

Y' know, if I said to him...if I said I was off to Greece for a fortnight, he'd think it was for the sex. Wouldn't he, wall? Well...two women, on their own, goin' to Greece. Well, it's obvious, isn't it? I wouldn't mind—I'm not even particularly fond of it—sex—am I, wall? I'm not. I think sex is like Sainsbury's—y' know, overrated. It's just a lot of pushin' an' shovin' an' y' still come out with very little in the end. 'Course it would've been different if I'd been born into the next generation, our Millandra's generation. 'Cos it's different for them, isn't it? They discovered it, y' see, the clitoris. The Clitoris Kids, I call them. And good luck to them, I don't begrudge them anythin'. But when I was a girl we'd never heard of this clitoris. In those days everyone thought it was just a case of "in out, in out, shake it all about", stars'd light up the sky an' the earth would tremble. The only thing that trembled for me was the headboard on the bed. But y' see, the clitoris hadn't been discovered then, had it? I mean, obviously, it was always there, like penicillin, an' America. It was there but it's not really there until it's been discovered, is it? Maybe I should have married Christopher Columbus! I was about, about twenty-eight when I first read all about it, the clitoris. It was dead interestin'. Apparently it was all Freud's fault. Y' know, Sigmund. You see, what happened was, Freud had said that there were two ways for a woman to have, erm, an orgasm. An', erm, the main one could only be caused by havin' the muscles, inside, stimulated. An' the other, erm, orgasm, it was supposed to be like an inferior, second-rate one, was caused by the little clitoris. Now y' see, that's what Freud had said. An' everyone had to believe him. Well, you would, wouldn't y'? I mean, Sigmund Freud, who's gonna argue with Sigmund Freud. I mean, say you're just—just standin' at the bus stop, you an' Sigmund Freud, the bus comes along, y' say to him "Does this bus go to Fazakerley?" He nods an' says to y', "Yes, this is one of the buses that goes to Fazakerley." Well, you'd get on the bus, wouldn't you? But I'll tell y' what—you'd be bloody lucky if y' ever reached Fazakerley. Because there's only *one* bus that goes to Fazakerley. The clitoris bus. The other bus doesn't

go anywhere near Fazakerley. But y' see, everyone believed him an' they've been giving out wrong information for years, y' know like they did with spinach. It's marvellous, isn't it—tellin' people there's two kinds of orgasm. It's like tellin' people there's two Mount Everests—some people stumble on to the real mountain while the rest of us are all runnin' up this little hillock an' wonderin' why the view's not very good when we get to the top. Well, when I first read about all this I was fascinated, wasn't I, wall? But y' know when you read a word for the first time an' you've never heard it spoken, you can get it wrong, can't y'? 'Know, pronounce it wrong. Like, when I was little there was a kid in our street called Gooey. Honest. Gooey. His mother used to go, "Gooey. Y' tea's ready, Gooey. Come on in, Gooey." Well, y' see, when she'd been lookin' for a name for him she'd been readin' this American magazine an' she saw this name, G.U.Y. Guy. But she thought it was pronounced Gooey. So that's what she christened him. Gooey McFadden, he was called. Well, it was the same with the clitoris. When I first read the word I thought it was pronounced clitoris. I still think it sounds nicer that way, actually. Clitoris. That even sounds like it could be a name, doesn't it? Clitoris. "Oh, hi-ya Clitoris, how are y'? Oh, really. Listen Clitoris, wait till I tell y'..."

*She thinks about it.*

Oh, shut up, wall. I think it sounds nice. Why not? There's plenty of men walkin' round called "Dick". Well, anyway, that's how I thought it was pronounced when I first mentioned it to Joe. We were sittin' in the front room an' I said, "Joey. Joe, have you ever heard about the clitoris?". He didn't even look up from his paper. "Yeh", he said, "but it doesn't go as well as the Ford Cortina."

*Pause.*

Wait till he finds out he's gettin' chips an' egg for his tea tonight. Well, it's Thursday, isn't it? And on Thursday it has to be mince. It's the eleventh commandment, isn't it?

*McFadden  
bus stop*