

Positions 1956

Music by Conrad Cummings

Libretto by Michael Korie adapted from marriage manuals of the 1950s

1. Starting Position

Both:

The non-virgin bride,
The bride no longer a virgin,
May have problems when she marries.

Having tried it, she is likely to think
Intercourse repugnant.

Having tried it on a sofa,
On the back seat of a car,
No wonder she did not like it.

On a blanket in the park,
In the back seat of a Dodge,
At the drive-in, on the sofa,
On the sand-dune, in the Dodge,
On the backseat with the steamy windows
Blankets, zippers, toe-nails, Jockey shorts.

Having tried it, she is likely to fear
She is ill or frigid.

No wonder she does not like it,
The non-virgin bride.

2. Foreplay

Both:

Women vary as to foreplay,
Some like less play, some like more play.

Stroking of the bosom, licking of the nipples
May occasion either apathy or ripples.

Probing of the cervix, pressure with the penis
Nibbling at an earlobe, may awake a Venus,

Kissing and caressing may be seventh heaven
As for cunnilingus, turn to Chapter Seventeen.
Though considered safe and clean,
Women vary in hygiene.

3. The Bride Must Remember

Her:

Her husband is eager to please her,
Of course, he loves her.
But he is a man,
A man who wants her.

The bride must remember
In each fiber of her core,

She must help and hew
To her duty and grave obligation.
For he is a man.
The pulse throbbing in his veins
Is the pounding of his elemental reproductive instinct!

Both:

He is alive with desire!
His organ must respond
In positions of intercourse
In the holy marriage bond!

She is equipped for pleasure
But hers is not essential.
Without his, her ecstasy is inconsequential.

His is alive with desire!
His organ must respond
In positions of intercourse
In the marriage bond!

He is alive with desire.

4. Standing Position

Both:

Up against the wall.
Though difficult,
Up against the wall is done.
Up against the wall
Is difficult but fun.
Husband may be tall.
Woman may be small.
Husband fetches box.
Wife may slip and fall.
Husband wrenches back.
Woman wrenches back.
Tramples on a tack.
Next time he'll recall
Next time she'll recall
What you're up against,
Up against the wall.

5. Missionary Position

Her:

Big Bart. . . Big Bob. . . Big Bill. . .
Why on earth do their clocks have names?
And the park. . . no, a church. . . .
Either a church or a park named James. . .
And they eat fish and chips
Which they buy by a river
Called the Thames but they spell it "Thames". . .
Ben!. . It's Ben!

Him:

Who's Ben?

Her:

Whaddaya mean "Who's Ben?"
Ben's a clock. Big Ben!
Jewels. . . crown jewels. . .
Locked away for display in a tower. . . .
Where you wait on line for an hour and don't move.

Him:

Don't move!

Her:

Guards. Lotsa guards.
Guards in hats, beaver hats,
And the queen keeps 'em changing
'Cause she's horny and bored
So she keeps rearranging guards like furniture.

Him:

Ah!

Her:

Furniture,
Which is just what I am,
Getting laid in the sack
Laying flat on my back
Thinking of England. . . .
Thinking of England. . . .
Thinking of England. . .

6. Moral Position

Him:

The morality of using
Auxiliary positions
For the wife's orgasmic priorities
Has long been recognized
By church and medical authorities.

7. Sideways

Her:

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Him:

For him, this is sideways.
For her, it is the stars.

A galaxy of pleasure,
A milky way of ecstasy,
An orchestra fortissimo.
A mountaintop of love.

Her skin is flushed and warm.
Her pupils glaze and dilate.

Her nostrils are distended.
He basks in her fulfillment.
She is in heaven,

Her:
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Him:
And he has brought her,
To this, her highest climax!

For her, this is sideways.
For him, it is the stars!

8. Anal Intercourse

Both:
A man may wish his wife
To engage in anal intercourse.

Her:
She should not give in.

Him:
He may wish his wife
To explore the possibility.

Her:
She must not give in.
His wish is an expression of latent neurosis.
To acquiesce would only encourage psychosis.

The wife must urge the man
To engage a good psychiatrist.

Him:
He should not give in.

Her:
She should not give in.

9. Doggie and Astride Positions

Both:

Doggie-doggie, doggie-doggie,
Doggie-doggie, doggie-doggie,
Who's on bottom, who's on bottom,
Who's on bottom, husband or his bride?

Man on his back, woman astride,
Buttocks on chest, knees either side
Thought by the ancient Romans the best,
Restful for man, woman does the rest.

10. Sitting Position

Both:

Sitting

The male is on a chair,
Feet on the ground.

Sitting

The female on his lap,
Legs wrapped around.

Sitting

The male sits up in bed,
Legs pointed out.

Sitting

The female on his lap,
Squirming about.

Sitting

The male is on a stool,
Enters from rear.

Sitting

The female says enough.
Male doesn't hear.

Sitting

The female gives the man
Swift upper hook.

Sitting

The female sits along
Reading her book.

11. Manual Friction

Her:

In Samoa, in Samoa,
Public deflow'ring of the chieftan's daughter

In Samoa, in Samoa,
Public deflow'ring in the village squares.
There's a Soa in Samoa,
In Samoa, there's a Soa,
A man's ambassador in love affairs. . .

Him:

The wife who sits in bed reading
In curlers and an old torn nightgown
Is tempting the fates, not her husband!
At those times when she is unpresentable,
Self-relief is unpreventable.

Her:

Boys are circumcised in pairs in Samoa. . .

Him:

One would think a satisfying marriage
Would negate the need for manual friction.

Her:

In Samoa, in Samoa. . .

Him:

This, alas, is a fiction.

Her:

In Samoa
In Samoa
In the hot blinding sun
Twenty natives
With spears
Pounding a drum
I'd struggle but succumb
Sobbing "Help!"
They speak no English.
Wailing and sobbing
Pounding and throbbing
Help me help me help me
Till I fall asleeee.

Him:

The girl in the office
The girl in the office
By the water cooler
During lunch
Take a spin
An hour
During lunch
In her sportscoupe
At the Holiday Inn.
Kissing and hugging
Kissing and hugging
Help me help me help me
Till I fall asleee.

12. Fetal Position

Him:

Not tonight, sweetheart.

The books all say to be careful.
I want to. Be careful.
We have the rest of our lives.
I don't mind at all, honey.
Now just quit tryin' to please me.
No problem. You'll please me
After baby arrives.
This time, you owe me one.
Next time, I'll owe you one.
Isn't that how marriage survives?
Just another month, darling,
And things can go back to normal.
We're normal. We're pregnant. I love you.
We have the rest of our lives.
We have the rest of our lives.

End of "Positions 1956"