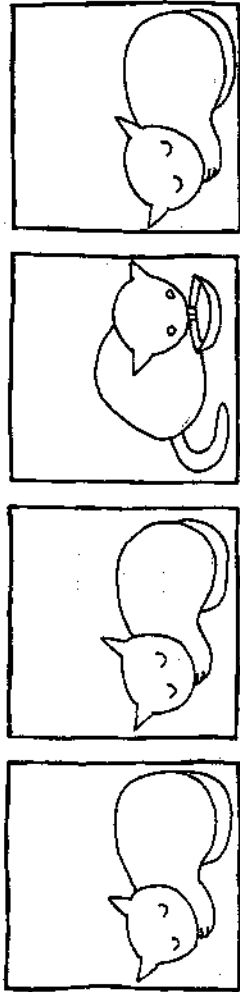


A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CAT...



THE END

MY (crappy) WEBSITES

- www.lostluna-rebelart.cjb.net, www.flickr.com/photos/lostluna and www.myspace.com/lostlunarebelart (noise, spoken word & art/drawings)
- www.riotgrrrlbelgium.cjb.net and www.grrrlriot.cjb.net (riot grrrl)
- www.geocities.com/rgcollectief (Riot Grrrl collective in Hasselt)
- www.myspace.com/dkonstruxie (the site of D-Konstruxie, recently split up, we played crustriothiphopcore)
- www.echoriot.cjb.net (Echo: my DIY tape label / zine press / craft project)

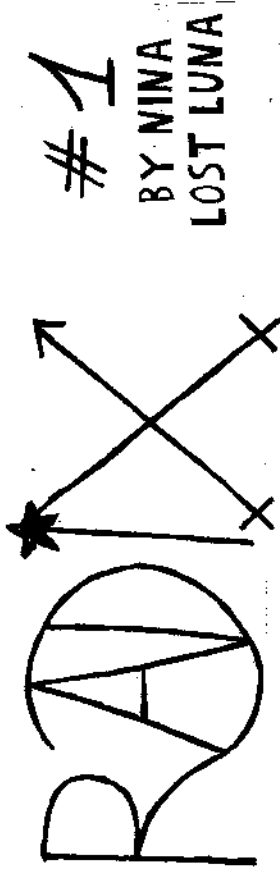
~~OUTRO~~

So, that was it, the first issue of Radix! For the next issue I'm already working on a longer comic about revolting paintings. And there will be more paper screams, day dreams and counter-cultural comics. I should hopefully also have a Lost Luna demo tape out by then.

See you!
Nina

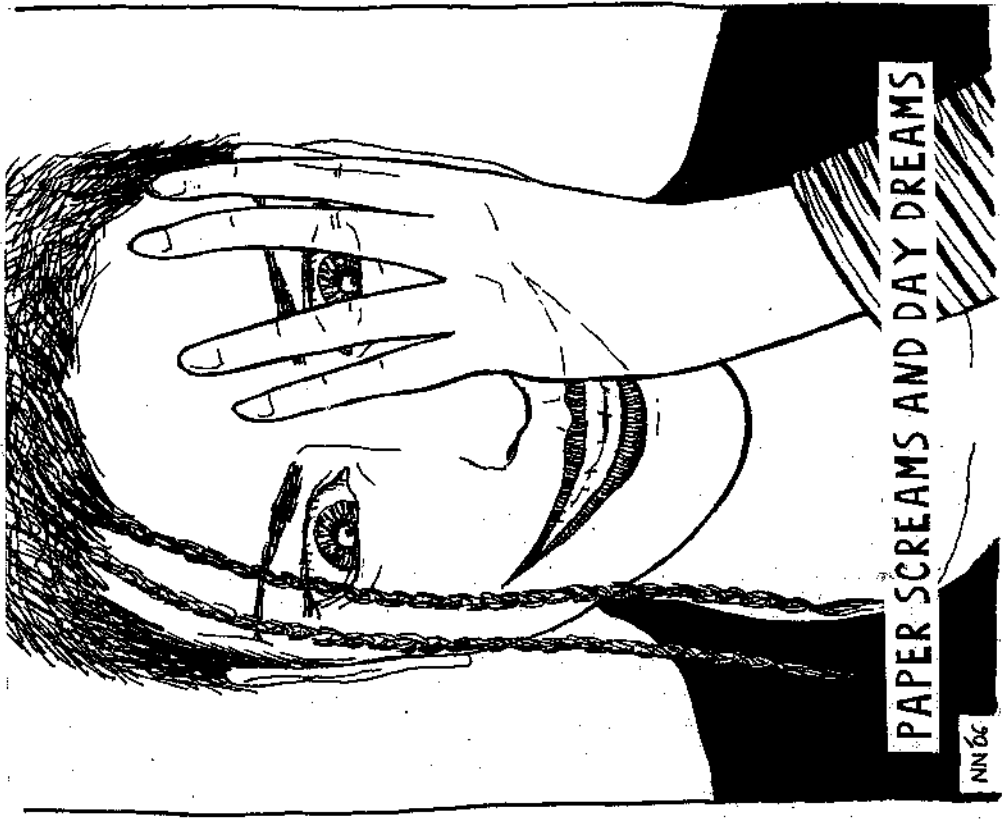


ECHO 014
ECHO RECORDS / PRESS / ART
www.echoriot.cjb.net



BY NINA
LOST LUNA

RADICAL COUNTER-CULTURE ART AND COMIX



PAPER SCREAMS AND DAY DREAMS

NIN 06

Dear readers,

this is the first comic zine* I ever made. It is called "Radix", which means "root" in Latin. The word "radical" is derived from "radix" and it means doing something to the root/core, giving all your energy and dedication (for example for a certain cause)... instead of mere mediocrity. So "radical" doesn't need to have a negative connotation.

But first I'll introduce myself: I am Nina, a 20-something student (who refuses to grow up. Is that why I make comics?). I live in Hasselt, a small city in Belgium. Apart from drawing a lot, I write zines ("Flapper Gathering", "Not Lady-Like"...). I also make music as Lost Luna (one-grrl experimental punk and art project) and I used to play guitar in D-Konstruxie. I participate in and sometimes organise actions. As you can see in my comics, I have a great interest in underground music, squats, anarchism, riot grrrl** and queer theory. I support feminism (yes, I dare to call myself a feminist!), animal rights, DIY*** projects... I'm inspired by travelling, friends, films, music, zines, books, crafty creations, art, cats, rooftops, summer days, queerness...

Some of the comics in this zine are partly based on real-life experiences, but don't assume everything's autobiographical. Remember a comic, like a film or a novel, is a work of fiction.

I really appreciate getting response, comments and (love) letters about my zines, comics and drawings, so write me! And show me YOUR drawings, art and comics too!

Rock on & read on!

Nina

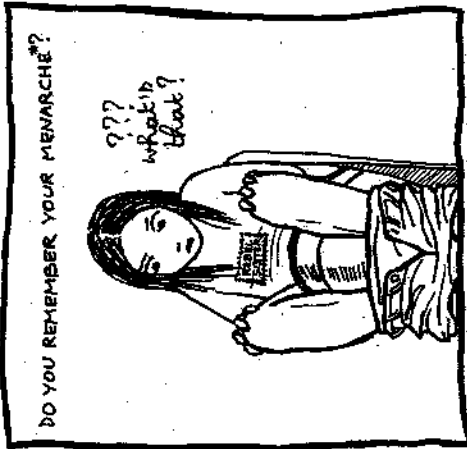
flapper.grrrl@yahoo.co.uk
or nina@riotgrrrlbelgium.cjb.net

* ZINE = self-made, non-profit small publication/magazine
** RIOT GRRRL = DIY feminism, started in the punk scene around 1990
*** DIY = do-it-yourself, anti-mainstream, which allows you to be more creative, independent and free. Concept invented in the underground punk subculture



- p.2 intro
- p.3 contents
- p.4 BLOOD & FEARS
Comic about (radical) menstruation. The Dutch version appeared in the anarchist paper De Nar # 206 in June 2006.
- p.6 MUSIC IN MY MIND
Music makes me dream and get active/creative (August 2006)
- p.7 PINK BLOCK drawing
Drawing made to accompany my song "Pink Block" on myspace. This b/w version was exhibited at the Up The Grrrls festival in Paris in September 2006 for the first time. The coloured version was exhibited at Ladyfest Rotterdam in October 2006 and at Freak Out in Rome in December 2006.
- p.8 QUEER PUNK FAIRYTALE
Fictive queerious anarcha-feminist squatter punk tale (2006).
Inspired by the story by Julie M Ryan in her zine "This Is Still Not About Your Favorite Band". (Create your own real-life fairytales!)
- p.15 SHIP PORTRAIT
More or less a self-portrait, made in March 2006. In the summer I've drawn plenty of portraits on art markets, which I'd love to do more.
- p.16 STORM
Just a fictive story made in September 2006
- p.18 NAMELESS & FACELESS
Poem about those who are excluded from visibility and compassion in "our" society. I intend to make a spoken word piece based on this text too. (2006)
- p.19 I DIDN'T COMB MY HAIR TODAY
Question what seems unquestionable! Made in November 2004
- p.20 D-SASTER IN THE NETHERLANDS
Fiction is NOT reality. D-Saster is NOT D-Konstruxie, but there are some (coincidental?) similarities. So yes, a) this story was largely based on our concert experiences in Leiden and b) I'm really looking for a new band! The comic was made in September-December 2006.
- p.23 FEMINISTS cartoon
The accepted type of feminist... and the others... Made in December 2004
- p.24 PUPPET DOLL comic
The idea of dancing puppets on strings came to me several years ago. This version of the comic was made in 2006.
- p.25 SOLDEN: SHOP ADDICTS
This new version of my shop addicts cartoon was made in October 2006. The old one you can still find on my website for now.
- p.26 EUKE & WESLY comics + info
Euke is probably my oldest (and craziest) comic heroine. I made these comics at school in 2002/2003
- p.27 21st CENTURY DOLLE MINA'S
Drawing made September 2006 and inspired by the group Dolle Mina who were active in the second feminist wave in Belgium and the Netherlands and who did pro-choice actions writing "baas in eigen buik" ("boss in our own belly") on their bellies.
- p.28 A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CAT comic + websites + outro
Comic made in December 2006

