## Radical Faeries, Lesbian Moms Halt Corporate Greed

FROM THE DISSOCIATED PRESS

ANN ARBOR — 31 December 1999 -Mayhem broke loose at the Ann Arbor city council meeting last night, and the council failed to approve zoning for the construction of the controversial Y2Kmart shopping mall. Councilmembers were rendered impotent when a group of radical faeries and the Lesbian Moms of Babes (M.O.B.) occupied the council chambers.

At the outset of the meeting a group of 30 women entered with their babies whom they proceeded to breastfeed. Mayor Leo Heatedly, former head of the University of Michigan Department of Public Safethought, motioned for the women to leave, but no words came out of his mouth. With a livid facial expression, the mayor grabbed his gavel, which doubles as a nightstick. He

swung wildly in frustration, narrowly missing several women while accusing them of inciting to riot. A member of the Ann Arbor Women's Lacrosse Team grabbed the vel and smashed it to bits.

Meanwhile a group of radical faeries entered wearing one-piece bathing suits, matching sequin robes, and big wigs made out of cotton candy. They sat and proceeded to paint their fingernails in rainbow colors. Councilmembers called on police "to have the scoundrels arrested", but no law could be found forbidding the use of cosmetics or nurturance of children at a city council meeting. Councilmember Falwell warned that "children who have been breastfed in front of politicians might turn out to be sexual deviants". The faeries, members of the Intergalactic Divas Association (IDA), cheered and starting licking each other's

Instead of voting to approve construction of the Y2Kmart shopping mall in the former Nichols Arboretum (recently sold by the University of Michigan to Bluff Enterprises), Mayor Heatedly led the council in a unanimous vote to make construction of shopping malls illegal. He added, "There are a lot of ugly stores selling unnecessary objects in Washtenaw County. We should stop raping the earth for new misdevelopment, and start tearing down strip malls to make room for trees." A spokestrooper for the developers fumed that the Mayor and council were "under the influence of nail-polish fumes".

The faeries closed their nail polish bottles, and the Lesbian Mothers closed up their blouses. The radical activists left as quietly as they had entered.

Radical faerie activism is unexpected. Once a group of faeries came through Ann Arbor during Art group of Taeries came inrough Ann Arbor ouring Ari Fair. It happened to be one of those times when the Fair. It happened to be one of those times when the Morally Uptight were up in arms about artwork which their sex lives—and try to stop others from enjoying (LANA), but on summer frocks (sun dresses work best Ite. We created the Ladies Against Nasty Art (LANA), put on summer frocks (sun dresses work Art out to look at art and see what all the hullabaloo was about. Well, first we had to stop for our own lewd photo session. We entered booths on South University pnoro session. we entered bootns on South University, and heartily praised any artist who portrayed family windmill. But we screamed whenever we saw depictions

Pat

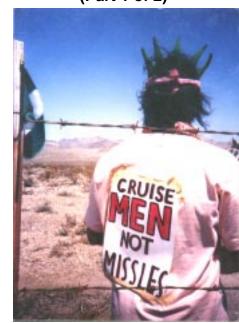
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Everyone was surprised. Most laughed at the Satire. Some stared in shock, some pulled their satire. Some stared in shock, some pulled their literature. My favorite people are the ones who act dresses (some of whom had beards) were opposed to linear the long of the literature of literature of the literature of literature of the literatur dresses (some of whom had beards) were opposed to aresses (some of whom had bear as) were opposed to lewd art. As people experienced the unexpected, they are the control of the generally warmed to our friendliness. We could have generally warmed to our Triendiness. We could have foll of which and final hist was wond friendly and none gone to protest at a reaeral building or block truttic (all of which are fine), but we were friendly and nonconfrontational, which drew people in to find out more. Sumor has a way of breaking down barriers and helping



(Part 1 of 2)



by MaxZine Weinstein

The Ida Dish Patch much in the age of cyber-surrealism. My friends love parties; so, the object is to draw people to demonstrations by promising that they'll have fun. DRAG QUEENS STORM SCHOOL OF AMERICAS That's where the outfits, stiltwalking, creative propaganda, juggling, and make-up come in handy.

friends out in the streets these days (especially since most of them live in the woods at faerie communes more on that later), but they're more likely to protest the School of the Americas or war on Iraq if they know they'll have fun. Why not have fun? Some of my friends work their asses off for crappy wages. Others are busy putting in gardens, building houses, salvaging materials, taking care of people with illness, and turning compost piles. People get tired and don't always want to give more of themselves if they don't think it's going to change things anyway. Millions protested the Gulf War, and George Bush ignored them in his video game of mass murder, convincing my generation that protest doesn't affect politics

