety

percent of whom are cut—it's a wonderful museum experience after the workout in the showers.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I WOULD HAVE j/o sessions with my buddies, they liked to watch my foreskin move up and down.

★ ★ ★

I AM A MEMBER of the local Y and have joined the Health Club and I am surprised to see more uncuts than I thought the ratio was. I can say this with some authority living in a city where the black and Hispanic population is so great. In fact, some nights in the sauna, which accommodates about eight people, I have been surprised to see all eight were uncut. From what I've observed in the Y in the last two years I would say the uncuts where I am are thirty-five percent of the males.

★ ★ ★

I AM HAPPY with my present status at not being cut. It has not been an inconvenience to me or to my lovers in any way when making love. I think sometimes that the person you are with enjoys being with someone who is not like ninety percent of the rest of the guys, and they enjoy uncut cock to the fullest. When I was a child, I did not take much notice about who was or was not cut. It also didn't make much difference to me when I was in grade school. But as I entered high school and was becoming a teenager I became interested in what all my male friends looked like naked and all I could think of was how to get them into bed or at least into a public and/or private shower. Later on, as I became an adult, I began to cultivate a few homosexual relationships with some of my very closest male friends and to my surprise they were as willing as I was and were as curious about me as I was about them. Since then, my male friends have grown ever closer and I am content with my feelings about my status at being uncut in a seemingly cut world.

★ ★ ★

YOUNG BOYS WILL STARE at you longer in a locker room if you have a foreskin.

★ ★ ★

ALL MY MALE COUSINS on my father's side were cut and all the cousins on my mother's side were uncut. When I was five years old, two neighbors boys much older than myself took me into a clump of bushes and masturbated me. They exposed themselves and one was cut and one was uncut. The cut one said to the uncut one and me, "You and junior here should be cut like I am." I didn't fully realize what he meant until a later meeting when he explained to me what circumcision was.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I WAS BORN in a hospital here in Chicago in 1924, circumcision was indeed becoming popular for male infants. My mother and the doctors wanted me cut, but my father refused. He himself was not circumcised, but had a long flexible foreskin and a very large penis. The doctors stretched my foreskin and in high school it started to stay back of the glans at all times and never moved over the glans even without an erection. Several times in high school and college during physicals, the doctors would quip, "Son, why don't you let us cut that way back for you?" I grew up in a middle-class to upper-middle-class suburb of Chicago and ninety-five percent of my classmates were circumcised. The circumcised penis fascinated me as well as the surgery. Very early I developed a penis envy for the circumcised partner and sex with a circumcised buddy. In my early thirties I met a lover ten years younger than myself from Michigan and he was uncut. For some reason then it just didn't make any difference. We spent fifteen very happy years together. His foreskin slid back easily and we enjoyed a fabulous sex life together. To this date, as I work in a hospital now, I always get an erection when I watch a circumcision in progress.

★ ★ ★

I AM UNCUT, but prefer cut unless that person is extremely good looking or means a great deal to me. While growing up, I'd say of all the whites I observed eighty-five to ninety percent were cut and of all the blacks I observed about only sixty percent were cut. I have three brothers and all are cut. I was about ten years old when I really noticed it and it made me feel inferior to my brothers. Two are older and one is younger, and to this day I do not feel equal to them, especially in overall emotional security.

My father is uncut, and my uncles and cousins are all cut, as are my two sisters' husbands. I've always been self-conscious about my uncut status. I would get laughed at when we changed for gym in high school and later when I took swimming (for some unknown reason when I was in high school we took swimming in the nude, since it was an all-boys school), I even got so bad as to skip swimming and suffer the consequences rather than show myself to others. It was terrible. I found it difficult to have sexual relations because being uncut almost seemed like an embarrassment to me. I used to resent my parents because my brothers were all cut and I wasn't. I always wondered why they were and I wasn't and it made me feel somewhat apart from the family. For a time, I alienated myself from my brothers and until recently I couldn't get close to them at all. I say until recently, because now I have finally come to grips with the fact that being uncut isn't as bad as I thought it was. That happened as a result of a relationship with a guy who liked me because I was uncut, so my spirits have been lifted greatly. My uncut status really turned him on. He played with the foreskin, spread it out and slipped in his tongue, pushed it back and licked my head, doing it in a rough sort of way to make it exciting. He also sucked a mean dick. He was cut and hung. You might think this was a perfect relationship, right? No! He seemed obsessed with my uncut status and loved me mostly because I was uncut—thus the relationship died. In my dreams, my sex partners are always circumcised. If I had a son (hypothetically speaking), I would have him cut. I've seen that *most* babies still are and I wouldn't want him to go through the same feelings I did. I know boys don't ever say, but they do look at each other and I wouldn't want him to be self-conscious about it like I was. Do I feel circumcision is a valid practice? Yes. Of all my sex partners, sixty-five percent were pro-circumcision, fifteen percent were anti-circumcision, and to twenty percent it didn't matter. I find most people who are cut to be satisfied with themselves. In my own encounters, cut men are usually the first ones to undress, whatever that means in a relationship. Uncut people, unless they are an unusually large size, or their partner already knows they are uncut, tend to be somewhat cautious and unsure of themselves.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I MASTURBATE I do not move the skin back. When I get hard, it goes back on its own. I have an overly long prepuce and clean it regularly myself, but find when I go in for my regular physical, the doctor checks it and cleans it out. I do this approximately twice a year.

