

Lead up report to our show at Rutgers OR How to get a bunch of gorillas to agree:

I became a Guerrilla Girl in 1997 and lead the Girls into their primary activity for the next three years - addressing discrimination in the theatre world. In 2001 the original Guerrilla Girls group split into three groups: Guerrilla Girls On Tour! is one of those groups.

This split was preceded by lots of going back and forth between lawyers representing members who were no longer anonymous – FYI, you can't sign a legal document as a dead woman artist. I agreed, with three other former Guerrilla Girls, to form Guerrilla Girls On Tour! a touring theatre company that would continue fighting discrimination with humor and fake fur. Another new group, Guerrilla Girls BroadBand did the same. But problems surfaced when the new herstory of just how our new groups came about was not embraced and celebrated by all. I realize that change is not always welcomed and that sometimes the truth is a bitter pill. But here's the upside – sexism still runs rampant around the globe and Guerrilla Girls On Tour! is actively fighting it with humor and scary statistics.

In 2001 Guerrilla Girls On Tour! took a forward swan dive into the future and began our new mission – to make great comedies about feminist ideas and tour them around the world. In one week we will be exhibiting the video and visual works that cropped up out of our touring theatre along with the work of the other new Guerrilla Girl groups as well as some of the work of the original collective at Rutgers. The show runs June 1- July 18. This will be a chance for all to see where we've been, how far we've come and the complex journey we've been on.

What we now refer to as the “banana split” will be on view for the first time since 2001. Guerrilla Girls On Tour! will make sure it has extra whipped cream and a cherry on top! See you there! – Aphra Behn

Feminist Masked Avengers: Guerrilla Girls, GuerrillaGirlsBroadBand and Guerrilla Girls On Tour!

http://iwl.rutgers.edu/calendar_2011.html

TEXAS

First off, I have to give a shout out to Kate Roark, theater history professor at UHD. I loved meeting you. You are smart, funny, intelligent, athletic (rides her bike to work everyday), and great with your students (even sleep deprived). There's always room on a GGOT road trip for you!

Now, (make your reading in your head voice light and mystical):

The Apocalypse of Feminism (dun dun dunnnnnn):

"You're making a spectacle of Feminism" - angry female,

"I'm playing devil's advocate, I'm from a Christian family (Happy Easter), and with all these liberals coming out, have you seen a trend in discrimination against conservative white men?" - calm female

"I'm a size 0 and I have a rear end!!!!!!!!!" - happy with her body female

"If you are a feminist and you define it by equality, doesn't that mean you are looking to discriminate against men?" - sincere male

Just bill yourselves as comedy!!!! - laughing male

The ERA never passed??????? - female

(return to your natural reading in your head voice, unless you have an Edith voice you use when you read my diary entries, you can use that voice now!)

At least once during every Q & A "The Apocalypse of Feminism" would ring through my head and root me to the spot, and start a little sweat dripping down my back if it wasn't all ready there from doing the traditional feminist dance (see the show or stay ignorant). These statements (Apocalypse) mean two things to me. Feminism has accomplished so much we don't need it anymore or we've done what we could and this is it.

Read them again, I'll go pee. Too much information? I apologize. Now set them aside a moment, I have to finish the tour and there'll be a big Texas round up at the end.

It was a weary Edith (and Aphra and Josephine) that pulled into Austin, Texas for the last stop on the tour. And what a beautiful sight for sore eyes. Not the four horseman re-imagined as a female Tony winning playwright of 2011, a female Tony winning director of 2011, a female Oscar winning director of 2011, and a female Oscar winning screenwriter of 2011; not the four horseman re-imagined as a female President and

female First lady, a female Vice-President and a female Vice-President's wife - on horses cause it's Texas; not the four horsemen re-imagined as a female professional, a female primary caregiver, a female librarian and a female cowgirl who all walk into a bar and respect each other - ouch -no no no.....It was the Kimber Modern Hotel who donated our rooms for the night. Yowsa. They were swell. And complimentary happy hour drinks and snacks!

After a short break we went off to a poster making workshop with Grrl Action at the Rude Mechs. (Rude Mechanicals of Austin Texas Theater Company). We did get lost, but that's not because Edith the navigator has no tolerance to alcohol and had half a beer, or because Edith sober or tipsy has no sense of direction, but because google maps was wrong. HA! So we were a little late. I apologize.

Grrl Action is a program run by the Rude Mechs and a more incredible group of young women I have never met. WHY?

They were articulate.

They were willing to participate.

They were generous with their ideas and their creativity with each other and with us.

Their concerns: deforestation, feeling wanted, Israel, teenage dating, Lesbian and Gayism, violence against women, body image, not as strong as boys, and about 30 more topics. In about 4 minutes.

