

SUMMER/FALL 2005

Dear Diary,

We flew into St. Louis early Tuesday morning and laid low in the hotel that afternoon. Eva and I somehow got stuck watching *Tori Spelling* discuss Hollywood's Best Weddings with a vengeance. It must have fuelled our fire, cause by the evening workshop, us GGOT grrls were raging about the dark cloud of apathy that seems to be shadowing our country's conscious. Where are the prophets? The visionaries? The radicals? The leaders of social change? No, America would much rather gather contradictory personalities into one room, give them uncomfortable tasks, and watch them break each other down. And we call that reality. Is this now our reality? Are we tearing each other apart?

The workshop on Political Poster-Making began with a lively discussion about apathy, issues on campus, and effective political posters. As relayed by the students, it seems the dark cloud of apathy has taken the shape, on campus, as a gotta-study-hard/get-a-job/no-time-for-community-or-politics lifestyle.

However, participants came up with wonderful ideas and posters. A few were very concerned about not offending anyone. But isn't that the point of guerrilla postering? To stir things up? Make people think? Is the fear to stir things up another head of this monster we call apathy?

The performance of *Feminists Are Funny* the next day was awesome. What a crowd! Screaming students eating bananas and fearlessly calling out during the show. It was a blast. What a wonderful experience overall.

Hopefully we offended some, validated many, rocked the boat, and inspired a few surprised belly laughs.

Thank you Washington U.!

Love,

Emily Pauline Johnson

November 2005

Here's a report from an anonymous white, male feminist who heard our *Girlcott* call and escorted his anonymous partner to the Roundabout Theatre one fall night -

Dear Reports from the Front,

When I first decided to download your stickers and head for the Roundabout Theatre, I penned sticker Roundabout into my daily planner with all the calm efficacy I'd used to write do laundry on the previous page. Collecting the stickers and placing them in my inside blazer pocket was just as effortless - though, for the most part, any hand or arm motion made to or from the inside pocket of a blazer simply reeks of suavity; it makes one feel like Cary Grant, if only for a moment.

It was a clear, beautiful October evening, as Fanny Brice and I walked westward towards the Roundabout. Two or three blocks away, I suddenly felt pangs of fear. After all, stickering a bathroom isn't exactly legal. Sure, I've always been unique, daring, and original, but rarely have I broken the law. Aside from taking a flag from a golf course and grabbing a handful of sour patch kids from a supermarket bin while shopping, I have hardly strayed beyond the bounds of the law.

As Fanny and I arrived at the pristine Roundabout, I asked myself, What kind of feminist are you? The kind that sits around and watches from the sidelines? Doesn't anything worth fighting for require risk? Fanny, as she is wont to do, took a simpler, more pragmatic route. She said, "Do you think there are video cameras in their bathrooms? Wouldn't that be an infringement on people's privacy?" She's so smart!

My bout of legal super-ego over, I proceeded into the Roundabout lobby with a debonair gait and subversion on my mind. Fanny and I quickly struck, despite the house not being open, heading straight for the lobby heads. Two feminists, two stalls, two minutes, two stickers... too cool. As it turned out, losing my stickering virginity was exciting, yet familiar, as though I'd been defacing latrines for years.

With nothing but time on our hands, we zipped up to the 5th floor, where on Tuesday nights, the dramaturg, or some other MALE of import, gives a slight lecture before the show. While he said his piece about Richard Greenberg, playwright of *Take Me Out* and this evening's East Coast premiere of *Naked Girl on the Appian Way*, Fanny and I stealthily stickered three more stalls.

As soon as the house opened about 15 minutes later, we proceeded to the mezzanine bathrooms, where Fanny stickered three herself and I took care of the only one I could on that level (men's bathrooms have markedly fewer stalls, and I was under no instructions to sticker urinals). Fanny and I then sat down to enjoy the show.

Naked Girl was a comical romp through the a day in the life of a pair of ex-yuppie retirees in the Hamptons whose adopted children assemble at their parents' home for a makeshift reunion, only to offer up a tidal wave of shocking revelations that challenge the very fabric of their parents', well, convictionless lives. Issues of race, sexuality, gender, and identity are all thrown into the farcical blender, and the result is decidedly amusing, as well as a biting satire of the monied-class, hippie-parenting, and those who are tragically academic in their thinking.

What isn't amusing, however, is the Roundabout's reluctance when it comes to producing plays directed or written by women. And that is why Fanny and I bolted into the ground floor bathrooms (our 4th floor of the night) after the curtain call. Fanny stickered two more stalls, and I took care of one more. Total for the night: Fanny 8, James 4, Feminism = 12.

Yes, it was over. A job slickly, slyly, and surreptitiously done. If Cary Grant had been a feminist, he'd have been proud. Fanny and I left the Roundabout, comparing stickering tactics and placements, strolling into the blithe midtown night. We walked and talked, satisfied with our work, yet ever dismayed by and attuned to the discrimination and sexism that infiltrates our towns and cities and lives at every turn!

