

CATFIGHT

Among all forms of human violence, the catfight is unique because everyone enjoys it.

Is there a more delightful, arousing, and hilarious natural spectacle than the sight of two fiery temptresses clawing at one another's eyes? The catfight appeals to us in ways simultaneously sexual and comical. It bears an unhinged quality so extreme, people laugh in disbelief. There's something hilarious about the utter loss of decorum, the absolute regression to feral animality. It still surprises and amuses us to see women acting violently. We live, my poor savage jockstraps, in a culture where women are encouraged to "kick ass" because nearly everyone finds it funny, arousing, or both. All across the nation, girls claw at one another's eyeballs and tear clumps of hair from one another's scalps and make insensitive comments about one another's appearance. These pussycats are shorn of inhibitions, ripping at one another's flesh. They are bitches in heat, tearing at one another's souls. Their clawing and hissing and arching of backs



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approximate the feline war dance, hence the term "catfight." For better or worse, catfights give credence to the sexist archetype of the Hysterical Female. Prison guards and bar bouncers will tell you that the only sort of tussle they dread stepping in between is one involving two women. There is a ferocity to girl-on-girl violence that the boys could never match. Men merely try to win a fight; women seek to maim, blind, and disfigure. They claw at one another's cheeks like weasels in heat. And sometimes it goes too far. A recent fracas between two Portland strippers ended up with one girl suffering brain damage and the other one headed to prison. Although such fights are rarely so extreme, both women will always, of course, need new vaccinations after each catfight.

IN THE CATFIGHT, SEX AND VIOLENCE GO TOGETHER LIKE SONNY AND CHER. LIKE THE CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE. LIKE K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND.

At its most basic level, a catfight consists of two girls battling over one cock—a woman fighting another woman for the sake of a man. Women will step on each other's necks in order to get to a big cock, a handsome face, or a fat wallet. The catfight is an ancient evolutionary dance, one vagina leaping over another as it ascends the Pussy Pecking Order...one vagina knocking the other vagina out of the way as it seeks its place in the sun. It is the female analogue to when males "cock-block" one another—one might call it "cunt-blocking" if they were prone to such vulgarities. While a catfight's participants may be stripped of a certain feminine daintiness, they retain—nay, they enhance—everything else that it means to be a woman. Even though a catfight may be unladylike, it is nevertheless very, very female. Nature pits one vagina against another in a brutal struggle for dominance. Nestled between every healthy woman's legs is a microscopic cluster of eggs yearning to be fertilized. Although women fight with their hands and teeth, it is their genitals that truly are at war. They clash in the grand Darwinian battle for survival, two female mastodons fighting for the right to have their woolly wombs impregnated. Do not be offended by these shockingly refreshing comments, my friends—my statements are sexist only if nature itself is sexist, and we know that's impossible.

THE INTERNET IS RIFE WITH WEBSITES THAT INDULGE THE CATFIGHT FETISH. SADLY, MOST OF THESE VIDEOTAPED "CATFIGHTS" ARE STAGED EVENTS BETWEEN ACTRESSES WHO HAVE NO REAL BEEF WITH ONE ANOTHER. THE DIALOGUE USUALLY GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

Yes, you did!
"No, I didn't!"
Bitch, yes you did!
"Tramp, no I didn't!"
...whereupon the women flash their fingernails and engage in bloodless combat, followed immediately by hours of hot lesbian sex. For many men—the ugly, unoriginal ones—it matters not whether the fight is staged. For them, the catfight's appeal is purely animalistic. It's all about the meat. They want to see what is unavailable to them in real life. To them, catfights represent the possibility that clothes will be ripped from bodies and they'll catch a peep at what they've only imagined, oh, so many times on those cold, lonely nights. For the more complicated and attractive souls among us, the catfight appeals on deeper levels. We derive pleasure from the idea of women hating women—it sorta takes the heat off us male misogynists. And if we have any sexual experience, we acknowledge the scientific fact that hot-tempered women are better in bed. My personal definition of a "catfight" is: "Women attacking women to the delight of male observers." Although a strict definition would omit the "male observers" clause, for my purposes it is crucial. It's like the old Zen riddle: If two women engage in a catfight and no male observers are around to be delighted by it, can we be sure it really happened? Behind 95% of all catfights stands some studly male, stroking his pole and laughing at these dizzy broads.

MY FAVORITE MOMENTS IN POP-CULTURE CATFIGHTING

FIST CITY by Loretta Lynn, 1968. The greatest catfight song ever recorded, sung in impeccably quavering PMS fashion by the Queen of Country Music. You can hear the sharp nails in her voice: "If you don't wanna go to Fist City/You better detour around my town/'cause I'll grab you by the hair of the head/and I'll lift you off of the ground."
The 1997 episode of **SEINFELD** where Elaine was being stalked by an

In my romantic sojourns, my staunchly muscular charms have inspired the occasional catfight. One extreme case even featured a blunt instrument and a hospital visit. It always thrilled me that my body was the item up for grabs. How hot is it to have not one, but TWO women who crave exclusive bragging rights over your cock so badly, they'll resort to violence? It made me feel as if I had market value as a potential mating partner. My balls felt potent, warm, and loamy to see these girls clashing over me. I savored the attention and the implications it had about my desirability. It made me feel sexy. It made me want to run around my apartment naked, my wiener flapping about freely. So long as they're fighting over me, nothin' gets my tail a-waggin' like a good catfight. Woo-haw! Gooba gooba goo! It's great to be alive and to be a man, watching women fight.



Keep fighting, girls! You're clawing and scratching and shrieking your way into our hearts as you tickle our funnybones and tug at our crotches. Let us now praise the catfight and acknowledge its glorious role in the evolutionary process. Let the women fight. Let the women scratch. Let the women rip. Let the women scream. One girl wins and one girl loses, yet both of them suffer. And the men, those sick creatures, all stand around jerking off.

ultra-violent Molly Shannon. Instead of taking her threats to Elaine seriously, everyone responded with condescending hisses and meows. After Shannon destroys her office and Elaine shows the wreckage to her boss, he grinningly exclaims, "I am smack-dab in the middle of a good old-fashioned catfight!"

THE WILD WORLD OF HASIL ADKINS documentary (1993) features a catfight scene filmed as it happened in a Boone County, WV bar during a concert by the psychobilly pioneer. A fight erupts between two ladies vying for the right to sit next to one-man-band Hasil while he performs. After watching a knock-down, drag-out battle during which one girl eventually betters the other and tosses her out of the bar, Hasil merely says, "Hi-de-ho!" and continues playing.

why
WOMEN
love to
FIGHT...
...and why
MEN
love to
WATCH