

**Mamas, please let your
babies grow up to
have foreskins.**

FORESKIN FEVER: THE UNCUT VERSION!

I confess, if you want to see a real redneck red neck, peel back the foreskin on a good ol' boy's southern-fried, dirty-blond, uncut dick. Then put your lips together, and blow, 'cause you won't be just whistlin' "Dixie." Picture it! Foreskin, two inches' worth, lipping over the big head of his 9-inch uncut cock. Eleven inches altogether. Nine inches, born in the USA, jutting out hard as a flagpole with the two generous inches of star-spangled foreskin flapping out from his dickhead. Beautiful, tongueable, wild, uncut, rebel foreskin.

Ah! The look of it!

Obsession!

His uncut foreskin cases his gun-hard cock like a holster. His dick, more heavily lidded than his bedroom eyes, has an eye of its own whose eye is the iris circle at the very nipple tip of the foreskin. Zero your eye in on that lip of foreskin. Touch its softness with your fingers, toying, playing, hardly daring to touch the magnificence of so much 'skin tipping that hard dick, kept hard by man's animal desire to worship uncut, untamed, huge-hung males.

EVERY INCH A MAN OF TASTE

You sniff the wild, gamey smell of his thick, uncut foreskin, as clean in its own street way, as it is nice-n-nasty,

knowing that the secrets under his foreskin, the headcheese cured inside its pliable covering, like good wine and good brie can be aged to a bouquet and taste from swimteam-mild to industrial-strength wild. The degree of smegma (roll it around on your tongue) depends on the urgent horniness of the young Foreskin Trade flopping out his big unpeeled dick for the Sucker kneeling between his thighs.

As a connoisseur of foreskin, act like a wine connoisseur. Check it out. At first sniff, is it two days since his foreskin was stripped back down his thick rod and its ring-around-the-mushroom crown licked clean? Or three? Or is it the heady aroma of a week, cooked up by him sweaty on a bike, athletic in a gym, workaday trade on a construction site? Or has he stepped fresh from the barracks shower, having stripped back, for a good hard scrub, under his sergeant's command, the 2-inch cowl of his foreskin down the 9-inch neck of his shaft?

Tonight, out of high school, out of prison, out of work, how does he offer that treasured part of himself all men are born with and only the few, the proud, retain: his foreskin. Good anyway anyhow to men of unclipped taste, foreskin scrubbed fresh with soap or raunchy with a headcheese is either way more rare than the finest Beluga caviar.

VAMPIRE HUNGER FOR FORESKINS

A man's got to do what a man's got to do. There's no denying the hunger of the hunt for the spoor of foreskin of strange males. The Main Attraction is to the raw male smell, taste, and touch of foreskin. Tonight's big one with its own identifying scent is yet so like all the ones before and all the ones to come. Feasting insatiable. Living from uncut cock to uncut cock, this time, this adventure, this man, this flesh, this cock, this foreskin, your tongue, your mouth. Desiring the surprise of the smell and taste and texture of his redolent dickhead which he conceals, precious as smuggled jewels, behind the veil of his foreskin.

The ultimate mysteries of being male lie hidden no farther than the closest foreskin.

A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

Is his foreskin the retractable roll that skins down around his dick's mushroom crown, down his long shaft, to the short hairs at its root in his crotch? Or is his foreskin, tight-lipped, protective as the covershields on a missile silo, thick, yet so transparent the big head of his cock is almost visible? When the veins at the base of his vascular dick begin to boost the thrust of his creamy white load, will he shoot out through the cyclone eye of his unretracted foreskin? Or will he call for you to strip his 'skin back at the instant of his cuming, so he can feel the tight lifeguard's ring of untamed manhood slip down and around the crown of his cock at the same time he thrusts his load forward toward your face, shooting big white clots of cum into your mouth.

You savor the smell of his uncut dick fresh in your nose, sniffing and snorting, the rain of his sweat stinging your eyes, blinking, aching to see close-up his foreskin, elastic, warm, wet, slide slow back up to canopy over his still hard cock, till the last of his cum drools out the iris eye of his foreskin, landing on your tongue, a clear thread pulling you up so you can fuck your tongue through the tight hole of his foreskin, your tongue entering his uncutness, circling his dickhead inside his foreskin, feeling your own rolled tongue be foreskinned by his tight uncut prepuce that he takes in his thumbs and in his forefingers, and stretches down the length of your hard uncircumcised tongue to its base root, holding you captive with his foreskin around your tongue until you cum.

GIMME SOME LIP!

When a man's a sucker for uncut meat, he hankers, among other things he does, after Eden's unpeeled Apple. He longs for a lost time of innocence, his own and the world's. Gay Herman Melville's searching *Moby Dick* offers one of the funniest scenes in American literature when the sailors on deck vie for the privilege of slicing off the captured whales' foreskins which are so big the sailors climb inside them and parade around on deck in their foreskin drag, pretending they're

the pope. If it's not the funniest scene, it's at least one of the sexiest, depending on one's sophisticated degree of JO imagination.