★ ★ ★

I AM VERY HAPPY I am not circumcised. There was a time, however, when I was not (pre-high school age). I felt I was different and not "one of the boys." I later found out that I was one of the lucky ones and now I would not have it otherwise. As for my sex life: I feel my status only enhances my sex life. The feeling I get from the foreskin slipping back and forth over the glans just doubles an already pleasant sensation. It's a feeling that can't be very well described to a guy who is circumcised. Just skinning it back to urinate can be a turn-on. I think Americans could learn something from our brothers around the world and leave a good thing well enough alone—once it's cut off, it doesn't grow back, no matter how much a guy may wish it to. (Foreskin can be grafted on the penis from skin usually taken from the buttocks, but the end result is not very pleasing or aesthetic looking, scarred.)

★ ★ ★

I REGRET THE LOSS of my foreskin. It was something of mine that was taken from me without my consent. I now prefer sex partners who are uncircumcised and wish that there was some way that my own foreskin could be surgically restored. Once I discovered at a very early age that some boys were different from me—that they had something that I lacked—I became an inventive voyeur, trying to see as many uncuts as I could.

★ ★ ★

YOU FEEL SEXY with a foreskin. Nowadays I feel that a person with a foreskin has something special—that most people don't.

★ ★ ★

I WAS BORN IN A SMALL TOWN in central New Hampshire (pop. 4,000) and have had a consuming interest in the subject of circumcision dating from a growing sexual awareness about the

time of junior high school when I observed that penises came in two varieties. Group showers were introduced to gym classes beginning in seventh grade, and that's when I began my "research." I still have the class picture with the "u's" and "c's" penciled after all the boys' names. I was fortunate to win scholarships to a New England prep school and later an Ivy League college, which enabled me to expand geographically my observations on preputial status. I was thus able to form crude generalizations on the probability of a person's having his foreskin intact. Guys from Manchester and Concord, New Hampshire, were always cut, while many from Nashua and Portsmouth were spared. Similarly, students from central and western Massachusetts had about a one in three chance of being uncircumcised, while those from Colorado and Hawaii were invariably clipped. Such pseudo-statistics were an engaging diversion, but no substitute for actually stalking attractive quarry in the showers and locker rooms. Despite eight years of keeping lists at my all-male prep school and university, my first sexual encounter would not occur until after graduation at age twenty-two. Such a waste, looking back.

* * *

MY OWN AESTHETIC and erotic preference is for the uncircumcised penis, although I certainly do not reject potential partners for being cut. I respect the ritual in Jewish and Muslim religions, but remain vigorously opposed to routine neonatal circumcision as medically unnecessary, done for profit, and painfully mutilating. Uncircumcised men enjoy certain options in sexual pleasure and I deem it undesirable to take these away from a newborn child. Should physical or psychological problems occur later in life, the individual should have his own choice to elect surgery following full information and personal experience. I'm sure you've heard all the polemics before, but this is a subject that arouses a great deal of emotion. I am uncut.

* * *

I AM VERY HAPPY being cut. I find it much more pleasurable now than before. I wasn't cut until age thirty for medical reasons. In school I always felt different than the rest of the guys and always dreaded undressing in front of others. After I had it

done in adult life, I felt more relaxed. I feel that I fit in more.

* * *

I AGREE WITH YOU FULLY about circumcision. It is a crime against Nature.