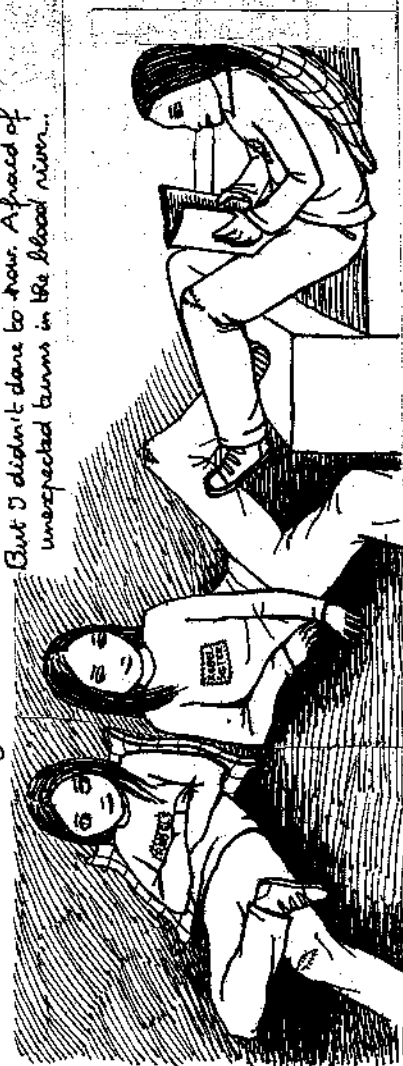
★ BLOOD & FEARS ★



I do: It was scary at first. I didn't move in my chair for hours. I just sat in the most "unnatural" position possible, to prevent the blood from flowing beside the pad in my underwear. Not that it would, but how could I know?



THIS is how I usually sit:



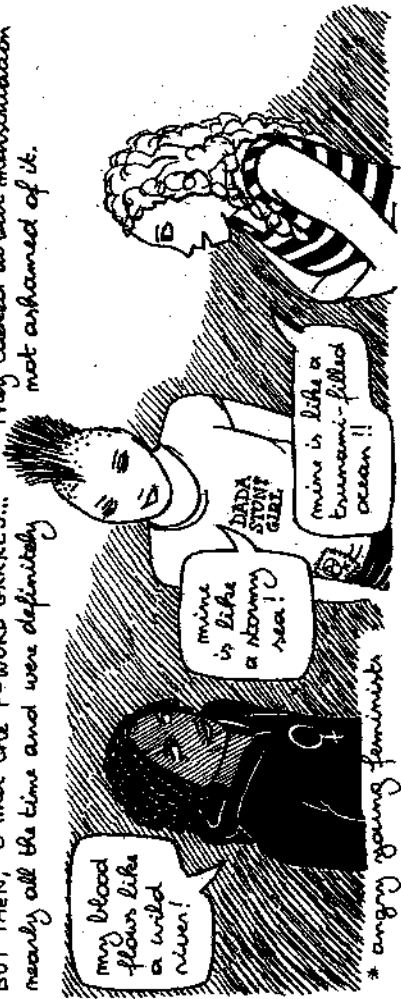
But I didn't dare to show. Afraid of unexpected turns in the blood river...

At that moment there couldn't be a greater contrast between me and the jolly, jumpy, wonderous menstruating women in the TV ads for corporate menstruation products...



At school my friends didn't want to mention menstruation. It was an "aw" subject no one talked about. We were supposed to hide it and pretend nothing was happening...

BUT THEN, I met the F-WORD GRRRLS... nearly all the time and was definitely not ashamed of it.

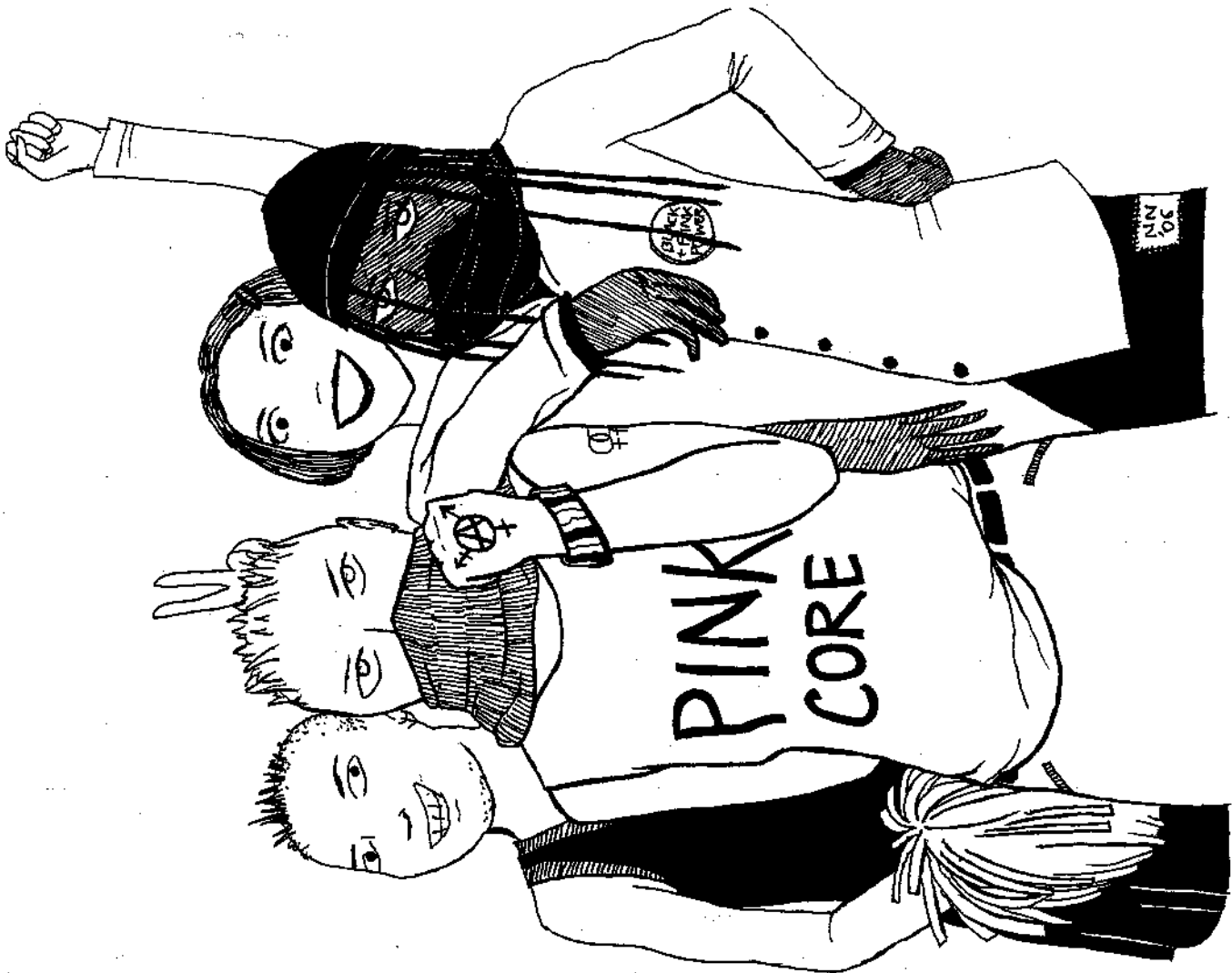
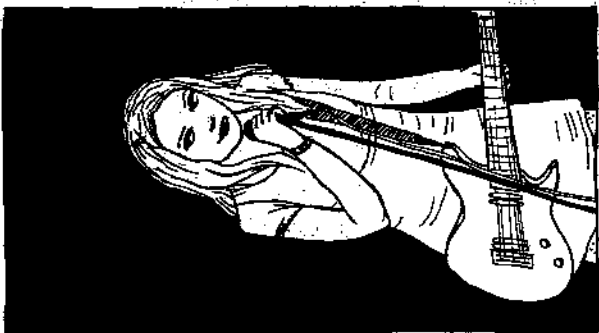
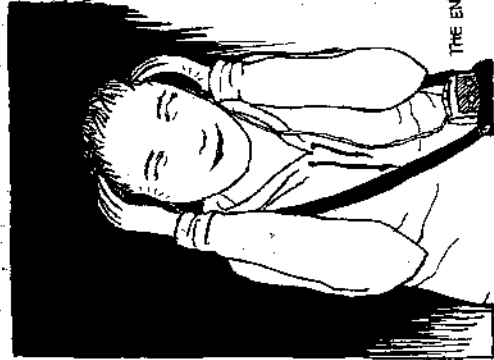
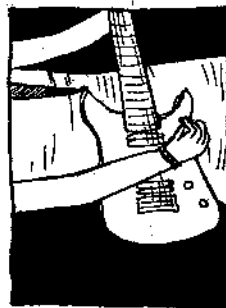
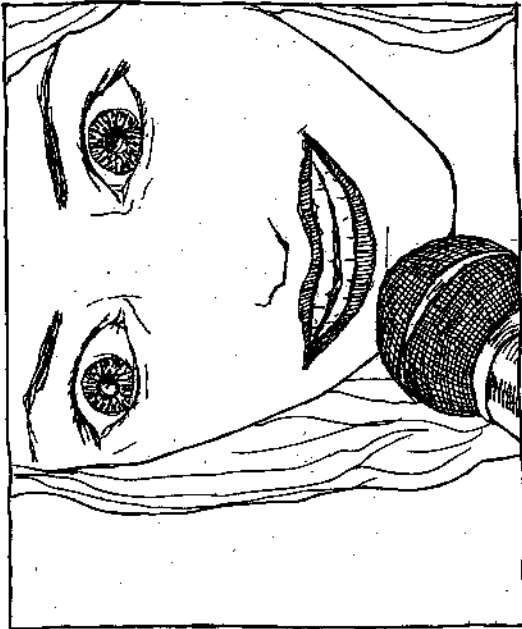


