

THE SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL: RAPE AND OTHER BIG JOKES *

Opening Monologue: Women
Organized Against Rape

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1976

1. Sometimes, I gotta be alone. Play the stereo as loud as I want. Don't have to talk to anybody. Take a nice hot bath. Light the candle, burn the incense....

... smoke the dope.

So I'm sitting in the bathtub, eating a bowl of cornflakes and peanut butter and smoking and saying to myself

"this is okay. This is okay. Pretty soon I'm even gonna fill this tub with WATER" when all of a sudden, I hear

A Creak!

I run to the window, and there's nobody there. Lucky I wasn't wet.

Okay, I'm sitting in the bathtub again when I hear

Another creak!

So I run to the door, and there's nobody there. Then I inch along the wall to the window and I lift a little tiny piece of curtain.

And there's still nobody there.

Do you know why?

Because they're all diving into the bushes, that's why. You see, every rapist in the state of New York is outside my house that night. Tall ones, short ones, ones with undescended testicles, ones with one testicle descended, ones with two, five with three, transplants, prostheses, puss-ridden ----- Raincoats! You've never seen so many raincoats in your life. There are some raincoats without people in them, that's how bad it is. You know, raincoats are usually tan? Well, these are white! And stiff! And they creak when they walk!

* Copyright, Naomi Weisstein, 1974. Earlier versions of this stand-up monologue were delivered in New York City (1974, 1975), at Wesleyan University (1975), and in Philadelphia (1976).

And not one of them is wearing pants.
Just black socks, hairy legs, and raincoats.

I gotta take measures.

Lemme see. The door's double-locked, but there's the police lock, and the padlock, and the chain at the bottom, and the two-by-fours one for the top, one for the middle, one for the bottom, and the record of the Doberman, barking, broken glass for the window sills, I'll heat up some cauldrons of boiling water and, and-- I'll take the table legs and make a circle of fire outside the house!

I take my bath and go to sleep.

Four o'clock in the morning I hear a creak.

This is a real creak.

This is no dooper's creak.

This is a creak for which the creaker should be proud, this is -- Shit! Somebody's in my house! So I grab my flame thrower, and my Eddie Bauer survival knife and my baseball bat and my tear gas bomb and my teddy bear and we run into the living room and

THERE HE IS!

Smegma, the archtype rapist, Smegma with the shake-and-bake face. This guy's so ugly, they make him wear the nylon stocking over his face.

"How did you get in here?"

He answers me. "Mrrgh grbrnghrmm grwmkjhlkmm mrrghaaa"

"The Chimney? You came in through the Chimney?"

Shit! I forgot to stuff the chimney with rags soaked in mustard gas.

They're right. I must've been asking for it.

Hence, the Smegma problem. How to get rid of a man in a nylon stocking who got in through the chimney and is beginning to come towards you making broken

Dinosaur noises: ijhk#jkh-ijhk-ijhk.

I know of only one sure-fire solution: Drool. Heavy drool.

(Proceed to drool).

The only thing that'll turn them off: drool on them.

2. I had a friend who did that once. She used to ride the subway from the beginning of the line in Brooklyn, to 241st street in the Bronx at four in the morning, and nobody bothered her. She'd sit there, rolling her head from side to side and drooling. By the time she got to Manhattan, she'd have the whole car to herself. People would ~~try~~ to jam in at Times Square, but they'd slip and slide on the drool.

But drooling isn't easy.

It's tough.

Your clothes are soaking, and you catch the flu

(To tune of old man river:)

"Your clothes are soaking and you catch the flu

And you've got these drool stains over you.....

(Chorus): But keep on drooling, yes keep on drooling

You must keep drooling, droo droo droo drooling "

And you feel like you gotta explain the drool stains to the dry cleaners.

"Oh no fella, my dog did that. No, honest. Really, it wasn't me it was my dog. My dog does that, to ward off the hounds. I mean the wolves.

The hounds and the wolves. And the turkeys.

It makes my dog look like a real dog.

3. The Smegma Problem, Part 2:

Men tell us that rape is the ultimate compliment. James Caan said that seeing the inside of a prison -- some prison flick he was doing -- scared him so much that he'd sworn off crime. Except, he added, (winking) for an occasional rape.

Now isn't that cute? What a hell of a guy.

He gets up the morning after the rape, expecting an award; flowers, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing:

"What a rape! What a rayape! What a rayape Hallelujah,..."

The phone rings.

He answers it.

"Hello, James?"

"Yes?" (Admires muscles)

"Um, you don't know me, but I'm that cute little piece of ass you raped last night. I just thought I'd call to let you know how much I enjoyed it. It was mmmmm kisskiss psst psst mucho macho bello (smack) mmm -- The earth moved for me! That's some basket you got there. You oughta insure that thing with Lloyd's of London. And just to show my appreciation, twelve friends of mine are coming over right now to break both your legs. And that's just for starters. But don't worry about a thing. Just liee back and enjoy it.

4. The Smegma Problem Part 3:

Big rapes and little rapes start when we're little girls. Uncle Solly's looking at you, drooling and saying

"Cute? Is she cute?.... A little angel! Come sit on Uncle Solly's lap, and let him look at you!"

