Cunt: A Declaration Of Independence Expanded And Updated Second Edition

Foreword by Betty Dodson, Ph.D., author of Sex for One

Inga Muscio

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An ancient title of respect for women, the word "cunt" long ago veered off this noble path. Inga Muscio traces the road from honor to expletive, giving women the motivation and tools to claim "cunt" as a positive and powerful force in their lives. In this fully revised edition, she explores, with candidness and humor, such traditional feminist issues as birth control, sexuality, jealousy between women, and prostitution with a fresh attitude for a new generation of women. Sending out a call for every woman to be the Cuntlovin' Ruler of Her Sexual Universe, Muscio stands convention on its head by embracing all things cunt-related. This edition is fully revised with updated resources, a new foreword from sexual pioneer Betty Dodson, and a new afterword by the author. "Bright, sharp, empowering, long-lasting, useful, sexy...."—San Francisco Chronicle; "... Cunt provides fertile ground for psychological growth."—San Francisco Bay Guardian; "Cunt does for feminism what smoothies did for high-fiber diets; it reinvents the oft-indigestible into something sweet and delicious."—Bust Magazine

**Book Information**

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**Customer Reviews**

Sick of academic feminism, I really thought this book was going to be a slipshod piece of etymological scholarship. I picked it up to laugh at it. Imagine my shock when it turned out to be a smart, feisty, personable, positive, constructive, angry, liberating book - oh yeah, and fun. The sheer pleasure Musico finds in life and words is exhilarating. Reading her book is like talking to your best friend - she's stubborn, kind of crazy, and I still don't agree with all her politics, but it's damned hard not to like her or to respect where she's coming from. Also, she has some sound, specific, and
clearly stated advice on how to keep from being raped/mugged - that alone is probably enough to make the book worth reading. I do think the majority of college-educated, pro-choice American women will get a kick out of this, if they can get past the embarrassing cover (buying this book felt very much like buying a box of tampons - this is fallout from the author’s relentlessly sex-positive attitudes). However, extreme feminists will probably find it overly personal, insufficiently rigorous, and too focused on the lives of women of the demographic I mentioned above.

This book is from a kickass school: it’s not preoccupied with men, it’s not loose and theoretical. It’s about coming to terms: with your own body, with language, with the culture at large. It’s about subverting the tampon industry, hanging out with your mom, taking control of some of the more suspicious parts of your life, and riding skateboards down the street while wearing bunny-ear hats. I never did feel like part of the club before when reading feminist literature, but this book made me feel invited to the party.

I felt ashamed to read this book as a very vocal and active feminist. I’m radical, pro-choice, and pro-woman, but this stuff is so awful that it reads like satire. She whines for an entire chapter about how horribly oppressed she is because she has to buy menstrual products. She recommends that her readers refuse to read books written by men. She says that birth control is a tool of the patriarchal machine, so she refuses to use it-- and ends up having three abortions, which she actually has the audacity to brag about. I’m very, very pro-choice, but it’s grotesquely irresponsible to repeatedly refuse to use effective birth control as some kind of political statement, and to then have abortions one after the other as if each one is a new piercing or something. It also really disturbs me to think that some impressionable young women might follow her terrible advice to avoid birth control, and she recounts her self-performed (DANGEROUS) abortion as if it was some kind of fun adventure that everyone should try. Then she goes on to recommend lesbianism as a form of birth control, which really offends me as a queer woman because it implies that being gay is a choice. The writing is redundant and crude and her attitude is self-congratulatory and arrogant. I do NOT recommend this book to anyone.

Should be titled “The World According to Inga Muscio.” Inga’s book amounts to cold reading for politics, ie simply say broad things about everything and surely someone is going to empathize or see their own situation in it. This book was absolutely horrible. How in the world do people think this is a feminist book? She thinks like a fundamentalist pro-lifer and I believe even lies about one of her
abortion experiences mentioning that her boyfriend was in the room crying with her when she had her clinical abortion at a Planned Parenthood. Boyfriends/spouses, ect are not allowed in any operating room when a woman is having an abortion. A spouse/boyfriend would not be allowed in any surgery room even for an appendectomy. Even her thesis is screwy and she admits "Perhaps, as some 'historians' may have it, I fabricated the historic considerations in reassessing the way we presently perceive 'c-word (this is my own change since wont allow me to write the real word)."

What gives her the right to assess historians accuracy since she isn't one and this is cheap paranoia to pretend that there are "mainstream" historians and "alternative" ones like herself. The C-word is actually Dutch. So if she would "fabricate", ie lie about her central thesis its no wonder her other claims such as having her boyfriend in the room with her when she's having her clinical abortion would also be lies. She goes on to espouse back-alley abortions via the use of pennyroyal tea and blue cohosh, the former being toxic to the body. Women in the 21st century have drunk pennyroyal tea and have been put in states of coma. I've read her other interviews such as at therumpus.net and I cant help but think what an annoying flake she is. This isn't women-centered so much as its paranoid quackery.

This book was given to me to read by a friend. It was one of the most inspiring, woman-friendly books I have ever read. I would encourage everyone, man, woman, whatever, to read it. I may not use sea sponges as sanitary pads or trust my sexual health to herbs, but if this book taught me one thing, it was to think before making a degrading comment about another woman, to accept myself, flaws and all, and to encourage other women to love themselves. As for my bias, well I am a pro-choice, female, democrat college student. But I encourage everyone to read it. Even if most of it offends you, I can't imagine anyone reading this book coming out of it worse off (ie disliking women, and all people, more) than they did prior to reading it.

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