It was infectious and soon more people joined the activities, discussions and actions. Even "non-menstruators" were invited. So despite the monthly menstrual aches, our little feminism club made our "period pains" fun. At least I never worried about how to sit anymore...

THE END

NN06

MUSIC IN MIND
MY

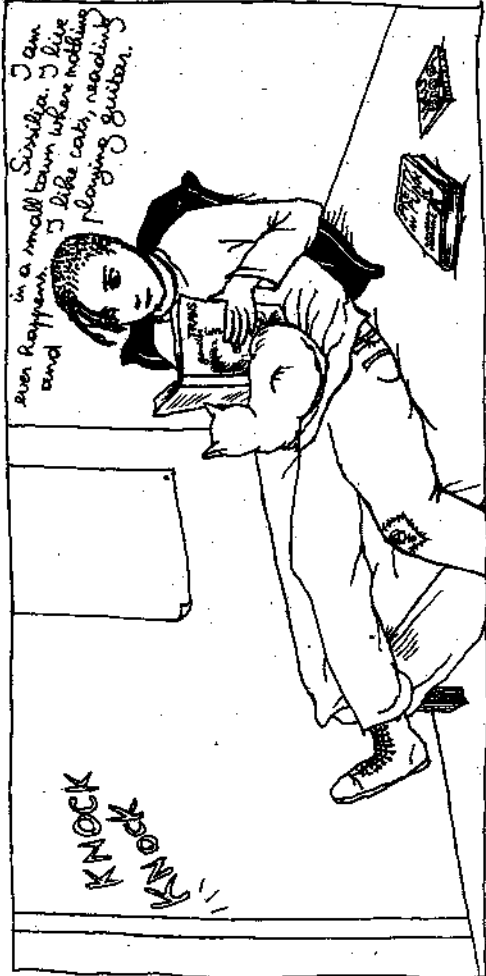


THE END

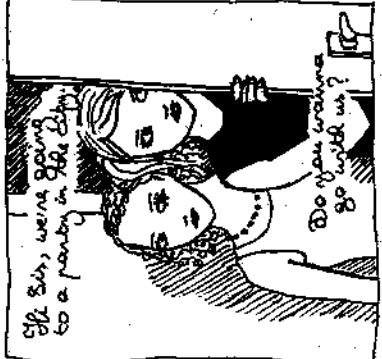
MM
06

QUEER PUNK FAIRYTALE

pp 66

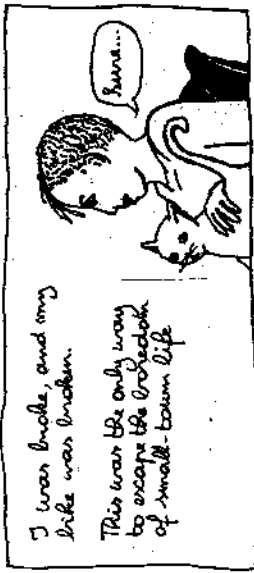


I am in a small town where nothing ever happens. I like to play guitar. I like cats, reading, and playing guitar.



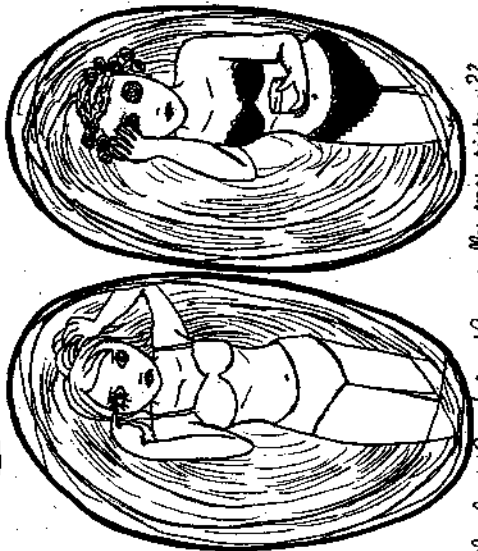
The Sis, were going to a party in the city.

Do you wanna go with us?



I was broke, and my life was broken.

This was the only way to escape the boredom of small-town life.



Look at them! Are they really my sisters??



I'm sure you'll meet fabulous people at the party.

So, what are you gonna wear? I hope you're not gonna keep those clothes on!!

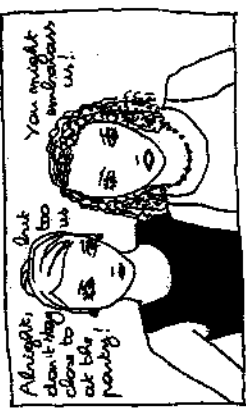
Why not??



We'll help you dress nicely...

NO WAY!

What were they thinking?! I imagine I would help her to choose clothes that would make more sense.

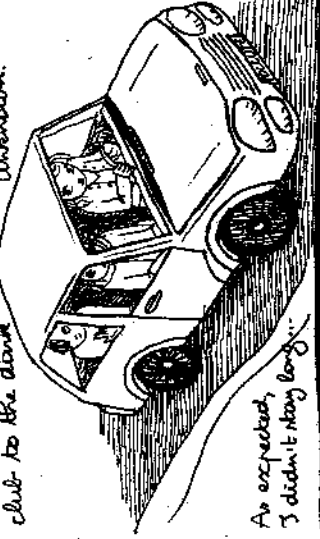


Alright, but you might don't try to allow to at the party!

You might embarrass us!

And the other way around...

I was sure it was gonna be a boring party, but it didn't make. I was looking forward to the little bright lights of the city, streets filled with strangers whose stories I'll never know and suburban graffiti on crumbling brick walls. And of course there was always the possibility of escaping from the yuppie club to the dark unknown.



As expected, I didn't stay long...



Is that the man that I met in New York?

Yeah... look at that!

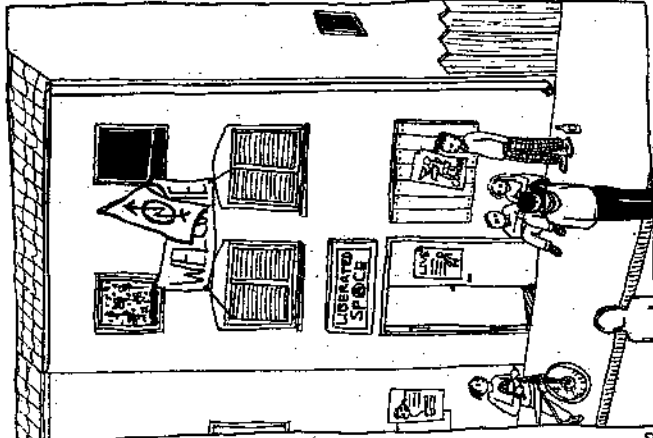
Glammer, glitter and the amazing comments... I had to get out of there fast!

My notes were out of sight so I
 sneaked away in the bank of the night

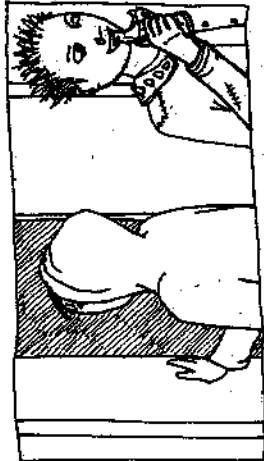


... and I knew exactly when to go...

