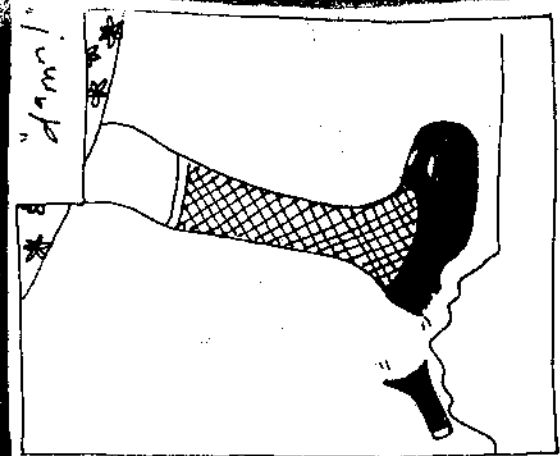
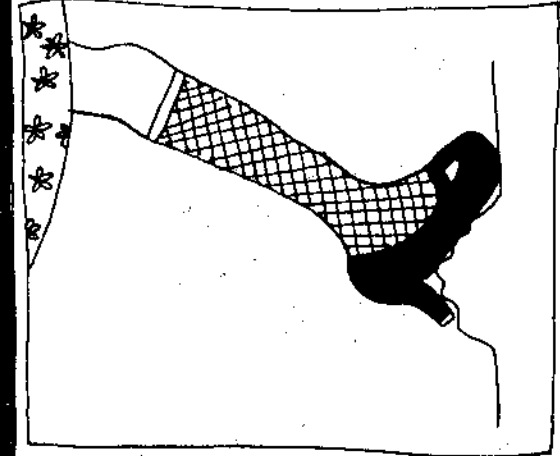
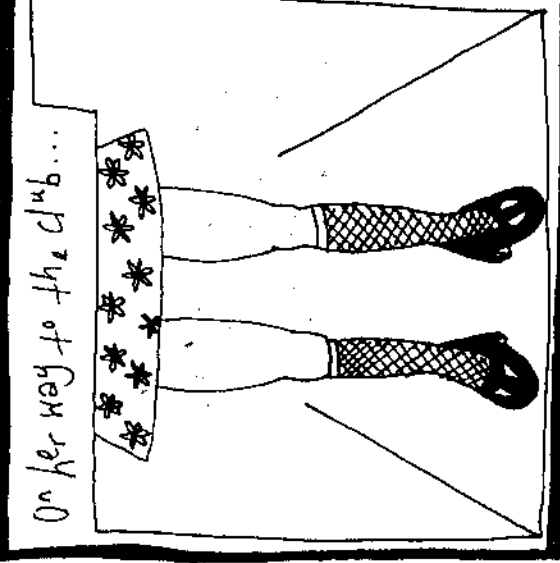


The Perils of Bargain Shopping ... Pt. I.

On her way to the club...



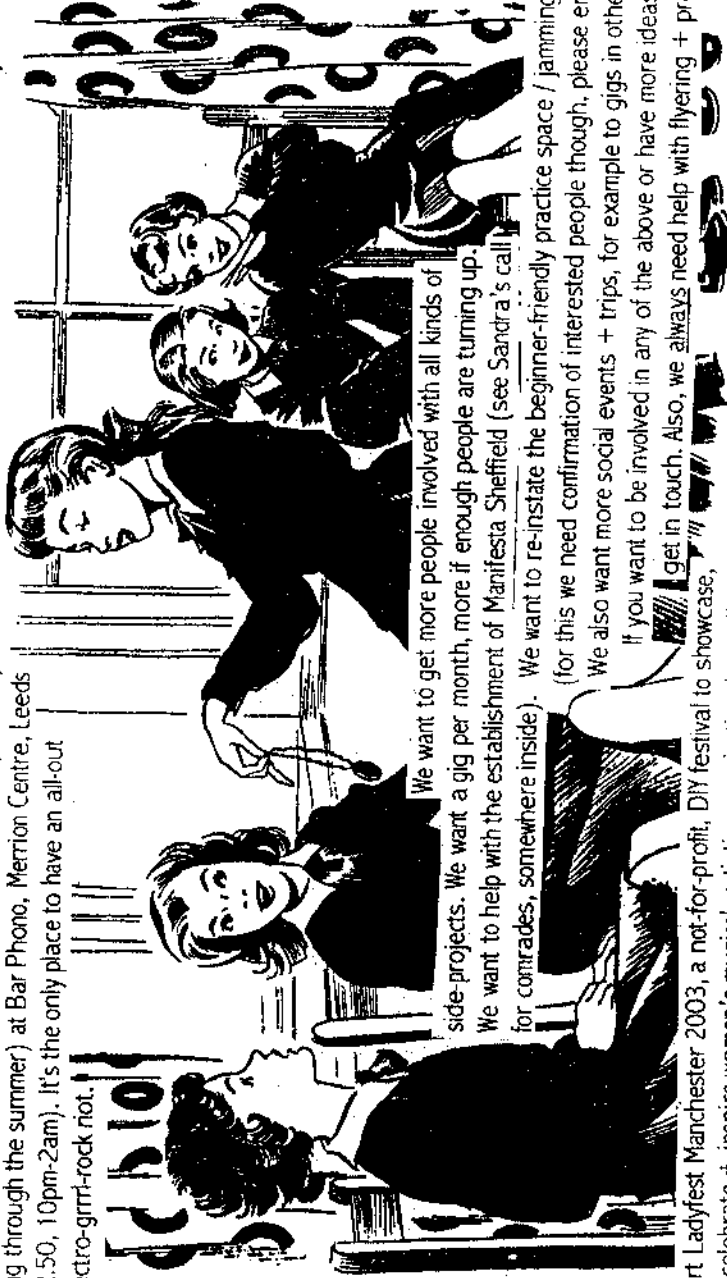
ASSESS YOUR WEAPONS



Manifesta is a Leeds-based not-for-profit DIY collective dedicated to promoting the punk rock female voice.

All profits go back into the collective's activities, to hosting bands local, British + from abroad - who otherwise may not be able to play in Leeds.

We have a club night, Pussy Whipped, on the first Wednesday of every month (including through the summer) at Bar Phono, Merrion Centre, Leeds (£2 / £2.50, 10pm-2am). It's the only place to have an all-out punk-electro-grrrr-rock not.



We want to get more people involved with all kinds of side-projects. We want a gig per month, more if enough people are turning up. We want to help with the establishment of Manifesta Sheffield (see Sandra's call for comrades, somewhere inside). We want to re-instate the beginner-friendly practice space / jamming session (for this we need confirmation of interested people though, please email us!).

We also want more social events + trips, for example to gigs in other towns. If you want to be involved in any of the above or have more ideas, please get in touch. Also, we always need help with flyers + promotion!

We support Ladyfest Manchester 2003, a not-for-profit, DIY festival to showcase, celebrate + inspire women's musical, artistic, organisational + political talent taking place this September <http://ladyfestmanchester.fateback.com>

For more information +/or to get involved: letsgetwhipped@hotmail.com

This is a compilation of the first three issues of Manifesta's collective zine **Assess Your Weapons**.

AYW is open to everyone - if you have anything that needs to be said please contribute to issue 4. pretty much anything and everything goes in - please send your beautiful words and pictures to amy at fuzzfur@hotmail.com or 56 delph lane, woodhouse, leeds, LS6 2HQ.

there are several anonymous pieces in here - if you want to get in touch with the writer, email manifesta or any + we'll forward it to them

We'd love to be in your distro; we have an informal zine distro (soon to be more organised) centred around our club night Pussy Whipped - please get in touch if you'd like to trade.

The title of this zine was 'borrowed' from Stella Marris (but we think she wouldn't mind). Go see her wicked postcards at www.stellamarris.com

A huge thanks to everyone who's helped make Manifesta such a success over the past year, there are hundreds of you, you're all really really great. We always welcome new members + contributors.

the phono

Wednesday

Do

Gender dysphoria is a subject that needs to be tackled by feminists because it is – aha – a gender issue. Whilst people do not chuckle at the mention of racial, disability or even gay rights in equal opportunity talks in colleges, they do at the mention of the rights transgender people have. It is something people do not think concerns them, when they could actually be sat with a trans person whilst laughing at this matter. As with every problem with acceptance, the problem lays in with others attitudes. Although the amount of programmes about trans issues has risen recently (in quality and quantity) people are only familiar with the trans people of such trashy shows like Jerry Springer where these people are made into freak shows and social jokes there for others to laugh at.

Even in the gay community where you think trans people would have an affinity with such a minority group they are turned away, ignored or even bullied. I personally do not think those with gender dysphoria should be labelled a sexual minority and should be lumped in with the L.G.B “scene” but where else can these people go? Thankfully there are support groups up and down the country but still these can be intense meeting grounds and can be off putting, especially to those who are young or just starting treatment.

Your

I find it hard to take a feminist community seriously when they have over looked trans issues (I mean “they” as in the groups I’ve been involved with). They fight for the rights and safety of gender regardless of sexuality, race or ability but leave out trans people, not due to ignorance but due to the fact they are uneducated on the subject. That is why I take part in feminism, to raise the issue, as it is the one true issue of recent times that is a problem in society. The laws are changing, a sure way of proving to those it is not some “perversity” or “phase” but an actual medical condition, which can be fatal if ignored.

Although recently at a meeting, one male was talking about trans issues and whilst he was quite right to raise this in what was an equal rights group he finished off by saying flippantly (referring to his female to male friend), “Well, he’s not a *proper* man”. This supposedly “proper man” (define, please?) probably had issues of his own to make him say such a spiteful comment but neither less, what could I have said to that?

