

# Strapping on a cause

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**It's a rare spectacle that offers political activism, family entertainment and strap-on phallic symbols, yet New York's Missile Dick Chicks do just that, bringing their performances to the Times Square sidewalk every week.**

A group of three or four costumed women go out every Thursday night to do choreographed renditions of pop songs that would make Weird Al Yankovic proud.

To the tune of "That's What I Want," they sing "Peace and harmony sound good to me... But they won't power my new S.U.V.... It needs some oil, that's what it wants... That's what it wants. Yeah! That's what it wants!"

Other songs in their repertoire pay similar homage to America's oil-dependent economy and the war in Iraq. When asked by confused onlookers, the Missile Dick Chicks respond that they are from Crawford, Tx., and are

singing to support President George W. Bush, a local boy from Crawford. Sometimes the women are ignored, but often a large crowd gathers to watch the dancing and admire the Wonder-Woman-meets-fetish-model costumes.

Whether or not the crowd appreciates the irony of the songs is another question.

"I think they're creepy and scary, and you can quote me on that," said Patti Burn, a tourist from Kansas City watching the performance last Thursday.

"It's funny and very amusing," said New Yorker Amy Guttman, "but if they're trying to change anyone's opinion of the war or of Bush then it's not happening."

The Missile Dick Chicks insist they are not trying to change anyone's opinion, only to make a point and force people to think about bigger issues as they take in the theater, restaurants and shopping around Times Square.

"Our missile dicks are not subtle, just like the bombs America drops on other countries are not subtle," said



The Missile Dick Chicks perform their politically-motivated renditions every Thursday night in Times Square.

Bubbles Bomblovah. All of the women have character names they use while in costume.

While the Missile Dick Chicks clearly enjoy their Thursday performances, and other shows they do at political fundraisers and art galleries, the women are very serious about their anti-war message. During the winter months they performed in subway stations and other

public spaces, often to loud ridicule.

But perhaps their greatest skill is in ignoring the common curses and insults of passers-by. Last Thursday a man in a business suit with a briefcase in one hand and a cigarette in the other yelled over their song, "Bomb them all, bomb them all to hell!"

The Missile Dick Chicks did not miss a beat, and continued their rendition of the Doors, "Show us the way to the next oil field... Oh, don't ask why... Oh, don't ask why... For if we don't find the next oil field... our profits will run dry... our profits will run dry."

Complete lyrics are available on [www.missiledickchicks.net](http://www.missiledickchicks.net).