They thought over everyone's ideas before voting.

They asked whose idea a topic was if they didn't understand it and asked if she could explain.

They explained their ideas and took all questions seriously.

They stopped for snacks.

They had focus.

They rescued grasshoppers from inside and brought them outside.

They stood up and shared their work process.

They listened to each other.

They gave positive feedback to each other without any hesitation.

They were supportive of their community.

They were able to express their strengths and insecurities as individuals and as women.

We the aging women of America are in good hands. I did not want to leave.

The next day we had lunch with Women and Their Work. (A visual and performing arts organization that serves as a catalyst for contemporary art created by women living and working in Texas for over 30 years). We got into a fabulous discussion about feminism. The word. Not the concept, principles, or movement. The actual word itself. One of the women at the table (there were 6 of us) won't use it. So here we are. The Apocalypse of Feminism. (Now I've got Ted Baxter's voice - Mary Tyler Moore Show - in my head and he's trying to sound really ominous. Rhoda would be more appropriate). Has it arrived? or do we just need a new word? Do we need to fix the old word? Are we done? Have we done all we are ever going to do? We have come a long way. One of the women at

the table went to law school back in the day and remembered being told she was taking away the place of a man. That wouldn't happen today. Not out loud anyway.

Are we equals now? Are the discrepancies experienced today not the result of discrimination but the natural differences between men and women. Is that what we are struggling through now? Will we ever be able to define equal when men and women are so different? This is not new. But it's what I'm thinking right now.

xoEdith Evans, feminist.
April 8, 2011

Howdy, GGOT Diary!

We just spent an amazing week in Texas! We kicked this tour off in Houston, where the most fabulous tour guide/professor, Susan, drove us everywhere we needed to go, including an emergency Starbucks run and out to a delicious Vietnamese lunch!

At noon, on our first day Aphra, Edith and I we were scheduled to speak at KUHF, a Houston public radio station, about the life of a Guerrilla Girl On Tour! and the ongoing struggles of women in theater. I had never been in a sound booth before so I was excited. As we sat in the green room we joked about what we were going to say and the section from "Feminists Are Funny" that we were to perform. I felt so ready and empowered but then, of course, as soon as we went on air, I got so nervous! St. John, our host, turned to me and asked me the question, "Has the need for feminism changed over the years?" Of course I knew the answer! Had I been in my right mind, I would have said, "Yes, it has. Women have newer things to contend with. The media is constantly in our face, telling us how we should look and smell; how much we should weigh. We don't protest with picket signs. Instead we create performance pieces, or raise funds for women who have been victimized. Today, we have to speak out about women's health care rights, and equal opportunities in the work place..." Had I been in my right mind, I would have gone on and on and everyone would have applauded the brilliance of my answer. Instead, I was stuttering like Porky Pig up in there! I stumbled, and floundered, and finally squeaked out some weird answer, that I'm sure made no sense at all... uggghh... That moment will forever haunt me!

Later that night we performed "Feminists Are Funny" at the University of Houston Downtown, where we were greeted by a warm, welcoming faculty and student body. Frank, the school's Technical Director, led our tech and he was amazing! Sort of a jack of all trades Frank not only kept our tech running smoothly he was also there if we needed anything. We also received a huge Texas welcome from Kate Roark, the professor of theatre who organized our tour to Texas. She was helpful and open and she's one of the only people, ever, to identify our slide of funny feminist Charlotte Cushman on sight! Lastly, we met Dr. Lyttle, the head of UHD's theater department. He was so jovial and happy to meet us. It really made us feel welcome (Although, I think I may have upset him a little when I revealed the UHD theater stats :{ It wasn't the worst theater department we've ever been to, but there was definitely room for improvement when it

came to opportunities for women. I'm just sayin'!) We gave a great performance, and the audience was really into it. I just love when the audience get's all of our puns, one-liners, prat falls and feminist humor.

The following day, we hosted a poster-making workshop for the combined interdisciplinary arts department. Initially, turnout was good. They were into the warm-ups and our theater games and everyone had great poster ideas. But when it came time to actually create the posters, everyone except for four women, left! Apparently each class unit is an hour long and everyone had an exam to run off to. Oh well, we made some great posters with the few remaining students and got to chat more with Kate about theatre.

Next stop, Austin!

The following day, we jumped in the car, and drove over to Austin. Now, I love Austin. It's a little funky and a little hippy dippy. It's forward thinking but still has that southern feeling. We arrived at this smallish, colorful building and I would have never, in a million years, known that that was our hotel. We entered the Kimber Modern, and were immediately impressed with its architecture, colorfulness and cleanliness. It was also happy hour, so we went straight for the snacks! It was a beautiful day and the three of us sat outside in the lovely courtyard and read newspapers, surfed the Internet, and chatted until it was time to go on to our next workshop.