Okay. If you cringe when you hear a football player has been "cut," or was "clipped," close your eyes and cover your ears and cross your legs tight. Here comes that hateful word: *circumcision*. Like the crewcut, circumcision, at least in the USA, was pretty much a military "invention," first forced on teenage American farmboy recruits in 1916. The purpose of both the crewcut and the dick-cut was to make it easier for horny young warriors to keep themselves, and one hopes, each other, hygienically clean in the trenches. (I mean nothing's worse than a mile-long trench of uncut 19-year-old males from down on the farm, dreaming in their sweaty skivvies of gay Paree, right?)

ARKANSAS LUGGAGE

When coupled with various religious rituals and the American obsession with cleanliness, which is next door to Godliness (and there goes the neighborhood), boy babies, born in the USA, stand hardly a chance of keeping their foreskins, unless they happen to be natural-born rednecks in a rural community in the South. After all, one slang name for *foreskin*, "Arkansas Luggage," was coined by one of Gaydom's Great Foreskin Fathers, Old Reliable, whose videotapes feature dozens of strapping young, hung, Mountain Williams with enough foreskin to stretch from here to their Saturday night baths. What is it about the American South where hetero young men come out sexually in the back of pickup trucks listening to the Allman Brothers on the radio? I've studied videotape after videotape. I checked out the real thing. All I can say is uncut southern meat has a cachet all its own.

MAMAS, PLEASE LET YOUR BABIES GROW UP TO HAVE FORESKINS!

So much a matter of course is it to circumcise, and thus traumatize, boy babies, that the birthing fee in the US of A, and this is a fact, for girl babies is less than for boys, because

the American medical establishment presupposes that all boys will be circumcised, and performs the most often unnecessary surgery without much, if any, consultation with the parents about their wishes. Ask any pregnant woman you know, or any woman, for that matter, what she thinks about circumcision, and most often she'll say she's really never thought about it. (Or if she has, she's in favor of it. Of course. But what would she say if Americans circumcised female labia after the fashion of certain African tribes?) Many fathers of boy babies are as insensitive, even if they're unclipped themselves. To follow up on this point, contact Rosemary Wiener (really, no pun), who heads up a worldwide anti-circumcision campaign, including ways to restore the foreskin to the circumcised penis. (Non-Circumcision Center, PO Box 404, Ipswich, Massachusetts 01938). The pornstar Al Parker underwent a \$5,000 foreskin operation on his legendary penis, and the surgery was so successful, Al Parker (the real Drew Okun) became a celebrated guest on American television talk shows.

TO CUT OR NOT TO BE

Fetishes grow in the sweet recesses of the mind. Just as some men, who think circumcision is wrong, fantasize about foreskin, some men fantasize about circumcision. *Uncut* and *cut*, after all, are reciprocal terms. You can't think of one without thinking of the other, just as the terms *father* and *son* are not understandable one without the other, because each defines the other and is meaningless without it. One likes to think that sophisticated fetishes are not for the mindless. In fact, the more perverted the mind, the more rich the fetish. (So who are these "clean" queens who wear cologne, in the name of "smell," and refuse, like masculine heretics, to kneel before the gift of a perfectly intact fragrant foreskin?)

TRUE UNCUT CONFESSIONS!

When I was a young boy right after the Korean War, I overheard a story told by an uncle to my father that set "That

Certain Click” spinning in my nine-year-old head. I didn’t really understand the story until some years later, but when I did, I knew that back when I was the best little boy in the world the roots of a serious fetish were planted in fertile soil.

My uncle, who was, as were we all, Catholic, said that he had heard of an American Pollock POW who was captured by the Communists. (Remember, this was not just the Fifties; it was the Roman Catholic Fifties where the number one hit song all across the US for 35 weeks was “Dear Lady of Fatima,” sung by no less than the Ink Spots, backed by Gordon Jenkins and His Orchestra and Chorus.) Forgive me, I lost my mind for a moment; but this story has led me off to a hundred different fantasies.

Anyway, the Reds (that once hair-raising term we no longer use) kept this American Pollock POW, my overheated and under-ventilated Catholic uncle said, in solitary confinement for nearly two years. Besides his confinement in solitary, his other repeated torture had to do with his foreskin. My uncle, who years later put the make on me, (I said no), told my father with some relish that the POW had an exceptionally big penis, even for an American Pollock, and so he became an object of frequent display to the Koreans (Catch the racism) who were rather stubby in the meat department.

