

Hey Lady...

Did you know? Ladyfest has been & gone, but the memories last forever. Truly a seminal weekend. This is dedicated to all those that made it happen.

The Gossip. Angelica. Holly Golightly. Kaito. We Start Fires. Valerie. Gertrude. The Haggard. Mika Bomb. Lolita Storm. Katastrophy Wife. Sarah Dougher. The Bangs. Electrelane. Gina Birch. Chicks On Speed. If that partial lineup of bands alone doesn't have you drooling, I suggest you check your pulse.

Thursday PM- Cheerleaders, Chinese, Cheap booze

"Squad set? You bet! Ok? Let's GO!!" The Radical Cheerleaders start proceedings, and if you shut your eyes, you could seriously imagine it was Daphne & Celeste up there! They win the hearts, and shatter the eardrums, of the small crowd of earlycomers. Meantime, we're informed that The Gossip AND The Bangs have had to pull out- I'd already feared this, having heard the promo lady at Kill Rock Stars was having nervous breakdowns trying to track The Gossip down, but I'm not entirely sure why The Bangs can't make it. The Gossip's deep-south-punk grooviness is atoned for partially by Spaniards Hello Cuca, but most of their numbers ended up being a bit samey, and their set seemed to come to a surreally abrupt end. Good to see their dad on drums, too. The Hissyfits are just brilliant. They're American, signed to a Canadian label, and their Breeders-meets-Bikini Kill sound is pretty special- but a lack of funds stops me from getting their Cd. Whatever, their performance was great enough to stay with me. I luv The Hissyfits. My stomach was louder than the sound system, so I depart with Red, Bianca & Sarah for food, missing Spy 51. I've seen them 3 times before, so I could review 'em based on that.. but I wouldn't be able to quote their witty stage banter, which is their trademark- but I'm sure they provided a sunny, funny treat for those there.

After the initial shock to the retinas of coming out of the Black Hole-like Garage into daylight, we eventually decided the Eastern Chinese/Malaysian takeaway was to be our source of nourishment. The chicken fried rice was tasty, and we welcome the chatty, pink-haired Caroline to our party- who shows some piccies of

Ladyfest Amsterdam. No-one seems to look their best in 'em tho'. wonder why? Back to the Garage for Holly Golightly, and she definitely makes up for The Gossip's no-show, her choons slink along in a sexy, groovy manner, and the DOUBLE Bass player could've easily been warped forward in time from the 50's, complete with greasy quiff, he's a ringer for Eddie Cochran. C'mon everybody! I'm a little disappointed she doesn't do 'Kiss Kiss', tho'. I'M JOKING, ALL RIGHT?!!

Angelica are up next, and given that some of the crowd are a little perturbed (to say the least) by their attitude towards Ladyfest ('pparently, they found it "Too extreme", and that "Men wouldn't come 'cos they'd get slagged off". Well, I'M male, and not once did I receive any slightly disparaging comments. Perhaps someone shoulda taken time out to explain it's not QUITE like that..), so- also perturbed by the staggering cost of booze (£2.80 for a vodka & cokell!)- we set off in search of a cheap offy. Woulda been interesting to see what kind of reception Angelica got from the crowd tho'...

Cheap booze procured- large bottles of Red Square, and Blueberry & Watermelon vodka booze, if you please- we head off to the nearby park. Caroline drinks hers while still in the plastic bag, proper wino-style, while I express concern over the combination of booze & anaesthetic, given that I have a dental appointment at 8am the next morning. Another addition to our party was Katie- yep, KATIE, seeing as no-one else could remember her name!!- a San Franciscan who semed like she was on another planet, and was elated to see a wild fox (perhaps Angelica were playing 'Reynard The Fox', and his/her ears were burning?). We seem to be out there ages, yet there's still plenty of time before Kaito. "Time goes slow in the dark, we're getting drunk in the park"

K's Ladyfest List

- Bottles of water consumed (by me)- 23
- Times someone said an item I was wearing was 'cool'- 4
- Decent meals had over the weekend- 1
- Hugs/Kisses received (male & female)- 7
- Random people who said 'hi', that I'm never likely to meet again- 15
- Insect bites- 11
- Haircolours used over weekend- 3
- Amount of times I lost my wallet (only to find it again minutes later)- 3
- Pounds spent over the weekend- 250
- Decent photos taken by me- 0

I arrive back, just as they're playing Kenickie 'Come Out 2 Nite'. Aren't I having a great life?