The workshop that night was sponsored by the awesome theatre company, Rude Mechanicals and their group Grrl Action -- one of the most incredible groups of young women and mentors I have ever seen. It was one of the most exciting experiences of my guerrilla life. We worked on making posters with teenage girls between the ages of 13-16. They were all so bright, and funny, and positive. They had so many ideas for important poster-worthy matters that we could barely fit them on the board! In the end they narrowed their ideas down to Plus-Size Models, Homosexuality, Violence Against Women, and Feeling Wanted. As we walked around the room listening to each group brainstorm we heard all sorts of talk about violence that's happened to them and feelings of rejection. It made me think back to when I was their age and how confused and lonely and all over the place I felt. They produced some brilliant, telling posters. During critiques, they were all super supportive of one another. No one said anything negative. Every sentence began with "I like the way...." They were so funny, and wanted to know if we were wearing wigs, and what our hair really looked like. I loved every second of it!

After the workshop Edith, Aphra and I chowed down on some awesome Austin food and the next day our spring 2011 tour officially ended. Diary, it was a great season. Until next time...

Monkey love,
Josephine Baker
April 7, 2011

CANADA

Dearest Diary,

What a muggy day! It's 76 degrees outside. And how inappropriate of me talking of fahrenheit when I am about to sit down and write about Canada. I'm such a dork.

I had a great time being in Thunder Bay. It seems to be a city which will very soon be on the brink of opportunity. It brought back a lot of memories for me of when I started out creating theater on the Lower East Side of NYC and Williamsburg, Brooklyn. There was lots of space - both free and cheap (and unclaimed) and not too much Disney to get in the way. What I'm trying to say is, IT'S A GREAT TIME TO CREATE SOME THEATER COMPANIES IN THUNDER BAY!

First off, you want to find a great group of people. Everyone should be passionate about the work you are about to do.

Free or low cost rehearsal space - parks; parking lots; NOT the steps of the Farley Post office in Manhattan - they will insist on asking if you've checked with marketing, and no you have not; unused classrooms; bars in the afternoon when no one is there and be nice and order a few cokes or something; loft apartment of a castmate whose father bought it for tax purposes which she painted aqua with mermaids and bubbles on the walls; a friends' art gallery during the evening hours when it is closed (and be careful not to damage the art or you will probably have to buy it). My favorite free space though was The Roxy nightclub (Do nightclubs even exist anymore or is it that I've just gotten older?) They used to distribute postcards for free admission and open bar from 9-11. No one would be there. We would have this huge dance floor all to ourselves and free drinks. Of course with all the music and few stranglers it wasn't ideal. But we got the basic outlines of a few pieces done there. Ha!

Performance spaces - Back then, you could get away with performing in apartments, abandoned warehouses, storefronts etc. I'm a little fuzzy on exactly how it worked but there was a phone number passed around that you could call that would leave info of performances at these unclaimed spaces on the outgoing message. But nowadays, everyone is so aware of real estate and its worth that that would be too difficult to pull off without any fines or consequences. So try - being creative with site specific theater; or bars on nights there are no scheduled performances; theater spaces after hours - my first self produced show was a midnight show in a tiny 30 seat theater; churches, community centers, bookstores, libraries - any kind of place like that you may be able to negotiate something. And theaters are good as well!

Subject matter - pick a topic and start talking, interviewing, reading, researching. One of the first pieces I was involved in got the text from the creator taping her friend ranting about eating disorders, feeling fat, overeating, and body image. She then transcribed the

text and did a little editing. It was about fifteen minutes long. She then put me in a refrigerator, had me recite it at top speed (finishing most nights in under 7 minutes) while fishing for Barbie dolls as she danced around the stage (she was an amazing modern dancer) while cooking (microwave popcorn) and eating tons of food, which ended up in a bag under her shirt that she 'threw up' at the end of the piece. It's a heavy subject matter, but it came off as very tongue in cheek and humorous. The other fun thing about that piece was there was no storage space at the theater, it was too small, so we had to find and discard a refrigerator from the streets of Manhattan every evening!

Fundraising - From the beginning you should look into grants or funds from local, regional 'council of the arts' groups. In NYC there are rules (like you must be in existence for three years) but they were always willing to tell us what the rules were, and to make suggestions as to where to get money NOW. Hee Hee. Seriously though, you want people who can help to know you exist from the very beginning.

Some books by people I think are cool - The Viewpoints Book - Anne Bogart, Tina Landau; Writer's Block Busters - Velina Hasu Houston; The Invisible Actor - Yoshi Oida; A Practical Guide to Working in Theater - Gill Foreman.

