

All the fan-fictional news that a cadre of loyal DTWOF readers saw fit to make up.

The Daily Distress

Early Edition

Partly inky today, with clear patches. Tonight, much darker with a sharp increase of crosshatching.

HAPPY 25TH ANNIVERSARY

THE ESSENTIAL DYKES TO WATCH OUT FOR

ALISON BECHDEL is the author of the best-selling *Fun Home: A Family Tragicomic*, *Time*'s number one Best Book of 2006 and a National Book Critics Circle Award finalist. Since 1983 she has been chronicling the lives of various characters in *Dykes to Watch Out For*, named by *Utne* magazine as "one of the greatest hits of the twentieth century." For longtime fans of Alison Bechdel and the new fans of the graphic-memoir phenomenon *Fun Home*, this edition collects the best selections from her *Dykes to Watch Out For* strip—"one of the preeminent oeuvres in the comics genre, period" (Ms.).

For twenty-five years Bechdel's path-breaking strip has been collected in award-winning volumes (with a quarter of a million copies in print), syndicated in fifty alternative newspapers, and translated into many languages. Now, at last, *The Essential Dykes to Watch Out For* gathers a "rich, funny, deep and impossible to put down" (*Publishers Weekly*) selection from all eleven *Dykes* volumes. Here too are sixty of the newest strips, never before published in book form.

Settle in to this wittily illustrated soap opera (Bechdel calls it "half op-ed column and half endless serialized Victorian novel") of the lives, loves, and politics of a cast of characters, most of them lesbian, living in a midsize American city that may or may not be Minneapolis.

Her brilliantly imagined countercultural band of friends—academics, social workers, bookstore clerks—fall in and out of love, negotiate friendships, raise children, switch careers, and cope with aging parents. Bechdel fuses high and low culture—from foreign policy to domestic routine, hot sex to postmodern theory—in a serial graphic narrative "suitable for humanists of all persuasions."

The Essential Dykes to Watch Out For, after the runaway success of *Fun Home*, is sure to bring new fans to Bechdel's revealing and endearing comic strip masterwork.

