

Where Have All the Faery Spirits Gone?

They Ain't Visible in the Pride Exhibitions

By Phyllis Chesler

It's not as if I haven't noticed the Pride marches. Alas, I have photos, videos, and analyses of these...protests? Parades? Riots? Events? In NYC, Chicago, Las Vegas, and Los Angeles.



It's not as if I haven't written about the Jew hatred, long disguised as anti-Zionism, among the LGBTQIA crowd—and among

the Dykes.

My longtime friend Robin Tyler, the first lesbian comedienne in America, said this to me privately earlier today at least about the Dyke March.

“These are no Dykes. These are the lesbian wives of the left wing.”

Just as so many lesbians spent their time handing out condoms at Fire Island for the “boys,” but not offering to raise funds for women’s causes, such as ovarian or uterine cancer, or for abortions for poor women—so, too, the same male-identified and left-identified mainly butch dykes are out there doing what they do, even as they have been disappeared by the trendier Q folk, as have gay men.

Oh please, read Andrew Sullivan on this or Bruce Bawer. They understand that we are losing homosexual men and lesbians to the greater trans cause.

I’ve been covering this theme for more than fifteen to twenty years. Maybe for twenty years. I titled one 2011 piece of mine [“The Palestinization of Lesbian Activism,”](#) and I wrote it for Jonathan Kay at the *National Post*. I argued with my closest lesbian friends and colleagues about Israel. Their True Belief in the Evil of Israel was unshakeable. I wrote a 2024 piece more recently titled [“The Transgender and anti-Israel True Believers”](#) for Academic Questions.

But why bother to repeat myself again and again?

How much more do I have to say? How personal do I have to get? How many names do I have to name? I’ll say this. I no longer talk to most of my lifelong lesbian or feminist friends or “comrades” because their silence, after Israel had been attacked countless times in the 20th century, became increasingly painful, and their silence after 10/7 finally became deafening. All, all, were more Stalinists, bone-bred

Marxists, than feminists. All, all, were Jew haters and not particularly inclusive or diverse, not at all tolerant of difference when it came to Judaism, Israel or, for that matter, in matters of religion.

Even many of the anti-trafficking and anti-trans feminists (the radfems), turned out to follow the herd where Israel was concerned.

Long ago, I began to admit that many of the more intellectual figureheads among them truly viewed white, conservative, Republican, heterosexual men and women—especially if they were also Zionists!—as far, far more dangerous than Islamists, jihadists; more repugnant than Muslim honor killers (femicidalists). After all, they were “resisting” white supremacy and capitalism—and they are innocent because they were men of color. Many, not all, also supported mastectomies for healthy young girls—I could go on.

Even those who opposed the entire trans cult drew the line at Israel. Israel was evil, evil, evil.

A wonderful young radfem volunteer of mine sent me photos and videos of the various Pride protests. An orthodox Jew and her gay male friend also sent me a full complement of visuals.

My friend, a lawyer and a lesbian, called up the Gay and Lesbian Bar and offered to buy a one-way ticket for every single member...ah, no surprise, she had no takers. Not one.

Cowards, performance artistes. Where are the sparkling faery spirits of Yore? The playwrights and poets and novelists and painters and composers and actors and dancers, philosophers, singers, musicians, in the midst of these garish, gaudy, freakish, decadent masses, mainly of men (police officers not allowed, drag queens in like Flynn), and of male-identified women who people this event in their name?

Am I totally wrong? A total elitist? (Guilty as charged—I

still dare to have standards.) Or did I just miss the Creative Geniuses among them—especially in the Dyke Marches?

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