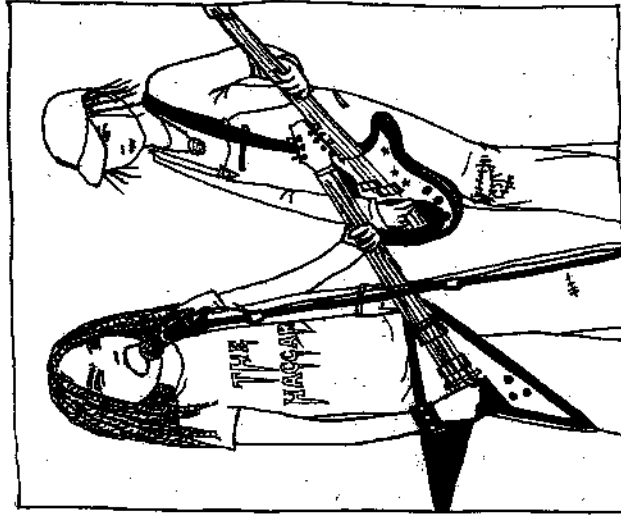
A few days ago,
 I found a flyer
 about a punk gig
 in a recently
 squatted house
 not too far from
 here. Other gigs
 and activities
 had taken place
 there as well, and
 it seemed worth
 checking out.



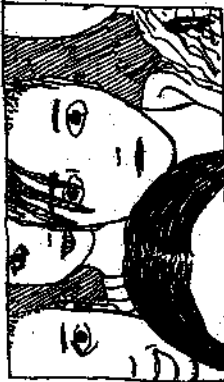
The noise, the freedom, the freedom & rebellion attracted me like a magnet.



The smell of beer & sweat,
 showers of excitement
 (or cold?). I loved it.
 I felt at home.



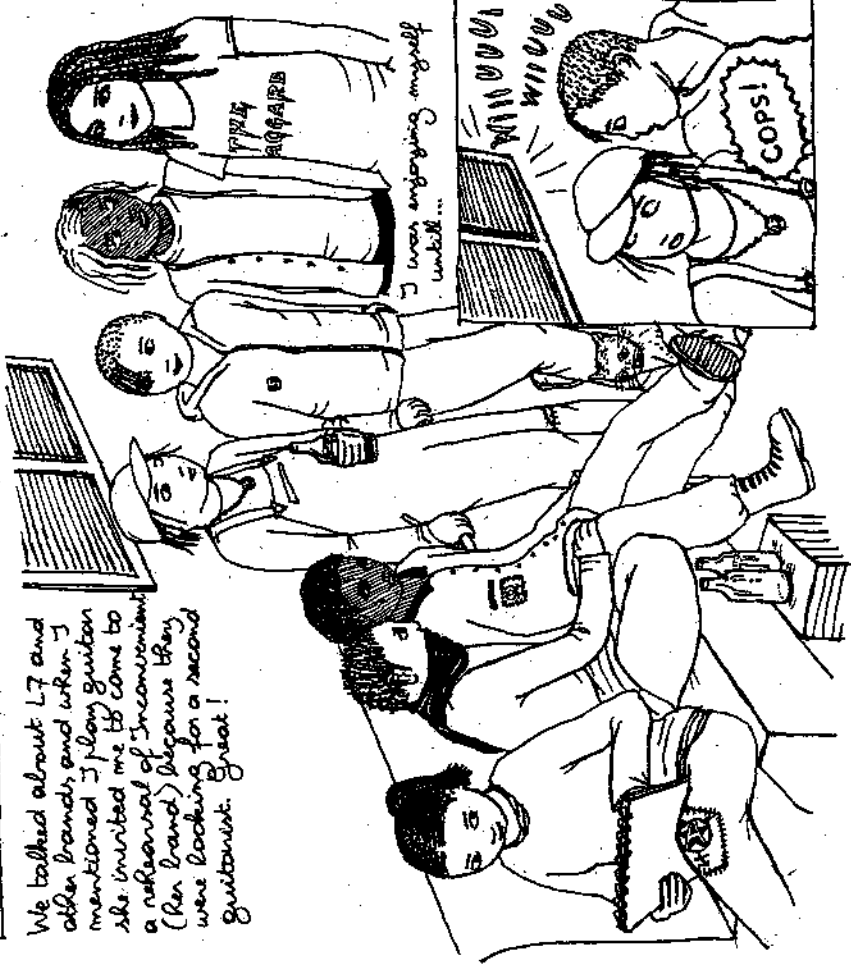
We talked about L7 and
 other bands, and when I
 mentioned I play guitar
 she invited me to come to
 a rehearsal of 'Inconvenient'
 (her band) because they
 were looking for a second
 guitarist. Great!



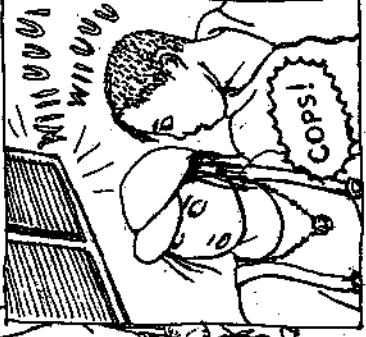
The band rocked and I was
 especially impressed by the skills
 of the bassist. So after the gig...



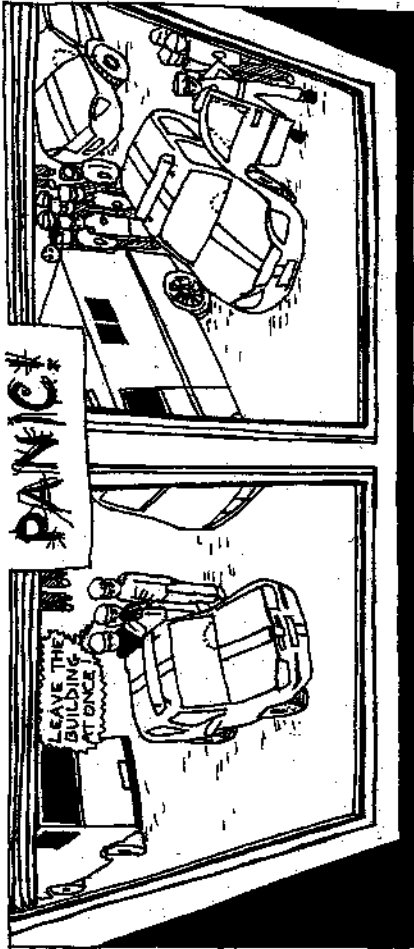
... Ray... I invited
 you to L7
 show!



I was enjoying myself
 until...



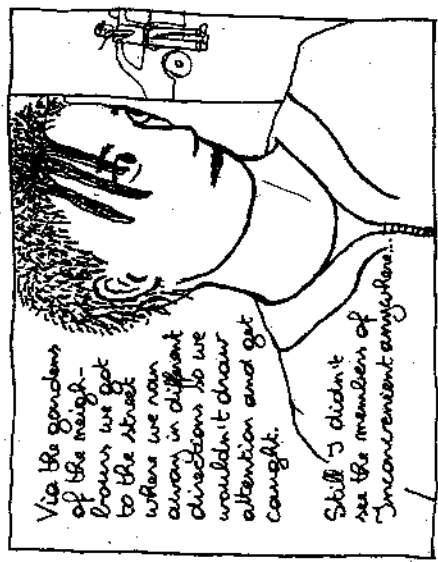
PANIC!



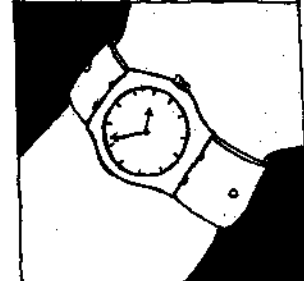
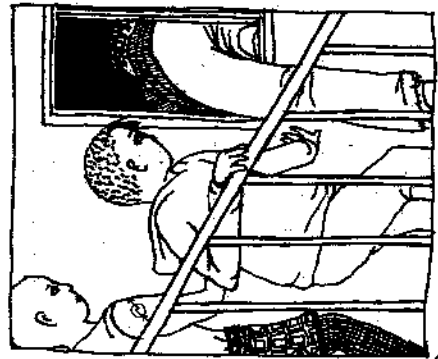
There was no way we could win from this ridiculous amount of rubble. We had to escape through a back door in order not to get arrested for trespass. I didn't understand what all the fuss was about. We didn't harm or bother anyone. We were just having fun in a house that had been empty and not used for ages. But there was no time to think or discuss. We had to leave... now!



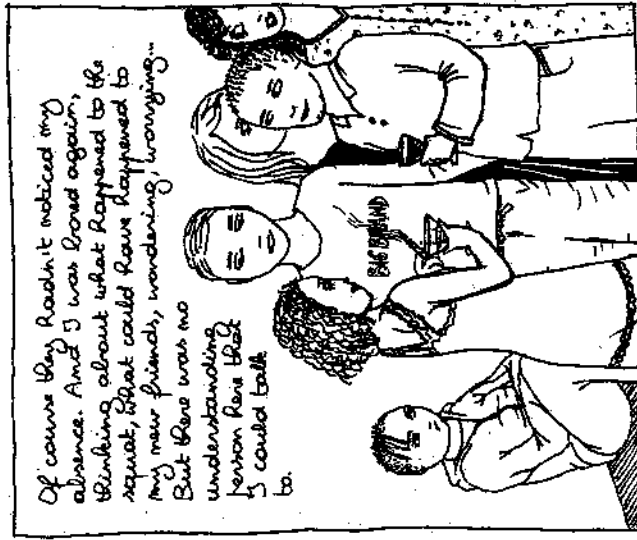
So many people running around. I didn't see my new friends anymore... It was a chaotic situation.



