

ACORN

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**Editor
David Acorn**

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**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

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Editorial

First of all, I feel that I must apologise for the quality of the last issue, several members having sent their copy back. I obtained a new ribbon for the master, but it had gaps of no ink on it. I obtained another one which was O.K. Unfortunately, the master I sent to Tony, who does the copying and distributing, was the bad copy. Hence, that is what you received. A good copy has been sent to Tony and I am sure he will try to make amends for me. I will make sure that it never happens again.

Also, due to his rushing around, Tony omitted the statistical form in the last issue. It will be with this one, and I hope everyone will fill it in. Many thanks in advance.

If any member is contemplating being circumcised in the future by the Surgical Advisory Service, or by anyone else for that matter, and would give, and get from the circumciser, permission to have the operation made into a video, I would be much obliged. The camera is a semi-professional one and would be edited into a proper film for the edification of members.

Not so much of a mixed bag this time. I try not to include more than one contribution on the actual circumcision operation, but with a lack of general contributions I have had to succumb this issue. I know that most people feel that what they have to say, or have experienced, would be of no interest to others, but as you know from what you read, this isn't really true. Everyone must have something to say about the following mostly negative statements:-

1. Masturbation can only be achieved with a fantasy.
2. Masturbation fantasies lose their potency after a time.
3. How can one keep erection retention as one ages.
4. It is common during penetration for the penis to go flaccid. Removing it and masturbating for a short time restores the erection. Masturbation is therefore more sexually potent than intercourse.
5. There is a fine line between using a cockring tight enough to sustain an erection and doing yourself damage.
6. Rings through foreskins and frenulums are not erotic.
7. Everyone should shave their genitals.
8. Prostatitis finishes your sex life.
9. It is always the right testicle which hangs lowest.
10. Women always prefer the very well endowed.
11. It is impossible to have an orgasm in sex with a foreskin that cannot be retracted.
12. It is impossible to masturbate properly when circumcised.

I have heard nearly all these statements in my time. How about some replies to them?

I have a copy of the film *Dick*, which is obtainable by order from any video retailer (Smith's, etc) for, I believe, about £6. It is only about a quarter of an hour long and shows nothing except fast, still shots of penises (about a thousand in all). The soundtrack is of a lot of women making comments and answering questions about their opinions on penises. I think all of the penises are American, only a minority having foreskins, although there looks to be quite a few more with foreskins pulled back. What is amazing are the number of different types of circumcisions, some of which appear to have mutilated the poor owners. There are also, of course, a huge variety of different natural shapes and sizes.

David Acorn

Circumcision In Islamic Society

The edition of *Schofield's Europe* on November 14th 1991 took this travelogue programme to Turkey. Its disc-jockey presenter visited a 'hamam' or Turkish bath-house, and we saw him (decently wrapped in a bath-cloth) having an extensive and vigorous massage. He also took viewers to the 'Sunnet Serai', the circumcision palace in Istanbul. Boys were brought along by their families, dressed in their best: suit, white shirt, and many of them with paper hats or other decorations symbolic of the future career which their parents hoped they would follow. The Sunnetci (circumciser) had taken great trouble to create a party atmosphere. A very well-known and revered individual, he has a large statue erected to him at the entrance. Inside, tables were laden with food and drink for the accompanying families. There was a specially designed circular revolving settee with places for about eight boys. The operator had his own chair, and turned the settee until the next boy was in front of him. The boy's trousers were pulled down to his knees, he pulled up his shirt, and watched while he was circumcised. There were clowns to chant songs and blessing, and to distract the boys' attention. In the old days their job was to make sure that the volume was loud enough to cover any cry that a boy might make. A local anaesthetic was used, and the operation was done by laser. Mostly it was the mothers who showed the greatest anxiety. The first boy shown was quite looking forward to it, and only grimaced slightly as the cut was made. The second was quite tearful, and an assistant held his arms to stop him wriggling – he looked only about four. A third, awaiting his turn, was about seven or eight, looking apprehensive. As each boy was done he stood up and put his arms around the circumciser's neck and received a great big cuddle. The Sunnetci was a burly man, probably in his fifties, and had performed some 68,000 circumcisions – obviously an expert and a serious rival to hospital circumcisers. Young though the boys were, they could consider themselves men after their circumcision.

The previous week the late night film was *Halfaouine*, a Tunisian classic banned in its country of origin because of its relatively liberal attitude to relationships between the sexes. In Arabic, with subtitles in English, it centred on the life of a lad of about eleven – young enough to still spend much of his time in the women’s quarters and to go with them to the hamam, but old enough to run messages between his aunt and the men trying to catch her attention. His younger brother of about five was to be circumcised, and a long passage in the film centred on the preparations, the family party of the male relations in the courtyard, while the women met inside, the parade through the streets with the band, and the young candidate carried at the front of the procession. He was carried inside, and we saw him lying at the end of the bed, while the circumciser held up and then used a large pair of scissors. His older brother, meanwhile, lay curled up on his bed wincing at the memory of his own circumcision. Then the newly circumcised boy, calm and quiet, was laid on the bed beside his mother, while relatives filed past with congratulations and gifts of money. The whole passage was impressive for the inevitability and centrality of circumcision to the family and social structure, and for the way it marked out the difference between the men and the women.

Tony Acorn

[This is the first ever mention in our group of a circumcision being carried out with a laser. If anyone has any further information on this method we will be only too pleased to hear about it. — *D. A.*]

Docking

I wonder if any members have any experience of ‘Docking’. If they have, would they tell us? I have only read about this subject twice and would like to hear more.

The first article was about two men talking in a pub, and one said that he lamented the fact that he was circumcised as an infant and often wondered what it would be like to masturbate with a foreskin. His friend said that he had enough foreskin for two. The outcome was that the man with the long foreskin covered the glans of the other quite easily, and he was able to wank with a foreskin to fulfil a dream.

The second article was about the Ancient Egyptians, who admired long foreskins. They would stretch, powder, and oil each other’s foreskins and then perform ‘Docking Exercises’ which meant two foreskins covering each other’s glans (their own and their partner’s). Perhaps you, David, could find more data or articles on this very interesting subject.

H.J.M. – Glamorgan

[I have never heard of the expression before or read about the subject, but I

have seen it in an American film. — D.A.]

Argentine Treatment Of Phimosiis

Central Military Hospital Dept. Of Surgery, Argentina.

'At the Children's Surgical Unit of this hospital, a surgical technique has been developed to improve circumcision in children who suffer from phimosiis.

Operation Technique

The genitals should be washed with soap and water prior to the operation. With the child lying on the operating table, asepsis of the area is carried out with methylated iodine. The area is then prepared with compresses. Anaesthesia may be general or local with Novocaine or Xylocaine at 0.5% without epinephrine. The procedure is continued as follows:-

With a piece of cotton around the penis, mark the position of the corona of the glans by making the cotton taut. If the glans is not visible locate it by touch. Mark the glans crown with bright green visible ink. With a set of Koch clamps, pinch the mid-point of the dorsal hemicircle of the prepuce. With another pair of Koch clamps, hold the prepuce near the frenulum and pull the two forceps apart to show the small orifice amongst the foreskin folds. Put a pair of closed forceps through this opening with care as far as they will go, then open them to stretch and release the constriction. This achieved, retract the foreskin down the shaft, remove the balanous preputial adhesions, and clean up the wound. The foreskin must retract completely to show a complete glans. Return the foreskin over the glans, and using forceps, draw the prepuce forward over the glans until the line of excision is past the tip of the glans. This must be confirmed by touch. Put a pair of Koch forceps across this line to act as a haemostat. With a scalpel, cut off the foreskin, following the line of the forceps. Retract the foreskin down the shaft, leaving the mucous membrane covering part of the glans. This should be removed, the frenulum being excised at the same time, having previously used 00 catgut to put a stitch in the base of the frenulum nearest the meatus and at the opposite end nearest the shaft. This will ensure that there is no bleeding from the small artery. You are now left with the bloody triangle, as it has been named, underneath the glans, where the frenulum has been removed, and the whole area is not stitched. If any continuous bleeding does occur from the foreskin or remnant mucosa, electro-coagulation can be carried out, but this is best left for about ten minutes before being used, as natural coagulation will occur in the majority of cases. The healing process will occur, and a soft epidermal tissue will grow over the bloody triangle, and all tissues will join up to leave a smooth cosmetically good circumcision.

Post-operative care is straightforward and simple, no bandage or dressing being applied to the wound. If some protection is needed for the wound, to prevent the patient touching his penis, then you can use vaseline gauze. A small strip put on the dorsal side of the penis is covered by a larger strip held in place with surgical tape. However, in most cases, we leave the wound completely uncovered and allow it to breathe, which occasions rapid healing. To prevent the bedding touching or disturbing the wound a cage is used to keep the area clear. It is necessary to prevent or tell the child not to scratch the wound. Urinating can continue with no trouble. The patient can leave the hospital after 24 hours. The parents must be told not to attempt to bandage the wound, wash it, or use disinfectant on it. It must be allowed to heal in the air with no interference.

The end result. No part of the frenulum, prepuce, or folds of skin in the ventral area are left. The glans remains totally free. It is a complete circumcision. The results of 250 children circumcised between 1963 and 1965 were successful without exception. This method is continued to be used in this hospital.'

I enclose this translation of the method of circumcision in the Argentina Central Military Hospital. It was translated and sent to me by a pen-friend who lives in the U.S.A. It certainly is a different style, and is very closely aligned to that method used by the Mohel in the Jewish Rite of Brit Milah, except that it encourages the excising of the frenulum which doesn't occur in the Jewish Circumcision. Having had my frenulum excised because of excessive tightness, I can recommend anyone having a circumcision to have their frenulum removed at the same time.

I know that a number of people have written in to *Acorn* and mentioned that they know of doctors who will do circumcisions, but we don't get the details published. How are we to encourage those who wish to be circumcised, or wish to have a revision to correct a bad circumcision, if we hide the lights under a bushel. [Sorry, we do publish all knowledge. See Issue No 4 1991, page 7. – *Ed.*] Let all readers of *Acorn* keep the information coming in, especially with various surgeries now opting out, and plugging their wares.

I have an addition to the addresses where a circumciser may be found. However, anyone contacting the address, be advised that not all are doctors, and will only do babies, and also the fee varies.

The Reform and Liberal Association Mohalim,
Sternberg Centre for Judaism,
The Manor House,
80, East End Road,
London, N3.

I hope that this is of some use to someone.

B.H. – Leeds

Mary

As a nation I do sometimes question our values compared to mainland Europe, being quite prepared to put up with drunken, loutish behaviour, but any hint of sexuality is swiftly suppressed. Perhaps it's this that causes us alone in Europe to hanker after circumcision: a way of atoning for sin by mortification of the flesh, or a way of preventing (or punishing) the old bogey of masturbation, perhaps. But let me tell you about Mary.

Mary was an old friend of my Mum from repertory days, exuberant in mind and body, always ready with a salty ribald wit, and prepared to shock others than suppress her personality. When I was sent to stay with her for a couple of months I had a feeling that it would be a memorable event; and so it turned out. In retrospect I'm sure that Mum realised it too, and sent me to stay with Mary to remedy my painful shyness and lack of self-confidence. I was small for my age, delicate looking with a pale complexion. At the age of 16 I was worried that my girlish appearance might make me unattractive to women, despite possessing a rampant sexuality backed up by a large and unruly member, which was only kept in check by assiduous wanking.

The first thing you noticed about Mary was her lack of concern for convention. Although she'd dress up to the nines to go out, she usually flopped around the house in a shorty nighty with a housecoat thrown loosely over it. She was totally unselfconscious, and my sensibilities were constantly shocked by momentary glimpses of her large rose-tipped breasts swinging into view through a carelessly buttoned nighty; or a large expanse of creamy white thigh, with the occasional tantalising flash of her red-gold pubic hair when she hoisted herself onto a high stool. This resulted in a rising tide of lust which manifested itself in a continuous and monstrous erection which I desperately tried to hide, and a severe attack of balls-ache which only a rapid and violent wank would relieve. I wasn't the only one. Mary had a huge floppy alsatian barely out of puppyhood, which would frequently thrust its snout under her clothes and into her crotch, whilst a huge length of glistening red cock would pop out. The dog was so strong and so persistent, and she was so convulsed with laughter, that she had a terrible job to shift its nose from her genitals. She'd shout and swear at it, "Get off you bugger. Get away from my fanny and put that rude thing away! That dog, I'm going to have to have his balls cut off before he rapes me." My sympathies were all with the dog.

She used to get a visit from time to time from another lady friend with whom she'd chat for hours about the stage, men, and sex, completely ignoring my presence. I found this boring or enthralling, depending on the subject, and often embarrassing, since both ladies were totally uninhibited in what they said. I remember my interest when they started talking about circumcision, listing which of their numerous male acquaintances had been done, and relating a hilarious story about a guy who'd had himself circumcised to please his Jewish girlfriend. Mary had thrown a 'coming out' party for him. Then, to

my abiding mortification, she turned her attention to me, and, describing me as her newest boyfriend, said she was glad that I hadn't been circumcised. I was both embarrassed and furious, because I couldn't imagine how she could claim to know. She then told her friend that when I was born my Mum had been under heavy pressure from her parents to have me circumcised, but had decided against it after Mary had talked her out of it, citing her strong convictions based on personal experience, and reinforced by the advice of a doctor friend. Consequently, Mum had disregarded her parents and left me intact, although a lot of boys were done in those days. So, Mary said, I'd got her to thank for my foreskin. I wasn't so sure she had done me a favour at that stage, though.

It was inevitable in that uninhibited atmosphere that some sort of sexual behaviour should eventually take place. I was having a lie-in one Sunday morning and listening to the radio, when I heard Mary calling me from the bathroom. I was dumbfounded to find her lying back in a hot bath with her large shapely tits showing above the surface. She watched me with a lewd grin on her face. "Don't look so shocked, Jim, you've seen a pair of tits before, haven't you?" I hadn't. "Come over here and wash my back for me, there's a good lad." My face was burning and I trembled with excitement as I did her bidding. Then she asked me to pass her the towel, and got out of the bath to dry herself. She stood in front of me with a sly smile on her face. 'Flaunted' is the right word to describe it, as she vigorously towelled her back, with her tits bouncing about, and the whole of her lush figure in view. I felt thrill upon thrill race through my loins as my gaze concentrated on the join of her thighs, seeing for the first time in close-up the big meaty cunt of a woman in her prime; marvelling at the simple beauty of the long bulging cleft disappearing between her thighs. She saw where my gaze was directed. "You're looking shocked again, Jim," she said, "surely you've seen a lady's fanny before." I hadn't. My tribute to her essential femininity suddenly thrust its way through the slit in my pyjama trousers in a rigid salute such as would inspire any woman.

Mary stopped drying herself and paid me the compliment of looking impressed. "That's a lovely big willy for a young man - your girlfriend is a lucky thing", she said. She slipped off my pyjamas and, sitting on the stool, put me on her knee, with one arm round my waist, whilst with the other she handled and examined my erect penis. She squeezed it gently before drawing the skin right back to look at my knob. She then rehooded it and, clasping my tool loosely between thumb and forefinger just below the bulge of the knob, commenced a slow sexy wank, working the skin to and fro over my sensitive knob, and occasionally passing the tight ring of my foreskin back over it to make me gasp at the sensation. In no time my crisis arrived, and she found herself milking long thick spurts of sperm into her hand.

Afterwards she taught me how to do a similar service for her, and I learned just how much enjoyment you can give a woman if you caress her with skill. The admiration I experienced at the beauty and symmetry of Mary's big

gorgeous twat was transformed into wonder at the breathtaking intensity of the orgasm of a mature, sexually aware woman – a lesson I’ve never forgotten. Sadly, some obscure scruple kept her from completing the lesson: probably the realisation that a fuck can all too easily lead to a hopeless love, especially for an impressionable teenager, and she wanted to avoid that for both our sakes. Instead she earned my gratitude and admiration because, until I met Mary, I too had feelings of inferiority in the presence of my circumcised chums. But she taught me to prize my foreskin as an erotic asset of inestimable value. I owe her a debt I cannot repay.

J.S. – Bucks

German Excerpt

The following excerpt is translated from the German book *Die Beschneidung bei Mann und Weib*, (*Male and Female Circumcision*) by Felix Bryk. The original book was printed in 1931, and an English translation was published in the sixties in America. It was then called *Sex & Circumcision*.

‘After the necessary preparations have been completed, the Mohel (the circumciser, even now not usually a medical practitioner), the godfather, and, whenever possible, altogether 8 males who are at least 13 years old, assemble in the operation room. The godfather receives the child, which the godmother brings as far as the door, and carries him to the Mohel, while the others call out, “Blessed be the newborn.” The firmly held child is so positioned that his penis is easily accessible, and after a little bowl of sand has been placed nearby, the Mohel says a Hebrew prayer, and performs then the incision (Chituch). He grasps the penis with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and rubs it gently in order to invoke an erection. Then he takes hold of the outer and inner layers of the foreskin at the same time, on both sides, (not from top and below), and pulls them forward pressed flat over the glans while lifting his arm high, and thereby placing the penis in a vertical position. The Mohel then takes a slotted shield with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, and inserts the foreskin into its slit from top downwards in such a way that the glans will be behind the shield, while the foreskin which is about to be removed will stay in the front of it, firmly clamped by the shield. Now the Mohel takes hold of the knife with the first three fingers of his right hand in such a manner that it is resting on the middle finger, the index finger being behind the blade and the handle held by the thumb. With one vertical stroke downward he excises away close to the shield all of the prepuce that was in the front of the shield and held by the left hand. If this procedure has been carried out properly, then after the incision is completed the outer layer retracts behind the corona of the glans, while the glans itself is still covered by the inner layer that has been cut at its tip producing an opening the size of a pea. Then follows the uncovering of the glans (P’riah). Immediately after completing the incision the Mohel puts the tip of his thumbnail (which is

usually long and cut in a form of a lancet), or, as is common now, the blade of a lancet-shaped scissors, into the orifice of the inner layer of the foreskin. He then grasps it with both his forefingers, and splits it on the upper side of the glans, tearing it back to the neck of the glans, and pushes the split foreskin back over the rim of the glans. Finally the Mohel grasps, with the thumbs and forefingers of both hands, the skin flaps formed by the splitting, and tears the entire prepuce away completely immediately behind the corona of the glans. I myself have seen this happen. Now follows the sucking of the wound (M'ziza). The Mohel takes the circumcised penis into his mouth and sucks away the blood from the wound with two or three draughts. After that he takes a mouthful of wine from a cup (called the goblet for M'ziza), and expels it on the wound in two or three spurts. Then the Mohel puts the removed prepuce on the sand that is held ready, pronounces a blessing with another glass of wine, and says a short prayer for the child. Bleeding is usually slight, and is stopped by sprinkling powder of *Lycopodium Bovista* on it. After this, a simple dressing is applied.'

J.H. – Finland

Another Woman's View

What turned me off the whole circumcision scene was to read a report recently about a bunch of men nursing erections as they watched a shrieking baby have its foreskin cut away. When I contemplate the perfection and symmetry of my little boy's body, including his penis, I feel a sense of pride at having produced such beauty, and I shudder at the thought that there are perverts, like I describe, out there, who would actually take pleasure in marring his perfection.

Having said that, I hasten to add that I've nothing against those who elect to be circumcised, or who have a genuine medical need for it. In fact, one of my favourite menfriends had to have his foreskin circumcised off as a result of it getting caught in his zip. I never thought any the worse of him for it, neither did it affect his performance one way or the other, but, although we all treated it as a joke, he certainly didn't enjoy the trauma, and privately lamented his loss afterwards.

My present partner is blessed with a cock like a policeman's truncheon, with a foreskin like an oiled sock, and there's no way I'd want to see him altered. What I say is that people should be allowed to make their own decisions on such an important and personal matter.

I know that my views won't be popular with some of your readers, especially coming from a woman who might be thought to have no axe to grind, but it's a view that is genuine and I hope you will print it.

Ms. A.C. – Herts

[The next contribution is so long that I had to consider the options of either paring it to the bone or running it in instalments over a number of issues. I chose the latter as it is not my policy to cut personal contributions because I know that a lot of time and energy goes into the writing of them and sometimes not a little heartache too. — D.A.]

Saga

As far as I can tell, my interest in circumcision goes back, subconsciously of course, to my first sight of a bare knob, and so I attribute it to my early youth being spent in Australia where the operation was, and still is I believe, as routine as in America. By the end of the war I had only seen one foreskin apart from my own, a tally which had been doubled before January 1947, when I became a boarder at an English prep-school where 10-15% were uncircumcised. In other words, I began to be at least partly reassured that I was not almost unique.

As I approached my 6th birthday, or thereabouts, I became increasingly fascinated and questioning about the strange sights exhibited by friends and school colleagues, wondering why on earth I was different, and with, of course, a strong desire to conform. I must have been 6 when I had my first purely sexual encounter, which was through nurses and patient games with a girl of like age who lived nearby, which entailed my lying under a blanket. I have an abiding memory of discomfort, which must have been the result of her pressing down on my erect penis under the blanket.

Around that time, three of us (with another boy) were playing in my bedroom, when she suddenly started talking about “the thing like a sausage”, and how she wanted to see ours. We both demurred, but my friend surrendered first, opening his flies to show a minute (remember our ages) erect penis – with one of those strange knobs on the end. Soon after, mine burst into view accidentally (the buttons flew apart as I had been teasing her by letting my erection make a satisfying tentpole effect), fully covered of course. There was no comment except an exultant, “I saw it!”

A little later I had two experiences which could be said to have provided a foretaste of the sterner life to come. I vaguely remember some discomfort and itching, and a white fluid appearing and drying to a crust, in and around the preputial orifice. When I mentioned it to my mother all I remember by way of action or reaction was her saying with a worried expression, “I wonder if you ought to be circumcised?” The first time I remember hearing a word, the sound of which gives me a thrill of excitement to this day. At the time, though, I was terrified, as I still had recent memories of a very uncomfortable tonsillectomy. Anyway, nature provided the cure and nothing was ever done about it. The other, more frightening experience, gave me an insight into child molestation. The boy concerned must have been around 12 or 13, but to me seemed like a man. We happened to be alone in the toilet building at

school, and he walked ahead of me to the exit. After a pleasant greeting his expression suddenly hardened as he barred my way. I was ordered to expose myself for an inspection; apparently I had become the subject of speculation, and the general opinion had it that I had had an operation on my balls (an early introduction, also, of the confusion in English slang between testicles and penis). My tiny shrivelled member appeared, but I have forgotten his reaction to it. The next thing I remember was the appearance of an enormous knob and shaft seemingly right in front of my face, all lily white, and the command to put my hand around it. At this stage of life, some levity is, I hope, excusable, and, to quote the poem, I had never felt anything before, 'so hard, so hot, so long' – absolutely literally. Seriously, though, it was very frightening, especially when I was permitted to release it, but was then ordered to masturbate myself while he did likewise: without any effect on him that I remember, and certainly with no effect on me at all.

My distress on returning home called for action, although I just could not bring myself to describe the events (a reflection on parent/child relationships in the forties – or could it be the same today?) Whatever was done was done without my knowledge, and I never suffered further, so there must have been some light in the darkness of those far-off years.

By now I was really confused (remember the universality of circumcision where I was living), and sought constantly in my mind to solve the mystery of 'la difference', with little success beyond observing that I did possess a coronal ridge, albeit a pretty unimpressive one. Speculation as to whether everyone else had simply been born without my bunched red skin at the end was not very helpful, as it failed to explain the marvellously smooth, round contours of the ends of the knobs. Then, while in hospital, I saw my first foreskin: just like mine it seemed, and pretty unattractive to boot. The boy was older than I, so there the research stopped for about four years or so. All there was to be for some time was a terrifying whopper of a foreskin on a fellow hotel guest in the bathroom of the hotel where we awaited a ship to return us to England, and my first view of graffiti, on the side of a boat secured to a nearby pier; a (bare, of course) penis with a face on the knob, and a caption, "Who will suck my cock?"

I digress for a moment to ask whether graffiti of covered penises are ever drawn. I have never seen one, drawn erect or slack. How do women draw them, if they ever bother to?

For the next two years or so I lived quietly enough with the knowledge that, although there were others like me, we were in a small minority, only explainable by the hypothesis that we had, respectively, 'been born like it'. Modesty was pretty minimal in that 'muscular, jocular, Christian'-type world where, later, total nudity of pupils and staff at school pools we would find to be de rigeur, and we must all have had stored in our minds the size and appearance of each other's organs. The only discovery I made pre-puberty was the incredible power and range of my colleagues' (circumcised only, of

course) urine streams; easily reaching the cistern, and even the ceiling, of the old-fashioned toilet outhouse during the inevitable competitions.

So came puberty with its maelstrom of confused emotions and disorientation, soon followed by wet dreams, all seemingly developing at such a rate that memories are confused. What I clearly remember is the almost overnight development of my penis, and a demonstration, by another, of foreskin retraction. What a revelation! All was now clear! Within a few moments, my fear of causing damage – of course, I had been able to see the meatus through the opening, but feared that pushing it out and through would cause whatever lay inside to drop out – was overcome, and lo! and behold! one knob, dark pink, a bit greasy looking with a few white flecks around the sulcus. At one or two points around the latter, the skin appeared to be not fully attached, and I observed the same, what appeared to be gaps, in one or two others, but cannot remember any developments.

During the following holidays, with some time to myself, I experimented, with the result that I tried going about with my foreskin retracted. Thanks to the way I am made, this attempt was as easy as anything, and it stayed back, neatly, unobtrusively (and deceptively), and cleanly for some four decades. There was sensitivity for the first few days, and worry for a few weeks, telling myself that it was only an experiment: one day before long I would be a good boy and cover up again, as no-one in the world could possibly have done such an incredible thing, and I was surely gradually doing myself damage, quite apart from the ridicule awaiting me on discovery.

Came the summer term with long light warm evenings: a time for love, not mutual masturbation, but we were young and very, very immature. Every evening after lights out we would lie on the tops of our beds, often with head at the foot for easier conversation. Cocks were waved around for owner's or friends' enjoyment or inspection, with varying degrees of abandon – I nearly said 'gay abandon' but that would be mixing them a little. I think we all sported the standard 6" or thereabouts. I know I did, as I remember owning a steel rule of that length which came into frequent use. I was happy with my state, now knowing about circumcision as an operation done on the very young if there was something wrong with the organ, and so actually feeling a bit superior that it had been unnecessary for me. The circumcision quoted in the Bible I was a bit hazy about.

I joined in the mutual inspections after some initial reservation, and became as enthusiastic as the rest, and handled, and was handled by the same sex for the first and last time in my life. Perhaps I might say at this juncture that I consider myself entirely hetero – as far as anyone can be. At this time normal sex and procreation were starting to occupy seriously my thoughts. Sex lectures started for me at public school four or five months later. Masturbation for me entailed pulling my foreskin fully forward and then back, in the normal way. Thus was produced what I now knew to be 'pukka spunk'. To beget a child, therefore, the mother-to-be had to wait patiently, while the father-to-be

masturbated nearly to orgasm, then, with superb timing, ejaculate into her anus. Fine, but what if one couldn't pull any skin forward: surely this was an essential part of the process. I coincided with one of the roundheads in the loo one day, and asked for a demonstration. This consisted of his squeezing his knob and stretching the member as far as he could, which I also was invited to try – as meaningless an exercise as I can imagine: what I wanted to know was, “Can you pull the skin right forward to cover it?” The answer was an uncomprehending look, and “No”, an answer which, on later reflection, I found incredibly thrilling, and which spawned numerous fantasies. It did not, however, contribute anything to my human biology theories.

Anyway, one of my goals in the mutual inspections was to discover, in essence, the differences between my own and the circumcised state. After two, I must have felt satisfied enough, for that was the extent of my ‘random sampling’. The first was of interest because he was the only boy modest enough always to keep his penis hidden away between his legs in the bath, which was always taken while the rest washed at the basins. Somehow he could keep it there even after climbing out. It was average enough, with not very much removed, but cleanly done and neat looking. He did not erect at my attentions, but remained at full-length ready to do so. I pulled forward and released a couple of times while he chuckled with delight. Each time, the remaining skin would come forward far enough to cover the knob entirely, then roll at moderate speed back to its ‘post-operative position’. Actually, the speed of self retraction, I think, was considerably less than that of my entire skin when fully erect. The next had spent some years in India, and had presumably been circumcised there in what I now realise was the ‘Islamic way’, not, perhaps, surprisingly. At any rate, his was very different, with the scar about $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of the way back down the shaft, whereas I never remember actually catching sight of the other one's scar. He was still well short of puberty, and still very small, but fully erect when I pulled forward. Now, the skin would just meet over the end, with a wide slit so different from my puckered red tip, and, on release, snapped straight back.

None of this helped very much, interesting though it was. At least anyway, on one occasion, I had proof that my ‘deception plan’ was working – for in truth, part of my aim must have been to delude others. At the urinal I found myself next to an older boy who I knew to be a cavalier, and who, as some did, looked across and down, saying, “Oh! I see you've got one of those parliamentarian ones!” I could not resist saying, “No”, to which he said, “Of course you have.” In what in other societies could have been my party trick, I snapped everything forward, and his blank look of astonishment made up for a lot.

Two last sightings around this period abide strongly with me yet. We were all gathered around one boy's bed inspecting his erect and very complete circumcision, and I learnt that the frenulum (something that I had wondered idly about) also could come in for attention: nothing at all remained of his but a longish red mark where once it had been. At the glans anchorage, instead of a

slightly untidy collection of folds of thin skin, there was a beautifully scalloped out hollow which impressed me greatly. The next time, I was on top of my bedclothes on a warm evening, with my head at the foot, in a position which brought my eyes very close to the little cupboard where the night potty was kept. My reverie was suddenly interrupted by a sight which made me catch my breath: someone was relieving himself (a very normal and unremarkable event) and I had a close up view of the most incredible knob I had ever seen so far. I had, in fact, often seen it before, everywhere we normally saw 'each other', but what now shook me was a fully side view in partial silhouette, and I could see how a radical circumcision completely exposed the corona all round, especially the underside. It was all clean lines without a wrinkle to see, and cleanly exposed every change of shape as if carved from the solid with the sharpest of tools (which, in a way, I suppose it was, if I think about it). But the most impressive and exciting thing was the depth of the ledge on the underside, so unlike my underside with the frenulum pulling forward so much to occupy this space.

(to be continued)

Advertisement

John from Yorkshire has sent in the following advertisement from *Private Eye*, to which he has replied. He'll let us know the result.

CIRCUMCISED? A cut above the rest? Take this opportunity to join the world's most exclusive club. Your very own membership diploma. Also an ideal birthday or Christmas gift for the man without skin. £5 to S.N.I.P., Box 9481, (Private Eye).

Contact Corner

My name is Ryan. I'm 25, presently single, and live in a shared house in Nottingham.

I've been interested in foreskins, or rather the lack of them, for some years. I've been finding out as much information as I can over the last few years from books and people who are circumcised. Learning that some, if not all, ladies prefer a circumcised penis, I have made arrangements to have a circumcision early in January 1992, as I'm presently uncircumcised.

I believe a circumcised penis is also easier to keep clean, looks better, and feels better, especially in more intimate moments with a partner, as well as preventing cancer etc.

I would like to contact others with similar views.

Ryan

ACORN

1992 Issue No 2

**Editor
David Acorn**

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Anonymity in the newsletter will always be maintained, using only initials, with town or county, and not even that if desired.

**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

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Editorial

Another mixed bag of news and views. I hope the balance is retained to satisfy the interest of all camps.

We have received quite a few questionnaires back, and when we have the bulk we'll correlate them and publish the statistics. Plus, of course, take notice of your favourite subjects.

David Acorn

[The following is an article, sent in by A.W. of Sussex, published in the magazine *VIVA*, in the U.S.A.]