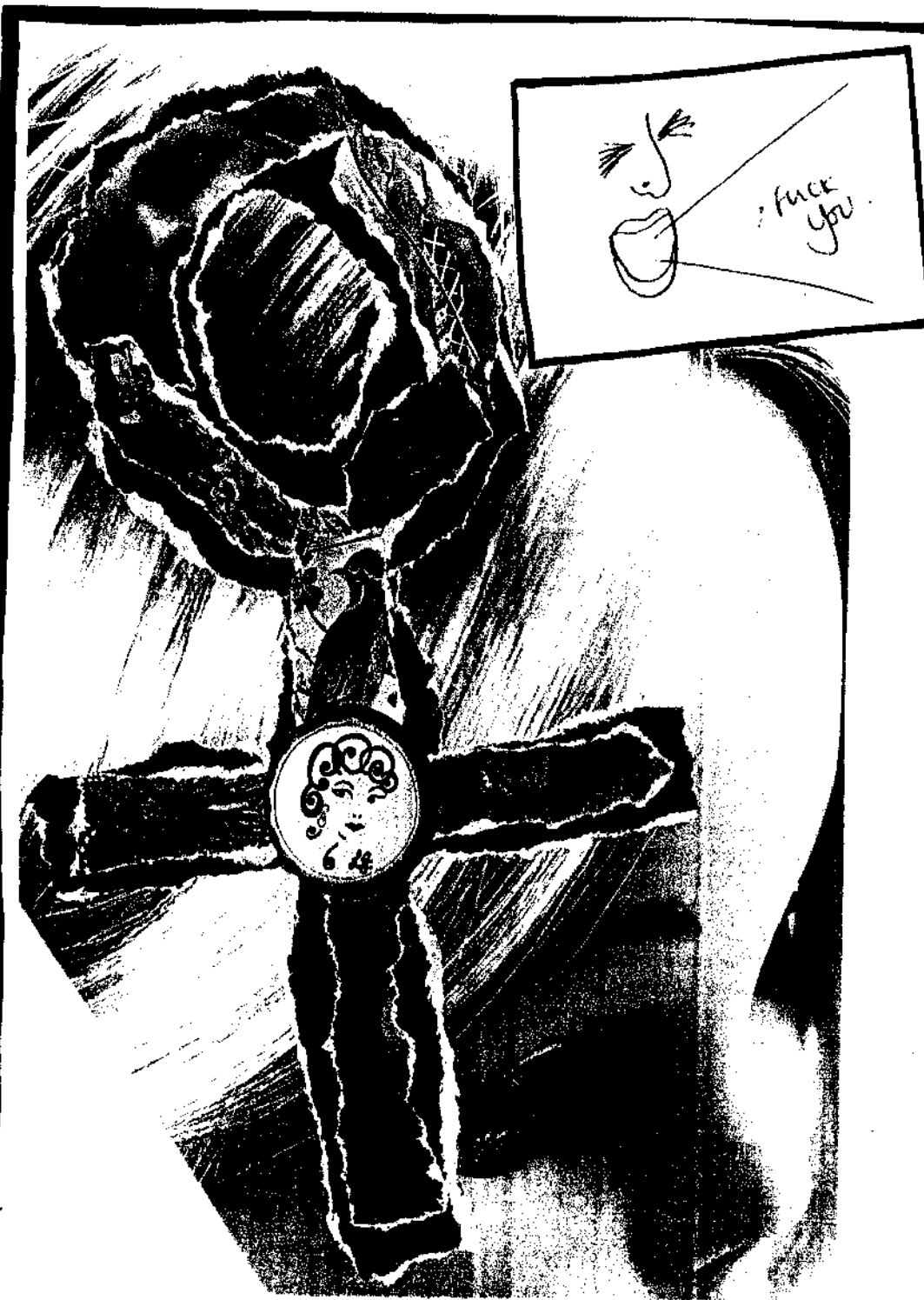
Research

In any situation like that you are basically alone defending the matter, whilst if this were a racist comment he would have been thrown out. This is why everyone needs to be aware of transgender issues and also be prepared to fight for the safety and rights of trans men and women as they would do with anyone else. Please, if you come across such ignorance do something, say something because people shouldn’t be able to get away with this attitude. Ever since this incident I’ve got pissed off, I’ve got upset and then I’ve got active and am looking into setting up a transgender group in Leeds for young people so they don’t have to go through their treatment alone and scared but it will not solely be a place where you talk solidly about being trans. It’ll also be a source of education and activism for those interested, so let me know via the editors of this zine.

Get yourself an education in the meantime, contact Press For Change (who campaign for the respect and equality of all trans people) and see what you can do at <http://www.pfc.org.uk/index.htm>

Or write to Press For Change, BM Network, London, WC1N 3XX.

By Donnie c/o letsgetwhipped@hotmail.com



I can't quite explain how envious of kat bjelland, kathleen hanna, courtney love, tarrie b and brodie armstrong i am. It's not just because of their talents and abilities - but because they can scream, shout, wail and roar. That cathartic screaming on babes in toyland's to mother, roaring on the muff's hey nina, rage on tura satana's externalux, fierceness on the distillers' sing sing death house, the power in hole's berry, chilling screams on red aunt's baby tough luck and frustrated anger raged in le tigre's all that glitters, amongst a multitude of other similarly powerful examples: that's my anger everytime i pick up a newspaper to read that another woman has been raped and murdered, my anger at seeing female friends being heckled in the street, my outrageous disappointment when female artists are rubbished in the music press, and everything else that has been said 100 times before but still occurs. It voices the anger that i'm unable to scream out myself. I've tried to scream/roar, i just can't do it, maybe i haven't smoked enough in my time to build up enough of a resistance in my throat, maybe it's a fear of being that loud, maybe it's the lack of a forum to scream and roar - either way, i end up being kinda timid and quiet (in that sense) instead.

This begins to worries me. What if I was attacked? The nightrider bus i take home on a fri/sat night doesn't go through where i live. I get off as close as it goes and walk the rest of the trip home. Alone. I have figured for so long that i am so capable of doing this, i'm always uber aware of my surroundings, always on guard. But at the same time as striding confidently home showing no signs of fear as it's my right to walk those streets, there is the niggling thought that i can't scream, i can't roar. Though reassuring, attack alarms would, i think, not be the first thing i'd think to set off if i was jumped from behind, my hand wouldn't be groping around feverishly in my pocket searching for it, it would probably be held behind my back, or i'd be using it to try and beat the hell out of the attacker. Years of not taking good care of myself has left me quite (physically) weak - so although i can run like the devil and have sharp protruding elbow bones that i could use as weapons, no amount of self-defence classes, i think, would make me strong enough and capable enough to see off and defend myself from an attacker.

A voice, that would surely be a powerful tool, a loudcatharticscaryscreamingroaring voice, making my presence, my situation known.

I am very lucky to have never been in such a situation, so i guess my hypothesising about my reactions is relatively pointless and pretty naive since every incident and every response will differ - but i can't help but be envious of the expressive and powerful presence of such a roar, such a scream.

How do you learn to do that?

If anybody is aware of any roaring workshops/spaces around, or maybe even some sort of primal screaming groups (!) where women can shout/scream/roar and be allowed to be *present*, then do share!

Tori Amos

amy.fuzzfur@hotmail.com

I don't know I don't even like her that much the music drives me crazy after a couple of hours it's just that her words are so very intriguing "here here now don't cry you raised your hand for the assignment tuck those ribbons under your helmet

be a good soldier" I'm a sucker for these cryptic ladies, words which could mean anything but always mean something painfully real to you "yes I know what you think of me you never shut up" it all reminds me of being sixteen god still at home I

can hardly believe that ever was me, sitting at the dinner-table, sticking pictures to my bedroom walls, I wish someone had just told me there was a life after all that.

Anyhow every february, march, april I get out my Tori Amos albums, to me she belongs in the winter, the start of spring, she reminds me of that one particular winter. My boyfriend, my first, was at uni a half hour trainride away + my mother,

single mother only child very overprotective, wouldn't let me go to see him, he'd have to come to me but he was getting annoyed with that so I had to make the journey, secretly, small town, convinced someone would see me + tell but I'd get

on the train + sit back + watch the frost out of the window all the way, flooded frozen fields + strange words + sparkling piano in my ears "your feet are just on the ground girl" + the first time I went to stay the night, said I was staying at beth's but

I ran across town to the station + it was so cold. I had to wait for a bus + I was so nervous all the way I know it doesn't sound like a big deal but I was 16 he was 21 I was in love + if I'd got caught I wouldn't have been allowed to see him again. But I

did it I went all the way there + in the morning I had to creep out in the dark with the postmen + the ice I had to be back home for nine o'clock. I got back on the train dazed with no sleep but feeling so proud + as the sun came up I saw a fox in a frosty field + my life began to fall into place.

It's funny I'm as old now as he was then + it doesn't feel that old. But Tori still means winter to me, + the end of childhood, + I still love trains.

MANIFESTA SHEFFIELD IS HERE!

We are inspired and in awe of the wonderful work done and support generated by Leeds Manifesta. We looked around at Sheffield and said "This place needs a Manifesta. It needs a club night where we can dance like fools to the songs we only play

in our rooms.

It needs some collective, revolutionary activities

done by people who support each other and share ideas. And it needs to musically encourage women as it has NO GIRL BANDS!!! Well, it maybe doesn't NEED these things, but they would make it a better place, that's for damn sure."

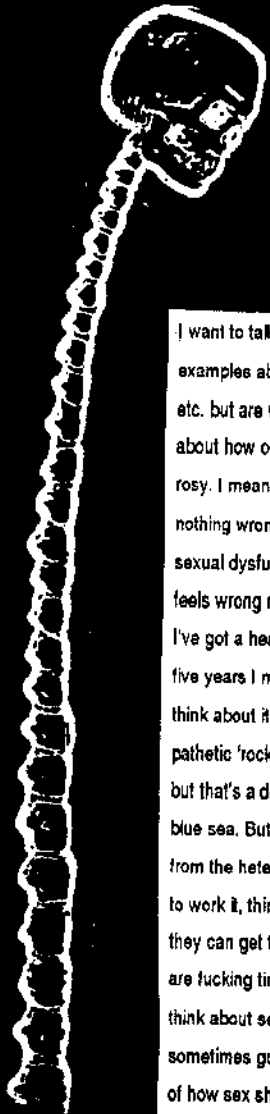
If you want to join us in our renegade plans, email

joanjetul@yahoo.co.uk

tell me was it good

was it good for you?

go tell yr fucking frie



I want to talk about things that people don't tend to talk about I mean there are obvious popular cultural examples about how us women are so over the whole prude sexual repressive stage like sex and the city etc. but are we really like that? or is that just a popular representation made to resolve and scream out about how our sexual liberation has finally arrived. When in our own individual realities it may not be so rosy. I mean I really can't talk about sex I get all red and embarrassed it's fucking stupid I know there is nothing wrong with expressing my own sexuality and blah blah blah. The thing is I can't ever talk about sexual dysfunction that's a true silencer for me, it's one thing to talk about sex but to talk about it when it feels wrong makes me squirm out of the situation ...makes me pretend I'm asleep, I'm not in the mood, I've got a headache all though frustrating typical female things huh! So I've been doing sex now for about five years I mean it used to be a blast I used to anticipate, I used to build myself up so much, I used to think about it all the time, I used to do it by accident when I was drunk with some strange people - a pathetic 'rock' star, a friend ...all in my ex-boyfriends house at parties when I was still in love with him... but that's a different story and I definitely don't want to go there with you. sex was a problem free deep blue sea. But these things have appeared that have brought me onto dry land. It's the act really... talking from the heterosexual experiences I've had, it's the penetrative aspect. I don't know if blokes realise how to work it, think about it like this you know on tampon adverts the emphasis is always on how fucking tiny they can get those things so that dumbass guy thinks it's sugar. Think, if they are marketing tampons that are fucking tiny what does that say about the size of the comfortable pussy? You have to work me I don't think about sex as much as I used to it's not exciting and new anymore so I ain't all wet down there. But sometimes guys think they can just shove it all in there straight away like on porno that wonderful mirror of how sex should really be like right! Life isn't fucking like porno and my pussy likes to be invited to the party not have one imposed on her. So guys I recommend you look at your dick in relation to a tampon ask and follow what your girl wants don't ever ever ever shove it work it. Another thing that has rocked my sex world is all this stuff about anal sex, I think you know if you're into it fine no judgement made if your happy it's nobody else's fucking business, bladee blah all the sexual liberation rhetoric. But this is

my fucking article and I'm just going to be really blunt ...to me anal sex in my loving heterosexual relationship creates a horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. Once it nearly happened I fucking screamed my head off it hurt so bad so I know it's not for me. But some days he comes home and he's like why don't we try it - the blokes at work have therefore everybody does it we've been going out for years we should try it blah blah blah. I'm in a predicament not of my choosing yeah I love this guy he's amazing but in my experience anal sex has been equated with a certain degree of sexual abuse, pain, bleeding and fucking agony and the fact that a few blokes have talked about doing it to their girlfriends in the macho-esque workplace doesn't really convince me that it is a loving act. How can you hurt me and love me at the same time? Take FHM ten ways to convince your girlfriend to take it up the ass article ...anal seems rooted in misogyny it's like the ultimate thing you can get your girlfriend to do the most ultimate sexual thing in a heterosexual relationship it's so tight gives you so much pleasure not me. Why is there this massive emphasis on penetrating me what about penetrating you letting you know what it feels like before you make up your own mind. My body is getting pissed off with all this dick intruding me at the moment in my mouth, in my pussy and now you want it up my ass. It's like a piss-take it really is. Plus the fact that I don't cum every time that really annoys me and the whole ejaculation thing... no I don't want it on my body you don't want it on your body why is my body different to yours? All I want is a little re-evaluation a lil revolution in the bedroom but as you know I can't talk about these problems I'm too angry it's gone too far my pussy is pissed off with your dicks and your anal sex pressure it's pissed off about the whole sucking dick thing too. it's the whole intrusive thing its hard not to fucking choke on that thing especially if you think that I have a fucking bottomless pit throat and push my head down, I can't breathe sometimes I want to slow down but that's not how your body works. It's all hard and fast and working to this one point then you're all over and I can breath a sigh of relief but I don't want to. This is not how I want to sex to be I don't want this pussy strike to go on anymore. All I want is a lil compassion a lil unity in the bedroom I want this mad penetration-ejaculation race to stop I want to remember why we have sex. Most of all I want the opportunity to fall in love with you and your body once more.

s how punk fucking rock mv

I'm anonymous and I do like sex but this is not an invitation

c/o letsgetwhipped@hotmail.com

pussy's made

- anti-pleasure dissertation

By Sandra - joanjettuk@yahoo.co.uk

I have pictures of Kathleen Hanna on my walls, all over them in fact, and if someone asked me who my idol is, without a doubt she would be my answer. But just for a minute I want to turn around the way we look at and consume Kathleen and other feminist musicians like her.