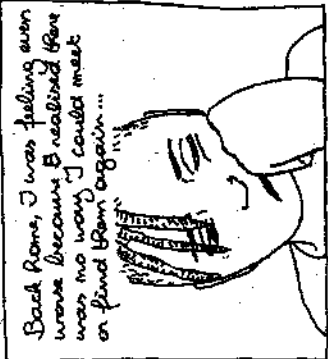
Via the gardens of the mansion hours we got to the street where we ran away in different directions so we wouldn't draw attention and get caught. Still I didn't see the members of Inconvenient anywhere...



I decided to head back to the definition of fun: my sisters' party. Would they be looking for me? Maybe they were starting to get worried... or not?

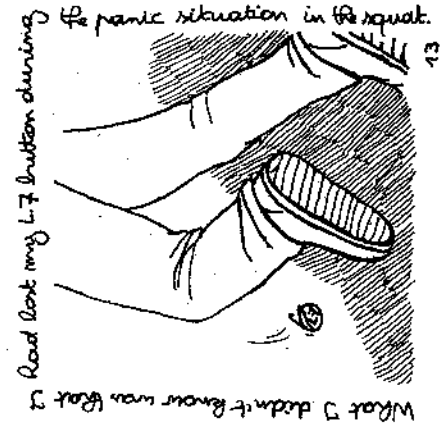
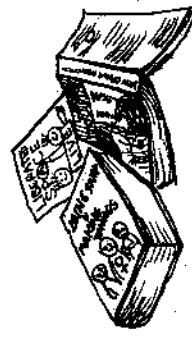


Of course they hadn't noticed my absence. And I was bored again, thinking about what happened to the squat, that could have happened to my new friends, wondering, wronging... But there was no understanding person here that I could talk to.

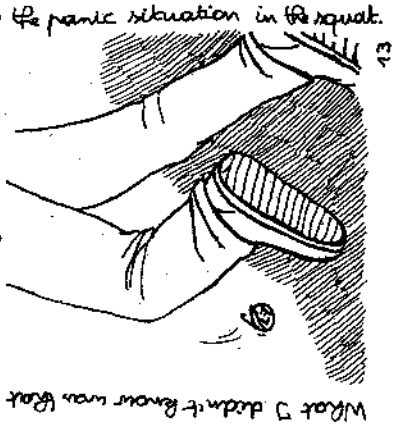


Back home, I was feeling even worse because I realized there was no way I could meet or find them again...

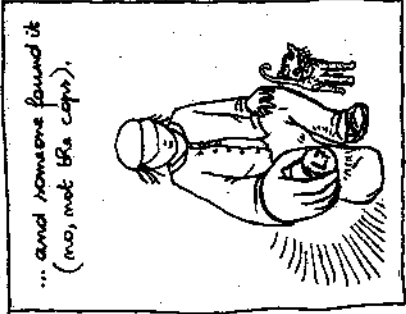
The squat was evicted and I had no address or full name.



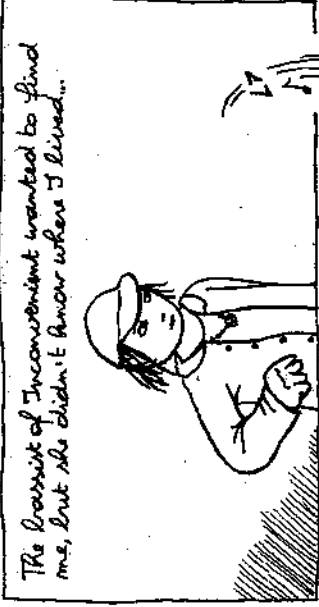
Read lost my L7 button during the panic situation in the squat.



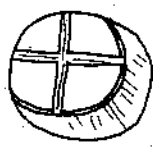
What I didn't know was that I



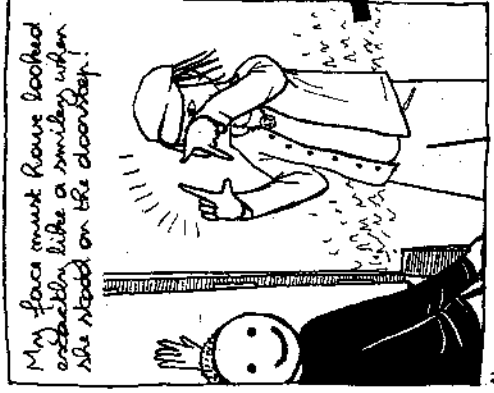
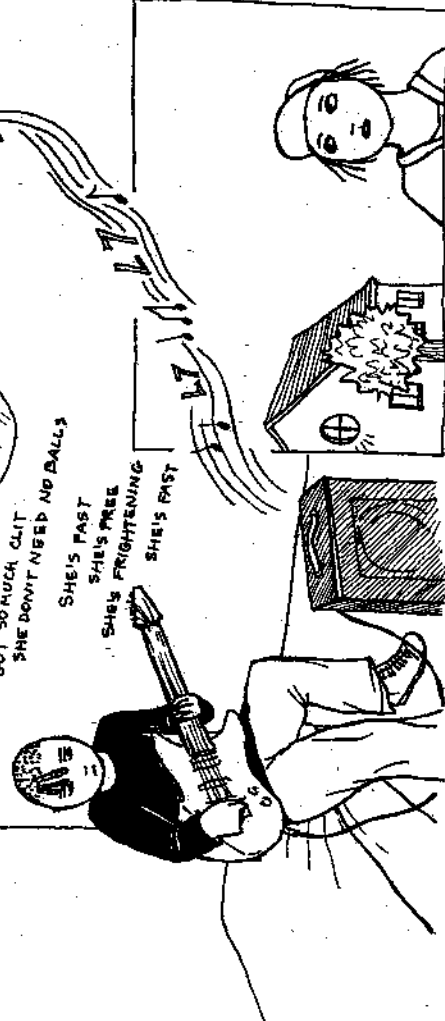
... and someone found it (no, not the cap).



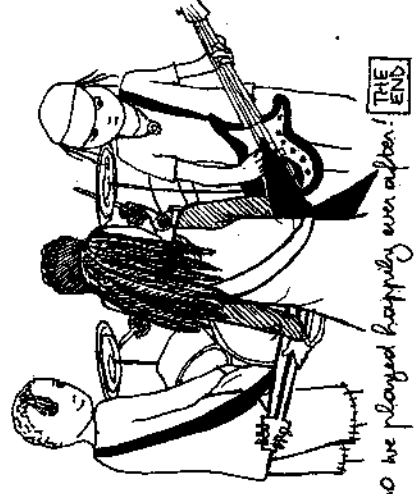
The Bossist of Inconvenient wanted to find me, but she didn't know where I lived...



