

The Vagina Monologues

Side #1

You cannot love vaginas unless you love hair. Many people do not love hair. My first and only husband hated hair. He said it was cluttered and dirty. He made me shave my vagina. It looked puffy and exposed like a little girl. This excited him. When he made love to me my vagina felt the way a beard must feel. It felt good to rub it ... and painful. Like scratching a mosquito bite. It felt like it was on fire. There were screaming red bumps. ... I let him shave me. Then my husband had an affair.

When we went to marital therapy he said he screwed around because I couldn't please him sexually. I wouldn't shave my vagina.

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I felt when my hair was gone down there I couldn't help talking in a baby voice and the skin got irritated. Even calamine lotion wouldn't help it.

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I realized then that hair is there for a reason. It's the leaf around the flower. The lawn around the house. You have to love hair in order to love the vagina. You can't pick the parts you want. And besides ... my husband never stopped screwing around.

Side #2

I hated my thighs and I hated my vagina even more...

In order to survive I began to pretend there was something else between my legs... I lost all memory of having a vagina. Whenever a man was inside me, I pictured him inside a mink-lined muffler or a Chinese bowl.

Then I met Bob. Bob was the most ordinary man I ever met. He was thin and tall and nondescript and wore khaki tan clothing... He had no interest in sexy lingerie... He did not share his feelings... He wasn't very funny or articulate or mysterious... He wasn't mean or unavailable... He wasn't that self involved or charismatic... I would have missed him altogether if he hadn't picked up my change that I dropped on the deli floor. When he handed me back my quarters and pennies and his hand accidentally touched mine, something happened. I went to bed with him. That's when the miracle occurred....

The first time we had sex he told me he had to see me.

"I'm right here" I said.

No ... you. He said. I have to see YOU.

Side #3

My vagina is angry. It's pissed off. ... I mean, what's the deal? An army of people out there thinking of ways to torture my poor ass, gentle, loving vagina....

All this shit they're constantly trying to shove up us.... clean us up... stuff us up... make it go away. Well, my vagina's not going away! It's pissed off and it's staying right here....

Stuff to clean it up? Make it smell like bathroom spray or a garden. All those douche sprays, floral, berry, rain. I don't want it to smell like rain....

Then there's those exams. Who thought them up? There's got to be a better way to do those exams. Why the scary paper dress that scratches you and crunches when you lie down so you feel like a wad of paper that someone threw away? Why the rubber gloves? Why the flashlight all up there like Nancy working working against gravity? Why the Nazi steel stirrups, the mean cold duck lips they shove inside you? What's that?