

HUMOR

Why don't you ever write about lesbians?" I get asked this question from time to time, usually by (surprise, surprise) a lesbian. My answer is always the same: "Because I'm not a lesbian."

That's right, girls, it's true. Don't let the facial hair fool ya. I do, however, feel a certain solidarity with my Sapphic sisters. You see, as far as sex with men is concerned, I'm something of a washout. I could order a vodka and Vicodin, and I still couldn't bottom. Hell, I don't even like sitting on the stationary bike at the gym.

I've always admired gay guys who are skilled in the bedroom arts: men with mouths like Hoovers and butts like the Panama Canal, men with bodies as hollow as a chocolate Easter bunny no matter which end you're entering. But the only kind of sex I've ever displayed any skill for is—get this—with a woman.

That's right. I was a damn good carpet muncher, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. You know the guy in the bar who could stick a cherry stem in his mouth and actually tie it into a knot? That was me.

I first developed this skill as a defense. As a teen-ager I regularly went down on girls just so they wouldn't find out I didn't have an erection. Needless to say, it made me very popular. One girl boxed the sides of my head so hard I couldn't hear out of one ear for hours.

But I gotta admit, I also liked it. I'm sure if women had 9-inch clitorises I'd be straight today.

My point is that I'm not one of those gay men who disdain lesbian sex as simply "Bumpin' Brillios." I completely understand

Eager beaver
My Vagina Monologue

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC
by Marc Acito



why you all have those Georgia O'Keefe prints on your walls.

So, naturally, I was very excited to see *The Vagina Monologues* when it came to town with Karen Black, the famous cross-eyed actress. Unfortunately, I couldn't get into the opening, pardon the pun; it was a womyn-only event. (Complete with sign language interpretation, I'm sure. Frankly, I think the reason there's always a sign language interpreter at lesbian events has less to do with concerns for the deaf and more with showing off in public how nimble your fingers are. Just an observation.)

Anyway, I fully intended to go another night, but the best-laid plans of mice and Marco often go astray, so I rented the video instead.

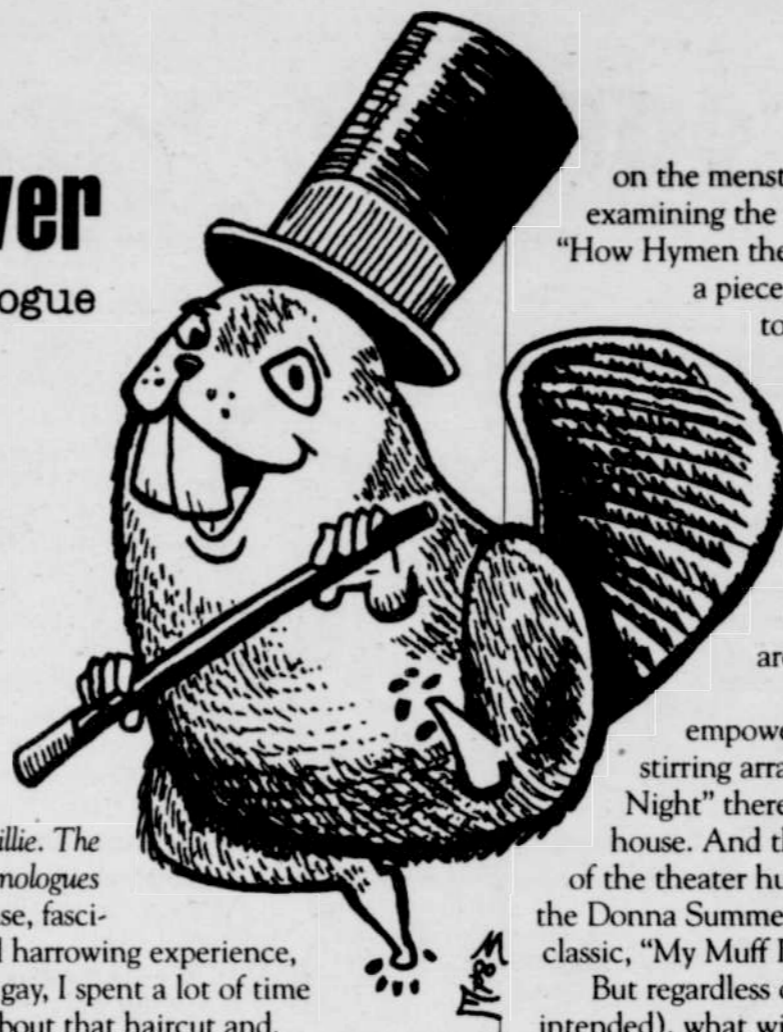
The video stars Eve Ensler, the show's creator, who is not cross-eyed but does sport a jet black Louise Brooks bob much like the one seen in the new Broadway version of

Thoroughly Modern Millie. *The Vagina Monologues* is an intense, fascinating and harrowing experience, but, being gay, I spent a lot of time thinking about that haircut and, more importantly, whether the show could be adapted. *Vagina! The Musical*. I love it.

I'd have to cut all the disturbing stuff, of course. We'd start instead with a rousing up-tempo number, something like "Luck Be a Labia Tonight." Then we can get a little more serious with an ode to the Creator Goddess called "Snatchmaker, Snatchmaker."

Perhaps Karen Black, the famous cross-eyed actress, could be in it. Music theater queen that I am, I have actually seen footage from Ms. Black's strangely intense cabaret act in which she sings "Eleanor Rigby" in what can only be described as an off-coloratura voice.

The first act will end with an entire section



on the menstrual cycle called "Ragtime," examining the lunar connection with "How Hymen the Moon" and finishing with a piece about how women living together can get their periods at the same time called "It's Raining Menses."

I'm so excited—I'm sure my *Vagina!* will be bigger than *Cats*. In fact, maybe I could combine the two and call it *Pussy Galore*. Oh, the possibilities are endless.

The experience will be so empowering—after listening to my stirring arrangement of "Oh Holey Night" there won't be a dry lap in the house. And the audience will walk out of the theater humming my new version of the Donna Summer/Barbra Streisand disco classic, "My Muff Is Enough."

But regardless of the huge box office (pun intended), what will make me happiest is that finally there will be a performance that lesbians and gay men can enjoy together. Margaret Cho aside, there's few who can do that. (Note to self: Is Margaret Cho available? Can she sing?)

So to my female readers who have felt slighted that I haven't written more about lesbians, please remember that I'm here for you—at your cervix.

And that, my friends, is *The Gospel According to Marc*. ☐

MARC ACITO wonders whether lesbians will ever ask him to write about them again. He can be reached at marcacito@attbi.com.

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