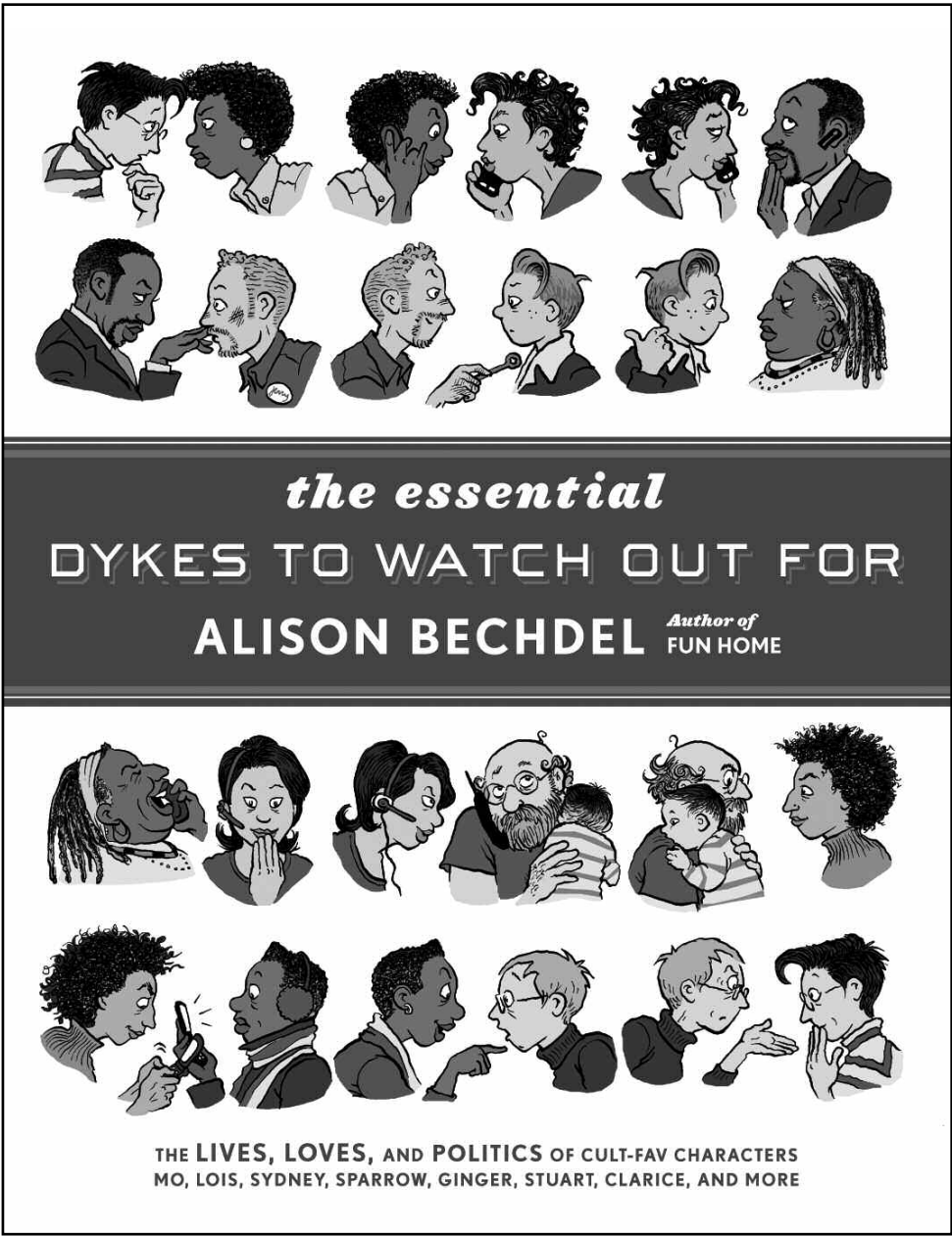
Book Review

By Andrew Burday

Local Residents Comment on New Bechdel Tome Hermes Tricksteristus

The days are getting shorter, the leaves are turning, the nights are getting cooler — it's autumn, time to grab a blanket and snuggle up with a good book. The publishing event of the season is best-selling author Alison Bechdel's massive new collection, *The Essential Dykes to Watch Out For*. We decided to take a walk around town and see what some local residents thought of the book.

Librarian Mo Testa spoke with us at her desk in the Nether Heights public library. "It's fascinating how graphic works have become respectable", according to Testa. "Bechdel became famous with her memoir



Fun Home, but I have been following *Dykes to Watch Out For* since it began twenty five years ago. Bechdel is astonishingly perceptive. I find myself agreeing with her almost always."

We asked Testa if she was referring to Bechdel's left-leaning politics. Frowning slightly, she replied, "What other politics would any sensible person have?" She began to pound her fist on her desk. "These days, when the lawless Bush administration is seeking to overthrow everything decent about America, we need more left wing politics." She grabbed our shirt and began to shake us. "Society is being reduced to a jungle! We'll have to form an anti-war militia! Weapons training begins next week!" Finally noticing that our teeth were rattling, Testa stopped and sat back. "I need to get back to work", she said, and went to shush a couple of teenagers whose voices had risen slightly above a whisper.

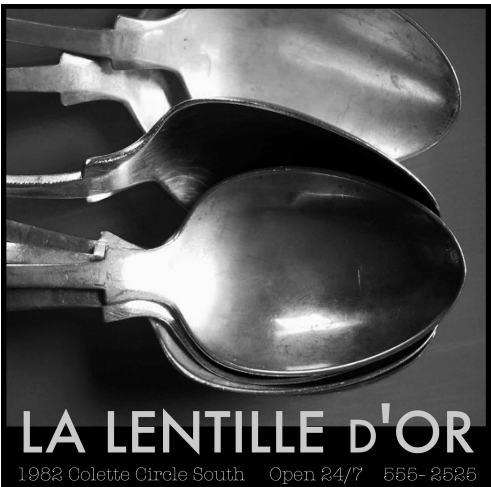
A different perspective was provided by graduate student Cynthia MacGruder. "You know", she began, "there's this perception that every lesbian is a weed-eating left-wing pacifist. What I like about Bechdel is that even though that's pretty much what she is, she's still capable of representing lesbians who don't fit the image."