* * *

AT A VERY EARLY AGE, playing "doctor," etc., and all of the other things little kids play, I found out I was "different." I was uncut, and the only one of all of my early friends that was. Everyone else was cut. By the time I got to junior high school and saw hundreds of penises, I found only two others that were intact. When we all reached puberty (ages twelve to fourteen), during our typical circle-jerks, all of the other guys wanted to do me, as I was somewhat easier to masturbate with my foreskin. I didn't need any lotion or anything like the others. I really began to believe that "cancer" and "cleanliness" propaganda that went around in the eighth grade. I retracted my foreskin every morning in the shower (which took a grand total of one-half second), and had never even seen or smelled smegma until my friends at one of our circle jerks, after hearing about smegma in health class, wanted me not to retract my foreskin for a few days to see what it looked and smelled like. To make a long story short, I could never see why something that feels so good should be cut off, but I wanted to be like the rest of the guys. I'm very happy about my uncut status with the American Pediatrics Society's new findings, even though I'm in a vast minority in the locker rooms. I'm now very proud of my prepuce. Up until about five years ago I was ashamed of it. In fact, until about five years ago, whenever I went nude in front of others, I would always have my skin retracted so I would look "cut."

* * *

I AM EIGHT INCHES and uncut. Last summer I traveled to England for the first time. I stayed with an English fellow (a friend of a friend) whose hospitality included the pleasure of his bed. You would have enjoyed his eight-inch penis with a complete foreskin. There aren't many cuts over there, are there? Several of my "contacts" expressed surprise when seeing my "un-American" penis. My foreskin retracts completely during erection. I

am, however, able to push the skin over the corona during erection. However, the foreskin will retract instantly if not held in place.

★ ★ ★

I'M EXTREMELY HAPPY to be circumcised. I can't think of a more erotic experience in my life than the watching of my foreskin being severed. As for the effect on my sex life, I started to live when I got cut. Guys who would have never sucked my cock uncut were suddenly eager to take it skinned. As a child, I couldn't figure out why my brother and I were different from other boys—why didn't they have a covered glans? As a young teenager, I soon learned the cruelty of being uncut in a circumcised society. Both my brother and I asked to be circumcised.

★ ★ ★

MY CONSUMING INTEREST in the subject of circumcision goes back to my first day in kindergarten when I went to the urinal trough at recess and discovered to my horror that I was different from the two boys on either side of me. I had been circumcised, and they were not. Immediately, I noted that I was different. I avoided the school bathroom from then on. Even when I was to discover that I was not the only boy in town who had been clipped, I could not force myself to go to the school bathroom, and this continued through high school. When I entered the university, the emotional scar healed, and I reversed my modus operandi. From then on, you couldn't keep me *out* of the bathrooms. What this traumatic experience did was to make me intensely curious as to whether everyone I meet is or isn't circumcised. It's the knowledge I want, and it has no bearing on my preference. My high school yearbook has notations opposite every classmate, and by coincidence, exactly fifty percent were cut and fifty percent were uncut.

★ ★ ★

I SERVED AS A tour manager for a tour that began in West Berlin and then concentrated on the East European countries: East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Hungary. I might add that it was quite a novelty seeing nothing but uncut cocks for twenty-three days. I had my Spartacus Guide

with me and checked out all the baths named therein. I tend to be more of an observer than participant, but I can tell you that homosexuality is alive and well in the Communist countries. And so are uncut cocks!

★ ★ ★

I AM FIFTY-SEVEN, cut, and happy with my condition. When I was about seven years old I went to swimming class at the local YMCA. We were nude, of course, and then our instructor came to the pool. He was eighteen to twenty years old, I think, and also nude. He had the biggest penis I ever saw. He was also very good-looking, was circumcised, and really got my attention. I was enchanted and have been ever since.

★ ★ ★

MY INTEREST IN THE SUBJECT (of circumcision) began some years ago when my American-born, and therefore circumcised, cousin came to visit my family in Indonesia where I was born. I thought some horrible accident had happened to his penis (the cut being tight and a bit jagged) and he thought, never having seen a foreskin before, that my penis was malformed. At college in Massachusetts, I saw even more cut penises and discovered that circumcision was the norm in the USA.

★ ★ ★

I AM TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD and although I am now cut, I wasn't for the first eighteen years of my life. I felt as if I was the only person in the world who wasn't, and was very shy about it. I participated in lots of sports, but hated getting undressed. I am very well-built; in retrospect, I guess it was a way for me to feel "normal." When I was eighteen years old, I met a doctor while I was hitchhiking to the beach. To make a long story short, he seduced me, and he eventually circumcised me. Now I am almost a nudist. I enjoy having people look at me, and I enjoy having people sexually who are into *cut* guys. I personally do not get turned on by an uncut guy unless I have known him for a long time, and my sexual activities with him are very limited.