Kaito seem a little more nervous than when I last saw 'em, was it because of the bigger stage, or the event, or the audience? Who knows. A lot of newer stuff is played, so the set's unfamiliar to me, too. Of course they play 'Go', their best, and best known, number. Shortly after their set, I depart, leaving the others to the delights of the Gossip's replacements, Kiki & Herb. No, not the 70's soul duo who sang 'Reunited', that was Peaches & Herb. Who, in turn, are nothing to do with Peaches that did 'Fuck The Pain Away'. I'm just rambling to compensate the fact I didn't see 'em. What were they like? What were they? I dunno.

I'm getting some real weird looks on the tube wearing this bright pink wristband.

Friday- Dentists, Dictaphones, Daftness

Surprise surprise, my dentist comments on my wristband.

By 8.45am, my smile is restored- I can afford two white fillings, nyaaah- but, even by 12.45, any sense of feeling in my face isn't. And the Men In Feminism panel i'm supposed to be on is at 2pm. Aaaagh! A few slaps later, and i'm ok to say Hi to Becky of We Start Fires, who's incredibly sweet & charming, as well as Laura, who offers me a piece of chocolate. Pass. They tell me they're on a bit later 'cos Riviera have pulled out, so I might catch their set after all Woo-hoo! BUT, the 'Like A Prayer' play has overrun, so the Men In Feminism panel is running late.. You can read about what I have to say about this panel, and my own thoughts of men in feminism in the Riot Girl London zine #3, but I felt the panel/discussion didn't really go anywhere, although it was particularly nice to see how many there that were in favour of men being- or calling themselves- feminists. I didn't get to say that much, as did any of us- I think the 3 men up there were probably the least outspoken there! But, speaking for myself, that wasn't really the place for me to prove my worth. Put me in a room with homophobic, racist, mysoginistic dickheads THEN my voice'll be heard.

A mad dash back to the (Upstairs At The) Garage, means I can catch the tail end of 'We Start Fires' set. Needless to say, their spangly pop-grooviness cheered me up immensely, but I noticed their bassist was MIA (Becky said they'd been up since 5 cos they have to come from Darlington- maybe he overslept?), and I can't see any songs from their recent ep on the setlist. Verity from Electrelane was there too, and later told Laura she was a great keyboardist. Well, she also provides some neat screamy vocals too. Later on, I tell Laura what I thought of 'em, but Becky is 'Otherwise distracted'. I ask Richard from Moonkat if I can get an interview with the band (I caught their last number, which alone was enticement enough to get their 2 ep's. Reviewed later), singer Emma, and bassist Cassie volunteer to brave my shambolic interview technique. The interview itself is a little haphazard, but there's some interesting revelations about the Strokes- unsurprisingly perhaps, Julian Casablancas is an arsehole, and they're all lecherous mysoginists.. and they fuck pigs! But these revelations are only stored in my memory, due to my crappy Sanyo dictaphone stopping inexplicably 2 questions in.. bugger!

I try to find the musicians q & a panel at the Union Chapel, but the access to the lecture room is blocked by iron gates.. but I discover Patti Smith is playing there! Didn't see her, tho'. I'm cheered up a little by someone thanking me for being on the Men In Feminism panel, and he said the things I said were 'interesting'. Nice, but i'm still a little down. Luckily I stumble across Red & co (that was clumsy of me, I know) in the park, and prepare for the evening with more Chinese. We make a dash back For Gertrude, "Memories of FrockOff!" says Red, hopefully better ones this time for me. 'She Would Like To Be' is the only number we catch in full, tho'- The backing singer (Iona?) is talking breathlessly introducing it, in fact they all seem to be running on nervous energy. And are as good as ever. The lure of **The Haggard** is stronger than the lure of cheap booze for the others- must be special! And, ooh boy, they are! They're 'just' a drummer & guitarist, but they make an amazing noise with great, inspirational lyrics. They share vocals, thrash guitars, and beat the shit out of drums- sts (the drummer, who was seen throughout the weekend riding round on a skateboard) keeps having to pull her drunk it back cos it keeps edging away from her, probably trying to run away from another merciless beating. Drums have feelings, y'know! **Mika Bomb** will always win in the fashion stakes, as well as dynamic enthusiasm (But this weekend they're rivalled by the cheerleaders!) and are a glitterily great as ever. "This is one *weekid* festival!!" announces Mika. We're more than inclined to agree. The need for cheap booze gets the better of us tho', and while in the park, we brainstorm ideas for a new feminist magazine, potentially a published version of The F-word (and then some?)- which we endeavour to make a reality. YESSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!! This is probably the most intelligent drunken conversation we'll ever have.