Break a leg!!!!!!

xo Edith Evans

Dear book,

This tour had tons of driving; all by me because who else but a 17th century feminist playwright can drive long stretches in a rented Avis full size white Impala? Up the coast of Lake Superior after flying into Duluth, Minnesota, to Grand Marais – a place I spied on the AAA map and decided it would be a good place to stop for the night before we head into Canada. We arrived at sundown into funky old Grand Marais and low and behold the Best Western had every single room right on the lake! We ask about where to eat and expected to hear the usual...”there’s is a subway up the road.” But surprise, we stumbled into a home style cooking joint aptly named My Sisters Place! It is here that I discover we are not just in any red state small town. On the back of one bar stool at My Sisters Place I spot a pro-choice bumper sticker slapped up and visible. Whoa! We are home! The chili, onion rings, grilled cheese and broccoli cheddar soup hit the spot and we settle in for a night of hard sleep on the shores of Lake Superior. OK so there are no whales to watch, no fish jumping, just vast amounts of ice and sky. But it’s beautiful.

Day two we head up to Canada...I warn the girls not to make ANY jokes at the border, remembering the time when Coco Chanel quipped something and got us all stopped for an hour and interrogated when we arrived in Winnipeg a few years back. We sail through the border and head up to Thunder Bay and Lakehead University. Deer, deer and more deer line the road as if to welcome us to Canada. (None in gorilla masks) And we spot many bald eagles flying overhead as if they are our American escorts into Canada.

Our venue is an older auditorium, a wing of the college that used to be an elementary school. Our dressing room is the old girls locker room right off the gym. We practice the cheerleading part of our show...splits and back springs. Tech crew is great...Kate Bornstein had warned us that they were not together but they got it together since her show and therefore we are in good hands.

The show rocks but the audience rocks more and our Q and A is filled with fantastic questions. My favorite is the last one "When can you come back?"

Soon, Canada, Oh so very soon...!"

Until we meet again...

Aphra Behn

March 31, 2011

Oh! The joys of Thunder Bay Canada!

We spent the night between our Iowa and Canada shows in a cool Best Western overlooking Lake Superior in a town called Grand Marais, Minnesota. Leave it to Guerrilla Girls On Tour! to find a feminist restaurant on our overnight stop! Called "My Sister's Place" - the RESTAURANT had an anti-discrimination theme and some of the best comfort food I've ever tasted!

The next day we crossed through the Canadian border to perform at Lakehead University. The theatre we performed in was a 70s style theatre with limited lighting effects, but we still managed to have a great tech, with yet another fantastic student volunteer, who learned very quickly. We retired to our dressing room, a gym locker room, and got pumped for the performance.

After an 70 minute laugh filled show, (including lots of enthusiasm from our audience), we had another great Q&A. When asked who we thought was a great contemporary role model for young women, I paused until the answer came to me - Guerrilla Girls On Tour!!!

We actually had several children in the audience, including two 10 yr old girls who posed with us and asked us lots of questions. They wanted to sing "Size 2 Pants" with us, despite not knowing the words, so we sang along with them as they stumbled through the lyrics. They gave me hope for the younger generation of future Guerrilla Girls On Tour.

My Gorilla self loved the drive along Lake Superior, even though it was cold and snowy on the way back. When we hit the Canadian/US border not only was our rental car searched but something in my suitcase set off the alarms at the airport and I received a full patdown from the TSA. In addition, our last flight was delayed, so we had a cast

party in the Minneapolis Airport, drinking flights of wine in the wine bar in our concourse.

The wine made my head spin and recall the warm, appreciative audiences in both Iowa and Canada. I can't wait to see what's next!

Lots of monkey love,

Audrey Hepburn

March 31, 2011

IOWA

Dearest Diary,

Cedar Falls Iowa! I'm trying not to smile too big right now as I think of it, as I am in a lecture hall with a law professor learning the basics of special education law. I am not going to law school. Sometimes feminists who are actresses who are not Meryl Streep work for law schools as pretend clients for law students to practice interviews, counseling sessions, and negotiation sessions (which by the way everyone nowadays should learn how to do - negotiate, learn it now, practice with your friends, your mother, your father, your cousins - you get the point.). It's actually really heartbreaking work. I think of it as my yearly lesson in compassion. Many students have started law school right after undergrad and have never run a meeting. Their hands are cold, their voice shakes, they have no idea how to start or end. Thankfully, after all that awkwardness, they get to talk about law, and that they know.

Gloria (our Iowa grad student assistant extraordinaire), I love you. Your feedback during rehearsal, your bright colors, and your cookies were all terrific! Professor 'M' never gives us cookies and wears a typical beige or grey toned business suit. And I've never looked down to see Professor M's shoes. Probably those comfortable and worn in kind. Who needs that. I mean, if you are going to go that route at least wear sneakers and pretend you've just come from the gym.