"Hey, Uncle Solly. Try looking at me from here."

" Comon. Come hear. Be a good girl."

" I can't Uncle Solly. I gotta go throw up."

5. The Smegma Problem Part 4:

So it starts when we're little girls and it continues until we die. It probably continues after we're dead. Here's the scene. We're lying in our coffin, and it's the day we forgot to change our underpants, so, just like our mother said, that's the day we're in the fatal car accident

Cause and ~~effect~~, right?

"This is State Trooper Nigawski reminding you that-

Soiled Underpants Cause Traffic Accidents "

and people are filing by our coffin, tears streaming down their face, saying

"Just as I thought. Soiled underpants"

and this turkey leans down, real close and goes

"(psst) Hey, corpse. "

It could happen.

You know what people would say?

"Girlie! Behave yourself! You're dead!"

6. Behave myself? Like it's my fault!

Everything that happens to us is supposed to be our fault.

That's what it means to grow up female.

"It's raining."

"I'm sorry."

"You should be."

If some little boy calls you a dirty word it's your fault. You shouldn't have been wearing your snowsuit. And those mittens? Hot stuff!

Of course, you can't use those words yourself. Most of the words in the English language you can't use when you're growing up female.

Like ~~me~~ breasts.

That's a really hard thing to say when you're a teenage girl. My mother used to make me go to the butcher shop to get chicken breasts. I'd do anything to get out of that.

"I'll wash the dishes?"

"Twice is enough in one day, Naomi. They're probably clean."

"I'll spray the cockroaches."

"Don't do that! It'll make them mad!"

Anything, anything but going for chicken breasts.

The butcher is around the corner. I circle the store for twenty minutes. My friend comes up:

"Hello, Naomi. I see you're in the holding pattern! Chicken breasts for dinner tonight again, huh?"

And when I walk into the store it's high noon. Deserted. After the bomb. Just me and the butcher. The last two people on earth. And the butcher's looking at me.

I have this plan.

I go down the aisles, looking for the swollen cans, the ones with botulism. I pick up the Bon Vivant Vichysoisse. Just as I thought. Swollen. I make a small puncture. It explodes. And as it goes

Pcchhhhhhhh...

I run to the butcher and say

"Gimme four chicken breasts they're not for me they're for a friend."

The butcher says:

"Wadja say?"

Oh god. What do I do now?

"Gimme uh um a pound of beef liver ~~one~~ chuck roast-twelve lamb chops-you got any kidneys?-I mean fresh kidneys and four uh four uh four.....

... four ...Hamburgers! That's it,

hamburgers! What? You don't have any hamburger meat? Well...grind it up from chicken breasts!"

"Do what?"

"Grind up the hamburger meat from chicken breasts?"

"Chicken breasts!" He begins to smile. I'll always remember that smile. The butcher's benignant smile. "Chicken breasts! So you want chicken breasts! Whyn't you say so honey? What size? Thirty-six D?"

"No, I don't want chicken breasts, I want hamburger meat 32 A"

7. The Smegma Problem, Part 5:

Is there any place you're safe? I used to think you'd be safe in a Jewish delicatessen. I had this fantasy, see. I'm walking down the street, and as usual, my head's a little bit to one side, because I won't look guys directly in the face or they'll think I want it, and I won't look down at their pants or they'll know I want it, so I'm looking at their neck.

So I'm walking down the street, and all these necks are going by.

And this one particular neck is getting closer and closer and closer until finally it's a really close neck, and this close neck says:

"Nice out."

(Startled)"Aaaaagh! Go away! Aaaagh! Whadja say?"

"Nice out."

This time, I'm cool. I don't answer.

"I said, Nice Out!"

"So?"

"So, I think I'll keep it out."

Then I look slowly from his neck... down to his pants, and sure enough, it is out-

"Pigdogcrudprick facist monkey sexist pig excrecence...You Turkey!
Put that thing back in your pants or I'm gonna call a cop"

"I am a cop"

"Somebody help me"

"In New York somebody help you? Are you kidding?"

So I start running, he starts running after me, I'm screaming for help, nobody looks up, this one dude in a red velvet caftan joins us for a while, real spacey, saying

"Far out! Far out! I gotta be in this moviè" and the three of us are running along, I'm screaming, and then, suddenly---

What is looming up in front of me like the red sea parting and Noah sending down a ladder as the flood waters rise? A Jewish delicatessen! (Sing Hatikvah). Safety! Didn't my lord deliver Daniel? Two thousand years of wandering are over! Who would rape you in a Jewish delicatessen, with the Gefulte fish, and the Chalveh, and the racks of salami? Why those great phallic salamis hanging there should be enough to humble any man. Not to mention the salami in slices.

So you run into the Jewish delicatessen yelling

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

And these refugees from Nazi Germany working behind the counter pretend they don't hear you because they don't want to get involved.

Finally, somebody says to you

"Lady, get outta my store. You're scaring away the customers!"

"I'm scaring away the customers? I'm scaring away the customers?"