★ ★ ★

I WAS FIVE AND A HALF YEARS OLD when my brother was born. I

had been delivered by an older doctor, who retired shortly after my birth. When my brother was born, the family had a very young doctor, who suggested to my parents that their new child be circumcised. Within a few months my parents decided that I, too, should be circumcised. The arrangements were made, and wisely, my father and the doctor explained to me simply what was going to take place. I remember the incident, and the conversation, but I have never felt any traumatic experiences over it, even though my brother and I were in a minority state so far as our penis status was concerned. I never felt it then, nor have I since.

I am very happy with my present status. It has never affected my sex life in any way. If I had not been circumcised at the younger age, I might have chosen to have it done later.

When I started school—I was circumcised just about four months before I started first grade—I was aware that in the bathrooms I would be different from the others, and in the first and second grade, I was the only one. It never made any difference to me, nor was I teased by the others. My family then moved to a larger community, and I discovered I had some others who were circumcised in my classes. There were several Jewish families in our new community, and a few other boys whose families had been served by younger doctors. In high school, the percentage of circumcised boys seemed to increase. There was still no teasing or taunting from the uncut boys in our classes when we were in the showers. My first high-school friend, with whom I shared myself, was uncut, and he often said he wished he had been cut when he was young. When I left home to go to college, I found that the number of my classmates who were cut numbered almost as many as those who were not. In my particular fraternity we were about equally divided.

In adult life, I find that the cut percentage is higher than the uncut, many of them having experienced the cutting in the military. I did not serve in the military, so I know little of that experience. Three of my present friends have chosen to be cut after college days.

My personal reaction is that the cut penis is much more attractive than the uncut one. Many persons have referred to "butcher jobs" in circumcising. I've noticed that some doctors cut off less than some others, but I have never seen the "ragged" jobs so

often referred to. In fact, most uncut penises look more ragged than the cut ones, as well as often appearing to be less clean-looking.

P.S.: I was circumcised in the doctor's office, while my brother was done in the kitchen of our home. I remember watching while the doctor cut my brother. It was explained to me, I think perhaps in anticipation that my parents would make the decision they finally did make regarding me. The "operation" for me cost \$5.00. After my parents died, and we were cleaning out the papers accumulated over the years, I found the receipt: "I have two sons, both circumcised, and the cost for both of them was \$10.00."

* * *

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD mixed feelings about not being circumcised and I go from periods of wanting to have it done to complete anti-circumcision. Some men do not like "lace curtains," but I rarely am passive in oral sex which may be because I prefer cut for when I am orally active. Being basically greek passive, the foreskin only affects foreplay and for that the foreskin, mine and partner's, can be a turn-on.

In grade school about half the boys were cut and although we had a lot of sex play, no one seemed to notice the difference; that is, it was never discussed and each was accepted as was. Size seemed to be more important and because I matured early I was the winner in that arena, but, alas, others mature so now I am just average.

In high school, I was ashamed of my foreskin and tried to hide it. I went to a city school after grade school at a small country school. The first cock I sucked was circumcised, an older man, not a schoolmate. At that age, as now, I prefer men over thirty-five.

I guess my ass has always been the focus of interest for myself and for my male partners, so my foreskin is not important there. However, with women they find my foreskin an attraction because for many it is the first one they have ever seen, so it can be a real plus, again mostly in foreplay.

* * *

I HOPE THIS LETTER does not ramble too much, but, as I'm sure you have found out, talking and writing about this topic is a rare privilege. It is gratifying and exciting to correspond with someone who shares the same obsession.

I was born on Feb. 1, 1934, in the heart of the Depression in Montebello, California, in a "maternity home" (a converted residence, which was a very popular institution of the time). I was delivered by the reliable family doctor. I was circumcised at the insistence of my mother. Had it not been for the Depression, my grandparents would have been considered to come from the opposite sides of the tracks. My father's family were farmers/oil workers from Missouri. My mother and her younger brother were born in Los Angeles. Her parents were from Michigan and Ohio. My maternal grandfather and uncle were both circumcised. My dad's side of the family thought that circumcision was a horrible thing to do to little boys. Mother prevailed. I was the first in my line to be circumcised. I was afflicted with jaundice shortly after birth, and the doctor waited for about a month before performing the circumcision. If I had not survived the jaundice, a precious \$10.00 would have been wasted during that economic crisis.