Kathleen Hanna (and co.) inspire so many of us, and yet there is very little written about her in the papers - she is not recognisable as a 'star'. Therefore we fall over ourselves to get a glimpse of what little media exposure she has. I think this exclusiveness - and the fact that there seems to be only a small group of people who are fans of Le Tigre makes us more inclined to lift her up as our idol.

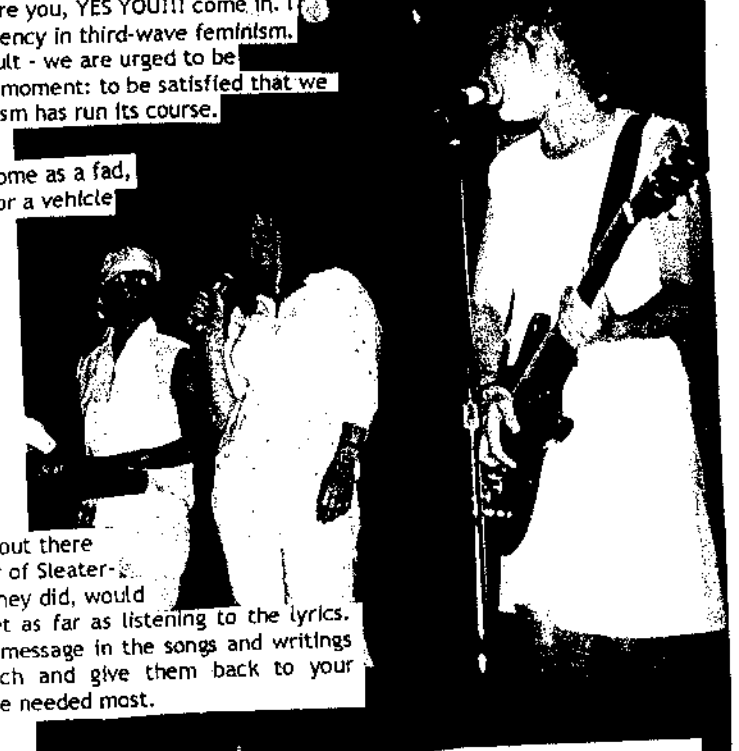
Kathleen therefore has a pretty hard - yet necessary all the same - job to keep up and a lot of expectations to fulfil. I'm just as guilty as anyone of idolising her. I think it could be because there are so few role models out there for young feminists today, which is where you, YES YOU!!! come in. I think there's a lot of complacency in third-wave feminism. This is not any individual's fault - we are urged to be complacent by society at the moment: to be satisfied that we have equality and that feminism has run its course.

Riot Grrri could be seen by some as a fad, a way to make new friends, or a vehicle for coolness.

Feminism goes beyond listening to (or writing and performing) cool records, attending festivals like Ladyfest. That is not to say that these things aren't important as they inspire beliefs and action in people, but if we don't take action there isn't much point.

There are women and men out there who never have or will hear of Sleater-Kinney or Le Tigre, and if they did, would hate the music and not get as far as listening to the lyrics. It's up to you to take the message in the songs and writings which inspire you so much and give them back to your community - where they are needed most.

If the time we spent dancing to Le Tigre was put into volunteering at the local women's refuge or with your uni's women's committee there would be no stopping us. I don't see why the empowering feeling we get from Riot Grrri bands should be kept to a small group of people when it can be translated through our actions into something really powerful. Feminism needs you to get out there right now and be a part of it.



... by Scout Niblet
 ... of the best ways to
 ... easily impressed an
 ... ing aspect of Scout

... instrument for ins
 ... me grin the most. I
 ... and singing with no b
 ... that rather than a s
 ... background mus... y th
 ... to gag, a song whic
 ... because it is so drec
 ... like a world-clas

Shepheru's Bush Hall is so peaceful and has such atmospheric lighting. Just like a church minus the ranting of the mad decrepit priest and plus the gorgeous wailing noises of Scout Niblet and Cat Power...

The final three and a half lovely dirges of Scout Niblet's set - the only ones I don't miss thanks to the evil spawn of Richard Branson - are enough to make fans out of myself and everyone around me. Scout Niblet is apparently not the cheeriest of folk and ends on the note of what is essentially, "we're all going to die". That's OK though because running a nice warm bath, slitting the wrists and being serenaded by Scout Niblet whilst drifting off would surely be one of the best ways to go. Maybe it's just because I'm easily impressed and musically-impotent, but the most exciting aspect of Scout's set for me had to be watching her exchange instrument for instrument throughout. The drums made me grin the most. I had no idea that just drumming and singing with no band at such an intimate gig would be anything other than a silly idea, but it's beautiful, as is Cat Power's set. Given all this I think people should be more reverent. I mean we are in a church for fuck's sake. Cat Power has to contend with a third of the assembled leaving half way through her set to catch their last tube. The fools. I don't want to be judgemental or anything, but if any of them had souls they would have stayed and then walked the streets of Shepherd's Bush till morning.

The majority of Cat Power's set is taken from Moon Pix. Moon Pix was the album that I gave up on because it failed to live up to my expectations. How is it, thought I, that someone calling herself Cat Power produces anything other than high energy punk-rock? It just ain't right. But music eventually spoke louder than words and when I listened to it lying in bed in pitch darkness I felt like there was a friendly ghost in the room singing songs to me. Now we're in the dark again and Chan Marshall's actual presence serves to make this one of the most intense, and indeed tense, gigs I've witnessed in a long time. Even the more upbeat songs - well, upbeat for Cat Power - feel like something amazing being born out of something truly heartbreaking. This literally happens when she covers "Blue Moon". "Blue Moon" is that cheesy easy-listening number that has its place as background music in Grease but otherwise makes you want to gag, a song which is ordinarily heartbreaking only because it is so dreadful. Chan Marshall cleans up the sick like a world-class musical care-taker and makes the song shiny, new and touching.

Tonight allowed me to plan for my death. I want Scout Niblet wailing at me as I die and I want to be buried underneath Shepherd's Bush Hall. But most of all, most of all, I want Cat Power to play at my funeral so I can invite all the people along who wanna burn me to death toes upwards and laugh at them from heaven as they cry because the funeral songs make them think they've lost someone they really loved.

I want a revolution not just a simple solution

I don't know where the revolution is anymore I don't see it anywhere. I've even forgotten what a revolution is. Maybe we take it for granted that we are such a revolutionary bunch, but do we stand up to the test? This guy Sartre defines a revolution as a constructive process aiming to replace an unfair existing system with a new better system. Does riot grrrl stretch to that promise? I see riot grrrl abandoned in an obscure room set apart from other musical cultures and letting itself get marginalised further becoming more and more misunderstood.

I've been reading into the history of rock recently it seems that riot grrrl is rooted in rock misogyny. In the sixties rock emerged as a rebellious response to the apparent degradation or 'feminisation' of popular culture. Basically all this general woman hate was going on, 'mom-ism' blamed societal ills upon the mother, women were seen as these symbols of conformity with the whole 'wash behind your ears' and 'do your homework agenda'. I think it's really strange because housewifery and motherhood were seen as these powerful positions of authority by men when in actuality these positions held the least power in society were oppressive and were what women were fighting to get out of. Rock therefore became this rebellious response against females, take public enemy and their song 'she watch channel zero' in which black mothers are targeted as too absorbed in soap operas to do their real job of rearing strong black warriors. I think it reflects male fear that their future lies in female hands, this power struggle could be reflected in rock rebellion.

There is a strange paradox with a kind of oedipal feel, there was this hating of the mother but at the same time a sexual drive led men to hate women with a realisation that they could be used for sexual gratification, one of the main ways a man can exercise his 'masculinity'. One of the main outcomes of rock for women was the definitive power hierarchy in which women were (and still are) think metal, nu, black all forms of metal really) marginalised as groupies, as objects for consumption with absolutely no power. The men are on stage so the women have to take a position of 'if you can't be em fuck em' to get close to the action. Take the Roxy women who were defined only in terms as a sum of the products they used such as makeup and clothes and were therefore treated as such. However women were still blamed for the degradation of rock culture take sid and nancy and the sex pistols. Johnny rotten fucking hated Nancy and blamed her for

everything. Courtney Love was blamed for the suicide of Kurt Cobain and end of Nirvana. Women spoil everything don't they! What I'm trying to say is that rock music wasn't revolutionary it still operated within conventional acceptability within the constraints of patriarchy and capitalism. It's about not letting women have any power/responsibility over you as in having a relationship and if they do then consequences are all women's fault and not your own self destructing drug abuse etc. Rock is rebellion, all the rebel cares about is breaking the rules whilst quietly behaving in accordance to the order they revolt against.

Later punk improved the situation slightly with the 'less talent the better' ethos women finally took to the stage. Fabulous bands emerged like the slits, x ray spex and the au pairs. 'Uglification' allowed depictions of conventional femininity to be attacked. Male punks also experimented with makeup however the roots reappear as it was ok for a man to femme himself up but a girl without any make up on at all was still considered dowdy. I assume riot grrrl takes up from punk as trying to play punk music but trying to rid it of its misogynist roots. This has proved a very difficult feat it ends up being that we are rebelling against their rebellion and where does that leave revolution? We are still allowing patriarchy and capitalism to exist in the big picture. We can take a bite out of capitalism by adhering to d.i.y, not for profit and independent productions and labels but we still depend on it in everyday life. We attack patriarchy by encouraging females to take the stage, challenging femininity and heterosexuality and pretty much cutting our self off from straight white boy punk.

A big question is why girl love automatically equals boy hate, it's with any treatment of gender an over affection for one side inevitably leads to the other feeling a sense of rejection. It's like how we see society as holding men as worth more than females due to the equivalent power disadvantage that leads us feminists to feel all rejected, pissed off and determined to prove them wrong. That's exactly how men must view our scene its some classical defence mechanism we reject them so they reject us we both build up terrible stereotypes of each other and ignore each others culture so we don't learn any better. However we give them more fuel when we encourage and praise each girl that picks up a guitar regardless of whether or not they are any good. I think this mentality although nice and welcoming doesn't do us any favours. It solidifies and supports mainstream conventional notions that girls are somehow disabled when it comes to creating music in terms of creativity/ physical strength/ talent. The scene also loses its honesty, if I sucked on stage I would like people to let me know, give me some constructive criticism show me things that would make me play and create better. I think we need to challenge and evaluate what the riot grrrl scene is doing before we claim that it's revolutionary. Basically you can't have a gender revolution when you are only dealing with one side as I have tried to argue it just leads to the affirmation of stereotypical beliefs that girls can't play guitar etc. A revolution isn't limited to music it is needed in all walks of life. If we are really going to take on patriarchy we need to infiltrate all the systems that we depend on in our everyday life. We need to get more involved in politics directly, getting into government, into the health system, into education, in sport and in the media. If we do we are setting ourselves up to making living as a woman a lot more bearable all the time not just at a show or in a record store.