Female Circumcision: Operation Orgasm

By Terri Schultz

The woman grabbed the headboard of the bed and tried to relax. As her husband's breathing grew quicker and his movements faster, she moaned convincingly. But inside she felt cold and numb, as if, with his coming, emotional gates had closed in her mind. Afterwards she felt empty as always, and began to cry, as usual. "What's the matter?" he asked gently. "Nothing", she answered.

Doris, as we'll call her, loved her husband, enjoyed sex, and was terrified by this recurrent last-minute retreat from orgasm. The rare orgasm she did have (at least she thought it was orgasm) was insipid and flat. During her next gynaecological exam she mentioned this 'frigidity' to her doctor, who suggested that circumcision might solve her problem. Doris agreed to try it, and allowed the doctor to remove a tiny snip of skin from the prepuce, which covers the tip of the clitoris just as the male foreskin covers the tip of the penis. With the sensitive clitoris thus exposed to direct contact and stimulation, Doris found that within three weeks she was having deep, sensual, overwhelming orgasms.

Female circumcision is neither new nor unique to our society. It has long been practised in other countries, although usually with the intention of deadening rather than enhancing a woman's sexual desires. But today it is being re-evaluated and increasingly performed in this country by doctors whose women patients swear that circumcision improves sex.

I have asked a number of women their views on the pros and cons of female circumcision. Some theorise that this is yet another sexual right hidden from women all these years along with the right to know about, and enjoy, orgasms. Others doubt whether circumcision changes anything except a woman's state of mind. Some, especially those involved in counselling people on sex and marriage, insist that the surgery is at worst a mutilation, at best

a physical balm for psychological sexual problems. Is it a new male myth, a frivolous cosmetic surgery created to exploit women's growing interest in their own sexual responses, or is it an advance for female sexuality?

We are only now finding out about the role of the clitoris in sexual enjoyment. Until very recently, clitoral arousal and orgasm was considered inferior to vaginal orgasm, a theory originated by Freud. In the 1960's, the clitoris received new attention from the laboratories of Masters & Johnson. They observed 7,500 orgasms in women and found no physiological difference between clitoral and vaginal orgasms. Instead, they only found one type of orgasm – sexual orgasm. In fact, the walls of the vagina have few nerve endings and are quite insensitive to touch, whereas the tiny clitoris is the most nerve-packed organ in any human body – male or female – and the only organ in either sex that exists solely for pleasure. With clitoral foreplay and stimulation, women are physiologically capable of having several orgasms within a few minutes.

This news is a great relief to those women who once felt they were 'immature' if they reached orgasm through masturbation of the clitoris. And to 'non-orgasmic' women, that some simple clitoral malfunction might actually be the cause of their seeming frigidity.

Doris was 30 years old at the time she was circumcised. "I was desperate," she said, "orgasm was nothing but a slow ascent to disappointment. My husband would turn me on, we would both want each other, we both enjoyed foreplay – everything was fine up to the end. I guess I never was really aware of my clitoris – I never could really feel it or tell if it was becoming enlarged when I was aroused.

At first I wasn't too concerned about not climaxing; I just figured if I relaxed and let things take their time, everything would work out. But after a year I began to worry about it more. I started to dream about having orgasms, and would wake up to find I had had one in my sleep. But never with my husband. I would be with him to the very end, and then – it was like I hit a plateau – he would keep going higher and I just sat back and watched him. It was frustrating and created a lot of tension between us."

When the doctor examined her, he found what is called a 'hooded clitoris', which occurs in an estimated 5 – 15% of women. The normal clitoris is always covered with skin (the foreskin) that is attached to the inner lips of the vagina. When the foreskin is larger than normal, doctors refer to the clitoris as 'hooded'. When Doris returned to the doctor 8 weeks afterwards he asked her if she had noticed any difference in her sexual response. She said that she had so much sensation the first time she reached orgasm that she started to scream and cry. Her husband thought he was hurting her and tried to pull out, but she grabbed his buttocks and kept him in, and had a fantastic orgasm.

Not all doctors in America agree with circumcision. Most agree with the argument that, during sex, direct contact with the clitoris is not necessary,

or always desirable, since the clitoral tip is so sensitive that direct pressure can irritate or even hurt. Instead, indirect rubbing of the clitoral shaft or the surrounding vaginal lips, either with masturbation or the thrusting motion of the penis, can bring more pleasurable and prolonged orgasms.

Surgeons, as well, have found that in many cases the amount of tissue surrounding the clitoris has little or no effect on orgasms. The nerves of the clitoris are so deeply rooted in the pelvic region that even a woman who has lost her entire clitoris through surgery, can still experience clitoral arousal and orgasm just through stimulation of the mons. This in itself is enough to send the message up the spinal cord to the brain.

Much of the controversy around circumcision stems from its cruel history. For 3,500 years, women were traditionally circumcised in parts of Egypt, Mexico, Asia, Africa and South America. The definition has varied widely to mean the removal of various parts – anything from a portion of the foreskin, to the inner vaginal lips, the entire clitoris, plus all or part of the outer vaginal lips, or even sewing together the whole vulva (infibulation).

Occasionally, these circumcisions are backed by religious tradition, sometimes as more civilized substitutes for human sacrifice. But more often they were used as a way to introduce a girl to womanhood, or to reduce her sexual desire so she would remain a virgin until marriage, and a faithful wife afterwards. Whatever their method or purpose, all these circumcisions have only one aim; not to fulfil the sexual needs of women, but to make them more desirable to men.

In Ethiopia, for instance, circumcision is a folk custom practised by Christian Amharas, Jewish Falashas, Mohammedans, and other groups to prevent their women from becoming too sensual. The clitoris, inner vaginal lips, and sometimes outer vaginal lips of all female children are amputated with a razor or knife by an older woman. The vulva is then sewn together with horsehair and bark, and a plant stalk is inserted into the vagina to allow a drainage tube for urine and menstrual flow. On the circumcised girl's wedding day, another elderly woman cuts an incision in the vulva so that the bridegroom can have intercourse with the girl. The singing and dancing of the wedding guests around the matrimonial hut are supposed to drown out the bride's cries of pain as her husband breaches the raw wound. The removal of the stitches, followed by energetic intercourse, does sometimes cause fatal haemorrhaging.

Circumcision was popularised in Ancient Egypt by a pharaoh who, according to rumour, had such a small penis that he ordered the vaginas of his women to be made smaller so that he could enjoy intercourse with them. It is no longer practised there, but other societies still consider uncircumcised women impure. Some Islam countries regard it as an embellishment, like a piece of fine jewellery, and the women encourage the practice.

In Upper Guinea, teenage girls of the Sambele people have the clitoris and the outer lips removed to aid in childbirth, supposedly getting rid of 'obstructions' around the vaginal opening. The operation is performed in an open clearing by an old woman, and the girl is then taken to sit in the river mud to stop the bleeding. Her wound is then washed with boiled leaves. After ten days of recuperating, she is taken to the home of a village boy to become his wife. The women view circumcision as one of the social events of their lives.

In America, circumcision has had its own dubious history. It was recommended at the turn of the century as a cure for masturbation, which was claimed to cause hysteria, insanity and epilepsy. In 1936 an American doctor seriously suggested that women more passionate than their husbands be circumcised to reduce their sex drive.

Female circumcision takes only a few minutes, and performed in the doctors office. After injecting a painkiller, the doctor uses a four-inch forceps to pull back the foreskin, makes about a half-inch slit in it, and removes the elliptical piece of skin. There is little or no bleeding and usually no stitches are required, but the woman is told not to have intercourse or masturbate for a week. Some women are extremely sensitive after being circumcised, and one woman reported that she was stimulated just by walking about. A stewardess stated that at first she was very aware of her clitoris, and her orgasms came thick and fast. But soon they settled down. They were still more intense than before her circumcision, but depended more on the mood she was in and the person she was with, than on the fact that her clitoris was a little more exposed.

Balanitis Problem Cured

I was particularly interested in the contribution from M.J. of Dubai; I too spent my early childhood years, during the war, in the middle east, in what is now Israel.

For some time I was troubled with recurring balanitis; pus would discharge from the end of my foreskin, staining my underpants and pyjamas. This necessitated bathing the glans and inner foreskin with mild antiseptic. After two or three days it would clear up only to recommence some weeks later; it was becoming a nuisance. The main infected area was the sulcus, which became inflamed and on occasions acutely irritable; if rubbed, the area would become further aggravated and sore.

One day, at lunch, my father, quite 'out of the blue', asked if my willy was O.K., and went on to say that later on that afternoon a man was coming to see my willy to see if he could help my problem. I gave the matter little further

thought, as my willy had been the repeated scene of attention for some many months previously. Little did I realise what was in store.

After the routine siesta, the man turned up. I noticed that he brought a small leather case with him, but to this day I have no idea who he was or where he came from. I was told to remove my shorts and lie on the bed. He began by examining and feeling my balls. He told my father that they were normal, and that my inflammation problem was very common in children of my age and often reluctant to clear up, but that it did appear that my foreskin was rather long.

He then took from his case a bottle containing a solution and poured a small amount on his hand; I remember it smelling vaguely of herbs. He then began to apply this substance to the whole skin of my willy. He pulled the foreskin back and forth several times, while he continued to work this solution into my skin. Not only did I become erect but I soon noticed that the skin was becoming very elastic and pliable in his hands, and that my foreskin, in particular, was becoming appreciably stretched and loose. He worked quickly and was clearly experienced at his task. I did not climax, but I do remember that it was an odd sensation. While continuing this treatment he proceeded to pull my foreskin forward as far as possible, while with his other hand he felt for the outline of the glans and the thickness of the foreskin. He then turned to my father and said, "Shall I trim him?" Father's reply was to the effect that it would be better. I still did not know what this meant or what would happen. I was then told to look up at the ceiling. The next thing I remember was my foreskin being pulled forward and held very tightly, which was very uncomfortable; then a sudden sharp pain similar to a wasp's sting. I immediately looked round apprehensively, to see my foreskin and a small razor lying on the bedside table. The operator was aligning the two cut edges on the shaft of my willy. There was not a great deal of bleeding, quickly stopped by the application of some yellow ointment. I was told not to worry as there was nothing more to be done. My willy was soon tightly bandaged which was left in place for the next three days, then left for the scab to harden. This was done and the healing progressed uneventfully. There was no further discomfort, and no more balanitis.

Before he left, the operator produced another small bottle containing a clear fluid, and proceeded to place my severed foreskin into it, then told me this was for me to keep if I wished. I did keep it for some time until we started to pack to return to the U.K., but it must have got thrown out when clearing up. I now very much regret not ensuring that it returned with me to remind me of an eventful, not to say, unexpected afternoon.

Bill – Kingston

[From all the stories we have had sent us, it has struck me that nearly all the foreskin troubles have occurred abroad, especially in the Arab countries.

A Jewish friend once told me that some things that are now Jewish Law originated because of the conditions and climate in which the early tribes lived. Two of these, he told me, were burial one day after death, and of course, circumcision. With scarcity of water with which to wash frequently, the sand, mostly much finer than you find at the seaside, plays havoc with the body's moving parts. I have spent a short time in the Yemen desert myself, and as well as always having sand under my foreskin, it mixed with the sweat in my groin and under my armpits to form a sort of carborundum paste to make these areas raw. — *D.A.*]

Saddam

Everyone will remember the two RAF fliers who were shot down during the Gulf War and captured, Adrian Nichol and John Peters. I've been sent a newspaper account of their torture. After some account of their torture the article states, 'Nichol's head was beaten so badly that his clothes were soaked in blood. Tissue paper was stuffed down his neck and set alight. At one stage, as he lined up with other prisoners to have his genitals marked with a felt tip, he feared torture with electrodes. There was a moment of relief: in fact, the Iraqis were checking who was Jewish'.

This reminded me of a true story of two young Jewish brothers in the south of France during the war. The gestapo were continually rounding up the male population to check their penises for circumcision. All those found circumcised were investigated further to find out if they were Jewish. The two boys were hauled in and told to drop their trousers. When the Germans saw their bare glans they were interrogated, but a Jewish doctor had told them to say that they had had bad adhesions, which ran in their family. After sticking to their story through a lot of intimidation they were freed. They were only eleven and twelve but they were active in the Resistance.

The torture above reminds me of another story, fictitious this time. A James Bond one, which some of you might have read, where the baddie (I can't remember which one, there were so many) captured James and tied him naked to a chair with a hole in the seat so that his testicles hung through. These were then subjected to continual smacks with a type of carpet beater until he bled. After he got away and convalesced he was supposed to have been none the worse. I wonder! Anyway, better him than me. I always wonder why torturers go any further than the genitals, as there can't be anything worse, either physically or psychologically.

D.A.

Incidence By Age

After reading my last letter (A Naturalist's View, 3/91) I realised that my opinions and experiences were totally subjective. Hence for the last few months I have been engaged on a statistical survey of the evidence for circumcision.

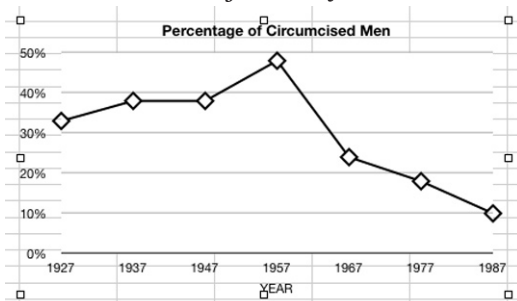
On my frequent visits to my local swimming pool (in a very middle class area of a large industrial city) I have 'spotted' 200 penises. This was an easy task as every man showers naked after swimming. I kept a record, not only of whether or not circumcised, but also of the relationship between age and circumcision. The figures are given in the following table. The data can be plotted as a graph in which it was assumed that all men were born at the midpoint in the relevant age-group. Hence for men in their forties, i.e. born between 1943 and 1952 the mid-point would be 1947.

The graph shows that circumcision was common (with over a third of all men circumcised) from the 1920's through until the 1950's. Virtually half the men in their thirties are circumcised, compared with under a quarter of men in their twenties. It appears from the graph that 1963 was the 'breakpoint' in which the rate of circumcision dropped below a third.

Despite this quantitative revolution in my work I have added a few observations to my past ideas. One man (twenties and circumcised) was proudly displaying a large ring presumably held by a piercing where his frenulum had once been. Most uncut men wash their penises quite unselfconsciously – retracting the foreskin carefully and cleaning underneath it, often whilst facing away from the wall. I also observed that all East-Asian men show a bare glans, although, as most seem to have plenty of spare skin on the shaft, they most probably have foreskins retracted. These were not counted in my survey.

Incidentally, this is not a city with a large Jewish or Islamic population, so few, if any ritual circumcisions can be assumed. As for naturists, quite disappointing really; only one other overall tan.

I remain uncircumcised – the list that Tony kindly provided did not prove useful. So yesterday I completed and posted the Surgical Advisory Services form. No doubt this will be the subject of my next letter...



	Uncircumcised	Circumcised
Pre-puberty	90	10
Teenage	37	18
20's	76	24
30's	52	48
40's	62	38
50's	62	38
60's +	67	33

All figures percentage within age group

Anon

Revenge

Its all very well for you guys with a missionary anti-foreskin zeal to start your career off by circumcising your offspring, but you'd be wise to think carefully before you do. If he's like me he'll bitterly resent growing up and finding his penis has been subjected to a barbaric mutilation, saddling him with the repercussions of a misguided or unthinking parent's neurotic views. If he's the quiet type he may write his foreskin off and go through life silently bemoaning his disfiguration. But if on the other hand he has a bit of spark in him, and is not prepared to let it go by default, you could be in trouble.

I must say, I roared my support when I read of men in the States who, sick at being shamefully mutilated to suit someone else's whim, had decided that those responsible shouldn't be allowed to get away with it, and set about suing parents and surgeons alike.

Now I'm not very proud of what I am about to tell you. But when I totted up the schedule of misery, the gnawing ache of dissatisfaction, the fear of ridicule, and lifelong sexual unfulfilment, which have been visited on me by an uncaring parent, I decided that I owed it to myself to punish those responsible.

My mother has always been a silly, vain woman, and she decided to have me 'done' purely for snobbish reasons, since circumcision was associated with the upper classes. (Her official 'excuse' was hygiene and the prevention of V.D.) My dad strongly disapproved, as did the family doctor, but she wouldn't listen. My dad came home from work one day to find my mother looking guilty and me in a distressed condition, bleeding heavily from an appallingly mutilated penis, the sight of which made him – and me – sick ever after.

Mother is getting on a bit now, but I thought to myself, she's got no idea of the misery she's condemned me to by her mindless and wicked act, and it's time she realised what she had done. So I plucked up my courage and quietly told her how she had succeeded in poisoning my life, and destroying

any hope of a reasonable sexual relationship because of the psychological effect of that operation all those years ago. She was shocked and horrified, firstly that I should mention a 'taboo' subject, and secondly at the fact that I was resentful of something she hadn't given a moment's thought to since the event. But she did have the grace to burst into tears when I told her sadly but firmly that my resentment had now developed into a cold hatred, and that she would never see or hear of me again.

I was then lucky enough to track down the surgeon who mutilated me, and am now consulting a solicitor (like me, circumcised at birth and silently resentful of it) to see what grounds I have for suing. Even if there are none, I'm inclined to go ahead just to make the bastard's declining years a misery. After all, he made my whole life one and it's time the biter got bit.

R.B.W. – Bedford

[I'm extremely sorry for your plight, R.B., but I'm left wondering why you have waited so long to track down the surgeon, since making a mess of an operation has been suable for many years now, as the following items from newspapers make clear. They were sent to me by A.W. of Sussex. — D.A.]

Daily Mirror — 23.2.85

A man's lusty sex life was ruined when he was circumcised, a court heard yesterday. Sean Hickey, 35, had been proud of his masculinity and thought the operation would improve his sexual satisfaction. Instead, it left him unable to make love properly and in unbearable pain, the High Court in London was told. Even after corrective surgery he was able to have sex with his wife only four times last year.

Mr. Hickey, a driving instructor, is suing Croydon Health Authority over the operation carried out 5 years ago. The Authority admits partial negligence, but is contesting the claim. Mr. Hickey said he had decided to have the operation for several reasons. The woman he was living with then preferred circumcised men. He had also had trouble with erections and, as a young man "had a nasty experience with a zip" putting his jeans on. But that was nothing compared to his distress after the operation. He told the judge, "I felt terrible. I really can't find words to explain it. Sex was impossible."

Daily Mirror — 1.3.85

A woman revealed her sad diary of sexual frustration to the High Court yesterday. Her husband, Sean Hickey, is claiming damages over a bungled circumcision operation which left him in pain. Mrs. Hickey told the court that whenever she and Sean attempted to make love she wrote "tried" in her diary. She said that between April 1981 and the birth of their son in October 1982 they attempted sex only 12 times. Last year there were only four entries in the

diary as they tried for another child. With some entries she wrote, “Not trying – very depressed.” She said that was probably a day when she was feeling particularly broody and feeling bitter. She added, “When we try we have to stop because Sean is sore. Sometimes we cannot continue.”

The lack of a full sex life led to arguments, she said, and Sean became depressed.

The Sun — 6.3.85

Macho Sean Hickey was awarded £5700 damages yesterday for the surgeon’s snip that ruined his love life.

Last night he was planning to spend the money on operations to restore his manhood. He said after the High Court decision: “It is a hollow victory. They mutilated me – they did it wrong.” The surgery left his penis with a cork-screw look, and his lovemaking a disaster. Sean had a ‘straightening’ operation carried out privately, but again the pain was so bad that he managed to make love only four times last year. The judge awarded costs of £30,000 against Croydon Health Authority who admitted partial negligence.

Introduction

Any girl determined to get the full benefit of her most valuable asset can do a lot worse than join the services. Just think, provided you don’t mind the military type, you’ve got a choice of men you wouldn’t find anywhere else: smart men, fit men, clean men, with all the grots and creeps weeded out by the Selection Board. It’s the ideal field for a personable girl, whether she wants to treat it as a marriage market, or a heaven sent opportunity to play the field with some of the best male talent the country has to offer.

I chose the second option, and my seven years in the WRAF turned out to be one long uninhibited frolic. If ever I write my memoirs, I reckon I’ll make a fortune with an unvarnished account of my adventures, providing I can find the nerve and a broad-minded publisher!

In the WRAF I proved to be as successful in my job as I was socially, and finished up with a commission. This meant that, instead of going out with the lads, I had to be a bit more picky and go for the officers. Most were fine, but the airs and graces affected by some were a right pain in the bum, and eventually I married the best man of the lot, a senior NCO.

Now circumcision is not a subject to which I normally devote a lot of thought, but it occurred to me that your readers would be intrigued to know that of all the many dozens of men who contributed to my love life, not a single non-commissioned rank (including my husband) was circumcised, whereas a fair number of the officers were.

Having said that and left you to wonder at the vagaries of class and custom, that should be the end of the matter. However, sometime after I left the service and settled down to married bliss with my husband in a garrison town in Germany, I had a visit from my old childhood friend, Mary, who had gone to live in the States, and who came to stay for a couple of days. We had a good old chinwag and she was a bit jealous when I told her about my string of boyfriends over the years.

She helped me put my little boy to bed, and when she saw him undressed she was interested to see that he had not been circumcised, and mentioned that it was virtually universal where she lived in the States. I told her that here it tended to be a fashion adopted by the 'rupert' class (officers), and it had more to do with 'one-upmanship' on the part of the parents than anything else. (Would your readers not agree?) I laughed and explained that my husband had a foreskin like a length of rubber hose and it had never given him any trouble. I said I'd hate him to lose it since it kept his knob nice and tender, and besides, it was much easier to give a man a wank if he had a foreskin.

This caught her imagination: she declared herself hooked on hand-jobs, not merely from the safe sex angle, but she dearly loved to see the spunk fly as a result of rubbing a guy's prick. She said she'd always found it irksome having to have lubricant jelly handy to do the job properly, and she was dying to know what it was like to handle a cock with a long mobile foreskin. She went on to ply me with questions about it, asking if you needed to pull it back to take a leak (What on earth for? – Jim and my little boy didn't, nor did any other male of my acquaintance.) Did it need to be pulled back to fuck and didn't it get in the way? (No. It usually slipped back of its own accord and was hardly noticeable during the act.) Wasn't there a cleanliness problem? (I suppose there are peasants about who don't bother to wash, but I don't know any.) And so on. I was quite tickled about her curiosity and said she'd have to try one for herself. And then without thinking I said she could have a go with Jim's if he agreed and providing she left it at that.

So when Jim came home and junior had been put to bed I introduced the subject. I told him that Mary had never seen an uncircumcised man, and would like to have a look at his foreskin. Jim's used to me making outrageous remarks, but this shook him a bit. But he took only a second or two to agree. "My pleasure", he said, and came and stood in front of the two of us on the sofa. Mary watched with interest as I undid his flies and extracted his long beautiful penis. I told Mary she had my permission to go ahead and touch it. She cradled it in the palm of her hand, gave a couple of inquisitive tugs to the long rosette of foreskin on the end, and then traced the outline of his knob where it stretched the elastic skin as the whole thing swelled and lengthened. When it was at full stretch she squeezed it in her palm and said she was dying to pull the skin back. "Go ahead", said Jim, looking down at her small hand clasping his big swollen prick. She slipped the elastic foreskin back along the shaft, completely revealing his moist blue cherry. Jim shivered with pleasure.

“Go on,” I said, “you’ll have to keep going now you’ve started.”

Mary needed no further encouragement, and started giving him a slow sexy wank, stretching the skin back and forward from balls to tip. She remarked on how much easier it was to service a cock with a foreskin, and demonstrated the versatility of action available to her by varying her grasp so as to have his wet purple plum sticking nakedly from her fist whilst she worked on the shaft, and then reverting to the fully covered grip where she massaged the sensitive knob through its taut skin overcoat.

By now Jim was sweating! His eyes were popping out of his head and his hips were jerking as the jolts of pleasure registered on his sensitive glans. “Come on,” I said, “don’t torment the poor bopper any longer. Give him the works.” She speeded up her action until her fist was a blur, and then Jim’s hips started bucking uncontrollably. At this point I had visions of him spraying spunk all over the wallpaper, because he spurts further than most; so I pushed her hand away and took over, making sure I closed off the tip of his skin with the other hand, so that when he came his spunk was all trapped under his foreskin which swelled right up. As his ardour and penis subsided, I milked it all out of his skin into an ashtray under the approving gaze of our guest, who remarked how much cleaner it was to be able to deposit it where you wanted.

Mary left us the next day, thanking us for our hospitality and entertainment: she’d had a thoroughly enjoyable and instructive time!

What needs to be understood is that this little episode was a one-off. Neither Jim nor I believe in threesomes normally, and quite sincerely, my aim in letting Mary handle my husband’s penis in such a way was purely for educational purposes. Besides which, no matter how lecherously it’s performed or described, a hand job’s only a bit of fun. I first treated a boy to one when I was only thirteen, but I have to admit that I found the whole exercise terrifically stimulating, and Jim even more so.

Mrs J.M. – Hillingdon

Books

Nigel Pavitt, *Samburu*

(London: Kyle Cathie Ltd. ISBN 1 85626 043 7. £35)

Wilfred Thesinger, the travel writer and author of *Arabian Sands*, *The Marsh Arab* and other books, has a liking for nomadic people and harsh environments. He has retired to the near-desert of Northern Kenya, where he has settled among the Samburu. He contributes a foreword to Nigel Pavitt’s book about them. The book is in large ‘coffee-table’ format, and lavishly illustrated with colour photographs of Samburu people, young and old, going about their traditional pastoral and social activities.

The young children spend much of their time herding and tending to the livestock. The young men used to lead a life of cattle-raiding. Although this is discouraged in modern circumstances, they are still expected to defend their stock and families from animal predators. But between these duties they have plenty of time for a very full love life.

The chapter which will be of special interest to *Acorn* readers deals with the initiation of lads to the status of warrior, marking their transition from boyhood to manhood. Afterwards they no longer live as children, but have a much freer life. The transitional ceremonies involve important changes of dress and lifestyle; and of course, circumcision. The chapter discusses and illustrates these aspects very fully: the lads approaching initiation go around together in a group, dancing and singing, taunting and joking with one another in ways which reinforce the bonds between them, and help each other to keep up morale in face of their approaching ordeal. They are marked out by new styles of hair and clothing, with different ones again after they have successfully been through the ordeal. A cowhide has to be prepared for them to sit on while being circumcised. There is a picture of a lad of about 14, visibly uncircumcised, being led by his father in the early morning to the appointed place. He sits down and fixes his gaze so that he doesn't blink or flinch during the operation, and is supported by an elder brother while the cutting is done. Unfortunately the pictures at this point show us little more than the positions of the lad and the operator. But the chapter gives us a usefully good idea of the centrality to Samburu society of these initiation ceremonies, and we gain a good idea of Samburu life: very different to our sophisticated post-industrial society. But their life has its own pleasures and its significant turning points, which mark off the transition from boy to man very much more clearly than is the case in western society.

Tony Acorn

T.Blackburn, *A Clip of Steel*.

(London: MacGibbon, 1969)

A member would like to know if anyone can provide information on this novel, written about infibulation.

Saga (continued)

For years after this, I was terrified that a chance sighting, by someone, of my frenulum would betray my shameful state, as I believed its presence, untampered with, to be one of the sure indicators of it. I now knew almost exactly how I wanted to be, should some event make the operation necessary.

It was even longer before I ever heard of elective surgery, which, when I started to think seriously about it, I hoped would provide me with the cut well back, absence of the frenulum, and the shaft skin as tight as practicable, with the utmost exposure of the glans. One thing haunted me all this time; I had discovered the exquisitely sensitive area inside the foreskin, between the end of the frenulum and the rim of the opening, and was loath to lose it. To digress again, it seems possible that complaints in *Forum* correspondence about 'feeling completely dead' from those circumcised at their own wish, with later regrets, could refer to the removal of this important area.

Most of the boys had been circumcised in infancy presumably, as only two had anything to say of the experience. One, how he had suffered quite a lot of pain before being whisked off to hospital for treatment, and how he had come round to more pain. I wonder if he had suffered premature or over-enthusiastic attempts at retraction by his mother, with resultant tearing or other damage? The other just alluded to waking up and finding it 'like it is now, with a bit of cotton wool around it'. This was the unwitting exhibitionist while peeing, and at the time was just experiencing his first erections, which was interesting to observe, as he would suddenly drop his pyjamas to reveal his tiny organ standing vertically – the fact that it pointed up at his face seemed to fascinate him.

Self and mutual inspections continued unabated. The boy who had been in India was next to me, and almost every night he would open his pyjamas, and I would watch him inspecting and manipulating his tiny erect organ, which, by now, looked virtually the same as mine (at least across the gap between us), to my gratification. Once or twice he came over and gave mine a thorough going-over without ever mentioning the foreskin; not even when he masturbated me (not as far as orgasm) in the normal foreskin fully forward and fully back way, which presumably was his first experience of it. That was the only time I was ever masturbated by another male. Once, I watched him masturbating himself, sitting opposite on the end of someone's bed, by pulling the shaft skin to and fro without any attempt to pull right forward, which I already knew would be too much like hard work! At any rate his knob remained in full view the whole time, and, once, he giggled and said, "It tickles!" thus answering one of the questions in my mind.

Putting a brave face on things, I still maintained to myself that the lack of need for circumcision when younger, plus my convincing mimicry, made mine somewhat superior, but deep down I knew I envied the roundheads their guiltless display of their knobs, and the inability of so many to cover at all what, in me, had been hidden away so confusingly for so long. Was the latter, perhaps, a mutated bondage fetish?

(to be continued)

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**Editor
David Acorn**

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**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

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Editorial

I asked one of our members, Ray Hamble, who is a doctor and 'Agony Uncle' of *HIM* magazine, if he would agree to be the *Acorn* adviser on genitalia, mainly physiologically, and he has kindly consented.

To start the ball rolling I posed a couple of questions which have been kicking around for a long time. There is no need to write them here as Ray has incorporated them in his answers.

D.A.

A String Of Beads

In Victorian times 'ladies' were not supposed to enjoy sexual intercourse. It was unbecoming to show personal physical pleasure in an activity designed for the procreation of children and the gratification of one's husband. What's more, many a woman will say that to lie back in bed and simply make oneself available as nothing more than a receptacle for the penetrating male penis is not particularly enjoyable. The female orgasm is often much more elusive than its male counterpart and frequently used to be consciously avoided rather than encouraged.

With the gradual emancipation of women, sexual pleasure moved higher up the agenda. The traditional 'Missionary Position' for intercourse was superseded by a number of more sophisticated entry techniques designed to enhance the enjoyment of both parties. What's more, when the intensity of feeling induced by stimulating the female clitoris was fully appreciated, it wasn't long before ways and means of doing precisely this were increasingly explored.

But it wasn't until the late '60s and '70s, during the great sexual revolution, that a whole range of gadgets were developed, designed specifically as clitoral stimulators – ribbed condoms, rubber 'ticklers' worn as a ring around the penis, etc. One such ploy, taken up particularly by North American Casanovas, was the permanent surgical implantation of a string of small beads under the loose skin of the shaft of the penis towards its tip – a sort of sub-cutaneous necklace just behind the rim of the glans. During the thrusting of sexual intercourse, as the loose shaft skin slid too and fro, the beads would excite the clitoris and elevate 'my lady's fancy' to cloud 9.

But I've been asked a question about these beads which, at first sight, may seem a bit odd. "What stopped the beads from dropping down into the scrotum, as there doesn't appear to be a membrane between the penis and the scrotum; and when the penis is flaccid – especially in the smaller man – it can be pushed right back into the scrotum?"