My father (we're not emotionally close) and an older cousin were the only males in my family whose penises I had seen, until I was about ten. Both were uncut. My cousin, besides being afflicted with what I came to learn was phimosis, had a notorious aversion to bathing. In high school, circumcision followed socio-economic lines, with the poorer kids being uncut—usually greasers, Latinos, and those kids who smoked across the street at lunch hour. Thus, I came to associate circumcision with "real people," and foreskin with "crumb-bums." Isn't it amazing how black-and-white a teenager's world is?

From high school on, I chose my friends only after I knew they were circumcised. This choice was also based on what I now know was sexual attraction—again based on circumcision. Uncuts were simply not worthy. In my adult life, ironically, when I could not easily determine circumcision status, most of my successful friendships were with those men who chose me. In *every* case, these friends were uncut! I am therefore more or less neutral.

In today's jockey-shortened, don't-touch-yourself-there society,

there is a certain validity in the claims of "hygienic" adherents to the practice. As a gay male crotch-watcher, the highly visible corona of the circumcised male makes my "hobby" more rewarding. In a sexual situation, the circumcised penis is readily accessible. On the other hand, foreskin can add complications which can, at times, be fiercely erotic.

I attended a small, new high school in Newhall, California, graduating in 1951. My annual contains notations in the class pictures regarding circumcision status—although I can successfully second-guess each picture (I never forget a cock!). Here is a rundown:

Sample: 90+ %
Circumcised: about 75% (9th through 12th grades)
Blacks (6): 3 cut
Latinos (dozen or so): 1 cut.

Based on my present observations of young males, it seems to be: white Anglos, 90+%; Latinos, nearly all uncut; blacks, 60+% cut; Asians, etc., mostly uncut. Most cut youngsters think that condition's normal.

I am satisfied being circumcised. I believe that, all things being equal, a circumcision well done makes a more attractive penis to the casual observer. If things are not equal, or the observation is more than casual, foreskin can be a real turn-on. As circumcision constituted over fifty percent of my peer group while growing up, I felt normal and regular.

As a certified, respectable slut, I have sexual encounters with people of all descriptions (in the male category). Only two things can turn me off about foreskin. One is too much "raunch." The magazines call it "heady," but as too much of a good thing, ripe head cheese can be pretty gaggy. The other turn-off is phimosis, usually accompanied by the aforementioned cheese aroma. Just as I discovered in young adulthood that there were real cocks under those foreskins, I learned in my middle age that foreskin stretches readily. Phimosis is correctable by simple stretching of the too-tight opening. I honestly don't understand how any adult male could reach his mature years without ever having seen the exposed head of his cock.

I believe circumcision, if done, should be done in infancy for the best results. Adult circumcisions nearly always produce scars

that differ markedly from infant circumcisions. They look "operated on." For these reasons, I would probably favor circumcision for my hypothetical son. Generally, I have been able to move my head from an obsession for to merely an obsession about circumcision. Speculation about circumcision status dominates every meeting of a new male, or any other time I become conscious of another man (even in public places). This "obsession" leads me to constantly evaluate and categorize all these men I see. That can sometimes be a little burdensome. Something I find especially exciting, however, is when I find someone running against type: for example, a circumcised Latino, or a clean-cut, young all-American-boy type with a healthy foreskin!

Writing this letter has been gratifying. I would appreciate hearing your answers to those questions, if you can find the time.

* * *

FIRST OF ALL, I think I am one of those guys who enjoys the best of both worlds. Based on what I've observed and heard in my family, we're all cut. In my case, the cut wasn't very successful. In response, my cockhead is half-covered. My brother was cut and all the male children of my sisters have been cut. Apparently, it is something they learned from my mother. However, my father was uncut. He was an Italian immigrant and, I believe, he was born out in the fields.

* * *

I FOUND MYSELF being in "heaven" when sucking a young Asian uncut man (about eighteen) who came in my mouth. I swallowed the sweet cum, as an experience much like holy communion. That was probably my most exciting sexual encounter.

* * *

I HAVE A CLOSE FRIEND who is not cut and neither is his son (born 1963). My friend told me of the battle he had with the hospital to leave his son intact. There was great pressure from the doctors to have the boy circumcised before he left the hospital, but the parents refused. My friend was uncut, and saw no reason to have his son circumcised. There was a great deal of persuasion about the "benefits" of circumcision and the fact that

it would save "trouble later on."