We found stay-at-home dad Stuart Goodman at a local playground with his daughter, Jiao Raizel. Goodman began the conversation by asking us to sign his petition to deport all registered Republicans to shrinking ice floes in the Arctic Ocean until they agree to act on global warming. When we said that that sounded unconstitutional, Goodman muttered something about how the Constitution was abrogated in November 2000 anyway. But when we asked if he was familiar with Bechdel, he positively gushed.

"I have had such a crush on Alison Bechdel for so long! Um, well, obviously it's destined to remain unrequited", he continued, blushing. "But seriously, *Dykes to Watch Out For* is a clever depiction of a group of oddballs, mostly but not all lesbians, mostly but not all left-wing, and how they build their own community day by day. It's a soap opera, but it's a lot more than that too."

He broke off the conversation to stop Jiao Raizel, who appeared to be giving herself an amateur mud facial. We continued on our way.

English professor Ginger Jordan told us that dialogue was central to *Dykes to Watch Out For*. "It's not just that the characters never shut up," she told us, "especially my ex-housemates. There is internal dialogue in the strip, in which the drawings comment on the text, and the characters' personal lives reflect political events." So there you have it. When the wind howls and the rain drums against the windows, we know which book we'll be curled up with. How about you?



© Liza Cowan

Peace Rally on Fifth Anniversary of Iraq Invasion

By Anna Beek

On the fifth anniversary of the US invasion of Iraq, it appears that disapproval of the Iraq Invasion is as alive as ever. A small but dedicated group gathered downtown to protest the US presence in Iraq and call for withdrawal of the troops there.

The protest began in the late morning. Participants gathered in the Main Street Square, under the leadership of local anti-war activist Stuart Goodman. From the square they marched approximately three miles and through many busy thoroughfares to the local Army Recruiting Headquarters.

At their destination, Mr. Goodman spoke briefly about the need to recall US forces from Iraq immediately, and the general need for peace in the world, alternately brandishing a "No Blood for Oil" sign and tending to his young daughter. "This war is a travesty," he declared, stomping for emphasis on his makeshift podium—but in the next moment turning aside to say "Now, J.R., don't bother that dog." He continued, "Far too many have died for this war to be conscionable by any standard of ethics—here, sweetie, don't kick the podium; I have some local apple leather for you—" as he set to rummaging through the pockets of his kilt.

The protesters were generally patient with Goodman's divided attention, and were receptive to his speech. However, an undercurrent of futility ran through the crowd, as was demonstrated by the lengthy diatribe of one protester. "We've been at this so long," said Monica Testa, beginning at a mutter but gradually rising to rival Goodman's amplified voice. "We've been protesting for more than five years now, and for what? Congress isn't responding to us. Bush is a lost cause! What do we need to do to make ourselves heard?" She continued at some length.

As Mr. Goodman spoke, a small counter-protest of war supporters—hastily organized the previous night through various conservative internet forums—began to congregate on the opposite side of the street. Throughout Mr. Goodman's speech they heckled and chanted slogans defending the war and the president's actions.

Cynthia Pharr-Wright, a graduate student at Buffalo Lake State University, claimed credit for organizing the counter-protest. "These people need to be challenged on what they're saying," she said in a brief interview. "They can't just go around crying that war is bad and Bush is evil. In this case, the occupation is a necessary operation, and should continue until Iraq's situation has stabilized."

Pharr-Wright declined to comment on a young woman bearing a "Dykes for Immediate Withdrawal" sign who crossed the street several times to speak with her. The young woman heckled Pharr-Wright during our interview, calling "Why don't you tell them where you were last summer?" Pharr-Wright claims that last summer she was attending an occupational training program.

