

# The Vagina Monologues Proves What I've Been Saying All Along

by Joel MEGGS

"Who needs a handgun when you've got a semi-automatic."

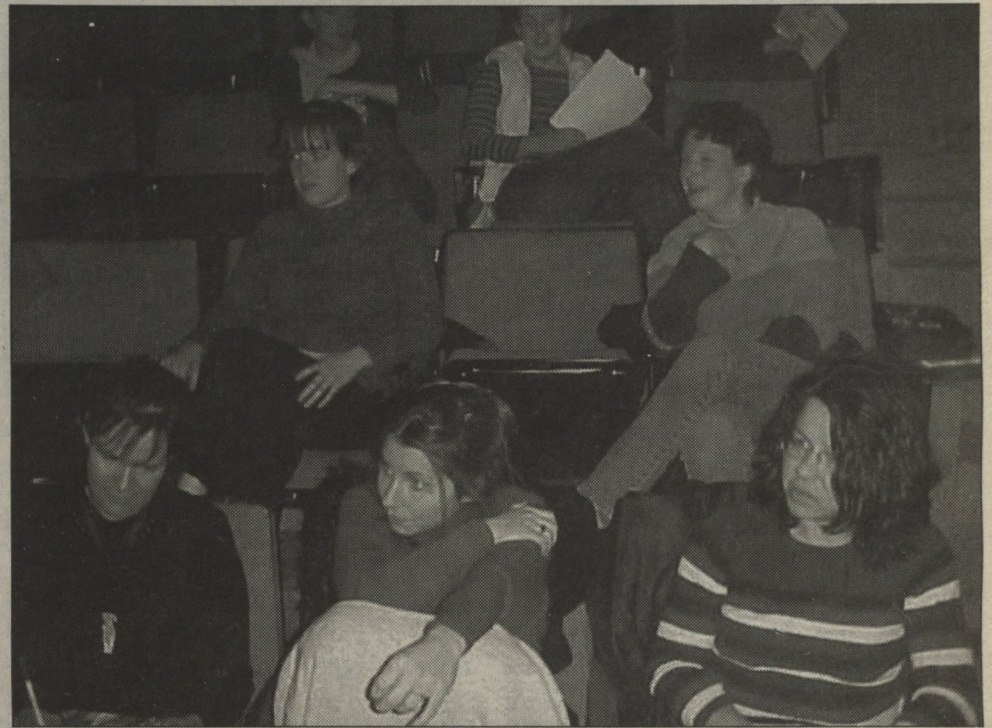
So began UPEI's production of Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues*, a show for and about women and their sexual identity.

The show was filled to and past capacity all three evenings. On the Saturday evening performance, people were seated in the aisles. This play (or collection of monologues or whatever it's called) attracted a lot of attention, and the people who turned out in droves responded well to the performances. Fifteen monologues were performed, all connected to the

subject of vaginas in one way or another.

Initially, audience members became red faced, stared at their shoes, shifted in their seats, and fidgeted. These monologues pulled no punches, talking without reserve about all things vagina-related. Eventually, we were desensitized, the initial shock wore off, and we could invest our full attention in the subject matter.

Topics ranged from shaved vaginas, female-circumcision, rape, auto-erotic tendencies, pregnancy, menstruation, and puberty. The candidness of the subject matter and the



The cast of *The Vagina Monologues*.

breadth of the discussion left no stone unturned, and likely opened a lot of eyes as well as eliciting a great many nods of assent, as women related to what was being said on stage.

But far from simply trumpeting the cause of women's sexual liberation, *The Vagina Monologues* was an excellent opportunity to showcase the twenty women who did a fantastic job delivering some very difficult material. By Saturday night, the performers had hit a real groove. Despite the embarrassing, disturbing, and often hilarious subject matter, the performers remained perfectly composed. *The Vagina Monologues* proved, once and for all, that this University has a wealth of talent, and the professionalism that these women displayed was worthy of a Tony.

Some of the skits were truly troubling. For instance, "The Coochi Snorcher That Could" evoked much discussion from audience members after the show. The scene involved the retelling of a story involving a sixteen-year-old girl who was "enlightened" by a twenty-four year old lesbian. The woman took the girl to her

apartment, gave her alcohol, and slept with the girl. Many theatre-goers found this to be abhorrent not because of the homosexuality but because of the predatory nature of the relationship.

"My Angry Vagina" involved Tracy Sobey screaming about tampons and then flinging one into the audience.

"The Woman Who Loved to Make Vaginas Happy" was about a self-pleasuring clinic where a Vagina-guru took great pleasure in showing others how the pleasure themselves, and hearing the moans that accompanied that pleasure. Shaye Martirano, the storyteller, then proceeded to demonstrate the spectrum of different moans, eliciting a chorus of giddy laughter from the audience. The women sitting in my section could not contain themselves, and laughter continued into the next sketch, which was deadly serious.

Comedic pieces were as well executed as the serious ones, and everyone left with a greater understanding of female genitalia and all its ins and outs.

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