* * *

I JUST RETURNED from a week in England visiting my family. I had a chance to visit my grandmother in London and my gay cousin in Leeds and spent two lovely days in the sun at my uncle's home in Torquay. Had a couple of lovely dudes while I was in Leeds. My cousin knows of my preference for circumcised meat, so he's very meticulous in choosing my partners. As only about ten to fifteen percent of British guys are cut, it does take some doing, but there are always a good supply of Jewish lads and Muslims. Some of the young Arabs are delightful, but since I am Jewish myself, I don't discuss politics when having sex—wise?

* * *

WHAT SURPRISES ME is that the porno and physique magazines have still not learned to accept the beauty of the uncut cock. I have seen layouts on guys that are uncut and for the most part they are photographed with their penises skinned back. Even Colt will advertise an uncut model, and when the set is ordered, it is a miracle to find one photo in the set showing the model displaying the penis in a natural state. Why do you suppose that is?

* * *

IRISH CATHOLICS are about eighty percent uncut. I observed that many years ago when I spent a lot of time at a city-owned male beach in Boston where the population is almost all Irish-Catholic. Cops, firemen and the general population used to frequent the place for nude bathing and handball games (all in the nude) and it was rare to see a cut penis. Unfortunately, the place closed down about ten years ago. I spent many a summer there.

* * *

THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS about a boy that turn me on: the elastic waistband of his jockey shorts riding up over the top of his jeans, the outline of a jock, bikini briefs, or jockey underwear across the tight ass of his Levi's, the aromatic scent of an eighteen-year-old, especially if he's wearing corduroy pants, and

that special place just under his sweaty damp balls that smells so fragrantly male. I love to suck on a boy's ears, and when he pulls off his gym socks, his toes. I get an instant hard-on just running my tongue all around his bellybutton, especially if it's an "outer" one like mine. If a guy isn't circumcised, I want the cock skinned back as far as possible, though if his foreskin slides back over the head, I'll nibble on it.

* * *

THE VERY WORD "circumcision" or "circumcised" gets me so fucking hard I have to jack off.

* * *

CIRCUMCISION IS NOT a valid practice, and I think it should only be done with a person's consent, not done to a helpless infant.

* * *

TO ME, a guy who is circumcised is cleaner, less susceptible to carrying and transmitting disease, and, in general, more sexually pleasing (by far). I cannot understand why there is any controversy over parents having that surgery performed on their male children.

* * *

I AM THIRTY YEARS OLD, five-foot-eleven, 145 pounds, smooth body, swimmer's build, brown hair, blue eyes, and very definitely *UNCUT*. I have a thick seven-inch dick when erect and the foreskin retracts fully behind the glans; I am about four inches when flaccid with some overhang of skin beyond the tip of the glans (approximately one-fourth inch). I am intensely fascinated by all aspects of the cut/uncut controversy. I find the thought of spending time with an uncircumcised guy—discovering the nuances of his foreskin—a real turn-on. Unfortunately, uncut guys are a pretty rare phenomenon in our society these days, so I have never had the opportunity to fondle another's foreskin in the flesh, though it's always been my lifelong ambition to do so. All the men I have ever slept with have been clipped. I have to settle for looking at pictures of uncuts in certain magazines—and even those are hard to come by.

I was born in a hospital in Boston where, I believe, circumcision was part of the standard neonatal package. Since my brothers are all circumcised, I can only assume it was an oversight at the hospital that I wasn't cut and not as a result of my parents' request. The doctor himself was Jewish, so I'm a bit surprised that the knife didn't turn quickly. As a child, I experienced some trauma related to my "difference." The boys I first glimpsed in changing rooms, at the beach, in bathrooms, etc., were all clipped clean. I did not know there was such a procedure as circumcision at this age—it was never explained to me—so I naturally assumed that I was somehow deformed because of that extra hood of skin at the end of my dick. I wish I had seen a few other uncut little boys so I wouldn't have felt so singular and alone.