It's true that the loose outer skin, which forms a sort of sheath around the solid shaft of the penis within it, seems to be very mobile. I suppose that

one could imagine that the beads were floating in the space between skin and shaft, free to move, like ball bearings, anywhere they liked. However, it isn't as simple as that. In spite of all its superficial mobility, the skin of the shaft is intimately and continuously joined to the flesh beneath it by webs of connective tissue, which firmly hold in one place any 'foreign body' introduced into the gap. Even when the penis is in its softest state, and is apparently turned inside out on itself when pushed back into the scrotum, it still maintains its integrity as a complete organ. Nothing is free to fall anywhere, and as soon as the shaft reappears, like a snail from its shell, its structure remains intact – beads and all.

Ray Hamble

About Penile Veins

The more penises you study, the more you will become aware of the vast network of veins which stand out on the surface of the skin along the shaft. The most prominent is known as the Dorsal Vein of the Penis, and is one of the main blood vessels carrying blood back towards the heart after it has spent its oxygen, having originally been pumped into the penis through the arteries.

Some of these veins seem to emerge from the underside of the penis and the glans through the frenulum (often incorrectly referred to as the frenum), which is that rather quaint and exquisitely sexually sensitive fold or tag of skin which forms an attachment of the foreskin to the shaft, just behind and beneath the glans. I've been asked what happens during circumcision, especially adult circumcision, when these veins are cauterised to prevent bleeding. Where, then, does the blood go? If the veins become dead ends, how do they fill up or empty? Good point...

Think of the veins as rivers, collecting tributaries throughout their whole length. They start in the sort of 'marshland' of the glans where, if one mini-stream becomes blocked, there is ample opportunity for the blood to find an alternative course and join the main flow lower down. Gradually, as the veins get nearer and nearer to the base, more and more tributaries join in, and the main vessels become as full as ever.

It's the same with the arteries. They lie deeper in the penile flesh and aren't so easily seen, though you can certainly feel the blood pumping through them when you've got a 'throbbing' hard-on. Here, though, it's a bit more like the delta at the end of a river when it reaches the sea. If you block off one of the tiny channels as the artery branches into a network of arterioles, it doesn't matter much because there are plenty of other arterioles to carry the flow of blood onward to its destination.

So, though several veins and arterioles are closed during circumcision, it isn't really important. There are hoards of other channels through which the

blood continues to flow. Anatomists sum it all up in one jargon term which is called “Collateral Circulation”.

(Incidentally – I thought you’d never ask – If the ‘frenulum’ is often incorrectly called the ‘frenum’, then what is correctly called the ‘frenum’? The ‘frenum’ is the fold of tissue which seems to attach your tongue to the floor of your mouth. Both the frenulum and the frenum are similar in their roles as tissue attachments, so don’t worry too much if you confuse the two. Many far more erudite individuals than any of us in *Acorn* have been making the same mistake for years. The words are derived from the Latin for ‘bridle’)

Ray Hamble

[If any member has a question to ask Ray, just send it in the normal way. I will then print it and Ray will answer in the next edition. — D.A.]

Muslim Children In Norway Circumcised By Barber

An article in a Norwegian newspaper in February, contributed by Acorn’s Oslo correspondent, translated by Tony Acorn.

“I know of several cases of parents going to the barber to have their small boys circumcised without anaesthetic”, says Aslam Ahsan. The leader of the Pakistani Workers Union in Norway is now raising the issue after a Norwegian hospital refused to perform a circumcision, despite a ruling from the Health Directorate that the cost is covered by Social Security.

Circumcision of boys is a very widespread custom among Jews and Muslims. The tradition is over two thousand years old. The Muslim tradition is an operation which usually removes the whole of the foreskin of the penis. The operation is done without anaesthetic. In the religious context, boys who have not been circumcised are considered ‘unclean’. So both Muslim and Jewish believers consider it essential to have the circumcision done.

In Norway it is strictly forbidden to circumcise according to the old religious custom. Any such operation must be done by a doctor under full anaesthetic and in full hygienic conditions. Most hospitals in Norway circumcise newborn boys at the parents request. But not all are equally disposed to this custom. For example, Aslam Ahsan has received several representations from parents who have had their children at the Central Hospital in Akershus.

“I have repeatedly asked for an explanation for why they are unwilling to do the circumcisions there. One explanation I got, from a consultant, was that ‘all the Jews pay for it themselves, and as these are Muslims, they should take on the consequence of this’. The official explanation is lack of funds”, Ahsan told Norpress.

“Now I have found a circular from the Health Directorate in 1976. It says that ‘the cost of circumcision required for religious reasons shall be paid by Social Security’. But the problem is that ‘nobody’ knew about this.” He says that a supplement requires that the hospital arranges an appointment with the doctor, and then Social Security covers the cost.

Meanwhile, are circumcisions being done without anaesthetic in Norway? “It follows that they must be, despite this being illegal in Norwegian law”, says Ahsan.

Nirvana

Passing a record shop recently, I noticed the sleeve of a record by the punk rock group, Nirvana. The album is entitled ‘Never Mind’ (issued in 1991), and the sleeve is illustrated with the picture, taken from well below the water surface, of a toddler (probably several months old) swimming under water towards a fish-hook baited with a dollar bill. What caught my eye was that he was very clearly circumcised, although in a way that left a small roll of skin just behind the corona. Later, in a newsagent, I noticed that the group, and the cover of their album, features on the cover of the magazine *Metal Hammer* volume 7, No 3, of March 1992.

Tony Acorn

Ladies To The Fore

I am encouraged that women are becoming as caring towards the male genitalia as they are to their own; accepting each part as a feature enhancing the whole. The prepuce is less often considered a loathsome appendage to be sliced away in the interests of hygiene, confidence, and women’s well-being. It is becoming more accepted as an integral part of the penis, a highly responsive membrane, an adornment of pleasure, and a joy to handle. This caring, or sexual empathy, has featured in recent contributions, viz-

Mary taught the youth to prize his foreskin “as an asset of inestimable worth”. Mrs J.M. would “have hated her husband to lose his foreskin”. Ms A.C. knew that her circumcised previous lover “privately lamented his loss”, and rejoiced in her partner’s foreskin.

With the caring comes sharpened comment on the practice of ritual circumcision on religious grounds. I found a sense of revulsion in Ms A.C.’s vivid phrase, “Men nursing erections as they watched a shrieking baby having its foreskin cut away”. Here the (presumably) Jewish ritual is portrayed as kinkily erotic and sadistic, with sexuality sandwiched between prayers, recitations and responses.

In the procedure prior to the actual cutting (Milah), the baby is held securely with its legs bent and flexed outwards, often inducing crying at the

restraint. Also, those men participating in the ceremony would all have been circumcised too, the sight of the infant's foreskin being manipulated to erection and stretched, being very stimulating indeed. The excitement of the impending dramatic amputation would also provoke an erection in those present, despite their being circumcised. Later, bleeding, membrane splitting, and glans exposure would be a shared experience, immediately painful to the baby, yet a reminder of what the others had been through at the dawn of life.

There is no doubt that excitement, whether of anticipation, trauma, or violence, is capable of inducing an involuntary erection! At birth for instance, a violent process for the new arrival, most males arrive complete with erections. Similarly at school, those boys ordered forward for the attention of the cane, were prominent at the front. Remember, Ms A.C., sexual excitement may be the most productive reason for an erection, but certainly not the sole cause. Such arousal at a religious ceremony would be tantamount to blasphemy! (How about a response by the necrophiliac at Holy Communion?)

Apart from religious circumcision, the reluctance of the medical profession, and now the caring influence of women, has meant that less than 1% of males are electively circumcised in their early days. (At the Portland Clinic in London, circumcision is offered as an additional service to the parents of all boys born there.) The increasing use of the Plastibell – even in the N.H.S. – has meant that those few circumcised look incredibly neater and less radically shorn. They, I suspect, will be less resentful, as the flaccid state will not indicate an obvious circumcision. When the Plastibell was introduced here, one surgeon lamented that some would appear not to be circumcised, and that the device should be sent back to America.

Anthony – Devon

The Prince Of Wales

The broadcast news of Royal birth,
Rejoicing through the land.
An old tradition has its worth,
Though hard to understand;
Despite changed practices and gory tales,
There'll be no foreskin on the Prince of Wales.

'Tis said that Bertie was the first
To have the scalpel down,
To rid the cause of Onan's curse
And bare a princely crown;
This well-kept secret behind palace rails,
Was circumcising of the Prince of Wales.

The Palace protocol was set.
Then on from infant days,
The newborn Prince would always get
The mohel's measured gaze;
Thus Charles' howling merged with autumn gales,
More circumcising of the Prince of Wales.

A with-it generation here,
New blood of Royal birth.
But nevertheless they've shed a tear,
With skin loss, extra girth;
With one, or two, or three of Royal males,
In blood they all become a prince of wails.

The nursery protocol is clear
For Royalty's new kin.
There'll be no taint of smegma here,
Or ever fore of skin;
For health, and wealth, and hygiene it entails,
The circumcising of the Prince of Wales.

No matter how the fashion slips,
A foreskin's thought obscene.
With only dainty, scar-ringed tips,
To set before the Queen;
Rejoice, for old tradition never fails,
Like circumcising of the Prince of Wales.

Anthony – Devon

[I thought, Anthony, that Princess Diana had brought this tradition to an end. — D.A.]

Book Excerpt

From Roger V. Pavey's *The Kindest Cut of All*.

It has been advanced that circumcision originates from the discovery among early men that it enhances and increases sexual pleasure.

The argument runs, that the removal of the foreskin results in the hardening of the surface of the glans. This means that the glans, which is the most sensitive part of the penis, is less sensitive overall during intercourse, enabling it to be prolonged. This will result, so the claim goes, in an increase of pleasure of both partners. The male because his orgasm is delayed, and therefore builds up to a higher peak, and the female because her orgasm requires a longer preparation anyway. Both can prolong sexual foreplay, increasing both the tumescence and the intensity of the orgasmic release. The

operation of circumcision removes not only the actual foreskin and exposes the glans, but also removes the underlying membrane that adheres to the glans and the surface of the penis. Not only is the glans benefited this way, but even more so the corona and the immediate area behind the glans, and the frenulum. These are the especially significant parts in the male orgasm. The uncircumcised penis has a glans and region surrounding it that is warmer, moister and softer, more membranous, than the situation in the circumcised organ.

The net result of the physiological changes that follow circumcision, therefore, it is argued, is to increase, not only the 'staying power' of the circumcised man in intercourse, but also, as a concomitant of this, the quality of enjoyment. The uncircumcised reaches orgasm faster because of the greater sensitivity of his penis, but actually has a lower level of intensity of pleasure because of the fact, often, his foreskin is not totally retracted, so reducing the contact between vagina and his corona, and the region behind. As the foreskin adheres to the frenulum of the penis, the capacity of that particularly sensitive part of the penis to increase the pleasure of sex is also thereby reduced.

J.H. – Helsinki

[I could pick so many holes in that hypothesis that there would be very little left. But it's a point of view (I hope) so I'll just be like Julius Caesar and say, "Methinks he doth protest too much."

At the same time I must compliment J.H. for his eagle eye in picking out all his snippets of information. — D.A.]

Nearly Jewish

Cock-up is now quite a respectable phrase, and a favourite with well-bred young ladies throughout the land. I prefer the old-fashioned 'balls-up' as being more honest, so you'll forgive me if I say you men do talk a lot of old balls about women's attitude to circumcision – although a lot of old cock would be more appropriate. Men do seem to pontificate about what we think, but those who say the subject never enters our heads are way off beam.

I went to a well-known girls' boarding school in the Midlands. Like me, most of the girls had parents overseas. We used to have long and serious discussions, and if you've ever wondered what teenage girls talk about in the dormitories, I'll tell you: it was sex, and yet more sex. You might be surprised to learn that one of our favourite topics was circumcision.

Some of the girls had fathers or brothers who were circumcised, but not many. Most, like myself, had uncircumcised males in their family, so there was a lot of curiosity shown about the operation. A doctor's daughter set the general opinion by saying that she had heard her father discussing it with her mother and, although he had been done, it had only been for fashionable

reasons, and medical opinion was against it. Consequently her brother had been left intact. Some of the girls with circumcised brothers however, stoutly defended the operation, thereby showing that it's not just in boys' schools where the cavalier versus roundhead conflict arises.

Some of the younger teachers were quite happy to discuss sex with the girls, and I remember one bible discussion, where a girl put her hand up and asked what circumcision was, amid giggles from the rest of us. Teacher chose to take the question seriously, and gave us a complete rundown on the Jewish practice. She explained what the operation consisted of, and even drew a 'before' and 'after' sketch of a penis on the board, with a cross-section to show how the foreskin fitted over the glans, and indicating where the cut was made. She explained that the practice had been widespread in this country, but was no longer practised since it was considered to serve no useful purpose.

One episode which sticks in my mind was a trip the classics group made to Italy, led by the same teacher. We were visiting the Naples museum, and in one room came across a remarkable sculpture. It was a beautifully carved life-sized statue of a reclining youth in black marble, so perfect that every tiny detail was totally life-like, and it was amazing to think that it had been carved some two thousand years ago. What made it so remarkable for me was the sly, lecherous grin on his face as he contemplated a plump, real-looking penis draped over his thigh. A particularly noteworthy feature was his extremely well-developed foreskin, which took up a good third of the total penis length, and which folded at an angle over the thigh. It looked so real that the temptation to give it a crafty squeeze was overwhelming.

Teacher saw us staring in admiration at this masterpiece of Roman sculpture, and said with a laugh that she thought she'd find us here. One of the girls remarked that the youth could not have been a Jew. Teacher agreed, and gave us a little lecture on the Roman attitude to Jews, their obsession with bodily perfection and beauty, and their deep distaste for circumcision, with a consequent emphasis on the foreskin. Their eventual adoption of the more sophisticated religion, which had emerged from the hitherto despised Judaism, was therefore all the more surprising. They might not have been so keen if the Jewish covenant had been required of them, though.

At the time, the impression on me of the youth's saucy looking penis was that, although the foreskin looked rather long, it was really cute, and I remembered it in later years when my own sons were born, because they had similarly long foreskins. It occurred to me that it was the equivalent in the male of my own well-developed inner labia, which tend to protrude slightly, and that it was perhaps hereditary.

Although my husband is half-Jewish, there was never any real question of having the boys circumcised. Firstly, the boys were not eligible under the NHS, and secondly, my husband is himself uncircumcised, and is not technically Jewish, so neither he nor my sons were eligible for the Jewish rite, even if

he'd wanted it. I was certainly not keen on the idea. The thought of marring the classical perfection of their little bodies did not appeal.

Although my husband is comfortable with his Jewish heritage, he looks upon his foreskin as a sexual asset which he was lucky to retain. He also has no religious inclinations. We were surprised last year when we went to visit his father's relatives in Israel to find that the Israelis themselves tend to play down the religious side, whilst acknowledging it as the cement that binds the nation together. Consequently there was no fuss made about dietary laws and so on, and our Israeli hosts were curious about my sons' foreskins, rather than disapproving. The two girls in the family, in particular, were very attentive at bathtime, and watched with undisguised interest as I slipped each boy's foreskin back.

Finally, I must tell you a little anecdote about our trip to Israel to illustrate an unexpected and little-known spin-off in favour of retaining the foreskin. We went with our Israeli hosts to the Dead Sea for the day, and experienced the astonishing buoyancy of the salt water. I noticed at the time a slight tingle between my nether lips. But when our host's two girls and little boy went in, they immediately leapt out again, crying and clutching themselves between the legs, to the amusement of their parents who knew what to expect. Apparently the exposure of the sensitive tissues of the girls' fannies and the boy's denuded glans to the concentrated minerals in the water stung quite a lot. Meanwhile, my two sons, whose knobs were protected by their foreskins, wondered what all the fuss was about. This reaction was fairly general, since the lads in a German tourist group, who could be expected to be uncircumcised, were completely unaffected, whereas the little girls and all the Jewish boys suffered the same problem.

Although I'm obviously not pro-roundhead, I realise, after reading *Forum* from time to time, the overpowering urge some men have to get themselves circumcised. As long as they restrict their attentions to their own penises they have my wholehearted support in their quest.

Mrs A.G. – Hammersmith

More Copies

I wonder if other members feel that we should have at least 12 or 13 *Acorn* newsletters per year. It seems an awful long time to wait for each copy. I would gladly pay a higher subscription fee. Have enclosed the questionnaire, and look forward to reading the findings.

H.J.M. – Mid-Glamorgan

[Thank you H.J. – your eagerness does us proud. The one thing to remember though, is that we could do it only if we received more contributions from

the members, which is really what it's all about. The gaps between issues are due severally, to other work, holidays, and, most of all, relations and friends staying for protracted periods, this being a seaside resort. — D.A.]

Questionnaire Replies

The questionnaire circulated with *Acorn* 2/92 has so far brought 27 replies. Its purpose was to give the *Acorn* newsletter editorial team a better idea of the interests and wishes of *Acorn* members. Some replies added more information, and this will be included where appropriate.

In the content of the *Acorn* newsletter, members wanted:-

More/OK/Less

22	1	1	observations of foreskins/circumcision
19	2	1	foreskin problems/advantages/pleasures
19	3	1	contact with other <i>Acorn</i> members
18	3	1	masturbation techniques
17	1	7	circumcision operations/descriptions/methods
15	4	2	stories beginning "I first found out about foreskins/circumcision when..."
14	3	5	discussion of reasons for/against circumcision
14	4	3	penis size etc.
13	4	3	intercourse – male and/or female aspects
11	3	6	erections/staying power/premature ejaculation
10	4	4	sexual identity (hetero/bi/homosexual)
7	4	7	sexual fantasies

Replies are arranged with the most popular topics at the top.

Other topics mentioned for inclusion were:- photos (but problems of production probably rule this out), technical and slang terms in still more languages, more details of others performing circumcision, genital piercing, pissing techniques, quantities of ejaculate, more female contributions, swapping photos, videos, etc., religious aspects of circumcision.

Whether pleased or sorry about their state, the answers were as follows:-

	Pleased	Sorry	Indifferent
Circumcised	15	5	2
Uncircumcised	2	3	

As would be expected, all the sorry and indifferent of the circumcised, were done as babies. All those done by their own choice are pleased.

Age	Size	C/U	At Age	Since	Identification
29	<av	U			JK – Wales
71	6.5"	U			JTD – London
25	6.5"	U			SDG – Stafford
72	7.0"	U			HJM – Mid Glamorgan
45	6.5"	U			AGT – London
	4.8"	C	22		JH – Finland
31	6.1"	C	31	0	JM – Middx
32	5.8"	C	31	1	JA – York
42	7.0"	C	41	1	JBT – Westcliff
42	6.5"	C	41	1	RH – London
69	7.5"	C	58	1	CP – Devizes
58	6.3"	C	44 & 55	3	SW – Gwent
41	6.0"	C	32	9	J – Shropshire
28	7.7"	C	18	10	BH – Suffolk
41	Av	C	26	15	Brian – W. Country
46	7.0"	C	31	15	RJL – Whittlesey
37	7.5"	C	19	18	PH – M. Keynes
54	5.9"	C	33	21	WM – Kingston
53	5.8"	C	26	27	JR – Norfolk
49	6.2"	C	2	47	Anthony – Devon
40	5.3"	C	0		IW – Dorset
52	6.5"	C	0		GP – Perth
58	6.3"	C	0		RH – London
59	7.5"	C	0		RW – Sussex
77	7.0"	C	0		HM – Colchester
81	6.3"	C	0		V – Shropshire
61	6.5"	C	0		Anon – London

Amalgamating these replies with information supplied earlier, details of the 78 members who have renewed or joined this year are as follows:-

- 36 (47%) are circumcised
- 12 (14%) are uncircumcised
- 30 (39%) are not known

Sexual status was asked for, but I haven't included it in the individual columns as I know that at least one member doesn't want this advertised. They are as follows:-

- 6 are heterosexual
- 9 are bi-sexual
- 11 are homo-sexual

Religions were mixed, although there were no Jewish or Muslim members.

The replies to one question was very illuminating. Even though, as can be seen, the variation in erect sizes was as much as 3 inches (from 4.8" to 7.7") almost everyone considered themselves as average. This must go to show that men are not as concerned with their size as has been made out.

For all those who wrote on the backs of their forms information that is worth publishing, this will be done in the next issue. It would be great to hear from all the members who have not returned their questionnaire yet.

D.A.

Maceheads

Thanks for making a stand about "owning a sweet smelling foreskin". It's so reassuring to know that *Acorn* projects a balanced view.

The claims voiced in two articles, "It Looks Nicer" and "What Nurses Think", lie, that circumcised men develop bigger, bulbous glans – with "a fat head and a thick rim", its large size due to its "being unrestricted by a sleeve of skin" – calls for analysis.

If the claims are true, then all circumcised men will sport this 'macehead' type of penis. I know this to be untrue from observations: several friends, cut as infants, sport small or ordinary glans! The reverse is also true. I've seen and know uncut men who possess 'maceheads' despite being fully hooded. In these cases the heavy fat heads, and thick prominent rims, bulge against the covering foreskin. Perhaps this question could be worked into the penis survey, providing useful information for such an issue.

A.D. – Oxford

[I left this statistic until after this letter. Although the poll is very small it points to there being very little difference between circumcised or not in the glans circumference, both weighing in at around 5.4". — *D.A.*]

Docking

I was most interested in the letter from H.J.M. of Glamorgan in newsletter issue 1/92.

Like you, I have never seen this subject mentioned before; nor have I had any experience of it. Nevertheless, I have often wondered whether it is possible for a chap with a long loose foreskin to accommodate the bare glans of a circumcised penis.

As one who was unfortunate to be cut soon after birth, I soon realised that any attempt to stimulate the glans itself during masturbation was doomed to failure because it is far too sensitive, and such action only results in either discomfort, or, at orgasm, intense pain, instead of great pleasure.

After my experience of intercourse it became obvious that, with the glans being directly involved, the intensity of orgasm was greatly enhanced without any of the discomfort in masturbation. From then on I started to fantasise, when wanking, that my knob was covered by someone's foreskin, and that we were both going to come together. This is still one of my favourite fantasies.

Unfortunately, I have never had the chance to try out the method, and very much hoped that someone who has will relate his experiences for us.

I am now 'getting on' a bit and erections do not come as readily or as hard as they once did, but the spirit is still very willing!! In recent years I have found that I can obtain a most gratifying orgasm if, when still flaccid, I push my knob right back so that the loose skin of the shaft forms a 'foreskin' over it. If I then 'work' the knob between finger and thumb I come very quickly before any degree of erection has set in, with an orgasm as satisfying and prolonged as is normal in intercourse. I use this method frequently, and should be interested to hear whether others have tried it and, if so, with what results.

With thanks for all the effort that goes into the production of the 'News'.

V. – Shropshire

Saga (Continued)

At public school, the emphasis was now very much on normal sex, a subject big enough to take my attention away from myself, and which also gave me a cleaner feel; this latter being assisted by a very wise series of sex lectures, with their objectivity. One or two boys still retained the kind of mentality which I had virtually now relinquished. In particular, one who pressed me hard one night to agree that I was circumcised. This was the only time my deception backfired on me, and was aided by my honesty. I couldn't agree, and foolishly explained. This seemed to astound him, and excite him also I think, as he said in a dangerously loud, strained voice, "*Do you mean to say you keep your foreskin in an unnatural position?*" Luckily, this seemed to terminate things, except that sometime the following day he made a threat, partly in jest, to tell his best friend about my foreskin. The percentage of uncircumcised in the public school was somewhat higher, perhaps around 20%

The only other event which interested me was observing a boy who reached puberty very late, about a year after I had gone there. He was one of those who erected uncontrollably in the shower. I was always fascinated to see his tiny member pointing out horizontally. A couple of years later we were drying ourselves alone together and the same happened, but what a difference! Again it went out horizontally, but now it was at least four times as long as before. I just couldn't take my eyes off it. I do not know how much he realised of what was racing through my fevered mind.

For years after this there was nothing to report on, a situation assisted by returning to live permanently with my parents during studies until National Service. Apart, that is, from intense masturbation, normally morning and evening.

Unstimulated, and with the feeling that it was unworthy, my interest in circumcision lay dormant.

My first proper girlfriend, whom I met in Germany, was very warm and passionate, and we loved each other very much, but it was some months before she handled my penis. She had an eight-year-old son, was unmarried, and naturally very cautious about going the whole way. First, I felt a forefinger and thumb squeezing the base, then they travelled up the shaft, and I felt my frenulum being squeezed. In a moment she was masturbating me – I could not believe it! In fact, for some time I continued to believe that we were unique in our discovery!!! Her technique was simply to move the shaft skin back and forward as if I was circumcised, and some time later she answered a question indicating that she believed me to be so, which I found most gratifying. From then on I never wished any female to pull my foreskin forward, and only two ever did, probably, with their intuition, realising my hang-up.

She told me that her doctor had advised her to have her little chap done, describing all the advantages that advocates do, and now she believed it to be the normal thing. Only fifteen years after the fall of Nazism, I found this very interesting. Idly, I wondered what her brother's colleagues (he had been in the Waffen SS) might have thought, but here I am trespassing on a strongly-felt love.

In a way, though, it does seem to help to prove how difficult an average opinion is to evaluate, and how the strongest emotions are evoked, with a loss of objective thought, by reference to circumcision. Mild or neutral reactions to it seem pretty rare.

Gradually, I became something of a 'circumcision bore' (vide a recent *Forum* article), and over the next few years desired increasing titillation from women's reactions to it – which, more often than not, were not forthcoming. I came almost straight out with this desire the first time I was 'handled' by my next girlfriend. I was foolish enough to say, simply, "Do you reckon I'm circumcised?", to which she laughed, and said. "No." As she was a nurse, I had played my cards rather badly. However, she was a lovely girl, full of fun, and very soon she was masturbating me. Penis out, no fumbling down my trouser front, or shame, and a light gliding with the fingertips, fingers and thumb stretched, along my full length. My favourite method, with the fingers sliding lightly over the loose folds of skin.

(to be continued.)

Contact Corner

A circumcision fetishist and admirer invites correspondence.
Confidentiality guaranteed and expected. All letters answered.

Johannes Holmsten,
Laivurinkatu 39 A 2,
00150 Helsinki 15,
Finland.

ACORN

1992 Issue No 4

**Editor
David Acorn**

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**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

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Editorial

Here we are with another newsletter for which everyone is eagerly awaiting, by the remarks in your letters. There's a lot of food for thought in this issue, and I would be grateful to have your thoughts and feelings about the ideas of Brian.

Pride of place this time must go to the questionnaire. — It's us!

D.A.

The Questionnaire

I have 13 more filled-in questionnaires, which now make 38, just over half the members.

The subject preferences now look like this:-

More/OK/Less

30	3	2	observations of foreskins/circumcision
27	4	1	foreskin problems/advantages/pleasures
27	3	1	contact with other <i>Acorn</i> members
25	3	3	masturbation techniques
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20	6	5	penis size etc.
16	5	7	intercourse – male and/or female aspects
15	4	9	erections/staying power/premature ejaculation
12	4	10	sexual identity (hetero/bi/homosexual)
9	4	12	sexual fantasies

Replies are arranged with the most popular topics at the top. Other topics of interest were so numerous that it would be best to say that any subject regarding the genitals is of interest to someone. Maybe if I nominate a subject for the next issue each time I might be deluged with thoughts, opinions and experiences for the ensuing issue. Right – it's **Cockrings** for the first one.

What has surprised me is the number who would like more contacts. There has always been space available, and those who have advertised have been very pleased and surprised with the response.

The total of pleased and sorry about their current status is as follows:-

	Pleased	Sorry	Indifferent
Circumcised	21	5	2
Uncircumcised	7	4	1

Age	Size	C/U	At Age	Since	Identification
26	6.8"	U			GL – Leeds
45	6.3"	U			AD – Oxford
62	7.0"	U			RGB – Leeds
45	4.0"	U			HC – London
48	5.0"	U			Anon
35	6 0"	U			Anon – Norwich
54	7.0"	U			DA – WsM
66	7.5"	C	43	23	AW – Sussex
32	7.0"	C	0	32	NA – London
53	6.0"	C	39	14	GL – Germany
48	6.0"	C	31	17	PD – Dublin
49	4.8"	C	20	29	JW – France
34	6.0"	C	24	10	JGC – Lancs

I'll leave all the other statistics until I get some more (I hope) replies, but, as promised, we'll now look at the extra bits and comments which came with the completed sheets. I'm sure most members will find them of most interest.

John – Wales.

I am actively looking for a surgeon, mohel, etc. who is prepared to circumcise me. This is for several reasons. Both my partner and I think foreskins are ugly and unhygienic; we are naturists and hence this appendage is frequently 'on view' and should therefore look its best. My partner prefers a naked glans for intercourse (when I have managed to keep mine back I find it's nicer too). My partner's two sons are circumcised (at birth, like their father), and she wants a 'set'. My two closest friends from school were circumcised, and I always admired the 'cut' penis.

[When you find your surgeon, John, don't forget my request to be able to film a circumcision. — D.A.]

J.M. – Middx.

Mr. Hasan (S.A.S.) circumcised me last October. I had a very short, very loose foreskin which I had kept retracted for about 16 years, before electing to be cut. The scar line is uneven and is about $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the glans rim. I am very pleased about this because I at last have achieved my aim.

J.A. – York.

I was circumcised last year at the S.A.S. My foreskin was extremely tight, and impossible to retract. The scar line is uneven and is right at the glans rim. I am sorry about being circumcised as I think I would get greater pleasure from sex and masturbation if I had a retractable foreskin.

J.B.T. – Westcliff

I was circumcised last year from personal choice. The scar line is uneven and is about 2" from the glans rim on top, and about 3" at the frenulum. I am pleased about being circumcised because it's cleaner, looks better, and enhances my sexual enjoyment. I am also 'different' from the average British male, with the scar to prove it. I enjoy the continual titillation the bare exposed glans receives from clothing etc.

S.W. – Gwent

Before being circumcised my foreskin was easy to retract, slack at the end and as long as my glans. I had trained it to remain retracted at all times for 12 years. I was circumcised at 44 (see *Acorn B*) and had a revision at 55 (see *Acorn U*). The scar line is $\frac{3}{8}$ " on the top and right hand side and $\frac{5}{8}$ " on the left hand side, from the glans rim. I am pleased about being circumcised since being introduced to the difference at the age of 9 on going to prep. school, where in 1942 80% were roundheads but by 1947 it had dropped to 60%. My father was uncircumcised but kept his foreskin retracted, so I always thought he was a roundhead. But just before he died I saw it forward for the first time, and it covered about 60% of his glans.

J. – Shropshire

I was circumcised by Dr. Newell from personal choice. The scar line is uneven and about $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the glans rim. To me it looks and feels better, but would have preferred a tighter result and removal of frenulum.

B.H. – Suffolk

I was circumcised at the S.A.S., from choice, and I am pleased because I've wanted it done since I was 12.

[I think you're the most modest one, B.H. Look at the sizes in all the charts and proudly put yourself from 'average' to 'well-endowed'. — *D.A.*]

W.M. – Kingston

I was circumcised by a hospital surgeon because of a long foreskin coupled with some phimosis and balanitis. I am pleased because the troubles I had have now vanished, I now have considerably longer staying powers, and improved oral sex. Thank you for all the very good and interesting newsletters.

J.R. – Norfolk

I was circumcised in the local cottage hospital as an in-patient for 48 hours, under general anaesthetic, to remove my excessive long and loose foreskin. I am pleased because it was a nuisance. I have subsequently had better sex, but would prefer to have had the inner skin and frenulum removed.

V. – Shropshire

I was circumcised as a baby and the scar line is undetectable. I am sorry about being circumcised because I have always assumed that masturbating with a foreskin over the glans should give a far superior orgasm.