All this, however, means I miss Lolita Storm. GRRRRRR!!! They were one of my must-sees... but we were planning a potentially exciting project, which alleviates the disappointment. I got back in time to get a photo, and see Jimmy Try-Too-Hard knock over his keyboards & a mic stand in an effort to be 'punk'. Not big, not clever, not impressive.

Kat Bjelland was spotted (by Caroline) in the park downing a bottle of whisky 20 minutes before their scheduled appearance- is she gonna be up to it?! Well, *Katastrophy Wife* put in a storming *sounding* set, but they seem a little lifeless to look at. Opening with my favourite, 'Gone Away', but still my attention's held right 'til the end, and thankfully we don't have to put up with the overstretched screaming outro that kinda tarnished the last gig of theirs I saw, when several audience members, Angelica, the roadies- sorry, Lamina- all got up for a scream. She's not really shown any signs of being, ahem, tipsy. Later on, I learn she went out to get a bottle of wine, but the bouncer wouldn't let her back in to the after show dj set with it.. did she stay outside & down it?! Wouldn't surprise me.

Train journeys, especially late ones, are invariably like a box of chocolates- if it doesn't make you sick, YOU always end up with the awful nutty ones everyone else manages to avoid. One chatty, fluffernutter-brained blonde lady was saying all kinds of stupid shit, including finding celeb lookalikes for everyone- I was a blue haired Jarvis Cocker, apparently. don't think so, even our glasses are different- and using 'Northener' as an insult for people who tried to ignore her. She then disappears- thank fuck for that, I think- but then, I see a pair of legs appear from under the seat in front of me.. then a midriff.. then up she jumps. "Bet you're impressed aren't yall!" Ahahahah... NO. She then pulls her top up in another desperate bid to impress- stick to crawling under train seats. How did I keep a straight face through this?! Quite easily, thank you.

Saturday- Accusations, Alcohol, Americana

Wool! The day of my Electrelane interview. well, supposedly. After checking out Carol Thomas' set- a proper R&B singer, who sounded very 'Deep South' despite being from Noo York, added some interesting diversity to the weekends acts- I ask an organiser to pass on a message to Electrelane, to see if anything had been arranged. A bit later, she comes back & tells me they know nothing about it (doh!), but are willing to do it (woo-hoo!).

I stick around for some of Pretty's set, and, seeing as I quite like the Human League, I think they're not too bad. If a little unstimulating, which is reflected in that 'review', I think.. I check out the Organisers' Panel, which proves to be a bit of an eyeopener- apparently, this superb, relatively flawless event has come under fire from certain quarters- the organisers of Ladyfest Amsterdam, no less. Various accusations & complaints were levelled at them, including being 'corporate whores' for using Mean Fiddler venues. SO??!!!! The venues were ideal, all within relative walking distance, and the only black mark against them was the typically London ripoff drinks prices. If, like Amsterdam, it was held in a crusty squat (It could've been a bit more glamorous than that, i'm only going by things that were said & I could be completely wrong..) I'd probably have thought twice about coming. And it would probably have been busted & broken up by our overzealous police, which would subsequently mean no

Ladyfest Awards

Nurofen/ ProPlus award for services above & beyond the call of duty

The Ladyfest organisers

Blue Smarties award for incessant energy & enthusiasm

The Radical Cheerleaders

Jennifer Lopez award for ridiculous diva demands

Chicks On Speed

Sister Sledge award for the greatest dancer

Holly

Nicest band

Electrelane (runners-up; We Start Fires, Moonkat)

George Best Award for heroic alcoholic consumption

Kat Bjelland

Sanyo Dictaphones award for the most irritating thing about Ladyfest

The inordinate amount of sweaty old blokes who HAD to be at the front (and just stand there)

Dominic Mohan most ridiculous rumour award

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it cos I, and someone else, might get into trouble..)