In riot grrrl we need to promote inclusion more we need to accept all genders into our scene let them see what it's about. I'm pretty proud of the riot grrrl scene I think there is some truly inspirational shit going on. A cool idea would be to have a boy's night (an ironic take on ladies night) where boys get in to a show for free. Give them a chance to see what is going on and hopefully inspire them or at least get them to talk about it challenge their beliefs and stereotypes and understand each other more. To break those barriers that divide us to open our eyes to the fact that we aren't all man hating untalented dyke separatists and they aren't all dime a dozen straight white ignorant hypocritical prototypical misogynists. I want to put on a men only workshop at a ladyfest, if you went to the men in feminism workshop at the London ladyfest there were some pretty scared fragile blokes on stage giving some wobbly answers of why they were feminists. I think if men had a space where they could talk and debate between each other it would do a lot of good, look how useful female only workshops are.

We need a direct challenge to the patriarchal structures in the music scene that hold us both in our place. Think if we do this it could be a whole new musical culture. Baby we would finally have our revolution.



I'm really interested in hearing your comments to this article good and especially bad, through being able evaluate and re-evaluate the status of our scene (which is what makes it so good) we can learn and hopefully make the world a better place.

c/o julia 5 norwood terrace, leeds, ls61ea
julianorwood@hotmail.com

..so..
 ..do you want to save the world??
 ..consume less
 put a brick in the cistern of your toilet
 RECYCLE, *duh!
 boycott
 stop buying bottled drinks and re-use the one you bought yesterday

*please
 report to the
 front desk*
 :save water:
 :turn off taps!

bikes & feet keep you fit
 (avoid your car)
 trains are fun too
 buy FairTrade*
 an alternative! (that's probably cheaper!)

use charity shops - make your own fashion - ignore magazines and yawn..... ignore the crowds
 topshop clothes are

all the same
 go on, ~~***second hand stuff is INTERESTING!*~~

disassociate yourself from the meat & dairy industries.. learn to Cook

=become a vegetarian= ..no need for those.

...leave ready meals..... in the supermarkets..

ouch, ..buy local & organic food :) *yum

*TURN*OFF*YOUR*TV*

bubble wrap is evil..don't pop it! (sorry)

(share things). ~~CONSCIOUS~~ ^{be} of what you're ~~WASTING~~ markets 'r'cool

do you Really Need to Buy That? ^{PLASTIK BAGS ARE KILLING animals and FUCKING UP the WORLD.}

DANN THE MAN!

:refuse/re-use

*ouz i know the biggest crime is just to throw away your hands say this has Nothing To Do With Me I Just Wanna Live As Comfortably as I Can..

look outside your world. you've gotta think outside your brain. you've gotta walk outside your life to where the neighbourhood changes

why don't you give me a call when you decide you're willing to fight for what you think is Real for what you think is Right*



take another picture

AT LEAST TWO REVOLUTIONS, ALL AT ONCE!

"well I was just thinking something about that song [on guard], I was thinking that if every straight kid in here... if every single one of you left here + made a commitment to talk to your other friends about fucking with women on the street and fucking with gay guys on the street and fucking with people who are different than you, a different colour than you, on the street, then there would be THOUSANDS of conversations happening and really sexism is not gonna change without men cuz

I can't make it stop, only the people who harassing women. only the people who harass women can stop rape can stop rape, So I'm gonna call out to all the men in the audience right now and I'm gonna ask you to raise your hands if you're willing to have that conversation with your dad, with your uncle, with a neighbour, with someone you see doing it on the street... can I see hands? Why the fuck not??"

rape can stop rape,
harassing women.
audience right now
you're willing to
with your uncle,
doing it on the street...

le tigre
london
31/5/02

that was a transcendent gig; as if the sight of a thousand sweaty kids moshing onstage + screaming LET ME HEAR YOU DEPOLITICIZE MY RHYME + feeling really fucking powerful wasn't revolutionary enough...

Immediately afterwards,

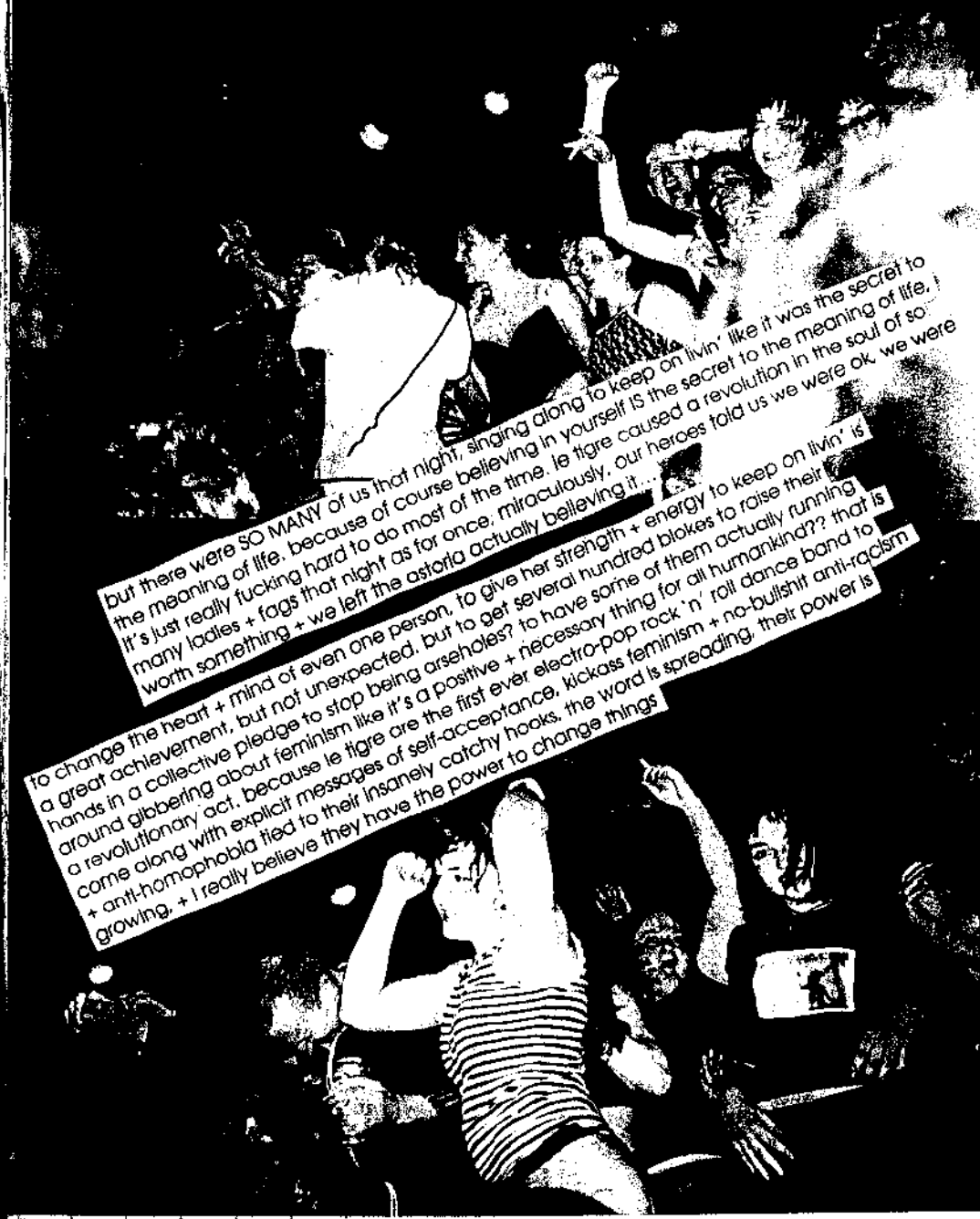
as the lights came up, I caught sight of a group of blokes (we're talking blokish blokes)

embracing + punching the air like they'd just won at football

except they were shouting "I'm a feminist, I am a feminist!" with astonished, grinning

faces, as amazed to hear themselves saying out loud as I was to hear them actually meaning it...

so perhaps the scene at the end of that concert proves that le tigre really do manage to bridge the gap between a revolution in the self + a revolution in society - riot grrl. + in fact a great deal of feminist enterprise, has long been criticised for only achieving on a personal level: making a small number of girls feel better about themselves but leaving mainstream society entirely unaffected.



but there were SO MANY of us that night, singing along to keep on livin' like it was the secret to the meaning of life. because of course believing in yourself is the secret to the meaning of life. it's just really fucking hard to do most of the time. le tigre caused a revolution in the soul of so many ladies + fags that night as for once, miraculously, our heroes told us we were ok, we were worth something + we left the astoria actually believing it...
to change the heart + mind of even one person, to give her strength + energy to keep on livin' is a great achievement, but not unexpected, but to get several hundred blokes to raise their hands in a collective pledge to stop being arseholes? to have some of them actually running around gibbering about feminism like it's a positive + necessary thing for all humankind?? that is a revolutionary act, because le tigre are the first ever electro-pop rock 'n' roll dance band to come along with explicit messages of self-acceptance, kickass feminism + no-bullshit anti-racism + anti-homophobia tied to their insanely catchy hooks, the word is spreading, their power is growing, + I really believe they have the power to change things



"If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution."

Emma Goldman



To me the most upsetting and infuriating type of homophobe is not the queer basher, the nutty fundamentalist of the religious right or the kids at school who regard dyke and queer as the worst insults you can bestow upon another person. Neither is it the ignorant teachers who confirm homophobic beliefs by chastising bullies, not for homophobia, but for making such a heinous sleight upon another's character as to suggest that they are gay. The worst kind of homophobe is not the occasional customer at the old man's pub I work in, the man who after going to The Birdcage and coming face to face with a drag queen feels the need to be cleansed by pints of bitter and a homophobic rant. It's not the hate-mongering Daily Mail writers or the British Nationalist Party. It's not even the liberals who condescend queers in such a ridiculous fashion ("A lesbian friend! All I need now is a black friend and I've got the whole set!"). No, the worst type of homophobe and the biggest stumbling block in the way of eradicating bigotry is the homophobic queer themselves. Gay self-hatred, even at a level where the self-hater doesn't recognise it is still so common. I've heard the phrase, "I don't want to rub it in people's faces" or, "I don't want to flaunt myself" countless times. What disgusting and compromising act could "rubbing it in peoples' faces" be referring to? If people said rubbing it *on* people's faces, as in their own sexual organs or a big sponge, I'd understand, but that's not what face-rubbing means. Neither does it allude to recreating ancient Greece right here in good old blighty. No, it means using gender-specific pronouns on the bus, it means holding hands and kissing in public, it means being *too gay*, i.e. being *too camp* or *too butch*. A closet, though still tragic, is understandable when used as a defence against getting queer-bashed, kicked out of home, etc. But the fact that some gays hide their sexuality because they consider being casual about who they are means "flaunting it" and causing unnecessary discomfort to homophobic people saddens me. It's sometimes difficult for me to recall anything other than the liberal middle-class bubble wrap I'm covered in at university, or even the sixth form at school when all the people who may have seen fit to make my life a living hell had left, or even my life now, in which I'm not exactly closeted but haven't had any shit for such a long time. But when I was seventeen I knew dyke was nothing but a four letter word. I thought coming out of the closet was an unnecessary evil and I espoused all the sentiments of an anti-flaunter. I was of course desperately miserable. If it hadn't been for queer-positive movements like riot grrl or the radical gay propaganda I chanced upon a couple of years ago I might still be full of self-hate. I might still find it shameful to kiss girls in public or unnecessary to tell my friends that I have a girlfriend; I might still believe that to be camp or butch is a bad thing because it's too different from the norm. The majority of people don't have riot grrl or radical gay propaganda or my comparatively liberal bourgeois background, and we all know that teachers are still not allowed to treat homosexual relationships as though they are equal to straight ones or even to tell the kids that they exist. The kids will learn about it at school anyway, they'll learn when they get called queer, batty boy, dyke, ass bandit, poof, lesbian, gay, whether it's true or not, that it's the worst insult you can throw at anyone and it's a disgusting, hateful thing to be. All of which is why it is important not to hide if it can be helped and not to forget to at least be infuriated if it can't. One of the saddest things I witness is the queer who believes what homophobic society teaches them and accepts it. Nothing will ever change if gay people persist in accepting their place.