In general I consider the newsletter is very well balanced. I have answered the questions, as you would expect, from my personal viewpoint, perhaps stressing some subjects rather more than the coverage they are given at the moment. I realise of course that you are limited by the amount of contributions coming in.

I have classified myself as bi-sexual – I would rather call myself just 'sexual', in that all my life I have been intensely curious about all aspects of sex, but have had very few homosexual contacts. Most of these have been of a purely exploratory nature and, unfortunately, have not included anyone who was not circumcised, so that my practical knowledge of foreskins and 'how they work' has been by what I've read.

Anthony – Devon

I was circumcised as a baby by a surgeon, assisted by my grandmother, when paraphimosis was discovered whilst my parents were at the cinema. I am sorry about being circumcised because it was poorly done with too much skin being removed. I also have feelings of incompleteness and mutilation compared with the majority who are left intact.

Anon – London

I was circumcised as an infant. The scar line is about 1" from the glans rim, with the frenulum and a considerable flap of loose skin still attached underneath. I am sorry about being circumcised because it was a gross invasion of one's rights and unnatural. A foreskin is there for a purpose, and I would not have been circumcised by choice. My father and brothers were all circumcised as well, my father being born in 1896.

R.W. – Suffolk

I was circumcised at birth, by our family doctor at home. I am sorry about being circumcised because I was offered no choice. My father was uncircumcised.

G.P. – Perth

I was circumcised at birth, in Africa, where circumcision was routine. I am pleased about being circumcised because I have never had any health problems with my penis. My father was circumcised as well.

R.H. – Cardiff

I was circumcised at birth by my G.P. – but he could equally well have been the local butcher. I am indifferent about being circumcised because

I've never known anything else, and it doesn't worry me personally. I *prefer* circumcised sex partners. My father was circumcised as well.

A.G.T. – London

My foreskin is easy to retract, slack at the end, and as long as my glans. I am sorry about not being circumcised because I think it looks sexier and is total nudity. The uncircumcised penis looks less mature. My father was uncircumcised.

J.T.D. – London

My foreskin is easy to retract, slack at the end, and longer than my glans. I am pleased about being uncircumcised because the most erogenous zone is in the foreskin, especially *before* first retraction in foreplay, etc. My father was circumcised.

G.L. – Leeds

My foreskin is easy to retract, slack at the end, and longer than my glans. I am pleased about being uncircumcised because my options are still open.

A.W. – Sussex

I circumcised myself when I was 43 and then had it done professionally 5 years later by Dr. Newell. I am pleased about being circumcised because I think it is hygienic, healthy, and comfortable. My father was circumcised but my brother wasn't.

N.A. – London

I was circumcised soon after birth, a routine hospital circumcision by the family doctor in South Africa. The scar is about 1¹/₂" behind the glans rim. I am pleased about being circumcised because I like the look of my penis. It also makes me look different from uncircumcised men. Foreskins, in my opinion, smell, no matter how much you wash. My father is uncircumcised, my brother is circumcised, and I have cousins both cut and uncut.

G.L. – Germany

My foreskin was hard to retract, slack at the end, and much longer than my glans. After suffering from phimosis I was circumcised by Dr. Eyre of Boston, Mass. I will send a full report in the future, but cannot at present due to health problems (of another nature).

P.D. – Dublin

I circumcised myself when I was 31, tightened it when I was 34, and retightened it when I was 41. The scar line is now 0.5 cm from the rim. All my family were uncircumcised.

[Could we possibly have an account of how you achieved these? — D.A.]

J.W. – France

I was circumcised in New York at the age of 20 by a Jewish doctor. The reasons were as follows:-

1. I had always envied circumcised boys since I first discovered the difference. Nobody suggested that I be done and I was too shy to bring up the subject with an adult.
2. I had bouts of balanitis at least twice a year.
3. My foreskin was uncomfortably tight, but this was ignored by parents/ family doctor/school doctor – don't ask me why.
4. I discovered that satisfactory sex was impossible due to loss of erection caused by pain, and often premature ejaculation. An older girlfriend suggested that I be done, and I plucked up the courage and did. Sex has been marvellous since, with none of the above problems. Also I feel better about myself. Getting 'done' was probably the best decision of my life. All my family were uncircumcised.

J.G.C. – Lancashire

I was circumcised at the age of 24 due to a torn frenulum. The doctor recommended that I either had my frenulum removed or be circumcised. I was in favour of circumcision. Until I was circumcised my foreskin was easy to retract when flaccid, with a 1" overhang, but never retracted on erection. I am pleased about being circumcised as I had wanted the op. for about 10 years but was not prepared to pay. Intercourse is much more satisfying. My father was circumcised as an adult. My father-in-law was circumcised at birth. My brother-in-law and his son were both circumcised at 8 due to tight foreskins preventing urination.

Middle Class Incidence

As a gloss on the article 'Incidence by Age' in *Acorn* 2/92, out of 60 boys in my year at school (a boys' grammar school in Norfolk), who would have been born in 1955/6, I can only remember 7 being circumcised – only one of those, as far as I know, for medical reasons, and one other with an American father. (There were ample opportunities for inspection in showers, with P.E. twice a week, and games once). This is extremely low in comparison with the 50% estimated in the article. I know that we regarded it as being more the exception than the rule, though there was no kind of 'status' attached to the one state or the other. I wonder if regional variations are of any significance? Or is it class based, as other articles seem to suggest? The intake of my school was across the complete 'middle-class' spectrum.

Anon

Wanker Watching

Until I was about thirteen I used to think that 'cunt' was just a rude word. Then the full significance was brought home to me in a moment of revelation one afternoon in the old barn behind our farmhouse. Sure, in the rude games we played as unsupervised kids in a farming community, I'd seen any amount of bald, unremarkable little creases between the de-knickered thighs of my sisters and their friends when we used to compare parts.

But this was in a different league: an impressive bulge of flesh, shaded but not concealed by a bush of dense curly hair, throwing into relief the exciting and mysterious fat-lipped vertical slot which bisected it from below, and the whole exciting thing framed between a pair of white, swelling thighs. If you think about it, this has to represent the most exciting vision a young lad can hope to see: such sights I'm sure inspired enterprising Englishmen to go out and found an empire, and I'm confident that Troy wouldn't have been sacked if Helen hadn't flashed her twatty at Paris. Then there are chaps like Drake and Raleigh for example. Can you picture the scene: Drake, on spotting the armada in the distance – "Piss off, you foreigners. I've got H.M.'s royal pussy on my mind." I have to ask myself, do women really appreciate how much power for good or evil is packed into the secret area between their thighs?

The occasion for this divine revelation was the start of an exciting episode in my life and one when I first appreciated the possibilities of wanking as a spectator sport. What happened was that two older girls of fourteen or fifteen had managed to get hold of a jar of scrumpy and reluctantly agreed to let a group of us boys share it with them in the barn. We all got pleasantly giggly and, as so many girls have found to their cost, drink tends to loosen the grip on the knickers as well as the tongue, and the subject inevitably turned to sex. This took the form of a desire on the girls' part to see how big our willies were. Firstly, they ordered a 'short-arm' inspection so they could see who was 'top gun'. As we boys were all about twelve or thirteen and had just embarked on puberty, they were pleasantly surprised to see several near-adult-sized plonkers.

Now these two young ladies had a name for being a saucy pair and, on realising that our cocks showed more promise than they had expected, decided that we should have a 'wanking competition'. In this, the girls took it in turn to give a vigorous massage to a penis until he came, while the other timed the operation. The lad to achieve the shortest time was the winner. The one who spurted furthest got a mention in dispatches.

The trouble was, despite the uproariously giggly and 'rude' feeling we all experienced, we were still a mite bashful in front of these bigger girls, who normally wouldn't have had anything to do with us, and only one of us managed a hard-on (me!) The girls realised we needed some inspiration so one of them stepped out of her drawers, wound her skirts up round her waist, and instructed us all to come forward and inspect the goods whilst the other

tested our reaction with her hand. Thus came the divine revelation of a near adult fanny in all its glory, and the realisation that life had more to offer than liquorice allsorts.

As soon as we were all in a suitably responsive state the competition began. I was last in the queue and watched with fascination the different skills employed by these two young ladies in their task. One used only the tip of her forefinger and thumb to move the skin rapidly to and fro over the knob, whilst the other employed the more traditional fist to pull the prick from its base to its tip, every fourth stroke pulling hard back to reveal part or all of the knob, looking like a freshly peeled beetroot. For some reason, both girls took the precaution of pulling the foreskin right back when the crisis arrived and elevating the winkle to maximum elevation to get the best range: both evidently had plenty of experience in playing this gripping game.

I was a bit concerned when it was my turn because, although like most boys of my age I had learned the art of wanking with joyful spontaneity, I had always chickened out of making myself come for fear of swooning in the fit of trembling and faintness which overcame me as it started. This time I wasn't given the option. In no time at all it was my turn, and I watched with excited disbelief as the young lady grabbed my rigid plonk and started rapidly working the skin up and down. In no time at all the overwhelming, trembly feeling started. Then I gasped as my hips jerked forward, my knees gave way, and the girl expertly pulled my skin right back and made my offering spurt across the barn, leaving me with a sticky dicky and drained of all emotion.

The girls apparently enjoyed the competition as much as we did, and a few days later we were marched into the barn for a re-run. The trouble was, word got out, and some of the boys' sisters came along too, and despite broad hints that they should leave, insisted on watching.

So it was that wanking became a spectator sport and remained at the top of the popularity stakes until some wretch told his mum, whereupon the barn was put out of bounds. But where there's a will there's a way, and it wasn't long before we found another venue. But that's another story...

Sorry we can't oblige the roundhead fans among you – roundheads were a bit thin on the ground where I used to live!

M.W. – London

A Manual Of Sexual Plumbing

By Dr. Ray Hamble

When I get into my car I turn on the ignition and the engine bursts into life. If it doesn't I leave it to the nice man from the A.A. to sort it out. He knows far more than I do about what goes on under the bonnet.

I suspect that many of us, who have had a wank in front of a mirror, have a similar superficial understanding of what happens when we 'turn on', but aren't too sure of what's going on inside. So, at the risk of being a yawn-a-minute bore to those who are in the know, I thought a few words of explanation might be appreciated by those who are not.

First of all, the penis. It's like a sponge contained in a tight wrapping which limits the extent to which it can expand when the holes in the sponge get engorged with blood during sexual excitement. The blood forced into it under pressure makes it get really hard, but when the blood flows out again it becomes soft as the spaces empty.

The tube along the length of the shaft is called the urethra. It's the 'river' carrying the urine from the bladder to the outside, but only flows when the ring of muscles which hold back the contents of the bladder open like a sluice gate. These muscles are called 'voluntary muscles', and we have control over them when we want to have a pee. These are not the same as the 'involuntary muscles' built into the lining of the various tubules within the reproductive system, which contract more or less without any voluntary control during orgasm in order to spurt out the semen.

So where does the spunk (semen) come from? Draining into the urethral river are several tributaries. Of particular importance are the two tubes, vasa deferentia, which bring the thick gooey jelly of sperm cells from the testicles where they are manufactured. This jelly is making its sluggish progress day and night along the vasa, like molten lava from a volcano, because the testicles have a non-stop production line. They don't just work when you're having an orgasm. The jelly is stored in two small reservoir sacs, one at the end of each vas deferens, called the seminal vesicles. There it is kept in readiness to be squirted out at orgasm or, alternatively, if you never cum, the excess build-up is simply reabsorbed. This is nature's way of stock rotation to ensure a constant supply of fresh sperm jelly.

"But spunk isn't jelly," I hear you say. True enough, it's not. You may occasionally see one or two yellowish lumps which haven't quite dissolved, but usually it's that magical opalescent double cream – a joy to the eye, the nose and the palate. It acquires its liquid status as a result of a gland called the prostate gland. This structure, about the size of a walnut, straddles the urethra just below the neck of the bladder and that ring of voluntary muscles which I've mentioned. It becomes noticeably bigger during sexual arousal, when it becomes engorged with the fluid which it produces. It usually makes

just over half a teaspoonful of this fluid, which mixes with the sperm jelly, thus producing spunk as we know it.

If you stop to think about it, we only produce about that much semen anyway, so where has all the jelly gone? That's the whole point. The jelly is so concentrated that it only forms about 5% of the total ejaculate. The other 95% is just prostatic fluid in which the sperm cells (spermatozoa) become active and swim about. There can be anything up to 300 million spermatozoa in a single ejaculation, and it's quite difficult to realise just how incredibly small each one is. Yet, under the microscope, it can be seen as a busy wriggling 'tadpole' with a head, a body, and a very wavy tail.

When a guy is sterilised by having a vasectomy (ie: having the vas deferens cut and tied on both sides), although the flow of sperm jelly is halted, the prostate still pours out its fluid, and the individual is totally unaware of the minute reduction of just 5% of his total ejaculate volume.

On the other hand, when someone has his prostate removed, the main source of liquid is taken away, and so the spunk volume at orgasm is virtually nil.

So why should someone need to have his prostate removed? Occasionally it's because the gland becomes cancerous, and cancers can kill. However, it is common for the prostate to get bigger as age advances beyond about 50. This so-called 'benign enlargement' is nothing more than a peculiar quirk of nature as part of the ageing process, but it has its problems. As it gets bigger it may begin to squash the urethra, causing a damming back of the urinary flow. The affected individual might have difficulty in starting to pass water so he hangs his cock out in the loo for far longer than usual (and risks getting arrested for cottaging while so doing!) Then, when the flow starts it is weak and slow. Afterwards he drips for several minutes and may wet his pants if he puts his willy away too soon. Because his bladder doesn't empty properly he may feel the urge to pass urine more frequently, especially at night. Sometimes an acute emergency arises when the urine flow stops completely. It may be necessary to pass a catheter, a long stiff-walled rubber tube, along the urethra to empty the bladder. In days gone by, when all surgical operations were much more hazardous than they are now, old men with prostate problems used to carry their own catheters, traditionally under the band around their hats.

When I was a student about 35 years ago, the common operation to remove the prostate involved a lengthy horizontal cut in the lower abdomen, followed by much groping around inside to push the bladder out of the way and to shell out the prostate gland. It was a very bloody and messy procedure. Nowadays the gland is more commonly removed through the urethra. An instrument called a cystoscope – like a hollow telescope with a light at the end – is passed along the urethra from the tip of the penis, under anaesthesia. The enlarged prostate gland can be seen inside, and miniature long-handled scissors can be eased along the cystoscope to snip away the prostate. The bits of tissue

can then be flushed away along the tube to the outside. It's a much cleaner technique than the older method, but it still usually leaves the patient unable to ejaculate spunk thereafter. At the best, if some prostate tissue remains, a small amount of spunk may still be produced. Of course, it may take a few weeks for things to settle down after the op., but eventually all the enjoyment of masturbation or intercourse to orgasm is restored – with the advantage that there isn't any mess.

Ducts from a couple of other small glands also flow into the urethra. These are the so-called Cowper's Glands. They are more active in some people than others and, at times of sexual arousal, are responsible for that sticky, clear fluid we've got to know as 'pre-cum juices'. The liquid drips merrily from many a cock as it becomes progressively excited in preparation for orgasm. The liquid is designed as a lubricant to assist in moistening the vagina, thus enabling the to-ing and fro-ing of sexual thrusting to proceed to its smooth and presumably enjoyable conclusion.

"Conclusion" is a good reminder word to warn me that I've probably rambled on for far too long. On some future occasion I'd like to talk more about the mechanics of sexual arousal and orgasm, and about the nerves and hormones involved. I'd like too, to explore one or two ways of heightening the pleasures of the orgasmic experience. But that depends on whether the Editor will let me.

Ray Hamble

[He will, and thank you. — D.A.]

Questions For Doctor Ray

I have three questions for Ray.

1. Peyronie's Disease. What is the cause and the cure?
2. When the penis becomes erect, it fills with blood. Where does this blood come from, and are there blood vessels adapted to inject blood into the penis?
3. What is the origin and composition of smegma? Some men seem to generate much more than others. What is the reason for this?

Bill – Kingston

Widening Membership

Some questions I feel need answering for all members of *Acorn*:-

1. How many subscribers are there currently, and how many have there been in total since the inception of *Acorn*?
2. Do we have any idea why people come and go as subscribers?
3. What proportion of subscribers contribute?
4. Is *Acorn* informative enough? – Is there sufficient information about the different methods of circumcision and the differing results, and is there enough information about where one can obtain a circumcision?
5. Is *Acorn* known about?

I see the purpose of *Acorn* as two-fold. Firstly, to provide the medium for all of us interested in the penis, foreskins and circumcision, to openly discuss our views with those similarly interested. Secondly, I see *Acorn* as providing information for those wanting a circumcision, regarding method, result, and operator.

When I was circumcised at my request in 1976, *Forum* gave me the name and address of the late Dr. Ossie Gibson, but I knew little then in regard to the differing methods and possible results. I have no regrets but feel it would be better if more information was readily available.

I don't feel enough is being done by *Acorn* to help those wanting a circumcision for themselves or their children. An advert should be appearing every couple of issues in *Forum*, advising of *Acorn*'s existence. Maybe we should have a broadsheet explaining that if people join *Acorn* they will get:-

1. Information on different methods and results.
2. Information on operators. viz, names and addresses.
3. The opportunity to voice their worries.
4. The opportunity to inspect the finished article. I'm sure many of us would be ready to show off.
5. The opportunity to seek comments on their views.

Secondly, I don't feel there is nearly enough information on where circumcisions are available. Yes, there is the S.A.S. and Dr. Mason, and there is Dr. Sifman, but has anyone seen any results on either adults or children? Dr. Gibson I've already mentioned is no longer with us and Dr. Newell I believe has retired. There must be others. Why not ask all members to advise who circumcised them, give details if known of method, and was it a baby, child, or adult circumcision. There must be some operators away from Leeds, but who knows of them?

Articles appear from time to time in the newspapers. Do we reply to the authors/editors, and what about starting some discussion on the matter via letters columns? What about personal ads. in The Times? We need to be much more positive about our existence – no, I'm not advocating that we should be persuading everyone to get themselves circumcised, but there is so little information readily available, and our existence could be so much more worthwhile.

What about setting a target of doubling membership by the end of 1992? We could all help here – with a broadsheet available we could all probably suggest a couple of names with addresses of those who might be interested in joining, and the broadsheet could be sent to them without any of us giving up our anonymity if it is important to us.

I'll lay odds that we all know at least two or three people who have been circumcised. What about sending out to them asking for information about when and where they were done, explaining our aim of making information regarding circumcision more readily available? We could invite them to join *Acorn*, but if they only give the circumciser's name and address our base will be widened for the benefit of others. We could ask for year of circumcision, name and address of operator and details of how they came to approach that particular doctor if it was not done on medical advice.

I feel very strongly that we need to widen our base. What do other members of *Acorn* think? Let's have some views and then some action. I'd certainly be prepared to help in widening our base, increasing membership, and assisting with the increased work load that would inevitably result. We cannot afford to sit still.

Could we all contribute a little more?

I did ask, quite a few issues ago, about frenulum removal. Not everyone's cup of tea I'll admit, but why not add to the data being collated for those circumcised, 'frenulum removed – yes or no'.

As far as I'm concerned, I've now removed my frenulum myself, using American locking forceps, with a fair amount of waspeze as anaesthetic. I'll happily answer any questions about this, and would be also more than happy to discuss the subject of circumcision with anyone (particularly those contemplating changing allegiance from 'cavalier' to 'roundhead') with or without a viewing. Anyone interested please write to:-

Brian Of The West Country
c/o Acorn

Saga (continued)

At public school, the emphasis was now very much on normal sex, a subject big enough to take my attention away from myself, and which also gave me a cleaner feel; this latter being assisted by a very wise series of sex lectures, with their objectivity. One or two boys still retained the kind of mentality which I had virtually now relinquished. In particular, one who pressed me hard one night to agree that I was circumcised. This was the only time my deception backfired on me, and was aided by my honesty. I couldn't agree, and foolishly explained. This seemed to astound him, and excite him also I think, as he said in a dangerously loud, strained voice, **"Do you mean to say you keep your foreskin in an unnatural position?"** Luckily, this seemed to terminate things, except that sometime the following day he made a threat, partly in jest, to tell his best friend about my foreskin. The percentage of uncircumcised in the public school was somewhat higher, perhaps around 20%.

The only other event which interested me was observing a boy who reached puberty very late, about a year after I had gone there. He was one of those who erected uncontrollably in the shower. I was always fascinated to see his tiny member pointing out horizontally. A couple of years later we were drying ourselves alone together and the same happened, but what a difference! Again it went out horizontally, but now it was at least four times as long as before. I just couldn't take my eyes off it. I do not know how much he realised of what was racing through my fevered mind.

For years after this there was nothing to report on, a situation assisted by returning to live permanently with my parents during studies until National Service. Apart, that is, from intense masturbation, normally morning and evening.

Unstimulated, and with the feeling that it was unworthy, my interest in circumcision lay dormant.

My first proper girlfriend, whom I met in Germany, was very warm and passionate, and we loved each other very much, but it was some months before she handled my penis. She had an eight-year-old son, was unmarried, and naturally very cautious about going the whole way. First, I felt a forefinger and thumb squeezing the base, then they travelled up the shaft, and I felt my frenulum being squeezed. In a moment she was masturbating me – I could not believe it! In fact, for some time I continued to believe that we were unique in our discovery!!! Her technique was simply to move the shaft skin back and forward as if I was circumcised, and some time later she answered a question indicating that she believed me to be so, which I found most gratifying. From then on I never wished any female to pull my foreskin forward, and only two ever did, probably, with their intuition, realising my hang-up.

She told me that her doctor had advised her to have her little chap done, describing all the advantages that advocates do, and now she believed

it to be the normal thing. Only fifteen years after the fall of Nazism, I found this very interesting. Idly, I wondered what her brother's colleagues (he had been in the Waffen SS) might have thought, but here I am trespassing on a strongly-felt love.

In a way, though, it does seem to help to prove how difficult an average opinion is to evaluate, and how the strongest emotions are evoked, with a loss of objective thought, by reference to circumcision. Mild or neutral reactions to it seem pretty rare.

Gradually, I became something of a 'circumcision bore' (vide a recent *Forum* article), and over the next few years desired increasing titillation from women's reactions to it – which, more often than not, were not forthcoming. I came almost straight out with this desire the first time I was 'handled' by my next girlfriend. I was foolish enough to say, simply, "Do you reckon I'm circumcised?", to which she laughed, and said. "No." As she was a nurse, I had played my cards rather badly. However, she was a lovely girl, full of fun, and very soon she was masturbating me. Penis out, no fumbling down my trouser front, or shame, and a light gliding with the fingertips, fingers and thumb stretched, along my full length. My favourite method, with the fingers sliding lightly over the loose folds of skin and corona, just as if circumcised.

Of course, I questioned her about how circumcision was done, as I was always to be interested in this. All she would say was that a cut was made, the outer layer was peeled back, followed by the inner, the stitches then going in, "And then it stays back." I found the last sentence, especially from a female, incredibly exciting. She pretty clearly liked penises. On circumcision, I asked her about my pet fear, which was loss of the gorgeous sensitive area by the frenulum end, but she had nothing to contribute. Once only, when I was in bed with 'flu, she came in and, after chatting about something, suddenly reached over and pulled apart the front of my pyjamas. "I must see this very sensitive part," she said, "it fascinates me, honestly." I have never felt so naked, goggling down at my erection, which had burst into view so unexpectedly. I pointed out the spot, unable to say a word, and that was that.

(to be continued)

ACORN

1992 Issue No 5

**Editor
David Acorn**

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**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

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Editorial

When going through the material that's waiting to be published, I always try to picture the finished issue so that I can get as good a balance as possible of the different subjects and of course the pros and cons. At times this is very difficult, as at the moment, when nearly all the material is pro foreskins, whereas about a year ago it was all pro circumcision.

I know it is difficult for the circumcisionists to air their views without reiterating about smells, cancer and AIDS, and we have only room for one item of the operation at a time because they are, of necessity, always long.

So I have tried to think of subjects for members to think about and, although the response is generally poor, I'll try another one with this question:-

If you were forced to have the opposite of what you have now, and you could take your pick, what sort of finished product would you want? There are many types of foreskins to choose from and many types of circumcisions.

It's only fair for me to start the ball rolling. As I am always between 4" and 5" when flaccid, it would be quite easy to have my choice, which would be a radical sleeve resection, leaving me with my inner foreskin but losing my shaft skin. This I hope would leave no bunching up in the sulcous, but with a smooth unwrinkled, denuded penis. I'm not too sure whether I could bear to part with my frenulum though. This type of circumcision, I know, would be of little use if I shrunk right up when soft.

Now let's hear some other choices.

D.A.

Ray Hamble Answers Bill From Kingston

Hi Bill!

You asked me about Peyronie's Disease, and also where the blood comes from to fill the penis on erection. Obviously you believe in the magic of threesomes because, for good measure, you also want me to tell you something about smegma.

OK... here we go. A long time ago a guy called Peyronie described changes in the spongy tissue of the penis, usually in middle age and later, whereby bands of non-elastic fibrous tissue are formed, and interfere with the ability of the 'sponge' to fill up properly on erection. Sometimes the start of the problem can be traced to an injury, but more often the cause simply isn't known. If only one side of the shaft is affected then only one side doesn't erect properly. The unaffected side stiffens in the normal way, and so the shaft develops an acute bend to one side or the other when it gets a hard on. If both sides are affected, then the extent to which the ability to achieve an erection depends

upon the extent to which the fibrous tissue has developed. The condition tends to be progressive, and in extreme cases the ability to get a 'stiffy' is permanently lost.

Treatment by injecting substances known as fibrolycins, in the hope of dissolving the fibrous tissue, isn't all that effective, but the surgical removal of the offending fibres is a possibility when the damage isn't too severe. The penis may be a bit shorter afterwards because of the tissue removed.

On the matter of blood supply, there are two main 'Dorsal Arteries' to the penis, and two other arteries, one in each of the so-called 'Corpora Caverosa'. These are the two main envelopes of spongy tissue, one on each side of the shaft. There are also various other smaller vessels. There's plenty of blood circulating in the human body, and a little extra finding its way into the penis during erection doesn't effectively deprive organs elsewhere. Upon sexual arousal the penile arteries simply dilate (become wider) so that more blood flows into them. Blood isn't actually forced into them beyond the normal pumping blood pressure of the heart, though this does tend to rise as orgasm approaches, and then the penis often becomes extra stiff just before ejaculation.

Smegma is a clear lubricating fluid which is produced by glands lying in the skin on the inside of the foreskin. Its purpose is to enable the foreskin to slip freely to and fro over the glans. Just as some people sweat more than others so some men make more smegma than others. One particular kind of bacterium, called the smegma bacillus, has adapted itself over thousands of years to grow very easily in human smegma, and it is colonies of these bacteria which often cause smegma to take on a white, cheesy, unpleasant tasting, and smelly state. I hope you aren't really interested in a detailed chemical analysis of the composition of smegma, because I'd have to look it up in my recipe book – and that's lost somewhere up in my attic.

Dr. Ray Hamble

I Wish

As one who is interested in the circumcision scene I can see the general attraction of *Acorn's* message, but what really surprises me is the number of guys who hanker after circumcision. Envy has to be a root cause of such a yearning, but how strange for people to yearn for something that others haven't got, rather than something they have. The boot's always been on the other foot for me. I'd have loved to have a foreskin, and felt pretty hard done by at being deprived of my own.

The first time I realised the full significance of circumcision was as a boy at school, when I was privileged to witness an uncircumcised boy being masturbated to orgasm by his sister. He had discovered he could come and was showing off to a group of us smaller boys. His sister, who was a precocious

young lady with a lively interest in all things penile and sexual, had insisted on doing the honours for him. I was amazed as she manipulated the long skin tube which covered his swollen penis head, sliding it vigorously up and down his shaft so that it was alternately concertina'd down at the root or stretched forward in a handful of loose skin beyond the tip like a half removed sock. The girl bent to her task with enthusiasm, her concentration showing in her frown and protruding tongue tip. In a matter of minutes the boy reached his crisis, whereupon the girl pulled hard back on his skin to reveal his raw-looking, moist knob, and three gouts of thick white sperm shot from the tip, spattering the girl's dress, to her annoyance and our amusement. The realisation of how different this boy's prick was from mine, and the luxury of that long, elegant foreskin, made me acutely aware of how cruelly my penis had been altered.

Consequently I had problems coming to terms with my sex drive when the time came for me to start exercising my love muscle, and I missed out on a lot of fun in comparison with my fully equipped friends. You do get over these things to a certain extent with the passage of time, but there's often something which happens to bring back your fears and worries, particularly when you realise that in the Britain of today the circumcised man is very much the odd man out.

Such an occasion occurred a couple of summers ago when I was on holiday on the windswept east coast. I found myself on an isolated sand dune near a bustling camp site, and was settling down to a quiet sunbathe, when I heard voices approaching, and half a dozen kids in swimsuits came into the secluded sandy hollow about eight feet below me. They were all boys of about twelve years old except for one girl who was a couple of years older. They had no idea I was there, whilst I had a clear and close-up view of them through the tufts of coarse grass. Feeling a bit disgruntled at having my peaceful afternoon disturbed, I tried to ignore them. No chance! Because suddenly the girl exerted her authority of her extra year or two and, summoning all the boys into a line, she expressed her wish to see who had the most ball hairs. There was a lot of nervous giggling from the boys, but no action until she taunted them with being scared. That did it. They all pulled their pants down to their ankles, exposing a variety of cocks from the tiny to the impressive. The girl watched keenly, and then went along the line inspecting each one in turn. They were all facing my dune so I got a grandstand view as she lifted each cock up to see how big his balls were and how much hair he'd got. Needless to say, all of them were uncircumcised, and most still had the long pointed foreskin of childhood. Only one of the boys had much in the way of pubic hair though, and our young lady pulled their legs about it. Until the bigger boy demanded to know if she could do better, that is. Whereupon the little miss, totally unruffled, pulled down her own swimsuit and stood before them all, displaying a small but well-haired pubic patch, which shaded rather than concealed her vulval split. The tiny but well-formed breasts bore witness to the fact that she still had some way to go before reaching womanhood.

Having got into such a state of exposure, they weren't about to tamely pull their pants back up and go away. Oh no! The girl got them together and whispered to them all with much sniggering and joking. She then took her swimming hat off and made each boy in turn come forward and pee into a can some distance away, at the foot of my dune. As she did so she had him balloon his foreskin out with pee so that she could measure the circumference with her swimming hat strap. To a circumcised guy, this is a sight at once disturbing and astounding. I was astounded at just how elastic a foreskin could be when I saw some of them achieving balloons the size of a large orange. I really did feel put down at the knowledge that I could never manage such an achievement myself. Of course, it was a dirty little game, but I would dearly have loved to try it myself: why shouldn't I play dirty games too if I wanted.

Once again our young lady was not to be outdone, because when they had all performed to her satisfaction, she told the boys not to look (just for appearances' sake, no doubt) and then spreading her knees, she pissed like a fire-hydrant, scoring a bullseye from ten feet, and making the can bounce and leap into the air, to the delight of the boys. Me too, except she completely destroyed my long-held theory of male superiority, thinking that girls could never pee accurately enough to achieve that exquisite satisfaction of drowning a fly. One of the bigger boys evidently found the spectacle as stimulating as I did, as he then got a huge erection. The girl, having emptied her bladder, saw this, and, taking it in her hand, started rubbing it up and down, pulling the foreskin right back to have a look at the liver-coloured wet knob, and bringing back to me that scene in the school playground all those years ago. When she realised that she had an even more enthralled audience, she decided that she had gone far enough and pulling her swimsuit up again, she led them all off, whooping and shouting as though nothing had happened.