Johnny Rotten 'Get it right, mate' award

Jimmy Too-Bad

Best Bands

Thursday- The Hissyfits

Friday (day)- We Start Fires

Friday (eve)- The Haggard

Saturday- Electrelane/ Sarah Dougher

Sunday (day)- Linus

Sunday (eve) Chicks On Speed

Best hair

Caroline

Best dressed

Mika Bomb/ Gina Birch's keyboardist

Fuck you too award

Anyone who gave me strange looks for reading zines/ Bust/ Diva/

Wearing a pink wristband

Ladyfest. None of this was appreciated by them, and smacks of a punker-than-thou attitude which *could* potentially dissolve Riot Grrl, and in extremis, feminist culture (that's probably(?) a bit paranoid). Aren't we all supposed to pull together, open up to feminists irrespective of sex, attitudes & viewpoints? We're not an elite. They've also pontificated at Riot Grrl London, one of the tightest groups I've had the pleasure of knowing, and being involved with, and even if our views differ, we're still wise enough to 'agree to disagree', and keep the common bond between us all. Can't THEY show that same respect???!!!! Looking at it from their point of view, I guess using Mean Fiddler venues, and sponsors, kind of defeats the DIY ethic. Which side of the fence do you fall on? Hey baby, you go your way, and I'll go mine. But in the meantime..

After that, I hope for some storming bands to shut that contingent up.. sadly neither **Mirah** or **Tender Trap** are good enough to do that. Not even the presence of Amelia Fletcher can save Tender Trap from uninterestingness- I guess either of them weren't bad, just so.. ordinary. They might shine in lesser company, but on this showing I'm not enticed to find out at a later date. I'm about to join greater company, anyway- that of Mia Clarke & Rachel Dalley (Of Electrelane). **Charlotte Cooper's** spoken word was more entertaining, recounting times as a go-go girl with Wayne/ Jayne County (Of 'Fuck Off' fame- Elton John's fave punk tune, no less!) delivered in the style of a stand-up comedienne. Refreshing.

"Time goes slow in the dark, we're gettin' drunk in the park"... again. You might fear for the state of our livers, but if last night was anything to go by, it acts as a stimulant for positive activism. Inspired by two stencilled Ladyfest logo's on the benches, Red breaks out her marker pen, and Caroline writes "Use the F word, Feminism" on the bricks (yes, I said BRICKS). I carefully avoid sitting on it, not wanting to ruin Caroline's work, or walk around with 'msinimef' on my butt. Which would mean it would only have an effect on drivers, if they see my bum in their rear view mirrors. (By the way; Red Square with Tequila is fucking disgusting). I'm back in time for about half of **Sarah Dougher**. How'd you pronounce it? Dow-er? Doog-er? Whatever. Her music's so dreamy, be it solo, or with whoever (Cadallaca most notably), and leaves you feeling like you've just shared a loving cuddle with your boy/girlfriend. And, keeping that romantic feeling going, back come the **Radical Cheerleaders!** And! They have groupies!! I suspect Seleena has the most, owing to the amount of 'I love you's aimed at her (see, there's the romance!), but only one 'I love you Holly!'. And that was from Holly herself. Awwwww. But someone DOES then shout out 'Holly! I love you!' "Wow, I love me too!! We've got so much in common!" she replies. Northern wit! I sympathise when Holly expresses her displeasure of being named after a dead dog- yeah, well, Irish county where I was conceived, Dead dog, same difference. Holly & Seleena- you are the real stars of the weekend. And you've reawakened my aspirations of wanting to be a cheerleader. Need to wax my legs first. **Hello Cuca** fill in for **The Bangs**, and I seem to enjoy them more than in their first-on slot on thursday. Several peeps are walking round eating this nice-smelling soup, unwanted by the bands. Red mentions her mate Ian should've gone with me to meet Electrelane, but he was worried about looking silly in front of 'em- c'mon, if I can choke on a cola cube in front of 'em, and still come away with my dignity (relatively) intact...