Sincerely,
James Baldwin

Dear Diary,

We just got back from a performance at Marist College in Poughkeepsie, NY, so close to our home town of New York City! We proved once and for all that there are many funny feminist friends in Westchester! Aphra, Eva, and I started our time in Poughkeepsie at the Culinary Institute's Apple Pie Restaurant. What amazingly sapid and invigorating food we had before beginning our show. Polenta, cookies, salads... yum, yum, yum. But I digress! We were not there to eat but rather to perform our laugh-out-loud show, "Feminist are Funny." And what an experience it was performing while 8 months pregnant! Little Fanny or Francis seemed to enjoy themselves immensely as we took a tour through our visual works and highlighted some of our favorite funny feminists. Emily, the student who organized the event at Marist was passionate, warm, bright, and helpful. She worked extremely hard to bring us to Marist and was so pleased when it finally all came together. The venue was beautiful and the audience very inspired as we held an in depth and impassioned Q & A after the performance. All in all, it was a fabulous feminist jubilee!

Signing off with a big feminist belly,
Fanny

Hello Diary,

Indiana was a lot of fun - everyone I met was very friendly and very interested in who Guerilla Girls On Tour were. My favorite networking experience was in the hotel hot tub, where I ran into someone from San Francisco (I think San Francisco State) who knew about the GGOT's and was absolutely delighted to hear that membership for the theatre girls group had been growing and that we'd been doing so much traveling. The other thing that stuck out the most to me was how desperately people were trying to avoid eye contact when Julia and I were in masks when we walked through the hotel lobby. I mean, I know they can make people uncomfortable, but other than the guys who worked at the convention center, who all thought the masks were cool and talked to us about it, everyone seemed to instantly see a \$50 bill on the ground whenever we were nearby! But all in all I loved INDY!

Love,
Kate Drain Lawson
September 2005

Aloha Diary,

Aphra and I had a delightful time on the Sandwich Islands. My suspicions have been confirmed. It's not dangerous to fight sexism and swim with the dolphins of the Pacific at the same time. Phew! What a load off.

After a fulfilling artistic exchange with the dolphins--we taught them street theatre tactics (they were very ambitious)--we left the tropical sandbar where we found the gregarious dolphins. As I glanced behind me, I happened to notice that a few of these water mammals were wearing gorilla masks. We left our muddy mark in the art world, but I never guessed it would turn into a deep-sea adventure. Those dolphins are fighting against species discrimination on the reef, no doubt. Hats off to ye, dolphins. Hats off to ye.

Our next stop was Girlfest, the festival responsible for bringing us to Oahu. We performed and gave workshops at a local performing arts High School. All of the fabulous workshop participants made scenes about tourism and its influence on police harassment and bias, as well as the good, the bad, and the ugly truth about Islanders' employment and tourism. (We hid our leis and pretended we weren't tourists for a couple of hours.) We were definitely the ham and the cheese the Sandwich Islands were waiting for, in the midst of all of that gorgeous poetry.

Then, we had the distinct pleasure of performing for the University of Hawaii. In response to the question, "Who out there can name a funny feminist?" Students, faculty and members of the community rang out with "whoopi goldberg" "ellen degeneres" "rosie o' donnell." One audience member in a low, smooth, voice said, loud enough for all to hear, but quiet enough not to be interpreted as a yell, with such confidence, bellowed out "I think I'm pretty funny." And so she was! Hats off to ye, engineering student! She wanted to employ Guerrilla Girl Tactics in the context of the Engineering Dept., where she was one of a handful of women. We wish her well, and know she's up for the task.

Well, alls well that ends well, Diary. I'm still washing sand out of my gorilla hair!

Mai Tais and Blue Hawaiians,
[Julia Child](#)
September 2005

Dear Diary—

Well, we (my baboon boy and myself) arrived at the star studded event "undercover." It was a star studded event and we were working to the Mission Impossible theme in our heads. We had the perfect seats for our stickering endeavor. We were right on the aisle. We were in the orchestra so we were hob-knobbing with the best of them---James Lapine, Bart Scherr, Doug Hughes, Bill Finn, Jerry Mitchell etc... all of those fabulous white men! Even before the show started we headed downstairs to the bathrooms and started putting our stickers up. My baboon Boy told me by the end of the evening he had stickered in very obvious places not just the stalls and there were cops making the rounds in the bathrooms. Luckily he was dressed "Black Tie" as was required and no one suspected him!!! The show itself was ok--what is not to love about Hugh Jackman? But, the best part of the night was when Rachel Sheinkin won the Tony for best book!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Yeah!!! You go girl!!!

Again as we always say: "More Broads on Broadway, PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Love-
[Hallie Flanagan](#)
June 5, 2005