

Medusa's Misunderstanding

Artists and storytellers have oft portrayed Medusa as a merciless villain who turns all those who cross her path to stone. She is finally put to rest by Perseus's "heroic" blade, but was she truly a predator? *Medusa's Misunderstanding* is an unconventional look at an epic character-- a strong and sexy woman who became the casualty of a series of unfortunate events and bad PR.

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My hair used to be straight. Yep believe it. Then puberty hit, and my fine brown tresses turned unruly and began to curl. Of course I didn't know how to care for my curly hair, and so I would comb it out, and it would just frizz and grow like an afro. So I left it. Look at it. It's pretty messy— things get tangled and they won't get out.. they get lost.

Athena, on the other hand, has smooth, gorgeous, long, blonde hair. Forget Athena; "Goddess of Wisdom and Strategy" my foot! It's all her fault I am in this mess anyway. "Come to my temple" she says, "We're having a surprise party for Zeus", she says! And so I go, and there in her temple, who should appear but the pig of the sea, Poseidon! I always knew he had a thing for me. I could see it in his languid, liquid gaze. And who can resist him? He is a God, after all. So, he begins to ravish me and the little snoop was jealous! Athena screamed at the size of his sea cucumber, revealing herself behind a column, distracting Poseidon.

I somehow managed to slip through his fingers, run out of the temple, and I didn't stop until I was deep into the wild woods. I hid there for days. Snakes crawled off the low hanging branches and into my hair, and I couldn't pull them out! I was not about to get bitten— I know better than that. See, as the middle Gorgon gal, I got the short end of the stick; my sisters were both blessed with immortality, but not I. No, why would I? It seems the only thing I've been blessed with is a tragedy.

I gave Athena and Poseidon a few days to calm down before I returned to the Acropolis. As the Gods would have it, I bump into no one else but Heracles— biggest loud mouth of the whole Chorus! There I am, snakes in hair, torn clothes and all— I mean half my chest was out, but I didn't care; I just wanted to get home. Now, he went stiff. Stiffy, you know? His stones.. um.. he didn't want to move, because... I could see he had a rock hard— Phallus Erectus! And I couldn't help but to laugh right in his face, I mean come on! What kind of kinky chimera fetish did he have anyway? Heracles scowled sourly and stomped away.

I took the long way home to avoid bumping into anyone else, stopping at the baths, which were thankfully empty since everyone is at the theater watching Euripedes' newest play on Fridays. I remember, I heard a noise and turned to see which fellow citizen was joining me, only to be greeted with was a gasp and then a smash, as an abandoned clay urn scattered in pieces on the bath tile... I must look pretty scary.

Because finally, after this whole ordeal, I arrived at home. As I walked up the hill to our front door, I called for my cat to greet me like she always does. But my father, he hears my voice and bolts the door. He tells me to leave and never come back, that Heracles announced my twisted destiny right in the middle of the Agora, and warned the world of their fate if they dared to look at me! Then he said the account was confirmed by a servant girl who claims she saw my snake-head at the baths. I tried to convince my father of Heracles' hyperbole, but he wouldn't even look at me— his own daughter!

So here I am, banished to a cave, grounded for life.. All I want is someone to give me a chance. I want to go home, and see my cat. And I want these fucking snakes in my hair to die! They kill the mice that inhabit this cave, and at first that was nice... but now I could really use the company.

I am so mad I could... you know, I am a woman! I don't deserve this shit. I just want someone to put me out of my misery...

Wait, do you hear that? There's a horse coming— someone come to save me? My knight, in shining toga!

Oh, Perseus, its you..

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