Electrelane are mesmerising tonight. Even if you're not exactly enthralled by them on Cd, they're an even more perfect prospect live. Opening with the gorgeous, dancey 'Blue Straggler'- this one number alone shows why they, as they say, work so well as an instrumental band. But then, as if to contradict that, 'I Want To Be The President' is outstanding, and Verity, sporting a fetching cap (probably fed up with comments about her hair!), displays a voice perfectly suited to the electro-stylings of the aforementioned song. It's probably my fave number tonight, I'd say- great use of a pink voice-changing megaphone too.

During the set, someone yells out something about ripping off a song, to which Verity responds rather tersely to- "If you meet me afterwards by those doors there, we can discuss it, 'cos I don't like to be accused of something I haven't done"- but WHAT song tho'?! I'm still bemused by this. Unsurprisingly, there's no sign of him afterwards, but **Becky & Laura W.S.F** are there, loitering with intent (of getting Cd's signed). And we manage to coerce Verity into having her picture taken with **Lizzie & Red**- but Red's whoop-ass camera doesn't seem to wanna work for me (c'mon, I only did a City & Guilds in photography after all..) so I get to pose cheesily with them, but I miss out on the opportunity to ask Verity what the hell that guy was on about.

Somewhat naively, I decide to tag along with everyone back to the Generator hostel for drinks, despite a) not actually 'officially' staying there, and b) my restricted travel options... well, whatever. The Generator bar- in fact, pretty much the entire hostel, but the bar especially- is SO American in feel, I keep getting the urge to

play pool or put 'Footloose' on the jukebox. I order the in-house special cocktail, initially a peachy sensation to the tastebuds, but further down the glass comes the vomit-inducing hit of CHEAP vodka. Fuck. Call me a snob, but cheap vodka is like drinking hair-spray. Everyone decides that it's time for bed, but what am I gonna do?! I follow in the hope of some floorspace- my luck never stretches to a bed, even in hotels- and I throw my bag down as a pillow-of-sorts. Bianca kindly lends me a quilt, and I lie in hope that the alky-hol would be enough of a tranquiliser.

Uh-oh. Seems like I'll be having a more uncomfortable night- security has just appeared at our door, and enquires as to why I'm on the floor. Me & Lizzie try to muster up some incoherent excuses, but I still end up being marched down to reception. sheepishly I explain my predicament, and they kindly allow me to stay- but only if I pay £16 for an hour's sleep on an uncomfortable hard floor, with a bag filled with a camera, bottles & zines as a pillow? Money well spent? Well, given that my only other option was a soaking wet, even harder London street, with a stinking tramp as a pillow, I guess it was.

Sunday- Soakings, Sweaty blokes, Speed (Chicks On)

Given that you get brekky in with yer £16-a-night fee, it seems more like money well spent. But I don't have a 'morning' stomach, so I opt merely for a nice cuppa, which was about as hot as yr average lava spouting volcano. And who says blagging your way backstage is the best way to meet the stars? While waiting in the hostel foyer, I recognise The Hissyfits, just sitting there. Richard mistakes them for Chicks On Speed though- but I recognise tall, slightly intimidatng singer Holly (Princess) right away. She's far from intimidating tho', in fact she's quite sweet & quietly spoken, and I take the opportunity to buy one of their Cd's. Justifies my night on the floor, I feel.

It's mentioned that everyone wants to go to the National Portrait Gallery, a trip I consider foregoing for a spot of shopping, for a split second 'til it's mentioned there's an exhibition of Women in music, entitled She Bop- brilliant images of the likes of Debbie Harry, Madonna, Ari Up, Polly Styrene, Bjork, Sinead O'Connor, and more. It's disappointingly small though, not even filling a room the size of your living room.

Leaving Red & Bianca to the Finger Bang zine stall, I pop upstairs to check out The Electroluvs.

and leave fairly quickly. They're not the worst band I've seen, but they are probably the 'worst' band I've seen this weekend- given the great company, that's not *such* a dishonour. but they do sound a pale imitation of 'new' Bis. So, partly out of boredom, I go downstairs & buy more stuff- books, badges, Cd's, zines, cards, blah blah. and Bianca's gorgeous arty-zine, Heebie Geebees. all these seemingly miniscule trinkets certainly add up- a check of my balance shows I'm £300 down from the start of the weekend. Mind you, that's mostly due to the exhorbitant prices of drinks at the Garage- Evian was £1.20, I had 23.. do your own maths. Linus are known to quite a few of you, and despite being around since the early incarnations of Riot Grrl, they still have an air of newness to them, as well as a knack of making bad lyrics sound cute. They pass the time adequately, and put a smile on my face, 'til we depart for the Horse Hospital for *Secret Vocabulary*, the film of the recent Le Tigre Astoria gig. The adventure begins.