GOT SO MUCH CLIT
SHE DONT NEED NO BALLS
SHE'S FAST
SHE'S FREE
SHE'S FRIGHTENING
SHE'S FAST



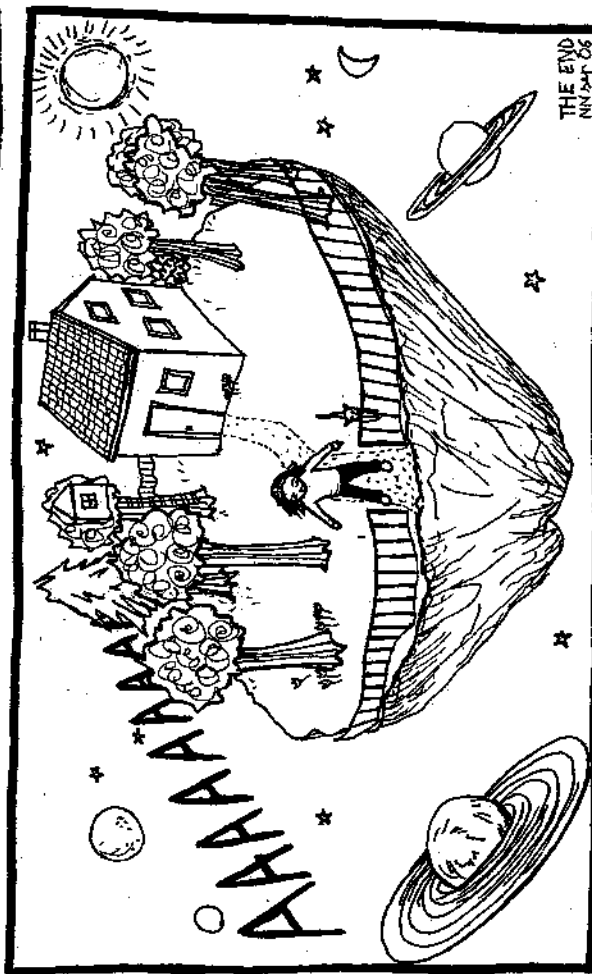
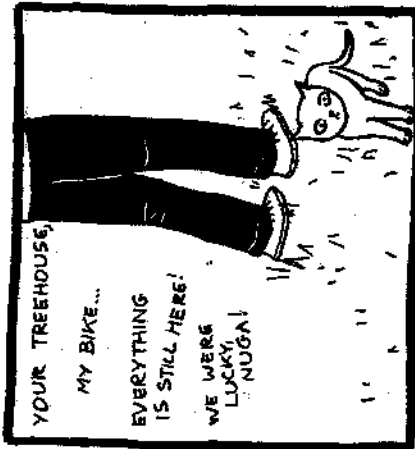
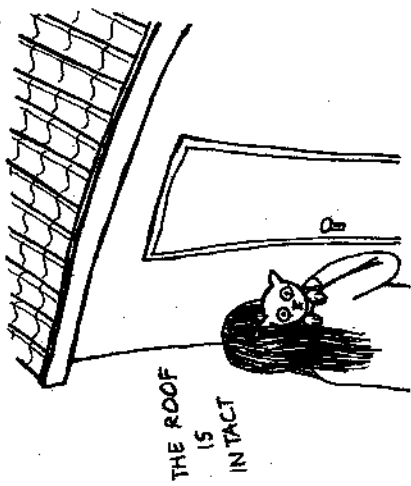
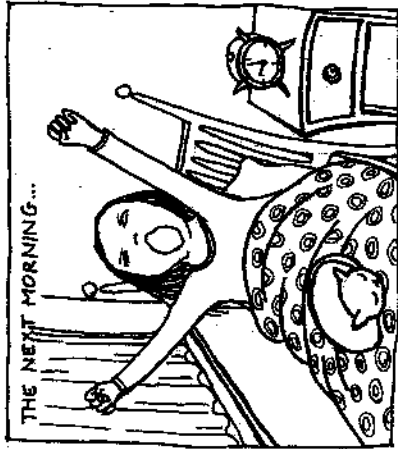
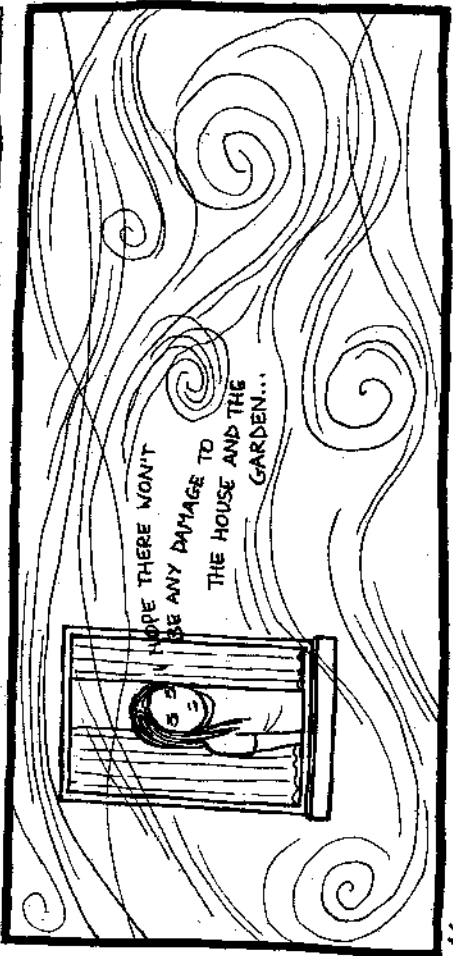
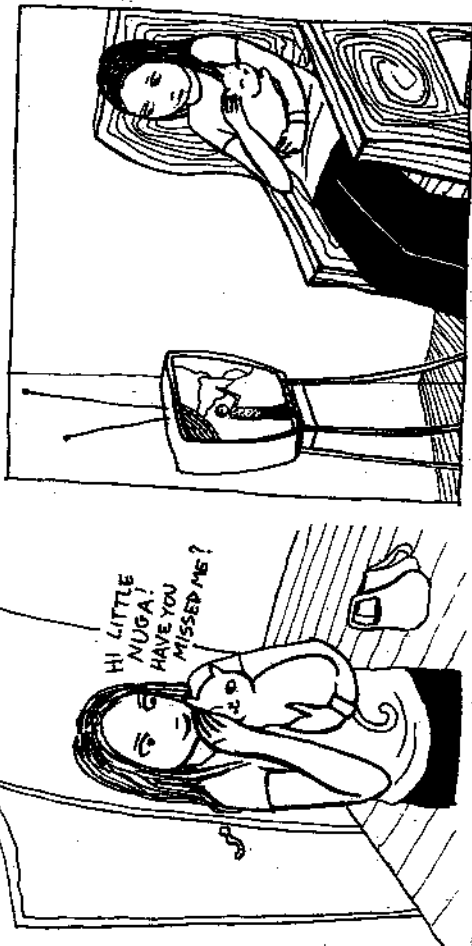
My face must have looked exactly like a smiling when she stepped on the doorway!



So we played happily ever after! THE END



life is like a ship sailing dangerous rocks, the unknown ocean of the safe shore. between waves and temptation of and the familiarity the wind guides me where other sailors won't go.



NAMELESS & FACELESS (LOST LUNA)

NAME UNKNOWN

PHOTO NOT SHOWN

WIPE OUT AND ERASE
THE LIFE STORY AND FACE
OF A PERSON

UNABLE TO CATEGORISE OR GRASP
THE COMPLEXITY OF IDENTITY
MERELY A NUMBER ON A LIST

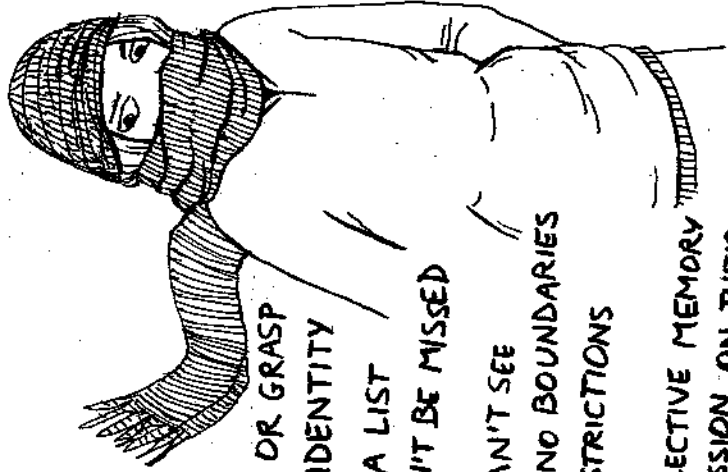
EASY TO FORGET, WON'T BE MISSED

I WANT REACH, BUT I CAN'T SEE
WHERE YOU ARE, THERE NO BOUNDARIES
NO DEFINITIONS, NO RESTRICTIONS

BANNED FROM THE COLLECTIVE MEMORY
EXCLUDED FROM COMPASSION ON THEIR TERRITORY

BUT I WON'T FORGET, I'LL REMEMBER
YOUR NAME AND YOUR FACE

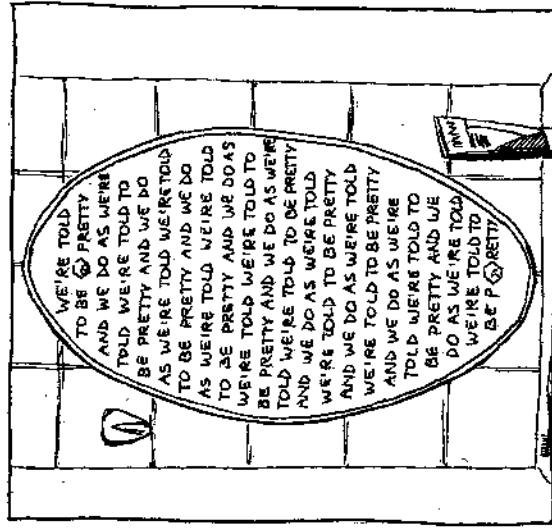
WHO YOU ARE



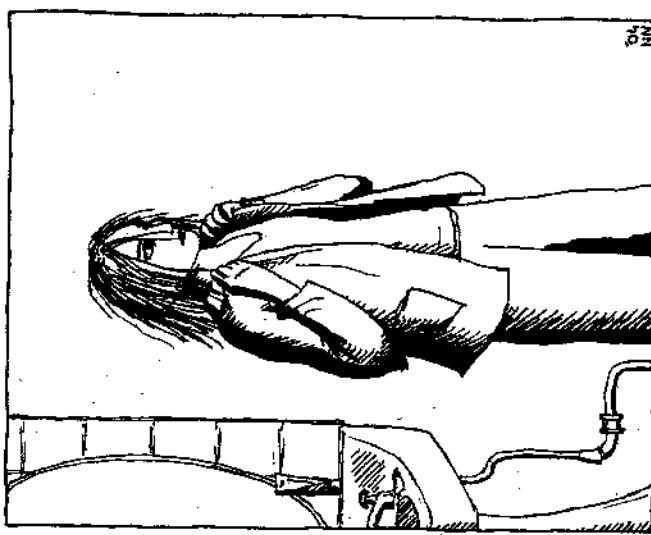
I DIDN'T COMB MY HAIR TODAY
AND EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT ME



ONE DAY YOU'LL WAKE UP
TIRED OF IT ALL



WE'RE TOLD
TO BE PRETTY
AND WE DO AS WE'RE
TOLD WE'RE TOLD TO
BE PRETTY AND WE DO
AS WE'RE TOLD WE'RE TOLD
TO BE PRETTY AND WE DO
AS WE'RE TOLD WE'RE TOLD
TO BE PRETTY AND WE DO AS
WE'RE TOLD WE'RE TOLD TO
BE PRETTY AND WE DO AS WE'RE
TOLD WE'RE TOLD TO BE PRETTY
AND WE DO AS WE'RE TOLD
AND WE DO AS WE'RE TOLD
WE'RE TOLD TO BE PRETTY
AND WE DO AS WE'RE TOLD
TOLD WE'RE TOLD TO
BE PRETTY AND WE
DO AS WE'RE TOLD
WE'RE TOLD TO
BE PRETTY



D-SASTER

LIVE... IN THE NETHERLANDS!