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The Chop Shop

The Daily Distress Community Profile

by Jesse Nachem, contributor to The Daily Distress.

“Perfect! It’s like you read my mind,” Janis gushes to Miko Takagawa, owner of The Chop Shop. “I always go with my instincts,” Miko says modestly, as her new young customer runs to her waiting mother to model her new hairdo. “They’ve rarely steered me wrong. Some people show resistance at first but they always come around.” Toni Ortiz, longtime customer, explains “I don’t know why I insisted on keeping my mullet for so long. Miko gave me the courage and the vision to see myself without it. Thank goodness!”

Miko has been the owner of The Chop Shop for almost two decades and is the author of Hair Stories, her book of antics and adventures of a wily stylist working with changing customers, changing tastes, and changing times. Gore Vidal-Sassoon called it a “tonsorial tour-d-force,” and you can purchase a copy right in the salon. Miko reminisced “I remember, at one point during the Reagan years I was buzzing seventeen flat tops a week! That was just wild.”

Her experience spans decades of styles and tastes. If you have an idea, Miko can make it happen. “Once, when I was in a rush to the drag show, and just wasn’t feeling my Max Axle persona, Miko hooked me up,” says loyal customer, Lois McGiver. “She’ll take good care of you,” she says with a wink.

But this business savvy owner does more than give good haircuts. Oftentimes she serves as a confidant, and the salon as a center of local gossip. “It’s like the eye of the storm. Luckily I’ve been able to stay out of it. And it’s made great material for my upcoming second book!” Pressed for more

details about this exciting sequel, the spunky Miko says “but I’m not going to tell you any more than that.” Stay tuned for updates on The Chop Shop and our local legend that is Miko Takagawa.

Same-sex Marriage

By Rebecca

Following in San Francisco’s flower-child footsteps, City Hall threw open its doors to provide same-sex marriage, setting off a spontaneous celebration of gay and lesbian partnerships throughout the region. The renegade move cements 2004 as a year to remember, while also raising questions that the city could be embroiled in lengthy and expensive legal battles as a consequence of its decision to offer legal unions to gay and lesbian couples.

In the short run, the mayor’s surprise move sparked more party invitations than prenuptial agreements. Male and female couples turned up in droves to get their papers, accompanied by frolicking flocks of friends, family and festivity. A few protesters also turned up to register disapproval, rather than wedding-gift options. But marriage participants said the unions were more than just a political stunt.

“This is about equal protection, pure and simple,” said Clarice Clifford, who married her long-time partner in one of the day’s civil ceremonies. The couple had already affirmed their partnership in an unofficial commitment ceremony and also by having a child together. Their son, Rafael Clifford-Ortiz, made an early exit from Nether Heights Elementary School to watch his mothers get hitched.

Personal milestones weren’t the only draw. Local activist Antonia Ortiz said City Hall’s move vindicated the principles of Freedom To Marry, a local activist organization that has been campaigning for the government to recognize same-sex couples. She praised the mayor’s decision to offer marriages on the spot to all comers, particularly since the courts are more likely to consider recognition of same-sex unions authorized before the new marriage procedures are bogged down by legal challenges.

“It’s important that gays and lesbians have the same opportunities to affirm their relationships as heterosexual couples,” said Ortiz, Clifford’s partner and their son’s biological mother. “In addition to the tax benefits and next-of-kin privileges accorded to legal spouses, officially recognized marriage also gives needed community recognition to same-sex partnerships. With that support, these families are more likely to stay together and raise happy, healthy children for the next generation.”

Legal marriage also would help same-sex couples in the event that their relationships dissolve, Ortiz said. “If both partners have equal resource to dispute resolution assistance, the personal tragedy of a breakup may be easier to bear,” she said.

A New York Times bestseller, now in paperback

FUN HOME
A Family Tragicomic

ALISON BECHDEL

“A splendid autobiography . . . refreshingly open and generous.”—Entertainment Weekly

“A pioneering work, pushing two genres (comics and memoir) in multiple new directions . . . absorbing.”—New York Times Book Review

“Brilliant . . . a gripping story of filial sleuthery.”—Time

In this groundbreaking, best-selling graphic memoir, Alison Bechdel charts her fraught relationship with her late father. In her hands, personal history becomes a work of amazing subtlety and power, written with controlled force and enlivened with humor, rich literary allusion, and heartbreaking detail.