Tech! Tech! The tech was fantastic! Thanks guys. I really appreciated it. Not even at this newly renovated top of the line lecture hall is the tech handled so well. Professor M is always pausing to figure out how the computer turns up the lights and dims the sound while we are trying to watch a practice interview. IT is always stopping by to help out. Like now. Excuse me as I check my emails. Ooh. Aphra printed her diary entry of our tour de force de Walmart. Hee hee.

Ah, working with the incredible Lucille Ball (our student volunteer). I loved the physical comedy the most (wasn't Jessica the incarnation of Lucy, I hope you don't mind if I call you Lucy). I've never had so much fun playing 'Machoswine' as I did with you as 'Chauvinisto.' You just jumped right in and made such bold choices and were so humorous. I think that was my favorite part. Mostly because, while I am a feminist, it's really all about everyone being able to be who they want to be and be respected for it as much of their lives as possible. And for me, that's being an actress. Thanks Lucy for a great 'scene.'

All righty, off I go...heading to Canada. More later. See you on the other side,
Dame Edith Evans
March 30, 2001

Dear Diary,

Our journey to Iowa began with two warm tropical plane trips and a short drive to our hotel. What else was there to do but go to Aphra Behn's favorite store, Wal Mart?

We went for a wonderful dinner in Downtown Cedar Falls called Bourbon Street, and although they didn't have bananas, they did have some lovely New Orleans food, including Pickle Chips, which were a delight.

The day of the show, we returned to Wal Mart for a lovely photo shoot, where we danced around the aisles looking for as much interesting food as possible. Aphra also got several bras on sale for our opening "sunrise" bit in "Feminists Are Funny". Mine is a left over Valentines Day bra and the women in the check out line in front of us exclaimed "Oh, that's too pretty to hide!" Guess what? I'm not planning on hiding it!

Before we knew it it was time to go to the University of Northern Iowa. It was a fantastic theatre, and to my pleasure and surprise the tech went extremely well. Our student volunteer, Jessica, was very excited and she did a great job at the rehearsals.

Suddenly it was showtime and our audience was hot! We could feel the enthusiasm bursting onstage. My favorite ad libs were when Aphra described pulling the topics out of the hat as "Avant Garde" and when I had the audience all applaud for "yay, discrimination!"

The commedia skit was hilarious, as our super enthusiastic student volunteer almost stole the show. She made Edith Evans drop her cigar twice during the skit, which I thought was a slapstick routine but turned out to just be an accident. Talk about upstaging. Who knew we would have met our improvizational match in Jessica!

The Q&A was thoughtful, poignant and hilarious. Almost everyone in the packed house stayed which made it comfy and cozy.

Edith, Aphra and I headed back to our hotel exhausted but not too tired to have a cast party in Aphra's room complete with Wal Mart wine and snacks courtesy of Gloria our grad student cohort. Until we meet again Iowa...I will dream of you.

Monkey love,
Audrey Hepburn
March 29, 2011

Dearest book,

I'm going to give you our tour of Iowa in FOOD, since that seems to be part of the focus of our latest version of "Feminists Are Funny". We arrived in Waterloo, Iowa on Monday March 28th where the snow lay in huge, dirty piles all along the road to Cedar Falls. Since Subway has overtaken McDonalds as the largest restaurant chain in the US, Subway is our new favorite lunch spot and Cedar Falls did not disappoint with 3 of them! Our first day here we didn't really have much to do so we decided to check out Wal Mart – especially since the Supreme Court was hearing arguments the very next day in the class action suit brought by women against Wal Mart for discrimination. There is no Wal Mart in New York City – we've kept them out so here we go, a little exploration of just how much can we buy in Wal Mart for how cheap.

First of all, it appears that everything is a dollar! That's right, those prices are truly slashed.

You don't have to buy your vodka and cranberry in separate boxes, they come together.

OK, enough with the Wal Mart. We're hungry. Off to downtown where we had a swell meal at Bourbon Street – another chain, though not as well known – with yummy New Orleans inspired entrees and fried pickles to start. Never had em, now I crave em everywhere I go.

Tuesday, March 29th is show time day. We check into the University of Northern Iowa where Gloria, our grad student assistant brings us peanut butter cookies with M and M's! Awesome. The tech crew is one of the best we've ever had and we have plenty of time to spare to dip into our back stage snacks.