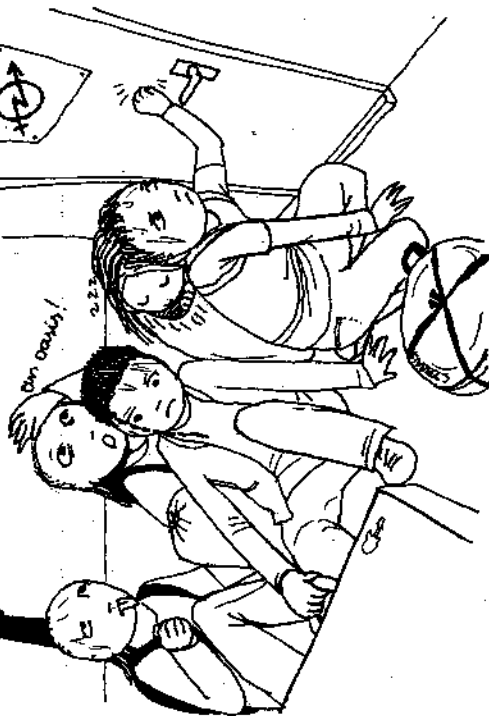
WE HARDLY REHEARSED BEFORE WE PLAYED OUR FIRST REAL GIG AND OUR FIRST GIG ABROAD. SO WE WERE EXPECTING MORE DISASTERS.

WE TRAVELLED BY TRAIN AND PLAYED CARD GAMES DURING THE TRIP.

I'll just pretend to understand the rules...

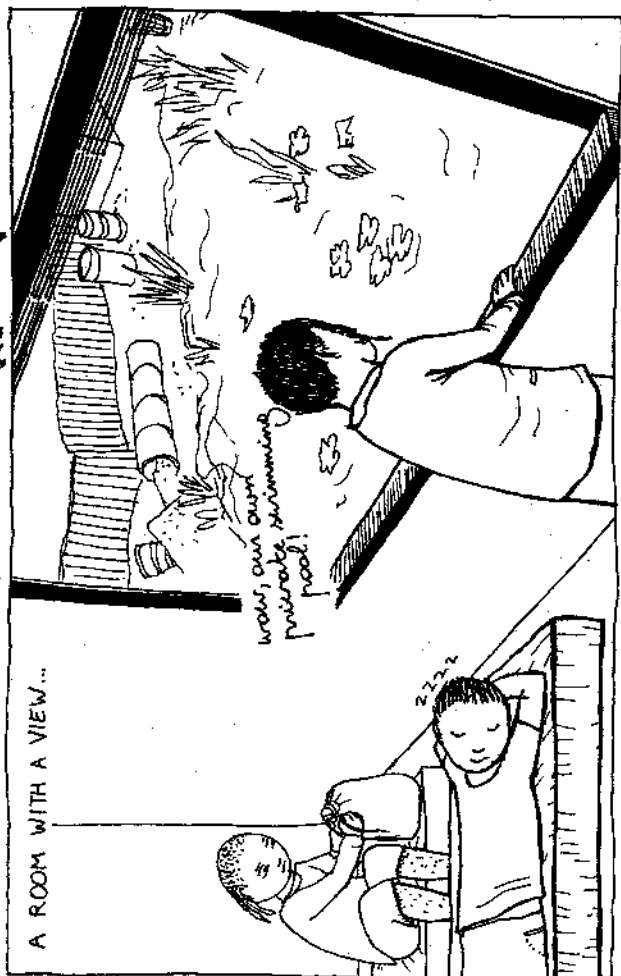


WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE SQUAT WHERE WE WERE GOING TO SLEEP AFTER THE GIG WE WERE ALREADY EXHAUSTED.



br... like... Bob Dylan...

on axis!



A ROOM WITH A VIEW...

we're our own private swimming pool!

zzzz

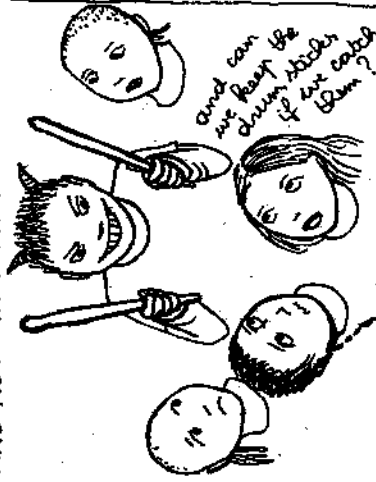
ON THE WAY TO THE VENUE...



a portion of us! we're famous!

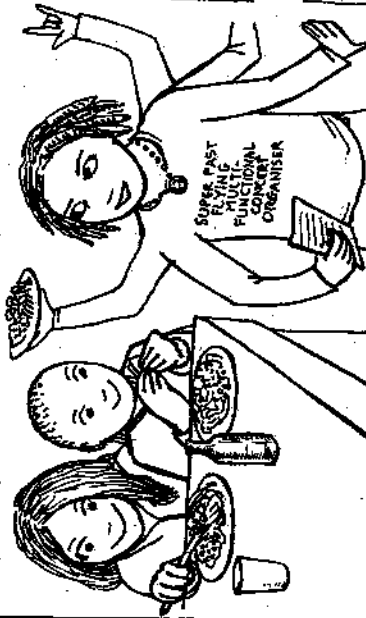
SETZ
D-SASTER
PLAYERS
ALWAYS
ALWAYS
ALWAYS

OUR DEAR DRUMMER HAD WARNED US IN ADVANCE THAT HE WOULD THROW DRUMSTICKS AT US IF WE BEHAVED LIKE PLANTS ON STAGE. WE WERE ORDERED TO DANCE/MOVE AND NOT STAND STILL.



and can we play the drum sticks if we can't drum?

WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE VENUE WE GOT FOOD AND DRINKS AS MUCH AS WE WANTED. WE WERE HAPPY BUNNIES.



SUPER FAST
PLAYING
FUNCTIONAL
DANCE
ORGANISER

SOME OF US DRESSED UP TO PLAY: THE CRUST HAT:



crust hat

THE GENERAL + LIGHT SWORD



TOO BAD WE FORGOT THE FEZ AND THE PIRATE SCARF

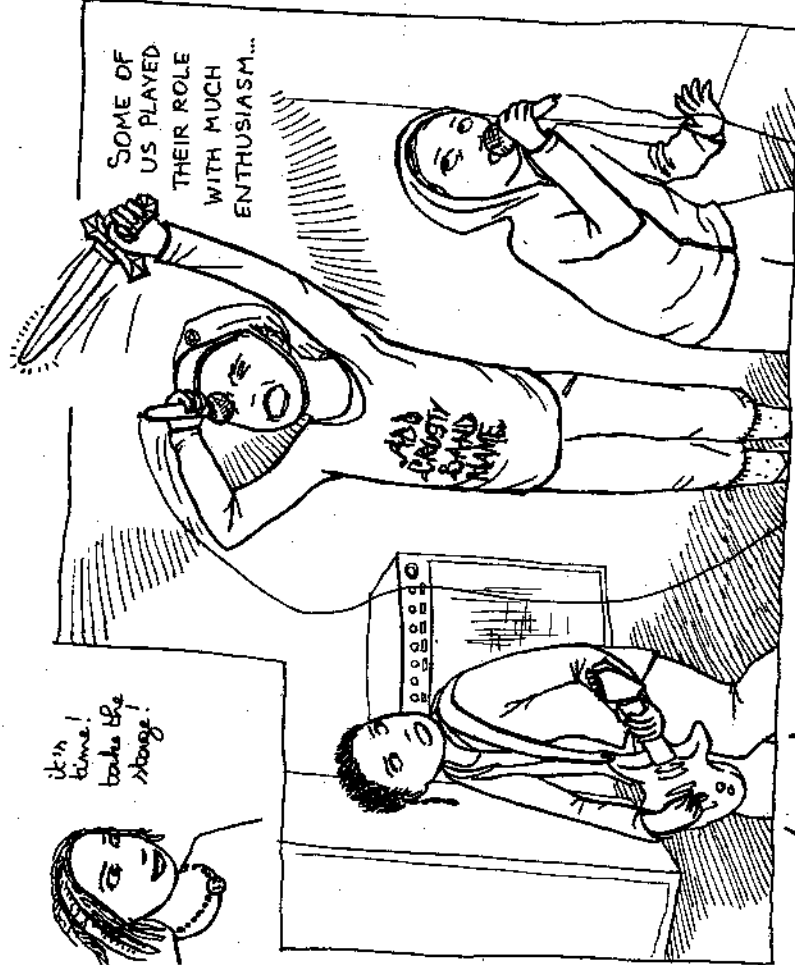


FIRST A MUCH NEEDED SOUND CHECK...