Alison Bechdel grew up in a small Pennsylvania town, in a Victorian house that her father was painstakingly restoring to its period glory. Distant and exacting, her father was an English teacher and director of the town funeral home, which Alison and her family referred to as the “Fun Home.” It was not until college that Alison, who had recently come out as a lesbian, discovered that her father was also gay. A few weeks after this revelation, Bruce Bechdel was dead, leaving a legacy of mystery for his daughter to resolve. A genre-busting work, Fun Home is more than a must-read for enthusiasts of the graphic form; as a thoroughly moving work of literature, it is essential reading for everyone.

Plain State U. Prof Makes Us Proud

Ellen Orleans

IT’S OFFICIAL: former Plain State University professor Elizabeth “Betsy” Gilhoohey is a genius.

In recognition of her landmark research on lesbian visibility and her medusa.com bestseller, Argumentum Non Ad Nauseam: Non-Depiction and Re-Commodification of Post-Lesbian Imagery in American Billboard Advertising, Dr. Gilhoohey has won a MacArthur Fellowship. The fellowship (informally known as “the genius grant”) recognizes individuals who have demonstrated extraordinary originality and dedication in their creative pursuits. By earning this much-esteemed, much drooled-over award, Latin pun-loving Gilhoohey joins such luminaries as Susan Sontag, Octavia Butler, Allan Berube, and Bernice Johnson Reagon.

At the time of the announcement, Dr. Gilhoohey—who accepted a position at Harvard shortly after being granted tenure at Plain State—was delivering a series of lectures at Stanford, Yale, and Oberlin, and thus

not available for comment. However, Dr. Sydney Krukowski, Plain State’s second choice for the position that the Ivy League-bound Dr. Gilhoohey dropped like a sack of organic, fair-trade potatoes, did offer these remarks: “Dr. Gilhoohey was a friend and colleague. I was proud to work with her despite that minor plagiarism incident of hers. I’m convinced the accusation had no merit. Or at least, very little.”

Dr. Krucowspie, who is not a genius, praised Gilhoohey as an “unexceptional instructor who was particularly gifted at working the system.” Crookhooski added, “And by the way, it’s pure, unsubstantiated speculation that Betsy’s partner Bitsy was the brains behind Betsy’s seminal work, “Speck and Spectacle: Proletarian Impotence and the Lure of Championship Wrestling.”

Despite having never been considered for even the MacArthur Fellowship’s long list, Dr. Sydney Crackhouseski is a popular Plain State U. professor in the social sciences, teaching such classes as “Disorder, Degeneracy and Deviance” and “Gender, Class and Miniature Golf: The Social Construction of Leisure.”

“Jealous?” repeated Dr. Kruelouseski, when asked by this reporter if she felt any envy toward her former colleague. “Why would I possibly feel jealous that Betsy has received possibly the most prestigious award in the academic community, and with it six book offers, fourteen visiting professor requests—“

“Don’t forget the half-million dollar prize,” reminded Dr. Ginger Jordan, literature professor at Buffalo Lake State who received her Ph.D from Plain State and formerly worked with both Krukowsky and Gilhoohey.

Dr. Krukowsky, determinedly nonchalant despite the steam rising from her ears, replied, “What is a little monetary compensation when compared to the opportunity to teach authentically curious young minds, something Betsey will unfortunately be doing less and less as her schedule becomes choked by appearances on Charlie Pose, Refreshed Air, and Grunt Line?”

Dr. Krukrotchety then excused herself to take a call from Professor Madeleine Zeugma of Dartridge College. While it would be unprofessional to say conclusively, this reporter did hear a string of barely-muffled, particular explicit expletives erupt from the beneath her office door, including, oddly enough, Hoc est bellum, baby.”