DEAD WOMEN YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT.

This page is dedicated to the memory of important women artists and designers the history books 'forgot' to tell you about.

Frida Kahlo. 1907 - 1954

A feisty lady from Mexico City, Frida spent most of her life having operations after a bus accident which left her crippled at 18. She wasn't about to let that stop her! Frida's husband was painter, Diego Rivera whose unfaithful antics often enraged Frida into having affairs of her own with both sexes. Frida's paintings were powerful and shocking. Her vehement Marxist beliefs and passionately turbulent relationship with Diego, not to mention her own physical suffering, came through in her art. A year before her death she had her first solo exhibition. She set up her bed in the middle of it, decorated with pictures of her family and favourite political heroes and sprayed with her perfume so she could sit there and receive praise for her work.



→ Frida Kahlo



Camille Claudel. 1864-1943

Camille worked in a post impressionist Paris. Her style was individual. Initially she was influenced by Classical Greek and Italian sculpture, but soon moved towards drama and realism, which was encouraged by her lover and collaborator August Rodin.

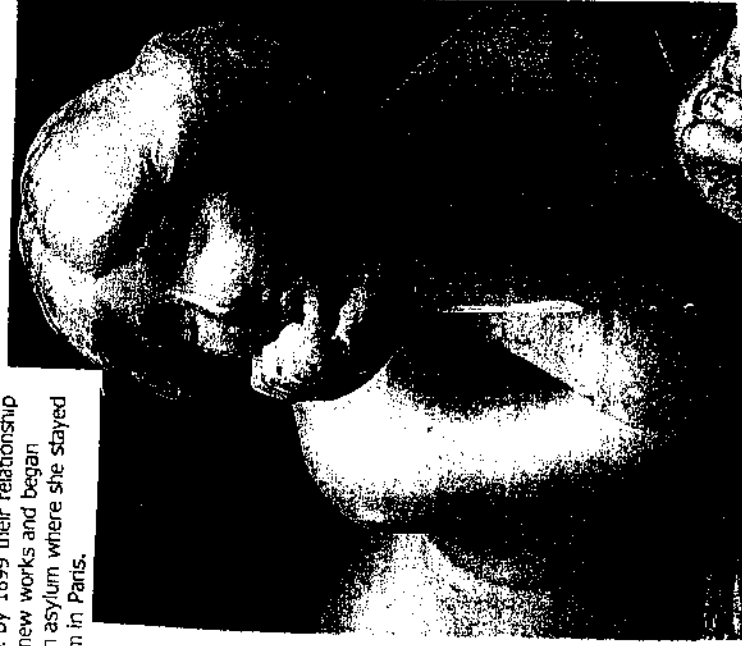
The extent to which Camille influenced August's work is often understated. Though during the nine years they worked together they both used the subject of couples, in August's case most famously with *The Kiss*. By 1899 their relationship was over, and although he then married his long term lover Rose Beuret, he ceased creating new works and began producing old ones. When her father died in 1914 Camille's mother had her committed to an asylum where she stayed until she died in 1943 at the age of 79. Her work is now exhibited in part of the Rodin museum in Paris.



→ Camille Claudel

Woman at her dressing table
1895-1897
(Claudel) →

→ My Birth 1932



Eileen Gray. 1878 - 1976

Born in Ireland, Eileen Gray was a fashionable and remarkable designer. Having a keen interest in sleek, functional modern design, her furniture was popular in 1920s Paris. Later, Eileen wanted to get away from the public eye, so she built herself a house in a secluded spot on the coast of France. Le Corbusier was jealous of her design, and built a hut near the house so he could spy on her. His obsession became so intense that he painted huge pictures, depicting Eileen and her female lover, with a love child on the wall of the house. This enraged Eileen, but the German army invaded France, and her house soon after so little could be done about it. (This was made worse by the German army using her house to store hay and for target practice.) Eileen Gray didn't have her own exhibition until she was 93, and was never given the credit she deserved for her contribution to modern design, especially the E1027 house which Le Corbusier defaced and is sometimes talked about more with reference to him than her. Despite this, she continued to design all her life and have many private patrons and commissions.



Table by
Eileen Gray →



Georgia
O'Keefe →

Georgia O'Keefe. 1887-1986.

as a highly intelligent, no-nonsense woman, and one of the greatest painters of her time. She worked with in the male dominated abstract expressionist movement in the 1940's and excelled many of her counterparts, refusing to compromise her style for anyone. In 1946 her husband Alfred Steiglitz, (who was a pioneer of photography as an art form) died. She moved away to escape the busy city life of New York. Some critics pigeonholed her work, described it as 'feminine' and put down. She was outspoken about how she was treated differently as a woman artist, saying: "The men liked to put me down as the best woman painter. I think I'm one of the best painters."

Germaine Dulac

The 1920 - 30 was an important decade for French cinema, which is when Germaine Dulac was most prominent. Germaine worked with a variety of movements and philosophies such as Psychological Realism, Symbolism, Surrealism and Documentaries. Film historians avoid discussing her, as she doesn't easily slot into any category. Another reason for this would be that Germaine Dulac was the first filmmaker to portray women as characters with depth as opposed to mad, timid, distressed mothers or whores, as they had previously and continued to be.

In 1922 film *The Smiling Madame Beudet* highlights the problems of women of the time who were not deemed respectable unless married, and then became trapped in their positions as housewives. The film uses Symbolist techniques of the characters. Antonin Artaud who wrote the script had intended that the character be masculine, and verbally abused Germaine during the premier of the film. Despite this critics like Alain Virnoux hailed *The Seashell...* as the first surrealist film and the best of the decade.

Germaine went on to become head of production for Gaumont films.



Smiling Madame Beudet 1922



→ Germaine Dulac's
1927
Dulac (O'Keefe)



So what if Virginia Woolf had not committed suicide and was amazingly enough 121 this year, and was writing to the public a case for the prevention of war. In *Three Guineas* she blamed old boy systems of education, the glass ceiling designed to keep women "circling in the lower spheres", the re-iteration of traditional gender roles, for inflicting false images of valour and duty and heroic justice and bringing about the idea that war is just and not wasteful, horrific or undemocratic, which it obviously is.

Three Guineas, though, was published in 1938, and now it is 2003 and now we are about to explode ourselves with chemicals and in education if nowhere else there is equality of sorts. We aren't made by schools and colleges to think of uniforms and heroism, if anything we are told that war is bad. It is not in these institutions, though, that one comes to support war, it's in the enforced social education we all receive and either accept or reject. It's in high street shops and magazines, pubs, clubs, school playgrounds and building sites, advertising, films, popular music and tv shows. And like those male-dominated universities and libraries of the 30s, its essence is tradition.

You Virginia Woolf claim that of the millions of pounds spent on warfare a certain amount should instead be dedicated to establishment or renovation of women's colleges, for if we do not have equality (read: democracy) in our own kingdom, how have the audacity to assert such a corrupted system upon other nations?

However relatively free of such obstacles as no voting or employment or education rights you think we may be, now, women have only been accepted into realms

d.i.y. or fuckin die

three years is a long time to leave a letter unanswered, and your letter has been lying without an answer even longer than that. I had hoped that it would answer itself, or that other people would answer it for me. But there it is with its question - How in your opinion are we to prevent war? - still unanswered."

"It is useless to go to the great male writers for help, however much one may go to them for pleasure. Lamb, Browne, Thackeray, Newman, Sterne, Dickens, DeQuincey - whoever it might be - never helped a woman yet, though she may have learned a few tricks of them and adapted them to her use. ... Perhaps the first thing she would find, setting a pen to paper, is that there is no common sentence ready for her use. The man's sentence is

from which they had previously been excluded. The worlds of politics, media, etc, etc, are entered upon time-honoured old-man's terms which have never been challenged.

by Beth - 168 Bellen den rd, peckham, london. 5215 4832

Perhaps we might just all climb a great mountain and live around its peak, or lift ourselves from this traditional rubbish some other, more subtle way. You say we must be equal to those that oppress us, but equal on *their* terms? Or shall we instead ditch their principles and structures entirely and forge our own however we think best? In the mimic vs. mystic debate, mystic must win every time. When women have become successful by conforming to the expectations of male tradition, like Margaret Thatcher or Britney Spears, what they reveal is the lesser side of their characters, motivated by greed, need to dominate, desire for political, sexual or fiscal power...all characteristics which underlie the system by which the world has been inhabited and controlled since mankind began to profit. No, we must challenge the oppressive and miseducational monopoly of tradition by boycotting those mind-restraining devices which keep us believing we must act in specified ways.

But here you have pre-empted me, writing that for a revolutionary to attempt to mimic her oppressor by way of competition is inconsequential anyway:

unsuitable for her use. ... Charlotte Bronte, with her splendid gift for prose, stumbled and fell with that clumsy weapon in her hand, George Eliot committed atrocities with it that beggar description. Jane Austen looked at it, and laughed at it and devised a perfectly natural, shapely sentence proper for her own use and never departed from it. Thus with less genius for writing than Charlotte Bronte, she got infinitely more said."

Although you could not know this, in the 60s the women's CND did not fight their battle by the traditional method of declaring war upon their enemies. They protested in their own way in their own place. Many thousands of NUS members and supporters recently marched the streets of London causing no harm to anyone and drawing attention rationally and successfully to their cause. By disassociating ourselves from all that is driven by political gain and thus by capitalism, and by forging our own kinds of music and writing and justice and law, and our own ways of living and dressing and eating and perceiving and doing anything, we are fighting against the assumption that human beings can be defined and instructed by established 'laws' of nature. Then we can present the fact that war is not necessary. That sweat-shops are not necessary. That having lots of oil or land or soldiers or Nikes or a gun or a mobile phone will not really give anyone any power.

We are liberated that we no longer open a copy of Vogue and dumbly wish to look like skinny, starving models for what purpose I cannot describe. So we must be liberated that in all ways we will not be told what we want, what we are, and what we must be.

Make your fanzine
 make your music
 make your clothes
 make your food
 make your fun and
 mix your drinks.
 That's what I say,
 anyway.
 Spread your
 word.

ERASE ERRATA

Erase Errata:

Jenny: lead vocals/ trumpet
 Bianca: Drums
 Ellie: Bass
 Sara: Guitar

Strawberry Fields, Leeds. Teenage temple (err, ok student shoebox) of cheap spirits and absinthe. We manage to harangue Erase Errata into an interview, although first they insist we all sip on an odourless beta blue cocktail. Potent stuff. Some side effects = I can't stop talking like a Cali hepster 'like, cool, man'. PLUS Mya (band mascot/ t-shirt seller/ boozehound) is magically transformed into a motor mouth version of drummer Bianca, an illusion that only fades when we're awed by the real Bianca Sparta onstage at the Fenton firing out fierce post-punk beats. The band assure us this substitution happens regularly on tour. And as the band are only a few days into a 3 month tour of Europe I can only see one outcome - the Mya one man roadshow, and then sweet Jesus only knows what carnage. But, like, on with the show, man...

Obvious questions first. Is this the first time you've toured Europe? How are you finding it?

Jenny: Yeah, it's only been a few days, we like it here. I like it here better than London. Royal 'we' likes it better than London
 I saw on yr website how many dates you're doing, it's pretty much non-stop from September till November isn't it? Do you think you'll survive?