Red & I hop on to the tube to Russel Square, when my ears prick up & hear an announcement; "Due to short-staffing, Russel Square tube station is closed. No trains will be stopping at Russel Square". Fantastique. My memory of the location of the ULU venue reminds me that Goodge Street is just across the way from Russel Square, and shouldn't be more than a 15 minute walk. Ohhhh my, I never anticipated having our process slowed considerably by THE most hideous thunderstorm I've witnessed. Seriously, it was like having buckets of water chucked over us. The streets were like rivers, and I couldn't even see an inch in front of me. And to top it off, Russel Square station receives a loud, rather scary bolt of lightning. 'ave that, London Transport!

Yep, soaking and dishevelled, your hapless heroes eventually did make it to the Horse hostiple, you'll be glad to hear. Thank fuck I have the choice of two t-shirts to change into! Nowhere to change though, so I head down a darkened stairwell, hopefully no-one can see me down here! Having acted as a sponge for most of the rainwater, I have no option but to discard my Ladyfest T-shirt, as well as my socks. Didn't get to see the Le Tigre film, but the two I saw, about pilot Amy Johnson (with X-Ray Spex on the soundtrack!) and drag queens/kings did seem to go on a bit too long, so a return to the Garage- alone- proves to be a better option. Well, it woulda been, had I not taken a wrong turn & finished up walking to Kings Cross via Holborn, with not a tube station in

Ladyfest Scrapbook



Nikki from Kaito



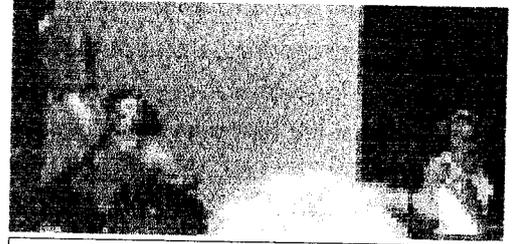
Raisin' funds!



The Hissyfit's rock



Sarah D.



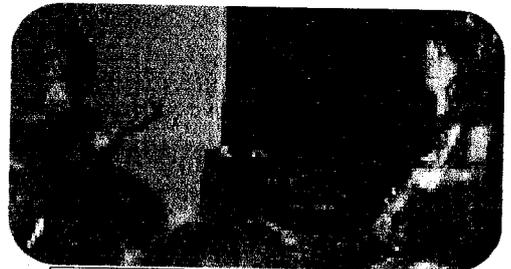
Go Lolo! Go Lolo! Go go go!



The Haggard rock foo



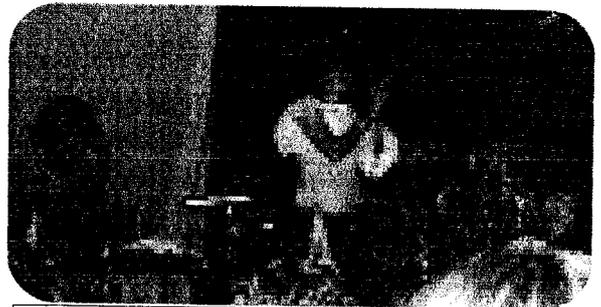
Linus



Two of the sweetest ppl I've met - Mia & Rachel Electrelane



Electrelane and a sizeable crowd



Chicks On Speed. Chicks On Speed. Chicks On Speed.



Marion Who's-That-Bitch? & Jane Electra



Shall I do it..?



..I think I will!



Wooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

sight. Squelching, cold, and a tad pissed off, i'm relieved to meet up with Jane + Marion, Bec, Rupa & Vicki. Pro Forma were first up, and after a ropey start, they turned out alright, fusing electro with punk, but the bassist definitely seemed to be trying to score 'punk rock points', like Jimmy Too-Bad. Finally, Jeanne Marie Spicuzza gets to speak, and while some may have levelled the tiresome 'preaching to the converted' accusation, her passion & enthusiasm seems to cast a spell over the audience, no pun intended. Printed Circuit are a one-woman electro-dancey-feast, not the most visually stimulating act maybe, but fails not to get you moving. Or impress you with the Kylie samples!