There is no doubt in my mind that this was one of the most arousing and disturbing things that happened to me all year. For a start, if it had taken place when I was a kid, over half the boys would have been circumcised like me. It brought the feeling of being the odd man out home to me to know that this generation would look on my cock as even more of an oddity than before. Moreover, it was absolutely clear to me that foreskins were a load of fun, not only for their owners, but also for the young ladies who took them in hand. However, I would have forgotten the whole thing if I hadn't seen Samantha's tale in *Acorn No 4* last year, where she got a terrific kick out of making her husband do the balloon trick, and like me felt jealous that she didn't have the equipment to try it herself.

R.W. – Stratford On Avon

Influences

The other day I got a peak at a new women's porn magazine. (Porn!! Well, *H. & E.* with naughty articles). The page fell open at an article on big cocks owned by cinema and pop celebrities. They included Warren Beatty, Dean Martin, Anthony Quinn (over 12"), Victor Mature, Errol Flynn (always whipping it out on the film sets to show everybody), Don Johnson, and Charlie Chaplin (another 12". Surely they were mixing him up with his cane). With all that length and girth around I wonder why we never saw bulging crotches in Hollywood films, especially the Regency period ones? At the other end of the scale, Clark Gable's wife, Carole Lombard, always put it around that he was dismally hung and was a bad lover, though whether from lack of size or lack of technique she never said.

But what caught my eye most was a full frontal picture of muscular Burt Lancaster, sporting a long foreskin extending beyond his glans. For some reason I had always thought of the Hollywood macho-men as exemplifying the circumcised clean-cut American.

Then I got to thinking about age. With the huge influx of immigrants into America in the late 1800's from Europe, the only circumcised people would probably have been the Jews. The black population would not have been circumcised as slaves, even though they might have been in the original tribal rites. Likewise the Red Indians had no history of circumcision as far as I know. Therefore it must follow that the mass changeover to circumcision must have emanated from the Jewish community, and when by all accounts nearly all the immigrant doctors were Jewish, one can see how it all probably occurred.

However, it must have taken over a generation to gain momentum, so it follows that all the non-Jewish film stars that we knew from the thirties and forties, born before about 1910, had foreskins intact.

Of course I may be quite wrong in all this, with the reason lying completely with the wartime medics who believed, quite erroneously, that the huge amount of V.D. among the troops could be drastically cut by removing all their foreskins. But, when in the R.N. around 1960, we used to carry out exercises in the Med. with American ships and often ended up in the same places, their or our ships, or shore establishments, where we would all shower together before dinner. They were all circumcised, and being young and ignorant, this intrigued me. I asked an older sergeant about it and he told me that nearly all the younger ones had joined like it, but about half of the older ones, born in the twenties, had it done in the Service. So that doesn't make it much clearer, does it?

Going still further, the biggest social influence in Australia after the war were Hollywood films and American radio programmes. I saw a Clive James programme last week where he was comparing the difference between

Australian TV programmes at the start of their TV era and nowadays. He stated that it was obligatory for quiz hosts and programme presenters to speak with an American accent and forget their own, and showed an example. I would then presume that as most parts of life were American influenced, so mass circumcision was a part of the same scene.

I sure would like to hear any comments, folks! G'day.

David Acorn

American Attitudes

Those who keep a weather eye open for such things may, like me, have noticed a subtle shift in attitude in the States in recent times. Ten years ago I remember seeing a *Shaft* film, where, anticipating the 'Politically Correct' doctrine, the hero was described approvingly by his girlfriend as being circumcised (and therefore a regular guy). At about that time the movement decreed that all police chiefs in crime movies had to be black, and that is still the case today. But apparently foreskins are no longer considered un-American. In the erotic film *Velvet Dreams*, a lady writer is led by her perverted lover to indulge in all kinds of kinky sex for his delectation, and finds that she can't get enough of it. In one scene she spies on a young man taking a shower and, as if following her gaze, the camera zooms in on his centre of gravity, giving a frank close-up of a plump sensual-looking penis with the head totally concealed beneath the long tapering foreskin of youth, which we are clearly intended to register. Although nothing is said, the sly sexy smile on the girl's face shows she is favourably impressed with her new lover's equipment.

Then, if you ever watch the soft porn movies on RTL or Sat 1 on satellite TV, you will notice through the pretty dire slapstick German, French and Italian films, that the occasional glimpse of the male article invariably features your fully foreskinned todger, whereas the older American films show only roundheads. Nothing unusual there of course, but in the more recent American soft-porn films, it's noticeable that when you're treated to a bit of full frontal, your man is nowadays fully intact.

Then again, if you read *Pleasures* by Lonnie Barbach, which is a compendium of American women writers' stories of their most sexy encounters, you will find not a single reference to circumcision, whereas there is more than one mention of foreskins. The writer Valerie Kelly, who contributes to *Playgirl*, describes how beautiful she finds her new lover's cock with its foreskin slipping back to reveal the tip of his knob as it swells to erection. She finds the urge to touch it irresistible and, grasping it in her hand, slips his foreskin all the way back down his shaft, to uncover the deep shiny red plum of the uncircumcised prick, glistening with moisture.

There are of course, some American writers who have never made any bones about their dislike of the American custom of universal circumcision.

Gore Vidal, in his raunchy book *Myra Breckinridge*, for example, goes over the top in his description of the heroine's sexual mistreatment of an uncircumcised student, when she humiliates him unmercifully when he cannot respond to her off-putting approaches. After physically manhandling him she asks him about his foreskin, and his many girlfriends' reaction to it. "I don't get no complaints" is his reply.

Another American writer who takes an anti-circumcision stance, is John Updike who, in one of his earlier books, has the heroine describing with satisfaction her lover's long foreskin, whilst her husband also is revealed as being uncircumcised. Since very few women in the States were likely to experience even one uncircumcised partner in those days, let alone two, you can't help feeling that it's a case of wishful thinking on Updike's part.

But generally speaking, the depiction ten years ago, or even description, of the uncircumcised state, would have been unacceptable in the USA. Americans preferred to think that universal circumcision was the norm, and found it uncomfortable to realise that the rest of the world, less a few primitive and religious groups, was intact. The mere sight of a foreskin seemed to be unsettling, perhaps making them wonder if they might be missing something. Could it be that this new American tolerance for the foreskin is down to Marilyn Mylos' NO CIRC campaign? In view of its success in the west coast states, where a majority of males are allowed to keep their foreskins these days, could it be that the P.C. movement has now espoused the foreskin as a cause célèbre, along with anti-sexism, racism, etc. Any ideas anyone?

M.B. – London

Silly Statistics — According To Ray Hamble's Calculator

If you are circumcised in Madagascar it's likely that your foreskin will be wrapped in a banana skin and fed to a calf; and if you are a Marsh Arab in Iraq your severed prepuce will be dried in the sun, ground to a powder, and sprinkled over the raw edge of the dick of the next guy who comes in for a slice. The traditional cost of such an operation is 'one cock'!

Ritual circumcision among some remote African tribes is still part of the initiation ceremony of teenagers into manhood. The wise elders of the tribe masturbate into a communal bowl and the young initiate imbibes their semen to gain strength and wisdom. He then brings himself to ejaculation to prove his own virility, and is immediately circumcised, before a large audience, by a member of the tribal hierarchy. He must show no sign of pain or discomfort to demonstrate his bravery, but is allowed to clench his teeth on a stick to distract his attention as the knife comes down. Afterwards, everyone sings the local version of "For he's a jolly good fellow", and spends the rest of the night in frivolities, feasting and fucking... And they've got something to feast about because, according to Jomo Kenyatta in his book, *Facing Mount Kenya*, no uncircumcised man can build a house of his own, partake of certain foods,

or have intercourse with Kikuyu women.

Other African tribes lead their eight-year-olds into the secrecy of the bush, sozzle them with crude, pain-numbing, alcoholic, fruity fermentations, decapitate their willy, and invite them, or their 'surgeon', to eat the severed prepuce, which has been soaked in the self-same heady tippie.

In the Western World we don't aspire to such picturesque methods of surgery or the subsequent disposal of foreskins but, according to my pocket calculator, almost half a mile of foreskin is cut off British boys each year. I worked out that daft figure a year or two ago. It was based on the then average of about 26,000 'circs' carried out on hospital in-patients annually in England and Wales. Since then, more boys and men are being treated as out-patients, and it is true that circumcision continues to become less common, but with all the thousands of unrecorded operations carried out by G.P.s and Rabbis there's still one hell of a long length of foreskin going down the drain or up in smoke. Mind you, forty years ago, if all the severed bits of foreskin annually could have been sewn together, it would probably have stretched from Marble Arch to Tower Bridge.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it!!

Ray Hamble

Watch The Oiseau

I could not help being amused by a remark that I heard in Morocco recently. A young man there was telling me of the rites of circumcision for Arabs, and explained that all boys must be circumcised before they reach the age of seven. It's a very special day for the boy and a Feast Day of the King's Birthday is chosen for the barber to call.

No women are allowed to be present at the ceremony and the child is given what they call 'potage', which I take to be an alcoholic drink, normally forbidden to Moslems. In the arms of his father and in the presence of his brothers and uncles, the boy is circumcised by the barber (the cleanest cut of all?) with, so he said, very little pain.

But the words that caused me wry amusement were that the boy is told to look at the ceiling and to "Regardez l'oiseau", or, as we use them on entirely different occasions, "Watch the birdie". The world surely is a small place.

While I am a firm believer in ritual circumcision, I would think that the operation should be carried out soon after birth, and not when the boy is four or five years old.

R.S.

Squirrelling Etc.

I haven't written to you before, so I thought it was about time I put things right and became more than a sleeping member of *Acorn*.

I have been thinking about the newsletter, as I hope the enclosed cuttings will show. I've not seen any of them in *Acorn* so hopefully some will be worth including. By the way, is the story from the *NME* plausible? It was printed in the paper's gossip column and it sounds rather dubious to me. I reckon a plum would be difficult for me to accommodate, and my foreskin's not tight at all! What do you think? Maybe you could invite other eligible readers to note the biggest fruit they could fit under their hood. (In case you're not familiar, *NME* stands for *New Musical Express*, a newspaper for rock music fans).

I hope you can find some space for the girth statistics, as I find these equally as interesting as length. I believe my cock's thinner than standard. I would also be very interested in attending another *Acorn* meeting, I don't think that I was a member at the time of the last one.

I'd like to make a contribution to *Acorn*, but I'm not sure what to do – I don't have any personal experiences to relate, and I'm far from being an expert on any aspect of our interest. Any ideas?

G.L. – Leeds

[You now have just made your first contribution. Congratulations. But if you think you have no personal experiences to relate you can't know what that thing is that's hanging between your legs. Sorry, G.L. that sounds a bit facetious, and I apologize. How about starting with the subjects that you would like to hear more about in the questionnaire, eg masturbation technique, pleasures of foreskins, I first found out about foreskins, etc. You are an expert on all those subjects, and everyone would like to hear more. With regard to another meeting, I don't mind organising one if enough members are interested. And if anyone has an alternative suitable venue perhaps they would let me know. In the meantime, many thanks for the cuttings which now follow. — D.A.]

N.M.E. 8th. Feb. 1992.

There they were, rockband EMF, at the Rock in Rio Festival. Five young lads from the Forest Of Dean with an important duty. They were cultural ambassadors for Britain, representing all that is great about our pop music – and what do they do? Well, it makes us squirm just to tell you...

It transpires that the boys were being grilled by Brazilian journalists at a press conference, when bassist ZAK decided he was bored, and would regale the nation's press with his favourite party trick. Rising from his chair, he picked up a lime from a nearby fruitbowl and proceeded, ugh, to place it under his considerable foreskin! We kid you not, dear readers.

Curiously enough, although a number of journalists walked out in disgust, one representative from a TV station approached ZAK and asked him if he would be willing to repeat the performance on a variety show later in the evening. Good sense prevailed, and he was dissuaded from making a complete dick of himself before millions of viewers.

The Guardian, 25th. Feb. 1992.

Irish Dictionary is Lost for Words on Sex.

An Irish politician once famously remarked that there was no sex in Ireland before television, but a government agency is implying sex may have arrived with the English language.

A new Irish language dictionary has no words for penis, vagina or condom, but it does provide a word for abortion, perhaps confirming that the latter really is a political rather than a sexual question in Ireland.

The dictionary is the latest in a series produced by An Gum, a state-owned Irish language publishing house for schools. It is aimed mainly at teenagers, but describes itself as providing a basic vocabulary.

It defines many modern words in concise and easy Irish, but skates delicately around matters sexual. For example, the word for sex, gneas, is defined as the masculine or feminine in people or animals and “any activity or quality that is mentioned in connection with that.”

Taking refuge in the Irish equivalent of birds and bees, it interprets a word with strong overtones of sexual desire or heat, dair, as “a bull’s desire for a cow.”

Irish, actually, has a large vocabulary for sex, as for most other things. The missing words appear in an Irish-English dictionary, also published by An Gum.

A spokesman for the department of education, which oversees An Gum, said that any omissions were accidental. One of the dictionary’s compilers expressed surprise at the absence of the words. “If they are not in, it wasn’t me who left them out,” he told the *Irish Times*.

The education spokesman said that many words had not been included because it was only a small dictionary. “The publishers say the exclusions are not based on any kind of censorship, but on frequency of use,” he added.

Which seems to suggest that Irish educators do not expect teenagers to call a spade a spade. However, the words they might use more frequently are certainly not included either.

The Guardian, 7th. Nov. 1991

Circumcision Deaths.

Ten people were crushed to death, and seven hurt, when about 2,000 families packed into a mausoleum in Fez, Morocco, to watch the circumcisions of their sons.

[Our very good correspondent from Helsinki, J.H., has sent me a load of pages of letters from British and American *Forum* magazines dealing with our interests. These I will include from time to time under the heading of Cuttings, as they are mostly pro-circumcision. Herewith the first.]

Cuttings

I notice that most of your male readers tend to reject circumcision, while the majority of females say they prefer a partner who has been circumcised. [*Acorn* finds the opposite true. — *D.A.*] It doesn't surprise me that most women, given the choice, derive more pleasure from a penis without a foreskin, but very little has been said about the variations between one circumcised penis and another.

Apart from my husband and my current boyfriend, all the men I have known have been uncircumcised. My husband, who was killed in a car crash two years ago, had been circumcised at birth. His penis was fairly average in size, and when erect the circumcision 'ring' was situated about half an inch behind the rim of his knob. There was enough penile skin to move forwards and back about two or three inches.

I am soon to marry Patrick who was also circumcised at birth, but presumably a different technique was used by the surgeon, as his circumcision 'ring' is further down his penis; about two inches behind the rim of his knob when he is fully erect. The position of this cut means that there is no mobile skin; in fact the penile skin is stretched taut, like a drum, from his knob to the base of his belly.

When I saw Patrick's penis for the first time I was delighted to see that he had been circumcised – I am not a foreskin fan – but I was really turned on by the feel of this very taut stretched skin. His frenulum is also stretched when his penis is erect, and he is particularly sensitive in this area.

I cannot explain why I find myself so excited by a penis which has been cut so far back to expose not only the glans but a large area of delicate membrane behind it. I realise that he has been deprived of the usual method of masturbation, ie, sliding the foreskin back and forth over the tip. I also accept that, in removing his foreskin, his glans is without any form of protection. In my particular case, the more skin cut from the penis, the more attractive it is. I suck Patrick's penis frequently, taking it out of my mouth from time

to time to see, at close hand, the results of my attention. I notice that men who are circumcised invariably possess greater self-confidence, and a much larger knob in relation to the size of the penis. Circumcised men expect to be fellated while those with a foreskin can only hope.

I am fond of swimming, and while relaxing by the pool or on the beach I find myself speculating on the size and shape of the sparsely covered penises. Not surprisingly, I can often tell by the outline of the bathing trunks whether the wearer has been circumcised. Unfortunately, I have come to the conclusion that the vast majority of males in Britain still retain their foreskins. Not much of a choice for our younger generation of girls.

Mrs J.B.

Comments Re Issue 3/92

As usual, the latest issue of *Acorn* is very enjoyable, and new angles and opinions occur.

Three things prompt me to write and comment:-

First, the comment on the infant shown on the record sleeve. Your description reminds me of photographs of my niece's son, born in New Zealand two and a half years ago. His penis had obviously been circumcised, but it had similarly a characteristic of a roll of skin around the glans corona. My guess would be a Plastibell circumcision because, surely, with that the end result depends on the amount of foreskin pulled forward before the ligature is tied.

Secondly, maceheads. Interesting variation of opinions here. I must say that my experience has always been that the circumcised glans has a more bulbous/prominent rim because it is not contained by a foreskin. However, I think I have read in *Acorn* or *Forum* that this can also be influenced by the age at which circumcision has been done, that is the rim is more prominent in penises circumcised at birth.

Finally, docking. I have never heard this name for it before but, looking back to *Acorn* S 1990, I find that I did refer to it in a letter you published. At public school I shared a room for a time with a friend who had been neatly and radically circumcised shortly after birth – he knew exactly when because his mother had recorded it in his 'Baby Book'. I possessed a particularly long and loose foreskin, and we indulged from time to time in mutual masturbation. I cannot swear whose idea it was, but it was eventually suggested that I roll my foreskin over his glans. There was actually enough to stretch to behind his glans, and we both found this enjoyable, so we 'docked' regularly.

J.R. – Norfolk

Saga (continued)

What could be more exciting for a male than a female who is truly fascinated by his penis, and I wonder how many there are 'out there'. Not so many, I suspect somehow. Also, what does a woman think when first she handles a new acquaintance, and what does she look for – if anything?

Perhaps it is just an answer to an idle question, circled or uncircled. My next girlfriend seemed to be this way. On our first evening, correctly sensing the moment, I pushed her hand down my trousers' front. The reaction was fairly startling. Grabbing it enthusiastically, she pinched the knob hard then, to my bewilderment, pinched around just below the corona, then stretched out sideways the skin she had seized, really hard and a bit painfully, then forward over the knob with a little reciprocating motion, keeping it forward, a new sensation for me. She never handled me much again, much preferring straight sex.

The only girl who masturbated me in the conventional way was my last before marriage. She pulled the skin well forward, so that what there was met together beyond the end on each stroke, not pulling it back very far. I'm afraid this was my least enjoyable masturbation from a woman.

Forum – and *Acorn* already – is full of stories from both sexes about their frustration in masturbation with roundheads. Something, which I hope is clear from the foregoing, I fail to comprehend.

By now, I was clear in my mind that I would get a circumcision if it was on offer. Only I had slight reservations still about loss of the sensitive area, and how masturbation would be affected.

My slow release from my complex began in 1969 with purchase of my first copy of *Forum*. In it, to my astonishment and delight, I found a letter from a woman who mentioned, inter alia, a 'fetish' (her inverted commas) of hers which was a preference for the sight and feel (the **feel!!** – what a magazine!!) of the circumcised penis. From then to this day I was hooked on *Forum*; only now has *Acorn* stepped in to fill in while the former becomes year by year less serious and more sensational, much of its message, perhaps, having been safely delivered.

However, it has been a great comfort in a life where I have been on my own so much. What I never took regularly was *H. & E.*, although one weekend I happened to have a couple at home. A neighbour came in and, after some chatting, I showed her them. She was at the far end of the room, and suddenly came out with a comment to my wife which had my heart pounding, "Not many of them are circumcised, are they?" We discussed the subject for a while and then she left. I wonder how many females realise the effect on males of their comments like this? I think the vast majority do not, but a little later shall tell of one who I'm quite sure does.

Eventually, I came to live where I am now, without my wife for the most part, our children having greater claim on her than I. Suffice it to say that it is a hot, Moslem country, and that the organisation which employs me has its own hospital, with the staff of which I work together fairly often, either near my home or away on detachment. I also have (too much) time to brood. I also meet many who are on their own also for various reasons and of varying long durations.

I was away with a party which included Susan, who is now the matron. I had not met her before but, at the first meal we sat down together, she very quickly brought the subject round to 'the tribe which is into female circumcision'. This did not develop as we were joined by others, to my disappointment, but at almost the next meal when we were all together she managed to work in some comment about it in general. Soon after, she began visiting our normal workplace roughly once a month on duty and, almost every time while relaxing over coffee she had something to say about it. Normally about a new Indian surgeon who was rather old and slow. For example, "He does a circumcision, and then he's knackered." and later, "He's got circumcisions down to 40 minutes now". "We've lost a few more foreskins this week". I'm sure her primary aim was to enjoy watching us males getting steamed up at all this, but I still wonder how much fascination she had with it?

Before this though, the hospital had had a very patchy period, with surgeons seemingly coming and going constantly, never staying for long. One who came out from the U.K. caused some anguish. He was an expert, apparently, on circumcision and piles – a gorgeous combination. After returning from a home leave, I was in our club one evening with a married couple, close friends, and one or two others. Conversation veered towards the hospital, and the current visiting surgeon. Suddenly Mary said with shining eyes, "They're circumcising all the boys," to the usual blank looks one tends to get. I couldn't wait to hear more, but had to until a few days later, when I bumped into two other friends who were chatting just outside my house. I just heard Jennifer say, "It won't pull back." Then, seeing me, "Sorry, Michael's circumcision." She then wandered off to potter around her garden, leaving Jack (a mutual neighbour), and me alone. He told me about the surgeon in question; "And we all went along to the circumciser," with a big grin referring to parents taking their boys, of course. Then, "I don't know about you, but I was done during the war, and they took it all off." I dearly wanted to contribute, but just could not, with my shameful secret.

Soon after, Mary (a nurse), said to me of Michael, "It's up like a balloon." She had been asked in for an assessment by Jennifer, and, a little later, "It doesn't look any different." It appeared to me that both mothers were circumcisionists for reasons of appearance and social cachet, perhaps, more than for purely medical reasons.

(to be continued)

Ray's Joke

Q. Why are Morris Dancers never circumcised?

A. Because you have got to be a complete prick to be a Morris Dancer.

[Any more relevant jokes?]

ACORN

1992 Issue No 6

**Editor
David Acorn**

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**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

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Editorial

I've just come back from a fortnight in the Canary Islands, for which the less said the better. Being a naturist, one of my first tasks was to find the nudist beaches. In Gran Canaria there are, not so much nudist beaches, but beaches designated where you may strip off completely. So we have a total mixture of dressed and undressed, not very good for a togetherness feeling. Most of the holidaymakers are German with British second, and a mixture of all the other Europeans bringing up the rear. Circumcised cocks are the rare item nearly all, I would say, British. A few of the Germans retracted their foreskins, a hazardous business. I've seen some burnt knobs at Studland Bay in Dorset at 75 degrees, so you can imagine what happens at 120 degrees.

I had a long conversation with a young Spanish chap, from Madrid, on our different cultures etc., and after a while brought up the subject of circumcision. He said that he knew of no Spanish men being circumcised, and had never seen any advertisements anywhere for the operation. He also said that he'd spent a few years in Sweden and had never seen anyone circumcised there. But, I saw a group of young Canarians on the beach, three girls and three boys, in their late teens. Only one was nude, and guess what? He was newly circumcised with a rawish scar, and looked to me as though he was proudly showing off.

There is still a sprinkling of questionnaires coming back in, but I hope to have the statistics in the next issue.

I'm sorry for the gap between this issue and the last, but Tony's and my holidays haven't coincided, and the putting out of an issue is a joint task. The next issue will be that much earlier.

D.A.

For Women

[The new magazine *For Women* ran an article in their third issue on circumcision. I'm sure the editor, Isobel, won't mind me copying it, as it might engender some interest in her magazine. I have to say that because, as you will find out, they know all about us. The article is accompanied by two large pictures of a foreskin and a circumcised penis. — D.A.]

To snip or not to snip.

Do you prefer your men wrapped or unwrapped. We asked two women with opposing views to make their cases for or against the snip, and talked to a man who knows the difference... first hand.

Of course, all men are obsessed with the contents of their boxer shorts. Secretly, though, the obsession stretches beyond the confines of their own

flies and into the pants of others. Men who were snipped before they grew hair they could shave are endlessly curious to know what it's like to own a foreskin, and those still intact would love to shed that skin for a day. Few adult males can claim to have experienced life – and more particularly, sexual relations – from both sides of the op.

Stephen is just such a man. Brought into this world fitted with the classic snug foreskin, he remained intact until the age of 24, when he made the momentous decision to lose the skin he'd been living with all his life. The decision was prompted by Stephen's planned betrothal to a Jewish woman. In order to be accepted into the Jewish faith, Stephen was expected to say goodbye to his foreskin forever. The things we do for love!

"I guess it does seem like a lot to ask someone to do, just to get married," says Stephen, "but to be completely honest, the idea didn't bother me. My stepfather was circumcised and had always recommended it. I think it was that attitude that helped me to go through with it. If I'd known just how much it was going to hurt, I might have thought twice about it."

The operation was performed by a Jewish surgeon, using only a local anaesthetic and a pair of his sharpest scissors.

"The operation was more bizarre than anything else. In fact, it was something of an anti-climax, as I'd been building up to it for a long time. The pain came after the operation, and it is definitely the worst pain I've ever felt. It was supposed to heal properly after about a fortnight, but I wasn't as careful as I should have been, and suffered something of a setback. I had to go on a business trip to France and just before I got on the plane I noticed that I was bleeding a little. One of the stitches had caused a clot under the skin which had burst.

Stupidly I thought nothing of it and got on the plane, but while we were in the air the bleeding got much worse and the crew had to radio for an ambulance to meet us when we landed. That episode set me back a couple of months."

Over a year later, everything has healed and Stephen is able to quantify the pros and cons of circumcision, and specifically, what it's meant to him sexually.

"I know this is going to sound fairly uninteresting, but the difference in feeling when you're having sex is hardly noticeable. At first, of course, you do feel particularly sensitive, but pretty soon your penis just adapts and the sensation is just as before.

And the stuff about it being more hygienic is rubbish as far as I'm concerned. Basically, if you wash yourself regularly, there should be no difference."

There is, however, one big difference that Stephen has noticed.

“Masturbation does feel really different. Because there’s no skin to slide up and down, you have to find other methods of stroking yourself. It all adds to the fun, though. I don’t miss it.”

The Case For... by Sally Anne Rodgers.

Seeing an uncut penis for the very first time it was, I believe, the retiring Ruby Wax who screamed, “Eaargh! What the hell is that?” I didn’t get to see a roundhead until I was 23. My reaction was ‘So this is what I’ve been missing!’

All right, I’m quite aware that some of you are going to think I’m being an uptight picky prude, but yes, I admit it – I like my men neatly trimmed.

I was always impatient – I never cared how beautiful the wrapping paper was, I just wanted to get at the goodies underneath. I feel rather the same about the male member – I want to see the smooth shaft and the soft mushroom head – I don’t want it hidden away in a wrinkled tube of skin.

I can hear the screams already – how dare I require men to be subjected to mutilations just to satisfy my lust! I admit that this is a little unfair, and appearance certainly isn’t everything. It counts for quite a bit, though. I mean, no matter how much you love his mind, you’re still going to notice whether he looks... well, appetizing... or not.

But let’s get really unromantic here – we all know that a high percentage of little boys display something approaching a phobia when confronted with soap and water – and a hell of a lot of big boys, despite all those aftershave, shower gel and male moisturiser ads, still don’t regard being ‘nice to be near’ as number one on their list of priorities. As far as I’m concerned, one mouthful of bell-end cheese is one too many. I know all the books and videos suggest taking a bath with one’s lover as a romantic and practical prelude to sex, but does anyone really feel that confident about advancing on one’s beloved’s plonker with scrubbing brush and Dettol? A little gentle soaping of each other is, of course, very nice – but what exactly are you going to do when you gently tug back the foreskin to find an accumulation of something that would terrorise the yoghurt counter of any supermarket? Miss Manners doesn’t, to the best of my knowledge, offer any specific advice on dealing with this problem.

OK, presuming that your uncut man does keep himself lemon-fresh, the difficulties of that extra section of skin are not altogether at an end. You have to keep easing the foreskin back to get at the meat – and it makes condom-time even more like milking-time than usual.

From aesthetic to practical, and some male viewpoints. Foreskins also, according to male friends, can get excruciatingly stuck in one’s zipper. I’ve also heard a couple of alarming cautionary tales of men whose foreskins really were too tight, but who were reluctant to seek medical help. One in particular (we’ll call him Nick), met an attractive girl at a party. Unfortunately, Nick’s dick

came off much the worse in this encounter – according to the girl it just about burst. I don't know about you, but that definitely brings a tear to my eye.

The Case Against... by Tuppy Owens

I'm used to writing about intimate subjects, but the topic of foreskins is religion. They mean so much to me. I don't want to insult or upset those men who had them removed at birth – I hope they're enjoying things anyway. But thankfully, there aren't too many of these men in Britain. We might be the most censored country in the western world, but we do manage to have plenty of foreskins to our name.

Foreskins keep the glans of the penis wrapped up all day, leaving it tender and receptive. When the penis stiffens, the foreskin retracts back to expose its jewel. A membrane so tender and intricate has its own personal idiosyncrasies and it is perhaps because of this that people decided to chop them off at birth. I suppose I should state the obvious and say that foreskins are natural, the way penises were supposed to be. That alone makes them precious in their own right. If they've been cut for religious reasons or to make a man so-called 'cleaner', that can only be sacrilegious in my view. I suspect the reasons behind circumcision are far more to do with the prevention of pleasure – nobody has ever come up with a satisfactory explanation in my view – it's a barbarically cruel thing to do to a baby or young boy.

Admittedly, sometimes foreskins have spots on them. But sometimes there is such an exciting interaction between the foreskin, the glans, and the shaft, that it must be ever-tempting to keep jiggering about with it. Occasionally, smegma builds up underneath and it gets cheesy – which some people might find disgusting, but since pizzas, fetta cheese and grilled haloumi capture our culinary imaginations, I can't think why!

Sometimes, the foreskin is so long that it bunches up around the top of the glans and gets in the way, and sometimes it's so tight that it won't go down, or when it does it gets stuck. However, high-tech surgery procedures can stretch or widen the foreskin, if men take a brave step forward and have it done. However, unlike some women who opt for plastic surgery, men are usually monstrously attached to their foreskins and don't want them altered for the world.

There are many different kinds of foreskins. This all helps to make them endlessly fascinating for people who want to play with them. I've never come across one that wasn't interesting in its own way. Uncircumcised gay men have a thrilling time playing at a game they call 'docking'. This involves inserting a penis inside each other's foreskins and 'shunting' across. Unfortunately this is definitely not Safe Sex, as it's very easy for the HIV virus to seep from one penis to another. But, regardless of your sexuality, you have to admit it's still a stupendous concept!

For me, the thinner the foreskin the better. Thin ones are the most

exciting because you have to be so very careful and gentle with them. If the foreskin is a bit thicker though, don't feel left out. It can be a lot of fun to play boisterously with, as you don't have to be so gentle.

There have even been a number of magazines devoted to foreskins and their wearers: *Foreskin Quarterly* was easily the best. In the United States, Bud Berkeley runs *The Uncircumcised Society Of America*, in a country where foreskins are a rare commodity. In the UK we have *The Acorn Society* with its own little newsletter for fans.

In my view, foreskins are for dirty, wild, crazy, blast-your-mind-out sex, whereas circumcised dicks are for polite, boring and endless in-outs. However, modern times has meant that the compulsory use of condoms has sent the sensual advantages to the darkest corners of our memories. And alas, because of our rubber friends, those of you who have just started exploring the many different options available may never be able to fully fathom what is undoubtedly the forefront of sexual experience!

Few guys out there will ever know what it's like to experience life with and without a foreskin. We girls have been blessed with that option of being able to make a choice. That's all very swell, but for me I know that there is definitely no choice to be made.

Royal Foreskins

The husband of an old friend of mine gets your newsletter, and whenever I go over for a coffee morning with her we have a jolly good giggle over it. Although some of the content is a bit over the top, in general it's far more entertaining than the usual run of women's magazines, especially when you print the views of the girls. They do seem to have a less extreme approach; but then, they can take a more detached view.