About once a month, the American Pollock POW was brought out from solitary and tied down spreadeagle naked on a large torture table where his big meat was displayed for the amusement of visiting North Korean and Russian brass. He was fondled. They made him hard and laughed at the freakish size of his meat and pulled at his foreskin. Each time he was displayed, a military doctor, a Russian, I think, took something like a pinking shears and cut, as if he were notching a gun, a small slit from his foreskin giving it as a war trophy to the ranking officer who wore it as a good luck charm. After his many months’ incarceration, his beautiful thick foreskin had been perfectly ragged around the top, but was still full enough so that, for all intents and purposes, his big foreskin remained in tact.

The point was, my uncle said, that when the POW was released, he found that the prime way he really enjoyed sex

was to have a bit of his foreskin clipped and sutured, because, again my uncle said, in all those months of solitary captivity, he had come to long for the monthly rituals which were the only time anyone paid attention to him. (Didn't Lawrence of Arabia experience the same thing with whipping?) It made no matter if they abused him: hurt was better than nothing. That puts me in mind of William Faulkner writing in *Wild Palms*: "If I had to choose between pain and nothing, I'd choose pain."

I guess, really, that Tortured-Big-Dick story tells more about my married, closeted uncle's psyche than anything else—except my psyche; but the point is, the story was an adventure of foreskin and made me think of my foreskin in a way I never had before, right at the time when my young dick was in the wild palms of my first pre-teen masturbations.

FORGET THE WHALES! SAVE THE FORESKINS!

My story's not all that special. We all heard stories when we were boys playing alone and with each other. When, however, you meet a man who flops out a big uncut dick, you think differently of him, value him somehow more, as one of the males who escaped, with his dick whole and intact, to full adulthood. A foreskin, like a warrior's shield, is a promise of unusual male potency, of outlaw wildness, of everything that is different from civilized society. Foreskin is not polite. Foreskin is barbaric. Foreskin is animal.

It was not for nothing that in the Old Testament the Israelites once demanded the foreskins of their conquered enemies. What a bloody, wild day that must have been: a thousand young men tied up and held down, screaming and thrashing as the cutting edge of the circumcision knife clipped off the sign that they were bold warriors and left them cut, clipped, circumcised to domesticate them like slaves.

Has there ever been a gay master or a gay hero in a gay story who was cut? Probably never. Gay men prefer an uncut piece of meat. And why not? If a man has a foreskin, he has one more sexual toy to play with. Some clean queens, and this is certainly no putdown of them, might prefer an Irish Spring

foreskin to the musky wild foreskin most men find attractive. To each his own, yeah, buddy!

Can any man ever forget the thrill of the first time he rimmed the inside of a strange man's foreskin and tongued out the white clots of mung cheese? (Foreskin's the only place you can get it!)

Anyone who says *no* is a liar, or is too programmed by soap commercials and womanists who, next to making sure females are douched Pristine fresh with Summer's Eve, want to make sure that steps are taken to keep a dick clean, as if *everysmell* were bad. We're not talking groaty foreskins—well, I am; you can take your own pick; but we're talking foreskins that are ripe to the point of raunch but not to the point of unhygienic crud. Protecting our mansmells is more than not using colognes and deodorants; it is all men protecting our foreskins, our own if we have one, and those of male neonates by getting to their fathers and educating them versus unnecessary circumcision before the obstetrician gets to cutting their sons.

DOCKING 'SKIN: DOWN-N-DIRTY-N-OUT!

Think of a high-school shower room. Think of a military barracks. Think of a college fraternity house. Think of long lines of young men standing bareass naked with their thick long dicks hanging down in row after row, each tipped with that nipple-like prepuce that protects the big heads of their big cocks, inches of dick, even more inches of foreskin, all of them the same, and none of them alike, yet all together in wild, uncut fraternity, jerking off alone, pounding uncut pud together in circle jerks, fucking asshole with the foreskin slipping back and forth so easy on the rockhard shaft that no lube is necessary, heading into each other, *docking* the head of one dick, head to head, with another, pulling the foreskin of one over the head of another; yet one more, a big-balled young blond with ten inches, stretching his foreskin wide with his own fingers, shoving his stud dick into the waiting mouth of the face across which he pulls, like a big mask, his entire foreskin, so the cocksucker's face is fully inside the stretched

foreskin, breathing only the air inside the huge foreskin masking his face, his mouth and throat opening farther and deeper to the huge blond dick ramming his throat.

Only in sex are there moments when a man can exit place and time and live suspended somewhere, transcended in perfect balance forever.

About a dozen years ago, the following ad appeared in the *East Village Other*: “FORESKINS FOR SALE! Retired Navy doctor has collection of over 900 foreskins of sailors he circumcised while in USN. Will take highest offer. Send bid to: T. Sutton, 22 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.” Don’t bother to write. The address is long extinct! But what a concept!