The show is awesome...! Edith Evans, Audrey Hepburn and I rocked the rockin' packed house of on your feet feminists! OK so I was wearing my brand new yellow shoes and I did fall off the stage. But hey, anything for a good laugh and my follow up was funny. Guess I'm getting too old to jump off the stage anymore. I don't care. Who else gets to jump around like a feminist lunatic for an hour during women's history month at 50?

We head back to our favorite Quality Suites hotel and share a bottle of wine (that we got for cheap at Wal Mart). Edith, Audrey and I have good laughs over some of the ad-libs during the show. The next day is a travel day – flying to Duluth and the driving to Canada – to Lakehead University at Thunder Bay! To be continued....

Dear GGOT Diary,

What a great tour! I have to admit I was a little nervous about this one. Touring to southern, red states always makes me nervous. I'm never sure how I (being a black Guerrilla Girl On Tour), or how we (being feminists), will be received. But I had no reason to be nervous because Aphra, Edith and I received the warmest welcome from one of the most diverse schools I have ever toured to.

The welcoming faculty was great. As we toured the theater and dance department we discussed the true meaning of feminism, and how some of the school's female students felt uncomfortable identifying as feminists, (despite the fact that they believe what feminism stands for). Ah it's the same wherever we go and I immediately knew that everyone on the campus of Henderson U in Arkadelphia, Arkansas was on our side!

The performance went really well. We kept the energy up, the audience laughed where they were supposed to and they loved "Size Two Pants". When I picked a man from the audience to point out as a "true feminist" it just so happened that I chose the school's Vice President! He was perfect. Immediately, I could tell that he was a man of power and intelligence. He had a great sense of humor, and went with the joke. After the show he came over and told us how much he enjoyed it and how much he learned from "Feminists Are Funny".

Here's a fun fact for ya: Did you know that March 15th, the day of our show, was National Hug a Lesbian day? We didn't. But, during "Announcements from the Audience" we learned that it was! At curtain call, Edith ran right up into the audience, and hugged herself a lesbian!

There's nothing better than taking an extra 45 minutes to leave the stage, because the audience is still loving you. We were signing t-shirts, and posters, and taking pictures after the show. It felt really great.

I learned something huge from this tour. There's no need to stress about any of our tour destinations. You never know how the audience is going to react. In blue states our feminist message may be taken for granted. But in red states they love us as soon as we step over the state line. Until we meet again you reddies!

Love,
Josephine Baker
March 16, 2011

Hey Diary,

I'm sitting at my post modern, neo-classical, hand carved, bio-degradable wooden desk. I am staring out the window. It is winter still in Hell's Kitchen New York City, but oh my diary, it was spring in Arkansas. Arkadelphia, Arkansas to be precise. What a beautiful place and what a glorious time I had!!!

It was national 'Hug a Lesbian Day!' Imagine a country as repressed as the United States of America having such a day. I was very patriotic. I hugged lesbians - liberal lesbians, conservative lesbians, smart lesbians, silly lesbians, short haired lesbians, long haired lesbians, blue haired lesbians, shy lesbians, outgoing lesbians, hot lesbians, mousy lesbians, Harry Potter loving lesbians, jean wearing lesbians, hip hop lesbians, classical lesbians, athletic lesbians, studious lesbians, southern lesbians, feminist lesbians, and there I stop. Who knew there could be so many lesbians on a campus of 3500! I was also very honored that the Vice President of the school attended the performance and said afterwards he learned a lot from our show. I was very happy to hear that. Sometimes I look into my family heirloom-passed down from many generations-too big for my apartment-but too sentimental to throw away- mirror and say to myself "Edith, Why do you still go around making a spectacle of feminism? Everyone knows what equality means." But in reality, everyone does not. It is still a confusing concept for some.

Let me assure you there is enough space, homes, lovers, jobs, religions, politics, flowers, clouds, blue skies, shooting stars and dreams for everyone to live their lives without discrimination. There just is.

Think of it this way. We learned on arriving at Henderson State University that there is now a Women's Study minor. Has anyone not been able to major or minor in their desired subject because a Women's Study minor now exists? Does anyone feel that his or her major has been sullied or devalued because a Women's Studies minor now exists? Does anyone feel they are becoming more liberal, more articulate, more fashionable, more worldly, have a larger vocabulary, more empowered, more likely to buy a ticket to a play written or directed by a woman, or more prone to fits of osteoporosis because a Women Studies minor now exists on the HSU campus? (careful, this may be a trick question.)