What happened to People Like Us??? Their no-show means a chasmic gap between Printed Circuit &

Gina Birch, which the Ladyfest DJ's admirably fill with sublime-to-the-ridiculous musical choices. And 'High On A Hill' from The Sound Of Music. Of Course.

When Gina Birch eventually appears, there's still a wait while her keyboardist Edith (sporting probably the most elaborate outfit of the weekend) loads up her disks. Gina tells a joke while we wait: "What was postman pat called at school?.... Pat." After the room is cleared of tumbleweed, Gina provides a surprisingly dour, in a Joy Division sense, set- i'm not really familiar with The Raincoats' material (usually PVC isn't it?... more tumbleweed), so i'm not sure how to compare, if at all. Her voice is the most striking part of the act, but i'm more transfixed by that than the female-Bez dancer/tambourine player, and the odd film playing behind her.

Well, at the end of the day it's the organiser's business who they sell the tickets to, but I, amongst others, are perturbed by the amount of fat, sweaty old blokes in here tonight, as well as the entire weekend- no surprise to see that guy who's usually at 'girl-band' gigs- The Twat With The Plait- and they HAVE to be at the front, don't they? Just so they can slag the bands off in their e-zines, I suspect. One in particular, showed no respect or mercy in using his sizeable frame & elbows to force his way past everyone. Arse. Maybe we should follow the example of LZ's 'Everglade' next time? It's so packed out it's barely possible to breathe in here (largely due to various male odours- good job I had-sorry, received- a shower earlier...) so now i'm really hoping Chicks On Speed are worth their ridiculous demands- the least of which was asking for strawberries & cream before their soundcheck. Ohhhhhhhhhhh my. They were worth it and then some. *Absolutely fuckin brilliant.* Mesmerising. The outfits, the make up... they put on one of the most memorable shows i've seen. Quite a few new tracks, from the forthcoming album, were premiered, but of course the tracks from 'Will Save Us All' were the best received- 'Glamour Girl', 'Kalttes Klares Wasser', 'Euro Trash Girl', even 'The Floating Pyramid Over Frankfurt That The Taxi Driver Saw When He Was Landing'. But of course, 'Mind Your Own Business' was the hammer. While Alex & Kiki went about the set in a fairly understated fashion- well, as understated as Chicks On Speed could be- Melissa was the crowd-pleaser, climbing up on the speaker stack (nearly landing on poor janel), then getting carried round the crowd! She's passed towards me, and i end up providing support for Melissa's waxy leg. Luckily she & her outfit returned in one piece, surprising considering a certain contingent of the audience.

The dancing didn't end there, ohh no- the after-show DJ's provided the perfect end-of-weekend party. I dance my ass off til it gets kinda too drum n' bass-y for my own personal liking. So it's at this moment I take time out to thank the organisers for putting on such a seminal weekend; Margarita says she's gonna go home & sleep for two days solid. It's no less than you deserve.

On the final train journey home, there's a tear in my eye. But it's one of sadness. I'm sock-less and

still wet, tired, and feeling disappointed about missing out on some things. But what of the things I did see? People I met? Inspirational workshops? Fantastic bands? Great times with friends? Funny-now-you-look-back-on-them escapades? And, for me, getting over my worries of speaking in front of an audience. Suddenly, the tear takes on a happier feel. And already I look forward to Manchester 2003. And Newcastle 2004, already...

Ladyfest Manchester 2003

Ladyfest is a festival designed by women in order to celebrate & showcase the artistic, organisational & political talents of women in independent culture.

Ladyfest Manchester will be put on in Summer 2003. It is in the planning stages at the moment, and we are looking for a committee of people who would be interested in helping to organise the event.

If you are interested in this or if you want to perform, show your art or run a workshop etc please contact us for more information; ladyfest_manchester@mail.com



*Above left: Mika Bomb-
real life Manga charac-
ters*

*Above right: Gina Birch-
If only your mum was
this cool.*



Lolita Storm: Pure class



P'd In The Park.



*Not yer average sunday
market.*