La Lentille D’Oh!

By June Thomas

“Authenticity is the key to my food,” La Lentille D’Or’s new executive chef, Priscilla Parker-Carr, told me on a recent visit to our town’s go-to gathering spot for the meat-shunning set.

Parker-Carr, or Moonboot Tofubucket as she was then known, broke into the restaurant business in the mid-1980s at the Topaz Café. “Before I came along, the Topaz was known for its creamed burdock with turnip loaf. That dish was completely overexposed—everybody ordered it. I revolutionized eating in this town when I introduced my signature dish: wheat-free, dairy-free pizza with no tomatoes.” Parker-Carr describes that period as the watershed in our town’s gastronomic history. “The Topaz was always packed. It was terrible—there were so many women there every day, there was far too much socializing going on. Diners spent as much time greeting friends and exes or mooning over the wait-staff as they did eating. I knew that model couldn’t work. I said to myself, ‘Moonboot, this is no way to curate a culinary experience.’ I had to be more assertive. For example, to symbolize my opposition to the tyranny of choice in restaurant eating, the D’Or now offers just one beverage: rhubarb wine.”

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In the 1990s, Parker-Carr, developed her food philosophy in seclusion. “I was doing new things with tempeh, pushing the boundaries of health-code violations. I really thought my vision of a virtual macro-erotic community might come to something, but a big Web site out of Seattle sewed up the market before we could spin off our IPO. The synergy just didn’t come together.”

Parker-Carr channeled her grief at the failure of zukesandcukes.com into transforming a beloved eatery. “Back in the ‘80s, the Topaz was a date restaurant. People went there to have fun. Such an insult to the food—all that nervous laughter ruins diners’ concentration. Now we’re positioning ourselves as a place to break up: When you really need to focus on dividing your assets or making tough custody decisions, come to La Lentille d’Or. We’re also hoping to attract the infidelity set. La Lentille d’Or: When you don’t want anyone you know to see you together.”

The strategy seems to be working. The last time I visited the restaurant, Clarice Clifford and Antonia Ortiz were having a spirited discussion of who should take possession of their signed copy of Fun Home. Later in the evening, Harriet Mortensen and Monica Testa appeared to be considering an illicit affair. “We had our first date at the Topaz,” Ms. Testa told me. “The mock mock turtle soup is just as much of an aphrodisiac today as it always was.”

So, has Parker-Carr succeeded in her attempt to bring authenticity to La Lentille d’Or? I’ll leave the official verdict to the Daily Distress’ restaurant critic, but in this reporter’s opinion, the answer is a resounding yes. The kasha varnishkes tasted like they were made with real varnish, the recipe for seitan scramble surely came from Satan himself, and it’s hard to imagine that a chocolate mousse could taste more like moose.

Lentille D’Or review

La Lentille D’Or Offers Challenging Cuisine

by Letitia Constance Willard-Stokes

The decor is subdued and organic, in mostly olive green tones and beiges. The tablecloths and napkins are made of hemp and recycled bamboo, as advertised on the menu. The napkins were a bit rough, but one of our party observed that they were excellent for a little last minute exfoliation.

We started with the brussels sprouts tartare (\$4.95), which was crisp with a tang of balsamic vinegarette, cilantro and dill chutney which almost masked the sulfurous crispy bite of the pureed raw brussels sprouts. Another appetizer was the selection

of bite sized tofu pierogies (\$5.25), which contained chunks of turnips, cardamom seeds, raw garlic and ancho chiles. This could only be described as undecipherable.

For the main entree, our party selected the Wheat-free, Dairy-free Pizza with No Tomatoes (\$8.95). It was as light as air. The Vegetarian Meatloaf with Steamed French Fries (\$12.95) was a rather interesting low fat, vegan twist on the customary French cafe fare of Steak avec frites.

Along with the entree, we tried the Curried Artichoke and Mung Bean Gumbo (\$13.95), which could only be described as busy. The Creamed Burdock with Turnip Loaf (\$12.95) was an interesting choice for a cold spring day. Words cannot describe the rather benthic (or perhaps pelagic) Tempeh Tuna-fish, Hijiki, Arugula Casserole (\$13.95), so I’d best not try.