Sara: We're totally non-stop

Bianca: 24 hours a day, every day

J: Yes. As long as I know how to live, I know I'll be alive

How are you affording all of this? Have you got jobs in America?

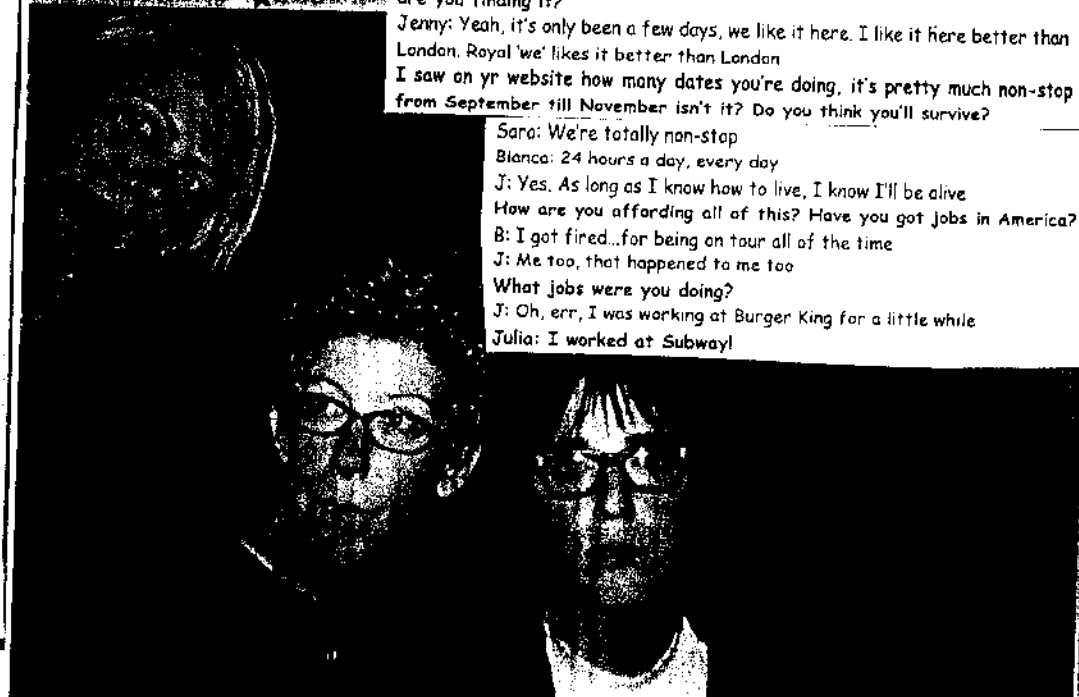
B: I got fined...for being on tour all of the time

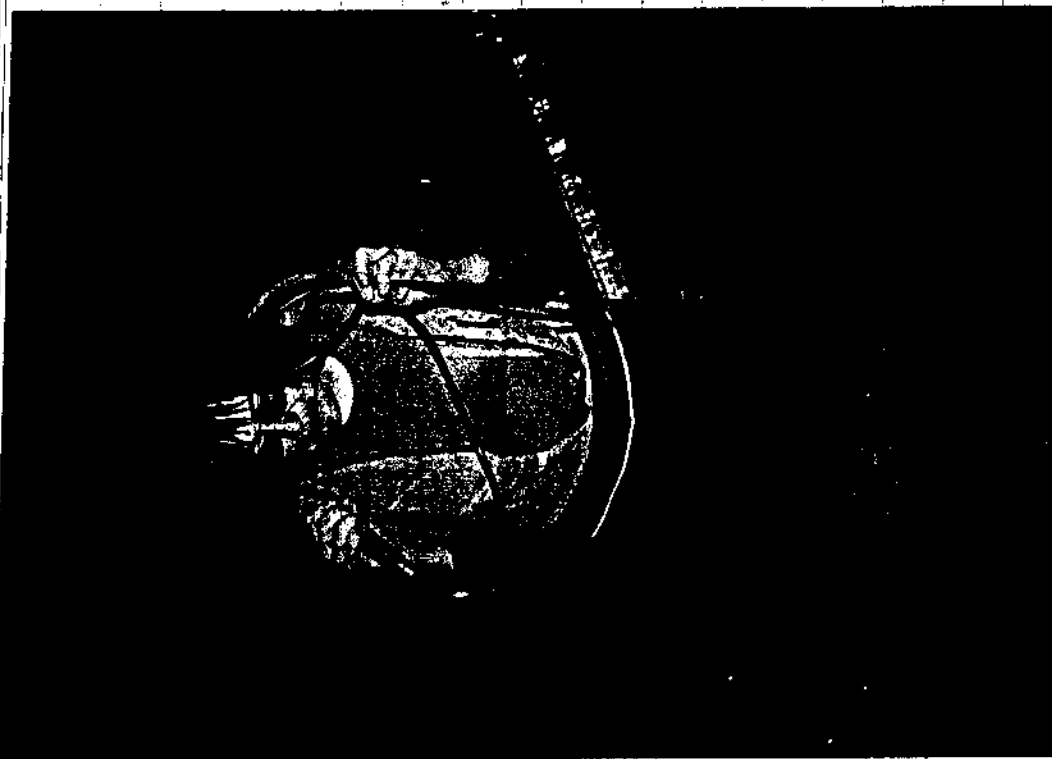
J: Me too, that happened to me too

What jobs were you doing?

J: Oh, err, I was working at Burger King for a little while

Julia: I worked at Subway!





J: Yeah Subway's good, that's where I'm going to try and get a job when I get back, cos that's my favourite restaurant
So you've done yr share of crappy jobs while you're trying to keep the band together? Has motivation been a problem, do you find it hard, because we're having a few motivation problems ourselves... or I am personally
Ellie: Yes, it's hard working all day, and then trying to come home and be inspired to write songs and practice
J: And then stay out till 3 in the morning playing shows
E: And then get up at 7 in the morning
J: But it's fun, it's worth it

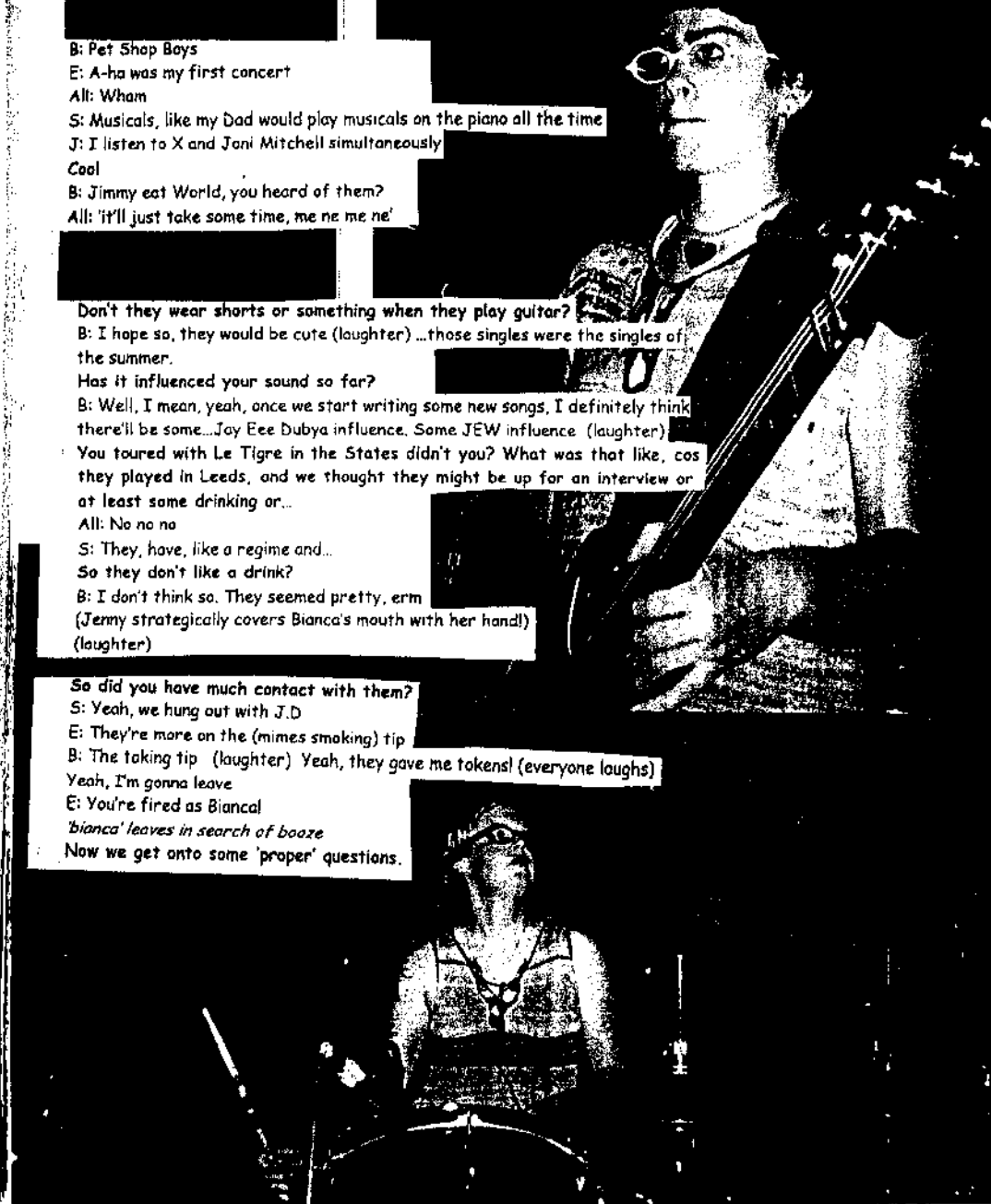
Erase Errata's abrasive sound has been compared to Gang of Four, and I want to impress the band with my limited knowledge of the Leeds post-punk scene (like, hey, man Gang of Four used to hang out in the very pub you're playing in tonight, dantcha know? And The Mekans recorded their first single there!) But Jerry casually swats aside the G of 4 connection when the name draws blank faces from the rest of the band (J: It's like an all boy band, they totally know how to play their instruments) and the band are more interested in Leeds bedsit hero Marc Almond (B: Oh really? Marc Almond, from Leeds? (band gets excited) we should see their houses...) I then confess my new fave claim to fame, the woman from my video shop has informed me with great authority that Marc Almond once lived in my street and was one of her regular customers...
Band: In your house?
Oh no, in my street, she didn't know the exact number, but apparently she said he always used to come in, get like about ten videos
What was his favourite kind of movie
She didn't mention that but I've got a feeling it could be Top Shelf
I then try and think of some other impressive Leeds citizens, but the band are still stuck on Soft Cell.
J: Right, right but erm, I'm just thinking about what his favourite movies are still... probably Wizard of Oz, and erm, and The Wiz as well
Actually I think in his autobiography it says, what's that French film, Marie au rose, or la vie en rose or something... anyway... so do you think there could maybe be some Soft Cell covers tonight?
E: Erm, I've actually been in a band that's covered them before
J: Yeah, well I wrote a song about Soft Cell
Did you?