One thing I have yet to see mentioned is the influence of the Royal Family on public attitudes. Princess Diana is on the record for finding circumcision distasteful to the extent where she successfully defended her sons' foreskins, including that of the future king of England, against a powerful lobby of Palace circumcisers. Although naturally enough the event did not receive wide publicity, it did make *The Times*, which reported that American anti-circumcisionists had voted her and Prince Charles 'Parents of the Year'. It was also mentioned in Ned Sherrin's programme, *Loose Ends*, some time ago, when it was said that she'd been influenced by her experiences in childcare, and also the advice of a well-known doctor, who wrote a best-seller on sex.

Those close to Palace circles knew all about it of course, including a rather grand family I used to work for. I was present on several occasions when the subject was mentioned, and it clearly impressed a lot of people who

pride themselves on their Palace links. One young girl who'd just got married was heard to say, "Good for Diana. If foreskins are OK by her then they're OK by me." She went on to say that the whole idea of circumcising children made her feel queasy and, despite her In-laws' views, no way was she going to let her sons' cocks be altered. Others felt the same, and there's no doubt that the 'Royalty can do no wrong' factor had a big effect on families who would otherwise expect to circumcise their offspring as a matter of course. Consequently, if anyone can think of a way of doing the necessary research, I think they'll find a surprising proportion of young blue-bloods these days with their dickies intact.

This attitude is mirrored in the fundamental change in the views of those erstwhile disapprovers of the foreskin, the British nanny. I was leafing through the *Good Nanny Guide* the other day, and was amazed to read that a lot of nannies will refuse to work for a family where it's customary to circumcise the children. From my experience, the nanny class tended to deplore foreskins as toys which they couldn't confiscate and, although they were quite happy to have their own menfolks sporting foreskins, they didn't expect it of the upper classes. Unfortunately they tantalisingly fail to give a reason for this change in attitude. Can any of your readers expand on it perhaps?

As far as my personal view is concerned, I'm really not in a position to say very much, since I've never seen a circumcised penis, let alone had a circumcised partner. My husband has a foreskin and so does my little boy, and I cannot really imagine them without one. I do think some of the remarks about cleanliness are exaggerated: I've never found any of my sexual partners offensive in that respect. To my mind the female has much more of a cleanliness problem than the male, since virtually all of her genital region is wetted every time she takes a pee. Consequently I choose to wash my fanny once a day. But I tend to go along with David Acorn when he says that unretracted foreskins do not necessarily have to be smelly. My husband can go for a week without washing (probably more, but it's never been put to the test) and with only a slight male scent, which I find attractive when I pull his foreskin back. Besides which, we have sex seven times a week on average, and his foreskin never gets a chance to collect anything underneath it.

Certainly I find the thought of cutting part of a little boy's penis off repellent, but in view of the powerful pro-circumcision feelings of so many of your members, they must feel that there are some real advantages to be had from it. To my mind there is a solution to this problem which should suit everyone, and that is to make *elective* circumcision freely available under the NHS to all who have reached maturity. But I don't think it's right to have children done who might not like it when they grow up. Is that reasonable or is it not ?

Mrs F.M. – Bromley

Cockrings

As requested in newsletter No 4, information etc. about cockrings.

I have a metal one, a rubber one, a leather one, and a ballbag ring combined. All are comfortable to wear and have the desired effect of enhancing the erection. I think, if used sensibly, they are a good thing. It is documented that Casanova used a version of a cockring in his many sessions with his lovers. It was a ladies' hair ribbon tied around the base of his cock going behind the balls. Although it did the job, this type is not safe as it is like a tourniquet.

My metal one is large enough to fit snugly behind my balls, but not too tightly. The method of putting it on is to pass the balls through first, then, providing you are not erect, feeding your cock through. You can use a lubricant to make this easier if you want. The rubber one is put on the same way. The metal one is much more comfortable to wear for a long time. The leather one is a half-an-inch wide strap held by press-studs but because of its width it is not comfortable to wear in underbriefs although OK in the nude.

The ballbag one is quite comfortable and easier to put on with a soft cock. The bag has a hole that takes an average thickness cock which you pull down the full length of the cock, pull the bag under the balls, and then pull the laces which tighten up the pouch to neatly hold the balls with the cock sticking out of the hole. It is comfortable to wear and when the erection goes down it is quite comfortable to wear with briefs.

As an extra to sex these are great, but like all good things they must be enjoyed, so if they are uncomfortable forget it. You don't want to damage the plumbing. Certainly orgasms seem to be more enjoyable when wearing a cockring and, as it does constrict the cock a little, it does slow down the cock softening after coming so that you are still half hard if you can do it again.

Circumcision Facilities

National Medical Services
12, Harley St.
London W1.
Tel:- 071-580 6216

Mr. R. Thomas
Yorkshire Clinic
502, Eccleshall Rd.
Sheffield
Tel: 0742 663501

I've not contacted these for details, but anyone who does can let us know costs.

B.H. – Leeds

Masturbation Comments

Herewith a few comments on some of the 'statements' in your editorial to Issue 1/92.

First, to put things into perspective, I would say that I am now 80, and was circumcised as an infant. I had somehow 'discovered' masturbation by the time I was 5.

Three of the statements refer to masturbation. Nos 1, 2, and 12, and I will comment on these as a group.

I disagree that masturbation can only be achieved with a fantasy, although as one gets older they assume a much greater role. Up to about age of 60 the urge for relief was quite sufficient to initiate and sustain a wank, and to reach a satisfying orgasm without any great mental stimulus. However, after that age, I have found it increasingly necessary to fantasise strongly if the act is not to take an undue length of time to complete. Furthermore, I also now find that if I do not concentrate hard on a fantasy at the point of coming, I get absolutely no pleasure from the orgasm, and ejaculation is no more than a mechanical action such as peeing, except that the semen emerges in individual jets rather than a steady stream.

Being circumcised, it is perhaps not surprising that all my fantasies involve a penis having a long loose foreskin in some action. These actions usually involve mutual wanking, more often than not with my bare knob 'docked' in the other's foreskin. These very limited fantasies have not lost their potency, and even now I masturbate twice a week.

As regards 12, it depends upon what is meant by 'properly'. Obviously there is no problem in masturbating a circumcised prick to orgasm. What I did not realise, until I first had intercourse, is that the quality of orgasm resulting from the stimulation of the glans directly by the soft, smooth lining of the vagina is vastly superior to that obtained by manual rubbing of the shaft. Try as I may I have never found a way of involving the knob in the wanking process that does not result in acute discomfort, or indeed pain, at orgasm.

Now that I have reached an age when erections are in a decline, I have found a way around the problem. If I push back my knob when the penis is flaccid, the loose skin of the shaft forms a pseudo foreskin, and working the knob within it can give rise to an orgasm quite as intense as in intercourse, before any significant degree of erection has set in.

The upshot of all this is that I assume that anyone still left with a foreskin can regularly obtain a better quality orgasm than one who is circumcised.

As regards 7, I did for a short time in my teens shave the pubic area, as I enjoyed seeing my prick and balls free from hair. However, I found the area tended to get itchy, and gave the practice up.

I do hope you will get enough replies to spread the experience of others in these largely uncharted seas. In particular, I would like to have practical ideas on how to achieve a reasonable erection in later years!!! (No 3).

V. – *Shropshire*

A Change For The Better

Jeez, I must have a pee. Ah, here's the toilet, and I've just got time before the train goes. Blast these non-corridor trains. It's surprising how long a pee takes when you're pressed for time. Right, that's done. Up zip. Ooooh, that hurt. God, I've trapped my dick in the zip, and the zip won't move. I can't go out with that hanging out of my trousers. Close my eyes and give it a tug. Ooooooh, I've split my foreskin down one side. Look at all that blood. Must tie it up with my hanky. Bloody train's gone too...

You can see what I've done, doctor. Yes, I suppose I will have to be circumcised. Can you do it now?...

Not so bad when you get used to it. Think of all the good things. No more spending half an hour, twice a day, in washing it. It'll just keep itself clean rubbing in my pants. And no more having to unblock the sink to get rid of all that smegma. I can still smile to myself at the time I decided to keep it for a week and filled the bin bag with it. And when I put it out with the garbage, the dustman threw it over his shoulder, split the bag and had it all pour down his back. I'd have loved to have heard his wife when he went home with that awful smell, That's another thing, think of all the money I'm saving on all the air fresheners I'm not using now...

It's a lovely even scarline, the bit that got split by the zip, that is. I can get used to the bunched up lumps on the other side, and think of all the time I can spend happily cleaning out the passageways in the stitching. Of course, if I want any more taken off it, the doctor said he would do it and would charge a bit less than for the first time, which I thought was quite fair of him. I'm not too sure about the frenum though, it was my most sensitive part, but the doctor thought it best to be rid of it. Besides, with most of the sensitivity gone I can now last much longer than my usual paltry three quarters of an hour. Sometimes now I can last three hours or more and if I'm lucky I can succeed in not coming at all. Also, I can spend some time browsing in Boots for different sorts of lubricants for masturbation purposes... Oh yes, I think I'm more or less happy with things.

Anon

Circumcised Pride

I read with great interest the article in 4/92 by Brian of the West Country, entitled 'Widening Membership'. I think it would be a great idea to have a 'Year of the Circumcision', with plenty of advertising, if one could afford the cost of advertisements in sex magazines such as *Forum* which normally has a good coverage on the subject of circumcision.

In the *News of the World* we quite often see circumcision advertisements by the S.A.S. in London. It was there that I was circumcised by Mr Hasan, and I am delighted with the result, the frenum being cut away as well, which left a nice tight job.

I correspond with many people, married couples, young lads and their girlfriends, and young mothers on the subject of circumcision and am always delighted to hear from more. In my view it is most essential that both parties should be interested, if the man is contemplating circumcision, as the result is beneficial to both. As a naturist my penis is on show to both males and females regularly, therefore I am in no way shy at showing it to others who are genuinely interested. Most people are quite surprised at what a good job it is, thinking that there is going to be a large cut left and look like a zip fastener. Also, I have many photos of my penis both before and after the circumcision which I will always loan to interested couples

Whilst on holiday in Cornwall recently at a naturist site, a party of us sat round discussing the subject of circumcision, and it was easy comparing our scars and foreskins. After some long chats together, two women convinced their husbands that they should make a booking to be circumcised, and three mothers decided to have their children done, two of which had foreskins like elephant trunks, and an eight-year-old whose foreskin was so tight that it could not be drawn back.

I have addresses of people who do circumcisions privately, which I obtained when I was looking for the operation for myself. If anyone is interested, please contact me through *Acorn*.

I was circumcised only a year ago and am very proud of it. I actually watched the operation being done and it was nice to see the surgeon cutting off that piece of skin and throw it on the operating trolley, a good two inches of it. It was quite a relief as I had always wanted to be circumcised from a child, which is when my brother was done. I often wish that I had another foreskin and I could watch it all over again.

It would also be nice if we could all meet at various places as a mixed party and chat about our interest in the penis.

C.P. – Wiltshire

Foreskin Making

Live and let live they say, and so do I. Consequently, although I shall never understand the urge of otherwise normal people to mutilate their sexual organs, I've no quarrel with them if that's what they want. I just don't like to hear of people who want to inflict their neuroses on everyone else. I've spent a lifetime of unhappiness because someone decided that I should forfeit my foreskin on the grounds that I was too young to complain, and *Acorn* has been good enough to allow me to work out my distress and anger through your pages (see issue Q). So when I see remarks to the effect that all boys should be required by law to be circumcised when they reach 16 to 18 (R.H. of S.W.8 in Issue 6/91), I realise that there are some people who are so obsessed with their own daft fads, that they either don't notice or just don't care that people like me are condemned to long-term misery because of people like them.

Incidentally, R.H.'s split stream when he pees is a classic symptom of impending prostate trouble.

But now let's move to a message of hope. I did write once before to say that an American organisation called 'BUFF' exists to relieve the widespread distress of those circumcised in infancy, through a foreskin restoration technique using gentle stretching of the remaining skin with surgical tape. I have been applying this technique for two years now and recently had the satisfaction of fooling a urologist into thinking that I was intact. It is a matter of some elation that I have managed to thwart the decision, made in my infancy, that I should go through life sexually mutilated, although I shall never forgive my parents and the medical profession. It's too late now to derive any sexual benefit, and nothing will relieve the lack of sensitivity which I put down to the loss of the rich nerve endings when my foreskin was thrown in the bin nearly sixty years ago. Another thing I can't understand is the desire to numb the exquisite sensitivity of an organ designed just for that purpose, by those who are looking for a justification for committing such an insult to nature as circumcision.

The skin has now stretched far enough to cover the head completely with some overlap. The trouble is that this tube of stretched skin lacks the taper of a natural foreskin and tends to hang open. This is still infinitely better for my peace of mind than my previous hated state of evident mutilation, but I wonder if any of your resourceful readers can think of a way of tightening the opening so as to allow me to pee with a normal jet.

[This looks like a job for A.D. of Oxford. If he feels so inclined to drop a line to R.B.W., I'll certainly send it on. — D.A.]

As an act of public-spiritedness I did write previously to give BUFF's address for those who feel as I do, but it didn't get printed. If you've no objection I'll give it again:- BUFF, c/o Tony Lesce, PO Box 26377, Tempe, AZ 85285-6377, U.S.A. Enclose a \$5 bill.

Now, to lighten the mood, a circumcision/foreskin joke.

A personable gent on a cruise decides to take the air on deck. He sits in a deckchair and borrows a large blanket from the pile to pull over his lap, noticing that it has 'Samuel Goldstein' embroidered on it. An attractive young lady in a mini-skirt has the same idea and he invites her to sit next to him and share the blanket. They get talking, and the girl lets it be known that she is a photographer's model. He asks her if she's required to shave her pubic hair, and she says yes, but only when she's working. He grins slyly at her and says, "In that case you haven't worked for about two months, have you?" She grins back and retorts, "No, and you're not Samuel Goldstein, are you?"

R.B.W. – Bedford

Impotence

A friend of mine has given me the brochure from the **London Diagnostic Centre** which specialises in the field of male sexual problems, of which impotence and premature ejaculation are the two main ones. Extracts:-

Impotence can be a source of great distress and unhappiness for men and their partners. The failure to achieve or maintain an erection of sufficient rigidity and duration can make vaginal penetration and sexual intercourse impossible.

It is estimated that impotence affects 10% of all men, with a considerable increase in its occurrence – to around 40% – after the age of 50. It was once thought that in 90% of cases the primary cause of impotence was psychological, but research has shown that in over 75% of cases medical problems are responsible – and these are aggravated by psychological factors such as 'performance anxiety'.

Earlier attempts to treat impotence were based upon incorrect diagnosis, leading, not surprisingly, to disappointing results. But new diagnostic procedures have recently been developed which have led to revolutionary treatment methods.

As a result, it is now possible to treat impotence with the confident expectation of a 90% success rate.

As with all successful therapy, treatment depends entirely upon correct diagnosis and evaluation. Only after this has been achieved can the appropriate treatment be decided upon.

Diagnosis

Correct diagnosis and evaluation begins with an appraisal of your medical and sexual history. You will be required to complete (in the strictest confidence) a detailed interview with an experienced counsellor.

A thorough medical examination will be made by the doctor, including special tests of penile blood flow, and a comprehensive blood sample analysis will be obtained. In most cases this will entail only one visit.

Treatment

An erection will be induced by a revolutionary new technique known as PIPE (Pharmacologically Induced Penile Erection). The initial experience of PIPE will be administered by the physician, after which you will be instructed on self-administration and provided with a supply for home use, with assessments every month, over 6 months. After that, a return to normal sexual function can be expected in a significant number of cases.

PIPE was discovered by accident, but is highly effective and safe.

The L.D.C. not only has a centre at 98, Harley St. but also at St. James Building, 79 Oxford St., Manchester; and 29, Heriot Row, Newtown, Edinburgh.

D.A.

The Perfect Foreskin

In response to your rather good idea in Issue 5, just received.

I have spent 26 years with a thick elephant's trunk, and the last 28 years with a quite acceptably circumcised penis. If I could return to the uncircumcised state I would, happily, provided that the foreskin was thin and of such a length that it covered the glans when flaccid, but to the extent that the very tip was just protruding by a centimetre or so. The opening would be tight enough to prevent retraction on erection without assistance, but the skin would be sufficiently elastic for the foreskin to be comfortably retracted when wanted, and would therefore remain retracted until manually pulled forward. The perfect foreskin!

J.R. – Diss

[Thanks for the offer J.R. of further cuttings etc. You could have them back by next post. — *D.A.*]

Urethral Stimulation

I am happy being circumcised, though just sometimes I wish I had a long foreskin. I have had some very pleasurable experience of urethral stimulation by passing a soft rubber catheter down my erect penis to the level of my testicles, whereupon I have always ejaculated. I am prepared to write about it if you wish. I believe the practice is very dangerous, but I do know of others who do it apparently with impunity. I am also very interested in penile piercings, particularly of the Prince Albert type.

M.D. – London

[We're always happy to hear of any habits or experiences, although this one has me squirming a little as I write. — D.A.]

Saga (Continued)

Later still, Mary gave me a fuller explanation. Apparently the surgeon had achieved a method of doing partial circumcision. "Have you ever heard of that?" Nothing sprang to mind, but later I remembered some *Forum* correspondence, where it was explained in answer to a reader's query, that circumcisions must be complete, so that the scar lies safely and relatively immobile behind the corona, not up around the glans, where constant, albeit slight, movement would hinder neat and clean healing at the very least. I happened to see young Michael later in his home, and had a look. He had healed by now, but the cut could be seen clearly enough. Should one have been troubled by phimosis, yet desired the retention and use of his foreskin, I should have said that the results would have been most satisfactory, provided of course that they were successful.

I knew that poor little Michael had been shuttled to and fro to the hospital for seemingly endless consultations with a rather unsympathetic English chief medical officer, and over the next eight or nine months or so, I thought he was going to be left alone. But no, the elderly Indian surgeon was appointed, and back again he went.

We were all together one evening at a barbecue which was also attended by my old American friend, Joe. Being alone, I tended to be kept away from any family matters and gossip, so my ears pricked up when Jennifer slipped away for a few minutes and returned saying, "Not very happy!" with a big smile, and, to Joe, "Our son has just been circumcised for the second time!!!. It's been done by a good old Indian, who's probably been doing it all his life." Apparently he was sitting up watching a video with his little sister, who was absolutely fascinated by what she saw – and not the video – and wanted to attack it. Jennifer said, "He'll thank us for it one day." – a true-blue circumcisionist. All this started Joe off on a story about how he was invited into a US army hospital in Germany by a surgeon friend to watch the fun.

Apparently, many of the blacks asked for it, 'because the girls liked it'. Too many it seemed for the surgeon who, to relieve the monotony, fell to varying the method of stitching around the circumference.

(To be continued)

ACORN

1992 Issue No 7

**Editor
David Acorn**

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**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

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Editorial

To try to streamline our efforts in the future, we would request that all contributions for the newsletter and letters to other members be addressed to me, DAVID ACORN, while all correspondence to do with membership, fees, or personal matters be addressed to TONY ACORN. In each case the same P.O. Box 113 be used. This is because we live a long way apart and time and postage is wasted transferring items. This routine will always be on the title page of each newsletter.

The questionnaire is as complete as we're going to get it, so I've printed it in full in this edition. I hope you'll all spend many happy hours poring over it and finding something to your satisfaction.

I get one or two letters, from both sides of the fence, that I can't publish because they are either too vitriolic or abusive to other members' viewpoints and opinions. If I did I know it would escalate, polarise, and eventually destroy all that we've built up, and I'm sure none of us want that. So, to those people, I would say, please make your points without going over the top or being repetitive.

Having got all that off my chest, read on.

D.A.

Survey Results

We have had 49 replies to the questionnaire, many thanks to everyone who did. I'm reprinting all of them as a finale.

The subject preferences now look like this:-

More/OK/Less

38	3	3	observations of foreskins/circumcision
35	5	2	foreskin problems/advantages/pleasures
34	4	3	contact with other <i>Acorn</i> members
30	4	7	masturbation techniques
30	4	8	circumcision operations/descriptions/methods
28	6	7	stories beginning "I first found out about foreskins/circumcision when...."
28	4	9	discussion of reasons for/against circumcision
24	9	8	penis size etc.
21	9	8	intercourse – male and/or female aspects
20	6	12	erections/staying power/premature ejaculation
16	8	12	sexual identity (hetero/bi/homosexual)
12	6	17	sexual fantasies

Replies are arranged with the most popular topics at the top. Other topics of interest were so numerous that it would be best to say that any subject regarding the genitals is of interest to someone.

What has surprised me is the number who would like more contacts. There has always been space available, and those who have advertised have been very pleased and surprised with the response.

With Foreskin – 15

Age	Erect	Flac	Glan Circ	Foreskin			Pleased	Identification
				a	b	c	Indif Sorry	
26	6.8"	5.0"	4.8"	e	s	l	P	GL – Leeds
45	6.3"	4.5"	5.0"	e	s	l	P	AD – Oxford
62	7.0"	5.0"	4.8"	e	s	a	S	RGB – Leeds
45	4.0"	2.3"	4.3"	e	s	l	I	HC – London
48	5.0"	3.0"	3.8"	e	s	l	–	Anon
35	6.0"	4.0"	5.0"	e	s	a	I	NG – Norwich
54	7.0"	5.0"	6.0"	e	s	s	P	DA – WsM
29		U/Av		e	s	l	S	JK – Wales
71	6.5"	5.5"	5.5"	e	s	l	P	JTD – London
25	6.5"	3.5"	6.2"	e	s	l	S	SDG – Stafford
72	7.0"	5.0"	6.0"	e	s	l	P	HJM – Mid Glamorgan
45	6.5"	3.5"	4.8"	e	s	a	S	AGT – London
77	7.1"	2.7"	5.1"	e	t	l	S	RF – Tayside
33	6.0"	3.0"	4.5"	e	s	l	S	ME – London
26	7.0"	5.0"	5.0"	e	t	l	P	KL – London

Foreskins

a – hard or easy to retract

b – tight or slack at the end

c – longer, as long as or shorter

It will be seen that no one has any trouble with their foreskin, and that they are all as they should be in the natural state. The only surprise I think is the length of the foreskins, which don't grow at puberty like the rest of the penis, so that, nationally, a high percentage overall are slightly behind the glans tip.

Circumcised – 34

Age	Erect	Flac	Glan Circ	Op at Age	Scar Even Uneven	Scar Behind Glans	Ple Ind Sor	Identification
31	7.0"	4.5"	6.5"	27	E	0.1"	P	DJ – Gwent
24	6.0"	3.5"	4.7"	3	E	0.1"	I	SK – N. London
62	7.7"	4.5"	5.0"	1	E	1.0"	I	MDSS – London
66	7.5"	5.5"	5.5"	43	U	0.1"	P	AW – Sussex
53	5.8"	4.0"	3.2"	39	U	0.5"	P	GL – Germany
48	6.0"	3.0"	6.0"	31	E	0.4"	P	PD – Dublin
49	4.7"	4.0"	5.1"	20	E	0.4"	P	JW – France
34	6.0"	4.0"	5.0"	24	E	0.75"	P	JGC – Lancs
	4.8"	2.4"	4.2"	22	E	1.0"	P	JH – Finland
31	6.1"	4.2"	5.5"	31	U	0.5"	P	JM – Middx
32	5.8"	3.9"	4.2"	31	U	0.0"	S	JA – York
42	7.0"	5.5"	6.0"	41	U	2.0"	P	JBT – Westcliff
42	6.5"	4.5"	5.0"	41	E	1.0"	P	RH – London
69	7.5"	5.0"	5.5"	58	E	0.75"	P	CP – Devizes
58	6.3"	4.0"	6.4"	44	U	0.5"	P	SW – Gwent
41	6.0"	4.0"	5.0"	32	U	0.5"	–	PJ – Shropshire
28	7.7"	5.0"	6.2"	18	E	0.5"	P	BH – Suffolk
41		Av		26	E	1.0"	P	Brian – W. C'ntry
46	7.0"	4.0"		31	E	0.5"	P	RJL – Whittlesey
37	7.5"	6.0"	7.5"	19	E	0.5"	P	PH – M. Keynes
54	5.9"	3.5"	4.5"	33	E	0.75"	P	WM – Kingston
53	5.8"	3.0"	5.3"	26	U	1.0"	P	JR – Norfolk
49	6.2"	3.0"	5.0"	2	U	1.0"	S	Anthony – Devon
40	5.3"	3.0"	4.7"	0	E	1.0"	P	IW – Dorset
52	6.5"	5.0"	4.0"	0	U	1.0"	P	GP – Perth
58	6.3"	2.0"		0	U	0.3"	I	RH – London
59	7.5"	4.5"	6.0"	0	E	0.5"	S	RW – Sussex
77	7.0"	2.0"	5.8"	0	E	1.0"	I	HM – Colchester
81	6.3"	4.0"	4.5"	0	E	–	S	V – Shropshire
61	6.5"	4.5"	4.7"	0	E	1.0"	S	Anon – London
32	7.0"	4.0"	5.0"	0	E	1.5"	P	NA – London
64	4.8"	3.0"	4.7"	51	E	0.75"	P	JC – Ayrshire
73	6.0"	4.2"	5.5"	22	E	0.6"	P	GJ – Devon
48		Av		20	E	1.0"	P	JM – Spain

If you care to work out the averages for sizes I think you will find there is hardly any difference in each state.

Sexual Status

Heterosexual	15
Bi-sexual	16
Homosexual	18

No-one can say we aren't a representative lot.

D.A.

Penis Trouble

From early schooldays I became aware that while most boys could retract their foreskins, or had their glans permanently exposed, my penis was just like an elephant's trunk. As I got older, and erections became more frequent, the tight foreskin became ever more frustrating. Despite determined efforts at retraction I could only just expose the meatus, until, at the age of 12, with a really savage pull, the glans suddenly popped out like a snowball. After the shock I cleaned off the smegma, then tried to return the foreskin, but it had puffed up and would not move. Fortunately I fell asleep, and by morning things were back to normal, but it was some time before I risked a repetition. Eventually, by the time I married, I had achieved a reasonable degree of mobility, but in one way or another my foreskin was a source of annoyance.

At the age of 35 I eventually asked my G.P. about circumcision, but he said that for an adult it was a very unpleasant procedure, and instead he advised me to immerse the complete organ in hydrogen peroxide. I then decided that I would attempt permanent retraction of the foreskin. For a while it was in a state of flux – it would suddenly without warning rush forward, trapping pubic hairs, which I found I had to keep short to avoid unpleasantness. After about 6 months of perseverance my foreskin did stay permanently retracted, due, I believe, to an expansion of the corona, and has remained so ever since for a period of over 40 years (I am now 77).

This condition I find infinitely preferable to my earlier condition, but there are two snags. The rolled up skin behind the corona tends to harbour some smegma, though it is easily cleaned. What was the original tight tip of the foreskin now forms a constricting band, permanently red, behind the corona, and although it looks sore it has never given any trouble.

Soon after retiral I heard that adult circumcision was becoming more available, and I became interested, as I felt that it would be a distinct improvement in my case. However, not knowing where to go, I drifted on, and I gather that surgeons are not keen to deal with my age group, although it is not long since I had a hernia operation with complete success.

I was particularly interested in the method followed in Argentina (*Acorn* 1/92) which includes the removal of the frenum. I have always considered the frenum to be a useless item which, far from being ultra-sensitive, in my case at least, merely distorts the shape of the glans.

Finally, I mention two items which may be of interest. When I was with a party being shown some of the wonderful exhibits in the Cairo Museum, our lady-guide showed us a stone circumcision table, pointing out the groove for the blood to run in, and the cup for the ring of detached skin. The table, beautifully made like all the other exhibits, was said to be 4,000 years old.

Secondly, a few days ago, a sports writer in an article about the forthcoming Tour de France cycle race, said that an uncircumcised rider had an advantage in that, if he were asked to provide a urine sample for test, the smegma beneath his foreskin was thought to have a neutralising effect on any residual drug that may be in the urine. This seems rather unlikely.

Personally, I can see no advantages in a long foreskin, only disadvantages; and it seems to me a pity that the trivial operation of circumcision, which benefits a male for the rest of his life, cannot be made universally obtainable. Human nature being what it is, there will always be complainers, but I do feel that the objections to circumcision are based on sentiment, and to some extent on religious prejudice, rather than on fact.

Congratulations on your interesting and well-balanced newsletter, which sheds light on problems which are normally swept under the carpet.

R.F. – Tayside

Happy Schooldays

Reading M.W.'s contribution headed 'Wanker Watching' reminded me of an episode in my late teens. Actually, remind is the wrong word. I have never forgotten it and often thought of it. But, although in contributions to *Acorn* and *Forum*, I have written about most of the things of a sexual nature which occurred in my life, I have never written about or mentioned this to anyone before. Somehow, I believed that what we did was unique, and that if I told, people would think that I fantasise.

It started at high school (about 53 years ago). It was an all boys school, and we were sitting in pairs on school benches. One day my friend Bruno indicated that he had a hole in his trousers pocket, and that he was touching his cock in this way. He invited me to verify this, and when I touched him he promptly came in my hand. Next day I told him that I too had a hole in my trousers pocket, and from his sideways glance I guessed that he was anxious to see my cock, which I made to protrude slightly. Our form-master guessed

that something untoward was going on between us in class and we were split up. I then invited Bruno to visit me at home. He was at first reluctant, guessing what would happen, but finally gave way and came. We soon had our cocks out and he came almost immediately. Now I had a girl of the same age as myself as a friend. Our mothers were friends and we had been together from babyhood on, so, to call her a girlfriend would be wrong. When we came into puberty, she led me on, and we did the "I'll show you mine if you show me yours" thing. (Although my mother was not ashamed to show herself in the nude to me and I got into her bed frequently, I had never seen female pudenda closely. I was amazed at the very pronounced labia and the projecting clitoris that I was made to examine when Lore started this thing. Of course, I didn't know what all these parts were called, or their role. Lore made me touch her, and was delighted when I was disgusted with the smell.) However, as she was curious, I thought I would bring her into a meeting with Bruno. I also had a real girlfriend, Wanda, and she really wanted to see cocks. So one day, Bruno, me, Lore and Wanda had a get-together, and examined cunts, cocks, budding boobs and bottoms. The girls were fascinated when Bruno first, and I later, ejaculated. They loved to touch our cocks and particularly remarked on the silky feeling of the skin.

Unknown to me, a few of the boys in class had got together to form a mutual wanking group. I guess they came to hear of our exploits. There was one Jewish boy in class with me who had been circumcised. He was the only roundhead, and therefore an object of interest at all times. The idea of introducing girls into the masturbating sessions excited all and sundry. In no time, sisters and their friends were nominated, and the masturbating circle became multisexual. After a first very exciting exploratory session, with each sex doing their own thing, a game was invented. The girls were to do the masturbating of the boys. The boy ejaculating first was the loser, and the girl getting her boy to come last also was a loser. The boy who could resist longest was the winner.

When the great day of the contest arrived, dies were cast to apportion girls to boys. The girls were allowed to position the boys the way they wanted, and allowed to do it the way they chose. I did not realise that by that time Wanda had progressed beyond anything that I knew of her before (she later prostituted herself as a 17 year-old just for the price of a cinema ticket). We had all started, when Wanda asked the Jewish boy to stand on a chair, and there was a gasp as most girls stopped, when she proceeded to take Carl's cock in her mouth and began to suck him. Of course he didn't stand a chance and came first. Wanda had won. However, none of the other girls emulated her. Bruno came next, and I lasted a good while but did not win – my girl was much too good, and the sexual excitement of all that was going on was too much for me. The winner of the boys got to have sexual intercourse with the losing girl, and we were allowed to watch. The winner of the girls could choose three boys who had to take her out. What happened after that I don't know, because the whole thing came out and we were all called in front of the

headmaster. Heavy punishments were doled out, and parents and teachers made certain that our little group had to stop.