FEMINISTEN:

DE AANVAARDE VERSIE

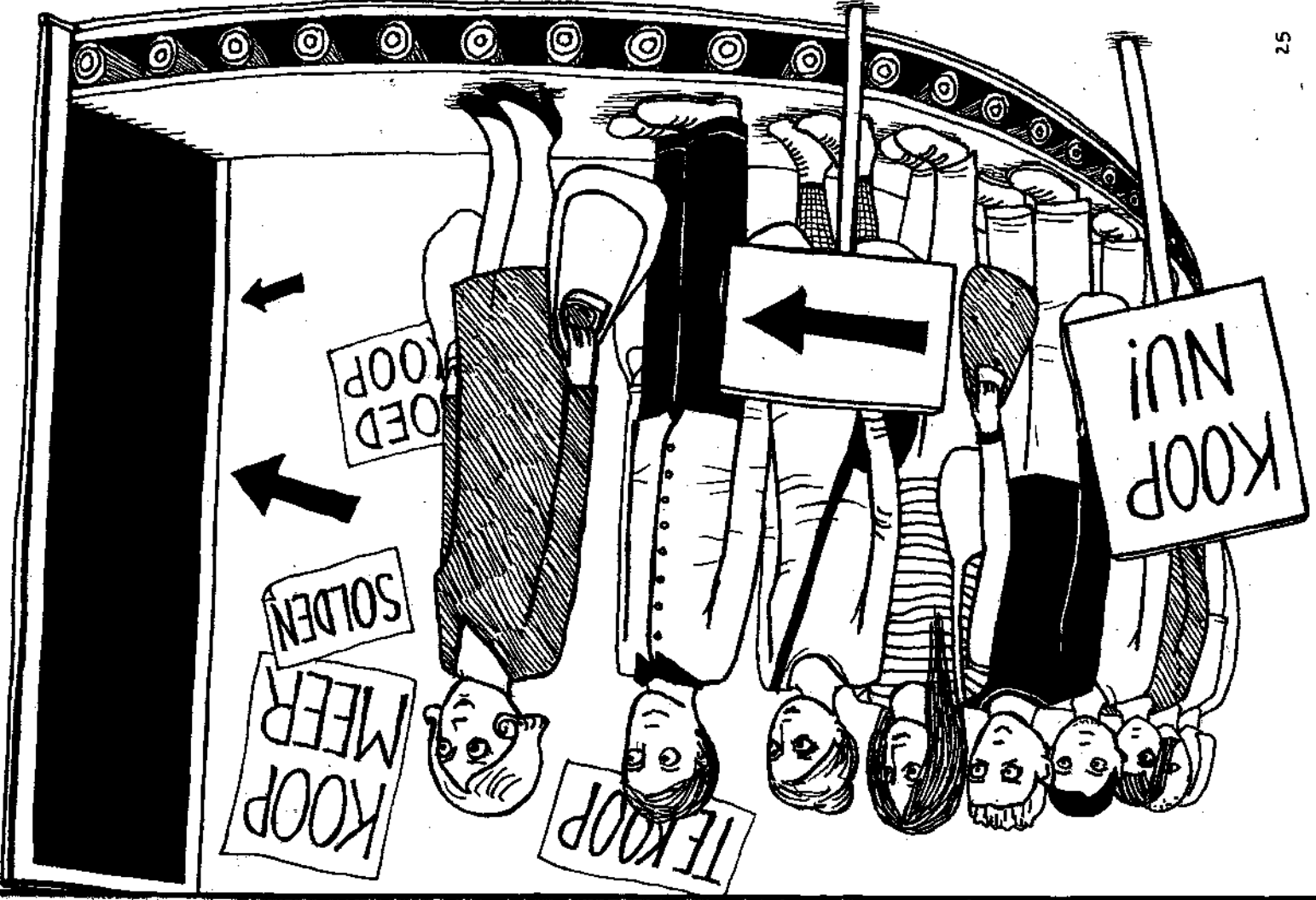


FORTUNATELY NO BIG DISASTERS OCCURRED. NO FLYING DRUM STICKS OR GUITAR PICKS. NO BASS GUITAR COVERED WITH BLOOD. NO ARRESTS. NO FIRES OR COLLAPSING BUILDINGS. AND THE AUDIENCE KINDA LIKED US, DESPITE OUR LIMITED PRACTICE. I ENJOYED PERFORMING VERY MUCH, ESPECIALLY BECAUSE SEVERAL OF MY DUTCH FRIENDS CAME TO WATCH US. THANKS EVERYONE!



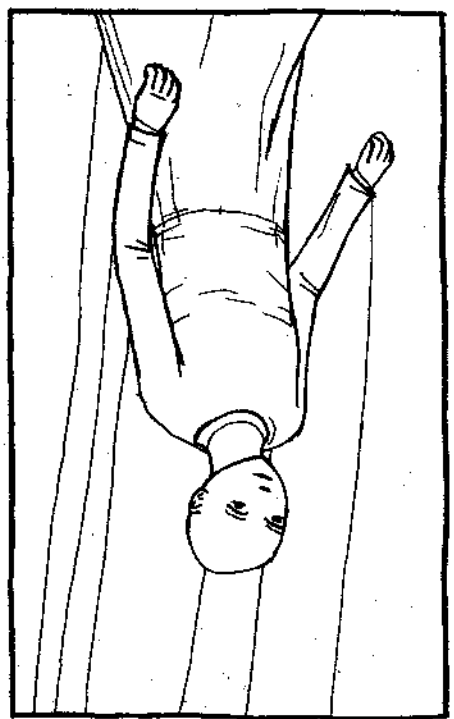
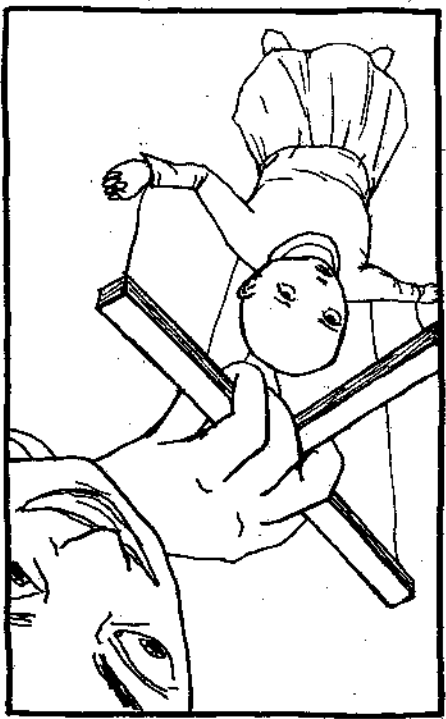
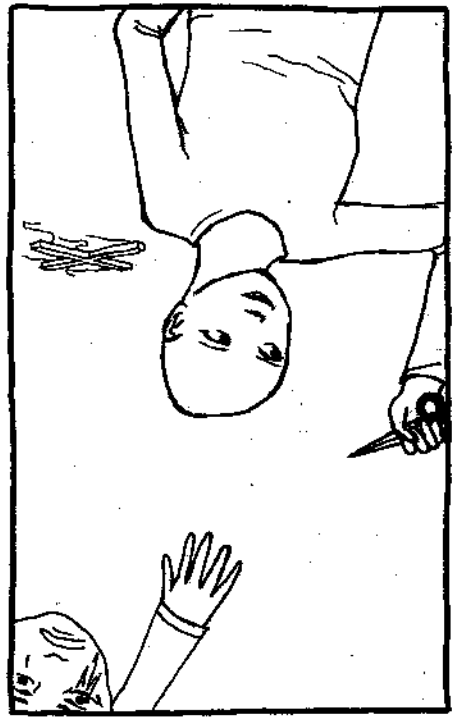
I WISH THERE WAS A HAPPY END TO THIS STORY, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THERE'S ONLY BAD NEWS. ON THE TRAIN TO THE NETHERLANDS WE DECIDED TO SPLIT UP BECAUSE OF LACK OF TIME OF CERTAIN BAND MEMBERS (I WON'T MENTION ANY NAMES HERE). SO ACTUALLY I'M QUITE DESPERATELY LOOKING FOR NEW BAND MEMBERS RIGHT NOW. I'D LIKE TO PLAY CRUSTCORE WITH RIOT GRRRL, QUEER CORE AND ELECTROPUNK INFLUENCES. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, LET ME KNOW!

THE END



NN 04-06

THE END



THEY TRIED TO PULL MY STRINGS LIKE A PUPPET DOLL & CHAIN MY LEGS TO KEEP ME UNDER CONTROL

EUKE & WESLY

Introduction to Euke and Wesly:

Euke and Wesly have a rather complicated history. I'll try to keep it simple for now. They look/seem/appear human, but are another species (the "Eukes" and the "Weslys"). They are both adopted by the same human mother. It's not clear if she knows that they are not human. They are not very easy kids. They tend to fight a lot with each other, but sometimes they like each other's company, co-operate and play together when the circumstances require this. Euke may come across as a "girl", but isn't really. Wesly may come across as a "boy" but isn't really. I more or less "invented" Euke and my brother, Lukas Nijsten, more or less "invented" Wesly. We were very young at the time and probably quite crazy or at least we had a big imagination. Below are some comics that don't require a lot of background knowledge about Euke and Wesly to enjoy. One day I'll write an entire book about them.