That's all for now. I love you Henderson! Good night, and good luck! Xo Edith Evans

March 17, 2011

Journal Dearest

The last few days have been such a frenzy of food and frolicking through the town of Keene in New Hampshire. With each mile away from the polluted New York, I gained a greater understanding of what living in the country means. It was a fairly brief ride up through Conn. and Mass. in our comfy guerrilla girl-mobile – fully equipped with show-

tunes and enough sugar snacks to feed a group of baby elephants. The snow kissed trees amid the grounds of the Keene Bed and Breakfast greeted us with silvery smiles. I was promptly offered the Mommy Dearest room, adored with Joan Crawford's original furniture (who knew she once lived in New Hampshire). I'm still trying to decide if this was meant to serve as a compliment or an insult. But, I must say, I slept like a baby. So, maybe Mommy Dearest was sending me her blessings. Despite some preliminary technical glitches, the show was a great success! Women and men of all ages seemed happy to be there and ready to participate. With a full belly, my neon yellow guerrilla-fied body was ready to move, talk, dance, and sing about the substances that nourish us all – FOOD! At moments we really seemed to surprise and delight the audience. For example, they definitely got kick out of our Lady Gaga parody of "Size 2 Pants". Also, the Tammy the Tummy Pie-in-the-Face moment seemed to surprise us all. She never saw it coming! Unfortunately, she didn't see the floor coming either when she had a tiny slip to the ground during the closing Traditional Feminist Dance. Don't worry, she was A-OK. Thank you Tammy for being such a great sport! We couldn't have done it without you! When performing a show about food, one must eat good food (and drink)! Fortunately for us, the town of Keene had delectable treats that filled out tummies with joy! While the veggie pizza and "layer cake" wine indulged both our savory and sweet sides, the fries at Fritz made me want to dance around like a school girl. The whole process of dipping these darling little fried delights into several different types of sauces was both delicious and fun! However, our dining experiences were definitely brought to a pinnacle during our post show meal at the local Mexican joint. At first, I thought perhaps our server, Steven, had been shipped in from some tropical island because his surfer style of speaking and wave-like liquid motions made me feel as though he were still rocking on some ship. Looking at him and listening to his vaguely sexual tone of speaking, it seemed almost impossible not to giggle at points. But the trusty Sam Adams Winter Ale and black bean taquitos set it all straight. All in all, the trip was an enjoyable and scrumptious success!

Hasta Luego,
Azucena Villaflor
March 9, 2011

Dearest Book,

Monday, March 7, 2011: The car ride to New Hampshire was pretty smooth. Audrey Hepburn, Azucena Viaflore, and I spoke quickly and frequently in the beginning. I guess the excitement of getting out of the city got to us, plus, it's always great to be travelling with intriguing young women and engaging in "girl talk". Then, in the midst of all the excitement, we all fell asleep as if a magician had placed a spell on us. It was really funny. I woke up to some pretty beautiful scenery. If someone dropped me off in New Hampshire and drove off, I wouldn't mind. I'd have time to soak in the quiet and calm atmosphere, which would be fantastic for all of my creative thoughts and ideas.

Tuesday, March 8, 2011: Today was so tiring. I have to say though, it was all really rewarding because our show was amazingly fun. I really did go over the top out when I portrayed the mad waitress in MFK Fisher's "Define This Word". A GGOT fan walked

up to the stage after the show and told us that she had not only been a fan since she was 15, but also, that she had travelled 3 hours to see this particular show! At that moment, I was incredibly proud to be a Guerrilla Girl On Tour. It just proves that comedy and compassion go a long way, because this fan also said that she was crying by the end of it. Wow! And of course, that's the reason why Guerrilla Girls On Tour step up to the plate to share this message...and pie people in the face (that was the first time I got pried in the face and it was a fantastic, yummy part of my day!). People really are listening. And feminism is NOT dead.

Wednesday, March 9, 2011: I couldn't really get to sleep very well, which was strange, considering the fact that I usually dose off the moment I hit a pillow. Anyway, I woke up twice during the night; once when I had to go to the bathroom, and the other time when Audrey Hepburn performed a riveting, mysterious, very loud monologue in her sleep. We had to wake up really early to get back to the hustle and bustle of NY, so I couldn't snooze 8 times like I usually do. Bummer. I showered, tried to wash the pie cream out of my hair. After an English muffin and some weak coffee, I got into the car and immediately started snapping corny pictures to capture some memories of Keene, New Hampshire. Until we meet again.

Love,
Zora Neale Hurston
March 9, 2011

Yo Diary!

We drove to Keene, NH, leaving a trail of banana peels in our midst. Our gorilla chatter went on for hours on the long drive, until we finally arrived. I had never seen so much snow before! After a delicious meal, we retired into our Bed and Breakfast... a bit tiny for a gorilla but comfortable none the less.

I roomed with Zora Neale Hurston, who not only enjoyed the room piping hot as I do, but enjoyed snoozing her alarm as many times as possible before getting up in the morning.

Day Two:

Arrived on campus and toured the wonderful facilities. We jumped around in our gorilla suits to warm up for the performance and rehearsed onstage.