J: Yeah it goes 'Ter-ee-eesaaa, Theresa Franklin, overdose queen of a Na-a-a-tion' (laughter)
That's cool, man, J: thanks
We move onto important childhood influences, I'm gonna try and drag this conversation back to punk, but instead the band offer:

B: Pet Shop Boys
E: A-ha was my first concert
All: Wham
S: Musicals, like my Dad would play musicals on the piano all the time
J: I listen to X and Jani Mitchell simultaneously
Cool
B: Jimmy eat World, you heard of them?
All: 'it'll just take some time, me ne me ne'

Don't they wear shorts or something when they play guitar?
B: I hope so, they would be cute (laughter) ...those singles were the singles of the summer.
Has it influenced your sound so far?
B: Well, I mean, yeah, once we start writing some new songs, I definitely think there'll be some... Joy Dee Dubya influence. Some JEW influence (laughter)
You toured with Le Tigre in the States didn't you? What was that like, cos they played in Leeds, and we thought they might be up for an interview or at least some drinking or...
All: No no no
S: They, have, like a regime and...
So they don't like a drink?
B: I don't think so. They seemed pretty, erm (Jerry strategically covers Bianca's mouth with her hand!) (laughter)

So did you have much contact with them?
S: Yeah, we hung out with J.D
E: They're more on the (mimes smoking) tip
B: The taking tip (laughter) Yeah, they gave me tokens! (everyone laughs)
Yeah, I'm gonna leave
E: You're fired as Bianca
'bianca' leaves in search of booze
Now we get onto some 'proper' questions.



Julia: I just want to know how you write songs? Because I'm in a band and I find it amazingly hard to get something going? Do you write the words first and then come together, or something happens?

S: We think of a theme, and then we all just start, like going 'RAH RAH RAH RAH...making noise that we think sounds like that theme, and then it falls in together'

J: It's really, yeah, spontaneous, like Sara just said

S: Organic

J: It's organic like Sara just said...it's, aswell, it's also EUUUURGH, like she just said

Julia: So who writes the words? Or do you write the words all together? How do you write words? What do you like to write about?

J: What...oh, I like to write about, erm, I write about people in my neighbourhood, mostly, and also about, you know, weird thoughts that I have. Is it a conscious decision to write a song about a certain subject?

J: It's kind of...erm...it's really not calculated, I just try and make sure that I have quality words. I like to write, but I really really like to edit, and so I like to go through lyrics over and over again, and take out words and restructure them till they're absolutely perfect...I'm a Virgo!

Julia: So which is the song that you're most proud of? Have you got one?

J: (long pause) Erm...gosh

Julia: Sorry is that really hard?

J: No, it's really good, yeah, I've never been asked that...so I'm going to take you seriously (pause) I...I don't know

Has anyone else got any favourites?

S: I think your words to 'Harvester' and also to 'Trilogy' are really great. Jenny

Julia: Which songs do you have most fun playing to live?

J: I think live it's just the song that's newest, that we're not sick of

So you get sick of songs playing them over and over again?

J: Yeah that can be a problem...it depends on the crowd too, because we have certain different songs, that you can kind of 'sell', just by the time we play the first note...what happens then?

the crowd...yes, I pissed him out my pussy, he's my little body'...and then she showed everyone her butt

What do you think of the 'Ladyfests'? Have you been involved with them much?

S: We've played two of them

In America? What were they like?



J: Do I like it on my girlfriends?

Julia: Well, do you like it generally? (laughs)

B: Do you like it on my girlfriend? Or do I like it on my girlfriend

Julia: Is it flattering or is it oppressive?

B: On your girlfriends?

Julia: Oh, you

B: Or on your girlfriends?

J: No I just think like, err, if somebody wants to wear thing underwear, they should I know a lot of people that don't feel oppressed by it, like they're taking pride in some kind of fetish

B: I've been looking for British flag underwear, like briefs

conversation now gets fixated on underwear in a big way

B: Yeah, well you can find girls things Or boys things...but I don't want things (pause) (laughter from everyone else) I just want briefs

You could probably get some small boxer shorts

B: I don't want boxer shorts, I want briefs...I'd be so into it, like wouldn't that be cute... (laughter) like think how cute that is, little british flag underwear!

J: Bianca, you have so many opinions

B: I'm very *opinionated*, it's because I'm *abflattered*

Somewhat, we start talking stars and stripes underwear, I ask the band jokingly if they're proud of their flag? Band: No, we wear them on our ass!

B: And the edges are all charred, you know...I'm not into it

Any: who makes your knitted bodystockings? Do you make them yourself?

S: This artist (called Jim Dream (?)) who comes from providence, Rhodes island

E: He's in a band called Force Field

S: He made outfits for Le Tigre too I think

S: We have different outfits to play in, they're coming to join us tomorrow

Ok, so what do you think of yr president at the moment?

J: He was not a popularly elected president, and I think we all feel like we're living in some kind of weird state at this point, it's very frustrating

Is that quite a wide undercurrent of feeling where you're from?

Surprisingly not, it depends on where you are...where we live yes

J: But in Texas where I'm from, in Texas my whole family loves him, and that's where he's from, and they just think he's genius, and I go home and start talking crap to them, and they're just like brick wall (puts on Texas accent)

Jerry, Jerry now you just don't like him, cos you're not getting your life right with god (laughter) It's pretty scary actually

...of it? Is it just the ozone? Or is it a long blow?

J: I think it's really great that people are putting them on...I think that a lot of people that are putting them on, it's neat because they've never really done that sort of thing before...which has its pros and cons in terms of how organised it ends up being or whatever...but it was cool, in San Francisco we played at this high school, and that was pretty fun

Julia: Is that the weirdest place you've played?

B: Playing in the BART station was weird

E: We've played in a church before (B: When did we play there?) We played in a church before we played at the BART station. Like outside, we just plugged in to the bus stop outlet, and ran an extension cord, and then erm, we've played the high school

When was it?

It was a long time ago, it was during the days of like, there was an anti-Dot-com, before November 2000, when kind of a protest thing was going on, then we got interviewed.

B: What kind of bands do you guys like?

J: I do you listen to the lyrics a lot or do you just listen to the music? J: What's more important to you guys? Do you like bands for their politics

Julia: Well, I'm more of a word person, but I know a lot of people who are really in to the music, and just don't give a crap about what they say which I think is really bad...so I'm more a word person, definitely...political...if it doesn't have any meaning to me, you might as well just be listening to 'Duh duh duh' dance music or something

Punk stuff as well, the sifts, x-troy speck, patth smith

J: We played with Ari Up at Ladyfest, she was wild man...the wildest craziest person I've ever encountered in my life

B: She's a punk reggae queen!

She must still be pretty young I suppose?

J: I couldn't tell... B: Who knows?

E/S: Her band all quit, she just had a cassette tape, and she was just singing along

B: Yeah, her band all quit...she took the bus up to her show, the Chinatown bus...she was like (European accent) 'have you seen my son? He's in the other room...Yes, I pissed him out my pussy, he's my little body'...and then she showed everyone her butt

J: She was wearing thing underwear?

Julia: what do you think of thing underwear? Do you like it or are you

(rest of band laughs) Yeah, the queen, the queen is the president!
B: she wears a suit half the time and is like the president, and then the other half, she's like, she has a man/woman suit, and she wears half dress half suit, moustache/no moustache (we started to lose 'bianca' here too)

The interview kind of begins to fizzle out here, its back to underwear as the band contemplate the laundry problems that a three month tour brings (J: We're very worried about it, because we're all going to run out of underwear in a week and a half, and we have no idea)

This is kind of a good place to leave it, but go check out www.killrockstars.com for more band info, and listen to their first album 'other animals', and Bianca, if you are out there, somewhere, please get in touch, we just want to know you're safe

Why I love Kristin Hersh

amy_fuzzfur@hotmail.com

I saw her in Manchester two years ago, older, peaceful, at ease, telling cute funny aged anecdotes about her kids between each song. Yet she still screamed when she sang, still shook her head and snarled, stared like a snake. In between her new, happier, (blander) songs, she still sang delicate cutters, the letter and hare my way. I finally understood the full meaning of the former optimism, hope no matter what, belief that a better life is possible: "this has another ending, remember? ... She goes around opening the doors" That song, as it appeared at the very end of the Muses' impossibly bleak, freezing, candle-lit first album, had seemed to me almost entirely devoid of hope, as if that other ending was lost to her, now, in the context of Kristin's grin and silly stories, she's telling us we'll be ok, like her, mostly-happy ever after.

The Muses' lyrics are at the same time the most eloquent and the most mysterious of any rock band. Kristin veers from articulating her own manic depression "what means hallucinate? what are we supposed to see?" through nightmarish visions "ask myself again how do they kill children + why do I wanna die?" to some of the most sexily intriguing lines I've ever heard... "meet me in the dark where it's good + I don't have to move - stop the car when I tell you to" All her early songs were trapped inside walls, sliding down, screaming out, crashing through, lashing at, falling. The lyrics were confusion, alienation and terror. "I wear your clothes like armour I love your face like God" but, like I said, she got better, came to terms with the world without losing her unique sparkling ferocity "if I were a man I'd have a gun". What's more, Kristin's been the quintessence of hair-tossing class since Kenickie were still in school: "shake barrels of whiskey down my throat I'll still see straight... spin the shotglass - kiss the bottle ... what I said was get me a drink alright what am supposed to sit + look at you all night?"



The Muses have come up with the most charmingly expressive love songs: "kissing you's like kissing gravel but it feels like getting drunk kissing you's like sinking down into the mud you look better lying down" and yet it's often their least comprehensible songs that carry the most impact, like this, the closing song on 'the real ramona' "two step behind the rest one fingertip too long a hole in the box they carry spills sugar in the road" sung in a voice of such pure longing ... I haven't the slightest idea what she means, but she makes me cry.

I want to be Kristin Hersh when I grow up! Still always in a knee-length skirt, bright grin, big boots, funny tales to tell, old, settled, happy (no kids though, ha). Perhaps she's still not quite right (maybe I'll never be) but she's a beautiful, articulate survivor. "in a cleaner light it's ok ... in a warmer life it's ok ..."



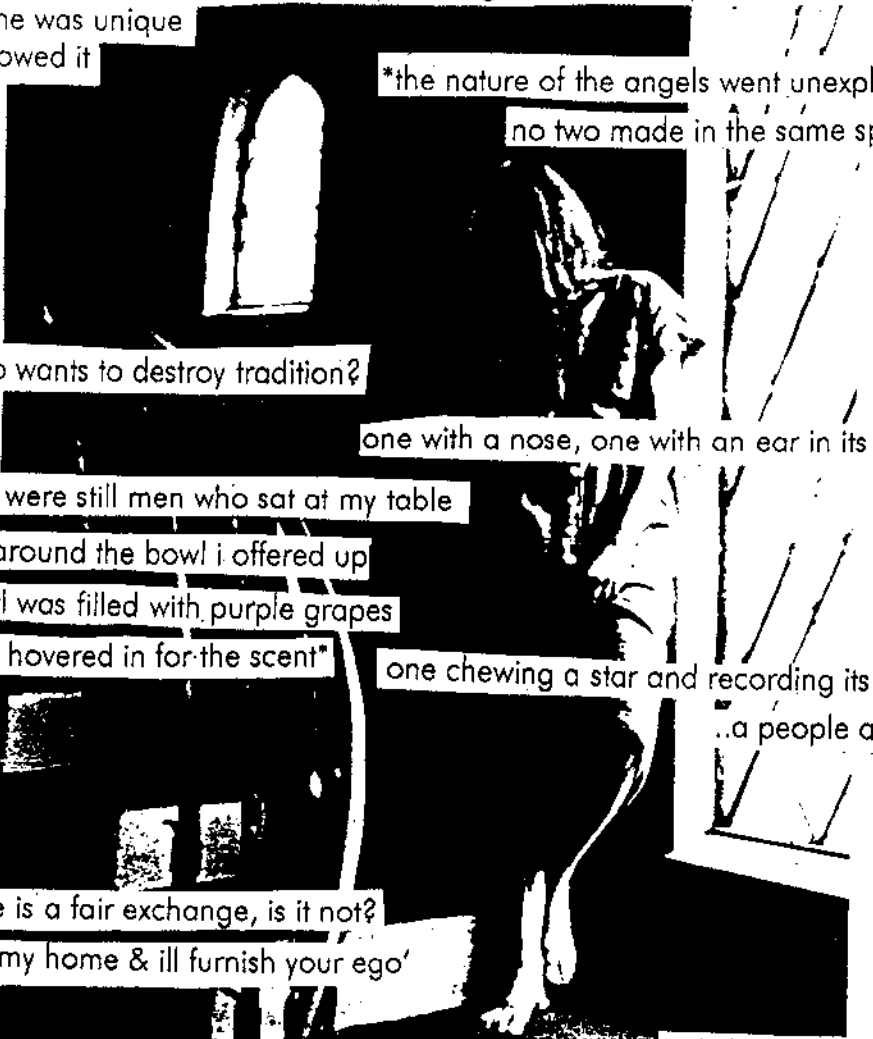
...I was tired of the gender of things...

what if gender didn't exist?