In junior high I discovered the reason for the difference (i.e., circumcision), but still hadn't seen another boy with a foreskin (though I began to be on the lookout for them—a hobby I've pursued to this day). All during my times at summer camp, in high-school locker rooms and four years of college shower rooms, I never once saw another uncut guy. I began to think my condition was pretty rare and it made me really self-conscious about displaying my foreskin. During high-school showers, in fact, I took to retracting the skin in order to look like the cut boys who were all around me. I envied those guys with their clean lines of cut dick and resolved to one day be like them. I always planned to get circumcised once I became older and wouldn't have to inform my parents about my decision. What is truly amazing is that many teenage boys aren't even aware of the meaning of words like "foreskin," "circumcision," "cut," or "uncut." They seem to think that the cut cock is the only version there ever was—they don't realize that as infants something was removed.

I work out at an athletic club several times a week now, and in six years of going there, I have yet to spot even *one* uncut guy in the showers or steam room. The only other foreskin I've ever seen up close belonged to this guy on my softball team a few years ago. He was a really good-looking guy who sported an enormously thick, uncut dick with a beautifully tapered foreskin that covered the entire head with a good overhang. I think he spotted me studying his big tool and, by way of explanation,

volunteered the fact that he had born on a farm at home in North Dakota (which might have accounted for the preserved skin). He seemed somewhat apologetic for not being cut (I think he assumed I *was* with my skin retracted) and told me that he was threatened with circumcision when he was drafted in 1969 and sent to boot camp at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego. This guy was absolutely straight, however, so I couldn't push for more details or conduct any on-site close-up inspection. I heard from several other sources that the military routinely circumcises uncut recruits whenever they encounter them, and that the Marines are particularly determined to cut. Another surprising discovery I made based on shower-room observations is that routine neonatal circumcision must be a really old practice in the States. I see many older guys in their sixties and seventies who are all minus their foreskins. I had been under the impression that infant circumcision did not gain wide acceptance until after World War II.

I have often fantasized about what it would be like to be circumcised, and sometimes I've tried to simulate being cut by retracting the foreskin, but it invariably rolls forward after a few minutes if the dick remains soft. Having that exposed head constantly rubbing against briefs or jeans must be an erotic trip. As recently as four years ago (at age twenty-six), I even went to a urologist for the purpose of obtaining a circumcision. He explained the procedure, but I never went back for the actual cutting session. (He claimed it could be done in the office.) I finally decided to remain as I was and not tamper with Nature. I now regard the extra skin as a distinctive badge and don't bother to hide it.

Rumor has it that circumcision is less common among Hispanic males and boys born in Appalachia.

★ ★ ★

I AM, AS OF YESTERDAY, a horrid forty-one (still eighteen mentally), circumcised (I hang my head in shame), and was born in neither a hospital or at home. Believe it or not, I was hatched in a POW camp—the largest in this country and one of several in the state designed to house the dreaded yellow plague. During some remodeling and moving of the hospital facilities in the town, they used those in the camp, and I just happened to come

along at this time. After the camp was decommissioned after the war, the town was so embarrassed at what they (and the country) did to the innocent Japanese that they burned the entire place down and bulldozed it into oblivion. All records were lost, so I have no proof of my birth at all! I am *not* Asian, just plain average issue white male who was snipped out of sheer ignorance on my parents' part, and the greedy traditionalist attitude of the sawbones who did it to me. Fortunately for his ass, he is long dead!

My father died when I was three months old, but I suspect he was also cut. My stepbrother is, as are all my first and second cousins. I'm not sure about two of my uncles, nor my grandfather on my mother's side. I was so impressed by their size that I don't remember the status, and it was before I was concerned about circumcision that I saw them. I am absolutely livid with anger that I was mutilated without my input! I think circumcision is barbaric, insane, stupid, worthless process, totally without merit, and a crime against innocent victims. Should a boy decide he wishes this operation at a later time, when he supposedly has the mental faculties to decide issues for himself, then so be it—but to mutilate a baby's body part for no intelligent reason at all, is nothing short of theft, and assault and battery! No, I would *not* allow any son of mine to be chopped up! That would be his decision when he's old enough to know what he's doing! The sawbones who casually perform this rape should be tried and convicted of sexual mutilation and have their own little male parts removed—in court, without anesthetic, then made to feed on them in front of the TV cameras!