Along with our meal, we were served a

2005 Chateau Locavore Rhubarb wine. In my years as a food critic, I have not come across such a wine. It is available by the glass (\$6.50) or bottle (\$24.95).

The true standouts of the meal were the desserts. We ordered the Chocolate Orgasm (\$5.25), which certainly lived up to its name, containing creamy chocolate mousse center. The Tasmanian Devil’s Food Delight (\$5.25) had a hit of espresso in the frosting, which left us a bit jittery, but in a good way. The Ginger Pot Du Creme (\$5.25) was so delectable, with a creamy base and little spicy bits of ginger, I found myself furtively licking the ramekin clean.

La Lentille D’Or at 2020 Hickock Avenue cross 20th, facing the park.

Hours: Closed Monday, Tu-Th 5:30-8:45, F 6:00-9:21, S: 6:11-10:00, Sunday brunch 11-2PM.

Middle School Hackers

Media Services Hacked, Embarrassment Results

By Helene Newburg

For several hours last week, anyone in the school system requesting a print job, web page or television broadcast on school grounds was treated to an in-depth analysis of an embarrassing affair.

“In the dairy case” t-shirts popped up the same day, a reference to an off-color remark regrettably made by one of the women in the video broadcast.

Although it remains unclear how, what is known is that someone broke into the media services network server and not only configured the school district domain name servers to allow access only to the Youtube webpage broadcasting what appears to be a domestic squabble between two women.

Any classroom requesting a video through the campus closed-circuit television network was also treated to that same video, shown in a repeating loop. Pages printed through the campus network featured the last frame of the video instead of the requested text.

The couple, Toni and Clarice, are local gay activists who at one point had a son and lived together, are now separated. Neither could be reached for comment. That son appears to be in the center of the controversy. It is unclear whether he himself endorsed the massive broadcast in a cry for help, or whether the display was mounted in protest of the apparent normalcy with which gay and lesbian families continue to live their lives.

“While we condemn the miscreant who disrupted computing services for the school district, and certainly don’t wish to see any more pain inflicted on the family involved, we do want to acknowledge that the pressures on gay and lesbian families are just like those experienced by heterosexual families. Only we have to deal with the extra marginalization that you straight folks don’t, which makes things really difficult,” said Liz Farkas-McLaughlin, of the local Freedom to Marry Coalition. Story on Collectible Card Games

BOUNDERS BOOKS MUZAK

Thursday -- 8 pm -- Connections Cafe

Miko Takagawa, owner of "Chop Shop" and author of *Hair Stories* ("a tonsorial tour-de-force" in the words of famed critic and stylist-to-the-stars Gore Vidal-Sasson) will be reading selections from her new book, *Short Cuts and Sweepings*

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Somewhere Over the Rainbow

Gay Pride Still Marching Proudly On, reports Kelly Burke

At the stroke of noon yesterday, the phallic shadow of an enormous Bud Light bottle crowed by a brilliant foam of drag queens in feather boas pierced our city's fair skyline as the first in a long line of floats moved slowly towards Plummer Park for the official opening of this year's Gay Pride Festival. The parade, which was led by a rough-riding contingent of Dykes on Bikes

towing the Budweiser float in their wake, is a colorful mainstay of the annual three-day event celebrating the LGBT community that never fails to draw the counterculture crowds.

This year's Pride has something for urban hipsters and suburban soccer moms alike, with almost 70 booths offering such diverse items as synthetic leather baby chaps ("Save the environment: dispense with diapers" read the tag), alcohol-free "Pride Punch" and rainbow sno-cones.

Freedom to Marry activist Toni Ortizpraised the festival for its overall "family friendliness" but noted sadly that there was little to interest her son Rafael, who at age 14 has long outgrown books like "Heather Has Two Mommies" and can now hardly be pried away from his video games and what Ortiz characterizes as his "stoner friends". "I am concerned about him," she confessed, her face wrinkling in a frown. "I miss those days when he was little and I could just bring him along to Pride and have him play with his toy dinosaurs while my, uh, friend Gloria and I watched the crowds."