The story you have just read may never happen. But it serves to highlight the finer points of

radical faerie activism worldwide: fun, friendliness,

and surprises. I first sprouted activist wings in Ann

Arbor as a protester of the University's ties to the

Department of War and greater military-industrial

complexion as a student during the turbulent 80's. I'm still out there (somewhere) trying to motivate my

friends to join me in protesting the umpteen zillion

injustices in the world. It's often difficult to get my

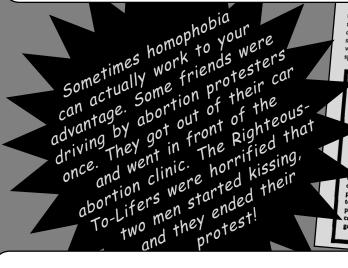
Armed with the three lavender shields of fun, friendly, and unexpected, I have joined numerous creative faerie actions. Recently, a band of faeries stormed the School of the Americas, dressed in skirts, military headgear, camouflage, cowboy boots and fishnets. We arrived at a solemn time, while people walked up to a microphone to read the names of Latin Americans killed by disastrous U.S. foreign policy aid to brutal regimes. Hundreds of people held crosses and raised them as each name was read aloud, while chanting "presente" ("they are with us").

Some people ignored our clowning around, but many were overjoyed (if only we had charged a dollar every time someone took our picture). People took our deadly silly literature and opened up to the queerness we represented. Laughter and gay liberation were welcomed as part of the energy to face the boys and their murderous toys.

One year we held a Miss Nuclear Meltdown Pageant at the Watts Bar Nuke Plant on the anniversary of the Chernobyl disaster. Our parade of contestants included Backwards Betty (with breasts growing out her back), Miss Three Eye Myland, Barbarella Thunder Thighs, and the Three Headed Boy. They competed for the grand prize of the meltdown crown (which accidentally caught on fire).



When we showed up at Watts Bar the following year, they were still raving about our pageant. I'm always amazed to see the smiles a simple dress or skirt on a man could bring to a diverse crowd of activists. It doesn't mean that everyone embraces every aspect of our lifestyle. Especially not the father at the Watts Bar protest who freaked out when TomFoolery painted his 4 year old son's fingernails. This is a reminder that there is still plenty of homophobia in activist circles (but fortunately a lot less than there used to be just ten years ago).



Some people simply don't want to mix comedy with

protest. I was once visiting Asheville, North Carolina

when the Klan was scheduled to march (Ann Arbor isn't

the only city picked on). A group of us were trying to

get motivated to protest the KKK early that morning, but we were typicaly slow in getting out the door. It

was cold and drizzly and no one knew what to wear. Our

host Michael said he didn't think he had the energy to

attend, until he figured out his outfit. He ran upstairs

and put on a one piece bathing suit and a ribbon that

said "Miss Mary KKK", and he was ready to go. He was

possessed, running around ranting by the time we reached

the demonstration. There were about a dozen Klan

members, and hundreds of counter-demonstrators, I

knew Michael was powerful when I saw him make his

way through the crowd and start taunting the Klan.

Most people laughed and cheered him on, and the Klar

was upstaged by a draq queen yelling out "White powder!

More white powder!" Well, almost everyone laughed.

One person was offended. This was supposed to be

## 'Activist Gathering at Queer /

We are your cross-dressing bread-baking, slssy monks.
We are waiting for you to pu on your sillyest frock and

I left Ann Arbor five years ago to move to a radical faerie land in the beautiful woods of Tennessee. Our community at Ida is a fabulous breeding ground for activism that is fun, friendly, and unexpected. As winter winds down, we are getting prepared for some spring madness. This includes hosting a gathering of activists (see sidebar), and touring with our show Welcome To Homo Holler, including stops in Ann Arbor and Detroit in early April.



Commune, May 28 - 31, 1990 issue, and will focus on political theater. Part 2 of this article will appear in the April

amorr **e, May 28 - 31, 1999** 

This spring we will open up our magical homestead for a gathering of activists called Revolution and Relaxation: A Weekend Retreat of Peace, Food, and Anarchy. The site for this rebellion and revelry is Ida (Idyll Dandy Arts), a queer community tucked away on 243 acres where many neighboring communities and households focus on sustainable living, from salvaging building materials to picking wild greens to protesting the military-industrial complex.

We are inviting people from around the country to join men and women, gays and straights, freaks, faeries, nomads, communitarians, gardeners, artists, deschoolers, pansies, poets, musicians, magicians, herbalists, jugglers, and others in Middle Tennessee, May 28-31, for a magical weekend. Get out to the woods with urban and rural activists, to talk, plan, chant, sing, theorize and fantasize, build friendships and projects, hike to waterfalls, agitate and masturbate, share delicious veggie food, play in caves, and party like its New Year's Eve 1999 and begin a 21st century of peace, food, and anarchy.

For more information, e-mail: trayburn@dekalb.net or write to: IDA, P.O. Box 874, Smithville, TN 37166



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our creek. We're thankful for our We're thankful for our sweet gushing spring, 20 pound squashes in the fall, snapping turtles along the path.
We're hell on heels, wielding chainsaws for firewood.
And we have a web site: www.mindspring.
com/~goatboy/idaland
We are part of the cultural transformation of the Olde South and the world. We have dozens of queer neighbors cattered about the hills and hollows in other communes all within biking distance.
We are your cross-dressing,