J.T.D. – London

Alternative Preference

Dear David,

In *Acorn 5* you invited members to describe their preferred equipment, assuming their present condition to be reversed. As an ex-cavalier the choice is easy. So here goes:

If I had to reverse my present condition, I would choose to have a short foreskin, leaving part of the glans visible at all times, and retracting naturally during erection. To improve mobility, the frenum should be minimal or completely absent, allowing the skin to be worn 'back' or 'forward' as desired.

With such a foreskin I might have saved my money, but I doubt it.

I also enclose an open letter to Brian of the West Country.

Dear Brian,

I would like to comment on the questions raised by your letter in *Acorn 4*.

1 & 2/ *Acorn* membership has never been large. Circumcision is a delicate subject with probably the majority of persons hearing of *Acorn* being too shy to admit their interest. All specialist organisations have a hard core of loyal members, but an annual turnover of 30% is common, most 'dropouts' being within two years of joining.

3/ Not everyone has literary abilities, and transforming one's ideas into well turned prose takes time and trouble; and how does one avoid repeating what another contributor has written on this necessarily limited subject?

4/ A fine idea. Introductory and informative leaflets should be available to members (and others) at a reasonable cost, and should cover:-

- a/ background information on circumcision.
- b/ description of the operation.
- c/ indications for, and pros and cons of circumcision.
- d/ directory of circumcisers.

5/ a/ Low profile advertising in suitable popular and professional magazines is fine, but care must be taken to avoid adverse interest and publicity in the media.

b/ Approaching acquaintances on this delicate subject could be deemed an invasion of privacy, and cause offence.

I appreciate your concern to increase public and professional awareness of the subject, and consider efforts should be made to interest the medical, health and sex counselling sectors also.

Finally, congratulations on losing your frenum, a useful but often overlooked modification which is worthy of a short article in a future issue of *Acorn*.

A.W. – Sussex

[As a postscript to this letter, if you are a potential 'dropout', don't do it too lightly. Please drop us a line and tell us what would be required for you to stay a member.

Also, please don't be deterred because you have difficulty writing your ideas, or you worry about your spelling. You are certainly not alone, and one of my most enjoyable tasks is transforming into publishable material. All I ask is that I can read the writing. – *D.A.*]

Another Preference

You asked in the last newsletter for members to describe their ideal penis if they were forced to have the opposite state to that which they have now. In fact I would jump at the chance to have a penis with a foreskin as I only reluctantly underwent the operation due to having a totally unretractable foreskin.

Length and thickness of the shaft are not of great concern to me, as long as they are not too much below average. Much more important is the appearance of the foreskin and glans. In the flaccid state I would like the foreskin to fully cover the glans, smoothly tapering to a smallish opening about half an inch beyond the glans tip. It would not be wrinkled, giving a sleek, streamlined appearance to my cock. On erection the foreskin would not slip back of its own accord. Instead, the outline of the glans would become prominent beneath the taut skin covering, with just the tip becoming visible through the small opening, inviting manual assistance to release it from its sheath. The opening, though small, would be very elastic, allowing the skin to be fully retracted without difficulty, revealing a shiny purple knob.

Such a foreskin has two advantages as I see it. Firstly, the act of sliding the skin back or forward has to be a deliberate act, giving great pleasure as

the tight ring of foreskin slides over the sensitive glans. Secondly, on full retraction the skin clips into place behind the glans rim, allowing it to remain back as long as desired, even when flaccid.

I seem to remember these characteristics being quite common among my schoolfriends before puberty, but it seems that most foreskins become shorter and looser in adulthood.

J.A. – York

[This next contribution is about ritual circumcision with a difference. It is told by a white schoolteacher in a letter to a friend, and although I'm against cutting or altering any contribution, I'm doing it this time, mainly the beginning, because I think it might be outside the law. But different cultures have different attitudes, so, because it appears to be an integral part of the ritual, I am leaving a bit in.]

Aborigine Ritual

About ten days before Easter, David's father came across to the school to talk to me privately. He told me that David was to have his first initiation rite on the first morning of the long week-end, and that he wanted me to be his sponsor. He then went on to explain that the custom in his tribe was for the initiate to spend the eve of his initiation in sexual intimacy with his sponsor, and could I see my way clear to carry out that necessary function. I asked for a day or two to think about it. After speaking to David though, I realised that the request was genuine, and agreed, much to David's delight.

After dinner on the Thursday night, David accompanied me back to the school, where we showered together. Then I read to him for awhile before we climbed into bed together. He knew what was expected of him, and after I had made love to him gently he accepted it without question.

In the darkness of the wee hours we were woken, and in company with David's two older brothers who had returned from secondary school, drove out of town to a dry creek bed some ten miles away. While the family all stripped naked, I retained my briefs, not so much from modesty, but to hide my uncircumcised status, and we collected wood to make a large fire in the sand. This was mainly boree and brigalow, whose ashes I discovered later are regarded as having strong medicinal qualities. Then we all sat quietly until the fire had burned down to a bed of glowing embers. David was naturally tense, but tried not to show his fears for what was to be done to him.

A little before dawn the tribal initiator arrived with his young apprentice-cum-assistant. David was beckoned towards the fire and lay on his back in the sand, with his legs wide apart and his head resting in my lap. Then, as the sun's first rays lit the tops of the trees, the old man held up an old razor blade and commenced a short incantation, which was for the blade to cut clean and true.

Before the coming of the white man, the instrument would have been a knife chipped from hard flint, and even in these days the initiation would be accompanied by a great deal of tribal singing and dancing. But, because he had some European blood, David was denied these rituals and the revelations of secret tribal lore which is associated with ritual entry into manhood.

So the old man knelt between the boy's legs and gripped the point of his generous foreskin, while the two elder boys knelt beside to restrain him if he should try to struggle. However, David remained perfectly still as his foreskin was stretched out to a quite remarkable length. Then the old man sliced into the taut preputial integument with a skill born of hundreds of such operations.

David's body went rigid and his face screwed up against the searing pain, but when the fifth or sixth such slice saw the unwanted foreskin detached from his penis he made no sound of protest. The shaft of his penis withdrew into his groin while the head lay bleeding freely, the blood dripping down over his scrotum into the sand, while he was congratulated and highly praised for his bravery.

The assistant now went to the fire and scraped up a handful of fine warm ashes. This was applied copiously to the gaping wound in the skin of the penile shaft, and the bleeding stopped almost as if by magic. Those ashes certainly had some extraordinary qualities, as, despite the lack of stitching and proper sterile procedures, his penis suffered no infection, and was well enough healed for him to be on his feet the next day, and resumed school on the tenth day.

When his penis was healed it was clear that very little of his foreskin remained, while the scar was a ring of rough tissue up to a quarter of an inch wide round the shaft, a result of the wound not having been sutured. Five weeks later the second and more rigorous part of his initiation was carried out.

This started the same as the last, with him sleeping with me, and going in the night to the same spot. The fire was the same as before except for the inclusion of two large smooth stones in it. The other variation was that, when David lay in the sand, his arms and legs were held firmly, and it made no difference if he should cry out during the ceremony. The instrument was the same used razor blade as before.

At the moment of sunrise the old man handled David's penis until it was fully erect. Then he gripped the shaft tightly in his fist leaving only the engorged glans exposed. David tensed in anticipation as the blade was positioned at the lower extremity of his meatus, and without further ado the old man sliced deep into the flesh, opening the urethra from the meatus down to the base of the glans in one firm slowish motion. The lips of the wound seemed to spring apart, the blood gushed freely over his lower stomach and upper thighs, and David screamed from the tearing, searing agony of the cut.

There was no delay with the ashes this time. David continued to sob from the pain, and as fast as the medication was washed away by the bleeding, more was applied until it stopped after a few minutes.

His next eldest brother then stood up and in a loud voice called on the old man to come and cut his subincision down to the root. The opening of the glans was compulsory, but it was considered more manly to have the shaft opened along its full length. Andrew stood with his feet planted firmly in the sand, gripped his penis by the divided glans, and stretched it upwards against his stomach. The old man then simply knelt in front of him and sliced open the urethra from the base of the glans to the top of the scrotum. Bleeding profusely from his mutilated penis, Andrew lay beside his young brother and had the wound packed with ashes.

Like the eldest brother, Andrew was more Aborigine in appearance and in the measure of his penis, and, on looking at the others there, I noticed that all four had been completely subincised, and that each had a penis which was short and stubby and extremely broad in relation to its length.

About an hour later both boys began to groan aloud again from the pain and this was the cue for the two rocks to be rolled out of the fire. Each squatting astride one of them, the boys began to urinate on the red-hot surfaces. Steam rose copiously, enveloping their groins as they emptied their bladders, not without the extreme discomfort of the acid stinging their open wounds. Apparently the steaming eased the pain, and they were then again packed with ashes.

It was nearly a month after the operation before David felt comfortable enough to start masturbating again.

[The author was writing all this as a letter to a friend, and continues]

I hope that everything is well with you, but I suspect you will now be sitting with a rather sore penis and a new meatus well back towards the top of your scrotum. I will be looking forward to a detailed description of how you performed the operation if that is not too much to ask, and particularly how you would rate the level of pain as you cut into flesh between your urethra and the bottom of your penis.

Actually, when I performed a small superincision on my own glans, I found that it hurt more than when I made small extensions to my subincision, and that it was more difficult to control the bleeding there. I originally cut back about 5 or 6mm, but about half of it healed up again. That was quite some years ago and I had no idea how to control the bleeding. In an operation I performed on a part-Maori chap in Rotorua in 1988, I used a solution of alum and vinegar which proved to be fairly successful, and have since been sent some silver nitrate sticks from America. However, I haven't been moved to extend my own subincision in recent times and try them out, but I would eventually like to have my glans bisected completely.

I have read of the button-hole circumcision as performed by certain tribes in Africa and found it quite fascinating. I would be interested to know what you perceive as being a Muslim circumcision, as those I have read of consisted of a simple stretch-and-slice method, apart from the drastic Bedouin practice of flaying the entire shaft of the penis.

Sent by P.D. – Dublin

Dick

Just for a laugh my boyfriend bought the video, *Dick*. It's an absolute scream and, although it only lasts 15 minutes, you get to see more dicks than most girls see in a lifetime. For those who don't know of the film, it consists of a rapid series of dick shots in closeup – and a more pathetic bunch of floppers you couldn't imagine! With few exceptions they are either wizened, wrinkled, tiny, distorted, bent or misshapen in some way, and some look downright shabby. Heaven knows where the producer found his subjects – a down and outs' hostel I should imagine. If I believed them to be representative of the male sex as a whole, I think I'd turn lesbian! A raving feminist couldn't have dreamt up a more convincing put-down.

The film was shot in the U.S.A., I'm told, which accounts for the fact that most of the dicks portrayed are circumcised, and it has to be said that this is often the cause for their odd appearance. Although some people are said to prefer the appearance of circumcision, I'm sure it's really an acquired taste. I certainly wouldn't want my boyfriend done. Some of the cocks in the film have the most unsightly bunches of scar tissue behind their glans, like twisted elastic bands, or all rough and traumatised like a ploughed field – not the least bit appetising.

I had some of the girls in the other night to see the film, which caused much hilarity. Afterwards we had a lively discussion, with a couple of them saying they thought circumcision might be a good idea from the hygiene point of view. However, when I asked them to consider it, not from their own point of view, but from a man's, i.e. as if they were a man, both said no. They thought that there would be less to play with and less enjoyment.

Only one of the dicks in the film came close to reality as I know it, and that was a fairly normal looking one with a longish foreskin; but even that was spoiled by being too short overall and having a long fat underlip of skin which stuck out rather ludicrously.

Other uncircumcised dicks included one tiny one with only a pinhole in the tip – a clear case of phimosis, and one whose foreskin was longer than

the rest of his cock – it had a huge padlock in the tip.

The commentary consists of remarks made by women from both sides of the Atlantic and Australia, and what they say is almost as side-splitting as the pictures! They obviously feel as contemptuous of the specimens trotted out in the film as I do, because they pointedly say they prefer them a decent size.

Miss J.S. – Croydon

[I have a copy of the film, and must concur completely with this letter about the dicks in the film. However, knowing how the film was made (Jonathan Ross programme, where the director was interviewed), I can understand it. The men were asked to go into a booth (like our passport photograph booths), drop their trousers and – snap. All bunched up as in their underpants, with no time to caress them lovingly into their most photogenic attitudes. For those of us who love the look of a penis, both cut and uncut, it is a very cruel film, and I think was meant to be, in answer to the way women's genitals are displayed in girlie magazines.

I have been asked by several members on how to obtain a copy. It is distributed by Polygram Video, 083 266 3, and can be ordered from W.H. Smith for a cost of about £6. — D.A.]

Saga (Continued)

By now I almost felt part of our hospital, and, in truth, to an extent I was. With a now regularly functioning theatre, it all seemed so easy in principle, yet how to make the initial approach? Also I was very put off by the prospect of a general anaesthetic: even vasectomies were being done under them, and I didn't fancy the sound of the old man, despite Jennifer's glowing allusion. But I was becoming increasingly nervy with what I sensed was the inevitable approach of the occasion, even becoming uncomfortable in other men's presence, always wondering what their state was.

Then I heard of a new surgeon with UK experience, and reports of him sounded good. I happened to be introduced to him socially, and somehow I knew that this was to be my circumciser.

I had always thought of a vasectomy as a good idea in principle, and it seemed to offer an ideal 'cover' under which to initiate things. As casually as I could, I broached the subject of it to one of my medical colleagues, and he answered straight away, and completely matter-of-factly, "We can do that for you." Some two or three months had to pass before I could be free, and then a consultation was arranged, primarily to set a date. When I was almost ready

to go, I said, unnaturally calm, "Could you do a circumcision at the same time?" The surgeon just stooped down (we were both on our feet) and wrote my name in his diary, 'Vasectomy and Circ' I could hardly believe my eyes! I walked out and drove home on air. The only slight hesitation had come when I asked for all to be done under a local.

Still two or three weeks were to pass, but, at long last, I began my preparations. I borrowed a good camera, and started to get used to having my foreskin forward once again, as the last thing I wanted was last-minute awkward questions. I kept it so for longer periods than ever before, and eventually, to my surprise, it became positively uncomfortable. But exactly why I am not too sure.

I took as many representative photographs as I could of the 'old order', but was in such a nervous state that I set the focusing somewhat inaccurately. Then I shaved carefully and as completely as I could.

After a surprisingly good night I drove calmly to the hospital for the 0630 admission time. I really felt that, at last, all the hassles were over, and resolved to enjoy the whole experience – after all, I'd waited for it long enough.

I went in along the familiar passages, to be greeted with smiles. I was expected, and knew everyone to a greater or lesser extent. I sat down for a blood pressure check, which was sky high despite feeling icy calm. During the check I glanced around and saw the day's theatre list. Sure enough, my name was at the end – 'Vasectomy and Circumcision'. No more secrets now! I wondered how far it would go afield and what people would think.

I undressed and hopped up onto the high bed, settling down to read a magazine and wait. All the routine pre-op procedures gradually took place (what a difference from the quick visit to the doctor's surgery): more shaving, enema and form-filling. The latter was the acceptance of a general anaesthetic, so I did not sign, but this minor misunderstanding was sorted out when the surgeon appeared. Prior to this, Susan had appeared. I suddenly became aware of her regarding me with a quizzical smile, doubtless wondering what on earth I thought I was up to. After she explained that 'it' was normally done under a general in the UK unless time pressed, I reaffirmed my wish, and she just said, "Tough cookie." which made me think a little. I really imagined that, for me, the whole thing would be a walkover compared with some of my experiences in dentists' chairs.

Now, for the first time since my tonsil op, I was being wheeled along a hospital corridor, rather an enjoyable sensation actually, and then, theatrically it seemed to me, through swing doors into the theatre itself. I was told to remain passive while I was lifted off and on the respective trolley and beds or tables. I had been in there before on a social visit, and knew it to be very impressive and modern-seeming, but I was slightly amused and rather gratified to hear muzak coming from a loudspeaker somewhere. A clock on the wall beyond my feet stood at 0950.

The surgeon bent down and, from behind his mask and a powerful pair of bifocals, said, "First I will do the vasectomy, then the circumcision." I said, "OK," and wondered fleetingly if he thought I would have a change of heart – at least, vasectomies are supposed to be reversible.

I could see an impressive array of instruments somewhere around my knees and thought, perhaps all my wishes would come true and that I would be able to watch, but I was not really surprised when the ward sister wheeled up two stanchions and stretched a linen cloth between them in front of my face. The surgeon scrubbed up, and then injections, one each side as I remember. In no time he said, "Can you feel that?" – a sharp pain, and I winced, to my shame. The ward sister was by my right shoulder, and she nodded. Seconds later, "Can you feel that?" (What?), and we were off on the great adventure, part one.

I had no idea what was being done at any time, and only remember a stretching sensation at one or two stages, and, near the end, a kind of buzzing noise, which I was told later might have been the cauterisation.

At 1030 the surgeon came up to me again, seemingly from about twenty feet away, and said, "I have completed the vasectomy, now I will do the circumcision." Looking back, I can remember a feeling of detachment at this news. Perhaps the total bodily surrender involved in these proceedings brings about a degree of mental detachment also. Can anyone see a link here with the female love of medical books, dramas, and visits to the doctor?

(To be continued)

There will be another edition out before Christmas and I hope that we can manage some more pages for that. I must thank everyone who has sent in contributions, and if they haven't appeared yet, they will.

If anyone wishes to write to me personally without being published, please feel free to do so. I'll be only too happy to receive them, just say they're not for publication.

D.A.

ACORN

1992 Issue No 8

**Editor
David Acorn**

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**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

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Editorial

Here's the last one for 1992, and as promised, a larger one. I hope everyone has enjoyed the issues, and will continue to do so. 90% of them are from, and about, you yourselves, your experiences and your feelings, and I know from my own experience that it is a great feeling telling your innermost thoughts and feelings, albeit anonymously. One member put it so well when he said that when he read the newsletter a kind of brotherly feeling came over him. As for me, the newsletter is a labour of love.

Right – put the wet handkerchief away! Those who have been following 'Henry Pratt' on TV over the last few weeks will have seen the episode where he went to a private school. The prefects lined up all the new boys and made them drop their trousers. A list was compiled of all those with foreskins (there were 13, Henry among them) and they were told that they would all be circumcised. Henry thought it was for real, but it was a mock ritual of the school (circa early 1950's). David Nobbs (apt name), the author, must be one of us. Homosexuality was talked about as the 'in' thing, but it didn't appear to be going on. In fact, Henry's chum said to him one day, "I had a wank this morning. Have you started yet?"

Keep the letters rolling in in the New Year, there's still plenty to be said, I've no doubt.

D.A.

Questionnaire Comments

Here are some more comments that came in with the completed questionnaires:-

Anon.

While I am quite happy being uncircumcised, I dislike my long elephant trunk type foreskin. What I do now is to retract the skin fully, pinch it and pull forward again, so that the foreskin then only covers about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the knob. This both looks and feels better and, for instance, means that I don't have to pull it back to pee.

I find that masturbation is only possible with the skin pulled back fully, and, with lubrication (usually saliva), applying direct friction to the bare knob, as a roundhead would. I am now finding that my knob is less sensitive than the foreskin itself, which is fairly tender and liable to damage during sex. This is possibly an indication for the 'cut', but I am hesitant because I am not certain how it would change things – for instance, how much sensation is through the frenulum. If circumcised, I would definitely opt for the most radical form, with no skin left at all – otherwise, why circumcise and leave skin behind? I noticed in the page of pictures, from the video 'Dick', published in a magazine last year that, although most were roundheads, many of them seemed to have

a ring behind the knob, and very few had the knob totally bare.

[See my comments on this in the last issue. — D.A.]

I am therefore interested in others who are considering the 'cut' or who have recently gone through it; mainly in comparing sexual sensations, both intercourse and masturbation, before and after. I like the foreskin for providing an added dimension to sex, and I like the convertibility of having the skin back or forward (although my foreskin is too long and my knob not sufficiently prominent to keep it retracted all the time), but I would want to have definite benefits in having it removed.

M.E. – London

My foreskin is easy to retract, slack at the end and is slightly longer than my glans. I am sorry about being uncircumcised because I feel the 'cut' organ is much more attractive, and seems more masculine.

K.L. – London

My foreskin is easy to retract when flaccid, although harder when erect. I am pleased about being uncircumcised because my foreskin can be fun. I just pull it back when I feel like having it exposed.

S.K. – N. London

I am indifferent about being circumcised but want to know more.

H.M. – Colchester

I was circumcised at about 6 years old in the local hospital under a full anaesthetic. The scar line is even but sloping. I am indifferent about being circumcised because I have got used to it and it no longer bothers me as it did for about 10 years.

J.C. – Ayrshire

I was circumcised at the age of 51 because I had an unsightly and very tight foreskin, and premature ejaculation was a big problem. I am pleased about being circumcised because I no longer suffer from premature ejaculation and my penis is now cosmetically perfect.

With regard to sexuality, I resent very much society's attitude that all homosexuals are 'mincing poofs', and that homosexuality is regarded as an illness. This is not helped, of course, by the way they are portrayed on television, etc. There are thousands upon thousands of couples in stable relationships, and these relationships go much deeper than just the physical.

I do not accept that it is not normal or that it is unnatural. What is normal or natural for one person is not necessarily so for another. Is it normal and natural for priests and nuns to remain celibate? One could go on and on.

Perhaps I shall write an article for the newsletter some day on the subject.

G.J. – Devon

I was circumcised at the age of 22 by an R.N. surgical specialist for reasons of a special assignment operation abroad in 1941. I am pleased about being circumcised because, family-wise, I was no longer the odd man out, and I enjoy a feeling of well-being.

The Yanomami Indians

Sometimes I tie my penis up against my stomach with the aid of a clothes peg attached to my belt. It is very comfortable and I often go to sleep this way. A small (lightweight) penis like mine stays up easily. With every movement I am conscious of my scrotum.

I got this idea from a (gay) Spanish lover from Latin America called Geraldo, who learnt it from the Yanomami Indians, who live in the Brazilian Rainforests. Geraldo, who had a nice long foreskin, tied up his penis (a decent 5" flaccid) to his stomach permanently. His scrotum, which was very long, swung like a pendulum, and he never wore underpants.

In the early days, he used the cubicles when peeing, but eventually he became so adept and quick at tying and untying his penis that he used the 'stands' again, pushing his trousers down in full view of other men standing nearby, totally unembarrassed.

It transpired that Geraldo, who had a genuine interest in primitive culture, had spent several months (about 10 years before I met him) living amongst the Yanomami Indians. With him was his American friend Alan, an anthropologist writing a thesis on these people.

So as to gain the trust of the Indians more easily, they had agreed to live naked if needs be. On the very first day that they had made contact with the village elder, and gained his confidence, both Geraldo and Alan, in full view of the whole village population of naked men, women and children, had removed their clothes.

These two big Caucasians, with their large physiques, hirsute bodies, big penises and heavy scrotums, were a source of curiosity to the smooth and small Yanomami Indians. The sight of a naked glans was offensive, thus foreskins are never retracted in public. Alan, who was circumcised, and moreover, with an 8" penis and a giant glans, very well hung, was apprehensive that his lack of foreskin might give offence.

The glans' of the Yanomami men themselves, being never exposed except perhaps for brief moments during sexual intercourse or masturbation, were probably a raw liver colour, shiny and damp – the common lot of all fully

foreskinned men. But their curiosity about the big cocks of these two visitors, and especially about the pink dry and desensitised massive glans of Alan, made them forget to show disapproval over his non-existent foreskin.

It is a sign of friendship to offer the guest one's own penis-string and then help to tie up the guest's penis with it. This the village elder and a younger man (probably his son) proceeded to do. Alan's penis string had to be wound tightly round his corona, causing some discomfort and pain. He never got used to it, and untied it each night before bedtime.

Geraldo took to his penis-string like a duck to water, and has ever since remained permanently tied up. Moreover, his scrotal sac, long, dark, heavy, and pendulous, looked sensual in its unobstructed display.

The above narrative was told to me by Geraldo and I have every reason to believe it true, as it was substantiated by excellent colour photos which he showed me of himself and Alan, both stark naked with penises tied up against their stomachs, surrounded by a sea of small Yanomami Indians, similarly naked and tied up. Geraldo was around here for only about six months, and we met about twice a week. Seeing him undress each time was a big turn-on.

Halfway across the world from the Brazilian rain forests lies Papua New Guinea. The western half is now called Irian Jaya and is ruled by Indonesia. In the Baliem Valley of Irian Jaya live the Dani People. Their sole clothing consists of a penis sheath or gourd, called by them, 'Holim' or 'Horim', held upright by strings around the waist and around the scrotum. The scrotum hangs exposed and free.

Other than on the head, the Dani men remove all body hair, which they consider ugly. Hair removal is done by manipulating two grass fibres between the fingers. Their pubis is hairless, and colour photos show their scrotums to be tight, black and crinkly, and on the smaller side. Perhaps a lifetime of allowing the scrotum to hang loose and uncovered, and subjected to the ferocious heat, has tightened and shrivelled it up. An anthropologist has described the Danis' scrotum as looking like black walnuts.

Their penises are probably not very big, and being still in the stone age, circumcision is probably unknown. Even though married, men and women sleep separately in their own communal huts. Women wear a brief reed skirt barely covering their vulvas, and suckle pigs at their breast as well as babies.

There are other Pacific tribes that wear penis-sheaths too, though the Dani is the most numerous. *The Observer* recently reported that a tribe had adopted Prince Phillip as a God, and sent him a consignment of penis-sheaths as a tribute, via their local Governor. Buckingham Palace received it.

Another tribe of these Papuan people, the Sambia, practise what anthropologists call 'ritual fellatio'. When a boy is about twelve years old, he

begins sucking the cocks of all the healthy virile men in the clan on a regular basis to drink their semen, in the belief that by doing so he will absorb all the desirable masculine qualities on the way to manhood. This habit carries on till he is about 25 years old, which is a tremendous amount of cocksucking. Then he in turn will offer his penis to other pre-pubescent youths. This cocksucking is carried on in private between the two individuals concerned, and is not enacted as a ceremony. But regardless of whether the parties concerned want it or not, it has to be done, and regularly.

Naturally, with so much energy spent on gay fellatio and not heterosexual sex, this tribe is dying out.

H.C. – London

[No dashing for Papuan Airways timetables. — D.A.]

Revision

Many thanks for Issue 5/92, an excellent edition. I thought I'd drop you a line to tell you about my recent experiences and their relevance to your editorial subject.

I was circumcised in October 1988 at the age of 26, having at last found enough information about where and cost, then finally getting time off from work. I went ahead via the S.A.S. in London, and was initially pleased with the result – the scar was about $\frac{3}{4}$ " behind the glans rim, but was fairly uneven; leaving the frenulum intact. When I had completely healed and settled down (around 6 months later), I found that what was left of my inner foreskin was still overhanging the rim of my glans when non-erect, and was fairly slack when erect. I should mention that I am about three and a half inches flaccid and seven erect.

Having spent the last year in various tropical countries, I was finding that the effect of this was causing irritation again, and so decided, on return to the UK, to go back and have a complete revision. I contacted the S.A.S. again and managed to talk to the surgeon, who suggested a complete revision – and within a week I was there on the table.

We discussed what he could do to help me and what I wanted, so I took the opportunity to ask him in great detail what exactly was possible. I decided to go through with the following:-

All the inner foreskin has now been removed, the scar being around 2mm or less from the base of the glans. The frenulum has been completely removed, again the scar being 2mm. As a result, when I am not erect I have a perfectly smooth shaft skin with no bunching or wrinkles at all, and when erect the skin is extremely taut and very sensitive – far more than before. My wife is absolutely thrilled with the result now that things have calmed down

again, and I must admit that I only wish I could have been cut like this in the first place. But it is very pleasing to have tried out a 'standard' circumcision and then be able to alter it later.

D.J. – Gwent

[I don't know who sent the next item in, but I must thank him, as it's not often we have a nationally published article so well done. It comes from the Arts section of *The Guardian* of June 9th. this year, and was written by Jay Rayner, who collected the prize for 'Young Journalist of the Year'. — D.A.]

Boyz 'N' The Hood: The Uncut Version

Sometime around the middle of 1504, when Michelangelo came to put the finishing touches to his David, the artist appeared to have been overcome by an extraordinary attack of modesty.

Sure, his David was naked, remarkably naked for a lad who was about to go out into the middle of the desert to fling some sharp rocks about. But he wasn't naked enough. David, a Jewish shepherd boy, would have been circumcised; Michelangelo carved him with foreskin intact.

Maybe Michelangelo knew he was no cop when it came to carving glans. After all, he wouldn't have been alone in being stumped by the human body. There are some artists who just can't get hands right. However hard they try, they always come out looking like a bunch of mutant bananas. So they cheat and do their figures with their arms behind their back, beneath the table or in the sink. Maybe Michelangelo hid his failing beneath a foreskin. It's unlikely; Michelangelo was one of the best anatomists in the business.

Perhaps, then, he was overcome by sloth. An uncircumcised penis would certainly merely have meant less effort, a little rubbing with sandpaper to get the detail right. The circumcised variety would have required some heavy-duty hammer and chisel work. "Ah, sod it," he may have thought one hot Florentine afternoon. "What's one tiny foreskin between friends? I'm going for a little lie down." And with that he would have downed tools.

Or perhaps Michelangelo simply didn't find the circumcised penis aesthetically pleasing; maybe he thought it too exposed. He would not, it appears, be alone. There are very few penises in the history of art which appear sans foreskin. In the eyes of the art world, the male nude and his foreskin should not be separated.

At Hamilton's, the photographic gallery off Berkeley Square in London, they have a large collection of male nudes, genitals to the fore. All the penises that appear are uncircumcised. Michael Roberts' two blond adoni, rippling with muscle and foreskin; Bruce Weber's Jeff, Tuscon Arizona, similarly clad.

And then there is Robert Mapplethorpe's Man in Polyester Suit. It is

a close-up of an open fly, a length of flaccid penis complete with foreskin, hanging out towards the camera. It is a veritable celebration of foreskin, a tribute if you like. But then Mapplethorpe always did have a thing about the uncircumcised penis. Perhaps it was the rarity value. Up until quite recently almost all American boys were circumcised soon after birth as it was believed to be healthier. As a result, one volume of Mapplethorpe's work, 'The Black Book', has become highly sought after by women art students. Many have never seen an uncircumcised penis and so needed a book of reference.

"I think the uncircumcised penis in art comes from the Greek tradition of sculpture," says Emmanuel Cooper, art critic, and author of 'Fully Exposed: The Male Nude in Photography'. "The shape of the ideal male nude was always linked with sport. He would be muscular, hairless, the penis would be small and uncircumcised. In essence the body would be boyish, and that tradition still remains."

The circumcised penis, apparently, gives off rather a strong message. In the uncircumcised variety, the glans only pops out when the penis is aroused. With a circumcised penis, it is there all the time, flaunting itself. For the timid Greeks, this was all a bit too much. They wanted their heroes macho, not randy.

They would certainly have approved of *For Women* the new top-shelf magazine for, well, women – its pages fair dripping with oiled male flesh. This seems a circumcision-free zone. Even the artist's impression that appears in the magazine of what Messrs. Kinnock, Ashdown and Major would look like stripped to their basics puts them firmly in the uncircumcised camp. (A press officer at Downing Street refused my request that he ask the Prime Minister if this was, indeed, the case). *For Women* say that they will always be running a mixture, as they want to please everyone.