I'd have to say the percentages here are the same as in school—uncut is rare! In all of grade school and high school in one town, I saw only two uncut kids in the entire ten years. In two years in another town, there were probably eight to nine uncut kids. I only saw a couple in college as well. Apparently where I am in the Rocky Mountains (Casper, Wyoming), foreskin is rarer than hen's teeth! As to white/brown/black, I saw my first black cock long after college, and there was only one Hispanic in high school. The first Hispanic I made it with was uncut and proud of it! I've had sex with several uncut guys. My reaction, of course, has been very positive. The bullshit about uncut cocks being no more sensitive than cut cocks is just that—bullshit! One doesn't

have to be a medical type of scientist to know from a modicum of common sense that an organ which has been protected from birth from being callused by chafing from clothes, etc., is going to be much more sensitive than the cut head. Just looking at the bright red, moist thing would tell one it is not going to stand up under a lot of rubbing, etc. In fact, the term "oversensitive" is more the truth, and one has to be careful of uncut cocks not to overly stimulate the head.

I've talked with all my friends, both cut and uncut, about their feelings and those of their acquaintances, and there is just no contest! Some claim to be unconcerned about their status, but most guys when they really get down to it, would rather have been left alone to make their own decisions. In other words, most of the ones I know don't really worry about the issue, but would have chosen to be left whole had they been given the choice. Those who have really thought about it, or had experiences with uncut guys, *most definitely favor being left uncut!* I've only heard of one uncut guy who had a problem. He had a slight case of phimosis, but went in with the intention of just having a slit made in the skin, not a total circumcision. He had the smarts to ask around for opinions first! In talking to recent parents, however, I find that most are still ignorant of the whole thing and just go along with a greedy money-grubbing doctor, falling for all the hygienic bullshit, and have their kids cut. Sigh . . .

One uncut friend didn't get to the doctor in time and his wife told the doctor to go ahead and cut the kid, so the friend is all pissed off, of course. All in all, it's still a problem. I experienced no trauma growing up—but, of course, I was cut like all the rest. I was pre-puberty when I noticed the difference and had no reaction, as I already knew what was going on. My feelings on the subject have been very strong for years now, and are not mellowing out any. I understand that this rotten practice may be diminishing and someday be on the way out. I certainly hope so, as I am a strong advocate of privacy and individual rights. Perhaps if the custom was chopping fingers, toes, or nipples off, the outcry would be more violent. Someday—meanwhile, I'd give a lot to have my skin back!

WHEN I WAS TWELVE or thirteen years old, we started taking showers after P.E. in junior high and that was when I began a list of who was cut and who was uncut in my class. I enjoyed studying other guys' dicks and would fantasize about the guys I thought were cute. I would make it a point to find out what their dicks looked like—either in P.E. class or at the urinals. My fantasizing soon spread to my teachers, some of whom were attractive men under forty. Of course, it wasn't as easy to get to see my teachers' dicks, but every once in a while I would catch sight of one of the P.E. teachers changing their shorts. I remember three in particular: one handsome uncut blond, one uncut Italian, and one cut Italian whose dickhead was the most beautiful shade of purple. I also saw my English teacher's uncut cock one day while he was changing into his swim trunks at the municipal pool (where I also took notes as to which lifeguards were cut and uncut). I myself am cut and feel satisfied. But I have always been somehow fascinated by uncut cocks, partly, I guess, because they are different from mine. I was curious and liked to see how they "worked."

My dad was uncut, as were some of the other men who lived in our neighborhood that I managed to see. I grew up more or less thinking that older men were uncut, whereas guys my age might be either cut or uncut. I am now thirty-eight years old.

I do not care for the smell (at close range) or taste of smegma, though just a slight whiff can be erotic. I find uncut cocks more interesting *visually* and outright sexually, especially when they are soft and the foreskin hangs down over the glans. Once they get hard, I think the foreskin might get in the way during a good blowjob or fuck. But they can be fascinating to manipulate manually if the skin is real loose and retractable. I find some uncut dicks sexy and some not, and some cut dicks sexy (big bulbous heads) and some not. If a man appears sexy to me with his clothes on, I will nearly always find his penis interesting regardless of whether it's cut or uncut, large or small. Small uncut dicks are less interesting to me than small cut ones. I guess it comes down to something like this: circumcised cock and understand . . . uncircumcised cock calls for closer inspection.

I AM TWENTY-THREE years old and happily circumcised. I was cut at birth in the delivery room. I wish I could have been clipped later in life so I could have fully experienced it—but at least the job got done. I was cut by a Gomco clamp. I definitely prefer guys with cut cocks—the tighter, the higher, the better. I get into circumcision and also haircut fantasies. I have plans to have my circumcision tightened up, whenever I find someone who is really into that. I'd prefer not to use anesthesia, if I can take it that way.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE NEVER HAD a sexual encounter with a noncircumcised male. I honestly do not know if I could.