

## Come Armageddon

There's this documentary by Sunny Bergman about cosmetic surgery. About how women have always aspired to look beautiful, attempted to mimic the look of the prettiest girl in the village or of the sexy movie starlet, or emulate those photogenic women selected for advertising, but that the difference is that nowadays the photographs of women used to sell stuff have been so manipulated with Photoshop and whatever, that they are no longer images of real women.

There *are* no real women who actually look like that.

So, what's happening now is, regular women are seeing these images and wanting to look like them - like these non-existent, faked-up women - and they are having themselves surgically operated on to look that way.

The documentary showed these photographs which, having not looked at a Playboy magazine since about 1975, I had never seen, and I was completely unprepared for all the pictures of women with totally Photoshopped vaginas. If you can even call them vaginas any more, they're completely mouse-clicked away. There's nothing there, a line, a crack, the genitals of a two year old. Totally paedophilic.

Anyway, women, particularly young women, who are being bombarded with this imagery through the internet, are getting to think that their normal, run-of-the-mill cunts are totally abnormal. Ashamed, they are getting themselves operated on to have their labia removed and look like an underage centrefold.

There's this doctor in the film, who's become rich patenting a process for cutting out vaginal lips by laser - '*labial corrective surgery*'.

Really handsome, shiny black bloke with an expensive smile. Aaargh! An absolute nightmare.

So fucking charismatic he could talk anyone out of their inner-labia.

Doctor smarmy bloody Frankenstein.

Oh dear, I'm going to have to make a work about this!  
But what?

I can't just make a work about 'I hate Dr. Matlock, he's an arsehole.'

It'd be a crap work.  
What then?

I have to turn it around.

So, like - Love Dr. Matlock... Poor chap, he has this dreadful phobia, he's all squeamish about labia. Feel sorry for him... help him...

Make Dr. Matlock something... A gift...

What?...

What?...

What!

\*

In Barcelona, sitting opposite me on the train, there is a man with the most nondescript face. So nondescript as to be almost impressive, exuding an incredible air of melancholy. Totally unmelodramatic but oozing out of him nonetheless. His nondescription initially works as a suitable disguise, invisible, virtually non-existent.

I am completely intrigued and try not to stare. Or grin.

He's wearing unimpressive, slightly creased, grey, suit trousers, a v-neck of murky-coloured wool that looks like it's been knitted by his mother, and one of those ties that get binned on boxing-day. It's pillar-box red and has little grey mice with chrome yellow lumps of cheese on it. His eyes have a practiced sadness. He looks as if he's in his 50's but perhaps he's only 40, or younger still.

Once this man was a boy with a potential for delight, how has his life been that he has become so?

His hair is balding and he has the back lock scraped across his scalp. It is as if he knows that this is incredibly un-hip, but he cannot even stick his neck out far enough to change his hair-style and become a character other than this role he has taken upon himself. Sneered at for being so naf, but he'd be sneered at for trying to be more hip.

After a couple of stops his hangdog attitude is becoming almost irritating. Like a begging dog. A just-audible whine. And dog-like, his nose has gained a subtle drip. Some uncontainable grief oozing its way out? He lets it hang. It's tempting to offer him a paper handkerchief. But that would only emphasise his hangdogged nafness.

As the train pulls up the drip falls onto his lumpy home-knit jumper.

Back when television was still something to be watched round at the neighbours, you used to see those kind of lumpy jumpers a lot. You had these early TV personalities, like Val Doonican, sitting in a rocking chair and playing a song on the guitar, and women used to fall for them and send in gifts. Often this was stuff they'd knitted them-selves. And then you'd see Val Doonican, or the weather man wearing this obviously hand-knitted jumper which someone's wife had sent in.

\*

Yes!

Now I know what it is I must make for Dr. Matlock.

I must make him a v-neck jumper made up of knitted labia.

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I am still working on the gift for Dr. Matlock, the jumper made up of labia.

I don't know if you've ever tried knitting a cunt, but it's really fucking difficult. It's the most difficult thing I've tried knitting so far.

At first I thought I'd knit all different ones, ask friends to let me have a photo of theirs so I could knit it. Well wishful thinking, I'll be glad if I manage to knit even a proto-type that looks like anything recognisable. So far I just have all these ballsed-up bits and pieces - clitorises that look like navels or labia that resemble iced doughnuts, whole cunts looking like a dogs dinner.

By the time I'm finished, big lips'll probably be back in fashion and dear Dr. Matlock'll be making a killing stitching *on* labia, selling women back the same ones they once had him remove and which he's been keeping in the freezer all that time.  
Shrewd bastard.

Still, come Armageddon no-one's gonna give a shit about labial aesthetics.