

FALL 2002

Dear Diary,

I must admit that during our exhausting technical rehearsal I was extremely nervous. As it turned out, we were able to make our scheduled appearance at a Feminist History class right before performing our Gig and it pumped me up for the performance. The students of LMU were full of positive energy and by the end of the night I felt even more inspired to fight discrimination and racism across the globe! I am sure that by wearing a spandex mini skirt and high heels, I flashed someone in the front row. And the moisture from my speech gathered at the tip of my mask so that I probably looked like I was sweating up a storm (I was). But I could not have been more proud to wear both! I look forward to conquering the next sexist city on our tour map.

Alice Childress

Loyola Marymount University, Los Angeles - October 22, 2002

Dear Diary,

Tonight, driving back to SNAC from the Gig, was a beautiful treat..... a huge, expansive sky, dotted with rippled, puffy clouds that were lit by a sparkling moon. It reminded me of the generosity of our audience. What a warm welcome we got, from the 700 people who came out to see us. Our audience at the Garrick Theatre in downtown Winnipeg was so open and receptive to our message that the performance was a deeply rewarding experience for me.

I was also touched by the vast intelligence of the students from the University of Manitoba, whom we visited with this afternoon. Their poster ideas were provocative and intelligent. Such diversity in points of view, idea and background! What I found most encouraging and exciting was the willingness of the students to share ideas that are still in the formulation stage, and be willing to be 'out there' with those ideas in a public forum.

At Plug-In Gallery we got the chance to sit down and talk with a small group of artists from the community. And later at SNAC we had a chance to strategize with a core group of community activists who have been working to sort out a way to continue to fight discrimination via resurrecting feminist issues and finding new ways to open plugged-up-ears, and closed minds. I walked away feeling that despite the thousands of miles between New York City and Winnipeg, we came together and connected and agreed on the following: We will all continue to chip away at the issues until we get results, and we will not tolerate sexism in the Arts.

Our Final Meal: A downtown Winnipeg Restaurant: A sumptuous meal, but the service was slow as molasses (sorry, we're from New York). Still I had delectable tri-colored pasta with cream sauce, grilled chicken and vegetables. Yum.

Driving home to the amazingly holy St. Norberts Arts Center at night, the magical moon pulled us over a wide-open field. Louise May, our gracious host, showered us with beautiful womb-like rooms, all artist-designed, each in its own unique style.

A morning walk by the LaSalle River the day we left was breezy, but helped me reflect on the progress of our Guerrilla activity and some new tactics I will try. I will never forget my morning meetings with the farm animals at SNAC who would come forward in friendly fashion to greet us, be petted, and to cheer us onward in our dual roles as both activists and artists.

Sophie Treadwell

University of Manitoba, Canada - October 20, 2002