

innuendo



James Redgrave

What an enormous twat!



Qualms about Quims?

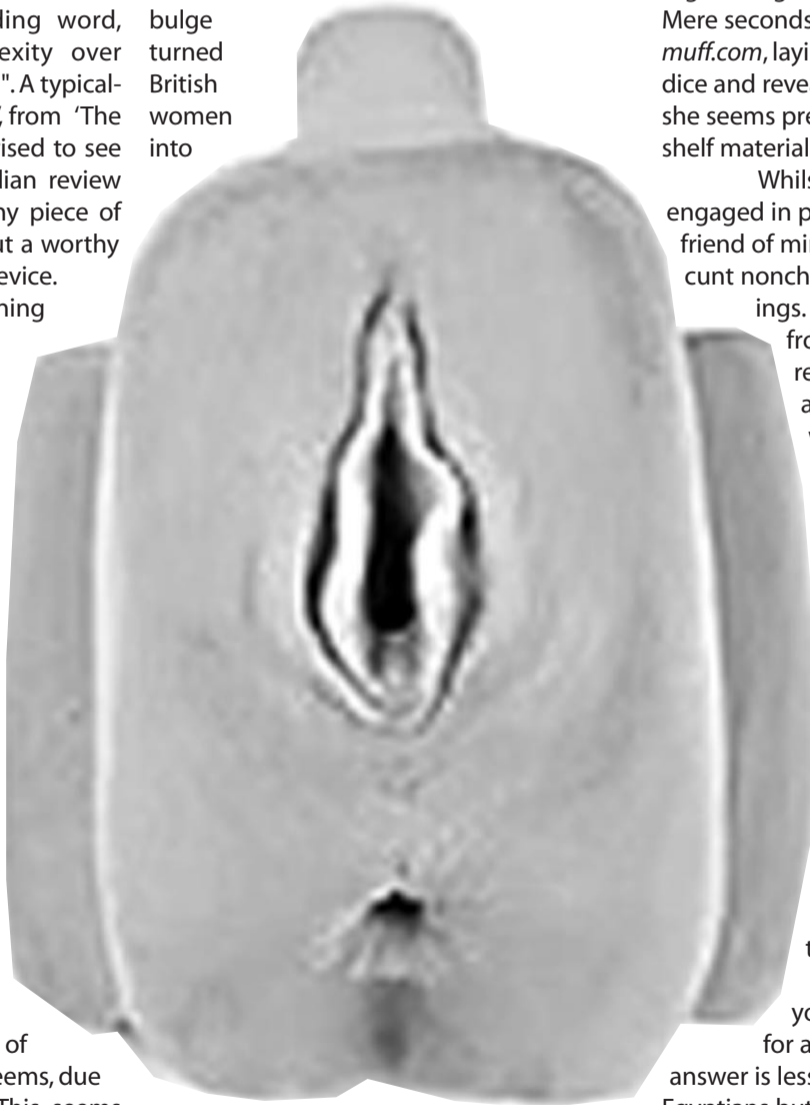
"Vagina... even the word is difficult for some men, though they will happily refer to their dick, or their rod, or their johnson." Jeff Bridges winces at the offending word, before succumbing to perplexity over Julianne Moore's use of "johnson". A typically off the wall piece of 'Coenism', from 'The Big Lebowski', which I was surprised to see reiterated in drag in the Guardian review section, masquerading as worthy piece of criticism on a worthy book about a worthy subject – the gender defining crevice.

In 'The Story of V – Opening Pandora's Box', Catherine Blackledge puts out her contribution to the debate which addresses at length the point more succinctly cadenced in the opening quotation. Why, she asks, when it comes to the penis (its assorted monickers, physical functions and comparative attributes) are we happy to let it all hang out, yet we remain so up tight about our vaginas?

Apparently twas not ever thus. According to Blackledge in the past the vagina has held mythic and divine symbolism for more than just randy adolescents. The review mentions stories of such holy holes exorsizing demons in India and increasing crop yields in ancient Egypt. The vagina has therefore slipped out of mind and into taboo in part, it seems, due to its lack of actual prominence. This seems intuitive at first. Linford Christie's display of lycra clad longevity at the Barcelona Olympic games left so little to the imagination that it is remembered still. Athletics fans, however, have never enjoyed comparable intimacy with, for instance, Sally Gunnell's tunnel.

So is that it? Can our cultural reticence about all things vulval and labial be fairly attributed to their being tucked away

between the legs, while the front hanging wang holds its head high? Has losing the battle of the bulge turned British women into



breathing barbie dolls, apparently devoid of genitalia?

Not quite. Apparently in the cut and thrust world of private part supremacy he who hairs wins, or rather she who hairs loses. Blackledge complains of "cunt caricatures" based on "shaven havens" becoming normalised by porn. But in this Ms Blackledge is wrong. For such a "phenomenal researcher" (as reviewer

Joanna Briscoe describes her) she has overlooked that fundamental tool of sex organ enlightenment – the internet. Mere seconds on google yielded *mega-muff.com*, laying bare her pussy prejudice and revealing greater diversity than she seems prepared to credit such "top shelf material."

Whilst sat in a public house, engaged in private conversation, a friend of mine once slipped the word cunt nonchalantly into the proceedings. A nearby customer actually froze and looked over (the remark had not been addressed to them, they were an extraneous party). Blackledge seems to be vindicated, had the word been dick, rod or johnson, my companion and I would probably remain unmolested by their disapprobation. I wonder, however, if the same would not be true had the word been fanny or even pussy. I also suspect that my repetition of cunt in this article has shocked very few who have read it, so how prudish are we on this topic?

Assuming that none of you display yours in public for agricultural purposes the answer is less so than the ancient Egyptians but that's not a great point of reference, there are still people embarrassed by the topic but actually very few that I know. This is fundamentally an issue of gender equality, the preserve of the 'Vagina Monologues', the popularity and success of which is undeniable, suggesting that, even if castle cunt is not yet recaptured, then at least its walls have been penetrated.

The Blaine Of My Life

From twats and boxes to twats in boxes, It's hardly original to comment on David Blaine's little idiosyncracies and this initially put me off writing on the subject until I discovered quite the extent to which he is attracting criticism.

Back to the world wide web I went and discovered a plethora of websites on which the public made clear their distaste for the man. There were hate pages which had been created purely for Blaine bashing, found on sites such as:

- kevin.tunapuff.net
- kungfoo.com
- everything2.org

The implication from all of them seemed to be that he gets what he deserves for being "a tit in a box, a ripe invitation to have stuff thrown at him".

What was interesting though was the barely concealed relish with which other, more established websites described his torments at the hands of hecklers. "During the first week David Blaine has been subjected to verbal abuse and a torrent of golf balls, eggs and food of all shapes and smells... Will he survive 44 days?" The previous quote is cited in the not usually contentious *river-thames.com* whose closing question bears all the hallmarks of a challenge.

The fact is that Blaine is actively inviting people to hurl their abuse and packed lunches, rather like the schoolkids who seem to enjoy being bullied because it's a form of interaction with their elders. However, the aforementioned scenario reflects badly not only on attention seeking little pricks but also on those who rise to them by taking advantage of the vulnerable positions they (however contrivedly) put themselves in.