There's creeps all over this place. They're under the white fish, on top of the sturgeon, they're crawling out of the pickle barrels, they're doing Tarzans from the salami racks and you're telling me I'm scaring away the customers!"

8. Tell you a true story:

Early in the women's movement, I was into being really ugly. Not just ordinary ugly : hideous. Grotesque. I wished I had scars all over my face and no hair -- except on my lip. I wished I was built like an eight foot tank (which I still wish) -- a spectacular, hairy eight foot tank with pimples and giant treads. It was about the same time I was taking Karate, and yelling

"Fuck you!"

at hissing men.

I was walking with a friend of mine on third avenue and thirteenth street, which is a rough neighborhood, but this is the middle of the day, and this guy passes and says:

"Wanna fuck?"

So I get mad. I get mad! What did I expect him to say?

"Why Doctor Weisstein! What a pleasant surprise to find you here on third avenue and thirteenth street in the middle of the day!"

"Well, Sir, I don't immediately recognize you-- what did you say you do?"

"Pimp! I pimp for the entire neighborhood. Wanna fuck?"

No, this guy cuts out the preliminaries. He just says, "wanna fuck?" and I turn around and tell him to go fuck himself. Now here's where the magic power of words comes in. He's just asked me if I wanted to fuck, and so I turn around and tell him to fuck himself.

I'm offering him an alternative.

No, I don't want to fuck but you could always fuck yourself, you know.

I mean, I'm giving him this liberating option. It's a new thing. Fuck yourself, when and where you want it. No embarrassing long silences, no don't touch me unless you love me, no nasty problems with V.D.

So you'd think he'd thank me for this suggestion, which will clearly

improve his life, but no; he goes beserk. I used a word reserved for men alone.

So we face off, and he's screaming at me

"Fuck me? Fuck you. Fuck me? Fuck you. Fuck me? Fuck you."

And I'm standing there thinking: this guy's going to hit me, he's going to attack me, and I'm trying to remember what Karate position you're supposed to take (get into Karate position) when your partner hasn't bowed to you first and said a couple of words in fake Japanese.

And while the thought is still going through my head -- this guy's going to hit me -- I'm already on the ground. I mean, that fast. The problem is, they didn't bring me up to be a marine, a killer, and two years of Karate isn't enough to give you the street reflexes you need to be able to say "fuck you" to passing creeps with impunity.

So I'm on the ground.

My friend starts yelling. I look up. She's got him in a hold. I pick myself off the street and hit him a couple of times. He yells for us to let him go. So this is what we do:....

We let him go.

Killers! We're real killers!

Lemme go! Lemme go. Oh you wanna go? Sure! Here! Go!

He runs about three years, stops, turns around, faces us again and says:

"Wanna fuck?"

"No. Go fuck yourself."

Then he does this... He reaches like this. Now what would you do if you'd just been in a little friendly scuffle, and you had any reflexes at all? I'd tell you what I'd do: I'd get otta there fast. No, we just stood around, jumping from side to side, suggesting liberating alternatives.

What did we think was in his pocket? Kalil Gibran?

He's going to read to us from the prophet.

Love Thy Neighbor. Wanna Fuck?

He's looking for a dime, that's what he's doing. He's going to call Ann Landers.

"Hello, Hello Ann Landers? I made a terrible mistake! What can I do to win back her affection and respect? Sincerely yours, Urgent on the Streets of New York."

As you see, I'm still here to tell the tale.

So it wasn't a complete disaster. He went for his pocket, and he took out his comb. And he began combing his hair and strutting off.

"If only my hair had been in place", he's saying to himself, "then they would have wanted to fuck."

9. I want to end this Saturday Night Special with a little routine on the question of hating men. See, somebody here might have gotten the idea that this was a man-hating routine, and I wouldn't want anybody to think such a terrible thing about me. When they find out that you're a "libber" and they tell you that they could go along with equal pay if you could do a man's job, and, and, anything you women want, but-- some of you libbers hate men and then a silence like death descends and a few people vomit and the rest pass out because nobody can think of a greater crime against nature than hating men. It's like hating God. It is hating God.

It's fine to hate women.

You're manly if you hate women. You can make millions, write for the New York Times Sunday Magazine Section, be a Great Thinker of the Western World if you really hate them enough. But hating men? A Crime Against Nature.

Whereas, we know that the real crimes against nature are the crimes of violence against women that take place every day in every part of this country. Because you know,

You know when you pick up the paper and you see the headline:

Sex Crime! See! Read! This Will Really Disgust You!

You know it isn't some poor unfortunate six foot marine who happened to wander down the wrong street -- the one with the women's center on it -- and been raped, castrated, and cut up into little pieces, wrapped in newspaper and stuffed into a garbage canⁿ by some small, sincere man-hating woman.

So it's a one-sided thing. It's a thing against women. It's not a sex war, it's a rout, we're losing, and we're losing big. And we've got to stop that. We're not exactly advocating turning six foot marines into hamburger (or chicken breasts); we're talking about stopping a system that feeds itself on violence, on blood, on our blood.

We're going to stop that system; that's our salute to rape.