

“All vaginas are the same size~!!11” and the Unequal Nature of Equality

KillToParty | 6 April, 2015 | by Billy Pratt

Men are universally able to separate all female acquaintances into two categories: women we want to fuck, and the rest.

The more of a beta-doofus you are the more likely it is that you want to fuck everyone you know, but for any man with a shred of dignity there will typically be a line drawn between potential fucks and “the rest.”

A female not being on our literal “to do” list doesn’t mean we want them to fall off the face of the planet or die in a fire, and it certainly doesn’t mean we wouldn’t lend a hand if they were falling off a cliff- *it quite literally means that we don’t want to have sex with them.* And it is this distinguishing detail that opens up the rather new, from a generational standpoint, possibility of becoming *just friends* with a woman.

“None of these girls want to be your girlfriend...”

It’s twenty years later and I still remember the uncomfortable feeling my Dad’s blunt assessment produced.

I had just gotten off the phone with *my friend* Christine (or was it Laura?)- a multi-hour gab session about music, high school, TV, and love interests (girls I liked from afar, boys she had been fooling around with).

My Father sat me down for a heart-to-heart; “They just want attention from you but *they don’t want to date you...*”

It struck a nerve for sure, but my teenaged self didn’t pay much attention to my father’s *old timey* advice. Sure, maybe that’s how *his generation* was with girls... but this was the punk rock, *social equality* generation! Boys and girls could be friends, share traditional gender roles equally, and respect one another fully!

So take that DAD- back in your box you go, and take your attempt at giving time-tested advice to your teenaged son, who sorely needed it, with you!

To understand how it was possible that my sixteen-year-old self had his head buried so deeply up his asshole, we need to look at how boys and girls are raised.

While boys and girls each hear the same message of *equality*, it is interpreted in two completely different ways, and these separate interpretations create the foundation for the social programming men and women operate on for the duration of their plugged-in lives.

When boys are taught equality *they are made to understand that boys and men are not inherently better, more skilled, or more capable than women.*

Equality means that when your Grandfather demanded a male doctor *you rolled your eyes*; or when your

Dad questioned why you bothered maintaining female friendships, you wondered why *he didn't get it*. Boys are taught equality with a diminutive undercurrent; *they are to know their place and stay there*. Girls are taught equality with the [*omnipresent fallacy that female oppression dominated most of history*](#) – it's a goof, it's a lie, it's a power grab- and most importantly it is the basis for the biased approach to how girls are taught equality.

If the idea is prevalent that females were oppressed until ~~the early twentieth century the bra-burning 1960s the girl-power 1990s the social-justice 2000s~~ now *forever*, little girls are able to be granted full access to entitled chauvinism.

You'd never see a little boy running around in a "Boys rule" t-shirt; the idea seems fucking absurd.

So if little girls are raised to be permissibly chauvinistic; that equality means "YES YOU CAN" (and if you can't, *don't worry*, everyone will help you along anyway); that all women are inherently as-capable as the most capable of men...

How are these little girls being raised to view men?

It couldn't have been more than ten years ago when Christine and I- yes, the same Christine, decided to split a bottle of Jack Daniels and shoot the breeze.

We had a lot to catch up on, a few years out from graduating college, and finally pursuing our "real lives."

There weren't any sexual intentions... gone was High School's wistful hoping that maybe something would develop between us...

We were definite chums and Christine had settled quite comfortably into the "and the rest" category; I saw her as a friend who was equal to the rest of my doofus male friends at that time.

So as the night progressed we decided to have the kind of conversation that a man and woman can only engage in if they *aren't* involved with one another: Intergender Real Talk about Sex...

And, of course, PENIS SIZE COMES UP HARD AND FAST and Christine is first to share her thoughts...

"It matters... Girls who say it doesn't matter, they're lying... of course it matters, *but it isn't everything*, you know?"

Translation: *"It matters at my discretion."*

If an interested man is Alpha-enough or a beta-man is wealthy enough... she can swallow the vomit she choked-up in her mouth at the suggestion of sticking his pathetic wang in her golden-vagina long enough for him to cum.

I remember finding this interesting and saying something like, "Guys are too hung up on penis size anyway... If a guy feels insecure over his dick size he can date a shorter, smaller girl, who has a smaller vagina!"

The conversation halted dead in its tracks. Her eyes sunk-in, her hair askew, her breath reeking of cheap whiskey; she angrily retorts: **"All vaginas are the same size!"**

This didn't quite jive with me. Nothing about girls' bodies were uniform: their hands and feet were all different sizes; they had different sized breasts and hips; bone structure and muscle density- all different! Why *wouldn't* girls have different sized vaginas?!

Now try to imagine if I had suggested that "all men have the same sized wankers," like, you know, it's been smoke and mirrors this whole time. I would have been laughed out of the fucking building!

So I kept my mouth shut... I saw the rage in her blood-shot eyes.

If this scenario had played out in modern times, you might even say she was *ragey*. Maybe she would have posted to Tumblr about it. But the sentiment would have been the same... the sentiment is always the same...

Christine viewed me as a beta-male, and as a beta-male I was not permitted to have any unapproved opinions— and these opinions must be approved by all women at all times.

Yes, someone opinions are irrelevant to this new breed of female- like whether I prefer bologna or salami, what sports teams I like, or what video games I want to play... but when it comes to sex, gender, women, or politics a beta-male's opinions are to be strictly monitored and controlled by any and all women. Dissent is cause for furious anger or immediate disposal.

Men and women can't be friends in the way men understand friendship- the free and honest expression of ideas with mutual respect and tolerance for conflict because men and women were never raised to be equal.

After everything, my Dad was right on the money with what he had told me when I was in High School, wasting countless hours gossiping on the phone with these girls, only I didn't fully understand what he meant at the time; **not only did these girls not want to be my girlfriend, they didn't respect me.**

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