During the show, the energy from the crowd was terrific. They seemed to enjoy our improv, especially my blues rhyme about eating cauliflower in the shower. I was quite embarrassed when I made a mistake during my big note on "Size 2 Pants." I suppose I should have agreed to the clause in the contract where Marni Nixon would dub me for that note... Maybe next time, Marni.

My favorite moment was my portrayal of Julia Child. I could feel the audience really

enjoyed my performance. And when I got to pie Janis Joplin/Tammy the Tummy, I really gave it to her, which was tremendous fun. It was great to hear so much positive feedback from our viewers.

Afterwards, we had an intense meal at a Mexican restaurant in town. Our waiter, Steven, had a huge sexual energy and said "ohhhhh yeahhh" at everything we ordered and raised his eyebrows seductively when I ordered my second Margarita. Hey, I know gorillas are attractive but calm yourself!

The next day we all snored as Aphra drove us home. Somehow, we misplaced our large bag of bananas, a huge mistake when you have a car full of gorillas! We'll need extra reinforcements next time.

Until then I remain yours truly,
Audrey Hepburn
March 8, 2011

Hey Diary!

'Seven Things' is an improv warm up. Some one gives you a topic and you list seven things in response to that topic, while those listening count them off for you. So here it is: the top seven things I took with me from Ohio University (with helpful links):

1) Know what you want:

<http://www.guerrillagirlsontour.com/>

<http://ggbb.org/>

http://www.newyorker.com/archive/2005/05/30/050530ta_talk_toobin

2) Chaos is a part of life

<https://www.library.ohiou.edu/newsblog/general/guerrilla-girls-and-more>

3) Enjoy the little (and the big) things

<http://www.ohio.edu/center/>

(photos 6 and 7)

4) There are an equal number of views about feminism in the world as there are women.

<http://www.funtrivia.com/askft/Question113116.html>

5) Indulge in a purple sofa to bring out the best in you and others (I didn't get to see the sofa anywhere on the website) :(

<http://www.ohio.edu/womenscenter/>

6) Have a good meal

<http://www.casanueva.com/>

<http://twitter.com/burritobuggy>

7) Be heart healthy (thanks Lacey)

http://www.ghirardelli.com/products/squares_dark60.aspx

Thanks for a great time OU!

xo Edith Evans

March 2011

Dear GGOT Diary,

It's been too long! This tour was my first in about 16 months. Not that I haven't wanted to go on tour I've just been traveling the globe! Anyway, I have to admit that I was a little apprehensive about getting back out there. This time we performed in Athens, Ohio. Weather-wise, I think we experienced everything that an Ohio winter has to offer. It rained, sleeted, snowed, and I think there was even a little hail!

Ohio University has a beautiful campus. At first glance, it's the kind of school that would immediately draw the assumption that it has a powerful football team. That assumption would be incorrect. In fact we learned later -- Ohio U. is better known for it's journalism department (shout out to Matt Lauer!).

The show went smashingly (picked that up on my solo travels) Alas, for some reason, during the "Size 2 Pants" number, I forgot some of the choreography, and almost missed bringing Aphra a set of pants! She was not very happy about that one!

After the show did our usual Q and A with the audience. Started off great. They loved the show, and enjoyed our message. Some even wanted the lyrics to "Size 2 Pants". Our student volunteer remarked that although her form of feminism is a little more extreme, she enjoyed the light and playful way that we delivered our message. Then came a comment that "Size 2 Pants" made one audience member think back (badly) to when she was naturally very under weight. It was a difficult time for her. She misunderstood that we were saying that a size 2 is a bad thing. We explained that that was not our intention, and that all we were trying to convey is that women should be comfortable in their natural bodies, no matter what size it comes in. After that all hell seemed to break loose with one journalism major after the other calling us female misogynists (how could we say things like: Think like a man... and laugh?). It was like a journalism 101 free for all

mean girls exchange. We just stood there while the mud was flung. And in keeping with our policy of closing every Q and A with a positive note we stopped when an audience member stood up and accused all the journalism students of being white men in disguise. Touche!

After the show we went to dinner and the rain began. It was very dark out and the streets were almost impossible to see. We ended up driving on to a sidewalk, and almost into the Hocking river! When Aphra discovered this, she tried to reverse back onto the main road. We then got stuck in a ditch. Edith and I jumped out and tried to push the car, and were immediately covered in more mud ! OU was a real mud fest from beginning to end. We called a tow truck. The driver was very nice. He arrived in no time and pulled us out.

One has so much more adventure when traveling with a touring pack of gorillas. On to the next tour!

Love,
Josephine Baker
Athens, Ohio
March 2011