Her friend, NARAL lobbyist and self-identified "bi-dyke" Sparrow Pidgeon, agreed that attending Pride just isn't what it used to be. "A few years ago I was on my way to Pride with Stuart, my male partner, and our baby daughter Jiao Raizel in her stroller," she explained, "when an ex-girl-

friend of mine pulls over to offer us a ride. A nice gesture, you'd think, but just because the car is a Ford Exterminator or Extinction or whatever, Stuart has a crisis of conscience and decides then and there to join our friend Mo at Gay Shame. He hasn't been back to Pride since," she said, waving a hand dismissively at the far side of the park.

And indeed, a scrappy knot of anti-Gay Pride gay activists and allies were holding court in a distant corner of the park, clustered around an upside-down rainbow flag and waving signs denouncing the festival. "We're not saying to be ashamed of being gay - don't get us mixed up with that crazy Phelps clan," said local activist and malcontent Mo Testa, who appeared to see no irony in her own gesture of standing with one Birkenstock-shod foot on an American flag. "All we want to cultivate is contempt for the commercial co-opting of queer culture by corrupt and craven corporate clones," she exclaimed, twisting her left sandal viciously as she spoke. Perhaps the Gay Shame activists would like a round of sno-cones in this heat? Testa and her compatriots accepted only grudgingly, but as this reporter left the scene she was followed by a chorus of satisfied slurps. Now that's the way gay pride should be celebrated.

CAST BIOGRAPHIES

Mo

Occupation: Worrier and kvetch extraordinaire, with a job at now-defunct Madwimmin Books on the side. Mo has since graduated from library school. Impending Doom Alert Level: Orange Unchanging truth: A rhetorical, if not action-based, dedication to social justice combined with red and white striped shirts. Cats: the ever-present Virginia and Vanessa



Sydney

Occupation: Pretentious academic engaged in epistemic and ontological interrogation of feminist positionalities. In More Pedestrian Terms: Mo's partner, a tenured college professor and credit card debtor with a penchant for the theoretical and disdain for knee-jerk liberalism. Classes taught: Women's Studies 101, Post-Everything Feminist Theory, and Gender, Class and Miniature Golf: The Social Construction of Leisure. Survived: Breast cancer, and terrible boundaries between herself and her father.



Clarice

Occupation: Environmental Lawyer Relationship: Mo's first lover, subsequently civilly-united, married, and otherwise connected to Toni Cause of Sorrow: Realizing that the world seems to get worse no matter how many injunctions she wins against polluting factories. Intriguing Observation: For someone interested in revolutionizing society, she seems awfully cautious about change in her personal life.



Toni

Occupation: Accountant Relationship: Long-term (and long suffering) partner to Clarice, mother to Raffi Other Commitments: Freedom to Marry advocate, fast-walking with the beguiling Gloria and fending off skeptical heterosexual parents. Counterpoint to Whitebread Neighbors: She's a suburban soccer mom with a twist.



Lois

Occupation At Madwimmin: hand-sold books by providing quality service in any situation Occupation at Bounders Books'n'Muzak: Processes pulpy publications. Relationships: Too many to count- currently, Jasmine Mentorships: Gender-blending role model to trans-identified Janis. Hobbies and interests: Drag performance, breathing fire with the Lesbian Avengers, one-night stands



Ginger

Occupation: Associate Professor of English at Buffalo Lake State Residence: Shacking up with Lois, Sparrow, Stuart and Jiao Raizel Relationship History: Several doomed romances (including Jasmine) which failed because of Ginger's fear of commitment **Current Fling:** Shares a penchant for pooches with paramour Samia. On Her Nightstand: The Norton Anthology for the College Student's Soul, as well as "The Many Moods of Hamlet: A Shakespearian Play", as yet ungraded.



For the complete cast of characters please visit dykestowatchoutfor.com