At the end of the day, which is often when these things are examined, which version you find more aesthetically pleasing will probably depend on what you know. Those of us who have had the job done may well extol its virtues. Personally, I think the circumcised penis is neater; I also find the uncircumcised model deeply peculiar, an alien slug-like thing which bears no relation to anything I have. That little hood covering the glans personifies English reserve. It is a perfect disguise to hide behind.

Such feelings can run deep. When the video, *The Lover's Guide to Sex* was released in Israel, many people complained, not because of the explicitness of the title, but because none of the men featured in it were circumcised.

It is pointless raising the subject with women. The majority consider the penis to be a ludicrous organ. What is really needed, they will say, is a total redesign, not cosmetic surgery.

As a Jew, I underwent the ceremony when I was 9 days old. This, I am told, is part of a covenant we, the Jewish people, have made with God. Fine.

What I don't know I won't miss. But there is one question I can't get out of my head: what in heavens name is He doing with all the bits?

Jay Rayner

[The article is accompanied by three pictures, one of David, another of Picasso's 'Two Brothers' and a large one of 'Man in Polyester Suit'. The penis is over 2" long and half an inch thick, in the picture. The foreskin curves right under the glans, and ends with the opening on the top face of the glans, with a little bit of the glans showing. It obviously retracts correctly. The glans rim can be seen through the foreskin but does not alter the slug-like profile, and a large vein runs down the side. The penis, although flaccid, is as long as the hands, which are hanging beside it. A real specimen, and I'm only sorry that it couldn't be copied. Robert Mapplethorpe died from AIDS in 1991. — D.A.]

Infliction

You asked me for further details of my three stage self circumcision (4/92), perhaps not realising that most of those details are already out in Issues C and V, and a fuller version appears under the pseudonym 'Pat' in Alan Thomas's excellent monograph on circumcision. I will not go over the three circumcisions again, but will describe further modifications that I have inflicted on my penis.

There is one penile modification which is described as fully as the literature allows in Alan Thomas's monograph, but which has not been mentioned in the pages of *Acorn...* subincision of the penile urethra, as practised by many Australian Aboriginal tribes. As with ritual circumcision among other tribal peoples, the reasons for the practice have been lost in myth and folklore, but in the few 'western' articles on the subject, speculation is rife about both the origins and the effects of the modification.

In many more than three stages, I have sub-incised my penis for about two inches from the tip of the glans when flaccid (three inches when erect). From the topside you would never notice any difference: from the side there is a slight excess of skin for about an inch behind the circumcision scar. From the underside there is a slit where the two halves of the glans meet, and a channel about one-eighth inch wide from the back of the glans to the end of the subincision, about half an inch from my scrotum. When I'm erect the glans becomes even more firmly closed, but the groove in my shaft opens to about half an inch wide and deep, and about two inches long, leaving two inches of intact shaft and urethra beyond my scrotum. Contrary to the speculation referred to above, ejaculation within my partner is easy, and peeing is also easy, with a well-formed jet emerging behind my glans. Ejaculation after masturbation

is spectacular... I regularly achieve six feet, and have shot it nine feet on one occasion. There is no sensation in the urethral groove, but the frenal skin, which lies either side of the groove, is as sensitive as before. The end of the groove nearest the rest of me fixes the shaft-skin halfway down the shaft.

During the intermediate stages, peeing was more difficult to control than it is now, and ejaculation was no more than a drool because of the persistent closure (by tissue pressure, not healing together) of the subincision in the glans.

I don't think that any sane western male will imitate me (I know of only six that have subincised before me), but just in case any *Acorn* reader is tempted, a word or two of warning. The first cut(s) to the beginning of the vee under the glans are deceptively easy, and are relatively painless and bloodless. After that point, the urethra proper starts, and while cutting it is less painful than cutting the skin down the median line, the underside of the urethra contains a midline blood sinus, which has none of the usual shut-off mechanisms of veins, and which bleeds profusely, especially on erection. If you cut into it and cannot control the bleeding by cauterisation, or by local stitching, an embarrassing emergency hospitalisation may result.

As some of your readers already know, I welcome correspondence on *Acorn* matters, and am keen to visit for a chat and mutual inspection any time that I am in the UK.

For R.B.W., who required a recipe for foreskin tightening. This involves some cutting, but no significant removal of tissue, and is the reverse of the operation called the dorsal slit.

1. Pull your neo-foreskin as far forward as it now lies naturally.
2. In both flaccid and erect states, estimate how much circumference you wish to remove.
3. With your foreskin forward, cut along its folded edge, either symmetrically about the top midline, or better, at three points (40, 80, and 120 degrees, viewed from the front), so that the total incision length equals the circumference you wish to remove. You may have to remove a sliver of skin in doing this.
4. Stitch the ends of the cuts together.
5. Pull your narrowed foreskin back to ensure that you haven't given yourself a phimosis, and put in extra stitches into the cuts, which should now lie parallel to the long axis of your penis, to ensure rapid healing without obvious scarring in six month's time.

P.D. (Dr.). – Dublin

Bolivia

First of all, thank you for all your work with the *Acorn* journal. I always look forward to receiving it. Of course I do not agree with all the views expressed, but life would be very dull without controversy. I have been subscribing to *Acorn* ever since it started. I am pro-circumcision although not yet circumcised, but I don't believe in universal infant circumcision. I would be interested to correspond with those circumcised as adults, especially if they have had a revision. I have already had some correspondence with other members, which has been thought-provoking and stimulating.

The following item was given to me by a friend who is very pro-circumcision. He has subscribed to a computer Bulletin Board in the States (BBS), where he found it. The BBS was founded for those who are very pro-foreskin, as you will see.

“Message 467

10.05.89 08:50

From: FRANK FORESKIN (SYSOP)

To: ALL

Subject: Bolivian Foreskins

Folder: G. UNCUT men discussions

I just read a most interesting article about Bolivia. It seems that Bolivia has a REQUIREMENT that all citizens of that country must be uncircumcised, and that is written into their national constitution. The article describes the process by which an application for citizenship in Bolivia must prove to an agent of the Department of Health that they are uncircumcised before Naturalisation into Bolivian Citizenship.

Looks to me like Bolivia would be high on the list of places to visit for the foreskin hound.”

D.P. – London

[And do they let people die from phimosis etc.? — D.A.]

The Spanish Scene

Some time ago I wrote *Acorn* a report on the Spanish scene. I explained that circumcision was not carried out on babies and young boys, but noted that, during their school years, military service, college days, and prior to marriage, some 15-20% of the Spanish males have themselves de-hooded. Also I reported that there are adverts in their Yellow Pages for the op. and that doctors advertise for it in the newspapers.

Now in Issue 6/92, a young Spanish chap from Madrid is reported as knowing no Spanish men being circumcised, and never having seen adverts for the op. anywhere. No, I didn't mislead *Acorn* readers, and having lived in Spain for 22 years, and sure of my facts, a small explanation will clear up the apparent different reports.

In English we have two words: 'foreskin' and 'prepuce', but everyone knows they refer to the same thing. In Spain there are two words: 'circumcision' (Circuncision) and 'the phimosis operation' (operacion de fimosis), and the vast majority of Spaniards do not connect the two at all. They never realise that the circumcision of the Bible, of the Jews and Moslems, of African tribes, and which the Spanish Inquisition burnt people at the stake for practising, is the same procedure that Spanish doctors refer to as the 'phimosis operation'.

Of course, a bright Spanish boy with a medical atlas and a few good dictionaries could figure out that the two terms mean the same thing. Never in his life will a Spanish man hear a doctor pronounce the word 'circumcision' when conducting a medical examination, or when removing a foreskin and sometimes the frenulum too.

I have spoken to a few Spaniards who did connect the two expressions, but most do not. I would assume that the young Spanish chap our editor spoke to in the Canary Islands would have replied differently if the question had been phrased in terms familiar to him.

The teenager spotted on the beach with a newly circumcised organ would probably be surprised (or shocked) if he learned that it was a circumcision that had been done to him. This linguistic strategy serves its purpose well in Spain. Men can get trimmed in a medical setting and no thought/reference or apology to the Jews, Moslems, or the Inquisition need ever trouble anybody.

Today's Barcelona newspaper has 2 adverts for circumcision. Madrid's also has 2, and a provincial paper has three. [He kindly sent me copies. — *D.A.*] In doing research I have noted adverts for circumcision as far back as 1952.

I don't think I claimed that circumcision was on the increase in Spain. I don't have any evidence for that, but it is about 15-20% of men in their 20's. My own theory is that Spanish men have longer foreskins than most races. Hence, probably more tight foreskins, and perhaps more phimosis, than elsewhere. Also, boys are not taught to retract their foreskins when young. Having inquired of many Spaniards when they first retracted their foreskins, I am impressed by how often the age given is 14. This, by the way, is one of the common ages for circumcision.

One gathers that our editor's conversation with the chap from Madrid was none too lengthy on our subject. He knew nobody done in Spain, seen no adverts anywhere, and had seen no cut cocks in Sweden either. I confess this reminds me of a typical conversation with a Spanish male about our topic.

[How right you are J.M. I had to really push the subject, with those meagre results. — D.A.]. Other nations have men who can write pages. Rare is the Spaniard who can produce a paragraph.

Readers of English language sex magazines know how frequent it is to state a preference for a cut or uncut partner. Since the death of General Franco, contact magazines are everywhere in Spain, but I have never seen a contact (gay or straight) where a preference was stated.

Because circumcision has so little importance given to it in Spain, it is not a taboo subject. I remember a university student some 17 years ago, and I was dying to ask him if he was circumcised. After some months and after he'd had a few drinks I got up the courage to ask him (No, he had not been cut). He realised that I had had to get up my nerve to ask him. He added, "Jimmy, you could have asked me that the first day."

So, while you can't get much information from Spanish guys, you need not delay in picking their brains. From what I learn, Spanish boys don't do much cock comparisons during their schooldays. Foreskin games appear to be non-existent, even though they have foreskins galore. They are not, however, unteachable. But they are always amazed that this can interest American and British men.

J.M. – Spain

Retrieving My Short Foreskin

For 15 years or so I had worn my foreskin retracted, with a desensitised glans. When pulled forward, the upper part was short, and the lower (frenulum) part dangled forward like a duck's beak, and overhung the glans. For a small glans, my frenulum is very thick and highly sensitive.

For the past one and a half years, I've been hanging heavy weights (max. 800 grams) from the frenulum part of my foreskin, at first for titillation, as all this pressure on my frenulum brings on an intense orgasm. My frenulum is so resilient, that it can carry 600 grams for a full evening, and 800 grams for half an hour each time. I usually carry the full 800 grams, with a ten-minute break every half-hour, for a full evening.

Gradually I found my foreskin, especially the shortened upper part, beginning to lengthen again. Perhaps it had just rolled in on itself from frequent masturbation. Now I have a foreskin again, with a slightly crinkly overhang, and a rather open and big, long rosette. My rosette is a dark brown, almost black, colour. Father's very short foreskin was ever a mystery. Maybe this is the explanation too, it had merely rolled in upon itself.

H.C. – London

[Some good drawings here too, which unfortunately can't be copied. — D.A.]

Royal Circumcisions

Item from *The Jewish Chronicle*, April 9th. 1982

I was intrigued to read in the *Sunday Mirror* that 'a royal tradition is likely to be broken' if the baby of the Prince and Princess of Wales, expected on July 1st. is a boy.

The paper recalls that for generations all males born into the royal family have been 'circumcised' by a Jewish doctor 'experienced in ancient ritual'. But now the royal family's medical advisers want a royal surgeon to perform the operation. Apparently, medical men who advise the Queen and her immediate family are against the idea of a mohel performing the operation.

The Jewish physician who 'circumcised' Prince Charles was the late Dr. Jacob Snowman, recognised as a world authority on circumcision. The operation on the infant Prince Charles is referred to in Anthony Holden's biography of the prince. Soon after the birth of Prince Charles, on Nov. 14th. 1948, Dr. Snowman was called to Buckingham Palace.

For more than 40 years, Dr. Snowman, chief medical officer of the Jewish Initiation Society, and honorary medical officer to Jews' College, had secretly been called to the palace to carry out 'circumcision' on male members of the family. He passed on his skills to many medical men.

There had to be an intervention by King George VI over Prince Charles' 'circumcision'. Dr. Snowman wrote in his diary, "When Prince Charles was born, the obstetrician, Sir William Gilliat, was anxious that I should perform the circumcision. He had, however, some hesitation because he thought that there might be some court etiquette or tradition which required a surgeon officially attached to the Royal household to perform the operation. When King George heard that the doctors in attendance advised this operation, he remarked that he thought Jewish practitioners were the most expert at that particular surgical procedure."

"The Princess (Now Queen Elizabeth) occupied a first floor suite on the north side of the palace. While scrubbing up in the bathroom of the suite, my attention was directed to a rare example of hygienic refinement. One basin was marked 'hands' and the other was marked 'face'."

Dr. Snowman returned to the palace the next day to see how his royal patient was progressing. While he was in the nursery, Princess Elizabeth came in. Dr. Snowman expressed his great satisfaction that he had been entrusted with the operation on the little prince. The Princess replied, "It was a great satisfaction to us to know that you would undertake it."

Sent in by J.M. - Spain

True Or False

Reference your suggestion in 1/92 [glad to see there's more than one of us browses over back issues, Harry!], and the discussion items listed:-

1. I disagree that masturbation can only be achieved with a fantasy, taking masturbation to mean exciting one's erotic areas to achieve orgasm and/or ejaculation. I understand that infants, prepuberty children, mammals, especially herd members, and some cetaceans, masturbate and achieve some sort of satisfaction (orgasm?), but I doubt that they fantasize.

Speaking personally, I have masturbated from about 3 or 4 years of age. I certainly didn't fantasize – just enjoyed the sensations produced by my manipulations. My first fantasy occurred about the age of 15. My mother had been given a pair of flyless pyjamas by the lady upstairs, that her daughter had outgrown. The daughter was an attractive well-built brunette of about 19. I spent that week riding the crutch of those pyjamas, imagining the daughter as my partner. But, much enjoyment was lost between holding the dream and keeping the sensations active.

Personally, when I need relief or fun, I just rub up, finger and thumb, whole hand, plastic bag – whatever suits. Sometimes lubricated with talcum powder, soapy water, oil or cream, but usually dry, especially if I am riding the mattress.

2. I agree however that fantasies lose potency with time, except where an actual incident is relived.

3. I don't know the answer to this one. Just persevere and don't try too hard. After all, you can't score at everything all the time.

4. I would agree that masturbation is more potent than copulation. Like fantasy, one's concentration is divided between partner's satisfaction and one's own pleasure.

5. Probably. But a cockring should always be 'failsafe'. I make mine with a split, held closed by a U-shaped clip, so that it can be released quite quickly if necessary.

6. Agreed. My frenulum forms a natural piercing between glans and stem. Although it will accommodate a $1/4$ " ring or rod, a couple of hours use makes it uncomfortably sore – a certain turn-off.

7. Each to his, or her, own. I like hairless quims but only shave my prick and scrotum occasionally. 10 times this year so far, but at intervals of between 12 and 78 days, an average of 34 days. I like the smooth silky feel after shaving and dusting with talc. Sometimes I use my Remington triple head electric dry shaver, but this is rather bulky, although the solid head is safer than the curved foil types which are very likely to graze or nick the skin. But dusting with talc clears this up very quickly. I prefer dry shaving with a Wilkinson

twin-blade disposable.

8. No experience yet, but I hope not.
9. Definitely not in my case. The left one is larger, heavier and lower, and, much to my tailor's surprise, I 'dress on the left' too.
10. No comment.
11. No experience.
12. Ridiculous! Taking my definition of masturbation, I've enjoyed it for 74 years and still do. Moreover I love the sensation of my hand on my prick, and the feel of my prick being held in my hand as I walk – hands in pocket.

I hope this helps research, adds information and aids correspondence.

H.M. – Colchester

Unhappy

I was circumcised as a family tradition at 3 months old by the local G.P., "We always have the boys 'done'", "We believe in it" etc. etc. I'm sure my maternal grandmother would have insisted. I was told that my mother had great difficulty in getting the doctor to do it, hence the 3 month's delay. I was circumcised at the same time as a cousin born 3 months later. I suspect the same G.P. capitulated in the face of a combined female onslaught. I know that when the matter was again raised at the birth of the next generation, all of whom remained intact, the story of how they had had to insist was told, and I was expected to be grateful.

The scar line is very uneven, varying $\frac{1}{4}$ " or so. In places the actual scar line is very neat and in others is very irregular, with lots of brown scar pigment and general disfigurement. Where the scar comes closest to the glans rim, at one point there is a slight adhesion with some scarring of the actual glans rim itself. I have no frenulum and virtually no slackness of skin. I always need a lubricant to masturbate.

It is obvious that I am not at all happy about my circumcision. I was aware of the 'difference' from an early age, and at first followed the family line that my condition made me superior to more common people with foreskins.

As I became sexually active at an early age I soon changed my view, and I am now, at this relatively late age, trying to come to terms with my resentment and anger. However, alongside this resentment, I have an erotic fascination with the whole subject of circumcision. I love to see and examine circumcised cocks, and to study the differing techniques, results, etc. I have found, as a gay man, that, generally, circumcised men have made more satisfying lovers as they have a better 'grasp' of technique.

I am grateful to *Acorn* for the opportunity to share my feelings on this most sensitive subject.

G. – Birmingham

[Your completed questionnaire arrived too late for inclusion in the final list, but I think you've said it all above except your dimensions which are all average. — *D.A.*]

Questions For Dr. Ray

Since my circumcision I have a shallow spiral of darkened skin for which I should like an explanation. This is in the middle of a narrow band of lighter skin behind the circumcision scar, in the main wrinkle when totally relaxed.

It is not to be confused with the broader band of darkened skin to be observed just behind the corona on the retracted foreskins displayed in every *H. & E.*, which I know from my own experience to be the area round the tip when unretracted.

My circumcision scar line in the frenal area is in the form of a vee, but is in the opposite direction to the natural vee of the frenulum itself. I should be more than interested to know if this indicates the employment of any particular-named technique.

A last question. How would you rate the chances of success of transplanting the foreskin, or even the whole penis? I thought, albeit briefly, of offering my foreskin, bearing in mind the anguish expressed by some, but I allowed the opportunity to pass. Many Thanks.

J.B. – Oman

[*J.B.* is the author of 'Saga' and his circumcision operation is contained in the following episode. I was hoping that *Dr. Ray* would have given his reply in this edition before we went to press, but it looks as though he's got stuck in the dusty archives of the British Museum or the *B.M.A.* or some such research establishment. Never mind, it'll be in the next. — *D.A.*]

Saga (Continued)

More injections now, about three or four, and a certain movement round the table. There was to be a spectator, it transpired. Two, to be precise, but one was the anaesthetist taking a busman's holiday.

Throughout my stay, the whole atmosphere, despite the modernity of everything, was redolent of the third world: in this case the Indian sub-continent with a small Filipino minority and a tiny number of locals.

I was just aware of a local approaching the ward sister, who was saying, "Abdullah, come – you want to watch?", in a tone suggestive of his having made his request earlier. He was not, though, to escape lightly, for the ward sister said, "Are you circumcised?" (Grunt). "Where?" "Zanzibar." "How?" (Silence) "How – with a stone?" (Snigger) "With a razor blade in the mosque. I was in agony." "What dressings did you get?" "They dressed it with spirit". He was released from his embarrassment and the conversation became general. "The parents come in too, often." "They don't do it to women." "Some women come in with it done." "Some tribes do." "Why do Moslems do it?" (Most of the staff are Hindu or Catholic). "Better for sex," repeated around with sniggers. Even the surgeon had something to add, although not to the general throng, of which there seemed an awful lot; but to the anaesthetist. "I've done a lot of these," (reassuring, aimed at the patient, I wonder!). Then, "Some people cut here, but I don't" (frenulum, I wonder. No point in worrying now).

Now, another exploratory slice, another sharp pain in, I think, the right side of the foreskin, but very quickly, another, then to work, "Number 11 blade, please." This time I never felt a single thing, and could only speculate about the scene so tantalisingly close behind the linen, until 11:15, when I received the news that my circumcision was complete. What an event! Still, though, I was drained of emotion. After my first urination, he told me, the bandage would become soaked, and I must discard it. I must have looked puzzled, for he raised the cover to reveal a white gauze dressing where once I had a penis, something I had long wanted to see; and also, I must be sure of a daily bath for the first week at least. The stitches would come out unaided – there were none used for the vasectomy. I thanked the surgeon and hoped that I'd not been too tensed up for him – a reason, apparently, for their normally preferring generals. He said that there'd been no problem, and to return for a review in about a week's time.

Back on the trolley to the ward, trying to look nonchalant, to the best cup of tea of my life, and a foil of distalgesic pills to kill the pain. I was told to take one. I thought a moment, and decided that any risk here was worth taking to obtain some insight into what is endured without such benefit by so many. After being chided for not taking it, I hid it, and about half an hour after leaving theatre I felt a fiery pain which was strong enough, to be sure, but not unsupportable. Unlike other wounds in my experience, it did not seem to reduce at all and settle down to a lower level, but, of course, I was

forgetting that I had missed that phase, and if this was the 'settled down' intensity, then what I would have felt during the actual cutting must have been pretty impressive.

Until now I had planned to drive myself home, and started to feel that time was slipping away, as the surgeon had said that it was preferable to do so sooner than later. The British nurses, of whom there were a few around, took a hand in the proceedings and applied the veto, so I arranged a lift with colleagues. The particular nurse in question said, "It's a painful operation." Since I had just had two I felt entitled to ask which, although I knew the answer, and she said, "Circumcision," quietly and modestly. Thus, for the second time that morning, I saw the reluctance to use the exciting word – Susan had just referred to 'It', and her free use of it over our coffee table by contrast, reinforced for me my theory that she enjoyed seeing men getting worked up. The other term favoured, as I now know, is 'small op'.

By contrast, the locals and Indians do not seem to have the same inhibition, although it might be possible that, as they were referring to it in the context of a Moslem ritual, they felt no embarrassment. Certainly, when the death of one Sultan's mother was announced on Malay television, the female announcer mentioned that one of her public duties during her life was officiating at the circumcision of the present Sultan, without batting an eyelid.

I digress somewhat, but now I was home and settling down for a bit of peace and tranquillity. And also research of course, to discover as time went by what sort of a job had been done on me. I felt pretty confident, as it was hard to imagine the surgeon varying his technique just for me, and, at the time, I understood that the Moslem was the most radical of circumcisions. I had arrived at 13:30, springing out of the car for the benefit of one of the lady secretaries who was just returning for lunch, and who must have known that I had gone for a vasectomy, anyway, as that had been the reason for my absence.

Nevertheless, I felt pretty unimpressed when I thought back to the *Forum* letters, which seemed to imply that the writer returned home after circumcision in the doctor's surgery, to an afternoon's digging in the garden.

I rested most of afternoon, resisting any temptation for painkillers – by now, not so hard, actually – and got up at 4pm for a gentle walk round, dropping in for idle chats and cups of tea. It was not so easy to go to bed at my usual early hour, but I got there eventually, and had my first painkillers, two aspirin, at 11pm, followed when again awake by two more at 1.30 in the morning. The pain that I was combating was by now an ache.

I kept a detailed log of progress throughout the first 46 days, and thereafter until 4 days short of a year. What follows is a summary. It includes a record of ejaculations as I needed this before the sperm count. D1 is the day of the ops; 12 o'clock is the site of the frenulum; 6 o'clock the top vein.

The ops took more out of me than ever I thought they would, remembering others' accounts. For the first 5 days I managed the mornings fine, but was starting to feel decidedly seedy by early afternoon, with increased inflammation. I was only to learn the latter's remedy a year later, after the revision.

Early on I described the appearance and effect sought. On the afternoon of the op (D1) I had my first inspection. Even before the dressing came off I could just see where the glans frenulum attachment had been: I could no longer see it, only a little cleft and a spot of blood. Sure enough, the first urination resulted in drops running back and wetting the dressing, so off it came. A sad sight was revealed. The line of stitches was prominent, with swellings surrounding each to give an effect as if the member had been garlanded with a string of sausages. There was a blood blister in the corona adjacent to the end of the dorsal vein, and the whole underside was swollen and inflamed, too much so for an accurate assessment of the fate of the frenulum, although it appeared that the latter had been merely replaced by a stitch.

40% of the scrotum was blackened by internal bleeding. Generally, the effect was that the skin around the cut was swollen, hardened and numbed, and, a little later, also appeared to be shrunken – certainly the usual elasticity was absent for some time.

After two months the swellings were still slowly reducing, the last being the frenal zone, and the penultimate between 10 o'clock and 12 o'clock. This latter would be the main cause of my later revision., I found to my disappointment that this portion folded forward to cover the corona when totally flaccid, whereas the right side seemed perfect.

It also gave me, on the whole, the most discomfort, together with the stitches. A day after the review with the surgeon, who told me to swim in the sea instead of the pool, and to continue the daily bath, and when I had foolishly failed to mention it, and having tried both Adcortyl-A and Cicatrin, I encountered two of our nurses at our club disco (D8). The problem was that it was painful and moist. One would be on duty the following morning and I was welcome to come along.

She asked me to get up on the couch and provide "Access to the desired part." On seeing it she said, "What's this, a hydrocele?" (What's a hydrocele?), then, "That looks normal to me." Not agreeing with my use of Cicatrin, she gave me some gauze dressings and said to wear jockey pants, as the pain was from the vasectomy. As I was leaving she asked me the reason for the op. I said that I had always wanted it done, whereupon she smiled, and seemingly becoming quite excited, said, "Why did you wait until this incredibly advanced age instead of having it done around 18?" I failed to catch her mood, not feeling that much had been achieved, and just said, "When I was 18, if I'd asked for something like that, I'd have been sent straight to the shrink" (not an unjustified comment, I think). With her advice to see the surgeon with any further problems, I took myself off for a swim in the sea. The salt water stung

enough for me to be out after about 5 minutes.

To this day, there are small lumps between where the stitches were, although now barely visible. I now know that the cause of all this was the amount of local anaesthetic used, which resulted in swelling during the operation and stitching. Until the revision it was the source of little twinges of pain. The free ends of the stitches began to stiffen out straight on D4, and began to cause a reasonable amount of discomfort which would continue until the last one was out. I mistakenly cut them short near the knot, which increased their rigidity so that they were like pins sticking in, and gave a hedgehog-like effect to see. In the bath they waved around like seaweed. The first dropped out on D6, the last on D28 at the frenulum/scar line (12 o'clock) after 4 days of trying (thank you *Forum*, for ensuring, through your correspondents, that I didn't try too enthusiastically).

Healing, as such, progressed at varying speeds, the right side being the most rapid and the frenal the slowest. My notes say that I considered it complete on D201, having been the cause of the most abiding discomfort, being tender when pulling out the member for a pee, and also feeling tightly stretched. This would be another motivation for revision; in fact the opening gambit when I drew attention to the tiny tag of skin remaining at the glans end on its own, the rest having been removed.

In the early hours of D5 I was awakened by pain which I thought was from snagging of the stitches, as I had unwisely left off my pants; but clearly it was the first erection that pulled. Some time before D12, I maintained one long enough in the bath for a first orgasm, which had to be achieved by simply rubbing the glans. With the mental joy at what I had at last achieved, I came as near as I have ever done to passing out. D12 had the first recorded one, and an alarming sight it was too. The aforementioned damage to the skin caused stretching sufficient to pull up the covering skin from the rest, and back around the glans so that it was mis-shapen around the erectile tissue and reduced in size, shining as if polished.

Pain in general was generalised at first, then began after 24 hours to localise into:- penis root (injections – or vasectomy?) and stitches, especially where the dorsal vein had been tied off. These began to itch after any had been removed on D7, when the testes also began to ache somewhat.

I kept a careful record of the ejaculations until the magic 30 for the sperm count, which was done on D197. I had hoped just to be able to bring in the proverbial little bottle, but the lab staff asked where I would "collect?" As 30 minutes was about the bogey time, I agreed to "collect" at the hospital. The surgeon gave me the result a few days later, when I mentioned my 'complaints'. He looked slightly taken aback, but examined, and said, "I can tailor that," then, "Is it worth it?" I agreed to let things be for a few months.

It was just over a year after the ops that I decided to do something about things. Apart from the little tag left of the frenulum, there was enough of the

latter still to pull down on the glans by being less elastic than the surrounding skin, and by being still attached far enough forward on it. Also, the pull on it when extracting for urination was uncomfortable. The flap coming forward to cover the corona was frustrating too.

I was loath to return to the same place, as I found the surgeon a little unapproachable, so I thought at least I could try the easy way out. An attractive Australian lady doctor had been appointed to our local clinic a fortnight after the ops, and I had had cause to mention them. Later we were both together in a group at our club, and, in response to some comment of mine she had said jokingly, "Your circumcision scar?" I felt therefore that at least I would not get an unsympathetic hearing – and what better and more appropriate way of helping to rectify my long-standing 'hangup'?

So, I went along, and sure enough, she heard me out attentively and asked me to sit on the couch for examination, pulling a screen round, and bolting the doors with a smile, as people were always wandering in and out. Although there was food for a multitude of confused thought, I remained icy calm as I displayed what I had always covered for inspections in my youth. She said, "It's here, isn't it?" accurately, and the caress of her fingertips was like dew on burning lips, as she looked at the flap, and then, with two index fingers, gently stretched the remains of the frenulum – I suppose, my most intimate and guarded part. "That's the frenulum, the most sensitive part of a man's penis. It's not normally touched." As I dressed she asked, "Is it cosmetic, or because of discomfort?" I told her a bit of both, really, but I found the rolling forward of the left side when seated annoying. I could be referred to the main hospital, as, "I wouldn't do it myself. I've never done one, although I'd do that little tag", with a dazzling smile. I was disappointed, but not particularly surprised, as I knew she did little skin cancer removals, which are not quite the same thing.

Without delay, I went off to seek out the original surgeon at our own hospital where I found him in one of the wards. He asked if I had had the sperm count, and then, without demur, said I could come in in a couple of days.

With a slight sense of *deja vu*, I shaved and presented myself again. I glanced at the daily list, and, sure enough, there was my name and 'tailoring of circumcision'. I wondered what the staff, most of whom I knew, were thinking.

The usual discussion took place about a general anaesthetic, which would require a 'pre-med' (tranquillising and pain-deadening injection). The upshot was that I went off to discuss this with the surgeon between his ops. He explained about the quantity of anaesthetic required, causing swelling at the time and making estimations difficult, thus leading to unsatisfactory results. Would I accept the necessary reduced dose, with the slight possibility of having to be 'put under' if things became unbearable? Right, that seemed eminently reasonable, So off I went for the 'pre-med' – and further shaving.

Both nurses who did these were known to me, locals, the latter asking, "Didn't you have circumcision?" I answered yes, and he must have wondered what on earth was going on.

(to be continued)

Penile Enlargement

A 'This Morning' programme on TVS included interviews and discussion on penile enlargement. An American surgeon has apparently developed the system, and has performed over 200 such operations without any complaints.

First, liposuction is used to remove fatty tissue from the patient's lower abdomen and pubic area, thus making the penis more prominent. If increased thickness is desired this same fat is injected beneath the shaft skin of the penis.

If further lengthening is required, the suspensory ligament is severed, allowing the penis to hang and project more freely.

Sexual function is not affected by this treatment, and it was also recommended for seriously under-endowed schoolboys if hormone treatment to promote normal growth was unsuccessful.

A.W. – Sussex

Contact Corner

Member would like to contact other readers with foreskin interests. Discretion assured. All letters answered.

J. – N. Yorks

Finally, I expect Tony will be putting membership renewal forms in with this edition, so I hope you'll all be still with us next year, and both Tony and I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