*adam was on the right of me
eve was on the left of me

both fully inconsistent with the world of reason*

and nobody expected any definite behaviour from anyone
and nobody behaved according to anything other than their own instincts
and there was no definition because nothing could be compared because
everyone was unique
and showed it



*the nature of the angels went unexplained
no two made in the same species,

but who wants to destroy tradition?

one with a nose, one with an ear in its hand,

*...there were still men who sat at my table

circled around the bowl i offered up

the bowl was filled with purple grapes

the flies hovered in for the scent*

one chewing a star and recording its orbit,

...a people apart*

marriage is a fair exchange, is it not?

'furnish my home & ill furnish your ego'

*She is all harmony,

has placed wild flowers at the window at breakfast,

sat by the potter's wheel at midday,

set forth three children under the moon,

done this with her legs spread out
in the terrible months in the chapel*

This is a year old now but remains the best argument I've ever seen against anyone, ever, having nuclear weapons. No one used the nukes, she's still alive but...

If you haven't already, seek out her collection of essays, *The Algebra of Infinite Justice* and her beautiful beautiful novel *The God of Small Things*.

Arundhati Roy, Sunday June 2, 2002 - *The Observer*

This week as diplomats' families and tourists quickly disappeared, journalists from Europe and America arrived in droves. Most of them stay at the Imperial Hotel in Delhi. Many of them call me. Why are you still here, they ask, why haven't you left the city? Isn't nuclear war a real possibility? It is, but where shall I go? If I go away and everything and every one, every friend, every tree, every home, every dog, squirrel and bird that I have known and loved is incinerated, how shall I live on? Who shall I love, and who will love me back? Which society will welcome me and allow me to be the hooligan I am, here, at home?

We've decided we're all staying. We've huddled together, we realise how much we love each other and we think what a shame it would be to die now. Life's normal, only because the macabre has become normal. While we wait for rain, for football, for justice, on TV the old generals and the eager boy anchors talk of first strike and second strike capability, as though they're discussing a family board game. My friends and I discuss *Prophecy*, the film of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the dead bodies choking the river, the living stripped of their skin and hair, we remember especially the man who just melted into the steps of the building and we imagine ourselves like that, as stains on staircases.

My husband's writing a book about trees. He has a section on how figs are pollinated, each fig by its own specialised fig wasp. There are nearly 1,000 different species of fig wasps. All the fig wasps will be nuked, and my husband and his book.

A dear friend, who is an activist in the anti-dam movement in the Narmada Valley, is on indefinite hunger strike. Today is the twelfth day of her fast. She and the others fasting with her are weakening quickly. They are protesting because the government is bulldozing schools, felling forests, uprooting handpumps, forcing people from their villages. What an act of faith and hope. But to a government comfortable with the notion of a wasted world, what's a wasted valley?

Terrorists have the power to trigger a nuclear war. Non-violence is treated with contempt. Displacement, dispossession, starvation, poverty, disease, these are all just funny comic strip items now. Meanwhile, emissaries of the coalition against terror come and go preaching restraint. Tony Blair arrives to preach peace - and on the side, to sell weapons to both India and Pakistan. The last question every visiting journalist always asks me: 'Are you writing another book?'

That question mocks me. Another book? Right now when it looks as though all the music, the art, the architecture, the literature, the whole of human civilisation means nothing to the monsters who run the world. What kind of book should I write? For now, just for now, for just a while pointlessness is my biggest enemy. That's what nuclear bombs do, whether they're used or not. They violate everything that is humane, they alter the meaning of life.

Why do we tolerate them? Why do we tolerate the men who use nuclear weapons to blackmail the entire human race?

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE INDIGO GIRLS?

"Amy Ray (is) the most liberated woman I know", according to Jennifer Baumgardner, co-author of 'Manifesta'. This is a rare observation to be made of anyone involved with the music industry, especially an artist on a major label like Epic, but somehow both 'girls' have managed to transcend the usual ego trips and commercial kowtowing. They have a quiet confidence as they take the stage and the feeling that emanates is clear - these are two women at their very strongest.

What is surprising to anyone listening to the Indigo Girls is that they are so natural, so unneering, so unaffected, so lacking in the kind of self-consciousness that one might expect from such high-grossing performers.

They've been written off for so many reasons - too folky, too mushy, earthy-crunchy, irritating, even too country/western (??). Even I was astounded, the first time I saw them live, by the queue that snaked all around the building. I soon found out what the fuss was about. "Their presence is devastating", reads my post-gig rant that evening.

Their musicianship is pretty impressive too - they interchange 12 guitars, a mandolin, banjo, harmonica, and whistling at perfect pitch without so much as a blink.

Admittedly, I am a rather late convert to the Girls' charms; they have been playing together for over twenty years and have put out eleven full-length albums, including two live recordings.

Each of them emits such a different, distinct aura that it often seems amazing that they are able to negotiate such a successful creative partnership. They don't write any songs together, and perhaps the fact that they switch off doing lead and harmony vocals, depending on who actually penned the tune, allows them the right amount of elbow room to work together comfortably.

Amy is the rock chick of the pair. She's written what I believe are the Indigo Girls' best songs - 'Shed Your Skin', 'Pushing the Needle too Far', 'Go', 'Shame on You'. She is controlled and crazed all at once; she has that distinctly male rock star quality that allows all the ranting and raving to project itself into desire instead of need. Her mix of the political and personal in a seamless blend is natural and incredibly sexy. Some of her older, more angst-ridden songs are deeply emotional, but you can sense her strength in the way she is so *unashamed* that she feels this way.

When it comes to the live shows though, the serious songs are balanced by light-hearted singalongs, which are Emily Saliers' forte.

Emily has a real sweetness about her; an earth-motherly feeling that makes you half expect to see her walking around offering people freshly baked cookies. She has written all of the Indigo Girls' biggest hits - like 'Closer to Fine', 'Galileo' and 'Least Complicated' - and her songs are often more thoughtful and hook-laden than Amy's. It is Emily who is undoubtedly the muscle behind the tunes themselves - her guitar skill is exceptional and she shoulders the leads on most songs.

by felicity brammer: felicity158@hotmail.com



The Indigo Girls have managed to stay standing in the face of intense commercial pressure and are constantly involved in political and social activism, and it is these experiences that appeal to and inspire many of their fans. They print resources and information inside the sleeves of their albums which relate to many of the issues they care about such as gay & lesbian rights, gun laws, immigration, indigenous rights etc. These are issues related to all types of people but their activism is based on social justice, and principles that don't waver.

"Thanks y'all! Goodnight." They step off the stage and the crowd sighs - Thanks y'all.

Note: Amy also has her own not-for-profit record label, Daemon Records, which puts out many amazing artists like Rose Polenzani. She made a solo album, Stag, which features, among others, The Butchies, Joan Jett, Kate Schellenbach of Luscious Jackson, and The Rock A-Teens.

I never miss

Pussy Whipped

If I can help



It seems a bit frivolous to be at a club when there's so much "work" to do!

I'll try & do some drawing in between dances!

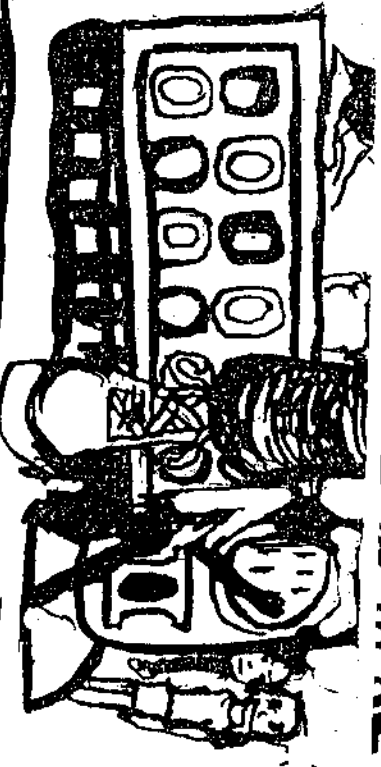


And to concentrate!

?

Are you drawing anyone in particular?

Not at the moment.



Yes.



Oh hey... I'll draw her... while she's dancing. Hmm... damn! She keeps turning her head. Well she is dancing!

Yeah, I know, it's supposed to be watching that drink. Whoops!



Are these our drinks?

Yes.

Have you drawn anyone here?

No.

Completely unrecognisable

by ion (ion@edishes.fnet.co.uk)

More and more lately I'm beginning to identify my feminism (I say 'my' feminism because there's lots of ways to be a feminist) with being someone who challenges the world around her/him in order to make it a better place, not only for women but for all people. I wouldn't have said this a few months ago. It's only since I began to read a lot of theories on feminism and art history for uni work that I came across such ideas. Since then I'm pissed off with two things and confused about something else. So, here they are.



Firstly, why are feminist theories so hard to get hold of, read, and if you're really lucky, understand? (I don't usually get as far as that last one.) It's come to my attention that most of feminism is theoretical, or at least, that which I bury my head in on a daily basis in the hope of ending up with a dissertation, is. Not only this but in some respect it doesn't feel like a passionate movement anymore when you read these theories, more like another school of thought through which you can look at something, or not, as you please. I know it needs to be there and I'm glad it is, I'm not saying that, but it cannot be consumed unless you are quite clever, or a student and used to reading such impenetrable stuff. This was backed up by an article I read on theword.com in which a girl was saying working class women are left out of feminism. I think to an extent this is true and that we need to somehow make the message of feminism more approachable / digestible / whatever. This ties in with the second thing I'm pissed off with. Patriarchy. Duh. And how it works with capitalism. Together they persuade us to hate ourselves, and then give us something we can spend our lives striving for, like a bigger house, straighter hair, slimmer hips, a faster car, bigger biceps etc. People are raised with such narrow expectations of life, with only what capitalism and patriarchy stick under our noses like carrots to strive for. As such they dictate our behaviour, jobs, roles, sexual positions, haircuts, you name it.

Am I being pessimistic? Sorry. It's just that I can't see any real change happening unless people on mass start to challenge the culture we are given and create their own. What we are really up against here is complacency. We need to think of ways in which we can encourage people to be more creative / critical. I know Riot Grrrr! as a movement has done a lot along these lines but I believe this is something everyone should be involved in, not just those who like punk music.



Also, I'm a bit confused about the whole masculine/feminine thing. I don't think rejecting our femininity is a good thing, even though I do it myself on occasions and do have secret desires to strut about in a tuxedo and spats (and I wonder why they call me 'special'). I used to have this theory that women who strived to be masculine were doing it to gain some of the power masculinity allows. I don't necessarily think that any more, but I don't think femininity is respected as an identity. Of course this can get confusing, as some aspects of femininity have been enforced by patriarchy to suppress women, and some have been reclaimed and turned around and used by women as power symbols, like the stiletto heel. But I don't think we should base our identities and what we can achieve on a patriarchal framework when we can create our own goals and means of achieving them outside of that. Sorry if this just sounds like a big ramble of nonsense, but I want to know what other people think, so please email me, or Manifesta, or write a response for the next issue!

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